

THE FIRST 80 YEARS

of Kenneth Ronald Dunn

B. November 25, 1930



Origin of the Surname:

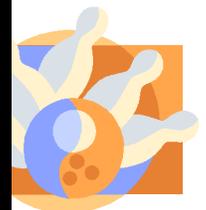
Source: *Irish Families*, Edward MacLysaght, Irish Academic Press, 1991, page 81.



Dunn is a Scottish and Irish name from the Gaelic donn = dark, brown... a nickname for the man with dark hair or a dark complexion. It is also derived as an English nickname with the same meaning, from Old English dunn = dark-colored. Occasionally, it is found as a Scottish place name from Dun the former county of Angus, from Gaelic dun = fort. Variations are Dun, Dunne, Don, Donne, Donn . Dwynn is a Welsh cognate.

Caption
de-
sc

Arms: Azure an eagle displayed Or. **Crest:** In front of a holly bush proper a lizard passant Or. **Motto:** Mullach Abú - The (people of the) Hill forever or victory from the hills.

Caption
de-

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THE FIRST 80 YEARS

with Kenneth Ronald Dunn

PRESCHOOL

FEBURARY 7, 1930 It is thought to have been the day I was conceived in Hammond Indiana. My mother and father were married on that day in Hammond and I was born exactly 9 months later.

NOVEMBER 25, 1930 I was born. 1930 was a bad year except, for my berth. The (See [depression, APPENDIX, page A](#)) depression hit and my parents both lost their jobs and returned to live with my Dad's parents on a farm, where the parents were sharecroppers. This was near Cowling, Illinois.



1930 - 1934 I was a bit young during that period to have many memories. I know from records and hearsay that my father started a blacksmith shop and did good work but he either didn't charge enough or didn't collect enough of what he charged and went broke. After living in a small house beside the highway in Cowling (See [Small Cowling House, APPENDIX, Page A](#)), we moved to live with Lillian Siegert, a distant cousin of my mother. Dad farmed her land. She had been left a bit of wealth by her father who saved his money in land and government bonds and did not lose like most people in the crash of the banks and the

stock market during the depression.

1934 - My first memory, as a youth, was that of being carried from Lillian's burning house and being put in a chicken house or perhaps the surrey house where I could see the fire through the cracks. The fire had started early in the morning from sparks coming from the chimney and getting on the wood shingled roof. A call went out on the party line (See [telephone Page, APPENDIX, Page B](#)) for the fire department in Grayville and to all of the neighbors. The neighbors arrived in time to help carry out some furniture and the fire department arrived in time to keep other buildings from burning, but the house was a total loss. One piece of furniture, that was carried out, was a bed room dresser with a mirror which got cracked in the hurried movement. That dresser continued to be used by my parents for the next 60 years (yes with the crack). For the next many years I had trouble going to sleep at night because of the fear of a house fire.



LILLIANS HOUSE BUILT 1934-1935

1934-1935 - Lillian rebuilt her house with a state-of-the-art house for that day. Dad helped with the construction and continued to farm her land. The basement was dug with slip scoops and mules.

(See Lillian's house, APPENDIX, Page C)

1936 - After the fire we went to live in an old house on Lillian's farm that had once had a road going by the house but by now only had a dirt lane coming from the main road some quarter of a mile away. During spring thaws and bad weather we often could only get the car part way from the main road to the house and would need to

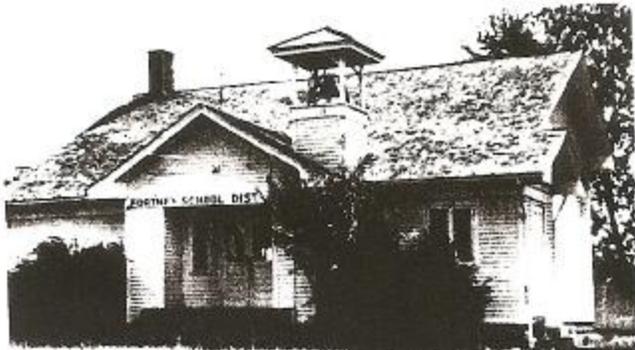
walk the rest of the way. About half way between our house and the main road lived a little girl named Mary Ellen. We often left our car there. She was the only child that I had to play with at that time as no one else lived within miles, that had kids.

Mary Ellen's parents had a cow. It was my chore to walk to their house a few times each week with an empty quart fruit jar and bring it back filled with milk. I carried the coins to buy the milk in the jar. One day I was almost to Mary Ellen's house and was shaking the coins in the jar, making a nice noise for my self, when the coins hitting the jar actually broke it. OH, OH, I had to walk all the way back home and listen to a sermon about being careful but then had to return to get the milk with a new jar. By time I got home it was after dark so I made sure in the future, not to shake the jar and to not wait so late in the day to make my trips.

The first car I can remember was a model T Ford. A coupe with a rumble seat. (a rumble seat is sort like a trunk lid turned backwards with a seat under it. We got rid of that car about the time I started to school in the first grade and got a newer Dodge pickup. We had an old Ferguson tractor on the farm and later traded it for a green John Deer with skeleton wheels. (See early tractors APPENDIX, Page B)

GRADE SCHOOL

DISTRICT NO. 40 — Fortney School is believed to have been in operation as early as 1835 in a log school building. On 24 April 1860 Robert Campbell sold one-half acre off the southwest corner of SE¼ of NW¼ of Section 28, Township 2



Fortney School.

AUGUST 1936 - I started to school in the first grade at the one room Fortney Grade School. The building is still there today and is lived in by descendents of the area. My mother taught there for two years before she was married. I think she went to school there too. (See [Fortney Grade School, APPENDIX, Page C](#))

1936 - We lived with or lived close to Lillian and she had a speech impediment. By time I started in the first grade I talked like she did and it was very difficult to

understand me. My teacher suggested I be taken to a doctor and have my tongue clipped so I could speak better. I was taken to a doctor but they could not get me to open my mouth for the procedure so they gave up and I later outgrew the speech problem without additional effort.

1938 - In the summer we moved back to Cowling and I went to the Cowling School for two years. (the building is still there and is used for a community building) That school had two class rooms, two teachers and a basement for school plays and activities. We still had outdoor toilets. We had four grades in each room. They had a small room that was once used for two years of high school and I think my dad went to that school and even for high school, at least for a while. My Grandpa did not live there when he was growing up but was later the janitor for the school after he retired from the farm. Grandpa only went to about the 4th grade before he had to quit and go to work but developed his own math was a very good mathematician.



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Gary & Ronald

October 9, 1938 - No longer was I an only child. My brother, Gary Allen was born at home in Cowling. I was almost 8 years old so made a convenient baby sitter.

November 25, 1938 - My Grand Pa Broster died on my 8th birthday. I don't remember much about him but remember I was always kind of afraid of him as he teased me. He made home brew (beer) and regularly put several bottles of it in a wire basket and hung it in the well to cool. Workers cleaning the well, probable two years after he died, found a basket full of beer at the bottom of the well. They

didn't get much work done the rest of the day.

1940 - We moved in with Grandma Broster. I went back to Fortney School for my third and fourth grade. Dad farmed her acreage as well as doing carpenter work. He built the next house east of where the old Broster Place was. He did the foundation, the electrical, the plumbing, roof, painting, etc. I remember the wage being \$.50 an hour for a carpenter. Farm work would have paid much less at that time.

Ronald at Fortney Grade School, last on right, front row, Age 10



The old Broster place actually was built around 1890 by Grandma Broster's dad, Cyrus Wade, who was a carpenter. The house was built for John Brickerson Broster, who was my grand father's dad. Grandma and Grandpa (Broster) were probably teenagers when the house was built and that may have been where they met. They later inherited the place and 100 acres of land when John Brickerson past on. This is where Vera, Harry, Grace and Maxine were born and grew up.

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The Old Broster Place

Dad did a lot of remodeling work on the Broster Place including moving the summer kitchen away from the house to use for farm storage and building a new modern (for the time) kitchen. The new kitchen had a sink with a drain to the outside and a hand pitcher pump hooked directly to the cistern. Grandma had a new coal/wood cooking stove with regular oven plus warming ovens. It had a water reservoir to heat water in and was also made to heat the kitchen.

While I lived in the Broster Place my room was the upstairs room where Harry had lived. Harry died in 1932 at Anna Illinois in a mental hospital after a heat stroke that happened while working in the family farm fields. The room was full of his hobby of building radio receivers. Radio was in it's beginning, when he was a teenager and he built several receivers from scratch and used a copper wire stretched from his upstairs window to a tree some 100 ft. away as an antenna. There were only a few stations at the time. I remember WLS Chicago, WSM Nashville, WLW Cincinnati and KMOX in St. Louis. Radio receivers were mostly battery operated as most houses did not have electricity in the rural area. Radios were used sparingly as the batteries had to be taken to town to be charged, much the same as a car battery.

May 24, 1942 - Along came my second brother, Calvin Eugene (Gene). He was born at the old Broster Place. We were about to out grow grandma's house.

1942 - My parents bought a house and 60 acres at Lick Prairie, north of Belmont. It cost something like \$1850. We moved just before I started in the 7th grade into a house that was certainly not in great condition. The newest structure on the property was an outdoor toilet built by the WPA. My school then was Armstrong School, which was a one room school again with outdoor plumbing about a mile west of the Lick Prairie house. Most days I walked or rode my bicycle to school. There were 12 kids in the school, 2 in my class.



Calvin Eugene Dunn, About 1 year old

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Dad started remodeling the old house and eventually got it in pretty good condition. During this time the government passed the Rural Electrification Administration (REA)

REA ran an electric line down the road in front of our house. Dad worked at putting electrical wires in a number of houses, including ours. I was his "gofer" that went in the attic and under the floors to pull the wires in, under and over. After the wiring was completed in a house we would use the car battery and a 6 volt bulb to test the wiring and switches before having the utility attach the house

to the grid. At that time we had to read our own electric meter, each month, and send the reading to the REA on a postal card. The minimum charge for a month was \$3.00 and we seldom went over that amount.



Armstrong Grade School Where I Attended the 7th and 8th



Lick Prairie House about 1942

After all how much electricity could four or five ceiling bulbs use.



This was war families struggled

time and the with shortages

and ration stamps. Stamps were issued for gasoline, tires, sugar, shoes, soap and perhaps other things I can't remember. (See [War Time, APPENDIX, Page D](#))

During this period I joined the 4-H club and had a garden as my first project. Mom had a big garden so I just took over a part of it, keeping records on what and when I planted and what and when and how much was harvested. I remember selling a bushel of tomatoes for \$.50. I also took vegetables to the county fair in Mt. Carmel and won a few ribbons for the entries.

Sweet corn was my best entry.

HIGH SCHOOL

1944 - In the fall it was time to leave my little schools and sign up for the big high school in Mount Carmel. From a total of 12 in the whole school to 117 in the Freshman class, that was a big change. I was quite a country boy and the big school with the many unknowns was very scary. My mother drove me to the school to sign up for my freshman classes. She let me out and I walked in to register. The school office gave me a sign-up sheet and it listed English, American History and Physical Education as required and gave me several electives to choose from to complete my studies. Several of the names were words that had not been mentioned in my one room school room. I selected Agriculture and Woodworking as I was familiar with both. I looked over the rest of the courses and picked Algebra. I wasn't sure what it was but it sounded important and I also picked Civics. Later I found out that I had 7 periods during the school day and I had filled all the periods with classes. I hadn't left any study time. In those days there were no student advisors to help with a school plan.

January 13, 1945 - And along came my youngest brother, Eldon Lee. He was born at the home in Lick Prairie and was attended by a Doctor from West Salem, who came to the house. Eldon was born prematurely and was sort of a 'maybe' for a while. A neighbor and I had to help push the Doctor's car up a muddy hill so he could get to the birth. Roads at that time were mostly mud during bad weather as all the road graders and gravel trucks had gone to build air strips for the war.



Several days we had to travel the whole 12 miles to Mt. Carmel with tire chains to get through the really bad spots. Occasionally a farmer would be called on to get their tractor out and pull a car from a muddy spot in the road.

1944 - 1945 - I got into the swing of the high school freshman year by building a solid Walnut chest of drawers in woodworking shop (which I still have), selected registered sheep as my Agriculture Project and joined the Future Farmers Association. I stumbled through Algebra, didn't like English and somewhat overlooked the rest. I got A's in woodworking and Agriculture and much lower grades in everything else.

I didn't much like the regiment of physical education but enjoyed playing intramural games with pickup guys at lunch time. Mostly it was basket ball. We had 1 hour and a quarter for lunch. Most who lived in Mt. Carmel went home for lunch and we rural kids either brought our lunch or went to a nearby grocery and pooled our money to buy a loaf of bread and some meat and cheese. After our lunch we had most of an hour to kill. (No cafeteria until after I graduated)

Eldon Lee Dunn

1945 - 1948 - The balance of my high school experience was mostly with Agriculture being my “major”. I took Agriculture all four years and was very active in the Future Farmers and Soil Savers Clubs. All of this brought experience in judging animals, public speaking, electric wiring, engine mechanics, pest control, welding, etc. We did a lot of field trips.



Lick Prairie Christian Church

1945 - 1948 - During this time my friend, Bill Groff, talked me into going to church camp during the summer, and after returning I got connected to the Lick Prairie Christian Church. I was eventually the Sunday School Superintendent. Bill went on to be a minister. I was baptized in the church as was mom and dad. Dad was later a deacon in the same church. Summers were also the time for 4-H soft ball. Our soft ball leader was always a sports achiever from Evansville who lived in our area over each summer. His name was Don Racster. Don later married and moved to Detroit. He and his family moved back to Evansville and lived close to us in North Park for several years. I think he still lives there 50 years later.

I didn't do much dating in high school. Being from a small rural school and having only brothers I was not too sure how to approach girls. During my senior year I was leveling a yard at a new house with the FFA tractor when a little blond headed boy, named Keith, came from across the street to talk to me. His main conversation was “my sister likes you”. This impressed me very much so I inquired as to who his sister was? He said “La Jeanne Feldman. Well that conversation seemed to have started a more than 25 year relationship. La Jeanne Feldman became La Jeanne Dunn some two years later.

Near the end of the first half of my senior year I came to the intimidating fact that I had accrued plenty of total credits to graduate but that I was ½ credit short in math, so actually could not graduate. I had spent my last summer going back to night school to get my typing speed up and get a full credit in typing but did not know about the math problem. It turned out that a class called Senior Math was available, so I was saved again. Senior Math turned out to involve learning about every day math problems like how many concrete blocks would it take to build a wall, how much water a tank would hold and how to properly write a check.

The day of graduation practice I was in a field plowing corn. It was a Sunday and had forgotten that I was supposed to be at school that day. 50 years later, I learned that I was one of five who did not show up that day and the principal decided to not let us graduate. The student body rebelled and told the principal if the five couldn't graduate then they would not march either. The principal relented and I showed up for the graduation not knowing about any of the excitement. I had to find a Home-economics gal to press my gown. For the marching in ceremony I knew where I would be in alphabetical order and then I watched as every second person was going left and then the next one would go right. I got this order in mind quickly so I actually got to the chair that was reserved for me. It was not until the 50th Class Reunion that I found out about the problems that I had caused.

AFTER GRADUATION FROM HIGH SCHOOL

1948 - I graduated but didn't really know what I wanted to do. Dad had left the Ford dealership and was going to open a repair shop in Lick Prairie. I helped him build the shop building across the road east from the Christian Church. The new building was also across from the Lick Prairie General Store which was operated by Harold and Vicci, can't remember their last names. I got a job with the Ford dealership as a grease monkey and gofer. I brought the new cars into the building every night and put them on the lot again the next morning. There were not many new cars as production had just started after the war and cars were sold almost as soon as they arrived. In addition to a few Fords we had Kaisers and Fraisers. I got new cars ready to deliver, installed seat covers and changed oil as well as running errands. I guess I was not very good at what I did as they let me go after several weeks. I guess the Kaisers and Fraisers were not very good either as they soon went away.

After that I went to work for dad as a gofer. He did the work and I went after parts, did book work, etc. I noticed a red delivery van coming to deliver bread and cakes to the general store across the road from the garage. It had a sign on it that it was for sale, including the bread route. This looked like an opportunity to me as I needed transportation as well as a job. They only wanted \$1800 for the route and truck and the truck was worth perhaps \$1200. Lillian (mom's distant cousin) agreed to lend me the money so I bought the truck and route. I was 19 years old at the time.

It turned out to be a very difficult job. I had to get up at 3:00 am and drive to Oakland City, Indiana, unlock the warehouse area of a bakery and pickup my bread and leave an order for the next day. I then came back to Mt. Carmel to pickup donuts and cakes and make my first stop at a grocery store about 6:30. I continued to stop at rural stores, a few restaurants and at least two schools. I had to be at the schools by noon so they could serve the bread. After the schools I had a short route of homes where I sold the day-old bread. My work was over then after some 150 miles but at 19 I was not too interested in sleeping or resting. I did this for a few months and then Sunbeam Bread came out with a nation wide advertising program and I found my "no name" bread staying on the shelf and having to pickup more and more of it as day old bread. I was soon out of business.

1950 - I got a job as a bookkeeper for Production Credit Corporation. They made loans to farmers so the farmers could plant their crops each year. I had 1 year of bookkeeping in high school, knew something about farming and needed a job very badly so I guess those are the reasons I got the job. There were only three of us in the office, Director, Secretary and me. I worked there for about a year and a half until the Korean War came along and I went into the Air Force. I drove my red delivery truck to Lawrenceville to work each day until I had accumulated enough money to trade it for a 1948 red 4 door Ford which we named Henrietta. (See Henrietta, APPENDIX, Page D)

MARRIAGE AND THE AIR FORCE

December 1950 - The Korean war was booming and some 20 or more were being drafted from Wabash county for army service each month. This was not a thing that I was looking forward to. I had tried more than once to get into the Air Force Active Reserves at Scott AFB, but was told each time that I was classified as 1A for the draft and that they could not accept me. The first part of December of 1950 I went back again and was told they had a few openings so I signed up. I took my physical and spent a two day weekend there getting uniforms issued, etc. It was an Active Reserve unit so the thinking was that I would go back a couple of weekends a months and a week in the summer. Surprise! Surprise! Three days later we were alerted that the whole unit was being called to active duty.

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December 14, 1950 - I asked La Jeanne if she would rather have a husband in the military or a boy friend in the military. She chose the husband bit and we were married just a few days later at Minister Walser's home in Allendale (he was my minister at Lick Prairie Christian Church). The minister's wife was there as well as both of our mothers, Max Schuh and Jeanetta Waddle. Max and Jeanetta were married one year later by the same minister. At that time males had to be 21 to be "of age" and girls only had to be 18. My mother had to sign so I could get married. Max and I had both signed up for The Air Force Reserve.



Winter of 1950-51 - This was a very cold winter. La Jeanne and I rented a small apartment, our first furnished apartment, in the upstairs of a house. I think the apartment cost \$8.50 per week. The bathroom was shared. The owners were running the furnace so high to try and heat the downstairs we had to use the window in our apartment as a thermostat to keep comfortable. We only lived there a short time and then moved to a bigger furnished apartment until I left for the Air Force.



Our First Apartment was on the 2nd Floor, Back

May 1, 1951 - I went to Scott Air Force to get my orders for active duty. This is the first day that I had worn a uniform. I didn't know what to do with the brass that went on the uniform so had put it in my pocket. I was walking

on the base and met my first officer. I didn't salute and it took the officer a few moments to figure out what he had seen. After a little talk from him I started saluting every one I met that was wearing a uniform as I was not sure which ones were officers and which were not. During that day we were told that the unit was being broken up and personnel would be going different ways. My duty station was to be Selfridge Air Force Base, Mt. Clements in Michigan. I was to report on the 3rd of May. Max Schuh went in at the same time but he was sent California and then to Louisiana for basic training.

I went back to Mt. Carmel after the weekend at Scott AFB and we decided that La Jeanne would go to Michigan too. We were not sure if I would get to stay in Michigan or be assigned to basic training or even sent overseas. We were not sure if I would have to live in the barracks or could live off base. La Jeanne's mother went with us and the plan was that mother would stay long enough to see what worked out and then she, and if necessary, La Jeanne would come back home on the bus.

As it worked out we found a furnished attic apartment (sparsely furnished) and found that I only had to live on the base the first night. Mother only stayed a few days and then back home on the bus. La Jeanne got a job as a secretary at a local factory. (See [Air force Experiences, APPEXDIX, Page F](#)) I had no basic training and never received any basic training.



Ken at River Road Apartment

We soon moved to another furnished apartment, our first with a private bath room. It was a three unit apartment and we shared the oil heating bill. It soon got cold and we found we could not afford the heating bill, so moved once again to a nice apartment where the heat was furnished (it also had a private bath room.) We bought our first TV. We paid a few dollars down and something like \$3.00 a week. It was black and white, a 12" screen, a console, and got 3 channels. (See [Experience with TV, APPEXDIX Page G](#))

1951 - 1952 - This Air Force time was an active time for us. We made probably three or four trips back to Mt. Carmel for visits (See [Long Trip Home, APPENDIX, Page E](#)) , while I was in the Air Force. We made several trips across the border to Canada. We crossed the bridge at Sarnia, went through the tunnel at Detroit and crossed the St Clair river on a ferry. We went ice fishing in the winter, as well as ice skating on the Saint Clair River and went swimming in the Michigan lakes in the summer. We went to visit the city of Holland, went to the Michigan State Fair and went to the Hockey games a few times. La Jeanne had a friend at work and we spent some time with her and her boyfriend on weekends. I had some civilian employees at the base that we visited with. La Jeanne's friend and husband, Fayette, lived in Detroit, south of Mt. Clements, where her husband was a Detroit policeman. We went camping in the north woods with them and went to their home for a visit several times.

After 17 months of my 24 months of active duty in the Air Force, I noticed the base was having a difficult time finding barrack space for all new personnel arriving from basic training. It looked like a great time for me to get out of the way, even though I didn't live on the base. With the help of a friend in the orderly room I got some mustering out forms, got them signed by base personnel, and in a couple of days was saying good by to Selfridge Air Force Base. La Jeanne turned in her notice and a few days later we were on our way home. We decided to go to Evansville where she could work for a distributor of the company for which she worked in Mt. Clements. I was to signup at Lockyears Business College under the GI Bill, for Accounting.

COLLEGE DAYS

After going to Evansville La Jeanne started to work for a distributor but soon changed to a better job as an Executive Secretary with The Defense Division of The Servel Company. I started to College working toward a certificate in Higher Accounting. After earning the Certificate I could work for an Accounting firm for 3 years and then take the board exam to be a CPA.

The GI Bill paid for most of my schooling. I got a job with a suburban men and boys clothing store by the name of Hallerts Men and Boys, to earn extra money. I worked after school and on the week ends. With the income from La Jeanne's job, the GI payments and my part time job we were able to trade Henrietta in for a new 1992 Ford.

I had more interest in school now than I had in high school so I made good grades and enjoyed it more. I was the president of the Evansville Club and the Illinois Club while at Lockyears.



When first moving to Evansville we lived in a furnished two room apartment. After a few months we did a lay-a-way on a bunch of furniture and started making payments.

When we got the furniture paid for we rented an unfurnished apartment (for the first time). The apartments were left over from the war where they had been quarters for married solders. The rooms were very small but much better than we had been used to. The bed room was so small that La Jeanne would

tear the bed apart every week or so she could turn it a different way in the room. Taking it apart was the only way to turn the bed as the room was so small.

October 1955 - When I finished school and was ready for a job, there was not an opening at an accounting firm but there was a propane gas retailer who was looking to fill an accounting job. I took the propane accounting job and stayed with the industry for over 40 years. That first employer was Lin-Gas Inc.

AFTER BUSINESS COLLEGE

Not long after going to work as an Accountant, I saw that the gas company had many more problems than accounting. I saw other things that interested me much more than accounting too, so I asked the Owner to let me hire a bookkeeper and for me to take on other projects. I went back to Lockyears and hired another graduate as a bookkeeper.

I worked there for 9 years, most of the years as assistant manager to the owner. While I was there we were able to triple the sales, open two new branches, add several new dealers and start transporting our own gas from the refinery and pipe line with an 18 wheeler. We bought appliances by rail car loads and sold them to our customers as well as wholesaled them to our dealers .(See Lin-Gas, APPENDIX, Page H)

During my employment the company bought an apartment (today we would call a condo) in Clearwater, Florida. La Jeanne and I were able to take several trips and stay in the apartment for a week each time, during vacations. We visited most of tourist spots, in Florida, that were around at that time. These included Cypress Gardens, Sunken Gardens, Silver Springs, Weki Wachee, Stephen Foster Museum, Barnum Bailey Museum/ Art Collections and Ford's and Edison's summer homes. All of these are still here and I have been back to them some 50 years later.

Before long we decided we needed our own home, not an apartment. La Jeanne continued to work for Serval. We had \$500 saved and borrowed \$500 from a family member to put a down payment on a new \$9500 prefab home. After the down payment we had to pay \$54.50 a month payments. I had paid Lillian back for the loan on the bread route and we soon paid the relative for the down payment and we were out of debt except for a house and a car. That didn't last long though as a house has to have a lawn mower, a washer, yard tools, and more furniture so before long our payments were as much as our income.

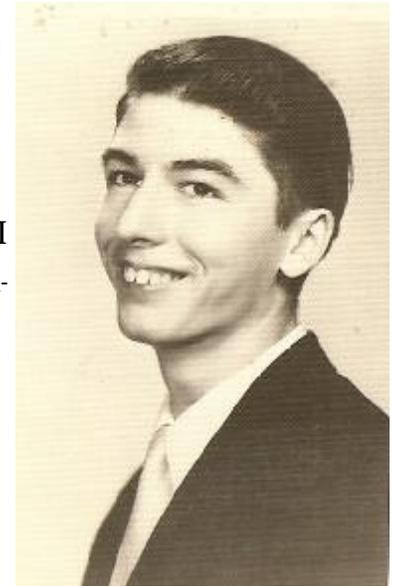


Our first house In North Park in Evansville. The tree in the front yard was brought from Lick Parairie in 1955. You can see that it grew a bit in 50 years.

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APRIL 24, 1956 - I got the sad news that my brother , Gary Allen had been in a car accident. He was riding as a passenger with his friend, who was home on leave from the army. They were going to Mt. Carmel on hwy 15 when an old man pulled out in front of them. The old man was killed on the spot. Gary's head hit the corner windshield post and he lived for a week but never came to. I spent the week at the Mt. Carmel Hospital with him but he died without regaining consciousness. His friend survived and went back to the Army in a few days. There were no seat belts in those days, .or his life probably would have been spared. He was age 18, just a few weeks from High School Graduation. He played the guitar and sang, mostly at church. He was taking a correspondence course in traffic management at the time of his death.



Gary's Senior Picture

JUNE 28, 1957 - Some 6 ½ years after marriage our first child was born, Lisa Ann. Before going to the Deaconess Hospital, after La Jeanne's water broke, the story goes that I asked if I should shave before we left home. After the birth, when we brought Lisa home, Gladys came for a week or so to help out.

1958 - We sold our little house on Windsor Avenue and bought a new one at 500 North Park Drive. The new house had hardwood floors, a one car garage, two large bedrooms and one smaller one, and of course a dinning room, kitchen and living room. One bathroom. The house had central gas heat and stone trim and on a corner lot, so lots of side walk for tricycles. This subdivision had a community pool. The house, like the first one was a prefab house built in Lafayette, Indiana. The foundation was installed and about a week later a truck arrived with the house and all appliances. It took one day to set it up and a couple of weeks more to paint and finish it. From purchase to moving in, the time was less than four weeks.



500 North Park Drive, Evansville, IN

While living on North Park Drive we acquired a boat and later a tent and camping equipment. We started a several year's venture of camping, boating and water skiing.

We also started attending church in Evansville at the First Christian Church. We started a young married Sunday School class and I was a deacon there for some time. Sundays in the summer consisted of church in the morning and boating on the Ohio River in the after noon. We made several trips to Kentucky Lake for a weekend outing with camping at the State Park.

Sometime during this period we traded our Ford for an aqua colored Oldsmobile that matched our aqua boat.

January 25, 1959—Here comes our second child. Jennifer Lynn. She too was born at Deaconess Hospital. Two girls now and during their pre-school years a lot of people thought they might be twins. One had blond hair and the other was a brunette but La Jeanne dressed them alike causing some to think they might be the same age.

The girls spent a lot of time playing in the enclosed back yard where they had a big sand box, swing and slide. They got to hear a lot of stories read from kid's books. This was also the age when they started going boating and camping.



APRIL 7, 1960 - At age 74, My Grandpa Dunn died and was buried at Antioch Cemetery. Grandpa worked on the railroad for sometime installing and repairing track. He spent a good part of his working life as a sharecropper working very hard, farming with mules. He liked to drink a bit too much at times and rolled his own cigarettes with Prince Albert smoking tobacco. He always carried a can of tobacco and rolling papers in his bib over-all pocket. He worked as a janitor at the Cowling School after he retired. His biggest hobby was loafing at the local country store and coming back home and telling grandma about the day's gossip. I don't think I ever saw grandpa wear anything other than bib overalls. There were almost no gifts he could use other than wool socks, red bandana handkerchiefs and smoking tobacco.

MAY 18, 1961 - Our first boy was born at Deaconess Hospital, Kenneth Ronald Jr. And now there were three. When we came home Gladys came for a week or so to help out. Kenny sunburned very easily so we had to keep him covered up on boating and camping trips. He spent a lot of time pushing a corn popper and toy lawnmower up and down the sidewalk on North Park Drive.

JANUARY 6, 1963 - Jeffrey Lee was born also at Deaconess Hospital. The first three birth's had been normal but Jeff had distress and didn't breath for several minutes. It was kind of touch and go for a couple of days but he was doing well by time he came home. We were told at this time that he might have some problems in the future because of his early breathing problems. Jeff was still very young when we moved from North Park to Franklin, KY.

Rosalynn came to live with us about this time and started to work for me at Lin-Gas for several months. This was her first office job and even though she had taken business courses in high school, she had never refilled a stapler, never opened a locked file cabinet or replaced a typewriter ribbon. It was a learning experience for her.

Lisa started to school at Stringtown Elementary while we lived on North Park Drive..

MY SECOND MAJOR EMPLOYER

OCTOBER 1963 - I left my job with Lin-Gas and we moved to Franklin, Ky. In Franklin we bought a new brick house and for the first time we had two bathrooms. It had a fireplace and an out door patio. The house was in a small sub-division with a big yard. We planted a big garden and froze a lot of vegetables as well as peaches and strawberries. Lisa and Jennifer had friends next door to play with. Kenny almost learned how to ride his bicycle here. Jeff liked riding his tricycle while being pushed with a broom.

We were not able to sell the house in Evansville and had to rent it. The renters later took over the mortgage.

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In Franklin I took over a Par-Gas location the company had bought a year earlier but had left it without a manager. I had a career salesman, a Mr. Short, that had worked for the same location for a number of years. His brother had owned the company originally. Mr. Short was a very good and well organized salesman and was the best I have seen, in retail gas and appliance sales. Our district was responsible for receiving most of the gas, by rail for the area. We then hauled the gas to other districts by transport truck. We also had a garage and mechanic at Par-gas that took care of most of the truck repairs for the area.

While there we attended the Church of Christ as there was no Christian Church in the area. We continued to camp and boat. Most of the time it was at a Barren Lake, not far from Scottsville, Ky. While in Franklin I was asked to join the Rotary Club and did their bulletin weekly until I left Franklin. Lisa attended school and Jennifer started to school in Franklin. We found that Jeff needed Physical Therapy and we took him to Bowling Green three times a week for therapy. Later the therapist moved to Hopkinsville, KY and we made the trip there too but less often, to continue therapy.



NOVEMBER 5, 1964 - At age 78, My Grandma Dunn past away and was buried at Antioch Cemetery between Cowling and Keensburgh. She was always a hard-working women and was a great cook. She used lots of lard to cook with so the food may not have been really healthy but it was really good. For most of her life she cooked on a coal or wood stove. She always had a big garden and canned a lot of vegetables. The thing that I remember enjoying the most around her kitchen was the yeast rising rolls. Oh my! She quilted a lot and always used scrap material for quilt pieces. On the farm the chickens really led a hard life. It was chicken eggs for breakfast, fried chicken for supper and baked chicken for Sunday dinner. Chicken feathers were used for pillows.

JANUARY 1, 1965 - My Grandma Broster died and was buried in the Grayville Cemetery along with Grandpa who had been buried some 27 years earlier. She had lost her only son when he was 24. Grandma had a tough life on the farm where she always had a big garden, berry bushes and fruit trees. She canned a lot of fruit and vegetables. She had chickens and a cow for milk. I remember her making butter from cream. She continued to live in the Old Broster house until it burned and then she lived in a little house next to her daughter, Maxine, in Cowling, until she past away in 1965.at age 85.



December 1966 - Par-gas asked me to transfer to Columbus, Mississippi. At that location, the company had left the original owner in charge for a year, as the manager. He had spent this year getting ready to steal the customers back and I was going there to try and save the business. We rented a house for a year to see what was going to happen and see if the job worked out. While there, Lisa and Jennifer went to school and Jeff went to speech and physical therapy. I continued to be a Rotarian.

After a year our lease was going to run out so we went house hunting. We found a new house that seemed to fit our needs and we closed on it. We had only moved in the new house for a few weeks when Par-gas decided they would offer me a job in the home office in Waldorf, Maryland. I went to Maryland and spent several days looking at houses and was disappointed that houses were so expensive in that part of the country. I finally decided on an older house with window air-conditioning in an older community and put \$1,000 down. We were able to resell the new house in Columbus for the same price and the new owner took over our loan. The interest had gone up in the short time since we purchased the house so this was a good deal for another purchaser. This was the beginning of the Carter Administration and high interest.

La Jeanne was about 7 ½ months pregnant at this time. We had our furniture picked up and we set out for Maryland with 4 kids and a cat and pulling our boat. We stopped for the night outside Atlanta, and the next morning fed everyone including the cat. We put the cat in a box in the boat and pulled out for the trip ahead. We stopped along the road to stretch some 100 miles down the road and to check on the cat. NO CAT. We figured the cat probably got out of the box before we left the motel and we left her behind. The girls always wanted to look for the cat each time we went back or near to Atlanta. Jennifer lives there now but still hasn't found the cat!! The cat would now be 41 years old if she were still alive.

After getting to Maryland we found that the people whose house we had put a deposit on had not moved out so we could not have our furniture delivered. We moved into 2 rooms of the Martha Washington Motel. Our furniture was put into storage. I went to work at the home office as an assistant to Gordon Benson. Within a week I found an opening was coming up as a Regional Manager in Alabama. I decided it would be much better to be back in the South than to start a new life in Maryland but we had no house to go to. We had bought two houses and sold one in the past weeks but had no home to go to. Since La Jeanne was so close to delivery we decided it best to not move too often. We talked to my parents in Belmont and they said to come on to Belmont. The kids finished school that year in Belmont.

After we got settled in Belmont I went to Alabama to look for a house and to start my new job. Gordon met me and the present Regional Manager in The Birmingham Airport where the other Regional Manager was fired. I then had to take the manager back to Tuscaloosa and wait for him to get his records together and turn them and his car over to me.



In Hoover, I found us a new brown brick house and placed a down payment on it. It was a 4 bedroom, 2 bath, split level with a two car garage and a tree house. Our lot had been a vacant lot for sometime before our new house was constructed so the tree house had actually been built and belonged to the neighbor's kids. I continued to visit my districts in Alabama, Mississippi and Tennessee and to go back to Belmont on the weekends.

APRIL 17, 1969 - Our last child, Amy Elizabeth, was born in The Mt. Carmel Hospital while we were staying with my parents in Belmont. My dad took La Jeanne to the hospital as I was on the road in Alabama. (See [Father's Trip to Delivery, APPENDIX, Page J](#)) About two weeks later we loaded up everyone including the new baby and headed for our new home in Birmingham (Hoover).



Mom and Dad's house in Belmont

When I made my first trip to the Hoover bank drive-in window, the teller knew I was new in town and she asked over the speaker: "Are you for Alabama or Auburn" in a southern accent which I really didn't understand at first and I really couldn't answer truthfully anyway, yet.

I will list a number of things that happened during our time in Regent Forest, but in no particular order.

Jeff was enrolled with the Child Development and Learning Department at The University of Alabama after some time with Dr. Bergman in private practice. I built some exercise equipment for him to use and made many trips to take him to the school. He worked very hard at physical therapy during this period.

I taught Lisa, Jennifer and Kenny to drive while we lived here. Jeff also got to set on my lap and steer.

Kenny was in the Cub Scouts for a while and I helped him make a model race car to compete with other members.

I helped Lisa on the field with her fire baton when she performed as a majorette at football games and I also went to a lot of Berry games when she and Jennifer played in the band..

(See [Jeff and His First Auto Experience, APPENDIX, Page J](#))

(See [Callie the Cat and Her Experience with an Auto, APPENDIX, Page J](#))

While working for Par-Gas, as a Regional Manager, my region won three paid vacations out of the country.

(See [Kenny and the Trip to Paris and the Trip to Spain, APPENDIX, Page K](#))

Daddy was the transportation for Jennifer while she had a crush on a certain football player and she wanted to view him as often as she could.

My job as a Regional Manager required looking after all aspects of 12 retail propane operations in Alabama, Tennessee and Mississippi. I had about 100 employees. 3 or 4 day a week I was on the road and worked at home the other day or two. I also put a lot of the sales and marketing together for the whole SC division. I

We put a summer sales program into effect for gas grills. We had a truck, tent etc, and went to different shopping center parking lots during the summer and each district took turns selling grills for their area.

A lot of effort was put into using propane for motor fuel. My car always ran on propane and we had a lot of school buses and fork lifts on propane.

1977—During this period I became The President of The Alabama Propane Gas Association. During the year I visited all areas of Alabama and headed up meetings in each area. I also presided at the Alabama Propane Gas Convention in Gulf Shores that year. Unfortunately it was also the time when La Jeanne and I were going through a separation and divorce after almost 25 years of marriage.

We sold the Hoover house and I moved to an apartment nearby with Lisa, Jennifer, Kenny and Jeff. Later, Kenny and Jeff went to live with La Jeanne in Missouri and finished school there. Jennifer finished high school and I moved to Tuscaloosa so Lisa and Jennifer could live at home and go to The University in Tuscaloosa.

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In October 1977 - I met Delia Holman Gulino at a PWP (Parents With-Out Partners) dance in Birmingham.



September 15, 1979 - Delia and I were married in Rocky Ridge Christian Church, a small church in Hoover, Al, attended by family and friends. We had a reception at The Homestead Sheraton Hotel. Tommy and Merle stood up with us. He was a manager for me in Decatur, Alabama.

I not only gained a bride that day but added two more children, Richard and Kerry. Richard was born in Bermuda on February 15, 1965 and Kerry was born September 20, 1969 in Louisiana .

Our Family That Attended the September 15, 1979 Wedding



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NOVEMBER 1979—We purchased a house in Hoover large enough for all of us. It was a brown Brick with 4 bedrooms and a full basement. We had a pool table and a ping pong table in the basement. We belonged to a neighborhood swimming pool. A couple of times while we lived here there was an ice storm and we lost



power. One such time the ice and power outage lasted several days. I found my way home from Tuscaloosa, on closed interstate roads and found the family on mattresses in the den with blankets over the doors. They had been cooking in the fire place but had run out of firewood. I was able to pull camping equipment out of the basement and fill a gas tank for the grill, in order to cook on the deck. Looking back it was sort of a time of excitement..

1981—I had accumulated enough Holiday Inn points to earn a trip. Delia and I was able to go to Hawaii for a week, air fare included. We added a couple of days to the stay on our own. I guess this was our honeymoon as we went had back to work right after our wedding. On the way we had a stopover in San Francisco and Richard was able to meet us and we spent a couple of hours together. He was in the Coast Guard at the time in Petaluma, CA. We rented a car in Hawaii and covered all of the roads on Oahu. We did all the things that most tourists do including a Luau, a sunset cruise, sailing and swimming. (See [Pearl Harbor Experience, APPENDIX, Page —.](#))

August 22, 1981— Lisa and Tom Ridings were married in Missouri

During this period I got into rental property on a part time basis. We started with a four unit apartment building in a bad part of town. It turned out to cause a lot of problems but developed a good profit. We also had a house with an apartment up and one down, a lot with a house on the front and one on the back and a couple of single family houses that we bought, fixed up and then sold.

February 18, 1983—Jennifer and Mike Long were married in Birmingham, AL.

April 7, 1983- My first grandchild was born to Lisa and Tom Ridings at Fitzsimmons Army Hospital in Aurora, CO. He was named Daniel.

1983— We bought our first timeshare. It was outside Dadeville, AL on Lake Martin. It was close to Birmingham so we could go there any time and use their boat ramp, tennis court and golf course even though we only had one week in the two bedroom condo. However, we traded the week for other timeshare locations for the next several years.

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March 1984—Richard was married to Heidi (Wood) Boner in Homestead, Alabama

1984— We spent our first week at a timeshare in November at The Outer Banks Beach Club in Kill Devil Hills, NC.

1984— Par-gas sold out to Suburban Propane and I would have needed to move and perhaps take a lesser job so I made the decision to resign at that time. I went to work for Style Crest in Atlanta for a while selling mobile home air conditioning and other mobile home supplies.

August 3, 1985—Grand Daughter, Christina Lee Gulino was born to Richard and Heidi in Birmingham, AL.

November 8, 1985—Grand Daughter, Jennifer Michelle Long, was born in Virginia Beach General Hospital to Jennifer and Mike.

October 1986 - Went to work for Public-Gas as a sales manager. Our territory covered area from Vero Beach to Key West. I moved to Fort Lauderdale and lived in an apartment while Delia continued to work in Birmingham and to sell our house.

December 17, 1986—Grandson Alexander Allan Gulino was born to Richard and Heidi in Birmingham, AL.

1987—Sold our house in Hoover and rented a house for one year in Coral Springs, FL. My office was in Miami but I choose not to live there. Kerry and I moved our furniture in two rental trucks and the employees from Public-Gas helped us unload.

December 1988— We spent Christmas week at a timeshare in Lehigh Acres in south west Florida.

December 1989—Went to Hilton Head, SC for a week. Lisa and Daniel came down from Maryland during the week.. (see [Ice and Trip to SC, APPENDIX, Page L](#))

January 25, 1989—Grandson, Michael William Long II was born at Brookwood Hospital in Birmingham, to Jennifer and Mike. He was born on his mother's birthday, January 25th.

December 19, 1990—Grand Daughter, Laura Marie Gulino was born to Richard and Heidi

December 1990— A trip to Fairfield Glade in Tennessee for our Timeshare Week.

June 1991— One of our most rewarding Timeshare Trips. We went to the Hill Country of Texas. We spent time in the old town of Gruene, in Austin, in New Braunfels and San Antonio. We also went white water rafting on the Guadalupe River.

July 1992—Spent a week at Silver Leaf Ozark Mountain, near Branson, MO and Eureka, AR. Jeff came to visit while we were there.

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October 1992- We flew to Seattle, WA, rented a car and spent a week at Whistler, BC. We made several trips back to Vancouver to enjoy the parks and beauty. We then went across Canada and dropped down to Whitefish, MT to the Crestview Resort. While we were there Amy and Bruce came to visit and we went to their Idaho home. After that week we drove back to Seattle and flew home.

December 1884—We spent a very enjoyable time at Marsh Harbour in the Abacos, Bahamas. The resort was not much, no TV, no phones and no newspapers. However, because of the lack of conveniences we spent no time in our room except to eat and sleep. We were able to get acquainted with the other guests around the pool and also went on a lot of side trips to other small islands. Some of the friends we made there are still friends today. We flew there in a rickety 17 passenger plane from Ft. Lauderdale. That was an experience in itself.

July 1995—This year we went to Ashland, NH to Cold Spring Resort. One of the highlights was a trip we took on the Winnepesaukee Scenic Railroad.



September 1996, Was a long driving trip to Pagosa Springs, CO, a beautiful area in “Cow Boy” country. We went to western bars and even went on a trail ride and had a chuck wagon meal. After a week we continued on to Sedona, AZ and stayed at Los Abrigados. This was a luxury timeshare that cost some \$22,000 for a week every other year. We were lucky enough to trade our cheap Alabama week for this. The red rocks and mountains are as impressive as indicated in pictures and movies. While here we went in the wilds with a rented jeep and also took a train ride to The Grand Canyon.

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In April 1997 we bought our present house at 3089 S Graymor Path in Inverness. We leased it back to the builder to use as a model home. We went back to Margate and put our house up for sale and made arrangements to look toward retirement.

October 1997–Retirement at last. We moved into our new house on Graymor Path in Inverness.

December 1997– A week was spent at The Fairfield Plantation in Villa Rica, GA. Richard and Jennifer came with their families for dinner while we were there.

January 1998–Oyster Point Resort in Sebastian, FL was our destination for a week.. Alan and Dustin came with us for most of the week. The Resort gave us a motor boat to use on the river so we went exploring. We saw several manatees who had come to the river to enjoy the warmer water.

1998–I flew to Oregon to meet Jennifer and family. Mike was working in the state. We got a rental vehicle



and each day I went exploring with Jennifer, Michelle and Michael. We saw everything from the Oregon light-houses and covered bridges to the Red Woods of northern California and the seals in the caves along the Atlantic Ocean. We then went to visit Amy and Bruce in Idaho for a couple of days in Idaho..

October 1998–We went to Fairfield in Nashville and Richard came to visit while we were there. We did all the Nashville things including the Grand Ole Opera.

December 1998–We visited Williamsburg for the first time. The second or third day we were there a big ice storm came through and most of the power in the area was affected. Although we had electricity at the resort everything else in Williamsburg was closed. We drove to Richmond and met some friends from Maryland for lunch. Since there wasn't much of anything to do in Williamsburg, the resort gave us a partial rain-check for a later visit.

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January 1999—Orange Lake Country Club in Orlando was our destination this time. We attended a “Money Show” (investment seminar) and took in a few shows. We took Tabatha, our cat with us. (see [Tabatha, The Traveling Cat, APPENDIX, Page L](#))

March 1999—We spent a week at The Vacation Villas in Titusville, FL. We were joined by a couple we had met in Sedona three years earlier. They were from California.

May 1999—We finished our visit to Williamsburg, VA, after the ice storm that had interrupted our visit the prior December.

Saphire Valley, NC



After that we went to Gordonsville at Shenandoah Crossing where we went to see some former president’s homes. Bruce and Amy joined us there and we all went on to Frederick, MD for Daniel’s graduation from high school.

September 1999—A week at Collingwood, Ontario. Lisa flew up to be with us. (see [Punxsutanwey Phil the Ground-Hog, APPENDIX, Page M](#))

During that week we took a lake dinner cruise with Alan and he later took us for a thrilling ride in one of his Maserati automobiles on the backroads of northern Ontario. Peter and his children came to the resort for a visit and lunch.

January 2000—Back to Orlando for another Money Show (investment seminar). We didn’t take the cat this time.

June 2000—Hot Springs and The Warf Resort. The old Hot Springs Hotels were quite interesting as was the history of the area. Jennifer and Kenny came for a visit and we rented a boat and spent a day on lake Hamilton.

June 2001—The destination was The Summitt at Mansannuten, VA. We went to visit several historical areas. Bruce and Amy came and we went on to Frederick for Daniel’s High School Graduation.

December 2001—We spent Christmas at Sea Watch Plantation in Myrtle Beach. There were a number of Christmas shows and a lot of beautiful Christmas lighting.

August 2002—Our neighbors, John and Jackie deTorres went with us to Powhatan Plantation at Williamsburg, VA. John and I did a few museums and of course there is always a lot to do in Williamsburg. Delia and I went to visit Amy and Bruce while we were there.

December 2002—We went to Fairfield Bay, Arkansas for this timeshare visit. Kenny came to visit while we were there.

August 2003—St. Hippolyte, Quebec at Club Geo Premiere was where we met Delia's old school mate and her husband. They stayed with us for the week. He was a big help in the French speaking Quebec as they lived in Toronto and he worked in this area regularly. All of Canada has both English and French signs, newspapers and magazines, Quebec only uses French. I was driving along and all of a sudden crossed into Quebec and realized that I couldn't read the road signs. Thankfully, Delia had taken French in school and helped me know which way to go. On the way home we stopped outside of Buffalo, NY to visit with our Inverness neighbors. Ed and Mary Metsger lived next door to us half of the year but had a spread in New York where they went in the summer.

December 2003—Martin Terrace in Daveville, AL was our home for a week. This was the original timeshare where we purchased in 1983. We had always traded it for another location. The timeshare went bankrupt not longer after this so we not longer have this week. While we were here we were able to visit Jennifer in Douglasville and Richard in Birmingham. We also visited old friends in Birmingham.

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June 2004—We went to visit Kerry in Las Vegas and stayed in the Grand Desert Resort. We were able to see several shows while there. Louisiana was a stop on the way home to visit Delia's ex-in-laws.

2006—We took a Genealogy Cruise out of Ft. Lauderdale going to the east Caribbean. It was a great cruise but we decided the next cruise will be just a cruise and not spend so much time in meetings. We took side trips on three islands.

June 2006—Held mini-reunions for Dunns and Brosters. I set up the meetings at Dick Clark's in Princeton, IN.



August 2007—Bethel Maine. We stayed in Bethel and explored the area and then went to Portland and met Kerry and Amanda.

Had a great time in Portland including going on a sundown cruise on a sailing ship and eating lobsters. Later in the week we continued our tour of Maine, up to the Canadian border.

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2006—We had a mini-reunion in Nashville at the Fairfield Resort. Kerry furnished most of the timeshare units we used. We were able to go on a river cruise, make a tour of the downtown night life and eat far too much at the local restaurants.

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May 2008—Went to Las Vegas to celebrate spring break and with Michelle, Michelle and their friends. We visited Kerry while there. Jennifer, and Mike were there as well as Lon and Debbie. This was a chance to explore some of the best places outside of Las Vegas including Hoover Dam, Lake Mead, The London Bridge and Calico Ghost Town. We also visited Kerry's new home on Tall Ruff Drive.



September 1970—Flew to Puerto Rico to attend Kerry and Amanda's wedding. The party stayed at The Rio Mar Beach Resort and flew in a couple of small planes to the Island of Viques on September 25th for the wedding and reception on Red Beach. Kerry married Amanda Renee Dunn (no relation) who was born in Kewanee, Illinois.

While at the resort, some of the group went golfing and swimming at the, Delia and I took one of the rental cars and went sight seeing throughout Puerto Rico. We spent a



Most of the Group at dinner the night before the wedding
lot of time in the Puerto Rico Rain Forest and visiting small towns throughout the Island.

May 20, 2008—Grand Son, Giovanni Jackson Gulino was born to Kerry and Amanda.

June 2008—We attended the mini-reunion that I had put together for the Brosters and the Dunns in the Mt. Carmel area. We then went on to Iowa and on to South Dakota. We saw a lot of destruction in Iowa from recent flooding. The down town area of Cedar Rapids had been flooded and every building was being dried and refurbished. The railroad bridge across the river had collapsed with the train on it. We spent quite a bit of time enjoying Sioux Falls, SC. Sioux Falls has a great Zoo, a nautical museum, a night laser show at the falls and a number of other attractions.

We then drove on to Minneapolis to attend Jeff's Doctorate Exercises and felt very proud of what Jeff had accomplished. While in Minneapolis, we saw the bridge that had clasped a year earlier, during the rush hour, and killed several people.

After Minneapolis we drove on to The Dells in Wisconsin. There we spent a bit of time on the boats in the Dells.

July 2009—We attended the mini-reunion that I had put together for the Brosters and the Dunns in the Mt. Carmel area. Lisa hosted a party while we were there.

October ? 2009—We went to Sky Valley in Helen, GA. While we were there Jennifer and Michelle came up for a visit. Delia and I enjoyed a day in Chattanooga which included a high speed boat ride on the river. I also got my last speeding ticket hurrying to get to Cleveland in time to catch a tourist train. We missed the train.

December 2009—Christmas in Texas. We split our time between Granbury and Grapevine, TX. Our time-share was The Ridge on Lake Granbury. Granbury is an old antique town with a beautiful courthouse in the center. We attended a Christmas Play in the old Play House. The city was beautifully decorated for Christmas. Grapevine is the Christmas City of Texas. It too is an antique town with all the business being on one strip. Every business had a Christmas tree in front of their business. In the park was a wonderful Christmas music-light-laser show. It snowed while we there on Christmas eve. We had Christmas dinner at The Gaylord Hotel along a stream in the lower lobby. Of course everything was decorated for Christmas.

June 18, 2010—On the way to Daniel's wedding we met Jennifer and Mike and Amy, Bruce and kids in Richmond, for lunch. On the 19th we attended the Daniel Allen Ridings (grandson) and Kelly Tavenner wedding in Sykesville, MD. While there we were able to go out and have a couple of meals. After the wedding we went to Glen Berne, MD and stayed a few days with an old friend, Marie We then drove through Washington, DC and on to Smithfield, VA to visit with Jerry and Rosemary Nabor, our winter neighbors in Inverness. We attended a military musical presentation while there.

July 2010— Had dinner with Richard and Laura in Birmingham on our way to attended the mini-reunion that I had put together for the Brosters and the Dunns in the Mt. Carmel area. We held the Dunn's reunion at The Red Hills State Park. The Broster get-to-gather was held in Princeton at The Bob Clark's Restaurant. Lisa hosted a party at her house while we were there.

APPENDIX

The next several pages contain little stories that are not necessary in following my first 80 years but are sidelights that may be of interest to some.

APPENDIX

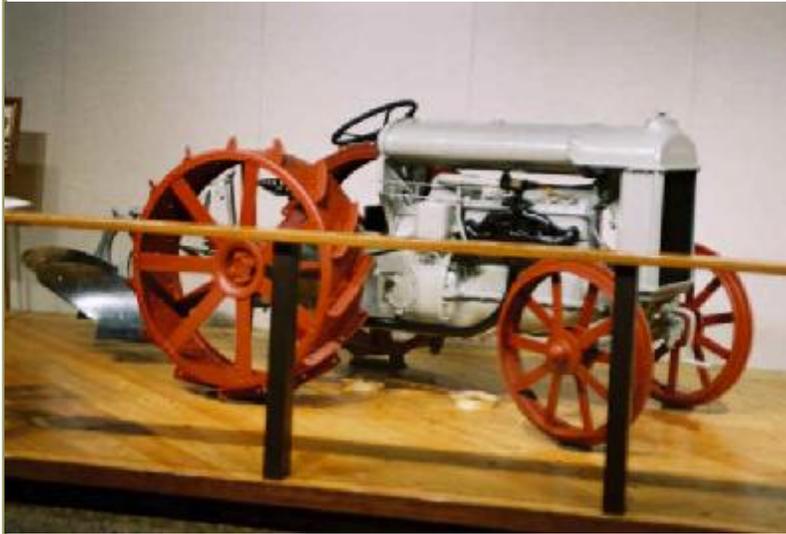
THE DEPRESSION - I was born at the end of the roaring twenties and at the beginning of the depression. Looking back I can remember many signs of the roaring twenties. My Grand Mother Broster, had a very limited income after I was born, but had radios, phonograph console, leather couches, table ware, an expensive pump organ, washing machine and a new car, all being purchased in the later twenties. They owned 100 acres of land and livestock without debt. My parents, when they got married both had jobs, a car and a small savings account. I saw pictures where they had nice clothes in the 20's and appeared to be enjoying themselves much like we did in the 90's. We don't hear much about the 20's today but it must have been great. Then came the stock market crash and the banking holiday and every thing went backwards. The president after the crash wrongly decided to spend more and more money trying to buy jobs and force the economy to recover. As we now know that does not work and nothing much improved until after world war II. The roaring twenties was roaring because Harding and Coolidge took over a bad situation after World War I, but decided to cut taxes, have a small government and get out of the way of progress and presto the roaring twenties. Much the same happened after World War II, the country was in big debt but again decided to lower high taxes, have a small government and get out of the way of progress and we had many years of good times. The same essentially happen after the bad times of the Carter administration when Reagan came along and put the policies into effect.



SMALL COWLING HOME - I lived in this small house when I was small. We probably moved to Lillian's house by time I was four. This little house was on the west side of Hwy 1 in Cowling. Later the house was moved to the east side of the Hwy and my aunt Jessie bought the house and rented it out for some time.

APPENDIX

FARM TRACTORS - Henry Ford had grown up on a farm, and had taken a personal interest in providing an



This is very much like I remember our first tractor.

affordable tractor to the small farmer. He built his first experimental tractor in 1907 and was said to have made more than 50 different prototypes until the development of the Fordson F in 1917. The Fordson name was selected for two reasons. There was already a Ford Tractor Company in Minneapolis at the time, and the Ford Motor Company shareholders did not approve of tractor production. So Henry established an entirely new firm, Ford & Son Inc., which was shortened to Fordson. This was the first tractor we had on the farm around 1935. Then we had a John Deere "skelton wheel" green tractor. It was called a skelton wheel because the back

wheels were very thin steel and had large lugs every 8" or so. It had very good traction but if the wheels ever spun it would bury itself as there was no flat wheel surface to hold it up. The tractor had two cylinders, a very heavy flywheel and a hand clutch. It was started by opening a valve to take some of the pressure off the cylinders and then twirling the flywheel by hand to start the engine running. It then went pop pop all day long as there were only two cylinders and not much of a muffler.

PARTY LINE PHONES - During the 20's and 30's the rural area was only serviced by crank telephones and party lines. The phone in each house had a crank that when turned created an electrical current that caused any other phones on the party line to ring. Each person on the party line had a distinctive ring like two short rings and one long ring or two short rings, etc. There was also a different ring to get an operator who would manually connect your party line to another or to a long distance line. A special ring was used for an emergency such as someone sick, dying or a house fire. The party line was both a blessing and a curse. If you made or received a normal phone call everyone on the line could listen in and many did. However in case of an emergency close neighbors knew of the problem as soon as they heard three long rings. The operator also heard the call and could call a doctor or the fire department long distance. The party line was the reason neighbors were able to arrive in time to carry out some of the possessions when Lillian's house



was the reason neighbors were able to arrive in time to carry out some of the possessions when Lillian's house

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LILLIAN'S HOUSE, MUCH AHEAD OF IT'S TIME When Lillian's new house was built it had a poured concrete basement with a garage. It had central coal heat with ducts going to each room. The floors were hardwood, the screens and gutters were copper. The roof was slate (could not burn) and the outside was brick. It had a deep well with an electric water pump and plumbing through out the house. The kitchen sink was stainless steel. An indoor bath room with tile floors and walls and a real bathtub was something of a novelty at that time too. It had electric outlets in every room with ceiling fixtures and wall switches. Few houses even had electricity and basic ceiling light bulbs in the rural areas during that early 1930's period.



FORTNEY SCHOOL I started to school in the first grade at the one room Fortney Grade School. The building is still there today and is lived in by descendents of the area. Every few miles there was another one room school to care for the kids in that area. The schools were run by a volunteer school board. There was a county superintendent who was voted in that looked over the schools in general. He had very little authority and the money to run the schools came from local community taxes and donations. There was no state and no federal over-site. My mother taught there for two years before she was married. I think she went to school there too. She went to Browns for high school and then to a summer school at Carbondale to train for teaching. The Fortney School actually had a large class room, a small library an activity room, a cloak room (a place to hang winter coats and store lunch pails) and an entrance way where we each kept our drinking cups, in a cabinet on the wall. The school was equipped with a bell tower with a bell that the teacher rang to alert us when it was time to be inside at the start of school, after recess and at noon. I think she also rung the bell at the end of school to alert parents to be on the lookout for the little urchins coming home.



Fortney School.



The school had an outdoor well pump which had a loop of chain attached to a gear and crank, angling into the well with small buckets attached every few inches on the chain. By turning the crank one could cause the loop of chain and to rotate into the well, pickup water in the ttle buckets and bring the water back to the pump and dump into a spout for consumption, before the buckets again returned to the depths of the well. Each student was assigned a turn at umping the water for the class to use or drink.

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Rest rooms (outdoor toilets) were at the outside edge of the school yard. One for boys and one for girls. Today the grass seems to be greener where the old toilets used to be located. The school also had a garage for the teacher's car and an area of the garage for coal and wood to heat the school building. On bad weather days the teacher left her car outside so we could play in the garage at noon and at recess.

There were only 13 kids in the school but perhaps in 5 different grades. This meant since this was a one room school we all heard the other classes going through their math, reading, English, etc., so this was a fast learn for a student in a lower grade.

The school building was also used as a community meeting place, a polling place and any other need during the summer, weekend or night when school was not in session. The teacher was also the janitor and kept the heating stove going with coal and wood. Every once in a while we had chili or other food fixed on the heating stove or a hot plate. Kids were assigned ingredients to bring from home. Otherwise, each student brought lunch and a thermos bottle from home for their lunch.

We also stretched blankets or sheets across the front portion of the room for a "curtain" and invited the parents for Christmas plays or other special presentations during the year.

WAR TIME - The first part of the 40's was war time and all families struggled with shortages and ration stamps. Stamps were issued for gasoline, tires, sugar, shoes, soap and perhaps other things I can't remember. Since we were farmers and dad was now an oil pumper several miles from home, we got enough gasoline and had some gas stamps to trade for sugar stamps. We didn't buy many shoes, just fixed the old ones so we were ok in shoes. We needed a lot of sugar as mom canned a large amount of fruit and we ate a lot of deserts and sweet tea. We accumulated a 100 lb. bag of sugar in our attic once. Tires were another problem. We couldn't get tires for the old pickup that dad drove to his pumper job, so we traded for a car that had good tires. This was a 1934 Ford two door. This was the car I learned to drive in. I drove to high school many days when I couldn't find a ride even though I was not old enough to get my drivers license. (no school buses until 1949). Dad later got a job as a mechanic at the Ford dealership in Mt. Carmel so I then had a ride most days. When he was doing something else I would ride with the barber who lived in our area and had a barber shop in Mt. Carmel. One cold afternoon after school I went to the barbershop to catch a ride home and found it was the barber's day off. I walked the whole cold 12 miles home.



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FUTURE FARMERS - The Future Farmers bought a Ford tractor with credit supported by member's parents, who were farmers. FFA members took turns using the tractor to plow gardens in town, level yards, mow fields, and do custom work for farmers. We earned enough money to pay for the tractor and then traded for a new one and eventually a corn picker, a combine, plows and disks as well as equipment to build terraces and small ponds. The FFA then rented 120 acres of farm land and I took on most of the tractor work. I got paid by the hour and took some afternoons off from school to work and worked some on nights and weekends as well as working during the summer.

With my income from the tractor and the income from my sheep I was fairly self sufficient. I bought my own clothes, paid for my own (few) dates and bought all of my food when I was away from home. During the summer months I also worked at de-tasseling corn, picking apples and peaches.

I took my sheep to show at the county fair. I won some ribbons but I don't remember which ones. One year I slept at the fair in a Ford van display and got paid for staying there at night as a guard. I also made some money when it rained at the end of the fair and some of the trucks wanted me to help them get out of the mud with my tractor.

A registration certificate from the American Hampshire Sheep Association. The certificate is yellow with a decorative border. It includes a circular logo of a sheep's head on the left. The text on the certificate reads: "American Hampshire Sheep Association", "72 Woodland Avenue, Detroit 2, Michigan", "Certificate of Registry", "No. 224996", "Ram". Below this, there are fields for "Name", "Born", "Sire", "Dam", "Breeder", "Owner", and "Date of Entry". The "Name" field is filled with "George", "Born" with "March, 1946", "Sire" with "186712", "Dam" with "323465", "Breeder" with "Ronald Dunn, Mt. Carmel, Ill.", "Owner" with "Same", and "Date of Entry" with "2/24/47". A signature "Helen Belote" is written in the bottom right corner, with "SECY." printed below it.

American Hampshire Sheep Association	
72 Woodland Avenue, Detroit 2, Michigan	
	Ram
Certificate of Registry No. 224996	
Name <u>George</u>	Born <u>March, 1946</u>
Sire <u>186712</u>	Dam <u>323465</u>
Breeder <u>Ronald Dunn, Mt. Carmel, Ill.</u>	
Owner <u>Same</u>	
Date of Entry <u>2/24/47</u>	<i>Helen Belote</i> SECY.

Registration Certificate for one of my registered sheep.

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HENRIETTA - The first car that I bought was a 1948 4-door maroon Ford. We named it Henrietta. It was fairly new when I got it but cars were not as dependable then as now. I always carried a jack and a tire tool, a fan belt, friction tape, an adjustable wrench, pliers, screw driver, a box of fuses, a quart of oil and a gallon of water or anti-freeze. The only options it had different from a factory car was chrome wheel covers and woven plastic seat covers.

All cars then were straight shift, no turn signals, no air conditioning and only AM radios. It did have a heater.



Tires did not last very long and were prone to going flat every once in a while. Fan belts were not great and the ignition used points, not an electrical distributor. The points were usually good for 20,000 miles at most and the spark plugs about the same. The wiring system had poor protection around the frame and body of the car so would get bare spots occasionally and blow a fuse. Rubber seems to be much better now. Back then radiator hoses did not last as long as now and could leave you on the road with an overheated engine.

However the engines were very basic and most simple repairs could be done with my adjustable wrench, pliers and screw driver. The friction tape was good for a temporary repair to a radiator hose or to cover a bare electric wire before replacing a fuse.

Even new cars used some oil in the 30's. Gas stations sold gas and pumped it for you. While they were pumping your gas they would clean the windows, check the oil, and pressure in the tires. Most gas stations did minor repair work and stocked radiator hoses, fan belts, spark plugs, tires and other auto parts.

LONG TRIP HOME - During the time I was in the Air Force in Michigan we made several quick trips back to Mt. Carmel. Before Christmas in 1952 we were on such a trip. We left Mt. Clements a bit after 5:00pm for a normal 12 hour trip, loaded with Christmas gifts. It was cold and snowing and by the time we got to the Indiana border the snow was blowing horizontally, the temperature was below minus 20 degrees and the wind blowing 25 or 30 miles per hour. There was ice on the road and we had all of heat from the car heater turned to defrost to keep the windshield clear and we were wearing coats, gloves, hats and had a blanket over us. It was about midnight and we were driving perhaps 15 miles per hour. We had not meet another car for sometime when, without warning, our car stopped running just like the key had been turned off. After trying to restart the engine, I jumped out with a flashlight and raised the hood. It took only a few seconds to be chilled to the bone and I soon realized that there was nothing I could do in this weather to find the problem.

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As the car got closer I flagged it down and we got in the back seat, almost before we were invited. This man was coming home from a 2nd shift at a local factory.

We rode in the car to a motel a few miles down the road with our car left in the middle of the icy road with parking lights on. We woke up the motel owners and got a room. I then called a wrecker and went with the driver to rescue our car. The wrecker owner put the car in his warm garage and I went back to the motel for a few hours sleep. The next morning I walked to the garage to find that the mechanic could not find anything wrong with the car. It started right away. The mechanic finally came to the conclusion that it had been so cold that the points had frozen open and the engine had stopped. We continued on with no more problems.

AIR FORCE EXPERIENCE - Going on active duty after no active reserve experience or basic training was sometimes a disturbing experience. Since I had no experience I was assigned a job behind a desk in the reserve records section of the 10th Air Force. We had all of the reserve records for both officers and airmen. We were sent requests for reserve Air Force personnel with particular skills that were needed on active duty. We would go through the index files, select the desired men and send their files for consideration of active duty. This was an 8 to 5 job six days a week. We also had requests from the FBI and other government agencies for files. A lot of my job was finding lost files. Not a bad job however we had civilians working with us that were make much more money than we were. I also didn't like being a private so everyone technically was my boss. We had to come back on Saturday for training and pull various duties including KP. Since I lived off base I didn't have to pull guard duty.



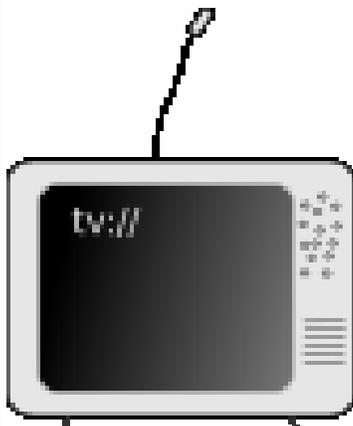
A couple of quick stories: On the first day of training we were to march and there were seven new arrivals, like me, that had never marched before. We told the first sergeant about our problems and he said to go ahead and line up for roll call and he would then call us out for some special training. We never saw him again that day, so learned the art of military marching very quickly by watching the person in front of us and trying to keep from getting our heels kicked from behind. When we lined up, in the future, I always looked for a group that had someone taller than me as the tallest person lined up at the front of the line. If I had been at the front, O-My.

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We were called out at the base one day for target practice and told we must qualify or come back on the weekend. I checked out an M-1 and found out I didn't know much about it. We got 7 rounds to check our sights and make needed adjustments. I found the target hits were all high and to the right and not having a clue about adjusting the sights I just aimed a little lower and to the left when qualifying and presto and guess what, I qualified.

After 17 months of my 24 months of active duty in the Air Force I noticed the base was having a difficult time finding barrack space for all new personnel arriving from basic training. It looked like a great time for me to get out of the way, even though I didn't live on the base. With the help of a friend in the orderly room I got some mustering out forms, got them signed by base personnel, and in a couple of days was saying good by to Selfridge Air Force Base. I left as an Airman Second Class and was assigned to the inactive reserve for 7 years. I was never called again. La Jeanne turned in her notice at work and a few days later we were on our way home.

THE FIRST TV— The first TV that I saw was in Mt. Carmel at La Jeanne's Uncle's house. The antenna was perhaps 100 ft high and could almost receive St. Louis and Indianapolis, the only stations in a 200 mile radius. However most of what we could see was snow. Once in a while you could see a person but could not always tell what they were doing. This was probably in 1949 or 50.



After going in the Air Force in Michigan we decided to buy a TV set on credit. We paid something like \$225. We had rabbit ears for an antenna and got good black and white reception from 3 stations. Two in Detroit and across the border in Canada.

However, when we moved to Evansville, the TV sat in the corner for almost a year with no reception as Evansville area had no stations. After about a year living in Evansville a new TV station was started, however broadcast on channel 32 or something like that and our TV set only received the first 13 channels. The difference was VHF and UHF. We had to buy a converter box in order to get the Evansville station. We continued to have black and white TV until about 1969 or 70 when we got a 17" color set that was also connected to rabbit ears. We later put an antenna on the roof and got much better reception..

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LIN-GAS, INC. My first project at Lin-Gas was to get a delivery routing system setup. The company was relying on the customers to call when they were low on gas but many would run out of gas before they would call. In the winter many of these calls were after hours (all hours) and the owner was taking the calls at home. He was about ready to walk away after a few cold nights. Sometimes a delivery had to be made in 2 or 3 hours or the customer's pipes would freeze and burst so not only did the phone wake the owner in the middle of the night he also had to call a driver, wake him up and get him out to make the delivery.

I set up a delivery system based on past customers usage compared to the cold weather and projected it to a future delivery time based on degree days. We started a program with customers where it was our responsibility to keep gas in their tank as long as they paid their bills. We also established an E-Z Payment program where they could pay an even amount each month, year a around.



We went through and scheduled wholesale deliveries and cylinder deliveries. Within a year or so I was the Assistant Manager of the company, assisting the owner.

While I was there we were able to triple the sales, open two new branches, add several new dealers and start transporting our own gas from the refinery and pipe line with a new 18 wheeler. We bought appliances by rail car loads and sold them to our customers as well as wholesaled them to our dealers.

In looking back these were large accomplishments as we had no computer and no copy machines. Most everything had to be done by hand. While I was there we were able, however, to install a mechanical machine that did a lot of the accounting work and then started our own print shop to print forms and advertising.

One day the owner met a recently retired college buddy who had spent his career being a business consultant. The business consultant convinced the owner he could make changes to cause Lin-Gas to earn more money. I guess the guy didn't have much of a retirement and he talked the owner in to taking my job and putting me in a branch office.

I understand he did make more money for the company by stopping growth and maintenance. The company never grew any more after I left and they quit spending money on new equipment. I resigned, put out résumés and soon went to work for Par-Gas, a national company, and moved with them to Franklin, Kentucky.

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FATHERS TRIP TO DELIVERY - April 16, 1969 I was in south Alabama in Opp and finished the day at the Opp Motor Lodge. After midnight Amy decided it was time for her to be born and dad took La Jeanne to the hospital. He called the sheriff's office in Opp and asked them to wake the owner of the Motel and let me know what was going on. After I was awakened I called Montgomery, 3 hours away, to see if they had a plane to Evansville but they only had one that left in the afternoon so I drove on to Birmingham. Birmingham had a plane that left in early afternoon but went through Louisville and wouldn't get into Evansville until almost night. I decided to just drive and called every once in a while to see how things were progressing. When I called from Kentucky about 3 pm the hospital said congratulations you have a new daughter. Amy was born on April 17, 1969.

JEFF AND HIS FIRST AUTO EXPERIENCE - The car was sitting in the driveway and Jeff, about 7 or 8, often spent time in the car playing that he was driving. One day after playing in the car, he ran into the den and fell on the floor exhausted. About the same time there was a knock on the door and the lady at the door said "did you know your car is in our yard?"

Well, Jeff was playing in the car and had taken it out of gear hoping it would roll back a little bit. It didn't move so he released the hand brake thinking that would do the job for sure. The car still didn't move so he got out and in front of the car and pushed. Well that did it and the car started to roll. Where the car was parked the driveway just had a small slope but just a few more feet and it dropped off steeply. Well the car had gone down the steep part quickly and shot across the street and fortunately stopped in the soft yard across the street as the street itself sloped for another block or more and there was a house at the end that had just been repaired after experiencing a garbage truck losing it's brakes and going through it's bedroom.

CALLIE THE CAT AND HER AUTO EXPERIENCE - Sometimes Callie liked to get up under the hood of the car when the engine was warm. One day La Jeanne backed out of the driveway to go and pickup the kids at school and when she got to the street she found she had no power steering and the generator light was on and heard an awful noise under the hood. When the hood was opened it was found that the fan belt was off and the cat was back under the hood in a crack between the fender and the car and would not come out. She had been under the hood and got her foot in the fan belt and made it come off it's pulleys. Her foot was hurt, of course, and she wouldn't come out from under the hood. I got home and finally got her out of the car but she ran into the garage and got up over the ceiling and I couldn't get her out. We thought she was there to die but came out a couple of days later. We took her to the Vet but he said there wasn't much that could be done at this late time and her bones would heal by them selves. They did heal but she always had a claw that would get caught in the carpet. Some tough cat!!

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KENNY AND THE TRIP TO PARIS AND SPAIN - I always thought Kenny would be a tour guide or a travel agent as he enjoyed the mechanics of traveling so much. I won a trip to Paris one year and one to Spain the next. Kenny went with me and was always ahead of the tour guides. He had a better grasp of where we were going, how far it was and how long it would take, than the guides. We were fed very well but Kenny got tired of good food and wanted a hamburger, while in Paris. Since neither of us spoke French, we asked the hotel desk where we could go and how to get there. She told us to go to Wimpys downtown. She told us which subway to go on and where to get off. We followed directions very well but when we got off and went to the street level we found no Wimpys. It didn't make any difference how we said "Wimpy" no French person could understand us. So back to the hotel via the subway and this time we got the desk clerk to write down the name in French and we went by taxi and the hamburgers were pretty good.



While in Spain I went to a night club with some of the others on the trip. We finally got there after two tries in a taxi as we didn't speak Spanish. It turned out to be in a large park away from everything. We stayed very late and when we went out side to catch a taxi the taxis had all gone home for the night. No regular busses ran here and none of us spoke Spanish so we didn't know how to call a taxi. However a tour bus soon came by for a group of Japanese and we crawled on board. We thought at least it would get us out of the park, if they didn't kick us off. The first stop it made happened to be at our hotel so we stepped off and waved at the group and felt very proud that we were so smart.

One more story about Kenny and his traveling spirit. He saved his money for a long time in order to buy an airplane ticket just for the thrill of flying and getting to explore different air ports. We were going to drive from Birmingham to Evansville. We took Kenny to the Birmingham airport and he was going to fly from Birmingham to Memphis to Louisville to Evansville. When we got to Evansville, no Kenny. The airline would not give us any information about late planes. Some two hours later, he arrived. His plane had been iced in at Louisville. He planned on the longest ride possible for his money and he got it.

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PEARL HARBOR EXPERIENCE—When we went to Hawaii I took a side trip to visit Pearl Harbor. I went on a boat to visit the museum. It was a very stirring experience to actually be where World War II started with the Japanese. Later we were standing on the shore, in a group, listening to a talk from a retired military man who had been at Pearl Harbor the day of the Japanese attack. He was telling about the one man Japanese subs that had infiltrated the harbor and all of the dive bombers that were sending bombs raining down on the area, I turned to see who else was in the group listening to the outline of the Japanese attack, and almost everyone else was a Japanese tourist with a camera around their neck.

ICE AND THE TRIP TO SC.—We left Ft. Lauderdale after work and drove to St. Augustine, where stayed for the night. Next morning we noticed it had gotten much colder, but when we got to Jacksonville the Interstate was closed because of ice. We went on it anyway and found a lot of other people also on the road. The problem, most had never driven in the snow let alone on ice. Cars and trucks were crossways, on the shoulder, in the ditch, in the median. It took us all day to get through Jacksonville. After we crossed the river going north we found ice turned into 4" to 6" of snow. We continued north and got to Hiltonhead sometime after mid-night. What a beautiful sight with everything covered with fresh snow and lots of Christmas light. Lisa and Daniel joined us and before the week was finished we were on the beach riding bicycles and flying my kite that I had gotten for Christmas.

TABATHA, THE TRAVELING CAT—We called to make sure we were getting a lower floor timeshare at Orange Lake Country Club as we were taking Tabatha. We had read that absolutely no pets were allowed but we had no one to keep her. We envisioned driving up to the front door of the room, covering the cat, and carrying her in the door. Not so! When we arrived we found the check-in desk on the second floor and our room was on the lower floor and we would need to carry the cat by the desk.

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Well, I went to the room and found an outside door for employees on the lower floor so we took the cat and her belonging in that way. So far so good. But, when I went to use the commode, I found it did not work properly. We had to call maintenance, so what to do with the cat? When the maintenance man arrived we put the cat under the bed with her food and she was smart enough to stay there until the man was finished and left. So far so good. But we found out that the maid would come at the middle of the week to change towels and beds. So what to do with Tabatha. Well I found the maid in the hallway early on Wednesday when she was to service our room and told her we were fine and didn't need her services. A win-win situation. She didn't have to clean and our secrete cat was safe. At the end of the week we put her in a towel and out the employee door we went.

PUNXSUTANWEY PHIL THE GROUND—Punxsutanwey, Ontario is the home of Punxsutanwey Phil, and he is the reason for Ground Hog Day in Canada.



Lisa went with us to visit the town and learn about their National Ground Hog Day. The stores in the town were filled with every conceivable gift, trinket, toy and card you could imagine celebrating Groundhog Day In Canada. We found out later that Phil, The groundhog had died a few days before

the last celebration but they didn't announce the fact until after the celebration was over. (Of course he didn't see his shadow) They now have a new Phil.

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