

MENOPAUSE 1938

When my sister Virginia was about forty and her youngest son was about five, she began to have fainting spells while she was washing the dishes in the kitchen. On several occasions when she started feeling bad, her son, Joe Wilson Harman, began to have comparable spells. Since we had all put down Virginia's troubles to the fact that he was arriving at a certain stage in life, the family was greatly amused to see her little boy develop sympathetic symptoms. She communicated her problem to her doctor, and he said it could not be from the causes she had imagined, and that it must be something else. An examination revealed that the hot water heater in the kitchen had a plugged-up vent, with the result that she and her little boy were being asphyxiated regularly every morning.

PONTIAC 1938

One of the janitors at North Texas State College, a man named Clarence, a quite substantial entrepreneur in his own right but long in years of service at the institution, was a most interesting man. At the time I knew him, he must have been sixty or sixty-five. I once stopped him on the campus to ask him how Dr. McConnell liked his new Pontiac automobile. Clarence responded, "You know, when Dr. McConnell stops out in the woods and he wants to relieve his bladder, he must walk way over in the woods out of sight, because if he does his job close to the Pontiac and that Pontiac sees the moisture, he can't get the motor started again."

MAILING LETTERS 1938

The Business Manager at North Texas State College was Dixie Boyd. Once in his official capacity as the guardian of the fiscal integrity of the institution, he decreed that official correspondence would not be stamped unless it were left unsealed, even though it were in departmental envelopes. I once violated this instruction, going ahead and sealing and mailing on Thursday a letter which I very much wanted to be received on Friday morning in Dallas. On Monday I got the letter back through the faculty mail, some four days after I had dropped it by for stamping, with a note appended saying it could not be mailed because it had been deposited in violation of instructions. I took the letter to the office of the Business Manager, ripped it open, laid it on his desk, told him that it was already four days overdue, and left the letter lying on his desk. He was so moved by the proposition that he changed his rule, providing that departmental mail would be mailed if it were sealed and had the signature of the faculty member on the envelope.

DO LIKE JOE DOES 1938

Good friends of ours, when we first moved to Denton, were Bailey and Mary Jo Carroll. Bailey must have taken his doctor's degree in history from the University of Texas about 1934 or '35, Mary Jo taking her master's degree and the two of them marrying all on the same day. They never lived at Denton; I believe in the year we went to Denton, Bailey was on the faculty either at

Canyon at West Texas or at Eastern New Mexico at Portales. At all events, they shortly thereafter had Joseph Speed Carroll, their only child, and almost from babyhood Speedy became in many ways as much our child as theirs. He would come and stay with us for long periods.

Once when Speedy had been with us at Denton for about three weeks, his parents came to get him and spent the night with us. His mother took him over, of course, when she got there but he had apparently set some new behavior patterns. Once she took him to the bathroom, and we heard her cackle aloud and when she joined us in the living room she was in paroxysms of mirth. She had taken Speed to the bathroom and stood him on the edge of the commode while he got relief. After he had finished she took him down, but he resisted violently. She could not understand what was the matter until she yielded to his protestations and stood him back on the edge of the commode, whereupon he shook his phallus vigorously and said, "Do like Joe does."

SLICK TIRES

1938

In my second year at North Texas State University, I was not making too much money and Jettie and I were getting set up in a household, with the result that I tried to stretch out a set of automobile tires as long as I could. The meeting of the Southern Association of Colleges and Schools took place in Dallas that year, and I received a call from Hugh Masters, then Principal of the Demonstration School which operated in conjunction with the Department of Education, to ask if I would volunteer to take back to Dallas some of the college and university presidents from all across the South who were there in the convention and whom Dr. Joe McConnell had persuaded to come over to Denton to see our institution. I responded to Hugh's request by saying that my tires were old and nearly worn out, and that I would much rather not be called, but that I would serve if I had to.

Sure enough, they got the presidents over to Denton in a variety of ways, but they were missing one car because Dr. Odom, head of the Department of Education, in a characteristic fit of absentmindedness, had gone to the wrong hotel in Dallas and had missed connections. I waited around until the very last, as the group started back to Dallas, in the hope that I would not be used. This stratagem backfired, however, because I found myself saddled quite naturally with my own President, Dr. McConnell; the acting President of Western Kentucky State College at Bowling Green, Dr. Grice; and one other as my cargo to take back to Dallas.

My trepidation proved to be well-founded: we got about fifteen miles out of Denton, on the way to Dallas, when one of my tires went flat. There I was with my own President and two other distinguished college presidents from far places. We got out and looked at the flat tire. I never saw a slicker tire in all my life; it had absolutely no tread on it at all. I was just about to sink into the side of the highway, when I glanced sideways at Dr. McConnell. There was never a sourer look on any man's face. He then got a look at me, and he said, somewhat jovially, "All right, men, Ray hates this worse than any of us; let's help him change the tire.

We then proceeded to look under my rear car seat, where jacks and tools were kept in that particular model, since the car trunk was not universal in those days, and we discovered to my alarm that I did not even have a jack. The only choice, therefore, was to back up for about a mile on a flat tire to a filling station, where the spare could be put on. I threw the old tire away, and then burst through the countryside with a vengeance, hoping every turn of the wheel to blow out another tire so I could chastise myself more severely. As it happened, I got the group to the Baker Hotel, deposited them there and got home without further mishap. I proceeded on the very next day to buy a set of new tires.

Thereafter, in my deep embarrassment, I could not look Dr. Joe McConnell in the face. Every time, when we met on the campus or at a meeting, I had to look off to the side at a time when I should look him in the eye. He noted this and hated it, but there was no way I could overcome my inhibition. Some weeks later at the senior reception, Jettie and I dutifully proceeded down the line. Dr. Jack Johnson, an old classmate of Dr. Joe McConnell's then Dean of the Graduate School, sneaked around behind me as I shook the President's hand, and spoke to the President, saying, "Joe, did you know that Joe Ray bought a new set of tires the other day?" We all broke up over the joke, and I never had any more trouble looking the President in the eye.

BATTLE AXE

1938

Once long after I had left home and was established in my profession, I went back to Bowling Green and spent some time out at Auntie's (my mother's twin) and Uncle Dave's. Auntie wanted to go three or four miles across Drake's Creek to see her sister Kate. Auntie was as gentle and sweet a woman as I have ever known, but Aunt Kate was the archetype of the battle axe. As they visited together, I remarked how little they were alike, even in appearance. Later I commented to Aunt Kate's second daughter, Louise, that the only thing Auntie and Aunt Kate had in common was that they loved one another, and Louise responded, "Yes, and Moma is going to be a little bit hateful about that."

NORTH TEXAS STUDENTS

1938

A student on the campus at North Texas State said of me, "The only difference between Joe Ray and a college freshman is that Joe Ray has a doctor's degree."

Once after I had purchased some square-toed shoes which had briefly become stylish, one of my student friends stopped me on the campus and asked me how much the shoes cost, and then, where I had got them. When I had answered those questions, he inquired, "And how much did they charge you to take the wheels off?"

BRAYING JACKASS

1938

Once when I was lecturing to an early morning class in the old manual training building on the campus of North Texas State College, one of my students named Jesse Seal, a good student and one of my friends, came in late and left the hall door open. The outside doors of the old building were insecure and the wintry blast kept the halls freezing cold. I interrupted my discourse to close the door and inquire of Mr. Seal if he had been raised in a barn, leaving doors open. He responded, "Yes, sir, and every time I hear a jackass braying, it makes me feel right at home."

NO, SIREE!

1938

I was quite some punkins when I was at North Texas State College in the years when I had written the State High School Debate Handbooks at the request of Mr. Roy Bedichek.

Altogether, I prepared three of the debate handbooks, one on the One-House Legislature, another on Socialized Medicine, and the third on Equalizing Educational Opportunity. Each year I wrote the handbooks, we would hold a debate tournament from the surrounding high schools on the campus. In one such instance, after a talk I had made, a long line of youngsters approached me with the request that I autograph their handbooks. I was busily autographing handbooks when I came to the last little lad, and I reached out and took his handbook out of his hand, proceeding to write my name across the front of it. He grabbed it back in quite substantial alarm, saying no, indeed, he did not want anybody writing on his debate handbook, he did not care who. All he wanted was the answer to a question about the debate subject.

NEDERLAND 1939

In the summer of 1939, just before Scott came to our house, we took our vacation from Denton in Nederland, Colorado, living in the cabin of Fritz Hoffman. With us on the trip were Jimmy and Virginia Taylor, with their infant son Charles Hubert, some eight or nine months old. In those days, we called him "Leadbelly," taken from the familiar name of a Negro folksinger who was well-known in those days, but adaptable to him because he was such a heavy little lug. We spent most of our vacation playing poker with Fritz, whose ineptitude at the game in those days enabled us to pick up quite a little bit of spending money. In the three weeks we were there, I grew the only beard I ever had; it was not much. We were there when the Germans marched into Poland and the war started.

I grew another in 1978, starting it a Geneseo, NY while visiting our son Scott. I suffered a stroke a month later (on J.P. birthday) and soon discovered myself drooling in my beard during sleep. Nothing is slimier than a salivated full beard; I shaved the beard off after three months.

CHILDREN 1939-1944

Once when Jettie and I were courting on the U. T Austin campus, one of her lifelong girlfriends came and as we walked and talked on campus, Jettie recited for her the names of our first six expected children, whereupon I blurted out unconsciously, "Before it's over, Jettie is going to have a bellyful of it!" But she never did.

As time went on at Denton (1937-1942) it became apparent that we weren't going to have children. With good friends I would feign exhaustion and exclaim, "The world will never know how hard I have applied myself to that project." We made application to Hope Cottage in Dallas for adoption. They checked us out and one day they telephoned us to come and get Scott. I had classes that afternoon but not the next morning (Sept. 25, 1939); we drove over. He was 5 months old, and we never slowed down. We stopped on the way home and he sipped a taste. On the Denton Square Kit Carrico and wife saw us with Scott - and the word was out that the Ray's had a baby. There were about 40 or 50 people at house within an hour, many with baby bottles, diapers, and such.

Two years later we received no word on our second application and so we applied at Pilot Point and I wrote Mrs. Carson of Hope Cottage we were doing so. We were summoned promptly to Hope Cottage for David. He was so fair and tender-skinned that a mosquito bite on his nose got infected and was real sore. Dr. Hinkle circumcised each of the boys promptly after

we got them. David joined us in early June of 1941 at our new home in the 2200 block of ---- street in Denton (born 1-21-41).

Three years later we had moved to Tuscaloosa and I dropped in on the Head of the Department of Welfare on business (I can no longer call her name, although I knew her well), and asked her how in Alabama one adopted a baby girl. She replied, "Well, Dr. Ray, you ask me and I push this button here on my desk for Clara Dodson to come in . . . Clara this is Dr. Ray and he wants to adopt a baby girl. After some months we were summoned to Montgomery to pick up Sarah Jane. She was born on February 22 (Washington's birthday) and was brought home on the train from Montgomery on the date late in July 1944 when FDR was nominated for a fourth term. We were living then in Capstone Court, across the street from Eric and Sarah Rodgers.

There was never any time for either of us when the three of them and each one was otherwise than as our own natural children.

RED HEAD 1939

We had in my day at North Texas State College a freshman orientation course in the Social Sciences. I never had much respect for the course, since all we did was to teach truncated courses, one-third of a semester each of government, economics, and sociology. Once, when I had a discussion going in a session of this course, in 1939 or 1940, we were debating the issue as to whether or not Franklin Roosevelt should run for a third term. Those were the days, I should say belatedly, when I left the car at home for Jettie and the baby, and I rode a bicycle to school. Many people looked upon me as a curiosity. In the discussion concerning a third term for Franklin Roosevelt, a cute little redheaded girl named Newman declared quite forcefully that if Franklin Roosevelt ran for a third term, she would not vote for him. I twitted her by saying, "You are just a little seventeen-year-old girl, and you cannot vote anyway." She very quickly retorted, "I am old enough to quit riding a bicycle."

BRAY WITH RAY 1939

I was something of a firebrand at North Texas State College in my first teaching assignment. I found little trouble moving into a tirade to make my points clear. When W. Lee O'Daniel first ran for governor, I believe in 1938, one Friday I waxed somewhat oratorical by exclaiming, "The only qualifications that 'Pass the Biscuits Pappy' has for being elected governor are that he believes in the Ten Commandments and I have a mother's grave, why am I not elected governor of the State of Texas?" In the following Monday's mail, I received thirteen penny postal cards mailed from the towns around Denton, urging me to run for governor. I have often wondered what happened to the other two penny postals that fifteen cents obviously would have purchased.

I made no comment at all except to thumbtack each of the postal cards to the departmental bulletin board. My campaign for governor of Texas was thus launched. There were many interesting wrinkles to it. It was proposed that I acquiesce in changing my name from Joe Ray to W. Joe O'Ray. I had recently got Bullock Hyder's goat in another way. (He had made a radio speech supporting Coke Stevenson for Lieutenant Governor. It was stylish for politicians in those days, following Pappy O'Daniel's pattern, to disclaim the label of professional politician. Hyder had said over the radio, "The Honorable Coke R. Stevenson, like your illustrious

Governor-nominate, is not a politician. He is rather a country lawyer and a rancher." When I saw Hyder the next day at the far end of the hall, I raised my hand and exclaimed loudly, for all to hear, the sentence just quoted. This hacked Hyder tremendously. He was a member of the Legislature, a half-time, partially competent member of the staff of the Department of Government, but withal a competent man.) In my campaign for governor, Hyder came up I think with the finest point contributed, namely, the campaign slogan, "Bray with Ray." Students watched the bulletin board religiously, circulated petitions, and carried on with great interest. My posture was that I would announce as soon as someone had paid the \$100 filing fee. Even this was idle talk, since the filing date had already passed.

One occurrence was amusing when a petition urging me to run for governor was circulated in one of my classes. In position numbered nineteen on the petition to be signed, a student wrote, "No; O'Daniel is better." Another communication came from New York, although this one was signed, urging that my gubernatorial campaign be supported. The student also added, with a touch of pride, "the word 'gubernatorial' is the only thing I learned when I took Dr. Ray's class." In all, we had a real good time with the little exercise.

MOTHER-IN-LAW

1939

At the Jackson Day Dinner in Dallas in 1939, we heard a most interesting speech by Sam Rayburn. A surprise guest at the banquet was junior Senator Harry S. Truman of Missouri. Senator Truman spoke only a very few minutes and in light vein, telling us the story about the bereaved husband, who was told after the services in the funeral parlor that it would possibly be more appropriate if he rode to the cemetery for the interment in the same car with his mother-in-law. He responded, "Well, all right, I will do it, but I don't mind telling you that it is going to spoil the whole day for me."

COUNTRY BANKER

1939

One of my colleagues at North Texas State College was a sociologist named Ross Compton. Ross was a typical rawboned Texan, grizzled and gray, looking more like a country banker than most country bankers do.

Once President Joseph McConnell received a batch of free tickets to a \$100-a-plate Jackson Day Dinner in the Adolphus Hotel in Dallas and proceeded to pass them around among those of us in the social sciences. I do not remember who else from the staff went, but there was a fairly sizable group, including Ross and me. We stood around in the lobby of the Adolphus waiting for the dinner guest to assemble and the doors of the dining room to open. When the doors did open, the crowd moved in concerted fashion toward the dining room doors. We had hardly jammed ourselves into a wedge going through a door when a woman came dashing across the hotel lobby trying to sail through our group, saying that she needed to get to a telephone, there was an emergency, and it was a matter of life or death. We finally consoled her a little bit, pointed out the bank of telephones to her, telling her that she could not possibly get through this crowd and that she did not need to get through it anyway. When then dashed toward the telephones as we had pointed them out to her. Within a few moments Ross Compton missed his wallet. The woman had stationed herself at a vantage point, waiting to tackle the crowd and lift the wallets of the most promising prospects. We all commiserated with Ross at the loss of his

wallet and asked him how much money he had in the wallet. He responded that his greatest loss was all the cards he had in the wallet and that, as for money, he had had only a single one dollar bill. Our pickpocket had worked a long time for low pay. That was the banquet where Senator Truman told the mother-in-law joke.

ADRENALIN

1939

When Scott was seven or eight months old at Christmastime, Jettie and I drove with him from Denton to Bowling Green for Christmas. Jettie was to remain there in Bowling Green while I went to Columbus, Ohio, to attend the American Political Science Convention.

I left home with the most vicious head cold I believe I ever had in my life. For a day before and a day and a half after we left home, I could not draw breath through my nostrils. We were driving east of Memphis in the dark when, as I faced the headlights of an approaching car, I felt my right wheels leave the pavement. Within a split second, my head cleared, my nostrils were free, and I breathed as if I had never had a bad cold. My Uncle Ray Bunch, a physician, told me later in Nashville that my fright was so substantial that I began to pump adrenalin and this is Nature's way of clearing the way for emergency action.

MONOPOLY

1939

When I was at North Texas State College, the local telephone company's charter was coming up for renewal, and I was outraged at the poor service and the tremendous profits which obviously derived from the small privately owned company. I proceeded to move out against the telephone company with a vim, seeking to marshal public opinion against the monopolistic and exorbitant proposal with which the telephone company had come to the city for renewal. I had hardly got started in my campaign when President McConnell called me in to admonish me, saying that the offices of the telephone company had come to him saying, "Look, now, Dr. McConnell, we always work for you and the college when appropriation time comes at the Legislature, and we are wondering if this is the type of gratitude with which you propose to reward us." He was so earnest, and I was so bowled over by his obvious distress, that I pulled in my horns and tried no more to save the community from this particular monopoly.

TRAJECTORY

1939

When we took Scott to Kentucky on his first Christmas, some eight months after his birth in April, he was becoming accustomed to sit on his little toilet seat while I performed my ablutions. I laid his clean clothes and mine down in a corner of the bathroom on the floor about six feet from the commode. The little rubber protector that is used on toilet seats for little boys had become mislaid during the trip and, as soon as my back was turned, Scott, who had quite obviously built up substantial bladder pressure before he got to sit on his toilet seat, cut loose and soaked all of my clean clothes lying on the floor in the far corner.

ANGIONEUROTIC EDEMA

1940

I once noticed that I could rub a spot on the right side of the base of my neck and cause it to swell up into a fair-sized lump, possibly as large as the end segment of my thumb. I was on the staff of North Texas State at the time, and I asked Eve Baker, the College physician, what this was. She promptly replied, "It is angioneurotic edema." I said, "Don't give me that danged Latin stuff, Eve, what is angioneurotic edema?" She laughed and said, "It is a subcutaneous swelling that could come from any number of causes, and we use it as a generic term."

A few years later, when we were in Alabama, when Sally was just about a year old and we had got her fouled up by changing her milk formula, her eyes became swollen and her face was discolored. When we took her to the Tuscaloosa physician, he took one look at her and said, "This child has angioneurotic edema." When I laughed at him, he was much offended, and I just let it lie.

I'VE GOT IT

1940

The old Manual Arts Building at North Texas State College had the home economics department on the third floor. The first floor, in the basement, was mostly journalism and business administration, the middle floor was the social sciences, and the top floor was home economics. Home economics quite naturally kept food upstairs. The building was old, and hot water pipes had been run from outside the building, into the basement, and through holes cut in the floor, to the third floor. The holes which had been cut were somewhat bigger than the pipes, with the result that rats could come up from the sewers and subterranean passages around the campus, and climb the pipes up to where the food was.

One morning I arrived at the office real early to find our janitor, James Hall, and Clarence from the Administration Building trying to kill some rats that had got up to the third floor. They had plugged up the hole leading from the second floor to the basement, and then chased the rats out of the top floor to the second floor, where they waited for them with brooms and sticks, hoping to kill them once they had them trapped. I went down to help them, running the rats out of one room while they stayed in another to corner and kill them. James and I were in one room, and we herded a rat into the room where Clarence was. As we entered the room, Clarence was standing with his hands on his knees, about like an infielder waits for the batter to hit the ball, and not moving. We saw no sign of the rat. We both asked Clarence, "Where did he go?" and Clarence said nothing, simply maintaining his position. Finally, after we had repeated our question once or twice more, Clarence replied, "I've got it!" We went around in front of him to see him squeezing his trousers above the knee; the rat had run up his pants leg and he had grabbed it and was choking it to death. After a moment he shook his pants leg and the dead rat fell out.

MIDDLE NAMES

1941

When the boys came, in each case we gave them only one name, with no middle name. Many people kept pushing us to the effect that the youngsters needed two names. We went to Alabama, in the spring and summer of 1942, with that situation prevailing. As David began to

crawl, he very soon developed a speed in scooting across the floor that was truly remarkable. I began playfully to call him Speedy, not for our little friend Speed Carroll who was then possibly six or seven years old, but because of his quickness of motion. This name Speedy, corrupted to baby talk, becomes Petey, and to this day I call him Petey-boy or Pete.

When we sent in the request for his birth certificate to the State Department of Health in Austin, Jettie and I debated long about what the second name would be for the boys. Her favorite name had long been Hugh, but she recognized the impossibility of naming a child Hugh Ray. I wanted to give David the second name of Peter, as an adaptation of Petey, but Jettie didn't like the name. I wanted it so badly that I sent in the request for a birth certificate anyway under that name. A few days later, the request for a birth certificate was returned because I had put 1940 for the date of his birth when it should have been 1941; Jettie got it, opened it, changed it, and mailed it back, and later told me gleefully that now she had had her chance to pick the middle name for David, and I saw that all was lost. When the birth certificate came back, however, it was in the name of David Peter Ray, just as I sent it in the first place.

It was at that time, when Scott was about three and a half or four years old, that we gave him the middle name of Joseph. He fought it throughout his childhood, because the name, he said, was Scott and not Joseph at all.

I'M GONNA HIT HIM DOWN 1941

David, as a baby, could get anything he wanted without speaking a word. Whatever he wanted, Scott could divine his needs and satisfy him without words. Consequently, David was slow in learning to talk. His first words were an entire sentence, so far as his mother and I were concerned. Once Jettie was in the kitchen when Scott came in panic and hid in a broom closet. David appeared right behind him with a huge stick in his hand and spoke his first words, "Where's Scotty? I'm going to hit him down." Despite this, he was for a long time a reticent child, little given to talk. Once Roscoe and Mildred Martin called on us in Guilds Woods (Tuscaloosa) where we lived, and Roscoe showed the boys a sleight of hand trick making little red balls disappear. David became excited and yelled in his hog-calling voice, "He made it go away!" Roscoe was delighted to discover that the child could talk.

JOSEPH M. RAT 1942

I took my first assignment at the University of Alabama for the second semester of the school year 1941-42. During my session there, I wrote a study of Alabama finance, which was published and which received quite a bit of attention from people in the State of Alabama who wanted copies. It was entitled Alabama's State Dollar. Some woman from somewhere in Alabama wrote to the Bureau of Public Administration, which had published the study, asking for a copy of Alabama's State Dollar by Joseph M. Rat. Mary Ellen Deal, later married to Alex Pow, mailed the postcard request to me back in Texas, with a scribbled note across the face of the card, "I did not know these people knew you."

GOVERNORS 1942

I have been in the presence of several State Governors in my time, in a personal situation more or less. Ellis Arnall was one, and I have told elsewhere about my association with him. I have stood in a crowd and watched Mrs. Ferguson, when she was Governor of Texas the last term. I was also present on several occasions with Governor Dan Moody, when I first came to Texas. The first Governor with whom I had any direct contact was Governor James V. Allred. The most intriguing recollection I have of Governor Allred was his preening himself once at The University of Texas cafeteria. He must have come alone to eat. He knew everyone was looking at him, he knew they knew who he was, and he could hardly help assuming a dignified attitude. We soon learned why he had come out there. He was serving as the Governor of Texas on \$4,000 annual salary, and he had to go somewhere to get a cheap meal. He created a fair-sized uproar at the cashier's desk when he tried to pay for his meal with a \$1.00 check, obviously in hope that someone would keep it for a souvenir.

My acquaintance with Governor Chauncey Sparks of Alabama was not too noteworthy. He was a very reserved man, granite hard, a State District Judge in appearance, temperament, and abilities, and notable only in the beautifully illegible signature he fancied. I was in his office many times in pursuance of the work that Roscoe Martin was carrying on for him as Director of the University of Alabama Bureau of Public Administration.

In the State of Maryland, I became acquainted with Governor Preston Lane, who was likewise a very reserved man, hardly outgoing at all, and who had no personal contact with me or with very many other people. The Maryland Governor I came to know best was Governor Theodore McKeldin, who was greatly accomplished in the art of public speaking. He followed the old Teddy Roosevelt pattern, when he said something clever, of throwing his head back with his mouth wide open and shaking his shoulders as if he were laughing, all a part of his act. On my first acquaintance with him while he was still Mayor of Baltimore, he told a bunch of tax assessors with whom I had been working that he was there giving them a key to the city, which should give them a great deal of satisfaction in the City of Baltimore and that, for example, if any of them ran afoul of a traffic officer, they could present that key and \$21.80 and everything would be made all right. McKeldin could have people rolling in the aisles with his clever comments and, the next instant, jerking tears from them. My secretary once commented on the beautiful speech the Governor had made, and I asked her, "What did he say worth remembering?" She seemed a bit puzzled for a moment and then said, "Nothing>" I was not surprised to hear later on that McKeldin agreed to turn the State of Maryland to Eisenhower in exchange for the privilege of nominating him at the 1952 Republican Convention. I was around McKeldin many times and, although I doubt that he ever remembered anything about me, I observed him closely and at length. On one occasion at Ocean City, when the Maryland Municipal League had one of the Governor's administrative heads making one of our principal speeches, we were all startled after about thirty minutes to hear a small but violent buzz. We all soon recognized that it was an alarm on the Governor's wristwatch, which he very playfully announced was a timing device for people who worked in his administration and who were inclined to be a little bit wordy in their speeches. The department head who was speaking was not too happy about it and went right on and finished his speech, with the Governor sitting there with his big mouth open and his shoulders shaking.

When we were still living on Rhode Island Avenue in College Park, over a year before we came back to Texas, Byron Skelton, then Democratic National Committeeman from the State of

Texas, was visiting with Jettie and me when he got a call from Senator Price Daniel. They discussed for over a half-hour the issue of whether Price should resign his place in the Senate and run for Governor; the principal items in that discussion, as judged from Byron's end of the conversation, was whether Senator Daniel could win a race for Governor after his desertion of the Democratic Presidential candidate in 1952. I met Price Daniel when I was in the Graduate School in Government with Gene Worley, a story that I have told elsewhere. I never knew Governor Daniel intimately, but I was with him many times. Had a fine dinner with Daniel and wife and Byron Skelton and wife in Washington about 1960-5.

The one Governor that I came to know best, as related elsewhere, was Governor John B. Connally, who was Governor of Texas in 1966.

Governor Bert Combs, Governor of Kentucky in the early '60's, I knew as a boy in Frankfort. He was a good tennis player, several times playing in the finals for the City Championship in Frankfort, and I saw him many times but had little liking for him.

I have been around Governor Jack Campbell many times and count him at this point a warm, friendly acquaintance. I have heard much about his predecessors; I met former Governor John Burroughs of New Mexico at the Lyndon B. Johnson ranch in late November, 1964.

ELLIS ARNALL 1942

In 1942 or thereabouts, Governor Ellis Arnall of Georgia, a man of thirty-three or four, became impressed with the work we were doing at the University of Alabama in our Bureau of Public Administration, of which I was the Assistant Director. In order to persuade the people at the University of Georgia to do the same sort of thing, he brought some of the political science professors from the University of Georgia over to Tuscaloosa for a day's visit. I was in the crowd around him the better part of a day, and he called me by my first name throughout.

After he had made a speech in one of the University buildings, before anyone who cared to come, he was standing around the rostrum shaking hands, when Alton Osteen, the head of the Music Department, came up to say he was a native Georgian and would we wait until the Governor got free from the conversation he was in. As he turned toward us, he said, "Hell, Alton, how are you?" Alton and I were completely dumbfounded, but the Governor went ahead to tell us that when he was twelve, he went to a Boy Scout camp and there Alton Osteen was one of the counselors. Quite naturally he would remember Alton better than Alton would remember him. This was not a unique or freak occurrence, however, because two years later, when I was in a hotel in Atlanta with a large group of men and the Governor joined us, when he came to me and before I could be presented to him, he spoke up and said, "Joe, how are things in Tuscaloosa?" I was grievously disappointed some twenty-four years later to learn of the outcome of his campaign for reelection in the fall of 1966 by his loss to the bigot, Lester Maddox, for the Democratic nomination.

MOTHERLADE 1943

Once, when Scott was four and David two, Scott gave eloquent evidence of his ability to correct people and make them do things right. At the table, David asked that someone pass him the marmalade, and Scott corrected him by saying, "David, don't say 'mamalade,' say 'motherlade.'" He has continued correcting people all his life; I do, too. He once corrected his

mother's grammar or pronunciation, and she nearly flogged him, saying, "I've taken such stuff as that from your daddy all his life and I won't take any of it from you!"

We both had a huge laugh at his mom, when, in answer to David's question about the spelling of balloon, his mom responded, "B-L-O-ON."

RECURRING CENTRAL ISSUE

1943

When I was at the University of Alabama, I taught a course in Administrative Law from the textbook of Jim Hart of the University of Virginia. Hart's book made a great point of emphasizing that the recurring central issue in administrative law was always the finality of administrative determinations; in other words, what administrative determinations would the courts try de novo and which would be allowed to stand as final. After I had once taught that course to a bunch of graduate students, three of them toured the state with me, visiting administrative establishments in satisfaction of the requirements for a course of understanding administrative operations from visual observation. The three students were Edith Lloyd, Mary Ruth Graham, and Jack Noble. Thus we had two males and two females going in the University car to the State Capitol and to a variety of other places, visiting prisons, the State Liquor Monopoly, the Comptroller's Office, and many other places. We thus were thrown together a great deal in automobile travel. One of the girls started the practice of saying, when she needed to stop for a restroom, "the recurring central issue has recurred." Thus, the recurring central issue for our travel became not the finality of administrative determination but the lowest common denominator in bladder control among the four of us.

DADDY, IT AIN'T THERE

1943

Once when David was about two, I had him in the car with me headed somewhere. He developed a need for bladder relief, and we stopped the automobile and got out beside it. Since I was trying to make a little man out of him, I suggested that he stick his finger in the little hole which little boys use to relieve themselves, and he, after exploring through the hole with his fingers for some seconds, looked at me in great puzzlement and said, "Daddy, it ain't there." My response was, "Son, it had better be."

BABY DIVER

1943

The summer that David was two and a half (his birthday coming in January) he learned to dive. He would back way off from the side of the swimming pool, run, and dive to me some ten to fifteen feet out in the pool. He would remain face down in the water, holding his breath, until I pulled him out. We never failed to draw a crowd, gathering around to see the fat little boy diving. His tender sinus was injured, I am convinced, by the disinfectant material in the swimming pool water to such extent that he has had trouble with it all his life.

GOOBOBBER

1943

When David was first learning to talk, he gerbled two words that I remember and picked up as additions to my own vocabulary: he called a screwdriver a "goobobber," and he called an ambulance an "alabance." I still call them that to this day.

OAK RIDGE

1943

During the last years and months of World War II, we were living on Capstone Court in Tuscaloosa, across the street from the Eric Rodgerses. Eric was head of the Department of Physics at the University, and he had been up to Oak Ridge many times. In the full depths of my political wisdom, I opined that we could not possibly lose the war. Eric, who knew the atomic race was on, tried to temper my posturing, but of course to little effect. I was much chastened, after Hiroshima, to be told by Eric that this was what he had meant and that, if Germany had got atomic energy first, we might have lost the war. At Tuscaloosa the word went around during the war, concerning the big secret doings at Oak Ridge, that they were manufacturing the front ends of horses and sending them to Washington for assembly.

BOVINE CURE

1944

Once in Tuscaloosa, when David was about three, I was washing the car and David was around to get the splashing from the wash water. I set him up on top of the car and let him play there while I washed it. Then I playfully squirted some water on his feet, with him headed toward the front of the car. He raised up and let the water under him and then skidded off the top of the car onto the hood. I was in back, of course, and went around to see why he was screaming, to discover that his little shin had been laid open to the bone by being raked across the sharp point on the windshield wiper at the top of the windshield. It was a real vicious cut, and we had to have it sewed up. As I recall, it took six or seven stitches.

Thereafter, David walked stiff-kneed with that leg for two or three weeks, even though the injury was on the shin well below the knee. I tried every way I could to get him to bend his knee, but he simply would not. For some reason we had to go to Kentucky, and I took David with me on the trip. It was wartime, and we went from Tuscaloosa to Bowling Green on the bus. Most of the time, quite understandable, we spent at the farm of Auntie and Uncle Dave Howell outside of Bowling Green. David was much taken with Uncle Dave's huge bull and wanted on every occasion to go to the barn and see it. I hit on the beautiful stratagem of telling him that we could not go see the bull because he might have to move fast to get out of the way, to climb a fence or a gate or something like that, and he could not move quickly enough because he could not use his knee. He began flexing his knee immediately and within five minutes he was as mobile as he ever had been.

ZIPPER
1944

I went from Tuscaloosa to Huntsville at the behest of a lady member of the Alabama Legislature to make a speech to a luncheon meeting of the Federated Women's Clubs of Alabama. I arrived at the Huntsville hotel at about 11 o'clock and sat in the lobby waiting for luncheon time. At about a quarter of twelve, it occurred to me that I would need to go to the restroom before taking up with the some 250 ladies who I soon discovered were in attendance. When I came back to the hotel lobby, my friend the lady legislator had arrived, and I stood chatting with her and other ladies for a few minutes before we walked in to the dining room. As we entered, a waiter took me by the hand and pulled me aside to tell me that my trousers were not zipped up. I chatted with him briefly, thanking him, while I closed the offending zipper. I had no sooner got my seat than another waiter brought me a note which said, "As a nurse, I think I ought to tell you that your trousers are not zipped up." My friend the legislator shortly thereafter sent another note saying, "Word comes to me that all zippers should be zipped." I received two more notes in the first ten minutes we were in the room, I being the only man present save the waiters.

The presiding officer, the local president of the Women's Club, a very personable young woman resembling my own wife in several ways, turned to me to say, "My! Dr. Ray, you are the most popular speaker we have ever had, receiving all of these notes." I told her that I was sure my wife was going to skin me when I got home but that I felt I must tell her what was happening. When I did so, she almost slid under the table in merriment. She could hardly contain herself for the rest of the meeting. After the meal and before the program started, the presiding officer took a poll of those present, to see how many represented the variety of federated clubs, and when she came to the Alabama Nurses' Association, and those raised their hands who were present representing that organization, the presiding officer exclaimed, "What! Only one?" This was one of the proudest moments of my life, for I looked straight down at the tablecloth and I never did know just where that nurse was sitting.

As I drove back to Tuscaloosa, I concluded that the story was too good to keep, and that I would be in worse shape with my friends to try to keep the matter secret and then have them find out about it. I immediately began to tell the story widely in Tuscaloosa. One of those who ribbed me unmercifully about the occasion was my boss, Roscoe Martin. Roscoe Martin is a wonderful person and serving with him was perhaps the most fruitful such association I have ever had, but he did have a very high opinion of himself and, as a sort of reverse side of the coin, was merciless in his pounding on others in the areas of their shortcomings. At all events, he was quite pleased to have the story to tell other people about in my presence.

Three days after I came home, however, a young woman research worker named Mary Ruth Graham dropped by my office at the start of work one day to chat with me. She was across my desk from me, and I of course did not see that the long array of cloth buttons to be buttoned with little loops running down the back of her blouse or dress had not been buttoned. Roscoe came by while we were talking and came blustering in, in high fun, to say, "Stand still, Mary Ruth, and let me finish dressing you. You should be more careful before you leave home." Mary Ruth, a young woman single well past usual marriage age, was as skittish as a bad girl in church while the boss buttoned her blouse. When he had finished, he stepped aside from behind her, and I noticed that his fly was unzipped and gaping wide. I said to the young lady, "Mary Ruth, turnabout is fair play. Now you dress him." Mary Ruth broke and ran, but this cured Roscoe of repeating the story on me.

Mary Ruth told me later that, on the following weekend, she went back to Motevall, Alabama, to visit with one of her old professors, Dr. Hallie Farmer, and she related both of these stories to Miss Farmer, Lillian Worley, and other ladies gathered for a dinner party. Dr. Farmer was carrying the roast to the dinner table when the part about Roscoe was told, and she became so hysterical that she tilted the platter, spilled some greased, slipped on it and fell to the floor, breaking her arm.

Years later when I had moved to Maryland, I received an anonymous envelope from Tuscaloosa containing a cartoon showing a little man standing before a pole microphone on a stage in front of a large audience with his trousers fallen down to his shoes and saying, " And now a note has been handed to me...."

All of this because I failed to close my zipper at Huntsville.

FIVE PREPOSITIONS

1944

There is a great deal of bother about sentences ending with a preposition. I once heard of a sentence which was quite grammatical, but which ended in five prepositions. A little boy was sick in bed upstairs and he asked his mother to bring his favorite book upstairs and read to him from it. His mother came with the wrong book. The little lad inquired, "Mama, what did you bring that book that I do not want to be read to out of up for?"

In this same vein, I heard of a manuscript which Winston Churchill prepared and circulated among his staff. When the draft got back to Churchill, a preposition at the end of a sentence was encircled in pencil, with an arrow pointing to the place in the middle of the sentence where it might be inserted to avoid offending grammatical purists. When the manuscript got back to Churchill, he sent it back around among his colleagues with a note pinned to the page in question, saying, "This is evidence of arrant pedantry, up with which I do not intend to put."

I HOLD ON

1944

Once when David was three, his mother came out of the house to see that he had climbed high in a tree near the kitchen door. She called to him in alarm, "David, you come down from there right now! You will fall and kill yourself!" He responded calmly, "I am not going to fall, Mama. I hold on."

ROBBED

1944

Once when Jettie and I went to a motion picture in Tuscaloosa, she was so tired that she put her purse in the seat next to her and dozed. I was on the other side of her and watched the movie. When she awoke, the seat that had held her purse was tipped up, and she found her purse behind the seat. It had been rifled and \$40 had been taken from it. This was a wad of money to us then, but we rationalized that we had never got to spend it and therefore it never was ours. That is nice reasoning if it works.

HALF-HEARTED
1944

One of my best student friends at the University of Alabama was a young man named Paul Gish, a horribly crippled spastic but brilliant boy who, after he hit his stride, made A's in all of his courses. Once after he had had two or three courses under me, I was calling the roll at the beginning of a new course and noted that the registration card for Mr. Gish in this class had a typographical error on it so that it read "Paul 1/2 Gish." In playful and patronizing vein, I explained to the class how the card was written, and then I inquired of Paul, "Mr. Gish, does this card mean that you are just half of a man or a half-wit?" he responded, "No, sir, it means that I was just half-hearted when I signed up for your course."

DADDY, GOD IS A BIRD
1944

Once when David was four, he came home from his Tuscaloosa Sunday School and said to me with some look of puzzlement on his face, "Daddy, God is a bird, ain't he?" I was somewhat buffaloed, but I told him, no, I did not think so, and asked him why he had asked the question. He pulled out of his pocket a little card which was given to him at Sunday School, showing an angel with great wings.

I once changed Sally's diaper on David's bed. Excretion at our house was dukey. Carelessly I dropped a bit out of the diaper on his bed; the first we knew of the mistake was David's four-year-old clarion voice, "who duked on my bed?"

DRAFTEE
1945

In 1945, shortly before the war's end, long after I had exhausted whatever avenues were open to me to petition for a military commission, it came my turn to be examined for the draft. I remembered for long the many indignities involved in the process of that examination. I think the most egregious indignity of all was graphically emphasized by some clarion-voiced draftee who, after we were all bedded down in a huge barracks with the lights out, brayed out, "All right, men, bend over and spread the cheeks of your ass, so we can see your ass hole." it took several minutes for the dormitory to get quiet once more.

WITH A BAND AID ON MY KNEE
1946

When we were living on Twentieth Street in Washington, D. C., Sally, what with the perpetual skinning of her knees falling on city sidewalks, came up with a corruption of the old song, "I come from Alabama with a band-aid on my knee..." Her Uncle Jack MacDonald was so much taken with this that he wrote up the story and got it printed, with a photograph, in Bill Gold's column in the Washington Post.

PHILLIPS
1946

Once in my first year at the University of Maryland, one of the students came to me and twitted me with being opposed to athletes. I was somewhat shaken when he took me outside my office door and pointed out to me the list of grades that I had given on a quiz, with students' names and grades listed. There were sixty in students in the class, six had got F's, and he told me that all six of those students were members of the football squad. I protested that I had not known that any of them were athletes. Then, in a stroke of brilliance, I inquired of him if the boy named Phillips, who was in the class, was not the team's star half-back. He stated, "Yes, Phillips is a brain." My response was to put my finger on Phillips's name in my gradebook and showed him that Phillips had made an A. He folded up his tent like the Arabs and silently stole away.

SOUTHERN TOUR
1946

In 1946, shortly before I left Alabama for Maryland, I toured the entire South looking for graduate students in our program in Public Administration. The President of the University of Alabama then was Bill Paty, and when in my travels I stopped at Belt Buckle, Tennessee, I recalled that this was the place from which Dr. Paty and Mrs. Paty had come. The attendant of the gasoline station at which I had stopped was an elderly gent, and I made inquiry of him because I figured that he might remember Dr. and Mrs. Paty. He said, "Oh, yes, I knew them both well. Folks around here always thought that Adelaide married somewhat beneath herself." When, after my return to Tuscaloosa I had opportunity to mention this matter to Dr. Paty, I discovered that he did not think it very funny. I still do; he was a superb man and I admired him tremendously.

CITY MANAGER
1946

In the early spring of 1946, I was called over from Tuscaloosa to the community of Mountain Brook, suburban to Birmingham, and accepted the offer of a position as City Manager. Shortly thereafter I left on a tour, trying to recruit graduate students for our Southern Regional Training Program in Public Administration, going throughout the South. When I returned to Tuscaloosa, I discovered that I had been telephoned by the Dean of Arts and Sciences at the University of Maryland to inquire of my interest in a position at that University as Professor and Head of the Department. I was so highly elated with the possibility that I expressed an interest. Shortly thereafter, I flew to Washington, staying up all night for two or three hours in the airport in Pittsburgh, and then on to Washington. I appeared at the University of Maryland in the office of Dean Pyle at some time around 10 A.M. without any sleep at all. Pyle and I made a deal, after briefly meeting the President of the University, Curley Byrd, and then I went back to Washington National Airport to await a break in the solid bookings of the airlines. I stayed awake in the airport from 2 P.M. to 2 A.M., without having slept the night before, wakeful for fear that my name would be called and I would not hear it.

After my return to Tuscaloosa, I called the Mayor of Mountain Brook, whose name now eludes me but who was a good friend of Roscoe Martin's, to ask him please to release me from my commitment. He did reluctantly but in good spirit.

HALIFAX

1946

In December of 1946 I went to Halifax, Nova Scotia, to deliver talks to a collection of state tax and other fiscal officials in Nova Scotia. I went by train to Boston and then changed trains and rode to the end of the line, where the railroad runs in and under the big hotel at Halifax and terminates. It took forty-eight hours on the train.

Coming as I did almost immediately from the Deep South, I did not have a heavy overcoat, but I borrowed a military coat from a friend, just in case I would be frozen to death in that neighborhood. The weather in Halifax was exceedingly balmy, much more so that was the weather they were having back home. I never wore the big overcoat. Al Lepawsky had recommended me to old man Richter in Nova Scotia.

The most notable part of the trip, so far as I was concerned, was the good editorial work I was able to do on the way to Nova Scotia and back. I was at that time working on Lillian Worley's first draft of our manuscript on ALABAMA'S HERITAGE, doing the work for Roscoe Martin at \$4 an hour. I worked ten-hour days on the two days going up on the train, and the same on the two days coming back.

RICHARD, OPEN THE DOOR!

1946

Perhaps everyone has had the experience with meaningless phrases repeated endlessly among friends in a variety of situations. "It won't be long now" was a phrase widely used in Frankfort when I was there. No matter what anyone said to you, you could respond by saying, "It won't be long now." When I was working during the summer of 1929 at Iraan, Texas, all of the men on the construction project used a little phrase, "I thought you knowed it." The phrase provided fitting response for nearly every comment anybody might make. Back when I was a small boy, on the campus of Western Kentucky State College, my big brothers and their cohorts had a phrase, "Now you listen here." This one would be repeated back and forth, with blazing angry eyes and threatening mien, all to no purpose except high fun.

In 1946 such a phrase going the rounds, I think nationwide, was "Open the door, Richard." In that year on invitation from Mayor Richard Sweeny of Hagerstown, I made a little administrative survey of Hagerstown's government, and published a brief report in our Bureau of Public Administration at the University of Maryland in College Park. I went to Hagerstown to speak about the report at a chamber of commerce luncheon. In my speech, in alluding to a comment I had made to the Mayor, I quoted myself rhetorically as saying, "Richard..." and someone in the back of the room blurted, "Open the Door."

PRESIDENTS

1947 et alia

I never saw President Franklin Roosevelt in person. When I was a student at the University, either in a campaign or shortly thereafter, he came to Austin by train, and I forewent the opportunity of going down to the railroad station to see him out of some perverse attitude that I affected in those days to the effect that I would not go that far to see anybody.

The first president I met was President Harry Truman. Byron Skelton introduced him to me in one of the hotels in Washington, I believe the Statler Hilton, after some kind of party shindig. I shook the President's hand, he shook mine, and when he saw I had nothing to say except to smile at him, he moved on to talk with other people.

I saw Lyndon Johnson some place when he was a member of Congress. I shook hands with him, or rather touched hands with him, in a crowd at Phoenix during the campaign of 1964. But the one time when I was closest to him and spoke with him briefly was at the LBJ Ranch immediately following his election to the presidency, in December of 1964. He, perhaps from the place on which he stood at the base of the tree on the slope near the river, appeared to me to be an exceedingly tall man. I heard Ray Dwigans say to him just ahead of me that he appeared to have grown three or four inches since they were both college boys. My words with him were very brief, without any special enthusiasm, more as if I were looking at a curiosity or something I wanted to study carefully. I congratulated him on his splendid victory at the polls. He had on his face something of a sardonic look as if realizing that he had brought into his ranch somebody who was not an uninhibited Johnson lover. I did not intend my demeanor to convey such basis for conclusion, but I am reporting the way I interpreted his look and not what my intention was. I watched him perform during the two or three hours we were at the ranch, as did everyone out there of course, and enjoyed the experience immensely.

I met President John F. Kennedy once and was in his presence another time. The time I met him was in 1961 when our Peace Corps Tanganyika Project had just been completed, which graduated the first Peace Corps class to hold a commencement. Several of us went to Washington for the Peace Corps graduation. Two that I remember were Bill Timmons and I. We were of course admitted to the White House grounds and moved to the back of the garden south of the White House. We moved on in west of the building proper and through a covered walkway into the lawn area beside the main White House and along the portico of the West Wing. We were there when the President walked along the corridor that connects the main house with the wing, and he came to the steps and talked to all of us. I was possibly ten or twelve feet away. Thereafter he moved down into the crowd, which exercise I felt should be reserved for the Peace Corps men themselves, both the class that graduated from our institution and the one that graduated from the University of California a week later.

The announcement was made that the President would receive us in his study to shake hands and talk with each of us. I was one of those closest to the door of the President's office when the scramble started, and I was among the first to go in. Sargent Shriver presented me to President Kennedy as the President of Texas Western College which conducted the first Peace Corps Project. The President thanked me for the fine service we had rendered, and I said something to the general effect that we were glad to be of service. As we moved away from the President past his desk with the rocking chair, Mr. Hatcher, the President's Negro aide, was pointing us the way to go out of the room. This I refused to do and beckoned to Timmons after he had shaken hands with the President, to come and join me. We stood to one side, back of Mr. Hatcher, more or less with his acquiescence, and watched all the Peace Corpsmen shake the President's hand. Thereafter we left.

Some months later, Mr. Kennedy came to El Paso. Through a misleading announcement from White Sands Missile Range, I went to the White Sands to meet the President. Their announcement read to some such effect as that I was invited to a luncheon and among other things would meet the President. When I got to White Sands, I discovered that the President would not be there until 3:30 and that I would be among hundreds of others sitting in stands in which the President of the United States also would happen to be sitting. After the luncheon, I

came on home. Shortly after I got home, I began to get over the radio or television a report of the President's progress. He was about to land at the airport, and over a period of an hour I got a complete report on how things were going.

At the time the President was headed toward the city from the airport, Jettie came home from some junket she had been on, and I bundled her up and took her down to the Cortez Hotel, where the President was due to come. No one was controlling the entrance to the Cortez Hotel, so we went up to the main foyer, then up another half-flight of steps to the variety of meeting rooms which exist up there. We were thus ten or twelve feet above the main lobby and had taken our place behind a huge cake that a chef had baked and built, a cake sitting on a table and possible four feet high above that. It contained several figurines depicting episodes in the life of John Kennedy.

Pretty soon the buzz began to rise and we knew he was coming, and this conclusion was shortly thereafter confirmed by muted squeals and excited comments, "Here he comes, here he comes." As he came into the hotel, he looked up and saw the cake. He figured this was noteworthy and that therefore he should come up and pay attention to it. He come up and asked the chef, "Chef, did you bake this cake?" The chef said, yes, he did and he would like to show it to him. As they moved around the table, the crowd around the cake had to move back just a little bit. We were right in the front of it and facing toward the front of the hotel, and as the President came around, it was a real tight squeeze. Jettie whispered to me, "I am going to touch him." I could see no reason why she should not, and she did. As soon as she had done so, she said, "They took our picture while I was patting the President's back" I had been directly behind the President from the flash camera and did not even see the flash. The next day in the EL PASO TIMES, the flash picture of President Kennedy looking at the cake with the chef behind him showed quite clearly Jettie patting him on the back with her white glove; the photograph also showed my right ear. I tried later to find the picture from which the print was taken but we finally had to give up, since it was lost among thousands of other negatives some place up at the headquarters of the Associated Press.

My principal impression of John Kennedy was that he was a glowing person who appeared to be "bigger than life."

I once saw General Eisenhower from a distance, but it was not enough of an encounter to make any comment about. I think the cutest thing I ever ran onto in connection with the Eisenhowers was back in the '50's; Jettie and I attended a soiree of some sort at the Constitution Hall in Washington. Ambassador Joseph Drew, the distinguished Ambassador who was in Japan for awhile, was answering questions after a speech about General George Catlett Marshall. Someone asked him whether General Marshall had political ambitions. He said several things in response but finished up with saying, "I am convinced that what the General wants more than anything else in the world is to retire to his Virginia home with Mrs. Eisenhower."

Once when I was president of UTEP I went to Kansas City to attend the annual meeting of ASPA. I was then a member of the ASPA council, and as such, was asked to "grace" the head table as one of several at a society luncheon. I sat at the table beside former President Harry Truman. This was at the Mendlebach Hotel. The President was dignified and reticent, a demeanor I since have evaluated as a personal concession to advancing years. I feel that way myself nowadays. 4-17-80

BED PAIN
1947

When I had the ruptured disc removed from my spine at Johns Hopkins Hospital, we lived on Twentieth Street in Washington. After I left the hospital, I was required to lie in bed flat on my back and not to stand up before I had donned a heavy corset.. Quite naturally, with such a stricture as this and with a ten-minute job getting the corset on, I got minor bathroom relief by use of a bottle.

Some weeks later, Sally, who was then three or four, came into the house in desperate straits. She had played too long and was headed for the bathroom in a great rush. Her mother had set out the milk bottles for the milkman the next day, and Sally proceeded to try to relieve herself in one of the milk bottles, with practically no success. My sister Ruby, her husband Jack, and friends were having dinner right beside the kitchen door on the sun porch and witnessed the whole episode. When Ruby expostulated with Sally, asking her why she had tried to do what she did, Sally responded, "Well, Daddy does it."

MISEY
1947

One of the first years I was at the University of Maryland as department head, we employed as instructor a young man named Edward G. Misy, who was on the verge of getting his doctor's degree in government from Columbia. Al Sturm, then at West Virginia University and editor for the segment of the Journal of Politics called "News and Notes, " wrote me regularly for the contribution from our institution. On that spring he got news from us that Mr. Misy was to be an instructor in our department, and he got identical news on Mr. Misy from my old friend Don Larson, former classmate at Texas and head of the department at the University of Miami. As soon as I got the word from Al, I telephoned Don in Miami and he said no, there was not any conflict between us, that he had got the same sort of information I did from Al Sturm, and that the instant he got it, Mr. Misy was no longer on his staff. There would thus be no conflict. We were stuck with Misy.

I never had a colleague that was more unsatisfactory than Mr. Misy in nearly every way. He was gone the next year, and the last I heard he had decided that he had permanently ripped his britches in the political science profession and would go into the law.

NIGHT PROWLER
1948

In my second year at the University of Maryland, Assistant Professor Robert G. Dixon was then courting the girl he later married, Clair Bracken, who was my research assistant in the Bureau of Public Administration. Of an evening, after his date with Clair, he would come back by the University to pick up books or to do a little work or something of the sort. One night some time between eleven and midnight he heard movement in one of the offices and investigated to find there a young man he recognized as one of the star tackles on the University of Maryland football team. This boy was ultimately exonerated because it was discovered that he had not stolen any questions, even though he was in his teacher's office on the night before his final examination; the only offense he was guilty of was presence in a classroom and office

building after hours, which was a violation of University rules. His penalty, as I recall it, was to have three extra semester hours added to his graduation requirements.

Somewhat later in the same year, I saw two boys walk out of the office of Dr. Steinmayer at about 7 o'clock at night, with Steiny gone and his office dark. This also was just before final examinations. When this issue came before the Discipline Committee, I, who had seen the boys and recognized them, was before the Committee to identify them, which I did; the case hinged on the fact that both of these boys were at that specific time having dinner with Curley Byrd, Jr., the son of the President of the University, in the President's home. This one thus came to naught, although I myself saw the boys in the office and so testified.

About two years later, an open-and shut case involving a football player took place in one of our classes in the Department of Government and politics and when that issue came up the young man in question was awarded the severe penalty of an additional six hours for graduation. The boy, after he was caught, had panicked and had missed his final examination. One of the coaches came to me to observe that this young man's penalty was quite severe, and that they would hope that we would schedule another examination for him. I presented this in such a way at the departmental meeting a week or so later that the proposition of scheduling the young man in a special examination died for want of a motion.

HOLE IN THE HEDGE

1948

Professors in parts of the country where there is a great deal of rainfall are more often than not characterized by the fact that they carry umbrellas. This phenomenon is largely attributable to the fact that they must move from place to place by the clock, teaching in one building and holding office hours in another, or going to the library. When I was at Alabama and Maryland, I nearly always carried an umbrella with me to and from school. Whenever I came home in the rain, I would leave my wet umbrella open to dry on the front porch. Once when we lived on Calvert Road and after I had done that, I discovered my umbrella in place but completely wrecked. The stays had been turned wrongside out and the fabric badly torn. I asked the boys and Sally but got no response; no one knew anything about it.

Finally, several days later, Sally, who was then about four, was sitting alone with me in the living room. Out of a clear blue sky, and with no introduction, I inquired, "Sally, how did you turn the umbrella wrongside out?" She replied, "Daddy, you know that little hole that I use to crawl through the hedge..." She then realized that she had betrayed her terribly guilty secret. I was so amused at having tricked her that all I could do was laugh and hug her.

DISCHARGE

1949

One of the best friends I ever had was Pope Shannon, erstwhile Professor of English at the University of Alabama and for the final constructive years of his career the Associate Director of the American Association of University Professors. I never had a warmer friend, nor one for whom I had a stronger affection. He told me that once when he had put in four or five days at an AAUP Convention being addressed in and out of the elevator as Dr. Shannon and carrying on the principal business of the AAUP, which is the handling of petitions from faculty members who had been discharged from their positions, he was accosted by the Negro elevator operator. The man had heard much use of the word "discharge," and he addressed Pope, saying,

nonplused for several seconds until he realized the operator had taken him for a physician and was troubled by a case of gonorrhoea.

HERBERT HORATIO HUMPHREY

1949

I became aware of Senator Hubert Humphrey in 1949 when I heard him make a stem-writing speech to the District of Columbia Chapter of the American Society for Public Administration at the Willard Hotel. As president of Maryland Chapter of ASPA, I invited him to come to Baltimore to address our monthly chapter meeting. It was a dinner meeting and we sat at the head table, Jettie, Hubert, Joe, Muriel. The whole evening was a huge success, but I remember only two exchanges; when HHH asked Jettie what state she was from and she grabbed his question with both hands, "Now, Senator, you asked me; I didn't have to tell you; I'm from Texas." And he admitted the accuracy of Bob Harris's story about a letter to Humphrey after the war asking if he would be interested in applying to Louisiana State University for an instructorship. Humphrey had answered that he was in the final months of his mayoralty of Minneapolis and was United States Senator-Elect from Minnesota and possibly should disclaim interest in a LSU instructorship.

A couple of years later Byron Skelton, the Democratic National Committeeman from Texas, took Jettie and me to the Shorebarn Hotel in Washington for a fancy dinner and we saw Hubert and Muriel alone at a table. We told Byron we had met them, and he went over to ask if we might join them. It was a most pleasant occasion, which lingers in my recollection only by a story told by Eddie Peabody, the banjo picker who was providing the floor show at the Shorebarn that night. Eddy had been in the navel service at Great Lakes Navel Training Station, being used as an entertainer by his bosses; one evening he was sent to a big rich house out on the lake shore, where a huge party was already in progress; the hostess was excited and pleased to see him; she led him to the bandstand, clapped her hands and exclaimed, "Quiet, Ladies and Gentlemen, Mr. Playbody is going to pea for us!"

PETS

1949

We have had all kinds of pets at our house. Once a lady named Fisher, who was secretary to the Department of Government which I chaired, gave us a pet groundhog. It once was nearly frightened to death from the screaming when it rose to put its little paws on the back of Jettie's legs as she leaned over the washer in the basement. It was a wonderful pet, friendly, resourceful, ingenious; but after a few months, coming grown as it was, it wandered off in the woods at College Park.

David was not the only one who had pets, but he was a specialist in pets. When we lived on Calvert Road in College Park, whenever there was a wet Sunday morning we had to go driving out in the neighborhood of Beltsville, along the road through the woods, looking for turtles. I remember more than one occasion where we brought home as many as fifteen or twenty turtles. That was terrapin country. David once had a starling, which stayed on his shoulder as long as he would leave it there, neither he nor it taking notice of the fouling of his clothes. He once had a batch of white mice that very soon became so numerous that we had to dispose of them. We had a cat named Mitty, the only truly playful feline I ever saw. This cat would play with anyone of us as long as we cared to play. She was called Mitty because of her four white

mitten. At one time we had a white cat called Blanco and a black dog called Eight Ball, neither very remarkable except for pigmentation and nomenclature. Pigeons were pets for David for many years, when they finally began to be taken so seriously that they became an avocation rather than a bunch of pets. When David grew up in the pigeon business, we discovered one day that he had wrung the necks of all of his pigeons save three of four which were good fliers and went in thereafter for racing rather than for maintaining a house of pets. His first pigeon house was an old superannuated football ticket booth used by the University of Maryland. This was on Calvert Road.

After we moved to Rhode Island Avenue, in a weak moment, I agreed with his mother that we would give him for Christmas whatever he wanted, and all he wanted was a big new pigeon house. She bought the lumber, and we started building the Christmas pigeon house in the backyard. The effort carried us well up into February, and then we finally had it done.

He had hardly occupied the house when he discovered that he could not race his pigeons because, instead of landing and going into the loft, they landed in an old dead tree next to the loft. Nothing would have it but that we fell the big tree to give clearance to the pigeon house. This we did, with me taking special precautions with both boys pulling a long piece of wire to make the tree fall in the opposite direction from the pigeon house, despite the fact that its heaviest limb was on the side of the pigeon house. As the time came for someone to yell "Timber!" the wire broke and the tree eased itself down on the pigeon house. Miraculously, no damage was done and with endless sawing we finally got the tree off the pigeon house.

There was no place for him to have pigeons in Amarillo, but when we got him to El Paso, he started again, and he maintained pigeons in a variety of places, finally for a couple of years at the Hoover House before he went into the Navy. He had "won the concourse" a number of times, with firsts and other ratings on his pigeons.

The best pet we ever had was a female Boxer named Chessie. When she came to us, she was about four years old, having belonged to an Army man and his wife. They gave the dog to us because she was deeply involved emotionally with the dog and wanted it to have a good home. She would take no money. To that point I had never known how deeply a person could become involved with a dog. During the two summers Jettie and Sally went back East to go to the girls' camp at Shehaqua in Pennsylvania, Chessie was my sole companion.

Once I came home from the office at suppertime, with her having been in the house all day, went by the television to turn it on, then back to the bedroom with her following at my heels. Suddenly a loud racket burst forth in the living room, and I was so startled, having forgotten that I had turned on the television, that I nearly had heart failure, jumping high in the air and coming down on top of Chessie.

Once, when I had to go out of an evening, I put Chessie in the backyard, with a six-foot paling fence, the wood fence that was so common in those days in Amarillo and still is, I came home and went to the backyard to find that Chessie was not in the yard. I stuck my head out the back gate toward the alley calling Chessie. Hearing a noise, I turned just in time to see her leaping the six-foot front fence with the greatest of ease, coming back in.

I wrote two poems about her which were duly sent off to Sally when she was away at girls' camp.

Chessie was as nearly human as any animal I ever saw. I once saw Jettie talk her back out of the kitchen and all the way to the far side of the living room without appreciable scolding, just talking to some such effect as "Now, Chessie, I am cutting up the steak for supper and you are not to come around. You must go back in the living room. Go on, now, and do not bother me." In quite even tones, you could do almost anything with Chessie.

Once I let Chessie out the front door of our Travis Street house, early in the morning, and then within a few minutes went back to call her in. A pretty little Chihuahua was standing on the porch of the house across the street, and it somehow interrupted my urgent calling as a summons. He came across the street most ingratiatingly and right up to our front porch. He had hardly got there when Chessie came around the corner of the house hell-for-leather and, when she saw him, grabbed him up in her jaws and shook him as she would a rat. It was quite a chore to get her to turn him loose.

When she was let out that way, normally she knew better than to go into the street. On one occasion, however, she saw a cat and pursued it pell-mell across the street, caught it and was bringing it back in her jaws when she was run over by a truck and killed. Scott was sobbing when he telephoned me that she had been killed, and him a college student. Nobody could talk about her for weeks after that. I think it hit Jettie worse than it did any of the rest of us; at any rate, she has never since consented to have a pet.

I have told elsewhere about my pet dog when I was small. Two other dogs we have had were real good ones. One was Butch, originally christened Firpo. His mother, a pedigreed wire-haired terrier, was given to us by Mr. L. E. Ledbetter of Austin. We bred her to a fine wire-haired terrier in Denton, and Firpo was the largest male in the litter. We gave one pup to the owner of the sire and sold the other for a good price. We kept Firpo, but we had to let him go when we moved to Alabama. When we came back to Denton from Alabama for six months, the lady to whom we had given Firpo had found that she must go with her husband overseas and could not take the dog. She gave him back to us, rechristened with the new name of Butch, and we kept him thereafter for several years.

We took him to Alabama and kept him until he got wilder and wilder from running loose on the riverbank where we lived and then later at Capstone Court, with the same type of neighborhood for him to roam it. Our first day in Tuscaloosa, he followed me on my bicycle to the garden about two miles away and was gone hunting wood rats when I went home. By the next morning he was at home in due course. He was absolutely death on cats. When we moved into the Guild Woods neighborhood, I warned the music professor Ottokar Cadek that I feared my dog would cause trouble with his fine cat. He told me not to worry. I continued to worry, nevertheless, until I witnessed the first meeting between the Cadek's huge Persian cat and Butch. To my astonishment, Butch started after him with a vim but stopped about ten feet in front of him and backed away and then came on back to me. Butch actually backed away. He was a great fighter and would tackle almost anything. This is the only time I ever saw him show a white feather.

Once Butch got off his feed, would not eat or drink, and was continually pawing at the corners of his mouth. I finally became concerned and got him down to examine his mouth. I discovered that he apparently had gone into a hole after a rat or some such varmint, had encountered a small root about the size of a lead pencil and had bitten the root in two with both sides of his teeth simultaneously, and the root had then sprung to the roof of his mouth and wedged itself on his teeth. It was a very simple matter for me to get it out. We finally gave Butch to a farmer because of his roughness and his developing attitude of impatience with youngsters.

We later had two female boxers, named Chessie II and Chessie III, the latter a gift and a puppy by Sally, but it was not a happy time in either event because Jettie was long since surfeited with pets.

SNITCHING

1949

Once at a College Park drug store, when Scott was nine or ten, I bought him a comic book and, as we went to pay for it, I noted that the roll into which he had rolled up the comic book seemed a little bit too large. In front of the clerk I unrolled it to discover that he had two and was paying for only one. I made him put it back on the counter. When we got out of the store, he was so frustrated and angry with me that he hit me on the arm as hard as he could.

Once, when I was a lad about the same age that Scott was at the time just related, it came my time to buy a Christmas present for every member of the family. I did this nobly. One member of the family, for example, got a package of mints. The family marveled for many years about what I was able to buy with the single dollar that had been allocated to me to buy Christmas presents. It was not until I was a grown man and felt it was time to put an end to the story about my great resourcefulness that I confessed that a good part of the wherewithal for those Christmas presents was my aptitude as a snitcher in the Woolworth ten-cent store. My older brother Brown once made me return to the dime store counter I had taken from it a beautiful little screwdriver, which had various sizes of points secreted in the handle. It was a great conspiratorial thing, the trip down to put it back on the counter, and it made a real impression on me.

PIGEON HOUSE

1950

Christmas of 1950, when David was nine, he and his mother hatched it up that he would get a pigeon house for Christmas. His pigeons up to that point, then with him about a year, had been kept in a superannuated football stadium ticket booth, about four feet by four feet in dimension, and he needed a bigger house. This Christmas present was real fine, except that on Christmas Day all he got was a pile of lumber from which Daddy was to build the pigeon house, which when it was finished looked more like a Kentucky chicken house than anything else. I believe this was the hatefulest job I ever had because I had to work full time, and I could work on the pigeon house only on Saturdays, Sundays, and after work.

It was well up toward the end of February before the pigeon house was completed. It was a good one, measuring about eight feet by twelve feet in our backyard at 7125 Rhode Island Avenue. We had no sooner got it built than David discovered that, when he let his pigeons loose for flight, upon their return they would land in an old tree beside the loft, rather than to go on onto the loft. He hounded me until finally I agreed to cut the tree down. It was an old dead tree, with a hole possibly two and a half or three feet through. I was thus not only a carpenter but a lumberjack. We cut the tree in such a way that, as the cutting neared completion, the tree would fall away from the pigeon house. To make doubly sure, well in advance of the instant of fall, David had shinnied to the top of the tree and tied a piece of wire near the top and I had then stretched this wire as tightly as I could and tied it over to something solid to pull the tree away from the pigeon house. As we neared completion of the cutting, the heavy limb of the old tree which hung over the pigeon house outweighed both my cutting and the wire, the wire broke, and the old tree eased down on the pigeon house. Our hearts sank, but we were amazed soon to discover that we could cut the tree into segments as it lay across the pigeon house, without losing the house. So far as I could see, no damage was done to the house.

He still has a backyard pigeon house for racing pigeons, and I venture the opinion he will until he dies. (1981)

MIDNIGHT LOVE

1950

Once when we lived on Calvert Road in College Park, Jettie upbraided me by saying that my reading of cheap literature had come home to roost because Scott had secreted up in his attic room one of those terrible mystery stories that I habitually read. At an off time, I went up to his room and found hidden under his mattress a paperback book with a lurid cover entitled MIDNIGHT LOVE IN A NINE O'CLOCK TOWN. The Lord knows where he ever got it.

ACTING LIKE A DAMNED FOOL

1950

Once when Jettie and I went out to a party, when we lived on Calvert Road, Scott telephoned for his mother, sobbing in his frustration, to say that he had been "running around like a damned fool" and jumped up on the dining table and butted his head through the light fixture and broke it.

DON'T TAKE IT ALL!

1951

When our boys became of an age where they were always hungry and did not have to be coaxed to eat, a development occurred which has since measured my voracity and my general appetite. For a period, as we lived in Maryland on Rhode Island, whenever I reached for a dish at the table, either or both of the boys would chime in, "Don't take it all, Daddy!"

HIS HOLINESS

1951

Of all the interesting parts of our two-day visit to Rome, the visit to the catacombs, in which countless numbers of monks and prelates were buried, the drive out the Appian Way, the visit in the Coliseum, all of it pales into insignificance in relation to the visit to the Vatican and the reception by the Pope.

I had held the naive assumption that the Pope would give us an audience with just our group, the President of the University of Maryland, Curley Byrd, I as Dean of the College from the University of Maryland, an Army Colonel, an Air Force Colonel, and our two pilots, a Captain and a First Lieutenant.

We went into the side of the place where there were three large adjoining rooms. There were our six in our particular group and a Monsignor from New Jersey. There were two other groups, which brought the entire gathering to something like two hundred. As we waited, with the Monsignor first, Dr. Byrd second, me third, and the military men arranged by rank, I happened to turn to Air Force Colonel Pitchford, whose acquaintance in Rome had enabled us to get the audience, and discovered that, with his dissipations from the night before, he had the foulest breath I had ever smelled. I expostulated with him, but he said that the Pope had doubtless smelled fouler breath than his.

Soon the pope came striding in. This was Pope Pius XL. He spoke excellent English, without a trace of accent. As he approached, with several attendants in the rear, a lackey hoped and skipped along behind him, trying to put the ermine robe on his shoulders, the Pope paying him no attention at all. He then came to our group, addressed the Monsignor, Dr. Byrd, then me, with "Dr. Ray, I am glad to see you and to bless you and the articles you have with you." He then later repeated the item about articles to cover all the holy articles people had brought with them. If we could stretch his meaning a little bit, I have a silver dollar which I carried in my pocket for many years, which I think is the only article which has truly been blessed by the Pope. At one point, a little five-year-old child exclaimed sharply to his mother, "Ooh, Mama, look at his shoes!" We all looked at the Pope's shoes and they were an embroidered medieval type of shoe, the likes of which I have never seen. They were truly beautiful.

He was with us, I would imagine, not more than ten minutes. Before he left, pictures were taken of the entire group with the Pope standing in front of us. Months later, when I got my print of the picture, I found that I was even more prominent in the picture than was His Holiness. At the time the picture was taken, President Byrd turned to me and said, "I wish I had the photographic concession on this place." After we had left the Vatican, I stopped beside Dr. Byrd while he bought large numbers of rosaries and like articles to take home to his friends in Maryland. When I expostulated with him to the effect that wasn't it a shame he didn't have these when the Pope blessed the ones we had, he replied, "I will mix them all up so that even I myself will not know which ones were blessed by the Pope and which were not, and I can tell my friends in good faith that all of them were blessed."

After we finished our audience with the Pope, we then toured the Vatican. I have never seen such a beautiful and stupendous collection of objects of art in all my life. Indeed, I have never read descriptions of the sculptured and paintings that would any way near do them justice. I was most taken by a lifesize statue of a leopard or panther in some sort of translucent green stone, by the paintings on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, and by Michelangelo's statue of Moses. I honestly believe that these objects of art, stacked as thick as they can be along both sides of the corridor, on several floors, with the corridors running to almost interminable length, if they were sold at market value, would yield enough return to buy many a country in the world at market value.

VACATION

1951

Once when we lived on Rhode Island Avenue and I had returned from a month or so in Europe, where I had been checking on my College's European Program, we were seated quietly at the table when Scott suddenly exclaimed, "Oh, Daddy, did I tell you what happened on our vacation--I mean, while you were in Europe?" His expression clearly indicated that he considered a month's surcease from my dictatorial presence as a vacation.

VENICE

1951

I have never been to Venice, but in 1951, when we had a special air mission going from Udine at the head of the Adriatic to Rome, we passed directly over Venice. The pilot told us all to sit on the left side of the plane at windows, and he then circled Venice from above at about two thousand feet. I think I got a better impression of the city from the airplane view than I ever

would have by a visit to the city. Some of my several misconceptions were immediately dispelled. It is a group of islands, attached to the mainland by some kind of tenuous causeway, and the water in and out and among the islands provides the canals for which the city is famous. It was a most gratifying and delightful experience.

HYDE PARK, LONDON 1951

The most memorable recollection I have of my visit in London was the evening visit to Hyde Park. Among the sights seen there were the rabbleroxing speeches being made sometimes only twenty feet apart. One was a speech by a West Indian Negro who openly proclaimed his allegiance to the Communist Party and was haranguing people most effectively. While he was talking, I noticed a man who was so obviously Scotland Yard that it stuck out all over him. He walked by, peering at the faces of the people who were standing listening to the orator. He walked fairly close to one group and so approached them that they turned their faces away from him, and it was not until later that I realized that he was the stalking horse and not the hunter, because standing back in the shadows was a man dressed somewhat like him, who got a good look at the faces turning around to avoid the ostentatious Scotland Yarder.

GERMANY 1951

Americans have long marveled at some of the specialized installations in European bathrooms. In the great Sports Palace (I believe that is what it was called) built by Hitler in Munich, there is a fixture placed about chest high, recessed into the wall, made of porcelain as most other bathroom fixtures are, with a spigot to turn on fresh water from the top of it, something like an oval tub recessed into the wall with drainage and porcelain handles on either side. I could not figure what it was for until I asked someone and was told that it was a vomitorium, where the boys who overindulged in alcoholic beverages could dump some of it out.

At Heidelberg, my favorite eating place was at the Molkenkur, far on top of the mountain bluff above the city. They served there a filet mignon on a thick piece of toast that was as delicious a morsel as I have ever eaten. To run the University of Maryland program, we had "liberated" one of the buildings of the University of Heidelberg and had adequate but ill-appointed quarters.

One of the stories which I have told many times about our educational experiences in Heidelberg involved the tremendous pressure that was built up to force us to offer graduate work in Europe. The Graduate Council at College Park of course would have none of it, as no sane person would, but I persuaded the Council, rather than to veto the proposal entirely, to let me go to Heidelberg and talk to the people. When I got to Heidelberg, people from all over the European Command had come to talk about taking graduate work. As it finally worked out, the entire European deployment could muster only three persons eligible for admission to the Graduate School of the University of Maryland. The first man I talked to at the meeting was most insistent that he wanted to do graduate work in engineering. Obviously, no engineering courses could be taught in a far-flung operation like that program, and he then compromised and was willing to take graduate work in history. He wanted, however, to start off on his graduate work in history immediately, without any background in history at all and with a poor record at

the institution he had graduated from. This was one of the vicissitudes of running a program like that in Europe.

Once in Heidelberg I had a breakfast appointment with one of the Generals, high-ranking man and one with whom I wanted to talk, and as we sat in the Officer's Club drinking our coffee, I was so relaxed that I unconsciously sauced my coffee to cool it off. I never was more hacked in my life.

Heidelberg is on the Neckar River and many of the small towns on its banks up and down the stream from Heidelberg have the word Neckar in their name: Neckarplatz and Neckarelz, I remember. The Americans there had lots of fun with the name "Neckarelz," shades of the old story about the courting place to which spooners were wont to go called Taylor Walk.

Once in Munich I was driving the University car briskly along when the greatest amount of screeching, whistling and yelling erupted that I have ever heard. It did not occur to me that the racket was related to me until I realized I was a half-block down a one-way. I got out of the mess as best I could.

I made two trips to Europe with Robert Johns, who was then Director of the United States Armed Forces Institute in Madison, Wisconsin, and thereafter Vice President of the University of Miami, President of the University of Montana, and at this point, President of Sacramento State College. Johns was an excellent fellow traveler, and we had worlds of fun. I think that his trips overseas were a little bit more boondoggling than mine, because I had work to do and his were pure out-and-out staff visits.

My old friend Ben Zeff met us once at the plane as it landed in Wiesbaden and took us into the city. As we drove toward the city, we saw an old-style bomber bank sharply, skim close to the ground, and scoot into the airport. Zeff, who had put in many years as a civilian with the Air Force, was horrified. He said, "Nobody in the Air Force would dare make such a landing except Curt LeMay." General LeMay, then Commander of the Strategic Air Command and later Air Force Chief of Staff, had flown that way in World War II. Sure enough, the next morning we saw in the STARS AND STRIPES, the European military newspaper, that General LeMay had landed at Wiesbaden at about the time in question.

On that occasion, also, Ben took Johns and me down the Rhine trying out the various nightclubs which served wine. I got my share of wine and felt real fine for the evening. However, about two o'clock in the night, I awoke with the most dreadful headache I believe a person could ever suffer. Nothing I did gave me any comfort until finally exhaustion took care of the matter for me. The next morning I felt all right.

LANGUAGES

1951

The amount of German which I learned from books to pass my doctoral examinations enabled me to get along fairly well on the German highways. I was amazed, and continue to be, that I could understand the German talk fairly well. To be sure, I had to have some of the basic words. I once drove a University of Maryland car from Heidelberg to Wiesbaden and down the Rhine River, past all the famous old castles, to Bonn. Near Bonn I visited at Bad Godesburg with Elmer Plischke, who was working for HICOG (High Command of Germany).

In Spain, where I made a staff visit for the Air Force in 1954 or thereabouts, I went only to Madrid. The American Commander, an old SAC General and a bachelor, regarded very highly by General Curtis LeMay, was firmly determined that there would not be a tremendous influx of personnel to plague American-Spanish relations. The result was that everyone in Spain had to

budget his time and when my work was finished, with no airplane to take me to Germany for another twenty-eight or thirty hours, I was a burden on the local Air Force establishment. The result was that they gave me an automobile and a driver and let me tour in any direction I wanted.

The driver knew hardly a word of English, and I was amazed to discover without any previous attempts in that direction that I could use the Spanish that I had learned in my freshman year in 1928-1929 at The University of Texas. The words did not come readily, but we did get along. He knew a little French, and my French at that point was better than my German or Spanish, so we compromised in the mutual language once or twice. I remember one point of difference, when we passed a real pretty girl on the street, I wanted to use the word "linda," which made no sense to him because of course the appropriate word was "bonita," but we compromised in French on "jolie."

I made known to the driver in some fashion that I wanted to see the home of Generalissimo Franco. He finally understood and took me there, despite the fact that the home was some miles out of the city. He wanted to go on by, to go up the side of a mountain to see a famous old monastery. I did not care to go, so I requested him to turn around and go back to the city. As we turned around to go back, the guards from the front of Franco's palace stopped the car and had a lengthy colloquy with my driver, since it appeared most suspicious that he would bring an American by the palace just to look it over and then turn around to go back to the city.

BIG DOINGS

1951

Once when we lived on Calvert Road in College Park, I was walking, with the boys on their bicycles, down toward the creek (I think it is called Paint Creek); further down in the estuary it becomes the Anacostia River. As we walked, David ran over a small snake but, since his bicycle tires were so soft, it did the snake no harm. He then got off his bicycle, ran the bicycle back and forth over the snake, which in its discomfort from being run over, decided to climb up into the spokes of the wheel of the bicycle. We worried with the snake on the way home and were trying to figure out how to get it out of the bicycle wheel and into a jar, when Jettie came running out of the house to tell us that my sister Eleanor, who was visiting us, had fallen on the stairs and broken her arm. We had to leave the snake to his own devices and get Eleanor to the hospital.

WITH BYRD

1951

Some time in 1951, the University of Maryland College of Special and Continuation Studies arranged for a tour of Europe with H. C. (Curley) Byrd, President of the University of Maryland. Many memorable occurrences took place on that trip, and I should like to relate some of them.

First, when the President took his shots to prepare for admission to the European countries, he had some sort of reaction to them, with the result that he developed before our departure some big stomach sores in one corner of his mouth. He, at his advancing age of sixty-three, did not heal rapidly, and the defacing mark was with him all the trip. On the trip over, I tried to talk to him, but he was on the window side and I did not know that he was deaf in his right ear, the ear which it was my misfortune to try to talk into. I was in his doghouse then, as nearly all of his administrators were at one time or another, and I could make little headway

anyway. As we approached the Azores, the little sailor who was our attendant came to me and asked, "Are you the vip?" I did not know what he meant, but my seat mate told me he meant VIP, "very important person." I directed him to Dr. Byrd.

On our flight to Berlin, which was my only time to go to Berlin in all of my trips to Europe, we flew up the Corridor and into Tempelhof Airport. I never saw the likes of it. It was then a comparatively small airport, certainly could never have been made useful for jets, surrounded almost entirely by buildings six to twelve stories high. Airplanes coming in would have to clear the buildings, even though right next to the buildings was the runway. We went by bus, never leaving it, and crossed into the Russian zone and were driven by a place that had been leveled perfectly flat and were told that it was the location of the bunker in which Hitler committed suicide. We also came back by Brandenburg Gate and saw a Russian soldier standing guard. No one left the bus, and we went on back to our side of the line. This, of course, was in the days before the Berlin Wall, and there was no question of an actual exclusion of people from the one side or the other.

That evening in Berlin we went to a nightclub and saw a beautiful dancer. Our party consisted of an Army Lieutenant Colonel, an Air Force Colonel, our two pilots for the special air mission, Byrd and me. Our German was not equal to the task of conveying to the MC that the President would like to see the dancer do a striptease. He got the point that we wanted "Madame" to do a striptease. This he proceeded to arrange for us, with a blousy old dame, not the beautiful dancer, doing a quite competent striptease, but what she revealed was hardly worthy of revelation.

We left Berlin, flew down the Corridor and, without landing, went on to an airport close to the city of Vienna. We registered in a fine old Vienna hotel, and the Air Force Colonel, in registering the party, spelled Byrd "B-i-r-d" instead of "Byrd," and old Curley chided him for it. We had to arise by the clock for activities on the following day, with the result that it was my duty to awaken the President. I awakened him at the agreed time, by shaking his toe poking up at the foot of the bed, only to be reminded by him that we crossed another time zone coming to Austria, and that I had awakened him an hour early. Thereafter, the Air Force Colonel referred to me as an early-rising S.O.B., and I referred to him as an illiterate illegitimate.

In flying across the Alps, the ground kept rising toward us, and I had the sensation of falling. At one point, although we had been flying at something like twenty thousand feet, we were soon only a hundred feet above the mountain. We landed at Udine and then went by car into Trieste at the head of the Adriatic. There was a military installation in the castle of Maximilian at Trieste, at which we were served the most delicious giant shrimps I have ever eaten.

Then on to Rome. On the way we all moved to the left side of the plane, and our pilot made two complete circles of the city of Venice, with us looking down on it from about two thousand feet up. I believe, if I had the choice between the two, I would rather have that experience than an actual visit to the city. The only city we went to in Italy was Rome. The thing about Venice that surprised me is that it is not a man-made city with canals dug in lieu of streets. It is rather a group of islands, with water in various widths and depths surrounding each island. Some of the islands are comparatively large. There is a causeway leading to the city from the mainland.

In Rome we stayed at the Grand Hotel. It was a beautiful place, as luxuriously appointed as any I ever saw. We had a wonderful suite, except that the President and the Air Force Colonel had rooms of their own away from us. The President, who among many other less endearing qualities affected to being quite a ladies man, got the Air Force Colonel to arrange for some four

or five women with whom we might go nightclubbing our first evening there. There were two more men than there were women in the party. We saw no one we knew, so no great public damage was done.

By the time we came back to the hotel, the President had decided that he wanted nothing more to do with the women. The Army Colonel pretended halfheartedly that he did not, either. Certainly I did not. In the first place, as we went into the Grand Hotel, the night man threw a snit because we were bringing in what he called "women of the street." The Colonel, after heatedly accusing the night desk man of stupidity, appealed to the Manager in his room and got the women past the desk and into our suite. We had a suite that included three rooms. With five men and four women. I ignored the whole business, since I wanted no part of it, and went on to my pajamas and prepared for bed. The Colonel took one woman away to his room, and the two pilots made their liaison and occupied two of our rooms. I left the Lieutenant Colonel in the room we shared, and in my pajamas and house shoes and bathrobe, I tried to find a comfortable place to sit. Before I could get back into our room, the spare woman and the Army Lieutenant Colonel were inside with the door locked. I was thus locked out of my own room, in the hall and in my bathrobe, without anything to read or even a chair to sit in. I could not go to the lobby in that attire. There was nothing to do but stand in the hall and await developments. Amours of this sort rarely last long, but it seemed ages to me. I never felt more frustrated, ridiculous, and put-upon in all my life. All I gained in the encounter was the preservation of my lily-white morality. I have never told this story to anyone, and I hesitate to jot it down at this late date.

The next day our resourceful Air Force Colonel got us an audience with the Pope. This was Pope Pius XI. It was billed as a private audience with the Pope, but getting in on such short notice was almost unheard of. Our Colonel, however, knew the Papal Secretary and made arrangements.

They ushered us into a large room that was the last in a wing of the Vatican of three equally large rooms. His Holiness walked toward us from the far room, with us standing at the head of a group of about two hundred. The first man in the audience was a monsignor from New Jersey. Thereafter was the president of a university, then me, then the colonels, then the two Air Force pilots of our special air mission, and then two hundred people of a variety of connections. Just before the Pope came in, I turned to the Air Force Colonel and whispered a few words with him, and his breath nearly knocked me down. I told him, "For God's sake, don't talk to the Pope directly or your breath will poison him." He replied, "He has smelled worse breath than mine."

The Pope came to us from the far room in a long stride, with his flowing robes and medals and a most vigorous manner. A lackey trailed behind him, skipping and side-stepping to keep from tripping the Pope while he removed the mantle from his shoulders. The Pope paid not the slightest heed to him. He came then and began to move down the line; he said to me in perfect English, "How do you do, Dr. Ray? I am glad to see you and to bless you and the articles you have with you." The articles I had with me were not of the kind he intended to bless, because I did not know until later that crucifixes of a variety of kinds were sold outside of the Vatican, and those who were coming in could fully expect to have all of the holy articles on their persons blessed as they were blessed. These obviously would make wonderful gifts for Catholic friends back home.

The Pope then proceeded down the line and finally, after he had spoken to everyone individually, he spoke to them in general in English, since they were mostly on English-speaking group, saying to them that he was glad to see them and saying again that he blessed all the holy articles they had with them.

Later, when we were out of the Vatican, President Byrd passed by one of the little shops out on the street, which were concessions owned by the Papacy, and bought all kinds of holy articles, crucifixes and such, perhaps as many as thirty different items. When I protested that the new purchases would not have been blessed, he replied that the persons he was giving them to would believe them blessed if he said so.

STENTORIAN BELCH 1952

In the spring of 1952, Scott at the age of thirteen was assisting a College Park woman to teach a fairly large dancing class. When the school was about half through, the lady and her husband moved out of the town, and she was so convinced of Scott's ability that she persuaded all of the mothers of the children enrolled in the dancing course that Scott could finish the school and that they might as well pay him. This was done.

When the course was over, he knew he would have to give recital involving all the youngsters. He chose to do it in our front yard. He rigged up a microphone in our dining room, leading to a loudspeaker out in the front yard, and he had chairs arranged for the mamas to see their darlings perform. He himself with becoming modesty would sit by the window in the dining room, out of sight of the crowd, and watch the pageant unroll. That night, just before the pageant, after we finished supper, Scott went out into the yard, and David went to the microphone, turned it up as high as it would go, and emitted into it a colossal belch. It could be heard for three city blocks.

LOW MAN ON THE TOTEM POLE 1952

The deanship I had at the University of Maryland corresponded in other universities to the deanship of Extension. My position was the prize one in the country because of the evening program at the Pentagon, elsewhere in suburban Maryland, and in Europe. Under my administration, it was extended to the North Atlantic, especially Sabrador, Thule in Greenland, and Newfoundland. Later it spread to the Far East.

First, a few comments about the NUEA (National University Extension Association), and then about some of my experiences while overseas. Once we held our national convention in Bend, Oregon; it was managed by a young man from the University of Oregon named Gridley. Julius Nolte of Minnesota then President of the Association, got off one of the cleverest mots I have ever heard in connection with Admiral Dewey's widely-quoted statement to his gunner at the Battle of Manila Bay: "You may fire, Gridley, whenever you are ready." This Oregonian Gridley at Bend did such a beautiful job of running our convention that, at the end of the convention, Julius was complimenting him on his good work by saying, "Everybody here recognize the superb job that Gridley has done. There is not a dean here who would not like to have Gridley on his staff. I say, therefore, to the dean at Oregon, 'You may fire Gridley, whenever you are ready.'"

The Extension Dean at every university is, as Norris Hiett of the University of Texas once observed, the low man on the totem pole at home. Many extension deans, since they do not deal in "respectable" academic affairs, teaching short courses and grabbing anybody they can to teach regular courses, are not universally respected. Norris's comment came in connection with the

haughtiness with which the deans and directors of the NUEA hold meetings open only to them, not allowing substitutes if the dean or director from a given institution could not come.

On the year when J. W. Brouillette of Louisiana State University was President of NUEA, I wangled through the Department of the Army a trip for Brouillette to go with me to Europe. J. W.. was a delightful person, with a manner of speech that is a mixture of Cajun French and deep south mushmouth. Once, somewhere in Germany, during the maneuvers which American troops there went through regularly, we drove up behind a truck full of men in full armor driving along a country road. The driver of the truck had not noticed us and he decided to turn left into the woods as we started to pass. We had a close squeak getting the car stopped without a collision. A half-dozen of the soldiers piled out of the truck and pointed their guns at us, mostly in reflex, when J. W.. came out with his inimitable Louisiana French drawl with, "Hey, boys, don't shoot! We ain't in this waw!"

When it came time for J. W. and me to come back from Europe, we discovered that two days before, a MATS cargo plane had been downed in the Atlantic and, as it later proved, lost. All flights of MATS planes were canceled, and we waited two or three days to get a flight home. When we finally did, they extended us the privilege of coming on the first plane. Although I was quite eager to take the first plane, I believe that I would have delayed two more days if I had known what was in store for us. In the first place, the plane was not equipped with passenger seats, but rather had bucket seats; furthermore there was a coffin strapped in the middle of the body of the plane, with bucket seats around the sides. To make matters worse, the plane had to go first to France, then to the north of England, then to the Azores, then to Newfoundland and finally on to Massachusetts. This prolonged the flight by some eight or ten hours. Altogether, counting the stops, and for the last leg of the journey, it was twelve hours without any stops, we had to sit in bucket seats upright for fear of disrespect for dead, for all those hours. Even when we stopped in Orly, Burtonwood, and the Azores, there was not anything to do except sit around for the two or three hours while the plane picked up or discharged a little cargo. When one sits for long hours with nothing to do, his mind deserts him, with the result that frequently one of us, without thinking, would lean over and rest his forehead on the edge of the casket or prop a foot up on it. There was a sergeant attendant in the plane who made it his duty to come and whack people who desecrated the dead. He never whacked me or J. W.., but we saw him do it to plenty of others and we rarely lapsed. Finally, to cap off the entire ordeal, when we arrived at Westover Air Force Base in Massachusetts, we had to sit in the plane for two hours while they dismantled a side of the plane to enable them to get the corpse out and pay it proper military honors.

JCOC
1952

In the summer of 1952 I was selected as one of sixty persons, all of the others well-known and some quite distinguished, to make the ten-day Joint Civilian Orientation Conference tour of the Marine Base at Quantico, the Naval Air Station at Pensacola, Eglin Air Force Base in Florida, and the Army installation at Fort Benning, Georgia. My selection was in recognition of my importance to the military as Dean of the College of Special and Continuation Studies at the University of Maryland. The tour place after I was selected and before I went to the Air Force.

Perhaps the most colorful person in the whole group was Captain Eddie Rickenbacker, then President of Eastern Airlines. Eddie had one exceedingly dirty story that he told at all new gatherings, to the high delight of some of our members and to the embarrassment of others, telling it at banquets whether ladies were present or not. At Quantico, they gave him a little

canvas bail bucket, which he had used during the month or so when he was alone in a boat in the middle of the Pacific during World War II. He professed to recognize it and to agree that indeed it was the bucket in question. He nearly always carried a quart bottle of good bourbon whiskey in his right trousers pocket. When we started on a new junket anywhere, the bottle would be full. Once an architect named Stone from Washington sought to make a part of a bottle more palatable by putting grapefruit juice in it, and Eddie would have none of it. It was all the whiskey available, and he went a whole afternoon without a drink.

Some of the personnel of Eglin Air Force Base took us to the Gulf for deep sea fishing. This was only a small group, and we trawled our baits behind a moving boat. We caught several large fish, one a four-foot-long bonita, which clearly qualified for its name. That was the only time in my life I had ever been fishing, up to the summer of 1966 when I fished twice with Charles Carter at Spar City, Colorado. Even then I personally caught nothing. When we came back to the wharf, we gave to the boat owner all the fish we had caught, but kept the bonita which Eddie late that evening put in the bed of Beall of the Boeing Aircraft Company; the next day I asked him the reaction from Beall, and what had happened to the fish. He responded, "When I got to bed at 2 o'clock, the damned thing was in my bed!"

On one occasion at Quantico, we were flown by helicopter from one spot to another. I happened to be in the helicopter with Rickenbacker. Another person in the group asked Eddie if this open air helicopter did not compare somewhat with the airplanes he flew in World War I. Eddie responded, "Yes, but these things go a little faster." When we parted, at Bolling Air Force Base at the trip's end, Eddie waved good-bye to all of the remainder of the group standing by, saying, "Come to New York to see me; I will get you all the good whiskey and pretty women you want."

Others on the Joint Civilian Orientation Tour were John D. Rockefeller III, who was completely abstemious, although he once bought an icebox full of beer for one of the buses we were going to ride on; an oldster who was the Chairman of the Board of Pepsi-Cola, but whose name I can no longer recall; John P. Marquand, the author and novelist; Mark Etheridge, the widely-known and respected editor of the Louisville Courier Journal; Dr. Stoddard, who was then the President of the University of Illinois; Freddie Maytag, a comparatively young man and apparently an heir to the original Maytag washing machine fortune; Dan Gerber, the President of Gerber Baby Foods, whom I have seen on television since, and many others.

In the Joint Civilian Orientation Course experience, I saw many things that I never otherwise would have seen. The ride in the helicopter has already been mentioned; we saw fire power demonstrations at Quantico and at Eglin that would astonish anyone. We saw a jet airplane at Eglin fly straight up until it crossed the sound barrier. I rode as a single passenger in a jet fighter with a lad who, in some hour and a half or two hours, had flown to Eglin Air Force in Florida from Goodfellow Air Force Base in Texas. As I rode in the jet fighter plane for a landing, the pilot made a big half-circle, banking around to approach the runway. The pressure at that point was so great that I felt that everything I had was spread flat on the seat of the plane. The attendants before we went up on the jet plane flight told us how to eject ourselves from the seat if we needed to and how to put our helmets on and off in order to save our lives if we needed to. After we had landed and the oxygen supply had been cut off, I nearly suffocated before I could get my helmet off. The pilot had to come and help me.

We went for a day's cruise at the Pensacola Naval Station on an aircraft carrier named THE BRUCE, as I recall it. We saw airplanes take off and land from the carrier. We also had one trip on a submarine, in which we submerged and went through the whole process. At Fort

Benning in a dark of night fire power demonstration, each of us was permitted to pull the lanyard three times, to discover that the cost estimate on each firing of the gun was about \$35.

One businessman from North Carolina named Street and called "Gabby" after the baseball player nicknamed in that fashion, when he found where I was from, told me a glowing tale about a liaison over several months he had had with a woman whom I knew well, who had never married, and who was highly respected by everyone who knew her. He related the details of this association in glowing terms; I was so shocked at what he was telling, recognizing it for an obvious barracks room truth, that I could say nothing. The next time we saw one another, however, we were both so embarrassed that we avoided one another for the rest of the tour. I have never told that woman's name to anyone. In some strange way, I respect her more than before.

After going on the Joint Civilian Orientation Conference, I never had any kind of contact so far as I can recall, with any of the members. I heard from some of them in one way or another, but I never saw one of them. There was, shortly thereafter, called to my attention an organization of people who had been on a Joint Orientation Civilian Conference, and I received invitations to join and to attend its annual meetings, but I never went to one.

PERCH 1952

Once in Germany while driving on the autobahn in a slight drizzle in the neighborhood of Wiesbaden, we came to a place where the German army in order to slow up the invading armies near the end of the war had blown up the autobahn bridges as they retreated. The temporary bridges made of creosoted wood had restored the autobahn to usefulness, but they were exceedingly slippery when it rained. Cars had to go in single file and drive carefully on the narrow bridge. A wreck had occurred right ahead of us: a Volkswagen had come on the narrow bridge too rapidly and had skidded into a huge truck. The force of the impact was so great that the wheel was knocked off the truck. The Volkswagen driver was standing around dazed; he had not yet spoken at the time we came up. The Volkswagen was damaged badly, but there still was a passenger in it when we got there, a huge woman weighing possibly three hundred pounds, who likewise was dazed but who was making no effort to get out. We opened the door, thinking to get her out of the car, and her great fat leg was gashed wide open. All that was damaged was fat, but her thigh must have been cut to the depth of ten inches. There was very little blood, only white meat that looked like perch. The next help to arrive immediately started trying to get the woman out of the car, but I protested for fear she would fall, and mortal man could never lift her. This was damage between two German vehicles and after awhile we concluded that we would complicate matters more by staying than by leaving.

MUSTACHE 1953

My hair has always been a muckledy dun color, at least since I graduated from the towhead class, and nothing about it would ever distinguish me. I had always fancied a mustache, however, and I wore one for about six years, until around 1953. Jettie never liked it, but she was willing to live and let live. Despite this attitude on her part, she perhaps once a week would inquire, "Why don't you shave off that stupid mustache?" Once when we were due to go to a Christmas party at the Bamberg's in College Park, she passed by the bathroom door as I was

shaving to go to the party and inquired, "Why giving the matter a thought, I put lather on it and off it went!"

As we continued to prepare to go out, she paid no attention to me. Indeed, I have often wondered why man and wife seldom really look at another. At any rate, we went off to the party without her noticing anything. I must confess that I turned my head the first time I could have come face to face with her, but no later. We went on to the party and after about twenty minutes there, she still had not noticed the bare upper lip, and when we stood face to face and talked, it dawned on me that she would not notice at all. I began to tell people in the room that I had shaved off my mustache and my wife had not noticed it. Within another half-hour, everybody present knew I had shaved off my mustache and that my wife had not noticed it. Finally, someone twitted her as being the least observant woman he had ever seen. This piqued her so much that she figured I was up to some sort of trick and, looking at me across the roomful of people, she screamed, "Joe Ray, you have shaved off your mustache!" My response was, "I did only what you told me to." I think the mustache gave me more satisfaction at its demise than it ever did while I wore it.

After I shaved my beard, following my stroke on November 11, 1978. I continued my white mustache for a year or so. But it also was soon gone.

TREE IN THE SIDEWALK

1953

When we lived on Rhode Island Avenue, although the grounds around the house were generously planted with shrubs, Jettie became inordinately anxious to have a pair of huge shrubs that an old man who lived a block and a half away had planted forty years before in front of his house. We had recently improved the entrance to our house, and she wanted the shrubs on either side of the front porch. The old man was quite willing to sell the two shrubs, but we, of course, would have to dig them up and transplant them.

I got one of them all right, digging it up and dragging it behind our automobile on an old sled, without any untoward developments to our house and into the hole that I had dug for it.

The second one was a little bit larger, and it provided substantially more challenge. I went over there one Sunday morning to the old man's house to get it, but he with great hauteur refused to let me work on it on Sunday. My work kept me busy most of the time, but finally I decided one afternoon that I would go by the Junior High School, get the two boys, and get them to help me move the shrub. Things went about as well as we could expect, except that as we dragged the shrub toward home on the sled, we looked back to see that our sled had pulled out from under it and left it sitting in the middle of the street.

Finally we got the thing back on the sled, pulled it to our yard and onto the sidewalk toward the hole that we dug for it, when suddenly the automobile tires began to skid on the grass, digging ruts, and we could not move the sled further. We thus had to leave this huge shrub, with earth balled around its roots, sitting on the sidewalk until next day. It was on toward nightfall and I was by that time quite naturally feeling grievously put upon.

The next morning, when we were all sitting somewhat glumly at the breakfast table, Scott came dashing in and said, "Hey, Daddy, come out and see the tree growing in the sidewalk." It took me a minute to realize that he was referring to our shrub. We eventually borrowed a scoop truck and lifted the shrub into the hole we had dug for it. About fifteen years after this job was done, I went by the Rhode Island Avenue house to take a look at it, and I saw our shrubs sitting

in place, not thriving as they had once done, but nevertheless at the place where we had at so great pains managed to put them.

LOOKING FOR MY GRAVE

1953

Once when Sally was eight or nine, we were driving through the "West Virginia mountains headed toward Kentucky, with Mom, Sally, and me in the front seat. This was our usual arrangement, since it gave the two boys the entire back seat on which to roughhouse one another. I was driving rapidly around the mountain turns, trying to get on toward Kentucky, with fairly regular chidings from Jettie about our rate of speed, when I noticed Sally looking out of the righthand corner of the windshield and around the turn in the road we were executing. I asked her what she was looking for, and she replied, "I am looking for my grave."

"MY MAMA'S A DRUNK"

1953

On our twentieth wedding anniversary, December 26, 1953, Jettie and I decided to have a big party. The list grew so long that we decided to ask our friends to come from 3 Or 4, 4 to 5, and 5 to 6. Naturally, we asked our very best friends for the last hour. What with Christmas cheer, good friends, and three hours of conviviality, by the end of the party there was a great deal of kissing under the mistletoe and general rowdiness. This made a great impression on Sally, who was then nine years old. On the following night we went for dinner with John and Emeline Foster. The Fosters were abstemious and served no liquor at all. While we were drinking our orange or tomato juice and talking, Emeline received a telephone call from Sally, asking her to please see to it that her mother did not get drunk.

DANCE DIRECTOR

1954

When Scott was a ninth grader in Junior High in Hyattsville, he was the director of a student show that was called THE INTERNATIONAL REVIEW. He did such a competent job that the teacher once told Jettie that in one instance she told a youngster to do something and the youngster answered, with great earnestness, "No, because Scott said do it the other way." and she told the youngster that Scott knew best. There was a note printed on the program for the REVIEW stating, "A REVIEW of this scope and magnitude could not have been presented without the able assistance of Scott Ray."

FAR EAST

1954

At the Education Conference, Ronnie Johnston, the best Education Officer I ever saw, embarrassed me with a reference to the little play that Colonel Henry Moss started when I first went to work for the Air Force, namely that there were a whole lot of doctor's degrees, but deans were rare and that everyone in the Air Force should refer to me as Dean Ray. Ronnie announced this to the effect that I preferred to be called Dean Ray. When it came my time to talk, I told

them they could call me anything they wanted to, even "Willie," if there were some way I could know they were addressing me.

Our Education man at Ashiya in Southern Honshu was huge man, some six feet, six inches tall, and weighing possibly 350 pounds. His name was James Alexander. Jim took me to Tokyo Onsen, the Turkish bath. He had told me about it, but I had not really known what to expect. The attendants in the Turkish bath were women, the younger one obviously just a young Japanese girl, with no talent save pulchritude, but the other one was the professional masseuse. She was strong, well-muscled, and really good. When we came in, the girls unabashedly asked that we disrobe, which we proceeded to do. Each of us then was given a good soaping by one of the girls. As I wrote to my folks later, the girl soaped me up as far as possible and then handed me the washrag and told me to wash "possible." Thereafter each of us was set in a steambath, and I stayed quite as long as I cared to. Thereafter, Jim and I were stretched out on a big box about waist-high, large enough to lay four men side by side, and the masseuse proceeded to give each of us a going-over. Jim had told me that the last time he was there, due to his great bulk, he for the first time had got a really satisfactory massage, when the girl attendant stood on top of him in her bare feet and walked up and down on his back and then on his stomach. This young woman at his request then proceeded to do that for him this time. I know he must have felt good, after the experience was over and we were out, because it was a truly superb feeling for me. The fact that the attendants were women had no more than a titillating effect.

On the trip I also went to Korea. The experience was not particularly noteworthy in any respect that I can remember save that the countryside in Korea was as desolate as anything I have ever seen. Every sprig of vegetation had been torn up and put to use. Many hovels, made of anything that could be made to hold together, existed outside the limits of the cities. At one place we were running an educational program within seven miles of the enemy troops, and our bombardiers would take off on bombing missions and then come back to meet their classes at night. Outside the limits of one of our airbases on the southern Japanese island of Kyushu, some seven thousand miles from the United States, a large sign had been placed at a turn in the road, saying "Los Angeles City Limits." On the way home, headed for Guam, we flew over Iwo Jima and saw it, but did not land.

Guam is one of the most interesting islands I have ever seen. The Guamanians are a haughty people, without any reason for hauteur, because nearly all of them are deadbeats and bums, made so by allowances from the Government of the United States. They would not do menial work at all, and all service type employment in Guam is handled by Filipino boys brought in for the purpose. The line drawn between the Filipinos and the Guamanians, the latter see to it, is absolute.

The air force person sent along on all of my touring of the Far East with me was a Colonel Earl Johnson; he, Ronnie Johnston, and I were together during all of our travels. Ronnie, who was obviously somewhat effeminate and who incidentally later was discharged from his position on charges of homosexuality, would inquire when we saw anything pretty, "Isn't that lovely?" with an emphasis on the last word. Colonel Johnson, who was a World War II ace in Europe, and I would vie with one another to see if we could not beat Ronnie to the punch by exclaiming, "Isn't that lovely?"

I NEVER SLEPT BETTER
1954

On my trip to the Far East, we flew from Travis Air Force Base in California to Honolulu, thence after a short layover, to Wake Island, then to Tokyo. We left at night and flew through the dark hours, landing in Honolulu up in the morning of the next day. We spent a major part of that day in Honolulu, where I got in a good visit with Jettie's nephew, Charles Hollinsworth and his fine family, and then on for eight or ten hours to Wake. It was nighttime at Wake, but the clock was changing on us so fast that the time of day was hopelessly dislocated. I had stayed awake on the flight from Honolulu to Wake on the assumption that I would sleep from Wake to Tokyo, but my inner clock was so fouled up that I made the eight-hour flight without a wink of sleep.

We landed in Tokyo at about seven or eight o'clock in the morning, and the delegation from the Education Office was there to pick me up and run me all day, even though I was dead for sleep. We finally got back to my hotel at 11:00 P.M. and I collapsed into bed, only to pop wide awake at two in the morning. I tossed and tumbled until time to get up and go back to work, with the Education Officer fully determined to milk every possible dribble of usefulness out of me during my visit, and ran for a full day again. This was reported for a whole week, with me getting precisely three hours of sleep each day, no more and no less. Finally, on Friday night, they gave a party in my honor, including the General himself. This was General Earl Partridge. (John Caulfield once told me that he fell heir to the responsibility of introducing General Partridge to an Education Conference and, when he got to the General's name, he could not for the life of him raise any name at all except "Quail." The General laughed with everybody else.) The dinner party was given for me by one of the professors of the University of California, which was then running the Far East university program. It was Saturday night; we had a cocktail party and then we went to a famous eating place in Tokyo. Our crowd was so large, possibly twelve, that they could not find a table large enough for us except one that had just been occupied, so we waited and drank for another hour, until our table was ready. We finally were seated at 10:00 P.M., finished our delicious steaks at 11:00, and everyone ordered Baked Alaska for dessert. I looked at my watch to see that it was 11, and then the lady librarian next to me shook my arm and told me it was time to wake up and have dessert. I looked at my watch and it was 11:30. I had taken a snooze at the dinner table on an occasion being given in my honor. There was no explanation that could be adequate, so I kidded and laughed it off as best I could. Upon leaving, I told the California professor, my host, that I had never eaten nor slept better.

BARNEY OLDFIELD
1954

When the children were small and we lived in College Park, on Rhode Island Avenue, I used to take them out to the quiet Sunday morning roads in Beltsville for driving practice. All three of them learned to drive there. Sally was then much younger and smaller than her brothers, of course, but she was fiercely competitive with them. She could not reach the accelerator, and at the same time see over through the bottom of the windshield, so she always sat on my lap and drove quite as well as the boys did.