

Me, The Early Years

Apparently I was conceived around the 9th of February 1935. Must have been a cold February at 7201 Oxford Avenue. I was born in the city of Philadelphia at Temple University Hospital, on Broad [14th] Street, not far from city hall, on November 9th, 1935. Mother [Ethel May (Ellis)], Father [Edward Jacob], and I, at first, lived with Father's Father [Charles Jacob] and Mother [Martha Elizabeth (Noll), grandfather called her Lizzie], and Aunt Carrie [more about her later] at 7201 Oxford Avenue in the Burholme section of Philadelphia. My Great-Grandmother [Johanna] had died moments after telling someone that Ethel's making a baby when Mother was about ready to deliver me. I was told that Great Grandmother said Ethel is "ready", and then passed away. I was born a few days later. When she died she was sitting in a chair which I have at home in our living room. It is a bit tattered now. Great-Grandmother Wenzinger, Johannah was her first name, was born in 1845, so she was about 90 years old when she died.

When I was only about 16 months old in the fall of 1937, apparently I was running a fever. When everyone else went to LBI to finish cleaning for the year and close up the houses, my Mother and I stayed home at 7201 Oxford Avenue. In the afternoon on Saturday, my mother later told me that I began to look bad, somewhat green she said. She called the Doctor, one Dr Diebel, whose office was not too far away from the house. As was his custom in those days he came to the house in his car. After looking me over he apparently told my Mother that he needed to take us to the hospital as he thought I might have appendicitis. He took Mother and I there. He carried me to the car and then into the hospital. I was in the operating room soon after we got to the hospital. My appendix had already ruptured. After the operation Dr. Diebel came out to see my Mother in the waiting room. He told my Mother that she should begin to think about having another child. Not very good news. I stayed in the hospital for about a month with a drain in my gut. The drain remained there for another month. After the drain came out I had to learn to walk again. That went well and rumors of my demise are greatly exaggerated.

In 1939 to 1941 Aunt Betty [Father's sister] and her husband Dr. Russell Morgan lived at 7201 in the third floor attic. Russ was doing a physician's internship at Temple hospital in downtown

Philadelphia. They later moved to Anville and then Bethlehem, both in Pennsylvania, where Uncle Russ was a surgeon, following the second world war.

The house at 7201 had 5 bedrooms, one for Grand father and Grandmother, one for Mother and Father, one for Aunt Carrie, one for Bob and I, and the Attic bedroom for Aunt Bettie and Uncle Russ. There were two bathrooms on the second floor and one on the first floor. The house had a kitchen with a gas stove and lots of cabinets, a separate pantry for food, in which the ice box was also located; a breakfast room with wooden bench seats, the radio was on a window sill in the breakfast room; the dining room could accommodate 20 people seated, and had a bay window; the living room was 15'x21' and had Father's 10+ fish aquariums, mostly Guppies. There was a 'sun' porch with wicker furniture. At Christmas time the trains were erected on the porch.

I do not remember much of anything specific [see below] until I was in Kindergarten, in 1940. Before then I remember only listening to the radio in the breakfast room. I remember The Magic Lady Show, Amos and Andy, Captain Midnight and The Lone Ranger.

Brother Robert was born April 6th, at Northeast Hospital, also in Philadelphia, in 1939. I do not recall his coming home or anything about him until I was in Grade school, about the time he began Kindergarten. One reason April is a reminder of the past for me.

For Kindergarten I attended Crossan Public School at Bingham and Bleigh Streets in the Burholme section of Philadelphia. I went to school there until the middle of 7th grade in February of 1948. I was then sent to Woodrow Wilson Junior High School at Cottman and Palmetto Sts in Philadelphia, for the last half of 7th grade, 8th grade and 9th. I then went to Lincoln High School and graduated in Lincoln's third graduating class in June of 1953. I graduated with a 'Mechanics Arts' Diploma. I had taken all the Academic courses plus all the shop courses that they offered. [Auto shop, machine shop, wood shop, etc.]

During my early years, as far back as I can remember, we always began to go to Beach Haven in mid-April each year [109 E 13th St, which may explain why 13 anything does not bother me]. I remember going in the Gray, 4 door, [rear doors opened from the front] 1937 Pontiac with either

my Grandfather or my Father driving. I would sit in the back with brother Bob, Mother, Grandmother, and 'Aunt Carrie'. There was always a gray haze that hung over the seats in that car, from my Father's Lucky Strike [unfiltered] cigarettes and my Grand Father's 5 cent [or less] "el-ropo-o" cigar [chewing tobacco that was not always on fire.] We would go over the wooden trestle bridges to Ship Bottom and then south to Beach Haven. We would go directly to the 'ice-house'. We would purchase a 25 or 30 pound block of ice, place it on the front bumper of the Pontiac and hope it did not melt through by the time we got to the house. We would then carry a light piece of ice into the front house and place in the 'ice-box' in the kitchen. A 25 -30 pound block of ice would last 2 or 3 days. We would get a 50-pound block if we were to stay longer than 2 or 3 days.

Grandfather Wenzinger had purchased the houses at 109 East 13th Street in North Beach Haven, New Jersey in 1913. I believe that Grandfather Wenzinger paid \$3000 for both houses at 109. During most of the year of 1925 the entire family, Charlie, Lizzy, Carl, my Father and Elizabeth spent their time at the house on LBI as the house at 7201 was being built that year.

Aunt Carrie was Grandmother's sister. Her full name was Caroline Noll. Bob and I knew her as 'the candy lady'. She would bring candy to both of us several times a week, and each time she came to the beach on Friday night on the bus from Philadelphia after work. She was a supervisor at the company that published the magazine 'Farm Journal and Farmer's Wife'. She would spend her 2-week vacation at the beach with us. She also lived at 7201 Oxford Avenue with the rest of us.

Every spring we would clean both houses at the beach, front house first, remove months of dust and grime, and put the screens on the windows of the front house. These activities would take the entire first weekend. We used several Kerosene heaters for heat, with a pail of water on top to provide humidity. In later years we switched to electric heaters. On a later weekend we would clean the back house and have it ready for tenants in May. For a number of years the same folks rented the back house. They were Mr. and Mrs. Thompson and their daughter Claire. I think they rented it all summer for nearly 15 years. After them we rented to one couple for the month of August. They rented August until sometime in the late 1980's.

Around the middle to late May, always prior to Memorial Day [last week end in May] we would go to the beach to stay until mid to late September. Mother, Grandmother, Bob and I would stay all summer. My Father came to the beach each Friday night. He would arrive about dusk, 7pm or so, frequently on the same bus from Philadelphia as Aunt Carrie. The trip took about 2 hours when an 'Express' using route 72 [the way you and I went] or 2 1/2 to 3 hours when it went as a local via Hammonton NJ.

In 1942 or 43 my Aunt Betty and Uncle Russ [Dr Morgan] asked Mother to take care of their son Russell Jr. [Rusty to me]. Aunt Betty wanted to go with Uncle Russ during his Navy training. Mother and Grandmother said OK. He stayed with us at the beach through the spring and until late summer that year. He was there long enough that my mother became 'Mom' to him, also. Mother taught him how to swim and take care of himself in the ocean. He fell [and was pushed] down a fair number of times until he figured out how to avoid Bob, the waves and myself. His mom and dad came back to see him just before Uncle Russ shipped out to the Pacific to work as a Surgeon on a Hospital ship. When they arrived on the Island went directly to the beach to go swimming. We were all there. They called out to Rusty who was in the water at the time. He heard them and came out of the water, and ran to my Mother, crying Mommy, Mommy. We had to explain to him that they were his real parents.

One day, in the summer of 1942, I was sitting on the top of a sand dune on 13th Street, in the early evening. I was watching the cargo ships, tankers and troop ships sailing by. In the past that year I had seen several ships go up in smoke and flames, apparently hit by one or more torpedoes. The boats would blow up very soon after being hit, and the fires sometimes lasted for hours, lighting up the sky, particularly when it happened at night. On that one day in 1942 I heard a noise that sounded like a propeller going extremely fast and then it stopped. I looked to the right [south] toward 12th Street. I watched a rather short torpedo come up on the beach, well out of the water and then just stop. That is when the propeller went very fast and then just stopped. No fire or explosion occurred. I ran toward it but as soon as I saw what it was I turned around and ran the other way. I think I set a record running to the house. I ran in the front door yelling that we were torpedoed. My mother had a tough time calming me down. When she understood what I was trying to tell her I don't think she believed me at first. Eventually Grandfather heard me and he

walked to the beach to check out my story. He didn't come back to the house for several hours. When he did return he confirmed my story and told us that the bomb squad had come and taken the torpedo away.

One more event occurred that year. I was looking sitting on the curb in front of the house at 109 looking up at some airplanes flying overhead. I think I saw at least three smaller fighters. They were up fairly high. They seemed to be conducting practice dogfights. Afterward, we found that they were US Navy "Hellcats". As I watched them criss-crossing their paths I was fascinated as I had never seen these maneuvers before. Then two of the planes seemed to be heading toward each other on what appeared to be a straight-line collision course. It was just that. In seconds they collided head-on. There was a ball of fire from each of the planes and they began to tumble downward. My Mother leaned out the screen door on the porch and screamed to me to get inside quick. I did. My Grandfather must have heard all the commotion and came out front of the house from the back yard where he had been working. He stood in the street and just looked up at the debris falling from the sky. Grand mother yelled at Charlie, "Get in here Charlie or you will be killed". She must have yelled that at him many times. I was frightened for him and the house. I imagined the ball of fire hitting the house and killing us all. Fortunately only a few small parts from one of the planes hit the house and one control panel from one plane hit the concrete sidewalk in front of the house seconds after Grandfather came in the house. We continued to watch parts from the aircraft fall out of the sky. It seemed to take a very long time for the parts to stop falling. When it seemed that all the parts had fallen, I looked outside and saw a whole half wing floating to the ground over the houses on Beach Avenue. The wing piece came to rest in a vacant lot at the corner of 14th Street and Beach Avenue. A few days later some sailors came and collected the pieces we had picked up off the ground and they also placed the wing on a large gray truck and carried it away. We never saw anything about the apparent accident in the newspapers. I don't know why.

One other time that year Grandfather was standing out front of the house after it got dark. He stood there and as he did usually attempted to light the cigar he had been chewing on for sometime. I don't remember if he was successful lighting the cigar or not. I do remember the Air Raid Warden, a man about Grandfather's age asking him to put out the light his cigar and match

were making because it was against the war time regulations and, furthermore the Germans might see it and fire on us. Grandfather argued with him that no one could see him from the ocean because of the high sand dunes. He was correct, but the man persisted and threatened to arrest him and take him to jail. My Grandmother, who was sitting on the porch with Bob, Mother and I called to Charlie to come in and put out the cigar. It was not clear if he heard her. He reluctantly came in the house and in a bad humor, put up several of the air raid [black out] shades. The warden apparently did not see what Grandpop had done with the shades. Later Grandpop put the shades back down, grumbling to anyone who would listen, and those who would not. He kept me awake for some time that night.

Open fishing boats were routinely launched off the beach, into the ocean, at 12th Street in Beach Haven on top of wooden rollers that were placed on wooden planks that were set on the sand down from where the boat was stored on the beach down to the water's edge. About 1 or 2 miles off shore the fishermen set up nets to catch fish. The nets stayed in the water from early spring, through the whole summer and well into the fall. I managed to persuade the fishermen to take me with them on several of their trips to the nets. They would go out at daybreak and return around 8 or 9 am. They would pull the nets into the boat and dump the fish that had been caught into the bottom of the boat. There the fish would stay, unrefrigerated until the boat came back to shore and the fish were put on ice, a period of at least three hours, as many as five hours. One time when I went out with the boat to the nets, the men found the nets all torn apart. A very large Tuna had gotten into the nets and tore them up. The fish was still in the nets, and tangled up in the nets when we arrived. After harpooning the fish we dragged it into the boat. When we weighed it at the fish market, it weighed about 300 pounds. It was tree feet wide and nine feet long, the biggest fish I have ever seen alive.

As a result of the tankers being hit by torpedoes offshore, many within sight of the island, much oil would come ashore. Sometimes it would be all over the beach for days; some times even a week or two. My Grandmother would keep a large container of Kerosene near the back door of the front house and another can by the front door of the rear house. The Kerosene was used with an old rag to wipe the oil [we called it tar] off of our feet. Mother or Grandmother would inspect our feet

before we would be allowed inside the house. The tar seemed to get everywhere, especially between the toes, where it was very difficult to get at.

In 1944, a very big storm hit LBI. I was there with Bob and my Grandparents. I do not recall why we were there without our Mother or Father. I remember being very frightened as this was the first hurricane I had experienced. I had always been afraid of thunder and lightning, but this was much worse. In addition to the thunder and lightning the wind was howling through the screens on the front porch. I told Grandfather W that the noise that the wind was making as it blew through the screens was scary. He acknowledged that the wind was blowing very strong and he decided that Bob and I would help him take the screens down and bring them inside the house so that they would not be damaged by the high winds. When we tried to take them down with the wind blowing we just succeeded in damaging them as they whipped around in the wind once they were unhooked from the porch woodwork. We got some of the screens inside. The remainder we decided to leave in place. One or two just blew away. We never found them and had to make three new screen frames.

As the storm grew worse, we could see the waves breaking on the ocean side, in front of the hotel that was situated at 13th and Atlantic Avenue. The hotel was named "The Breakers." Fortunately for us and the small house we were in the waves were breaking on "The Breakers" hotel. That saved our house and probably us from any severe damage. Although we seemed protected by the large structure of the hotel Grandmother was getting very anxious as the storm grew worse. Eventually we all agreed that we should try to get to "higher ground" as the water was deep in the street, things stored under the house were banging on the underside of the floor and it looked like water would soon be coming into the house, if it did not float away prior to coming in the house. [The house was simply set on a bunch of cinder blocks, with no significant foundation, no in-ground poured concrete or pilings.]

The only near-by "higher ground" was the second and third floors of the Hudson House, about one block toward the bay. We decided that was where we should go. With Bob and I between Grandmother and Grandfather we linked arms and waded, in the churning salt water and pouring rain, to the Hudson house, where ocean water was already in the ground floor. We quickly

climbed the stairs to the second and then the third floor and remained there looking out at the water swirling around the building for 4 or 5 hours. The winds calmed and then the water began to recede. After another several hours the winds died down, the clouds went away, the sun came out the streets began to dry up. By the next morning the sun was shining and it looked like a normal day, except that "The Breakers" was broken down in the front and was subsequently torn down. The previous location of "The Breakers" remained a vacant lot for nearly five or six years. The ground where "The Breakers" had been located was divided into 6 or 7 lots and a house was built on each lot. All that remains of "The Breakers" are pictures in the history books. The houses that were on 13th Street that year are still there, except those that were torn down later to build larger summer homes. The house at 109 east 13th Street still stands to this day. After a few days we were able to phone My Mother and Father in Philadelphia to let them know we were OK. Mother and father came to LBI several days later to get us to take us back to Philadelphia. On the way we saw houses in the middle of Bay Avenue, pieces of houses here and there, a bath tub on to of a boat, one on what was left of a sand dune, boats in one piece or pieces of boats all over the place, demolished sea walls, previously tall and short sand dunes that had been completely washed away, in short extreme damage. I thought that LBI was gone forever. I was wrong it was not gone. After that storm building began again and soon exceeded what had been there prior to 1944. Subsequent storms have also tried to destroy LBI. They have all failed. It is more built now that it ever was before. I am the only remaining member of the Wenzinger family who was there that day to see all the destruction first hand.

My Grandfather Wenzinger, Charles Jacob Wenzinger, as he signed his name, was originally named Karl J Wenzinger by his parents. Grand pop decided to use Charles at some point, I know not when. Karl is the German equivalent. His mother was Johanna Wenzinger; I do not recall her maiden name, if I ever knew it. Maybe I could get her maiden name from the records of Ellis Island where all persons coming from Europe in the 1800's landed in the US. I understand that those records may now be available on the Web. Another alternative would be the records held by the Mormons, in Salt Lake City, Utah. I understand that those records are now available to the public on the Web.

My Great-Grandfather Wenzinger's first name was Josef. He was born in 1846 and died in 1923, at about 77 years of age. I think he was somehow involved in the iron foundry where my Grandfather worked at one time. I have a cast iron door stop at home which I believe either my Grandfather or Josef made.

Grandfather Wenzinger, according to what he told me on several occasions, grew up in Philadelphia and stopped his education at the age of 13 when he went to work in "an iron foundry".

Grandfather Wenzinger, "Charlie" I will call him, as I heard his wife call him. Charlie called his wife "Lizzy", short for her middle name. Her full name was Martha Elizabeth Wenzinger. Her maiden name was Noll. She had one sister, Lillian, and one brother John.

Lillian married a man named Perry Redifer. I visited Aunt Lilly many times with my mom, dad and grandparents. I recall they lived in one of the fancy places in Philadelphia. I do not have any memories of Perry Redifer Sr. I do recall meeting their son Perry Jr. He, apparently was involved in some secret activities, details of which escape me now. I do remember that he was murdered. He is buried, along with Perry Sr. and Aunt Lilly in the plot next to the Wenzinger plot at West Laurel Hill Cemetery in Philadelphia. You may recall being there and my pointing out the Redifer's plot. You now can understand the connection to the Wenzingers. Perry Jr. actually helped me get back from Antarctica, quickly, one time when Susan was ill. That must have been in 1964. That is all I remember about them. Susan may remember some more of the details about Perry Jr. I do not plan to ask her.

Back to Charlie. Charlie had several businesses that he and my Father told me about. He had a hardware store. I still have a Yard Stick, somewhere at home that has the address on it. As I recall it was 2100 North front St in Philadelphia, although I am not real sure of the 2100. No details of that store come to mind just now.

Charlie also had a saloon. Apparently my Grand Mother Wenzinger did the cooking for the bar snacks there. This memory is a bit vague, but I think it is correct.

Carl Jr. may recall more. I should let him read all this. Maybe he will be able to fill in some of the blanks.

At one time Charlie had purchased a number of vacant lots on LBI. I am not sure of the exact number. I only recall Father and Charlie talking about it one or two times. It seemed Charlie had bought the lots a speculative purchase hoping that LBI would become very popular and he would be able to sell the lots at a great profit. Apparently after Charlie retired, after the Second World War, he sold off the lots, one at a time and made a modest profit on each one.

One thing that really impressed me about Charlie was his handwriting. It was impeccable. I told me, much more than one time, that he had taught himself how to write. No question about what he was writing. I was especially interested in how he wrote his capital 'C'. It was so interesting that I chose to use it when I signed my name using his way of writing my middle initial 'C'.

I recall that when we lived at 7201 Oxford Avenue Charlie had a friend who was Anton Apfle. [Apfle is deutsche for Apple] He was known as Tony Apple. Tony was a mechanic who worked on Charlie's car[s]. Tony and Charlie both like to go fishing and I recall some tall tales they would tell about "the one that got away". They also liked to go hunting, especially Tony. I recall Tony bringing several dead rabbits in the house on occasion and Lizzy hanging them up in the pantry for a day or so near the icebox, not inside it. Lizzy and Mother would then make Hossempfeffer [sp?] for all to eat. Hossempfeffer is rabbit marinated in brine and then boiled or roasted. The origin of 'Hasenpfeffer' is deutsche.

Charlie tried to teach me how to speak German. He was only partly successful. He taught Bob and I how to count and say the numbers from one to one hundred in German. He told us that we would get an allowance if we would ask for it in German. That was enough incentive to learn the numbers at least. I remember much of that to this day. Knowing some German was very handy when I visited Germany and Austria in the 70s and 80s.

At both the house in Philadelphia and at the house on LBI we had a "Victrola." The one at Oxford Avenue was a rather deluxe model, but just played 78 rpm records. It was a wind-up that required

winding every other record. Each 78-rpm record would play about 3 or 4 minutes on each side. As a result a long symphony would require a few records. When multiple records were needed for a given piece of music the collection of records was referred to as an album. Each album had a number of pages, one sleeve for each record. One of Mozart's symphonies, for which Grandfather W had a recording, used up 10 records, with music on both sides of each disk. You had to really be dedicated to listening to a symphony to get up and change the record every 3 or 4 minutes. Some of the recordings were truncated to get them onto a reasonable [smaller] number of disks. All of the 78-rpm disks were made of a very hard material that would easily crack or would break if it were dropped on a hard surface.

Charlie liked to watch me build HO gauge model trains when I would be doing that. One time I built a small layout for HO scale model trolley cars. It was about four feet square and on two levels. The tracks were arranged in a single line with a reversing loop at each end. To make the wiring easier for me I used over-head wiring for the trolley cars poll to ride on and wired it to the positive side of my 12 volt power supply. I wired each of two HO scale model trolley cars so that they would get their power from the over-head wire and used both tracks for the return to the negative side of the power supply. I insulated a short piece of the track on one side in each reversing loop to control which trolley would run and to change the traffic signals from red to green after a trolley would stop in one of the reversing loops and allow the other one to go. Charlie was fascinated by this layout. He would sit for an hour or so at a time and just look at it. When I would come home after school I would turn it on for him and he would sit there and watch the model trolleys run around. If one of the trolley poles would come off of the over-head wire he would call for me to come fix it. Eventually he learned how to do it, but because his fingers were much larger around than mine he sometimes got frustrated and call me to fix it. After he got tired of watching the trolleys, or got tired of putting the pole back on the wire, he would turn the system off where I had showed him how to do it. I think he got a lot of enjoyment from playing with these model trolleys, maybe more than I did.

Sometime 1951, my Grandmother Wenzinger was diagnosed with stomach cancer. She died only a short time after I became aware of her illness. I do recall the day that she died, but according to her tumb stone at West Laurel Hill Cemetery in Philadelphia she died in 1951. She had been born

in 1877, so she was about 74 years old when she died. Most of the family was present that day and many people were crowded into my grandparent's bedroom. I was invited to come in a one point, but do not recall much about that visit because I was very frightened about what was going on. Their doctor came and went several times during the day. I remember him coming out of their room one of the times that he was there. He was simply shaking his head and speaking to my mother who was crying allot. At one point, when I was just outside their bedroom I heard what sounded to me like a large burp coming from inside their bedroom, after which most of the people inside began to cry out loud. My Mother came out a few minutes later and ran to her bedroom and threw herself on father and Mother's bed. She was crying. I asked her about what I had heard. She told me that my Grandmother had 'passed away'.

I think that my Grandmother was the first person I had seen in a coffin. It was set up in the living room of the house at 7201. I remember looking at my Grandmother in her coffin as my father picked me up to look at her. I remember looking at her and observing that the person in the coffin did not look much like my Grandmother.

During one summer at LBI I remember being awakened by a lot of commotion in the house. Apparently Aunt Carrie was sick and everyone in the house seemed to be quite upset. An ambulance came to the house and carried Aunt Carrie out on a stretcher into the waiting ambulance. They drove her the 70 miles to a hospital in Philadelphia. There was no hospital nearby on the mainland as there is now. Apparently Aunt Carrie had had a heart attack during the night and was dead by the time they got to the hospital. I do not remember anything about her funeral or where she is buried.

After Grandmother Wenzinger died Charlie was a mess. First he would cry for hours on end. Then he began some strange, to me, activities. He would go out in the garden along side of the house at 7201 Oxford Avenue and cry, rather loudly, and seem to be praying to Lizzy. This went on most evenings. Father or Mother would go outside and try to convince Charlie to come in the house. Most of the time they would get him to come in, but not always right away, and Charlie would often cry or pray out loud louder. One time I remember that the police came to the door and asked that we bring him in. Apparently one or more of the neighbors had complained. Eventually, in

about a year or so Charlie stopped praying outside. Next he began to stand in his room and pray loudly. At the same time he would shake out each article of clothing he would take off. He would count out loud the number of times he would shake each article of clothing. At first he would only shake each article 10 times. Later on he went to 50 and then 100 times for every item he had on that day. As he was a bit deaf, he would be very loud. He kept brother Bob and I awake on many nights. This practice of shaking his clothes out a great number of times continued until he became ill and died, in 1963.

In the meantime, because the house at 7201 Oxford Avenue had been in my Grandmother's name only, and because Mother and Father wanted their own home, the house at 7201 was sold and we moved to a row house in the Mayfair section of Philadelphia. I remember that Mother and Father had saved nearly enough money to buy their home with cash. The row house cost them \$12,000. They put down just over \$10,000 and paid the remainder over several years.

While we were living at the house in Mayfair I recall Charlie taking to the kids who would play in the back alley. When it was near to Easter Sunday each year Charlie would ask my Father to take him to a candy store in Mayfair. He would buy 10 pounds of black jellybeans. He would also get my Father to take him to the bank where he would get a roll of quarters. He would bring them home, and with my Mother's assistance, he would divide the jellybeans up into a number of bags, maybe a ¼ in each bag. He would then go outside when the weather was good and ring the dinner bell that we had. The local kids would all come around and get a bag of jellybeans, a quarter and a kiss on the top of their head from Charlie. The word apparently got around that free stuff was being handed out because there would be a line of kids stretching from our yard to the street waiting for their bag of jellybeans, and quarter. One time I saw a kid get his handout and run to the back of the line again. When he came to Grandfather the second time he was recognized as a two timer. Charlie said to him, "Didn't I see you just a few minutes ago?" Charlie gave him a second bag and quarter, anyway, but no kiss. After Charlie died the kids would ask my Father if he would continue the tradition. He told them NO, in no uncertain terms.

Charlie died in the house in Mayfair. His death was apparently quite messy. I remember my mother, in Charlie's final days, helping him with getting out of bed to go to the toilet and later

simply cleaning him up when he could no longer get up out of bed. Near the end his bodily functions seemed to shutdown, as Mother described it later, causing a literally, big mess in the bed. He died shortly after. He was, like my Grandmother laid out in his coffin in the living room of our house at 3323 Sheffield Avenue.

Brother BOB

Brother Bob was born at Northeast Hospital on April 6, 1939. His given name was Robert Ellis Wenzinger. The Ellis came from Mother's maiden name. Mother and Father usually called him Robert. I called him "Bubbe". Unfortunately for him, he was not perfect.

Bob went to ALL the same schools, as did I. [Crossan, Wilson, Lincoln and Drexel] He got a BS in Civil Engineering, from Drexel. It took him 6 years, as he did not pass all the courses the first time. Since I had passed all my courses the first time, he had to put up with a lot of difficulty from Mother and Father, more than I considered appropriate. I did not express that opinion to anyone, at the time.

I do not know when the fact that he had undecended testicles was discovered. I do remember that when it was discovered it was a BIG Deal. It must have been when I was at an age when I was interested in photography and had a 35mm camera. I remember that the camera was a Kodak Retina IIA. At the time I was also doing the development of my own photographs in the basement at 7201 Oxford Avenue in Philadelphia. The physician that was treating Bob for the condition had asked Mother and father to have me take picture of Bob, naked, from front, back, and both sides at monthly intervals. I was asked to take the picture, develop and print them. The physician wanted then to aid in assessing Bob's condition and changes with time.

He was given what I believe were hormones. He took them regularly from then on as far as I know. As a result of taking the hormones he grew hair in all the right places, his voice deepened and other physical changes took place. I never knew if he was able to have any kind of sex life.

Bob worked for several computer companies after graduation. He wound up doing software development for Univac. Working for these computer companies apparently was quite stressful. Bob told me that on at least one occasion.

Bob married a daughter of one of Uncle Russ' relatives. Her name was Jane Kleinberger. As Bob could not father any children Bob and Jane adopted two children, one boy, named Robert Brian Wenzinger and one girl named Alice. Robert Brian chose, for some reason, to be known as Brian. Eventually, Bob and Jane were divorced. Jane kept the children. This happened while Bob and Jane were living in a trailer near Pemberton NJ. I don't know why they divorced, and do not recall how long they were married.

Eventually, they actually went through with a second formal wedding. I do not recall how long between the first divorce and the second marriage. That really does not matter much, as the second marriage did not last either. I do not recall how long the second one lasted either.

I noticed, on several occasions that Bob was very "up-tight" about his work environment and the pressures associated with working for Univac. He did meet another woman there, whether before or after his second divorce from Jane, I do not know. They got married sometime in 1980, or about that time. Her name was Alice June....don't recall her maiden name. She wanted to be called June. Her marriage to Bob was her first marriage. Each time I would visit Bob he and June would talk about how horrible things were at Univac. They didn't seem to talk about much else. I hope they did when we were not there.

I was in Vienna one time working on an International Atomic Energy Commission standard, when I got a call that told me that Bob had had a heart attack. I came home as soon as I could, but was unable to see him right away. I got to see him a few days later. The physician who was attending to him told me that a significant portion of his heart had been damaged and he was not sure to say about Bob's prognosis. He did not seem hopeful. June cried a lot.

It turned out that Bob made it through that crisis OK. He went home after the hospital stay and was told not to work at all, ever. He was not happy with this but seemed to understand the choice, no work or likely a repeat of the heart attack and very likely death. Bob had several more heart attacks, through which he came out weaker, but still alive. During this time he told me, in no uncertain terms that he did not want to see Mother or Father at all

Bob died several years after his first heart attack as a result of one more heart attack. He was 44 years old when he died. It hit me pretty hard, as I was more three years older than he was. Those last days, the last time I saw him alive, he was not happy. It made me very sad.

June developed cancer soon after Bob's death. I think she knew at a prior time but, because of Bob's condition, she told no one until he was gone. She survived him by about two years.

Grandpop Wenzinger's Boats

Charlie had a number of boats. I was personally on board at least one of them, The Elizabeth. I did a lot of fishing on that boat, both when Charlie owned it and after it belonged to Tony Apple. More about that boat later.

I know of at least 4 boats that Charlie had. There was the Eva-Dor, the Dompf-Noodle and the Elizabeth. He owned these boats in the order listed. I have no idea where the name of these boats came from except the Elizabeth. Elizabeth was the name of Lizzy and Charlie's only daughter.

I believe there was one other boat between the Eva-Dor and the Dompf-Noodle. I saw a picture of it at the house on Long Beach Island. I also had a picture of the Eva-Dor. There are still pictures of the Eva-Dor at the house on LBI.

Tony bought one of Charlie's boats, the one called Elizabeth. It was a flat bottom boat that had a 'V' bow added to it. It had originally been a flat nosed boat, usually call a 'garvy', at least it was called that on LBI. You can still rent a garvy on LBI to go fishing in the bay behind LBI. The bay is called Little Egg Harbor Bay. I can recall going fishing on the Elizabeth and later on the same boat when Tony owned it. I have a specific memory of fishing in the bay for flounders near the Lucy Evelyn, a large 3 masted sailing ship that was moored in the bay behind LBI waiting to be beached and later converted into a gift shop. The Lucy eventually was destroyed by fire. I am not sure in which year the fire took place, but I believe that you can still purchase post cards on LBI that shows the Lucy and tells when it was burned. We drifted past the Lucy several times attempting to catch flounders. Eventually I was successful, hooked, and pulled in a 3-pound flounder into the Elizabeth. After unhooking the relatively large fish and hearing Charlie say that the fish I had caught would probably feed 4 people or so, I asked if we could start the motor, run towards the end of the island and drift past the Lucy again. I joked that if they did that I would catch another flounder and we would have enough fish for all to eat. So, we did move the boat in the southerly direction, towards the southern end of LBI and began to drift north again, as the tide was coming in and there was little wind. As a result of these conditions, we drifted slowly north again, toward where the Lucy was moored. You can guess what happened. Yes, little Eddie, as the older fishermen called me, caught another flounder, this time it was bigger, maybe 4 pounds. The older men were discussed, but congratulated me. We started the Elizabeth's motor again and went back to try for more fish. A wind from the south came up and caused us to drift much faster the next time and no more fish were caught, except Charlie caught several VERY small Sea Bass, at one time using 2 hooks on his line. He unhooked the small fishes, threw them down on the boat deck with gusto, knocking them silly, and then threw them overboard. It took them a minute or so to recover from their beating and they swam away. As Charlie threw them overboard he yelled, in a very loud voice, DAM SARDINES. Soon after we decided to go home. When we got back to 109 E. 13th Street all the older me were very quiet as they cleaned up from the fishing trip. When asked by my Mother how well had we done Charlie said the YOUNG EDWARD HAD CAUGHT A FEW. Lizzy and Mother cooked the 2 flounders I had caught for dinner that night. BOY DID THEY TASTE GREAT.

I remember Aunt Betty [Elizabeth] found a type of diary in one of Charlie's bureau drawers after he passed away. I remember her reading parts of it out loud to family members at one time at the beach house. It spoke about watermelon parties on one of the boats, the descriptions of 'mermaids' that attended the party. Interestingly, Lizzy was known to get seasick very easily and rarely went out on any of the boats.

Later in life, Charlie appeared to be extremely frightened of setting foot anywhere in New Jersey. Sometimes, my father either forgot about Charlie's concerns about going into New Jersey, or he was testing to see what would happen if he took Charlie anywhere in the car and headed toward New Jersey. When in the car during Charlie's later years, my Father would always drive and Charlie would sit in the front passenger seat. On those occasions when Father was headed toward New Jersey, and when I was also in the car, fortunately in the back seat, as soon as Charlie would recognize where we were heading he would yell at Father to turn around and not go there. Sometimes he would take his cane and hit Father with it. One time he hit Father on his bald head and caused it to bleed. I had to hold a handkerchief on Father's head to help stop the bleeding. Charlie would say, or usually yell that "THEY will get me if we go there [to New Jersey]". I think that Charlie had done some illegal or some other crime related activity in New Jersey. One time, sometime in 1952 or 53 I overheard Father talk to Elizabeth and Uncle Russ about this behavior. I heard them speculate that Charlie had used the Eva-Dor, or one of his other boats to carry illegal beverages from the Philadelphia area to places in New Jersey during the Prohibition era.

Related to the speculation that Charlie was running moonshine to New Jersey was the fact that at least one of Charlie's boats was fast. The evidence of its apparent speed is engraved on a solid brass "Ships Clock" that son Grant has at his home. It has the following words engraved at the top of the round clock case:

"Delaware River Yachmen's League
Wissinoming Yacht Club Regatta
June 12th, 1915
Cruisers
First Prize"

One other of the boats, the Dompf-Noodle, had a one-cylinder gasoline engine. Apparently it was rather small and was used exclusively as a fishing boat. The reason it was notable was that the engine had a very loud, distinctive sound. Lizzy would sit on the porch of the house at LBI and listen for the Dompf-Noodle coming up the bay to be moored at the foot of Thirteenth Street. When she would hear the Dompf-Noodle coming she would start dinner. By the time Charlie would mow the boat and row the row boat to shore, or wade in the water if the tide was low, and then walk the two and a half blocks to the house, the dinner would be ready.

When I say the noise was loud, I guess it was. Hearing any thing from the house that is going on in the bay is difficult except on very quiet nights with the wind blowing from the west, bay to ocean. My mom described the sound to me. She said it sounded like the following, “Put-Put-BANG, Put-Put-BANG, Put-Put-BANG, Put-Put-BANG.....”

Apparently the BANG was quite loud. The reason for the loud BANG was that the engine only had one cylinder; the BANG occurred when the spark plug would fire and the motor would make one more revolution. The Put-Puts occurred during the non –firing revolutions of the engine. To keep it going between BANGs it had a very large, and heavy flywheel.

Grandpop Wenzinger Watched Sporting Events

Grandpop W [Charlie] like to watch sporting events on TV, especially after we moved to 3323 Sheffield. He especially liked boxing and baseball. He would sit in a chair to the right of the TV and sit on the edge of the chair, literally. With his right hand he would hold on to the arm of the chair and with his left hand he would lean on his wooden cane. It was quite a sight.

As the fight became more intense or if, in a baseball game, the action increased, he would lean further out on the cane. It was a miracle that he didn't fall of the chair on which he was sitting. He

moved around a lot as if to help the fighter dodge punches or the ball player catch the fly ball. The more intense the action on the screen, the more he would wiggle around. Sometimes fast, sometimes slower, depending on the on-screen activities.

Nothing could drag Charlie away from that TV when he was watching one of his favorites. That is nothing that was going on which he was interested in.

When the program reached a break, like between baseball innings or between prize-fight rounds, especially when the advertisements when on, Charlie would, reluctantly, literally run up the stairs to the bathroom and do his duty. Keep in mind that Charlie used a cane to walk just about anywhere, almost any other time except those breaks, he would walk very slow, leaning on his cane. The more exciting the athletic contest was before the break the faster he would go up the stairs.

I don't think that Charlie recognized what he was doing under these conditions. People who were visiting almost always noticed his flank speed on these occasions.

Burroughs, The Jobs

Burroughs Unitized Digital Electronic Computer [UDEC] was located at 1209 Vine Street, several blocks from 12th and Market Streets in down town Philadelphia. I worked there after my freshman year at Drexel. I started work there in September of 1954 after spending the summer at LBI. I would take public transportation to get to Burroughs. I had to take the '88' bus from the end of Sheffield Avenue to the end of the line 'EL' station called 'Bridge Street'. I rode the EL to 13th and Market and then walked to 1209 Vine Street, a 5 to 10 minute walk north on 13th Street.

The work at Burroughs was my first job in Drexel's cooperative education program. [Coop]. The Coop program consisted of working half the time and going to classes half the time. A Coop period typically lasted 6 months, although some worked 3 months, went to school 3 months, back

to work for 3, and so on. Many more people were on the 6-month cycle than the 3-month cycle. During my second Coop work period from June of 1955 to January of 1956 I also worked at Burroughs' Vine Street facility. Located at that facility was UDEC and the manufacturing group that produced the electronic building blocks that comprised UDEC. These building blocks were built with the intent of being mounted in 24" racks that were used to house electronic components produced by many manufacturers. Since transistors were just beginning to be introduced in the electronics industry, vacuum tubes were the main active components in these building blocks.

The tubes were divided into two types in UDEC, [1] digital counters used to count or keep track of numbers as in a memory circuit, and [2] analog amplifiers, which were used for electronic signal conditioning. Signal conditioning includes simple amplification, to make a small signal larger or smaller, signal power amplification to increase the signal's power for driving an audio speaker for example, or signal wave shaping to perform digital logic functions, and impedance matching to enable maximum power transfer between circuits.

The majority of electronic devices were vacuum tubes, although resistors, capacitors and inductances [coils], were also used. Each vacuum tube had a set of heater elements that were used to raise the temperature of the tube's cathode to drive off electrons and cause a plate to cathode current to flow. With lots of tubes a lot of heat was generated in UDEC. The UDEC equipment filled several large rooms. Another several rooms were needed to house the air conditioning equipment needed to control the rooms' temperature so that the equipment would last longer, and so that UDEC operators and maintenance personnel could work in the same rooms as the electronic equipment. In spite of these efforts to help the equipment last longer and because of the sheer number of tubes in UDEC, not many days passed without a vacuum tube failure.

My job at Burroughs' Vine Street facility was to aid in the building of the UDEC type of building blocks. I helped the 30 to 40 ladies that were building these devices. I performed a number of the assembly line tasks, such as stripping wires [with wire strippers or my front teeth]. I also would bend component leads, such as resistors or capacitors so that they would fit into lugs on the chassis. I also made and assembled the internal parts for counting and amplifier tubes.

Several times I substituted for a person on the assembly line who was off on another assignment or just did not come in one or more days because of sickness or vacation.

During September of 1954 and all of the summer of 1955 I would try to get off work early every Wednesday and Friday night. The bus from Philadelphia to Beach Haven left the bus station at 13th and Filbert Streets, a few blocks from 1209 Vine, at about 5:30pm every day. The bus would travel north on 13th Street to Vine Street and headed east toward the Delaware River Bridge. That bridge spanned the Delaware River from 6th and Vine in Philadelphia to the Admiral Wilson Boulevard in Camden, New Jersey. The bus went over the bridge and on to LBI, a trip of almost 2 hours, depending on the route that was taken. The bus traveled along Vine Street in front, but on the opposite side of the street from the Burroughs building. I would run out the door of the building, run across Vine Street [with heavy traffic at 5:30] and wait on the corner of either 12th or 13th and Vine for the bus to come along. I had pre-arranged with the normal bus driver for him to stop and pick me up. Sometimes, if I would get off early I would run to the bus station to be sure I could get a seat. The bus was often full and some folks had to stand for the nearly 2 hour trip.

Every once in a while I would miss the 5:30 bus to LBI. I might be late getting off work, a substitute driver might not recognize me, or the bus was sometimes so full that the driver was not willing to take on even one more paying customer. One time when the bus was very full, and the normal driver was driving he let me on without asking for my ticket. One other time I was so anxious to get to the beach that I stood in front of a jam-packed bus to LBI when it stopped for the traffic light at 12th and Vine. Eventually after a lot of loud discussion with the substitute driver he let me squeeze on. Fortunately for me the regular passengers vouched for me, so the driver didn't drive us to the police station. [That was something that did not occur to me until we were half way to LBI that night.] I would routinely get up early on Thursday and Monday mornings on LBI and run from the house the block and a half to 13th and Bay and get on the 6:30am bus to Philadelphia. More than once the bus would have stopped at 13th Street and was waiting for me when I got there. In those cases I would put on an extra burst of speed as I approached the bus.

After coming across the Delaware River Bridge into Philadelphia the bus would proceed west on Vine Street. Most of the drivers would allow me to get off at 12th Street or they might carry me all the

way to the bus station at 13th and Filbert Streets. That required me to run or walk back to 1209 Vine. This cost me about 5 –7 minutes.

During the summer and fall of 1956 my Coop assignment was changed to the Burroughs facility in Paoli Pa, about 30 miles west of Philadelphia. I drove to Paoli every day from my parent's home in Northeast Philadelphia. The trip took a bit more than an hour, depending on the traffic. Before the 6-month assignment was completed I had found other people who were driving to Paoli and we formed a car pool. After that I only had to drive ever 4th day. I still went to the beach on weekends and frequently in the middle of the week, but not as often as the previous summer. The work business was getting in the way of my beach bum activities.

The new assignment was extremely interesting to me. It involved helping to develop the basic transistor circuits for the Atlas Missile Computer System. The fundamental counting circuit was what we called a "Flip-Flop". It was called that because when one part of the circuit was pulsed electrically, it would flip from one state to another and if pulsed again it would flop back to the initial state. The "Flip-Flop", as a result had two stable states, one was called 'one' [or on], the other was called a zero [or off]. As will be explained a bit later this "Flip-Flop", with its two stable states enabled the computer to count and perform other mathematical functions using Binary system. The binary system of mathematics is bases on two. There are two possible numbers, one and zero, but more about that later.

In its most elementary form the Burroughs transistorized "Flip-Flop" consisted of two transistors, two 1000-ohm resistors, some wire and used a 10-volt power source. An oscillator circuit was made by wiring both transistor base connections to the other transistor's collector connection through a capacitor. Adjusting the value of resistance or capacitance would change the frequency of oscillation. Wiring just one of the transistor's bases to the other transistor's collector terminal through a capacitor made a circuit called a "Single Shot". A Single Shot would change state from one to zero or the reverse when pulse and change back to its initial state after a time that was determined by the values of resistance and capacitance. Single Shot circuits were used as timing devices in the computer.

In an array of Flip-Flops each one could represent one digit in a binary number. Binary digits are either one or zero, representing either a transistor that was turned on or one that was turned off. If only one digit is used the number can only be either one or zero. In the binary system more digits are needed to represent numbers larger than one. If two digits are used, the possible combinations are 00, 01, 10, and 11. These binary numbers represent 0, 1, 2 and 3, respectively. Each digit represents the presence or absence of a particular power of 2. Thus 00 is the absence of 2 to the 0 power plus the absence of 2 to the first power. Two, in fact any number, to the zero power is equal to one. Two to the first power is 2.

01 is the presence of 2 to the zero power [2^0], or one, and the absence of 2 to the first power [2^1], thus 01 in binary is one in the normal system of numbers [decimal, base 10 system]. In the binary system, 00 in the binary system = 0 in the decimal system; 01 in the binary system = 1 in the decimal system, 10 in the binary system = $2+0 = 2$ in the decimal system, and 11 in the binary system = $2+1 = 3$ in the decimal system.

If the binary number consists of 3 digits the possible combinations are $000=0+0+0=0$, $001=0+0+2^0=1$, $010=0+2^1+0=2$, $011=0+2^1+2^0=3$, $100=2^2+0+0=4$, $101=2^2+0+2^0=5$, $110=2^2+2^1+0=6$, $111=2^2+2^1+2^0=7$. In order to make a decimal system 8, you need 4 digits, 1000, or $2^3+0+0+0$, where 2^3 is $2 \times 2 \times 2 = 8$. In a similar fashion, 1010 in the binary system is equal to $2^3+0+2^1+0 = 8+2 = 10$ in the decimal system.

Since the electronic computer uses a binary system to do its math, a zero is a transistor turned off and a one is a transistor that is turn on. This made the two transistors “Flip-Flop” the ideal building block for the electronic computer.

One more example to see how his works with 7 binary digits.

$$1010111 \text{ is } (1 \times 2^6) + 0 + (1 \times 2^4) + 0 + (1 \times 2^2) + (1 \times 2^1) + (1 \times 2^0) = \\ 64 + 0 + 16 + 0 + 4 + 2 + 1 = 87$$

1111111 is equal to $64 + 32 + 16 + 8 + 4 + 2 + 1 + 127$.

To get a binary number equal to 128 in the decimal system 8 binary digits are required

$10000000 = 128 + 7 \text{ zeros}$. Stated in another way $1 \times 2^7 = 128$.

With this system each binary is one bit of information, a one or a zero.

In the binary system we saw that to count to 127 required 6 bits of binary data.

In order to count to count no higher than 128 a 6-bit system reaches 128 when all bits get reset to all zeros following 111111.

It is possible to count to 256 using 7 bits, 512 using 8 bits, 1024 using 9 bits, 2048 using 10 bits and so on.

The biggest problem that we ran into during the summer and fall of 1956 was the proper value of the resistor that connected the collector of each transistor to the 10-volt power supply. In this process we damage, beyond their usefulness, many transistors. When I left to go back to school in January of 1957, we had nearly filled a wine barrel with failed transistors. These transistors had been made by Philco and were called "surface-barrier" transistors. These transistors were very sensitive. If you had very much static electricity on your body and touched the base lead of one of these transistors, it was very likely that it would fail. Sometimes failed transistors were inadvertently left in active circuits. This resulted in a number of screwed up readings and conclusions, until the failed transistor was found.

Using a conducting wrist strap connected to ground helped to prevent causing the failure of any transistor that you might touch. Unfortunately it was sometimes at least inconvenient to be 'tied to ground'. More than one person, including yours truly, tripped over the wires connecting the wrist strap to ground and many were broken when the wearer got up and walked away from is work place and forgot to disconnect the ground connection, or remove the wrist strap. It was interesting

to see a person with a wrist strap on and the wire trailing behind him when someone would step on the wire.

The Coop period of the summer of 1957 was also spent at the Burroughs Paoli "Central Laboratory". Some of the time was also spent at the Burroughs "Great Valley", a few miles from Paoli. During this time I helped to develop the basis transistor computer circuits for the US Navy's Regulis Missile Pre-launch Data Computer. I personally designed the testing circuits and circuit boards for the test circuits' components. For a short time I also worked on the test circuits intended for use in testing the Atlas computer circuits.

After graduation from Drexel in May of 1958, I continued working for Burroughs on the Regulis and Atlas circuits and their testers. Late in 1958 the US Navy cancelled work on the Regulis program and I was assigned to work full time on the Atlas circuit tester. Work on this equipment went well except for some electric noise problems that periodically invalidated some of the test results. I participated in the trouble-shooting activities on this problem. We were able to resolve the problem by connecting the more sensitive circuit's grounds together using braided copper wire connected to the earth ground at one point.

Later on, in July of 1959, the Atlas computer in use at cape Canaveral experienced problems with electric noise that were similar to the problems that we had experienced on the circuit tester. My boss at the time had heard about the problem and volunteered me to go to Florida to fix the problem there.

I went to Cape Canaveral in Florida on the Monday of the last week in July of 1959. This was the Monday that immediately preceded the Saturday [Aug 1] when I had plans to get married in Philadelphia. The boss gave me permission to come back home as soon as the noise problem was fixed in Florida. I got it fixed, and in the same manner as we had done on the circuit tester, using braided copper ground straps. I flew home on Friday afternoon, July 31st, 1959, in time for the wedding rehearsal at 6pm that evening.

Mother and Father

My Mother, Ethel May Wenzinger [Ellis] was born in Camden, New Jersey, May 24th, 1907. She was buried in West Laurel Hill Cemetery, next to my Father, on August 3rd 1999. I placed her ashes in the grave myself. She had given her body to science when she died at Phoenixville manner in September, 1997.

My Father was borne in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania on October 10th, 1906. He is also buried in West Laurel Hill Cemetery, next to my Mother. He died as a result of a sudden heart attack while at home on March 30, 1981. He had been a heavy smoker for many years, until one day after seeing his physician, he just stopped smoking, cold turkey. For a time he chewed a lot of gum, but he tapered off with the gum and stopped that too. When he had the heart attack, I was called by one of My Mother's friends and told that my Father was very ill and I should come home to see him [from Maryland where Susan, our children and I were living]. He had already died when I got to Philadelphia, about 3 hours after that phone call. Apparently he had died on the way to the hospital, in an ambulance. They had been married 46 years. For some reason they had given themselves a 45th wedding anniversary party the year before, and invited all the relatives.

Mother and Father met when they were both working at the Philadelphia Public Ledger, a newspaper that went out of business when I was quite young. They got married on ?????, 19??.

The wedding took place in Mother's father's home at 5880 North 7th Street in Philadelphia.

Mother's mother died when Mother was about 13 years old. Therefore, I never knew her, and Mother did not say much about her. She did not tell me why she died. I think she did not know the cause of her mother's death. Sometime after her mother's death, I don't know when, her father remarried. Mother's step mother's name was Esther. My Mother and others called her Essey. Bob and I called her "Nanny Ellis".

Mother's father was Charles Ellis. I remember visiting his home at 5880 many times. A typical visit would be either with my Mother or with both my Mother and Father. When we would go with my Mother we would go on the number 26 trolley car from 7201 Oxford Avenue. We would walk from Oxford Avenue to Rising Sun Avenue on which street the trolleys were running. We would ride the trolley from Burholme to Olney and get off the trolley at 7th and Olney Avenue. The trip on the trolley would take from about ½ to ¾ of an hour. We then had to walk from 7th and Olney for three long blocks of row houses to get to near the end of 7th Street at 5880.

My Nanny Ellis [as we called her] and Grandfather Ellis lived in a small row house diagonally across the street from Fischer's Park. In the house they had an old player piano. Nanny Ellis had been a school teacher in the Philadelphia Public School System until she retired. Among her many talents she played the piano, as did my Mother. I always enjoyed hearing Mother play that piano. There was no piano at 7201.

Fisher's Park was a Philadelphia City Park with lots of grass, concrete and wood park benches, very old trees and many gray squirrels and some chipmunks. My Grandfather Ellis liked to walk over to the park with Bob and I and sit on one of the benches. He almost always would bring a bag of peanuts along to feed the squirrels and chipmunks. He seemed to have them trained. They would get up on his lap or on his shoulder and eat what he gave them. Sometimes they would run off with their peanuts, probably to bury them.

One day my mother received a call from Nanny Ellis and Mother ran out the door leaving Bob and I with someone, who I do not recall. Apparently her father had become suddenly ill. She came back later that day looking really bad. The next day she told us that her father had a "stroke". A week or so later we all went to see Grandfather Ellis at his home [5880] after he came home from the hospital. He was lying in his bed. I could not see much of him except for his head and one of his hands. He did not seem to be able to speak, he just mumbled. I could not understand him.

Mother, Bob and I visited Grandfather and Nanny Ellis many times over the next 6 years or so. Sometimes we went several times a week, always at least once a week. Grandfather Ellis always

looked the same. I never saw him out of bed again. One day Mother got a phone call and started to cry. She told us that Grandfather Ellis had died.

I will always remember the good times I had with him in Fisher's Park, feeding the squirrels and chipmunks.

We still went to see Nanny Ellis, with Father and Mother in the car or on the trolley with just mother. We usually went during the week with just Mother and sometimes we also went to see Dr. Schwartz, our dentist whose office was at Olney Avenue and 5th Street, only two more blocks from the house on 7th Street.

My only other recollection of Nanny Ellis was one time when she was at LBI with us. We had considered going to Atlantic City that evening for a dinner at a restaurant. We had discussed our plans, first at the beach, and later in the house, and on the porch, where Nanny Ellis usually sat when she was with us at the beach. We did not explicitly ask her to go with us as, in the past she had expressed a lack of interest in going out to eat. She had said that either she would cook or Ethel should cook. THIS TIME, when we were ready to go, she was also. Nanny Ellis had decided that she was going to go this time. THERE SHE WAS, dressed in her finest dress sitting on the porch, ready to go, without being asked. We then asked if she would like to go with us. She did not reply. She simply got up and went out and sat in the car waiting for the rest of us. Somewhere, I think in one of the photo albums I put together, there is a photo of all of us at the restaurant in Atlantic City. Hope I can find it.

Nanny Ellis lived quite a few more years. Eventually, Mother and Father had to place her in a HOME. Apparently it was getting very difficult for her, even with Mother's frequent visits, for her to take care of herself. I was never able to visit her in the HOME. I have always regretted that. Whenever we came to Philadelphia we always had two families to visit, and that always consumed the time. Nanny Ellis died well after we were living in Beltsville, Maryland. I think that she died in 1966, just prior to Andrew being born.

My Father attended a business school in Philadelphia. I do not recall the name of the school, just now. It apparently was not a College nor did it give Degrees. I believe that he attended night

school and went for several years. At the Philadelphia Public Ledger and subsequent to their going out of business, he worked for the Philadelphia Daily News, a small Tabloid newspaper. Later on, in the late 70's, the Philadelphia Inquirer bought out the Daily News and it is still published today.

During the time my Father worked for the newspapers, he worked as an advertising salesman. From what I could tell he was very good at what he did. Unfortunately for the rest of us, he came home late each evening, typically around 6:30 to 7pm. Bob, our grandparents and I would eat first around 5pm and then Mother would wait for Father to come home to eat herself. After eating supper he would go up to their bedroom and work on business stuff, frequently until 9 PM or later. He would always come down to the living room to watch the 11pm news after we had a TV.

We got a TV at Oxford Avenue in around 1948. It was an RCA 12", black and white TV. The screen of this TV was round on both sides. It did not have much viewing area for the size of the picture tube. Bob and I would lie on the living room floor for hours watching Howdy-Doody, Superman, Amos and Andy, Buck Rodgers and other old TV shows. On Sunday nights we would all watch Milton Berle and Ed Sullivan. I will always remember Grandfather W complaining about the ugly "At-in-A" [his way of pronouncing antenna] that we had to get and have on the roof to get decent TV reception. As a bonus for purchasing the TV my Father received a 45rpm record changer that plugged into the back of the TV. There was a small switch on the back of the TV that selected either the TV sound or the audio from the 45rpm record changer.

When we lived at 7201 Oxford Avenue my Grandfather had a large RCA "His Master's Voice" Victrola 78rpm record player that had to be wound up each time you wanted to play a record. They had many 78s, most of which were classical recordings. All the records except the 45s were made of a very brittle material. If they were dropped on all but the softest carpet they would either crack or break in to two or more pieces. They had some humorous records too; Amos and Andy, when father papered the parlor, and some opera. We gave all the 78s to Andrew several years ago.

When we lived at 7201 Oxford Avenue my Father had fish aquariums. He had lots of fish aquariums. His favorite type of fish was Guppies. They were very prolific. They liked to mate a lot. I would watch them mating and wonder why some of the fish liked to poke some of the other

fishes in the stomach with their “thing.” Until I was doing IT myself I didn’t figure out what the Guppies were doing with each other. By the time we were going to move away from Oxford Avenue, in 1954, my Father must have had 10 separate fish tanks. When we moved from Oxford Avenue, he gave all the fish and the tanks away to one of the local stores. I never learned why he did that, did not ask. I expect that my Mother may have suggested that there was not so much room in their new row house. In fact the row house was about 1/3rd the space as there had been at 7201.

In addition, while living at 7201 Oxford Avenue, Father had a dog. The dog’s name was Laddie. It was a male dog and of questionable heritage. I believe that Father got the dog from the humane society. Only Father and Mother would walk the dog. I was permitted, or sometimes required, to go with who ever would walk the dog. I would sometimes walk in the material that Laddie would leave behind. I discovered that if I walked in the stuff, I would not be invited or required to go on one of those walks soon again. I followed this practice until they figured out what I was doing. My punishment was to clean my own shoes. I discontinued the practice of deliberately walking behind Laddie immediately after cleaning the stuff off of my own shoes the first time.

The only other hobby my Father had was fishing. We all when fishing a lot in the spring, summer and fall. My mother went fishing with my Father, Bob and I quite frequently at LBI. Grandfather W would go fishing with us often, especially when I was younger, and when we were using one of Grandfather W’s boats.

Fishing was just about the only thing I would do with Father. He seemed to have little time for Bob or I, except for fishing, swimming, and sun bathing or working on the houses on LBI. We did not do much with him when we were at home in Philadelphia. He always seemed to be working on matters associated with his job. Only after he had grandchildren did he spend much time with us when we visited he and Mother at 3323 Sheffield.

Fishing was always a lot of fun. I would get to be very dirty and stinky. We always wen to the beach together after coming in from a day of fishing. We got washed in the salt water first and then took a shower in the outside shower in back of 109 East 13th Street on LBI.

Fishing at LBI was usually fairly good in Little Egg Harbor Bay behind LBI. There was lots of one kind of fish or another. We usually managed to catch enough good fish to make a meal. These included Flounders, Porgies, Croakers, KingFish, the larger Blow Fish, Sea Bass, and a few smaller Blue Fish. Some of the fish we caught were considered “junk” or “trash” fish and we always threw them back in the water. These included Sea Robins, Skates, Sharks, Eels, slimy Oyster Crackers, and small fish that we called bait stealers, and, of course, crabs and lots of seaweed. Immediately after a thunderstorm or any other storm that had a lot of wind, we would not go fishing for several days. Following a storm the water would be all churned up and few fish were caught.

Each year one type of fish seemed prevail. One year it would be flounders, another year it would be Sea Bass, another it would be Porgies, and so on. The “junk” fish seemed to be there each and every year, even if nothing else was biting.

As time has gone by the size of the fish has gone down. There was a time when we would go out and catch a number of 2 to 3 pound flounders. Then the weakfish would be biting and we would see fish as big as 3 or 4 pounds each. We ran through various species, but they were usually of fair size so that it did not take many fish to have enough for more than one meal. As time has gone by I guess we, and others, caught nearly all the ‘big ones’. They didn’t get away then. But we found that the size of what we caught gradually diminished. Eventually, we were only catching small fish, too many ‘sardines’, as Grandfather W would call them. In fact, he finally became discouraged and would not go fishing any more. He complained that he could buy sardines in a can and did not have to go out for a day to catch them, all he had to do was go to the grocery store and buy them in a small can.

After our children were grown up to 6 or 7 years I would take them fishing each summer we went to LBI. It did not seem to matter if we would catch a lot of fish. It was simply a way to have a good time together. We liked to make sandwiches for lunch and take lots of “TastyKakes” along in case the fish were not biting for part of the day. I used to like to say, “here fishy, fishy, fishy” a

lot, and quite loud. This seemed to make all that went fishing laugh and sometimes it seemed to attract the fish, or at least it seemed so.

Every once in a while, sometimes once a year we would go fishing for the big blue fish. To do this we would go out on a large “head boat”, usually from Barnegat Light on LBI. The boat that we liked to go on was called the “Miss Barnegat Light”. This boat was about 100 feet long and 30 feet wide. It was a twin-hulled catamaran, quite stable in the ocean. We would go out in the ocean 20 to 30 miles out, frequently out of sight of land. The boat had a large cabin with booths and benches and a snack bar where you could get hamburgers and hot dogs as well as chips, soda pop, and candy bars.

When we would go for the big blues on Miss Barnegat Light we would use a very large hook, a steel leader, and sometimes a small lead weight to be sure the bait would go below the surface. We would drop the bait with the hook inside over board, and let the line drift away from the boat until several hundred feet of line were out. Whenever the boat was crowded, the lines would get tangled often. This was sometimes a significant problem when a fish was hooked and swam around tying a bunch of lines into a big mess of monofilament lines. Sometimes after one of the boat’s deck hands would cut the lines to free them for further fishing it would be difficult to determine who had caught the fish. As a result there was sometimes an oral dispute about whose fish it was.

One thing anyone who has hooked a large blue fish will always remember is that no one has to tell you that there is a fish on your line. When the fish takes the bait the fish either heads away from the boat at lightning speed, taking your line with it, in which case your job is to slow the fish down, stop it from going away and slowly reel it in. In any case the fish pulls very strongly, you know you are in for a fight. The problem of tangled lines starts when the fish decides to swim in towards the boat and then proceeds to swim around all the lines that are in the water on one side of the boat. What a mess it can be. It even gets worse when the fish swims under the boat and tangles with the lines of the fishermen on the other side of the boat. As a result of this kind of action, especially when there are many fishermen on the boat, the lines must be cut to be able to get back to fishing. I have seen as many as 20 or so lines tangled at one time. One year the fishing

was so good that, in spite of all the tangles, we took home twenty-five 10 to 15 pound blue fish. The entire neighborhood in North beach Haven had fish that night. We frequently give most of the catch away as blue fish are best eaten soon after they are caught. It was only infrequent that we would come home empty handed.

As often as I could I would go out with Brother Bob and Dad. Then as my kids grew up they would go too. It was great relaxation and fun to do with all the family members who would go.

Uncle John & Aunt Marie

Grandmother Wenzinger had one brother. His name was John Noll. He was married to a lady whose name was Marie [Stoudt]. Uncle John and Aunt Marie lived in Montgomeryville, Pennsylvania, a quarter mile from the intersection of highway US Route 202 and Pennsylvania Route 309. Among other jobs, Uncle John had been the Justice of the Peace in Montgomeryville.

In their back yard they had a number of fruit trees. They had apples pears, and several varieties of cherries. Each year grandmother and Grandfather W would go to visit John and Marie to help pick the fruit.

John and Marie had three children who lived with them, and Marie's parents Mr. and Mrs. Stoudt also lived with them. John and Marie's children were Betty, the oldest, Eleanor and Claire.

When I was old enough to go with them to help do the picking I would go and help pick up the fruit that dropped on the ground. Later on I was permitted to get on a ladder and help pick. It was always a lot of fun as the fruit was ripe and sweet, even the sour pie cherries. We would pick the fruit, place it in a wicker basket and then take it to Aunt Marie who, with Mrs. Stoudt, my Mother and Grandmother would wash the fruit and bake pies.

The pies they baked those days always tasted extra good as I had helped to pick the fruit and I knew, especially when I could smell them cooking, that dinner would be extra special good that night and for several days to come. We would always take several pies home. Unfortunately, they never lasted. I think they must have been defective in some way. Maybe not.

When Claire and Eleanor were married and had their own children, the yearly event was a real mob scene.

Mother and Father's Siblings

My Father had one brother and one Sister. His Sister was named Elizabeth (Betty). She married physician intern, who later became a Surgeon. His name was Doctor Russell Evan Morgan. To this day he still answers the phone by saying, Doctor Morgan". They spent much of their early married life living at 7201 Oxford Avenue with my Grandparents Wenzinger, my Mother, Father, Aunt Carrie, Brother Bob and I. During the Second World War Dr Morgan served in the US Navy as a surgeon on a Hospital Ship. After the war he established a medical practice in Anville Pennsylvania and later in Bethlehem Pennsylvania.

While Uncle Russ, as Bob and I called Dr. Morgan, was 'practicing' at Saint Luke's Hospital in Bethlehem Pennsylvania, somehow my Mother and Father, in cahoots with Dr Morgan decided that Bob and I should have our tonsils removed, surgically, by Dr Morgan. I think he needed some victims on which to 'practice'. At the same time I had a cyst that had grown over my left eye. It was decided that the cyst had to go, in addition to my tonsils.

Bob and I were told that we were going to the hospital for an operation. Of course neither one of us knew what an operation was. Uncle Russ told us that when we went in for our operation we would see Mickey Mouse. As the ether was being applied he continued to tell me that I would see Mickey Mouse. The ether stank, real bad, but I put up with it, as did Bob, because we wanted to see Mickey. When we awakened and had the worst sore throat that you can imagine, as soon as

I was able to speak a few words I told the nurses and anyone else who would listen that, "Uncle Russell is a 'STINK-POT'". Apparently for the next several months Dr. Morgan was known around Saint Luke's Hospital as the 'stink pot'. Much later on, when he was remarried at age 92 I reminded him of his being called a 'stink pot' and suggested that he tell his new bride, who was 75 plus years young, all about that event before I did. Apparently he did tell her before I did, as she claimed that he had just told her a few minutes before I had told her.

Dr Morgan and Elizabeth [Wenzinger] had 3 children. However, they had a daughter in 1938 who did not survive beyond birth. Her name was Elaine. She is also buried in West Laurel Hill Cemetery in Philadelphia. Russell Junior was born in 1942, Gwendolyn in 1948, and Martha in 1953, who was named after my Grandmother Wenzinger. Their children had lots of advantages, cars, boats, dancing lessons, etc. Several things I particularly remember were the Morgan's cars and the boats. Two cars in particular I remember were Dr. Morgan's MG convertible and his 1959 Cadillac convertible. I remember DR. Morgan and Aunt Betty arriving at LBI in his MG. Aunt Betty was a bit perturbed because on the way to LBI, somewhere on NJ Route 72, in the Pine Barrens, a NJ State Policeman had noticed the speed at which Dr. Morgan had been driving and invited him to stop on the side of the road for a discussion of his speed and the speed limit on that section of the road. Apparently Dr. Morgan had been traveling way in excess of the posted speed limit of 50 miles per hour. Aunt Betty was not happy with him that day. I believe that I recall that we went fishing soon after their arrival, so I do not have any knowledge of what Aunt Betty said to my Mother or Grandmother W.

One other car they had was a 1959 Cadillac convertible. It was painted a light [powder] blue. It had those big fins on the back with two small red taillights on each fin. That car was very nice. Rusty, as we called Russell Jr., liked to drive that car a lot and would show up at the house on LBI in that car now and then. I was very jealous of his having that car, especially considering the fact that I was driving Father's 1954 Chevy, and later, my 1951 Ford Victoria hard top. Later on the Morgan's placed the Cadillac convertible in the barn on the farm that they had purchased. It stayed there for a number of years. I later found out that it had been sold. They never offered to let me have it. I was quite disappointed.

Father's brother was named Carl J Wenzinger. He was the oldest child of Charlie and Lizzy. I believe that he was born several years earlier than my Father. Carl Sr. was born in 1903 and died in 1988. Carl J married Emma [maiden name?]. Emma was born [redacted] and died in [redacted]. They were married on [redacted] ? They had two children, Carl Jr. and George. Both of their children were college educated. Carl Jr. received a [redacted] from [redacted] ?, and George received a [redacted] ? from [redacted] ?. Carl Jr. worked for [redacted] ? and [redacted] ? and is presently the CEO of the company he started that makes various simulators, for such things as driver education. Carl Jr. married Dottie [redacted] ? in [redacted] ?. They had [redacted] ? children [redacted] , [redacted] , & [redacted] ?] Carl Jr. is the oldest living male Wenzinger in our family at the present time.

George has been and is presently is a professor at a university in Florida. George never married.

Apparently Carl Sr. had a roving eye for the girls. One day, after being told that Carl Sr. and his friend Ruth were making out at a certain location Carl Jr. and Emma surprised Carl and Ruth. Carl and Emma were later divorced and Carl Sr. married Ruth.

I recall visiting with Carl and Ruth several times in Washington DC and their visiting us in Philadelphia. I remember Ruth being a bit strange. She would go on and on about the Communists and would use the phrase "there's no doubt about it," so frequently, that I avoided getting into a conversation with her or even speaking to her.

According to Grandfather Wenzinger, because Carl Sr. received a college education at Swathmore, Aunt Betty and my Father were given title to the property on LBI at 109 East 13th Street.

First Jobs

The first paying regular job I had was given to me by friends at LBI. Tony and Ruth Stark owned the house on south side of 13th Street that was nearest the beach. They had two boys, Anthony and

Charles. Anthony married and had two girls. I lost track of Charles, although I believe he moved to California. Anthony contracted Cancer and died after a very short illness in 1995, he was almost 5 years younger than I was. Quite a shock.

The Starks' house was originally just one floor and had only two small bedrooms. Later on they literally raised the roof and added a second floor, including two more bedrooms and a large deck that was high enough so that they could see the ocean.

The Starks owned small grocery store in Philadelphia on Castor Avenue, not far, about ½ mile, from Wilson Junior High School, where I was going to school. The store was associated with a cooperative group known as Unity-Frankford. One day, late in the summer of 1950, when I was 14, while I was lounging on the beach improving my sun tan, Ruth Stark asked me to stop being a beach bum and begin working for a living. I remember answering her that I was ready to work for money, but not ready to give up the beach. The job she and Tony had for me was delivering groceries from their store to their customers' home. I agreed to give it a try, not thinking of how far I would have to go to deliver the groceries or what conveyance I would use.

Both questions were answered the first day on the job. The first order of groceries that I was asked to deliver was 7 large bags full. I was shown my delivery vehicle. It was a two-wheel bicycle with a large cart trailer. The customer lived a little over a mile away, north on Castor Avenue and a few blocks east on Rhawn Street. The lady of the house gave me a big 25¢ tip. At that time that was a significant tip, as I was being paid 40¢ per hour by the Starks. I worked three or four days a week after school and all day on Saturday. I worked for the Starks until I was in high school and my Father was able to get a job for me at the Philadelphia Daily News, paying \$2/hour.

My job at the Daily news involved going to various businesses all over Philadelphia and picking-up a package of advertisement 'proofs'. Each package of proofs was a set of documents that provided written instructions to the newspaper's advertising coordinators on what to do with the display advertisement materials also contained in the package. I was given money for calling my supervisor for instructions on where to go next and money for riding public transportation. This

job lasted until the summer of 1953 after I graduated from Lincoln High School and prior to starting school at Drexel.

By saving half of all my income from these two jobs I was able to have enough money to pay for my first year at Drexel, plus a little bit for beach bum expenses, in 1953 and 1954. I saved enough money for the next school period from the salary I received while employed by Burroughs Corporation in the Coop jobs arranged by the Cooperative Education Department at Drexel.

When I went to work for Burroughs at 1209 Vine Street in Philadelphia, my initial salary was \$52/week. My last coop job for Burroughs in Paoli Pa paid \$92/week. When I went to work at Burroughs after graduation from Drexel in May of 1958, with a Bachelor of Science in Electrical Engineering, I received an initial salary of \$6000 per year, equivalent to about \$115/week.

Cars, Cars, Cars and More Cars



1937 Pontiac

During the school year that started after my 16th birthday I was able to take Driver Education at Lincoln High School. Taking driver education at school had several advantages. First my parents

said no license unless I took driver ed. Second, people who took driver ed in school received a discount on their car insurance. My Father told me that I would have to pay the difference between what he was paying for insurance and what it would cost when I was added to the policy. I could barely afford the price, but it would be worth it. Fortunately, I got an 'A' in the driver ed course.

Following receipt of my report card from Lincoln High School, my Father agreed to let me demonstrate my newly acquired driving skills to him in Grandfather Wenzinger's 1937 Pontiac. That car was a four door sedan, affectionately also known as "The Tank". The Tank had an in-line 8-cylinder low compression engine that would get from zero to nearly 60.....eventually. So, off we went to the Lincoln High School parking lot on the Saturday following receipt of my report card. My Father drove over to the parking lot at Lincoln, with me sitting, nervously, on the passenger's side. Once we were well within the parking lot my Father got out of the car. I nervously got out of the passenger's side and got in the driver's side. I tried to get the car to move, but it would not. My Father had shut off the motor and I had forgotten to start it. Not a good beginning. My Father let me sit there to figure out what was wrong.

I finally realized that the inside of the car was very quiet, since all I could hear were my knees shaking. Father was not saying anything either. I broke the silence by saying that I had been practicing letting the clutch out since this car was much different from the one used in driver ed. Father was not fooled by this, nor did it boost his confidence in my newly acquired driving skills. He suggested that I start the car and show him what I had learned in driver ed. I tried to start the motor, but the clutch was out and the transmission was in first gear, where I had left it. As a result all that happened was the car lurched forward and I said, "Oh 'darn!'" Once again, Father was not impressed. He suggested that perhaps we should go home and try again later. I protested, and assured him that I really could get the motor to start and the car to move forward, smoothly. I was given one last chance.

This time I made sure the transmission was in neutral and the clutch pedal was depressed. I turned the key to 'on' and tried to twist it further to start the motor, as had been necessary on the car we used in driver ed. The key would not turn any further than about a quarter turn clockwise. I turned

it back to 'off' and tried the other way. All that turned on was the radio. Father was not impressed that I could not even start the motor. He asked, "What seems to be the trouble? Engine won't start?" I said that in the driver ed. car all we had to do was to twist the key clockwise past the 3 o'clock position and the motor would start. I wondered out-loud if the ignition switch had, perhaps, broken since we had driven to Lincoln's parking lot. Father said that he doubted that. I was instructed to get out of the driver's seat and return to the passenger's seat. Father stared the motor with no problem, but because I was so embarrassed that I was unable to start it to begin with, I did not bother to take note of how he had started the motor. Father drove home. During the short drive from Lincoln's parking lot to home all he did was mutter to himself and shake his head as if saying no. When we got home, which took less than 2 minutes, but which seemed like an hour, I was instructed to vacuum out the car, wash and polish it. Father asked me to let him know when the job was complete because he wanted to go to the fish aquarium store that afternoon.

I vacuumed the car, then washed it with laundry detergent, which was all we had, and then used regular Simonize wax to polish the outside of the Pontiac. The vacuuming and washing did not take long, but since the car had not been polished in years, it took four hours for me to give it a reasonably good Simonize job. It took so long because I made the mistake of putting the wax on the car, and then letting it dry. Unfortunately, with the regular Simonize the instructions say to wipe a little bit on and then, immediately, wipe it off. I had not read the instructions. A friend came along at the moment I had finished applying the last bit of polish and asked what I was doing. I told him what I had done and he explained to me that with regular Simonize you must wipe it off right away or else it dries and it is very difficult to remove. I had covered the entire outside of the car with the regular Simonize. I told my friend that it would be no problem to remove the wax as I had just now completed putting it on. Unfortunately, removing the wax at this point in time proved to be not so easy. I then realized that I had a tough job ahead. So, I spent four hours trying to remove the hardening wax by hand. So much for a fun Saturday! Father drove to the aquarium store for some fish supplies, with me in the passenger seat, before I had finished removing all the wax. . At the store, father went in and I continued my task of removing the wax and polishing the car. When Father came out I still was not done. We drove home, which took about a half-hour with the wax getting even harder. I stopped work when it got dark and I could

not see any more. Boy, was I tired and the wax was not completely removed. Father was not impressed. I wasn't either.

I slept well that night, too tired to care about much other than how I would finish the wax removal job on Sunday. I slept late the next morning. When I got up I discovered that Mother, Father and Charlie [my Grandfather] were not at home. They had gone to Church without me and would not return until around 12:30pm. They did not get back until around one o'clock in the afternoon. I was waiting ready to spend the rest of the day struggling with the well-dried wax. It turned out that they got back late from attending church service because they had gone to Charlie's friend's auto repair shop and brought home an electric buffing machine.

It still took me over three hours to remove the dried polish, using a smelly liquid they gave to me to help remove the wax. The stuff they gave me made me dizzy after a short time using it, even though I was outside in the back yard. After sitting down periodically away from the liquid soaked rags and polishing machine I was able to remove most traces of the hardened wax. I went in the house and announced that I was done; all the hardened wax was removed. Father said that I should relax for a half-hour and then do the job right, by applying the Simonize properly. Just before the sun went down all the way I finished the wax job. I have not used regular Simonize on a car since that time.

Next Saturday morning we went to the Lincoln parking lot again. This time I was going to pay attention to how Father started the motor. That was my intention until I went to get in the car, on the driver's side in the driveway at the house. Father told me to get out and sit in the passenger's seat until he drove to the school parking lot. He said something that I could not quite hear about whether I could steer the car if I was unable to even start it. As we neared the same place in the school parking lot where we had been the last Saturday we noticed that some kids were playing stickball. Someone hit a fly ball that hit our car on the hood and the kid that was chasing it ran into the car, which was stopped, while trying to catch the ball. The kid yelled at Father that he almost ran over him. We backed up and went to the opposite side of the parking lot from where the kids were playing. I think the kid claiming that Father had almost run over him had shaken Father up a bit, because when he and I got out and he sat down on the passenger's side and I on the driver's

side he told me how to start the car. He told me to turn the key on from the 12 o'clock position to the three o'clock position and leave it there. I was then to press the gas pedal to the floor, hard, and hold it there until the motor started. Unfortunately, for the motor it was already running. Father had not shut it off. So.....when I tried to start it I did not question that the key was still in the 'on' position. When I pressed down hard on the gas pedal, as Father had instructed me, the engine went extremely fast and it sounded like it was going to come apart in pieces. I took my foot off the gas and the motor slowed down, and then stopped. I turned the ignition switch off and turned and just looked at Father. He just looked back for a minute or two, which seemed like an hour. I guess he realized that he had left the motor running and said that he should have told me that he had left it running, but that I should have also realized that it was running before trying to start it again. Father asked me to try to start it again. It would not start. After three tries father got out of the passenger's seat and came around to the driver's seat and asked me to move over to the passenger's seat. I did. Father then tried to start the car, without success. We sat there a few minutes. Father got out, opened the hood and fiddled with some wires and the cap over the oil fill tube, which were under the hood. While still bending over the motor he asked me to slide over to the driver's seat and try to start the motor. I did. It started and oil came out of the fill tube and all over father. I quickly shut the motor off and got a rag off the floor in the back seat. I gave it to Father who then wiped the oil off himself. He told me to, once again, slide over to the passenger seat. He started the motor and drove home to clean himself up. So much for the second try. We rested that Sunday.

Next Saturday we tried again. This time we went early, about 7:30am. No one else was in the parking lot. I got out of the passenger's seat and came around the car to sit in the driver's seat. As Father got out of the driver's seat he turned off the motor. I think he was concentrating on being sure the motor was turned off, because when he got out of the car and started to walk around the back to get in on the other side the car started to roll. He forgot to engage the parking brake. I jumped in and applied the regular brake. Father realized what he had done, apologized, and congratulated me on my quick, and correct, reaction. After we had both recovered Father asked me to turn on the motor after telling me how it was to be done, key first, then press down on the gas pedal until it started. I did what I was instructed to do and the motor started. I held my foot on the gas pedal a bit too long and the motor sped up a bit too much but then slowed down and ran at

idle speed. It was so quiet that it was difficult to know it was running. I assumed that it was running. Father said that it was running. Father then asked me to move the car from one side of the parking lot to the other side. I depressed the clutch pedal, placed the floor mounted gearshift lever in what I thought was first gear and slowly let out the clutch pedal. I applied a little pressure to the gas pedal while I let out the clutch. Unfortunately, the transmission was in third gear. The motor stalled. I tried again with the same result. The third attempt was also a failure. The car we had used in driver ed had a steering column mounted gear shift and so I was not familiar with where first gear was on the floor mounted shift lever with which the '37 Pontiac was equipped. Father asked, "What seems to be the problem?" I said that I did not know, but the motor always seems to stall [obviously] when I try to get the car to move. Father suggested that I try to see if the transmission was in first gear. I fumbled around with the gearshift lever and it was clear that I was not sure where first gear was located. Father showed me where the first gear position was located. He also showed me where second and third were located, but not reverse.

Once again I tried to move the car. The car would not move and the motor would not speed up. The motor was still shut off. I started the motor. I pressed the clutch pedal to the floor, placed the transmission into first gear, and pressed on the gas pedal while I slowly let the clutch pedal out. The car bucked and the motor stalled. Father said that I should try again. I did. It stalled again. I had placed the transmission into third gear again. After placing the transmission into first gear, based on Father's suggestion, I at last made the car move, all be it with the motor running a bit faster than necessary. Father asked me to stop the car, which I did abruptly. Father nearly hit his head on the inside of the windshield. Father had had enough. We went home. I was asked to polish the car again. I did it the proper way this time. This time it really shined when I was done. After all it had a lot of wax on it by now.

Next Saturday we tried again. This time I was actually able to move the car from one side of the lot to the other side without stalling the motor or causing either one of us to go through he windshield. There were no seat belts in cars at that time. That day I got a lot of practice moving the car from a stand-still to 15 mph, or so, and successfully getting as far as second gear before I had to slow down or stop in the parking lot. I managed to get the car into third gear one time but I had to slow down almost immediately using the foot brake and the car stalled because I did not

depress the clutch pedal. Many starts and stalls later Father declared that the lesson was over. He drove home.

We took the next weekend off. The following weekend we went to LBI. I practiced going forward in first gear and backing up in front of 109 east 13th Street and also in the driveway between the houses. I practiced for several half-hour sessions in between cleaning and other odd jobs in the house.

The next time we went to the Lincoln High School parking lot was several weeks after we were at LBI. This time all went well except for one stall. I was able to negotiate the motor starts and stops, moving the car through all three gears, turning, going straight and stopping the car smoothly. Father then said we should go home and I should drive. I swallowed hard and said, "S...sure." I started the car in first gear and immediately stalled to motor. After restarting the motor I moved the car to the exit from the lot. After waiting for traffic to subside and with no cars in sight I moved out onto the street. It stalled again. I stopped in the middle of Rowland Avenue and put on the hand brake because we were faced down hill. I restarted the motor, depressed the clutch pedal, put the transmission in first gear and then let the clutch pedal out slowly. The car did not move. The motor stalled. I had not released the hand brake. There we were in the middle of Rowland Avenue. It took me so long to go through the sequence of operations that one bus came upon us from the front and another from the rear. Both bus drivers leaned on their very loud horns. By some miracle I was able to restart the motor get the transmission in the proper gear and get on my way. I stopped the car in front of our driveway, got out of the car and went into the house. Father put the car in the garage.

We tried again the next week and I was able to drive around the community without hitting anyone or anything. The following weekend, or maybe it was several weekends later I was elected to drive to LBI, which I did without incident. I still had not driven alone. Later that same weekend Mother needed something at the grocery store and Father was busy fixing something in the house. They actually asked me to drive to the store and get what Mother wanted. And so it went, Mother and Father had a new servant, to do their bidding. Bob (my brother) also liked me to take him places. The catch was that I had to be asked to go somewhere for their convenience to be able to

drive without adult supervision. That restriction was also eventually removed and I could, more or less, come and go as I pleased as long as father did not need to use the car. At that time Mother did not have a driver's license. That came later, after I was going to school at Drexel.

After Mother learned to drive (she was taught by my Father) she did not seem to have as much difficulty as I did in the beginning.....until she drive into the back of a parked car. AT least I did not do that.....not yet!

In late 1956, as he was turning right to get into the main driveway between Meridian Street and Sheffield Avenue in Philadelphia, to get to our garage, the '37 Pontiac was hit by a motorcyclist trying to pass between the car and the curb. He did not make it. The cycle was demolished and the Pontiac's paint was scratched slightly. The cyclist was taken to the hospital and the motorcycle was carried away on a truck. The cyclist's insurance paid for a paint job on the Pontiac's right front fender. Soon after that accident I was fooling around taking measurements on various parameters in the car and found that three cylinders had very low compression. I told father and he consulted the mechanic that worked on the car, Mr. Roberts, Mr. Apfel's son-in-law, who had taken over the business. Mr. Roberts told Father to consider buying a replacement car.

Father and I went out looking for new cars. Father found them to be too expensive for him. Finally he found a 3 year old, '54 Chevrolet four door, stick shift, two tone green sedan, with less than 20,000 miles on it. Father took Mother to look at it the next day. They returned with the newer Chevy, newer than the '37 Pontiac. I don't think they got much for the Pontiac. They were so happy to get rid of the '37 and have a '54 car.

The first thing I did with the Chevy was to polish it with some new kind of polish that was wiped on, left to dry and then wiped off. That really worked great. I had it shinning in about one hour even with giving it two coats of polish. I also got under the car and changed the oil. Much of the oil got on me when it first began to drain and the catch bucket was not fully in the proper place.

It was not until after several weeks that I was allowed to even drive that car, even with adult supervision. One time I was asked to take my Mother to the grocery store on LBI. After that I could drive most places on LBI alone. It was not until several months later that I could drive without adult supervision in Philadelphia. That time did arrive when Father wanted something from the hardware store and did not want to go himself.

When I was 21, and able to own a car bob and I went out looking. I had always liked the '51 Ford 'Victoria' a two door hard top sedan. We looked for several months and finally found one near the end of the Elevated Train terminal at 69th Street. We found it at a Ford Dealer. The two tone green [dark on the bottom, light green on the hard top] Ford Victoria had been a trade-in for a new larger Victoria. Both Bob and I liked it very much. It had a rather large, fast, V-8 motor in it. I came home, went to the bank on a Friday night and Bob and I rode the 'El' train to 69th Street the next day. I bought the car with cash that I had saved, drove it home and parked it behind the house in the driveway. The driveway could be seen from the kitchen. I went into the house and directed Mother to the kitchen window and showed her my "new car". "What is your Father going to say?" she said. I went up stairs and asked father to come to the kitchen window. When I asked him to look at the car I had parked in the driveway, he asked how I planed to pay for it. I told him that it was paid for and that I also had paid for the insurance. I think he was very surprised, especially when I said that he could now take me off his car insurance policy. He went to the phone, called his insurance agent and had me removed from his policy immediately.

The Vic [short for Victoria] was a great car. I drove it to Drexel each day I went to school there, happy not to be taking the bus and El train. When I was working for Burroughs in Paoli, I would drive there each day, in a car pool where I drove once every fourth day with three other people. I religiously changed the oil once every thousand miles and greased all the front-end grease fittings. Some of the fittings had to be replaced because grease would not flow through the fitting into the joint. I had wondered how the previous owner was able to grease the front end. I figured he had not. I also changed the spark plugs several times, the spark plug wires one time, and the changed the ignition points twice.

The Vic lasted about one year, during which time I put about 10,000 miles on it. One day I was looking around the engine compartment and noticed that the fan was hitting the radiator and beginning to make a circular mark on it. I discovered that all the motor mounts had broken and the motor had begun moving forward in the engine compartment.

I quickly went out looking for a replacement car. Bob and I went looking together again. We found a '55 Chevy, four door, two tone blue, sedan at a dealer about 10 miles from home under the El train in the Frankford section of Philadelphia. I traded the Ford for the Chevy and more cash. We brought it home and did the spark plug, spark plug wire, oil change, grease, and finally new seat cover work on it over the next several weeks.

That car lasted less than a year. It was a real dog. It had lots of problems in the front end, particularly with the steering linkage. As a result I sold it within the year and bought a '56 Olds 2 door hard top with a very large V-8 engine. Man did that car go. It was painted white on the top, hood and about half of the side panels. The remainder was painted gray. The interior was bright red leatherette [plastic]. I recall taking it to the Jersey Pine Barrens and seeing what it would do. 100mph was easy. I used it to drive to work at Burroughs in Paoli and kept it until '62. Early in the spring of 1958, just prior to graduation from Drexel, while working in the Great Valley office of Burroughs, one day I drove a friend of mine to lunch. As we were crossing Route 30 a car traveling on Route 30 hit us broad side. I never saw her coming. The damage to the Olds was not too bad and insurance paid to get it repaired. In the process, since most of the car had to be repainted I decided to get the entire car painted white.

The next car we bought was a '62 Chevy station wagon. It had power nothing. No power steering, no power brakes, or power windows. It had a 3 speed, column mounted shift lever, manual transmission. It was painted all white. It had a 283 cubic inch V-8. It had lots of pep. One significant problem developed. The spring pin that held the gearshift lever in place worked its way out on a number of occasions. It became necessary to keep a hammer handy to be able to reseal that pin. Before we sold the car it became so loose that it was necessary to reseal the pin at nearly every stop. One day, during a snow storm, in mid winter, when I was on my way to the post office in Beltsville Maryland, a person who had too much to drink plowed into the rear of that car. I had

stopped waiting to turn left for the oncoming traffic to clear. He had no insurance and the police person I called let him go [drive away] with no ticket or breath test. This was a time when no one seemed concerned about drunk driving. My collision insurance paid for repairing the Chevy wagon. At this time the Chevy wagon was the only car we had. In 1966 we bought a new Chevy wagon. Father, Bob and I picket it out. It was painted a medium Brown and had 3 seats that would take up to 8 passengers. The rear two seats would lay down and provide space for a number of 4' x 8' sheets of wallboard or plywood, laying flat on in the car. The rear window retracted into the ceiling and the rear gate retracted below the floor of the car, all electrically operated. The car also had electric windows, power steering, power brakes, automatic transmission, and a few additional extras. We kept the wagon when we bought the next car.

The next car we bought was a new '69 VW Beetle. It had a manual sunroof, and "Automatic Stick Shift" transmission. Everything else was manual. It was painted powder blue. It had the standard VW air-cooled four-cylinder engine. The transmission had a fluid clutch or torque-converter. It had an electrically actuated clutch. The clutch would disengage when the shift lever was moved toward either to the front or pulled toward the back. The movement of the shift lever would cause electric contacts to close and hence, activate the electric clutch. To drive the car the shifting was done simply by grabbing the shift lever and moving it from first, to second and then to third. Pushing the shift lever in the general direction that you wanted it to go was enough to disengage the clutch and allow the gears to be changed. We actually used the VW Beetle to drive to Philadelphia to see our parents. I would drive, would hold Grant, who was 2 or 3, in her lap, Ed Jr. and Christy would sit on the back seat with Robert between them. Andy would sit in the small luggage compartment behind the rear seat. Sometimes when Andy felt mischievous or Christy had been bugging him Andy would grab Christy's hair and frequently pull some out by the roots. Several times I had to stop the car and at least threaten to whip Andy. Because of this problem, we did not all go anywhere together in the VW very often.

The VW was replaced by a '74 Mustang II, with manual transmission, a 4 cylinder engine [same as in the Pinto]. It was painted mostly dark green with light brown leatherette on top. It was a two door hard top. It would only fit 4 passengers. This car lasted reasonably well. The only significant problem that developed was oil leakage around the intake and exhaust push rod seals.

Stan Staten, with whom I worked at AEC, had a similar car, a 74 Pinto that had the same engine as our Mustang II. He had replaced the push rod seals on his Pinto, before the seals on our Mustang II had real bad leakage. Before we fixed it the Mustang II required that a quart of oil be added to the crankcase each time the gas tank was filled-up, about once every 200 miles. During the summer of '77 I told Stan about the oil problem we were having with our Mustang II. He offered to help me change the push rod seals at his house. He and I did it one Saturday morning and it only took 5 hours to complete. The work went smoothly and all but completely eliminated the oil leakage problem.

I am not sure when we bought the "klunk." Ed Jr. turned 16 years old in May of 1976 and Christy in September of 1977. We bought a Dodge Dart, four door sedan around that time. It was manual transmission, and manual everything else. We planned for it to be used as a training car for the kids. We called it the "klunk." It was a bit of a mess and definitely well USED. We paid \$500 for it. It was painted dingy red, so the rust did not show too much. The worst rust was in the floor boards. Later on the road was clearly visible through the place where the floor should have been. Ed Jr. and later Robert spent some of their free time patching various places on the klunk with 'Bondo.' They eventually placed metal plates over the holes in the floor.

Christy did the best job of reshaping the fenders on the klunk. She had a habit of not looking both ways when she would be getting ready to turn a corner. Sometimes she just turned. As a result she met some new acquaintances. Our car met theirs. The four fenders were never the same, none of them. I think that may have had one benefit. Most folks on the road avoided getting very close to the klunk.

Who ever was the principal driver of the klunk at any given time was responsible for the maintenance on the klink. Oil changes were mandatory. The oil level seemed to go down fairly quick and got below the dip-stick more than once. The motor, a dodge slant, in line, 6 cylinder motor would not die, no matter how hard the kids tried. I think it would have kept running even if we had shot it.

In the end, after Grant had done his time in the klunk, we sold the klunk. We placed an advertisement in the Washington Post which read, "67 Dodge Dart, 6 cylinder, RUNS, \$100." We had a number of calls, but only one person came to look at it. He got it for \$75. Our cost \$500-\$75 = \$425 for training 5 kids.

As each one of the kids had enough experience, or someone else came along exceeding 16 years old, the older one would graduate to driving one of our good cars occasionally and would buy their own used car. Ed Jr. bought a '67 red Mustang. That was a nice car. He really enjoyed it. When ever Susan and I were away, usually with the other kids, Ed Jr. would drive into the garage with 'a friend' and

When Ed Jr. was ready to sell his Mustang, he placed an ad in the Washington Post. When someone would come to look at the car, possibly interested in buying it, I would wait nearby the place where Ed Jr. and the prospective buyer were meeting to talk about the car and its possible purchase. After Ed Jr. and the prospective buyer had talked for a few minutes, I would drive up, say how much I liked the car, said how much I liked it and asked if I could drive it. The poor buyer did not want to let the car get away from him and so offered Ed Jr. a price that he immediately accepted. I told the buyer good luck and drove away.

Robert began driving in 1981 at the age of a bit over 16. He didn't like the klunk much and so eventually he bought a green Buick four door sedan. Unfortunately he was not real careful were he drove it. He drove it up over too many curbs and ruined some of the parts on the underside of the car. He called the car "a piece of shit." He has referred to several subsequent cars, that he owned the same name.

I remember that Christy bought a nice used Chevy Chevelle. I do not recall what Andy's first car was. Same with Grant.

Somewhere along here we bought a Dodge Colt. Christy bought one too. They were both very small cars. I don't remember much about them. I think I don't want to.

In 1979 we bought a full size '79 Mustang. It was light blue on the lower half of the car and had a white leatherette top. That car nearly killed us. It had some strange vacuum circuits that controlled a number of devices that were design after-thoughts intended to reduce emissions. The systems worked OK for the first year or so. After that the engine would hesitate when attempting to accelerate and would stall when turning left, usually right in the middle of an intersection. Not the dealer, other mechanics, or myself were able to fix these problems. As a result we got rid of the '79 mustang in 1984, soon after we moved to Phoenixville Pa, when I began work at NRC's Region One Office in King of Prussia Pa.

In 1981 we bought an Oldsmobile Cutlass four-door sedan with a diesel engine, not knowing that the GM diesel had serious head gasket problems. Before the engine had 50,000 miles on it one of the head gaskets went bad. We had it repaired and through the Better Business Bureau GM agreed to pay for the repairs.

Before the problems with the 81 Olds became evident we bought an '82 Olds 98 four door sedan also with a diesel engine. The same problem happened with that engine. GM paid again. We kept that car until a woman who did not stop at a stop sign hit Susan on the passenger's side in Phoenixville. We did not get the 98 repaired. We took the money given to us by the woman's insurance and then sold the car as is for \$3000 to a local truck driver, who repaired the body damage himself.

The car we bought next was a 1984 Chevy Blazer, replacing the damaged 98 Olds. The Blazer had automatic transmission, 4 wheel drive, electric windows, power steering and power brakes. It was painted dark brown on the bottom half and light brown on the roof. Several years after buying the car, in 1986, I believe, I got a Beach Buggy Permit from LBI and joined the NJ Beach Buggy Association. The permit allowed us to drive on the sand at the south end of LBI. We did that a number of times, frequently fishing at the extreme south end of the island. We had to let out most of the air from all four tires in order to be able to drive on the soft sand and not get stuck. As we would drive near the water's edge on the way from the end of the paved road [Bay Avenue] to the end of the island, on the sand, we would often drive though the edge of the surf. In the spring of 1987 I decided to get a manual [pop-top] sunroof put in the Blazer. Susan objected, but I did it any

way. She was concerned about leaks. I should have listened to her warning. We did have a lot of enjoyment from the sun roof that summer, including one time when Ed Jr., Lori and their Kids came to LBI and we all drove to the end of the island in the Blazer with the top removed. It was much fun. On the way back that evening as the sun was going down I played Beethoven's "Wellington's Victory" on the tape deck. We all enjoyed the sun set that night. The next day it poured rain. When I got into the Blazer the following day water poured out of it. The roof really leaked badly. Apparently the top had not been put in place correctly, or so we thought. It turned out that we had put it on correctly; it really leaked. As a result of the leakage some of the wiring corroded where it passed under the carpet near the passenger's side door. This did not become evident until late that fall, when several fuses blew and the radio did not work properly.

As soon as the repairs were made we took a look at the new Buicks. We purchased a new '87 Buick Park Avenue in Lansdale, near where Susan's Grandmother lived. That car was quite good for us. We eventually gave it to Ed Jr.

We replaced the '81 Olds with a new '90 Chevrolet Z-24, two door sedan with a 3.1 L V-6. We kept that car until we had over 150,000 miles on it. We had very few problems with the Z-24. Only one significant problem was experienced after we bought it. The problem appeared when the car was less than two months old. One time when I shut down the motor and 20 minutes later tried to re-start the motor, it would not re-start. About 2 hours later I tried to start it again. It started then with no problem and ran great. I dismissed this event as an anomaly. Unfortunately, the next time I tried to start it after it had been shut off for between 20 minutes and several hours, it would not start again. After waiting over two hours and trying again, it started with no difficulty. I took the car to Kelly Chevrolet in Phoenixville and explained the problem to Dick Borntreager, the service manager. He asked me to leave the car with him for several days. Apparently he checked various items and he told me that he had replaced several emissions related components on the engine. I took the car home and let it sit for about one half-hour. I then tried to start it. It would not start. I called Kelly Chevrolet the next day and told Mr. Borntreager what had happened. He asked me to bring the car in again. I did. Several days later Mr. Borntreager called me and told me that he had done everything he could think of but he had experienced the same problem that I

had. I told him to keep the car for a few more days and see if he could determine what the cause of the problem might be.

Several days later Mr. Borntreager called me and said I should come by and pick up the car. I went to get the car. When I got there Mr. Borntreager told me that he had checked the outlet pressure from the electric fuel pump and he found that it was very low. After replacing the fuel pump he started the car and ran it for a while. He stopped the engine and let the car cool off for about a half-hour. When he tried to start it he was surprised to find that it started fine. He then tried leaving it shut off for an hour and then for two hours. Each time he when he tried to start it again it started OK. So.....he suggested that I take the car home and see if it worked OK for me. I took it home and it has been running quite well ever since. The fuel pump was the cause. The car ran nearly perfectly for us. Late in the year 2000 we gave the '90 Z-24 to Andy.

In 1994, after selling my half interest in the house on LBI we bought a 1993 Cadillac four door sedan. It was painted gray, just like the '87 Buick. It has all the luxury items you would expect on such a car. There have been a few problems with the Caddy but nothing serious. One time, after parking it in the parking lot at Home Depot in King of Prussia Pa., someone apparently took a Key and scratched the trunk lid. Most of the failures that occurred were fixed under the factory 5 year, 50,000 mile warrantee and the extended 7 year, 100,000 mile warrantee that we bought at the time we bought the car.

In the year 2000, July or August, I bought a 1993 Lincoln Continental four door sedan from Bill Gordon, who has an auto repair shop on Route 23 not far from our house in Valley Forge Pa. He told me that his sister had bought the car originally, and that he had done work on it. Apparently she was not able to afford it any longer and wanted a smaller car. The Lincoln was painted 'pearl white' and had a light blue interior with light blue leather seats. It had a 3800cc V-6 motor. The only thing I was concerned about was that it had 120,000 miles on it. It ran well and looked great. So far it has served us well.

Antarctica & PM3-A

After being discharged from the US Army in May of 1962 I went to work for the US Navy. I had been teaching electronics to Army, Navy, and Air Force enlisted men who were going to school at the Army Reactors school at Fort Belvoir, just south of Washington DC, in Virginia. The Navy had offered a job to me in the Bureau of Yard and Docks [BuDocks], and asked me to assist the Army Reactors people by teaching one more semester of electronics while they obtained a military replacement for me. I had agreed.

After I completed the teaching assignment at Fort Belvoir, I went to work at the BuDocks office, located in Arlington Virginia, near the Pentagon. One of my assignments at BuDocks involved assessing the reactor shutdown system of the Navy's PM3-A nuclear power plant. The plant had been built at the Martin Company's plant in Baltimore Maryland. The plant had been built in a modular arrangement so that it could be shipped any where in the world in a cargo plane. The plant was shipped, in that manner, to the Navy's McMurdo Station in Antarctica sometime in 1961. It first went critical around [date from Ray?]. The PM3_a supplied 2500KVA to lights, electric heaters and other equipment at McMurdo. When the PM3-A was not running power for lights and essential equipment was obtained from diesel generators, and heating was provided by kerosene heaters that did not have circulating fans for the air which they heated.

The PM3-A was a pressurized water reactor using uranium fuel. It had a pressurized loop at about 2200psi [psi = pounds per square inch] that took the heat away from the reactor and through steam generators where clean, non-radioactive water, in a set of pipes that were not connected to the water that circulated through the reactor, was boiled to create steam that was used to drive a steam turbine. The steam pressure was saturated at around 1000psi. The steam turbine drove an electric generator. When operated at full power the reactor produced about 10 Mega Watts of heat, and the electric generator generated 2,500 KVA of electric energy. [Mega = 1,000,000; 10 mega Watts = 10,000,000 watts, and 2500 KVA is equivalent to about 2,000,000 watts of electricity. An ordinary household light bulb uses between 25 and 100 watts of electricity.]

McMurdo Station also had four 500KVA diesel driven electric generators [equivalent to 400 KW each, where K = 1000 and 400KW = 400,000 watts], for a total maximum capacity of 1,600,000 watts. If all the diesels were operating satisfactorily some of the electric heaters could be used. Unfortunately, the diesels were not the most reliable. As a result electric power at McMurdo was not reliable. On a few occasions three of the four diesels had been out of service. This was not a good situation, because the temperature in Antarctica would vary from a high of 45°F, during the Antarctic summer, to a low of -80°F during the Antarctic winter. Heat was very important, to prevent people from freezing to death. Electric heat could be more reliable if the PM3-A with its 2,000,000 watts of electricity would run reliably.

Unfortunately, the PM3-A did not run reliably when it first became operational. Most power plants have a number of problems at the beginning. Most of the problems are usually worked out in the first few months of operation. The PM3-A encountered the normal routine problems and other problems that were unique to its location in the cold weather of the Antarctic. The PM3-A had air-blast heat exchangers for rejecting heat from the secondary [steam] side of the plant. Small leaks turned into ice around control louvers that adjusted the amount of air passing over the heat exchanger tubes. When they froze up, the heat exchangers were very difficult to control and had to be shut down. When they were shut down they could easily completely freeze up and be very difficult to get operational again. This happened a lot. In addition, because of the very cold temperatures the ground, which was volcanic ash, on which the equipment was setting was frozen solid except for a few days in January, the warmest time of the Antarctic summer. The winter in the Southern Hemisphere, at McMurdo, begins in late November and ends in early March. The frozen volcanic ash was a very poor conductor of electricity that prevented an effective electric ground for dissipation of static electricity. Static electricity would build up on the PM3-A's metal structures, building walls and ceilings, in the metal racks that housed the electrical and electronic equipment and on the metal control panels where meters, recorders, and control switches were located.

The build-up of static electricity caused a number of plant shutdowns. The small electrical control signals from sensors in and around the reactor were being affected by the static electricity. Measurements of temperatures, pressures, flows and nuclear parameters would be increased by the

affects of the static electricity. When the signal would rise far enough the reactor shutdown system would detect the higher signal, one that exceeded a pre-set value, and the reactor would shutdown. This would, in turn, cause the steam generators to effectively stop making steam, and the steam turbine would hence be automatically shutdown and the electric generator switched off. When the PM3-A shutdown, all the electric heaters at McMurdo would automatically turn off. Mechanics would then go to the various buildings and turn the kerosene heaters on to keep the buildings, and the people in them warm, or at least prevent them from being frozen.

Apparently because of my Degree in electronics and my teaching that subject at the reactor school, it was determined, by the people in charge at BuDocks that I should go to the PM3-A and fix that problem. Several other individuals were asked to go also. One person was a Navy Chief, named Robert Fort and the other was an engineer , named Raymond Scholl.

I was told to go on a Wednesday and was on an airplane the following Saturday. We flew from Washington to near San Francisco, then to Hawaii, Canton Island, Fiji and Christ Church in New Zealand, all on a Navy Constellation, a four motor propeller driven aircraft. In New Zealand we waited at the Naval air station there for flight to McMurdo. Weather in Antarctica is quite often very severe. The flight to McMurdo takes about 8 hours in a four motor propeller driven aircraft. It was necessary to be fairly certain of what the weather conditions would be for landing at McMurdo before taking off in Christ Church. That was often very difficult, given the frequency of storms that occurred at McMurdo. So.....we waited. Each day we would check in at the flight operation office. For over two weeks they told us each morning, "not today." We would then rent or borrow a car and drive around New Zealand. We would spend a half day driving away from Christ Church and another half day, sometimes less, to get back to Christ Church to sleep over night and do it all over again the next day. We got to see all the sights within a half day's driving distance of Christ Church. One day we entered the flight operations office fairly early and were told that "today is your lucky day." Our plane took off for McMurdo at about 10:00am. The scheduled flight time was about 9 hours as head winds were expected part of the way. The flight seemed quite uneventful. Lunch was served out of cardboard boxes and consisted of a sandwich, a banana, and a few cookies. For the rest of the flight we talked about what we would do when we got there and put on our arctic clothing.

Around 7pm, 9 hours into the flight we were beginning to get slightly nervous. No one from the cockpit had told us anything about it taking longer than planned. One of the passengers went up front and knocked on the cockpit door. He went in. When he came back, in a minute or so, he told us that we would be landing soon. As the plane we were in only had a few windows and they were on the side of the plane where boxes were stored, we could not see out from the passenger compartment. A few minutes later the pilot came on the PA system and announced that one engine had failed and was shutdown hours ago, and we would be landing back in Christ Church in about a half hour. Several of the passengers went up to the cockpit to look outside at the engine that had failed and reported back that it was indeed stopped and the propeller was feathered. We landed at Christ Church and did not bounce once, due to the heaving load we had been carrying and the fact that we were running on only three of the four engines.

We tried again in a few days. This time we got there with no difficulties.

On the first few days in Antarctica we did the tourist bit. One of the most interesting things was the left-overs from previous visitors. McMurdo Station is located on the Ross Ice Shelf in Antarctic. A wooden building used by a number of Antarctic explorers was located near the PM3-A. That building looked nearly like new, the wood seemed almost new. It had been preserved by the cold and dry Antarctic weather. Inside could be seen some of the food and other artifacts or previous expeditions to this cold and foreboding place. Admiral Scott and a man called Amundson had used this building many years ago prior to setting off for the pole. It was an eerie feeling to look inside this building and get a peek into long past times. Outside the building were frozen carcasses of what appeared to be ponies or small horses. These animals had apparently been used to carry tools, equipment and perhaps some of the men who had been here a long time ago. We also found some large Emperor and some small Adele penguins and a few large seals as we walked around. None of these were friendly, and they all smelled very bad. Lots of urine and shit smells, combined.

We went to work the next day after our 'tour' and after a short orientation. We found the reactor shut down and all the electric heaters turned off. It was somewhat chilly in the building in which we would be sleeping.

The fact that it was chilly in the building where we would sleep turned out to be very interesting. In the sleeping quarters they had electric heaters and kerosene heaters. The beds were bunk beds stacked two and sometimes three high. With the nuclear plant shutdown, the building heat was being supplied by the kerosene heaters. It turns out that there was an interesting control system at work in these buildings. When the electric heaters were on the thermostat in the electric heater would maintain a relatively constant temperature in the rooms. Each electric heater had an air circulation fan which circulated the warm air. The kerosene heaters were another story altogether. Most had no air circulation fan. On those kerosene heaters that had a fan, most were fans would not run. As a result when the kerosene heater was on the room would get quite warm, especially near the ceiling. When it got too hot one of the people sleeping on a top bunk would get down go over to the heater and turn it way down or off completely. A couple of hours or less later the temperature at the lower bunks would get very cold. As a result a person in one of the lower bunks would get out of bed and turn the kerosene heater up or on if it had been turned all the way off earlier. And so it went temperature up, temperature down all through the night, every night.

We finally went to work on the problem of why the plant was shutting down when there was no reason in the reactor or the associated water or steam systems. It took us a while to determine what the cause of the problem was. One indication that pointed a finger at the root cause was when I was touching the door knob on the plant's control room door I would almost always get a bit of a electric shock, much like the kind of shock you can get in the winter time at home when you shuffle across a carpeted floor and then touch a metal lamp. Only at the plant, the sparks were more intense. We used a high-impedance voltmeter to measure the voltage between the control console in the control room and the metal door to the control room. We were surprised to find a potential difference of nearly 40 volts, most of the time. This voltage could be dissipated by connecting the metal door to the control console with a wire. It took a solid connection and braided wire seemed to work best. This gave us the indication that the source of the voltage

difference was static electricity. We deduced that static electricity build up was occurring because there was not a good electrical ground at this location, and likely anywhere at McMurdo.

A number of solutions were tried. One solution that seemed to work, at least at first was to throw a ship's anchor into the sea and use the anchor chain as a place to connect the electric neutrals so as to direct static electricity to earth ground. With our first try at using the new ground connection through the sea the static electricity decreased remarkably, and the plant was able to be started and placed in service with little difficulty. Everyone was happy because the electric heaters were now on and all were much warmer. The diesels were serviced and made ready to be used, if needed again.

This solution did work when the anchor was first placed into the sea. Unfortunately, the sea at McMurdo is nearly always frozen over because of the extremes of cold experienced there. During the Antarctic summer the temperatures can and do sometimes rise above freezing and some thawing occurs. This particular year there was considerable thawing and it was relatively easy to get a heavy weight, like a ship's anchor to go through the ice/slush combination at the surface and fall to the bottom. The slush did not stay slush very long. It quickly refroze. We were not too concerned at first because the anchor was on the bottom and there was a very heavy chain connection our ground connection to the plant's electric system neutral. The neutral was at least successfully grounded for now.

One of the definite disadvantages of the warmer temperatures and the resultant thaw was that the sea ice was not all that thawed. During the winter when everything would freeze, nearly instantly, the disposal method for human urine was that it would run out of the 'outhouse' and freeze into a 'piss glacier.' Another disposal problem was that of solid human waste. The crap was collected in what the sailors called 'honey buckets.' When full they would be carried away from the outhouses and placed on the sea ice. The idea was that when a thaw would occur the crap would get out to sea for a proper burial. These were effective short term solutions.....until the weather warmed up above freezing in the Antarctic summer. When the wind would blow over the piss glacier and the honey bucket piles in the Antarctic summer it was called the sea breeze. Some years the ice did not break up enough to allow the honey buckets to go out to sea. Fortunately, this did not occur

many years in a row, so that eventually disposal did occur in the ocean. The piss glaciers had to be chipped away and moved to the sea ice before the glaciers thawed. It was a messy job but someone had to do it.

Another problem we faced in the very cold weather, even during the Antarctic summer was going to the bathroom. The buildings used for sleeping had no indoor plumbing. The bathrooms, with the piss troughs and honey buckets were located away from the sleeping quarters. So.....when you had to go you either got out of bed and got fully dressed and walked to the bathroom or.....you did not get dressed and ran, as fast as you could to the bathroom, did your business, and ran back again as fast as you could. The path from some of the sleeping quarters to the nearest bathroom was between buildings across a path or road and between other buildings. People would run this path at great speed so not to get too cold or freeze before they reached the bath room. This created a hazard. Fully clothed people who would be casually walking a road or pathway would have collisions with the speed demons running from their sleeping place to the bathroom. There were some victims of these collisions that had to be sent to the local infirmary to men broken bones and bruises.

One other hazard was that the hill on which the PM3-A was located was quite steep and ice and snow covered. Some folks though it to be great fun to use a large piece of card board, sit on it and slide down the hill, sometimes at great speed. The hazards were two fold. First, these fast moving sledders would sometimes crash into innocent pedestrians, more bone broken or more bruises. Second, unknown to some sliding down the hill, underneath the ice and snow was volcanic ash and jagged rocks. When enough snow or ice had melted during a thaw, the jagged rocks or volcanic ash became exposed. Guess what happened. Yes, the people who slid down that hill would pass over the jagged material and rip their pants and, if they were unlucky, their butt as they passed over the jagged materials at high speed. On to the infirmary. On day I was walking slowly and carefully down the hill one day when I saw some exposed sharp rocks near by my path. I heard someone sliding toward me with the exposed rocks in his path. I tried to warn him but to no avail. He went directly over the rocks, ripped his pants and his butt. He went directly to the infirmary.

Sometimes I would ride in a truck from the area where the sleeping quarters were located up to the plant. The road that the truck followed went up beyond the plant's elevation and then down to a parking area in front of the plant. Beyond the parking area was a steep drop, a small cliff. One day while riding to the plant in the front seat of the truck, with a Navy Admiral, the driver of the truck discovered that the truck's brakes were not working, at all, and we had already begun our descent toward the plant's parking lot. As it looked like we might not stop in time the driver shouted out 'bail out' to all the passengers, me and the Admiral as well. We jumped, me first. I would up in a snow pile and the Admiral wound up nearly on top of me. Other passengers were strewn about on either side of the truck's path. The truck went over the cliff and flipped several times. We picked ourselves up and entered the plant to go to work for what was otherwise a normal day at McMurdo.

Despite the heavy anchor and anchor chain the PM3-A's electric system neutral was not grounded for long. One day we all heard a very loud 'bang.' No cause was immediately evident. What was noticed was that the static electricity was, once again, build up on the equipment in the plant, and door knob shocks began anew. The plant automatically tripped [shutdown] based on a high reactor power level, caused by an excess power level signal. This signal was not due to a real excess power but static electricity that had caused an erroneous signal to be created. We went back on the kerosene heaters and wondered what had happened. An enterprising sailor followed the anchor chain from the point in the plant to where it was supposed to enter the sea. What he found was that the chain had apparently been frozen in the sea ice and the ice had moved. It moved enough to stretch and eventually caused the chain to break. The loud noise we had all heard was the chain breaking. So much for that solution.

We all got together and scratched our heads. What could we do to eliminate the static electricity? We used an oscilloscope and examined the waveform of the voltage between the control room door and the control console. It had a form that resembled 'white noise,' the presence of a large number of apparently random frequencies. The noise signals could be found nearly everywhere in the reactor instrumentation and control circuits. What we finally did was to connect the neutral of all the power supplies and the neutral of all the instrumentation and control circuits together with copper wire. That helped a lot, but noise signals were still present, all be it at reduced levels.

Restart of the reactor was accomplished several times. Each time a spurious trip would occur and the plant would automatically shutdown. Enough static electricity was still present to produce unwanted signals in the reactor instruments and controls. No electric heat that day.

Someone theorized that the noise that was present consisted of a number of frequencies and that to eliminate the higher frequencies we had to be sure our connections between the neutral of all the power supplies and the neutral of all the instrumentation and control circuits was adequate to eliminate the higher frequencies. The solution was to use many fine wires to connect the neutral of all the power supplies and the neutral of all the instrumentation and control circuits as many fine wires is a better way to provide for conduction of higher frequency electrical currents. Braided ground strap wire was the answer. We proceeded to connect together the neutral of all the power supplies and the neutral of all the instrumentation and control circuits. It worked. We were not quite sure why but it worked. We were not sure why because the trip circuits required a signal to be present for a number of milli-seconds for the reactor to trip and the noise signals that we had observed were of much shorter duration. Apparently the presence of the many signals of multiple frequencies caused a signal to be present long enough, now and then, to cause a trip. Connecting the circuits together with the braided ground wires reduced the voltage differences between circuits enough to eliminate the majority of the spurious trips. In addition, in a few cases, in the more sensitive trip circuits we had to add some electronic components to slow their response time and hence reduce their sensitivity to the electric noise that had been present nearly everywhere. With the spurious trips all but effectively gone, we declared victory. The plant restarted with no problems and the electric heat was back on. Everyone at McMurdo was happy, including yours truly. I got to go home.

By the time we had "solved" the noise problem, it was late in February 1963. I was fortunate to get a seat on the last plane to leave McMurdo that year. If I had missed that plane it would have been necessary for me to return to New Zealand on a cargo ship or Ice Breaker, a much longer trip.

As we took off from McMurdo, again on a four motor propeller driven "Constellation" aircraft we said goodbye to my first Antarctic adventure. We were very interested to hear from the pilot of the aircraft, about one half hour after we had taken off that it had been necessary to speed up our

departure from Antarctica because of concerns for the integrity of the all sea ice runway. Our pilot informed us that he had just heard from the folks back at McMurdo that about half of the runway had broken off from the rest of the ice at McMurdo and had headed slowly out to sea, with some of the honey buckets. Apparently we were advised to keep going toward Christ Church, New Zealand, and not return, unless faced with a severe emergency, because it would be very difficult to land on half a runway, and we could not land on the part that headed out to sea. Fortunately our trip to New Zealand was uneventful and we landed safely at Christ Church 8 hours after leaving Antarctica. We headed home the next day after showering and changing into less smelly clothes. While on the ice we changed into clean clothes one time in 4 weeks.

ASK RAY ABOUT how we met

After getting home safely and taking a weeks vacation, I went back to work at BuDocks. I got a copy of the electrical schematics and the logic diagrams of the reactor shutdown system from The Martin Company's engineering offices in Baltimore. I looked them over and marked them up to show where we had added the components to slow down their response to the noise signal. I sent the marked up drawings to a fiend at the Atomic Energy Commission Headquarters in Germantown Maryland for him to review for me to see what we had done. I also described for him the other things we had done to resolve the spurious tripping problem. He called me a few weeks later and said that what we had done was OK, and a letter confirming this would follow.

After I received that phone call I picked up the drawings again and looked them over to be sure that I had understood how the reactor trip system worked. I noticed that one of the electronic modules seemed to be a bottleneck for all the signals that went through the logic circuits. After studying the diagrams for several days I wrote down my thought process and sent a telegram to one of the navy technicians at McMurdo to see if he would confirm what I had concluded from my review of the drawings. He sent a response that said he agreed with my assessment. What this meant was if the electronic module in question were to be removed from the trip system none of the automatic reactor shutdown trips would have worked, none. A number of these trips assured that the reactor would shutdown safely if an accident had occurred. Some accidents, unmitigated, could have been disastrous.

I went to my boss with this information. He was not happy. He went over the drawings himself and came to the same conclusion as I did, after considerable discussion and enthusiastic debating.

My boss wanted to be absolutely sure that we had drawn the correct conclusion. So we drew up a plan to confirm our worst fears. We asked the plant to conduct a routine shutdown and after the diesel were operating successfully and the reactor had cooled a significant amount to run a special test. We asked the plant technicians to reset all the reactor trips and remove the suspect electronic module. After that they were instructed to simulate an over power condition with a false signal and cause the three trip devices that monitored reactor power to trip. This should have caused an actual reactor trip if all the circuits were operating properly. They ran the test as we had directed and no reactor trip occurred with the particular specified electronic module removed from the circuit. We then asked for similar tests using each of the parameters the system used to trip the plant. Thus our worst fears were confirmed. The removal of this module could negate all of the reactor trips.

Upon further investigation and analysis of the circuits in the subject module we also concluded that there were several places in the circuits in this module where if an electric fault were to occur, some or all of the trips would fail. All it would take would be an open circuit or a short circuit at a strategic location in the circuit. We brought these concerns to the people at McMurdo who agreed on an analytical basis, and then ran some tests that confirmed our theories. We had a real bad set of design flaws on our hands.

During the time we were evaluating and theorizing the Antarctic winter set in. No one could get in to or out of McMurdo Station. So most of our communications were in writing and sometimes we could speak to the people at McMurdo via short wave radio. The best time for these oral communications was in the middle of the night at home because of the time differences between Maryland and Antarctica. I would stay up at night and go over drawings, spread over our king size bed, with the technicians at the plant. We discovered that the drawings that they had at the plant did not match the way the plant was actually wired. To make it even more interesting we found

that the drawings I had obtained from The Martin Company, in Baltimore did not match the drawing they had at McMudro or the actual wiring in the plant.

With the plant shutdown, the technicians at the plant went over the actual plant wiring and corrected their drawings. Then they explained to us what they found and we corrected our drawings. Following that work which required several months, and many middle of the night radio calls which were arranged through the Navy radio and phone systems of BuDocks, we were able to believe that we had two sets of accurate drawings. We agreed that we would have to confirm this once additional people could get back to McMurdo.

With the allegedly accurate drawings in hand we set about to design circuit modifications to remove the vulnerabilities that we had found. The circuit changes were designed with help fro the plant and we sent a circuit revision to the plant after our friends at the AEC had reviewed them. The circuits were modified and tested with simulated faults and found to be OK. After the modifications and testing were competed the plant restarted and the electric heat was once again on.

The next Antarctic season I went back to the ice and participated in an independent inspection of the installation work and test results. That work went very smoothly. We found that the PM3-A reactor shutdown system was now not vulnerable to failure from single failures in the shutdown system or from electronic being removed. During that visit I noticed that the Pony carcasses from the old Antarctic expeditions had been removed. No one with whom I spoke knew what happened to them. That year it did not get above freezing while I was there. The sea breezes were much more pleasant than the previous year.

I used these experiences to write, with the aid of two of the persons who had participated in the circuit reviews and redesign, a technical paper which was published in the Institute of Electrical and Electronics Engineers [IEEE] Transactions for the period of [REDACTED]. The title of the paper was, “[REDACTED]”. The authors of the paper were, my self, Edward C Wenzinger, as well as Raymond Scholl, and Robert Fort. The fundamental principal of the paper was that no single failure should prevent

action by the reactor shutdown system when required. This principal was one of the bases for the IEEE standards on Reactor Protection Systems written in the late '60s and early '70s.

Scouts and APO

My Mother enrolled me in the Cub Scouts when I was 6 or 7 years old. I started as a "Bobcat". I earned a number of 'badges' by doing things that Cub Scouts do. I made model cars, model trains, a few belts with beads, a necklace or two, a wallet or two, etc. I received the Wolf, Bear and Lion badges about a year apart. Near the end of my Cub Scout career, when I was about 11 and ready to become a Boy Scout at 12, I earned the Webelos badge, which was basically fulfilling the requirements of the Boy Scout 'Tenderfoot' rank. I enjoyed the Cub Scouts a lot and my Mother was very active in Cub Scouts as a "Den Mother". My Father participated also, but did not devote as much time as Mother did. Mother continued as a Den Mother after I graduated to the Boy Scouts, as brother Bob had entered the Cub Scouts.

The Boy Scouts was different from the Cub Scouts, but still it was very interesting and fun, at times. I progressed from Tenderfoot to Second Class, then to First Class, Star, Life and finally Eagle Scout. I had to earn 21 'Merit Badges' to get to Eagle Scout. My favorites were Ham radio and model making. I was nominated to the Boy Scouts' "Order of the Arrow," but another boy was chosen after several days of interviews and skill tests. I did not run very fast or pitch my tent well enough.

Not all of the Boy Scout activities were a lot of fun. I was somewhat neutral about camping out. I did like the comradeship provided by the other guys, like sitting around a camp fire and telling tall tales, etc. One activity in particular was no fun at all for me. It was INSPECTION. Several of the Boy Scout Troop leaders had been in the Marines and one had been in the Military police. They had a real 'thing' about the uniform which scouts wore. All the badges had to be sewn on precisely in the correct location, for example. They had a template they would hold over the shirt pocket and over the shoulder seam to check on whether the badge[s] that were supposed to be in those locations were where they were supposed to be. If one was off by a few 1/16ths of an inch,

the perpetrator was given so many 'demerits. If you received too many demerits, you had to perform some chore, such as clean up the meeting room after the meeting was over or help open up for the next meeting. One time after receiving the First Class badge during a formal ceremony, my Mother sewed the badge on my scout uniform shirt. The next week we were scheduled for an inspection by the Philadelphia Area Boy Scout Council, this was a BIG DEAL. On the day of the inspection, we all lined up to be inspected. I was VERY nervous because Mother had not used her glasses to sew the First Class badge on my Uniform shirt. I could see that it was off center, but had not noticed until I was at the meeting. So there I stood, in mortal fear of getting demerits and maybe being the sole cause of the entire troop failing the inspection. This was, of course, a significant exaggeration of what might possibly happen. My fears were quite strong. So bad that when the inspecting person stood in front of me and noticed the First Class badge was off center, I was given 5 demerits, a lot for such an infraction. I literally peed in my pants as the inspector moved to look at the scout next to me. A large puddle of urine collected in my shoes and on the floor where I was standing. Talk about being embarrassed, WOW. I stood there in the puddle until the inspection was over and then ran all the way home. When I went to the next meeting no one said a thing about the puddle. It was hard to believe but after the inspection was over I quickly went to the bathroom and then to home; maybe no one was able to identify who done IT.

After I was in college at Drexel. In my second year I was approached by a Fraternity, Alpha Phi Omega [APO]. APO is service fraternity which does various things around the school such as collect money for charities, prepare for and clean up after social events in the school buildings, and provides leaders to the Boy Scout Troops at Girard College. Girard College is a home for boys with only one parent. I joined APO and was immediately made the Scout Master of one of the troops, number 412. It seems that the boys at Girard College, where they spent months without going home to their one parent, were nearly all interested in joining a scout troop, because as a scout they could GET OUT, and go on hikes or even go on an overnight camping trip.

On the night when we held our troop meeting I would go directly from Drexel to Girard College and have dinner with the boys in their large dinning hall. It was a very large dinning hall seating nearly 1000 boys [NO GIRLS]. Selected boys served the meal and one person at each table, usually one of the teachers, a house mother, or a scout leader would at a the person in charge at

that table. Food would be brought to the person in charge at each table and that person would take their share of food and then pass it in one direction or another around the table that usually sat 12 people, one on each end and 5 on each side. One day I had a girl friend with me at Drexel and took her to dinner at Girard College as I had forgotten what day it was when I had taken her to Drexel to show her the organ in the auditorium and my friend who played it for us.

When we got to the dinning room the entire place went from very noisy to silent except for a few whispers which I could hear since it was so quiet. Not even on dish was being clanked, not one glass was being clinked. I heard several boys whisper, "It's a GIRL". One of the teachers stood up and said, in a very loud voice, "EAT," and the silence was broken.

I remained as Scout Master until after I graduated in May of 1958. A new member of APO took over my troop just prior to my going on active duty in the Army in early 1960. That time with the boys at Girard College was one of the most enjoyable I can recall.

Jobs After the Navy Department

Need to fill this in

Places I Have Been

Over the years I have visited a number of places, on vacation and on business. The first place I went, even before I was born was to Long Beach Island [LBI]. There are a number of descriptions

elsewhere concerning this lovely place. LBI is an island off the main land of New Jersey about 30 miles north of Atlantic City. LBI is about 18 miles long, a maximum of 6 blocks wide at a few places an only one block wide at other locations. It has very white beaches on the ocean side that vary in width, depending on the

[Start here](#)

