

My First 90 Years

A Life of Adventure

by
Harriet Boekenhoff Yount

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Drawing of resting cello (last page) by Beverly Brown

My stand partner in UNAM, Beverly Brown, drew this photo for my 60th birthday, accompanied by a card. She said that I wasn't getting older, just getting better. It made my day. ~Harriet

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This book would not be possible without
Sharon Johnsen,
Marcia Yount Boekenhoff,
and
Cass Eastham



Julie, Tish, Harriet, Rome, and Marcia

This book is dedicated to my children.

Julie, Tish, Rome, Marcia

With love.

A Note from the Editor

Going through these vignettes of Harriet Yount's life has been such a wonderful treat for me. I had heard a lot of these stories because Harriet is a storyteller, and she would often liven up the situation with an anecdote from her past. We kept telling each other that we must each write a book about our adventures in Mexico. Harriet not only lived up to her promise, but also went a step further: she has written memories from her whole life.

I met Harriet when we were both newcomers to Guadalajara in May of 1975, not knowing she would add a whole new dimension to my coming eight years as a musician in Mexico. I was 29 and Harriet was 48. It was a new experience for both of us to be living and playing music in a foreign country, and neither of us had arrived with any knowledge of the language. I remember Harriet having a hard time because she was used to speaking in metaphors and similes, and the meaning did not translate directly into Spanish. However, it did cause a lot of laughs, if not confusion.

Harriet and I were roommates on tour with the OSNO (*Orquesta Sinfónica del Noroeste*) chamber orchestra in Guadalajara. What I remember most beyond performing is that we had fun, and that she not only looked terrific in a bathing suit at 48, but also was a great swimmer. And she could do the jitterbug like you only see in movies of the 1940's. She and Alan Julseth really cut a rug one time at a party and knocked everybody's socks off.

I lived a year or so with her and David in San Angel, after so many of us had migrated to Mexico City. Though she could

annoy me with things like saying, “Rise and shine!” at some god-awful early hour when I had been out late the night before, she also painted the room that was mine for the time I was there. Harriet never questioned my sometimes reckless behavior. She and Dave took me in when I needed a place to live, and gently nudged me out when they needed the space for someone else.

Harriet was a rock, and I will be forever grateful for her friendship that kept me grounded through exciting but emotionally turbulent years. She was always there for me, even down to the last when I had fallen in love and was anxious to get back to the States. I was too dazed to figure out how to get all of the things I had accumulated onto an airplane, so Harriet and her daughter Marcia came to the rescue. Marcia helped me find four gigantic boxes, and Harriet packed them.

We have not seen each other much since November of 1983. My husband, Tom, and I were delighted by a visit from Harriet and Dave at our home in northern California in 1986, and a visit from her and John much later. But it was like old home week when she and Marcia came up and stayed a week with us last summer (2015). This book has brought us together again. I just hope you enjoy it as much as I have.

Sharon Johnsen

A Word from my Children

Julie Ann Yount Huls

My mother has been blessed with a musical talent that has opened doors over and over again. It has allowed her to sit at her cello in many interesting places and meet many interesting people. Mom has lived through the depression, flown in a Piper Cub and in a Jumbo Jet, and raised four kids in the 50's, 60's, and 70's. She has traveled the world on her gypsy feet and plans for future trips haven't stopped.

Mom's life trip has been great so far, and I've been around for over half of it. I can't wait to see what waits for her around the next corner.

Love you Mom.

Julie

Letitia "Tish" Harriet Yount Bryant

I think I am the luckiest person in the world. I know everyone thinks his or her mom is special, the best that ever was, but mine really is. She is everybody's mom, a mom's mom, always reliable, always there to help.

Children never seem to appreciate their parents until they become parents themselves. There are times now that I wish she could have been a bit stricter—with my practicing, for example. But hindsight comes so cheap, just as my mom says.

The things my mother taught me are too numerous to name and practically impossible to put into words anyway. She did show me love, beauty, music, organization, discipline, and how to and why we should be nice to one another. Growing up with three siblings who had the same mother had a lot to do with that.

My mom has ALWAYS been there for me. She said she tried really hard not to be overbearing or pushing all the time like she thinks her mother was. I never ever could've had the life I have without her gentle, educated, involved guidance. She made my music and swimming a possibility. I really wonder how she ever did all that she did: organizing meets, getting us there and back, signing us up, back and forth to practices 6am and 6pm almost daily, plus music concerts, lessons, scouts, and at the same time participating in all of her own activities. She inspired me to sew, to cook, and to be artistic in every aspect of my life. We even invented a saying: "Cleanerate, Put and Take," a combination of cleaning and redecorating, one of my favorite things to do.

Harriet's house is where everyone wants to be. There is always a welcome sign and the best hospitality you could ever expect. She is the most amazing woman I have ever met.

Reading through her book, reminiscing about growing up with "Cookie" as my mom has been priceless.

My mom, the greatest mom ever!

I love her very much!

Letitia

Rome Boekenhoff Yount

We always enjoyed Mom sharing her stories. There were memories from before our time as kids, including her playing cello on the train from St. Louis after a lesson, the cold water fights as newlyweds (you need to ask Mom about the clothes pin), and building a house (if a couple can survive that, they can survive anything).

There were also stories we could directly relate to since we were part of them. For example, the trip to and from Virginia to see Julie (I distinctly remember a shortcut through West Virginia

where the road tended to be washed out), moving to Arizona, moving to Mexico and fun times with members of the orchestra (like the infamous Matzo Ball bounce check), and being on tour with the *Sinfónica del Noroeste* Chamber orchestra.

I also have fond memories of traveling with Mom from Quincy to Mexico in the diesel. Unfortunately, a big part of that adventure was that the master cylinder for the clutch decided to die, and we got laid up in St. Louis. Dad's friend Glenn Betz came to the rescue!

Mom has blessed me with her influence in many, many, ways. Swimming and music were not only a part of my life, but a part of my children's lives as well: Brian played trombone through Jr. High and swam through college; Sarah played flute through her freshman year at college (she received a non-music major scholarship, and yes I'm bragging); Curtis had great joy playing drums (snicker to Mom!) as center snare drum for the high school marching band; Tish plays percussion for the marching band as well. All the kids swam for a period of time, and all of them were exposed to music.

Sarah, Curtis, and Tish are all very creative from an arts and crafts perspective. Sarah did the drawings for our Christmas cards for many years; Curtis started college life as an architect after being mentored by a local architect who was very impressed with Curtis's drawings; Tish loves to make things and has just picked up crocheting. Brian's artistic nature blossomed in a different way as he graduated as a mechanical engineer and has great joy and fun working for GE Avionics.

And of course, there is the love of dogs. Mom and Dad gave us one of their dachshunds—Cricket—shortly before Mary and I got married, and we've never been without a dog (usually two) since.

Life is an adventure to be lived! Mom has certainly done that, and I expect her to continue!

(The favorite son!)

Rome

Marcia Elizabeth Yount Boekenhoff

I never tire of my mother's stories.

When she decided to write a book about her life, I was very glad since I would finally get the facts straight on all the crazy stories I had been hearing since my childhood. Crazy they may have seemed, but they were all true.

When she told us that on her first date she had to be chaperoned and driven to the dance by the boy's father, I imagined her in the back of a beautiful horse-drawn carriage with a driver in a top hat going down our brick-paved street on Park Place. In fact, she was driven in an automobile. When she spoke of her deceased father—whom I never met—as “Big Rome,” and since my brother was “Little Rome,” I imagined Grandpa to be as tall as the large tree outside our backdoor on 1260 Park Place. When she told me we would fly to Europe on our oriental carpet, I went to sleep tingling with anticipation.

I had seen the images in my mind to match these stories so many times (always the same), I was almost afraid to read my mother's book for fear of having my memories become less brilliantly colored. However, remembering facts, listening to anecdotes, and refining details has been a fun and endearing experience. Our two trips to Ukiah, California, to help Sharon read and correct drafts have been unforgettably wonderful as well.

My mother is a strong, fearless, funny, loving, admirable woman. To this day her friends in Mexico still ask me about her, and I say, “She is 90 and planning a trip to. . . .”

I never tire of my mother's stories.

Marcia

Forward

In October of 2013 my good friend Sharon Johnsen and her husband, Tom, came to visit me in Tucson. Sharon played French horn in the camerata in Guadalajara, was sometimes my roommate on tour with the OSNO, and then lived with our family for a while in Mexico City. She and Tom were both fascinated by the desert terrain of Arizona, especially the Saguaros. She had retired not long before they came to visit, and we had fun reliving our experiences in Mexico.

They were both interested in my project of writing this book. Sharon had done some writing herself while in Mexico, and I remembered how particular she had been with perfecting the grammar, etc. I had mentioned during the visit that I should have an editor and a publisher. As the Johnsens were getting ready to leave, Tom suggested that maybe Sharon could be my editor. The idea became a reality.

In the summer of 2015 Marcia and I decided to make a trip to Sharon's and Tom's in northern California. We planned to spend a week comparing ideas and getting what I had written and Sharon had typed up into a more formalized layout. So Marcia (who knew Sharon from all those years in Mexico) met me in San Francisco where we rented a car and drove to Ukiah, California. On the way we took a side trip to Yountville, which was interesting because of our relation to George Yount who had the first land grant in the Napa Valley.

We spent a wonderful week with Sharon and Tom and accomplished a great deal on my book. Marcia and I plan to do the same thing this year in order to have the book ready for the publisher.

An old friend from string quartets, Glynn Eastham, referred me to his daughter, Cass, who is a novelist with some experience in self-publishing services. She offered to help me with that large detail of getting this book in print. By Christmas of 2016, I should have a book to give my family and friends for Christmas.

It has been quite a journey.



Harriet Boekenhoff Yount

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PART 1

Growing Up

One of my earliest memories is of posing for photographs that my father liked to take. For a Christmas card, I was posed standing on a ten-gallon can dressed in a sweater and skirt with a stocking hat on my head. When the photo was developed and enlarged, my dad cut it out and pasted it to cardboard.

Once, he baked sugar cookies with a hole in the middle of each and tied each cookie to one of my photos. He printed “Boekenhoff’s Sugar Cookie” on each one and mailed them off. Believe it or not, they were all delivered.

About the same time, he stood me on the back porch of our home and dressed me in his hunting coat that hung to my feet. He had me hold his gun with the stock resting on the floor and had Prince, his Pointer, sitting by my side. It was captioned “All set to go hunting!” Photo albums were numerous at our house, and



each picture had some comment printed under it. You could trace Dad's life through his photo albums.

Rome Boekenhoff

My grandparents built a double course brick home at 1516 Kentucky, Quincy, Illinois, in 1900. My father was born the same year and was raised there. His sister, Kathryn, came along ten years later. Rome, my father, had the chore of baby-sitting his baby sister. One day the neighbor called to tell his mother that Rome was pushing his baby sister in the baby buggy down the three-foot bank in front of the house and then letting the buggy go. That was the end of his baby-sitting.

Even as a young boy, Dad had a very adventurous nature. When in high school he had a motorcycle. The day he rode it up the bank onto the high school lawn, he was expelled. Another time, he set an alarm clock behind the books in the library, which created no small amount of disturbance when it went off. However, when he hit a horse and buggy, killing the horse and ending up in the hospital in a coma, his parents gave up and put him to work in the family-owned bakery business.

A year or so later, he and three other boys bought a Model T and headed for California. The car broke down in Kansas, and two of the boys decided to call it quits. They sold the car and split the money. Rome and his friend bought motorcycles and continued on west. They camped out at night, cooking their meals over open fires. When they ran out of money, they worked at whatever was available before going on. He loved telling me this story.

Rachel Sheaffer

My mom, Rachel Sheaffer, was born in 1904 and was also raised in Quincy, Ill. Her father, John Sheaffer, was an ironmonger and worked at Quincy Stove. The factory was on the riverfront, and the winters were bitter cold. Every winter he would have terrible colds that later developed into tuberculosis. Mom was in high school when he died.



Rachel and Rome

Mom met my dad on an excursion boat on the Mississippi River and they started dating. However, following her father's death, she helped her mom move to Los Angeles where her mom's two brothers, John and Edward, were already settled. Not finding work there, Mom decided to go back to Chicago. Then Dad proposed, so she went back to Quincy to get married November 12, 1924. Dad always said, "Peace was declared on the 11th and war began on the 12th." Three years later, April 10, 1927, I was born. My parents bought a bungalow at 2038 Spring, and I lived there until I married on October 7, 1950.

Early Travels

My mom's mother and her two brothers lived in California. The first trip I remember with my folks was a trip to visit my grandmother, Mrs. J. T. 'Gommie' Sheaffer, in Los Angeles, California, in July of 1932 when I was five years old. Mom's cousin, Ann Ernst, who seemed like a second mother to me, went with us.

The one thing that I remember most is crossing the Rocky Mountains in our 1929 Ford. The car



'Gommie' Sheaffer

had a rack on the back for luggage, and both running boards had boxes for tools and spare parts. In those days the roads were gravel and narrow. The day we crossed the Rockies it was raining, and we were slipping and sliding along. Mom was worried, and I was supposed to take a nap in the back seat with my head in Ann's lap. The rain was not letting up, and there was no point in turning around. Mom was complaining in the front seat, and Ann was saying her Rosary in the back, the beads of which were dangling in my face. Dad managed to get us through safely, but it left an indelible imprint in my memory.



My dad acquired the shell of an old Model T and put it in the backyard for me to play in. The engine was gone as was the hood covering, but the steering wheel was still in place with the column extending out the front. The gearshift, clutch, and brake pedals were still in place.

I remember going out to my Model T and driving for hours, perfectly content with my imagination running wild to all the wonderful places I visited.



Laddie and Prince on top



My Dad



My Mom

Dad's Account of the California Trip

TAKING A JAUNT AROUND THE STATES

By Rome Boekenhoff Jr.

1932

We picked the day of July the seventh to start our skip across the great open spaces, many of them crowded. Quincy was just a shake of a dead dog's tail out of sight at five A.M., Central Standard Time. The bridge at Keokuk, one hour and five minutes later, extracted our first toll, and not until we reached the Mississippi three months later did we have to make change for any bridge toll keeper. With lots of gas and plenty of hard road we rolled off one hundred sixty miles to Oskaloosa at forty miles per hour, not bad, and not good. Gassed up and nibbled a couple of nibbles of candy, finally winding up eating our midday meal a-la-churchyard, Ames, Iowa, thus increasing our gap to two hundred ninety one miles. The roads continued good, changing from concrete to gravel, and we still maintained our average of forty. No further thrills until we reached Minneapolis. I stopped at the Y for some tourist information and a shower. After hunting some time we found Minn-Ha-Ha Camp. Their having no accommodations left we finally wound up at the Ritz in St. Paul, making a total of 540 miles for the first day.

The Minneapolis Motor Club, with their snappy service, supplied us with enough maps and stories to turn around and go home to read up on the trip. After establishing our route we headed north for the land of lakes. Lake Osaka looked so inviting that we decided to stay overnight. We had the most refreshing swim and rented a cottage at You-Liked-Um-Camp. We did not have time to fish but a kind friend, with good luck, gave us a few of his catch of sunfish, some weighing one and a half pounds. They were not hard to take.

Early to bed, early to rise does not necessarily mean it's easy to get an early start. On making one detour we saw many doves and pheasants. The temperature rose steadily to around one hundred ten degrees. The Ford developed a thirst, and just at zero

hour a rear tire developed a deflated condition that had to be met, hot or cold, one hundred ten in the shade and there was no shade. Believe it or not I did not have to do any other sitting up exercises than pumping one tire to get the required sweat up and perhaps run a little temperature. Pierre, South Dakota, was no refrigerator nor was the municipal plunge troubled with shivering swimmers. The temperature of the water was eighty-six degrees. The night at Pierre was the hottest we spent on the entire trip. Some needy friend relieved our neighbors of all their gasoline; lucky my tank was not conveniently located at the rear of the car.

When it's warm in South Dakota, it is warm, in spite of a raise in altitude of a couple of thousand feet; the temperature would not drop below one hundred eight degrees. We saw our first Austin at Rapid City; it surely seemed lost way out here. We had a very fine meal, after which I looked up a friend of mine. Later in the afternoon we reached the Black Hills and after a climb of six thousand feet we could view the Memorial they are carving out of the face of a solid granite mountain. Borglum is sculpturing the busts of four of our famous presidents, Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, and Roosevelt. Finished is the head of George Washington, which towers some fifty feet in height. There will be a plaque located to the right of the figures, and there on a smoothed side of the mountain will be carved the history of the United States having the important dates and a brief outline (Coolidge's history of the United States in one hundred words.) The letters are to be seven feet tall. This is being carved on Mt. Rushmore, one of the loftiest peaks. The expense is being met by the government and popular subscription. The work is not progressing very rapidly and will probably take another five years and may take longer if Borglum does not throw up the job, as he did at Stone Mountain in Georgia.

Coming down from Rushmore we stopped at Mt. Rushmore Camp, a very pleasant place to rent a cottage. Harriet and I sneaked off for a cool swim in the creek that was so small we almost had to take turns in going in. Upon our return the women folks had a real supper waiting. We enjoyed the long evening and before retiring we looked thru the telescope mounted on the top main building giving us a very clear picture of the carving on Mt. Rushmore, eight miles away.

The Black Hills were all our friends had pictured to us and our trip thru them was most interesting. Shortly before noon we crossed the state border into Wyoming. The roads were good gravel and we had no trouble in averaging forty MPH. The Devils Tower, a massive tower of granite standing alone and more than a hundred feet in height, was a wonderful sight. Late in the afternoon we raced a rainstorm thru the winding roads over the mountains into Sheridan, just reaching the Log Cabin Tourist Camp as the storm broke. It rained all night and that did not help any of the dirt roads we were to travel the next day.

The rain and short stretches of gravel made travel slow and immensely interesting when it became necessary to mend another rear tire. Nothing like having plenty of water to wash in, but in repairing inner tubes, some things must be dry if you would have the patches stick. After we removed the flat side from the tire, we shifted gears a number of times in climbing up the twenty-two miles of winding road. Rain was still falling upon reaching the summit, a height of over ten thousand feet. The keeper of the lodge said no one had come thru the last twenty-four hours and advised us not to try it until the weather cleared up. In our moments of meditation two cars came thru. We asked them if we could pull thru, their answer was "just passable." After adding a few pints of gas plus the chains, we pushed on, much to our sorrow to find the cars had come from a nearby lumber camp and not over the new road. We were on a new road that had hardly been open to cars more than three weeks and what soft, heavy dirt it was. We had enough altitude to make the car sluggish and just the right amount of rain to make a good, sticky dough out of the road. One car width and no chance of turning back, just plough ahead and trust to luck, which we seemed to have plenty of, for many of the turns and fills were just turns and fills with no breathing space on either side to catch your breath. Airplanes had no more thrills than we had on that drive. Turns were so short that they were mere ledges cut in the banks with plenty of drop on the one side hence all were made hugging the inner side, decidedly. Forty miles of this sure had us on edge. Many places we could just make headway down grade in low gear. What a trip and what a nerve racking job to keep a car in motion and in the road. The grading was not always in our favor, it was a guess at

times whether to stop or go ahead because the car continued to slide sideways moving or still. At times the car would slide right up to the edge and stop as if held by some unseen hand. We were all on the verge of collapse. I have never experienced such a driving strain. Ten hours driving eighty-seven miles over such roads would make a preacher lay his bible down. The Bald Mts. were anything but a pleasant memory to us.

After reaching Powell, Wyoming, the roads were good gravel. The land here is irrigated and sugar beets are grown extensively. Buffalo Bill's Camp at Cody was about as welcome a place as we could have found anywhere. There are sixty log cabins with a general store and garage for your convenience, just like a miniature village. The cooks fixed a very appetizing supper. Harriet and I went up town after eating and looked around. On our way back we passed a dance hall, the guests were arriving in an old fashioned six-horse Tally-ho escorted by numerous cowboys.

Morning arrived some hours too soon. On leaving Cody I drove over to De Maris Springs owned by an old school friend of mine. There is only one other spring in the world like this one and that is located in Germany. The water of this spring is highly carbonated, much the same as Champagne, if anyone can remember how that was. The spring is at the bottom of a deep gorge. A concrete pool is built around the large spring and as you swim in the water it bubbles and fizzes, giving you a slight stinging feeling, hence it is called the Needle Baths. The mineral water in this state is a very good nerve stimulant and is used by many ailing people and some who are not so ailing.

The new road up thru the Shoshone Canyon passed the Shoshone dam, an immense structure blocking off the river between two mountains 300 feet tall, furnishing power and water for irrigation for many thousand acres of land that would otherwise be a desert waste of sand. We passed many different rock formations representing figures and odd shapes sculpted out by nature thru the many years of time.

After reaching the Ranger Station at the entrance of Yellowstone Park, we had a very pretty drive thru the virgin timber, up a long grade crossing the mountains thru Sylvan Pass, 9448 feet. Drove on thru timber and lakes, passed the famous

fishing bridge of the park where everyone can troll by just casting his fishing line and plug over the edge of the bridge into the current. Trout are very plentiful but not so easily fooled. Passed a couple of hungry black bears, which posed for pictures, but in reality for something to eat. The necessary arrangements were made at Camp Junction Lodge for the night. To finish the day a side trip over to view the upper and lower falls of the Yellowstone River, having 108 and 308 foot drops. Everyone marveled at their natural beauty and immenseness. While Niagara has much larger width, it has not the drop and coloring seen here. The canyon or gorge that the river winds thru is wonderful. The cliffs of rock are brightly colored. The pines like the river are a vivid green. I have often wondered just how many photos have been snapped of the lower falls from an artist's point of view.

I walked down 487 steps to the brink of the falls with Harriet, and then had to carry her back up the 487 steps. Nice leg exercise. The temperature dropped to 38 degrees that eve and that is a drop from over 100 degrees in 24 hours. All clothing was pressed into use that night.

The women folks' imaginations started working after we were set for the night and a prowler turned out to be just a wondering bear. With no further happenings we spent the night trying to stay warm.

Thanks to the hot water heater in the car we were very comfortable thawing out the next morning. Passed the upper and lower Geyser Basins, Mud Pots, Fumaroles, and hot springs, a bit of nature hard to understand but very fascinating and interesting. Old Faithful is just as alluring and regular as ever, never misses a hiccup or gurgle. Passed the morning glory pool whose cone some 20 feet across fills to the overflowing point with very hot water yet never overflows. The Emeralds Pool, a much larger pool of hot water, whose color is Irish green. The most beautiful



of all is the Rainbow Pool, which has all the bright shades of the rainbow. The colors are formed by an algae plant growth that lives in the hot water.

The drive around Yellowstone Lake was most interesting. We passed the hot springs at the edge. Here you can catch trout and without taking a step cook them in a pool of boiling water. It was near this place where I caught three trout by the tails, a true fish story no one will believe.

It was quite a long pull up to Mt. Washburn. At 10,317 feet we snapped a few shots above the clouds. Coasted 40 minutes down the other side past several patches of snow. Saw the palisades and petrified tree, the only one left in an upright position. Near Camp Mammoth we passed a mother bear and her young. Stayed in style at the furnished cabins at Mammoth Springs. Harriet and I went for a swim at the Warm Springs Plunge. We enjoyed a two hour swim, and how.

We left the park thru the northern entrance at Gardner and on to Livingston. Did a real job of blowing a rear tire near Great Falls, Montana. At Great Falls we made a side trip to see the Giant Springs. At the rate of one hundred thousand gallons of water per minute a spring should be called a giant, almost a river in itself. The trail ended for the day at Choteau, any tourist camp was a welcome place to stop.

With an early start the following morning we reached Glacier Park in time for breakfast. What a stack of wheat cakes they were. Had some difficulty in getting thru a pass, which saved us a five hundred mile detour. Thanks to the engineer whose digger backed out of the cut so we could go thru and hence we squeezed thru. We saw many new roads that were really rough thru country that was very wild and thinly populated. Passed thru the Flat Head National Forest and by the lake. Between Kalispell and Libby we ran short of gas. Stopping at a silver fox fur farm for gas my eye caught sight of a fine pair of elk horns. That fellow will be hunting another deer this fall. The detour we made took us over a winding road and several times we saw wild deer near the road. As we rounded a sharp corner two spotted fawns gave us a quick glance and disappeared from view in the heavy wooded section. We spent the night at Libby where we heard the coyotes and wolves howl all night. More rough, dusty and narrow

roads. Passed thru two sections of burning timber and many sections that had recently burnt. Upon reaching Spokane another tire cashed in. Shortly before reaching the Wenatchee Valley we purchased some large, black cherries that were not hard to take. A pair of wolves crossed our path both seemed to be in a very big hurry. The Wenatchee Valley is noted for the delicious fruit it produces. The fellow at the Wenatchee Tourist Camp gave us a personal invitation to stay at his camp for a dollar per night.

Driving on to Seattle we passed many orchards, all trees were bearing to the breaking point. All the trees were very carefully propped. This particular place is noted for the fine apples. We started our climb over the Cascade Mountains. Drove thru Stevens Pass, 4097 feet elevation. Near the top the trains duck into the longest railway tunnel in the U.S., two and two tenths miles long. Plowed our way thru several clouds upon descending into Seattle. Dined at a cafeteria while a tire surgeon grafted another tire to the rear wheel. We spent an enjoyable hour crossing the sound on the Alji Ferry. There were more than a hundred cars on the ferry. We sat on the upper deck and watched the Sea Gulls glide by. With that many gulls flying around one would do well to sit with an umbrella overhead, for the sun is very bright! A very winding road along the bays took us to Waterman, where we stayed with some friends overnight.

Started for Aberdeen at noon, more winding roads and timber now and then a view of the Bremerton navy Yards, service station for battleships and what have you. The lumbering business is most extensively carried on. The amount of standing timber to be cut is amazing. They have hardly made a showing in these vast forests in all these years of cutting. Trees grow to heights over 200 feet. The lumbermen call them sticks. Paul Meyer, a friend of mine, took me thru the Valley of Giants, which well deserves the name. Mr. Meyer drove us to the beaches where the ocean was really rolling, and with the fog coming in. We returned to Cosmopolis and spent the night with our friends the Meyers.

The lumber is sawed into large timbers and sent to many foreign countries via steamers. En route to Olympia we passed many steamers along the coast. Arrived at Portland early

afternoon, passing their modern airport, located on a long island in the Columbia River.

We made the Columbia River scenic highway loop drive. Stopped at the Vista house built on a point overlooking the river. Our drive took us by numerous falls, gorges, tunnels and canyons.

The most impressive falls being the Multnomah Falls, 667-foot drop and a secondary drop of 60 feet. The loop road took us thru the mountains, near the timberline where we viewed Mt. Hood and Mt. Rainier, both snow-capped the year round. Fruit and truck gardening were the main crops raised by the farmers. The drive being almost 200 miles around took us the better part of the day.

We went thru the Jantzen Knitting Mills before leaving Portland. Had to see where our swimsuits were made. We made very good time thru the mountains. The roads were bordered by tall trees. We passed many large Pickwick stages running between Seattle and Los Angeles. We could not pass up buying several pounds of the large black cherries grown there. We reached Grant's Pass about dark and stopped at Bungalow Tourist Camp.

The next morning we had to open all our things for inspection before entering California and were not permitted to take any fruit into the state. I sure made a pound of those luscious cherries disappear. We sat on the running board and ate every last one of them before continuing our trip. We took the coast route thru the Redwoods of northern California. The largest trees living are found here. All were from 20 to 35 feet in diameter and well above 250 feet tall. You cannot imagine so many immense trees and one feels as though he were in some strange new world or dwarfed by some strange power. The day passed quickly with such scenery to view and we were always within sight of the coast. Willits was our next stopover. As we neared San Francisco we passed thru vineyards and orchards. Stolen fruit is always best, so we swiped some. Crossed on the ferry at San Sota to Frisco.

In Frisco we visited the Proscenium Cliff House, Golden Gate Park, Worlds Fair Building, Boat Dock and the American Legion of Honor Building given to Frisco by Spreckles, the Sugar King.

A wonderful piece of architecture, housing an immense organ and amplified from the cliff so the passing ships at sea can plainly hear the programs. Took an opportunity to go thru one of the largest American liners the Pennsylvania, and electric ship plying between N.Y. and Frisco.

We stayed overnight at Aunt Nettie's and being this close to Los Angeles, Rachel thought we had better be on our way. I rested a heavy foot on the throttle. Drove in heavy traffic the first 150 miles. Went thru another section of 15 miles of forest fires. Blew a head gasket and limped on into Los Angeles, 4876 miles from home. Drove the 457 miles thru the many towns and heavy traffic in 13 hours.

Our visit in Los Angeles was just one event after another. At Mines Aviation field we saw the four Hunter Bros and their refueling ship. Had many cool swims in the ocean, rode the breakers on a surfboard, Hawaiian style. The ocean has its thrills but for good unsalted swimming the Los Angeles Athletic Club just cannot be beat. I met the swimming instructor and passed the requirements for a possible member of their swim team. With a place like that to go to at anytime just wasn't hard to think about, and most naturally I visited it very often.

We saw the Universal Film Co. shoot some comedy pictures on Pico Street. We were not able to go thru a studio because they were not making pictures. The new Fox Studio is the last thing in Studios, covering four square blocks and protected by a high wall, there were many sets erected within the lot.

We drove over to Mexico, saw the famous bars of Tijuana. Then we drove on to Agua Caliente and saw Spa, a million dollar sporting place. It was a wonderful place with elaborate Spanish architecture.

Los Angeles has developed quite an interest in aviation. The Western Air Express and T.A.T. Airlines run on regular scheduled day and night service. The 32-passenger Fokker planes have eating and sleeping accommodations. We watched two of these planes come in at nine one evening. One came from Dallas, the other from Kansas City, Missouri. The airport building is just like a train depot. Ships are arriving and leaving on schedule. Quite a thrill watching them.

I had quite a time going deep-sea fishing on the Olympia barge some three miles out at sea. The mackerel were biting fast and furious. Caught about forty including two Hammerhead sharks. There were many pelicans flying and swimming near the barge. Upon making a catch, you had to haul in your fish quickly or a pelican might have your fish and have a pelican on your line.

Rachel, Harriet, Edward and I took a ride in a Ford plane over Santa Monica and Ocean Park. Great sight, the only way to really sight see.

Visited the Ford plant and watched them assemble a few of 267 Fords per day, their present rate of production. On Terminal Island the Japs dock their fishing boats and the canneries are located there. It's Friday every day on Terminal Island.

We visited Arrowhead Lake, an artificial lake in the mountains one mile high and 160 miles from Los Angeles, the playground of the idle rich. There are many mansions as well as cottages built around the lake. Almost every kind of watercraft may be seen.

Went to Mt. Wilson, the home of the world's largest telescopes. They have 199-inch telescopes that pictures stars in the 7th magnitude, one forty thousand light years away from us, if anyone can conceive of such a great distance. We listened to a lecture on stars and were permitted to view the planet Saturn thru the 60-inch scope. You really have to see to appreciate the pictured image.

The view of the valley from Mt. Wilson is a magnificent sight at night. The entire valley was lit with myriads of colored lights. Seventy towns may be seen from Mt. Wilson. The height makes the towns seem as one. As you descend the mountain the lights fade out and disappear until there are just a few scattered lights remaining. The grade up is quite steep and all traffic is limited to the upward travel and no one is permitted to go down until 6 PM, as the road is only one car in width and very steep. The grade rises almost 6000 feet in nine miles, with many hairpin turns. Many of the cloudy days you are well above the clouds and they look like a vast sea of billows.

The Catalina Islands are a two-hour run from San Pedro. Upon reaching the Harbor at Catalina you get your first glimpse of the Casino, a three million dollar job. The auditorium, an

arched room entirely covered with many feet of gold leaf woven into it. Hidden in the arched walls are colored lights that give the immense silver dome many wonderful colored effects that change with the musical score at the organ. Above this auditorium is a wonderful dance hall, the floor is inlaid with many designs worked out in different kinds of wood.

The glass bottom boat is one of the main attractions. The boats are flat bottom and have pits or wells with glass bottoms. The seats are arranged on each side of these making it easy to look down. The water is very clear and the bottom is plainly visible to depths of 70 to 80 feet. Sharks and thousands of other kinds of fish are always about. In shallow depths the plant life and fish make a very interesting study.

The iodine kelp, ribbon kelp and giant bulb kelp are growing in abundance. Their leaves and vines extending upwards from the bottom towards the sun rays some thirty to forty feet above. The rocks that lay on the lava-like floor of the sea are covered with many different kinds of moss much the same as seen in a floral shop. Starfish, sea urchins, barracudas and single valve abalone shells are found in abundance. The single valve shellfish are something for the divers to watch out for, if they should get their hand under the shell. The strength of these large shellfish would be sufficient to hold a diver down, unless he could pry open the shell. The trip was one of interest and much too short.

On returning to the dock it was great to watch the flying fish jump out of the water and glide along for two or three hundred yards on their thin, silver, transparent wings and again dive into some wave. They live a life of peril though, for the birds are always watching for them and the larger fish below keep them on the go 60 minutes out of every hour.

The U.S. Navy had dropped anchor in San Pedro Bay while we were at Catalina and quite a feeling of protection came over us coming into the harbor among thirteen battleships and two aircraft carriers. It was at sundown and the flag ceremony was in progress as we passed.

Our visit to Los Angeles included an earthquake, a unique feeling, not bad and not good, just another unusual happening of the famous California country. It was a wonder that Mary

Pickford's one hundred thousand dollar miniature golf course did not suffer from the effects of it.

Leaving Pasadena we climbed the mountains and coasted thirteen and one-half miles to Barstow. The Mohave Desert with its cactus, Joshua trees, quivered some in the mid-day heat. We crossed the 150 miles of sandy waste on a good oiled road in fine time. We were not delayed by the mountain cloudbursts as I had been on the previous trip, which fills the arroyos with water some 6 to 10 feet deep. We crossed the one I ran off on my last trip that was filled with water then. Some experience to have.

The setting sun transformed the distant mountains into many different phantoms wrapped in purple haze. Reaching Kingman we stayed at the Walipi Auto Camp, a very clean place. During the night a sand storm came up and it sounded like a sleet storm and I fully expected to see an immense quantity of sand piled up around the cabin, but to my surprise, very little had been deposited. Our neighbors had with them an immense St. Bernard dog weighing 190 pounds and every inch a dog!

We had to stand another fruit inspection of all our things, passed thru some timber and made good time to the Grand Canyon, a great sight. No description could do it justice, as it must be seen to be appreciated and realized



in its vastness and grandeur. It was a gorge 260 miles long, 8 to 13 miles wide and over one mile deep. Carved out of rock of many layers and colors thru ages of time. We overlooked the Canyon from many different points connected by road. Saw the Painted Desert from a distance, passed the great meteor crater of Arizona stopping at Winslow at the Keystone Camp.

The Petrified Forest, another National Park, is truly a wonder spot. There are immense trees laying here and they're all in a petrified state. The advanced theory is that they were brought here when the water covered the ground and sank in the eddy and due to minerals and pressure of the water, the minerals penetrated

the wood cells and changed the structure to the silica. Thru ages the water receded and the soil thru erosion gradually washed away leaving the huge logs as they are seen today, broken apart by the forces of nature and frost exposing their many colored structures. Their hardness was next to that of diamonds. A very heavy fine and imprisonment is the punishment to those who in anyway molest or take away any part or piece of these trees.

After passing thru Springerville we drove thru much heavily wooded country, along narrow winding roads. Coming out of the timber we stopped by request of the gas tank and coasted into Silver City for the eve. Not a bad place to spend the night.

We had to buck a strong head wind that blew much sand and dust our way. Mining and lumber business is the only important industry thru this section. Visited the Weisenhorns at Las Cruces and ended our day at El Paso. Stayed at the most modern deluxe auto camp The Grande.

We visited Juarez, Mexico, and saw the famous 400-year-old church and some very dirty markets, not the least bit appetizing. Had a very good meal at the El Central Café. Sam and Marguerite took us out for a little trip. Sam and I hunted doves and later fixed a supper beneath a real Texas moon. Roads were nothing to brag about. Dusty, rough and some nice detours.

Sand and a little more sand, then a flat tire to keep you in good spirits and relieve the monotony; just the thing to put you in the best of dispositions. Covered quite a strip of wasteland to Sweet Water and then lay me down to sleep, how good the bed did feel, Amen.

Rolled off 175 miles in four hours and 15 minutes to Ft. Worth, a hot town in only one sense of the word, that being degrees of heat. Detoured to Ardmore and stayed overnight at Paradise Vista. Some Paradise!

We had a hot breakfast at the Blue Bonnet Hotel and a hot meal too.

A few more detours and Oklahoma City arrested our attention. From there to Tulsa passing multitudes of oil derricks and oil tanks. Tulsa appeared to be a very clean new town and enjoyed our stay at Camp Cooke. Things began to look like home again. We still had some dusty gravel roads. Reached Kansas

City and drove thru part of their residential section. U-Suit-Us Camp greeted us in such a fashion, we just had to stop.

Being only one day from home it made it somewhat easier to get an early start that morning. Everything went well, just missed getting pinched for speeding by a split frogs hair. We drove around the Campus of the University at Columbia and on to Quincy. Crossing the new Memorial Bridge for the first time, some thrill. Home Sweet Home and no one knows how tired those tires were from their 10,000-mile hike, hither, thither, and yon.

This long adventure took place when Harriet was five years old and Rachel and Rome were accompanied by Ann Ernst who is a distant cousin to Rachel and like a second Mother to Harriet.

End of Dad's Story

Kindergarten

When I started kindergarten at Madison school, my teacher was Anna Wall. She was a grandma-type person and well loved by all of her pupils. Her room was a large, bright, sunny room that overlooked the front of the school. It was part of the newer addition that had been added onto the older school and included the principal's office as well as grades one through five. Grades six and seven were on the second floor.



Mrs. Wall also taught Sunday school in the Congregational Church on 12th and Maine. My mother had volunteered to play piano for the kindergarten class, so it was a natural thing for her to do the same at the church. I had been christened in the Lutheran Church where Grandma B (Dad's mother) went to church. The whole Boekenhoff family was Catholic, but since Grandma was Lutheran, Grandpa did not attend his church.

No one objected to Mom and me going to the Congregational Church, so we became very close to Mrs. Wall. She soon became known in our family as Gannie Wall. Gannie Wall's sister-in-law, Margaret, and Margaret's two children, came to live with her. They bought a lovely farm outside of Quincy, and my family had many picnics and gatherings there. My children have many fond memories of her.



Aunt Lillian, Grandpa, and Aunt Margaret (Granddad's sisters)

Antics With Dad

The Lamey brothers wintered in Quincy with their family. They were well-known aerialists with the Barnum and Bailey Circus. My dad would go to the YMCA and work out with them on the trapeze. Sometimes I would go with him and have fun jumping on the huge net, which covered the whole floor of the gym. Now and then the Lamey brothers would toss me back and forth between the two trapezes. That sounds pretty scary, but I loved it and always felt safe.

Dad acquired a small net with a wooden frame that he put in the backyard. We cut tire inner tubes into three-inch wide circles. With these tubes we anchored the net to the frame, hooking them onto metal hooks spaced every six inches. The corners were anchored with thick bungee cords. Many hours were spent seeing how high we could jump and then do somersaults in the air.

The neighbor boy, who was five, would come over to play on the net, but he never wanted to leave. His mom would come to get him, and he would play tag with her jumping from side to side just out of her reach. It would take either Dad or me getting onto the net to catch him so his mom could reach him. Lots of fun!



The Mississippi River was a big part of my life since I was raised on its banks. We had a canoe, and it was fun to explore the

bay and all of its inlets. Dad built an oversized surfboard that was about four feet by six feet. It was about a foot in depth in the rear and tapered out to the front so the bottom and top met. He would attach a Johnson motor on the back that had enough power to pull a regular surfboard.



Every Memorial Day, the boat clubs would sponsor boat races. Dad thought it would be fun for us to do a flyby in front of the parade stand with him towing me behind his surfboard that he had named “The Jesus Slipper.” Dad had never taken me out on the river before, only in the bay. My mom was on dry land, but when she saw us, I thought she was going to walk right out on the water and snatch me off that surfboard. Needless to say, that was the end of that.

Although, when they had closed Indian Mounds Pool to clean it, he got permission to take the boat and put it in the pool. Indian Mounds was the municipal pool of Quincy, and it was a huge, round expanse of water with the diving tower in the center. It was a great place to run the Jesus Slipper round and round.



Dad bought a second-hand bike for me. He took me out to the front of the house on the sidewalk, put me on the seat, and gave me a shove. I didn't fall off, but he did not tell me how to stop it. I was fast running out of sidewalk so turned into a driveway and ran into a garage. I walked the bike back home.

Dad grinned at me, "Now you know how to ride."

He did the same thing with roller skates. Maybe the balance thing was just easy for me, but I always thought it was a good way to learn.



Quincy is located on the western border of Illinois and is, therefore, in the so-called "Tornado Alley." In 1937 Quincy was hit pretty hard. We were without electricity for three weeks. Dad had to figure out some way to keep the house warm since our coal-burning Iron Fireman heating unit depended on electricity. My bicycle came into play here. Dad rigged the bike to the motor of the Iron Fireman with a belt in such a way that riding the bike would make the motor work and provide heat, so when it got too cold in the house, we took turns going to the basement and riding the bike. We rode countless miles in those three weeks without moving an inch, but we kept warm.

Dogs



Laddie and Prince

My family always had dogs. When I was born, we had a Gordon Setter, and she had thirteen puppies. She was a good mother, and we dearly loved her. Mom would push me in the baby buggy, and Lassie would walk along with us. If Mom went into the grocery store, Lassie would guard me. Later when I was older, I especially liked to dress her in some of my baby clothes, and she would be so patient and let me do anything to her. It was a very sad day when Lassie died. She was a loving, devoted friend and member of the family.



When I was six, Mom and I took the train to visit Gommie and the uncles in L.A. We arrived in the morning on Memorial Day. Gommie had a festive meal planned with everybody in attendance.

Following the meal, Gommie asked me if I would like to help her feed the scraps to the neighbor's dog. Having loved dogs all my young life, I was eager to go see the dog next door. We went out the back door with the scraps in a dish, and I asked Gommie if I could pat him. Before she could answer me, I touched his back. He turned on me, grabbed me in the face with his teeth, and then let go and bit into my arm.

The next thing I remember is being driven in a car with Uncle Ed riding on the running board waving traffic aside to show there was an emergency. The first hospital had no doctor present. The

second hospital had a doctor, but before they would do anything for me, Mom had to prove she could pay the bill. At this point I had lost a lot of blood and told Mom I was tired and was just going to take a little nap and passed out.

Mom was worried because the doctor was very young. As it turned out, the fact of his being young was a good thing. He stitched my wounds instead of clamping them, so I was saved from having horrible scars. It took 150 stitches to close the wounds in my face, and I do not remember how many in my arm where the dog's teeth went through my biceps.

When I had recovered enough to leave the hospital and was up and about, the doctor wanted me to get some sun. So each day Mom and I would walk to the beach, which was about five blocks away from Gommie's house. Mom was being so careful of me, being so sure that I did not get burned, that she forgot to think about herself. She ended up with a bad sunburn on her legs.

Coming home the next day, I had to go to the bathroom. Since Mom's legs would not let her walk too fast, she told me to go ahead because she could see me all the way home. Two doors from Gommie's lived a very nice lady who had a doll hospital and boarded small dogs. I was hurrying past her house when one of her little dogs jumped out at me and bit my leg. I was so scared I dashed in the front door at Gommie's and sat on a chair waiting for Mom to come.

The doctor came and stitched me up again and then suggested that maybe it would be a good idea for us to return to Illinois. The lady with the doll hospital gave me two beautiful Dresden-headed dolls, both with real hair and beautifully dressed. Within the week we were on the train headed to Illinois. That was a summer I'll never forget.

Prince

Dad liked to hunt. One of his hunting buddies had a Pointer named Prince who would not retrieve the birds. The dog would take off in the field and not come back. His owner was ready to shoot him or just leave him in the country.

Dad said, "Don't do that. Let me have him."

So, Prince became Dad's dog. But it did not change the dog's habits. Dad tried and tried and was about to give up when, at the end of his hunt, Prince did not show up to go home. Dad was ready to give up and leave him in the field.

He had put his game bag and gun in the car, but somehow he could not leave the dog. So he retraced his steps. He heard the sound of water splashing. Prince had fallen into an abandoned well that was not enclosed. It was so deep that Dad could not reach him. There was a fallen tree limb nearby. Dad pulled it over the hole and hung by his knees. He could just catch the dog's lip. In this way, he pulled Prince up and out of the hole. But then, he had trouble getting himself out. I think they both were glad to reach home that night.

The next time Dad went hunting, Prince not only brought all of Dad's game back to him but everyone else's game as well. We decided that the dog realized Dad had saved him, and from that day on, he was Dad's devoted companion.



My dad had a workshop in the basement at home. He had a lathe, a drill press, and a table saw, plus many hand tools. He could fix just about anything you brought him, and so spent many happy hours in the basement. The hunting dogs were kept outside, but when Dad was working in the basement, the dogs were allowed to join him. Dad would be at his bench that was waist high, and Prince would be by his side, pawing his arm to let Dad know he was not paying attention to him.

Dad made all kinds of things in his workshop. One time he took the seat out of an old car, attached two 2 x 4s up the back, and slung a canvas around them for a back. When friends came over to bring something to work on, they liked to sit in that chair.

Well, Prince liked to sleep in that chair, so Dad decided to have some fun with it. He installed a claxon horn in the seat that he could turn on or off from his workbench. When the dogs were let in, they would circle the basement to check things out, and then Prince would jump onto his chair and settle down.

The first time Dad activated the horn, when Prince jumped onto the chair the horn went off with its loud clang, and Prince jumped over the back of the chair barking and running around the

basement. Dad did not let on that he had noticed. Not too long afterwards, Prince approached the chair once more. He walked around it and sniffed and came over to Dad and pawed his arm. Then he went back to the chair and tried it again. As soon as all of his weight was on the seat, the horn clanged loudly. Prince jumped over the back of the chair and repeated the whole performance.

At this stage of the game, Prince became wary and approached the chair with a great deal of caution, putting one paw up on the seat and then withdrawing it. He circled it, sniffed, then put one paw up, tried for the second, and then backed off. After a while, he came back to try again. He could get three legs onto the seat with no sound. But as soon as the fourth leg came off the floor, the horn would go off, and the game would begin again. Dad got great joy out of perplexing Prince.

Dad was hunting with Prince one day, and somehow Prince got tangled in barbed wire when he attempted to jump over a fence. The front edge of his hind leg was gashed open about six inches. Dad rushed home with him. We took him to the basement and laid him on the workbench. Dad cleaned the wound and sterilized the needle and thread, and while I held Prince's head and helped keep him still, Dad stitched the gash closed. Prince never cried or jerked. It seemed he had complete trust in Dad and knew he was helping him. The wound healed without infection, and Prince was as good as ever.

Some years later, when Dad was flying, he would take the dogs out to Old Monroe Airport and let them run on the field. Dad had a Curtiss-Wright Pusher, which was a relic if you ever saw one. It was an open cockpit, a two-seater tandem style. The engine was over the second seat with the pilot in the front, which was the nose. Our second dog was a Gordon Setter, and he and Prince would sit in the passenger's seat hanging out the sides of the cockpit, the wind pulling their ears—with tears dripping off the ends—straight out from the sides of their heads, loving every minute of it. When Dad would leave them on the ground they would chase the plane down the strip, looking as though they could not figure out where Dad went.

Mom did not like the idea of Dad taking the dogs to the field because it was beside a busy highway. Dad kept saying, "They'll

be all right.” Well, the day came when Prince dashed across the highway after a rabbit, and a car hit him and smashed his hindquarters. Dad took him to the vet, and of course he had to be put down. It was so sad. I think it was the only time I saw my dad cry.

Hunting

When I was seven or eight, Dad would take me with him when he went hunting. This was always a very special time for me. He would park the car on some country lane and then get all of his gear out of the car. The whole while, the dogs were running wherever their noses took them. When we started across a field, Dad whistled and the dogs would come running, ready for the business of hunting.

When I got tired, Dad left me on a hillside with the game bag. He and the dogs would continue, and I waited for their return. While waiting, I would take a little quail out of the game bag and hold it in my hand, stroking its soft back. More often than not, a tear slipped down my cheek.

The dogs always found me first and then Dad would pop up over the hillside, and we would head back to the car to return home. Once home, Mom and Dad went to the basement to dress the birds.

After one such day of hunting, Mom and Dad were in the basement and had just finished cleaning the birds. Two packages of newspaper were ready to be disposed of: one was the birds to be taken upstairs for refrigeration, the other was to go in the furnace, which was an Iron Fireman with a fire box that was fed coal. Dad took the package for the furnace and Mom took the remaining package upstairs. When she opened it she let out a scream telling Dad the wrong package had been tossed into the fire. Dad quickly opened the firebox door and pulled the package out before it had a chance to catch fire and burn the little birds. From then on, you can bet the packages were checked carefully before one was tossed into the firebox.

After a successful hunt, my folks usually planned a dinner party. Alice Lepper was always called to come help and cater the

dinner. The entrée would either be quail or pheasant. If it was to be quail, each little bird was carefully stuffed with herbed bread then baked to a golden finish. A whole head of cauliflower was steamed and placed on a crystal plate surrounded by carrots cut in strips, cooked with minced onion and sugar, and minced parsley was added as a garnish. Mashed potatoes and brown gravy were also served, and a Waldorf salad completed the meal.

Alice made the homemade rolls. She always laughed that she was asked to make rolls when we had a bakery at our disposal. However, Dad always made some fantastic dessert such as Charlotte Rousse or steamed date pudding with a warm, buttered rum sauce. It was a treat for me to stay in the kitchen to watch all the activity and have my dinner with Alice at the kitchen table. Many years later when I had my own home and entertained, I repeated this same menu, and it never failed to bring raves.

Neighbors

When my dad was a small boy, he loved to pitch a tent across the street in the front yard of Rob Schott's house. Rob taught my dad how to shoot a rifle and would take him hunting. I think he spent more time with Jenny and Rob than he did with his parents.

After my folks met and decided to get married, my mom went back to Quincy after she helped her mom move to California. Since she had no family left in Quincy, Jenny and Rob asked her to stay with them before the wedding, which she did. Jenny also taught Dad to paint, and he did some beautiful landscape and flower arrangements in watercolor. Jenny created lovely porcelain paintings. I have a few pieces of her work that I treasure.

On occasion when Mom and I were downtown and stopped at the bakery, Dad took me to the bank with him. I was maybe five or six years old. Sometimes we met Rob Schott, also walking, and we would stop to talk. Rob would look down at me, reach in his pocket, pull out a nickel, and offer to buy me for his nickel. Of course he was teasing, but he always scared me.

Down the street from Rob and Jenny lived Clute and Tanta Annie Schott. They were my grandparents' age but were very

close with my parents. Clute had a small fishing boat that he took out on the Mississippi, and sometimes he took us with him. We often went to visit in the evening and talk about old times when my dad was growing up. They came from the old school of strict German upbringing. Their home was spotless. You could have eaten off the floor. Everything was polished and showed the love and care it was given.

Clute and Tanta Annie had a cottage in White Sulfur Springs, Colorado. We visited them twice there. You could see the highway from their front porch, and Clute delighted in watching the big eighteen-wheeler trucks go by. They had inside plumbing but no electricity, so in the evening, coal oil lamps were lit. It was really cozy to sit in front of the fireplace having a cup of hot chocolate and conversation. We loved to go visit them there; the country was so beautiful. When the wind blew the pine trees would sigh. It was not difficult to see why the Schotts loved their summer retreat.

Making Layettes With Grandmother B.

When I was in the fourth or fifth grade, my grandmother Boekenhoff took me with her to a Red Cross Canteen meeting. The ladies were making baby layettes for needy mothers. My grandmother was a beautiful seamstress, and she showed me how to sew these simple little garments.

I volunteered to take an outfit home. Mom set her sewing machine on the table, and I assured her Grandmother explained how to go about it. It looked so simple, but I soon found I was in trouble. Mom came in to see how it was going and said that I should baste it first.

“Grandmother didn’t baste,” I retorted.

Mom pointed out that Grandmother had been sewing all her life and knew all the secrets of how to sew. It just looked so simple and easy. Grandmother neglected to explain that simple step to me. Lesson learned: simple preparation makes the finished product much easier.

Traveling

Fast food chains, motel chains, and interstate highways were not a way of life on the open road in the 1930's. Route 66 was the main highway from Chicago to Los Angeles, and it was two-lane all the way. There were many little towns on that route, and you drove through every one. Billboards lined the highway, sometimes so thick that you could not see much of the landscape. With all the traveling we did, no wonder I have gypsy feet. More often than not, I missed the first week of school. But the principal of my school always told Mom that I would learn more on vacation than in the classroom. I have found this to be true, not only for myself, but for my children as well. The idea of a trip every year became a part of my life.

My father had hay fever. It started around the fifteenth of August every year. We would take three weeks off and travel anywhere from Canada to Mexico seeking relief for Dad. In the 1930's the only type of overnight lodging to be found was an occasional hotel, which was expensive, or a tourist home. When driving through town watching your route signs, you would see a shingle hanging in the front yard advertising a room to rent for the night. The other alternative was camping, of which my mom wanted no part.

Since we made these trips every year, we enjoyed many exciting adventures. It was always Mom's job to go check out the accommodations before Dad parked the car and brought our things in for the night. There was no way to make a reservation before leaving home, so it was catch as catch can. Dad would always travel until dark when it was often hard to find a place.

Once in Michigan it was late when we finally found a tourist home with a vacancy sign. When Mom went in to talk to the people, they had only one room with two twin beds. Dad came up with the idea of tying the beds together, and the three of us slept crosswise. When you are tired, anything can work.

One time when we were in Minnesota, again it was late, and we had almost given up on finding a place when a vacancy sign came into view. We stopped.

"Of course we can put you up," the lady told Mom.

The next morning, we looked out the window overlooking the front lawn and saw four children sleeping bundled in quilts. We felt bad, but the family did not seem to think a thing about it. Having a room to rent for a night was a good way to earn some extra money with very little trouble. Breakfast was never part of the lodging. It was long before Bed and Breakfasts had even been thought of.

1938 Mexico Trip

In 1938, Dad decided we should take the just opened Pan American Highway to Mexico City, Mexico. Two of Dad's friends agreed to go along with us and help with expenses. Bud Hermann and Luther Buss were long time friends and thought it would be fun to go. Dad had a gray, four-door DeSoto sedan.

We crossed the border at Brownsville, Texas, and headed for Monterrey, where we met a friend of Dad's from the YMCA. He took us up Saddleback Mountain where there was a terrific view of the city. The shape of the mountain when viewed from the city looked exactly like a saddle. Monterrey was a modern city compared to the little pueblos we drove through on the way.

Upon reaching the outskirts of Mexico City, we stopped at a filling station and immediately were surrounded with Mexicans who wanted to drive us into the city to our hotel. Dad decided it would be a good idea since we were definitely foreigners to the language, and traffic was more than a little scary.

We arrived at the hotel after—perhaps even due to—some private prayers. Our driver drove like a madman. Exciting, to say in the least. We received information from the desk on what to see and where to go, and after dinner at Sanborns House of Tiles Restaurant, we settled in for a good night's sleep.

In the morning after breakfast at Sanborns, we mapped out the day trip to Taxco where all the silver is mined and made into jewelry. The Mexicans are very artistic and their handcrafts show off this talent. Sanborns packed a box lunch for each of us and off we went on the road that went through Cuernavaca, a retirement area for Americans. Taxco was a lovely little town, and it was fun to walk the cobblestone streets checking out all the lovely silver

displayed in small shops along the way. It was a full day, and we were glad to return to the hotel in one piece. We retired early, ready for the next day's adventure.

Again we had box lunches prepared for us and took off for Xochimilco to see the floating gardens. This was an area that had many waterways, and all the beautiful plants, flowers, and trees were grown in the surrounding terrain. Boats that resemble canoes were pushed through the water by poles manned by men. The boats were covered with real flowers and were very beautiful. Some of the boats were selling fruit, others vegetables, and of course, flowers. Other boats were a little larger and had Mexican musicians playing their music. The area was farmland with the waterways winding around, giving the boats a highway. It was very unusual.

Years later when I lived in Mexico, I hardly recognized the area. Many more people lived there; urban development had made the change and the flowers were no longer real. The plastic ones had taken their place.

The last day of our trip, Dad wanted to go see the bullfights. Mom and I elected to skip this part of the Mexican culture, and Bud decided to go off on his own in search of a music store so he could find a piano to play for a couple of hours. Dad was amazed that Bud would come all the way to Mexico to play the piano. Well, Dad and Lute went off to the bullfights, Bud found his piano, and Mom and I stayed in the hotel because I was fighting a chest cold.

The day before we left Mexico, we traveled to Toluca to see the big market that was held every Saturday. The Mexicans came in from all around to sell their wares. Mac Irwin had given Mom three hundred dollars to buy hand-woven rugs for his Springlake cottage. It took more than an hour to select just the right ones for Mac. With the exchange rate at five to one, she bought a lot of rugs. Dad decided the best way to transport them home was to fold them so they would fit on the back seat of the car. That way we could sit on them on the way home.

With that taken care of, we walked through the market. There was not anything you could not find to buy. The market was divided into sections, each of which was devoted to one type of goods: flowers and plants, hand-woven rugs, spices, grains,

vegetables, etc. Just to see all of the color was unforgettable, plus smelling all of the different aromas. Even though I was only ten, it left an impression that is vivid to this day.

Our trip home from Mexico was just as exciting as our visit in and around Mexico City. Everything was going well until we were stopped in a little town called Valles, which was maybe fifty miles or so south of Monterrey. A tropical storm had passed through causing the bridge over a small river to be washed out, so there was no way to get across. However, the police assured us that it was being fixed and that we could soon be on our way.

We pulled into a rather grungy motel and secured two rooms for the night. Mom went over to the little grocery store to see about canned soup and bottled water. She had checked with the hotel, but there were no more rooms available, and they would not serve food to anyone who was not registered to stay. The motel served food, but sanitation did not seem to be one of the priorities. Tables were set up outside alongside a dirt road. Red and white checked cloths covered them with a sugar bowl and salt and pepper in the center. There was a long line of ants coming up one side of the table, crossing over through the sugar bowl, and carrying a small amount of sugar down the other side of the table. It did not take long for almost everyone to come down with intestinal problems, and since the motel walls were paper thin, you could hear everything that was going on in the other rooms.

We were stranded there for a week, which in some ways seemed like a year. However, everyone became acquainted, and if you were not sick, you could have a good time. Since I was not feeling well with a bad sore throat, Mom and I stayed close to our room, but the others went sightseeing.

The Red Cross medical doctor came to look at those of us that were sick and I will never forget the pills he prescribed for me. They were white with a texture of an aspirin and about the size of a quarter—not easy for a ten-year-old to swallow, and they were very bitter.

Dad was beginning to worry about running out of money. He saw a man on a burro that was carrying mail for people. He could cross the river on his burro, but the water was too deep for the cars to cross. Dad sent a message with him to wire Granddad,

asking him to wire money to General Delivery in Monterrey. Fortunately, the money was waiting for us when we finally arrived in Monterrey.

At least our delay afforded us time to make some very lasting friendships. Clark and Becky Tomerlin from Nashville, Tennessee, and their two children, Peggy and Billie, came to visit us in Quincy later, and we went to Nashville to visit them. Clark worked for AT&T telephone, and every time he saw one of the trucks, he would comment, "There goes the bread and butter wagon." He loved to take you on a tour of Nashville and show you all of the schools, and believe me there were many. He was what you would call a most unforgettable character with a heart as big as all outdoors.

There was a Mexican couple with a son that became good friends also. Pardo was their name, and the father was an immigration officer at the Mexican border.

The motel had a pet kinkajou that they let us kids play with for entertainment. He was a small brown furry animal with short ears, beady black eyes, and a tail that was longer than he was. He could climb a tree, loved fruit, and could peel a banana just like a monkey.

A construction company loaned the police several go-devils, which were long flatbeds that could be pulled by large tractors. Two cars could be loaded on one of these and then pulled across the river. Numbers were drawn to give you a place in line to wait your turn for the crossing. We were in line for forty-eight hours, which meant that one night we had to stay in the car.



Waiting our turn to cross the river

In order to get to the river, we went through a sugarcane field, so it was just a path not any wider than the car. When night came, the workers who were cutting the sugarcane went home. They

were walking alongside the cars with long machetes in their hands. Mom was sure we would all be murdered in our sleep, but nothing happened. Large black bats were flying around all night, and the rumor went down the line that they were vampire bats, but that was not true.

All night long the go-devils never stopped with their slow work of hauling the cars across the river. Finally, we were on our way once more and reached home with no further adventures. But the Mexican vacation was one never to be forgotten.

Hibbard's Lodge

During the summer vacation that took us to Ely, Minnesota, we stayed at Hibbard's Lodge, which was right on the Canadian border. The lodge's main building had a dining room along with a huge kitchen. It also had a large family room where you could sit and read or listen to music or just relax and brag



about that big fish that got away. This was a fishing resort on a large lake that was dotted with very small islands. The Boy Scout camp nearby used these islands for camping out. Each of the guest cabins had a boat and canoe allotted for guest use. Since we did not fish, we used the canoe to go out on the lake to explore.

Mrs. Hibbard would send us out on the water with a black iron frying pan, fish, boiled potatoes, bacon, onions, and homemade bread for our lunch. We ate our lunch on one of those islands that usually had a ring of stones for a fireplace. Fresh fish cooked out in the open along with fried potatoes is food for the Gods!

One day we were out in the canoe with our lunch supplies stowed in the front of the canoe, and we sprang a leak. It also looked like rain as we were threading our way through a group of sawed-off tree stumps. Mom was stewing and complaining that we should go back to the lodge. Dad got tired of hearing her

complaints and told her to stop or he would set her on one of the stumps where she would stay until we picked her up on the way back. Well, she did not say anymore.

It did start to rain, so we hauled the canoe up onto a small island and turned the canoe upside down with one end on a rock. We climbed under the canoe to stay dry. When the rain stopped, we started a fire and cooked our lunch. Mom had some gum with her, so we chewed a couple of sticks of that for dessert and mended the leak in the canoe with it. We put the canoe back in the water and paddled our way back to the lodge.



I was in high school the second time we visited Hibbard's Lodge. We were driving out on a country road when Dad pulled over and stopped the car. He got out of the car and stretched, walked around the car, and opened my door.

"Today you are going to learn to drive."

Wow! What a surprise! Of course Mom was coming up with reasons why this was neither the time nor the place to learn, and so on. There was no traffic so Dad won out.

Our car was a four-door Chrysler sedan with automatic drive, so I did not have to worry about "throwing out the clutch." That phrase, "throwing out the clutch," never made sense to me. What were you supposed to do, throw it out the window?

It is one thing to watch someone else drive, but an entirely different thing to do it yourself the first time. I drove without mishap for about an hour and was ready for Dad to say, "good enough." I stopped the car alongside the road but the car was still moving. I had my foot pressed hard on the brake, but it felt as though the car were still in motion. Dad laughed at me and told me it was because I was tense from trying so hard to do it right. He said not to worry; the car was stopped. It seems strange to me

that I can remember that day so well but cannot remember taking my driving test for my license.



On this same trip we decided to explore the surrounding country. We came upon a fire tower, which was nothing more than a vertical tower with a small platform resting on top. The sign attached to the tower said that if you climbed to the top, you would be an honorary member of the Minnesota Squirrel Club and would receive a certificate along with a small, carved squirrel key chain. Of course Dad and I had to climb, and Mom was objecting saying that we would probably break our necks.

Dad started up first and I followed close on his heels. We reached the top, and it was no more than a half sheet of 4 x 8 plywood; that did seem awfully small. From this high perch we could see the whole countryside and spot any smoke that would warn of fire.

When we reached ground once more, Dad confessed to me that he had a problem with heights. He said that flying a plane was not the same because in a plane you are not still attached to the ground. On the fire tower platform you definitely were still attached to the ground. He told me that if I had not been behind him, he did not think he would have reached the top. I have never had this problem, and I do not get seasick either.

More Elementary School Age Adventures

When I was in grade school, my father became ill and had to have surgery. His doctor wanted him to have nursing care. Irene Bubb was the nurse hired to take care of him. She was a wonderful nurse, and in the course of her taking care of my dad, we all became very good friends.

Irene and her father lived with Edna Fleur, who owned a farm about thirty miles outside of Quincy. Irene's father worked the farm and it was always a treat to visit them there. One summer I was invited to spend a week with them. Edna had sheep, cows, and pigs. The cows would come up from the pasture on their own when it was time to milk them, but the sheep had to be herded in

and counted to be sure none were left in the pasture. This became my job, and I loved it.

The farm had indoor plumbing but no electricity, so in the evening the only light we had was from coal oil lamps. So, it was early to bed and early to rise. You went to bed with the cicadas chirping a lullaby, and you woke up to the birds squawking the reveille.

The only equipment in the kitchen was a huge wood-burning cook stove that had to be banked every night so it was easy to get a fire started in the morning to prepare breakfast. There was a table for food preparation and a cabinet for storing dishes and cookware. Edna taught me to churn butter from fresh cream still warm from the cow, and in the evening we would make ice cream that was hand cranked.

Thrashing was the big event going on the week that I was there. I was elected to be water boy, and I had a pony to ride to accomplish this important job. Neighbors came to help each other, and the women had long trestle tables that were laden with food at noon for the men to come in out of the fields and eat. The men would move from field to field until the job was completed. The consensus was that I was the best water boy they had ever had.

The week ended much too soon. Unfortunately, Irene's father died, so they sold the farm and moved into Quincy. The farm is just a fond memory now.



Dad in his Curtiss-Wright Pusher airplane

When I was in the fifth grade, Dad had the privilege of carrying the first airmail in his antique Curtiss-Wright Pusher airplane from Quincy to St. Louis. It was during the week and I was in school, but my folks took me out of school so I could go to the airport—which, at that time, was Old Monroe—to see Dad take off. The newspaper photographer was there to take photos. The picture that was in the paper was of Dad putting the mail sack into the passenger seat, with me in the background, watching him from the other side of the plane. A little history in the making, and I was there.



Sixth grade at Madison School was our last year in that building. Mr. Poe was our teacher, and we all thought he was super. He was our first male teacher, and he was young, tall, and good looking, so we girls were a bit giddy over him. When our lessons were over for the day and we still had some class time, he would read to us. The book I remember the most was *Penrod* by Booth Tarkington. It was all about a young boy growing up during grade school just like us.

That was the same year Tex Bier joined our class; he had moved to Quincy from Texas. His nickname, naturally, was Tex, and we were all intrigued with him because his tennis shoes had dried red mud on them.

Seventh and eighth grades came and went. World War II was going on. My Dad started the Civil Air Patrol through Quincy College, and Ground School for student pilots was being taught in our basement. It was a time of turmoil and strife, and some of the same boys that were studying navigation in our basement went off to the war. Some didn't come back.

The Crossroads

Ninth grade arrived and I had most of my classes in the high school on the corner of 14th and Maine. I did not know it at the time, but my life had come to a crossroads, and the path I chose would shape the rest of it.

Elma Ernst, a distant cousin and the daughter of Ann Ernst, lived on the next block from us. She and I would walk to school together in the morning since she worked at the Quincy



Elma and Ann Ernst

Clinic, which was across the street from Quincy High School. I told her about my desire to play in the school orchestra. She and my mother both had played double bass in the high school orchestra, and since I did not play an instrument, it seemed the logical route to explore. Elma encouraged me to speak to Paul Morrison, who was the orchestra conductor and was affectionately called “Skipper”.

Mom and Dad were not too thrilled with the idea, saying that, since I did not want to practice the piano, what made me think I would want to practice the bass? They had a point, but what they did not know was that I really wanted to play in the orchestra. I had motivation.

Well, Skipper was more than willing to teach me to play the bass, and so I started with enthusiasm. Several weeks went by, then my Aunt Kathryn offered the use of her cello until I graduated from high school. That was when her oldest daughter would want to use the instrument. My folks saw that I was really serious about this, and I was glad to have an instrument I could

take home and practice instead of having to practice at school. So we agreed that I could switch to the cello.

Skipper taught me beginning cello, then Mom found John Dickson who was retired but had played professionally. I worked hard, practicing every morning before school, then trudging off to school with the cello on one hip and my books on the other. I progressed rapidly and was soon playing in church and had a trio with Dick Cooper, violin, and Margaret Harvey, piano.



Dick Cooper (violin) Margaret Harvey (piano) Harriet Yount (cello)

My ability for and love of the cello progressed rapidly and my lessons with John Dickson were really paying off. I was able to catch up with those that had started in the fourth grade. Mom and Dad soon realized that I did have the motivation to practice and make the cello sing.

Six o'clock in the morning would find me on the piano bench in front of the keyboard with the music on the piano. I would start with playing scales, long and slow, keeping the tone constant the full length of the bow. If a note was not in tune, I would hear a comment from the bedroom to correct it, and I would. The house was cold because Dad always turned the heat down at night, but I

wanted to excel and was proud that this was my own decision and my own accomplishment.

Summer came, and I was able to play in the summer orchestra program. When the musical “Show Boat” was put on the stand, I really fell in love with the cello.



*Harriet practicing by the lake,
Hibbard's Lodge*

The High School Years

High school kept me busy with schoolwork and lots of music. One course that I dearly loved was biology. Our teacher, Robert Evers, would take four of us out in the warm months to collect fungi. He was writing a research paper on fungus found in the Illinois prairie. We would pack a lunch and be out in the field all day. Margaret Maloney and I would compete with the two boys to see who could write not only the best papers but also extra papers. The four of us always received A+s on our grade cards.

We had nicknames. I was “Spongy” because I was always thirsty. One of the boys was called “Sweep” because he had the butterfly net. Naturally, Mr. Evers was called “Fungi”. The day we studied fungus growths in class, we had a hard time keeping sober faces.

I was going with Dick Cooper at that time, and he suggested that we come to his biology class at the college when they studied genetics. Dick was two years ahead of me in school and studying pre-med at Quincy College. All arrangements were made, and we were excused from Mr. Evers’s class. Dad let me have the car to take us to the college. I still remember all we learned that day. We had to write a paper on what we learned, and of course we all received A’s.



Music provided the proper environment for socializing with the opposite sex in high school. Car dates were not an option during my high school years. My mother’s rules were very strict and not up for negotiation. There was never a time when my

mother did not know where I was, who I was with, and what I was doing. The rules didn't bother me, but the feeling of mistrust did get to me. I always felt she knew I was hiding something, which was not the case. No matter how hard I tried, I could never earn her trust.

Fortunately for me, Dick Cooper was willing to go along with these rules. His father would drive us to dances and pick us up after them. We never joined others after a dance to get a bite to eat. We were loners.

Our involvement in music brought Dick and me together. We formed a trio and played often in church and for the Rotary Club. We were both in the orchestra, and I played in the concert band in which Dick played bassoon. Mr. Morrison said I could play in the band, and so I doubled on trombone and baritone parts. It was good experience that gave me a chance to play more since I'd had a late start.

Dick and I became very close, and he was included in trips to St Louis and family picnics. It became an accepted fact that we were a couple. After Dick graduated and started school at Quincy College, he would meet me at 18th and Spring, just two and a half blocks from home. He would walk me back to high school at 14th and Maine so we would have this time together. We were beginning to make our own plans. We talked about the future and what we wanted out of life. He wanted to be a doctor; I wanted home and family.

Mother decided that I should see other boys, but I was not very receptive to the idea. Duane Voth, who played oboe and was in the orchestra at school, asked me to a dance. My parents insisted that I go. Since I could not go on car dates, it was arranged that we would double with Tom Bunting and his date. Since the Buntings and my parents were friends, it seemed to be all right for me to double date in a car with Tom driving. This seemed like a double standard to me, but objections were not allowed.

It seemed that I spent the whole evening holding Duane off. I was afraid to complain when I got home, thinking I would never be allowed to have another date with anyone. Luckily, I never had to have another date with Duane.



John Dickson was so pleased with my rapid progress on the cello that he suggested I study with his teacher, Max Steindel, who was the principal cellist with the St. Louis Symphony. Mom called, and Mr. Steindel agreed to take me as a student.

The war was still going on, and it was difficult to get tires, so Mom and I would take the train to St. Louis for my cello lessons. A trip to St. Louis always involved shopping, so we took the early morning four o'clock train. When we arrived in St. Louis, we would take the cello to Mr. Heberlein, who was a violinmaker. While we shopped, the cello was checked over, and at two o'clock, we would return to pick it up. Then I would have my lesson.

Mr. Steindel was very generous with his time and sometimes kept me two hours. When my lesson was finished, we took a taxi to the train station and headed home. It made a very long day for me, but I learned so much that it was well worth it.

When I was a senior, I knew I would have to give up Aunt Kathryn's cello. Mr. Steindel suggested that I look at Mr. Heberlein's cello, which I did and fell in love with it. My grandparents gave it to me as a graduation present, and Mr. Steindel picked out a bow that Mom and Dad bought for me. The Heberlein cello is the instrument I have to this day.

Orchestra concerts came and went. Mom was always there but not Dad. He said he would come if I played a solo. I told Skipper what my dad said. He smiled and told me to ask Mr. Dickson for a piece to play at the next orchestra concert. "Cantabile," by César Cui was decided on with Margaret Harvey as my accompanist, and my dad came to hear me. I told Mr. Heberlein about my solo, and he and his wife came also. My dad never missed another performance.

Dick and I continued to go to the high school dances until I graduated and went off to college. Letters kept our friendship alive. He went on to become a pediatrician in Quincy, taking care of my four children. I had a few dates at college, but nothing to write home about. Music and schoolwork kept me busy.

University of Iowa

Graduation came in 1945, and I was awarded a music scholarship to Iowa University in Iowa City, Iowa. Dick was awarded a complete scholarship to the University of Illinois in Medical School, which was in Chicago. We both became very involved in our studies.

The head of the Music Department was Phillip Greeley Clapp, who was extremely obese and a most formidable man. If a music student was a voice major, he or she was required to play in the orchestra. If you did not play an instrument, you had to learn to play one. The only excuse for missing an orchestra rehearsal was if you were in the hospital or dead. Dr. Clapp would sit on a stool in rehearsal and smoke one cigarette after another, lighting one off of the butt of the previous one, never taking it out of his mouth. When the ash got too long, it would fall on his chest, and he would pat his chest to get rid of the ash. He was really a gross individual.

My cello teacher at Iowa U. was Hans Koelbel, and he was a hardheaded German. Even though I was not a music major, he kept me busy with recitals and quartets. One day I overheard Mr. Koelbel bragging to one of the other professors that I had been a student of Max Steindel, but I had come to Iowa to study with him. The truth is I went to Iowa because Iowa had the best non-professional orchestra, whereas Illinois had the best non-professional band.

My major was home economics. I was naturally pulled to music, but music theory was really hard for me, and I had no desire to go into music professionally. I did want a home and family, so home ec won out, and I have never been sorry.

However, looking back on my grade school years, I do wish I had stayed with the piano. I played very well for my two years of study. It is so easy to say I wish I had done this or that, but you cannot go back and do it over.

Later, when I did become a professional cellist, I wished again that I had worked a little harder at music theory and then majored in music. But when I graduated from college, the orchestras were not taking very many women into their ranks, so I am happy with my choice. I have been lucky because I was able

to have my home and children. My loving husband supported my love of music and always made it possible for me to indulge the many hours that I needed to pursue it. My family did benefit from it through the many adventures on which my music led us.



While at college, my choice of residence was Currier Hall. The Greek societies did not appeal to me. The girl I shared a room with the first semester did not work out very well. She was a junior with a major in athletics. Our football players were not the “Iron Men” of the ‘30’s (who had always won their games for Iowa U.), so I elected not to go to the games. I used the time to go to the music building to practice. That met with my roommate’s extreme disapproval. The second semester found me in a single room and much happier.

My sophomore year, Rose Marie St. John became my roommate, and we lived together for the next three years. She was majoring in English and wanted to be a teacher.

My monthly allowance from home was small, so I began subbing as a waitress in the dining room. It did not take much time, and so I decided to help Dad out with the cost of my upkeep the last two years by waiting tables full time. This took care of my board bill, which Dad appreciated very much, and it gave me a feeling of pride to be responsible for some of my expenses toward getting my college degree.

In my second year as a home ec major, I was required to give a luncheon, either for faculty or students not in the class. In cooking class we worked in twos as a team. Marian Domeland was my partner, and she agreed that I should ask my cello teacher and his wife to be our guests for lunch.

We needed to plan the menu, order the food we would need, write down the order of preparation, and determine the cost of the meal down to a teaspoon of salt. Table setting and linen had to be arranged for and an invitation issued. The luncheon went off without a hitch, and we each got an A for our efforts. Mr. Koelbel and his wife were impressed and thanked us profusely.

The second semester was weaving, which was one of my favorite courses. The classroom had eight floor looms that could weave cloth a yard wide. I decided to make a wool coat, so the

first step was to decide how many yards of cloth I would need. I do not remember now how that was figured, but once you knew the yardage, you measured the wool, which was in long skeins.

The strands of wool were individually threaded through the heddles to form the warp. The heddles were long, slim steel needles. These needles were attached to the treadle. When the loom was warped, you pressed the treadle down and it opened a shed through which you would throw the shuttle that had the cross threads wound on it. When the shuttle was removed from the shed, a bar was pulled back toward the weaver and that would press the new row of wool against the previous row to make it snug. The next treadle was pushed down with your foot and another shed would open, ready for the shuttle to carry the wool through. Again the bar was pulled back toward you to snug the wool against the previously woven thread.

I used the basket weave, so only two treadles were used. My warp was a combination of two medium dark browns, and the filler wool was an ivory, which made an interesting tweed look. When the finished woven wool was removed from the loom, it was necessary to wash and dry the wool. It was not easy to put this lovely piece of wool—over which I had labored so hard—into the washing machine with hot water and then put it into the dryer. However, I did as I was instructed, and after it was dried and pressed, it was beautiful. The next step was tailoring the coat, which my daughter, Tish, still has.



Swimming was a big part of my life, since my father was the YMCA backstroke champion of Illinois and also swam the river from Canton to Quincy in the Mississippi River Swim. At Iowa the girls' swim team was called the Seals, and of course I had to try out. Dad worked with me all summer on my diving, and my junior year I got on the team. I was never good enough to race, but I was in the synchronized swimming team. We performed twice, and Mom and Dad came to watch.

That same year I took chemistry, and it so happened that Dan Cohoe sat at the same table with me. He was tall, good looking, and was on the men's swim team. He was their backstroke. He had asked me for a date several times, but I was unable to accept.

He slipped a note to me in chemistry class that read, “The third time no and you’re out.” It got my attention. I did go out with him, and we had fun together. He came from Minnesota and knew the Becker family that used to live in Quincy. My family knew them very well.

There is one date with Dan I remember especially well. We decided to have a picnic up the Iowa River that ran through Iowa City. We rented a canoe, and Kathy Smith, who was a very close friend, also rented a canoe with her date. Kathy’s mom sent fried chicken, my mom sent her sour cream devil’s food cake, and we anticipated a splendid day.

It was everything we had hoped for. Mom’s package arrived, but I did not unwrap it until it was time to eat. Her note inside the package said that she included the loaf of salt-rising bread. She hoped the cake would be all right because she had packed it while it was still warm. Dan opened the package as I read the note. Dan sniffed the package and with a sad look on his face told us that he was afraid the cake had gone bad. I took a quick look and started to laugh. I explained that the smell was the salt-rising bread and that it always smelled like that. I told him not to worry because the cake was just fine. What a feast we had and what a wonderful day it was. We hated to see the end of the day come, but we slowly drifted downriver to where we returned the canoes.

At the same time that I dated Dan Cohoe, there was another boy that I had a few dates with. He studied cello and was a music major. Charles Becker, whose nickname was Chuck. He had been a prisoner of war in Germany during World War II. Koelbel, our cello teacher, told me that, before Chuck went to war, he had a cello tone like an angel. Since his experience in a concentration camp in Germany, his tone had suffered somewhat, but he played very well. Chuck told me that the Germans had been good to him and found a cello for him to play. Sheridan, Wyoming, was his home, and he wanted to return and be a high school music teacher. We dated a few times and had fun together.



Joyce Van Pilsom was my accompanist at school. Over spring break she came home with me and we went to St. Louis to have a lesson with Mr. Steindel. I was working on the Strauss Sonata for

cello and piano that started out with four piano chords to be played fortissimo. We had just played the beginning of the sonata when Mr. Steindel stopped us, turned to Joyce, and told her he wanted all she could give him with a strong tone on those four chords. She said, "okay," and we started again. He stopped us once more and turned to her.

"You really have a great deal of strength. That was great! Let's do it again." Joyce and I performed this sonata for the Quincy Sunday Music Club, and it was well received.

While attending college, during summer vacation there was a group that would meet at George Irwin's to play in music ensembles. George had a large music library. There were eight to ten of us that would go, and we met once a week just to play chamber music. This group was the start of the future Quincy Symphony.

Roger

Roger Crabbs was also one of the cellists in the college orchestra with plans of a music career. He also enjoyed the outdoors. One day he took me to Cedar Rapids for the day, and we went to one of the parks where he put skis on me. The slope was shallow, fortunately, but it was so cold that I really thought my toes were frostbitten. We also enjoyed ice-skating in Iowa City. In one of the parks a natural pond froze over and became a wonderful skating rink. It had a warming shed and benches around the skating area. It was a very popular spot and one we enjoyed very much.

In the orchestra, in which all of the music majors were required to play, the teachers were the section heads. Koelbel would rotate the cello section, so you never knew when you would be called to play with him on the first stand. Roger was not really very accomplished on the cello, so he was usually left in the back of the section. We had been dating for about a year, and since I was not a music major, I started asking to sit back in the rear of the section with him. Koelbel agreed.

One concert that my folks did not attend, Rog and I were sitting on the last stand and were close to the back of the stage.

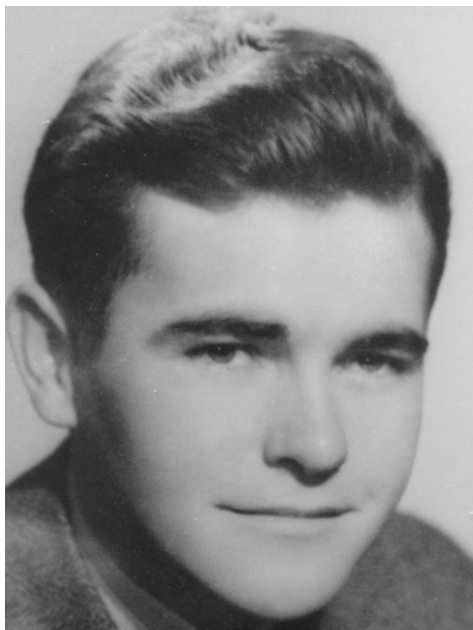
Since we were not on risers, we did not think anyone could see us, so we were holding hands during a long rest for the cellos in the music. Unfortunately, a reporter from the newspaper *did* see what was going on, and it was in the write-up in the newspaper the next day. I was petrified that we would be disciplined over this lack of professionalism in a performance. However, Koelbel was the only one that mentioned it to us, and that was with a slight grin and the comment that a concert was really not the place to show affection. I think that was the last time we played on the same stand.

I was allowed to invite Roger to come home with me to spend a weekend, so my folks drove up to Iowa City to bring us home. About twenty miles out of Quincy, we were coming around a long curve and discovered an overturned trailer that was overloaded with eggs. We stopped but no one was there, only the eggs. We hurried on home, emptied the car, went to the bakery for empty egg crates, and headed back to the overturned trailer. We gathered eggs that were not cracked and loaded the car. I do not remember how many crates we gathered, but it was well worth the trip. From then on, we called that curve, “Egg Corner.”

Our friendship was growing very serious, and because Roger loved the outdoors and camping so very much, I asked him if he had ever thought of being a Forester. He had not, but he looked into it and decided to transfer to Iowa State at Ames, Iowa, and major in Forestry. This was my senior year, so a diamond went on my left hand. Mom and Dad were not very happy about this and made their displeasure very evident.

Rog and I—along with my roommate, Tony, and her fellow, Keith—talked about Tony and me joining the boys in Montana after their Forestry Camp was finished. Rog and Keith were spending the summer of 1949 working with the Forestry Summer Camp run by the State University of Iowa. We planned to spend the weekend and then come home to look for jobs. Well, these plans never happened. For some reason, at the end of summer Tony and I did not hear from the boys, so we didn’t go. Without that invitation, no way would our parents let us go. This was a huge disappointment for me, and I never received an explanation from Rog, even after I saw him again some time later.

David



Meanwhile, graduation exercises were over, pictures were taken, and we all went home. The first weekend home, Dad flew Mom and me to a flight breakfast—a social event attended by Piper Cub pilots who rallied in various places to meet and have breakfast. Dad was trying to cheer me up. Flying back to Quincy, we were kept in a holding pattern over the field because the Navy Pilots had come to Quincy for a flight demonstration along

with other activities. The airport was teeming with hoards of people. Unfortunately, one of the pilots had crashed, so we were held off from landing until the wreckage was cleared from the field. When we were allowed to land, Dad dropped us off near the administration building, and he took the plane over to his hanger. We had agreed to meet Dad at the Civil Aeronautics Administration (CAA) office because he needed to turn in his flight plan.

Mom had been telling me for some time that I just had to meet the nice young men who ran the CAA office, so today was the day. David Yount was on duty, but I did not pay too much attention. I was really ticked off about Rog not getting in touch with me, and then there was all the confusion at the airport with the Navy Show. I just wanted to get home, change into my swimming suit, and get to the pool.

The next day, Dad needed to fly somewhere, so it was back to the airport to see him off. Mom liked to go into the CAA office because, once Dad was in the air, they would let her say goodbye

to him on the radio. All of this took place while I waited in the car, dressed in my swimsuit and headed for the pool.

Mom came out of the office followed by David. After helping my mom into the passenger's seat, he came around to the driver's side of the car and mentioned that he wished he had a swimming hole to go to. Of course Mom asked if he could join us after work. He said he was sorry but he couldn't that day because he did not have a suit, and because his mom was expecting him home, but he said he could arrange to go the next day.

It did not take Mom a heartbeat to issue the invitation. I saw right through what Mom was trying to do. She had written too many letters about those nice CAA boys that I should meet. Sure enough, the next day Dave showed up at the club with suit in hand ready to go swimming.

From the very beginning there was a special magic between Dave and me. Something clicked that had never clicked with Rog. Dave saw that I had an engagement ring on my left hand, and he was a perfect gentleman. But, he was a very engaging young man, attractive, and very attentive.

First Job

My first job was Swimming Director at a Girl Scout Camp called Oka Tipi in Hannibal, Missouri. Katie Storrs, a Hannibal girl, was my assistant, and the camp ran for three weeks. Dave lived in Hannibal and volunteered to take me home on my day off so I could do laundry and have a little break. Of course Mom thought that was a great idea. It did not take long for us to find out we liked the same things and had the same goals in life. I still had not heard from Rog but wrote him that I had met Dave. Girl Scout Camp went along smoothly until, midway through the three weeks, the camp had a huge bonfire to roast hot dogs and sing camp songs. We all had a good time, but some poison ivy got thrown into the fire, and apparently I got the full benefit of it. My face was covered, and my hands and fingers swelled to unbelievable size. I had to go to the doctor for shots to give me some relief. I was covered with calamine lotion and had to do any swimming instructions from the side of the pool. Katie was a



great help. Of course Dave was there to take me into Hannibal to the doctor. Afterward he took me to his home to meet his mom.

Dave later told me she had confided in him. "She seems real nice, but what does she look like?"

On one of our last trips to Quincy before camp was over, Dave and I stopped at the Green Lantern

Tavern, which we later learned had a bad reputation. We were the only people in the place and did not think a thing about it. It was the first time we danced together to the tunes of a jukebox. The time got away from us, and it was a little before 1 a.m. when I came in the back door at home. We were given the riot act by both of my parents. It took a day or two for my folks to settle down and more or less forgive us.

The last day of camp arrived and all of the campers were gone. After cleaning up, the staff decided to have a party in town. Food and drinks were served, and everyone was having a good time. They all knew that I was not a prude about taking a drink even though I was never around alcohol at home and was never in any group that drank at college. The staff decided it would be fun to get Harriet a little tipsy. What none of us knew was that a sweet mixed drink would hit my metabolism like a bomb. They gave me a Tom Collins, and I became really sick. I threw up and started to shake with cold. Katie got me into her car somehow, though I remember I was not much help. She got me to her house but could not get me up the stairs to her bedroom. So, heaven forbid, she called Dave to come help. I was completely out of it so do not remember what happened until I woke up the next morning. I was so ashamed. Dave came for breakfast and to see

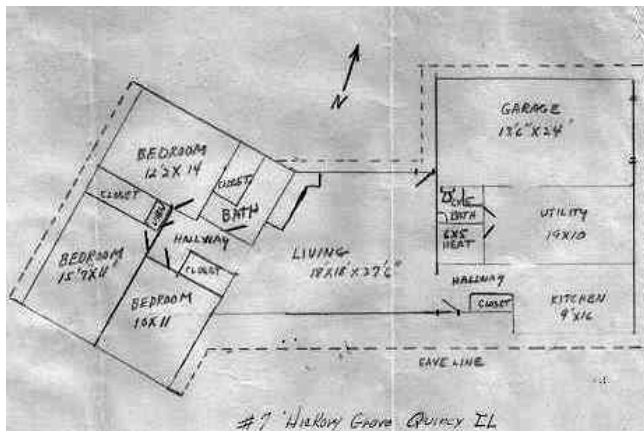
how I was doing. I was so thankful that Katie's folks were out of town. It certainly taught me to stay clear of mixed drinks, which I do to this day.

By the time camp was over, I had decided that Rog was a mistake and made arrangements to give back the ring. Dad flew me to Cedar Rapids, and Rog met me at the airport. Our meeting was brief and to the point. He still had no explanation for why the weekend in Montana did not work out. I got back in the plane with Dad and returned to Quincy. I never heard from Rog again.

Dave and I saw a great deal of each other that summer. He was seven years older than I and was ready to settle down and get married. He had spent three years of his life in England during World War II as an air traffic controller, and when he was discharged, he returned to Missouri and worked in the same position at Lambert Field in St. Louis. He soon got tired of the commute to Hannibal to see his folks and so transferred to Quincy. It was not very long after we met that we started talking about a home and family and making this relationship a permanent thing.

The House

We started making house plans on the mulberry-colored rug in my parents' home. A kitchen match was used as two feet in length. With that scale, it was easy to change the floor plan. When we finally decided what we wanted, Dave drew up the plans.



The next thing was to find a piece of ground on which to build our dream house. Dave was working at the airport, and on the way out of Quincy, half way to the airport, was a community called Hickory Grove. It looked too expensive for us, but Dave was a good friend with Bill Hamre who was the maintenance supervisor with the CAA. He lived in Hickory Grove, so we visited Bill and his wife, Beth, and found that we could afford a lot. It was number seven and was next door to the Hamres.

The next detail was to find a lumberyard. We decided on Brueggeman Lumber Company. We presented our plans and made arrangements to buy the first section of our house on credit. This covered a garage, a utility room with bath, a furnace room, the kitchen, and a front entrance hall. When we had this much under roof, we would seek a loan from the bank or Building and Loan. If we could not get the loan, we would stop building until we had this first part paid off. This was agreeable so we were set.



Beth and Bill Hamre

Second Job

Meanwhile, I was looking for a job. I had applications in at TWA to be a stewardess and at Carson Pirie Scott in St. Louis to work with fabrics. My enthusiasm to leave Quincy to work lost its allure. David lived in Hannibal but drove the thirty miles to Quincy every day to work at the airport. Out of the blue came the offer for me to teach at a country school in Gentry, about twenty miles outside of Quincy. The district did not want to consolidate with another district so managed to keep the school open for one more year. Remember, I majored in home economics; I had not taken one course in education. There were eight students, and no

two were in the same grade. It was a year to be remembered, not only for me but also for my students.

Since I had no vehicle, the mother of one of the girls agreed to pick me up on Maine Street in front of our bakery and drive me the twenty or so miles to the school. On the way we would stop to pick up another little girl. I don't remember what kind of car she had, but it belched fumes inside the car and did not go very fast. I did appreciate the ride, though, because I had no means to buy a car.

On arriving at the little one-room schoolhouse with outside plumbing, the routine would set in: first, open up. In the warmer days, I would air it out with windows open all the way. In the winter, the stove had to be fired up with kindling and logs that were cut and ready, and we would heat whatever needed heating on top of the stove. The facilities were primitive, but it worked, and the students all learned.

The day would start with attendance, and then I would tackle the grades one by one. With only one student in each grade, there was no chance for discussion, so in reality, it was individual tutoring. Never having had any education classes, I started out with teaching the alphabet to grade one. After a week the superintendent came out to see how I was doing and informed me that the alphabet was no longer taught. After he left, I decided I would do it my way.

These eight families were borderline poverty and had not seen much of anything. I decided to take these children on field trips. My dad gave them each a plane ride, which I think was the highlight of their lives. I took them to the bakery so they could see how bread was made. The paper mill was on the list and then, last but not least, I took them all to see *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*, which was a first for all of them. I think our year together was an unforgettable experience for all of us. After the year was past, every once in a while one of them would come to the bakery to ask about Miss Harriet and to say 'hi'.



During the school year at Gentry, David and I were building our house during every spare minute of our time. Dave worked shifts at the airport, so one week he would work 8 to 4, the next

week 4 to midnight, and the third, midnight to 8 a.m. His weekend was Wednesday and Thursday, which was handy because the stores were always open.

The only people that knew we were building this house were our parents and the lumberyard. We were not officially engaged as yet, so it was all on the hush-hush. It was not hard to keep the secret because the house was halfway to the airport, which was in the boonies.

When we had this first part under roof, Dave went to the Building and Loan to ask for a loan. Dave did not want the name of Boekenhoff to enter into the negotiations. We had built a viable structure, and he felt it should stand on its own merit. The inspector came and looked, and our request was denied. We were devastated because we were ready to announce our engagement in the paper and had selected October for a wedding date. Without the loan we would have to stop building and pay off the debt as agreed.

My dad suggested that Dave go to the other loan company with our request. They came to look and inspect and asked many questions, still not connecting my name with the request. The loan company took a few days to review the situation and came back with a positive “yes, we will give you the loan.” We were so relieved.

PART 2

Marriage and Family



David and Harriet Yount

The Engagement

Dave's best friend was Glen Betz, and he had his own jewelry business in St. Louis. Dave went to him to select a diamond for me. The blue white stone was just shy of a carat and set in a Tiffany mounting. The wedding was set for October 7, 1950, in the Congregational Church at 12th and Maine in Quincy.

A week after we got our loan, my parents gave a party in their backyard to make the announcement of our engagement. My grandparents were invited along with Dad's sister, Kathryn, and her husband, Fred, Junie and Virginia Berghoffer, Ann Ernst, and Fred's parents, the C.C. Masts. My dad made the toast and then the story of our house building came out. My grandfather asked when were we going to start this project. When we told him that we had it under roof already, they could not believe it. So everybody got in their cars and followed us out to Hickory Grove to see for a fact the building in question. With that visit, Dave and I started a tradition. Dave came out with a hammer and tenpenny nails, and all present had to drive a nail into the door frame going into the garage. Before we enclosed it with cedar siding, I think it was almost solid tenpenny nails.



Ann Ernst, David, Susan Harriet, Grandma Mast



Katherine, Grandma B, Susan, David, Rachel

After our engagement was announced in the paper, we had many visitors at our building site. Many came to give encouragement, and of course some came because they were just

curious. Looking back it was a huge undertaking, but we enjoyed every minute of it. Mom and Dad came out several times with food for a picnic, which we appreciated because going into town for a bite to eat took time. Dave's folks came whenever they were in Quincy to admire our work and encourage us.

With the date set, we had a great deal of work cut out for us to get our home to the point to where we could move into it after our honeymoon. When the family came out the evening of the announcement party, we had it under roof, but it was just roughed in. We had to pour cement for floors and nail up wallboard for walls. The Brockschmidts, Dave's sister and her husband, owned a plumbing business, and so they helped us with kitchen appliances and cabinets, but it all had to be planned and put into the housing budget. We were burning the candle at both ends to get everything finished before our wedding.

Shirley Brockschmidt, Dave's brother-in-law, helped us rough in the plumbing, but the two of us did everything else. We cleared the land around the trees, so we didn't have to remove any of them. Dave dug the foundation footings because I could not dig them with square bottoms. Then we creosoted the 2 x 4 plates that went on top of the cement footings. It seemed like an impossible job, but a building is put up step by step, and we were very grateful that the lumberyard was so helpful in answering questions as well as advising us on how to do things.

I always said, "My Sweetie can do anything," and he proved it over and over. Dave knew how to visualize the mechanical problem and thus the means to overcome it. He cleared the land, built the foundation, wrote the plans, applied for the loan, and did everything else required to manage the entire home-building project.

When our wedding date arrived, we had a home with running water, electricity, and heat. The first unit had a garage, a utility room—with the end divided into a small bathroom—and a furnace room. The utility room became our temporary bedroom. Next was the kitchen and front hall. All of this was completed and the windows and cedar siding were in place. We had a phone in the front hall, but the front door had not yet been installed, so we had a robin's nest as the first tenant. We got the front door on before the wedding, and our first winter was fun because the

outside wall—where the future living room would join—only had sheeting and black tar paper covering it. That first winter we did have some snow in the front hall, along with frozen water pipes, all of which were taken care of in short order.

The Wedding



My maid of honor was Elma Ernst, with Rosemary St. John, my roommate from school, as bridesmaid, and Susan Harriet Mast as flower girl. Dave asked Glen Betz to be his best man with Shirley Brockschmidt, his brother-in-law, as groomsman. Fred Mast, my uncle, and George Irwin were ushers. My Aunt Kathryn hosted the rehearsal luncheon, and of course my dad made the wedding cake, with a pagoda lattice top to hold the bride and groom. The reception was held at the Women's City Club. My assistant Swimming Director at Scout Camp, Katie Storrs, sang.

Miss Schwagmeyer, who had come back to Quincy to live with her sister and help take care of their invalid mother, made my wedding dress. Miss Schwagmeyer had been a designer with Handmaker, a well-known couture house in New York. She had made several formals, skirts, and vests for me while I was in high school and college. Mom and I went to Weleks fabric store in St.

Louis to buy the material. We came home with a whole bolt of ivory satin for the dress, plus yardage for a veil. When we arrived at Miss Schwagmeyer's with our treasures, she draped the satin on me and cut it out as it was pinned to me. My wedding dress was truly one of a kind and simply gorgeous.

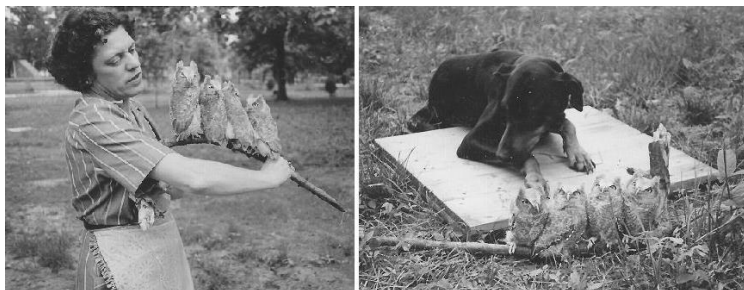
My veil was French illusion and was as fine as a spider's web. It was attached to a round pillbox fashioned out of heavy lace embroidery. My underskirt was eight gores that flared out to the floor with an eighteen-inch ruffle around the bottom. My flowers were gardenias with trailing smilax. The attendants were in champagne satin and carried bronze mums. I truly felt like a "Queen for a Day" (a popular TV show at that time).

My wedding was indeed a day to remember. All went according to plan. Then Mom took me aside and said the guests were starting to leave so I should throw my bouquet. On the stairs going up to change clothes, I turned and tossed, and Elma caught the bouquet. She was married that December in St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York City. I guess I felt I had something to do with that.

Settling In

My teaching career at Gentry, the country school, came to a close, so I had to find another job. The position of Assistant Home Advisor with the Home Bureau came to my attention. I applied and got the job. Margaret Walbridge became my boss, and I was put in charge of all of the 4-H chapters in Adams County in Illinois. I traveled all over the county visiting the chapters and offering any help that they needed. It was fun and covered the whole spectrum of home economics. I had to help with the County Fair as well as go with our group from Adams County to the State Fair in Springfield. The only thing that I had a problem with was giving dictation to our secretary. She was so sweet and knew of my dilemma, so she would often just type up whatever Miss Walbridge wanted me to write, and I would sign it. It became our little secret. I had worked at this job for about a year when I found out that I was pregnant, and we decided that I should stay home and be a housewife.

Dave worked shifts at the airport while he was working for the CAA. We both loved pie, so once in a while I would make a chocolate pie while he was working the evening shift and have it finished before he arrived home. I made the house dark so he would think I was asleep. Of course the minute he walked in the door, he could smell the chocolate. We would have a midnight snack of warm chocolate pie.



The owner of the Hickory Grove Real Estate was thinning out some trees to the north of us, and a nest of owls was discovered in one of the felled trees. Beth Hamre, our neighbor, rescued them because the mother owl had abandoned them. They were so small, but Beth nursed them along, and Keene, Beth's German Doberman, guarded them very well. All four of the owls survived and became very independent but stayed in the vicinity. We could hear them at night.

Finishing the House

We started working on the living room in earnest. The added space was going to be very welcome. Our first-born was due in October, so we had the spring and summer to get the living room enclosed with a roof over all. We bought our roofing from George Irwin, and bless his heart, he came out and helped us lay shingles. George was not only our symphony conductor and sponsor but was also the head of Irwin Paper Company that handled some building supplies. George has been a longtime friend and frequent guest in our home.



Our local newspaper became aware of what we were doing and asked to interview us on all of the details. We ended up with a full page in the Quincy Herald, which included pictures and a long article on our adventure. And it was an adventure. However, a house is built step by step, and the professionals were very generous in sharing their expertise with us.

Julie

On October 28th my labor started around ten o'clock in the evening, so we headed for the hospital. We stopped at Mom's and Dad's on the way to leave off our little black Cocker Spaniel. Dave and I were waiting at the elevator to go up to the maternity floor when I looked across the hall and saw my Grandmother Boekenhoff. The nurse was helping her turn over in her bed. We had known she was also in that hospital and had visited her. Dave and I looked at each other.

"Let's not disturb her," I said. "She will know when the baby is here."

About six hours later, October 29, 1951, Dave and I had a baby girl, and we named her Julie Ann. My grandmother knew she was a great-grandma, but she never got to see her or hold her. Grandmother Boekenhoff died the evening of the day Julie Ann was born.

Dave surprised me when he brought us home from the hospital with a finished living room. The walls were painted, the furniture we had picked out was in place, and we had another doorway into the future hall, which would open up to the three bedrooms yet to be built.

A new baby was another adventure. I had never been around babies before, so we learned as we went along. Our neighbor,

Beth Hamre, was a retired nurse. She gave me a lot of help but mostly gave me confidence. She made a copy of Julie's footprint off of the birth certificate, stenciled it onto fabric, and made a duvet for the baby blanket. Beth was always doing something thoughtful. She was a wonderful friend and neighbor.

It did not take me long to figure out that the kitchen sink was a great bathtub for Julie. It was the right height, and I had counter space to dry and dress her for the day. I think Dottie, Dave's mother, was always disappointed with me because I didn't put fancy frills on Julie. The little knit kimonos were perfect, and I would put them on her backwards, which left the back open for easy diaper changes. They were soft, warm, and comfortable. What more could you ask? Our minister, Dick Ingle, christened her in the Congregational Church when she was about four months old.

Outside Activities

Julie and the house were our central focuses, but we had other interests as well. During the time Julie was learning to walk and then talk, Dave decided to leave his job at the airport and join a friend, Bob Mays, in a vending business. I was invited to become a member of P.E.O.—Philanthropic Educational Organization, which raises money for college grants to be awarded to qualified young women. Of course music was ever present with orchestra, small ensembles, and teaching my six cello students. P.E.O. elected me to the office of corresponding secretary, which kept me busy. Then Joe Bonasinga, manager of the local TV station, asked me if I would host a cooking show on TV and sell metal kitchen cabinets. This sounded like fun, so I agreed to do it.

Eda Bonasinga, his wife, was also a P.E.O. member in Chapter F. She suggested that I do the same program for P.E.O. as I was going to do for the TV show. Mom, who was also a P.E.O. member, knew I was going to give a program but did not know what the program was about. For once I was able to surprise her.

Meatloaf was the dish I had decided to demonstrate. I arrived at the meeting with all the ingredients, a bowl, and a baking dish,

and I explained about the TV cooking show that I was going to host. My program was a huge success and a great introduction to my new job.



The TV show certainly was fun. I would have about twelve women guests, each of whom I would interview a few minutes about their hobbies and where they were from. Then I would teach them the food preparation for the day.

My First Real Camping Trip

In 1955 Dave and I decided to take four-year-old Julie and travel to Estes Park in Colorado where he and his family had camped when he was growing up. It was a favorite camping spot for their whole family. We planned a two-week vacation for the end of August, planning to stop in Hayes, Kansas, to gather up camping gear from Dave's sister, Inez. Inez and her family camped in Estes Park a lot.

When we arrived in Hayes, we were surprised to find that Dave's mom and dad, Dottie and Milt (whose home was in Missouri), were there. As it turns out, all of the Baker family—Inez, OK (her husband), and their three children, Jim, Keith, and Ivan—had made plans for Dottie and Milt to join them on a camping trip to Estes Park the very same two weeks. Since the

camping gear that we were going to borrow was already spoken for, we were invited to join the family and all go camping together. We figured that Dave, Julie, and I could sleep in the back of our station wagon.

We stayed overnight with the Bakers, and the next morning, two cars headed for Colorado. Jim and Keith rode with us with camping supplies, and since the boys knew the camping spot, we went on ahead of the others. When we got to Estes Park, Jim waited at the entrance for his parents so he could show them the way. We went on with Keith to the designated camping spot.

Dave was worried about leaving Jim alone at the entrance, so he and Keith decided to drive back to wait with Jim for the rest of the family. Before they left, they helped gather some kindling and logs to start a fire for supper. I was in charge of making a fire and getting the coals ready for cooking. I thought this would be a piece of cake; after all, I had been a girl scout.

Julie was only four years old, but she was intently blowing on the fire, trying to help me get it started. However, it was not catching as it should have. Also, when I would stand up to get more leaves to put on the little flame, I was starting to see stars. We kept looking for the rest of the family to show up, but there was no sign of them for the longest time.

“Some camper I am,” I thought. “I can’t even get a fire going.”

After one good blowing session, I not only saw stars but also became really dizzy. I decided it was time to sit down and evaluate what I was doing wrong.

Finally, the family arrived. They found me a very frustrated girl scout and still no fire. Well, they quickly knew what was wrong. They told me the problem was two-fold: green wood and altitude (we were at 9,000 feet), both of which made for an impossible task of getting the wood to burn. Blowing on it was making me dizzy from lack of oxygen. They soon had a fire going with the help of a fire starter, so we were able to cook our hot dogs and hamburgers.

The incredible night sky, along with the camping stories—fond memories of when Dave and his sisters were growing up camping there, as well as other campgrounds—made for a perfect evening. After all the excitement of gathering, packing, and

storing camping gear plus three tents, we were not long from our beds. The three of us were very snug in the station wagon. I went to sleep planning my steps for preparing the following day's breakfast for this group of ten.

The next morning I soon had everything under control. The fire was going fine. Breakfast was to be pancakes with fresh, sliced peaches, eggs, and bacon, and I had my routine all planned out.

Meanwhile, Dottie was having trouble with her coffee. Since she liked sugar in it, she had a small collection of gnats trying to sample it. After she threw out the third cup, she gave up. I told her she should just close her eyes and she wouldn't know the difference.

"Think of it as an added bit of protein," I offered, and everyone laughed.

There was still pancake batter left, and Milt said he would like another pancake. I was still eating, so I told him to help himself. I said to put one tablespoon of batter into the frying pan (which was still close to the fire), and when brown, flip it to the other side. He went to the fire, did as I told him, and made a fine pancake. Dottie could not believe he did it.

"Well!" she exclaimed. "He never helps at home!"

A little wind had been blowing from the time we got up. Since it was the end of August, the campground was covered with finely pulverized dirt from the tromping of feet of the many previous campers. The wind was making it difficult to eat because when you took a bite of food, you also got some sandy dirt. We discovered it was best to take small quick bites. Dave didn't like this; he thought we should leave. Camping had been his idea because he had wanted to show me what fun it was. Well, I was having a good time, so I told him I didn't want to leave. We stayed the full weekend.

We watched four climbers tackle a sheer cliff not too far from our camping spot. We hiked around a little, but we basically just stayed around the campsite and enjoyed being together. Americans are so lucky to have such beautiful parks that are being preserved for future generations to enjoy. Our weekend was very enjoyable, but it was that spectacular, star-studded night sky that has stuck in my memory all these years.

1516 Kentucky

When Julie was four and a half, we made a trip to Pennsylvania to see the Sheaffer brothers, who were Mom's uncles on her father's side. Four of the six brothers were still living. We stayed with Uncle Oscar and Aunt Bernice who lived on a farm. They had chickens, ducks, and geese. The ducks and geese were free to roam around the house. Julie was fascinated with the pet goose and would chase it around the yard trying to catch it. We all enjoyed our visit, and it was the last time I saw two of the uncles—Uncle Oscar, a history teacher, and Uncle Edward, photographer of picture post cards for Brown and Biglow—before they died.

When Julie was five, my grandfather's house at 1516 Kentucky came up for sale. Julie was ready for kindergarten, and there were none in the country where we lived. We decided to sell our house in Hickory Grove, buy Granddad's home where my father was born, and move to town.

Living in my grandparents' home was, in many ways, like reliving my dad's life. Even though all the folks in the neighborhood that saw my dad grow up had passed away, their homes were still there, and my mind's eye could visualize my father as a small boy living all the tales he had told me.

Letitia

Julie was approaching her second birthday when we decided it was time to have another baby. I was determined not to raise an only child. It was decided, with the doctor's advice, to plan two years between, so we were right on schedule. Unfortunately, I started having some problems, and about three months into the pregnancy, I miscarried. We were terribly disappointed but waited six months and tried again. I never had any trouble getting pregnant, so we were soon excited once more to be expecting once more.

Mom and I were driving home in her car on Easter Sunday when a small boy ran out from between parked cars right in front of us. Mom hit him. It was a glancing blow on the side of the car, but the boy said he was fine and walked away. It really shook us,

but we drove on home. I was three months pregnant and already in maternity clothes. That night, Dave had to take me to the hospital where I miscarried twin boys. We were devastated.



Harriet's dad, Harriet holding Tish, Grandpa Boekenhoff, and Julie

The next morning when Dr. Paul Lambertus came into my room, he had tears in his eyes. He told me how sorry he was. My Gommie Sheaffer (Mom's mother) had lost twins, and I was hoping that maybe I would have twins. It just was not meant to be. Paul suggested we wait a full year before trying again, plus that I drop a few of my outside activities. I stayed with the music and P.E.O., but I backed out of all the others. That seemed to take care of the problem because, April 22, 1956, Letitia Harriet (Tish) was born a healthy little girl. We were so happy to have her. The nurses all came to see her because her eyelashes curled up to her eyebrows.

Jim

While we were living at 1516 Kentucky, all of Dave's family had Christmas Eve at our house. Dave's second oldest sister, Inez, and family had come up from St. Louis, and in the course of the evening, Inez told Dave what a problem they were having with their oldest boy, Jim. Without consulting me, Dave told his sister to send Jim up to us and maybe we could straighten him out. After the family had gone, Dave told me what he had done. I said I thought that was a nice gesture, but I was positive Inez would never send Jim to us.

Julie was about to finish kindergarten, and we had a brand new baby girl, Letitia. Before New Year's Day ended, Jim Baker was knocking on our front door, having driven up from St. Louis with his belongings in an old car that was parked in front of the house. Suddenly we not only had a five-year-old and a newborn, but we also had a sixteen-year-old high school student who needed some tender loving care plus some knowledge of respect and obedience.

Jim learned all we had hoped he would learn in one semester. He did skip school one day, but found out that his Aunt Harriet was not putting up with that. We gave him love and listened to him when he wanted to talk. We also gave him respect, and he in turn respected us. When Dave discovered Jim had not one penny of insurance on his car, Dave explained to him that if he had an accident, the financial result could wipe his father out. He told Jim that he should not move the car an inch until he could afford the insurance. Jim complied.

Jim returned to St. Louis, and shortly thereafter the entire family moved to Hays, Kansas. There he finished high school, met Clarine, married her, raised three great sons, and developed a thriving business. Dave and I were proud to have helped a little in his success.

Huntsville

When little Tish was about two years old, I was given the opportunity to attend a conductor's workshop, organized through the American Symphony Orchestra League. The workshop was

held outside of Nashville, Tennessee, at the University of the South. The musicians were given food and lodging in exchange for playing and were allowed to bring their families. The two-week long workshop gave amateur conductors a chance to learn by conducting a good orchestra. Dr. Lert from California was the conductor in charge. This was a great learning experience for me, also, because it was a full orchestra. My position was second chair, so I easily heard all instructions to the student conductors.

It just so happened that Mr. Frazer, who conducted the Huntsville Symphony, was attending. His wife, Dorothy, was in the cello section. They took a liking to me and my cello and asked me to move to Huntsville to play in their symphony.

"You will have to talk to my husband about that," I said.

When it was discovered that Dave was a mechanical genius, they put him in touch with Bill Brown who was playing French horn in the workshop and also in the Huntsville Symphony. Bill Brown was the head engineer at Brown Engineering in Huntsville. Dave was hired on the spot, and so our life changed almost overnight.



HUNTSVILLE'S 50-piece Civic Orchestra was organized in 1955 and is conducted by Dr. Arthur M. Fraser of Montevallo. Part of the orchestra will play at the "Trial By Jury" performance. Players shown are: Mrs. LeRoy Kranert, harp; LeRoy Kranert, double bass; Mrs. David Yount, cello; Mrs. Vernon F. Hutchens Jr., piano; Mrs. Robert Groeneveld, violin.

*Martha seen 8
Reith - when our mail goes.*

With the decision to move to Huntsville, Alabama, the house was put on the market, and the process of moving began in earnest. Dave left for Huntsville in August of 1958 and made arrangements to buy a new home that was in a new development and not finished. I missed Dave and was more than ready to leave. We were lucky to have sold 1516 Kentucky to a nice family.

Sometime before Thanksgiving that year, a thick letter arrived from David. When I opened it a car key fell out. Dave had found a four-door 1956 Lincoln—light blue bottom with a cream-colored top—in Huntsville and had traded our car for it. We both had a thing about the 1956 Lincoln. His note said, “Happy Birthday early.” It was a great car. You could fit two double basses in the trunk.

Dave came back to get us the day before Thanksgiving 1958. The day after Thanksgiving we packed the 1956 Lincoln with the four of us and headed for Alabama, “The Heart of Dixie.”

Huntsville opened a window in my life that I had only dreamed of. I was out from under my mother’s thumb and could become my own person. The orchestra members made me feel very welcome, and in the second rehearsal, I was asked if I would be interested in playing piano trios with the concertmaster. Of course the answer was, “Yes!”

Playing trios with the Germans in Huntsville was a rewarding experience. They knew their music, so we would play for a whole evening, one piece after another. The German community was made up of the German scientists that Werner von Braun had gathered in Germany to work on the V-2 Rockets used in WWII. With the help of the U.S. government, they were smuggled out of Germany. At first they settled in El Paso and then were moved to Huntsville to work at the Redstone Arsenal. Werner Kuers and Ernst Geisler, violin and piano, were also mathematicians on von Braun’s rocket team. We were invited to play piano trios in a different home each week, and it would be an enjoyable evening of music. Again I was lucky to be in the right spot at the right moment, and the cello made it all happen.

Maria Kuers, Werner’s wife, taught me how to make sourdough pumpernickel bread. It was a very sturdy loaf of German bread but delicious. She asked me to bring the cello so

that I could practice while the bread was rising. She liked to hear me play.

The P.E.O. chapter wanted me to attend their meetings, Julie was enjoying first grade, Dave loved his work, and Tish and I were unpacking boxes and moving into our newly completed home. The neighbors were super. The time I had in Huntsville was one of the happiest times in my life.

Dad's Surgery

The Christmas holidays were over and school started again. I was unpacking the last barrel when the phone rang. Mother was on the phone telling me Dad had a severe gall bladder attack and was in the hospital. It was not possible that my dad—that tower of strength with all his athletic background and achievements—could be stricken. When Dave got home from work, we decided to get in the car and drive to Quincy. We drove all night, taking turns at the wheel while the kids slept soundly in the back seat.

When we arrived in Quincy, we found Dad reasonably comfortable in the hospital, but the doctor wanted him to lose some weight before they operated. As it turned out, his weight was muscle, not fat, so not much came off. When we had to return to Huntsville, Dad was still in the hospital, and Mom promised she would let me know when surgery was scheduled. It was hard to say goodbye to Dad still in the hospital, but everything looked good.

Unfortunately, Mom waited until the surgery had been performed before she called me. I had planned to be there, but it was not to be. Our minister, Dick Ingle, called me the 13th of February, 1959, to tell me my dad had passed away. He had had a major embolism after the surgery; the operation was a success, but the patient died. When I got the news, Julie would still be in school for a few hours, so I started packing for another trip back to Quincy to help with Dad's funeral.

Hansen Funeral Home took care of the funeral arrangements with the service in the Congregational Church. Don Langellier played the violin. When the entourage moved to Greenmount Cemetery, the local flying club was contacted by radio. While we

were beside the gravesite, the group flew in formation over the cemetery as a final salute to my dad. He would have liked that.

The Bakery

Mom was bringing pressure to bear on us to return to Quincy and take over the bakery. I was opposed to this idea with all my might. We had to return to Huntsville for Dave to get back to work, so we agreed to give it some thought.

Ultimately, Dave felt he could do better for his family financially by running the bakery than he could by staying with Brown Engineering. He won out, and so I had to start packing up again—this time with tears in my eyes—to move back to Quincy. I did not want to do this, but Dave had the final word since he was the breadwinner.

We stayed with Mom for a week until we bought a small bungalow on the corner of 22nd and Adams. It had a beautiful yard, a full basement finished into rooms, and a separate, enclosed garage.

Trouble set in with Mom at the bakery almost immediately. She wanted to give the business to us, which we flatly refused. She kept on it and won in the end. We finally bought the business with monthly payments plus interest. She retained ownership of the building that had two rental apartments over the store. An attorney had set all this up. Mom seemed to think that she had the duty to sit in the driver's seat of the bakery and direct the operation. This did not go over well with David, and in a very few days, he laid down the law.

I was not at this meeting, which was held at the bakery after closing hours with the attorney present. Dave told my mother she had to stay out of the bakery, and if she was not willing to do this, our contract with her would be cancelled. We would return to Huntsville and resume our life there. She had until morning to decide. Dave told her that it would be impossible to work with her in the business. Mom backed down, and so our life smoothed out some.

Dave did not know anything about baking, but Gus Koehler, our German baker, was a big help. More than once Dave spent

the night in the shop and made his own bread until he learned. Nothing was ever too difficult for him to try, and his artwork with decorating cakes was excellent, possibly even better than my dad's. Sometimes I would be called on to fill in for the cake icer, a job I hated. No matter how often you washed your hands, they were always sticky. My decorating was the average "Happy Birthday," etc. My artistic ability did not cover the unusual.

Rome, II

Our life took on a nice flow. Dave was enjoying the challenge of learning the bakery business, so we decided to have another baby. While we waited the nine months for the new arrival, we converted the attic into a dormitory for Julie and Tish, so we could use the second bedroom for the baby. The attic made a wonderful room for the girls. There were double windows at both ends, and the former owner had built-in shelves about three feet tall along both sides. Dave closed in a small section close to the stairs for a lavatory and water closet. The stairs were a little steep, but with carpet they were very serviceable. We installed a large window fan, so the girls were well taken care of.

Our new baby boy was born April 4, 1960, and we decided to name him for my dad: Roma Boekenhoff Yount. A dozen red roses arrived at the hospital for us from Dave. I think he was very pleased to have a boy. We felt our family was complete with three very special children.

In order to have a larger kitchen that had space for a kitchen table, we decided to absorb a porch and make a larger room. We never lived anywhere that we did not add onto or change in some way. We finished remodeling around Halloween. It was cleanup time, so I asked if anyone had



seen my broom. Big mistake.

“Don’t leave us, Mom!” Dave pleaded.

Since Julie was almost a Halloween baby, she got the joke, and the two of them were laughing like idiots. From then on I was the “witch,” a nice witch, but a witch with special powers. My collection of witches is extensive, and I treasure each one of them.

Friends

Len Paz had come to Quincy to be the Fine Arts Director. He had been in town for several years when he brought his new bride to town and bought a home on Prairie Ave. George Irwin gave a large cocktail party to introduce Winnie to everyone in the music circle. Her full name was Edwina Letitia, but she was always called Winnie.

At the party she looked a little overwhelmed, so Dave went up to her.

“You look like you could use a friend.”

It was instantaneous friendship that never wavered with time. Our small inner circle of music friends included Viv and Don Langellier, Betty and Wayne Pyle, Alice and Bob Mays, Winnie and Len Paz, and of course, George Irwin. We all planned many parties, two of which come to mind.

George planned his first trip to Europe, so naturally, we had a “send off” party at our house in Hickory Grove. Since he was taking the train to Chicago to catch the flight to Europe, I thought it would be fun to simulate a Pullman train car. A card table was set up and George and Wayne were given appropriate clothes—i.e., shirt, vest, tie, shoes and socks—to put on under the card table, as you would have to do in the cramped situation of an upper berth on the train. They were really great sports and added to the hilarity of the group.

The other party that I remember was one George and Len gave. It was to be a midnight dinner—a black-tie occasion with engraved invitations. A buffet groaned with the weight of all kinds of delicacies including champagne and caviar. Everyone arrived in appropriate attire except the Woolywhans. He was in a

plaid sport jacket with leather elbows, and she was in a light gray suit that had stains down the front. So-called Quincy society sure bombed out this time.

Alice and Bob Mays had a summer party that was a hit. Upon arrival you drew a number that made you a member of a team. Each team was given a particular chore that would contribute to the meal. Don Langellier's chore was to whip the cream until stiff for the dessert.

Don asked, "Do they mean the cream or me?"

George always had open house on New Year's Eve. Dave and I would get dressed up and visit friends that either chose not to—or were not able to—go out. Our little music group always ended up at George's about eleven o'clock to await the stroke of twelve to greet the New Year together.

Marcia

Rome was about eight months old when I started having some problems. I went in to see the doctor only to discover we were going to have another baby. This was a surprise, but a welcome one. The bakery was doing well, so financially we were not worried about increasing our family, and I had always wanted four children. However, we were going to have to change houses again because we needed another bedroom if the baby was a girl.

Marcia Elizabeth was born June 13, 1961, so we definitely had to find a larger home. The one we found to fill our needs was on Park Place. It was an older home, the same vintage as my grandfather's. It was within walking distance of Webster Grade School and the junior high school, which were located next to each other. My father had gone to Webster as a boy, and it was part of the junior high when I was there, so it had a nice heritage for my children.

Church

As a family we were active in the Congregational Church. Viv and Don had come back to Quincy and were involved in the choir at the Baptist Church. George, Dave, and I wanted them

with us in our church. It did not take too long until we won them over and they became members of the Congregational Church with Don as the choir director, a post he held for many years.

The Mayses, Younts, and Langelliers all belonged to a young peoples' Sunday school class who, along with Mary Ann and Jack Westhof, and Merle and Gene Newkirk, made up another close-knit group. The couple that started the class set the guidelines, and we called ourselves "The Mullers" because that is exactly what we did. We mulled over each other's problems and helped each other solve them. We were all about the same age with children, so we all had similar problems in day-to-day life. We mulled over each other's problems and helped each other solve them.

Dick Ingle was our minister, again within our age group, so we were all contemporaries. Dick was the greatest. We never found another minister like him. It was a sad day when he left us. His wife, Betty, was a P.E.O., and she joined Chapter F when they came to Quincy. I still miss them.

The Langelliers

Viv and Don Langellier are the closest to being a brother and sister that you can have without being blood relation. They will always be the closest friends I have ever had. Viv is from Paducah, Kentucky. She and Don met at college.

Dave and I were married first and had our first born, Julie. Then the Langelliers were married and had Sharry. Next they had Linda, and then we had Tish. Viv again became pregnant and had Randy and then Dave and I decided to have another, too. We all held our breaths because, if we had a girl, it would break the pattern. Fortunately, we stayed true to form, and Rome was born. Then Marcia surprised us and became our fourth child. The Langelliers decided their family was complete then—surprise—Lori came along. We just kept inspiring each other to have more children.

We always said our eight children had two sets of parents, and I think, if you asked them, they would say the same thing.

Dave came home for dinner one evening to find eight children around the kitchen table and asked me where his place was.

“We take the second shift.”

He laughed, “It makes you stop and think.”

Linda and Tish were inseparable in junior high and high school, and Linda dearly loved to come and stay overnight because I would let them have cake or pie for breakfast. With a bakery at my disposal, why not?



When the weekend came around, and Saturday night found us with various leftovers at the bakery, Reverend Foose from Good Samaritan would come and take whatever we had left for the residents there. Good Samaritan was a retirement home. My mother lived there for about four years before she died.

Trip to New Found Land

In 1962 when Marcia was a toddler, we planned a trip to go up the east coast, cross over into Canada, and then take the ferry over to Newfoundland. Julie was in Girl Scout Camp the first week, so Mom was to pick her up at camp's end and, the next morning, drive her to St Louis and put her on a plane for Boston. We were to pick her up and continue our trip for the next two weeks. We were driving a beige Pontiac station wagon, and I had the back end set up flat so there was plenty of room for naps, etc. We were pulling a Nimrod tent trailer and planned on camping the whole trip.

The day before we were to call Mom, we took the walking tour of the Heritage Trail in Boston, which covered all of Boston's history. It was a wonderful tour, but when we returned to the parking lot for our car, we were greeted with a very low tire. The parking attendant pointed two blocks away at a filling station and said they would fix it for us. Three filling stations later, Dave lost patience and changed the tire himself.

The hour was getting late. The kids were hungry and there was not a fast food place in sight. There was a nice restaurant called The Yankee Fisherman. Since we were in our camping

clothes, Dave suggested I go over and ask if they had an informal section that could serve us some food. I thought it was hopeless but did as he suggested. I walked in and explained our situation. The maître d' was very nice and said they could accommodate us. So we all trooped in and went to our respective restrooms to clean up as best we could.

The "informal" dining room had white linen tablecloths and napkins with stemmed water goblets. The men all had jackets and ties on. The waiter filled the goblets with ice and water and waited stiffly for our drink selection. It was my turn to have a cocktail, so I ordered a martini. The drink arrived with the appetizer of cut, raw vegetables.

The cheapest thing on the menu was fried clams, so that's what we ordered. Before they came, however, Marcia—one year old—reached the end of good behavior and upset her water goblet. Instead of remaining calm, Dave and I jumped her. Without hesitation, Marcia picked up an ice cube and let it fly. That silenced everybody momentarily but then the clams arrived. We all started grumbling audibly to ourselves about how they were so sandy and fatty.

Now the other diners were beginning to look over their shoulders at us with that look of, "Who let these people in here?" We were so embarrassed. Dave picked up Marcia and told me to enjoy the meal and not to hurry, that they would wait outside. Almost on his heels we left also, much to everyone's relief, I am sure.

Driving back to the campground we found a McDonalds, and by the time the plaintive wails of overtired children had stopped, the kids were asleep in the back of the station wagon. However, we still had to call Mom about Julie. It had been a pretty rough day, so when we parked beside a pay phone to make that call, we started arguing over whether we would go on with our trip or head for home. It had rained every day, and with our two youngest in diapers, we were going from Laundromat to Laundromat. Disposable diapers had not been invented yet. I wanted to head home, and Dave wanted to stay. I finally agreed, so we called Mom and told her to go ahead and put Julie on the plane. We would be at the airport in Boston to pick her up.

Finally heading back to the campground, we noticed that we kept crossing the Swampscott Bridge and began to recognize the same filling station. I mentioned that maybe we should ask directions back to the campground. When we finally did stop to ask about directions, it turned out that the tourist map we were using was not oriented correctly—north was not at the top of the map. Once we had that straightened out, it took no time at all to reach the campground. Of course it was raining a little when we got there, but at least the rain kept the mosquitoes down.

The next day we picked up Julie at the airport. We called Mom to tell her that Julie had arrived and all was well, and then we continued on up the coast. When we reached Bath, Maine, we were supposed to see friends of Mom and Dad's and take a tour on a destroyer that was under construction. We pulled up in front of the Naval office, and the friend came out. Before we could get out of the car, huge drops of rain started to fall. The shipyard had not had a drop of rain all summer. Since we felt we'd already had more than our share of rain, we did not get out of the car. We just said our hellos and goodbyes and headed back to the highway.

I had brought along some recipes for cooking lobster over a campfire. Well, we had to forgo that pleasure, also, because lobsters were out of season. All of the lobster pots were bone dry, baking on the shore. This vacation was really not working out the way we had planned.

We crossed the border into Canada and things were looking up somewhat. The rain had let up, and we found a great campground just off the ocean. The water was really cold and the undertow was very strong. The beach was on the rocky side, but Rome loved it. Dave and I each had one of his hands and it was hard to get him to come ashore because he was having so much fun. We really slept well that night.

Dave arranged for us to take the regular ferry over to Newfoundland. This we really enjoyed. The so-called stateroom had four bunk beds, so Dave and I each slept with one of the little ones. The Atlantic was not calm, and we were only able to stay in our bunks by bracing our feet against the end of the bunk. Dave kept asking me if I was all right. I didn't have any problems, but Dave looked a little green, though he vowed he was fine.

We arrived in the harbor early the next morning. I looked out our porthole and saw how crystal clear the water was. Looking beyond it was a scene right out of my geography book. The landscape was rather bleak. The shrubs were stunted and leaned with the prevailing winds. We walked around a town that had building foundations built around the rocks. The kids had been informed by the ship's Captain—who was a native—that it was not named Newfoundland but New Found Land. When they later argued with their teacher about how to pronounce it, they came home grumbling that the teacher was incorrect. I told them not to worry about it. The important thing was that they knew.

We went back to our ship and sailed back to Canada. Since the return trip was in daylight, it was fun to rest in deck chairs and watch the dolphins play around our ship. Returning to the campground, we saved two little pine trees that were struggling in the middle of our camping spot. They were more than half out of the soil, so we just put them in a bucket of water and took them home with us. One of them was planted beside the garage on Park Place, and the other tree was planted next to the house. The one by the house became third base for the backyard baseball games, so it did not survive. The other one by the garage is now almost as tall as the house. We called them our Nova Scotia twins. The trip home was uneventful, but it took about six months before we could talk about the trip in a pleasant manner.

I do not know how Mom knew we were back home since we were several days early. Dave answered the phone because I had two children in the bathtub scrubbing off travel dirt.

I heard Dave say to Mom, "I don't think you want to talk to Harriet right now. Better to call her in the morning." She took his advice thank heavens.

I learned two valuable lessons on this trip: take a larger camp trailer, and do not go camping with small children in diapers.

The Children's Music

Dave and I decided that, as the kids came along, they should be exposed to music along with reading, writing, and arithmetic. As each started kindergarten, they started piano lessons. Mrs.

Pfeiffer, who was their piano teacher, made it fun. Many music teachers claimed kindergarten was way too young, but it worked very well for us. Julie was the first of course, and after two years, she started harmony lessons with Kathleen, the younger daughter of Mrs. Pfeiffer. By the time Marcia started lessons, it seemed as though we spent a great deal of time at the Pfeiffer household, but it was worth it.

When they each reached the fourth grade, it was time to choose an instrument to play in addition to the piano. Julie started with the cello and did very well with it. She participated in the orchestra as well as the chorus. When it was Tish's turn, she chose the violin because her best friend, Linda Langellier, played violin. However, this didn't last. The bassoon came into view, and that is what she wanted. Rome decided he liked the drums, but I decided any instrument but the drums. He still blames me for this, but decided the trumpet was okay. Marcia, in the meantime, had been going with Tish to Macomb who had studied bassoon with Robert Koper, and she decided she wanted the oboe.

In anticipation of the fourth grade and getting the kids acquainted with the instrumentation of the orchestra, I took them with me to the summer orchestra, which was held in the triangular driveway between junior high and grade school. The oldest three kids could read music, so I told them to circulate during rehearsal to read and hear what was going on. Marcia needed no help. Her mind was centered on the oboe, but she had to wait until her arms were long enough to be able to play the instrument.

The Pfeiffer Girls

Jean and Kathleen Pfeiffer (the kids' piano teacher's daughters) both played violin, and they wanted to play with me as a string trio. Two violins and cello comprised a string trio, but there was not a lot of literature written for that combination. There was more written for violin, viola, and cello, so Jean bought a viola. She had to really work to learn to think and read in alto clef, which is totally different than treble clef (violin) or

bass clef (cello). We performed the Mozart Divertimento for the Civic Music Association in Quincy, and it was well received.



Jean and Kathleen Pfeiffer

Jean and Kathleen had an interesting hobby. They decorated real eggs for Christmas ornaments. Chicken, goose, and turkey eggs were used, and they were the only decorations on their tree. My girls wanted to try making some decorated eggs for us. One Sunday afternoon, we were invited to go to the Pfeiffer home to learn how to make a decorated egg. We each managed to decorate one egg before we left. We had a good time.

Later I took up the hobby and ended up with a good supply of ribbons, beads, and all of the other supplies needed. My small Christmas tree now only has my own decorated eggs on it, and I still decorate an egg once in a while.

Scouts and Swimming

During all this time I was the scout leader for Julie, then Tish, and finally, Cub Scout leader for Rome. I was one of the first Girl Scout leaders to start the Cadette Program, which was for seventh and eighth graders. Julie and Tish lasted through the Cadette Program, but dropped out because of swimming activities.

We started swimming at the YMCA under Wayne Powers. When Tish was up for a chance to be backstroke champion in the YMCA competition, we all were very excited. Tish was competing in the 9/10-year-olds, and her preliminary seedtime put her in the sixth lane. This meant she would be next to the wall, not the best place to be. Dave and I were in the center of the front row. Tish led the whole group in and took first place. That was one meet we all remember well. Tish had followed in her Grandfather Rome's footsteps by becoming YMCA backstroke champion of Illinois.

In the winter the kids swam for the Y under coach Wayne Powers who had known my dad, and in the summer they worked with the local Country Club team and had fun. Tish and Marcia were the real swimmers with the discipline to do the workouts. They both qualified to attend the swim meet in Bartlesville, Oklahoma.

When the kids started to swim in competitions at club meets, their coach and lifeguard at the Country Club was Keith Smith. I was active in the PTA and sometimes attended out of town conferences as one of their representatives. One time I was attending a district conference, and while we were in line to get our lunch at the buffet, someone behind me called out "Hi, Harriet!" I turned around and there stood Keith in a business suit, looking very dignified all dressed up for a conference. I was taken by surprise.

"Hi, Keith. Sorry, I didn't recognize you with your clothes on."

Heads snapped around with sudden silence. When I realized what I had just said, my face got very hot, and I am sure it was as red as a beet. Trying to explain my remark just made things worse. I think that was one of my most embarrassing moments.



We were swimming with the Sheridan Club at this time and schedules were getting tight with some conflicts between music and swimming. Tish was in Champaign, Illinois, attending music camp when I arranged for her to go to Bloomington by bus to swim the regional championships. Dave and I drove over to Bloomington to pick her up at the bus station and take her to the meet. She won her backstroke championship, and we were counting the minutes for the medley relay to start. Our team won, but we literally hauled Tish out of the pool dripping wet, got in the car, and drove like crazy to Champaign for her to play the bassoon in the Concert Band concert. The schedule never became that tight again. Tish had to decide either to swim or play bassoon when a conflict occurred.

When the kids had 6:00 a.m. practice at Sheridan, I would take the cello with me, and while they were swimming, I would practice. You just have to make the minutes count. I was at the bakery full time.

Marcia learned to swim at the Country Club in Quincy. Jeff Gunther was teacher and coach. Marcia was afraid of the deep end of the pool, so one day Jeff put his foot down.

“Today you are going off the low diving board.”

After some delay and promises, he picked her up, told her to take a breath, and they went off the low board together with Marcia hanging on for dear life. After that diving was a piece of cake.

Marcia was always entered in the butterfly category, and when she was in the age groups of 9, 10, 11, and 12, she usually either won or came in second. One of the swim fathers thought she and Tish should forget the music and concentrate on swimming alone, with a goal of the Olympics. Marcia was coming along on the oboe and trying out the organ as well. They agreed that music would last a lifetime whereas swimming after college would be limited.

Julie was a good, strong swimmer and won her share of ribbons. Rome's motivation was going on swim meets and the social good times. Neither Julie nor Rome had that driving, competitive spirit to be first. Rome, after four children of his own, has become very active in the Illinois Swimming Commission and still enjoys the swimming, but from the

sidelines as an official. Rome is the computer whiz, and bless his heart, he takes care of all my money projects. I have always said that he is my favorite son, but then the girls chime in.

“Well, he’s the only one.”

The next question was always, “Which one of us is your favorite?”

My answer? “You all are!”



Tish became a member of the Sheridan Swim Club’s Girls’ Polo team and was the goalie. Terry, the coach, and I drove two rented vehicles to Ashville, NC, for a high school junior Olympic championship meet.

Terry wanted me to cook for the girls what he wanted them to eat: tuna noodle casserole was for the first meal, and mac and cheese was second. I prepared those dishes at home and froze them to be defrosted in my electric fry pan. Everything went according to plan. Then there was a tie, so we had to play it off. I fixed more mac and cheese from scratch in the fry pan, and it worked except the glass top on the dresser broke from the heat of the fry pan. We replaced the dresser top and came in second at the meet.

Following the meet, we were invited to the home of one of the host teams’ parents. We planned on leaving from the party and heading for Nashville for the night. However, when we were ready to leave and looked outside, the mountain was covered in fog. The girls all had sleeping bags, so our host graciously let us spread out on the floor, which we did. In the morning, after a sumptuous breakfast, we were able to head for home.

Marcia and I went to another meet out of town, and at the last minute, we went with another parent in that parent’s car. I put together some frozen dinners plus swimming gear and headed out. When we arrived at the motel, I realized I had brought the food but nothing to eat it with. The room had a microwave but not eating utensils. We had meatloaf, mashed potatoes, and corn. I took two keys off my chain, washed them well, and handed one to Marcia. She looked at the key then at me and flatly refused to use such a thing. I told her to suit herself, but that was all I had

unless she wanted to use her fingers. She was not a happy camper.

Another time, Marcia claims we left the Natatorium in Cincinnati, Ohio, after a meet with the Y and left her behind. She tells me she didn't have to wait long before we came back for her, but I really can't imagine me doing that.

The Diesel Fiasco

Dave bought an almost new Mercedes diesel sedan from a friend who sold it because his wife hated the diesel. The first time I took it on a swim meet, at the beginning everything went well. I was in the convoy that left Quincy for Rock Island, and we were careful to check for truck stops on the way because diesel fuel could only be found at truck stops. Since we didn't see any, I knew I would have to get fuel after the meet before leaving Rock Island.

The swim meet was a win for our team, and everyone else headed for home. However, we started looking for the much needed fuel. With luck, we found a gas station that had the diesel pump towards the back of the station, so I pulled up to that pump and spoke to the attendant.

"You have Diesel Two," I said.

When he finished I asked him if he would also check the oil.

While the hood was up I said, "Did you ever see a prettier diesel engine?"

He looked at me with horror and said, "Lady, I just filled your tank with gas!"

Then I saw there were two pumps, one diesel and one gas. He thought when I said Diesel Two that I meant too, that they had diesel, too. All I could think of was how I was going to turn my car upside-down to get rid of the gas. Dave's training of me on diesels covered everything but this.

By this time it was dark. We were alone and hungry with a car I could not drive. I called Dave collect and told him what had happened. He was in the process of telling me how to drain and then bleed the system when I stopped him.

“No! You come in the truck and take care of your diesel car. We will be in Davenport at Marian and Dan McLeod’s home. You can meet us there.”

Marian was a good friend at college, and she was happy to have all of us in a time of need. We even had a good time reminiscing about our college days. The next morning Dave took care of the car, and we returned home safe and sound.

Meeting the Collinses

Another Rock Island swim meet introduced us to Maggi Collins. Our children were entered in the same age groups, so during the meet we became good friends. When the meet was over and we had returned home, I was telling Dave about our new friends and how much fun we had had with them.

The Collinses were coming to Quincy to swim the Sheridan meet in a month, and we were looking forward to seeing them again and introducing Dave to them. I was telling Dave that before she was married she had been an air traffic controller with the CAA in St. Louis, Missouri. They could compare notes on their service with the CAA since they had both worked in the same tower.

When the Collinses arrived at Sheridan and Maggi met Dave, they both started to laugh. It turned out that they had worked the St. Louis Tower at the same time. They already knew each other. We became really good friends, and when we moved to Scottsdale, AZ, the Collinses came to Quincy and helped us with our auction.

Harriet’s Music

During this time that the kids were learning their instruments and going to swim meets, I was a stay-at-home mom. I also taught cello, played in the Quincy Symphony, and took an active part in the development of the orchestra. Piano trios and quartets were a big part of the music picture, and my cello never got cold in the closet. As a matter of fact, Dave would often tease me.

“Haven’t you sawed through that thing yet?” He really had a sense of humor.

Two concerts come to mind that were unforgettable, or rather, the soloists were. The first was Victor Borge, and he was up to his usual antics. At one point in the concert, he decided to pick on me. I was wearing a pearl necklace, and he decided the pearls looked like my husband’s teeth. I was playing principal cello so was right under his right elbow. He kept returning to the necklace, to the amusement of everyone. He was not a well man, and it was sad to see him backstage, obviously putting forth a great effort to keep up the façade of the jokester on stage.

Different artists have different personalities backstage. Some are very friendly and will share a smile or comment to those of us in the orchestra, and others are very cold and never acknowledge any presence but themselves. For example, PDQ Bach came to perform with the Quincy Symphony, and his humor was mainly in his music. He was only interested in playing to the audience and the orchestra was simply his backdrop.

David’s Performance

George Irwin scheduled Rimsky-Korsakov’s “Capriccio Espagnol” on a symphony concert, and we needed a triangle player. The percussion players double up on their instruments depending on what is required, but this piece needed one more person. It was decided that my husband could fill that spot. So Don, Viv, and I sat down and took on the task of teaching Dave about music. He had no idea what an eighth rest was or what a quarter rest was, or how to count 22 measures of rest then play three groups of triplets. It was just so much Greek to him. Well, many hours later we determined Dave was ready for the performance.

In this piece there is a long triangle tremolo, to be cut off by the conductor, then the harp comes in for a solo passage. We had four concerts with this piece, and finally, on the last one, Dave cut off when he was supposed to. Every other concert, Sarama Schnack, our harpist, had a triangle accompaniment with her

solo. It didn't ruin the concerts; it was fun, and it just shows that sometimes things happen.

Our Trip to England

In 1969 Dave decided we should take a trip to England where he had been in the Air Force for three years. He had been stationed at an Air Force base close to Land's End and had worked as an air traffic controller at the airfield. He wanted to go back and see where he had spent three years of his life.

We had slaved at the bakery for ten years and the business was doing well, so he started making plans. However, when I told my mother what we planned on doing, she in no uncertain terms let me know that she would not take care of the children. I hadn't even asked her, but she did not give me the chance. When I told Dave what she said, he told me not to worry, that he had several ideas.

It so happened that our neighbors to the west had five children, and Mr. Kistner was a teacher at the high school. He was refinishing the oak floors in their home, so Dave asked him if he would consider moving his family to our house while we were gone; it would keep dust to a minimum while he was varnishing his floors. He thought that was a great idea, and since Mrs. Kistner was a stay-at-home mom, she was willing to take care of everybody. When I told my mother of our plans, she was not very happy.

We flew from New York to London and rented a car. Since we were on our own, we found a place to stay, had a good night's rest, and were ready to take off the next morning for the airfield that Dave had come to see.

Several of our friends had gone back to Europe to retrace their steps during WWII but came away disappointed because it was not the same. Areas in Italy, France, and Germany had been completely rebuilt, and it was impossible to find what they had remembered. However, when we drove our car to the airfield, it was still there just as Dave remembered, plus they were still flying old Lancaster planes off the field. The Quonset barracks

were gone, but the cement platforms were still lined up, and the urinals were all in a row at the edge of the field.

The family that had a small farm not far from the field was still there and looked exactly like the pictures Dave had taken. When Dave asked about the family, they told him the young boy had moved away, but the girl was living in a trailer that was parked alongside the old PX building that was now a laundry. Dave used to trade canned spam for fresh eggs and milk from the farmer. We drove around to the little settlement, and the girl in question was walking to the trailer with groceries. She turned towards Dave as he walked to her.

“Why David, we thought you had been killed in a plane crash!”

Thirty years is long enough to make changes. Dave’s forehead was a little higher, he was wearing black, horn-rimmed glasses, and he was not in uniform, but there was no hesitation; she knew him. Needless to say, I was impressed and glad that this trip was starting out to be a success.

We left the area and headed for Plymouth, where our Pilgrims left for the New World. Then we went back to London to check out Westminster Abbey.

We were waiting outside the entrance for a large tour group to go ahead of us when a very impressive, uniformed gentleman came and asked if he could help us. After explaining who we were, he said he would be very pleased to personally take us through the Abbey. We saw things regular tourists did not get to see. It turned out this man was the Queen’s own constable and always led the important processions that involved the Royal Family. His name was Walker, and as he winked at us said, “They call me Johnny.” He made us feel very special.

The Tower of London was large, cold, and forbidding, but what impressed both of us was the small size of the armor. Men back then must have really been small. We went across the London Bridge and on to Windsor Castle with its beautiful gardens. We took a ferry from England to Germany where we embarked on an excursion boat to Cologne.

Dave wanted to see the bridge at Remagen in Germany, so we took a train into Volendam, which was a remote Dutch village where they made wonderful cheese. It was explained to us how

the Dutch reclaimed land from the sea by making polders, which were formed by blocking out the sea and filling the space with land. The polders are where the cows grazed in the summer, but in winter they lived in stables attached to the houses.

We became acquainted with a couple from Seattle, the Deschaines. He was French and spoke no English, and she was English and translated for him. They also wanted to catch the ferry at Koln on the Rhine River that would pass the Remagen Bridge on the way to Switzerland. So we decided to travel together.

On the way to Koln, we stayed the first night in a small walled-in village and had dinner at the local pub. At the next table sat six men having their pint of beer. The menu was in German, and the men saw we were having a problem, so the local schoolteacher and banker came over to join us. We had purposely taken back roads so we could see more of the land and meet the people. We had a wonderful evening that turned into a real party. All of the farmers in this village had their own vineyards and made and bottled their own wine. The next day we stopped by a bubbling brook next to a pasture with cows and had our lunch of bread, cheese, and local wine. What a picturesque memory.

That night we had a problem finding a place to stay because of the Oktoberfest. It was the last day of the festival, but we had a problem. We stopped at a pub, and Dave went in to ask for help. The owner got on the phone and found us two homes that would take us in. The home where we stayed had a wedding, so we were all included in yet another party.

We reached Koln and boarded the ferry. We cruised on the Rhine all the way to Zurich, Switzerland. We parted company with the Deschaines there because I bought a fiberglass cello case that was made there in Switzerland, and it filled the back seat of the car.

We boarded the train and sat down with some German students who took us to the observation car. So, what else could we do? We had another party. The train ran along the Rhine, which let us enjoy the Rhine all over again as we went back to Amsterdam.

Our hotel was on the square, putting us in walking distance of all points of interest. The Rijksmuseum (Museum of the

Netherlands) in Amsterdam was fantastic. Rembrandt was being celebrated, so Dave had a hard time getting me to leave.

That evening we were in hopes of hearing the symphony, but it was sold out. However, around the corner from the theater, a quartet concert was scheduled to play in a small hall, so we bought tickets. Our seats were on the stage with the quartet. I read the 2nd violin part over the violinist's shoulder.

At intermission, the young girl sitting next to Dave was helping us with the program notes. She was studying with the violist and traveled with the quartet, taking care of their music and stands. After she finished her post-concert duties, we went out together and had coffee. She told us about her trip to Russia with the quartet. She had relatives in that country, and because she had not caused any trouble or disturbance, the government allowed her additional time on her visa so she could go see her relatives even though she was not a citizen. She told us it took a while before these relatives would even talk to her; they treated her with distrust. When they finally did talk to her, they explained their fear that she was an informer. Russia kept a tight rein on her citizens. It made us a little more appreciative of America.

The trip was super, but it was time to go home and get back to work.



When Dave and I returned home from England, the kids wanted to hear about the trip. I told them that the next time we went we would all go. Later, Marcia was asking about how we would get there, and I told her that when the moon was full, Dad and I would take the Oriental rug out in the backyard, we would wave it between us, and I would say some magical words over it. Marcia was looking at me with her blue eyes getting bigger by the minute. I became carried away with our shared fantasy and told her that when the rug flew, that was how we were all going to England. Her eyes were as big as saucers.

“Has it worked yet?”

Then she realized that it was a fantasy, but I was thinking to myself that if you just believe hard enough, who knows?

Daughter Tish's Story

1971 Trip to Whitewater Wisconsin to Visit the Hunters
(As written at the time by Letitia Harriet Yount, age 15)

We started out from Whitewater at 11:30 a.m. The roads aren't very clear. Sometimes you can't even see the road. It's so snowy out you can't even see out the window. It's like very thick fog. Our window keeps steaming up inside and outside. The snow and ice freezes on the windshield. It's getting pretty bad, but we can't stop for fear we'll get stuck in the snow. Here comes a bridge; we'll stop under it. The snow hasn't covered the road yet.

We're all getting hungry. There goes a Howard Johnsons. Dad missed the turn-off. Here comes another turn-off at a stop sign. Dad said he wasn't going to stop unless he could fuel up there, too. Luckily there was a Phillips 66 at this stop. We turn down the hill into the station but no diesel. Oh well! We turn around to get back out. It's very slick. WE FINALLY MAKE IT UP TO THE STOP SIGN WHEN IT TURNS RED. Drat! The sign changes back to green, but we're stuck. We start sliding backwards. Oh no! The sign changed again. We're still trying to get up to the stop sign. Finally we make it. The sign just changed back to green. Yes! Driving for a while longer we see a filling station with a diesel sign. We pull in to get candy bars and fill up. We start to leave and get stuck, unstuck, stuck. We all pile out to push. One...two...three. There went Mom, right down in the snow! What a sight! Here come the filling station workers to help shovel us out. Heave ho! We made it! Yea! We're all soaking wet. We couldn't have done better if we had jumped in a pool with our clothes on. No towels handy, so we used pillow cases to dry off with.

We're back on our way now. Progress is very slow. Haven't gone over 50 yet and won't for sure. Talk about a blizzard! Now we're in a long line of cars going about 15 to 20 miles an hour. Time, 2:30 p.m.; not quite $\frac{1}{4}$ of the way home. It looks like we're not going to make it in one night. Mom had an idea of maybe stopping at the Collins's for the night in Rock Island.

Can't see more than 100 yards ahead of us. Time, 2:52. Since 2:30 we have gone about 10 miles. Wow!!

We've been following the same car for I don't know how long. Dad's thinking of changing the pace and passing it. A challenge! We are now going 0 mph. Someone ahead got stuck. We think. I SURE HOPE we don't, too. We're pretty much dried out now. Time, 3:00, going nowhere. Whenever you open the windows on the driver's side, snow keeps blowing straight in. It's like it was "falling" sideways. HELP! I think we're going crazy. Rome is sitting up front repeating, "pass 'em, pass 'em!" Schatzi keeps circling Dad's head and knocking off his hat, and we're all laughing hysterically.

Every minute seems like forever. Time, 3:05, progress 0. Some kid just ran by. We stopped him and asked what the trouble was. He said a wreck. Oh, no! We're really getting uncomfortable. Time, 3:15, progress 0.

We've been listening to a football game between Baltimore and Oakland. Marcia and Julie are playing cards. Dad put his seat back and is falling asleep. More and more people are walking outside. They are trying to find out what's going on. The snow looks so funny. It's going practically horizontal. Dad just suggested we turn around and go back. But we're not. He now thinks we'll be moving in 5 or 10 minutes. Time, 3:27. Another guy came by and we asked him what was up. He said he didn't make it to the front of the line. It was really far. Oh great! I wonder how far is "really."

Traffic on the other side of the road comes a little bit more readily all the time. Marcia, Rome, and Julie are playing cards now. Hurray. . .we're moving! . . .slowly. . .stopped again. We're turning around. Everybody's turning around. Now we're all stuck on the other side of the road. What a mess! You wouldn't believe it! Oh, heavens! We're out in the middle of nowhere, and you can't go anywhere. Both sides are blocked. We're turning around to where we started. Now we're on the left side of the road facing the wrong way. On the other side of the road they're facing the wrong way, too. WHAT A MESS! This is really hilarious. We're waiting for a plow to come through. Time, 3:50, progress about 100 feet in the wrong direction. We are back on the right side of the road and are heading in the right direction. Progress 5 feet.

Here comes the plow! Amen! Time, 4:10. We still haven't moved, but the plow is up there. Here we go! Yea! One-way traffic. On each side of the car the snow comes up to the windows. It looks like the bottom half of a snow tunnel.

We've been stopped again for quite a while now. Time, 4:30. We got stuck again. We all pile out and get unstuck. UGH! We're all wet again. We straighten up the back seat so it is more comfortable. Time, 5:00. We just moved about 3 feet. Progress! The snow has stopped pretty much now, but the wind is still blowing like crazy. It just started to sleet! Just what we needed! Dad was out helping dig out peoples' cars ahead and to find out what's going on. He got back and told us what's going on. The plow is going to lead us to Mendota.

There are two farmhouses, one in front of us and one in back of us. They're giving us help, and if we get stuck here for the night, they are going to take some people in. Some people have snowmobiles and are driving back and forth helping people. Time, 5:30. Progress, none as usual.

Time 5:40. It's pitch black outside and all you can see are the lights of cars and the snowmobiles outside. A guy came by and said everyone was going to the farmhouse behind us. At first Mom and Dad said no, but then Julie, Marcia, Rome, and I headed up there with the food and the guitar. They had some warm food and drink, and we all got pretty well warmed up. After a while, Julie took my guitar away from me, and Rome and I headed back to the car. Man, you would not believe the drifts. You're walking along and then suddenly you sink into your waist. Finally made it back to the car wet and cold. Dad had been out shoveling snow. He had taken off his glasses and put them in his pocket. He started to push a car then crunch, smash, they broke. Such brains! Time 7:00, still in the same place. They said we'd be here for about another 3 or 4 hours. Oh great! I wish we had stayed back with the Hunters.

There is some sort of truck or something behind us. It might be a plow. We found out it's a bus full of a bunch of college kids.

Time, 8:30. The plow and wreckers are ahead of us about 7 or 8 cars, so it looks as though we are going to get out pretty soon. It's started to rain now. At least the wind won't blow any more snow onto the roads.

The time is 9:00. We haven't moved yet, but the plow and the wreckers are getting close. 9:18 p.m. We're moving. . . finally!! You wouldn't believe the road or path the plows cut for us. They're really crooked. Getting around all the dead snow covered cars.

Time, 9:45. We're in Mendota now and have stopped to get something to eat. Oh, how good it feels to have warm, wonderful food in our cold, empty stomachs. Dad called the Collinses in Rock Island, and they know we're on our way.

10:15 and we've started for R.I. It's started to rain, but the roads are clear and not slick.

The roads are starting to get a little bit slushier, but they're still not too slick. Time, 12:30, and we are trying to find 38th St. where the Collinses live. We found it! We turned and there was an island in the middle. As usual, Dad's driving on the wrong side of the road again. Dad's trying to get a running start to make it up the Collinses driveway. Oops, missed the driveway and got stuck on the neighbor's hill in their front lawn. Oh, no, we all pile out of the car and plan to dig the car out in the morning. We all get out and go into the house. The Collinses are asleep, and a chorus of snores is drifting down the stairway. We decide to let them sleep and bed down ourselves. Dad comes in and says he got the car unstuck, and as he backed out, a snowplow was clearing the curb. So he pulled in right behind the plow next to the curb and parked. Very neat. We got all the sleeping bags and pillows from the car and then got to sleep.

Time 8:00 a.m. Everyone's making noise in the kitchen. Most everyone is up. They're making breakfast: eggs, bacon, sausage, biscuits, and hot chocolate. Yum, yum! Oh, that was good!

They closed the schools today in R.I. (1st day after Christmas vacation). We started the fireplace and sat around talking of our adventures. . . if you want to call it that.

Time, 10:00 a.m. We're on our way again. Hurray!

On the way down the driveway, Rome slips and falls down on the ice. We all break out laughing. Oh, no, here we go again. Time 10:10, the roads are clear and not very slick. The snow is stacked up high on both sides of the road. Outside it looks really snowed in. Time, 10:30. Mom wants to stop at a little country store that specializes in Scandinavian imports. Oh, no, here she

goes again. She spends hours looking at antiques and special foreign gifts. (I shouldn't knock her, though, 'cause I do it, too.) Just came into Viola and spotted the shop called Country Fair. Inside we had hot chocolate coffee and candy. Time 11:05, on our way again, trying to get settled in the back seat and my feather pillow opened up. It looks like it is snowing inside the car. Just have to sit tight and not move it so the feathers won't come out anymore.

Time, 11:30, coming into Monmouth. An ambulance just went by. There's a wreck up ahead, but the police are directing traffic. Really beginning to snow hard inside. Every time someone moves the feathers start flying. We are trying to find out where we are. The wind is blowing, and we can't see more than 10 to 15 feet ahead. Finally back on the road, which is not ice.

Time 2:07. Just passed a sign that said 34 miles to Quincy. Time 2:40, 5 miles to Quincy, and I just won the alphabet game. We made it! Finally!!!

End of Tish's Story

Pierced Ears

Julie was about to graduate from high school when she wanted to pierce her ears for earrings. Dave put his foot down.

"No! It is a pagan practice!" Julie was determined and so went ahead and did it.

Time went by. Then Dave heard me say, "It would be nice to have pierced ears and a pair of pearl earrings so I would never have to think about earrings again." My birthday was coming up, and I think I was 42. No more was said about earrings.

The morning of my birthday, Dave told me that he wanted to take me to get my birthday present. He said he would be home early, and we would all go together, including mom.

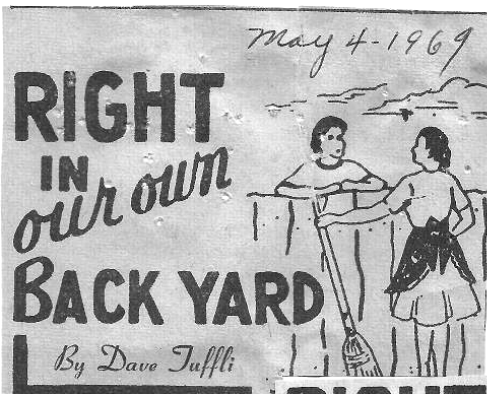
A block and a half from the house, we pulled into the Quincy Clinic parking lot. My face fell; I was thinking that I didn't need new glasses or a medical exam. They took me into Dr. Kent Barber's office, so I checked in telling them I had no idea why I was there. The nurse smiled and said the doctor would be with

me in a minute. I walked over to where my family was seated, and the light came on.

“I’m going to get my ears pierced!” I announced. Everybody in the waiting room laughed. Dave had the pearls and also gold balls.

Dr. Barbar looked at Mom and said, “I like to pierce ears. We’ll do two for the price of one.”

That evening at rehearsal everybody came up and wanted to see my ears. Our paper, the Quincy Herald, even had an article about my birthday present.



They're pierced ear family

Daughter wanted to have her ears pierced.

Pop said, "O. K." And it was done.

Mother wanted to have her ears pierced. She decided that piercing would permit her to wear neat little pearl earrings of a style she had always wanted.

Pop demurred.

But Mother kept on talking about them and Pop decided that "if they meant that much to her," pearl earrings and pierced ears would jointly make a good birthday present.

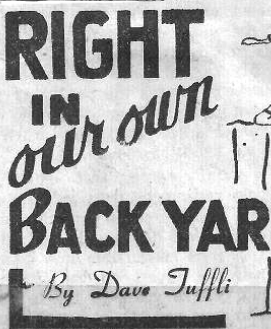
He made an appointment for her at a clinic and had a nurse call to tell her she was to come in for a check-up on her birthday.

Without any inkling of what was going to happen, Mother went to the clinic.

A doctor pierced her ears, put on the earrings and said, "Happy birthday from your husband."

And now everybody's happy...

Even Grandma. One of our sleuths tells us she accompanied Mother to the clinic and had her ears pierced too.



Spent night in doctor's office

To one Quincy clan a snowstorm is always a reminder of the time when three generations of their family spent a night in a doctor's office.

There was no threat of snow in the morning when a prominent Quincy woman, her daughter and her two grandchildren drove to Kirksville, Mo., to see Dr. George Laughlin.

By afternoon a blizzard had set in. Cars that didn't go into ditches were stalled on the standstill. All available motels were filled.

Highways and traffic came to a

There was only one thing to do. The Quincys bedded down where they were. Grandma and her daughter slept on treatment tables. The youngsters were snug and warm on pallets of blankets placed on the floor. Believe it or not, says Grandma, treatment tables can be adjusted for sleeping as well as treating.

Younts top family swim

The Yount family triumphed in the annual Sheridan Swim Club Family Swim Meet held Labor Day by swimming away with five of the day's sixteen events. But the Mateer family was right on their heels, taking first place honors in four events. The two families combined won over fifty per cent of the races.

The results:

Mother-father relay — Yount, 1st; Ruch, 2nd. Schmitt, 3rd.

Sisters relay — Yount, 1st; Laws, 2nd; Ayers, 3rd.

Brothers relay — Mateer, 1st.

Mother-daughter relay (daughter under 12) — Yount, 1st; Stephenson, 2nd; Eaton, 3rd.

Father-son relay (son under 12) — Yount, 1st; Laws, 2nd. Musolino, 3rd.

Mother-daughter relay (daughter over 12) — Ayers, 1st; Schild, 2nd.

Father-son relay (son over 12) — Eaton, 1st.

Sisters relay (combined ages under 21) — Musolino, 1st; Bloom, 2nd; Hufendick, 3rd.

Brothers relay (combined ages under 21) — Bloom, 1st; Musolino, 2nd. Nachenburgh, 3rd.

Mother-son relay (son under 12) — Mateer, 1st; Schmitt, 2nd; Schild, 3rd.

Father-daughter relay (daughter under 12) — Laws, 1st; Sanders, 2nd; Schmitt, 3rd.

Mother-son relay (son over 12) — Mateer, 1st; Schild, 2nd; Eaton, 3rd.

Father-daughter relay (daughter over 12) — Laws, 1st.

Brothers and sisters relay (combined ages over 21) — Yount, 1st; Schild, 2nd; Musolino, 3rd.

Brothers and sisters relay (combined ages under 21) — Bloom, 1st; Sander, 2nd; De Vauli, 3rd.

Family relay (four members of one family) — Mateer, 1st; Laws, 2nd; Musolino, 3rd.

Julie Graduates

Julie graduated from high school in June of 1969, and at the last minute decided to go to Cottey, our P.E.O. Junior College for Women in Nevada, Missouri. She didn't do well, so was soon back home helping out at the bakery. We told her that, if she went back to school for one year and made at least a C grade average, we would resume paying for her education. The idea did not appeal to Julie, so she joined the army. She called before a year was up to tell us she was getting married.

Gerald Jennings was suddenly on the phone telling us he just wants to make Julie happy. All of our arguments against this marriage fell on deaf ears, so they got married at camp. They came home for Christmas then went on to Gerry's home in Virginia to spend New Year's. Gerry was to be shipped out to Okinawa, and Julie was going back to camp.

We liked Gerry, but he kept talking about wanting a family. As nature would have it, Julie became pregnant and was honorably discharged from the army. Her plan was to join Gerry in Okinawa. But when she did, she found Gerry had changed his mind and did not want her. She knew that Dave and I were not very happy with her, so she went to Gerry's folks in Virginia.

After some time had gone by, we were invited to go meet Gerry's folks. We arrived towing our tent trailer, prepared to take care of our own and, perhaps, take time to see some local attractions. However, to our great surprise, Julie met us at the curb; she informed us she was going home with us. There was no explanation, nor did we even catch sight of Gerry's parents, but there went our Williamsburg vacation, right down the drain.

Though we were a girl scout/cub scout family, we were not prepared for this turn of events. We were driving a Mercedes sedan with bucket seats in front (five people and one small dog in five seats), which was fine going to Virginia, but add one very pregnant Julie (eight months), and it made for a terribly uncomfortable ride. Fortunately, at least the tent trailer we were hauling would sleep six. Somehow we got home, and soon we had a wonderful baby boy named for his grandfather, David. Marcia was 11, Rome was 12, and Tish was in high school.

Arizona

When our friends the Kings came to visit their parents in Quincy, they came to the bakery to say hi and suggested we go to visit them in Scottsdale and see what Arizona had to offer. It sounded like heaven to me. A couple of weeks later, Dave and I drove non-stop to Scottsdale, and the Kings did show us Arizona. Returning home my mind was made up. I told Dave that I was moving and that he was welcome to come along.

PART 3

Westward Ho



*Four Generations
(clockwise from top)*

Rachel, Harriet, Julie, Rome, David, Marcia, and Tish

The Move

It was 1973. We made the move to Scottsdale, Arizona, and little David—nicknamed Boogie Bear—and Julie went with us. The kids were excited about the whole idea of moving, but not my mother. It was not a happy time for everybody, but we loaded the rental truck, which Dave drove and took Rome with him. Tish drove the Mercedes towing the tent trailer and took Boogie Bear and Liebschen, our dachshund, and her three nursing puppies. Julie and I brought up the rear in the Oldsmobile with all the extras. We were on the road three days with two nights in campgrounds. Talk about gypsies!

Every night Tish would look back east and cry, “Patrick,” (the boy she was dating), “I didn’t know it was so far!”

We bought a house on Osborn Street in Scottsdale, which was a block from the Indian Reservation. I told the kids that if they misbehaved, I would toss them over the fence and leave them. I think they believed me for a while.

It was my decision to close the doors of the bakery when our foreman called and said he was sorry, but he could not manage the bakery. I did not want to sell my name. The Boekenhoff Bakery had almost a 100-year history of a wonderful German Danish bakery, and I was not going to tarnish that legacy. I miss the wonderful baked goods we made but certainly not the long hours and hard work.

Life settled down. Dave had been hired by Basha Supermarket to do cake decorating. Big plans were afoot to build a large complex with the Basha name where you could buy all of your pastries as well as party supplies. About six months after our arrival, those plans fell through, and Dave was laid off. Those two words had never been uttered in my lifetime.

To top it off, we had just moved in, and my mother was coming for a visit. Dave immediately had a job with Smitty’s in the pastry department, but it would be a week before he started, which was after Mother was supposed to arrive. I told Dave he would have to put on his bakery whites and go somewhere as if working and not come home until the end of the day. As it turned out, Mom arrived, Dave took off and went to Smitty’s for coffee and a roll. The boss came out and asked him why he was there,

and Dave told him he had Mother-in-law problems. The boss laughed and said to go ahead and start decorating. So it all worked out without lying, but the ulcer juice was getting to me. Mom went back to Quincy, and I stopped having headaches.

Dave did not stay with Smitty's very long and started maintenance work at Arizona Beef, which was a slaughterhouse. Ray Huls was the kill floor manager. They were having mechanical problems, so Dave invited Ray to come for supper so they could discuss the problem and solve it. That evening, Ray met Julie.

Boogie Bear's Glasses

Julie was working at a small, private airport managing the office. One of the pilots was a pediatric ophthalmologist, and Julie told him that her son, David, had an eye that wanted to turn in. She made an appointment, and little David ended up with thick glasses to correct the situation.

While Julie worked, I took care of David. The day he came home from the doctor with his new glasses I soon became aware that everything was very quiet. I looked in the family room, and there was David, not making a sound; even the TV was silent. He was sitting in the middle of the floor just looking around the room, seeing things clearly for the first time. I felt so sorry that I had not realized his eyes were that bad.

From then on, the glasses went on before he got out of bed and were the last things off before he went to sleep. Finally, in college, he could be fitted with contact lenses, and his condition improved when he had reached his growth.

Having Tea

Not long after moving to Scottsdale, AZ, I was sewing in the family room when my girls asked if I would like a cup of tea.

"Of course," I said and thanked them for asking. There was some giggling in the kitchen and pretty soon in comes my cup of tea. About five minutes later they asked me if my tea was okay.

“It’s fine,” I answered, “but I will let it cool a little.” There was more giggling. Another five minutes passed and again they asked if the tea was to my liking.

“Okay, it’s fine,” I said and thanked them again for fixing it. They came in and stood by me laughing.

“Are you sure it’s okay?” they queried.

“It’s fine,” I said, “ and just what is so funny?” Laughing, again they asked if I was sure it was okay.

“All right, just what did you do to the tea?” I asked.

“We know you like it weak, so we just put some food coloring in some heated water.” We all laughed.

Music in Scottsdale



Sy Landau, Harriet, and Sarah Landau

I found a quartet to play with through the Amateur Chamber Orchestra roster. Sy Landau was first violin in this quartet, and Sy introduced me to many musicians in the Sun City area. From then on I was absorbed into the music community non-stop. I was immediately invited to play with the Scottsdale Symphony, the Mesa Symphony, the Scottsdale Community College orchestra, and the Sun City Symphony, as well as two quartets and a piano

trio, each of which met once a week. Sy and his wife, Sarah, became very good friends, and we played many Jewish events together. They always teased me saying that I played Jewish music better than they did.

We had a quartet party one evening at violist Alice Moss's house, and she fixed margaritas. I had never had one, and it was good, but when it hit my stomach, I headed for the bathroom. About fifteen minutes later Dave knocked on the door and asked if I was okay. I told him no, that I needed to go home. My whole family was there plus the spouses of the quartet. Needless to say, it broke up a fun evening. I was so embarrassed. I remembered too late what a mixed drink would do to my metabolism. I never forgot again.



The quartet from Sun City was really great. Mary Louise Hafford got in touch with me and asked me to play. She was a retired teacher from the Juilliard School of Music in New York City. I learned so much from her. She literally swept you along in the music, and you could do no wrong. Incidentally, heaven help you if you did; her patience was very short.

Ruth Miller was the violist in Mary Louis Hafford's quartet, and we were invited to go to her summer home in Ouray, Colorado. Mary Louise and her husband, Clint, picked up Marcia and me early Thursday morning, and we drove to Ouray, arriving in the late afternoon. Marcia and I stayed with Ruth, and in the morning, we watched the sun's shadow come down the mountain outside our window.

Our quartet sat down Friday morning, and we played the whole weekend, only stopping to eat. While we were playing, Clint took Marcia in a rented Jeep up the mountain road to where Coors beer gets its spring water. Marcia was in the eighth grade and Clint was 90 years old, and yet they had a ball exploring the area together. Their travels included driving on the Million Dollar Highway, a 25-mile steeply mountainous stretch of two-lane road between Ouray and Silverton. Monday we drove back home. We'd had a wonderful weekend.



Max Mendel was the concertmaster of the Sun City Symphony, and he had a professional quartet that played gigs as well as school concerts. The cellist and the violist were married, but the marriage had problems and so they divorced. Max invited me to be the new cellist. Of course I said yes, so this opened up a whole new side of music called gigging.

Max called one day to see if I could play for Glen Campbell the weekend coming up. He explained it would be with a small pick-up group. I hesitated for a moment and got up enough nerve to ask what kind of music we would be playing. I heard a chuckle on the other end of the line.

“You don’t know who Glen Campbell is?”

“No, I don’t,” I admitted.

“That’s all right. You won’t have any trouble.”

When Marcia got home from school I asked her who Glen Campbell was, and she told me.

“I have been asked to play in the pit for him.”

She screamed and started jumping up and down, begging to go hear him. My family was really impressed that I was going to play for Glen Campbell. The theater we played in was in the round: the audience was stationary, but the stage and the pit slowly revolved. Yes, Marcia did get to go.

Meanwhile, Henry Mancini came to Phoenix to play with the Sun City Symphony as soloist. Since I was playing principal cello and was sitting at the tail of the piano, we were looking at each other throughout the concert. He made us—as well as the audience—feel like he was a part of the orchestra. His music was not a job; he enjoyed every minute of it.

In the course of time, Max kept me busy, and so I played for Gladys Knight and the Pips, again in the revolving theater. This time, four 4 x 8’ thick plastic baffles had been brought in to separate the strings from the brass and drums. As soon as we started to rehearse I was reminded why I do not want this loud music in the house. Even with the baffles, the decibels were tremendous. I must say that I have never seen performers work as hard as this group. They changed costumes four times and each time the Pips were soaked through—shirt, vest and jacket. Shall we say, another experience?

John Denver came to perform in the huge coliseum. This concert was really memorable. He traveled with his own quartet, but the rest of the orchestra was made up of ringers from the city. The stage was raised and the orchestra was on risers behind Denver. Behind us were four large movie screens. During his performance, depending on what the piece was, the screens were filled with scenes of the countryside that Denver himself had filmed. It was hard to keep your eyes on the music. Oh yes, I knew who John Denver was. He had a very warm personality and a great rapport with the audience. I must add here that the two violinists that were with his quartet later played with me in Guadalajara in the *Sinfónica del Noroeste* chamber orchestra I played in there. The music world is very small.



While living in Scottsdale I became acquainted with some of the Phoenix Symphony members. Takiyori Atsumi was the principal cellist and called me to see if I could play a season with the Tucson Symphony. He had heard me play with the cello society of Phoenix, which was an all-cello orchestra—a group in which cellos played all of the parts of a symphony. This was a commute of 100 miles one way, with a stay in Tucson of four nights covering three rehearsals and two concerts. Well of course I said yes.

There were six programs in all. I drove with another girl, also a cellist, and we rented a small efficiency room in a motel. Millar was the conductor, and one of the soloists that performed with us was Ravi Shankar, who played the sitar. A platform was placed on the stage and was covered with an oriental rug. In the center of the rug a large, satin cushion was placed along with a large incense burner. While he performed, even at rehearsal, this incense was lighted and so the resulting fog came wafting out over the audience as well as the orchestra. Carla and I were sitting second stand so received the full benefit of the aroma.

Later when I was in Egypt, a sitarist entertained our group during lunch. I asked the man afterwards if he knew Ravi Shankar, and you would have thought I was royalty. He also sat on a cushion on an oriental rug with the incense burning.

The Tucson Symphony played the *1812 Overture* by Tchaikovsky that year, and one of the horn players worked for Hughes Aircraft so had a copper canon built for the occasion. The canon was placed adjacent to the bass section, which, of course, was right behind the cellos. Believe me, when that cannon went off we all jumped, in spite of the fact that we knew exactly when it would roar.

The Tucson was a full symphony, so I had the opportunity to play some of the big works. Needless to say, I was in seventh heaven.

The Second Mexico Trip

In 1975 I had just sent Rome and Marcia off to school when the phone rang, and a very good friend, Viola, a horn player, was on the line wanting to know if I would like to go to Guadalajara for a two-month gig to perform three operas in Costa Rica. She had just finished talking with Luis Ximénez Caballero, the conductor of a chamber orchestra, who needed a horn player, an oboist, and a cellist. These three operas were to be a joint effort between Mexico and Costa Rica. Well, this sounded like fun, but I had two children ages 13 and 14 that would be unsupervised if I went off playing my cello out of the country. I told her we would have a family conference, and I would get back to her.

Meanwhile, it was getting to be serious between Julie and Ray. They had been going together for almost a year when this Mexico/Costa Rica gig came up for me, so they decided to get married before we left for Mexico. (They ended up buying a small grocery store/meat locker in



"My cello paid for a seat and my cello wants the veggie plate and another martini."

Wynot, Nebraska. They went on to have three children: Steve, Geoff, and Kate.)

So, that day that Vi called, when everyone arrived home after work and school, we talked about the possibilities of me taking this job in a Mexican orchestra in Costa Rica. Julie and Ray were getting married, Tish would be home from her college in Flagstaff before I left, and as soon as school was out, Marcia and Rome could join me in Mexico before we flew to Costa Rica. The orchestra conductor, Maestro Luis Ximénez Caballero, went along with this idea and so plans were laid. I would leave first and rehearse for three weeks in Guadalajara, then the kids would arrive, and we would all fly to San José, Costa Rica, to rehearse with the group from the conservatory there. We would be in San José for four weeks, rehearsing and performing *Tosca* and *La Bohème* by Giacomo Puccini, and *Rigoletto* by Giuseppe Verdi.

The first adventure was not long in coming. Vi, my friend the French horn player, met me at the airport with Enrique, the local horn player, in the Maestro's car. Vi told me not to worry, but she did not think Enrique knew how to drive a car, much less have a driver's license. Well, after much stopping and jerking we did arrive at the apartment that Vi had found for us. It was an exciting trip, not to be repeated, fortunately.

Rehearsal the next day was at 10:00 a.m., and the Maestro and his American wife and principal bassoonist, Laurie, picked us up. The hall was in an abandoned convent in Tlaquepaque, a southeastern suburb of Guadalajara. The group consisted of 1 cello (me), 2 violas, 2 second violins, 2 first violins, 1 bass, 2 horns, 2 flutes, 2 oboes, 2 clarinets, 2 bassoons, 1 trumpet, and when needed, the second bassoonist played tympani. Other strings from the local conservatory were going to join us in Costa Rica. After a four-hour rehearsal, we would return to the apartment, have a bite to eat, and then I would sit down for another three hours to practice. I had never played opera before, so my work was cut out for me, particularly since I was the only cellist.

The next three weeks, my cello and I became as one. The third week the news came in from Costa Rica that the extra strings were only students, so a hurried call went out to Phoenix

for another cello and violin. They arrived four days before we left.

After the first week of rehearsals, we were slated to give a concert in Coatzacoalcos, Mexico. The camerata owned a Greyhound bus, and we had two drivers. The bus picked us up in front of the theater downtown. We left town about 10:00 a.m. and drove all day to spend the night in Mexico City. The Americans stayed in a very nice hotel while the regular members of the orchestra stayed at the factory. We learned that the factory produced plastic bags for groceries as well as heavy grain bags and was the source of income that paid the salaries of the musicians.

The next day we were back on the bus to drive all day to get to Veracruz. We were again in a very nice hotel, this time with a swimming pool, which was greatly appreciated because the humidity was right up there with the high temperature.

The third day we finally arrived at our destination. The concert was to be at noon in the park's gazebo. We unpacked our instruments and sat down to play. Oscar, our concertmaster, was to play the Mozart Violin Concerto. The humidity was so high that during the overture we were all wiping water off the fingerboards of our instruments. How Oscar was able to play is more than I could understand. The sky darkened, the wind came up, and it started to thunder. So we packed up, got back on the bus and retraced the three-day journey back to Guadalajara non-stop. There were twenty of us with three full nights of hotel and food expense to put on a free concert in the city park. And we only played half of it.

This little interlude did give me a chance to learn how to count in Spanish, which was very important. I learned enough Spanish to be able to say my name, where I lived, and hold a very meager conversation with my fellow musicians.

Dave decided to drive the kids down to Guadalajara, so he was able to meet everyone and hear about the factory and how it supports the orchestra. In the course of the conversations with the Maestro, he was told that there were many difficulties keeping the machinery working. Dave gave him some helpful hints as to what to do, so the Maestro started putting two and two together and made the suggestion that we come to Mexico as a family and

work for him. The idea appealed to Dave, but all I could think of was schooling for Marcia and Rome. On that note, Dave returned to Scottsdale and the kids and I flew to Costa Rica.

Costa Rica

The flight ran into a great deal of fog over San José, so we were held in a holding pattern until we had to find another airport to refuel. We were finally able to land in San José, but it was well after midnight.

The hotel we were taken to was unspeakable. I guess complaints reached the Maestro, because the next morning we were told to pack up and take our belongings with us on the bus. They told us we were moving to the motel where the Maestro and the soloists were housed. That was the best news of the day.

The first rehearsal started at 9:00 a.m. that same day and went on and on. We did have a very short break for sandwiches. Seven hours later we were dismissed, with rehearsal resuming the next day at the same time. Puccini's *La Boheme* was to be performed in two days, and since vocalists will not sing the day before a performance, we finished rehearsing with them the first day.

Day two started, and it was the same schedule with the chorus only this time. It was another adventure, and the cliché "the show must go on" certainly did apply. The performance was worth all of the toil, and it was very well received. We gave three performances each of three operas.

Even though I had never played Puccini or Verdi, I had heard the operas and loved the music. Playing the music was a whole new world for me. Looking back, I think I could have rehearsed twelve hours a day and not said a word.

The second week, after two days off, we worked on Puccini's *Tosca*. By this time I had become better acquainted with the group. *Tosca* has a rather high cello solo that is played in the thumb position, so I was running over it just before rehearsal started. The concertmaster, Oscar, was watching me. As I looked up he smiled, took his violin, put it between his knees, and played my solo. There are often little inside jokes between musicians, which make for a great deal of fun. One by one the Mexicans

were coming to me and telling me it would be great to have me come and play full time with them. I wasn't exactly pressured, but they kept the subject alive.



During this second week, a gentleman and his wife checked into the motel where we were staying, and his wife became very ill with extreme headaches. A day or two later, a large two-page ad appeared in the newspaper explaining how that same man could build a cement block house in a business suit in a day's time. This man imported specialists from the States to take care of his wife.

He would sometimes be having coffee when we came in after a rehearsal or performance, and we would talk to him, trying to cheer him up. We learned that he had traveled all over the world, particularly to third world countries, to show how inexpensive housing could be built.

He had raised a family, now grown, and so I asked him what his advice would be regarding my dilemma of whether or not to move to Mexico.

"By all means do it! Even if the kids have to repeat a year, they would learn so much more by living in another culture and country."

His obvious enthusiasm gave me a lot to think about. At the same time, I was getting a lot of pressure from the orchestra conductor, his wife, and the musicians, to stay and play in Guadalajara.



Costa Rica was beautiful; it was as green as Ireland. Our hosts wanted to take us to see a coffee plantation. School buses were hired, and the trip was to be an overnight with a swim on the west coast beach included. It was very interesting to see the coffee trees and then walk through the process of harvesting, drying, and roasting. We do not often think about what happens to a product before it comes to the grocery store.

As interesting as it was, the temperature and humidity were both hovering around 100 degrees, so the beach was beckoning. We again boarded the bus, checked into the motel, changed into

swimsuits, and headed for the beach. Huge mosquitoes greeted us and raised welts the size of boils on everybody. With the Maestro in the lead, we hurried back to the motel, changed back into our clothes and returned to San José.

We did give a concert with just our little orchestra in the beautiful, small concert hall in downtown San José. Unfortunately, it was much too small for the opera production.

Before we left Costa Rica, a young couple came to the hotel one evening to audition for our Guadalajara chamber orchestra: Wayne and Elaine Baughman, trumpet and oboe. They were excellent musicians and were hired on the spot. This young couple was to become like part of the family to us.



Wayne, Stephanie, and Elaine Baughman

The last performance of Verdi's *Rigoletto* came and went, and it was time to pack up and fly back to Guadalajara. On arrival I called Dave to tell him I thought we should make the move. Well, he told me that he had had second thoughts, and that maybe it was not such a good idea. He wanted to have more thought and discussion on the subject. The Maestro said he understood, but to let him know our final decision.

Making the Decision

The train ride home to Scottsdale from Guadalajara was yet another surprise due to language problems and mix-ups in the translation. I bought two sleeping compartments for us, but I did not realize until we were on our way that there were only two single beds. Two compartments, but only one single bed in each, and there were three of us plus the cello, which took up the space of another body. The only solution was for Rome to bunk with the cello, and Marcia and I would double up. This arrangement did not go over well with Rome, but he did not want to bunk with Marcia or me, so he was stuck with the cello.

Once we got home and had much discussion, we decided to give this Mexican move a try for one year. We would rent out our Scottsdale home and store the antiques and valuables. That was the easy part. Arrangements for school and housing would have to wait until our arrival in Guadalajara.

Dave received a long list from Maestro Ximénez of machinery and parts to purchase for the factory, and I had to think of packing for all four of us. We had a tent trailer that we used for camping, so Dave stripped it of all the camping equipment and replaced it with all the machinery and parts for the factory along with our clothes and personal things. The cello came in the car with us. The Maestro told us we could easily find a furnished apartment, so I did not have to worry about linens and kitchen equipment.

Dave's housing and meals were arranged for him at the factory. A large home was in front of the factory with a big courtyard in between, and a housekeeper was already there. However, this was in Mexico City, which was eight hours by car from Guadalajara. Since I was to play with the camerata that was based in Guadalajara, Dave would be making a trip back and forth every weekend or so to be with his family.

PART 4

The Mexico Years



Takiyori Atsumi, Harriet Yount, Luis Ximénez Caballero

Moving to Mexico

The decision to give the Mexican adventure a year's try had been decided, so arrangements were made, antiques were put into storage, and equipment was bought and packed in the camper trailer. Our house was put on the market to rent. Rome, Marcia, Mom and Dad, plus trumpet, oboe, cello, and our dachshund, Liebschen, were in the car ready to take off for whatever adventures awaited us.

The trailer was sadly overloaded with all the machinery that was needed in the plastic bag factory. We limped into Tucson on two threadbare tires and pulled into a motel. It was the same motel I had stayed in when playing with the Tucson Symphony. We needed new tires because the heavy load had flattened the suspension, which caused the bed to rub the tires bald. Dave had to remove the trailer suspension and turn it upside down to keep the trailer body off the axle. In order to do this we first had to empty the trailer, which we did before we went to bed. The next morning we had to buy two new tires, mount them, and reload the trailer before we could get on the road again.

In the border town of Nogales, the dreaded immigration check went smoothly. Looking back knowing what I know now, I am sure the close relationship between the Maestro and President Echeverria did a great deal to make our entry into Mexico go smoothly.

The trip went well until we were about 50 miles north of Guadalajara. Dave was driving, and through the rear view mirror he suddenly became aware that our trailer was no longer attached to the car. It was trailing behind on its own. Fortunately, it was still on a straight path down the highway. We were coming to the bottom of a hill, so Dave just pulled off the highway and waited. We all watched with bated breath as the trailer, miraculously, also veered off the road right behind us. It stopped about ten feet behind our car. With one look at the hitch, Dave saw that it was broken beyond immediate repair. Then, seemingly just to add to our trouble, it started to rain. The sun had gone down, and the road was under construction.

I knew what was coming, and I did not want to hear it. Dave was going to ask me to drive into Guadalajara for help. We were in a foreign country, I didn't know the language, it was dark and wet, and the unfamiliar road was narrow and unmarked. I was scared to death.

Directly across the road was a small hut amid some trees. Out of the hut came about six or seven people, obviously a family, to see if they could help. We took them up on their generous offer, and together we pulled the trailer over to their front yard. Dave and Rome had to stay with the trailer, so it was up to Marcia and me to go get help, no matter how scared I was.

We drove for over an hour before reaching the outskirts of Guadalajara. I stopped at what appeared to be a very nice hotel close to some fields of agave cactus and a tequila factory. First I tried calling the Maestro, but there was no answer. It was scary and quite frustrating trying to communicate with no Spanish under my belt. However, the hotel people were very helpful. Together we managed to look up the phone number of Topo, the orchestra's treasurer.

Fortunately, Topo answered his phone and knew a bit of English. He apparently understood the situation because he soon arrived at the hotel and invited us to his home to stay the night. The next morning he made arrangements for the symphony bus to follow us back to the little hut to pick up the contents of the trailer.

Meanwhile, Rome and Dave were made to feel very welcome in the little hut, as they later told us. Dave described the hut as a one-room dwelling with a dirt floor where all of them slept on mats.

It was mid afternoon before we got the bus on the road. Rome and Dave were out in front of the hut watching for us. The family helped us unload the trailer into the bus, and then Dave chained the trailer to a tree. We took off for Guadalajara to get the towing situation in hand so Dave could go back and retrieve the trailer.

When we arrived at the hut the next day, we were amazed to find that the family had removed the two tires from the trailer and put them inside the hut for safe keeping. There was a goat on top of the trailer munching on tree leaves.

From then on, whenever the bus with our orchestra's name on its side went past that little hut, that family was inevitably outside watching for us. We always tooted the horn and waved.

Guadalajara

We found a small school in Guadalajara where we enrolled Marcia and Rome. It was basically English, but Spanish was taught. There were eight students in Marcia's class and six in Rome's, which afforded a great deal of individual attention. Their

command of Spanish came along very quickly. I only wish mine had done as well.



We found a nice apartment, but in order to talk to the landlord, we had to agree to buy all of the furnishings from the graduating medical student. When these details were taken care of, we still had a problem with the phone, which was located in our apartment. There were four other medical students in the complex that used the phone as well, so we had to come up with a solution as to how everyone involved could have access to the phone.

We set up a message system on the door. Everybody had a key to my apartment, and if there were any messages posted, they would go in and use the phone. It really worked very well, and when I had to be on tour one week every month, they would keep an eye out in case the kids needed any help. We all became good friends, and the kids went with me on tour most of the time. The time did come, however, when they could not miss any more school, and then they had to stay at home. It was comforting to know someone was looking after them.

Our apartment was in a four-story building with two apartments on each floor and had a covered garage on the bottom level. A huge market was about six blocks away that sold just about anything you needed.

When Dave came for the weekend, we would often drive to Lake Chapala to get fresh poultry from the Chicken Lady (as we called her). She would not only cut the chicken in pieces for us, but also add a potato, a couple of carrots, and some stalks of celery to make soup. She had many customers and knew them all by name.

First Day of School

The day arrived when Marcia and Rome started their new school. However, when it was time to put them on a public bus, I had rehearsal and could not go with them. I was really worried, but they assured me they knew how to get back home.

Well, I was walking the floor when it was an hour and a half passed their arrival time and still no sign of them. Paco, our orchestra bus driver, came by to see how things were going, and he, too, started to pace.

Finally, Rome arrived alone. He said that they had had an argument as to which way to come home, so they each went in different directions. I had told them that morning as they left for school that they were not to separate.

Fortunately for all concerned, Marcia arrived about fifteen minutes after Rome. But then they started to argue all over again as to who was right. The transit bus system in Mexico is terrific, so they were both right; they just took two different buses that had the same destination. Needless to say, to avoid a clash with me, they never separated en route again.

They came home from school one day laughing their heads off about something that had happened at school. In the morning of each day, the whole student body gathered to have a half hour of bible study. That day the teacher had explained how a woman was being exorcised and that the evil came out of her mouth in the form of frogs. The school kids were all calling the teacher Miss Frogs. I asked my two if the teacher was being serious and if she really believed this. They assured me that she really believed it. I asked them if they would appreciate anyone laughing at something they really believed in. They sobered up and said they would not. I told them they did not have to believe everything they hear, but they must be respectful of other people's beliefs. They said they understood. But to this day, if frogs come up in a conversation, Rome and Marcia will look at each other and smirk.

It was a good school, and they both did very well in it.

Year One

Our first year in Guadalajara went well. Dave was doing mechanical engineering-type work he enjoyed with the factory, the kids were learning Spanish and doing well in school, and I, of course, was very happy playing the cello. Our apartment was quite small but cozy. The only problem was the eight-hour trip that Dave was making to be with his family on weekends.

Marcia and Rome were set up with music scholarships to study with members of our orchestra. Our first trumpet player, Wayne Baughman, became Rome's trumpet teacher, and on occasion, Rome would play second trumpet with the camerata. Marcia studied oboe with our principal oboist, Elaine Baughman, and attended as many rehearsals as possible. This was a great learning experience for her, and she was a good student. They were doing well at school, and their Spanish was coming along much faster than mine. Social life for them was centered on the orchestra, so they were always around young adults much older than they were. At this time I was 48 years old and the oldest member of the orchestra.

When we were first in Guadalajara, our little camerata rehearsed in Tlaquepaque, a southeastern suburb of Guadalajara. During our off hours from the camerata, the American musicians would often congregate at Charlotte and Philip Kronen's home, which was in Tlaquepaque. Philip, a retired cellist, and Charlotte, a retired interior decorator, had purchased this beautiful home when they moved from New York.

It would always be a musical evening with the Kronens, and Charlotte was a fabulous cook. What we played depended on who could come. Philip had a huge music library so he could provide music charts for whatever combination of instruments was there.

By the time I got there, the Kronens had lived in Tlaquepaque long enough for Charlotte to know all the merchants, so whoever of her friends bought anything there received a nice discount. I love my collection of Ken Edwards's pottery. (By the way, Tlaquepaque means "where the potters gather.")

Ken Edwards started his line of pottery with four patterns. After some time he became bored with the sameness and moved

to Tonalá, a little pueblo a bit further out, where the factory became known as Ken Edwards. Mexican artists did the painting on the pieces, and the one who did the design signed each piece. Ken Edwards no longer sold a set dinner pattern, but each piece was individualized and signed on the bottom with the artist's special logo of an animal or a flower along with the artist's initials.

We always lived in Guadalajara and took a bus to our rehearsals in Tlaquepaque. Later, rehearsals were moved into Guadalajara, which made it a little easier for me.

That first year was a learning experience every day in every way: a different culture, a different language, learning bus routes, and learning how to get around in the city. Speaking of buses, it seemed the drivers did not like to pick me up with the cello case because they would not stop for me when I would be standing there alone with it. Going to a rehearsal, I had to walk about six blocks to the bus stop, which was on a corner where there was a church. Around this corner there was a low wall, so I started putting the cello behind the wall and out of sight until the bus stopped. Then I would grab the cello and board the bus. Sneaky, but it worked.



The orchestra was going well, and I was the only cellist for a couple of months when a young man appeared at rehearsal with a cello. The Maestro introduced him to me and said he would be playing in the orchestra. I loaned him my other cello, since it was a much better instrument than his. It was much later that I found out he had been in prison for killing his best friend in a drunken brawl. I was slowly beginning to see the reason behind the strict rule of no drinking on tour. Jesús and I played well together, and it was a pleasure to have his support. Now he is playing with the Mexico City Chamber Orchestra, and Marcia sees him now and then. She says he always asks about me. He is such a good friend.

Touring

The week on tour was always the same pattern. We would meet the bus in downtown Guadalajara in front of the Cathedral

on the *zócalo* (town square) at 10:00 a.m. The orchestra owned the bus, so it became our home away from home. Since the orchestra was small in number, almost everyone had two seats each. I learned quickly what to take for comfort's sake: a pillow, a small blanket, reading material, one small suitcase, a carry-on shoulder bag, and of course the cello, which at that point did not have wheels. Suitcases went down below in the luggage bin, but fortunately the cello fit in the rack over the seats. What you took on tour, you carried throughout the trip. Since the bus was ours, we could leave the extra things on board. No favors were extended and no red caps.

The orchestra's main tour every month went up through the northwestern part of Mexico, and so the name of the orchestra was *la Camerata de la Orquesta Sinfónica del Noroeste* (the Northwest Symphony Chamber Orchestra).



San Carlos, Mexico, NW Tour

The first stop was Tepic where our concert was played in a museum. The orchestra sat on a second floor balcony that circled around and overlooked an open courtyard. It always seemed to be raining, so they were most often chilly, damp evenings. Our uniforms were teal blue with tailored jackets and long skirts for the women, jackets and pants for the men. We could walk to the

museum. The concert was always scheduled for 8:00 p.m., and following the concert, we would have dinner.

The next morning we loaded the bus and drove on to Mazatlán where the hotel was right on the beach. It was always a race to see who could check into the hotel and get out on the beach first.

Starting with Mazatlán, and for the rest of the tour, we played in the government Social Security community center concert halls, which were all identical. Wednesday found us in Culiacán, Thursday was Los Mochis, Friday we were in Ciudad Obregón, and Saturday it was Hermosillo, the last concert to the north. Every place had its favorite restaurant, ice cream spot, or fruit stand.

At the end of the last concert in Hermosillo, most of the time we would change clothes, board the bus, and head back to Guadalajara non-stop. Our two bus drivers did not even stop to switch drivers. One driver would get out of the seat and the other driver would get in the driver's seat while we were going lickety-split down the highway. It was just one of the many thrills of our adventure.

We arrived home mid-afternoon or so the next day. We all learned how to sleep sitting up in a bus seat.



When I went on the first tour with this orchestra, I noticed an unfortunate recurrence. Our bus had the name of our orchestra in big letters on the side, so we were not an anonymous group driving around. Yet, when we drove through small towns, or upon reaching our destination, the fellows in our group would stick their heads out the windows and whistle at the girls and call greetings. I had been told the rules of the group: no drinking on tour, no wild parties, proper professional decorum was to be conducted at all times. Well, to me, whistling out the windows of our bus did not meet those criteria. I let it be known to those in charge that I disapproved of that behavior but in return got smiles and the old cliché, “boys will be boys.” These so-called boys had wives and families.

The next town we went through, I had enlisted the aid of the other women in our orchestra. As soon as the boys started their

antics, we followed them with comments to the men on the street as we passed by. The boys were horrified.

I shrugged my shoulders and said, "What's good for the goose is good for the gander." That behavior was immediately stopped and was never repeated again as long as I was a member of the group.



Our orchestra seating on stage was unusual. The strings were seated in a large half-circle and placed one meter apart, which meant I was on the extreme stage left, and the concertmaster was on the extreme stage right. That came to nine instruments in this large half circle. Because of this arrangement, the sound was as though there were twice as many strings as there were. However, sitting on the outside, it felt as though I were playing all by myself. I was acutely aware of having my every note heard. Since we did all of the Beethoven Symphonies (except the 9th) plus Mendelssohn's Scotch and Italian Symphonies, it was important to have as big of a string sound as possible.

One experience in Mazatlán was really memorable. We were scheduled to play following a hurricane, which occurred the day before our arrival. It left a great deal of damage with no electricity or running water. We played the concert in the Catholic Church, which had no roof. The Maestro always did a talk before the concert explaining the music, which could sometimes get pretty lengthy. This particular night I kept thinking, "hurry up!" because the sun had gone down and dusk was settling in very fast. And still he talked.

By the time he finished, we were in the dark. However, we were not left in the dark long because altar boys suddenly appeared—magically, it seemed—with big, fat



Chelista

candles on stands and placed one by each person's music. Except, when they got to me they had run out of candles, so I remained sitting in the dark. The Maestro picked up his baton to start the concert, and, before I could panic further, a flashlight came on from behind me. But I didn't know who was behind the flashlight. The narrow beam of light had to follow the music line on the page because it was not bright enough to light the whole page. We were playing either Mozart or Haydn and there were many repeats. I kept thinking, "Whoever it is behind me, I hope he can read music well." The light never missed a repeat or the da capo (symbol D.C. meaning back to the beginning). When it was over I looked around, and it was our second clarinet player, Santiago, who did not have to play on that piece. I sure burned ulcer juice on that one.

When we left the church, I saw an electric extension cord running overhead. Each kiosk was lit with one light bulb suspended from this extension cord by a short piece of electric cord, each of which was attached with a safety pin. Laurie, the Maestro's American wife seemed impressed.

"I must remember that trick. How clever!" she said. I was amazed that anyone would even consider such a hazardous wiring solution.

Another tour, when the orchestra was in Los Mochis, we not only played the evening concert, but also, the next morning we had a concert in the local prison for the inmates. We finished the prison performance, packed up our instruments, got on the bus, and left for the next city. We were about a half hour on the highway when police sirens were in front and behind the bus, telling us to pull over. We were told to get off the bus and line up alongside it. It seemed there had been a prison break, and they were looking for the escaped prisoner. We were wearing white shirts and black pants, and apparently the prisoner had known this in advance so was wearing the same clothes and walked out of prison with us. We were stopped for about a half an hour explaining we had no extra person on the bus. They were finally convinced and we were allowed to continue on our tour.

Alan

Shortly after Alan Julseth joined the camerata as oboist, he found out about my family's story of me being a witch. Always ready for a good prank, Alan knew timing was essential. He waited until we were on tour and staying in motels.

This concert we were in Los Mochis again. Since it was about halfway through the tour, my roommate and I decided to have a little party after the concert. We bought some crackers, cheese, and soda to have in Sharon's and my room. Molina—a Chilean oboist in our orchestra and Alan's roommate—and Alan said they would like to join us. I could not find my room key, and Sharon did not have hers (that was odd), so I had to go back to the desk to retrieve one while the other three waited at the door of our room. Soon I was back, and we all went in. The party was a good way to decompress after a concert, though it was not long, because we had to rise and shine the next morning to catch the bus on to the next concert destination.

The fellows soon left, and we started getting ready for bed. I was busy pulling the sheets loose (motels always tuck them in so tightly around the sides) so I could get into my bed, and Sharon was in the bathroom. I started to crawl in when suddenly I felt my foot brush up against something. Relatively new to Mexico, all sorts of unfavorable possibilities went through my head: scorpions, snakes? I jumped out of bed and tore off the sheet and blanket. There, at the foot of my bed, was a grungy old broom. Sharon rushed into the room wondering what all of the racket was about (sure!). Of course she had to have been in on it, though she did not admit it. How else would Alan know which bed was mine? And what about the missing keys?





Sharon Williams (Johnsen)

Another stop on another tour, we were in San Carlos, a very fancy resort on the coast, and had some leisure time to kill before our concert. Actually, our tours were very much like vacations in-between the bus rides and the concerts. We went to places with beautiful beaches, such as San Carlos and Mazatlán, and we always tried to make the most of it. So this particular day I was sitting on the beach reading, and Sharon was in the water. I had seen Alan walking around and was keeping an eye on him, but then became engrossed in my book.

All of a sudden Sharon came out of the water, and pointing behind me she yelled, “Look, look!”

I jerked around, a little afraid of what it might be. There it was: another grungy old broom, stuck in the sand like an apparition to haunt me. Alan was nowhere in sight. Amazing that Alan could find such raggedy old brooms everywhere we went, just to razz me. We did have fun, and after all, you only tease those you like.



Liebschen

Our first trip back to the States for Christmas was one to remember. Dave bought the tickets in Mexico City, and Rome, Marcia, and I were to go by bus from Guadalajara. We had our miniature dachshund, Liebschen, with us that I planned to take on board with me. Dave had made a small carrier for her from a roasting pan with fine 1/2-inch mesh bent over the top. I made a cover out of denim with handles so it could be carried like a suitcase. A concert was scheduled the night we left, so everything had to be arranged to leave from the concert hall for the bus station. My cousin, John Sheaffer, and his wife Linda were visiting us, and they had driven from California in a cab-over camper. They were going to go to the concert and then take us to the bus.

All was going smoothly. We had to spend some time at the bus station, so were in line waiting to board when Liebschen started getting restless. I had not told the bus people that I was bringing a live dog on board. I had a tranquilizer for Liebschen but didn't want to give it to her until time to board the plane in Mexico City. I had the required documentation from the vet verifying the fact that Liebschen had all of the required immunizations to enter the United States as well as to get back into Mexico. Last goodbyes were said to our cousins, and Marcia, Rome, and I were on board in the front seat with Liebschen stored under my legs. She had calmed down so, hopefully, we would get a little sleep.

We were about half way to Mexico City when Liebschen began to whine a little. So far no one knew we had a dog with us. We were stopped at a bus station, so I took Liebschen out of her carrier. She was really hot and needed to find a grassy spot to relieve herself. I was in a panic for fear we would be put off the bus, but I carried her out of the bus and put her down so she could find a place and take care of her business. We got back on the bus without a problem even though the jig was up. Everyone getting back on the bus had to pet her including the driver, so I guess I worried for nothing. She slept on my lap for the rest of the bus trip.

When we arrived in Mexico City, the first thing I had to do was find a taxi to get us to the airport. So many people and so much confusion overwhelmed me. Twenty-four hours had gone by with very little sleep. Liebschen was beginning to get restless, my patience was wearing thin, and Marcia and Rome were tired, too. This was 1975, a week before Christmas, and Mexico City was ten times worse than Guadalajara. The airport terminal was a straight line of ticket agents with people lined up to the doors. I do not remember what airline we were to fly out on, but it was hard to tell where one line ended and another started.

Poor Liebschen was getting very upset with all the noise, feet tramping, and bags bumping her carrier. We had taken care of the potty call before entering the terminal, which was total bedlam. I managed to get the tranquilizer down her, but, unfortunately, it had the opposite effect to what it should have had: she became really hyper. Add to all this that Dave, hubby dear, was nowhere in sight. He had the tickets. About forty-five minutes later he arrived, just in the nick of time because we were almost up to the ticket agent.

We kept Liebschen out of sight and headed for our gate. I had forgotten about putting bags through the X-ray machine. The agent wanted to know what was in the bag, so I told him.

“Just a small dachshund.”

“Well,” he said, “We won’t put her through the X-ray. Take her out.”

We followed his instructions, and Liebschen was so glad to be free she settled down. We passed with flying colors so continued on to our gate.

Dave was glad to see us and was talking a mile a minute while all I wanted to do was sit down and close my eyelids to keep my eyes from falling to my knees. Liebschen was finally settling down. All I could think of was to find my assigned seat and sink into oblivion. Dave was not very understanding of my lack of communication, but he got over it.

Christmas was nice, but soon it was time to get to the airport in Quincy to start our return trip to Mexico. Again we faced the security detail, and he wanted to know what was in the denim carrier. As before we were honest. However, this time we were

told that no animals were allowed in the cabin. Dave and I looked at each other and said,

“Which one of us will take the bus?”

Dave said he would and was walking away with Liebschen when the ticket agent—not the Security Agent—took his arm and led him through another door. Outside the terminal, Dave, carrying the denim carrier, joined us in boarding the plane. Prior to leaving Mexico, Dave had checked the rules on carrying a small animal on board a plane so had constructed the carrier to comply with airline rules. There was no problem in St. Louis. When we got back to Mexico City, Dave drove us back to Guadalajara, which by now had become home sweet home.



In December of 1976, having decided to stay in Mexico another year, the whole family followed the touring OSNO (*Orquesta Sinfónica del Noroeste*) bus in our car. It was just before Christmas, and this time our orchestra continued on into the States where we gave concerts in Phoenix, Flagstaff, and ended the tour in Scottsdale. Since we had come in our car, we said goodbye to the orchestra and drove to our Scottsdale house, which we emptied. We stored the rest of our things and arranged for the house to be put on the market. Dave and I had the extra time because it was Christmas, so we had two weeks to take care of all these details. Since Liebschen was in heat, we had boarded her with a vet in Guadalajara.

We arrived back in Guadalajara in time to retrieve Liebschen only to be told there had been a problem. The dog had jiggled her cage door and escaped. The vet claimed to have run an ad in the paper with a reward for her return but had no response. For six months we ran ads in the paper, hoping to get any information from someone about our Liebschen. When Dave came to visit on weekends, he would drive around the area with Rome. Liebschen knew the sound of our diesel car and would always respond with joyful barking. But no response came.

Sometime later I had taken Marcia to an osteopath where we happened to tell the doctor about our missing dog. She told us she was not surprised and that she had heard of this before more than

a few times. It seems this vet would sell dogs and then claim they had escaped. It was a very sad time for us.

A year later Maestro Ximénez decided to have a movie made of the orchestra on tour. The filming crew came from Mexico City. Rome and Marcia went along with us, and while on the bus, Rome was telling the young lady who was directing the film about what happened with our Liebschen. She sympathized with Rome because she said she owned a small brown dachshund she called Tekla, which she said meant “piano key” in Spanish. About six months after the film was completed, Dave received a phone call from this girl explaining that she had taken a new job in Europe and could not take her dog with her. She wondered if we would be interested in having her. Of course we said yes.

Our summer vacation was about to start, so Dave kept Tekla in Mexico City for a week or so before driving to Guadalajara to pick us up on the way to the States. Tekla was bounced around, staying in so many different places in a short span of time, but she was a good traveler and received much attention and love. So, she settled in quite contentedly, and we were so happy to have her.

Celebrating My Birthday

Our oldest daughter, Julie, her husband, Ray, and their oldest son, David, came to visit and help celebrate my first birthday in Mexico. Marcia and Paco, the Guadalajara camerata’s bus driver and almost a member of the family, went off to buy a piñata. The piñata is a papier-mâché figure of an animal or figure that is a favorite of the person being honored. It is filled with candy then suspended on a line higher than the head of the honoree that is led blindfolded to where the piñata is hanging. The object is to blindly whack at the piñata with a bat, hoping to break it so all the candies will fall out. It took a great deal of explaining to Paco why Marcia wanted my papier-mâché figure to be a witch. I was very pleased with my witch piñata and kept the head for a long time in remembrance of that particular birthday.

Marcia's Early Oboe Experience

While studying with Elaine in Guadalajara, Marcia played some second oboe under Maestro Ximénez Caballero in our chamber orchestra. On one occasion, after the Baughmans had left Guadalajara, Ximénez took the orchestra to Mexico City to play a concert when Marcia was playing second oboe. The new first oboist had left the group and was to be replaced in Mexico City. When they arrived in Mexico City the replacement was a student, so Marcia was told she would be playing principal. She flatly refused, but then Ximénez talked her into it. Jorge Velazco, a conductor in Mexico City, attended this concert with the prime reason of hearing Marcia play since he had heard so much about her from Elaine Baughman.

Marcia graduated a year early from her high school and went to Guanajuato to play oboe with the orchestra there. Eduardo, a violinist who had played with me in the camerata in Guadalajara, met her and found a place for her to stay.



One time I went over on the bus to hear her play a concert, but on the way, the bus hit a car. I was in the front seat of the bus, and it knocked me to the floor. Before I realized what had happened the bus was empty, and the driver removed his documents and then he disappeared. Some of the passengers were waiting alongside the highway, so I grabbed my things and did the same. Another bus came along, stopped, took us on board, and took us on into Guanajuato. No one seemed upset, and we were not asked to pay for the extra ride.



Meanwhile, Marcia was becoming an excellent oboist. She started spending her summers with the Baughmans. By then, the Baughmans had moved from Guadalajara, played in the State of Mexico Orchestra in Toluca for a year, then auditioned and won positions in Mexico City. Elaine was playing oboe with the National Symphony, and in the summer she was also playing with the Minería, a professional orchestra sponsored by the

School of Mines of the University of Mexico and conducted by Jorge Velazco. Through Elaine, Jorge became acquainted with Marcia's playing and asked her to play second oboe with Elaine playing first.

One summer, the Minería had programmed the *Concierto de Aranjuez* by Joaquín Rodrigo in which an English horn was needed to play the beautiful solo in the second movement. Elaine was playing principal oboe, so Marcia was elected to play the English horn solo. As expected, she did a beautiful job. Dave and I came in from Guadalajara and were in the balcony of that big orchestra hall. With tears in our eyes and great pride in our hearts, we hugged each other.

"That's our baby!"

Rome's Early Accounting Experience

Rome was doing well on the trumpet and often played with the group. He also became a very good card player. When on tour he would usually be in the back of the bus playing poker with the guys. I had not realized that the orchestra paid him per diem, too, but they did, and he was playing poker with that money and winning. The Mexicans started complaining to me that he was winning all of their per diem, which was the first I had heard of his income. Yet, he was letting me buy all of his meals. Needless to say, he began buying his own meals on tour from then on.

Rome was into calculators, starting out with an inexpensive one he then sold to a Mexican for a small profit. The next time he was in the States, he would buy the next upgrade and bring it back and sell it. By the time he left Mexico, he had one of the best.

When Rome finished his junior year in high school in 1977, he decided he wanted to go back to the States. He was all set to stay with a friend of his in Scottsdale, but I told him he would have to either stay with my mother in Quincy or stay with me in Mexico. He wanted to establish his grades in the U.S. so he could apply for scholarships to college, so he chose my mother. After the two years he had gone to high school in Mexico, he went back and lived with his grandmother and graduated from high

school in Quincy, Illinois. Then he won a scholarship to Illinois Wesleyan University. When he graduated four years later, he was hired by State Farm Insurance and is still with them, having moved into their new corporate headquarters in the Department of Systems.



When Rome left for the States to finish his high school, Marcia and I decided to move closer to the rehearsal hall. Maestro Ximénez had bought a building on the other side of Guadalajara and made it into a small chamber music hall. The apartment we found was very nice. It was similar to a duplex, but the stairway coming up the front from the street divided and separated the two identical apartments. The street was lined with Jacaranda and Primavera trees, so when they were in bloom, it was purple and yellow on both sides of the whole street. I only had to walk two blocks to catch the bus for the rehearsal hall. Life was good.

Linda Langellier

The Christmas after Rome went to live with my mom in Quincy, the three of us—Dave, Marcia, and I—flew up from Guadalajara to spend the holidays. During our stay, we had dinner with the Langelliers. While comparing notes on the kids, it was mentioned that Linda wanted to play viola but could not find the right venue. Marcia suggested she go to Mexico with us, and she could play with the University of Guadalajara orchestra. Marcia was playing with them and was sure she would be accepted, especially if she took a course in Spanish. The idea took fire, so plans were made for her to go back with us.

The weather in Quincy had turned bitter cold, and I can still see Linda bundled in a heavy parka coat, which she took off in the airport to leave behind. There would be no need for it in Guadalajara.

The flight went well until we landed in Dallas and were informed—along with a long line of angry passengers—that the flight was cancelled; there would be no flights until the next day.

Since we had no deadlines to meet, we waited until everyone was taken care of and only we four stood in front of the ticket agent. She looked at us with despair written all over her face. She was completely taken aback when Dave smiled and said we were not in any hurry, that the next day would be fine for our departure.

“However,” he told her, “We will need to have overnight accommodations.”

“Oh,” she said. “The airline will take care of that plus to and from transportation.” She thanked us for ending her harried day on a happy note.

Marcia and Linda had a room, and Dave and I had a room. What’s a small delay? You just have to be flexible.

The rest of the trip went well, and Linda was taken into the orchestra. It all worked out perfectly. The Kronens were glad to have another viola in our midst.

Personnel Manager? Me?

The Maestro was having some money problems. The inner circle that made the rules we lived by was to be replaced, and the selection of orchestra manager was up to the vote of the whole orchestra. Much to my surprise, I was elected. Since the Maestro dictated everything it did not seem like much of a job, so I went along with it.

The first trip out on tour I was presented with the per diem for everyone that would be on tour. My biggest problem was getting the larger bills broken down into proper change, but we managed without the help of a bank. When the next tour was scheduled I presented our treasurer with the exact number of each denomination needed to be able to pay everyone’s per diem. Topo, the treasurer, looked at me.

“What am I to do with this?”

I told him to take it to the bank and get the denominations I had listed so we would have exact change. Then I thought, “No way am I going to be responsible for this amount of money without some safeguards.” So I wrote down the names of everyone on tour, each followed by two columns: one for the

money received and the second to be signed by the receiver. Ximénez was the only one a little surprised.

“You are going to make me sign also?”

And I replied, “Yes,” and explained that I didn’t want anyone to come to me and say he didn’t receive his per diem without proof.

He signed and said, “You seem to know how to do things.”

Gradually the Mexicans were coming to me with complaints about the rehearsal schedule. The rehearsal time was from 10:00 a.m. to 1:00 p.m. Monday through Friday, making it very difficult to get to the bank. There were no banks near the rehearsal hall because it was in a residential area. I was encouraged to visit Ximénez at his home and explain the complaints to find out how to change rehearsal hours to please everyone.

When I arrived at his home, I was surprised to find a visitor from the States, Bob Mayer, who played oboe with the Chicago Symphony. Mr. Mayer had arranged for two older Greyhound buses to be bought by Ximénez for the orchestra’s transportation on tour. We had a nice visit, and as I started to leave, Ximénez asked,

“What did you want to talk to me about?” I said that maybe another time would be more convenient.

“Oh, no,” he said.

And Bob chimed in with, “Yes, let’s hear what kinds of problems you might have.”

So I presented our case and made my request for the changes in times and days of rehearsals as suggested by the orchestra members. Again Bob spoke saying that it certainly sounded like a reasonable request. From then on, rehearsals started at 9:00 a.m., and we rehearsed Tuesday through Saturday with Sunday and Monday off. Bob’s presence made it much easier for me. Everybody was pleased, especially the orchestra.

At the next election for a new manager, I was again nominated and elected. But Ximénez intervened.

“No, no, we have to pass this around so everyone has a chance.”

That was fine with me, but the changes I made stayed in place.

Mexico City

Our one-year trial grew into two, then three years, but by the fourth, we were tired of not being together. Wayne and Dave had set up an audition for us three times before we were able to get to Mexico City and play. Sharon—the horn player who had been my tour roommate—and I took the Pullman sleeper from Guadalajara to Mexico City. I took the top bunk and Sharon took the bottom. I shared my bunk with the cello in its hard case. With its bottom at my feet, the neck and head stuck out over the aisle. The conductor said it would be all right. My cello has had some interesting berths in our lifetime together: car, bus, train and plane. We've done them all.

The orchestras for which I auditioned in Mexico City were the Las Americas Symphony and the UNAM (*la Universidad Nacional Autónoma de México*). I won both, so we packed up our things and moved to Mexico City.

In addition to Ximénez's plastic bag factory, Dave was also working part time with an English firm that sold huge Ememech computerized lathes. When I left Guadalajara, he left the plastic bag factory. Rome was in Quincy living with my mother, so it was just the three of us now.

My mom and Rome drove from Quincy to Guadalajara to help me move to Mexico City. It was good to see them, and I appreciated their help.

We settled in with Wayne and Elaine Baughman, waiting for the apartment next to them. The condo complex where they were living had a condo available, but there was a delay of a month or so before we could get in. The Baughmans invited us to move in with them until the place next door was vacated. It was snug quarters for six adults. That also included Sharon, the French horn player who had been in the Guadalajara camerata with us and moved to Mexico City about this same time. Wayne and I were playing in the Las Americas Symphony, Elaine was in the Mexico City National Symphony, and Marcia was at her elbow, listening and learning.

Jorge

Through Elaine, Marcia met Jorge Velazco, the conductor of the Minería Symphony, a summer orchestra. With the Minería's principal oboist's (Elaine) recommendation and after hearing her play, Jorge asked Marcia to play second oboe in the Minería. Marcia and Jorge began dating that same summer.

In the summer of 1981, Ray Still—principal oboe of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra—came to Mexico to give an oboe master class. Marcia attended the class and later went to Chicago to



study privately with him for one year. Mr. Still arranged for her to play in the North Park College orchestra in exchange for her lessons, which the college paid for.

Jorge frequently visited Marcia in Chicago and got to know Mary and Ray Still who became close to Marcia during her year there. At the end of that year, Jorge asked Marcia to marry him. Their wedding took place in Ray and Mary Still's living room on May 25, 1983. We flew up, and Marcia's brother, Rome, was there with his future bride and mother-in-law.

I had played four years with the UNAM Symphony when Jorge was appointed conductor. Suddenly I was playing in the UNAM Symphony with my son-in-law on the podium. Eventually, Marcia auditioned for principal oboe and was also playing with me in the UNAM Symphony.

Marcia and Jorge had three boys that were born before Dave and I went back to the States.



Diego, Marcia, Jorge, León, and Harriet

A Visit from Grandson David

During this time, we had a very special visitor. Our seven-year-old grandson, David Jennings, oldest son of our first daughter, Julie, came to stay for the summer. He understood that he would have to go to rehearsal with me and be quiet. At break we would have a bite to eat, I would go back and finish the rehearsal, and then we would go home. He had things to occupy him while he waited for me, and he was always very quiet.

It seemed things were going along smoothly. However, we had done about three days of this when, during break, he told me he had decided he wanted to go home. My heart sank. But the agreement was that, if he did not want to stay, I would arrange for him to return home. I explained to him that it would take a few days to get things arranged for him to go, but I could not help saying that I did not think he really gave the visit a good trial before deciding to leave. He must have thought this through because, as we were leaving the rehearsal, he spoke in a very grown up tone.

“You’re right, Grandma. I really haven’t given you a fair trial. I will stay.”

I was so relieved. We had a wonderful time together. Also, there was a boy about David’s age that lived in our little apartment complex, and after they met, they had a great time together, too.

David was in the hall at one rehearsal when Jorge, my son-in-law, was on the podium. He stopped the rehearsal and called to

David who was in the balcony behind the orchestra. He was in the place where the seats stopped, and there was a mild slope of wood instead of a balcony rail. David was very quiet but was spread-eagled on this slope such that his head was a little way above the percussion section. There was no obstruction of any kind to break his fall, should he slip.

Jorge stopped the orchestra and simply said, "You are not safe there, David. You must back up and sit in a seat."

Then Jorge continued the rehearsal. I apologized later to Jorge, but he said not to worry; there was no problem. David was a good boy and enjoyed his time with us.

The Las Americas Symphony

The summer of 1979, when I started playing with the Las Americas, was the last summer for that orchestra. It was a summer symphony composed of some of the finest musicians from North and South America. Suddenly I was playing Mahler, Prokofiev, Stravinsky, and Shostakovich. If I wasn't at rehearsal, I was practicing.

Since it was the last season, a concert tour was arranged for the orchestra to play in Lima, Peru, and Buenos Aires, Argentina. Our last concert, we played Mahler's 1st Symphony in the huge Teatro Colon Concert Hall in Buenos Aires to a packed audience. At the end of that glorious grand finale, there is a composer's note in the score for the French horn section (there are nine in this symphony) to stand with their bells held high while playing. In the U.S. they do not usually do that, but this night in Buenos Aires they did, which really added to the grandeur of the performance. When the orchestra finished, the audience rose to its feet with roaring applause. It was a magnificent experience. I still feel goose bumps.

Before we left on the tour, we did several recordings. That was really hard work. Everyone had earphones plus a mike under his or her music stand. There was no doubt in your mind that every bow hair on your string was being recorded for posterity. The fact that it had to blend with the rest of your section, and then with the orchestra in general, put you on high alert. In a

concert, I always was able to lose myself in the music, and the fact that there was an audience out front didn't bother me. But making a recording was entirely different. If something happened, you played it over until it was right.

One of these recording sessions was with the violin soloist Ruggiero Ricci. If you had ever heard or seen him play, you would never forget him. In stature he was short and a little round. He would come out on stage, take his place with feet spaced apart, put the violin under his chin, and from note one you knew he was in complete control and all business. When he played unaccompanied, he seemed a little rough, but he would pull out of the violin everything it would give. His energy was incredible. He was fun to record with; his personality was very warm and friendly with a few jokes on the side.

UNAM Symphony

UNAM started rehearsal in September, so there was no break. We went from our last concert with the Las Americas right into rehearsal for UNAM the next Tuesday morning. Their schedule was very regular: Tuesday through Friday, 8:30 a.m. to 12:00 noon rehearsals, with concerts Friday night and Sunday noon, September through the end of June. Every week we presented a new concert, with one week off at Easter and two weeks off for Christmas vacation. As soon as the season ended for UNAM in 1980, we started with the Minería, a fine summer orchestra composed of musicians from North and South America as well as Europe. Again, the schedule was the same: Tuesday through Friday rehearsal with a concert on Saturday night and Sunday noon and Monday free.

Filarmónica de la UNAM



Los grandes maestros, interpretados por los integrantes de la Orquesta de la UNAM dirigidos por Enrique Diemecke. Llegaron al auditorio que llenó medio Teatro Monterrey.



Sala Nezahualcoyotl
My music home for 12 years

UNAM rehearsed as well as performed in a beautiful concert hall built for that purpose and was located in the Fine Arts complex of the National Autonomous University of Mexico. The seating capacity was 2,311 people. There was a large balcony behind the orchestra, and when we performed with full chorus, that was where they sat. The Sala Nezahualcoyotl was the finest orchestra hall in all of Mexico—acoustically as well as aesthetically. At this point, I had two cellos and so enjoyed the luxury of having one at the hall and the other at home so I did not have to carry a cello back and forth.



The First Four Cellists of UNAM

Mirek Kotecki, Beverly Brown, Harriet Yount, and Valentin Mirkov

Something's Missing

The UNAM Symphony made an overnight trip to Guanajuato to play a concert for some kind of festival. The hotel had a nice-sized outdoor pool, so naturally it did not take long for many of us to be in the pool having a wonderful time.

Soon it became time to get out of the water, shower, and get ready for the concert. Marcia was waiting for me to shower first, and as I was drying off, my towel caught on my left hand. When I pulled the towel away, I looked with horror at four empty prongs staring me in the face. I let out a scream, and Marcia came

running in. I showed her my engagement ring minus the diamond. We made a hurried search of the bathroom, the swimsuit I had just taken off, plus the floor of our room, to no avail.

Suddenly, we looked at each other and in one voice said, "The pool!" I had to get dressed for the concert and play. Marcia smiled.

"Don't worry, Mom. I will find it."

Fortunately the pool was empty, so Marcia went back in and systematically walked up and down every inch of the bottom of that pool. At intermission she came up to me.

"I found it!"

What a relief. I knew I would never get another diamond. My heart was not in that concert until Marcia came with her good news.

San Angel

In looking for a bigger place to live, we again relied on our friend, Elaine Baughman. Elaine had friends in a mission seminary that was located in San Angel, a southwestern neighborhood of Mexico City. The decision had been made to discontinue the school, and one professor had left, which left one of the homes vacant. There were four homes in a row with common walls between them. We took the empty one on the end.

We had four bedrooms, three baths, a huge kitchen, an enclosed patio with laundry facilities, and the place was furnished. Our landlord was the Lutheran missionary, and he and his wife lived in the house next to ours.

The school received students from Mexico and Central America. The school was a separate building, but the whole complex was enclosed with high walls and two entry gates. A block away was the big Olympic stadium where all the soccer games were played.

When we moved to this seminary, we knew it would be for a year for sure, but they told us it could be longer because the future of the seminary was not settled. I think it ended up being three years before we had to move again.

During that time, Tish and her dog, Angel (part Irish Setter), would come to visit in the summers and play bassoon in the Mineria Symphony. In the summer season we always helped house the visiting musicians. Dave said he felt it was his own symphony because Jorge, our son-in-law, was the conductor, Marcia was second oboe, Tish was second bassoon, and I was in the cello section. I do not think that has ever occurred in a professional symphony before or after.

Making Friends

The first time the Las Americas Symphony recorded, the hall was two or three blocks away from Texas Lil's BBQ. Wayne said I had to try it, plus they had root beer to drink. So off we went for lunch. Lil was not in the restaurant, but Chris Bryan, her husband, was. The BBQ was excellent and so was the root beer. Chris



made it himself. He did not seem too friendly so didn't really leave an impression. But the food did. Later, when Dave and I went to have the BBQ, both Chris and Lil were there. Lil was very friendly, but Chris was still on the cool side. Lil was Mexican and Chris was Texan, therefore the name, "The Texas Lil BBQ." In the course of time we became regular customers, and Chris gradually warmed up.

We ended up being such good friends that we went camping together. They selected a place just outside of Toluca (one hour's drive up the mountain from Mexico City) to a no longer used logging road where we camped for a long weekend. The Bryans had three grown children so had two large tents, one of which we used. The area was an open space with a small, clear stream that made a horseshoe bend; we put the tents in the bend.

We really camped in style. Chris had a shower tent hooked up to the car battery to run the pump. We heated a large bucket of water on the fire and had good, hot showers. The Bryans had done a lot of camping, so they had all the equipment. It was great fun. We went out two or three times. In the mornings we would break ice on the bucket of water for our inevitable Bloody Marys before breakfast. That warmed us up and got us ready for the day.

Chris and Lil became our very close friends. Our annual event was to travel over to Popocatepetl, the volcano, to a Christmas tree farm and cut a tree. Dave was always working, so it was just Chris, Lil, and I. I would make oven-fried chicken and bake a cake or brownies, and Lil would bring biscuits, potato salad, and cut veggies. It always took a long time to pick the right tree; they were inevitably too tall, too short, too fat, or too lean, but when we found the right one, it was perfect. Chris would saw it off, then we would drag it back to the car, tie it to the top of the car, and drive back home. It was always a full day of fun and idea sharing on what to have for their open house on New Years.

We always had UNAM Symphony concert tickets for Chris and Lil. In turn, because Chris loved the opera, I would go to the opera in Lil's place since she didn't really care for it.



Another close friend of ours was Norbert Thullen, Dave's boss. He would often come to the house for supper. He was by himself, and he and Dave always had a lot to talk about regarding the machinery they used. Later he met Angelina, a Mexican lady, and in due course of time they got married, and of course we helped with the plans. It was a lovely wedding held outdoors in a picturesque setting. Norbert was of German heritage, so we started comparing stollen, the German Christmas bread, and fruitcake. We decided to get together at my house and bake our specialties.

Earthquake

The day we were to move up to Mount Ajusco was the day of the 8.7 earthquake, which was on September 19, 1985. I was in the shower and was knocked down. There were many

earthquakes while we lived in Mexico, so I did not think twice about this one. We all hurried out into the parking lot until the tremors stopped. Then we went back inside to get dressed and leave for rehearsal.

When we got to the hall, it seemed everyone was there except our principal violist. We had a guest conductor who was staying in a hotel in our part of town, so he had not seen or felt anymore earthquake than we had. The rehearsal was into the break before the violist rushed in saying that downtown looked like it had been bombed. My ears perked up, and our manager was coming to me to tell me not to worry, that Marcia and Jorge were okay. Marcia was very pregnant with Diego, her first child, and they were living in Jorge's home in central Mexico City, which was where the most damage was done. They were two blocks from where one of the hospitals had sandwiched down on itself.

It took almost a week before we could move up the mountain because every truck available was removing rubble from the downtown area. It took a long time for the city to regain its equilibrium with streets cleared and businesses back in operation. A piece of history, and we were in the middle of it.

Mount Ajusco

At this point Dave and I moved up onto Mount Ajusco, a volcanic lava dome in the southern part of Mexico City that overlooked the city. The air was cleaner there, and we would be closer to Marcia and Jorge, who were refurbishing a house to move to further up the mountain. The musician who lived there before had moved back to the States, so we took over the duplex. The view was a 180-degree panorama of the city, so we saw the lights of the city every night from our bedroom window.

The duplex had two large bedrooms and a third very large room that I used for music and sewing. It was very open, more like a family room, across from an ample bathroom that had a large, walk-in shower. The kitchen was really primitive, so I bought a unit with a large sink, gas stove, and at the end of it, a washing machine.



Harriet and David with Tekla and Chuchka

The division between the kitchen and dining room was a long, fifteen-inch wide bookcase open to the kitchen for pans and dishes. We swung this around to divide the dining area from the living area, and I made a curtain to cover what we stored: pantry items, etc. I had a cabinet built that was 4' x 3' with doors on both of the long sides that made for easy access to the inside. I chose colorful Mexican ceramic tile that I laid for the counter top.

The two 3' x 6' benches with cushions served as davenports as well as extra beds for guests, and made a cozy living area. Since we had no furnace Dave got permission to install two Mexican chimineas, one in between the davenports and the other in the extra bedroom. Dave put gas burners in each and piped a flue to the outside. It kept us warm.

We had many parties with all my fellow musicians. I think they all enjoyed coming up the mountain to spend time and good food with us.



While we lived on Mount Ajusco, two traumatic experiences happened to me. The first one happened in front of the 1968 Mexico City Olympic Stadium. As I was driving past the

stadium, smoke started coming out from under the hood of my car. Fortunately, I could get off the busy street and stop the car. At that point the smoke was really streaming out. I tried to flag somebody down to stop and help me, and a gentleman did stop. He told me the fire department was close by and that he would go for help.

The fire truck was there pretty quickly, but the paint was blistering on the hood. The firemen extinguished the fire and called a tow truck for me. They waited with me until the tow truck arrived.

It took about half an hour to get home, and during that time, the driver was a little too friendly. The only place I could ride was the passenger seat in the cab of the tow truck. Suddenly his hand landed on my knee. I pulled away. He got the message, but I was really uneasy because I knew there would be no one around at home. I would be alone.

The fireman had told me how much it would be, so I had the money ready to give the driver the minute we stopped. I made a dash for the house and locked the door. Luckily, the man did not linger after unhooking the car. It took me about an hour before I stopped shaking. That was the only time in my fifteen years in Mexico that I felt endangered.

The second experience happened the day before we were to drive up to the States. I was in Dave's diesel VW and had picked up three-dozen fresh eggs, which were in a wire basket on the floor in front of the passenger seat. On my way home, I had to stop for a light, and again, I was in front of the Olympic Stadium.

A small VW bug taxi was in front of me when I looked in the rearview mirror and saw a city bus was bearing down on me. When the bus was about twenty-five yards behind me, I realized he had not slowed down for the light. Apparently he had no brakes, and there was no place for me to escape.

I hung onto the wheel. "This is it!" I thought.

After the collision, I opened my eyes and looked in the rearview mirror. People were pouring out of the bus like water over a dam—including the driver with documents under his arm. By the time I got out of my car to see what the damage was, there was no one around, not even spectators.

The police took me to the police station for questioning. It turned out that everybody left to avoid having to be a witness. I was exonerated of any crime, but according to the law, my insurance had to pay for the damage my car had inflicted on the taxi since I rear-ended him. The bus people claimed that the bus had been stolen that very morning; therefore, they were not accountable for the damage to my car. Such is justice in Mexico.

Our trip to the States was delayed a day, but we took my car and went on. By the time we returned from our trip, Dave's car was repaired and life continued. Incidentally, every single one of the three-dozen eggs was broken.

Gigging in Mexico City

During the twelve years that I played with the UNAM, I played many weddings and receptions. Alfredo, one of the violinists in the orchestra, was the contractor. He would have Constance (the harpist with the Mexico City Philharmonic) play with us. She had a VW Beetle, which her husband had modified by taking out the front passenger seat so the harp could fit, sort of, on its side in that slot. I would sit in back, and my cello, in a soft case, would lie across the strings of the harp. It was a snug fit, but we traveled all over Mexico City that way.

The three of us, along with a keyboard, flute, and sometimes clarinet, played a three-year gig for a very elegant restaurant called "Villa Magna," which fortunately was not far from where we lived. We played from 9:00 p.m. to midnight. Alfredo had all of the charts ranging from classical symphonic and opera excerpts to musicals.



During those twelve years that I was a member of the orchestra, we had many soloists and guest conductors. Dr. James DePriest, from Oregon, was one I will never forget. He had had Polio as a child so walked with two arm crutches. He sat to conduct, and when the first rehearsal started, I saw the looks going around the orchestra. However, we hadn't played four measures before DePriest had total attention focused on his baton. That baton spoke to each of us, and we played our hearts

out for that man. The orchestra is the conductor's instrument, and what he does with that stick called a baton can make a huge difference in what the audience hears.

The UNAM orchestra always made at least one tour each year, and we traveled by bus. My stand partner was a history buff, so I not only was able to travel all over Mexico, but I also had a very knowledgeable tour guide. Having gypsy feet, I felt as if I had my cake and ate it, too.

Poland

There were three cellists that came to UNAM from the Mexico City Philharmonic. Mirek Kotecki was one of them. He had been with us a couple of months when his wife, Eva, was called back to Poland because her mother was very ill. She left and took their daughter, Agnieszka, with her. This left six-year-old Tomek under the care of his father, Mirek. We finished our Sunday noon concert, and Tomek was sitting in the front row, right under his dad's left elbow. When the applause ended, he bounced off his seat and jumped up on the stage to follow us off stage where we packed up our instruments. He told me he had to go to another rehearsal and concert with his dad. I looked at Mirek and asked him if he expected his son to be quiet that long.

"Yes," he said.

"Let him come home with me. I'll entertain and feed him. You can come by for him when you are finished."

"I couldn't ask you to do that," he said.

"You didn't ask, I volunteered. Tekla, our dachshund, would be pleased to play catch and fetch with him, so off we go."

By the time Mirek came to pick Tomek up, he had worn the dog out, then Dave, then me, and was starting in with Tekla again. The boy had enough pent up energy to last a week, non-stop.

We spent a lot of time with him and had a good time. Meantime, Eva's mom had passed away, so when she got back from Poland, we did not see much of Tomek. I met Eva, but we had little contact. After our Sunday concerts, Tomek always gave me a big hug and asked about Tekla and Dave. Agnieszka got to

know me, but Eva usually waited out in the parking lot. Summer vacation was coming up, and the Koteckis were going back to Poland to see family. Agnieszka was to be confirmed in her Polish church.



The Kotecki Family
Eva, Mirek, Tomek and Agnieszka

Tomek looked up at me and said, “Why don’t you come and visit us in Poland?”

“I just might do that,” I teasingly said.

It ended up that I did go and visit for almost a month, and I went by myself.

When Mirek took me into the Polish Embassy in Mexico City to get my visa, we explained to them that I was going to Poland to visit the Koteckis. We said that I would not be a real tourist and would not be staying in hotels or eating in restaurants all the time. Mirek stressed that it would be impossible for me to spend

the amount of American money that was required to exchange for Polish money. The consul agreed and made my visa as a visiting diplomat, or VIP. However, he made me promise that I would never go back to Poland with that passport; he was stretching the rules.

When I arrived at immigration in Warsaw, I was nervous. The officer was nice but had a very serious face. He put my passport and visa in the computer, looked at whatever came up, then looked at me as though he was going to call someone. Then he stamped it and handed it back. With a sigh of relief, I passed on out into the area where people were being met. But then I could not find Mirek. Forty minutes later I was still waiting. I was thinking all kinds of panic thoughts when, finally, I spotted Mirek and Tomek running toward the terminal. They apologized for being late and had a good excuse. All was well, so we drove back to Lodz, which is in the very middle of Poland.

Apple trees lined the narrow, two-lane road in Lodz. It looked just like Illinois where I had been the evening before. Poland is the breadbasket of Europe as is the Midwest to the United States, so the same trees and crops were growing. However, the harvesting was a little different, and there were no shoulders along the road. Where woods had been cut down, new trees were planted, and the trucks and harvesting machinery were not quite as modern as ours.

Eva was very busy with Agnieszka and her Polish confirmation, so they stayed in Lodz. Mirek had given me Polish history books which I read before I left Mexico, and I had made Agnieszka's dress and was feeling like that was my contribution to the upcoming event. So Mirek, Tomek, and I felt free to tour the country.

We traveled from Lodz to Gdansk on the Baltic and then back down through the river country where the homes were made of wood. The embroidery on curtains resembled Pennsylvania Dutch. Mirek told me they learned from the Poles. We returned to Lodz and then took off again going south, all the way down to Zakopane. That was the way Dave and I became surrogate grandparents.

When I got back to Mexico, I made a scrapbook of pictures and wrote about everything I had experienced on my trip. I took

it to the Mexican Polish Embassy so the Consul could read it. He was very pleased, I think.

I returned to Poland after communism fell and the country had seen many changes. However, I did not use the same passport.

Taking a Break

The years were flying by so fast, and the pace was beginning to take its toll on me. My left shoulder began giving me trouble. I was holding my left shoulder high when playing the cello, and the muscle was getting very painful. Dave and I decided to take the summer off and go back to the States to visit family and see if the rest would help. We bought a GMC RV, so it was fun to travel from Arizona to Maryland visiting relatives. We returned to Mexico at the start of the fall season in September.



David and his sisters, Inez and Betty

It was a good summer for the two of us; no time schedules, we just relaxed. However, when we returned to Mexico City, one week of rehearsal and concerts and the shoulder was no better. I tried everything from an orthopedic surgeon to acupuncture. I did not want to quit playing, but it was beginning to look like that was the solution.



My Newly Painted GMC RV

All Good Things Must Come to an End

Our one-year trial period of living and working in Mexico had grown to 15 years. We had made the move to Mexico in 1975 when I was 48 and David was 55. We decided that after fifteen years maybe it was time to retire. So we packed both cars, his with machinery and mine with household things.

It was hard to leave Marcia and her family, but we thought it was time to go back to the States. My last concert in the UNAM Symphony was March 28, 1990, and my cello section had a little party for me after the concert.

PART 5

Back to the States

Tucson

We were at Marcia's house ready to leave early the next morning when the phone rang. It was a hospital in Quincy telling me my mother had had a heart attack and was in intensive care. We decided that we would leave my car at Marcia's packed as it was, and Dave would leave as planned. He would take my cello and our kitty, Chuchka, and head for Tucson to stay in the GMC RV while I flew to Quincy to help my mother until she could get back into the home where she had been living. Then I would fly to Tucson.

We went to Tucson because that was where Tish lived. When I got back from Quincy, we started house hunting. We needed a home, so that was the priority. I was there about a week when again the phone rang. This time Mom had passed away, so I needed to go back to Quincy to see to things. Dave stayed in Tucson. He and Mom did not have the best of relations.

A week and a half later, I again arrived in Tucson to look for a house in earnest. We found a beautiful little bungalow: two bedrooms, one bath, and a lovely yard. We were only about six blocks from Tish, so we thought we were set.

It did not take long to find an orchestra to play with plus a string quartet. We still had the RV and enjoyed traveling in it. I never will forget the look on a truck driver's face when Dave

passed him on the highway. He looked into our coach and saw me sitting there playing the cello as we drove down the road.

The Koteckis Visit

We had set up a visit from the Koteckis, who were coming up to Tucson on the train. We were to meet them in Nogales and bring them home with us. We had just barely moved into the house, however, and had no furniture, linens, or kitchenware. The RV was



in the driveway, and it had linens and kitchenware. So, Tish brought over a few things, and we were all set.

We all left in the RV a couple of days later for Disneyland, then the Grand Canyon, the Badlands, the Petrified Forest, Walsenburg, Colorado, to visit my cousin, John Berghoffer, and his wife, Liz, then back home to Tucson. It was such fun. It just shows how you can manage when you use some imagination and ingenuity.

Whenever I am visiting Marcia in Mexico City, we always have a party, and I get to see the friends I knew so well, like Mirek Kotecki and his family.



My last concert in Mexico City was March 28, 1990, my mother died the 2nd of May that year, and the Koteckis came up the 3rd of June. I still had only the bare essentials because my car was still in Mexico City with all the household items in it.

Marcia called and said Dwight, the tuba player in the Mexico City Philharmonic, had to get his van out of Mexico because the papers on it had expired. She asked if it would be all right for him to bring my things up to Tucson, then for me to fly him back to Mexico City. John and Marilyn—French horn and clarinet—had bought my car. (The license plate was LUV224. Dave always

said it meant “love two to four.”) It was the perfect solution. Finally, we were put back together again.

The Desert

It did not take Dave and me very long to decide that our house was not large enough. We needed two bathrooms plus space for Dave to set up his shop. So we started looking again for a place to live. We found one on the west side of Tucson, out in the desert. It had three bedrooms and two baths with a large utility room off the carport. This was perfect, and we loved the desert.

I had a bird feeder in the back, and I soon found the Gambel Quail at the base of it picking up the crumbs left by other birds. I began filling the feeder and then throwing more corn on the ground for the quail. I would have as many as 45 to 50 quail running up to the feeder when they saw me come out with the corn. Later, after I had screened in the cement patio, the quail would hardly wait for me to go back on the porch to come running to peck at their meal.

We settled into our house quickly, and it soon became home to us. Three quarters of an acre gave us plenty of room to park the RV next to the carport. Tish’s good friend, Charlie Whitehead, who played contra bassoon in the Tucson Symphony, took me with my cello to the Civic Orchestra rehearsal. Herschel Kreloff agreed to let me play, so I was in another orchestra, though an amateur group. It took some adjusting, but my shoulder was thankful to be free of the heavy schedule I was used to.

P.E.O.

P.E.O. (Philanthropic Educational Organization) is an international women’s organization that provides educational opportunities for female students worldwide. We support six different educational projects including loans and scholarships for women ranging from high school graduates through candidates working toward their doctoral degrees. I have been a

part of this organization since I was first married, and it is a foundation very close to my heart.

P.E.O. came back into my life after we bought the house in Tucson and were settled. Chapter DU was a brand new chapter, so I was on the charter list. It was fun to help and see it grow. The P.E.O. group that I headed in Mexico City was interesting but not the same as a formal chapter. I also had the privilege of chartering a new Chapter EI. Both chapters are thriving.

Later (1999), when I moved to Sierra Vista, I became a member of Chapter CW. And when I moved back to Quincy, Illinois, for a couple of years, I became a member of Chapter FH.

In 2009 I moved back to Tucson and started to play with the Civic Orchestra again. It wasn't very long before Daphne Madson, a viola player, approached me at rehearsal.

"May I ask you a question?"

"Just one question?" I asked.

"That will depend on your answer." She wanted to know if I was a P.E.O. I smiled and said I was. Encouraged, she went on.

"Then I will ask you the second question: Would you be interested in joining my chapter which is AD?"

This chapter is known for its musical talent. It had two pianos, one flute, one viola, and now, my cello has been added. The members have made me very welcome. My 50 and 60-year memberships were both recognized at two different conventions of Arizona State.

"The good Lord willin' and the creek don't rise," I will get to 70. It is just another four years. I will only be a tender 94 years old.



*Daphne Madsen and Harriet Yount
2015 P.E.O. AZ State Convention*

The Saguaro Jet Set

Dave found a group of GMC RV owners that called themselves the “Saguaro Jet Set.” We decided to look into it and subsequently joined. It was a fun group that had a large pool of knowledge on the what, where, how, and why of RVing. A rally was planned once a month, leaving on a Friday and returning to Tucson on Sunday.

We also took off on our own to California as well as the east coast to visit Julie and Rome, both living in Maryland at the time. The trips we took were wonderful. Our pets were with us, and our home on wheels met all of our needs. However, true to form, we began planning changes that would make the RV even more compatible with our needs. We went to one rally with our GMC completely gutted. It was great fun putting it back together again with our own ideas incorporated to make it uniquely ours.



We repeated the trip we had made with the Kotecki family, only this time we had Geoff, Julie’s third son who was seven (though it was #2 son Steve’s turn to come, but he elected not to), along with Tish’s stepson, Justin Bryant, who was eight. In the Badlands the kids and I walked the trails, and I made them take turns reading the historical markers aloud. They learned at the Grand Canyon, among other things, that the Native Americans there belonged to the Navajo Nation. We were on the road three

weeks. Many years later, Justin told me that that trip was the best vacation he had ever had.

Dave

Dave turned 72 in July of 1992. That August we awoke one morning and his color was grey. He had gone to the bathroom and came back to sit on the edge of the bed. I called 911 and the medics came within twenty minutes. Dave made it back to the bathroom but collapsed. The medics worked on him for about twenty minutes before putting him in the ambulance. Tish met us at the hospital, and she held his hand on the way into the ER. She and I waited in a room for about a half an hour when the doctor came and told us they did everything they could, but he was gone.

Life can seem very short. In little more than an hour, my life changed completely. Fortunately, our life in Mexico had made us make important decisions fifteen years earlier. We both had signed up to be donors, plus, for convenience's sake, we had decided on cremation. So when the questions came as to what I wanted done, the answers were already in place. Tish and I planned a small memorial in Quincy. It took place in November when all four of our children and their families could attend. Don and Viv Langellier opened their home to our family, and all four of their children came also. Dave and I had a good life together for almost 42 years.

RV Club Friends Lend Support

Friends that we had made in the RV club, as well as many musician friends, were all very supportive. Richard and Jeanette Thompson, president and secretary of the RV club, helped me with the RV. They convinced me to keep it, and said that if I could get a thousand solo miles behind me, I would be glad I did. They were so right, because I enjoyed many rallies solo and even had fun being editor of our newsletter (without a computer!), which came out once a month.

Richard and Jeanette were always encouraging me and really looked out for me. Richard kept the GMC in top running shape. Without his help I could not have done it. The three of us did two very interesting trips together without the motor homes. The first one involved three other couples: We rented a river houseboat on Lake Powell for a four-day weekend. We left early on Thursday and came back late Sunday. We had a marvelous time.

The next trip was to Disneyland. We left Tucson on the train with two other couples, friends of the Thompsons, and arrived in L.A. in the early morning. We rented a van, checked into the Disneyland Hotel, and spent the next two days doing Disneyland and riding all the rides. We then returned to the train and went back to Tucson. We felt as though we were still teenagers.

In October 1992, Richard suggested we make reservations to go down the Grand Canyon on mules, stay overnight at the ranch, and come back up the next day. I was game, so we made reservations for December.

The mules had special horseshoes that had cleats on them so they would have traction on the trail. We were instructed always to keep the mule's head pointed toward the canyon side of the trail. The reason was that when a mule is spooked, it always backs up. Since backing off the cliff was not a bright prospect, we kept those rear ends pointed toward the mountain.

It took eight hours to get to the bottom with a lunch break in the middle. I was embarrassed when I got off the mule for lunch because my knees would not hold me. But when I looked around, I was not the only one.

The canyon was beautiful, and the views from the trail were spectacular. We were at the ranch for Christmas, and it even snowed for us.



A Saguaro Jet Set was scheduled to leave one Friday for a rally in Bullhead, Nevada. However, a Civic Orchestra concert was also scheduled that same evening. I did not want to miss the trip, so I made a reservation at the RV Park in Buckeye, AZ, which was on the other side of Phoenix on I-8. The concert was held at the Deaf School just off of I-10 in downtown Tucson. It takes about an hour and 45 minutes to get from Tucson to

Phoenix, so it would be eleven o'clock or later before I could get there.

The concert went well. My mind was busy as I walked the two blocks to where I had parked the RV. I arrived in Buckeye without any problems, thankfully. I found the park, and as is the usual routine, I plugged into the campsite's electricity terminal. However, when I put something into the microwave, it blew a fuse. The campground did not have surge protection. The only thing not functioning on the RV was the microwave, so I stayed the night.

Arrangements had been made to meet a fellow member of the club the next morning some distance from Buckeye. Arriving at the proper mile marker, I waited. It sure was good to see that GMC come down the road. He did not stop; I just fell in behind him and followed him all the way to Bullhead, Nevada. The whole club was in the parking lot looking for us and sent up a cheer of welcome. I knew then that I could do this by myself as long as Richard kept the RV in good shape.

Traveling With Nancy

I had been a member of the Saguaro Jet Set about a year when Ginny Lynch—also a member—asked me if I liked antiques. Of course my answer was yes. So I was introduced to Nancy Stewart. The three of us would gather on Saturday morning to check out all the advertised estate sales as well as antique shops. Some lovely objects and furniture found their way to my house because of these shopping sprees, and our friendships grew.

Ginny's husband, Ed, passed away, and she moved to Phoenix, but Nancy and I became very good friends. Her husband, Tom, was a retired Air Force pilot, and they had lived abroad many years. It was fascinating to hear of Tom's adventures. His hobby was antique cars; he had two of them in his garage, and he took great pride in showing them off.

After Dave passed away, Nancy and I did a cruise through the Panama Canal. We had a great trip and came home with some beautiful *molas*. A *mola* is a decorative piece that is made by a

reverse appliqué. The designs and workmanship are really beautiful. It was hard to make a selection. Unfortunately, we went through the canal at night, but it was well illuminated. Nancy was on deck, but I watched from our porthole because one-fourth of the people on board had come down with the flu. Nancy remained well, thank goodness. It was good to reach home.

Nancy and I made another trip together along with her twin sister, Joyce, and her friend, Mary. We had nine days in Sicily that we enjoyed very much. Mary kept bragging about their hot chocolate. I finally tried one and immediately became addicted. It was so thick that a spoon was required to consume it. Fortunately, I had waited until the day before we left to try it so did not gain any weight. I loved Sicily and would like to go back and spend more time enjoying all it has to offer.

Lake Erie Canal Cruise

The Lake Erie Canal cruise was the first boat cruise for me. Don and Viv Langellier (of Quincy, Illinois) suggested that I join them and Don's sister, Alice, who would be my roommate. I immediately said yes. So in September of 1994, I met the others in Providence, Rhode Island, to board the American Canadian Cruise Line ship named the *Grande Caribe*. We headed for Troy, N.Y., but it wasn't a straight shot.

First we went down a small river to, through, and around New York Harbor, past the Statue of Liberty and Ellis Island. My heart and mind went to the fact that my ancestors actually checked in there when they arrived from Europe. Then turning north on the Hudson River, among other vistas, the view of West Point was most impressive. It is steeped in long established tradition.

There were many locks to go through when we got to the Erie Canal. The first few were very deep—33 and 34 feet. Later it was more or less 15 feet deep where we tied up for the night.

Troy is located at the head of navigation on the Hudson River. In 1825 the Erie and Champlain Canals joined the Hudson,

and the next fifty years a network of railroads fanned out from the city in all directions.

The Chesapeake Canal #12 is the only lock preserved today. The Farmington Canal was added in 1828: 60 locks in 80 miles, each of which are 12 feet wide and 90 feet long. Back then barges were pulled along the sides by mules at the speed of about three miles per hour. These locks were in service for twenty years. When the railroad was built on the towpaths, they were no longer used or needed.

I really loved passing through this historical area of our country.

Making the Single Life Work

I kept the Tucson house out in the desert and decided to make some improvements. I enclosed the back patio to make a screened porch. My kitty, Skeeter, enjoyed it as much as I did.

The master bath had a picture window beside the tub looking out into the desert with a metal venetian blind. The contractor and I decided that had to go, so the wall beside the tub was knocked out, and opaque glass blocks were installed. Then I used fourteen-inch floor tiles so grouting would be a minimum. For the area on top of the tub continuing around the front and back edges, I found a very attractive decorative 2" x 6" tile. It really made a nice looking bathroom.

The front of the house had a very small cement entry to the front door with a small roof. It looked like an afterthought, so, again, the contractor and I designed a front porch that almost went the length of the house. Since the front faced south, the porch provided nice shade for the living room, hall, and two bedrooms. There was room on the west side for the RV to park beside the carport, so we extended the roof to accommodate the RV. I added a heavy screen to shade the west side of the RV.

The downtown YMCA was only about twenty-five minutes from the house, so I decided I would join and start swimming. Each morning I timed it so I would get to the Y about 7:30 a.m. By that time all of the working people were out of the pool, and by the time I got into my suit, the pool was empty. My goal was

to swim a mile a day, and I reached it. My dad would have been very proud of me.

My first really long solo trip in the GMC came about in August of 1995. My son invited me to come visit him in Bloomington, Ill. My sister-in-law, Betty Hamilton, was always ready to go somewhere, so we decided I would leave Tucson very early and make one campground. Then late the next day I arrived in Fulton, Missouri, where Betty lived.

Betty and I left the next morning for Bloomington, Illinois, where Rome was then living. We spent a day with them and then followed Rome and his family up to New Haven, Michigan, where Mary's (Rome's wife) folks had a beautiful lakeside home. We stayed for the weekend, and then Betty and I left to return back to Quincy where we saw the Langelliers before we went on back to Fulton. I stayed with Betty for a few days and then headed back to Tucson. It was a fun trip during which I became convinced I could do this: I could travel in the GMC by myself. My independence was growing.

Meeting John

When I got back to Tucson, the fall season had started, and along with it, RV rallies. Those of us who had signed up for the Bisbee rally received a note in the mail from John Lamb, a new member who was to be the rally master. His note was an invitation to have Sunday brunch at his new home to see how a bachelor lived in the desert.

Bisbee was always a favorite rally for me. The campground is on a small plateau across from a copper mine and above the center of town. Friday night was always "Happy Hour," and everyone converged around the ramada, which had a fireplace. Since it was October, a fire was very welcome.

Saturday night dinner was held in a restaurant at the foot of saloon row. Since the tables all seated four, it seemed like a natural thing for four singles to sit together. So John and I sat together along with two other singles. We had a fun time at dinner, so when the meal was finished, John suggested we do a pub-crawl. This was not really what seemed fun to me, but

dancing was mentioned, so I thought, “we’re having a good time, so why not?”

It was early in the evening, so not many people were at the pubs. The dance floor was postage stamp size, but it was nice to find out that John and I danced well together. So drinks were ordered, but I just asked for water. John looked at me and asked if I was the original cheap date. I told him my glass of wine at dinner was enough for me. At that point a live combo came into the bar, and the noise level increased to the point that any conversation was impossible. We moved on up the street checking out each pub along the way but decided it would be more fun to return to the campground and sit around the fireplace.

This is when I learned that John was a widower. He and his wife had retired in Sierra Vista and had bought a large piece of land some distance from town where they were going to build a new home. However, his wife became very ill and died. John canceled the purchase of the land and bought a house that he liked in town.

He was still in the process of moving in, which we saw on Sunday as we enjoyed the marvelous brunch that he had catered. The backyard had a lovely pool along with a ramada that had a fireplace, TV, and wet bar. John was retired from corporate IBM in California.

As we were all leaving, John walked me to my coach and asked me if he could come to Tucson and take me to dinner. I told him I would be delighted and to just give me a call. Barely a week had gone by when John called to make plans for Friday night. He told me to pick a restaurant because he did not know Tucson.

Our friendship grew, and it became a regular event for John to come to Tucson or for me to drive over to Sierra Vista. We drove our GMCs to rallies and even hosted rallies together. In the natural course of events, we got tired of driving back and forth between Tucson and Sierra Vista, so it seemed the logical solution was for me to move to Sierra Vista. I moved in 1999.

Sierra Vista

John had a bright yellow 1955 Ford Thunderbird of which he was very proud, so of course he belonged to the T-Bird Club in Phoenix. The third annual Christmas Dinner Dance was coming up, and John asked me to go with him. It was a wonderful party. This was my first introduction to the group, and John had only met a few members on the phone. We were amazed at our warm welcome. Barbara Blair—the editor of their monthly newsletter—and her husband, John, took us under their wings, introduced us around, and saw to it that we joined their table for dinner. They made us feel as though we had been members for years. From then on we attended whatever function was planned every month.



Sierra Vista Trio

Margaret Fletcher, Paula Dorrell, Harriet Yount

It did not take me very long to find the Sierra Vista Symphony, and they accepted me in their cello section. John and I were invited to be board members. At the same time, the Sierra Vista School Board's rejection of music and art in the elementary schools was announced. That summer was the first summer music camp sponsored by the Sierra Vista Symphony. Twenty eager youngsters signed up. John, with his IBM background, organized this project and was general manager.

Not long after I joined the orchestra, violist Paula Dorrell moved to Sierra Vista with her husband, Gary, who was the new conductor of the 36th Army Band at Fort Huachuca. Paula was an excellent violist, and together we started the Mariposa String Quartet. Lisa Anderson and Margaret Fletcher were our violinists. We volunteered to perform several concerts.

The quartet was rehearsing at least once a week at our house, but the arrangement of John's house did not afford the space we needed, so he added a 16' x 16' room onto the garage side of this house for my music room. When completed, it added the necessary space and made a great addition to the home. Molly, John's West Highland Terrier, loved to come and sit right in the middle of our four stands when the quartet rehearsed. If the music was a bit modern, or if we were out of tune, she would leave. Then as soon as we got back on track, she would reappear and curl up in the middle once more.

Grandson David

Not long after I moved to Sierra Vista, #1 grandson, David, started coming for visits. He and John became very close. David was not happy with his life. He married soon out of school, and it did not work out the way he expected. John stressed the value of college, and David went along with it. John told him if he was going to get a degree, he should just do it. John suggested that he could come live with us in Sierra Vista and do the extension courses from Pima Community College.



Grandson Geoff and David

David took us up on our offer and came to live with us. We gave him room and board for the first two years of college while he got all the required courses out of the way. While David was

living with us, John's daughter, Heather, came to visit often, and she and David became really good friends. She helped him with some of the papers he had to write. After the first two years of school, David decided to go for a business degree, so for the last two years, he moved to Tucson and registered at the University of Arizona.

David was happy when he had his BA in Business, but he still had not found what he was looking for. His brother, Geoff, had gone to the Palmer College of Chiropractic, and since Geoff could talk of nothing else, David learned a great deal about how people were helped through chiropractic techniques along with diet and nutrition. He researched the various chiropractic colleges on the Internet and found two schools in which he was interested: one in San Diego and one in Atlanta, Georgia. David visited the Atlanta school on his own, and then later, David and I took a trip up the west coast of California to check out the school in San Diego, as well as a cross-fit training facility—another interest of his.

We drove on up the coast to visit Barbara and Joe Silvia, John's niece and her husband who lived in Julian. After a good visit we went on north to Hearst Castle and took the tour. We wanted to see the elephant seals even further up the coast, and that was a sight to remember. We decided to check out Yountville, since that was his grandfather's heritage. The vineyards were all around and the train we took was an original dining car on which I remembered traveling when Mom and I visited my grandmother, Gommie Sheaffer, in L.A. By the time we returned to Tucson, David had decided to go to the chiropractic school in Atlanta, Georgia.

After about two years in Atlanta, David went on a missionary trip to Ghana, Africa, with the chiropractic school's group of students to practice what they had learned. This trip convinced him that he was on the right path. Also, on this trip he met Emily McLeod, who was already a chiropractor. She also worked on large animals—mainly horses. A long-distance romance developed. Emily lived and had a practice in Kansas City, Missouri, while David was in school in Atlanta, Georgia.

David wanted his and Emily's families to meet. David was coming from Atlanta to be with Emily, so he put together a

family reunion to be held at the McLeod Bed and Breakfast in Las Cruces, New Mexico. Emily's parents owned this B&B. The plan was for me to make reservations for four double rooms and one RV spot. When I called to make the reservations, Emily's mom and I had a nice chat on the phone about this reunion and how seldom our family gets together because of distance. I did not say, however, that I was in David's family.

Our names were all different, so there was no connection to David. Perfect. Plans were made without divulging our secret. Grandson Geoff and his girlfriend drove with me from Tucson, and we arrived first. Then David's mom, Julie, came, along with her daughter, Kate, and Deneen, Kate's partner. Tish and her partner, David Musholt, were the last to arrive. We were all having a good visit in the B&B's living/dining area when Tish spotted her nephew David and Emily outside, going around to the kitchen. We were all having a tough time containing our enthusiasm. Tish opened the kitchen door and greeted the couple, so the jig was up. Introductions were made, and Anita, Emily's mom, was taken completely by surprise.

Julie gave her a big hug and said, "I'm David's mom."

I hugged her and said, "I'm grandma."

Needless to say, it was a wonderful weekend with fourteen of us present. We had such a good time that we all decided we would go back at Christmas.

Anita is a great cook, and Ken is Santa Claus all year round. He has a full white beard with a full head of white hair, and his ruddy smile is always in evidence. Little kids come up to him all year long asking him if he is Santa Claus. We had a wonderful family Christmas. They have two dogs plus Fred, an African Grey bird, who will tell you when he wants to go to bed.

On the third trip to Africa, Emily and David decided that, since they had a time block of two weeks together, they would marry in the mission. Brother Geoff joined them and they tied the knot. After the ceremony the mission gave them a wonderful party.

In March 2016, David will graduate and start his internship in Kansas City, Missouri, to be near Emily's already established practice. It pleases me that David has found his place in life.



Grandson David Jennings and Emily McLeod



Ken and Anita McLeod



Tish and David



Julie Ann Yount Huls



Julie's daughter, Kate, and Deneen Lara



Julie's sons, David, Steve, and Geoff

Life With John

Meanwhile, John and I were doing two and three trips a year plus we were very active with the Sierra Vista Symphony, the Youth String Program, summer music camp, and P.E.O. Sarah Yount, Rome's daughter, came to see us for a couple of weeks, and the next summer, her brother, Brian, came for a visit. We always enjoyed having the kids come. The calendar was full of activities, and we loved every minute of it.

Through fellow musicians, I was able to set up a reciprocity loaning program with the Quincy Symphony, Midland Symphony in Texas, and the Civic Symphony in Tucson. Renting orchestrations is costly. I had repertoire lists of the above-mentioned symphonies, so I sent my lists to each group and we all saved money; we only needed to pay postage. It worked very well.

John and I took many international voyages together. John had taken some Elder Hostel tours that he enjoyed, so our first expedition together was an Elder Hostel trip to Hawaii. We traveled on a cruise ship, and our group stayed together for the whole two weeks. When we finished the tour, I felt as if I had taken a college course. All of the islands were covered along with their history.

Cruising with the Humbles

Through the T-Bird Club in Phoenix we became very good friends with Ardell and Hilton Humble who suggested we join them on a *Marco Polo* Cruise. We were to be gone a month, flying from Los Angeles to Singapore where we would board the ship, *Marco Polo*.

We arrived early in Singapore in order to take in sights that were not included in the cruise. We had to try a "Singapore Sling" in the famous Raffles Hotel and ate peanuts as we enjoyed our drink, throwing peanut shells on the sawdust floor—long a tradition at Raffles.



(top row) Hilton Humble, John Lamb, Peter Scott, Ken Turner
(bottom row) Anne Scott, Ardell Humble, Doreen Turner, Harriet Yount

After settling into our room on board and doing the compulsory fire drill, we had dinner. I have been on many cruises and trips, with both John and the Langelliers, but never have we found such wonderful, compatible dinner companions as we did on the *Marco Polo*: Ann and Peter Scott from Belfast, Northern Ireland, and Doreen and Kenneth Turner from Derby, England. We had such a good time together. John and I later visited Ann and Peter in Belfast, and they visited us first in Phoenix with Ardell and Hilton and then drove with us to our home in Sierra Vista.

The *Marco Polo* took us to Malaysia, Thailand, India, Egypt, the Suez Canal, Israel, and Greece. There are many wonderful memories that come flooding back to me just from certain smells of Indian food or the sight of bright-colored silk scarves.



January 25, 2001, we again joined our friends, Ardell and Hilton Humble, along with Carol and Don Anderson, on a cruise from Buenos Aires around the tip of Chile to Santiago. The ship *Norwegian Dream* was our home for fourteen days. We stopped

in several ports down the eastern coast of South America before we came to and rounded Cape Horn. There were six hardy souls that donned Viking helmets to have cold water from the ocean poured over their heads. We all received certificates verifying that we did indeed round "The Horn." The water was very calm with not many white caps. I had expected rough water.

On up the coast of Chile, we came to Petrohue Falls and Lake Esmeralda after traveling all day. At Puerto Montt we boarded a catamaran and cruised Lake Todos Los Santos, otherwise known as Lake Esmeralda because of its incredible blue-green color. The backdrop to this scene was Mt. Osorno, the perfectly snow-capped volcano. Teddy Roosevelt called it the most beautiful volcano in the world.

The Petrohue River narrows, and the green water rushes through black volcanic rock. It is a spectacular sight. Puerto Montt is the gateway to the fjord country of SW Chile and has been compared to the fjords of Norway, New Zealand, and Alaska. This trip made me acutely aware of the astounding statistic that the Andes Mountain Range extends 4,500 miles along the western flank of South America.

When we reached our destination, we left the ship and boarded a van to take us to Santiago, where we had reservations at the Hyatt, a beautiful hotel. There was a musician I wanted to see in Santiago, so after we got settled, we walked to the *Teatro Municipal*. It was a lovely theater. We walked around to the stage door and were lucky to find the union representative.

Oswaldo Molina played oboe with the camerata in Guadalajara, and I knew he had returned to Santiago and was playing with the National Symphony. The day we walked in was the first day of rehearsal for the season. However, because of illness, Molina was not playing.

While the union representative was on the phone calling Molina, another gentleman walked up to me and asked in English if he could be of help. He was Ed Brown; we had played together the last year of the Las Americas Symphony. Since he played French horn, he knew both Sharon and Boakie, horn players that I had worked with in Mexico City. We had coffee and reminisced about our time twenty-two years previous. The music world is small and more times than not you meet someone you know.

We returned to the hotel and awaited Molina. Molina and I talked for two hours in our room over wine and cheese. He had bone cancer, but it was in remission. He gave me 200 American dollars to buy cane to make his oboe reeds. He wrote a letter to Marcia explaining what he wanted. I sent his letter to Marcia when I returned home so she could order the cane and have it sent to me, which I then mailed out to Molina. By the time Molina received it, the cane had been on quite a trip.

Alaska Inland Passage

In August of 2001 Rome, my son, asked me if I would like to take the Alaska Inland Passage Cruise with his family. Of course my answer was yes.

We had two adjoining staterooms since there were seven of us. Rome's daughters, Sarah and Tish, shared my room, while Mary and Rome and their sons, Brian, and Curtis, were in the other. Our steward was very attentive to the children. When our beds were turned down for sleep, there was always an animal fashioned from a small towel and washcloth on each child's bed, much to Tish's delight. Tish was still in the stroller stage (seven months old), so she and I had fun strolling the deck with me pushing the stroller.

Alaska was beautiful. We started from Vancouver and then stopped and enjoyed Ketchikan, Juneau, Skagway, and Sitka and were able to cruise near Hubbard Glacier. It was great to see Juneau because Harry King, my cousin, was raised there until he joined the Navy in World War II. At the end of a terrific week on the ship, Rome rented a van to drive some distance to get to our hotel. On the way we stopped at a small glacier and were able to walk on it.

Traveling with children is great fun because you see the world through their eyes, and you are able to share in their wonder of it. It is a cherished memory.

Rally Masters



*John Lamb and Harriet
Rally in California*

John and I were rally masters for three memorable rallies. The first was with the Saguaro Jets, and our destination was the San Clemente area on the coast of California. John had signed up to take an elder hostile class in pottery, so he would be leaving us Sunday morning for Mexico. Pauline (Russell Clink's girlfriend) agreed to go with me so I would not have to drive home alone. We drove in my coach since John was flying to his pottery class Sunday morning.

Friday night was always park and hook up with water and electricity time. Everyone brought appetizers and snacks to go with the cocktail hour. Chairs were circled and the camaraderie would begin and go on until way past dark.

The rally hosts—in this case, John and I—planned Saturday’s activities starting with breakfast. We decided our breakfast would be a big one: scrambled eggs, bacon, fruit, and English muffins, plus homemade muffins. Coffee was up to the individuals.

Our Saturday night dinner was to be my homemade vegetable soup—that was very hardy fare—plus green salad and hard rolls, finishing off with chocolate cake. During the day there were many things to do and see, so almost everyone scattered. I had frozen my soup when I made it, so Friday night I had pulled it out of the refrigerator still frozen and dumped it into a huge soup kettle with the lid on. By Saturday afternoon it was thawed enough to put over a low heat on a hot plate. The timing worked well because by 6:00 p.m. the soup was hot and ready to serve. We had about ten coaches at this rally, which meant there were about twenty adults. There was not a drop of soup or crumb of cake left.

Sunday morning we had fruit, coffee, and sweet rolls. John left for the airport, and the rest of us packed up to return to Tucson. Pauline and I followed our friends the Robinsons as far as Yuma where they lived.

I had pulled into a filling station and filled the tank, and as I was pulling back onto the Interstate, the heat gauge informed me I had a problem: the GMC was overheated. I immediately pulled off the ramp and called the Robinsons. They arrived with a tow truck that took us to their home. The mechanic that looked at the situation told me I needed a new heat pump and that none was available. That put Pauline in a bind because she had to be at work the next morning. With hardly a thought, the Robinsons offered me their Cadillac to get home to Tucson and said they would call me when my coach was repaired. Thanks to the trust that comes with such friendships we had made in this group and the generosity of these wonderful people, it worked out okay. But when you went on a trip in the GMC, you never knew what might happen.



The second rally was with the Thunderbird Club. Bisbee, Arizona, (population 5,500) was our destination. The group numbered about sixteen adults, so we almost filled the Copper

Queen Hotel. The hotel had an area on the second floor that was ideal for our cocktail hour. John had made welcome cards that listed all of the local activities available on Saturday and before the T-Birders arrived, had placed one in the room of each of the group members. Next to each card he left two small bottles of wine, red and white.

We had made reservations at a very good Italian restaurant for Saturday night dinner. The next morning, the hotel served a lovely breakfast. All of the couples had driven their T-Birds from Phoenix, and John had made arrangements through the hotel to park the little Birds across the street in front of the hotel. They made quite a picture.



The third rally that we hosted—again with the T-Bird Club—was in Amado, Arizona (pop. 295). The lovely inn had a limited number of rooms, but they were all decorated with antiques, which made each room unique. Again we filled the place with four of us driving our motor homes for the overflow. The inn served breakfast plus had a mystery theater after dinner that was well received. Tubac was nearby, as well as Nogales, Mexico, so much shopping was done.



The RV Club had a rally in May of 2002 that was in New Mexico at the Albuquerque Balloon Festival. We were standing in the very middle of these huge expanses of canvas spread out on the ground, waiting for the gas blowers to be lit in order to inflate the individual balloons with hot air. Watching them slowly expand and lift off the ground is an image indelibly etched into my memory. They were beautifully colored, decorated in every conceivable shape, and all soaring above us.

Other Travels With John

Also in 2002 John and I did a land tour of the capitals of Europe, and when we were in Barcelona, Spain, we met up with Philip Cunningham, clarinetist, and Molly Judson, an English

horn player, both musicians who had played in Mexican orchestras with me. We had lunch and a four-hour visit.



*Philip Cunningham, Harriet Yount, and Molly Judson
Barcelona, Spain*



In the summer we joined the Langelliers and Harvey Longs and did a land tour of England and Denmark. We ended with a week in Ireland where we stayed in a timeshare that the Langelliers had contracted. We rented the largest six-passenger van, and John drove us throughout Ireland.

We were waiting for the plane to Dublin when the loud speaker called John's and my names to report to information. We never did understand why, but it ended up that the airline paid for the next plane. When we arrived in Dublin, there was another problem: it was close to midnight. However, we managed to share a taxi with another passenger to get to our hotel. It turned out to be a very informative taxi ride. The passenger was a history teacher, so we had a wonderful conversation about the potato famine and the politics of Northern Ireland. It was a very different slant on Irish history than what I was taught in school.

In December, John and I were invited to spend a week with our friends Ardell and Hilton Humble in their timeshare in Hawaii. We had such a good time.

Flashback to Husband David

When I first met David, my husband to be, we were looking at photos, and my cousin Elma Ernst's picture came up.

"I know her," said David. "She served me donuts and coffee on the airfield in England."

What a serendipitous moment! Elma was the person that was most influential in me becoming a cellist.

Visiting Elma

In May of 2003 John and I flew to New York, rented a car, and headed for Westport, Connecticut, to see Elma Ernst Fay, who was that distant cousin that convinced me to play in the high school orchestra. I had not seen Elma in many years, but we had kept in touch. John had lived in Connecticut and wanted to see where he used to live, so we did both.

It was so good to see Elma again. She was my inspiration. She drove a Red Cross Clubmobile in the 2nd World War and followed the troops in Europe serving them coffee and donuts. I would have loved to do the same but was too young. We had a wonderful two-day visit with her, and it was hard to say goodbye. That was the last time I saw her

John found his old home, and then we returned to New York to catch the evening flight for Africa. We were on our way to do an OAT (Overseas Adventure Travel): Photo and Wildlife Safari of Kenya and Tanzania.

Kenya and Tanzania

We saw herds of elephants, giraffes, zebras, migrating wildebeests, leopards, water buffalo, cheetahs, alligators, hyenas, and flamingos. We tent-camped all along the way in huge double-walled tents with wooden floors and full bathrooms

sectioned off in the rear of the twin-bed bedroom. We had hot running water plus a water closet.

We saw the Serengeti National Park, the Ngorongoro Crater, and the tip of Mt. Kilimanjaro. We saw and learned about the Maasai culture, and we watched as they sang and jumped amazing heights from a standstill.

We also went to the Giraffe Center, which was a round building that had classrooms in its center and a ramp on the outside that wound around and up until you were standing on a balcony, head height with the giraffes who were just waiting for you to feed them. They were used to getting treats furnished by the center. The giraffes would nudge you with their heads, and with their velvet soft muzzles, they would take the treat very gently from your hand. You could not help falling in love with them. You could see why Karen Blixen (author of *Out of Africa*) fell in love with Africa. What a wonderful trip!

John

My life was about to change again. John started having digestive problems. The doctor put him through some tests, and surgery was to be the solution. He ended up having two major abdominal surgeries within a two-month period. His stamina had gone downhill very fast.

John, Jr. had planned for us to go to California for a visit and a surprise. I encouraged John to cancel the trip, but John insisted he could do it. We arrived late afternoon, and the family came to the hotel to visit. By the time they left John was exhausted, so we had food brought in and retired early.

The surprise was the Jay Leno TV show the next evening. John rested all day but still was not feeling well. However, we went to the show anyway. He thoroughly enjoyed it since it was his favorite. But the next morning we had to say our goodbyes to the family and head for home.

We decided to break the trip home and stop in Julian, California, to see John's niece, Barbara Silvia, and her husband, Joe. We stayed with them that night and started for home the next morning. John insisted on driving, but we were hardly out of

town before he pulled over and said he had to lie down. He slept all the way home.

We talked to the doctor the next morning, and he ordered another test. John had developed the hiccups that we could not get rid of. I mentioned this to the lab technician, and she told me of a specialist in Tucson that I should call.

I called as soon as we got home, and the nurse put the doctor on the phone. He told me to have John at his office at 8:00 the next morning. After the exam the doctor scheduled him for an exploratory exam of the lungs the next morning. The speed with which we were waited on scared both of us. The doctor approached me after this surgery and said he was very sorry to tell me it was a growth around the bronchial tube where it splits off to the lungs. There was nothing surgically they could do, and he was almost certain before the biopsy that it was a very aggressive cancer.

John was in recovery, so I had a little time to compose myself and think of how to give him this awful news. We saw the doctor that afternoon to receive the whole report, and the x-ray showed exactly what the doctor had told me. John underwent everything that was recommended, but all it accomplished was to make him miserable the last two months of his life.

John and I had six and a half wonderful years together in which we did great things for the orchestra, and we traveled the world. We had so much together and were able to give so much. But true to form, as my son once told me, “nothing lasts forever.” John died of lung cancer in April of 2004.

On My Own Again

John’s death seemed unreal. He had beaten prostate cancer as well as intestinal cancer, but the lung cancer was beyond fixing. John, Jr. and Heather both came, and John’s Will stated that Heather would be the executor.

I had to decide what to do with my things: two davenports, dining room antiques, lamps, etc. How long would it take to pack and store these items? My GMC RV was in Bloomington, Illinois, and I had some things already stored in Sierra Vista. My

car was a Honda four-door sedan, plus I had two kittens: Skeeter and Casper. I no longer owned a house.

Julie came to my rescue and asked me to come and stay with her in Lawton, Oklahoma. In order to get there, I needed another car. I would need clothes, cello, music, and—because Molly, the West Highland Terrier, was to be mine—pet supplies.. I had almost decided on a Toyota truck when I walked past the Toyota Matrix that had the back seat and the passenger seat folded down flat. I skidded to a halt. When you own a hard case for the cello, you have to be very aware of whether and where it will fit in your car. The Toyota Matrix looked to be just the ticket.

I bought the Matrix on the spot, a brand new 2005 model. It was a stick shift, but my Mexican VW was a stick shift so no problem. The salesman asked me if I wanted to drive it, and I said I did not need to. It is a Toyota. When I picked it up the next day, my shifting was a little rusty, but it did not take long for it to smooth out.

Meanwhile, I had almost everything of mine packed, both for storage and for taking with me. When friends saw what I was going to put in the car, they just shook their heads and said, “No way!” A cat carrier took care of Casper and Skeeter, and Molly—my Westie—rode in front. She was not happy with me because she could not get down on the floor, and of course the driver’s seat was pushed all the way forward. The cello was on its side with the head next to me. Everything else was packed on each side of the cello case. The load in the back came up halfway on the windows. The space inside that car was unbelievable.

I had made one last trip to the storage unit and was moving a book box when I heard a loud snap in my left bicep, followed by a very sharp pain. Nothing was broken, but either a tendon or a ligament had snapped. The doctor said a repair would not be guaranteed to correct it, but that I would be fine to live with it as is and let the body heal itself.

My plan had been to leave the next morning. However, the delay gave me the opportunity to hear the last concert of the youth orchestra led by Paula Dorrell. After the concert, Paula had a little surprise for me. She had bought a top for a violin and had all of the kids sign it with a little message. It is one of my most

treasured possessions and currently hangs on the wall in my music room.

Two days later I pulled out of the garage, took the key to my neighbor, and headed for Oklahoma. Staying overnight in a motel was not easy with two cats and a dog, but we managed. Arriving in the outskirts of Lawton the next afternoon, I had just about used up all of my stamina.

I pulled into a parking lot and called Julie. When she began giving me directions, I started to cry.

“Just come and get me, please.”

I think I slept for twenty-four hours. I felt as though I were scattered all over the country.

Julie was the organist at a church, and she wanted me to go to rehearsal with her to hear the choir. At the end of the rehearsal she introduced me. The choir director turned to me.

“Where do you live?”

Without thinking I replied, “In my car.”

After we left the building, Julie said, “You didn’t tell him it was a 2005 Toyota.”

Before it all was explained, some of the choir members came to Julie asking if they could help me. That is as close as I ever came to being one of the homeless.

Christmas in Oklahoma was sad, but being with Julie helped. We have always had fun together. She had a one-bedroom apartment that was packed with her hobbies: quilting, yarn, and beading. My cello was out of the car, but in reality, I was still living out of my car. Julie was working for Wells Fargo Bank, was constantly on the phone with mortgages, and was not happy.

Grandson Steve’s Wings

Grandson David was in Maryland working with a friend in manufacturing kitchen cabinets individually designed to the customer’s specs. In early 2005 he decided Julie and I should come live with him since he was renting a four-bedroom house outside of Frederick. David arrived to help pack and load a truck for his mom; my things went back in the car. Julie and I drove

our cars, and David drove the U-Haul. The gypsies were on the road again.

Julie and I had barely settled into David's rented house when we were invited to go to Pensacola for grandson Steve's graduation where he would receive his wings in the Marine Corps. Just before we left Oklahoma, I had shut the car door on my finger. I had tried to ignore it, thinking it would be all right in time. So off we went, heading for Florida in the RV. When we reached the base in Pensacola, Adrianne's folks were already there, and when Walter (her dad) saw my finger—which, by then, had turned black—he said he could relieve the pain and pressure by using a needle to puncture the nail. I did not like that idea, so I put him off saying I'd be fine. David became upset with me and took me to the ER to have the finger looked at. The doctor did exactly what Walter had said he would do. I should have listened to Walter. Hindsight comes so cheap.

The next day we gathered in the auditorium, and Steve, Adrianne, and Summer were all on the stage. Adrianne pinned the wings on Steve's dress uniform. What a thrill! I only wish my dad had been alive to see this. He would have been as proud and thrilled as we were. I get goose bumps just remembering the ceremony.

After the ceremony Marine Col. Christopher Holzworth, a visiting marine VIP, gave a speech. He bombarded the audience with his enthusiasm about what these newly "winged" young men should become in the Marine Corp.

"Remember, you are a **WARRIOR!** And you go into battle as a **WARRIOR!**"

His voice would become louder and more raucous each time he said "warrior." Steve seemed to enjoy the impersonation I did of the Colonel later that day in my best loud and raucous voice. That Colonel is retired now, but when Steve saw him some time later, he described to the Colonel the impression he had made on his grandma. Steve told me the Colonel enjoyed the story. He was an unforgettable character.

On April 28 of 2005, Steven Ray, Jr., was born on the Pendleton Marine Corp Base in California. I was able to fly out to play grandma for two delightful weeks. Adrianne's mom, Wanda, was afraid of flying, so I was pleased to go. It was a

beautiful base and a pure delight to be grandma again. Summer and Steve, Jr., are my great grandchildren.

Oh, Those Itchy Feet!

Maryland is a beautiful state, and it was great to live close to where the Civil War was fought. There were wonderful antique stores full of beautiful things you might want if you had a place to put them. But after about four months, my feet started getting itchy.

It was past time for me to get my life back on track with all my belongings in one place. At the same time, David's landlady wanted her house back to live in it herself, so all three of us had to decide what to do next. Julie found a basement apartment in the area, and David decided to help me move back to Tucson.

We drove to Bloomington and picked up the GMC RV, then headed on to Sierra Vista where we gathered my things from storage. Then we went on to Tucson. Marcia came up from Mexico and was a big help as was Tish and, of course, David. Marcia and I went to Prescott to look around at rental properties but nothing suited. To watch the snowbirds come to Tucson for the winter and then head out east for summer had a heavy pull on my heart. Now I had my GMC home on wheels, which was good for short vacations, and RVing was a way of life I had fallen in love with, but I needed a place to live.

Finally, Marcia decided to give me her thoughts.

"Mom, go ahead and buy an RV big enough for you to live in, and then you will never be sorry you didn't give it a good try."

The National Dolphin

We had talked about looking at 36-foot fifth-wheel trailers as well as gas driven 32-foot motor homes. I could drive the 32-foot motor home and pull my car behind, whereas a 36-foot fifth-wheel would necessitate a truck—namely a two-ton truck or a Freightliner truck cab. In the end, the motor home won out. I bought, with David's expertise, a 32-foot National Dolphin with two slide-outs.



My New 2004 National Dolphin RV

At this point, I only had Molly, my Westie. Julie had taken the kittens on loan until I settled somewhere. Marcia was still visiting, so she was helping with all my life changes. We spent two nights in the Beaudry RV Park in Tucson where I had bought my Dolphin while the paperwork and licensing were taken care of.

Judy Brown was in the space across the street from me, so we enjoyed comparing notes on traveling with our motor homes as single women. Judy had bought a smaller version of the Dolphin. She was a traveling nurse. She would sign up for a three-month ER hospital position in whatever area of the country she wanted to go to. We crossed trails several times in our travels.

Shakedown Cruise

Purchase of the Dolphin completed and license installed, grandson David agreed to go with me on our shakedown cruise to Julian, California. Since we got a late start, we camped at a nice RV campground in Yuma, Arizona.

When you travel in a motor home, you do not just stop and park. Before leaving the driver's seat, you must level the RV electrically. Hook-ups involve electricity, water, and sewer, and then you engage the electricity for the slide-outs. We had agreed that David would not help me with parking, hooking up, etc. All

went well. The Dolphin behaved very well. The slide-outs worked as though I had been doing it for years. It did take two pairs of hands to lower the awning because it was a long one. David felt guilty because there were many RVs coming in for the night, and here I was, a white-haired grandma, doing all the work while David sat in a lawn chair watching. I told him not to worry; I was building my confidence.

The back end of the coach was a perfect place for the cello. There was a small nightstand cabinet next to the bed that was just wide enough to allow the cello case to set on its side in front of it. It was easy to raise the end of the bed, which was a great storage area for my music. The bathroom had a corner shower enclosed with a glass door along with a toilet and lavatory. The living room had a dinette to seat four plus a davenport that made into a double bed. There was also the option of a recliner chair, which I decided against because it took up too much floor space. The kitchen had granite counters, a double-well sink, and a four-burner gas stove with a combination oven/microwave over the four burners. The passenger seat in front swiveled around so served as an easy chair in the living space. The TV was in the bedroom.

Getting back to our trip, when we came to the long, uphill pass on I-8 in California, I was holding my breath. I had driven this pass more than once in the GMC, and I always breathed a sigh of relief if I made the grade without overheating the radiator. In the Dolphin, I sailed along at 60 mph and even passed a car, and the heat gauge never changed. Wow! I was impressed, and David was sitting there laughing at me.

Not many miles after we reached the top, we made the turn-off for Julian and pulled into town. I thought I knew the way to Barbara and Joe's house, but the narrow country road did not look right. Fortunately, there was a winery up ahead that afforded a turn-around. David was a little nervous because he was sitting on the side of the coach next to the mountain. When we got back into town I called for directions, so we were soon in the Silvia's driveway.

We stayed a couple of days with our friends. They have a beautiful home that they built on the top of their mountain.

Barbara had two horses, so the grounds included a barn, a corral, and a small pond close by.

Saying our goodbyes, we left early morning and drove all the way back to Tucson to Beaudry RV Park. Our trip had gone so well; we had no questions for the dealer who sold me the Dolphin. David and I headed for Mesa, Arizona, to an RV park not too far from the State University. David had made arrangements with a company in Mesa to buy and install a Blue Ox trailer hitch for the car. He needed to get back to Maryland and work, so he saw me installed in the RV Park, then I took him to the airport and had to say goodbye. Driving back to the RV Park I thought, "This is it. You did it, Harriet. You're on your own!"

Two days later I drove the Dolphin to the Blue Ox distributor to pick up my car, which then had the Blue Ox trailer hitch installed on the front. The Dolphin already had the connector on

the rear of the coach, so all I had to do was learn how to line up and mate the hitch to the Blue Ox, be sure the car was in neutral, and be sure the brake was off. That did



not take long and was a simple operation, but now I had not only 32 feet of coach on the road but also the length of my car. The coach had a rearview camera, so I could see what was going on behind my coach, but there was a long line of machinery from the driver's seat for which I would be responsible. With no small trepidation, I took off slowly and repeated to myself, "You can do this."

And so I did. I arrived safely back at the RV park, unhitched the car, and backed into my parking space with only a little direction from the park host. After taking care of all of the hook ups, I poured myself a glass of wine and congratulated myself on a job well done.

RV Living and Traveling

Living in my RV fulfilled every hope, desire, and dream I had ever had. Thanks to my parents' frugality, I had the resources to either stay in one place or travel from coast to coast, so to assuage my itchy feet, I traveled. Don Langellier once said, "If you want adventure, take Harriet along." True to my reputation, I did have some adventures.

Information came to me through National (the company that made my coach) that there would be a National convention held in Georgia. I called Julie, my daughter, and asked her if she would like to go to it with me. She is like me: you mention go, and she has one foot out the door. This was to be my first solo trip, so, having gone through the checklist of unhooking, Molly and I headed northeast on our merry way to Oklahoma to pick up Julie. We had been in Mesa for several months, so it was time to travel.

My personal rules for driving were: do not travel faster than 60 mph; never under any circumstances answer the ringing phone; when passing another vehicle, do not forget you are towing a car behind you; and when making a turn left or right, be sure your driver's seat is past the corner you are turning from before you turn the wheel.

Julie could not wait to get in the driver's seat. She is a good driver, so it did not take her long to acclimate to the coach. She pulled into a gas station that was a tight fit for our menagerie, and the gas tank was on the rear of the coach. This was a chance for both of us to learn how far we had to go beyond the pump in order for the hose to reach the input. This gas station had cars parked along the front of the station, so by the time we had the back end where it should be, we were going to have a definite problem leaving.

We had a small traffic jam going because taking on 50 gallons takes more than a few minutes. Sure enough, we had to unhook the car so we would not catch the pump with the car as we left. I could imagine what some of the comments were by some of the male drivers. "One old grandma and another young woman who don't know up from down." Almost everyone had a smile on their faces.

We learned as we went along. We never had to unhook again, thank heavens. The convention was all right, but I would never go to another unless I happened to be in town at the same time. Julie and I had fun, and she approved of my choice of home. I became a “full-timer” living and traveling in the RV for two and a half years. I spent winters in Arizona and summers in Maryland.

Another Doggie Tale

My West Highland Terrier, Molly, and I were traveling cross-country one time when the weather suddenly turned bad with heavy rain and wind. It got so bad, I decided to give up and look for either a campground or a motel and stay the night. I spotted a Holiday Inn and pulled in.

It had been a while since we had stopped, so Molly was dancing a jig to get out. She got down the RV’s two steps to the door and was scratching to get out. When I opened the door, she leaped out—without looking, of course—and landed right in the middle of a mud puddle! She had mud on her up to her chest. What a mess!

I could not take this wet, muddy dog into the motel office, but the only thing close to the door to tie her to was a stone receptacle for a garbage container. Poor dear, she was wet, filthy, and shivering with cold. I quickly wrapped her leash around the garbage can and hurried into the office. I told the reservation clerk what had happened and that I was in hopes they had some old towels I could use to clean my dog. She smiled and said, “of course,” so I registered and got Molly into our room along with a basketful of clean old towels.

I deposited Molly in the tub and stripped down to my undershirt. There was work to be done! I had to soap her down three times before the water cleared. I was surprised we didn’t stop up the drain. I dried her with the clean towels and then blow-dried her with the hair dryer. If she could have talked, I know she would have thanked me. But instead, she looked at me with those big eyes and whipped that little tail of hers back and forth, faster than ever before.

We slept very well and met the new day with sunshine, no rain in the forecast, and a dry highway. What more could we want?

Grandson Steve and Family

In 2005, David and I visited his brother, Steve, and Steve's family for Christmas. We drove to Jacksonville, North Carolina, and had a marvelous time. We had a huge family-style, home-cooked meal on a ranch followed by a hayride. The horses pulled the hayrack through a small village all made of Christmas lights. We were pulled through arches of colored lights, and the brightly lit houses had animated figures in front and in the yards. Of course Christmas carols were being sung the whole trip. Summer and Steven weren't anymore awestruck than we adults were. Indeed, it was a Christmas fairyland of lights, elves, reindeer, and of course, Santa.



*Gala Marine Celebration
Steven, Adrienne, Steve, Summer*

Spring came and I retrieved the RV and got it ready to head east to visit Rome in Bloomington, Illinois. He found a campground of sorts—the only one in Bloomington—but it only had electricity, no water. The RV dumpsite was some distance away in a park that had no camping facilities. I learned quickly how to conserve the use of water. When the waste tank was full, it had to be emptied, which meant I had to get the coach ready to travel. On returning to our parking space, I again hooked up the electricity and leveled the coach. Not the best arrangement.

Meanwhile, Steve and Adrienne invited me to come see them in Jacksonville, NC, so I said goodbye to Rome and headed southeast to North Carolina. Steve told me to park the RV on the left side of his driveway where it would be out of the way. We soon found that Molly and Skeeter my cat did not get along very well with Ginger, their chocolate Lab, so Molly and Skeeter stayed in the coach. Steve assured me that his heavy-duty electric outlet in the garage would handle the air conditioner.

We almost immediately blew the fuse that carried the AC, so I was not about to turn on anything else. We ran an extension cord to a fan that kept the animals comfortable during the day. I slept in the coach, and the nights were cool. Steve felt bad, but I should have known better. Never assume anything!

We had a great week together. Steve took me to the base and showed me around, which gave me a much better understanding of what he did for a living. At this point, he was flying the Frog, or C46, not what you would call a sleek airplane, but very worthwhile in its functions.

At the end of a wonderful week, I headed to Pennsylvania where I took my RV to an RV repair facility. I had to wait my turn to get the repairs needed so elected to stay in their parking area. This involved using the coach's generator—another learning experience. My husband, Dave, and I had enjoyed the GMC RV: I took care of the inside and he took care of the outside. Assuming all the responsibilities myself was a challenge, but gave me a rewarding sense of achievement.



A year or so later, Steve was stationed at Quantico Marine Base in Virginia with the family. Again, David and I drove down

the coast for a visit. Steve took us to the Marine Museum. They had a hard time pulling me away when it was time to leave.

Steve will again be there in 2016, and I am looking forward to going for another visit (from Tucson) and spending some more time at the museum. This time I plan to go by train, so I will leave from Flagstaff and go through the middle of the United States, change trains in Chicago and catch the train for Washington, D.C.

I visited them another time while they were still in Jacksonville, North Carolina, and took the train from Chicago. I think I was in Quincy, Illinois, at the time, so left Quincy via rail and caught the Pullman in Chicago and didn't have to change trains. I've said this before, but I'll say it again: I love to ride the trains!

It was in Quantico that I was given the knitting pattern to make the wool helmet liners. I had made and sent a dozen of them when a thank you letter came saying they appreciated the liners, but they did not need any more. I enjoyed making them.

The End of an Era

I was approaching my 80th birthday (April 2007) when I decided that, as much as I loved my RV, maybe it would be best not to do the long-distance driving anymore. My health was good, but I did not want to put other drivers on the Interstate highways in jeopardy. There was nothing wrong with my driving, but things happen—heart attacks, strokes—and though I had no signs of either, driving alone I didn't have a backup. So I went back to Quincy.

My trust officer at the Mercantile Bank found a one-bedroom townhouse that was perfect, and I would be close to the Langelliers again. I put the RV in storage, so I could still use it for small trips. I returned to the Quincy Symphony, renewed my affiliation with Chapter FH in P.E.O., and enjoyed a few more trips with the Langelliers and Nancy. I thought I was set.

In the spring of 2007, I sold my RV. It broke my heart to do it, but I will never be sorry that I had owned and driven it 45,000 miles. We had gone on many adventures together.

Russian Waterways Tour

In July of 2007, Nancy and I joined the Langelliers for the Russian Waterways tour, another Grand Circle cruise. Nancy was to fly into St. Louis from Arizona to spend a couple of days with me in Quincy. Don, Viv, and I drove the hour and a half to St. Louis to pick her up. Nancy's plane was four hours late arriving, so it was close to midnight when we finally reached home. Several days later, we all took the commuter train to Chicago where we caught our flight to Copenhagen to start our tour.

The monument to Sibelius in Helsinki, Finland, impressed me. Steel tubes of random lengths—resembling organ pipes—with a bas relief of Sibelius superimposed on the front appealed to me. On the way to Moscow, another memorable event was going into a Russian orthodox church to listen to an all-male choir sing several songs, ending with “Song of the Volga Boatmen,” a well-known traditional Russian song. The wonderful blend of the voices remains with me still.

When we reached Moscow and saw the magnificent gold onion domes and the Kremlin, we were again impressed. The Kremlin is enclosed in a high brick wall with entrance gates on each of its four quadrants. All of the government buildings of the Russian Federation are there. Just outside is Red Square where all of Russia's military parades take place on May 1st, which we had all seen on TV.

Our trip ended in St. Petersburg where Viv came down with a virus and ended up in the hospital. Later, when we were at the airport, Don told us what wonderful treatment she had received with no charge. We all had bought the insurance with our tickets, and it covered everything for Viv.

It was good to get back home, and Viv recovered nicely.

Another Milestone

The Quincy Symphony was going to celebrate their 60th Anniversary in October of 2007. I mentioned to a few people what fun it would be to play the Haydn *Sinfonia Concertante in B-Flat Major*, for violin, cello, oboe, bassoon, and orchestra with my daughters, Tish (bassoon) and Marcia (oboe). The Langelliers

thought that would be an excellent idea, and George Irwin thought so, too, so we arranged to do it.

The week before our concert, I gave a talk for POLIS, a program sponsored by Quincy College. Liz Berghoffer asked me to give it. My talk was titled “Have Cello Will Travel,” and was basically an autobiographical tale of my life as it was influenced by my playing the cello. It was well received, and that was the beginning of this book. In order to present this talk, I had to sit down and get my thoughts on paper. Retracing my steps of where the cello had led me took me back to 9th grade when I started the cello, so it was easy (ha) to add the beginning years and continue with Mexico and after. It has been a rewarding journey.



Generations Concert

Brian Gehrich, Harriet, Marcia and Tish

The symphony concert was October 13, 2007. The Haydn Concertante was a huge success, and there were 19 members of my family in attendance. It really was the pinnacle of my music career. The only thing I could think of to top this would be to play it again in a few years with my grandson Diego, Marcia’s oldest son who is a violinist. Then it would be three generations! (This almost happened in 2015 with the Civic Orchestra in

Tucson. The conductor, Herschel Kreloff, was very enthusiastic, but Marcia's schedule made it impossible.)

Train Trip: Chicago to Chicago

Early in 2008 I moved to Bloomington, Illinois, where my son, Rome, and his family were living. Don and Viv Langellier had left Quincy to live in Lee's Summit, Missouri, to be near their two daughters. Don was having some health problems. So I decided to live close to Rome and his family in Bloomington.

There was to be a family reunion in June of 2008 in Santa Barbara at Cousin John and Linda Sheaffer's house. Daughter Tish and her partner, David, were driving up from Tucson, and Marcia and Frasin were flying in from Mexico City with their orchestra, the Mexico City Philharmonic. I decided to kill two birds with one stone: I would get to the reunion and do something I'd long wanted to do: I would cross the country by rail. Rome's wife, Mary, and their youngest, Tish, drove me to the train station in Bloomington where I caught the day coach to Chicago.

The train slid out of the Chicago terminal five minutes late. I was to learn that was very timely compared to usual delays. The whole train was double-decker. No. 331 was my car, which was the first car behind the engine and baggage cars. There were three sleeper cars, a dining car, and then the vista dome or observation car. The bathroom facilities were in the middle of each car: two water closets exactly like the ones on airlines and a shower room across the hall. The only way to move from car to car was on the upper level, and each car had a stairwell.

The hostess came around to get dinner reservations and explained all the push buttons, etc. I could not leave my quarters for looking out the window, hardly believing this would be home for two nights and one whole day. I finally pulled myself away for the five o'clock dinner. Though I had quite interesting tablemates, I did not linger over dinner because I was tired. Anticipation, excitement, and nerves had taken their toll, so I did not even bother with the observation car but went back to my snug little abode. I got ready for bed, relaxed, and watched the world flow by my window. When I could not see anymore, I rang

for the hostess and she came and made up my bed. I crawled in, turned off the light, and fell into a lulled, dreamless sleep.

I awoke at 5:00 a.m. and took a peek outside. I saw we were still in the plains, so I closed the curtain and closed my eyes. At 6:30 hunger was telling me it was time to get up and get back to the dining car for breakfast. The menu was good: a choice of cheese or plain omelet, a continental breakfast, or plain eggs; a choice of bacon or sausage; coffee or tea and/or orange juice.

Writing my memoirs was beginning to nag at me, so back to my roomette I went to get paper and pen, and then I went to the observation car. On the upper level there was nothing to obstruct your view, making the vistas even more enthralling. The experience of sitting in a comfortable chair watching your country unfold in front of you is an experience everyone should have.

It took until afternoon to cover Kansas, and then we only got a corner of Colorado. By 4:30 we were in New Mexico, and the terrain had started getting lumpy in anticipation of the foothills into the Rockies. They were to the west of us, but, even though distant, they were still magnificent with their snow-topped peaks. I saw the first prickly pear since going through Rattan Pass, and it made me feel as though I were coming home. I really did miss Arizona.

We had an hour in Albuquerque to get off the train and stretch our legs. There was so much wide-open space it took my breath away. There were no towns, houses, or traffic. There is so much beauty in this country of ours and such variety, all just waiting for the eye to take it all in.

The train was running three hours late. An eighteen-wheeler ran into a bridge, and we had to wait for an engineer to come and inspect the bridge to be sure it was safe for us to cross it. The stop in Albuquerque was shortened to try to make up some of the time.

Leaving the station, I went up to the diner, had my dinner, then got ready for bed and, again, watched the world go by. At four o'clock in the morning I awoke and looked out. We were in Kingman, Arizona. When the lights were left behind, I could almost reach out and touch the Big Dipper, and the Milky Way was stretching across the sky. It was glorious!

We were three and a half hours late arriving in L.A. A Red Cap met my coach with his cart and took me through the station and out front to where the cabs were. The L.A. station is a beautiful, classic building from around the 1920's.

I soon arrived at the Biltmore and was checked into my room quickly. It did not take me long to pull out clean clothes and jump into the shower. I had a couple of hours before the Mexico City Philharmonic was to arrive, so I took the time to relax and read a little before going to the lobby to wait for Marcia and Frasin.



Harriet, Frasin, and Marcia

About four o'clock the group arrived, and it was like old home week for me. I did not realize I knew so many members of that orchestra, and they all remembered me. As soon as Marcia and Frasin were checked in, they went up to put their instruments and luggage in their room. We returned to the lobby to be put on board a double-decker tour bus to see the sights of Hollywood. En route we were served Subway sandwiches, water or soda, and muffins for dessert. It was nice to be included with the musicians.

The bus let us off in front of Grauman's Chinese Theater, and we had two hours to explore and shop. Then we were back on the bus to go back to the hotel. At this point it was dusk, the temperature had dropped, and the bus took the freeway. Believe me the trip was a breezy, cold one. We were on the open top so there was no protection from the wind. But we got back to the hotel safe and sound, and we all retired early to get ready for the

next day, which was when Tish and David would be getting into town.

The next morning, Marcia, Frasin, and I went around the corner for breakfast and then back to the hotel so Marcia could finish her oboe reeds for the lower altitude. At about ten o'clock in the morning Marcia came to my door almost in tears because the woman next door to her was complaining about the noise she was making. The hotel could not offer any other room for her to work in, so she wanted to try my room. I was happy to help her out. I knew how important it was for her to have her reeds ready for the rehearsal. We heard no complaints from my neighbors, so it all worked out very well.

I wished I had gone to the rehearsal with them when I found out Enrique Diemecke was conducting. I knew Enrique well from my playing in Mexico. At any rate, I did not go with them. I had to make arrangements for dinner that evening after their rehearsal. Tish and David were due in around five o'clock, and John and Linda Sheaffer were coming in about the same time to meet us at the restaurant.

In the lobby I saw Gustavo the trombonist talking to a friend. I stopped to say hi and mentioned that I had to ask the desk to recommend a restaurant close by. Gustavo's friend spoke up and suggested McCormick and Schmidt, which turned out to be an excellent choice. The food was excellent. Everyone had something different, and all had a good time. After dinner we went to the symphony performance.

The concert was in Disney Hall, which was a fantastic complex. Marcia told us after the concert that she heard things she had never heard before. The acoustics were absolutely phenomenal. This concert was a fundraiser for the Latino community and was very well received.

Tish and David followed the Sheaffers and me back to Santa Barbara. Marcia and Frasin were to come the next day after renting a car. Our four days together were such great fun. Tish, Linda, and I went shopping for a big party at the home of John's and Linda's youngest son, Andy, his wife, Kathy, and their three children, Olivia, Augustus, and Elijah. Their home was just down the hill from John's. Both homes overlooked the Pacific. Marcia and Frasin stayed at Andy's, and Tish and David, along with

Tish's Rottweiler, Harley, were in their van under the carport next to John's house.

The next day we went into Santa Barbara to shop and walked out on the pier. Alongside there were two kayaks and a small skiff. In the skiff sunning themselves were a mama seal and her young. We overheard someone say that this is not an uncommon event and that it is very hard to evict them. If eviction is attempted, the seals get more than a little feisty. I wish we could have seen them get into the skiff. That would have been interesting.

The 10th of June came too soon and my children had to leave. Marcia and Frasin headed for the airport to turn in the car and board the plane for Mexico City, and Tish and David headed out for San Francisco to visit friends. We all decided that we have a super great family.



I had the rest of that day and the next to write in my journal, read, and just relax because Linda had left very early on the 11th to fly to Texas to spend three weeks with her son, Paolo. On the 12th, John took me to the Amtrak station in Santa Barbara to board the *Coastal Starlight* at 12:30, heading for Seattle and the second part of my train trip.

For a long time, we were right next to the ocean. When the tracks moved inland, we were among the tall pines, not the Redwoods, unfortunately. They are further inland, so that will have to be another trip. I had dinner then returned to my roomette. I enjoyed the view until it was too dark to see. I read for a while before dozing off. I slept very well.

The next morning we were still in California, but Oregon was not too far. The mountains had snow on their tops. The Cascades were beautiful. Next we saw Crater Lake, which was not as big as I had remembered. Finally we were in Washington. There were more beautiful pines as well as running water over rapids next to the tracks. The beauty of being on the train is that there is no traffic, and you are traveling through pristine country that feels as if it were there just for your enjoyment.

I arrived in Seattle twenty minutes late, and it was already dark. It was not far from the Best Western on Pioneer Square, a

part of Old Town and only two blocks from the ferry wharfs on Puget Sound. The hotel was an old one that had been completely renovated. I was tired and felt as though I were coming down with a chest cold. So I got into bed and read a little while before falling asleep.

The next morning I felt better so showered and went down for a continental breakfast. I checked out of the hotel and left my suitcase in their care. The free tour trolley took me to the fish market. The store that specialized in cardigan sweatshirts with quilt patches down the front was no longer in business, so I just browsed all of the stores. The market was a very busy place full of tourists.

The fish stall was fun to watch. One man was out in front with the public. When he made a sale he would yell to the man behind the counter, pick up the selected fish, and throw it to him to weigh and wrap. The man behind the counter would then throw the wrapped, priced fish back to the salesman in front who would hand it to the customer, take the money, and be ready for the next sale. All of the fish for sale were displayed on crushed ice in front of the public, open market style.

As I walked on, a Greek gyro looked good, and when I finished that, an ice cream shop came into view. Of course, I could not pass that up. As I was eating my ice cream cone, I started walking back to the hotel to pick up my bag. I then decided to walk to the Amtrak station, which was six blocks from the hotel. By this time it was the middle of the afternoon, the sun was out, and it was warm. My suitcase had wheels, but it was heavy, and I had my carry-on bag strapped on top. The last couple of blocks were almost more than I had bargained for, but I made it.

I checked in with the stationmaster only to find that the train was two hours late, so I sat down and pulled out my book. An announcement informed us that, because of water on the tracks, we would be bused from Minneapolis to Chicago. I did not want to hear that. The purpose of the trip was to ride the trains, and the bus trip would be eight hours.

By this time, my chest was beginning to feel as though an elephant was sitting on it, plus my voice was almost gone, and I was coughing. Well, you cannot change Mother Nature, so I

turned back to my book and waited for Amtrak. Finally, two hours later, the train arrived. By then I was really coughing and sounding terrible. The steward brought my dinner to me in my roomette so I did not have to sit in the diner hacking my lungs out and infecting everybody.

Leaving Seattle the tracks followed Puget Sound. Then we began to climb our way to Spokane. Again we were in the Cascade Mountains with the Columbia River running alongside the tracks. The view encompassed snow-covered peaks with waterfalls and rushing streams coming off the mountains. My friend, Pat Turner, lives in Whitefish, Montana, and I was a little envious of her living in such a wonderland.

After leaving Havre, Montana, the trees disappeared, and the landscape became the rolling, treeless plains. I slept off and on but was really stuffed up and not feeling well. I had dinner in my roomette again and went to bed only to sleep fitfully.

Breakfast was served at six o'clock, and we would leave the train when we arrived in Minneapolis. Those with connecting trains were to board the buses first. The buses were lined up outside the station, but we still stood in line for an hour before we were allowed to board the buses. In my condition, you can imagine, it was exhausting.

We stopped half way to Chicago at a Burger King for lunch with Amtrak picking up the tab. We arrived in Chicago in time for me to catch the 5:30 train for Bloomington but were told it had been cancelled because of water on the track. They did get me on the 7:30, which got me into Bloomington at a late hour. I had phoned Rome, so he picked me up and took me home.

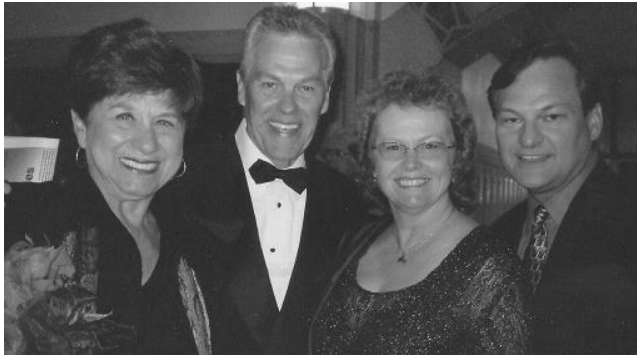
It was a great train ride. What an incredibly beautiful country we have the privilege to live in. Riding the rails let me imagine what pioneers saw the first time they went west. I always wondered if I would have had the grit and stamina to be one of those pioneers.

Birthday Present from Ivan and Mary

Before I left Bloomington, Mary and Ivan Baker, my cousins in Chicago, arranged for me to go to Chicago to hear Yo-Yo Ma

play “Memoirs of a Geisha” with the Chicago Symphony. It was a fabulous concert. What an artist he is! This was a birthday present.

The next day after the wonderful concert, Ivan and Mary took me to Navy Pier to ride the huge Ferris wheel. With more than a little trepidation, I boarded the car. It was enclosed like a cage, so there was no way you could fall out. It also remained level throughout the ride, so it didn’t seem quite so treacherous. The view of Chicago from the top was worth the scary ride.



Clarine and Jim Baker, Mary and Ivan Baker

Unknown to me, the next day Ivan returned to Navy Pier to a cartoonist with a photo of me playing the cello. The artist made a cartoon of me. Ivan stayed with him to make sure every detail was correct: the way I held the cello, the angle of the bow, and even the earrings I was wearing. The next time they came to visit for the weekend in Tucson, they presented me with an 18 x 20-inch, colored charcoal, framed picture of me as a friendly witch playing the cello. (They knew the story of why I was a witch.) This was the rest of my birthday present, and it hangs over my desk in the music room.

Mary and Ivan have always been in close contact with me through the years, which I appreciate. They usually come visit each year, and many cards arrive in the mail, telling me they are thinking of me.



Harriet the Happy Witch

My Travels in 2009

In March of 2009, grandson David and I took the train to Raleigh, North Carolina, to visit Steve's family and to welcome the final flight of the C46 Frog squadron home from a year's deployment. It was the most awesome sight I have ever witnessed. To be at the



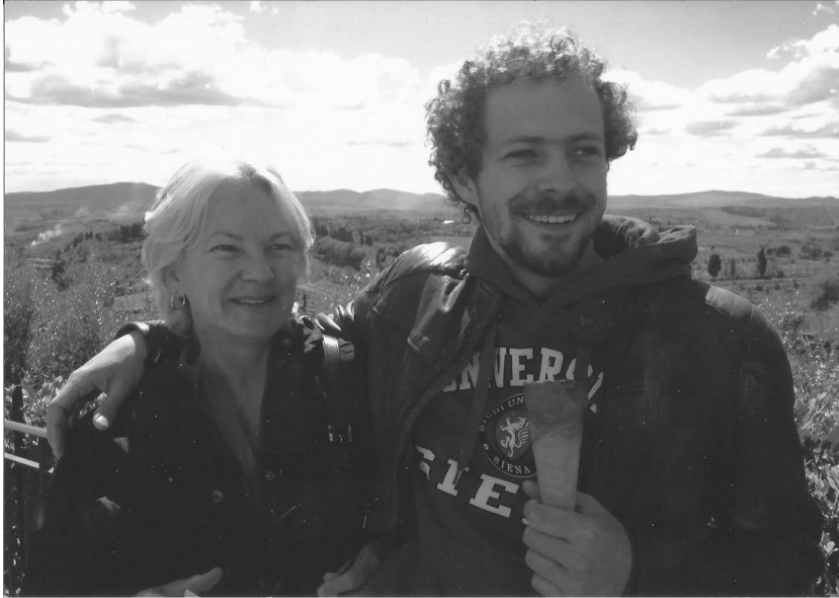
edge of the field and feel the vibration of 21 helicopters landing as one unit is something one never forgets. The squadron came in from the ship that had been their home base in the Middle East for a year. The helicopters circled the field to come in on their flight pattern, hovered over the field, and gently descended to settle on the ground.

Adrienne, Summer, David, and I were just outside the hangars with all of the other family members awaiting the Marines who were tending to their planes. Then they formed their squadron in front of their planes and waited for dismissal so they could break formation. Given their release, they ran toward their individual families who were holding signs, balloons, or flags so their men could spot them easily. They had been on deployment for a year, so the reunion was tearful as well as joyful. Marines were greeting babies they had never seen and wives that had kept the home fires burning. All the emotions you could imagine were written on every face present. It was a scene that left an indelible print in my mind's eye.

After this very emotional greeting, the scramble began to collect the trunks and duffle bags. I felt so privileged to be a part of this and, again, just wished my dad could have lived to be there, too.



In April of 2009 I drove to Houston to join Marcia in hearing her son Diego play his senior recital at the University of Houston. We were very proud of him. The next day the three of us went to Galveston Bay where Paolo Sheaffer—my cousin John Sheaffer’s son—and Paolo’s daughter took us for a sail in their catamaran. We each had a turn at the tiller. It was a great way to end a wonderful week.



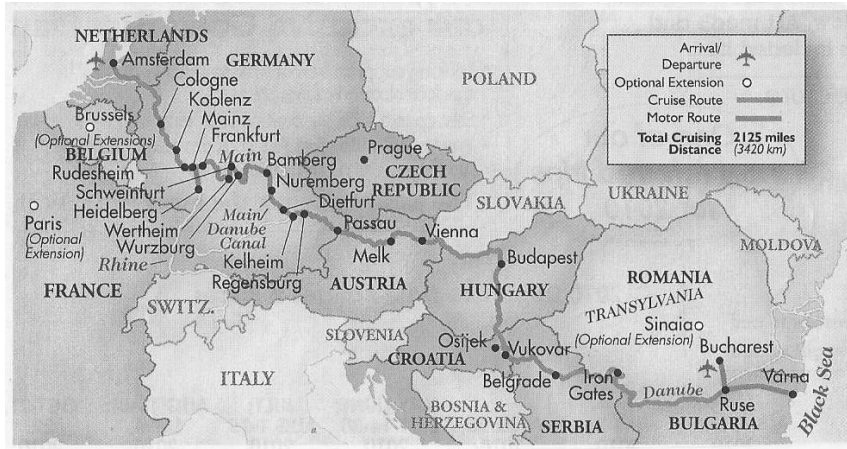
Marcia and Diego



In July, Nancy and I took two river cruises back-to-back—the Danube and the Rhine. We started at Varna, Bulgaria, and after a short bus ride, boarded our riverboat at Ruse on the Danube.

When we arrived at the Iron Gates, it was a thrill to see the depth of the lock that would take us up the 108 feet. Passing through the Iron Gates was a beautiful part of the trip. The Iron Gates is an amazing 83 mile-long stretch of the Danube River separating Serbia and Romania. The scenic gorge contains two hydroelectric dams: Iron Gate I and Iron Gate II. This project raised the river’s water level by 114 ft. The dams cover 50% of

Serbia's and 30% of Romania's power consumption. The Danube is Europe's second largest river, rising in the eastern slopes of the Black Forest in Germany and eventually flowing into the Black Sea in eastern Romania. Its total length is 1,776 miles.



We traveled up the full length of the Danube to a short piece of the Main, and at Rudesheim, after going through the Main-Danube Canal, we continued on the Rhine. This took us all the way to Amsterdam and then did an extension to Brussels, Belgium. Having been raised on the mighty Mississippi, the Danube and Rhine Rivers had a huge pull on my desire to be on them and see them. It was a wonderful trip!

Moving Back to Arizona

In August of 2009 I moved back to Tucson. I had learned that it was not as easy to start over with friends and activities in a city where I had no friends except my family. It was fun to go to all the school activities, but I just felt isolated in Bloomington. So I decided to move back to Tucson where I did have all those contacts.

I packed up all of my belongings and had a moving company called "Starving Students" load a Penske truck. Grandson David bought my Matrix, and Rome and I drove the truck to Tucson,

where I had bought, with Rome's help, a manufactured home in a Mobile Home Park. Again, I hired the local "Starving Students" to unload the truck. The next day we picked up my new Mazda minivan from the dealership. I started all over with a new house and a new car.

The Civic Symphony welcomed me back into their fold, so I was set. Rome had made all of the arrangements for my car before we left Bloomington. I had checked out all of the cars in Bloomington and had decided on the Mazda. The back seat was split, so I could put half down, which allowed the cello to fit in nicely. Rome asked me what else I was going to move in it. Actually, more often than not I have had the back end full without the cello. My house and car suit me well.

2010 Travels

In March of 2010, I drove to Palm Springs, California, to visit the Thunderbird Club, which was at the Humble's who lived in a gated community with their RV. Then I spent the night with Len Paz—former Fine Arts Director in Quincy—and Ken English. They both owned a B&B in Indiana that I had visited along with the Langelliers and George Irwin. It was a fun weekend spent reminiscing old times and events.

May 2010 found me flying to Onalaska, Wisconsin, to see my cousin Sue Mast marry Bill Carskadon. Sue had been my flower girl at my wedding, and her middle name is Harriet.

When I lived in Quincy, Sue's sister, Linda Bohlen, and her husband, Bill, picked me up, and we drove to Waterloo, Iowa. It was a small reunion. I had not been in touch with these cousins for some time. Fred—my dad's sister's husband—lived in Waterloo, so it was good to see him, too.



*Mast Family Cousins
Harriet, Bob, Jan, Sue, Linda, and Terry*

Later when I lived in Bloomington, Linda and Bill came for a weekend. We went over genealogy and fit a few more pieces into the puzzle. When Fred died some time later, Lin and Bill again picked me up, along with my cello, and I played for Fred's funeral. The whole Mast family was there, which included Bob, Janet, Linda, Susan, and Terry, plus their spouses and children.

Family Reunion in Cancún

In August of 2010 Marcia, Rome, and I planned a family reunion on the Mexican Caribbean—Akumal, Quintana Roo, to be exact. Marcia and I had picked out a couple of housing possibilities ahead of time with the help of the Internet. We decided on a five-bedroom house right on the water with all the amenities that went with it, including its own big pool. I had agreed to rent the house plus a van for a week, but it was up to the individual families to buy their own transportation to and from the area.

Marcia's family—with the exception of León—was already there. Rome's family came except for Brian. Tish, Geoff, and David came. Grandson Steve was in Iraq, but Adrienne, Summer, and Stevie came. And, of course, I was there. It was quite a group.

Part of the house package included a buffet dinner at the house upon our arrival. After that everybody took turns with cooking except me, and I was excused from the start. Marcia and Frasin, along with Sebastián and Diego, stayed not too far away in their own condo.

We swam in the Caribbean with the turtles and took the kids to swim with the dolphins. We all gave it a try. In one of the routines, the dolphins came from behind and lifted you up while pushing against your feet. It was quite an experience. But the majority of the time was spent in the pool or just relaxing together. Stevie almost lived in the pool. He would hardly come out of the water to eat.

In spite of their wide age range, the kids had a wonderful time together. Mary brought games, and Tish had a manicure and hair session with the girls. There was plenty of quiet time just reading, and, of course, there was the pool. It truly was a tropical paradise.

It was a wonderful, memorable week. We missed Julie, Kate, Brian, León, and Steve, but hope next time around they will be able to be there, too.



(Back Row) David Jennings, Curtis Yount, Frasin Vlad, Geoff Huls, Sebastián Velazco, Diego Velazco, Rome Yount. (Second Row) Letitia Bryant, Sarah Yount, Mary Yount, Harriet Yount, Marcia Yount, Adrienne Huls. (Front Row) Letitia Yount, Steven Huls, Summer Huls



Diego, Harriet, León, Marcia, Sebastián



Steven Huls Family: Adrianne, Steven, and Summer Huls



Rome's Family: Brooke, Brian, Charles, Sarah, Curtis, Tish

The “Amazing Flying Machine”

In 2011 grandson Steve started training and flying the Marine Osprey V-22, the helicopter that can tilt the twin props to fly as a regular plane or tilt upward to be able to fly vertical or horizontal. However, when the props are facing forward, the machine cannot land because the props are so long they touch the ground.

When I visited the family, Steve again took me to the field where I had a close-up look at this engineering nightmare. Steve laughs at me when I say this, but it has not changed my mind. Seeing it helped me to understand a little better about what he does for a living. Steve loves it, and I have always said, “Be happy in your work.”

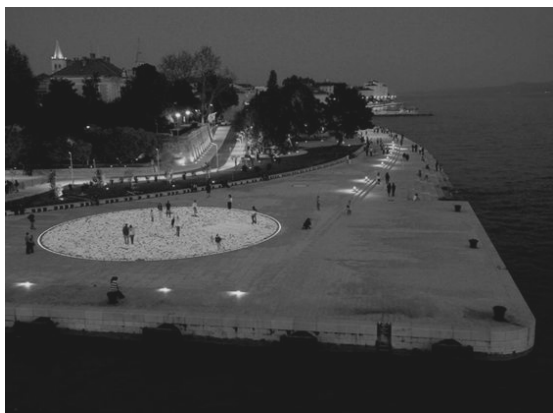
Adrienne found a small Osprey Christmas ornament that hangs in my kitchen window, so every morning I greet Steve’s “amazing flying machine.”



Cruising the Adriatic

Nancy and I took a cruise ship on the Adriatic in 2011 with Grand Circle Travel, a tour agency. We went from Zagreb, Croatia, to Montenegro in the South of the Adriatic on the Mediterranean. Soon after docking in Zadar, Croatia, our tour director took us on a short walk to the tip of the Zadar Peninsula where 300 multilayered glass panels were installed on the same level as the stone pavement of the waterfront. They form a circle with a diameter of 22 meters, and embedded below the glass are photovoltaic solar modules. During the day they absorb the sun’s energy and convert it into electricity. At night—based on special

programming—they produce a marvelous show of lights that is in harmony with the waves and sounds of the Sea Organ.

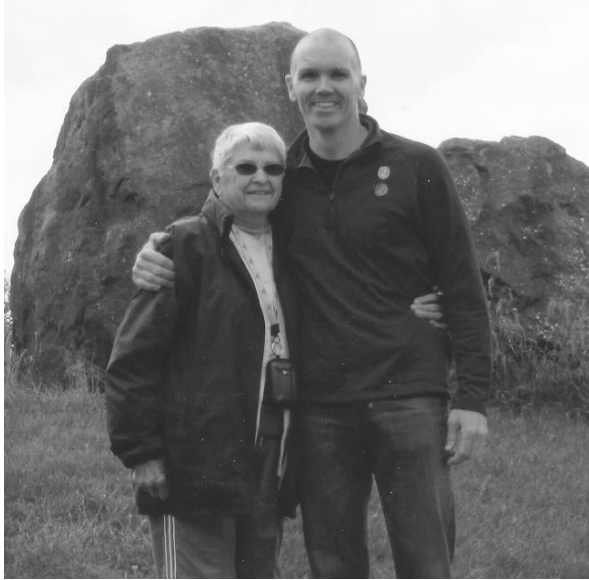


*Sun Salutation and Sea Organ
Zadar, Croatia*

The Sea Organ is an unusual construction of stone steps, and embedded in each are polyethylene pipes of different lengths, diameters, slants, canals, and chambers, which form a unique instrument that can only be played by the sea. The changes of high and low tides and the intensity and direction of the waves produce music in unrepeated variations. The combination of lights and music are known as “Greeting to the Sun.” The architect is Nikola Bašić, a Croatian. It was an amazing sight and sound. I told our tour director that it was worth the price of the cruise. I lingered there after the others left just to enjoy the light and sound that pulsated with energy.

After enjoying the sights and antiquities of the coast along the Adriatic Sea, we returned to Zagreb by bus where we had another surprise. We traveled through four seasons in one day’s time: warm, sunny weather in Montenegro, and, as we traveled north, we had cold and windy rain, which turned into snow and sleet in the Julian Alps in Slovenia, then turned to rain and fog like fall.

Ireland (June 2012)



E-mails from Harriet and grandson David to daughter Tish, et al.
June 2012

Dear Tish,

We are here. Arrived an hour and a half late. We had to wait for the plane to be cleaned. Such is life in air travel. A very nice Irish gentleman met us at the airport. Our names were on a sign, so we met, and he took charge.

We're staying some distance from the airport, and it's a nice B and B. We arrived here at Killoran House about eleven, pretty tired but could not get into our room until two! So we left our bags and with a Dublin map, took off on foot to head for Trinity College to see the beautiful Book of Kell.

The leaves of the book are calf skin, having been cleaned and scraped with a sharp tool, then stretched on a wooden frame until dry. Each page was lined, ready for the printed word. Two Monks worked on each step of the decoration to the finished page. Quill pens were used to do the printing. Mink fur was used to make the

paintbrushes. The tedious, painstaking hours it took to make each page are awesome to think about.

When I was there twenty years ago, a large book was displayed in the long hall or library. There were so many people you really could do no more than file past with just a glimpse. But now they are displayed downstairs, and it being a rainy Saturday morning, we could take our time, plus a short film took you through the making.

Our stomachs were telling us we needed to eat. Dave thinks we walked two miles before we got back to our lodging. On the way we stopped to refuel at a Pub. The food revived us long enough to get back, and we crashed for a couple of hours. It is now 9:00 in the evening, and my little white bed is really calling. We pick up the car tomorrow.

Love ya bunches, Mom



Hey Tish,

Everything went pretty smoothly for the most part. Like grandma said, the flight leaving New York was a little late, but we got off and tried to rest as much as possible on the flight. Really nice gentleman taxi driver when we arrived who took us straight to the B&B. I think of this more as a small older hotel, but the staff is very nice and wonderful location to walk around Dublin.

The walking today wore grams out, so we will need to see how she is feeling tomorrow. More bus riding with less walking. Playing it by ear, but most likely Guinness and an Irish Coffee will be had somewhere. Temps are pretty chilly here and pretty damp. Coming from warm environments, this is like winter. Thank goodness for layers.

Picking up the car tomorrow and heading north to Belfast on Monday. As long as we have Wi-Fi, I will keep checking email to stay in touch.

Take care, Dave



Hello everyone,

Day 2 is complete. We picked up the rental car after breakfast. It's interesting being located in central Dublin because I find it easier to walk places. For instance, it took us 15 minutes to walk to the Hertz office but 45 minutes to drive back to the B&B. Lots of one-ways, so we took a bit of a scenic route.

I played a solid prank on the rental agent. After all of the paperwork was signed, I excitedly stated that this would not only be my first time driving on the left, but also my first time driving a manual transmission. You should have seen the look on his face. It was absolutely priceless, and the agent got quite the laugh with us afterward.

After we got back with the car, we parked it and, while planning the day, had a wonderful Irish Coffee while chatting with a nice English couple. After the coffee was finished, we took a taxi to the Guinness storehouse for the tour and tasting. Quite the process for sure, but the tour (self only) doesn't compare to the Jack Daniels tour in Tennessee.

Afterwards, we got to visit the sky bar on the 7th floor, which has glass walls allowing views of the entire city. It was a fantastic way to look from above to see things and drink a pint of Guinness. From the storehouse, we took a taxi to the halfpenny bridge to walk across and then on to O'Neil's for dinner of Fish & Chips. After dinner it was reaching the pumpkin hour so we headed back to the B&B to call it a night.

Time to sign off and get Monday started. Grandma says she loves everyone.

Cheers, David and Grandma



Dear Tish,

Have been frustrated with a phone that would not work and driving in Dublin where street signs are hidden or just plain non-

existent. Dave has done very well on the process of driving, but finding the way to where you want to go is another matter. Asking for help isn't all that great, either because slang words are used, or you just do not understand!

After a week of driving around Dublin, then the drive to Belfast, Dave drives like a long-time resident!

We finally found the Scots and spent the day with them by driving up the Antrim Coast to Bushmills. Dave walked on the Giant's Causeway, and then drove on a bit further and we crossed the swinging bridge. Yes, even me! Dave was impressed. IT WAS GREAT to see Ann and Peter again.

The next day we went to central Belfast to go through the Titanic Museum. As you approach the building, you look up and it is the prow of the ship—of aluminum that has been burnished so it doesn't reflect and blind you. The whole display inside was absolutely fantastic. You will have to read the book when I get home.

In the afternoon we drove around a small peninsula just outside of Belfast and got back to the B&B tired but ready for the next day's travel to Omagh to go through the Ulster Folk Museum, which was just as I remembered it.

We had rain today, but the two days in Belfast were sunny and clear. First two B&Bs were just so-so, but tonight is perfect. Please save this for me.

Love ya bunches—you, too, Dave

Pat my Casper



Dear Kids,

We are here in Galway for the second day. The first was a tour of the Burren, where we saw and walked around a tomb that was five to six thousand years old. There are about forty of them in this area. There are four vertical slabs of stone like pillars set up in a square. A much larger stone is placed on top like a roof,

which covers a hole in the ground connecting with caves. Into this hole (one grave) is placed the corpse. Kings and other very important people are buried this way. These are called dolmens, the age of which blows your mind. Dave took pictures of the information so I can take it home with me.

From there we went to the Cliffs of Moher. I am still awestruck! There were two paths, and Dave took both of them. The first one was guarded with a railing, but the second went higher, and he was on the edge. All he could say was, "Wow!" You look out over the Atlantic, and New York is out there a long way away.

Today we drove out the coast road to get to Connemara. The terrain changes rapidly into tall mountains that are barren except for planted forests and of course many, many rocks. The appearance is smooth, and the white dots are white sheep and lambs. I think the industry here in Ireland is sheep and B&Bs. We will head for Limerick tomorrow. It has been cold, but have only had one day of rain.

Love ya bunches.



Greetings from Ireland!

We had a rainy day yesterday with very narrow roads out of Dingle on the way to Cork. We are actually a little distance from Cork in a lovely home whose owner is delightful. It seems she can't do enough for us. We had a wonderful dinner last night, and my Irish Coffee was superb!

We slept in this morning and had our breakfast at 9:00 and have just lazed around to catch up on rest from a driving day. Tomorrow we will head for Dublin for the last of our vacation.

Dave has done very well with the driving, but it has been a strain, particularly when you don't know where you are going. Road signs are rather irrational, and placement of said signs are anybody's guess.

I think we have seen every sweater in Ireland and the cost is very dear. The Donegal tweed jackets were also off the wall, so no

purchase was made. However, we did find some clean-carded wool for Julie to felt with. The Ring of Kerry and the Dingle peninsula had all the small shops and pubs that you could wish for. Pub food is very good, and Irish soup is fabulous.

Love ya bunches, Mom

Alaskan Trips With Nancy

My friend and travel companion, Nancy Stewart, was on a trip with her twin sister, Joyce, when she met a fellow traveler, Bill Long. Bill lives in Alaska just outside of Anchorage. The first time she visited Bill in Alaska, I went with her, and we had a wonderful time.

Bill has a beautiful home in Palmer. He is a geologist, and seeing Alaska through his eyes is like taking a college course. I have been invited at least three times, much to my delight. My invitations have become major trips, which have enabled me to see a great deal of the state. Alaska is so big, varied, and beautiful. It takes time to see even a small portion of it. The museums are splendid and so very informative. I'm so glad Seward made the U.S. buy Alaska from the Russians.

In 2014, Nancy, Bill, and I flew into Kodiak, a large island on the Gulf of Alaska side of the Aleutians. The climate is very different—warmer temperature and very green with beautiful green fir trees—and of course it is the home of the Kodiak bears. They are huge, and when standing on their hind legs, they are much taller than a human being. The trees had a thick, green moss growing all over the branches. It would be a good setting for a mystery movie.

In September of 2015, Nancy and Bill made reservations to fly from Anchorage to Homer where we boarded the Marine Ferry “MV Tustumena” bound for Unalaska and the international port of Dutch Harbor on the Aleutian Archipelago. We stayed four days at the Grand Aleutian Hotel. Bill rented a car at the airport, so we drove to all of the old military installations plus the two museums. I was not taught in school about the Japanese invasion at Attu and Kiska, the very last pieces of land in the chain of islands. From these two bases, the Japanese attacked

Dutch Harbor. A major U.S. base was opened on Adak Island. Dutch Harbor was a naval base mainly for submarines and a supply depot. Unalaska, Port of Dutch Harbor, is the number one commercial fishing port in our nation and has held this record for 17 years. The TV show, “Deadliest Catch,” is based there.

Summer 2016

The summer of 2016 is a very busy one; so many things are happening. May 2nd was the last Civic Symphony concert of the season, and I looked forward to vacation.

It started off with a visit to Mexico City to attend the wedding of Tomek Kotecki, the little seven-year-old Polish boy who is now 38. While there I also saw and heard Marcia play the last opera of her season. The opera was performed on the *Palácio de Bellas Artes* stage, and an extra bonus for me was to see the glass stage curtain down and lit for the first time. It is made of many squares of Tiffany glass on which are depicted the two famous volcanoes: Popocatepetl and Iztaccíhuatl. It is really beautiful. I enjoyed the opera, and I could see Marcia playing in the pit. It’s always a fun week to visit her.

June found me flying with grandson Geoff to Jacksonville, NC, for my great granddaughter Summer’s high school graduation. It was an outdoor event, and since Summer was president of her class, she gave a farewell address, which was very well done. It had to be a short visit because Summer’s dad, Steve, was moving his family to Quantico Marine Corps Base in Virginia for two years of education, preparing for a promotion to Lt. Colonel. Before we left town, we were able to see Summer’s brother, Steven, play a game of lacrosse in a competition. He is a good athlete and a handsome boy.

Grandson David and I headed in the car for Kansas City, Missouri, which took two long days. We went to David’s and Emily’s home there.

Emily took me to the stable where the Kansas City Mounted Patrol horses are kept where I watched her give nine horses chiropractic adjustments. The horses knew her and whinnied their welcome. It was truly amazing. David arrived, and we had a good

visit with the officers that were responsible for their mounts. Then David took me to the airport, and I was home that evening.



Sharon and Tom Johnsen

A week later, with my manuscript in hand, I headed for San Francisco to meet Marcia, rent a car, and drive up to Ukiah to work on *The Book*, just like we did last year at this time. It is always fun to spend time with Sharon and Tom Johnsen, enjoying their hospitality along with getting *The Book* ready for the publisher.

At the end of our week in Ukiah, the Johnsens took us to Montgomery Woods State National Reserve, which is noted for its especially tall redwoods. They said there is a tree in this 2,743-acre forest that was once thought to be the tallest tree in the world, but we didn't hike in far enough to see it. Tom had driven Marcia to this National Park the year before, and she did not want me to miss seeing those spectacular trees this year. I am glad I didn't.



Harriet in front of a Redwood

Cass Eastham (daughter of an orchestra friend, Glynn Eastham) is waiting in Tucson for the publisher-ready copy which she will put into printable format.

July 18th, Nancy and Bill want me to go visit them in Alaska for three weeks. We hope to fly to Nome and also drive over to Dawson where the gold rush started. This book will be in Cass's hands, so I will tell you about that in the second 90 years!!!

Back Home in Tucson



Tucson Trio

*Harriet Yount (cello), Tom Hageman (clarinet),
and Pat Kaltenback (piano)*

Meanwhile, back in Tucson I have had fun playing house. A screened-in porch was added under the carport, so it is very pleasant to sit out there and watch the mountains turn purple when the sun goes down. I changed the front entryway with much wider flagstone steps curving out to the driveway. It makes it much easier to get to the front door with the cello case and makes a much more attractive entrance. Three metal decorative trellises were installed sideways for railings. In the back you can see a large 90-degree pie-shaped cactus garden that is raised about twelve inches and can be seen from the porch. I enjoy my home and car very much, both of which suit me very well.

My little calico kitty named Cali just came to live with me, so I have someone glad to see me come in the door. Cali was Clint's

kitty, and Clint was a member of the 6:00 a.m. coffee group meeting at the clubhouse each morning. He fell in his home and passed away; he was 99. Cali came to live with me. She is small and so very pretty—white, black, and orange—a real sweetheart.

The Civic Orchestra keeps me busy with only two months off in the summer, and then Tom Hageman, clarinetist, has kept me busy with playing and performing trios. Lately I have added a string quartet, plus I usher for the Tucson Symphony, Arizona Theater, and Arizona Opera, along with being active in my P.E.O., Chapter AD. Yoga twice a week keeps me more or less flexible. I'm staying busy, off the streets, and out of mischief.

Life is good.



Stevie, Steve, and Harriet in front of Osprey, Camp Lejeune, NC

Ancestry

Origin of the Yount Family

The surname “Yount” is an Anglicized version of the Germanic form of “Jundt” or “Jund.” “Jundt” is one of the rare “mother names” found in southern Baden in Germany and around Basel, Switzerland.

An American bearing the surname “Yount,” visiting the picturesque region of the southern section of Baden at the eastern edge of the Schwarzwald, or the Black Forest, about forty kilometers north of Switzerland, would actually be treading on the ancient lands of his ancestors, the mighty lords of Bacheim, who were native to the lovely Donaueschingen region. The name of Bacheim means “home of the brook.”

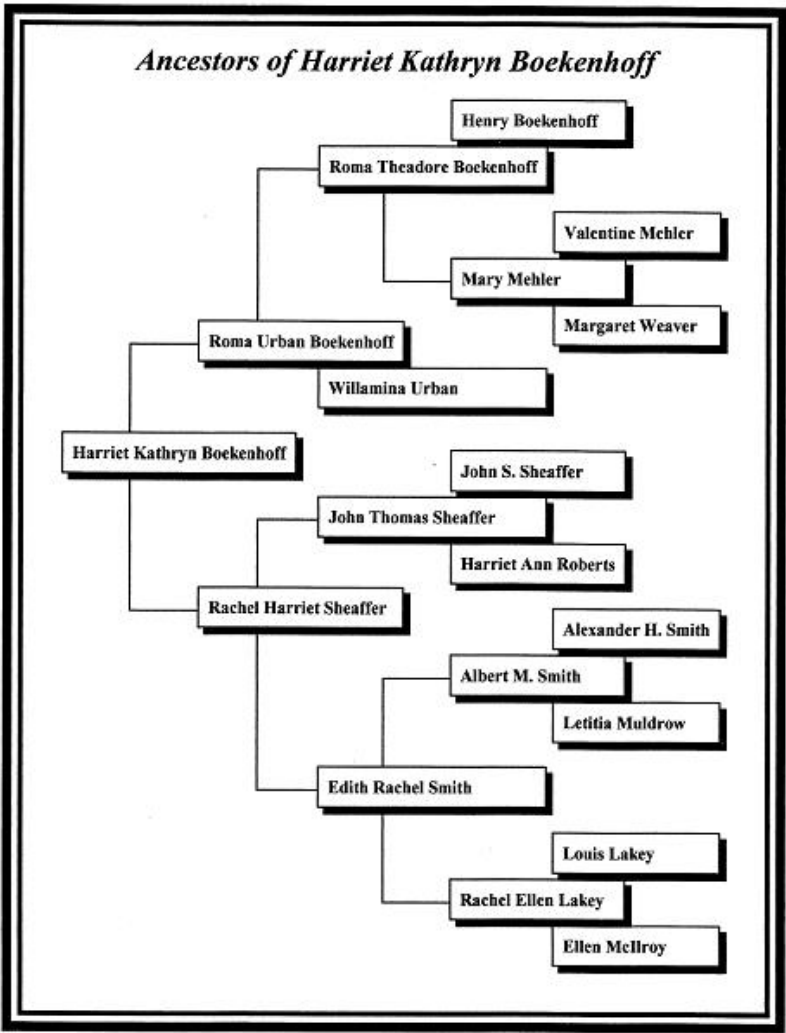
To define the territory more explicitly, the village of Bacheim, three and one half miles southeast of Loffingen, has its post office at Unadingen, a village of several hundred people near Donaueschingen, between the southern tips of the Schwarzwald and the Swabian Alps, bounded on the east by Oberschwaben. The lovely River Neckar is due north of the Donaueschingen region, while on every side except the north the Danube River makes a generous “U,” the land sloping downward toward the beautiful Lake Constance on the Swiss border, the largest inland lake in Germany. Zurich lies about seventy kilometers directly south of Donaueschingen.

In 1232 Jundinta von Goetz (1215-c 1292), daughter of Lord Goetz, married Herr von Bacheim (1210-c 1244). Ten or twelve years after the marriage, Jundinta was probably widowed and, for the next fifty years, was referred to as the Lord of Herrschaft. The

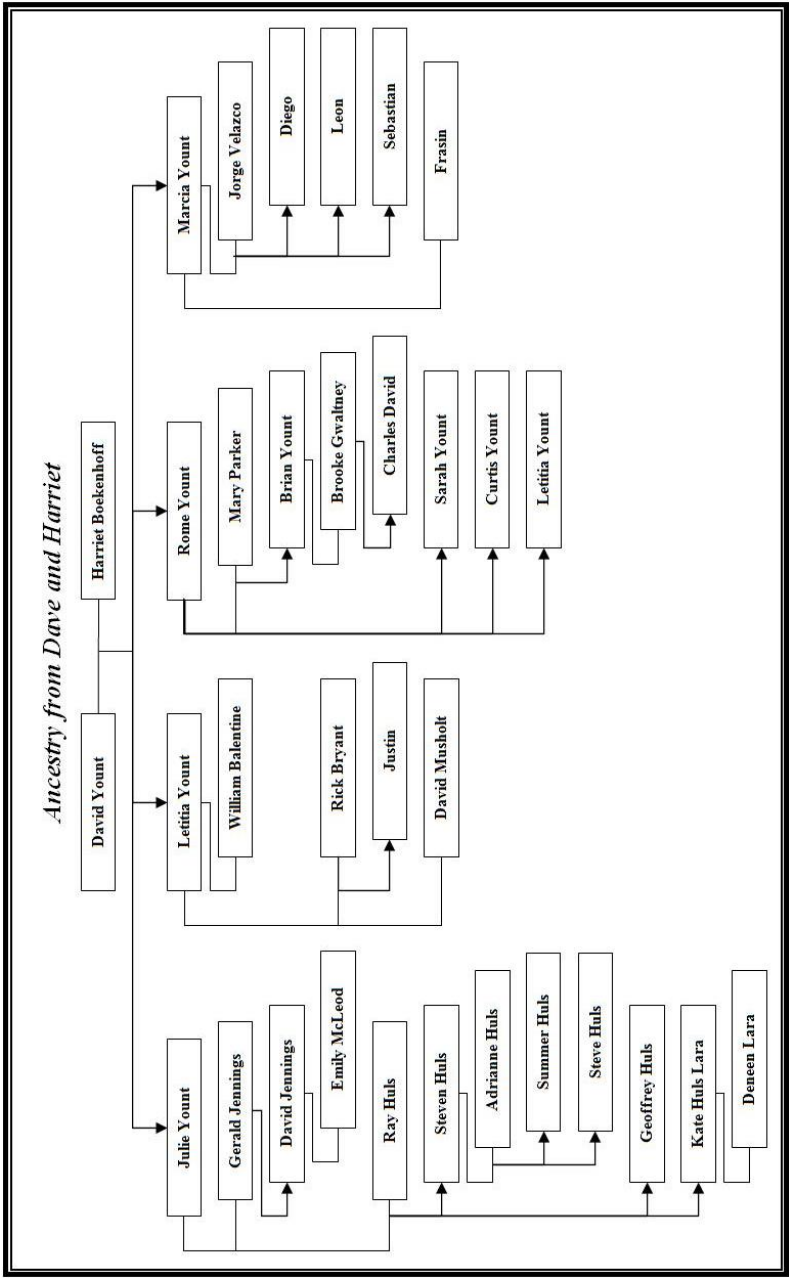
first reference given to this stage of her life is: Jundinta hern Bachin (Jundinta domina Bachin); in 1286 she was listed as Vro Jundinta hern Chozzin thothir, also as Lord Kotz's (Goetz) daughter. In 1292, prior to her death at the age of seventy-seven, she was called Bro Jundinta, a female lord.

She had five children, including a son named Jundt, or Jundinta's son, the Jundinta who was reared on the Bacheim estate in luxury. All Jundts-Junts-Junds-Younts and other close variations of the name anywhere in the world are related and can claim the ancestor Jundt, the son of Jundinta hern Bachin, the daughter of Lord Goetz, who lived in the thirteenth century.

Ancestors of Harriet Kathryn Boekenhoff



Ancestry from Dave and Harriet Yount



Additional Photos



Letitia Yount Bryant



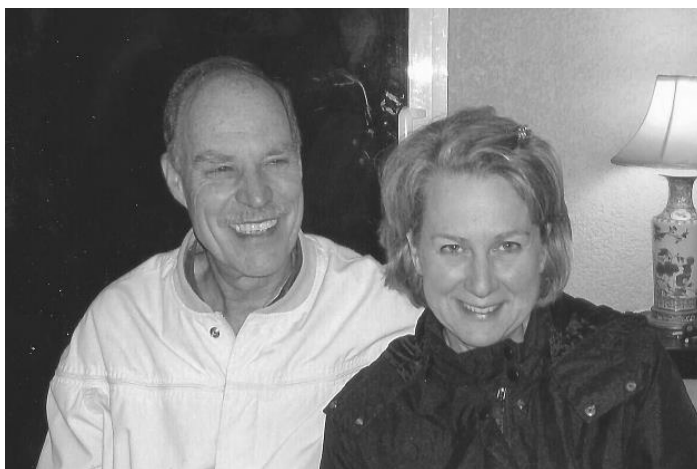
*Brian and Brooke
Wedding in New Haven, Conn.*



(Left to right) Brian, Brooke, Tish, Reed Parker (Mary Yount's father), Mary, Curtis, Rome, and Sarah.



*Trio in Green Valley, AZ
Amy Osmun, Harriet Yount, and Glynn Eastham (Father of Cass)*



*Rafael "Sonny" Rodriguez and Laurie Saunders
UNAM Musicians*



Diego Velazco and Marcia Yount in Italy



*Christmas in Cancun
(back) David (front) Marcia, Harriet, Julie*

Quincy

Former bakery operator dies

Milton David Yount of Tucson, Ariz., former operator of the Boekenhoff Bakery in Quincy, died unexpectedly Sunday morning (Aug. 16, 1992) in a Tucson hospital after suffering a heart attack in his home. He was 72.

Born July 17, 1920, in Hannibal, Mo., Mr. Yount was a son of Milton D. and Dora L. Cunningham Yount. He married Harriet K. Boekenhoff on Oct. 7, 1950, in Quincy.



Mr. Yount was a 1938 graduate of Hannibal High School and 1940 graduate of Hannibal-La Grange College. He served in the Air Force from February 1941 to September 1945, earning the rank of technical sergeant. He was employed by the Civil Aeronautics Administration from January 1946 to May 1954 and then operated a vending business until September 1958. After the unexpected death of Mr. Yount's father-in-law, Rome Boekenhoff Jr., then owner of Boekenhoff Bakery, he took over the well-known Quincy bakery in April 1959 and operated it until the early 1970s.

The Younts left Quincy in 1973, moving to Arizona and then to Mexico where they lived for 15 years. They moved to Tucson in 1990.

While in Quincy, Mr. Yount was a member of First Union Congregational Church, Bodley Lodge 1, Quincy Consistory, the Quincy Shrine Club and the Ansar Shrine of Springfield.

Survivors include his wife, of 5342 West Avenida Comba, Tucson, Ariz., 85745; three daughters, Julie Ann Huls of Frederick, Md., Letitia Bryan of Tucson and Marcia Velazco of Mexico City, Mexico; a son, Rome Yount of Bloomington; two sisters, Elizabeth Hamilton of Fulton, Mo., and Inez Baker of San Benito, Texas; and nine grandchildren.

Mr. Yount was preceded in death by a sister, Valeria Brocksmith.

Memorial services will be held this fall in Quincy.

Inurnment will be in Greenmount Cemetery.

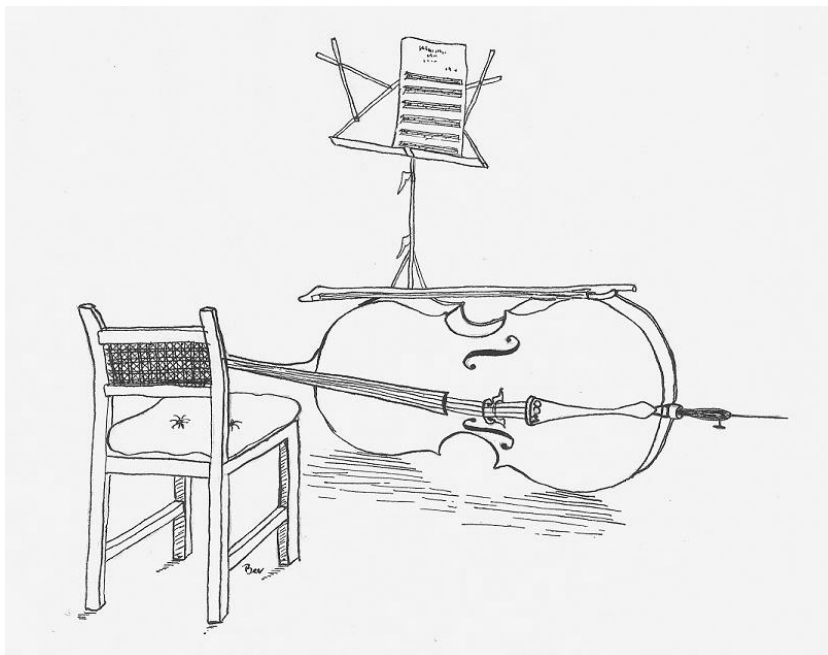
Milton David Yount

Memorial services for Milton David Yount, 72, of Tucson, Ariz., former operator of Boekenhoff Bakery in Quincy, who died Sunday (Aug. 16, 1992) will be held at 10 a.m. Saturday in Hansen-Spear Funeral Home by the Rev. William Foose. Inurnment will be in Greenmount Cemetery.



Visitation will be held from 9 a.m. until time of services Saturday in the funeral home. Bodley Lodge 1 AF&AM will conduct masonic service at the time of the funeral service.

Memorials may be made to Shriner's Hospital for Crippled Children. An obituary was published Aug. 19 in the Herald-Whig.



to be continued. . . .

