

**A Penny for
your Thoughts**

By Penny Whalen

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The Early Years

Prologue

This life story is as I remember it. The facts I use are true for me. They may or may not be as they occurred but as I remember them. When I think of the past in this light, I am struck by the clarity with which I remember some events and the years of lapsed memory when I remember next to nothing.

The Second World War influenced my life. I am sure that this is true for my parents as well as all the succeeding generations after this seminal event. The war changed the face of America. The Blacks who served in the war were discriminated against, but did over time gain some recognition. For example, an African American unit had the task of loading highly explosive shells and bombs onto cargo ships for shipment to the war front. For many months their white officers only concern was to get the cargo aboard regardless of the cost in human lives. After many casualties, the crew finally went on strike, stating that working conditions were unsafe. They faced court martial and were convicted. However, after many years they were exonerated. This, and other instances like it, began to allow African-Americans to see they were not second-class citizens. African-Americans moved north because of war related factory jobs. The north was segregated, but not quite as repressively as the south..

Since most able-bodied men were overseas, African-Americans and women filled the work force gap. After the war, more women than blacks were systematically removed from the work force. With the loss of factory jobs, the parity of women's pay also dropped. An example of the unequal status of women during World War II is for me best told by the brave American women who flew planes to war zones, and who pulled targets so our pilots could do target practice with live ammunition. When one of our brave women was killed in action her parents had to pay the cost of having the body returned home for burial. When enough men were trained to do this job, the women in the armed services were assigned other duties. If they were not in the military, and most weren't, they were relieved of their jobs wherever they were. They could return home the best way they could. They were not awarded veteran's benefits or pensions for their service. Today's women in the military are a far cry from this.

The other major influences on my life were my mother and father. These influences worked in strikingly different ways. The effects of their influence were there prior to my early teen years I'm sure, but I acted on them during these years more than at most other times during my life. I was ashamed of my father's behavior. To counter act this shame, I decided to show the world that I was better than he was and to make a reputation for my

self far removed from his. My mother had high expectations for me. There was no question in her mind that I was going to complete high school and college come hell or high water. Although we were quite poor during my teen years we did not live in poverty. We lived with love and we knew who we were. We were McGill's. This admiration for the great career of Mam's father William Neil McGill was something to be looked up to and lived up to.

I will, as much as possible, relate my life's story as it happened in time. Some of the emotions I felt will I'm sure be obvious to the reader. That in itself is a part of the story because how you feel about something influences how you act on it. The emotions may be how I feel about it now more than when it actually occurred. It takes a lifetime to sort things out. George Bernard Shaw once said. "Youth is wasted on the young." I was a young know it all when I first heard this quote. My reaction was, "What a dumb idea!" At the age of 67 it is crystal clear what he meant.

As I remember my journey, I find we live in an area where over time people and events weave themselves into our lives and disappear often to reenter our frame of reference at intervals over time. I am sure this was more true when Reno was smaller than now, but it still happens.

A Little Family History

William Neil McGill was born in Mount Healthy, Ohio in 1853. He moved west when he was seventeen to make his fortune. His uncle Neil Atkinson, a blacksmith in Virginia City, sent him \$300.00 travel money. Since the Transcontinental Railroad was completed the year prior to his trip, William was able to ride the train to Reno. The journey to Virginia City was made in a stagecoach on the Old Geiger Grade. Mam thought this trail was up Logomarcino Canyon. The stage driver was the famous Hank Monk. William asked Hank if he could ride with him on the top of the coach. Hank said that was not a good idea without a top coat because it would get very cold. As the Nevada evening came on it got much colder. William said when he got to Virginia City he was never so cold in all of his life.

When he arrived in Virginia City he found a thriving metropolis of 10,000 residents. There were so many people that he and many others could find no room on the wooden sidewalks and had to walk in the street. Silver was king and money was easy. His first night there he sat in on a poker game and won a considerable sum of money. He went to his room for the night and thought about his winnings. The next morning he sought out the gambler and returned the money. He told the miner he did not want this money that had been so easily taken. He had decided that he did not want to start his life in the West with easy money. He joined a survey crew as chain boy. This was learning engineering from the bottom up. He eventually learned the trade and acquired all of the tools necessary for the profession. During the time he lived in Virginia City he assisted in a bucket brigade to combat one of the many Virginia City fires. The pay was a shot of whiskey. Coming in from the bitter cold to the warm saloon was all he needed. He passed out, and that was the end of his fire-fighting career

The first job he worked on was surveying the old Geiger grade. He also did some sort of work on the Sutro Tunnel in Virginia City. After this job was completed the crew went to eastern Nevada where he contracted with the Federal government to do a survey on the Nevada-Utah border. They used Pilot Knob, a very distinctive high mountain not far from Wendover as a direction point. Later, when he, Jessie, and Mam went to Salt Lake on the train, he would point out the peak and tell of the story of being lost in the area. He got separated from the rest of the crew, and wandered for three days with nothing to eat except the rose berries he found on the wild rose bushes. He finally wandered into a section house near Montello. The only person there was an old Chinese man who refused to give him anything to eat except three soda crackers, and a cup of water to sip. The Chinese man made him go to bed. He slept for 24 hours. When he woke the man had fixed him a big mulligan stew. He ate it all and said it was a meal fit for the Gods.

When gold and silver were discovered in White Pine County William followed the mining strikes. The mines were located in the Ruth Canyon long before Copper was king in Ely. He worked at the Chainman mine until silver was discovered in the area of Ward and Taylor. William owned a mine in Taylor. The prospect holes could be seen on the side of the mountain from the Charcoal Ovens in 1957. One of his jobs in Taylor was to make the silver bullion bars for shipment to Ely. He said he made the bars too heavy to be carried by a single horse. Consequently, there were few robberies over this route. At nineteen he was appointed Deputy Sheriff of White Pine County for the Ward and Taylor area. One day word came that there had been a shooting in Ward, and the townspeople were planning a necktie party. A gambler had been making passes at the wheelwright's wife, and the wheelwright threatened the gambler's life. The gambler hid behind a wagon in the street and waited for the wheelwright to come out of the saloon then shot him in the back with a shotgun. The gambler was incarcerated. William was sent from Taylor to take the prisoner to Ely to stand trial. He took his buckboard and as he made the last turn before entering Ward's main street, there swinging in the dawn wind was the gambler. William said that was a mighty chilling sight.

Williams' first married Molly Fouts, a woman from Ward, Nevada. They were married 35 years, and had four children, William Yates, Neil Atkinson, Katherine, and John Cleveland. Molly died in 1908 or 1909 from Angina Pectoris. When William went east which he often did when his children were in Wellesley, Yale and Perdue, he visited his Uncle Jack Laboiteaux. This man was Jessie's father. Jessie and William were distantly related. On one of these visits when Jessie took William to the station in her buggy, he gave her a passionate kiss and asked her to write to him. She did write, and that Christmas he sent her an engagement ring. In January of 1912 she came to Ogden where her half sister Sally lived. William came from Ely and they were married on the 24th of that month in her sister's home.

Molly's children did not like the fact that their father had remarried. In fact, they were so vindictive they stripped the house of all of its furnishings. When Jessie and Will returned from Ogden they came into an empty house. They of course elegantly refurnished, but it was a blow to both of them. The only child of the first marriage who was friendly to them at all was John Cleveland who was known as Cleve. His wife Mary, also known as Marnie, was dear friends with Mam and Jessie all of her life. Cleve died early in life and Marnie remarried George Griffing.

Jessie Frances Laboiteaux was born November 14, 1878 in Cleves, Ohio. Cleves and Mount Healthy are not too far apart. Mt. Health has been absorbed into the City of Cincinnati, and Cleves is a suburb of that city. Jessie was the only child of Emma Frances Burr and Andrew Jackson Laboiteaux. Jessie did not marry until she was 30. She was a teacher in a one room school with all classes. In those days college graduation was not a requirement for teaching, but high school education must have been quite thorough because she helped me with all my school subjects until she died. She was raised a staunch Methodist. In those days Methodists not only did not believe in drinking they also frowned on dancing and cards. They went to church for long periods of time on Sundays. They also had what they called Camp Meetings, which would equate to today's

revivals. Jessie said there were more souls made than saved at Camp Meetings. As a result of this repressive religion she wasn't interested in church when she came west. Jessie had two uncles who fought in the Civil War, one who fought for the north and the other the south. Ohio and Indiana were both very involved in supporting the north. But the southern parts of both states were so close it could have gone either way.

William and Yates Briggs had a silver mine at Taylor and Steptoe Creek not far from Cummins' Lake. They called the mine at Steptoe Creek the Monitor. In connection with the mines they had a mill. A mining company from the east offered them \$60,000 for the operation and they sold, sharing the profits equally. He bought his first home ranch, the one where the town of McGill is now located, with this money. He was always interested in mining. Mam used to tell of the many prospectors he grub staked. Nevada Consolidated Copper bought the first home ranch for a smelter sight when they started mining copper at Ruth, Nevada, and named the resultant town of McGill after him.

When cattle prices were a rock bottom, William and Governor Jewett Adams joined forces as the Adams McGill Land and Livestock Company. Their business deal was clinched by a hand shake. They sold the cattle and switched to sheep thus saving their livestock empire. With this merger, the company controlled all the water from several miles north of Ely well into northern Nye County. Governor Adams lived in Carson City and later moved to San Francisco. Day to day operation of the land and livestock holdings was William's responsibility. Jess liked to tell this story about Governor Adams. He would come, on regular basis, to one of the ranches for a couple of days. At the ranch he often visited, William had a mule stallion called Bill Bailey. One morning Governor Adams heard the stallion braying and remarked on it your Grandfather McGill. William saw a practical joke in the making. He said, "Why Governor Adams I can set my watch by Bill Bailey, he brays every morning at seven." The Governor rose to the bait, saying, "Why William, that can't possibly be true." This debate continued for a while and finally a five dollar bet was set regarding the accuracy of Bill Bailey's morning call. After the Governor had gone out of the office William called in the ranch foreman and told him to lead a mare past Bill Bailey's stall every morning the Governor was there at exactly seven. A mare was lead by the stall each morning at exactly seven. The Governor, being none the wiser, paid the five dollars, remarking on the amazing Bill Bailey.

William's ranches included the Cleveland, Steptoe Valley, and Hotcreek. There may have been others but these are the ones I remember hearing about. Mam told about going to the Duck water Reservoir and to Ibapah on outings whether there were parts of his holdings I don't know. In addition to these ranches he controlled the water rights everywhere. In those days if you controlled the water you controlled the land. He ran thousands of horses, sheep and cattle. He hired Basque shepherders to tend his sheep, as did other sheep men throughout the west. He owned the bank in Ely as well as the meat processing plant, which they called the packinghouse. He owned one of the first cars in Ely. He upgraded these as time went along. Mam said he was never a particularly good driver. He and Nevada Consolidated mining officials brought the Nevada Northern Railroad to

Ely. He also served on the Nevada Livestock Commission. Mam said when he was approached on running for governor he said he was not interested in politics.

Mam was born in Ogden, Utah on January 30, 1910. The boys always called my mother Mam. She has been called this every since. Jessie was 32 and Will was 60. Mam was always a little embarrassed that she was not a “native” Nevadan. I think they expected complications with the delivery, and the hospital in Ogden was better than the Stepto Valley Hospital in Ely. When Mam was born their Japanese gardener, who they called the Japanese outside boy, gave Mam an unset jade. He told Jessie that in his country it was good luck to give a baby a jade. Mam wore that jade as a ring all of her life. When she died the ring was sick. It was milky and opaque. I put it in a box and did not look at it for about 6 months. When I opened the box again, the ring was well and had lost all of the filmy pigment it had when she died.

Mam tells of the interesting social life that William and Jessie had. She talked about parties where members of the Nevada Consolidated Copper Company were guests at their home as well as all of the upper crust of Ely society. Jessie was also active in the women’s suffrage movement. When she moved west, due to her staunch Methodist upbringing, Jessie was a teetotaler. This did not mean that the house did not have a well stocked wine cellar and all sorts of hard liquor, it did. Jessie did enjoy her Crème de Menthe. She loved peppermint and didn’t know that this was an alcoholic beverage. At one of the parties they had somebody called this to her attention to the fact that it was a liqueur. After that she wasn’t a teetotaler anymore.

William died in 1923 as a result of the great flu pandemic following World War I. His body lay in state in their home for a week before the service. Mam said one side of this face was turning black before they got him buried. No wonder she hated funerals so much. The funeral was very large, and after the service at the church, the bells pealed seventy-one times as they moved toward the cemetery. The graveside service was completed before the last cars of mourner arrived. Jessie and Mam deeply mourned William’s death. Jessie went every day to the cemetery to sit at the grave. One afternoon as she was sitting by the grave, a cloud of smoke from the train passed over her. This event made her realize that he was no longer there, and she needed to get on with her life.

The livestock company had been heavily mortgaged during the depression either before or after World War One. William had remarked to Jessie in early January of the year he died that if the wool and cattle sales were good that year they would be out of the woods. Unfortunately he did not live long enough to see this happen. Their money was heavily invested in bank stock of the Ely Bank. The ranch manager managed the business, which I’m sure included selling off the ranches and investing in more bank stock. I can remember him and his wife from my early childhood. Jessie and Mam thought he did a good job for them. Other members of the family thought he stole them blind. After the ranch holdings were dispersed, he owned the Chrysler agency in Ely and bought land in Las Vegas until he retired.

Mam and Jessie lived in Ely until Mam was in high school, then they moved to an apartment in Reno. I think it was hard for them to live in the house and town where William had been such a large part of their lives. When Mam attended Reno High School on Center Street she participated in the school operettas. She also sang in a couple of church choirs. She had a beautiful singing voice that Jessie enhanced by giving her vocal lessons. She like these a lot better than the piano lessons she had at a younger age, even though she had a baby Steinway Grand to practice on. They spent a lot of time traveling before the banks closed. Ollie Olsen, a famous race driver of the day, drove them to Los Angeles. Travel anywhere in those days was a much different proposition than today. The road to L.A. across the Mohave Desert was dirt. There was more than one dirt track so you had to have someone who had done it before and knew the route to take you. Mam tells of this trip by remarking how desolate the Mohave was. She also told of a series of flat tires across the desert. The wind was blowing so strongly that it blew one of the tires across the desert, and Ollie had to go chasing after it. Sounds like an adventure to me.

After high school graduation Mam and Jessie went to Los Angeles so that Mam could attend Business College. When they were in L.A. the market crashed and somewhat later Franklin Delano Roosevelt ordered the banks closed. When this happened Mam and Jessie had fifty cents between them. Mam may have been working in the late twenties and early thirties, in the middle of the Great Depression. After what was called the bank holiday, their bank in Ely did not reopen. The bank had invested their money poorly, so all the money Mam and Jessie had in stocks in the Ely bank was gone. It was eventually repaid at a much lower rate in intervals ending in the 1940s. They somehow managed to get back to Ely where Mam got a WPA job. WPA was a government funded make work job. There were many people employed in these programs. Virginia Lake in Reno was a WPA project. Men dug this with picks and shovels. Some people worked as authors. I read a book about blacks in Indiana after slavery written by someone on a WPA job.

Mam met my father, George Molineux when she was working in Ely. He was employed in Ruth as a pharmacist. I know very little about my father's family history. His mother was Edith Mayes. She married my grandfather George, and they had three children, Evelyn, and Gladys and George Jr., who were twins. Edith's husband, George Sr., left her when the twins were born. George Jr., my father, was born with a deformed leg because of the close quarters with his twin in the womb. Edith worked with his leg until it was just as good as the other. She never divorced George Sr. because she was afraid of him. Not only was he a drunk and child deserter, he must have been an abuser as well. At some point Edith met Harold Austin. They lived together for the rest of Edith's life. Their daughter was aunt Phyllis. Harold must have worked for the railroad because I know George grew up in Sparks. Evelyn, his sister, told of playing with Walter Bering, a prominent Nevada congressman, and the Gerow family. The older brother Lynn became a doctor, and she married Jim later in her life.

Mam and George dated for some time. She also dated Langdon Bramlett. I think it was a close choice between the two. The Reverend Brewster Adams, a prominent Reno Minister, married George and Mam at Margaret and George Griffing's home in Reno.

Their return trip to Ely was a wild one in the middle of a blinding snowstorm. Mam said Carroll summit was just awful. Not only was it a blinding snowstorm, but also they were the first car through. They had to return that night to George's job at the Ruth Drug Store and Mam's WPA employment.

Shortly after Mam and George were married Jessie helped or maybe bought them a house at 1318 Arlington Avenue. The original deed on this house specified it could not be sold to anyone who was not white. This was true of the entire area. Some or all of the payment for the house may have come from McGill estate money. I remember during the war there was a large check which came for the final payment from the estate. Mam and Jessie had me hold the check and said that was a lot of money I had in my hand. Jessie worked at Washoe County Library and George worked night shifts at Ramos Drug Company. The library was located where the Pioneer Auditorium is now. This building and the California building were built for the 1927 Reno Exposition honoring the completion of the transcontinental Lincoln Highway. The library faced Center Street. The back of the building had an auditorium. The lobby of the building also was home to the License Bureau. Down the steps on the Virginia Street side was a park with grass, and a statue honoring the Donner Party, the cannibals. I'll bet Reno is the only city in the world that has a statue honoring cannibals. In the summer the Reno Municipal band gave concerts from these steps. The basement of the building housed the Nevada Historical Society. The name of this multipurpose building was the State building. Ramos drug was located at the southwest corner of Virginia and Second Street. Directly across the street was First National Bank. On the southeast corner was Hale's Drug Store.

Their house was one of the few that far south on Arlington. Two blocks away the "country" began with Shang Ri La Shaw's guest house for divorcees. On my first teaching job in Gardnerville I taught her granddaughter.

My home and two others were built by the same contractor who came to a tragic end. As I grew older I never felt comfortable going home to that house. Even though nothing ever appeared the wood floors would creak like someone was walking on them and occasionally something would fall with no apparent reason. Perhaps it was the contractor or the change in temperature as my mother insisted, who knows.

Southwest Reno has always been the ritzy part of town and since this was just about as far southwest as you could get it was a pretty ritzy neighborhood. One block south on the southwest corner there was a big mansion owned by the Roots; it was later sold to Charley Mapes. Several doctors and business men lived in the neighborhood as well. Neither the house nor the lot was large by today's standards. It was a two-bedroom, one bath home with a large front room, large kitchen, a small dinette, and attached garage. Under the house was a three quarter basement. Even though the basement leaked when it rained my dad built shelves and we used it for storage and as a pantry for canned foods. My grandmother was the canner of the house. When I asked her to teach me how, she replied, "No, I don't want you to have to work this hard...ever." She did try to teach me how to sew and knit, which was a lost cause. Since we had storage we actually used the garage.

The house was heated by a coal and wood burning stove. A small stove called a monkey heater generated heat for hot water. Both were located in the basement which meant my grandmother, who was most often the fire builder, had to go downstairs to start the fires. We frequently cooked on the little stove because the power went out. Before baths, dishes, or laundry someone had to go downstairs and build a fire to heat the water in the tank beside the stove. The upstairs was a little more modern. We had an electric stove and an ice box. The iceman came every week and delivered ice to keep the box cold. Food could not be stored as long in this ice box as in modern refrigerators. Ice cream was a treat to be eaten as soon as it got home otherwise it melted. The water from the melting ice went through a drain pipe to the dirty crawl way in the basement. We had a resident toad that often sang to us in the winter when the furnace not only heated the house but also the basement. Early pictures of the house do not show a fence, which was probably added shortly after I was born, or was walking.

Laundry was done in the washtub on the back porch. We filled the tub with hot water and used a plunger for sheets and towels. A wash board was used to clean cuffs and collars. Everything was wrung out by hand. When the clothes were washed, we rinsed them same way and hung them to dry. Handkerchiefs were boiled in hot water. Just about everything was ironed. I learned to press clothes by starting with handkerchiefs, napkins, and pillow cases. There was not wash and wear.

The Journey Begins

I was born by Caesarian section on November 9, 1936 at Washoe General Hospital which is now Washoe Medical Center. All of the hospital was in the small brick building facing Kirman Avenue. Mam's attending physician, Dr. Brown, had decided early on that Mam could not delivery me. When she checked into the hospital, she said it felt kind of funny to make an appointment to have a baby. It was a good thing for me as well as Mam that I was a Caesarian baby as the chord was wrapped around by neck twice and I would have choked me to death during the birthing process. Mam said she felt me turn over during her pregnancy. Mam had Phlebitis following my arrival so our hospital stay was a long one. Since there were no blood thinning drugs she had to lie quietly for about 6 weeks while the clots were absorbed. Mam said it was so cold one day that year she looked out her hospital window and saw what she thought was snow in the air even though the sky was clear. It turned out it was ice crystals. By the time I left the hospital nursery, I was smiling at the nurses. I was named after a popular song of the time, "Pennies From Heaven."

One of my first childhood memories was being told to play more quietly because dad was asleep. No doubt I was stomping around as children do. Because he worked nights, George had built himself a bedroom downstairs. He was quite handy with a hammer and saw. He put in a tongue and groove floor and plywood walls. The room was warm from the furnace in the winter and cool in the summer. His next project was building a room upstairs for my grandmother. The temperature was not quite as good there. Since it was really the attic, during the day in the summer it got pretty hot. He first knocked a hole in the wall at the end of the hall and built stairs. When the stairs were complete he put in the same type of floor and walls he had in the basement. Jessie and I enjoyed the plywood. Some mornings I would go to my grandmother's room and lie in bed with her and we made pictures out of the grain of the wood much like cloud pictures. My grandmother slept in this room until she broke her hip. Outside the north window of this room was a willow tree which housed a robin's family every summer. I would go quietly and sit in a chair on a summer morning to watch the mother robin feed the babies. They often raised two families during the year. The west window looked out on Arlington. This was my favorite spy location. I could lie on the floor in front of the window where I wasn't too noticeable and peek out on the neighborhood comings and goings. During the 50's I watched for the flash of nuclear tests from the south window. These tests were not reported as dangerous, but a sight to see.

All the landscaping for the property was done by my parents or Jessie. On the parking, the section of grass between the sidewalk and the street, we had two beautiful Forsythia bushes. In the front yard two giant Carolina poplars grew to shade the house. They were great for climbing, and swinging from my rope swing. The front yard also included a Mock Orange and Japanese Quince bush. Over the front gate was a small rose arbor with

climbing wild and American Beauty roses. On the side yard to the south at the back door entrance was another rose arbor with climbing American Beauty roses and a bird feeder. This arbor was also a kind of a playhouse area for me. We put out stale bread and suet for a group of sparrows that hung out there. In the winter the birds would fluff up their feathers and sit there for its shelter. There was a small weeping willow tree opposite the kitchen window. It did not block a grand view of Mount Rose. Along the south side back fence were two rose bushes, one was pink and the other a beautiful yellow Talisman. During the warm months we hung our clothes outside to dry on the line in the back yard. In the cold months, particularly December and January, we hung them in the basement so they would not freeze before they dried. Along with the clothes line the backyard contained two more poplars and a willow. The Honey Suckle Jessie that planted on the back fence grew to gigantic proportions. In the backyard my father built me a swing in which I spent many happy hours. At the top of the back fence there was a bird house where countless sparrows raised their families. We never had a really wonderful lawn, probably because we had too many kids, dogs, and trees. All of those trees in a small yard did a number on the sewer pipes, and we were forever having Savage and Son, the plumber, come to clean the sewer lines. After the war we replaced the terra cotta lines with steel pipes.

The prize of the backyard was the peach tree. It produced more of the best tasting peaches I have ever known. One fall we weighed each bucket and found that the tree produced 90 pounds of peaches that year. We gave peaches away, and always had fresh peaches, pie cobblers, and peach pies. In addition, we canned peaches and made peach jam. Jessie also loved pickled peaches. To pickle these peaches we had a five gallon pottery crock with a lid. Jessie but in vinegar, sugar, and spices such as cloves and cinnamon sticks. She peeled the peaches and put them in this liquid. It took them about a month to get really tasty. They would keep in this way for as long as they lasted. We served them with meats. I grew to like them, although at first I didn't.

A fun spring activity was collecting tadpoles. There was a fountain in the front yard of house across the street that was literally black with tadpoles. I would pick them up with a strainer and put them in a mayonnaise jar. Mam and I fed them fish food, but I don't think they ate it. They ate each other. It was fun to watch the little legs grow as their tail shrunk. At the end of the growth period we would let our one surviving toad go in the garden. Perhaps he went under the house and one winter was our singing basement toad.

The iceman delivered ice to the back door. He arrived in a truck with canvas panels. In the summer we kids would all go out to the ice truck and get chipped ice. The mailman drove a brown truck. I was quite friendly with him. He would let me hop up on the running board to get the mail. Sometimes we went to the grocery store, but often mama would call the grocery store and order what she wanted over the phone. One of the questions she asked was, "What's good in the meat department today?" She would get an answer and sometimes she ordered it, sometimes she didn't. When the grocery truck came, generally in the afternoon, the delivery boy brought the groceries to the back door in cardboard boxes or orange crates. In the summer a truck farmer drove his model tee truck door to door asking if we wanted vegetables. We often got corn from the corn man

as we called him. Jesssie loved fresh corn. In her girlhood in Ohio they had fresh corn out of their garden on a regular basis. Two times a year the knife sharpener would go door to door with a black satchel over his back. He would ask if anything needed sharpening. We always had him sharpen scissors, the lawn mover, and sometimes knives.

We went to a grocery called Ring Lee, located on Center Street about two blocks south of California. The grocery floors were wood and there were two checkout counters, one on either side of the door as you went in or out. They had full service meat, vegetable and bakery departments. Fresh packaged meats and vegetables were unknown. A young boy picked the fruits and vegetables you selected and put them in a paper bag, weighed them, and wrote the price on the sack. The bakery attendant was a young woman named Tillie who often had a cookie for me. Since I knew the people and got treats I enjoyed going to the store. Once in a great while on an outing we would stop at the Q'n Q, a drive in on Virginia one block north of California. We always had a hamburger. I thought they served the best in the world.

We ate all sorts of meats as I was growing up; lots of lamb and beef, some pork, an occasional duck, and fried chicken every Sunday for dinner. We didn't eat just the normal cuts but our menu contained brains, tongue, kidney, liver, and sweetbreads. When we ate fish it was generally a fried white fish or baked salmon as well as shrimp, and crab. We ate all sorts of vegetables including artichoke and asparagus. Our winter dinners often started with half a grapefruit while summer menu's generally included chilled consommé with lemon juice as our first course. I think this varied menu made me willing to try many things considered yuck by others.

One night I woke up coughing. I coughed and coughed. I finally started calling for my parents. It's a good thing I did as I most likely saved our entire family. The front room couch was smoldering. If it had caught to full flame it could easily have taken the whole house with it. Someone had dropped a live cigarette between the cushions. It could have been any one as all the family and friends smoked. At any rate, my father and mother got up and poured water into the couch and took it outside.

One Christmas Eve when Marnie and George were visiting, I heard the sound of Santa's Reindeer's hooves. I was being an excited little kid not wanting to go to bed. Somehow George but his hands behind the black chair with the embroidery on it Mat has at his house. He slapped his palms against the wood on the back making a sound that convinced me with coaching that Santa was waiting for me to go to bed. Boy did I scurry to get there, because Santa was waiting.

Nick Mansfield, who had such an influence on me later, was present in early years. He had a line of ponies he led through our neighborhood. He called them his pony string. I'm not sure how they were named, maybe they were like the dude string of horses we ran, which had nothing to do with either a string or running. Kids could ride the ponies for a small fee. Nick would help us on and then move on around the neighborhood finding

another kid. When we got back to our houses he would lift us off and we would have had an adventure. I know I did.

The winds of war were blowing in 1941, but I was unaware of them until I was of kindergarten age. I wanted to go to school with the other kids, but since kindergarten was not required my mother wouldn't let me attend because she was concerned about the world situation. I wanted to go with the other kids to school so one day I followed them there. It didn't take long for my mother to miss me, and she sent my father out to look. He walked the four blocks to the school and there I was swinging. Dad gave me lecture on the way home. My mother was so happy to see me that I don't remember any discipline from her. I don't remember playing with neighborhood kids except my cousins until I went to school. Then, somehow, they seemed to materialize out of the neighborhood.

Before the war started houses were built on all three sides of my home. It was great fun to watch the steam shovels dig the foundations. Steam shovels differed from backhoes in that they lifted the earth up and out rather than back toward the machine and out.

We now had neighbors. The family to the south was John and Merry Emma Long. Her husband joined the service and was soon gone. Mary Emma had a sister Joanne who came to live with her after the war. She began dating a young attorney. We watched his little old model T Ford come and go. Soon Joann and Bruce Roberts were married. Bruce was Mam's employer for more than 20 years. The neighbors to the north were Ruth and Lester Scott. He was a banker and much too old for military service so. Lester loved to garden and in the lot behind his house he grew a large vegetable plot. They were both very staunch Methodists. Ruth was always involved in church work. After the war both the Long's and the Scott's adopted girls. This was a source of pretty steady baby sitting money for me.

In September of 1942 I started school at Mount Rose Elementary School between Arlington and Lander. It was one of four Spanish mission style schools in Reno at the time, all designed by George Ferris. Mount Rose is the only one still used as an elementary school. The city of Reno uses McKinley Park School as its arts and cultural center. The other two Spanish style schools Mary S. Doten and Orvis Ring were demolished. My teacher's name was Miss Elcano. I don't remember much else about the school year except Dick and Jane, which is still in print. Mother is still cooking in a dress and high heels, and dad always has on a shirt and tie. Talk about stereotyped roll models.

On Sunday, December 7, 1942 Jessie and I were washing windows. Our front room and kitchenette had large windows with small panes. They were probably six feet wide by four feet tall. Cleaning them was a time consuming job. Jessie always used vinegar and water as a window cleaner and wiped the windows dry with dishtowels. We had the radio on as entertainment or news. The radio announcer broke into the program to announce the Japanese have bombed Pearl Harbor. There are some events in people's lives where they remember exactly what they were doing when they heard the news; this was one of those for me. It was a cloudy gray morning, and I can still smell the vinegar

and water every time I think of hearing the news. As soon as we heard the news, work on the windows was forgotten. We went into my mother's bedroom and woke her. She was hard to waken, and often slept in on weekends. Jessie was much like me, always up for the day early. As soon as Mam had her coffee we called Marnie Griffing. Her daughter, Margaret Barrett, and her husband Buzz, were living in Schofield barracks next to Pearl Harbor. Since we had not been at war wives were welcome to accompany husbands over seas. Marine's husband George was working at Wilson motors, a used car lot. Where my father George was I'm not sure but he wasn't listening to the news with us. We sat all day hearing the reports from Hawaii. We were all very worried because we did not know if Mary Margaret and Buzz were alive. By evening we still had no news of them. I think the adults were also worried that the next bombing would be San Francisco.

President Franklin D. Roosevelt declared War and the United States entered World War II. Mam and Jessie provided a safe loving environment but the world was totally different. Because bombing of the main land was expected, we converted my father's downstairs bedroom into a blackout room and bomb shelter. A blackout room is one where there is tarpaper over the windows so no light will get out but you can have lights on. My father enlisted in the Sea Bees because the Navy would not take him on account of his age. He later transferred to the Navy. I'm sure he did that because they needed Registered Pharmacists. Before he was shipped off to boot camp, possibly Camp LeJune in North Carolina, we all spent a day at Lake Tahoe. For a kid it was fun, but for Mam it must have been very difficult. The fact that my father was leaving possibly never to return did not sink in. For a time after he left I really missed him, but as the days past it became more routine not to have him there. We learned air raid drills at school, which consisted of getting under our desks with our heads between our legs. The fact that America was losing the War did not get through to me even though reading the newspaper aloud and listening to the radio were daily rituals.

As soon as he was old enough Marne's son, Cleve, enlisted in the Marines. He served in the South Pacific on the Fiji Islands. His letters were frequently penciled from foxholes and were often written with a lot of humor. He couldn't tell where he was, but he joked about the mud, the big lizards, and the shells hitting around the entrenched soldiers. His duty was loading heavy shells into artillery pieces. As a result of the constant loud noise he was almost totally deaf when he returned from the service.

George got a leave at Thanksgiving and we went to Yerington to his mother and Harold's house. This was one of the last times we had this celebration there because the family was getting to large for their home to hold the gathering. Much of my dad's family lived in Yerington. Edith and Harold lived behind a small grocery they owned. Thanksgiving was about the only time when everybody sat down to eat because the store customers didn't interrupt us. They also sold gas from a pump in front of the store. They had vegetables, canned goods, snack food, curiosity items, and fresh meat. It was kept in a refrigerator at the back of the store and was weighed out when people asked for it. I think it did pretty well until Safeway came in across the street. The office for the store was in the back. It had a desk with a metal top and a calculator with a pull handle. On another street in town my Uncle Earl Mayes and his wife Florence, Great Grandmother

Mayes, and Aunt Evelyn and Wesley Martin lived in three separate houses that all looked alike. They were probably railroad houses that had been moved from somewhere to Yerington. All of these houses and my Grandmother's house had wood stoves for cooking. The other thing I remember about these residences was that Earl and Florence had a great rock collection that they kept in-glassed in cupboards in their dining room. Grandma Mayes house had a glassed-in front porch with lots of plants, most of which were African Violets.

Thanksgiving was always spent with my dad's family. The next year when Thanksgiving time rolled around we went with Gladys, my father's twin sister, and Ancil her husband. Dad didn't have a leave that year. We didn't really want to go with them, but we didn't have enough gas coupons to get there. From this year forward celebrations were held at the Masonic hall in Yerington. They continued to be held there for many years. It was a great time for the kids and it must have been a very busy time for the grown ups. We all sat down to a dinner of 30 or more people. We used pottery plates, silverware, and glasses. The party included cooking, set up, serving, and clean up that included putting away the folding tables and chairs.

Christmas was held at our house with Mam's family. Our traditional Christmas celebration started after Thanksgiving with making fruitcake and plum pudding. After they were made we stored these in a cabinet in the dinette. The fruitcakes were wrapped in wax paper and the paper they were baked in was not removed. The plum pudding was stored in two dishtowels. One towel was kept moist with brandy, and the other was wrapped around the brandy towel. Periodically these were checked to see if they needed more brandy added. Christmas shopping was not done until about two weeks before Christmas. A week before Christmas we bought a tree and brought it home and decorated it. During the war we made our own decorations. There were most likely several reasons why we did the tree this way. It gave all of us something to take our minds off the war during the holiday season. The second reason was there was no tinsel, lights, or other ornaments since all material was directed toward the war. We strung cranberries and popped corn on thread. Mam and Jessie gilded walnuts and put ornament hangers on them. Along with the strings of lights we had an old fashioned Christmas tree. Some of the lights were on the tree when Mam was a little girl. The strings were the old style, when one light goes out they all go out. Finding the burned out light was an extended game of changing each light to see if it worked. After it was decorated each evening before Christmas we would go in the front room to eat fruitcake, drink tea, and enjoy the tree. Up until then I believed in Santa Clause because we opened our presents on Christmas day. I really felt let down when I found Santa wasn't real. Over the years I have felt Santa was the bright red troll who tricks people into spending more than they should at any Yule season. About a week before Christmas Mam ordered the turkey from the meat department at Ring Lee. There were no frozen foods available at this time. The turkey was delivered with the groceries. It was not stripped of pinfeathers as they are today. The turkey would be wrapped in a clean dishtowel and placed in the icebox. Over the next day or so Jessie and I armed with tweezers would remove the rest of the pinfeathers. I frankly doubt if I was much help, but I thought I was helping. The week before Christmas we cleaned all the Silverware and glassware and washed the good

plates, the Franciscan China, the Wedgwood Salad plates, and the hand painted Czechoslovakian fruit plates.

Our Christmas dinner was a sit down affair. It always included Tomato Aspic Salad, little boiled onions in butter, and all the other things that come with a traditional turkey dinner, except candied yams. The dinner was completed with plumb pudding served in flaming brandy. As the brandy burned away the plumb pudding was sliced and topped with hard sauce, a white sugar icing made with brandy. Jessie made her dressing, which bears no resemblance to most dressing served today. She crumbed bread, put in walnuts, butter and sage. It was much drier than today's version. The dinner guests included Marne, George, Mary Margaret, Cleve, and Buzz if they were home on leave.

The week between Christmas and New Year's was just there. On New Years Day before and after the war we had open house. We served Eggnog and fruitcake from ten in the morning till late in the day.

My second grade teacher was Mrs. Rolfing. The other second grade teacher was Mrs. Hunt. Her husband was a pilot who had been killed in the war. She had two boys who also attended Mount Rose. We all felt sorry that she and her sons experienced this loss, and yet we didn't know quite how to act either. During recess I played fighter pilot with the boys. We would run around the playground with our arms stretched out making either machine gun or motor noises chasing Jap fighters. We always won and returned to base unhurt. After school I would don my army helmet, take my wooden rifle and go to a vacant lot at the corner of Arlington and Mount Rose where there was a group of boulders, which was our bomber. Roger Ginsburg and I ran many bombing missions over Europe from these rocks. Roger's father owned Home Furniture, located at the south west corner of Sierra and Island Avenue. I had acquired the toy rifle and helmet from sources unknown. Mam and Jessie were not about to buy me one. The helmet and rifle were always a part of my gear whenever I played war outside after school in vacant lots or our yards.

Our family attended as much culture as Reno had at the time. During my grade school years we attended community concerts. Reno was in an ideal location to have major talent. We were a great stop between Salt Lake and San Francisco for artists to pause to make a little more money. During high school we attended plays at Reno Little Theatre and art movies at the Tower movie theatre before it went bankrupt. After the community concerts Mom and Jessie and I would go to a soda fountain in the Riverside to have an Ice Cream soda, which is made with ice cream and soda water. This sounds awful but tastes good.

During my grade school years Mam and Jessie read aloud from the newspaper. Reno had two daily newspapers at the time. Both were owned by the same company, and had pretty much the same stories. The Evening Gazette was more conservative than the Morning Journal. Since my family was conservative Republican we got the Gazette. William McGill had been a conservative Republican. Jessie, Mam, and Marnie all followed his example with good reason. Roosevelt, a democrat, had closed the banks during the

depression. This was how Jessie and Mam lost a lot of the money William McGill had earned.

A must read everyday was Ernie Pyle's column. He was an Indiana boy who became the voice of the G.I. in the trenches and on foot in Europe. He brought the war experience of cold, mud, exhaustion, fear, as well as bravery to Americans at home. The war department liked him because he was not too graphic and didn't give away positions. Every day we listened to H.D. Caltinbourne, Edward R Morrow, and Bauchage. One of these gentlemen would start his program with, "good evening Mr. And Mrs. America and all the ships at sea."

The radio was the news and entertainment center that television is today, and KOH was the only radio station Reno had at the time. About four in the afternoon cereal stories for kids started. Not only were the sponsors breakfast food but also the stories continued from one broadcast to another. "Terry and the Pirates" was about a soldier in the South Pacific. Hop Harrigan was a pilot in the European theatre. Not only did they tell adventure stories, but you could also get secret decoder rings or other prizes with box tops from advertisers. Other adventure episodes which were complete in one program were "The Lone Ranger" and "Red Rider," both cowboy series. Kid's mystery heroes were Dick Tracy, and the Green Hornet. The scary series "Inner Sanctum" came on at nine on Sunday night. An eerie sounding squeaking door heralded the opening of the story and meant I had to go to bed. Sunday afternoon were generally mystery stories featuring Nick Carter and Charlie Chan. Sunday evenings comedy and variety shows were Jack Benny and Bob Hope. Other comedies included "Fibber McGee and Molly" and "Amos and Andy." Fibber McGee had a closet that he would open on occasion. accompanied with sound effects of everything in the world falling out. Amos and Andy were two black people who spoke in black vernacular. I bet if you went to the studio they would have been in black face. Jessie liked to listen to a program of a canary singing with a backdrop of semi-classical music. "Fred Waring and the Pennsylvanians" came on about 8:30 on weekday mornings. I listened to them as I had two kinds of measles and mumps. I had to stay in bed and that was not fun at all. These programs were interspersed with the music of the day that included a lot of the great big band sounds. Occasionally there would be a live broadcast of a big band from some show room in New York or San Francisco. An announcer introduced these bands by saying "Good evening ladies and gentlemen. Coming to you live from the beautiful (naming some room in some hotel), is the Glen Miller band!" When I was working as a care giver I often turned to a public radio station in Indianapolis. They sometimes would rebroadcast these big bands sounds. Each time I heard the announcement I always felt a lot of nostalgia.

At our 25th anniversary from Reno High school, the committee published a recount of what we had been doing for the time since we graduated. Dorothy Dye, a brilliant woman, wrote the best report of all. She started it out with who would have thought we would become the nostalgia generation. As I attend "Hot August Nights," and listen to the great Big Band sounds that many are rediscovering, it seems that her analysis was right to the point. Because, not matter what we did or did not do with our lives the fact

remains there was something about the 20's , and the 50's that seem to hold some sort of magic.

The war not only changed what we listened to and, read it also influenced how we conducted our daily lives. As Mam and Jessie listened to the radio they sewed and knitted. My grandmother sewing my clothes, as she did until the last years of her life, and Mam knitting gloves, hats, and scarves for our troops. Stead Air Base was completed and because of this Reno now had a USO. Mam and Jessie made crullers, a sort of Donut, and took them to the USO every week. Since sugar was rationed these donations must have taken quite a bit of planning. Church services included prayers for our men and victory. The message that came through was that God was on our side.

Just about everything anyone needed was rationed. The stamps were distributed through the post office. The number and kinds of stamps you got was determined by the number of adults and children in the family. No matter how much money you had you still had to have stamps to buy things on a retail level. I'm sure there was a black market, but as far as I know we didn't participate. Trips anywhere in the car were a rarity because gas was one of the most rationed commodities. No new cars were manufactured during the war years. All auto and equipment of any kind was produced only for the war. Metal was so short during the war that Nevada did not issue new license plates from the beginning to the end. The state used metal add on tags much like the plastic one of today except these screwed onto the plate. A few businesses made small metal war slogan plates which screwed on above or below the license. One of the slogans was Taps for the Japs. Since shoes were rationed, I got one new pair of shoes a year. Meat, cheese, eggs, milk, eggs, soap, sugar, gas and oil were rationed. We saved all our tin cans and any other metal we had and put them out for collection every week. We also saved cooking oil and donated it to the war effort. Nylon hose for women were simply unavailable in the states. I think Mam had George buy her the pairs at the PX wherever he was stationed. This must not have been often because I remember both Jessie and Mam mended or put nail polish on their hose when they had a run. Often there was more than one patched place. Because of the butter shortage, margarine first appeared during the War. The first packages were white vegetable oil with a yellow dye capsule in a cellophane package. We had to squeeze this dye through the margarine to make it yellow. Rumor had it that the reason it was not dyed before sale was the dairy industry saw it as a threat to butter so they lobbied congress to regulate the color of margarine for a long while. Somehow through all of this there was a feeling to solidarity. Everyone was in this together. It is the only war we had been involved in since I was born, and it seemed that everyone was behind the war effort and did his or her best to help our troops in a grand cause. There was no questioning if we should be there, even when our casualties were terrible and we were losing.

We often made our own soap; Jessie made it out of lard, lye, and ashes from the stove. It about tore your hands up but it worked for laundry. We often made our own butter and mayonnaise. Because of me, we probably had more egg and dairy coupons and we could make it but not buy it. We always made our own bread. We didn't buy store bread until after Jessie broke her hip when I was a freshman in high school.

When Stead Air Base was built it became a busy training center for pilots. I can remember hearing airplane noises all hours of the day and night. All of the pilots who took supplies and made bombing runs in China were trained in Reno. The air currents were similar to those in China and gave them an opportunity to experience them before they got there.

One war year Reno had a tremendous air show. To kick off the event the planes came over Reno doing all sorts of dives, and low runs. All Friday morning, planes flew so low it felt like you could touch them. On Saturday we all went to the Reno Airport where we got to go through all of the planes that came in for the show. It was exciting to sit in the tail gunner's seat, to see where the bombs were stored with the bomb bay doors open, and to sit in the pilot's seat and imagine what it was like to shoot your guns at an enemy and see the plane go down in smoke. On Sunday after there was an air show with all sorts of demonstrations and stunt flying.

During the Second World War, Japan launched air balloons containing bombs toward America. We Americans played the best trick on Japan. It has been called the best kept secret of the war. The balloon landings and some subsequent deaths were never reported in the newspaper or radio. One afternoon we all went to the theatre for an assembly. When everyone was seated in our usual assigned seats, Randal Ross, Washoe County's media specialist, came to the front of the room. He did not have a projector with him. In that day and age media specialist equaled knowing how to thread the projector, and carting it around from school to school, showing whatever film was available. Most of the movies were about how great America was which equaled patriotic propaganda. Mr. Ross was also what you would call the anchor man for KOH radio. He told us he had a secret to tell us and we must not tell anyone else except our parents or a close relative. The secret was that the Japanese were sending balloons loaded with explosives. We were to tell a parent or a teacher if we saw one, but under no circumstances were we to touch it. The assembly closed in the usual way by singing one of the military service hymns, "God Bless America," or "America the Beautiful." The secret was so well kept the Japanese stopped sending the balloons our way because there were no news reports of their landings. This ethical press is a far cry from today's media's news gathering and dissemination frenzy.

Even though no one from our family was aboard the battleship Nevada, we still followed the ship's travels. When we read or heard of it's victories we rejoiced. After the war, the ship was sent to Bikini Atoll to be a target for nuclear bomb practice. None of us were pleased with this outcome for our brave ship. Two bombs were dropped and it remained afloat. It sank with the third bomb detonation. The silver service from the captain's cabin can be seen at the Nevada State Museum.

Jessie was still working at Washoe County Library. She rode the bus to work. It stopped at the corner of Arlington and Pueblo and drove a route to town that took about 20 minutes. She worked different shifts, sometimes mornings and sometimes evenings.

We hired a lot of workers around our house when I was young. We had an African-American woman come to do the ironing and the vacuuming and mopping. Every year we had a man clean the wall with the neatest machine I have ever seen. It was a steam cleaner. He poured water in it and turned on the heater. Next he wrapped towels around a rectangle about 6 by 18. This was attached to the machine by hoses. He stepped on a pedal and the steam came out the rectangle through the towels, and cleaned the walls. He rinsed the walls and they looked like they had just been painted.

Most of the phones in Reno were party lines, and so was ours. One ring was for us and two rings were for the Lyons down the street. We had a cosmopolitan religious area, but not color area. The Lyons were Catholic and they went to public school. The Rogero's who were their cousins were also Catholic and sent their children to Saint Thomas Parochial school on Arlington where the downtown cathedral now is located. The Ginsburgs were Jewish. To me they were just kids I played with, which was not the general feeling at the time.

In third grade my teacher was Mrs. Parezzo. She lived about a half a block from our house. During the first part of the year, I got into quite a lot of trouble for gazing out of the window looking for Japanese balloons. Perhaps I had appointed myself sky monitor. We started writing cursive and did hours of the palmer method where we made endless circles and up and down lines using our whole arm. It always seemed a complete waste to me. Who in their right mind would use their entire arm to write when fingers were much easier? We also learned multiplication tables. Mam and Jessie drilled me on these until I finally got it. Every night when I dried the dishes I did multiplication tables. When I finally got them I'm sure Jessie was just as happy to be done with this drill as I was.

The year 1945 was a scary time nationally. One afternoon Mrs. Perazzo received a note from the office. She read it, and announced President Franklin D. Roosevelt had died at his retreat in Warm Springs, Georgia. She told us to open our songbooks to the President's favorite song, "Home on the Range." We sang the song and she dismissed us from school. Some of the kids were crying, as he was a much loved figure. As President in those days he was never shown as a cripple. He was always photographed standing at the podium or sitting in a chair, never getting there. I didn't know until many years later he was a victim of polio

We had annual school programs as children do today. I was the star of the show in third grade. My skit was to dress as a cowgirl, and chase someone across the stage shooting my cap pistol yelling "Stop, stop!" When the other guy stopped my part was to say "Stick 'em up, I need all your money for war bonds!" All the parents in the audience seemed to enjoy this. I had great fun getting my outfit together and posing in it prior to the performance. I felt like I was the star of the show.

My fourth grade teacher, Miss Adams couldn't teach me anything. For me she was a rotten teacher. Perhaps she got through to others but I was left way behind in every subject including discipline. She did have a marvelous field trip for her class, however.

We rode the V and T railroad from Reno to Carson City. When we were in Carson we went to the State museum and to the Capitol building. At the end of the day we rode the V and T home. Perhaps this field trip was worth all the lost learning, because not too long after that the V and T stopped running. In its hey day the train went to Virginia City and Gold Hill as well as Carson. Some of the silver from this area went out by this train. The track ran down Holcomb Avenue probably less than a mile from my house. Every morning at 7:30 and every evening at 5:P.M. the train would whistle for the crossings and we would hear it. The engine was powered by steam, a whole different sound than the diesel engine whistles of today. When the wind was just right we could hear the east-west trains as they gave warning at crossings. The songs that tell of that “lonesome whistle blowing” were absolutely right.

Fifth grade with Mrs. Braw was a whole different story. She whipped that class into shape in no time at all and by the end of the year we had learned all the important fourth grade division as well as being at grade level for fifth grade. I was blessed with some excellent teachers and she was one of them.

In sixth grade we all considered ourselves the “big cheese.” We got to take messages around the school from the principals. Some memos were not sent out to teachers. They were written on a sheet of paper and sent with a student, each teacher would sign her initials and we would go to the next teacher. I used the correct pronoun, there were no male teachers in our grammar school. Our principal, Mamie Towels, was also a woman which was a little bit more than surprising in that day and age. Sixth graders had the privilege of ringing the bell for school to meet, for recesses, and after school. The bell looked a lot like a doorbell and it was used in the same way, you pushed it. My teacher was Mrs. Bird. This lady and her family played a part in my life from junior high school through my college years. Her daughter, Gwendolyn Bird, was my sophomore P.E. teacher. Gwen also was a sorority sister in my later years when I went Tri-Delta. Her husband, Cage Bird, had a trio that played for dances from junior high through college.

During sixth grade George came home from the war. He arrived by train as many of the troops did. We somehow missed him at the station. We thought he had been bumped so we went home. Bumped as defined by WWII terms meant having someone of a higher rank tell you to get off the train or plane, and the lower ranking person would have to get off. When we arrived home we found him waiting outside the house. He had on his Navy dress blues, and set his duffel bag with all his navy clothes beside him. Talking about Navy clothes, they were great for buttons. All their under wear and trousers had buttons. The buttons on the dress blues were black and had anchors on them.

George said he did not want to go back into a drug store. He wanted to be a traveling salesman for one of the big pharmaceutical companies. The representatives traveled to each town in the area where they lived and detailed, or told, about the prescription drugs the company had. This meant a visit in each town to all the doctors, druggists, and hospitals pharmacies. He interviewed with several different companies, and got a job with Wyeth Incorporated. Its central office was in San Francisco. His initial territory was large including all the towns north to Elko on I-80. He did not have any towns south

of Carson, but he did have several towns in Northern California. He would often be gone two weeks on this circuit, so my life was a lot like it had been before. Dad was gone most of the time, and we had no car. Our ancient car had bitten the dust, and the company provided a work car for my father, but we did not replace the family car.

He was a great salesman and was able to make good commissions on his sales. We replaced the ice box with a Crossly Shelvador refrigerator, the very latest thing, and the wood/coal burning stove with a forced air oil furnace. We got an electric hot water heater and we replaced our broken terra cotta sewer line with a steel one. There is always bad with the good. There was no water drip from melting ice so our resident toad left, and our great little cook stove was gone.

In the summer of the sixth grade we traveled with dad on his Northern Nevada route. In Elko we stayed at the Sonoma Inn, where I finally learned to swim. Mam and I had some interesting experiences on these travels. On hot summer afternoon Mam and I were sitting in the car waiting for dad. We both were wearing shorts. A woman in a long skirt and long sleeved blouse came up to the car. Her first comment was, "Do you believe in the Lord?" Mam said that yes, she did. The woman replied, "You should be ashamed of yourself. Any God fearing woman would not appear in public looking like that." It was kind of hard because we were stuck in the car and couldn't get away from her. Another woman in a hotel restroom lobby came up to us. She was in her forties, and in late pregnancy. She and Mam started talking. Quite unexpectedly the woman burst into tears. She told us she just couldn't bear being pregnant. She was too old to have a child, and that she would be an old woman before the child was fully-grown. She was also afraid of giving birth. Mam and I felt really sorry for her. Mam had the gift of striking up a conversation with everyone she met. One trip, Jessie was with us. George had heard of a short cut between Redding and Red Bluff, two California mountain towns. It was a hair-raising trip. The narrow mountain road with no guardrails shortly turned to dirt. Before we reached the summit the car stalled because it got too hot. Mam was afraid of mountain roads with steep drops. With no guardrails, she was especially frightened. At that time Mam was reading "The Daily Word," the Unity publication. Jessie told her to use Unity in this situation. It helped her to calm down. This statement leads to another train of thought. Unity teachings are very much based on the Christian philosophy that helps an individual deal with situations. Like The Power of Positive Thinking by Howard Peale. She was also reading his books at the time. She was most likely reading these publications to deal with a marriage in trouble, even though I didn't know it at the time. My father was a victim of the Second World War. The prewar dad I knew might just as well have been killed on the beaches of Japan because the dad who came home was a different man. It took me longer to figure this out than it did Mam.

This was probably one of the last years for peach tree fairy tales. Mam made up these wonderful stories she told them to me before I went to sleep. They have remained my favorite stories:

“The Peach Tree Fairies”

Every spring, deep inside the peach tree, the fairies are getting ready to dance. At first it's just the tiniest tickle, but it grows and grows until the branches begin to turn to spring time colors. Deep in the roots the fairies start their dance, up the tree, out on the branches, and each one finds a place on the branches and twigs. The sun warms the earth for the tree and the rains water the tree and the fairies keep growing until they get too big for the houses on the tree. All of a sudden they hop out of their houses in their pink skirts and dance in the breezes. They stay to dance and dance until their dresses are all tattered and worn. They have danced so hard their dresses begin to fall to the ground and pretty soon when all their dresses are gone. In the place of their skirts is a tiny little hard green ball. This little peach stays on the tree and grows and grows until it's pink and juicy. When the weather gets cool again the peach tree fairies go down in the ground to wait for the next year to dance and play.

I didn't realize until now that my memories of this story were how Mam showed me the Mother Earth. In ancient China, the peach tree is the Goddess's sacred tree. I'm quite sure she was unaware of this, but her theology was that God is outside and is reached through nature.

This story reminds me of my little girl bedroom. Dad repainted my room before he went to war. It was two shades of pink. He mixed the first batch and couldn't get the second batch to match it. My bedside lamp base had a little boy and girl dressed as adults hugging each other. It had a metal chain so the light could be dimmed in addition to the on/off switch. I had lost my clothes closet when the upstairs was made. It was now just a storage area under the stairs for my toys and my private playhouse. Instead I had an outside closet with drawers that Mam called a chiffonier. Hanging on the walls were prints of two madonnas with the baby Jesus. Nobody in my family was Catholic or terribly religious. The only reasons that come to mind are perhaps both were representation of good art, or that God loved as a mother.

After my bedtime story, there were prayers that we all said together when you were young, “Jesus, gentle Shepard, hear me. In the darkness be thou near me. God bless Mommy and Daddy and Jessie and all the friends and pets (usually by name). Amen.” Elizabeth Andrew states in Swinging on the Garden Gate, “When my mother taught me how to pray it was like a conversation with God, and at the end it's like God's blessing is a quilt thrown over me for warmth through the night.” This is the way I felt about my mother teaching me to pray.

We had several pet dogs. The first was a Cocker Spaniel we called Scratch because that's what he did all the time. As he grew older he became grouchy to say the least. He was supposed to be my dog, but he attached himself to my mother. My best dog pet of all time was a small Cocker Springer mix. She was black and white with a sprinkling of black spots on her nose, hence her name, Freckles. She went everywhere with me around the neighborhood. And as all the dogs I really like do, she slept with me. This dog lived for almost 20 years. She stayed with mom after I had gone on my first job. The third dog our family had was Poncho, a Pit Bull. Mom and Dad got him for grandmother. She had had a Pit Bull when she was a young woman and dearly loved the breed. This dog was the biggest wimp I have ever seen. He was a great companion to Jessie during her last illness. He mourned her after her death. When Mam and I went to work and school the dog howled so the neighbors complained. We had to have the poor soul put down. You might say he died of a broken heart. At one point we had all three of these dogs at the same time.

During my grade school years, long before there were jet airplanes, I saw a cross in the sky hanging above Peavine Mountain. I was somewhat frightened of it, and I was sure it was a miracle. I called my mother and grandmother to come to see. Mam, always one to calm fears and rationalize most situations, told me it was some sort of natural phenomena. The Reno-Gazette told the story of ice crystals forming a cross in the northern afternoon sky. It has remained to me some sort of message, of what I don't know. I often think about what it would have been like if everyone had thought about it in different terms, and not explained it away by using science.

The school sponsored an ad program for the soap box derby complete with movie and promotional pictures. After the movie Mr. Ross said anyone who was interested could sign up right after the film. I stood in line, and when I got to the front and was ready to sign up, I found I couldn't because I wasn't a boy. I certainly felt cheated.

The grand finale of sixth grade was a morning assembly with parents, and a picnic at the California building attended by sixth grade "graduates," our teachers, and the principal.

The Path Changes

This time between sixth grade and junior high was an in between summer. I continued the things of my child hood. My activities outside in the neighborhood were playing, cowboys, touch football, shooting baskets at the neighborhood hoop in a vacant lot, and riding my bike on short visits around the neighborhood, and on longer excursions with my friends. The things I cherished as a child were still there. We continued our trips with my father. On one of these trips we were having breakfast at a coffee shop. Everyone was talking about UFO's. Dad bought a newspaper and we read our first reports of Unidentified Flying Objects. I didn't see one until I was in college. Mam and I were driving our Ford Truck, Clancy, south on Lakeside Drive very close to the right turn beside the lake. We looked up into the northern sky to see what appeared to be a meteor dropping rapidly dropping toward the earth. It looked like it was heading right for us. When it became about the size of a baseball it maneuvered a right angle turn, and sped toward Peavine Mountain and disappeared from sight. I have seen nothing that acted like this before or since. I do believe that UFO's exist. I am not sure what they are.

The Reno Rodeo was a local only event during the war. It resumed its national standard and was held traditionally on the Fourth of July. This year we all went to see the Rodeo and the parade. The rodeo grounds were where it is currently located. The Livestock Events Center is a far cry from the fair grounds of the late 1940s. All the bleachers, bucking shoots, and fencing was wood. The entire oval was a horse race track. The wooden stalls and corrals were at the south end of the complex. These stalls deteriorated over the years accompanied by much debate as to what to do with them. No action was taken on the crumbling stalls until one day they burned. No one ever said arson, but I always wondered if somebody didn't just get sick of the talk.

One summer during rodeo time the Culinary Union in Reno decided this would be an excellent opportunity to strike for more benefits. The clubs were not about to be bullied and said no. The downtown clubs arranged cookouts and barbeques at Washoe Horsemen's park to feed the tourists. They also chartered buses for transport. I watched busloads of people go up for breakfast and dinner barbeques. I imagine all the tourists thought it was a romp to go to Reno for a rodeo and have outdoor barbeques besides. The strike was settled after rodeo season. Reno clubs fought unionization for a long time. They also pretty much said where gambling was to be set. This is one reason we don't have a strip south of town. No gambling except at the Riverside was allowed south of Second Street. Virginia and Lake streets were the only streets allowed to have clubs. In the late 1950s, Reno decided that since the fourth was a big weekend without the rodeo, they would switch the rodeo date to mid June and make two big weekends. Dumb decision. Tourists did not flock to Reno in mid June to see the rodeo, and the big name cowboys. It was a financial loss for the clubs for a while till the cowboys reset their

schedules, and the tourists got used to the new week. The Fourth of July week has never been what it was when the rodeo was there.

Washoe Horsemen's park had just been built. Jean Smith and I had gone up to see the location before it was built prior to its construction. It was rumored that the cost of land for the site of the park, and all that southwest area down to the golf course and over to Lakeside drive was one dollar per acre. The original park was owned and built by Washoe Horsemen's association. They bought the land and did all the work themselves with no government help. In later years the county took over the facility, and it became the multi-use area it is today. There was a large main arena with two sets of bleachers. Across the ditch to the west of the park was a rustic clubhouse. On the south side were several long concrete tables and benches for outdoor eating. It was very scenic. Looking west there was the Power Company Lake. Looking east was the irrigation ditch with willows and the Virginia City hills. To the north of the club house there was a concession stand and an area for tying horses. I spent many happy hours at this recreation facility.

My father's family that I grew up with fell apart. Phyllis divorced her husband because he was seeing another woman. Phyllis supported herself, Jerry, and Bob by giving Piano lessons. I'm sure she had help from her mother and father. She was a graduate of College of the Pacific's School of Music and was an accomplished musician. Evelyn divorced Wes for the same reason. Evelyn was a successful businesswoman on her own. She owned the Yerington Telephone Company. Earl divorced Florence because he wanted children and she couldn't have any. She worked in the Yerington area for many years. She was totally in love with Earl and never remarried. Not to long after the divorce Earl married a woman who looked enough like Florence to be her twin sister and they had several children. They eventually moved to Reno where she worked in the registrar's office and Earl worked for the state.

Phyllis and Smitty were married about this same time. I don't know how they met. She had been divorced from Eck Holgate for some time. When Manuel Smith, Smitty, her future husband returned from the war he found his wife living with another man. Michael, his son, was half starved and had contracted T.B. from pure neglect. Smitty divorced her and moved to the Reno area with Mike. He married Phyllis in the United Methodist church in Reno. After the wedding we all went out to a luncheon at the Club Fortune. Smitty's older grown son remained in California. Smitty became business partners with Bill Wines to form The Wine Construction Company. His contribution to the business was job site foreman and bidding. The company was successful until the partner's death. Smitty then went to work for Walker Boudwin Construction Company. In Smitty's construction life here in Reno he was the foreman on two expansions of Saint Mary's Hospital, and the enlargement of the telephone company at First and Lake streets, foreman on the construction of Ross Hall on the UNR campus, as well as many other building. Smitty had a long work life. He started his work career doing construction work on the Hoover Dam, at that time it was called Boulder Dam. Before and after the two World Wars he continued in this profession. After their honeymoon they moved home to a house on Buena Vista Avenue in Reno. Smitty adopted Jerry and Bob and the

three boys grew up together in a blended family that worked. In Smitty's last illness, when he was hospitalized the final time, Phyllis had to appeal to a Senator to get a bed for him in the Veterans Hospital. After you have served your country in two wars and you can't get a bed to die in there is something wrong with this picture.

After the War Reno began to grow and it hasn't stopped since. The first subdivision with tract houses was the Westfield addition between California and Reno High. We all shared rumors of green lumber, and because of quick construction the houses would fall apart in a short time. Fifty years later they are still here. The other major development was the Mapes Hotel. The financing for which was rumored to be a Boone Doggle. The Mapes family convinced the Federal Housing Administration the hotel was needed for the officers at Stead so they could have an adequate place for entertainment. I don't know how it happened, but the FHA approved the low interest loan for the tallest and biggest building in Reno. In its hay day it was a wonderful place to go. When I was thirteen my father and mother took me to the Skyroom where the Paul Whiteman Orchestra (one of the old time big bands) was playing. My father and I danced to Paul Whiteman. It was a great birthday celebration.

The Riverside and the Mapes were the top hotels in Reno. They both featured big name entertainment, classy restaurants, and bars where the upper class went to meet and greet. The top floor of the Mapes not only had the Sky Room on one side, but the Prospectors Club on the other. The organization was a men's, by invitation only, club. The walls were adorned with stuffed animal heads from Charlie's adventures in Africa. The Mapes family and I were peripheral acquaintances through my school years. Gloria was the President of Rainbow when I was a member, and her mother was the mother advisor. In college Gloria was an Alumnus, and Mother Mapes and she made appearances at the house. We also had our spring breakfasts, called the Pansy Breakfast, at the Sky Room of the Mapes Hotel. All the women who had been married or engaged during the year went through the pansy rung. Mother Mapes and Gloria were always there. Mother Mapes had the business sense after Mr. Mapes passed away. She kept the hotel going quite well. Mother always reminded me of a battle ship at full throttle going through life. She was a large dynamic woman who always wore very large hats.

Mam had a miscarriage in this summer. She didn't go to the hospital. Jessie called Dr. Lombardy. Like the good doctors in the by gone days he came to the house to see if she was okay. In that day and age house calls were a common occurrence. When I had mumps and both kinds of measles the doctor came to see me, not the other way around. The story I was told at the time was "please be quiet and go outside and play your mother doesn't feel well." I knew where babies came from because one of the neighbor ladies up the block was pregnant, and of course I had a bag full of questions. Mam's menstrual cycle was irregular so she probably didn't even know she was pregnant. In the overall scheme of things it was probably very good there wasn't a small child to care for.

Junior High and High School

Once again every thing changed when I started school. I attended B.D. Billinghurst Junior High from 7th to 9th grade. It was located between Lander and Plumas. There is a park and a gym currently on the property. These school years, just as they do today, introduce students to different teachers throughout the day, book lockers, and P.E. lockers. Elective subjects like music and art were also available. Girls had to take Home Economics and boys were required to take shop for at least one semester. Girls couldn't take shop, and boys couldn't take Home Ec. I always wanted to take shop and I thought Home Ec. was dumb. We had interschool basketball, pep club, cheer leaders, school dances with live bands, and intramural sports for boys and girls.

Everybody in Reno bought their P.E. uniforms form the Sportsman owned by Chet and Link Piazza. The store was on Virginia street north of the tracks. Our girls P.E. uniforms were awful. The teacher selected a coral colored one piece suit that looked somewhat like a tennis dress on the bottom and had undershorts with elastic around the legs. In addition to this insult we had to play an obnoxious form of 9 court basketball, One girl from each team was assigned to a small space on the court. This meant that only 3 girls every court got to shoot for a basket. This is was an insult to me, having played basketball and tag foot ball for the past two or three years.

I had a great time in my junior high years. I played the snare drum in band and orchestra, sang in chorus, played intramural sports, as well as attending all the dances. I was a member of pep club, vice president of the student body and did average academically. School activities were always a lot more to me than just participating in class but I always at least passed with a C grade.

I met new friends and was enjoying my school. One of the friends I made was Jeannie Duque. She pronounced it Johnny. We played grown up a couple of times. We rode the bus to town, had lunch, and then saw a movie. One day Jeannie asked me if I wanted to go riding. It cost only a \$1.00 per hour to rent a horse. I thought it was a great idea and the next Saturday we went to Diamond Riding Stables, located where Park Lane Mall is today. We rented horses and crossed Virginia Street to ride toward Virginia Lake and out Lakeside. We went there a couple of time and switched to Western riding Stables. Nick Mansfield was the owner. He had three kids about my age who all rode. Jeannie dropped out of the picture. In fact, I don't remember seeing her after I started riding at Western. I guess the fates had brought her into my life for the specific purpose of meeting horses, and then she drifted away from my life. Nick, always the promoter, saw my real interest and love of horses. It was not long until he had located a gentle horse for me to buy. I of course was excited beyond all reason. I went home to ask my parents if I could buy a horse. I had enough money saved from baby sitting money to pay for the horse. Jessie said she would buy me a bridle.

I bought Blaze on a Friday afternoon in mid October. Saturday morning Mam and Dad rented horses, and I rode Blaze on my first ride as his owner. Riding had become a family event. I'm sure Mam wanted to know these riding stable people, and Dad didn't want to be left out. We had to come back before noon on that beautiful day because I had to baby sit. Mam required me to do this. She said I had made a promise that I needed to fulfill. It was a hard lesson, but a very good one.

Blaze was just the kind of horse a kid should learn to ride on, gentle, willing and patient. He was a red sorrel with a white streak down his nose, thus the name Blaze. Since I didn't have a saddle I learned how to ride bareback, which gave me a great seat and lots of balance.

The Mansfields turned out to be really nice people. Noreen must have loved Nick a lot. She didn't care much for horses, and besides she was somewhat allergic to them. She always wore leather gloves to work with them because her hands broke out and became raw when she didn't. She came up to the stable every day at 2:00 when he went to work at the hotel. She helped with the dude business and unsaddled all the horses to let them out to pasture for the night. She was willing to help him with his great love because she cared for him.

The stable was a source of family food as well as a business. Noreen kept chickens and she or one of the kids gathered eggs every night. They had a milk cow named Bossy. Mike or Butch milked her twice a day. She was an old good cow that gave a lot of milk. One of her calves was called Johnny Ray after a popular singer. Come to think of it they did sound a lot alike.

Friday afternoons, for the rest of that October, I could hardly wait to get out of school so I could ride my bike to the stable and ride my horse. The late afternoon sun came in through the windows of my room as I watched the clock inch its way toward 3:00.

In late November Nick took the horses to winter pasture so we wouldn't have to pay for hay. He took the horses to Pleasant Valley, but we still had contact with the riding stable kids. One Saturday before Thanksgiving, Nick asked all of us if we wanted to help him with plucking turkeys. He and his family lived at the then end of Hunter Lake Drive, a dirt road. I rode my bike to the stables and he took us up to his house on the back of his 1930's Model T truck with no sides. He caught all the turkeys, tied them up by their feet, and hung them head down on the clothes line. He then went down the line cutting the throats of all the turkeys. When they had bled out all the kids began plucking them. After we had the plucked them he singed them and took them into the house for Noreen, his wife, to clean. None of us thought this was bad at all. In fact, I enjoyed the whole afternoon. I'm sure Nick made a profit from the turkeys he sold. He always provided for his family. He not only had the stable which he loved, but he also worked a full-time job at the Mapes Hotel as bell man.

Dad was still making good money, but he was drinking it all up and then some. That's why there was no money for a horse or equipment, and no second car. In December on his way to Grass Valley, California, he had an automobile accident. His car went off the road into a ditch where no one could see it from the road above. On impact the windshield was broken. The flying glass injured his face, mostly his nose. He said he lost a lot of blood. When he was found he was transported to a hospital in Grass Valley. My sense is he requested this hospital, but I don't know. He spent time through Christmas "recovering" from his accident. After he and my mother were divorced, he married the owner of the hospital.

In the spring, Nick asked us if we kids wanted to ride our horses back from winter pasture. We all thought that was a great idea. By this time Mam and purchased a McClellan saddle from Shim's Army Goods Store. It never fit me to well, but I used it on the way home. On a cold raw March day all of us went out in the pasture on foot, and moved the horses into a corner of the field. As the circle became smaller Nick came around and had us pass a long rope around from person to person. We now had a rope corral with human fence posts. He caught the horses one by one and we saddled our own. He put halters on the rest of the horses. He tied the lead ropes to the tails of the next horse until there were about four horses in the line. He and his kids lead their horses and all the boarders rode our horses at fast trot from Pleasant Valley to Virginia Lake. We were on US 395 until we got to Humphrey Lane where we turned northeast on this road until it came back into Virginia near Huffacker and on to the stables. My cinch came completely loose as we turned to Huffacker Lane. Luckily, I saw the shadow and called for help. We got my cinch together again and continued on.

I did a lot riding and spending time at the stables that summer. We jumped our horses over small irrigation ditches to the west of Baker's riding stable about half a mile east of Lakeside Drive. I did all my riding bareback, including the jumping, because I found the McClellan so uncomfortable. Mam bought a horse called Cherry Pie who was a barn sour Mustang. She rode her with a quirt so that Cherry Pie kept in mind who was boss. I rode her too even though she was a bit much horse for me. One day I got tossed and Cherry Pie ran home. Mam immediately came and found me in tears with my pride hurt a lot more than I was. We went back to the stable, and Mam told me get right back on that horse and ride it. She knew if I didn't I might never ride again. Some of the other boarders thought she was an ogre, but I knew she was right.

We went on long rides to Dutch Louis, one of the beautiful springs whose Quaking Aspens glow yellow on the Sierra Mountain in the fall. On another great ride to Hunter Lake one of Nick's kids found an ox shoe on the road. All the trees were logged from the mountains surrounding Reno and Carson for Virginia City's Comstock mines. The trees you see today are second growth timber. Our short rides were south on Lakeside, or up the hill to Horsemen's park. We could get there easily since the trail started across from the retirement home on the north side to the south side of Moana. In the spring, just below Horsemen's park, sheep stopped on this way to high pastures. The sheep wagon and sheep were a sight to see. Along with riding I learned to spin a lariat and rope a

stump, to crack a bull whip, and how to teach a calf to drink from a bucket by using your finger to draw its head to the pail and continue sucking the milk.

During this summer and continuing on into the fall my father became more and more involved with alcohol and drugs. Two occasions come to mind that summarize the situation. Mam had Smitty go to Reno to search for him, and he found my father at some flop house hotel on Lake Street. The other time my uncle helped was when Dad was so drunk he lost his car and Mam and Smitty spent most of a day looking for where he had left it. Needless to say the marriage was over and George left. He went to Grass Valley to live with the owner of the hospital...what a surprise. In time this marriage, too, fell apart. He came back to Reno for a while and lived with Phyllis and Smitty until his behavior prompted Phyllis to ask him to leave.

An interesting sidelight when my father left was that all the prowlers we had been having also left. When George was working for the drug company, they always sent him samples of drugs they were trying to sell or that he requested. He requested a great supply of liquid Phenobarbital. It seems he was selling it out of the garage or on the street. He tried to get me and my grandma hooked by urging us take some before we went to bed every night. Neither of us was interested, it tasted terrible.

Mam went to Clel Georgetta, whom she had known in Ely for her divorce. It was finalized with Mam having full custody of me and George paying child support. He paid child support only once. Mam realized she had to go to work. The bus service was still very convenient for us. Jessie went to work on it every day, and whenever we had to go to town we rode the bus. Mam went out to wait for the bus early on a Monday morning. As she was waiting, retired Judge Bill Edwards, another Ely friend, stopped and asked her if she needed a ride, which she accepted. In the course of the conversation, he asked her why she was going to town. She replied that she was recently divorced and was going job hunting. He said he just happened to need a part time secretary. She accepted the position. While she was employed there she went back and attended Reno Business College to sharpen her shorthand and typing skills. She worked for Bill Edwards and Bill Kane who were partners for about six months until she got a job with the Reno City attorney. The deputy city attorney at the time was Bruce Roberts. She worked for him continuously until her death.

As I grew older, and the bus service began to decrease, it became oblivious we needed a car. Lack of money forced Mam to look around for something to sell. She decided the Steinway grand could go. She found a 1946 Ford Convertible, altogether a fetching car. It was blue and I thought it quite a rod. We had this vehicle until I was in college. It was definitely a victim of my teen age driving. Our next vehicle was that wonderful 1954 Ford Truck, which we named Clancy. The convertible's name was Tommy Omar. Mam always named her vehicles.

Jessie was required to retire at 65. On November 14th, her birthday, she was no longer employed. That was the law then and Washoe County stuck to it. She sure didn't want to because we needed the money. This is most likely when Mam began using the house

as a way to make ends meet. She would mortgage the property and then pay off most of it and mortgage it again. Not too long after that her retirement, Jessie fell and broke her hip. Our physician at the time, Dr. Bradley, and another former Elyite, made a house call the next morning and sent her to the hospital for x-rays. He put a pin in her hip the following day. After she came home Mam and I took care of her with very little outside help. She became mobile and walked short distances with a crutch. I slept with her because Mam was hard to waken at night. I made her lunch before I went to school or out riding.

The winter of 1949 was an awful one. Washoe county schools were closed, not for a little bit of snow, but for about 4 feet with drifts to six feet. In the central and eastern part of the state the cattle were stranded on the open range. To feed them they had what was called "The Hay Lift." Four motor bombers flew tons of hay to these stranded cattle and pushed the feed out of the bomb doors. Hollywood hopped on the band wagon and made a movie about feeding the cattle.

The Atomic Energy Commission used Nevada as a testing area. The first tests were done not far from Las Vegas. I would sometimes get up early in the morning to try to spot the flash in the south. Later another sight was open up southeast of Fallon. The government always told the residents of both Nevada and Utah there was no danger to humans or stock from these tests. There are several instances where this was proved a bold faced lie. In central Nevada after the wind drifted the wrong way several bands of sheep became ill. They lost their wool, and the noses and tongues were blistered. The official story was they had gotten into some noxious plant. Many women in southern Utah have an abnormal rate of breast cancer. When the wind blew the wrong direction after a test in Fallon, Reno residents were told to shower as soon as they got home as they might have been exposed to radiation. Neither Nevadans nor the citizens of Utah knew the grim danger our government was putting us in.

Harry Truman filled President Roosevelt's term after Roosevelt died. During his bid for election, President Truman made a whistle stop speech from the steps of the State Building. He and his Republican opponent Thomas Dewey were running neck and neck. Even though our family thought he was incompetent, mainly because he was a democrat, I went on the school trip to see him. The statement Jessie made about my seeing him was as true today as it was then. "Go see him my dear, for right or wrong, he is still the President." The election results were so close that some newspapers wrongly reported Dewey's victory in banner headlines.

As I look back on the Truman years it becomes more and more clear he did a great job. His decision to bomb Hiroshima and Nagasaki probably saved thousands of lives. What an odd statement, when literally thousands were killed, including many innocent victims. The Japanese had taken possession of all of the islands between Hawaii and their main land. When we retook these islands, it was grim fighting from the time we landed on the beaches until we had secured every inch of land. The Japanese would rather die than surrender. Some who were hidden in remote jungles did not believe Japan and lost and were still holding out 30 years later. We knew if we landed on the mainland our losses

and those of the Japanese would make the landing at Normandy took like a picnic. So Truman dropped the bombs. He also spear headed the drive to rebuild Europe and Japan. He knew his history and did not want another Germany on the world map. As we protest nuclear use against the Japanese we must remember that if there had been no Pearl Harbor there most likely would not have been Nagasaki.

I have participated in vigils memorializing the loss of life due to atomic weapons, and Americans behavior in dropping them. It amazes me how we are so aware of this bombing and don't seem to see the bombing of Dresden. This city was flattened with tremendous loss of civilian with no reason I have ever heard. I have no recollection of any memorial to the citizens of this European city.

I attended most of the dances in junior high. They were all held in the gymnasium, which was decorated differently for different occasions. At the big, semi-formal winter dance, my date and I won the dance contest. The winter formal was quite an affair. My date had his brother take us and bring us home.

I was quite embarrassed about my father's behavior during junior high so I decided to succeed not so much scholastically but socially. I ran and was elected vice president of the student body as well as my other school activities. My theory was to show the world just how good I was. This was really a great favor my father gave me, an incentive and drive I may not have had.

In the summer between 8th and 9th grade, I had outgrown Blaze, and I needed a horse with more challenge. I sold Blaze and bought Copper, another red sorrel. He was green broke at the time, meaning he needed a lot of work. I often went out to ride about 5:30 when Mam could bring Jessie in the car to see me ride. I'm sure Mam was more than a little worried about my riding a green horse. Jessie, always the lady to the tips of her fingers, always wore a hat and gloves when she went out, and riding in the car to watch me was no exception. In high school and college when I had a horse that was untrustworthy to say the least, and was riding other people's horses and gentling them so the owners could ride them, she took out an accident insurance policy on me. At this same time I was saying I don't want to ski because that's a dangerous sport.

When it came time for graduation from junior high I decided I wanted to have a new dress, so Jessie made me one. She did not feel comfortable enough with her crutch to go to the graduation so she stayed at home. But I'm sure she was with me in spirit, just as the dress she made was with me. I was relieved that my father did not attend because I was worried he might make some kind of scene. I sat on the podium, and delivered the closing prayer. I also received an award for perfect attendance and citizenship during junior high. With my 9th grade certificate in hand I proudly finished 9th grade. I was a very large frog in a very small puddle. The following summer was one of horses and caring for my grandmother, Jessie.

The new Reno High School on Booth had just been completed. Those of us who entered as sophomores were the first to go through this school and graduate in 1954. I was totally

lost my sophomore year. My riding buddies were jocks or slightly younger. Since I was not among what we called the “Cashmere crowd,” I didn’t see too many of my friends. Each morning my mother would drop me off at school on her way to work. Each morning I told her I wanted to quit and go to work at the dime store. Needless to say, my mother would not even hear of this. Her plan was made; I would finish high school and college. She watched me walk into the entrance every morning. It never occurred to me to simply walk out another door. Reno High had a strict discipline and dress code. When one of the jocks decided to get a Mohawk hair cut just prior to the graduation ceremony, he was told to shave his head completely or not go through the ceremony. Not many of us had sex in high school, and there were few teen age pregnancies. It seems my children and grandchildren know a lot more about the world of adult relations and have more awareness of what goes on in the adult world than I ever did. That is not to say young people are any more ready for reality than I was. They just know more about it.

I was enrolled in band which was probably what saved me. We got new band uniforms, and marched in the homecoming parade. I enjoyed the parades and playing at football games including the halftime performances. My favorite teacher of all time, Florence Lehnars, taught English and sparked my interest in school. I was fortunate to have Effie Mona Mack as my history teacher and Sessions Wheeler for biology so things began to come together.

In March of that year Jessie passed away. She had colon cancer, but fortunately she suffered a massive heart attack and did not have to suffer long after she was diagnosed with the illness. Phyllis was very helpful during Jessie’s final days. My father and his twin sister made the usual ghastly death bed appearances with accompanying crying, drunken behavior. Phyllis was a God-send, helping to controlling their idiotic behavior and keeping us on an even keel.

Jessie had a prophetic dream when I was a little girl. Mam did not tell me of it until after Jessie had died. She dreamed she saw me grow into a beautiful young woman of approximately 16, after that time she didn’t see me anymore. I was 16 when she passed.

Phyllis and Mam became close friends and she became another mother to me. When Mam had her hysterectomy when I was in college, I stayed with Phyllis. I’m sure that she had an agreement with mother that if anything happened to her Phyllis would see me through college. She was sure to have us over to dinner two or three times a month and gave us food from her freezer saying she couldn’t use it fast enough. During this time we were broke but not poor.

Phyllis was the care giver in her family. She nursed her mother, her father, and her husband through their last illnesses. Smitty had been ill several years prior to his death. At the very end it was necessary to put him in a nursing facility because it was just too difficult for Phyllis to handle him alone.

Later in the spring of that year Mam bought a horse from the Kleppe’s. Their ranch was located on the only existing piece of the emigrant trail then still in use. The Alamo truck

stop and surrounding land was their land lots of which was under water in the spring. She was a black mare with some age on her. She and Mam got along great, but she didn't care to much for others, particularly men. We decided to keep our horses on a closer in winter pasture that year. We found a nice place on Clearacre just past Wedekind where we road out in the hills around Sun Valley. I rode Copper, and led Fandango from Virginia Lake to the winter pasture, and back the same way on the return trip to Western Stables.

That spring Bob Smith bought a horse from the Kleppe's also. He named the little mare Merry Legs. I knew Marilyn Kleppe in school and was talking to her about Bob's mare, Merry Legs, and she said, "oh my goodness, that was her name when we had her!" I got one of my friends from school to buy a horse also, so we had a nice group to ride with. There was almost always three, and sometimes five or six, who rode in the evenings and on weekends.

Although the Korean Conflict was happening it did not impact our lives. Our family had no relatives involved and no national war effort occurred. We did watch Macarthur's march to China and retreat back to the 38th parallel. This, like all conflicts since, has been fought with loss of life on both sides and politicians manipulating the strings for position with little apparent reason.

In 1953 Nevada had the largest production of gold and copper in its history. Part of the big copper boom was the demand for copper made by the Korean Conflict. To commemorate our mining success the license plates that year were green and copper. We thought they were a little odd looking since we were used to the traditional silver and blue. These plates were still metal. Nevada did not have aluminum plates until 1961.

Even though I had a rough start, I graduated from Reno High in 1954 with a few honors. I was named outstanding English Student for the year, received a small scholarship, received a perfect attendance and citizenship award, and again gave the benediction for the ceremony.

In the summer I started working at Western Stables as a guide and groom for the dude string. My other job was taking care of Florence Lehner's property on Holcomb. She and her husband had a house and about 3 acres. The grounds had just been seeded. My job was to water the grass, and keep the weeds down. Our riding group, which often included Bob and Phyllis, made some long rides during the summer. Our favorite ride was up Thomas Creek Canyon. It was not as steep as the Hunter Lake ride and the canyon was beautiful. In the fall, a stand of Aspens growing at the foot of the canyon turned the most beautiful red-gold I have ever seen.

Fandango, the mare Mam bought from the Kleppe's, had gotten too old to make these long, hard rides. So I gave her Cooper, who even though he was lazy was also gentle, and got myself a totally untrustworthy horse. Another red sorrel who had been mistreated by an old time cowboy who didn't know anything but rough breaking.

Consequently, he often bucked, and one was never quite sure when that would happen. With all this in mind, he and I for the most part got along pretty well.

College

I started UNR in September of 1954 with the money I had saved from working, and my scholarship. Very soon after I got a job on campus, I was offered employment as a dish washer in the animal lab. I was responsible for washing and rinsing with distilled water all the testing equipment. In the summer the job was enlarged to include grinding of materials sampled. These substances included plants the animals ate, and their feces, to determine how many nutrients they were getting out the plants they ate. My allergies put this job out pretty quickly. Besides, grinding pig poop wasn't much fun. I then went to work in the soils lab. This job was more interesting because I got to do some testing of soils and field work in collecting samples. With these jobs I was able to pay all my books, tuition, and sorority dues throughout college.

My major was Agriculture. It took me about a year to figure out that managing a dude string did not give me enough practical experience to really run a ranch or teach FFA kids. So I switched to Physical Education with a minor in Science. The change in majors required that I go to summer school to make all the requirements for an education major and graduate in four years. I found summer school much easier than the regular school term. I could take one subject at a time and concentrate on it. Summer school helped my grade point average a lot. I also found if I could keep my semester load below 16 credits I did better scholastically. Of course I figured this out in my junior year, when I realized grades really did matter. This did not deter my social life in the least. I just learned how to manage my time, which along with learning how to get along with people, were the most valuable lessons learned in college.

During the school year I participated in my sorority Delta Delta Delta, commonly called Tri Delta. During my time on campus, Tri Delt and Theta were the "in" groups, our opinion was that Phi Psi's were snobby, and the Gamma girls were frogs. Were we clicky or what? The big frats were Sigma Nu, Sigma Alpha Epsilon (SAE), and Alpha Tau Omega (ATO). We had informal get togethers with all the Greek houses, as well as fraternity and school dances. I was busy almost every weekend night from fall to spring. I had a great time and would not change this social fun I had in college, even though later life when I tried for graduate school in counseling, I couldn't quite make it.

Due to much fun and games my first semester in college I did not make my grades to become an active sorority member. Spending another semester as a pledge and being assigned to study table were not my idea of fun so I made sure that my grade point average was a C plus from then on. A couple of semesters, I almost made the honor roll, and actually cared when I didn't. Since I could not study at home, I studied in the quiet room of the library on campus. The mornings I did not have class I went to the library.

The way UNR ran its celebrations and semesters was hard for a student, particularly if the student was into the party scene as I was. Homecoming with all its activity came at mid terms. Winter Carnival was in January when finals were in full sway. The semester ended after Christmas, not before, so you had all of Christmas vacation to procrastinate studying. Mackey Day in the spring was just about the time one should be studying for spring finals.

I participated in band for a couple of years at UNR but dropped it my junior year because I was just too busy. Before I left band, we made a trip to Las Vegas to participate in the Helderado parade. What a wild trip that was. We stayed in a motel called the Moulin Rouge which was quite a way from downtown Las Vegas. There was no bus service there, and most of us did not have enough money for cab fare to town, so we walked. We walked in and out of most of the clubs in the downtown area. Since most of us in the group were underage we were asked to leave quite a few. The following day we marched in the Helderado parade. A lot of the band was drunk, including the base drummer. I don't know how we got down the street in one unit, but we did. It was a great party.

Mam and I lived a kind of gypsy existence during college. I drove the truck to class. This helped because she didn't have to pay parking. I liked to get to school early since that was the best way to get a parking place. The student parking at that time was an unpaved space between the gym where the women play volley ball, and the old Mackey Stadium. There is a building there now. On the mornings I didn't have an 8 o'clock class, Mam and I would have a roll (called a brioche) and coffee at the Mapes Coffee Shop. Alice Peale worked as a waitress there. We saw her again at the Sparks Nugget when we went to breakfast there sometimes on Saturday mornings. I arranged most of my classes in the mornings so I could work in the afternoons. At about five I left campus and drove to City Hall, a great brick building on First and Center Street where a parking garage now sits. When Bruce left the city attorneys office he became partners with Tom Cooke, whose office was located in the bank building at the corner of First and Virginia so the drive was just about the same. We often went out to dinner. On Friday nights when I didn't have a date we sometimes read or got a bridge game together. During my junior and senior years there was a constant bridge game going in the student union or at the Tri Delt house. If you waited a little while you could always sit down and play some bridge. This was fun bridge, where as much gossiping was done as bridge was played. A far cry from the grim do or die duplicate bridge your father enjoyed. We did not have a T.V. In fact I didn't have a T.V. in my house until 1961 when I married my husband. On summer evenings we almost always went riding and ended the evening at the Dairy Queen for a sundae or shake, which was our dinner. On our evening rides in 1957 a comet called Marcos 1957 D made its way past earth. It was a beautiful sight as it hung over Peavine Mountain.

Northern Nevada suffered two large earthquakes during the 1950s. The first occurred when The Peavine Fault slipped during my high school years. We were awakened in the early morning hours by the wavelike motion of the bed, the creaking noise of the house, and grinding noise of the earthquake. I was one scared kid. Reno had frequent aftershocks, and I had reoccurring nightmares for about a week after the quake. The

second big quake hit when I was in college. Its epicenter was near Fallon where some buildings were shaken off their foundations. The house across the street to the southeast of Lloyd's parent's home in Fallon was shaken off its foundations. My future husband's house may also have had some damage from the quake. This one did not frighten me as much. When I am awake and an earthquake hits, I am not nearly as "shaken up" as when they wake me up.

My social life included going to every Tri Delt dance, and every dance the fraternity of who ever I was dating had. I also attended all of the school dances and went to bars on the weekends to dance when there wasn't a scheduled dance. Was I twenty one? No, we just knew which bars to go to. A cool place to go if your date was broke was the Riverside Bar. For the price of a drink you could stand and see whatever headline entertainment was showing because they opened the curtain between the bar and the show room during shows. Another part of the required social scene was stuffing floats with napkins and other paper for the Homecoming parade in the fall, and stuffing the same kind of decorations at the sorority house for the annual Winter Carnival celebration. I went to all home football games, first as a band member, and later as a member of The PEMS (the club for PE majors), who sold programs, or as a Sagen, the women's service organization, who seated ticket holders. I was a member of the campus YWCA and served as president one year. Saddle and spurs was a women's riding group, and of course I belonged to that. We went riding at a stable located off of I-80 every week during the fall. I was very active in Young Republicans during my senior year. I went door to door campaigning for Dwight Eisenhower. My senior year I served as vice president of the Associated Women's Students which put me on the student senate. As a result of all of this activity I was nominated for Who's Who in American Universities and Colleges. I was impressed. I also was given the Gothic N award for outstanding contributions to the Women's Physical Education Department. The best news of all was I graduated with a B.A. in Education and a minor in Science.

I signed a contract with Douglas County Schools in the spring. I had a guaranteed job for fall. I worked at the stable, and Mam and our group of friends rode all summer. Since I had turned 21 all the things I had been doing before became legal, so Mam and I often would go into the bar and enjoy their back bar entertainment after having dinner on a Friday night. Reno had good shows in those days. Las Vegas had just begun to come alive. We were quite equal in tourist attraction at the time. On a summer evening when we dragged main after riding the streets and clubs would be literally packed on any given night.

At the end of the summer I bought an ancient 4 door Chevrolet. I paid cash for it from the money I saved from working. I had room and board with Bruce Roberts's mother who lived in Minden about 2 miles from the high school.

The Adult Years

Late in August of 1958 I moved to Douglas County to begin my career. For me it was another step forward, however it must have been harder for my mother so see her only child take off for the wild blue yonder. I taught girls P.E. and Biology, and I learned a lot more about how to keep a classroom going than I did in college. I found the ivory tower education ideas weren't much use. When I went back to school some 20 years later to renew my teaching certificate, I found a similar type of ivory tower thinking, which was just as useless. We were taught that interscholastic sports for women were emotionally too much for females. We were taught that if we kept the class interesting enough we would never have any discipline problems. The only new thing which made any sense in the classes 20 years later was everyone learns in a different way. Some learn better when they see it, others when they touch, and others when they read it. The way to reach some kids may not be the same as reaching other kids.

I met Clyde Goodhue, a cattle artificial inseminator. There were a lot of dairy herds in Douglas and Lyon County, and he worked most of them. We dated a lot during the winter and spring, and he proposed to me. I said yes because I thought his business would grow into a dairy farm. I certainly did not love him. After school let out in the spring we had a big wedding in Minden's Methodist Church. We spent our honeymoon in Yellowstone and the Grand Teton, and returned home to our converted dairy barn. About the only thing I liked about this marriage was the dairy barn. It sat about a half mile behind the land lord's house and there was nothing else around. I moved Reese River to the pasture behind the house. I had traded the undependable sorrel for Reese River during the fall of 1958. I wanted a dependable horse that I could trail ride and do shows on. I did a lot of riding on the dirt roads off US 395, south of Gardnerville. Although I could ride along that too for there was not a great deal of traffic.

Teaching at Douglas County High School required a lot of extra curricular activities including chaperoning dances, attending football and basketball games and riding the pep club cheer leader bus on several occasions. One of the required duties I had was faculty advisor for the cheerleaders. I also coached a tumbling team that performed at half time of basketball games. In my spare time I was mother advisor for the Rainbow girls, and sang in the Methodist Church Choir for a time. Despite all the community and school activities I was involved in, anyone who had not been born and raised in the area, and was not Lutheran, was an outsider and was treated as such. I don't think any outsider obtained inside status in the fifties. Being an outsider was not a pleasant feeling.

The marriage blew about 6 months after it started. I moved Reese River back to Western Stables. I rented a room in a rooming house about a half block from school. While I was married I had gotten a nice used Ford two-door that ran quite well. I spent my weekends in Reno riding. That winter Mam and one of our friends from UNR went up to the lake

to see Marlene Dietrich. It was her last tour. We all enjoyed her show. Later that winter the Olympics were held at Squaw Valley. Most of the Olympic athletes arrived in Reno at about the same time. They did a torchlight parade down Virginia Street. It was a great party.

I resigned the position in Gardnerville and found another job in Hawthorne. It was a much easier position. For openers I had only to teach P.E. and I didn't have any extra curricular activity assignments. Plus, the gym was about two blocks from the main campus, so I was able to run my own show.

During the spring before I went to Hawthorne, my college friend Kathy Karstens married Lloyd's friend Dick Coatney. We met again at their wedding. We had known each other at UNR, but never really dated. Lloyd and I dated all summer. Before I went to teach in Hawthorne, he proposed to me during a lovely dinner at the Christmas Tree Inn, which is a very nice place to dine on Mount Rose Road to Lake Tahoe. He gave me an engagement ring for Christmas, and we were married the following spring in a church wedding at the first United Methodist Church on First and West streets in Reno. Our reception was at Phyllis and Smitty's home. We honeymooned in Elko with trips to Wildhorse Reservoir where we fished and Lamoille Canyon where we rode. My days of being a free spirit and riding with the wind were over.

We came home to a singlewide mobile home in a trailer park on Gentry way. That summer I worked for the Sparks recreation program running a day program from a room in Dilworth Middle School. This was the same school where I did my student teaching when I was a senior in college. Lloyd was then employed by the state of Nevada in the soils and milk testing laboratory. That fall I taught P.E. and General Science at Sparks Middle school which at that time was located on 17th Street. That February I became pregnant with Jeff. It was planned because I wanted to teach the rest of the year. I did ride some this summer. I moved my horse to Esther Bennett's on Hash Lane. Nick had moved his stable to Lockwood where we saw all the spotted ponies when we went to Fallon, which were all Nick's. Nick loved pinto ponies. He had a half Arab/half Shetland stallion named Killdeer that he bred to every mare on his place to get pinto ponies. Both Jeff and Mark learned the fundamentals of riding at Ester's. It was a great time to be with horses and my sons. There was a female killdeer that made her nest in the middle of the arena where we learned to ride. We often got to see her give her beautiful wounded bird display to protect her young.

We were still living in the trailer when the Cuban missile crisis occurred. This was when the Soviet Union was building missile sites in Cuba pointed at the United States... President Kennedy confronted this activity and put up a naval blockade. We Americans felt this was the start of a nuclear war with Russia. Lloyd and I were prepared to take ourselves and Jeff into Central Nevada near Eureka where there was less chance of nuclear radiation coming on winds from San Francisco. It was a tense time. The crisis might not have happened if Kennedy had not allowed the Bay of Pigs. This fiasco occurred when he told a group of anti-Castro nationals that we would back their assault on Cuba. Part of this commitment was supporting them with planes and bombing runs

before and after they landed. When they got there we did not give them any support at all. Most were killed on the beaches where they landed. Part of the invasion theory was that after the foreign nationals landed, Cubans who did not support him would turn on Castro and his soldiers. No internal revolt occurred. This action told Russia one of two things. Either we wanted to attack Soviet Cuba, or we were so weak that we could not support an invasion. The Russians played the blockade to the very hilt and then backed down, withdrawing their ships and their missiles. What our government never told us was the Soviet Union was never in any situation to go to war with the United States. Most of its war propaganda was directed at what they perceived as an American threat.

The Soviet Union, although very repressive and anti human rights, did hold the Balkans in line. When the union fell, civil war broke out in this area with more loss of life than the Soviets had inflicted. During this time and shortly afterward there was disappearance of quite a bit of nuclear material which is still unaccounted for.

The Bay of Pigs brought the first wave of refugees that I remember to American shores. Some of these refugees were sent to Sparks and enrolled in schools there. Some attended Sparks Middle school. At that time there was no ESL and few spoke Spanish. They most likely did not have an easy time when they first arrived. There were waves of refugees before them and after them. The Irish potato famine brought thousands of starving Irish to our shores. The Southeast Asian refugees were called boat people, often in a derogatory manner. My usual response to their comments was to please remember all white people currently living in America were at one time boat people. White Americans started out as refugees from religious persecution and/or jails when America was settled.

I learned to be a steward for horse shows right after Jeff was born. I was heavily involved with horse show activities until the late nineteen seventies. When I thought I was pregnant I told Lloyd I had no intention of having two children in a trailer. He quickly found a house and just about finalized the deal before he showed it to me. We moved to Sbragia Way. It turned out I wasn't pregnant, but we had the house which was a good thing, because not to long after I did get pregnant with Mark. The location turned out to be ideal, something we did not think about when we bought it. The schools were fairly decent, and it was within walking distance of everything a child or adult needed.

Mark was born in 1966. We did a lot of hunting, fishing, and camping from about 1968 onward. We took Mark fishing when he was still in his playpen. We spent Fourth of July Weekends at Sawmill fishing, and Memorial Day weekends at Rye Patch Reservoir fishing. Every spring we went to Harmon or Sheckler cat fishing. Not only were the little mud cats tasty, but they were easy to catch. Lloyd always put two hooks on a pole and often there would be two little cat fish attached when we reeled it in. On the week days I taught the boys how to ride. In the winter we fished for big trout at Pyramid. Both Mark and Jeff entered their big fish in a local sporting goods fishing contest.

Lloyd and I were invited to the Steen Mansion for dinner one evening. Charles Steen was a Uranium prospector who struck it rich. He built a beautiful home in Washoe

Valley not to far from Bower's Mansion. His corporation also built an interesting office building not to far from the Reno Airport. He and his wife had few friends in the Reno area so when they entertained if you knew somebody who knew them you could be invited to dinner. Part of the evening's entertainment was a tour of their home. The things I remember about this house were the gold and silver bathroom fixtures and the formal dining room. The table and chairs were set on an island in a pool of water. The floor looked like natural rock and access to the dining area was over a bridge. The table could easily seat 30 people. The parallels between the Steen's and Bowers are eerie. Both were miners who stuck it rich and then lost everything including their beautiful homes, the homes were both located in Washoe Valley, and both had few colleagues or associated to interact with on a social level.

Thanksgiving was at Grandma Whalen's house in Fallon, and Christmas Eve and dinner were at our house on Sbragia. We had New Year's dinner at Mam's house out on White Creek Lane. That area has grown gigantic houses and the lovely little house she rented with the creek in the front yard is gone.

When Kennedy was assassinated I was at a Tri Delt function. Wynona Higgins was baby-sitting. When I got back from coffee she met me at the door with the news that Kennedy had been shot. I immediately went home and turned on the TV. My immediate reaction was that this can't happen in America. Probably this reaction is quite common when each of us is confronted with an event of violence against our nation. Unfortunately, this type of event happened with some degree of regularity during my lifetime and before. Lloyd came home very shortly thereafter and we watched the story unfold. The morning of Oswald's arraignment I was watching as Jack Ruby shot him.

We all watched the funeral with the black horse reversed boots in stirrups, and little John John saluting his father. He was killed just before Thanksgiving. Several of my Catholic friends set a place at their Thanksgiving dinner table for him. He was not a great President, but he had a charisma that made many think that the American dream was possible after all. We could live together without prejudice and strife, and we could be a power in the world. The giant strides this country achieved at this time were made possible in part by what we perceived as his Camelot.

The Kennedy assigation seemed to herald an era of social unrest, change, and assigation. The second national figure to be struck down was Martin Luther King Junior and the final national death was Robert Kennedy. Campus life was turbulent with demonstrations. One of these student protests against the war in Vietnam ended with the death of two students at Kent State University in Ohio. Lloyd and I couldn't figure out how students could be so stupid as to stand around while National Guardsmen were standing with their guns ready to shoot. It turns out the bullets hit students who were not in the immediate vicinity of the demonstrations. They were really in the wrong place at the wrong time. The final violent demonstration was at the Democratic National Convention when McGovern was nominated.

Lyndon Johnson became President on Air Force One after Kennedy's assassination while Jackie, with her blood stained dress, stood by his side. He was the true civil rights leader. His legislative initiatives along with the demonstrations led by Dr. Martin Luther King led to forced school integration, and a lot more social justice than had come before. Of course his guns and butter program was a financial disaster for the nation, but civil rights and women's rights certainly came a long way during that time.

Lloyd and I were both still staunch Republicans and voted for Goldwater when he ran against Johnson. Goldwater told the American public just what the war in Vietnam meant. Not only tremendous loss of American life for nothing, but also the financial burden that would ensue if Johnson continued his Vietnam policy. Johnson painted him as a war monger. The Republican Party was in such disarray after Johnson's victory that there was speculation it might be over as a viable political entity. With the war going poorly and the American public's dislike of the fiasco in Vietnam, Johnson announced he would not seek reelection. That year's election was McGovern vs. Nixon. Nixon was elected, and he ended the war in Vietnam. Nixon soon engineered our rather disgraceful exit of Vietnam. Americans leaving Vietnam from the top of our embassy was not a pretty sight. The theory at the time was if Vietnam went Communist, all of Southeast Asia would follow. This was called the domino theory. The French left because they could not stop Ho Chi Minh. We took over where they left off and didn't do any better than they had.

During Nixon's second bid for president the Watergate scandal was discovered. He somehow got the investigation postponed until after the election. His Vice President was Spiro Agnew. What a disaster this ticket was. Spiro was caught in some illegal scam and was asked to resign which he did. Gerald Ford was placed as Vice President since he was speaker of the house. As the Watergate investigation continued it became apparent that indeed Nixon did put wire taps on Democratic headquarters' telephones so he could find out what the Democrats were doing. The scandal was growing day by day. He resigned and Gerald Ford became the first president to serve who had not been elected as President or Vice President.

When my father died, I felt no emotion. My uncle Earl Mayes left a note on the door of our house. Lloyd got it before I even noticed it. After we had cleaned up from the hunting trip, and the boys were in bed he told me the contents of the note and showed it to me. George had died quite suddenly at the home of his third wife. He had returned to Reno after his imprisonment in a federal facility over some gold scam. Before he died I saw him working at a local drug store, and quickly decided I didn't want to buy any prescriptions there. At his funeral I looked into his coffin, and knew what I had known since junior high. For us to meet without an uproar, one of us would be laid flat out. The sad thing about the funeral was there was only one other person in attendance other than his family. George was once a well know, respected professional in Reno, and he threw it all away. At the cemetery when they were lowering his coffin into the ground Phyllis began to cry. I put my arm around her and said, "You don't still care about him, do you?" She replied, "No, but he was such a sweet little boy."

Mathew was born in October of 1969. He was the most beautiful child, all pink and white. He was also enormous at 9 plus pounds. The nurses asked me how I had him and I told them with a great deal of difficulty. The robe I took to the hospital had a marble in the pocket. When it bounced out on the floor one of the nurses asked me if I had brought that for my son to play with.

When he was in his mid-sixties, Grandpa Pa Whalen died suddenly from a heart attack. After his death, Doris went with us fishing, camping and on vacation trips. We enjoyed having her with us and it helped her with her grieving after her husband's death.

In 1975 we all went deep sea fishing on the Baja California peninsula in Mexico. The country looked a lot like Nevada except saguaro, not sage, dotted the desert. We drove the Travel-all, and Jack drove his truck. Since the Travel-all didn't have any steep hills to climb, we did just fine. That car was the most undependable off road vehicle I have ever experienced. The darned thing would die on steep hills. It had electric everything so there was no steering, or brakes. To get the idiot thing started you had to lift the air filter and pour gas into the carburetor. Talk about an unpleasant vehicle. The trip was a lot of fun and the fishing was great. It was also the best lesson in democracy we could have taken as a bi-centennial celebration. We were warned not to travel at night as it was not safe. We also knew that we could be stopped at any time and our vehicle searched for drugs or anything else. None of these things happened, but we saw some sights that made my husband and me very happy to get back to the United States. In a small village we stopped for dinner. As we were eating, three Mexican soldiers swaggered down the street popping their numchucks in an obvious display of military macho power. As we passed a Mexican military base there was not the unusual guard shack we are familiar with in this country, but five soldiers in military fatigues sitting in a circle of sandbags with a machine gun pointed at the road.

All of the gas stations in Mexico were state run Pemex stations. Not one rest room in these stations worked from San Diego to the bottom of the peninsula at LaPaz. After we got to our resort, conditions greatly improved for it was designed for American tourists. Our boys were the only children at the resort. Meals were served family style and the drinking water was supposedly safe although Lloyd did suffer Montezuma's revenge all the way home. It was a great trip but we were ever so glad to be back in the USA.

On December 31st, Mam died. I was always intellectually prepared for her passing because I had known of her heart condition since I was a child. However, when it came down to the reality of the situation, I was devastated. She wanted a Unity service. Both the Unity ministers were out of town because of the holiday. The minister of the Sparks church was unavailable because when we really had to get somebody to do the serve it was a Monday. The Sparks minister refused to answer his phone on his days off. Ross Burke and Knobel, the funeral home, got First Methodist's minister John Moore, to do the service. He did a great job. There was no grave side service since Mam was cremated. We had a nice meal after the service at our house. Many of Mam's friends and business associates came to her service, and a lot of family came to the house. Both Methodist ministers showed up.

Very shortly after this I resigned all my commitments with the Sparks Methodist church and started going to the Reno down town church where John Moore was pastor. He was a great minister. Two of his children were a part of the Jim Jones commune in Guiana. They committed suicide along with all the others there. John preached a sermon on their death the day after he got the news. He started off by apologizing for reading his sermon since he always memorized his sermons. He went on to say he had no idea why his children had joined the cult or why they had taken their own lives. The only theory he could think of was they had been raised as idealists, and were idealists, and they followed Jim in the United States because at that time he too was an idealist.

I worked with Nevada State Horsemen's association as Executive Secretary for several years. As an ancillary to this, I also was steward for most of their horse shows. Nevada State Horsemen's Association was caught in the middle of a big flap between two national organizations over drug testing horses at horse shows. The American Horse Shows Association initiated a policy of drug assuring all horses that participated in shows they approved were to be drug free. Many contestants were drugging horses to mask pain so the horse could compete even through injured. To ensure this, the association charged a one dollar fee for all horses entering the show. Over a year had passed, and no drug testing had occurred in Nevada at any of the big breed shows, or our own smaller all breed shows. Contestants were grumbling a lot. In fact, in some instances they were downright nasty. The show secretaries heard the most of this. Finally one of them called the National office and told them what was going on, and just how nasty a number of contestants had been. I was the steward for the next show the following weekend. Before the show started I was called to the horse show office. The gentleman asked if he could speak with me outside. After we walked down the fence away from the people crowded around the office, he handed me a plain white envelope. Upon opening the envelope I saw it was on American Horse Shows letter head. The letter introduced this gentleman as the veterinarian who would be the official drug tester for the show. He told me to keep this confidential, and he would come to me in the stands to tell me the first class to be tested. After I knew which classes would be tested I would meet him at the out gate. As the horses exited the arena he pulled the first and fourth place horses for random testing. It took about an hour for the word to get around. By noon several of the big trainers from California had pulled their entries and were out of there. The state association was in a no-win situation. I could see the hand writing on the wall. The demise of the state association as a viable force in the show scene was over. I had been at the organizational meeting of the association many years before and I had been a member for a long time. I resigned my position as Executive Secretary and did not do any more stewarding.

We had our horses out on the Pyramid Lake highway where we rode every afternoon. I enjoyed the time with my boys, the horses, and the dogs. One day I was riding by myself and I had a vision. That is the only thing I can call it because I was awake. I saw myself at my own funeral. All of the family was there and everyone was, of course, grieving. I thought I was going to physically die. This obviously did not happen, but the life I had

been living did. Although your father and I were still married, the relationship was falling apart.

I decided to go back to school and become a counselor. My undergraduate grade point average caught up with me. Since I was unable to score well on the GRE due to my lack of Algebra knowledge, and my undergraduate grade point average was not high enough to compensate for this lack, I was denied entry into the counseling program. Although I took 12 credits undeclared with an A average, they were not interested. This was the first time in my life I could not figure out a way to do what I wanted to do. While I was there I also updated my teaching certificate which I had let lapse, mainly because I was tired of listening to the count down of days, hours, and minutes in the teachers room, which started the first day of school and did not end until the last hour of school. After I renewed my certificate I did some substitute teaching, which I found it a real drag. Everyday I entered a new classroom I had to be a super bitch to get control up front. Not fun!

Catholic Community Services offered me a job as resettlement worker with the South East Asian refugees. I called the Southeast Asians I worked with Vietnam's gift to America. There were very few who went on welfare. I made them go to work before they learned English. I feel that if you hear a language spoken all the time you will have to learn it to survive. Many employers were begging for housecleaning help, bus people, and laundry personnel, which were usually the type of job immigrants started with. I placed doctors and school teachers in this type of job. They understood that they had to start at the bottom. For the most part the Vietnamese had a good work ethic. They often lived in crowded conditions. For them it was not a hardship for they were used to having many people around them. Those who arrived on our shores had a hard time getting here. They escaped by land across Thailand and Cambodia or by sea to Hong Kong or some other area. Those who walked had to dodge Poll Pot and his troops. The stories of torture and murder abounded just like the atrocities of any war. But when someone says they saw it happen to them it seems worse. The South China Sea was alive with pirates and many boat people were stopped and pillaged of the few possessions escapees could get out with. If the boats didn't sink before they got where they were going the perils of rocks off shore were also a hazard. Those who got to Hong Kong were the lucky ones. They could work and were able to support themselves. Others who landed on the islands were given a piece of corrugated metal they could sleep on or put over their heads. There was a deficiency of sanitation and little food. The bays were quickly depleted of fish which refugees caught when they could to supplement their rations. The common saying among refugees was "better a ghost on the sea than a living death on the land."

I have a hard time when school officials and/or parents tell me lessons should be taught in Spanish or any other language. Those who come to America and do not learn the language sentence themselves to second class existence for all of their lives. Immigrants also have made a choice to come here. Since they want to live here they had best learn this language. Except for the very old, most of the Vietnamese people chose to learn English. Some of the highly educated not only spoke Vietnamese but also French, Chinese, and English.

The most memorable refugee stories were of my close friend, Hoa Cao, who came here as a single man through the Lutheran resettlement agency. I soon learned that he had an extended real and paper family. Paper families are something the Chinese specialize in. The relationship exists only on the document presented to the government. This was true for a long time prior to the latest Asian movement to this country. He finally got all of his family here. Ironically, his wife and children were the last to come. His family had fled communist governments four times. His father and mother were from China, they fled to North Vietnam when the communists took over, and from there they again were refugees to South Vietnam, and finally to America. He himself had a business in South Vietnam that supported all of his family. He started here as a busboy at the Nugget. When I last heard of him he owned a home in Sparks, and two of his daughters were enrolled in UNR. Neither have Chinese accents.

Three young girls got off the plane in Reno, accompanied by a young man. They had on western clothes and two of the girls carried violin cases. When they came down the concourse and I greeted them, one of the girls said, "good evening," in perfect English and with little accent. It turns out they were refugees from Hanoi whose parents were well to do in Vietnam. Their mother and father did not accompany them because their mother was close to delivery of her fourth child. They had sent a cousin to chaperone the girls. He did not want to come, but being a good Chinese boy he followed the instructions of his family and came. These young people entered school in Reno, and later attended UNR. The two older girls were talented musicians. One day a visiting professor from Ohio heard her playing in one of the practice rooms. He immediately entered the room and asked the young lady if she wanted a music scholarship to Ohio. She said that he had to contact their sponsor. I told him that there were three girls, and a family sponsor must be found for them to live with before I would let them go. Within a week he had a sponsor family for the girls. Hoang graduated from Ohio with a Masters Degree in Music, her sister Hue mastered in Biology and the youngest had completed college with honors, but was not as yet sure what to get her Masters in.

The resettlement process was one of trust from beginning to end. Churches did most of the resettlement. Government grants were available for the process and to assist refugees after they arrived in the United States. After arriving at one of the camps, they were interviewed by the churches resettlement workers. If they passed their interviews and were assigned a country, they got their x-rays and awaited passage. The church refugee resettlement organizations contacted outreach workers or churches themselves asking for sponsors in the United States. A sponsor of an individual or family was expected to provide housing, food, and teaching of life skills for successful American living. All of this was done without anyone signing anything. It was a matter of trust on the part of the Americans, and faith on the part of the Vietnamese. Most refugees arrived in the United States with the clothes on their back and their x-rays. Catholic Community Services, the organization I worked for in the 70's, was considered one of the better sponsors because they gave each individual \$250 dollars to get started in this country.

I stayed with refugee resettlement until we started getting refugees from Poland. The few times I came in contact with them were not pleasant. They could not understand why the government did not take care of them. They had lived under Communism too long. Even though they felt it was a repressive system it did take care of them. One couple came here on a Visa. After explaining the American system to them for over two hours I finally asked them if their Visa was still good. When I received an affirmative answer I suggested they use it and return to Poland.

Since I was a social worker I was eligible to participate in classes sponsored by Washoe County designed to help participants in counseling skills. We learned family systems counseling theory by intensive study one day a week for a six week period. To do this we had theory classes in the morning, and literally went into counseling sessions in the afternoon with fellow classmates. We learned fundamental interactions while we learned the theory. This method was very effective for me. It not only taught me how to interact and work with people in counseling situations it also helped me sort out a lot of issues in my own life..

With this training in counseling, and my work at the detox center, I was able to pass the state test to be licensed as a substance abuse counselor. After I resigned my job with Catholic Community Services, I went to work as a Vista Volunteer at the Intertribal Council of Nevada, and later I worked for this organization as a Substance Abuse Counselor. I enjoyed my work with the Native Americans. I had time to study their culture and to earn the respect of many with whom I worked. Indians, with good reason, care little for the white population in general. On a trip I took to the detox center at Schurz, I went to the Indian grave yard and found Wavoka's grave site. He was the prophet who started the Ghost Dance. On his grave was a smooth round river rock with a new blue bandana tied around it. I got the impression that the bandana was changed regularly. When I got back to the office, I asked some of the people who worked there the significance of this. I got the "do you think I'm going to tell you, white eyes" look.

On a trip to Seattle with some of the folks from the council I experienced culture shock. We were invited to a Pow Wow by the chief of the tribe. We all got in his brown on the inside, brown on the outside van. The tape was playing drumming and singing. I got in the front seat, and was promptly told to get in the back. That seat was reserved for my boss, the other chief. That felt really different. When we got to the Pow Wow I was taken by the feeling of togetherness in the dance area. I think what caused this was the drum. Most likely my heart beat matched the beat of the drum. The drive to Seattle is a pretty trip. The sight I most remember was Mt. St. Helens spewing smoke, the nuclear power plant across the valley, spewing steam. I felt there was really something wrong with this picture. A nuclear plant so close to an active volcano, what are we thinking of? When we went to downtown Seattle we saw their wonderful outdoor market and visited a lot of Indian shops. On the way back to the motel, we stopped at a Denny's for dinner. When we went in and were seated the staff acted like they were scared that we were on the war path. It was really weird.

The grant ran out for the Intertribal council's alcohol program, and my marriage ran out at about the same time. No job was kind of scary and I really had to hustle to find another job. I saw an ad in the newspaper for a substitute teacher at Job Corps. I also saw the same listing at the unemployment office. The unemployment counselor said I didn't want to apply at Job Corps because the kids were too rough. I had already set up an appointment for a job interview from the newspaper ad at Job Corps and I kept it. I was hired as a substitute teacher. For the first month I worked full-time without benefits because I was a substitute. They offered me a part-time position as a math teacher which I took because I was pretty sure it would become full-time rather quickly. Within two weeks I had a full time job with Job Corps. This position grew into a career I really loved. The kids were not nearly as hard to handle as public school kids. One of the reasons for this was anyone who acted out to any extent was sent home. Besides, we were the only school system I know that ran background checks before admitting students. Over time I switched to GED preparation. This was not an advance in pay but in their trust in me. Part of the statistical portion of the contract grading system used by the government was success in GED completions, so preparation for this test was a key position. I advanced to lead teacher and then to Manager of the Academics Department. This position involved a lot of company paid travel including several trips to my favorite city, San Francisco, as well as several other places throughout the west. I even got two trips to Washington D.C.

All of these trips were training, and sight seeing was a sidelight, but we all managed to do some of that as well as eating at some very nice places. We got to fly everywhere and didn't have to share hotel rooms, which was an added bonus. The trips I didn't particularly enjoy were those to beautiful downtown Ogden, where the corporate offices were located, and a lot of executive training was done. One thing we had to keep in mind on all of these trips was that we were on display, so don't do stupid things. As long as you knew this you were okay. It even went so far as monitoring the type of questions you asked, particularly at Regional gatherings.

The whole trip to Washington was an adventure. We landed at an airport close to Alexandria, Virginia. The landing approach was right over the Pentagon and the Capital Mall. I had never before been to Washington and to see the capital laid out from the air was an experience to remember. In the area of Alexandria where we stayed the houses were restored or remained as they had been in colonial times. It seemed on that first trip I saw more grave yards than I could believe. One morning before class, my secretary and I went to Mount Vernon and toured the grounds and mansion including, George and Martha Washington's grave site. The rapid transit in Washington is great so we made trips every night after class. The first evening we rode the transit we got off and climbed the stairs right on the Capital Mall. We went to the National Cemetery where we saw the slow cadence of the guard from each branch of the service at the tomb of the Unknown Soldier. While we were at the National Cemetery we walked over to Kennedy's grave. Robert E. Lee's house is right behind his grave site. Then we walked into Washington. I realized everything is very close together in the city, and I understood how the Kennedy's could walk to the gravesite from his funeral. We saw the Iwo Jima statue, the Medical Personnel Memorial, and the Vietnam Memorial. The most moving thing to me

at the Vietnam Memorial was what people left below the names of their loved ones. We visited one of the Smithsonian buildings. The things I remember included the first ladies dresses, Judy Garland's red shoes from the Wizard of Oz, the Spirit of St. Louis plane, a huge, old American flag, and an exhibit of tokens of remembrance from the Vietnam Wall. One evening, we went to the top of the Washington Memorial and then walked down the mall to the Lincoln Memorial. After I walked up the steps to the memorial and stood there, I realized I was crying and so was my secretary. The monument must have had an effect because of its size or what the man did.

On my second trip to Washington our group walked over to the Jefferson Memorial. Another evening we went for a tour boat on the Potomac River. We bought tickets to see Baryshnikov at the Nation Theatre in Washington. I felt I had really arrived. The theatre is an old movie house which has been completely redone to restore its original grandeur. I was impressed with myself as well as the event.

One third of our Job Corps national performance ranking was education based. Our Job Corps placed among the top ten every year I was manager there. My statistics were outstanding. In appreciation, I was named manager of the year for the corporation, and because of one of my innovative ideas, I was awarded a trip for two anywhere in the United States, \$500 spending money and a week's vacation. Hawaii was my dream vacation so that's what I chose. I asked Joanna Britt, Cheryl's mother, to go with me. We had a great time. The trip was worth my anticipation. We went in the off season so we could walk on Diamond Head beach without stepping on people. It was late October, and pumpkins looked out of place in the tropics. We saw some of the city of Hawaii, and then moved on to the big island. This island has a wide range of climate. The tropical rainforests on one side of the Hawaii give way to desert on the other side. We visited Captain Cooke's Cove where the residents told us ghost stories of the area, and warned us not to take any rocks from Hawaii home with us. We also visited the volcano, where earth's creation force is so close it can be felt even when the Volcano is not erupting.

While Ronald was acting his way through the presidency, he made a campaign stop in Reno. The high schools in Reno and Sparks, as well as Job Corps students went to his campaign rally. Prior to his speech, the Republican cheerleaders incited the crowd for his upcoming speech just like a pep rally. As all the high school students were cheering and carrying on, I thought to myself, "You haven't got a clue." This man is spending you into high taxes for the rest of your lives. After all the hype of the professional cheerleaders, his speech was accepted with much clapping and cheering.

When the first George Bush ran his war in Iraq, he brought the troops home to victory parades and much acclaim. As I watched the news reports of the parades and celebrations, I asked myself what we are celebrating. Within 10 years we will have to go back again because we have accomplished nothing.

It was time for a promotion. To go up in Job Corps you often have to move. I was offered the position of Deputy Center Director at the Atterbury Job Corps in Edinburg, Indiana. The Job Corps was located, as so many are, on a converted military base.

Atterbury's history is interesting. At the beginning of WWII the land was used for farming. Washington decided it wanted a military training base there. They condemned all the property they wanted and gave people very short notice to get out. It was quickly converted to a large army training base. The area where the Job Corps was located was one of the biggest military hospitals in the United States. It had had about five acres of underground tunnels between all the buildings. Another part of the base was a prison camp for Italian and Polish prisoners of war. The Italians did quite well and worked on area farms. They also built a small chapel out of surplus wood and concrete and painted it. After many years of neglect, the Job Corps kids fixed it and it remains there to this day. After the active military was no longer using it as a base, parts of the land were given to Johnson County where they built a world class horse facility, a correction center and a park. A portion was retained for use as a job center, and a large wildlife area where there is a lot fishing and hunting of white tail deer.

At least fifty percent of the land is still used by the Indiana National guard. The Job Corps kids built an air field for the military on the guard side. It also has a bombing range where bombers from Kentucky fly under the radar and make bombing runs at the targets there. You can hear the bombs in Columbus. When I was there they added a munitions dump. I asked one of the officers what kind of stuff they were storing. His reply was, "you don't want to know." I heard on the news recently that the National Guard Troops are making a final stop at Atterbury for training before shipping out to Iraq.

The corn crop is a food source for the deer population in the Midwest. Due to the abundance of food, White Tail Deer are a highway menace. Needless to say, there is a lot of deer hunting. They have a hunting season as well as controlled hunts at the guard base, the wild life areas throughout the state, and even in the city of Indianapolis proper where fort Benjamin Harrison is now a recreation area.

When I first moved to the Midwest I lived in a nice apartment complex in Columbus, Indiana. This town, home of Cummins's engine and Arvin metals, is about 60 miles south of Indianapolis. There were three other Fortune 500 hundred companies located in the area. Towns of about 30,000 doubles every work day as people from 60 miles around come to work there. The city has a grandiose opinion of itself. It is an architectural world tour destination for students and those interested in this study. All of its new building must be approved for design concept. Their jail has an intricate design of red and glass brick. I though it was a bit much to pay for a jail. I commuted from Edinburgh, about 20 miles northwest of Columbus, for my job at Atterbury.

The hidden treasures of Indiana are its apple orchards and wineries. The other crops, corn, soy, and hogs, are agribusiness at its worst as far as pollution and petroleum based agriculture is concerned. Small farms have been gobbled up. Every inch of land is planted so big machines can harvest monoculture crops. Indiana has hundreds of small towns surrounded by thousands of acres of crops. There are large communities in the northern, central, and southern parts of the state. Living in an Indiana small town is definitely not life in the fast lane. When I first moved there, I was frustrated to no end by

the, “Well, it will get done, but probably not today” attitude. There are many fairs during the summer. All of them that I attended were bigger and better than what the Nevada State Fair has become. In the fall, craft and art fairs are the thing. The one in Madison, by the Ohio River, is one of the biggest in the area. You can walk all day and not see it all. Madison is located on the Ohio River. It is the home of a nuclear power plant that is not working, but the nuclear material is still located there as far as I know.

The Ohio River is fun to fish. It has a number of different fish to catch, including Gar, a long nosed fish with sharp teeth. It’s sometimes called an Alligator Fish. The southern part of Indiana has rolling hills and the northern portion is pretty flat. It was once mostly forest and swamp. It has taken man about 150 years to make it mostly flat land with no trees or swamp.

I continued by walking in the Midwest. First, I walked in the city of Columbus on their walking trail along the White River. One of the most interesting things about walking on sidewalks after big rain storms is they float. When you step on a new square bubbles come up from under it, it is litterly floating on the ground water. I then discovered the trails in The Atterbury wildlife area. The country all looks so similar that I bought a walking stick with a compass in it. That way, I could remember which direction the roads were and turn back toward a road and find my way out. I discovered the Muscatatuck Wildlife Preserve through my job. Atterbury is the only center in the United States that has a heavy equipment school. I arranged for the heavy equipment vocation to assist in building levees in the wildlife area. It was only about 11 miles from where I lived in Columbus. It became my favorite place to walk. My last excursion there before I returned to Reno was a guided tour to see the nesting bald eagle. What a great day! The weather was cool, but not cold. We watched the eagle with a spotting scope that the ranger brought along. On the way back we saw some wood ducks, and several deer. The entire Muscatatuck Preserve is for the preservation of wood ducks. The forest service bought marginal farm land from several owners and returned it to swamp with some land rented out for farming. Since wood ducks nest in dead trees where there are holes, the swamp and dead trees provide the only habitat wood ducks will nest in. The crops are harvested but the residue provides food for many of the refugee’s inhabitants. The forest service has reintroduced river otters into the area, and I was fortunate to see one lying on his back and floating along. Muscatatuck is also home to a Brown Snake which is very aggressive. It has been known to literally get into boats to go after a person. It is not poisonous only obnoxious. The refugee has no poisonous snakes. The area is open to deer hunting two weekends in the year, and fishing about six months year, but no duck hunting of any kind.

It was quite eerie walking in the Atterbury wildlife area. There was so much sorrow emanating from the ground and woods. Our Finance Director thought the whole area was in need of a big Native American healing ceremony. Perhaps this is why the center did so poorly. Students picked up on odd stuff. We could always tell when there was an Ouija board on campus in Reno. There was always more unrest and fighting on center when one was there. Maybe the kids were picking up the weird vibes from the ground at the Indian center.

In the late nineties the big comet Kahotek came by earth. It was a sight to behold in the Midwest. It became visible about 8:30 in the evening. I could see it out of my apartment window. One night we took the girls to a dinner off center honoring women's month. When we came out of the restaurant into the brightly lighted parking lot it was visible over all the light. When I got back to the center I took my car over into the wildlife area away from all the lights. It was a splash of light from mid sky to the horizon. Comets have heralded changes in my life. Marcos 1957 D came about a year before I assumed adult responsibilities with my first career job, and Kahoteck came about a year before I retired. They formed a parenthesis to my career working.

I didn't much care for being Deputy Center director. It was hard to find anyone who wanted to work at job corps. Everyone had to commute at least 20 miles and many commuted 50 miles a day both ways. When you did get someone to work they felt that when you told them to do something you were kidding. Not a happy scene. So when I had an opportunity for early retirement I took it. I looked into continuing the job until I was 65 and found that my social security would only be about 25 dollars more a month. So I said forget that. Since I had not worked in a social security job most of my adult career life I knew I would have to pick some employment along the way. That was okay because I have worked most of my life since I was 11. I went uninsured until I was 65 because the medical coverage was much too expensive figuring if I was really sick the state would take care of me. Luckily I remained healthy.

In November of 2001 I turned 65. I debated quite a while before this if I should buy medic gap insurance. I decided I should. As it turned out this was very good thinking. On November 11, I got very sick with a nasty cold with a post nasal drip I couldn't breathe through. One night I could hardly breathe so I went to the emergency room. To check for pneumonia they took x-rays. The emergency room doctor came into the emergency room and told me I had cancer. I was one upset person let me tell you. They gave me a breathing treatment, a shot of cortisone, a prescription for oral cortisone to clear my post nasal drip and the admonition to see my family physician.

I made an appointment the following day to see my primary doctor. When I told him what the emergency room physician had said, he was very upset. He told me don't panic let's see what we have for sure. He immediately set up an MRI and blood work at the local hospital as well as scheduling an appointment with a respiratory specialist. When I saw the specialist he told me I did definitely have a lesion on my lung, and we were going to find out exactly what it was. He scheduled a biopsy in Columbus. In that procedure I was anesthetized and they run a tube down my throat into my lung to look and pick. Not a fun procedure. The biopsy was not cancerous. He said he wanted to be sure that the entire area was cancer free so he ordered a radioactive test where an x-ray machine look pictures all around my body after I had drunk gallons of water and then taken some radio active material. This test also proved negative for cancer. After all of this he said he didn't know exactly what it was, and we would continue to monitor it. This whole thing didn't cost me anything because I had the medigap insurance. It more than paid the full year's premium.

September 11, 2001, was another date when no matter what you were doing you remembered. I was driving home from work. The car I was driving did not have a radio. As I left Greensburg I noticed all the gas stations had long lines. Since I had over a half a tank I didn't think much about it. When I got to Westport there was a line at that station, too. Well, maybe I had best get this vehicle filled up since everybody seems to be getting gas. Maybe something is going on. The clerk was rattled and answered my questions by saying she didn't know what was going on. When I got home and turned on the TV I saw what was going on. The awful sight of the twin towers being hit and the subsequent loss of life didn't seem impossible to me. Perhaps because I lived through Pearl Harbor, I was not as shocked as some who had not gone through a war that affected our daily lives. The great immediate sadness was the personal stories coming from the tragedy. These tales of love and caring put a personal face on the tragedy the repeated shots of destruction did not.

It didn't register with many of us that America has been under terrorist threat for a long time prior to this most recent aggressive event. One of our embassies in the Middle East had been bombed, and a ship had been bombed in a harbor about two years prior to 9/11.

When I retired I bought four acres and did a little farming with chickens, and a large vegetable garden. I enjoyed the feel of the land and getting the rhythm of nature. When I was hoeing my tomatoes one morning I had a transpersonal experience where I felt one with all the women who had cultivated vegetables for food throughout time. It felt like they were there with me. It was a togetherness of all women who had come before me.

For everything there is a season. Now is the time to reconnect with my family in the west. To walk the desert with Mat's wonderful dog Sassy, to see the light on the mountain and the coyotes in the field. To be with all in a different way.

Lifescapes