

MORE THAN YOU WANTED TO KNOW AND OTHER STORIES

A collection of the works of Philip J. Dolan, Jr.

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First Published in 2021 in New York, New York by
Childsworth Associates, LLC.

Text Design: Connor Dolan
Front Cover: Connor Dolan, Debbie McCahill
Back Cover: Connor Dolan, Debbie McCahill
Arranged by: Connor Dolan
Foreword: Suzanne Nicklaus
Afterword: Connor Dolan
First Printed and Bound in the US by Thomas Group Publishing, NY

More Than You Wanted to Know: and other short stories
By Philip J. Dolan, Jr.

British Library Cataloging-in-Publication Data
A CIP catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library

ISBN: 978-0-578-35074-5

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data
Library of Congress Control Number: 2021925781
Name: Dolan, Jr., Philip J., author
Title: More Than You Wanted to Know: and other stories

eBook available for free download at www.childsworthassociates.com
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FOREWORD

For those who have been blessed to know my father, Phil Dolan, Jr, they may describe him as a man of few words. He is often the quiet one in the room. There are times that he seems to prefer a book over conversation. In social gatherings he often seems content to listen and observe - this is not always by choice, mind you, as his life has been filled with many family members, loved ones and friends that like to talk and are gifted storytellers, but he is never far from the topic at hand. As you come to know him, however, "a man of few words" couldn't be further from the truth. He is a man who has the power to create beauty through the written word. His God-given talent to create, compel, convince, reflect, and remind through his eloquent and intricate use of words is undeniable. He remembers the smallest of detail, describes it with a melody of words and then solidifies the scene with an endless wealth of knowledge and history.

You often hear people say that life is a journey and that the person you are is a compilation of the experiences you have on that journey. As I progress through my own life, I can see more clearly now how all the little stories have had a role in creating who I have become and who I will be. Remembering all these chapters, big and small, and learning to value them all takes work and discipline. It is easy to forget the details of how you arrived at a destination if you don't take the time to remember. Dad has taken his ability to capture these stories in his life with acute attention to detail, seemingly remembering them all, and created a path for us to travel along with him.

This "man of few words" has effectively shared his love and passion for family, the mountains, the sea, the Coast Guard, history and travel so compellingly that he instilled these passions into the hearts and souls of his children and now, his grandchildren. His father, Phil Dolan Sr., certainly was a master of storytelling and I treasure the memories of hearing Grampy laugh and bring a story to life. But my father has taken that gift of storytelling and created a treasure for us and generations to come when he created *More Than You Wanted to Know*.

Suzanne Nicklaus
Phil's youngest daughter

REFLECTIONS AND FAMILY HISTORY

MORE THAN YOU WANTED TO KNOW

by Pa

Written Spring of 2003

ESSENTIAL DATA FOR GENEALOGY TYPES:

Philip John Dolan, Jr.

Born: June 22, 1936; St. Joseph's Hospital; Tacoma, Washington

Married: Margaret (Peggy) Ann Donahue; June 13, 1959; St. Peters Church, Cambridge, MA

Children:

- ◆ Debra Jean; Born: March 24, 1960; St. Elizabeth Hospital, Brighton, MA
- ◆ Diane Frances; Born: March 12, 1961; St. Elizabeth Hospital, Brighton, MA
- ◆ Edward Joseph; Born: January 4, 1965; St. Margaret Hospital, Dorchester, MA
- ◆ Suzanne Kathleen; Born: November 20, 1968; St. Margaret Hospital, Dorchester, MA

Parents:

- ◆ Philip John Dolan; Born: December 31 1911, Tacoma, Washington, Died November 15, 2011; Olympia, Washington

Married July 15, 1935 to

- ◆ Marguerite Elizabeth Sudmeier; Born: June 20, 1912; Selah, Washington
Died October 3, 2000; Olympia, Washington

Siblings:

- ◆ Kenneth William Dolan, Born July 23, 1940, Yakima, WA
Died September 27, 2008, Livermore, CA
- ◆ Marianne Dolan, Born June 7, 1943, Olympia, WA
- ◆ Ralph Michael Dolan, Born: August 23, 1948, Olympia, WA

Places of Residence:

1936-1937	Tacoma, Washington
1937-1941	309 Holton Ave., Yakima, Washington
1942-1943	211 E. 21st Ave., Olympia, Washington
1943	711 E. 18th Ave., Olympia, Washington
1943-1949	2611 Buker St., Olympia, Washington
1949-1954	1118 S. Central St., Olympia, Washington U. S. Coast Guard Academy, New London,
1954-1958	Connecticut
1958-1959	USCGC CASCO, Boston, Massachusetts
1959-1960	347 Copeland St., West Quincy, Massachusetts
1960-1961	5 James St., Beverly, Massachusetts
1961-1962	USCG Loran Station, Saipan, Marianna Islands Family at 7 Robinson Rd., Sagamore Beach, Massachusetts
1962-1964	5th Avenue, Waterford, Connecticut
1964-1972	262 High St., Whitman, Massachusetts
1973-1974	Poker Hill Rd., Underhill, Vermont
1974-1978	28 Briar Lane, Basking Ridge, New Jersey
1978-1999	81 Childsworth Ave., Bernardsville, New Jersey
1999-present	7 Robinson Rd., Sagamore Beach, Massachusetts
2005-present	16290 Kelly Cove Drive #258, Ft Myers, Florida

FOREWORD

I write this story with but a single motive.

My father's childhood and young adulthood was one of extraordinary difficulty and hardship and I knew little about it until the latter part of my life.

Children, for reasons that are self-evident, know nothing about their parents lives in the years before they reach the age of awareness. Further, it is natural that through their own childhood years they, for the most part, are self-absorbed in a world in which they perceive themselves as the center. Even as young adults, as they begin to mature and are about to strike out on their own, the challenges and daunting tasks they envision ahead of them weave a somewhat translucent curtain, masking the future and obscuring the past.

At some point, probably at a later time as life gradually evolves into a more stable and experienced state, they begin at last to seriously search for a mirror which will provide a reflection of the past. The search is propelled by the fuels of curiosity and renewed appreciation of their parent's essential and selfless role in their journey.

For me, this quest came into focus as my own children entered adulthood and began to leave home. Oh, I know that curiosity had long been just below the surface, but I had never seriously pursued it. As time went on I asked, reminded, and badgered my father to write down the story of his life, BPJ (Before Phil Jr.), but for many reasons, only bits and pieces emerged over the years, disconnected by lack of chronology and gaps in time. I now deeply regret that I did not pursue a similar effort with my dear mother, but sadly, I cannot undo that. Finally, when he was 88 years old, about a month after my mother passed away, we sat alone late one evening, in the living room of his home and for nearly two hours he related his story to me while I took copious notes. I am still missing volumes of precious details but at last I have essentially all of the pieces to the puzzle. I am truly grateful to him for that and, as a result, have a far deeper appreciation today of who he was, who he became and how much he did for me and how much both he and my mother did for our family. The values passed on by word and deed, the determination to see his children enjoy a better life, the sacrifices he and my mother made, the importance

they placed on faith, education, honor, and loyalty... the list goes on and on.

All of this brings me to my single motive in writing the story that follows. The value I place on knowing as much of my father's story as I do, suggests to me that my children, grandchildren, and, may I be vain enough to project that possibly, even future generations, might be afflicted with varying degrees of curiosity about the past. Who is that "old man" standing next to that classy lady on a Cape Cod shore or in the shadow of that tall mountain in that faded picture? I wonder what life was like in the "olden-days".

Well ... I'll try to make it easier for you to find the answers to those questions, provide a mirror, satisfy your curiosity, possibly even pique your interest a little, and surely... tell you...More Than You Wanted To Know.

PART I - FOUNDATIONS

1936 – 1954

As the Dolan family pulls into Union Station in Portland, Oregon, a new chapter in my life is beginning. All of the adventures of the past seem to blur as they are overwhelmed by the anticipation of beginning the journey to the unknown world that lies ahead. It is July 1, 1954, and I am about to board a train to the future, leaving childhood behind. The last page on my ticket is marked New London, Connecticut and a young man who has never been further away from Olympia, Washington than northern Idaho is about to embark on a journey that will eventually take him many miles beyond Connecticut and a lifetime beyond childhood.

As the Union Pacific, City of Portland Streamliner, bound for Chicago, rolls out of the station and along the south bank of the Columbia River, my beloved Northwest begins to recede along the tracks. By the time we transit the Columbia Gorge, leaving the great river for the last time, we reach Pendleton and darkness begins to settle on the barren eastern Oregon hills. It is only now, after the initial excitement of setting out on this journey that I begin to sit back, mesmerized by the repetitious complaint of the tracks as the train presses on through the night. As I stare at my reflection in the window of the train against the darkness outside, the past takes hold of my thoughts. I begin to reflect on all that has gone before and on all of the people in my life that have done their best to prepare me for this journey. For the time being, searching for the unknown, ahead somewhere on these endless tracks, will have to wait.

My earliest memories are of Yakima, Washington, although I was born and lived for most of my first year of life in Tacoma. I was probably about 1 or 2 years old, and I am sitting in my Aunt Ella Prasch's lap. She is rocking me gently but I have no interest in going to sleep. Mom and Dad are off somewhere, a movie, a friend's house, somewhere. We live at 309 Holton Avenue, renting a house from my Grandfather, who one day soon I will call Grampa Henry, and who will have a tremendous impact on my life. Today, over 65 years later, I still have a picture in my mind's eye of being in that rocking chair with Aunt Ella, but the picture immediately goes into freeze-frame and so it remains fixed in time. My next memory is probably a few months later, racing back and forth the length of this tiny house in my "kiddie-car". What's in this drawer here in the kitchen? Table knives? I'll bet they will fit down that knot hole in the floor on the back porch!

Mom's not looking. I think I'll try it. They do! They fit, and better yet, they go "clunk" when they land somewhere down below. I wonder what's under there. Oh well, let's get another knife! About a year later, Dad was replacing that floor and rebuilding the porch when he found a veritable treasure trove of table knives as he tore up the boards. Mom's mystery was solved! She had never been able to fathom why all her table knives seemed to disappear.

One night there was a fearsome lightning storm. Dad gathered up his little family and we headed for the 1935(?) Ford coupe and we all scurried into the front (and only) seat to wait out the storm. Dad says that the tires provide insulation from the ground and therefore lightning won't hit the car. I was not sufficiently versed in the physics of electricity yet, but Dad seemed to know this was the right thing to do. It was a scary night for a 3 year old but the car was not hit by lightning. (Nor was the huge tree in the yard, which therefore did not fall on the car).

I also remember some of my playmates. Don Clemens who was much older, he was at least 4 and lived next door. One day he locked himself in the bathroom and the Fire Department had to be called to extract him. That was an exciting day. Real fire trucks right in our front yard. There was also a little red-headed girl, whose name I can't recall, (I believe it was Eileen), who lived across the street on the corner. (Red Headed Girl - Was that an omen of some kind?)

On July 23, 1940, I was rudely preempted from my position of primacy by a noisy small thing which Mom and Dad brought home from Providence Hospital. I was introduced to my new little brother, Kenneth William Dolan and life would never be the same.

In the summer of 1941, high adventure awaited. My Dad was working for the Bureau of Public Roads that summer doing surveying work on the west end of what would become White Pass and on the building of the Steven's Canyon Road, connecting Cayuse Pass with Paradise on Mt. Rainier. Near the lower end of the White Pass construction, but still high in the mountains, was a beautiful little spot in the forest at Courtwright Creek. There were a dozen or so cabins in this little nook in the woods which were used by the surveying crew and their families. In June, Mom and Kenny and I drove up to the mountain via Chinook and Cayuse Passes and moved into the last cabin in the row. Much to Mom's chagrin there was a very steep slope down to a deep ravine and a roaring creek just behind the cabin. Her 5 year old would have to be kept on a short leash.

I have many memories of that summer, living at The Mountain. There was an older boy who was probably 12 or 13 who took me in tow, and we would go across the gravel road, down into a gully and set traps to catch squirrels and other varmints. One day we caught a porcupine! We stood well back as he angrily waddled off after we let him go. He was NOT happy! One night as we returned from Packwood, a tiny forest village about 20 miles down the main road where we would get supplies, there was a black bear lying in front of our cabin door. We had to wait in the car until he finally wandered off. A special treat occurred on weekends when Dad would drive us up to the road-end where he was working, and we could see all the construction equipment. I remember especially the Stevens Canyon Road where they hung huge, black, steel platforms by cables off the side of the cliffs to work from in setting the dynamite charges. All of this was tremendously exciting for a 5 year old and though I was unaware of it, my love affair with the forests and mountains of the northwest took root that summer and would grow for the rest of my life. There was a vastness and a freedom there that, I think, even a 5 year old could grasp at some level. Though I would travel far during my lifetime, I never really left these mountains.

During the fall of 1941, Dad took a position in Olympia with the Washington State Employment Security Division. This looked to be a promising career for him so on December 7, 1941, we departed Holton Avenue in Yakima in our Ford coupe. (Dad had removed the shelf behind the front seat, installed an apple box for a seat in the small open space thus revealed, and that became my, [and Ken's I suppose], private domain for our travels). It was a Sunday and as we stopped at the summit of Snoqualmie Pass on Mt. Rainier for a picnic lunch, we were approached by another traveler who informed us of the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor. Life on the West Coast was to change drastically from that moment on until August of 1945 when the surrender of Japan took place.

We proceeded to Olympia and moved into a little house at 411 East 21st Street just a block or so from Lincoln Grade School and Stevens Field, a huge athletic field with 3 baseball diamonds, a track and a football field. My next-door neighbor was a boy named Billy Schmidt. He was my age and we became fast friends. I remember, at age 6, Dad taught me how to chop kindling out in the woodshed for our wood-burning kitchen stove. I felt I was a huge contributor to the daily task of heating the house and cooking the meals as a result of my kindling-chopping chores. In September of 1942, I entered Lincoln School. My 1st grand teacher's name was Miss Louise Bona. I remember a project where we were to make a

pin dish out of clay for our mothers for Mother's Day. It was the type of clay that would dry hard overnight and then we would paint it a favorite color. Try as I might, I was unable to fashion a dish with sides, so being an innovator even at age 6, I had the idea that a pin cushion would be much better than a pin dish, and besides I couldn't make the pin dish. I was able to make a great pin cushion and set it aside. The next day, alas, my pin cushion was rock-hard! Miss Bona came to the rescue and helped me to make a dish which was a big success with my mother.

While we lived on 21st Street, I used to play down in the huge, forested gully adjoining the east side of Stevens Field. It was a very large and deeply forested area with a lake, a railroad track, trails and just everything a little boy could want. Billy and I spent many hours in that forest exploring and finding wonderful things to do with tadpoles, frogs, slugs, and all manner of forest critters. Although we only lived on 21st Street for about 2 years, this forest would remain my playground for years to come. Interstate 5 runs through the middle of this area now, as does Henderson Blvd, and Moss Lake is no more. All were victims of "progress". All that remains is what is now referred to as the "Watershed" and it retains about 25% of the area and beauty of this forested valley in which I spent so many wondrous hours as a child. There was an old shack down by the tracks inhabited by an old man who had a beautiful collie dog. The dog would follow me home often and I grew to love that dog as only a little boy can. One day, my Dad went down into the woods with me and the collie in tow to inform the old man that the dog kept following me home and he was concerned that the collie might get lost or wander off. The old man told Dad that he couldn't feed the dog anymore and since I had such an attachment to him that we could have him. Dad agreed to the arrangement and "Shep" came home with me to stay. I would walk to the "Red and White" store at 21st and Capitol Way each day after school and buy a can or two of dog food for Shep. We had some great times together, but one day Dad said he just couldn't afford to keep the dog any longer and promised he would find a good home for him. I was heartbroken but times were very difficult for our little family at that time, struggling to make ends meet, and on some level I think I understood. One evening a rancher arrived at our door. He assured me that Shep would have a good home on his ranch and that he would have lots of room to run. It was a tough experience for a 6 year old as the dog and I had become best buddies.

During the winter of 1942, the house on 21st Street where we were renting was sold out from under us. It was wartime, of course, and housing was next to impossible to find. I believe Dad refused to vacate until the realtor,

Mr. Sophie (whom Mom would work for as a bookkeeper many years later), found us another place to live. Mr. Sophie came through, in a manner of speaking, and we moved our belongings a few blocks away to 711 East 18th Street. The weather was extremely cold that winter and the day after we moved in Dad was still unable to get the furnace to heat the house. He couldn't get the temperature above 50 degrees. We had to stay bundled up and it soon became obvious that we could not stay in this house as the heating system was found to be inadequate and unrepairable. The house on 21st was no longer available to move back into, so the search was on for somewhere to go. Dad finally found a one room cabin about 15 miles out in the forest to the west of town, near the tiny logging town of McCleary on the Aberdeen Road, with a pot-bellied stove to heat the room and to cook on. I don't know where our furniture went, but we moved into the cabin. For me it was another adventure in the forest. We would cut wood for the stove and wander through the snow-covered trees on trails near the cabin. But it was no fun for Dad. Gasoline was rationed during the war and very scarce. Each day he would drive into Olympia, drop me off at Lincoln School, which was located at the south end of town, then go to work. After school, I would go to Billy Schmidt's house on 21st Street, next to our old house, where I would wait until he finished work at 4:45. He would pick me up and we would drive all the way back out to McCleary.

After a couple of months in the cabin, Dad found a house at 2611 Buker Street, located on the far side of my wonderful, forested gully that I had played in while we lived on 21st Street. He was able to buy the house and Ken and I had our own bedroom upstairs in a partially finished attic. The second floor was unheated directly, but a register in the floor of the narrow stairway allowed some heat from the kitchen to come up and with lots of blankets we were snug and warm enough. There was a problem to be dealt with initially, however. The day we moved, I came down with the German Measles, which in those days were quite serious. I had to be kept in a warm, darkened room. Mom and Dad set up a bed in the dining room for me, covered the windows to keep the daylight out and there I waited out my recovery.

In June of 1943, we had a new addition to our family. Marianne was born on June 7 and Mom's hopes of having a little girl at last were fulfilled. Big brother was now ready for the responsibility of helping take care of his little sister and took it very seriously. I became expert at feeding her the baby bottle and burping her to perfection. She was definitely the new "star" of the house.

In the fall of 1943, I left Lincoln Grade School and started 2nd grade at St. Michael's School. I remember my teacher's name was Sister Mary Virginia. Mom knew her from some previous acquaintance in Yakima. I liked St. Michael's School a lot and soon made new friends, among whom was a boy named Danny Fitzmorris, who was to become my best friend all the way through high school graduation.

One of my very proud accomplishments came a year later in 3rd grade. The rule was that you could become an altar boy as soon as you memorized all the many Latin responses for the Mass, and they were considerable even for an older boy. As far as I know no one else in the 3rd grade mastered the memorization. I went to work on it with a passion and by Christmas time I had them all memorized. I proudly served my first mass early in January 1945 at the age of 8, and well on my way to becoming a Latin scholar!

1941-1945 were of course the years of World War II against Germany and Italy in Europe and against the Japanese in the Pacific. I was just 5½ when we first went to war and was 9 years old when VJ Day occurred. By the time I was 6, I had an awareness of what was happening. As soon as I could read well enough, I followed the battles and events in the newspaper each day. Everyone did. My Dad had sustained such serious injuries in a motorcycle accident when he was a teenager that he was unable to pass his physical for the Army and was classified as 4-F. As such he could not serve in the military. He volunteered for several Civil Defense assignments and spent many a night helping patrol our Washington Capital grounds as a sentry among other things. I was deeply marked by the war in a way you might expect a child to be affected. By that I mean I imagined myself as a soldier or marine and placed myself in the battles described by news articles, radio reports and movie newsreels of that time. Subconsciously, this generated in children of that time an innate characteristic of patriotism of the purest kind. I can remember vividly tanks rolling through town enroute to the Pacific Ocean Beaches which were just 70 miles away. I can still see the rolls of barbed wire and bunkered machine gun nests situated every couple hundred yards or so guarding the beaches at Copalis, Washington, against possible Japanese invasion, where we would go once or twice a year for an outing at the ocean. Those personal childhood experiences and imaginings of going to war alongside our real soldiers and sailors who were giving their lives daily, generated a sense of country which can only be felt, not described. I believe this formed me in later life for my love of the U. S. Coast Guard and for all those who serve and sacrifice,

especially as it related to the defense of our shores and our country. There was nothing inwardly heroic about these feelings, they were quite simply an unconditional acceptance of a sense of honor and duty. I have been away from the active Coast Guard now for nearly 40 years, but I still feel as strongly about these things as I did when I served. The world around me has changed greatly from those days, but every now and then, when it is needed most, those qualities in the American youth and public still bubble to the surface and burst into full blossom. That is indeed gratifying and affirming to those of my generation.

One defining moment for me came when I was called out of class into the corridor to be informed by my mother that her brother Herb had been killed in the service of his country. He was an Army Air Corps pilot who ferried bombers and fighter planes to the battle zones from the United States. Herb was a wonderful guy, and our family was devastated by the news. I remember his funeral when he was brought home, accompanied by another Army Air Corps officer and the Gold Star flag that was displayed in Granny Florence's front window in Selah for years afterward.

During these years, vacations were once a year and often spent east of the mountains in Selah and Yakima with Granny Florence and Grampa Henry Sudmeier, my mother's parents. We also saw Granny Anne, my father's mother, often as she lived just an hour up Highway 99 in Tacoma. I idolized my grandparents. They were terrific role models. Granny Ann was a jolly, witty woman who took delight in her grandchildren. Granny Florence and Grampa Henry were the salt of the earth, strongly devoted in their faith, honest, hardworking, frugal but extremely generous people. They lived in the little town of Selah, Washington where Grampa Henry owned a hardware store in the "apple country" of the Yakima Valley. He had started out as a harnessmaker, but when the automobile came into use, he switched over to the hardware business and was reasonably successful. He was even Mayor of Selah at one time. My mother's other brothers were Father Ralph, a Jesuit priest and young Henry, Jr. (Hank) who was only about 8 years older than I and would eventually become a dentist in Yakima.

When I was in 5th grade I began to take an active interest in sports of all kinds. Buddy Johnson, my neighborhood pal on Buker Street, and I spent hours shooting baskets when we weren't down in the woods building forts or tunnels. Or, (Mom forgive me), building rafts constructed of railroad ties on which we did our Tom Sawyer/Huckleberry Finn imitations floating about on Moss Lake down in the forest at the bottom of the gully

by the railroad tracks. I couldn't swim very well, but I spent many hours on those kid-made rafts engaging in naval warfare by exploding great geysers of water on an opponent with our long pole-paddles, fashioned from tree limbs. As I mentioned before, the "Watershed" valley was my playground for many years of my childhood.

My "Field of Dreams" wasn't a cornfield, it was called Stevens Field. During the grade school summers, Buddy and I would go to what you would now call summer camp at that nearby athletic field which held a football field with grandstands for about 3000 people, multiple tennis courts, and three baseball fields, with grandstands for several hundred people. The summer "camp" involved numerous activities but was mostly a summer-long fast-pitch softball game. After 6th and 7th grade, I made the Lincoln Summer League team, which played in a kind of league, together with the other organized playground camps. Each of our games would be faithfully written up in the Daily Olympian, box score, highlights and all. I will eschew modesty for a moment and relate that I got a lot of ink. I was the pitcher on our team, pitched every game, and for two years went unbeaten. We played about 20 games during the course of each summer in that playground softball league and of course won the championship both summers. Once I came within one out of a no-hitter. I was able to really whip an underhand fast ball in there as a pitcher and if you had a good pitcher, you usually won.

On September 23, 1948, Ralph Michael was born. Being 12 years old when Ralph arrived, I immediately became his "buddie" and big brother. A very special relationship developed during the next six years until I left home to go East to the Coast Guard Academy. I was sad to leave my family in 1954 and I was close with Ken and Marianne also, but there was a special sadness to leave Ralph because of the bond that had developed and because he was still so little. Sadly, I never realized how truly traumatic our parting was to this little boy. At age 5 ½, he was unable to fully understand why I had left and why I did not come back. In his child's mind, he even wondered whether he had done something bad to make me go away as I had. He confided this information to me many years later.

Basketball was my first love, but when I got to 7th grade, I went out for the football team at St. Mikes. There I was in my football pads, never having played on an organized football team before. Very few of us had actual football shoes and therefore played in our low-top oxfords. On about the 3rd practice I badly sprained my ankle. I was taken to St. Peters Hospital on the west side for x-rays which proved negative. A week or two later,

when I was able to play again, Father Leahy, our pastor, took me out of school and downtown to a shoe store. There he bought me one of my proudest possessions, a real pair of high-top football cleats. I returned to the practice field with a new sense of confidence and Ben Hazlett, our milkman-coach put me on the starting team as the center. We played a single wing offense, but not too well that year. We were known as the St. Mikes Tykes. All the other teams in the town grade school league had gone to a T-Formation, which was a brand new offense being introduced into the high schools and colleges at that time. I remember going out to block a linebacker after I centered the ball one time. I was going to lay this ferocious block on him. Somehow as I went down to block him, he stepped aside, grabbed me by the back of my shoulder pads and threw me about 10 feet. I landed in a heap, and he made the tackle. Obviously, my football talents did not lie in line play. Not to worry, I blossomed as a quarterback-half back the following year.

During the summer of 1949, Mom and Dad bought a much larger house on the East Side at 1118 S. Central Street. It would be my home until I left in 1954. I had my own room upstairs, and Ken and Marianne shared the other upstairs room. Ralph was an infant when we moved in and so a nursery was set up in the back bedroom on the first floor. The furnace was the ever familiar coal stoker which required that the “clinker” or porous rock-like residue from the burned coal be removed each day. It was a good house, and we had many good years there.

As ordinary and usual for its football defeats as our 7th grade year was, our 8th grade year for St. Mikes was extraordinary at the other end of the scale. St. Mike’s Tykes seldom won the city football championship and in 1949 there was a big, intimidating team from Tumwater that was favored to take it all. Ben asked me to be the quarterback that year, which in a single-wing meant you called the plays and designated which backs lined up where and who would carry the ball. Dan Fitzmorris, Bob McKillup and Jimmy Shea comprised the rest of the backfield. The line had Dave Killan, Bob Bartholet, Jimmy Kramer, Jim Roe, Eddie Wack, Dick Matychowiak and Raymond Fader on it. We went to the annual city football jamboree, which kicked off the city grade school league season and was played at night under the lights. The whole town always turned out and there were probably about 5,000 people there. We drew the dreaded Tumwater for the first of our two 8 minute games. Ben had installed a secret “sleeper” play for use against Tumwater. The play consisted of me starting end-around to the right but handing the ball off on a reverse to Dan Fitzmorris who would

then try to run all the way to the left sideline. The object was not to gain yards but to get as far to the other side of the field as possible. (Grade school kids are pretty little, and the width of the field seemed huge!) Meanwhile I continued on to the right hand side of the field and went to one knee (sort of hiding) while my team went to a quick huddle. St. Mikes broke the huddle, and I was still undetected on the right hand sideline. Dan, who had a very strong arm then threw a pass all the way across the field to me. I remember watching as the ball came to me from out of the lights. I prayed that I would not drop it. I caught the ball at about our own 45 yard line and ran 55 yards for a touchdown. Tumwater's biggest kid caught up with me, too late, about 3 yards deep in the end zone and I had felt his hot breath on my neck for at least the final 10 yards. We won the game 7 to 6. We went undefeated that year beating Lincoln, Washington, Garfield and tying Tumwater in the regular season game 21-21. By virtue of our Jamboree win over Tumwater, we were declared Olympia City Champions for 1949. It had been thought that the only team we might have a chance to compete with that year would be Garfield. But we beat them all. We were as thrilled and proud as if we had won the Rose Bowl. I think our Moms and Dads were too, especially the Dads!

This will sound a little immodest, but if there was a defining moment in my grade school football it occurred moments before the Lincoln game, the last game of the season. After everyone had suited up, Ben sent all the players to the milk truck (our transportation to and from the games and practice). He asked me to stay behind. He then told me privately that I was a good football player but that at times I would shy away from contact. He said that if it looked like a hole was starting to close and I had the ball that I would sometimes cut away, usually losing yardage in the process. He told me to crank up my courage when that happened and just lower my head and shoulders and hit the hole as hard as I possibly could. He encouraged me by saying that he knew I could do it. During the Lincoln game, I remember, we had the ball on the Lincoln 3 yard line, with the score tied 7-7, and they were stacked up to stop the run. I took the ball from the tailback position and headed for the line with Ben's words ringing in my ears as the hole began to close. I put my head down even lower and hit the hole as hard and with as much determination as I could muster. (I will admit to closing my eyes at the moment of expected impact). I have no idea what happened exactly, but I bounced off somebody and burst through the hole for a touchdown. When the expected head-on collision didn't happen, I finally fell from loss of balance about 5 yards into the end zone from my own momentum. Later in the game, as the defensive safety back, I saved a touchdown by a really good, hard tackle on an end-around

play. We both wound up about 5 yards out of bounds from the hit. The kid was a friend of mine too, Donny Anderson, from my Lincoln Summer softball days. Donny eventually went on to play for the University of Washington, but on that play, the tyke from St. Mike's brought him down!!!! Ben patted me on the back after the game and told me he was proud of me and that he knew all along I had it in me.

This was a small incident in a young boy's life. But my coach's advice to always dig a little deeper when the going gets tough and his ultimate belief in my ability to do so has always stayed with me. It was, I'm sure, a positive factor in my difficult Academy days and in the times to follow.

As I mentioned before, basketball was really my first love. Since we had no gym of our own, I would bicycle from home on Buker Street (7th grade) or from Central St. (8th grade) down to the YMCA, about 10 blocks from St. Mikes by 7am each morning to practice. Ed Dorn was our coach and our starting team, 8th grade year, consisted of Dan Fitzmorris and me at guards, Bob McKillup at center and Jim Roe and Eddie Wack at forwards. (Bob, Jim and Eddie were a year behind us). We had a pretty good team and won more games than we lost. Just before 8th grade year season began, I had an appendicitis attack and had to have my appendix out. It was a couple of days before Christmas 1949. I had terrible abdominal pains and Dad wanted to take me to the hospital. I wanted no part of hospitals, so I refused to go. He told me to let him know when it hurt bad enough to go. My stubbornness nearly cost me because Dr. Roe had to perform an emergency appendectomy immediately upon arrival at the hospital. He said that it was within minutes of rupturing. On a comic note, Dad asked if we couldn't just pack some ice on my abdomen and see if the attack would subside. We really couldn't afford the cost of the operation. Dr. Roe laughed and said no. He charged us only \$50 for the operation and I think the hospital bill was something like \$10 a day. There was no such thing as health insurance in those days. Our basketball season started in mid-January and fortunately, I was ready to go. Basketball was that important to me. That year we were invited to the Parochial School State Grade School Tournament in Seattle. The games were played at Seattle University and it was a 16 team tournament. Ironically, we played and beat Brisco School in the opening round. Brisco was the Christian Brothers boarding school my father had been placed in for 6th, 7th and 8th grades as a child. In the second round we beat St. Ann's of Seattle, advancing to the semifinals. We were beaten in the semifinals by 2 points in a heartbreaking defeat to Holy Rosary, another Seattle school. We came that close to playing in the State Parochial championship game.

I can't reminisce about St. Mike's without mentioning a person who was very inspirational to me. Her name was Sister Michaleen. She was the principal of the school and my 8th grade teacher. She had a special relationship with the boys. She was very strict and most of us felt her hairbrush colliding with our backsides at one time or another. I can't say exactly what it was, but I really admired and related to her. I believe it may have been the eventually understood lesson that discipline and carefully selected tough love were of value along the journey to adulthood. These were tools to reach back and draw out when the occasion fit later in life. In any case, I corresponded with Sister Michaleen well into my early twenties, such was my admiration for her influence in my life.

Besides Dan, there was another "best buddy" in grade school. His name was Eddie Theitje. Eddie had had rheumatic fever when he was about 11 years old and had an enlarged heart as a result. He was a fine athlete but because of his condition was forbidden to participate in sports. He joined the football and basketball teams as a manager and was with us all the time. Dan, Eddie and I were the 1950 version of the 3 musketeers. That got me in more than a little trouble as a result of the 3 of us "discovering" girls simultaneously.

Girls were not going to be the cause of our breaking up the "Big 3" we vowed. Yet we were not about to refrain from checking this whole new horizon out!! Ed met a girl at Garfield School by the name of Marilyn Cain and began "dating" her. Dan and I, seeing that this interruption in our threesome would not do, persuaded him to "fix" us up with 2 of her friends. Ed complied and now we 3 were 6. Now, on Friday nights, in this safer and more innocent world than currently is the case, we were allowed as 8th graders to be out on the town on Friday nights. There was a "Teenage Center" in town, and it was the gathering place, under some minimal adult supervision. So, with our newfound interest in the ladies, we took them to dances or went to parties on many Friday nights and an occasional movie on Saturday afternoons. I don't know about Dan and Eddie, but my parents knew nothing of my having stepped out into this new world.

One Sunday afternoon as I was walking Mary Catherine home to the West Side after a movie, we were walking across the West Side Bridge, hand in hand. A car full of St. Mike's nuns drove by and all "habited-heads" turned in unison. I was found out! Well --- on Monday my poor Mother got a call to come to school and Sister Michaleen met with her to reveal my secret and to express her shock that a boy, at my age should be going out on dates

with a girl, and holding hands in public, no less. My poor Mother was mortified, not that I had had a date with a girl, but to be called in by the good Sisters because of it. We both survived somehow, and I was allowed to continue to my clandestine relationship but only, according to my parents, in group activities until I was old enough to date. At this writing I am unable to recall how precise my efforts to follow those guidelines were. In any case, June of 1950 came, I graduated from St. Mikes and went on to high school at St. Martins while Mary Catherine attended Olympia High. I don't think I ever saw her again. My grade school fling was over!!

As one looks back on one's life from the lofty vantage point of hindsight, life changing events which were obscure or completely invisible to the awareness in one's youth come clearly into focus. In the summer of 1950, one of those invisible events occurred. Many of my friends were going to Olympia High School and I wanted very badly to go with them. All my sports heroes as a kid were Olympia High School football or basketball players. Besides, having discovered girls, --- ---- who wanted to go to St. Martin's, ---- an all boys school!!! My father would not hear of it. We argued; I begged; he decided. Dad's edict was that I would go the St. Martin's and there was no appeal. This guidance (to use a gentle term) was to be pivotal in the path the rest of my life would take. I will always believe that. I was to become a very successful student in many of the avenues of endeavor which are measured by colleges for admission and had an opportunity to stand out at St. Martin's, whereas I am sure I would have been much more a "face in the crowd" at the much larger Olympia High. I certainly would not have applied myself as diligently as I was motivated to by the rather strict Benedictines to do so at St. Martin's. So pouting and defeated in my first major stab at teenage independence, off I went to St. Martin's High School. The only saving circumstance in my mind was that Dan Fitzmorris, my best friend and Larry LaFond who was a year ahead of me, but whom I had also become good friends with would be at St. Martins with me among others.

St. Martin's High School was an integral part of St. Martin's College, so I had the advantage of being taught almost entirely by college professors, many of whom were PhD's. You were to maintain good grades at St. Martins, or you were not invited back for subsequent years. Extensive homework became a priority event in your daily life. Your Catholic faith was an integrated part of your life at St. Martins and took its place at the beginning of your educational experiences each day. The molding of my character and the infusion of discipline graduated from the childhood stage to the maturing process. I have often wondered what direction my life

would have taken had my father not issued the “St. Martins decree”. Opportunities to move to whole new levels of accomplishment were opened up to me by my four years with the Benedictines. I shall always be grateful to my father for his wisdom and guidance in steering me through this turning point in my life.

The St. Martin’s High School student body consisted of about 75% boarding students and 25% day students, (or day-dogs as we were irreverently referred to). During my freshman year I made many good friends and got caught up in a sense of school pride right away. I took what was called the college preparatory course, a curriculum I was to follow for the next 4 years. I made the starting freshman basketball team under coach George Feeny, and we had a very successful season. I think we only lost a couple of games that year. On the team were Tom Brulotte and myself at guards, Dan Fitzmorris and 6’2” Don Daviscourt at forwards, with 6’6” Bob Plaquet at center. We envisioned that this team was talented enough so that we hoped to stay together all through high school as a unit. In fact, that is essentially what was to happen. I played 1st base on the freshman baseball team, but we had only moderate success.

Academically, I did very well, attaining 2nd in my class based on grade point average. A classmate by the name of Harley de Wilde was 1st in the class and would remain so throughout the 4 years. Harley was gifted academically and was basically a straight A student in all subjects at all times. The Benedictines taught me how to form study habits, (or forced me to) and always raised the bar of expectations in counseling and by encouragement.

Sophomore year, I eased back a little bit possibly as a bad side effect of some newfound self confidence or cockiness, I am not sure which. But my grades suffered a little in the first part of the year. I promptly received some tough love advice from the Benedictines in the persons of Father Bede Ernsdorff (a cousin), and Father Michael Feeny, the principal. I got myself back on the right path quickly in the 2nd part of the year.

Our JV Basketball team consisted of the same players who had made up the freshman team except that Larry LaFond became the 3rd guard along with me and Tom Brulotte. Twins, Martin and Bill Kramer played forwards, splitting time with Dan Fitzmorris and Don Daviscourt. Sadly, a few years later, Bill was killed in a hunting accident when one of his party mistook him for a deer in the forest and fired hitting Bill in the head.

I made the Varsity baseball team as a 1st baseman but did not get enough playing time to get a letter. I was extremely disappointed, especially since Dan had lettered in both football and baseball. Belonging to the prestigious “M” Club, the letterman’s club was a coveted status. It would have to wait another year, but I didn’t look forward to having Dan be part of the group who would administer the initiation rites (read hazing), when I finally qualified.

During sophomore year my classmates elected me to be the class representative on the Student Council. At the end of the year I was selected by the faculty to represent St. Martin’s at Evergreen Boys State. This was a week of experiential instruction in State Government held at Central Washington State College in Ellensburg during the summer. Boys from every high school in the state were selected to represent their schools. I was quite honored to have been selected going into my Junior year as nearly all were new Seniors. The boys were separated into mock Counties and political parties. All the elements of the elective process were created, and elections were held right from Governor and legislature, on down to the county level. There were progressive instructions on the various levels and departments of state government and a lot of role playing.

When the week was over I was to spend an unforgettable 2 weeks with Grampa Henry in nearby Selah. He took me fishing and hiking in the hills of the Wenas hill country along the Yakima River gorge between Selah and Ellensburg. He taught me the proper way to hike in the high sagebrush hills so as to avoid rattlesnakes. These one-on-one times with my grandfather were never to be forgotten. He was to pass away suddenly about 1 ½ years later.

Junior year was a great year for me. I got my driver’s license in June at age 16. I was always very careful with my Dad’s car when he let me use it. Some of my friends were not so conscientious, to put it kindly. Now, since we all had the ability to drive, life changed considerably, on Friday nights especially. It was off to the Teenage Center then cruise around town for excitement. I remember one night we drove all the way to Shelton (about 25 miles) with a kid I did not know very well. There were four of us in the car. He was a year or two older than us and apparently while we were exploring the street fair in Shelton, this kid had a few drinks, or several drinks. He scared the life out of us driving home. He wouldn’t let anyone else drive his car and it was obvious that he had had too much to drink. We were lucky not to have had a serious accident and a huge lesson was learned by me that night, one which I never forgot.

During Junior year at St. Martin's, I began to really get serious about my studies as it was obvious that if I wanted to go to college, I would need some kind of scholarship and would have to help out with tuition. So I really tried extra hard for good grades that year as well as during my Senior year. I traveled with the football team as their statistician. Jack Monahan, the coach finally forgave me, I guess, for not coming out for the team. I really didn't want to play high school football. I was 6 ft tall and a whopping 135 pounds. I realistically figured that I would get "killed" as it was not unusual even in those days for players to approach or exceed 200 pounds.

Basketball season came and our old Freshman team became the Varsity team intact. We had a good year winning a few more games than we lost. I remember one trip in particular up to Sequim and to Neah Bay on the Olympic Peninsula. We stayed overnight 2 nights in Neah Bay at a small Air Force Radar installation. Neah Bay High School was an Indian school, and we were treated one of the evenings to some authentic Indian Cultural rituals which were very interesting, and educational to all of us. We beat Sequim and split with Neah Bay. Those Indians could play basketball!!

Our league, The Central League consisted of Raymond, Elma, Shelton, Chehalis, Montesano and St. Martins. We were by far the smallest school in the league. Our dream was to win the league and thereby, a berth at the State Class A Tournament in Seattle. It was not to be. But we had a good team and had high hopes. I was the starting 1st baseman of the baseball team that year and earned 2 varsity letters finally, as a Junior.

I was again elected to be Class Representative on Student Council for Junior Year and was in charge of organizing and planning the social event of the year, (if you can imagine), the Junior Prom. My date was a girl named Mary Kay Rotchford, a really nice girl who was a grade school classmate. I dated her on through senior year before we parted company. At the end of Junior year, Harley de Wilde and I ran against each other for Student Body President in a school-wide election which included campaigning and speeches at assemblies etc. Harley was a boarder, while I was a day student. He won the election by just a few votes. My class then elected me Senior Class President. All of these things, including sports, Student Council, Class Representative and President, I'm sure helped me later on when I applied to the U.S. Coast Guard Academy. Remembering back to the heated discussions with my Dad about going to Olympia High or to St.

Martin's, I am certain none of these things were likely to have occurred had I prevailed (fat chance) and gone to Olympia High.

I had always had a summer job while in high school. In fact, I had a paper route from 4th to 8th grades and began work as a Saturday janitor at the State Theater in Olympia during 8th grade year. I was to work at the State Theater off and on in just about every capacity, even Assistant Manager between my freshman and senior years. In those days they had uniformed ushers, usherettes, doormen and refreshment counter workers. The theater held about 900 people and as these were the days before television, going to the movies was a primary entertainment pastime. The theatre was usually full or nearly so on Fridays and Saturdays in particular, and well attended during the week as well. Hollywood was in its heyday. The movies were where you went on the weekends.

After my Junior year in high school, my Dad helped me get a job with the U.S. Bureau of Public Roads on a surveying crew. He took me out to St. Martins, borrowed a "chain" (metal measuring tape), a rod (a device for determining heights or elevations) and a transit, then trained me in their uses as it would apply to the job. It was to be the most exciting summer of my life up to that point. I was assigned to Northern Idaho where there were two primary projects. U.S. Highway 2 was being straightened and rerouted from Bonners Ferry, Idaho to the Montana border. The other project was surveying for the construction of logging roads in the forests of the Bitterroot Mountains in order to log off huge spruce trees which had been infected by the spruce beetle. Once the spruce beetle took hold of a forest area, you had about 10 years to get the trees out before they died off.

I checked in, acquiring a roommate, to the Bonners Ferry Hotel, in the tiny logging town on the Kootnai River, a tributary of the Columbia in mid-June 1953. I worked on a surveying crew on Route 2 for about 3 weeks, cutting brush for a "P" (preliminary) line, then was assigned to be a rear chainman for the actual preliminary survey. What would be the centerline of the highway would be measured and angles and curves plotted out via the surveying methods of the day. One day, there was a tree branch in a tall fir tree obstructing the transitman's view down a valley on the "P" line. I volunteered to climb up the tree (about 7 feet) and chop off the limb. I swung my hatchet and misjudged, hitting my left thumb just behind the first joint, in the fleshy part of my hand. As I type this paragraph, some 49 years later, I am looking at the scar that is still there. I fell out of the tree, as I had been holding on with my left hand and after some field first aid,

spent the next week recovering the use of the hand. I was very lucky not to have ended my summer right then and there.

On the 4th of July weekend, I got an invitation from Larry Garron, a friend I had made on the crew, to accompany him home to Hayden Lake, Idaho for the weekend. Larry lived on a small hard working farm. We bunked in the loft of the barn with the horses and other various uninvited creatures. I rode the tractor and did all sorts of farm chores to earn my keep that weekend. It was an experience of a real western farm family in its truest and most simplistic form. Interestingly, Larry had also caddied some at the Hayden Lake Country Club and knew Bing Crosby and his sons, Gary, Lindsey and Philip. He took me over to the golf course in hopes of introducing me to the Crosby family but, as it turned out, they had not arrived for their usual summer visit to the area. Bing Crosby, a famous singer is, or was at that time, the most famous of Gonzaga University's alumni in nearby Spokane, Washington. Upon return to Bonners Ferry after the holiday weekend, I found that I had been reassigned to one of the "bug camps". These were tent camps located high in the mountains which provided a base of operations for the surveying crews putting in the "P" lines for the new logging roads.

My assignment was in a camp in a high meadow in the wilderness located near the intersection of the Idaho-Montana-Canadian borders. Our charge was to put in a road from the end of an existing dirt road about 5 miles below camp, through the spruce forest northward, about 22 miles to the Canadian border.

On about the 6th of July our survey crew of 11 men was assembled in Bonners Ferry. Our boss was a Civil Engineering professor at the University of Idaho. We were driven to the road-end in the mountains northeast of town, about 20 miles north of the highway in the spruce forest. We hiked the final mile or so to the camp in the high meadow. The camp consisted of 3 living tents with wooden floors, a cook tent and an attached mess tent. We had a cook and a mess cook provided by the U. S. Forest Service. These two old guys liked their juice after hours and many a breakfast was prepared and served with each of them carrying very large headaches.

The U.S. Forest Service had previously marked out the route the road was to take by placing orange flag strips on tree limbs. We got to work the next day, starting with the brush-hooking of a "P" line trail through the woods. By the time we finished in late August, we had cut 22 miles of trail, surveyed

it for length and curve data, then a final time to calculate cross-sections with an instrument called an abney and a rod. We had many adventures in these Idaho mountains. As the job wore on, we would spend nearly half a day just hiking to and from the day's start point. I began as a stake man, the lowest job on the totem pole but by August I had been promoted to Rear Chainman and by mid-August to the # 2 job on the crew as Head Chainman. I felt pretty good about that as I was the youngest guy on the crew, all the rest being college students.

A couple memorable incidents come to mind. One day about 4 miles out from camp, word had come that the calculations provided to the field office in Bonners Ferry were missing a 50 foot segment of the survey. A stake had been mismarked and threw all subsequent stations off by 50 ft. I was assigned to hike the several miles back until I found the offending stake and identified its location. Do you know how quiet and eerie it is in the deep forest when you are all alone and you know you are not really alone. There were bears in these woods and cougars as well besides all manner of harmless animals. My big hearted boss loaned me his 22 cal. pistol to make me feel better about my journey and I set off. I never heard so many sounds in the "silent" forest before. I came upon caves, complete with small animal bones strewn about out front and in my imagination could feel the presence of unseen cougar. There was ample sign that these unseen companions had been about recently. I located the mismarked stake a couple miles back, made my notations and continued hastily all the way along the line until I reached camp. Working in the forest is the greatest job in the world to me, but it's always nice to have a human companion nearby.

The other incident was somewhat comical, if momentarily a little scary. I was in the out-house one morning (a board between 2 trees covered with a canvas), which was located downhill some distance from camp, and having completed my tasks, pushed the canvas back and prepared to step out. There, no more than 5 feet away stood a black bear. He looked at me; I looked at him and we both took off, fortunately for me, in opposite directions. It was small consolation to me at the time that he was at least equally afraid of me as I was of him. In any case, this same bear would visit our garbage pit nightly at sunset and make a mess of it. This was annoying, especially to the mess cook who had to clean it up but not a grievous offense. One night, however, the bear climbed a tree in the dark and reached our "meat house". This was a large wooden container attached by a rope and tackle between two trees and contained our weeks meat supply. Nature provided the refrigeration. The bear managed to

destroy the “meat house”, making us temporary vegetarians, knocking it to the ground where he proceeded to gorge himself on steaks, roasts, and the like. This was a grievous offense. We decided the bear had to go.

A guy named Ron Erickson, who had a rifle, and was an excellent woodsman, and I with my trusty borrowed pistol lay in wait for the bear the next night in a perch atop the hill. Finally the bear made his appearance, approaching the garbage pit. Ron waited an intolerable amount of time to pull the trigger on the rifle as the bear came closer and closer to our position. Finally, he fired, and the bear dropped in his tracks, straddling a fallen tree he was negotiating at the time. We waited a bit, then all but certain that the bear was dead approached cautiously. I got there first and just as I did, the bear raised his hind leg and with a dying effort pushed himself off the fallen log. I about jumped out of my skin, but bravely emptied my piston into his head. That bear was the only animal I ever killed as I never took an interest in hunting.

The story was only beginning, however. Ron wanted the bear’s pelt, so I watched as he expertly skinned it. By now it was dark, so the 2 of us, with great effort, rolled the bear into the garbage pit, having decided to come back in the morning and bury it, then dig a new garbage pit for the mess cook. If you have never seen a skinned black bear, he is a curious sight. The fat layer under the pelt is white in color. We did not skin the feet or paws, so the black bear was now a white bear with black head and black stockings above his paws. Ron and I went to bed. About 4am we heard a clatter of pots and pans, a scream, and footsteps pounding up the hill just below our tent. Our hung-over old mess cook was terrified and was screaming for help, “There is a big white bear sleeping in my garbage pit”!!!! Well, that’s my bear story. Somewhere in Olympia, for many years was a little box with 10 bear claws in it. It eventually got thrown away.

My adventures in the camp, which we dubbed “Brush Hook Bog”, and the survey work on the logging road served to provide me with the experience of being on my own for the first time, far from home. I gradually accumulated a significant level of responsibility on the job and was recognized for my efforts by progressing as far up the ladder on the survey crew as it was possible to do. I look back on the summer of 1953 as a sort of coming of age as well as both an exciting and valuable step along the way in my journey.

Back at St. Martin’s for my Senior year in high school, we found it to our liking to be top dogs on the totem pole. Basketball again was my focus

outside the classroom, and we had a so-so season, the dream of ever going to the State Tournament finally dissolving for good. With about 4 games left in the season, my beloved Grampa Henry suddenly passed away. I did not know it, but he had colon or possibly rectal cancer which had progressed to near its final stages. My mother had traveled by train to Yakima to see him for what she expected would be the final time. As he and Granny Florence waited at my Aunt Judy Prash's house for the time of arrival of the train, he had a massive heart attack. By the time my mother arrived at his bedside an hour or two later he was gone. It was the first time I had lost someone dear to me and I grieved terribly at losing this man who I so greatly admired and loved.

After returning from the funeral in Yakima, having missed one of our remaining basketball games, the coach apparently gave up on the season and began experimenting with underclassmen. I never played in another game after having been the starting guard for Freshman, Junior Varsity and Varsity teams over 4 years. I bitterly remember the final game of the season against Montesano. Surely the coach would put the seniors in for the final game of their career after being together for so many years. He did not and I am ashamed to say, I never forgave him.

In February 1954 one of those seemingly accidental things that happen in life occurred. My Dad had a secretary working for him whose brother had gone to the U. S. Coast Guard Academy. Dad had learned by some means that the Coast Guard Academy was holding its nationwide entrance exam shortly in Seattle and made some inquiries of her about the Coast Guard. The Coast Guard was the only one of the three Academies (the Air Force Academy did not exist yet) to tender appointments based solely on a nationwide exam and interviews. There were no Congressional appointments. He advised me of the exam and suggested that I take it as it would be good practice for me should I ever have occasion to take Civil Service exams in the future after college. The exam was a grueling experience. It was 2 ½ days in duration. I had never experienced or imagined anything like it. I stayed in the YMCA in Seattle during the exam which, I'm sure drained every bit of knowledge out of me that I had. I had also applied for and received a partial scholarship to Washington State University for the fall term, which I was both grateful for and proud of. I had also received an honor from the Olympia Elks Club for a competitive essay I had written along with evaluation of extra-curricular activities on my record and was named "High School Student of the Month" for the Olympia area at some point in 1954. Finally, I applied for and was offered

another summer job with the U.S. Bureau of Public Roads for the summer after graduation.

As graduation and the summer approached, I had not heard from the Coast Guard. Dad felt we needed to know the outcome of the exam for the Academy as there was a job commitment to be made with the Bureau, so he telegraphed Coast Guard Personnel in Washington DC requesting to know the status. By return telegram, an appointment to the U. S. Coast Guard Academy Class of 1958 was tendered. I was # 110 on the nationwide exam taken by about 3,000 applicants and some 225 appointments were tendered. I was both excited and shocked. I never seriously expected to get an appointment. But I now had not only a free college education in engineering offered to me, but a career as well. I accepted and my future was determined in more ways than I could have possibly imagined.

Graduation finally came in early June of 1954 from St. Martin's High School. I graduated as Salutatorian, or 2nd in my class. Harley de Wilde was Valedictorian as expected and was way out there by himself. The family took a vacation trip down the Washington and Oregon coast all the way to Crescent City, California as a last outing before I departed for the Coast Guard Academy.

Looking back on my High School years, I recall them as a very happy and growth filled time. Except for Trigonometry, as I will shortly describe, all of the experiences and opportunities of those years prepared me well for the difficult and challenging times ahead. I will always be grateful to my Mom and Dad, who provided high values to emulate and guidance and affirmation, as well as to my teachers and coaches who provided the framework for the gradual maturing of a young man well prepared to move on to this new life.

At this point in my story, it is time to describe the love and sacrifice that my Mother and Father provided to us as children, and which they continued to provide throughout their lives.

In describing my Mother's love and devotion to us I will take the liberty of quoting from a portion of the eulogy I prepared in October 2000 and delivered at her funeral Mass, for it puts into words, as best I know how, what a unique and loving mother she was.

“Marge, -- Grammie, -- Greatgrammie,---- by whatever name of love you knew her, our Mom was a very extraordinary mother; a very extraordinary person. The simple and fundamental goodness of her life’s work was to love God and to love her family. It was the degree to which she quietly, gently and generously perfected this love, which made her extraordinary and, which leaves us with a standard, which will challenge even our greatest efforts.

Hers was a life of dedicated love and selfless service to her family. All who were in anyway close to her experienced the unconditional, quiet faithfulness of the love of this gentle woman. She never did ask for anything in return. It was simply her life’s work, motivated by her faith, her humility, and her sure sense of who she was and what fullness of living really meant.

In a world which measures achievement by the loudness of the clanging symbol, the inaudible softness of her work left her unrecognized before men, but a measureless joy to her God and to her family.”

I know no way to say it better now. We were blessed to have her for our Mother.

As for my Father, I have always had a tremendous admiration for him. His father left his family when Dad was only about 4 or 5 years old. His mother, unable to support 3 children was forced to give him up to foster families and later, in Dad’s case, to a boarding school run by the Christian Brothers. I believe that at some level, Dad must have resolved within himself that his children would never suffer the hurts and loneliness and other experiences that must have enveloped this little boy, separated from his parents during his early years. Observing my own small grandchildren today and their deep attachment to their Moms and Dads, I can’t even imagine what it was like. That resolve, I believe, generated, as a young adult, a self-taught determination to provide a good home and family for his children so they would never have to experience the hardship and heartbreak he had endured growing up. Having literally started from nothing, he was true to himself and provided a loving home, guidance tempered by the severe experiences of a little boy cast adrift, always with the goal of preparing his children for a better life than he had experienced. I will always be grateful to him for that start in life, and for the many years

of love and support he has provided to me and my family since. That my children and their spouses, as well as his great grandchildren idolize their “Grampy” is poignant testimony to the goodness and the importance of his presence as a role model in their lives.

The rhythmic sound of the wheels on the tracks have finally succeeded in leaving the long night on the Union Pacific Railroad behind us and daylight brings views of the great high plains of Wyoming. I must have dozed off somewhere between “St. Mikes and St. Martins”!!!

My recollections of the long and happy line of events that placed me on this journey to the future fades back into my memory files as the train of the present speeds along through this vast open countryside. My two immediate companions are Floyd Hammerquist of Eugene, Oregon and Bob Imbrie of Hillsboro, Oregon. Floyd and Bob are destined to become close friends as we were to struggle together through our first year at the Academy. Fate decreed that I would be the only one of the three to graduate from the Academy with the Class of '58, but all that will unfold later.

Meanwhile, daylight has revealed the broad and bare open plains of southern Idaho. The train had passed though the Wasatch Mountains during the night. We rolled on into Green River, and then into Rock Springs, Wyoming where for some reason the train stopped for an extended period, and we got out and walked around the station. Reboarding we continued on across the Great Divide of the Rocky Mountains, which was not so “great” as it was all flat, open, very high plains country. We pulled through Laramie and Cheyenne, Wyoming and then across Nebraska to North Platte and Omaha, following for all practical purposes the pioneer’s Oregon Trail. We arrived in Chicago on July 3 after another night’s travel through Iowa and Illinois.

I remember that Chicago seemed to me to be an unreal place. It was a city like I had never known before as we walked around the downtown area. I had never experienced humidity before and it was very hot, overcast, and extremely humid. We had a layover of about 8 hours, at which time we boarded the New York Central “Empire Builder” for our overnight journey to New York City. On the train from Chicago, I met a very interesting man from Hartford, Connecticut who is a personal friend of

the movie actor Alan Ladd. He knew all kinds of the top stars and had personal photos with them to prove it. You meet all kinds of interesting characters on cross country train rides.

As we approached New York City, I have a vivid memory of the early morning transit of the Hudson River Valley and particularly as we passed West Point. A little further down the river, we passed Tarrytown, which was to have great significance to it a few years later, but I had no inkling of that. Today for me, it was the home of Sleepy Hollow of Washington Irving renown. A far more important person would grace this little town and Marymont College, up on the hill in the years to come.

New York City, Madison Square Garden, Times Square, the New York Giants, the New York Yankees, the Empire State Building and on and on and on New York was a fabulous place to a small town 18 year old from the West Coast. We arrived the morning of July 4 after 69 hours on the train and got ourselves a room at the YMCA. The first thing we did was to go to the top of the Empire State Building on the 102nd floor. (The tallest building in Olympia, other than the Capitol Building, is 6 stories high). With all the skyscrapers, walking the streets of New York was like walking through narrow canyons. It's so unlike anything I'd ever done or any place I'd seen that actually it seemed like another world. Next, came a 5 cent ride on the subway to nowhere in particular. We saw a lot of tunnels, but the novelty of riding a subway was like a big amusement park to us. We finally ended up that afternoon at famous Yankee Stadium where Mickey Mantle, Hank Baur, Yogi Berra, Gil McDougald, Whitey Ford and the mighty Yankees defeated the Washington Senators 3 – 1. We watched our first ever major league game from somewhere behind home plate in the main grandstands. In those days I was already, and long since, a Red Sox fan, but that would have to wait because to actually be in Yankee Stadium was a huge deal!!

After the ball game we got back on the subway and went to Coney Island, which was legendary to us from movies and by reputation. We rode the Cyclone roller coaster and did the whole park. That evening we walked the streets of Times Square with all the lights and everything just like we had always heard of. Some of the billboards and signs were as much as 20 stories high. In the eyes of 3 small town boys, you had to see it to believe it. My Argus C-3 camera was mighty busy.

The next day, July 5th, we met up with Don Trombley and Bob Crisp, both Seattleites and also Academy bound. We took a tour of the famous Radio

City and NBC Radio and Television studios. That afternoon we went to the Polo Grounds and watched the New York Giants from the left center field bleachers. These were the days of Bobby Thompson and Willie Mays, Eddie Stanky and Sal “the Barber” Maglie. The Giants beat the Philadelphia Phillies 4-3. Next, determined to take in as much of New York as possible in the short time available, we went to the United Nations and took a free tour, then on to Times Square and bought a 47 cent ticket to a movie on Broadway.

On the morning of July 6, 1954, we boarded the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad for the final leg of our trip to New London, Connecticut. We stuffed ourselves into a taxi and a few minutes later beheld the wrought iron fence, the parade grounds and the stately brick buildings of the United States Coast Guard Academy. In these halls we were to live, be educated in engineering and professional knowledge, introduced and versed in “the sea and its lore”, and to form bonds, loyalties and fellowship that would last in the depths our souls for the rest of our lives.

For the moment however, the beauty and promise of this place was eclipsed by curiosity and anxiety about the immediate unknown. As we entered Chase Hall for the first time and stepped up to the sign in desk, we did not realize it, but we had taken our last “rounded” corner.... our last meal with benefit of sitting on a chair in the normal way.... our last spoken words in the corridors, (unless spoken to by an upperclassman), our last,... our last,... our last!!! SWABS OUT!!! BRACE UP!!! SUCK IN THAT GUT!!!

A new life was beginning!!!

PART II - FORMATION

1954 – 1958

SWABS OUT!! BRACE UP!! EYES IN THE BOAT!!....
SQUARE THAT CORNER MISTER!! ...SHOVE OFF!!.....HAUL
AWAY ON THE MAIN BRACE!! DOLAN, SIR; WASHINGTON
STATE SIR; PERMISSION TO

2nd Class: “How's the cow”???

Swab: “Sir, she walks, she talks, she’s full of chalk. The lacteal fluid extracted from the female of the bovine species is highly prolific to the nth degree”.

2nd Class: ” I do not understand”!

Swab: “Sir, my cranium consisting of Vermont marble, volcanic lava and African ivory, covered with a thick layer of case hardened steel, forms an impenetrable barrier to all that seeks to impress itself upon the ashen tissues of my brain. Hence, the effulgent and ostentatiously effervescent phrases just directed and reiterated for my comprehension have failed to penetrate and permeate the somniferous forces of my atrocious intelligence”.

LIFE AT THE UNITED STATES COAST GUARD ACADEMY HAD
BEGUN.....

.....and it was a total shock to the psyche of these recent high school seniors. Talk about going from “Big Man On Campus” to the bottom of the totem pole! Why do I have to memorize these useless bits of wisdom? What does squaring corners and double timing everywhere I go have to do with becoming a Coast Guard Officer someday??? I was about to find out!!

On July 9, 1954, after being painfully taught just the basics of close order drill so we could manage to march by platoons, en masse, without tripping over each other to the front of Hamilton Hall, 198 of us were sworn in as United States Coast Guard Cadets by Rear Admiral Arthur G. Hall. I am now officially in the Coast Guard.

We were issued every conceivable item necessary for full enjoyment of a Spartan existence. Primary among this gear were our Work Whites and

Dungarees, which would constitute our wardrobe for the next 2 months. We were issued M-1 rifles (9 ½ lbs.), drill belts, and white leggings and introduced to the world of close order drill. Right face...., about face...., to the left flank..., brace up..., suck it in...., Platoon halt!! These commands among others, would become our new vocabulary as we began to get the hang of marching in step along with John Philip Souza and attempting to learn the “manual of arms”.

All aspects of life were accounted for in detailed regulations and well-practiced traditions, all carefully supervised by the watchful eyes of the almighty, unforgiving Second Classmen. Swab Summer was a crash course in developing a military bearing, learning to take and obey orders, and developing a respect for discipline and for those who oversaw and directed it.

I finally succeeded in shining my shoes till I could see myself in them. That took some doing! At the table, when called upon, we have to tell jokes for the enjoyment of the upperclassmen. My roommates, Bob Crisp and Don Trombley and I have been reprimanded 3 times already for leaving our room with the light on. One of my first assignments was that of mop orderly. In the a.m. I have to shake out all the mops in the platoon before formation. In the mess hall, swabs have to sit on no more than 3 inches of their chair and eat “square” meals, lifting the fork vertically to mouth level, then horizontally into the mouth. Meticulous table manners have the same importance as the Ten Commandments. Even Moses resigned because he couldn’t take it. Someday, (it would be July 24), during my first liberty, I am going to go to a restaurant, order some food, take a full seat, lean back on the back of the chair, put both elbows on the table and talk while I eat!!! This is surely a different life from the one I have known and it goes on and on and on....!!!

Time is our most precious commodity in this new swab life. I have it down now so that I can make a complete uniform change in 3 ½ minutes including shoes to sneakers and the required proper stowage of the removed clothing as part of the process. Shoes, for example, must be put away laced and tied. When the bugle for formation sounds, you just get there now and that’s all there is to it. One tenant of behavior is gospel, and that is there are never any excuses and so none are ever to be offered.

I don’t think I’ve ever been so tired or so sore in my life. Each morning we rise at 5:45am (0545), form in the quadrangle at 0610, then perform 20 minutes of calisthenics or double time the quarter mile or so down the hill

to the boat sheds on the shores of the Thames River. Here we launch a 10 man, 2000 pound monomoy (26' pulling boat) and row across this very wide river and back. After securing the boats we double time up the hill back to the Chase Hall barracks. We change from our dungarees to our sailor whites and have to be ready for formation for breakfast at 7am (0700). Formation for inspection and class is at 0745. A typical routine for some days would be a trip back to the river for 2 hours of rowing, then 1 hour of drill. After lunch we would have another hour of drill. The final entry on the blueprint for the perfect day was the summer heat and high humidity.

As the days of July progressed, we would march off to Satterlee Hall after morning inspection where we attended classes for 7 hours each day, studying Coast Guard History, Eagle Seamanship, Morse Code, Flag Signals Code, English, Geography, Service Etiquette, and Military Regulations. The much hated "Practical Work" would take place on the docks at the river. For "Practical Work" sessions, we would don our dungaree uniforms and practice the fine arts of scrapping and painting, knot tying, rope splicing and all manner of skills necessary for our pending introduction to life, training and work aboard the US Coast Guard Cutter Eagle. The Eagle is the Academy's tall ship, one of the few in the world, and would be our primary training ground over the next four years in preparation for an eventual career at sea.

During the first six weeks of Swab Summer we were converted from civilians to military cadets, ready and eager to experience the real beginnings of what it was like to go to sea and to finally feel the pride of belonging to the United States Coast Guard. The Eagle would soon return from its "Long Cruise", during which the First Classmen (seniors) and the Third Classmen (sophomores) would have spent some 10 to 11 weeks at sea. We Swabs would then embark on the Eagle under the tutelage of the Second Classmen (juniors) for our baptism of saltwater sailing and seamanship on the high seas.

The Eagle is a magnificent, 3 masted sailing ship, nearly 300 feet long from bowsprit to stern, displacing 1,816 tons. Built in 1936, she was taken as a war prize from the Germans at the end of World War II where she had served a similar training function for the German Navy. A compliment of about 200 cadets, along with a small cadre of enlisted men and about 14 officers would man the Eagle for our training cruises. The Eagle carries 22,227 square feet of sail, comprised of 10 square rigged sails, and 12 fore-and-aft sails. She has an auxiliary engine capable of about 10 knots, but is

under sail at all times, except when schedules or restricted waters demand the striking of the sails and the use of the engine

The Fore and Main Masts are square-rigged, with 5 sails each, the Main (or Fore) sail, the Lower Topmast, Upper Topmast, Topgallant and Royal sails. The fore-and-aft sails are called Jibs or Staysails (Stay-s'ls) and take their nomenclature from the point on the mast where they originate, e.g. Fore Topm'st Stays'l, or Fore T'gallant Stays'l etc.. The Mizzen Mast is fore-and-aft rigged with a Mizzen Sail and a Mizzen T'gallant Sail. There are over 200 lines (ropes) on the ship, all of which had to be memorized as to name, function and location of each belaying pin. Halyards, Sheets, Tacks, Braces, Buntlines and on and on. The Eagle is an excellent "classroom" for learning and understanding the effects of wind and sea, as well as the performance and characteristics of a ship underway in all conditions of weather and sea state. The lessons learned during these four summers would carry over directly to our Cutter service which we would all experience upon graduation.

The Class of 58's introductory adventure aboard the Eagle began on August 17, 1954 with a 3 week cruise to Bermuda in company with the USCGC Rockaway (a 311 foot cutter) and the USCGC Campbell (a 327 foot cutter). I was assigned to the Rockaway for the first half of the cruise. The first couple of days out to sea brought on a very uncomfortable feeling in the stomach for me and nearly all of us who had been land-lubbers in our prior lives. These first effects of being on the endlessly rolling sea were exacerbated by my assignment as mess cook on the first day involving food preparation, serving food, and cleaning up the mess deck. This duty ran from 6 am (0600) to 8pm (2000) at night. The temperature on the mess deck was a "comfortable" 92 degrees. Just what a sailor on the verge of seasickness needed to urge him on. During the afternoon of the 2nd day out, which was a Wednesday, the Captain mercifully hove-to (stopped the ship) and allowed a "swim-call" after the work day at about 4 pm (1600). Desperate to get off the rolling, heaving ship, I quickly took advantage of this respite, shark watch or no shark watch. The Gulf Stream waters were warm and refreshing and did the trick regarding my queasiness. I never felt any significant sea sickness ever again, save one time in a violent storm nearly 7 years later on Search and Rescue duty. Moving on to a deck maintenance assignment from the hated mess cook job didn't hurt anything either in my efforts to reestablish gastronomical peace. I also stood watches as helmsman, lookout and messenger. Steering the 311 foot Rockaway as helmsman was tricky and would require more practice.

A typical work day aboard the Rockaway consisted of rising at 0600, prepare for the day, and after inspection formation and morning colors at 0800, turn-to on ship's work, such as scrapping and painting and many other maintenance tasks. We would knock off for lunch at 1130 then back to ship's work at 1 pm (1300) until 4 pm (1600). Usually I would have a 2 hour duty watch between 1600 and 2000, then one night duty watch, either 2000-2400 or the midwatch, midnight (0000) to 0400 or the morning watch 0400-0800. Exhaustion was a constant shipmate of a cadet.

On Sunday, August 22, we held church services on the focs'l (forecastle), and I was asked to read the epistle and gospel. That day I had the 1200 – 1600 (noon-4pm) watch and the 2000 –2400 (8pm-midnight) watch. The Eagle came up alongside under full sail today, within 100 yards or so, a beautiful and graceful sight, her sails billowing full in the fresh Atlantic breeze. There seemed to be an unfettered freedom in her movement as her powerful bow carved a narrow foam crested swath through the afternoon swells. We finally came into view of Bermuda on the next afternoon but hung off shore until the morning of the 24th before steaming into a protected harbor and dropping anchor just off shore. The anchorage was near the parish of South Hampton, some distance across the bay from the town of Hamilton.

During my two days of liberty in Bermuda, a classmate, Clain Johnson and I rented motor bikes and toured most of the island, all except for the parish of St. Georges, which was at the far eastern end. Clain, with whom I had become great friends during this cruise, was from Bradford, PA. Everything here in Bermuda is tremendously neat and clean looking. All of the houses are painted with pastel colors. They are either baby blue, pink, light yellow or white and are built of a sort of adobe substance. They are really very colorful. I couldn't get over those crazy English cars and driving on the "wrong" side of the street. We stopped at the world famous Mid-Ocean Golf Course during our travels. It was really beautiful. As we were returning our bikes mine broke down about 2 miles from the shop. It was a long walk and push with the bike back to the shop.

After a 3 day stop on the island of Bermuda, I was rotated to the Eagle and got my first taste of sleeping in a hammock below decks, climbing the rigging, and working the duty section watches on deck and aloft. My first time up the rigging, underway, was on August 27 when I went aloft to the cross trees and later in the day up to the Fore Upper Topm'st yardarm a couple of times in order to get the feel of being "in the rigging". My "Sail Station" is on the focs'l manning the Fore Topgallant (T^gallant) Halyard.

This halyard “hauls” the T’gallant yardarm and sail up or down on its track. A typical day on the Eagle would consist of deck work, “classroom work”, and sail station drills and practice. The duty section watches were 4 hour watches, round the clock during which your assigned group of about 20 cadets performed all ship’s work necessary to set, trim or furl sails.

On the way back from Bermuda we encountered Hurricane Carol, which was a particularly destructive hurricane to the east coast and New England. We ran as far east as we could but were caught by the eastern edge of the hurricane and hit by very rough seas about 30 feet in height and high winds. The ocean seemed to “swallow us up”. The ship was tossed about like a toy boat in a Bendix Washer. During the first hour, I was sitting by the pin rail when I heard the command from the quarterdeck to “Hold Fast”. Hold fast I did and what seemed like about “40 tons” of ocean came roaring over me, pouring over the whole after part of the ship. It seemed like I was in the water instead of it just pouring over me and I didn’t think it would ever stop. We rolled to as much as a 40 degree angle, off and on for a little over 8 hours. All ship’s work was suspended, and we buttoned up down below to ride it out. The mess deck was truly a “mess”. A brilliant decision had been made to stick with the predetermined menu and serve French Toast for breakfast. There were flying salt shakers, cups, trays, everything that wasn’t tied down. All of the deck in the immediate vicinity was coated with a fine layer of syrup. I was glad I didn’t have mess cook duty this day as these missiles of chaos, including sliding humans, would bounce off the starboard bulkhead then would be launched again to collide with the port bulkhead. We never laughed so hard in our lives. I was doused, topside, on several more occasions as I took my turn on watch that day and night. The captain ordered all hands below decks except for the watch section as we rode it out. A second hurricane, Hurricane Doris, was forming in the Caribbean but we made it back to port in New London well before her arrival. Hurricane Carol at sea was an experience to remember and a precursor of the future, in that the Coast Guard does its most difficult work in the worst of storm conditions when rescuing people and ships at sea.

Arriving back at the Academy on September 3 after the Short Cruise, feeling very salty and seaworthy, we were abruptly brought back down to earth as the full Cadet Corps returned from leave. With all 4 classes on board, our experience of being low man on the totem pole during the summer seemed like an exalted life style compared to our further descent into the full treatment. The Third Class (sophomores) were fresh off a year as “Swabs” and had a 10 week cruise to Europe under their belts.

They were primed to show “us Swabs” how tough they had had it during their year of indoctrination just past. The First Classmen (seniors) were gods, or at least they were to be treated like gods. We were now to be trained by nearly 20 times as many upperclassmen as we had experienced thus far. (Only 1/3 of the 2nd class had been present during the summer, with 1/3 at Cape May training on small arms, and 1/3 on field training visits to CG Air Stations, Life Saving Stations, District Headquarters, etc.).

I was assigned to Baker 2 Platoon and moved into Room 310 in Chase Hall. My new roommate is named Chris Holland and he is from Belmont, Massachusetts, a suburb of Boston. In addition, our first “Precedence List” was announced, measuring our performance competitively as cadets so far. I was # 117 out of 186 now remaining in the class. Room for improvement! Classes began immediately upon return from the cruise and we were issued our dress blue, officer-type uniforms. We always had a full academic load, attending class 7 hours/day and 2 hours on Saturday, with the exception of about 4 study hours per week in one’s barracks room. Then after classes on Saturday morning at 10am, there was a full dress parade review of the Cadet Corps, followed by a formal room inspection. In those days we numbered just over 500 cadets in total.

That first term of a 3 term year was to prove to be a most difficult one for me. I was well prepared for most subjects, but for some unknown reason, St. Martins High School had not taught trigonometry. Nearly all my Academy classmates had had trigonometry in high school and so the course was basically a review or refresher for them. Not for me! I labored greatly, seeing this subject for the first time, compounded by the accelerated pace, and at the end of the term passed by the skin of my teeth. If you flunked one subject, you got a re-exam. If you flunked the re-exam, you went home permanently, forfeiting your 4 year education and a potential career. So the stress was always extreme, but particularly so if you were not doing well in a particular subject. We all felt it. For me failure was not an option, and the fear of it loomed large on a number of occasions during my Academy career, but never so ominously and that very first term.

As the first term progressed, I looked forward to my first opportunity to leave the New London area for a vacation break (called leave). The only liberty a 4th Classman got was from 1pm to 10pm on Saturday and from 10am to 6pm on Sunday. In addition you were not allowed to travel in excess of 20 miles from the Academy. (However, since cars were forbidden this did not pose much of a problem).

Connecticut College for Women was located strategically, right across Mohegan Avenue from the Coast Guard Academy. The College hosts a dance for its freshmen and invites the 4th Classmen from the Academy. It served the dual purpose of a much anticipated social event for both the cadets and the young ladies. The girls refer to it as the Goon Grab and the cadets, even more irreverently call it the Pig Push. The 4/c cadets were split up into groups. Each group went to a different house-dorm and drew jewelry from a container and then proceeded to find the owner. I drew the jewelry of a very nice girl from Washington DC by the name of Nancy Norman. However, I waited too long as the dance progressed to ask her to the first Academy dance. Someone beat me to the punch. At the dance I met several young ladies but didn't really hit it off with anyone in particular. Later, in October, for our first formal Academy dance, I got a blind date with a girl from Conn College by the name of Patricia (Pat) Harrington. She was from Central Pennsylvania, and we dated frequently after that throughout the remainder of my 4th class year. Once a month the Academy held a formal dance which all swabs were required to attend and for which we were required to have a date (referred to as a drag in cadet language). Pat enjoyed the dances as they were quite the social event. I was delighted to take her, enjoyed her company and liked her a lot. In the beginning it also had the significant benefit of relieving me the pressure to somehow find a date.

I took Pat out frequently as the year progressed, although many of the dates were to the movie theatre on the Academy grounds or Sunday Mass and breakfast afterwards at the Academy chapel. There were the formal and informal dances and an occasional walk into New London to a movie or an ice cream at the Holly House Restaurant. Such is the exciting social life of a Coast Guard Academy cadet, especially that of a fourth classman who is allowed the magnificent stipend of \$15 per month spending money. Money from home was strictly forbidden. Even with these limitations however, we enjoyed each other's company and always had a real good time.

Parent's Weekend came and went. I got a nice gift from Mom and Dad in lieu of their attendance at the festivities. My roommate, Chris Holland had 11 guests for Parents Weekend so there were enough to go around to include me in his group. I was sort of adopted for the day.

About every 10 days or so the 4/c in our platoon would be assigned to guard duty. This consisted of standing by as orderlies in places like the gym, library, Officer of the Day's Office (OOD) to be available to run

messages or other errands, or marching in Morning and Evening colors details, etc. One of the more “interesting” assignments while on guard duty was “North Gate Orderly”. You would get into full dress marching gear, including leggings, drill belt, bayonet and M-1 rifle, and march for an hour, rain, shine or snow, in a 30 x 30 foot square up at the North Gate pedestrian entrance to the Academy grounds. After an hour you would be relieved by another 4th Classman. The North Gate was used by cadets who were coming and going from the Academy on liberty. The worst part of having the “duty” was that you could not leave the Academy grounds on that day for liberty, nor could you even have guests on board.

As 4th class year continued we approached the much looked forward to Thanksgiving leave, our first opportunity since arriving in July to get away from the Academy routine. It began on Wednesday after classes and extended until Sunday evening at 6pm. Bob Crisp, a classmate from Seattle had cousins by the name of Bixby who live at 370 Cedar Lane in Hillsdale, New Jersey. Bob invited Don Trombley, another classmate from Seattle, and me to join him in a Thanksgiving visit to his cousin’s home. It seems ironical that my first trip away from the Academy would be to Central New Jersey where I would one day come to live. In any case, we enjoyed Thanksgiving in New Jersey, especially the ability to watch movies on television to our hearts content, which we could not do at the Academy. (We were not even allowed a radio in our rooms. Only First Classman enjoyed that privilege). The Bixbys also had a horse which I rode around a ring in their back yard and developed soreness in muscles I didn’t even know I had. On Sunday we thanked our hosts and returned via train from New York to New London to start down the home stretch of first term, which ends with Christmas leave.

In our infrequent travels it was extremely important to plan well enough to be sure of returning to the Academy by the prescribed time. You would get 5 demerits for the first 10 minutes of tardiness and 2 demerits for every 5 minutes thereafter up to a maximum of 50. If you were 2 hours or more late, you would get a “Class 1” which would involve appearing before the Academic board in a kind of trial to determine your continued status as a cadet as to whether you go or stay. This seemed rather severe given the possibility of things happening beyond your control such as train delays etc. At a minimum, a Class 1 guaranteed 50 demerits. Chris Holland was 1 hour and 27 minutes late returning from Thanksgiving leave in Boston and received 37 demerits. On the other hand, going a full month without any demerits resulted in your yearly total being reduced by 15 demerits. A 4th Classman was allowed 200 demerits for the year. Exceeding that would

result in expulsion. Loss of liberty, let alone the extreme penalties of potential expulsion, were all part of the process of learning to rigidly live by the regulations.

Swab Year had by now progressed to a point where daily life under the micro-direction of the upperclassmen had become viewed as a challenge rather than any kind of harassment. The purpose of Swab indoctrination was to instill a rigid self-discipline, the ability to take and comply with otherwise unpleasant orders and to generate a loyalty and bond among your peers. In a broader sense that bond, pride and loyalty was subtly being nurtured with the upperclassmen as well, who ultimately would be your shipmates out in the Service. The Upperclassmen were highly motivated to achieve the installment of these qualities in the Swabs and took their task very seriously, even though, to an outside observer, a year's worth of Swab indoctrination would appear as mostly harassment and a form of hazing. I never considered it so and neither did my classmates. We were, in fact, being prepared to train next year's Swabs and in a larger sense being gradually readied for the responsibility of commanding men and ships of the Coast Guard.

Some of the Swab "burdens" included always double timing in the center of the hallways; sitting on 3 inches of our chair at all meals, responding to any and all demands for personal service to upperclassmen; appearing at an upperclassman's room on demand to serve "brace up punishments" including pushups; assuming a mid-air sitting position for minutes on end with only our backs touching the wall; holding a rifle at arm's length until arm muscles gave out, etc., etc. All of these were designed to toughen our abilities to discipline ourselves to take orders and, equally important, to understand and experience what it felt like to be the recipient of unpleasant orders. As officers, one day, we would be assigning tasks and giving orders to enlisted personnel that they would find unpleasant or difficult to follow. So, Swab Year became a challenge to be mastered rather than resented, and we all approached the remaining months ahead in that healthy spirit. The overall experience of cadet life as it was structured over the four years, involved learning to cope with a severe and restrictive life in order to develop a high degree of self discipline. In that type of discipline lay the groundwork for developing the ability to lead and to make difficult and essential decisions as an officer, as well as being able to perform tasks requiring such discipline and demanding the same of others.

Our basketball season was now upon us. Our coach was LCDR Paul Foye. I made the starting team on the Junior Varsity. I was proud to have made

the starting five at the college level and couldn't help feeling vindicated from what I always felt was an unjustified demotion for those last 3 or 4 games near the end my senior year at St. Martins, upon returning from my Grandfather's funeral. We played JV teams in preliminary games to the Varsity at such colleges and universities as Trinity, Wesleyan, Amherst, Norwich Military Academy, Kings Point Merchant Marine Academy, MIT as well as others I cannot now recall.

December 5, 1954 was a significant date in my short-lived basketball career at the Academy. I was a starting guard on the JV team and was doing reasonably well with hope of making the Varsity in 1955. We were playing Wesleyan University that night and a Wesleyan player stole the ball from our other guard. I picked him up as he made his fastbreak approach to the basket. I went up with him at full speed and came down with my full weight on the outside of my left ankle bone. The bottom of my foot never touched the floor. I had the most severe ankle sprain imaginable. I was carried off the floor and a rapidly forming, fist sized, purple knob swelling on the top of my instep, was injected with a serum blood coagulant by our trainer, a Chief Corpsman. He shot a couple of vials into the knob to try to stop the internal bleeding. I had severed numerous blood vessels inside the foot, and it was truly an ugly mess, but not broken. The Chief said I was lucky though, given the severity of the injury. I was on crutches, whirlpool and heat lamp treatments for about 10 days. This of course interrupted my basketball season for about a month, but a good portion of that was over Christmas Leave when there were no games. This injury turned out to be significant because even a year later I was unable to run, cut and turn with the speed required to continue to play college level basketball. This was a major contributor to being cut from the team during preseason the following year and was a great disappointment to me because of my love of the game.

Meanwhile, I continued to struggle with Trigonometry. I swear the instructor taught with chalk in his right hand and an eraser in his left as he demonstrated formulae and relationships across the black board from left to right. Apparently they would be erased from my brain almost as fast as they were erased from the board. Throughout the term, in spite of many, many hours of concentrated study, I performed poorly in the weekly and daily quizzes. Because of my poor advance grade average ,(65.1, which counts 50%of the final grade), I had to worry about the real possibility of failing for the term in Trig. This would mean losing my Christmas leave and my trip home to Olympia as I would be required to remain at the Academy to take a re-exam a few days after Christmas. With this dreaded

possibility hanging heavy over my head, the day finally came for term final exams and the day of reckoning for my continued difficulties with trigonometry. I did well in all my other subjects; Seamanship, Ordinance and Gunnery, History, English Composition, Geography, Engineering Drawing, but my marginal Trig advance grade going into the final exam lent nothing to my confidence. I had a train ticket home to Olympia on a reserved train and reserved seat basis, but after the last exam, which happened to be Trig, I didn't dare leave for fear of being called back for a re-exam if I flunked the course. This was a real possibility. I took a calculated risk and informed my Trig teacher, LT Hap Paulson of my dilemma. He refused to commit to giving me any early notification as to pass/fail, citing that he could not give me special treatment in that regard. However, he must have had a change of heart, because he did in fact send for me when he finished grading all of the exams. My train departed New London at 1pm. At about 12:15 he called me over to partly lecture me and partly inform me that I had passed by less than 0.5 point. I had achieved (?) a grade for the term of 65.4. A mark of 65.0 was the pass-fail grade.

Relieved, but embarrassed at my performance (I had never gotten a D in anything, ever), I raced back to room 310 in Chase Hall, grabbed my suitcase and headed for the train station. Chris Holland, my roommate (or wife, as a cadet roommate is called), was sitting forlorn at his desk in our room with the sure knowledge that he had failed at least one course. His hope was that he had not failed more than one but certain, at best, of having to return the following week from leave for a re-exam. It was with elation mixed with relief that I found myself free to begin my 2 week Christmas leave and very excited to be going home even if it was all the way across country by train. The reason for taking the train was that in those days, military personnel who traveled in uniform could go cross-country by train for just \$50. The cost of flying was nearly prohibitive by comparison, although this was the last time I was to make the trip by train. A round trip train ticket from New London to New York was just \$5.05 for servicemen.

I boarded the train at 1pm and settled back, relaxing for the first time. My relaxation was short lived, however. As I checked for my NY-Chicago and Chicago-Portland tickets, I discovered to my horror that in my haste to bolt from my room at the Academy I had left them on the dresser. Fortunately, in those days, New York to Boston trains ran an almost hourly schedule. I hopped off the train at Old Saybrook and within 20 minutes a Boston bound train appeared. Now, not all New York or Boston trains stopped in Old Saybrook, but to my enormously good fortune, both of

these did. Arriving back in New London in a panic, I took a taxi to the Academy, raced to my room to retrieve my tickets, back to the taxi and to the train station once again. I barely made the 3pm New York train. Next, I had to worry about delays enroute to New York. I had less than 30 minutes leeway now to make the New York to Chicago Empire Builder. If this train from New London was late, my tickets would be worthless or at best be reduced to standby status in both New York and in Chicago for the Union Pacific reserved train to Portland. In those days, trains at Christmas time were packed with Servicemen travelling home on leave.

I made the Empire Builder with about 10 to 15 minutes to spare and was finally on my way home. As I reflected on the likelihood of pulling this whole scene off, I was amazed that I had actually made this train. On the Chicago to Portland trip, I was seated next to a young Army guy. As we talked, we realized that we had played basketball against each other, he for Raymond High School and I for St. Martin's. Talk about a small world!!!

The train trip took 3 ½ days in total. My homecoming was a tremendously joyous occasion. My homesickness was cured, and I was ecstatic to be home again. Mom and Dad were obviously proud of their Coast Guard Academy Cadet son, insisting that I wear my uniform to church. Little Ralph (age 6), who I would find out many years later had felt that I had abandoned him, was delighted that I had come back, even though he probably didn't understand that it was for just a few (10) days. I also made connections with Dan Fitzmorris who was home from Western Washington College. Our family had a wonderful Christmas and it seemed like I had just arrived home, when off to Portland I went, boarding the Union Pacific again for the long trip back to Connecticut.

When I arrived back at the Academy I learned that 59 of the class had to take re-exams. Of the 59, fifteen had flunked it and were put before the Academic Board for final decision. Only one of the fifteen was retained. . I feel doubly fortunate now to have squeezed by rather than having to endure the uncertain fate of a re-exam. Including resignations, our class is now down to 153 members, and I could feel justifiably proud in having moved up in the precedence list to # 50 out of the 153.

The new semester introduced us to the next level of basic subjects designed to prepare us for a heavy Engineering curriculum. One of the most significant was Calculus. With my record in Trigonometry, I'm sure my instructor, LT Joe Dorsky, held very low expectations of me. Where Trig had been a review for everyone else and all new to me, Calculus put almost

everyone on an equal footing. For whatever reason, Calculus rang a bell with me and I did well in the course. I often received an “A” in the weekly and intermediate quizzes and got a high “A” on the final term exam. LT Dorsky went out of his way to compliment me on my achievement.

Meanwhile, my ankle had healed sufficiently so that I was able to resume playing JV basketball. Our first game back was against the freshman team from the University of Massachusetts. I reinjured my ankle in the 3rd quarter but not severely. So I was limping once again. Such are the fortunes of sporting wars!!

The new Winter Term, which claimed 15 more of my classmates due to academics and reduced our number to 138 out of the original 198, introduced us to Nautical Astronomy, Celestial Navigation, Physics I and II, Analytical Geometry and more History, English Composition and Engineering Drawing as well as the aforementioned Calculus. In due course, the Winter Term gave way to the Spring Term, which would be a continuation of these same subjects. Happily, my academics were all going well.

During the break between the Winter and Spring Terms, another life-changing event was to occur during Easter Leave from the Academy. I was invited by my roommate, Chris Holland to accompany him to his home in Belmont, Massachusetts, a suburb of Boston for the 4 day break. We arrived in our uniforms on Wednesday night, and as the fates would have it, Chris’ sister Ann, who was a junior in high school, was having a party in the basement room of their home. Chris and I breezed in, in our uniforms fresh off the train and joined the party. I met a wonderful girl there by the name of Peggy Donahue and was attracted to her immediately. In fact, using Chris’ Dad’s car, I escorted her home after the party and arranged a date for the next evening. The date was ultimately not to be however as Chris got invited to an MIT fraternity party and insisted that I break the date and go with him. I have no recollection of the MIT party. Unknown to me at that time, this would begin a whole lifetime of being with Peggy in the years ahead.

The weekend of 16-17 April, 1955 was kind of interesting. I was entitled to a special weekend off as a result of being in the Catholic Choir. Clain Johnson, in the Protestant Choir, was entitled to one also. It didn’t take much imagination to decide to take them together. We started the weekend, without much of a plan, by taking in a movie downtown and taking Pat and Clain’s date to an informal dance. After taking the girls back

to Conn College, it was about 1 am and we were about to rent a hotel room so as to sleep in on Sunday morning when I said to Clain, "I wonder if there is a ball game in New York tomorrow". Clain replied that there was. To which I suggested, "Let's go down in the morning, we can be back by 10pm when our weekend expires". Clain said "Heck, let's go now!" So we hopped a 2:15 am train, spent the night on the "milk-run" and arrived at 5:15 am in the Big City. We found a little Franciscan Church near Penn Station. I went to Mass and Clain accompanied me. While wandering around near the United Nations Building, a lady offered us a free tour because we were in uniform. The tour was great. Afterwards we got on the wrong subway for the Polo Grounds where the NY Giants were playing the Philadelphia Phillies. After many transfers to and from "who knows where", we arrived at the Polo Grounds. While in line to buy tickets, some guy in an ushers uniform shoved us out of line and said, "Come with me, servicemen are free today". We had intended to buy tickets for the center field bleachers, but courtesy of Leo Durocher and the NY Giants we watched the game from reserved seats behind 1st base in the front of the upper deck. I offer these incidents just to illustrate in what high and grateful regard men and women in the service of their country were held in those days. It sure made you feel good.

The ballgame was great too. It was a little chilly that day, but Hall of Famer Robin Roberts of the Phillies pitched against the Giants Johnny Antonelli. Peanuts Lowrey made a fantastic catch in the 10th inning to save the game for the Phillies. Eddie Lopata hit a homer in the 11th for the Phillies to win the game 4-2. We caught the 6pm train back to New London and reported in at about 9:30pm. What a great weekend we had!

During a Practical Work session in April, I had a real "sticky" job. Backstays on the Eagle are long cables that extend from high on the mast down to the deck, acting as guy wires. They are wire cables about an inch in diameter. In order to protect against rust and deterioration, the cables are periodically coated with a layer of tar. So the bo'sun said, Mr. Dolan, how would you like to play monkey in a bamboo tree for a couple of hours? They rigged up a pulley near the top of the mast and attached a line and bo'suns chair to it, raising me about 100 feet above the deck with a final command not to spill any. As the bo'suns chair swung back and forth in the wind I would lunge at a backstay and slap a glob of tar on it then rub it down on the next pass. I couldn't stop the darned chair from swinging in the wind. Needless to say, I got as much tar on me as on the backstay and by the time I came down was numb from the wind and cold everywhere except my teeth. Cadet Dolan, All-American, High Flying TAR-flinger!

The Spring term finally yielded to Graduation Week and my Swab year was soon to be successfully (and gratefully) behind me. I ended the year ranked near the middle of my class, in the upper half, which now had only about 130 of the original 198 members. Swab Summer and the Short Cruise convinced many that this was not the life for them, or they were “bilged” (dropped from the class) by the administration based on their adaptability to Academy life or performance at sea as the primary reasons. Another batch were “bilged” for academic failure at the end of each of the terms. My final academic grade average for my 4th Class year was 79.675 and my class precedence is #44 out of 130. Our class was streamlining down to those who really had a shot at successfully completing the rigorous course of study and the highly disciplined life of a cadet at the Academy. We would ultimately graduate only 68 of the original entering class, which put each of us who succeeded in very select company indeed and was to be a tremendous source of pride and self-confidence at graduation and beyond.

Third Classmen at last!!!!!! As the Class of 1955 received their degrees and commissions as Ensigns in the United States Coast Guard, we became Third Classmen. Our first big test at sea came with our full fledged, Long Training Cruise. We embarked on the Eagle a day or so after the class of ‘55’s graduation ceremonies on the 29th of May and sailed along the south shore of Long Island, dropping anchor that evening in New York Harbor right near the Statue of Liberty. The next morning, after some harbor ceremonies, we set sail for Europe. Again we would rotate among the USCGC Yakutat, the USCGC Campbell and the Eagle. It was 3 ½ long weeks across the North Atlantic. Each day was filled with shipboard seamanship or engineering classes, daily sail drills, tacking and wearing ship, and of course, deck watches. During sail drills, my station was aloft on the Fore Upper Tops’l Yardarm. Our job on that yardarm was to furl or unfurl sail. There were 2 steel handrails on the top of the yardarm. Calluses soon gave relief to our hands, raw from hauling on lines raising, lowering or trimming sail incessantly. When working aloft the gospel rule was one hand for the ship and one hand for yourself. Unlike today, there were no safety harnesses to attach you to the ship. The foot ropes, actually cables, hung down from the yard arms for you to stand on. So you would stand on the foot ropes, lean over the yardarm at stomach height, hold the hand rail with your left hand, (sometimes) and work the sail with your right hand. The Fore Upper Tops’l Yardarm was about 90 feet above the deck. When you worked the outer portions of the yardarm, you were looking down at the ocean, not the deck.

On June 4, I made my first trip to the top, 140 feet up, to furl the Main Royal Sail. The view was extraordinary from that height and the Royal was the smallest and lightest of the sails. It only took 6 of us to work it and I always enjoyed scampering up there at any opportunity to work the Royal as compared to the lower, larger and heavier sails.

On June 10, out on the Grand Banks we ran into thick fog. Later that day the USCGC Campbell joined us in formation although she was seldom visible due to the fog. This fog was to last for the better part of 5 days before it left us. For 4 hours out of each 12, I would be a member of the "Ready Boat Crew and Deck Watch". Our task was to keep the ships sails trimmed to the wind and respond to any requirements of the Officer of the Deck, who had control (or the "con") of the ship. In addition, I took my rotational turn as Quartermaster of the Watch, Helmsman, Lookout and Messenger as a 3rd Classman. The 1st Classmen stood Junior Officer Watches and were in turn supervised by the Commissioned Officer of the Watch. We held Man Overboard Drills, Boat Drills and High Line Drills at various times during the crossing. At least one drill per day was held. When we were not on watch or in class during working hours, various ship's work was assigned. Holy-stoning the wooden deck on the Eagle was a task I particularly remember, then repairing the spaces in between the planking with oiled hemp and tar kept the deck shipshape. There were always daily sail drills, tacking and wearing ship, so that by the end of the day we were a tired group, then the evening and night duty watches began. The next day the routine would be repeated. It was an exhausting, yet exciting time for eager 19 year olds.

Sleeping accommodations on the Eagle were hammocks strung on the mess and recreation decks. These hammocks had to be rolled each morning, tied, and stowed in large bins amidships. Any spare time was usually spent reading or just laying about on the forecastle (focs'l), or on the recreation deck in inclement weather. Spare moments however, were few and far between except for Saturday afternoons and Sundays. Nightly movies were shown in the Waist of the Ship, the area between the Quarterdeck and the Focs'l.

On June 13, I drew my rotation for 22 days to the engine room where we would be introduced to the main engine, generators, evaporators, electrical system controls, fresh water and fuel pumps, and all of the auxiliary machines, which we would operate and maintain.

On June 16 we received some bad news. Don Trombly, who has been chronically seasick and hospitalized in sickbay since we left the dock in New London will be required to resign from the Academy and will be flown home from Glasgow. He was so severely seasick that he was being fed intravenously. He had the same problem on last year's Short Cruise, so the decision has been made that his ability to function at sea in a career in the Coast Guard is beyond reasonable expectation, plus he is unable to participate in any of the seagoing training. I know Don is disappointed that his Coast Guard days are ending in this manner, but the decision is an obvious one.

Our Atlantic crossing was without unusual event, and we pulled in to our first port of call, Glasgow Scotland to a reception of military bagpipes and many curious Scots lining the docks. My focus in European ports was to take many pictures and home movies, in order to share these adventures with my family, who I presumed were unlikely ever to get the chance to come to Europe.

Visiting Scotland brought alive memories of a childhood fascination with a series of adventure stories revolving around "The Master of Ballantrae", where the young reader stepped magically into medieval times and walked alongside a young Scottish prince by the name of David Balfour, as he struggled with the trials of betrayal and the triumphs of loyalties in those times. I was anxious to get out into the countryside and to visit some of these once magnificent castles of medieval intrigue.

My shipmates who joined me in our sightseeing adventures of Scotland were Floyd Hammerquist, Bob Schissler (who one day, years later, I would relieve as Commanding Officer of Loran Station Saipan), and Jim Glugowski. We toured all over Glasgow, an industrial city, then the next day Floyd, Bob Imbrie and I took the train across to the east of Scotland to the beautiful city of Edinburgh. We toured Edinburgh Castle, which is a medieval castle of the times of Kings and Queens in Scotland, and which sits on a great hill overlooking the city. Later that day we went to a play in the theatre district called "Half Past Eight".

By the time we finished our activities in Edinburgh, we discovered much to our horror, that we had just missed the last train back to Glasgow. This could really ruin the remainder of our port visits in other countries for us, for if we did not appear back aboard ship by 0700 the next morning we would incur shipboard restrictions for future liberty. So Jim Glugowski, "Hammer" and I hit the highway and started hitch-hiking. By now it was

after midnight. We were in luck fairly soon. I think our uniforms helped. We were picked up by a milk tanker-truck and rumbled through the night, making several stops, until we finally arrived in Glasgow around 0400, in time to make our way back to the docks and to the ship in time to meet the 0700 deadline. It was much too close a call!!!

The Admiral has decided to stay an extra day in Scotland and so Floyd and I took a train up to Loch Lomond, where we took a boat trip and viewed numerous medieval castles and ancient villas on shore. The lake is huge, especially in its length and is the centerpiece for a most beautiful countryside of heavily wooded hills interspersed with lush green meadows.

On the morning of June 24, the ships got underway to the bagpipe music of Scottish military pipers and headed back out to sea. Our next port of call was LeHarve, France. LeHarve, a famed medieval city going clear back to Roman times, has been totally built anew as a result of heavy bombing during World War II. The hardships endured here were quite incredible. Le Havre was a primary port which General Eisenhower designated for the landing of enormous volumes of supplies and equipment to support the Allies following the invasion of Normandy on June 6, 1944, just 11 years ago.

On our first liberty day, several of us took the train into Paris. I had to pinch myself. A kid from a small town in the Pacific Northwest actually about to set foot in the fabled City of Paris. When we arrived we took a cab to the Hotel Mondial, at 5 Cete Bergere, where we paired off in twos or threes and rented a room for the 2 nights we would be there. I can't recall who I roomed with, but we went everywhere seeing the sights. Of course we immediately located the Champs Elyse and walked to the Arch de Triumph. The traffic in Paris can only be described as crazy as they careened around corners and roundabouts. The Louvre Museum was our first stop, where we viewed the famous paintings of the "Last Supper" and the "Mona Lisa", then on to the Place de la Concorde with its dramatic history, particularly during the French Revolution. More than one head got lopped off by the guillotine here in the early 1800's. We climbed the Eiffel Tower from which we had a 360 degree view of the city. The old League of Nations Building with its long grass mall in the immediate foreground, and the Arch de Triumph and Sacre' Cour Cathedral in the distance were the predominant landmarks. Notre Dame Cathedral and a stroll along the banks of the River Seine were next on the list along with a fascinating glimpse of the efforts of the many street artists who labored at their easels.

Nightlife in Paris was not to be missed either. One night we went to the famous Folies Bergere, followed by wandering through the “sewers” of Paris, underground tunnels which are lined with bars and cafes which thrive at night. These tunnels have a gruesome history also, as they were used both as prisons and torture chambers at various times in French history. The next night we went to the famous Lido Night Club where the equally famous actor Danny Kaye happened to be seated at a table near us. I spent a good deal of time on our last morning in Paris wandering about by myself taking pictures and movies for the folks back home.

Sadly, we found that Americans, particularly American Service Personnel were not warmly received in Paris. Contrary to expectations, there seemed to be a subtle resentment. Being young and idealistic, proud of my uniform and of my Service, especially the role the Coast Guard played in the Normandy Landings of 1944, I found their attitude confusing and perplexing. Just 11 years prior, American troops liberated France from the tyranny and oppression of Hitler and the Germans who had invaded and conquered France. The French seem an exceedingly prideful people and the idea of owing any measure of gratitude or debt and thus, camaraderie with those to whom they owed their restoration as an independent and free country, apparently was too bitter a pill for them to swallow. And so, although there was no sense of hostility, they were noticeably cool toward us. In a strange and perverse way, I felt sorry for them. *Cez la Vie!*

The train trip back to LeHavre coursed through the beautiful French countryside. Rolling green hills of dairy farms and meadows lined by guardian hedgerows are my predominant memory. These hedgerows were the defining obstacle to the American forces battling their way out of Normandy for over several horrendous and tragic months in 1944. The fight went from hedgerow to hedgerow. They seemed endless. The stalled battle went on and on claiming thousands of soldiers' lives. The mental picture of these now peaceful fields, one day, in the recent past, harboring such enormous violence and death seems surreal somehow. As I reflect on these days just past I am aware that visiting France, and Paris in particular, was both a sobering experience, when one realizes what so recently happened here, as well as a huge thrill for me because of the beauty and history here. But for now, it was back to sea for a week and on to our next port of call, Lisbon, Portugal.

In Lisbon Harbor, where we were docked on July 14, the Sargasso Sea, the 3 masted, tall training ship of the Portuguese Navy was also anchored. A

delegation of Cadets, of which I was a part, visited the Portuguese Naval Academy and was hosted on the Sargasso Sea for an afternoon. Lisbon itself was a beautiful city, very Mediterranean in style and environment. Black Horse Square stands out as a particularly picturesque spot with its statuary commemorating a late mediaeval period in Portuguese history.

Although I was unable to find anyone to join me, I took a bus into the hill country to the village of Fatima. Our parish, St. Michael's in Olympia, encouraged a devotion to Our Lady of Fatima when I was in grade school and so I wanted to visit there. We stopped at a town along the way and toured an incredible church and monastery which combined both European and Moorish architecture. We arrived in Fatima in early afternoon, and I visited the cathedral there, the enormous open plaza and the little shrine marking the spot where the Blessed Virgin Mary appeared to the three children of Fatima. I was very moved by being present at this place. Many pilgrims were praying the rosary, as they circled the little open-air shrine located in the center of the plaza, on their knees.

We left Lisbon and headed back to sea, beginning our westward journey. Our ships put into the island of Madeira at the port of Funchal on July 21. Madeira is a beautiful island off the Portuguese coast rising out of the Atlantic.

At Funchal, I transferred to the USCGC Yakutat for the remaining 3 weeks of the cruise. We made the westward crossing of the Atlantic and I stood bridge watches on the cutter as well as engineering watches. We arrived in New London on August 11, 1955. Admiral Leamy, the Superintendent of the Academy was not satisfied with our military bearing and appearance as we disembarked and ordered us all to the Academy grounds where we polished up and stood another inspection. I swear to this day that the whole thing was done for effect.

Father Ralph Sudmeier, S. J., my uncle, met me at the Academy upon our return from sea. Father Ralph had been studying that summer at the University of Pittsburgh and drove all the way to New London, CT to pick me up. Our plan was to drive across the country to Olympia for my summer leave. Summer leave was just over 3 weeks in duration. What a treat and memorable experience this trip was. It is a memory I have always treasured. We drove across the Hudson River near West Point at Bear Mountain then on across Pennsylvania. Our (my) interim destination was Warren, PA where my girlfriend Pat Harrington lived. We found her house where her mother informed us that she was away as a counselor at a

summer camp. We continued on then into Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, always using 2 lane roads. We arrived at the Mississippi River near Omaha, Nebraska and made a side trip of a few miles to the town of Mondamin, Iowa where we visited with the Spooner family on their farm. The Spooner's are the parents of Jean Sudmeier, Hank's wife. After our visit we proceeded on to Omaha where we stayed overnight at the legendary Boys Town. Crossing Nebraska and Wyoming we finally arrived at the east entrance to Yellowstone, and I got to see the Grand Tetons for the first time. We made all the stops in Yellowstone, watched Old Faithful spout off then crossed the rugged and beautiful Rocky Mountains in Montana. After 5 or 6 days on the road we finally pulled into Yakima at Hank's house where we were met by Mom and Dad and the family for a much anticipated homecoming.

I had just 2 weeks left at home in Olympia before embarking on my first ever airplane trip, flying back to New York to resume my 3rd Class year. 3rd Classman!!!! What a great sound that had to it. No longer were we the low men on the totem pole but were now upperclassmen to the new Swab class and charged with a partial responsibility to indoctrinate and train them. Thus, we began to experience for the first time the responsibilities of leadership and supervision.

As 3rd Class year begins we learn that several of our classmates have been "bilged" for Cruise Adaptability marks and 3 or 4 others have resigned. Our class now numbers just 110 out of the original 198. Academics during 3rd Class year were heavy on the sciences and applied mathematics. They consisted of Physics, Chemistry, Analytical Geometry, Calculus, Communications, World History, Ordinance and Gunnery, Meteorology, Navigation and Seamanship. This was all as a foundation for the killer year that would follow when we would be submerged in a full schedule of engineering courses.

My new roommate was Frank Parker. Frank was from Atlanta Georgia, and we got along really well. In October I got an unexpected request from last year's roommate, Chris Holland. It seems that during the summer he had dated a girl at Sagamore Beach on Cape Cod by the name of Nancy Kane. Nancy was from Syracuse, NY and Chris wanted to arrange to have her travel to New London for the first formal dance of the year. In order to pull this off, since Nancy was a senior in high school and Syracuse was no day trip from New London, he needed a travelling companion for her. He asked me if I remembered Peggy Donahue from the party in Belmont last Easter and asked if I would take her to the formal if he could arrange

it. I remembered Peggy well so I told him I would be glad to. I was no longer dating Pat Harrington from Conn College as we had a long talk when she returned to school and decided to call it quits. Chris then wrote to Peggy's parents and to Nancy's parents. Those letters must have been masterpieces describing our hours of liberty, the chaperoning of the dance, and the arrangements for the girls at Mrs. Dunmire's boarding house. (No one got past the front parlor at Mrs. Dunmire's). The two families knew each other well from their common summer homes at Sagamore Beach and amazingly, the parents of both girls conferred with one another and consented. Nancy would take a train to Boston, join up with Peggy and together they would travel by train to New London for the dance.

Our weekend plans for the formal however, will be impacted by the fact that for the first time in my Cadet career, I am restricted on "3rd conduct". This means I get no liberty for the month of October. I received 26 demerits in September to cause this situation. (25 demerits separates 2nd conduct from 3rd conduct). I am saved somewhat however, because for Academy formals, even the "bad boys" are allowed liberty from 1900 to 0100. I submitted a special request letter and was granted afternoon liberty on the day of the formal as well. That meant I was free to leave the Academy grounds from 1300 to 0100 as a special consideration toward my "out of town" guest. Sunday however, I am restricted to the Academy grounds. We would have to make the best of it.

Chris and I met Nancy and Peggy on Saturday afternoon at the New London train station. At some point Chris asked if I wanted to switch dates. Apparently, his memory of Nancy had been somewhat hazy. I of course declined. Not only did I not want to switch, but it would have been incredibly rude and inappropriate to do such a thing after these girls had traveled all this way and I'm sure were excitedly anticipating the weekend.

We had a great time at the formal. The theme of the dance was, "Wandering Through The Stars". Peggy was truly beautiful in her formal gown, and I knew then that she was something very special. I hoped she would be able to come to the Academy on many more occasions. I don't remember what kind of weekend Chris and Nancy had but they never dated again. In a letter home to my parents the week before, I wrote, "I think I am taking that girl from Boston to the formal on the 24th. She's a friend of Chris' sister whom I met last Easter. Don't fret – nothing serious, strictly just a date. Guess I'll stay a bachelor for a while". So much for my talents regarding predictions of the future!! Peggy and I began to

correspond and though we did not know it then, a life-long relationship had begun.

Peggy was unable to return for the November formal, and so getting together again would have to wait for Thanksgiving leave. I went again to Chris' house in Belmont for Thanksgiving and spent most of my time with Peggy at her house in Cambridge. This brought about my meeting Peggy's parents, Ed and Peg Donahue and the first time I had dinner at the Donahues'. Peggy's parents apparently concluded that I would be around for a while, so they invited me to dinner early in our dating days. We sat at the kitchen table, as was their custom. The table had a formica finish on it. I was simultaneously carrying on a spirited conversation with Ed, Peggy's father (I never, ever called him Ed, always Mr. Donahue) and vigorously cutting my steak. I failed, during this highly technical and skilled task requiring versatility, to notice that my plate was slowly working its way toward the edge of the table. While preoccupied by talking to Peggy's Dad and cutting my steak at the same time, I managed to slide my entire plate off the table into my lap. In one gloriously humiliating moment my steak, potatoes, green beans and whatever else, found refuge in my lap. Peggy's mother was a dear, listing any number of excuses for my plight, none of which depicted any carelessness whatsoever on my part. I was very embarrassed to say the least, and I clearly detected that Peggy's father was suffering heroically under the burden of stifling what would surely have been a long series of belly laughs. The incident certainly broke the ice and any formality which might have existed, for which we were all grateful. So much for first impressions.

Peggy and I had a really great time together including an evening at the Totem Pole Ballroom, a really large and classy night spot with a big orchestra and excellent singers. Peggy's Dad had just gotten a brand new 1956 Dodge Station Wagon and was very generous in letting us use it.

During the Fall Term, a major change in the traditional Summer Training process was announced which would apply to the coming summer. For the first time, all three classes will make the long cruise. This came as somewhat of a disappointment to me because the traditional 2nd Class Summer would ordinarily consist of Cape May small arms training, a round robin of visits to Coast Guard Air Stations and Life Saving Stations, as well as a District Headquarters familiarization. All this would be topped off with a 3 week stint at being in charge of indoctrinating the new 4th Class and a 3 week Short Cruise.

Instead we (we will be 2nd Classmen next summer) will sail the Eagle for 10 to 11 weeks on a Long Cruise, taking the traditional functions the 1st Class had in the past, training and supervising the new 3rd Class. The new 1st Class will spend the entire cruise on the Cutters and will not be aboard the Eagle. It will be interesting to see how it works out, but in any case, our class will make an extra Long Cruise compared to all previous classes.

Christmas 1955 soon came and this year no attempt was made to travel home to Olympia. Instead, it was back to Belmont and Cambridge. I would walk from Belmont to Cambridge each morning, showing up around 10am or so. Some of the times we enjoyed together during that Christmas Leave were the Ice Capades, the Navy Christmas Cotillion, and nighttime ice skating on pond near the home of one of Peggy's friends.

I had Christmas dinner with the Donahues and was made to feel very much at home in spite of my annoying early morning arrivals. Peggy and I spent just about every possible moment together. Needless to say, our feelings for each other were growing. Christmas leave was over much too soon.

Beginning the Winter/Spring Term back at the Academy, Doug Currier replaced Frank Parker as my roommate. In the meantime our Academics were becoming more and more difficult as we prepared for our heavy load of Engineering subjects in 2nd Class year. Our class is down to 103 guys now, several more having fallen by the wayside due to academics.

I had gone out for basketball again, hoping to make the varsity team. My ankle injury had healed but I was never able to have the full flexibility that I had before the injury and I believe that affected my ability to even make the JV team, composed of 3rd and 4th Classmen. As the season approached, Coach Foye took me aside and delivered the bad news that I was being cut. I immediately joined the intramural ranks and if I may indulge in a bit of bragging, lead the intramural league team in scoring for the season.

In place of basketball, I quite accidentally found another winter-spring sport when Chris Holland encouraged me to try out for the pistol team. I made the 12 member team in 3rd Class year and as I improved, did exceptionally well as a competitive pistol shooter for the Academy in my 2nd and 1st Class year.

I was also elected to the Procurement Committee. Procurement Committee members represent the Coast Guard Academy, making trips to high schools from Pennsylvania to Maine, speaking to assemblies and

interested students on the merits of attending the Academy. It would provide some opportunities to travel away from the Academy and be good leadership experience as well.

Peggy came down to the Academy for the January formal and we had a really good time, particularly since I wasn't on restricted status this time and in March I traveled back up to Boston to Chris Holland's house again for our 4 day spring leave. Peggy and I weathered a severe snow storm, which kept Peggy's school closed, and went dancing at the Totem Pole Ballroom again and also at the Kenmore Hotel. The Donahues took me to dinner at Jimmy's, a well known, waterfront seafood restaurant in Boston, at which I was introduced to my first lobster. A few weeks after Spring Leave, I was able to see Peggy again when she accompanied Chris Holland's parents on a quick trip to the Academy. She returned again in connection with a trip to Marymount College in Tarrytown, NY where Peggy hoped to enroll in the fall. She was with her parents on this trip, and I was able to show off the Academy to them. April has turned out to be a great month with all these visits. It was a banner month academically too as my monthly marks consisted of 6 B's and 1 A. Physics has been giving me trouble recently so getting a B was a watershed event. Eagle Seamanship study is intensifying in preparation for the 1956 Summer Cruise. Our class will be in charge of all aspects of sailing the Eagle as the 1st Class will all be on the Cutters. I'm looking forward to being the Officer of the Deck and the Engineering Officer of the Watch when my turn comes up.

After final exams, which we finished up near the end of May, the Ring Dance was the next big event. In fact it is really the event of the year. The famous singing group, "The Mariners", of Arthur Godfrey Show fame, were engaged for the Ring Dance and they, along with about a 30 piece orchestra made the evening one to remember. At that dance, we 3rd Classmen were allowed to begin wearing our miniature Academy Rings. Peggy came down for the dance. She had on a new Yellow formal gown, and with her lavender corsage she was just about the prettiest girl at the dance. She stayed at Mrs. Dunmire's boarding house as usual. The Ring Dance would be followed by the annual Graduation Formal the following week as part of the June Week activities leading up to 1st Class Graduation.

After the dance, Peggy and I walked to Mrs. Dunmire's, and I asked her to walk around the neighborhood block with me before going in. On this walk, I surprised Peggy by presenting her with my Academy miniature, which I had just received at the Ring Dance. I knew that she was very

special to me, and I wanted the ring to be a symbol of our developing feelings for each other. I guess you could say we were “going steady”. She then surprised me by giving me her high school class ring in response. With me as a Coast Guard Cadet, and most of my Academy days ahead of me, and with Peggy beginning college the following fall, we knew we would have infrequent times together. There would be long periods in between and many letters to write and receive, as the best and only way we could experience being together. We both sense that there are wonderful days ahead in our lives.

It was now time for the 1956 Summer Training Cruise. The first event was to depart New London on 3 June and fly via Coast Guard aircraft to Cape May, New Jersey for small arms firing at the Coast Guard Training Center located there. The intensive training lasted for a week under an unforgiving hot sun. We learned to fire the M-1 rifle accurately at 100, 200 and 500 yards. It was amazing to consistently hit a 12 inch bulls-eye from 500 yards away, that's a quarter of a mile! I became proficient and developed a huge respect for the use of the .45 caliber pistol as well but was just short of qualifying for the expert marksman medal in both rifle and pistol.

Upon return to New London on June 10, again via Coast Guard aircraft, we boarded the Eagle, USCGC Campbell, a 327 foot Cutter and USCGC Yakatat, a 311 footer for another “long cruise”. Our port destinations this summer included San Juan, Puerto Rico; Colon, Panama; and Havana, Cuba.

During the voyage aboard the Eagle to Puerto Rico, I was assigned to stand my first Officer of the Deck watch on June 17. On my very first watch, the 0400 to 0800 in the morning a very interesting event challenged my ability to handle the ship (under the watchful eye of a commissioned officer of course). Everything was going fine in the overcast darkness of the early morning hours. There was a brisk wind and all 22,000 square feet of sail was set. Suddenly, without warning, we were hit by a squall. The wind picked up to a 45 knot gale and shifted around about 40 degrees sending the sails into frightening chaos. The huge sails were flapping in the gale like clothes on a line. Two of the smaller sails, the main royal and main t'gallant ripped right in half before I could turn the ship and fall off (bring the ship around) enough to run before the wind again. The squall left us as suddenly as it had come but was a severe object lesson regarding how to always expect the unexpected, remain alert and ready to take action when running a ship at sea. We furled the torn sails, replacing them with spares the next morning. So my first OOD watch was an exciting one. I had the

satisfaction of knowing that my training had been good and that I handled the situation reasonably well.

Other upper class watches besides OOD include being Navigator for a day, Combat Information Center Officer, Radio Watch Officer and Engineering Watch Officer. Here in the Caribbean the days are hot. Daytime temperatures are in the 90's, seawater temperature is 85 degrees, and the engine room is a sheer joy at 125 degrees for our 4 hour watch periods.

When the Cadet Squadron arrived in San Juan, Puerto Rico on June 21, many of us gravitated to the Caribe Hilton Hotel. It was a luxury hotel, complete with pool, casino and a beautiful beach. Most of my 2 days of liberty were spent there at the beach. The local area was one of severe contrasts between the extravagant luxury of the numerous tourist hotels and the heart-breaking poverty nearby. This contrast was to intensify as we visited the remaining ports of call on our cruise. Boyd Acklin and I, along with a couple of others rented a car one day and drove to some distant eastern point on the island to a beautiful local beach and village. I cannot recall the name of the area, but the picturesque, tropical beauty of this remote place will be long remembered.

We were underway once again, heading south and west to the isthmus of Panama. We arrived in the harbor of Colon, Panama on July 2. On my first liberty day several of us wandered through the streets of Colon and were sobered by the abject poverty we saw there. I remember, in particular, walking by a small one room mud-walled "house". There was a mother and three or four children inside. It was obviously their home. It was very small, had only one room; there was no door on the entrance, nor any glass in the only window to the left of the door. The floor was dirt and the clothing on the children was ragged and tattered. There was house after house similar to this one as we walked along through this neighborhood.

Actually, there was not much to attract us to Colon. There was a large military base there but not much else of interest. The next day several of us boarded a bus for the 60 mile trip along the Panama Canal road to the Pacific Ocean end of the canal and Panama City. Actually, on the highway, one only gets an occasional glimpse of the Panama Canal as the jungle is quite dense and the canal is often some distance off the road. Panama City itself was obviously a much more advanced city than Colon. We toured around a bit and ended up at the El Panama Hotel, a beautiful, luxury hotel. We rented a cabana by the pool and spent the day. We also went to the

hotel beach for a dip in the Pacific. I remember that four of us splurged and took ourselves to dinner in the elegant dining room of the El Panama. The dining room was built like an amphitheater with the tables being elevated above a stage area. There were tables above and below you. The service to their dinner guests was nothing short of incredible. Every time you took even a sip of water, for example, a tuxedoed waiter would appear out of the shadows to instantly refill your glass. I had never experienced such service, but we enjoyed it to the hilt. I hope they weren't disappointed with the tip!!

When I returned to the ship in Colon, I discovered that my prized Ronson cigarette lighter, a gift from Peggy was missing. It must have fallen out of my pocket on the beach. I boarded a bus the next day and returned to Panama City to search for it. Although I retraced my steps of the previous day in great detail and with great care, I was unable to find the lighter. I dreaded facing Peggy and telling her what had happened as the lighter was a special gift from her and I'm sure she took great pains in selecting and buying it. Sadly, there was no more to be done about it.

We set sail for Havana, Cuba and upon arrival in Havana, I was assigned to complete the remainder of the cruise aboard the USCGC Yakatat. The Caribbean is obviously very hot at all times but especially so during the summer and neither the Eagle nor the Yakatat is air conditioned. We greatly envied those who were aboard the Campbell, which was. We arrived in Havana on July 14. Our ships docked in the shadow of the famous scene in Havana of the old 18th century fort and parapets guarding the harbor entrance.

Cuba was in its final years of the dictatorship of Juan Baptista at that time. Fidel Castro was to lead a revolution to overthrow Baptista and convert Cuba to a Communist regime less than 2 years later. We were invited to use the Cuban Officers Club in Havana which was very nice and had all the facilities you could want for swimming and recreation.

We were also invited to the American Embassy in Havana to be guests of the United States Ambassador at a reception for the Coast Guard Squadron. I was assigned to attend, and we were bussed to the Embassy. Present at the reception were the world-renowned novelist Ernest Hemmingway and his wife Mary. It was quite a thrill to meet this famous author and although he was engaged most of the evening with formally meeting and chatting with everyone, I was able to speak with him for a few minutes. He and his wife, Mary, were living in the Cuban hill country in a

semi-reclusive manner at that time. Mary Hemmingway, a somewhat frail but very animated lady, took a small group of us aside and spent considerable time telling stories and getting to know each of us. That time with her is what I will remember most about the reception.

I admittedly had a few too many drinks at the reception and after a rather raucous bus ride back to the ship, I found myself a little disorientated in that I took a wrong turn somewhere in returning to the cadet berthing area below decks. Much to my chagrin I found myself in officer's country and had no idea how to escape. LT Sid Vaughn was, at that moment, making his way down the passageway and "caught" me. Trying to sound as sober as possible, (and failing miserably I'm sure) I tried to explain what I was doing in the officers' quarters. He must have remembered similar events from his cadet days, because he directed me as to how to get to the berthing area below decks and did not put me on report. Cadets were technically not allowed to drink and then only in moderation at a mandatory event like the Ambassador's Reception. I potentially could have lost future liberty or even had my long awaited summer leave affected. Years later as an officer at the Academy, I too remembered my cadet days and applied discipline to cadets tempered with those memories. As an officer, when I put a cadet on report it was only when genuinely warranted and hopefully transmitted a message of value and discipline to the young man.

The next night several of us shared a taxi and found our way to the world famous Tropicana nightclub. We were quite impressed by the surroundings and the show. Keeping the bill in line with our meager cruise allowance was a real challenge. Another little vignette I remember about Cuba was that I was forever convinced to never, ever, order fried banana slices as a companion to rum and coke!!

Underway again, and now aboard the USCGC Yakatat our squadron headed north. The Yakatat and the Campbell broke away from the Eagle, whose next port of call was to be Halifax, Nova Scotia in Canada. The Cutters steamed up the coast of the United States to Chesapeake Bay. We entered the Bay and made a memorable transit of the Chesapeake and Delaware (C&D) Canal, exiting in Delaware Bay near Philadelphia and out on to the Atlantic again. During this segment of the cruise, since the 1st Class were also on board, our class stood secondary watches which did not include Cadet Officer of the Deck, Navigator or the like. This was the first time in modern Academy history that all three classes made the long cruise. I personally liked the old system where 2nd Class Summer was one of onshore training, indoctrination of the incoming Swab Class and a Short

Cruise. I must have been perceptive because it would turn out that this experiment with all three classes on the Long Cruise would not be repeated.

Gunnery exercises, boat drills, man overboard drills, damage control drills and aircraft ditching drills occupied our training time at sea in addition to taking celestial navigational sights, sun lines and doing dead reckoning navigational practice. In addition, each cadet had a work manual which required daily completion of engineering and seamanship studies, problems and exercises. Ship's work consisting of such chores as chipping and painting, repairs, and miscellaneous maintenance was a daily routine.

In order to provide extensive navigation and piloting experience, we put into New York Harbor and cruised up the East River, through Hell's Gate Passage and transited Long Island Sound. I was delighted to have been assigned to the Cutters on this phase of the cruise as it was much more interesting and fun sailing these waters than being out on the Atlantic. Next we passed though the Buzzards Bay and the Cape Cod Canal, less than a mile from Peggy and her parents' summer house at Sagamore Beach, Massachusetts. Somehow word had gotten to her of our transit of the canal because she came down to the service road along the canal and waved us through. So close and yet so far!! The cruise proceeded into Boston Harbor just for a turn-around and back out to sea. It was our intent to proceed to the vicinity of Bar Harbor, Maine when an event of momentous proportions occurred and would remain indelibly imprinted on my mind for the rest of my life.

At about 11:30 pm (2130) on July 25, 1956, we received a distress call from the Ocean Liner Andrea Doria. I was in the engine room at that time. All of a sudden all "hell" broke loose as the engine order telegraph rang for "flank speed". We opened the engine up wide for every rpm we could manage with all 4 Fairbanks Morse engines on line, 2 on each shaft. The roar of the engines was deafening. This drove the ship at about 22 knots and we headed to the scene. The Stockholm, a Swedish passenger-freighter had collided with the 900 foot Italian luxury liner Andrea Doria. The 3 year old Andrea Doria, pride of the European passenger industry was carrying about 1600 passengers and was sinking. We were about 180 nautical miles to the northwest of the scene.

Soon we encountered the same thick fog which had been the major factor in the collision and had to slow down somewhat. Word came that the Andrea Doria has a 45 degree list as she slowly settled, finally plunging to the bottom with the loss of 55 lives at 0950 in about 280 feet of water,

some 50 miles east of Nantucket Island. We arrived at the scene at 1020 just a half hour after the Andrea Doria disappeared below the waves. The Stockholm was standing off nearby with about 50 feet of her bow missing. We could see the great rush of white water resulting from the air bubbles still rising from the ship on the ocean bottom. Since she floated for just over 11 hours before going down, all were rescued who could be. The USCGC Owasco, which had reached the scene during the night, took on a great many survivors and there were also two Navy ships, several freighters, the Ocean Liner, Ile de France and of course, the Stockholm. The sea was littered with all manner of flotsam. We spent the rest of the day retrieving luggage and deck chairs from the ocean surface. Interestingly, one of the luggage pieces we recovered belonged to Betsy Drake, the wife of the famous movie actor, Cary Grant. At one point we manned our 40mm anti-aircraft guns and sank several of the Andrea Doria's huge, overturned life boats. These boats could accommodate about 100 people each and had to be destroyed due to the fact that they could not be righted and retrieved. They were so large that they posed a hazard to navigation in these busy commercial fishing grounds and trans-Atlantic shipping lanes.

It was later determined that both ships were travelling at 25 knots in the dense fog. The Stockholm plowed into the Andrea Doria broadside splitting a huge cavity with her bow, then backed off leaving the gaping hole open to the sea. In one of those miracles which often happen in disasters, a 12 year old girl was, (not so gently), lifted from her bed on the Andrea Doria by the crashing bow of the Stockholm and extracted from her ship. They found her alive and unhurt on the bow of the Stockholm after the Stockholm backed off. Ultimately, years later, the findings of the Maritime Courts were inconclusive as to who was at fault due to conflicting testimony regarding actions taken as the ships went into "Extremis", (the final moments prior to colliding).

We patrolled and searched the area for another day for any possible survivors who may have floated away from the scene or for any bodies of those less fortunate but found none.

We docked at the U.S. Navy Training Center at Newport, Rhode Island on July 29 for a week of training ashore. Newport is only about an hour ride from Cape Cod so I was hoping to get to see Peggy should the opportunity present itself. As it turned out, I was able to see her twice during the week and, as we had Sunday liberty, she picked me up and we spent the day at her house on the Cape before driving me back to Newport Sunday night. This cruise was turning out to be OK in ways I couldn't have expected.

During our week with the U. S. Navy in Newport, we attended Damage Control school learning to prevent the “USS NAVASINK”, a land locked “ship” from sinking. Our section would go below decks, flooding valves would be turned on in openings and gashes in the “hull”, and we would work as the water rose all about us, to shore up bulkheads and plug hull ruptures. If we didn’t work fast enough the “ship” would sink and we would have to abandon ship.

There was also hands-on training in Atomic, Biological, and Chemical Warfare protective measures. In firefighting training we manned the foam hoses and extinguishers learning how to put out roaring oil fires and electrical fires as well as crawling through a smoke filled ship mock-up equipped with oxygen masks and canisters.

Following these sessions we attended Ship Maneuvering School. In this training facility we were placed in closed “bridge environments” with a helm and radar set. Our “ship” would be placed “In Extremis”, meaning a radar target would be introduced onto the radar screen, representing another ship, which was on an imminent collision course with us. In the space of a minute or so we had to recognize the “In Extremis” situation and determine what evasive action to take with our ship so as to avoid a collision. This training was particularly meaningful in view of the real life, tragic, at-sea-collision we had all just witnessed. It was an extremely stressful situation as we were being individually graded on our performance. In addition to the hands-on work described above, we had daily classroom study and instruction on these two subjects and daily quizzes and exams.”

On August 6, we backed away from the docks of Newport and after a few more days of exercises at sea off the Connecticut coast we finally we arrived in New London on August 11. I flew home to Olympia for my annual 3 week summer leave. It was good to be home again with the family and to renew friendships with high school buddies, Dan Fitzmorris and Larry LaFond. Mom and Dad arranged their summer vacation to coincide with my coming home and we thoroughly enjoyed my all-too-brief time in Olympia. I left Olympia a few days early in order to spend a couple of days with Peggy at Cape Cod. Dad was not especially pleased that I had cut my leave, home in Olympia, short by those 3 or 4 days.

Soon it was time to return to the Academy and the really challenging 2nd Class academic year. I looked forward to the resumption of the monthly

formal dances and Peggy's visits. Peggy began college at Marymount College in Tarrytown, NY that fall. One of her roommates was a girl named Mary Beany, who was from, of all places, New London, CT. This guaranteed a place for Peggy to stay and a travelling companion for the next 2 years when visiting the Academy.

As 2nd Class year begins, our original class of 198 is now down to just 90 members. We had lost a few more of our members to adaptability grades on the long cruise, just completed. Assignments of responsibility in the cadet battalion organization were announced for 1st and 2nd Classmen and I was pleased to be named as a "squad leader" for the 2nd Platoon of Delta Company. This meant that at drill, formations and reviews that I would be responsible for one of the 3 columns in our platoon and would march at the head of it. It was a small thing but was as high in the pecking order as a 2nd Classman could attain so I was pleased. My "nocturnal" Havana officer acquaintance of hazy, rum and coke memory, LT Sid Vaughn, was assigned as our Company Commissioned Officer.

I have alluded several times to the difficulty of the academics of 2nd Class year. Our curriculum included among other things such subjects as Thermodynamics, Fluid Mechanics, Strength of Materials, Engineering Mechanics and Electrical Engineering in addition to Celestial Navigation, Ordinance and Gunnery.

In addition to academics, the 2nd Class, under the supervision of the 1st Class, had full responsibility for training the new 4th Classmen in all aspects of Academy life and discipline, including drill, seamanship, communications and daily indoctrination throughout the year as they progressed toward 3rd Class status. This was a significant responsibility and was our first real taste of being totally in charge of training of other cadets. It involved commitment of both time and effort and was really an extensive and valuable type of hands-on management training as I look back on it from the perspective of many years later. These skills, developing in their infancy here at the Academy, would have to mature and be put into real-time practice in less than 2 years hence. At that time we would take our places as Ensigns aboard major Coast Guard Cutters, responsible for the training, morale, and welfare of shipboard divisions of Coast Guard enlisted personnel.

My new roommate for 2nd Class year would become a close lifelong friend. His name was Wally Kelley. Wally was from Omaha, Nebraska and we hit it off immediately. A third party in our close friendship was Tom

Cummings who was from Watch Hill, Rhode Island. Wally and I were on about a par academically and mutually struggled with the complexities of 2nd Class academics. Fortunately, Tom was a whiz and was able to bail us out when problem solutions were out of reach of Wally and me.

Wally began going out with a girl from Conn College named Sydney Wrightson. She and Peggy met at one of the formals and became good friends also. Peggy loved Marymount College and I loved that she had a suite-mate from New London. She would stay at Mary Beany's house, and I would meet her there when she would come to New London for the formal dances or other occasions when Mary would simply be coming home for the weekend. Aside from the formals, our dates mostly consisted of movies, trips to Ocean Beach Park in New London and snacks at a local restaurant called the Holly House. Peggy would be there for the occasional Academy football game and was able to see many Saturday morning reviews on the parade ground.

In September, just the week before she left for college, I sneaked up to Providence (violating the 20 mile limit) on the train and Peggy took the train down from Boston. We spent a beautiful fall day in the park in Providence. Early in October I was assigned my first Procurement trip and was off to Boston. I spoke at Cambridge High and Latin. While there I was able to visit Peggy's parents at their home in Cambridge, but of course, Peggy was down in Tarrytown, NY at school.

Peggy came up to New London for the October formal and stayed at Mary Beany's home in New London for the first of many times. We had a great time at the dance and spent our free hours at Mary's house. Mary's boyfriend is a 4/c Cadet by the name of Eddie Roland. His father would one day become Admiral Roland, Commandant of the Coast Guard. Ed and I dispensed with Academy Class formalities when we were in private and became good friends. Back at the Academy however, it was back to business!

I resumed my participation in the Academy Intercollegiate Pistol team and was able to qualify for the matches. The top 10 shooters are selected to fire in the matches, some of which are shoulder to shoulder with the other colleges and some are "postal matches". Postal matches are fired on the same date on each college's respective range and the results are mailed in to the National Rifle Association who would post them and notify the school you fired against. We have an excellent team this year and it was a real challenge to stay in the top 10 shooters. In a pistol match, 10 team

members fire in the match and the top 5 scores are counted as the team score.

Thanksgiving was once again spent at Chris Holland's house in Belmont, MA . Wally Kelley came along with Chris and me this time. We made use of every waking hour as usual. It is hard to appreciate but as cadets, we hardly ever got away from the New London area except on leave and while at the Academy our liberty consisted of a few hours on Wednesday afternoons (4-6pm), Saturdays (noon-midnight), and Sundays (10am-6pm). I couldn't let the day drift away, so I risked Peggy's parents' displeasure by showing up between 9am and 10am each morning.

The three of us with our dates went dancing at the Kenmore Hotel in Boston one night then went to the Totem Pole Ball Room the next night. Jerry Vale was featured at the Totem Pole. Peggy and I both really liked his voice and style. He was backed up by a full orchestra and we came upon a song of his called "Inamorata" which we adopted as "our song". As Thanksgiving Weekend came to a close, Peggy and I took the same train on Sunday afternoon to New York. I got off at New London and she continued on to her connection in New York City for Tarrytown.

As we returned to the Academy, practice on the drill field intensified. The entire Cadet Corps was to march in Washington, D.C. on January 21, 1957 in President Dwight D. Eisenhower's Inaugural Parade for the beginning of his 2nd term.

A milestone occurred for me in my Pistol Team efforts. I fired a 271 (out of 300 possible) in late November to join the "270" club for the first time. The range record is 290 and we have several excellent shooters on the team, so we are hoping to best that record before the year is out. Before my pistol shooting career was over, I would fire a 296, but by that time, Wayne Douglass, a classmate would have set the new Academy record at 298 out of 300. Still ... still, not a bad 2nd place at all!!

Peggy sent me a letter in early December which shook me (for a while). I fell for it hook, line and sinker. It was a typical "Dear John" letter. The first page was filled with – "I've been wanting to tell you ...", "Things aren't the same anymore...", "You're a grown up so you should be able to take this...", "I don't want to hurt you but..." (turning to page 2) "THERE IS NO SANTA CLAUS". She could be sure I would retaliate somehow, someday, for those moments of anguish!!

Christmas Leave 1956 was once again spent in Boston. We attended a Marymount Alumnae dance at the Sheraton and the annual Boston Navy Yard Cotillion. On the 28th we went to an NBA double header. I got to see one of my old U. of Washington heroes, Bob Houbregs, as his Fort Wayne Pistons beat the Rochester Royals. In the second game, Bob Cousy, Bill Russell, Tommy Heinson and the rest of the Boston Celtics beat the Philadelphia Warriors and Wilt Chamberlin, 120-97. The Celtics had a fantastic team, and it was a real thrill to watch them in person. Our other activities included a trip to the Attleboro Franciscan Christmas light display and tickets to the Ice Capades. Christmas Leave was great, but as usual, over too soon.

The next big event, after term exams, which we took almost immediately after returning from leave and which I worried myself into passing, was the Inaugural Parade in Washington, D.C. We took a special sleeper train from the dock area of the Academy overnight to the Nation's Capital. The parade started at noon the following day and was a most memorable event for me. We followed West Point and Annapolis in the parade and as "eyes-left" were given passing the presidential reviewing stand, I was no more than 25 yards away for President Eisenhower and Vice President Nixon.

We lost 5 more classmates to first term academics as a result of the January exams and are now down to 85. Actually we only have 74 of the originals, as we have 11 members of the class of 1957 who have reverted to our class, making up the total of 85.

In mid-February the long awaited shoulder to shoulder pistol match at West Point took place. We arrived on a Friday night, and I was billeted with two West Point 1st Classmen, one from Louisiana and one from Pennsylvania. They were great guys, proud of their Corps, and I learned a lot about West Point routine from them. As for the pistol match, we were primed from excellent practices leading up to it, but the pressure got to us and we were defeated 1386 to 1299. I had shot a 278 in practice the day before, my highest score ever, and the team had peaked out at 1389 in practice, but in the match I shot a very poor 239 and we basically got our "clock cleaned".

The best part of the weekend at West Point was that Peggy came up from Tarrytown, just down the Hudson River a few miles and we spent all of Saturday together. She came to the match but fled the building when the shooting started. I convinced her that the pistols only fired down range and she finally returned and stayed for the match. Sometime later I found

out that, unknown to me, she had a date with a West Point Cadet after I left on Sunday to return to the Academy. I guess “all’s fair in love and war”, (although it was undoubtedly a West Pointer who came up with that cliché). Between monthly formals and Mary Beany’s frequent trips home to New London when Peggy would accompany her, we were getting to see each other nearly every other week. During her trip to the Academy at the end of February, her folks came down from Boston to see the Academy and so we were all together and I had a great time showing CGA off to them. I know that they were very favorably impressed and were pleased to now have firsthand knowledge of where Peggy was spending so much of her free time.

For the March formal, Peggy brought along Rosemary Keough who went to the dance as Wally Kelley’s date. On the 14th of March we were granted 4 days of Spring Leave. I went to New York and met Peggy at the home of Colonel and Mrs. Crume on the Upper West Side. They are the parents of a classmate, Joanne Crume. On the first evening Peggy and I went out to Queens in New York City to visit with Bill and Mary Dolan, Dad’s brother. They were delighted to see us as it was my first contact with them in about 5 years. We got to Crume’s quite late. Just before 6 am the next morning, Peggy invaded my room and beat me about the head and shoulders with a pillow, yelling for me to get up. (Knowing her, I couldn’t believe she had ever been awake at 6 am before). As I recovered from the pummeling, I asked her “What for?”, to which she replied, “It’s Lent and we’re going to Mass”. Oh, the benefits of a Catholic College education! We met Peggy’s parents in Manhattan at the Victoria Hotel on Friday as they came down to spend the weekend and to see Peggy march in the St. Patrick’s Day parade with the Marymount College contingent on Saturday.

Peggy’s Mom and Dad proceeded to “show us the town”. We took in the Radio City Music Hall stage show and movie, “Spirit of St. Louis”, then to dinner at the Town and Country Restaurant. We completed the evening with a vaudeville type night club called the “Gay Ninety’s”, (that’s for the 1890’s). We didn’t get home to Joanne’s until 3:15 in the morning!! I’m not sure I can keep up with Ed Donahue!

After the St. Patrick’s Day parade, in which Peggy marched from 96th to 42nd Street in a cap, gown and high heels, we all drove up to Marymount in Tarrytown for a concert and dance at the college. The next day Peggy’s folks dropped me off in New London at the Academy on their way home to Boston. (I suspect Peggy was soaking her feet back in Tarrytown)! What a great Spring Leave!!

Pistol season came to an end in March, and we considered it to be very successful, but also one which left room for improvement next year. We won our league championship and over all won 18 of 25 matches. In the National Intercollegiate Championships we came in 4th in the country behind West Point, Annapolis and San Jose State. In individual, national competition, I placed 8th in the country based on a nationwide postal match in which I fired a record 292 out of 300. This qualified me for the All-American Collegiate Pistol team. The team consists of the top ten shooters in the nation as determined from that postal match event. Needless to say, I was extremely proud of that accomplishment. A classmate, Wayne Douglas also made the All-American Team, coming in 7th in the country just ahead of me. I also earned my first Varsity Letter at long last, so the season was a tremendous personal success as well.

Wally and I struggled on through our academic load, but by mid-March we both had lost sufficient self-confidence to the point where we were fearful of the outcome of final exams, so much so that we made a visit to Electric Boat of General Dynamics in Groton. Electric Boat constructed most of the nation's nuclear submarines. Since both Wally and I wanted to remain in the area should we "bilge" based on flunking one subject and its re-exam or flunking two subjects (no re-exams allowed), we actually inquired about employment possibilities as engineering interns should that unpleasant eventuality befall us. We didn't exactly present it that way, but we made serious inquiries. Fortunately, and with a lot of tutorial help from Tom Cummings, we both pulled through and with a lot better grades than our trip to Electric Boat envisioned. 2nd term, 2nd Class finals were the most difficult we had ever taken. 2nd Class year was "advertised" as the toughest year of all at the Academy and that sure turned out to be on the mark. But now we had made it through the dreaded 2nd Class year unscathed and were eagerly awaiting the 2nd Class Ring Dance and June Week for the class of 1957, which would immediately follow.

June Week 1957 was a much awaited event. At the annual Ring Dance our class was to be presented with our Academy Rings which we would wear proudly for life as a symbol of our Academy origins. Our rings would immediately identify us as "Academy Graduates", wherever we went. We would be accorded a special respect and recognition of that background throughout our careers when we finally graduated and took up our duties at sea or in the air.

The decorations and trappings in the gym were much more elaborate than that of a regular formal. The 2nd Class each year would build a huge replica of the Academy Class Ring of wood and plaster. Then, during the dance, each cadet in turn would walk up the ramp under the center of the ring with his “Best Girl” and untie his Academy Ring from the ribbon around her neck. She would place the ring on his finger while the orchestra played the couple’s favorite song. It was a ceremony long anticipated and marked a most significant milestone in your Cadet career.

Peggy would arrive the afternoon of the Ring Dance and would spend the whole of June Week with Mary Beany. This was really great because during June Week I had liberty every day. We had a wonderful and memorable time at the Ring Dance. We had them play “Inamorata” while we walked up into the “Ring” and Peggy presented me with the coveted Class of ’58 Academy Ring, which I would wear proudly for the rest of my life. The final events of that week would be the Graduation Dance and finally the graduation of the Class of 1957. Peggy’s parents came down from Boston and attended the festivities. With the traditional tossing of hats in the air as the Class of 1957 became Ensigns in the U.S. Coast Guard, the Class of 1958 were 1st Classmen at last. We changed our shoulder boards from 2nd Class diagonal stripes to that long awaited 1st Class single horizontal stripe and looked forward to 1st Class year with tremendous enthusiasm and anticipation. I could still remember my long-ago first impressions of 1st Classmen as they returned from the long cruise of 1954 and we brand new “swabs” stood in awe of them. It seems so long ago, and we have come so far to earn this 1st Class stripe.

Peggy and I said our good-byes as the next order of business was our 1st Class Long Cruise to Bergen, Norway; London, England; and La Corona, Spain. First, we would travel to the Navy Fleet Training Center at Newport, Rhode Island for a week of specialized training, some of which was a repetition of last year, but still of great value. We would depart from New London on June 10 for the cruise. Peggy was able to visit me once at Newport. She arrived in her newly acquired 1955 Austin, complements of her father. She looked pretty sporty buzzing around in that little baby blue convertible.

Peggy gave me \$100 for the purpose of purchasing a set of Wedgwood Bone China of my choosing, for her in London. When I asked her why she wanted a set of dishes, she said, “I’m going to open a restaurant, what do you think?” Getting the point, I asked her what would she do with this beautiful set of dishes if we were to break up before it could be put to the

appropriate use. She replied without hesitation, “I’ll think of you every time is use it!!” She seems to be at least one step ahead of me!

I am assigned to the USCGC Yakutat, my old friend from our 3rd Class Cruise of 1955, accompanied by USCGC Absecon and Eagle. My cadet days aboard the Eagle are apparently finished as I will remain on the Yakutat for the entire cruise standing Junior Officer type watches on the bridge as Officer of the Deck, in CIC (Combat Information Center) as CIC Watch Officer, Navigator, and Engineering Watch Officer among other training duties.

We left New London on June 10, as scheduled and proceeded to Hampton Roads Channel near Norfolk, Virginia, where we participated in the International Fleet Review. This was a very memorable and impressive event. It was a brilliant sunny day with a clear blue sky and calm waters framing a massive display of American sea power as ships of the Navy and Coast Guard proudly passed in review proceeding out the channel of Hampton Roads to the open ocean.

Following the Yakutat’s participation in the Fleet Review, we transited Chesapeake Bay to its headwaters. Then, as we had last year, we proceeded up the C&D Canal from Chesapeake Bay to Delaware Bay. I was Cadet Officer of the Deck for part of the transit of the canal and it was both a big thrill and a big responsibility at this stage of my training to “con” the ship through this narrow and confined passage. Learning and preparing was what 1st Class training was all about, and this was my “baptism of fire”. On my second watch as OOD, also a busy and eventful one during the night, we approached and passed the Ambrose Lightship enroute to our anchorage in New York Harbor. This presented yet another trying challenge in that there was a lot of shipping traffic to contend with as we made our way toward the harbor. The next morning, we weighed anchor and proceeded up the East River, passed through the narrow and treacherous Hell’s Gate Passage, then transited Long Island Sound. We topped off fuel and water tanks in Newport, RI, then headed for our crossing of the North Atlantic once again.

The following footnote to our crossing is of some importance as it concerns a milestone in the life of any young man. I observed my 21st birthday at approximately 42 degrees North Latitude, 36 degrees West Longitude. A truly beautiful spot of ocean, thrashing about on the USCGC Yakutat in a North Atlantic gale, which lasted for about 4 days and nights. Another memorable experience!!

We approached Bergen, Norway from the North Sea on July 1, entering the channel then cruising down the long and stunningly beautiful fjords, guarded on both side by high, wooded mountains which rise almost vertically 1000 to 2000 feet right out of the shoreline. The mountainous countryside around Bergen is spectacular. I think this will always remain one of my favorite places. Houses seem to totter from the edges of cliffs and ledges on which they are built. Tom Cummings and I hiked the hills and while we were in Bergen the American Ambassador held a reception for us. I met a Norwegian girl who spoke excellent English and we had a nice time at the reception although my head was definitely on Cape Cod, having just received a 24 page letter from Peggy!!

I must relate a terrible gaff that I made my first day ashore in Bergen. Several of us went to a pub and were instantly befriended by a group of young Norwegian guys about our age or a little older. The subject of nationalities came up and went around the table in animated conversation. Irish, Scottish, English etc., etc. When my turn came, I naively said that I had an Irish name and was indeed part Irish but that most of my ancestors were German. You could have cut the silence with a knife. The Norwegians were only 12 years beyond the German occupation and deprivations of World War II. The wounds were still very fresh. I, of course, had no real understanding of the personal pain and suffering this tragic period of Norwegian history held for each of these young men, nor did the unintentional insensitivity of my revelation occur to me. I don't remember how I was extricated from this delicate situation but when I realized the memories I had stirred up for them I was extremely embarrassed. It taught me a strong lesson in the need for knowledge of, and sensitivities to, other countries of the world when interfacing with people beyond the United States. It was a lesson well learned.

We departed Bergen on July 5 and just for kicks steamed northward to cross the Arctic Circle before heading south again to the English Channel and our Thames River anchorage in London, England on July 8. On July 9, we went aboard the Eagle for a reception and each of us was introduced to Prince Philip, the husband of Queen Elizabeth II. I remember his regal bearing, all decked out in the trappings of a member of the royal family and officer of the Royal Navy.

I now set out on my main mission in London, that of buying a set of Wedgwood Bone China for Peggy. I selected Wally Kelley and Tom Cummings as my cultural and artistic consultants for help in picking out a

suitable pattern. We finally decided against nude silhouettes and opted for a pattern of beautiful light green ivy with tiny bunches of grapes intertwined all around the perimeter of the plates and cups. The pattern is called Santa Clara and I purchased a 72 piece, 12 place setting for \$125!! The remaining 3 days of liberty were spent sightseeing around London. We visited Buckingham Palace and watched the changing of the guard. The much storied Trafalger Square was another of our stops. This city is markedly different from the opulence and beauty of Paris, but it has its own unique character. The somewhat stern plainness of much of the city, save for the Parliament, Big Ben and the Royal Castles, seems to merge logically with the English polish, reserve and correctness.

We weighed anchor from our mid-river moorage in the shadow of London Bridge on July 14 and steamed down the Thames into the English Channel. Proceeding southward, our next port of call would be La Corona, Spain. We arrived on July 19. La Corona reminds me somewhat of Lisbon but not on such a grand scale. La Corona was memorable for the spacious park in the center of the city and for the large beach party about 50 of us threw for ourselves just outside of the town. We had way too much cheap wine and sometime, well after midnight, most of us ended up back in the park still very neatly attired in our dress khakis in spite of the beach party. In our collective confused state, we decided to treat the inhabitants of this fine Spanish city to a demonstration of Academy-quality, close order drill. So, we formed up a platoon size formation and proceeded to march the length and breadth of the park for some time, responding in smart unison to the extremely loud commands of Carl Denny, our Platoon Commander – designate. “Forward---Harch, To the Right Flank – Harch!, To The Rear Harch!”, -- well you get the idea. News of our “Midnight Parade” inevitably reached official channels next morning back on the ships. Eventual punishment was also inevitable but noting the glazed condition of our brains and eyes at 0800 formation, (we, having arrived back on board the ship at about 0730 after our nocturnal adventures), pity was apparently used to mask the suppressed smiles of the Commissioned Officer of the Day. We were apparently evaluated as harmless as regards our formidability as a military force of the recent previous hours, and punishment was deferred for the present.

We departed Spain and began our final cadet crossing of the Atlantic, heading for New London and home. Enroute, I had occasion to be threatened with apoplexy when we held a depth charge drill one afternoon in mid-ocean. They rolled depth charges off the stern racks during the drill, attacking a mythical submarine, and the entire stern of the Yakutat

shuttered from the underwater concussions and lifted right out of the water. What of my Wedgwood dishes, carefully stowed in my footlocker on the deck under my rack in the crew's berthing quarters below???? I could only wait until the 3 boxes were opened in New London upon return. Had the depth charge sunk the USCGC "Wedgwood"? There was nothing to be done.

We arrived in New London, salty, seaworthy, and ready for the 1st Class homestretch year on August 13. Peggy met me at the ship, and we headed for Cape Cod where the first order of business was to open the Wedgwood boxes to see if dinner could still be served. Much to my relief, all was well, and I will have a story to tell someday that has a happy ending. (or Peggy can tell it while she thinks of me). After a brief visit with Peggy and her folks on the Cape I traveled to Boston where I flew home to Olympia the next day for Summer Leave.

I spent two weeks at home in Olympia with the family, vacationing in the mountains and spending quality time at home. I returned early again to Boston, (I think Dad took it a little better this time), on August 29 in order to spend a week with Peggy and her parents at Cape Cod. We had a week of fun and sun at the Cape and then it was back to the Academy and 1st Class year.

Upon arrival at the Academy, I found that I had been appointed Platoon Commander of the second platoon of Delta Company for the first provisional battalion setup. I was extremely happy about the assignment. I will have 36 men in my platoon and as Platoon Commander I will be responsible for their professional performance and training and will be in charge of our wing in the barracks. Counseling of sorts and advice to underclassmen who are having difficulties are also included in a Platoon Commander's portfolio. My new roommate will be Carl Gruel. Carl is from New Mexico, and he will act as my Platoon Petty Officer. There would be one more provisional assignment in November, and then, after Christmas Leave, the permanent Battalion setup will be announced which then lasts through graduation. For the first time, I will not be living in Chase Hall this year as it is our Company's turn to inhabit the old wooden barracks buildings down the hill and somewhat to the north of Chase Hall.

My academic subjects this year will be Psychology of Leadership, Economics, Electronic Engineering, Power Engineering, Ship Construction and Stability, Military Law, and Seamanship, a full load as usual but not quite so heavy on theoretical Engineering as last year was.

Another privilege that goes with being a 1st Classman is monthly weekends. If on first conduct, I am allowed to leave the Academy overnight one weekend a month. I plan to beat a path between New London and Tarrytown. Peggy will come up for the formals each month and some other weekends in between with Mary Beany so the coming year is shaping up to be one to look forward to for many reasons. We got together every other weekend in September and October and Peggy's parents came down to pinch hit for Mom and Dad for Parents Weekend which included a tour of all the Academy facilities, a parade and a football game.

In late October I took a weekend and went to New York where Peggy and I stayed at her cousin's home in Pelham, New York. He loaned us his car and we drove into Greenwich Village for an evening of dancing and entertainment. While driving around the City, I got confused as to directions and apparently went through a red light. I was summarily pulled over by a foot patrolman, (you can see how fast I was going). I pleaded a confused-by-the-big-city, small town, West Coast boy as a defense, and when he saw my Coast Guard uniform he let me off with a brief lecture.

In November I took a big step toward the future. In October, the representative from Lee-Wilson, a jewelry wholesaler who sells to Academy personnel through the Cadet Store, had made his annual sales visit. I had ordered a beautiful diamond engagement ring, which I plan to present to Peggy with a question at Christmas time. The ring arrived in early November and in spite of my best intentions and plans to wait until Christmas, I asked Peggy to marry me on November 17, 1957, while she was in New London for a formal dance that weekend. Everything seemed to be just right and the temptation of giving her the ring was just too great. She was not expecting it, at least not that weekend, and so was very surprised. She said "Yes", and we decided to keep it a secret so as to announce our engagement at Christmas. You can bet she showed the ring to Mary on the way back to Tarrytown and probably then to her other friends at college, but at least we could announce it to our families at Christmas. We also made plans to fly out to Olympia together right after my graduation from the Academy in May so she could meet my parents and family. We were two extremely happy people and very much in love!

Our pistol season also started in November. Along with Wayne Douglas and Jack King, I have been attaining scores at a high level this year, averaging 273 for the first several weeks of practice and we are looking

forward to a National Championship season if we can get by Annapolis and West Point.

My next major step was an exciting one also. Cadets are not allowed to have cars until just one month before graduation. I organized and headed up a group of 15 classmates who were interested in purchasing Fords and struck a deal with New London Ford based on a minimum of 10 buyers at an excellent discounted price. With \$1,030 of State Theater and paper route money saved up when I was in high school and a \$1,000 loan from Dad, I contracted for a new 1958 Ford Custom 300. It was a two door, two tone (blue and white) coup and would be my pride and joy. I actually took delivery of it on April 19th (1958) and the dealer let me keep it in his lot until I became "legal" at the Academy on May 1st. Peggy and I used it when she came up on the following weekend but had to be careful not to be spotted by any Academy Officers until the magic date arrived.

In mid-December I was again appointed Platoon Commander of the 2nd Platoon of Delta Company for the permanent Battalion setup which became effective in January. It was the position I was hoping for. The position entitles me to add a second horizontal stripe to my uniforms for the remainder of the year and kind of sets Platoon, Company and Battalion Commanders apart in terms of visible leadership recognition, along with the responsibilities attendant to the positions. At parade reviews, the Platoon Commander carries a sword rather than a rifle while marching as he leads his platoon. I was quite happy and proud of the appointment and considered it a significant achievement as it represented both class standing and recognition of professional achievement.

Thanksgiving Leave was not granted this year for reasons I cannot recall. Christmas Leave began on December 20 and I headed for Boston for my two weeks with Peggy and her folks. The highlight of the Christmas season was my following Peggy's Dad from room to room for several hours trying to work up the nerve to ask him for his daughter's hand in marriage. Peggy was a nervous wreck and made herself scarce the whole time. After an interminable amount of time, I finally worked up the courage and he made it very painless for me after all. Peggy bolted from her room. There were hugs all around and her parents were very happy for us. We planned to get married in June 1959 as Peggy had decided to transfer to a Junior College in Boston to pursue an Associate's Degree in Nutrition after the end of her sophomore year at Tarrytown. I know this disappointed Peggy's Dad as he had hoped she would graduate from Marymount. They were very supportive of the plan however and were wonderful about it. Little did

they, or any of us know that many years later, Peggy would finally get her Bachelor's Degree from Rutgers University and her Master's Degree from Fordham University, a great achievement and a very proud moment for both of us.

Returning to the Academy in January, I took command of my platoon and began final term exams. I was doing well in all my subjects and was ready for the "home stretch" to graduation. The new term included Power Engineering, Literature, Electronics, Advanced Seamanship, ASW (Anti Submarine Warfare), Communications, and Gunnery and Law. I had full confidence that after that killer 2nd Class academic lineup and a successful 1st Term of 1st Class year that this final term would present no problem to me. It had been an extremely exciting year so far and the months that lay ahead promised to be equally exciting. I was sitting on top of the world with graduation, a degree, and my commission just ahead.

In early February another memorable event occurred and one which will be long remembered. The pistol and rifle team took a train to Washington, D.C and billeted at the Anacostia Naval Air Station from Thursday night until Sunday. We were to fire a shoulder to shoulder match against the U.S. Naval Academy at Annapolis. On Friday morning we were taken to Coast Guard Headquarters and introduced to the Commandant of the Coast Guard, Vice Admiral Alfred Richmond. We were then taken to the Capitol where we were shown around by the Chief Clerk of the Senate. As we were walking through the corridors, he announced that he had a surprise for us and ushered us into the Office of the Vice President of the United States, Richard Nixon. I was introduced to the Vice President and chatted briefly with him about the state of Washington. He seemed to take a particular interest in those of us from the West Coast as he was, of course, a native of California. After about 10 minutes we left the Vice President's office and as I stepped into the corridor I had the presence of mind to say, "Good afternoon Senator", to Senator John F. Kennedy who happened to be walking by at that moment. Little did I know then that these two men, in whose presence I had been within moments of one another, would in just 2 years be running against each other for the office of President of the United States. It was heady stuff for a kid from a small town in Western Washington. After a warm-up pistol competition against the CG Headquarters Pistol team, we boarded a bus for Annapolis. There I visited with a boyhood chum, Tommy Top, with whom I had gone to 1st grade and had played against in grade school football competition. Tommy was a Midshipman there at the Naval Academy. In the big pistol match, we

came up a little short, dashing a bit, at least for the time being, our hopes for a national championship.

The following week our spirits soared as West Point visited the Coast Guard Academy for a shoulder to shoulder match. We defeated them, shooting one of our best scores of the year. West Point currently had the #1 ranking in the country, and we handed them their first defeat. I was high man in the match, which was a big thrill, firing a 279. The match score was a squeaker with Coast Guard winning by a score of 1363 to 1361. We ultimately lost only the one match all year, that being to Annapolis and as the season closed found ourselves one notch off the National Collegiate Championship in second place, behind Navy.

In early March, officer billets for the Class of '58 were posted, grouped by "home port". Actual ship assignments were to be posted at a later date. I needed to get one of the 13 billets in Boston of course, and as fate would have it there were 14 guys who signed up. We met in Carl Denny's room. Carl was Battalion Commander and responsible for overseeing the billet selection process. A deck of cards was produced, and I was about the 5th person to draw. My heart sank as I drew a 3 of Clubs. As the drawing progressed around the room, I was low man until Larry Telfer, who was the last to draw, pulled a 2 of diamonds. Talk about stress. If I had not made the Boston list, the closest home port I could have gotten was an opening in Norfolk, Virginia. When I was able to breathe again and the color had returned to my face, I called Peggy to give her the good news.

Later on, I was notified that I had been assigned to the USCGC Casco (WAVP-370), a 311 foot cutter, and a sister ship of the Rockaway and Yakutat on which I had made parts of my cadet cruises. The Casco was designated, as most of the major cutters of that day were, as an Ocean Station Vessel. These ships would generally make 45 day patrols to mid-Atlantic Ocean Stations to act as a mid-ocean "control tower" for military and civilian aircraft, search and rescue availability, and accumulation of high altitude weather data. My classmate, Ken Roughgarden was also assigned to the Casco and would be my shipmate.

In mid-March, we were given the opportunity to experience life aboard a Navy submarine. We boarded a World War II vintage submarine, steamed out to Long Island Sound, then into the Atlantic and made 13 dives. It was most interesting. There is no sensation whatever of being underwater unless you looked through the periscope during the dive, (which I did), and there was no feeling of claustrophobia, (which I expected). I definitely

prefer having the open ocean and the blue sky visible for my sea duty, however.

Meanwhile, Peggy and I were seeing each other nearly every weekend from February on. Between monthly formal dances, my monthly 1st Class weekends, and miscellaneous trips by Peggy to Mary's house in New London, we were having a ball and loving it.

Final...final...final exams were held the 2nd week of May and, at last, I had officially passed all subjects. Preparations were beginning for June week, (which would actually be in May this year), including packing and getting ready to return to the real world for good. It seemed really strange to think that after all these years, and the intimate part this Academy had played so intensively in my life, that I would be leaving here for the last time. Of the 198 young men who, back in 1954, had aspired to this day, I was proud to be graduating 36th out of the surviving 79 in my class.

June week arrived at last. Peggy was finished with her exams and had said a sad goodbye to Marymount. She joined me at the Academy for all the activities, parades and best of all, free time together. The Graduation Formal, our last formal, was an extra special event for us and was filled with excitement and anticipation of the coming events to be held in a few days when our class would receive our degrees and commissions.

My parents were unable to make the cross-country trip to New London for the graduation. I would have loved to have had them there to witness the culmination of my cadet career, especially since, through our faithful weekly letters over four long years, they were so much a part of the whole experience. However, it was not to be. Peggy's parents came down from Cambridge for the occasion and I truly appreciated their presence.

May 27, 1958, dawned bright, warm and clear. We donned our dress white uniforms, affixed our 1st Class shoulder boards for the final time, formed up about 1100 and marched onto the platforms on the football field to the music of the Coast Guard Band. After the speeches were given, we were called one by one to the podium. Rear Admiral Frank Leamy, the Academy Superintendent presented our degrees, Bachelor of Science in Engineering, and the Commandant of the Coast Guard, Vice Admiral Alfred Richmond presented our commissions as Ensigns in the United States Coast Guard.

When we were all back at our seats we were sworn in as commissioned officers and welcomed into the Officer Corps by the Commandant. Upon

the command “Dismissed”, we fulfilled the happy tradition of the tossing of hats into the air and breaking ranks to greet our families. There was general pandemonium as we all congratulated one another and made our way to nearby tables where our new hats with the wide gold chin strap and the large gold emblem of eagle and anchor awaited. Peggy and her parents had made their way down to the field and in the tradition of the christening of a brand new Ensign, Peggy’s mother, standing in for my Mom, attached the new Ensign shoulder boards to my left uniform shoulder and Peggy, my wife to be, attached the other to my right shoulder. WHAT A MOMENT I HAD MADE IT!!!

Then, to the strains of our National Anthem and the Coast Guard Academy Alma Mater, 79 new Ensigns (68 of the original 198), proudly took their places in the military service dedicated not only to the protection of our homeland, but also to the service of our fellow man on the high seas.

We were secure in our belief that the Mission of the United States Coast Guard Academy, four years in the making, had been successfully fulfilled in us, as we reached this momentous day.

*To graduate young men with sound bodies, stout hearts and alert
minds,
With a liking for the sea and its lore,
And with that high sense of honor, loyalty and obedience
Which goes with trained initiative and leadership;
Well grounded in seamanship, the sciences and the amenities
And strong in the resolve to be worthy of the traditions of
Commissioned officers of the United States Coast Guard
In the service of their country and humanity.*

Semper Paratus
The Class of '58 was indeed well prepared and ready!

PART III – SERVICE AND FAMILY

1958-1964

The Northwest Airlines plane from New York that landed in Seattle on the evening of May 28, 1958 was at last completing the journey of that long ago train ride which began in 1954. The apprehensive youth who boarded that train and started the journey had been tested and tempered by ceaseless challenges and matured through an abundance of experiences, academically, socially, technically and professionally. More than that, his Academy years had woven into him an unbreakable fabric of commitment to teamwork, defined and bound together by the values of loyalty, duty and honor, and dedicated to the high purpose of service to country and fellow man. These beliefs were not taught, rather they were absorbed and grew within, nourished by the presence of teachers, mentors, and contemporaries possessed of those high standards and values. In addition, he had been exposed to the perspectives of other cultures which expanded the horizons of thought and planted the seeds of appreciation for the diversity of the world upon which he was to embark.

The Coast Guard Academy experience was a great deal more than just a high quality education and a career opportunity. It was a life changing experience and a holistic preparation of character, competence and self confidence, which when combined with a strong foundation of religious faith, provided one with the best of all beginnings. I have always been grateful to family and country to have been given this unique opportunity.

Beyond these things, and transcending them in meaning, my journey allowed me to meet the woman who would share her life with me and bring into the world four wonderful children of whom we have always been so proud. God works in mysterious ways, but as Peggy and I arrived in Seattle that day in May of 1958, full of anticipation, we truly stood on the threshold of a new life.

Mom and Dad and the family met us at the airport in Seattle and they all took to Peggy immediately. We had a wonderful vacation and by the time we left she was part of the family in everyone's mind. Peggy and I drove around Northwest Washington, introducing her to all the sights in the Cascades and Olympics as well as a tour of Seattle in the days that followed. On June 15 the family took a trip, beginning with a ride down the Washington coast to Megler's Ferry at the mouth of the Columbia River.

We ferried across to the Oregon side and spent a couple of days at the Pacific Ocean at Clay's Motel in Seaside. Dad managed to get a classic sunburn and was quite uncomfortable for several days. We introduced Peggy to razor clams at 6 am one morning and spent two very hot days on the ocean beach. The Columbia River gorge east of Portland was next, stopping at the Paradise Motel in Hood River, Oregon.

At Inspiration Point high in the foothills of Mt. Hood, we got a magnificent view of Mt. Hood, Mt. St. Helens, Mt. Adams and Mt. Rainier. Then it was on to the south side of Mt. Hood and a visit to Timberline Lodge and views to the south of Mt. Jefferson and Mt. Shasta. Returning to Hood River, we crossed the Columbia and traveled across Satus Pass to Yakima to meet Granny Florence, Aunt Judy and all the relatives.

We continued our trip back across Mt. Rainier through Stevens Pass and were able to show Peggy all the places where Dad worked on the mountain passes. After we returned to Olympia, Peggy and I took the car and made a one day loop to the Olympic Peninsula, Victoria on Vancouver Island then across the sound through the San Juan Islands to Anacortes. We finally arrived back in Olympia just after midnight. Doing all that in one day must have set some kind of record.

After a wonderful visit, Peggy and I returned to Boston on an evening flight out of Seattle on June 25th with the whole family there to see us off, including Granny Ann and the Turnbells, minus Aunt Ruth who was parking the car and finally arrived at the gate just as the plane was taxiing. We visited with Father Ralph Sudmeier S.J. in Spokane where our plane made a stop.

I reported aboard the USCGC CASCO (WAVP-370) on the morning of June 27, 1958 at the Coast Guard Base, Commercial Wharf, in Boston. I was welcomed aboard by LCDR Max Charleston, the Executive Officer, who introduced me to the other officers in the wardroom. Among them was ENS Bill Kime of the Class of '57 who would one day become Commandant of the Coast Guard. Bill and I became good friends. Dick Bauman, a former Merchant Marine Officer, now a Coast Guard Lieutenant, would become a good friend and mentor during the time we served together. Dick was in his late 30's and had much seagoing experience on merchant ships prior to his Coast Guard service. I learned many things from him which were invaluable in my development and growth. Dick eventually became a Rear Admiral. My classmate, Ken

Roughgarden would report on board toward the end of August after completing a temporary assignment at the Academy.

The Commanding Officer was CDR Henry Pierce, but I hardly got to know him as he was relieved by CDR Ross Bullard only a couple of weeks after I reported aboard. Captain Bullard was an outstanding Commanding Officer, and I was privileged to serve under him for the next 2 years.

I was assigned the duties of Gunnery and ASW Officer, with a collateral duty as Exchange Officer in addition to Officer of the Deck responsibilities. My first weeks on the CASCO were exciting and I got right about the business of taking over the Gunnery Department, getting comfortable with the routine of the ship, and standing in port Officer of the Deck watches.

Our first underway assignment was a two week cruise with a Reserve Unit completing their annual training requirement. We sailed on July 14 and during the cruise would make a brief stop in Halifax, Nova Scotia. I also used the first part of this period to get qualified to stand Officer of the Deck watches on the bridge at sea. Actually, it is my recollection that I was deemed qualified after only about 4 days and took my place in the rotation. My first OOD watch was memorable in that it was a midnight to 0400 watch and the fog was so dense I could not see the bow of the ship from the bridge. We were about 250 miles out of Boston, and we had to be extra alert to both radar and sound. It was a very tense watch because of the volume of shipping which plies these waters. Due to my Academy training, I felt well prepared to handle what otherwise would have been an intimidating situation for a new officer.

I thoroughly enjoyed my new life aboard ship and being at sea as an officer. There was a fulfilling sense of responsibility at being fully in charge of the ship for my two or three watches each day as well as the interaction with the other Officers, the Chief Petty Officers and the rest of the crew. There was much to be learned, for sure, but now there was the true sense of being a full contributor and a significant player on the team which made the ship run and function effectively in pursuit of its mission. Peggy and I, of course, did not like the separations that would occur because of my at-sea time, but it went with the territory, and we had to make the best of it. Besides, after being at the poverty level as a Cadet, I was now taking home \$240 per month!!

While in port, I lived with Peggy's Dad in Cambridge during the week as Peggy and her mother had moved down to the house at Sagamore Beach for the summer. Ed and I would drive down on Friday nights, returning early Monday mornings, assuming I did not have the duty on the weekends. Peggy and her mother moved back up to Cambridge in September and Peggy resumed her college education at Garland Junior College in Boston. She would major in Food and Nutrition and would graduate the following May with an Associate Degree. It was a big adjustment for her and a considerable sacrifice, as her parents would have preferred her to complete her education at Marymount. But we wanted to be together and to be married in 1959 and so the decision was made. Peggy enjoyed her time at Garland and received an excellent education there in her chosen field.

I went to sea again on August 12 for my first 40 day Ocean Station patrol. We sailed to Ocean Station "ECHO", which was located about halfway across the North Atlantic at Latitude 35 degrees North, Longitude 48 degrees West. When we reached station, we would relieve another Coast Guard Cutter and remain in the center grid of a 100 mile square area of the ocean. There we would act as a mid-ocean control tower for overseas aircraft, be available for search and rescue for this mid-ocean region and perform ancillary functions such as weather station observations including wind velocities up to 100,000 feet using radar targeted balloons. If the weather and seas were calm we would actually drift, only getting underway from time to time so as to remain in the center 10 mile square grid known as "Oscar-Sierra". It was not exciting, but we were serving a significant purpose. One example was when I was talking to an Air Force pilot one day, giving him a precise position and a radio beacon/radar fix. I gave him Peggy's address and asked him to send her a postcard with a message from me when he landed in the Azores. Peggy received not only a post card but a letter from him telling her of how, dealing with fuel limitations, they had lost track of just where they were over this huge ocean and how we had made contact, provided a position which allowed them to proceed safely on their way. It was a sincere expression of appreciation and testimony to the importance of our presence and assistance.

We returned to Boston on September 9th, and I was saddened to learn of the death of Peggy's dear little Grandmother, Nora Mahoney, while we were out on patrol. I can still see that tiny lady to this day sitting in front of the black and white television watching the "Friday Night Fights", throwing punches in the air as she cheered her heroes on. She would be missed, especially on the occasion of our wedding the following year.

Our in-port was to be brief as we were immediately assigned to patrol the 1958 America Cup Races between the “Columbia” and the “Scepter” (Australian), off Newport, RI on the 18th. This was a welcome assignment however as Peggy and her parents were allowed to sail with us from Boston to Newport, which was a one day cruise. They particularly enjoyed cruising through the Cape Cod Canal, just down the road from their Sagamore Beach house and across Buzzard’s Bay enroute to Newport. They were also invited to be on board as we patrolled the races out on Narragansett Bay, which they availed themselves of that Saturday and the following Monday. I have to admit “busting my buttons” a little as they observed me in action when my watches came up on those days and I had the “con” as the OOD. Our America Cup Race duties were completed on the 24th and we returned to the dock in Boston.

September 24, 1958 was a significant date because that evening we announced our wedding date to Peggy’s and my parents. We had picked June 13, 1959, as the big day. I wrote the news in a letter to Mom and Dad. Peggy’s Mom immediately began the planning for the “wedding of the century”, or so it seemed. I had no idea what putting a wedding together entailed so I just stood back and got out of the way.

In between returning from Newport and leaving for our next patrol, I was assigned to take a 10 man detail to Wakefield National Guard pistol and rifle range for small arms training. That next patrol came all too soon as we got underway for Ocean Station “DELTA” on October 14. “Delta” was about 400 miles northeast of Ocean Station Echo. Enroute to “Delta” (also true of a transit to Ocean Stations “Charlie” and “Bravo”) we steamed first to Argentia, Newfoundland and tied up for 24 hours on Immediate Search and Rescue standby. We would stop here for 24 hours on the way back from station as well. In this manner there was always a Coast Guard Cutter in or near Argentia as the ships came and went from station. There was an Air Force Base and a Coast Guard Air Station on this god-forsaken spot in southern Newfoundland, with significant air activity in often brutal weather conditions. In addition, Argentia was strategically located near the area where icebergs entered the North Atlantic from the Arctic, via the Davis Straits. For these two reasons, the Search and Rescue Readiness assignment was judged to be prudent, thus the arrangement with the Coast Guard ships. This patrol itself turned out, in contrast to the one in August, to be a very rough one from the standpoint of weather. We were hit by one October storm after another and the 21 days on station were quite uncomfortable with cold weather, high winds and rough seas. Historically,

October is hurricane season in the North Atlantic and while we had no hurricanes, we had more than our share of angry storms.

CASCO arrived back in Boston on November 17 and the inport before our next patrol seemed all too short, what with schoolwork for Peggy, getting ready for Christmas and the ever present need to plan for the wedding. For my part, I loved my work aboard ship and other than the separation that it caused, also enjoyed being at sea on the Ocean Patrols. The whole sense of the vastness of the ocean, our purposes for being there and the unknown adventure that might await us just beyond the next sunrise was exhilarating, and a wonderful life for a young man.

After celebrating Christmas 1958 in Cambridge with Peggy and her folks, CASCO sailed out of icy Boston Harbor bound for Ocean Station "Charlie" located just south of the tip of Greenland in the North Atlantic on December 30. Sadly, just before we sailed, I learned of the death of one of my classmates, George Bergman. George had been a good friend during our first class year at the Academy. He had been washed overboard from the fantail of his Cutter while on patrol in the mid-Pacific by a rogue wave which apparently appeared without warning on a warm, otherwise calm day. These rouge waves in the Pacific are thought to be caused by under-ocean earthquakes. George was lounging on the fantail on a Sunday afternoon when this huge wave struck the ship and he disappeared over the side. It was believed he was knocked unconscious as he struck the taff-rail before being swept into the water. He never reappeared on the surface and after an extensive search, his body was finally given up to the sea as he was never found. This news was very sobering as well as sad and reminded us all of the perils we face on the sea each and every day as the Coast Guard carries out its mission.

We welcomed in 1959 enroute to Argentia where we arrived accompanied by a blizzard. We were carrying 2 automobiles on the fantail for delivery to Argentia Naval Air Station. Why anyone would want to have his car shipped on the open deck of a Coast Guard Cutter is beyond me. The storm was so bad that the Navy could not get equipment to the dock to unload the cars. We rigged up a ramp with lumber and Ken Roughgarden actually drove the cars off the ship onto the dock and left them there. Captain Bullard came very close to sailing on to Ocean Station Charlie with the cars still on the deck. After our three weeks on station and just shortly after being relieved by the USCGC Barataria out of Portland, Maine, in very stormy weather, a rescue occurred which, at the time, seemed very much like a terrible nightmare. Numerous men risked their lives in the

rescue of 6 crewman from the USCGC Barataria in dangerous sea conditions, and literally, in the middle of the night. It was a harrowing experience.

The following is a letter I wrote home describing the rescue. It was written just a day or so after the incident and mailed on February 6, 1959 upon our arrival back in Boston.

RESCUE IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC

Copy of letter sent by ENS Phil Dolan, USCG
Aboard the USCGC CASCO to his Mother and Father
(Mailed) February 6, 1959

Dear Folks,

We arrived in Boston from the patrol at long last on Wednesday, February 4. It was a trip I'll never forget as long as I live. The North Atlantic, as usual in the wintertime, was quite rough. We stopped off in Argentia, Newfoundland on our way to Ocean Station CHARLIE but Argentia was completely snowed in, and we never even got off the ship. So, we went on out to CHARLIE. We spent an inactive three weeks on station. Actually, the weather on Station was very good for that time of year and we were able to do a lot of drifting. We really only had about 4 or 5 rough days the whole three weeks out there.

All the action began after we were relieved of Ocean Station duties and started home. The ship that relieved us was the USCGC BARATARIA. We got underway for home at full speed and had only been on our way for 25 minutes to be exact, when we were ordered to go down to Ocean Station DELTA, about 400 miles to the south. It seems that one of the men on the DELTA Station ship had taken a fall and they thought he had a broken back. We had a doctor on board, and they didn't. We got about 2/3 of the way there (about 24 hours travel) when they decided he didn't have a broken back after all, and we were released for home once more. About 12 hours later another call came in. This time from the BARATARIA, the ship that had just relieved us on CHARLIE Station. They had a man with an emergency appendicitis and so we headed back to CHARLIE and were to meet the BARATARIA halfway. This started a chain of events I shall never forget.

We met the BARATARIA some 22 hours later about 750 miles east of Newfoundland at noon on 28 January. We were to transfer the patient to the CASCO and take him into St. Johns, Newfoundland for the operation. However, when we met the BARATARIA it was much too rough to put over a lifeboat, so both ships headed for St. Johns together hoping for a break in the weather so we could put a boat over the side and transfer the patient between ships. The break in the weather came at 2:30 am (0230) in the morning of 29 January, and although it was pitch black they decided to put over a boat from the BARATARIA to transfer the patient. I had had the 8 pm to midnight (2000 – 2400) watch on the bridge and had just gone to bed when it happened.

At 2:45 am (0245) a voice screamed over the P. A. system, “Man Overboard, go to your rescue stations, this is not a drill. There is a man in the water”. I threw on a few clothes and a life preserver and rushed out on deck. What I saw was a nightmare. Search lights were piercing the blackness searching the freezing cold water. Then we saw them. Not one man was overboard but six men were in the water, scattered all over the ocean. Their boat had overturned, and the moving waters had scattered them apart. All had life preservers on. There were screams from out there in the blackness from all over. This wasn’t the worst of it, because one of the poor fellows was on a stretcher strapped in on his back and floating around out there. It was horrible.

Six men’s whose lives depended on immediate action, and one of them with acute appendicitis strapped into a stretcher. We saw one man swimming wildly toward the ship and turned to rescue him, but then we saw three of the men had reached the stretcher and were clinging to it, so the Captain decided to head for the larger group, which he did.

It was then that I heard a scream from way out to starboard, and so I yelled for one of the search lights to search in that direction. The light finally found him. He was screaming, “Help me – help me”, and was about 500 yards from the ship to starboard. So, I took ten or twenty men and ran to the lifeboat on the starboard side. The water was a freezing 38 degrees, a heavy wind was blowing, and the sea was rough. The air temperature was about 33 degrees.

In the meantime, our ship had stopped, and they were picking up the stretcher and the other men from the water off the port bow by means of a scramble net. So, I told my men, “They’re busy forward, we have to get

this boat over the side”. We rigged out the boat, got the Captain’s permission and lowered it into the water. I didn’t have to get into that boat, but until you’ve heard the screams of two dying men and realize that their only hope of life is dependent upon your decisions, then there is no choice to be made. You don’t even stop to consider the danger to yourself. I looked into the boat and saw ten frightened young kids looking for someone to put their confidence in. And now I realize why some men wear gold bars and others follow.

The kids were so excited they forgot to put in the boat plug, so I reached to the floorboards, found it, and jammed it into the hole. While we were on the way to the water I talked a blue streak to them, trying to build up their confidence for the toughest type of job they had ever done. There was only one other experienced man in the boat besides myself and I knew he was a good coxswain. I decided I’d be able to hold the crew together better if I rowed in the lead position myself. Finally, we hit the water with a tremendous jolt, freed ourselves of the boat falls and sheared away from the side of the ship.

I have never felt so alone in my life. The ship became a blur as we rowed farther and farther away. I kept yelling all the time trying to make them forget how scared they were. “Keep together.... pull harder you guys.... Those poor devils are freezing out there.... etc.” I must have yelled those words a million times on the way out. As we went, the men pulled together and pulled harder and faster than they probably ever will again in their lives, because we all knew that in water that cold, every second counts.

And still I kept shouting at them above the wind. I was so hoarse when I got back to the ship that all I could do was whisper. By this time the CASCO and the BARATARIA didn’t even seem to exist anymore. I could only barely see them because of the darkness and the high waves. We kept rowing toward the screams and finally we got there.

I shall never forget those faces. I can see them now, and I know I’ll always be able to see them. Every emotion known to man was in those two faces. Terror, relief, joy, helplessness, everything all rolled up in one. One of the two men was hysterical which didn’t make the job any easier. The second of the two (the first man we had spotted swimming toward the ship), had kept his head and swam over to his shipmate to try to help him. We boated our oars and dragged and pulled on him until we finally got him aboard; then went to work on the hysterical man. He couldn’t help himself at all. He was completely exhausted and absolutely limp. He was a big guy too,

and my hands were numb from the cold all the way to my elbows and had been since the boat hit the water. Everybody was in about the same shape. Four of us tugged and pulled but just couldn't get him in over the side of the boat. I decided there was only one way, so I started over the side into the water myself, hoping to boost him in from behind. Just as I did though, we got his right leg into the boat, so I climbed back in, and we finally got him aboard. All the way back to the ship he was crying and whimpering, "Help me, please help me".

I told the guys to keep slapping his arms and legs to keep the circulation going, since with the two of them lying in the bottom of the boat, there was only room for four men to row. I started yelling about keeping together again and called out the stroke and that we were on our way home. Finally, we made it back to the ship. Then came another dangerous job – hooking on in a rolling sea. The ship would roll toward us, then show us its bottom. We had trouble hooking on, but finally made it and were back aboard the ship.

The CASCO saved the lives of all six men who had fallen into the water. I'm proud of my men in our little boat crew, and I'm mighty proud to be in an outfit like the Coast Guard that can come through 100% in a pinch. Picking one man out of the water is a feat in itself under such conditions, but six was a miracle. It's a mighty fine feeling to have saved a man's life.

So we went on to St. Johns, Newfoundland where the Coastguardsman with the appendicitis was operated on at the local hospital and the five BARATARIA crewmen, including Bob DeMichelle who was a basketball teammate with me at the Academy, returned to their ship for resumption of Ocean Station Charlie. The CASCO continued on to Boston.

That's about all for now.

Hope everyone is well.

Love,
Phil

P. S. Please send my Baptismal Certificate. What Church was I baptized in? When and where was I confirmed? (I know when I'm getting married)?

The letter above was written while enroute to home port in Boston where we were glad to return on February 4. The experience of the previous 1½ months would remain etched in our memories forever.

Peggy and I got a real scare in February regarding our wedding plans. It was unexpectedly announced that the CASCO had been assigned as a last minute replacement for the 1959 Summer Cadet Cruise and would sail on June 1 for three months. It was devastating news as it could have meant postponement of the wedding after all the preparations had been completed. Captain Bullard will forever be one of our heroes though, as he talked it through with me and decided to cut orders for me to go on leave for 30 days, through the end of June. At the end of that time, he arranged to assign me to temporary duty aboard a Boston Buoy Tender, the USCGC HORNBEAM, until I could rejoin the CASCO in August when she returned to New London at the end of the "Long Cruise". We sighed a collective sigh of relief that reached all the way from Cambridge, Massachusetts to Olympia, Washington. The wedding was on again.

During February, George Washington weekend, I joined Peggy and her parents for a brief skiing trip to North Conway, New Hampshire. I did my first serious skiing, (if you can call "bear-claw" bindings and ancient wooden skis serious skiing) and by the end of the weekend was getting the hang of it. I considered it a success because I returned to shipboard duties with no broken bones or significant other injuries. The weekend was great fun and would portend a future of many families skiing weekends as the years went by.

Our next assignment would be to take the ship to the Coast Guard Yard in Baltimore in March for repairs and upgrades to electronic and engineering equipment. We sailed for the Coast Guard Yard on March 12, returning to Boston on April 17. On the way we docked in Earle, New Jersey to off-load all our munitions at the Navy Ammunition Depot. Then we proceeded via Philadelphia and the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal to Baltimore where we went into dry dock to have our hull cleaned and refurbished as well as some work on the propellers and rudder accomplished. Many other repairs and upgrades were done, and the ship evolved into a shambles with all the alterations, welding, scraping, and painting. My responsibilities were to oversee the work which related to our 5 in. 38 cal. gun, our 40 mm anti-aircraft guns, depth charge and K-gun mounts and all of the electronic fire control systems work. On the first weekend, I got a ride back to Boston, picked up my car and then drove

back and forth to Baltimore so I could spend weekends with Peggy at her parent's house.

Upon the CASCO's return to Boston, preparations began in earnest for the long Academy Cadet cruise ahead, while Peggy and I busied ourselves in our free time with wedding preparations and the selection and purchase of furniture, with which to set up our apartment. Through a fellow officer, Bill Babineau of the Class of '57, we were able to find a really nice apartment in Quincy, Massachusetts, just south of Boston. Our search in the Boston area up to that point had been frustrating, given our budget and the need to be in reasonable proximity to the ship. The apartment at 345 Copeland Street in West Quincy was perfect. For \$85 a month we were on the second floor of a two story, double duplex with heat and electricity included. Our landlords, Ed and Mae Mc Donald, who lived in the other 2nd floor apartment would become lifelong friends.

The week before the wedding, Peggy proudly graduated from Garland Junior College with an Associate's Degree in Nutrition. It was a lovely graduation and reception with Peggy's parents and myself in attendance followed by a dinner at the Harvard Club on Commonwealth Avenue. How she managed going to school, studying for exams and preparing for the wedding with its millions of details, I will never figure out but will always admire.

Meanwhile, my parents, along with Ken, Marianne and Ralph had decided they could all make the trip east for the wedding. They chose to come by train and made stops in Chicago and Washington, DC. They did a full tour of the nation's capital then reboarded the train to New York where Peggy and I met them on the morning of Sunday, June 7. We had been in New York for the wedding of Peggy's suitemate at Marymount, Judy Kennedy, now Judy and Buddy Christman.

We had Peggy's father's station wagon and it was a bit of a squeeze, but we did a full tour of New York City highlighted by a ride to the top of the Empire State Building. The highlight for me, of course, was to finally be able to proudly show off the United States Coast Guard Academy to my parents and family for the first time. We drove to New London and explored all of the grounds and halls of which they had heard so much for so long. Dad wanted to know all the stories of what had happened when and where. Showing them around was the culmination of a long held dream of mine, since they were never able to visit the Academy from so far away and even had to choose between my graduation and our wedding for their

long awaited family trip to the east coast. For me, it was a very proud and happy day.

From New London we drove on to Cambridge where my family, at long last, met Peggy's Mom and Dad. It was a very joyous meeting and they got along famously just as we had known they would. Peggy's folks were very busy with final preparations for the wedding so her Aunt Alice (Kane), Ed Donahue's sister became the official guide to the Dolan family and drove them all around Boston and Cambridge, Lexington and Concord. Their "tour guide" showed them nearly all the historical places that we, of West Coast origins, had only heard of and studied about. The Dolans stayed with Grace and Jim Clapp, next door to the Donahues and everything worked out perfectly.

My groomsmen began to arrive in town toward the end of the week. They included classmates, Wally Kelly, Carl Denny, Chris Holland, Sammy Klein, Doug Currier, plus shipmate Dick Bowman. They insisted that a bachelor party of sorts be held, so after the rehearsal party at the Donahue's house, they took me to the Hauf Brau Pub on Commonwealth Avenue near Boston College. We didn't leave Donahue's until nearly midnight, so this impromptu bachelor's party went to the wee hours of the morning. I arrived at Dick and Henry Smith's house (Mrs. Donahue's brothers) at about 4 am, got about 2 hours sleep and then at 6 am drove over to the Donahue's to wash the car in their driveway. Peggy's mother was nearly apoplectic, insisting that it was terribly bad luck for the bride and groom to see each other before the wedding. (The years have proven that superstition wrong). So I quickly rendered my white '58 Ford spotless again, proceeded over to St. Peter's rectory with my sword and dress white uniform, and occupied one of the rooms by prior arrangement with Msgr. Riley. There I changed and waited for the 11am wedding to begin.

Peggy and I were married on June 13, 1959 at 11am at St. Peter's Church in Cambridge, Massachusetts. The bride arrived, resplendent in a magnificent wedding dress and accompanied by her six bridesmaids also dressed in white satin. The groomsmen were all Coast Guard Officers in their Dress White Uniforms and swords. The wedding party was a sea of white with the girls carrying bouquets of red roses. My sister Marianne was the maid of honor and my brother Ken, in his white tux, was best man. It was raining heavily as Peggy arrived at the church, but she was saved by numerous strategically placed umbrellas. Msgr. (later Bishop) Thomas J. Riley officiated, and it was a most elegant wedding with about 300 guests nearly filling the church. Peggy and I exchanged our vows and our wedding

rings as we received the Sacrament of Matrimony, then walked down the aisle under an archway of drawn swords. As we emerged from the church the rain stopped, and the sun shone brightly. Our reception was held in the main ballroom of the Somerset Hotel in Copley Square in Boston. It was a gala affair with all the trimmings. My family sat at the long, raised head table along with the Donahues and the wedding party. They were thrilled and a little overwhelmed I think, as I doubt they had ever been to such an elegant wedding reception, let alone be in the center of the action. Peggy's Dad danced for the first time in many years to the traditional song of "Daddy's Little Girl". There wasn't a dry eye in the house. Peggy and her Dad were always very close, and she was the apple of his eye and the center of his universe. Peggy and I danced to "Inamorata", our favorite song which we first heard at the Totem Pole Ballroom, sung by Jerry Vale. The orchestra was excellent, and a great time was had by all. One of our honored guests was Millie O'Neil, the wife of United States House Speaker Tip O'Neil and a boyhood friend of Peggy's Dad. The Donahues threw the party of their lives, and it was well remembered and commented on by many of the guests years later.

When the new Ensign and Mrs. Dolan left the party, our '58 Ford was sitting outside the hotel with not a streamer or mark on it. I was both relieved and suspicious. As I turned the key in the ignition there was a screaming whistle preceding a large boom!! My good friends had rigged up a firecracker of some sort between the spark plugs. We drove away jerking and jumping down the street as the result of two of the six cylinders being shorted out. I stopped a block or so away, got out and pulled the offending wire off the spark plugs. We then drove south to just below Quincy to a motel for the night. Our apartment was available to us, but I didn't trust the "spark plug experts" to leave us alone on our wedding night if they were able to find us.

Our plane to Bermuda and our honeymoon left the following morning from Logan Airport. Peggy's parents and my family met us at the airport to see us off. I turned over my keys to Dad but in all the excitement of the day before, unwittingly had left the gas tank nearly empty. Dad discovered this as he was entering the Sumner Tunnel and swears that he made it through the tunnel on fumes. Luckily there was a gas station right at the Boston end of the tunnel, but he got quite a scare as he visualized himself with a full car, stalled in the Sumner tunnel.

As it turned out, Dad made very little use of our car while we were gone because of his unfamiliarity with Boston traffic, rotaries and eastern driving

habits in general. Peggy's Dad and Aunt Alice jumped into the breach however and showed them all around Boston and Cape Cod.

Bermuda was a great place for a honeymoon. The island is filled with newlyweds in June. We met two other couples at the St. George Hotel where we were staying, whom we joined for several dinners and nights out on the "town". One night we came back to our room about 1 am and found our room covered with termites. We had left a bathroom light on, and the dimly lit room apparently drew them out of the wooden furniture. In any case I called the front desk and demanded to be moved right then and there to another room, one with metal furniture. After a few minutes the bellman arrived, and they did just that. The joke going around the St. George Hotel was that, if all the termites let go with their hands at the same time the hotel would fall down. It could have been true based on our experience. The St. George was a very nice, but very old hotel and except for the termite incident we thought it was great.

Some of our adventures included dinner at the Elbow Beach Club and hearing the Talbot Brothers sing at a night spot. We motor-biked all over the island but didn't get to spend much time on the beach the first few days as it rained off and on. We were determined not to return to Boston without suntans so the last day or two we hit the beaches and unfortunately got ourselves quite sunburned. We returned to Boston after a wonderful week and moved into our apartment in West Quincy. Peggy immediately held her first dinner party for the Dolan family and her parents, as we christened our new "home" in style. These were exciting times we would always remember and always be grateful to our parents, family and friends for making such a wonderful celebration of the beginnings of our life together possible and sharing our happiness with us.

Soon it was time for Mom, Dad and family to make the return train trip to Olympia. At the end of June I reported to the USCG Cutter HORNBEAM for temporary duty and got a taste of what it was like to maintain buoys and aids to navigation in and around the Boston area. Peggy moved to the Cape with her folks when I had to report back on board the CASCO on July 22. On that day Peggy and I drove to New London where I met the CASCO when the ship made a stop at the Academy to drop the football players, who always left the cruise early it seemed. I was out to sea for the remaining 3 weeks of the Long Cruise. We cruised up to mouth of the St. Lawrence River above Nova Scotia then up the river as far as Quebec City before returning to New London on August 14. We had a 5 day layover between the Long and Short Cruises,

so I traveled to Cape Cod to be with Peggy. While we were between cruises Peggy went to her doctor, as we were pretty sure that she was expecting. We were very excited and happy when, her doctor confirmed it and advised us that her date should be right around March 17, 1960.

Our first port of call on the Short Cruise was Nantucket Island where I sent off a letter to my parents to inform them that they were to become grandparents for the first time the following spring. I wish I could have seen their reaction to the news. We were very excited about becoming parents and a bit anxious at the same time having no clue as to what to expect as our little one prepared to come into the world. Our next port was Provincetown, Massachusetts, so I got to see Peggy again for the weekend while the ship was at anchor. The Short Cruise completed, we arrived back in Boston on September 5 for a month at home.

During the month of August, Peggy had been quite sick and, in fact, had threatened a miscarriage. Under a doctor's care she gradually built up her strength and had come out of it ok. By September I began to kid her good naturedly because she was beginning to show somewhat. We don't know, of course, whether it is a girl or a boy, but Peggy's premonition is that it will be a girl. We'll see.

My inport period in September involved feverish activity getting the guns and Gunnery Department in top shape for our immanent departure for the U.S. Naval Base at Guantanamo, Cuba. Every two years, major Coast Guard ships went to "Gitmo" for a one month Warfare Refresher Training where we would participate in firing at surface and air targets, as well as anti-submarine warfare exercises with live submarines and damage control drills. We sailed for Cuba on October 4. Since my last visit to Cuba in 1956, Fidel Castro had led a successful communist revolution on that island nation. The U. S. Naval Base there continued in full operation in spite of severed relations with Cuba, primarily because Castro had no choice. Additionally, the Navy Base provided a considerable number of jobs to Cubans and was very much a positive to the Cuban economy.

We would spend each day at sea, firing our 40 mm guns at airborne sleeves towed by a propeller aircraft or the 5" 38 cal gun and at a sled representing a surface target towed by a Navy tug. A not-so-funny incident occurred on our first surface target run. The parallax corrector, which adjusts for the relative physical positions of the 5" gun mount on the bow and the gun director, which is more nearly amidships, malfunctioned. This caused the round to splash way behind the sled and out of the field of vision of my

binoculars. Had the tug been towing in the other direction the round would have landed between the tug and the sled, which would have been extremely serious indeed. The Commanding Officer ordered an immediate cease fire and we worked into the wee hours of the morning repairing the offending component. Our later exercises with the 5" gun, after the repairs, were excellent. Each 14 hour day was spent in 90 degree-plus heat in full battle dress including helmet and life preservers. It was even worse in the engine spaces as the ship was buttoned up for battle conditions throughout.

On one weekend, we were granted a "Rest and Relaxation" period so after exercises on a Friday the ship proceeded across the Caribbean to Montego Bay, Jamaica. Montego Bay was a stark contrast between poverty and luxury typical of many Caribbean Islands of that era. The tourist destination resorts were like another world when compared to the living conditions of most Jamaicans. The little town was supported primarily by tourist dollars. Many of us hightailed it to one of the several resorts and just lay on the beach expelling the exhaustion and discomfort of the training regimen of the previous three weeks. On Sunday, I was assigned to Shore Patrol duty, and it was my unpleasant task to round up stragglers and get them back to the ship. Sailors have a tendency to over-indulge in alcoholic pastimes in situations such as this. I saw more back alleys and other undesirable facets of Montego Bay than I cared to. However, we got everyone back to the launches and when they counted heads back aboard ship, we had not lost a single sailor.

Our final week at "Gitmo" focused on anti-submarine warfare and while we exercised our K-guns and stern rack depth charges without live submarines, we worked with them on the final exam exercises, dropping a type of small hand grenade into the water to simulate the dropping of a depth charge. The submarine would then advise us as to whether or not we had scored a "hit".

On November 4 we arrived back in Boston after a very successful training evaluation from the Navy at "Gitmo" and I headed home for a well-deserved rest. My already skinny frame had lost about 15 pounds in the tropical heat and long days.

I was promoted to Lieutenant Junior Grade (LTJG) in December. I was now making a whopping \$374 per month. I was very proud to wear the additional half stripe and the silver bar. It was a significant event and seemed somehow to move me to the next phase of my career coupled with

my year and a half experience at sea as an officer. I felt well accomplished in my seamanship and ship handling abilities as well as being confident in my decisions in reacting to situations at sea. Ken Roughgarden had been transferred to flight training duty just after "Gitmo" and with some of the other transfers, I became the senior deck officer aboard now, except for LT Joe Dolly, our Operations Officer and Navigator. Joe had replaced Dick Bauman.

Peggy and I would be apart for our first Christmas. I know it was extremely difficult for her to be alone at that special time. We held an advance Christmas together in our little apartment on December 14 and on the following day the CASCO and I sailed for the dreaded, winter Ocean Station Bravo. Bravo was located between Greenland and Baffin Island in the far north. It meant 30 days of icebergs, brutally cold winter weather, high winds, high seas.... well, you get the idea. Bravo lived up to its reputation as we were hit by one storm after another, one of which was particularly memorable for its violence. We sustained 70 knot winds and 50-55 foot seas. One of our lifeboats was swept away from its davits. The bridge was located nearly 35 feet above the waterline amidships. As the ship would climb a swell, bow on, it would point skyward. As the crest of the wave passed under the ship, the CASCO would find itself "airborne" and would drop like a stone until it struck the trough below with her mostly flat bottom. The ship would flex and shake on its longitudinal axis like someone trying to break the keel over his knee. The CASCO was incredibly seaworthy though and at no time did it ever enter my mind that she would not recover from each of these many poundings. These conditions lasted for about 12 hours during that particular storm and were the most violent I was ever to experience at sea. My night watch that night as OOD was not to be forgotten. In addition, we had to worry about the accumulation of ice on the superstructure of the ship. The constant splash and spray would freeze on the metal surfaces rendering the ship top-heavy and therefore, less stable. Periodically we would send men out on deck, tethered by harnesses and ropes, and equipped with baseball bats to break the ice accumulations off wherever possible to do so safely.

Beyond these violent storms however, the most nerve-racking thing for me as an Officer of the Deck was the avoidance of small (house sized) icebergs at night. They would only show up on radar on about every tenth sweep or so on the scope and the time in between would seem like an eternity. In addition, radar scopes of that era displayed considerable "sea return" or cluttered bright spots near the center of the display. This meant that any small bergs that might sneak in closer than about 500 yards would

be indistinguishable from the “sea return”. Hitting one of those writhing, rolling monsters would sink the ship in all probability. So every night watch, and in particular, nights when the weather, winds and seas were nasty, which was most nights, were very nervous times. My people on the bridge and in CIC (Combat Information Center) maintained an extraordinary degree of vigilance, plotting the likely position of the bergs in spite of spotty radar information, the calculated effect of the wind and seas, along with our course and speed. I would take evasive action with the ship whenever I judged it necessary. After four weeks of this, at the end of the patrol, we were all very happy to escape to the main body of the North Atlantic and away from these dangerous ice laden waters.

One night we were called to Search and Rescue Stations while on that Bravo patrol. It seems the Russian ambassador, Andrea Gromiko’s plane was approaching our vicinity, westward bound, and had lost an engine. These were the days of the height of the cold war with great enmity between the Soviet Union and the United States. In the darkness, our ship would lay a string of 20 lighted buoys on the surface of the ocean, in proper relation to the direction of the swells and troughs to simulate a runway. The job of my gun crew was to fire illumination shells with the 5”38 gun to assist the pilot of a plane in his attempt to make a mid-ocean landing (called ditching). We stood in the freezing cold for about 3 hours, the deck crew made preparations to set the sea lane buoys if necessary, and CIC vectored the aircraft over our position in case they needed to ditch.

The Russian plane landed safely in Gander, Newfoundland, ending that brutally cold exercise aboard the CASCO and we were able to stand down. We were ready and expert at this emergency ditching procedure, having practiced it many times with live Coast Guard aircraft, and would have given them their only chance of survival had they had to ditch. To my knowledge, the actual ditching of a commercial airliner only occurred once. It happened in the Pacific, halfway between San Francisco and Hawaii when a Pan American plane had to ditch in the ocean alongside the USCGC Ponchatrain, commanded by CAPT Bill Earle. Captain Earle would later become my boss at the Academy in 1963. All passengers and crew of the Pan Am Plane were successfully rescued.

On January 1st I was Officer of the Deck at sea for the mid-watch, or first watch of the New Year of 1960. After every watch the OOD is required to write the log immediately after being relieved, detailing all activities which occurred during his watch. It is traditional, (and mind stretching) for the OOD to write up the New Year’s mid-watch in verse if he is able. I

was not particularly “able”, but I tried it anyway and I record it here as it might be of interest. In any case, I would not like to lose it completely to the obscurity of the Coast Guard Archives.

THE LOG OF THE USCGC CASCO (WAVP-370) JANUARY 1, 1960

0000 – 0400

*‘TIS NINETEEN SIXTY, IT’S NEWYEARS DAY
AND BACK IN BOSTON FAR AWAY,
THE CROWDS HAVE GATHERED WITH EXCITEMENT AND
CLAMOR
TO USHER IN ‘SIXTY AND FORETELL OF ITS GLAMOR.*

*BUT WE OUT ON BRAVO SILENT REMAIN
AND WAIT TO GIVE AID TO SOME PASSING PLANE.
MUCH OF THE CREW IS ASLEEP BELOW
WHILE COMEASTAREA RUNS THE SHOW*

*THE COURSE IS SET ON THIS NEW YEAR’S SEA,
THE HELMSMAN IS STEERING THREE-ZERO-THREE.
(BESIDES CHANGING COURSE WOULD JUST MAKE THINGS
WORSE,
FOR THE POET’S NO POET WHO’S WRITING THIS VERSE.)*

*WHILE IN MY BED CAME A KNOCK ON THE DOOR,
A VOICE CALLED MY NAME – OOD – MID TO FOUR.
SO I AND MY WATCH WILL LET SHIPMATES SLEEP
WHILE WE ON THE BRIDGE OUR COLD VIGIL KEEP.*

*THE SHIP’S UNDERWAY, THE PORT SHAFT IS TURNING
AND A BRIGHT CONSTANT GLOW SHOWS THE RUNNING
LIGHTS BURNING.
IN “OSCAR-SIERA” WE PACE BACK AND FORTH
ON OUR BLEAK WINTER STATION FAR IN THE NORTH.*

*ELECTRONIC GEAR ALL, IS RUNNING JUST RIGHT,
BELOW YOKE IS SET FOR SAFETY THIS NIGHT.*

*ENGINES ONE, TWO AND THREE ARE ON TWO HOUR CALL,
FOR THIS FINE CRISP NIGHT THERE'S NO NEED FOR THEM
ALL.*

*OUR SPEED, SEVEN KNOTS, PORT'S AHEAD SLOW,
THE WEATHER IS BRISK, THREATENING SNOW.
THIRTY MINUTES HAVE GONE AND FOG SIGNALS SOUND,
AS SNOW FLURIES PASS AND DANCE ALL AROUND.*

*AT ZERO-TWO-THIRTY THE RAWIN'S AWAY
TO MEASURE THE WINDS ON THIS NEW YEAR'S DAY.
WE MANEUVER TO KEEP IT AS LONG AS WE'RE ABLE
WHILE CIC WATCHES ON THEIR PLOTTING TABLE.*

*IT FADED FROM THE SCOPE ON THE THIRTY SIXTH MINUTE,
FOR TWENTY ONE MILES THE RADAR DID KEEP IT.
FROM IT WE'VE LEARNED OF THE WINDS UP ON HIGH
AND WE'LL PASS IT TO PILOTS AS SWIFTLY THEY FLY.*

*NOW CHANGE THE COURSE, THE BALLOON RUN IS THROUGH,
SET ONE-FORTY MAGNETIC AND ONE-ONE-THREE TRUE.
THIS FIRST WATCH OF SIXTY IS NOW NEARLY DONE
AND SOON WILL APPEAR THE FIRST NEW YEAR'S SUN.*

*AS THE HOURS OF MORNING START FILLING THE AIR,
THE MEN OF THE CASCO UTTER THIS PRAYER,
"MAY THE NEW YEAR BRING PEACE TO THE WORLD IN ITS
PLIGHT
SO ALL MAY BE BROTHERS ON NEXT NEW YEAR'S NIGHT."*

*"OH – JUST ONE THING MORE MAY I ADD TO THIS MEMO,
GOD SPEED THE MC CULLOCH FROM BOSTON TO BRAVO!"*

Philip J. Dolan, LTJG, USCG

We arrived back in Boston on a bitterly cold January 20th, still sporting what ice we were unable to remove as we continued to battle freezing spray. There was Peggy waiting on the dock on Castle Island. It was a wonderful homecoming for both of us, although Peggy did not approve of the beard

I had grown in a fruitless effort to keep my face warm while out on Bravo. We had missed Christmas and New Year's together, but I was home in time for her 21st birthday. She looks great, had experienced no sickness since I left, and the CASCO returned safely to harbor. We celebrated!!

Upon our return to Boston I was promoted to Operations Officer on the ship. Theoretically that puts me 3rd in command behind the Captain and the Executive Officer. I am also now the ship's Navigator as a result of this change in assignment and of course, senior watch officer. Operations Officer is a big responsibility but one that I am pleased to be assigned to and look forward to performing.

The doctor now predicts March 18th for the arrival of "Thumper". I sail for Bermuda Search and Rescue Standby on February 24th and am due to return on March 21st. I hope he is a couple of days early in his prediction as I would hate not to be here for the birth of our first baby. We will just have to let the Lord, the calendar and the sea take their course and hope they all cooperate.

It was not to be!! Ironically the ship docked in St. George's Harbor on February 26th, just down the hill from the St. George Hotel where Peggy and I spent our honeymoon. We would alternately get underway for ditching drills then dock again while we stood what is called Bermuda Search and Rescue Standby. We were underway on March 17th to be relieved by the USCGC

MC CULLOCH. Peggy was just approaching her due date as we steamed toward Boston. However, we were no sooner underway than we received a distress call from Kindley Air Force Base in Bermuda via Commander Eastern Area. An Air Force fighter jet had taken off from Kindley headed east for Spain and had disappeared from radar about 5 minutes into its flight and was presumed down. The five other fighters of her flight reported that she was nowhere to be seen. The calculation was that the fighter went down about 100 miles east of Bermuda. We changed course to set up a search with the MC CULLOCH, a couple of Navy ships and seven aircraft. The first day of the search, the team covered 4,000 square miles of ocean in beautiful calm weather. On the second day a severe storm came up which was to last and last and significantly impede our search. The seas accompanying the storm reached 20 to 25 feet and the likelihood of the pilot's survival became minimal as the days passed. We searched 35,000 square miles of ocean over 6 days in total before the search was called off. We headed for Boston in terrible weather and rough seas.

At about 0600 On my 0400-0800 OOD watch, I was struggling with heavy seas which were running at us from dead ahead. I had been doing 15 knots but was gradually reducing speed to lessen the pounding the ship was taking. The seas were about 25 feet, and the wind was about 40 knots. As the ship plowed through the waves I was down to about 10 knots when a monster wave broke over the bow. It struck the 5" 38 cal gun mount with tremendous force and opened a seam in the steel turret. Sea water cascaded down into the upper ammunition handling room. Due to the fact that the seas were rough, the watertight door to the forward crew's quarters was dogged down securely otherwise water would have splashed in the berthing area. I slowed the ship and turned to put the seas astern while we assessed the damage. We shored up the gun turret bulkhead and proceeded slowly for several more hours before we got a wind shift and the seas calmed somewhat.

All of these events conspired to prevent me from returning to Boston in time to be with Peggy for the birth of our first child. To make matters worse, Peggy had overshot her due date badly and had developed toxemia. Both she and the baby were in some jeopardy unknown to me. The doctor told her that if she did not go on her own on March 24th that he was taking her in and inducing the birth. It was a difficult birth, and I was very upset that I could not be there in time. I received a telegram from the 1st Coast Guard District aboard the CASCO on March 24th that Peggy had given birth at 0613 that morning to a 9 pound, 8 ounce baby girl. We would name her Debra Jean and her father would not arrive in Boston until the afternoon of the next day, Friday, the 25th of March. Peggy had a difficult recovery. The baby probably should have been delivered by Cesarean Section and the toxemia created complications for her. I arrived oblivious to all she had gone through, saddened and upset that we could not have reached Boston just a few days earlier.

Debbie was a beautiful baby; Peggy returned home from the hospital after about a week and we were, at long last, a family. I could never fully know what Peggy went through, hoping against hope that I would return in time, stressing herself emotionally and mentally, then becoming dangerously toxicemic, all complicated by being a week late in her delivery. We were deeply relieved and grateful for the happy ending as we began the process of learning to be parents.

Little Debbie spoiled us by immediately sleeping through the night. I for one would sleep with "one eye open", having placed her little crib right next to my side of the bed. I would wake up every hour or so and check

to see if she was still breathing. Not too nervous!! Of course, she was fine. The problem was mine. Before we knew it she was smiling and developing a personality. She was baptized at St. Peters Church by Bishop Riley with grand-uncle Dick Smith standing in for my brother Ken as god-father. Gail (Kane) Burns was the god-mother.

For me, it was back to sea at the end of April on Ocean Station patrol, returning on June 4. I did not know it then, but this was to be my last patrol aboard the CASCO. While I was gone, Debbie took her first big trip. Peggy and her parents went to the Marymount Graduation in Tarrytown, NY to watch Peggy's former classmates there receive their degrees.

After a very enjoyable inport, during which we spent time at Cape Cod with Peggy's parents, the CASCO's next patrol was set to depart on July 15. As Operations Officer there were always a million things to prepare prior to sailing, but added to the normal work, I was also serving as acting Executive Officer as LCDR Max Charleston was on leave. I apparently worked myself into a state of exhaustion without realizing it and got run down. The night of July 14th I began running an extremely high fever. The dilemma for me was whether or not to try to tough it out and sail with the ship in the morning for a six week patrol, or to go to the emergency room at Brighton Marine Hospital with the possibility that they would require me to be admitted, thus missing the ship. If I were hospitalized it meant that another officer, Pat Dugan would be called back off leave. His wife was expecting in early September.

Fortunately, I made the wise choice, heavily influenced by Peggy's insistence. I went to the hospital, and they immediately put me to bed. My fever rose to 105 and they soaked towels in ice water, then wrapped my whole body in them until the fever went down a little. After 15 minutes or so, the fever would spike back up and I would be wrapped in the ice water-soaked towels again. This went on for about 4 or 5 hours when my fever stabilized at a survivable level. I had contracted a severe case of mononucleosis and for a week, I ran a high fever, periodically having to endure the ice towel treatment to keep it from doing damage. I was one sick cookie. I didn't even have enough strength to leave the bed to go to the bathroom. Had I tried to sail with the CASCO, or if the onset of the disease had occurred a day or two later, I would have been in great jeopardy. At the very least I would have been hospitalized on an emergency basis in Halifax or (god forbid) in Argentina, Newfoundland as the CASCO headed for Ocean Station.

I was hospitalized and in bed for five weeks. I never left the bed until 4 weeks into the ordeal and then only to attend occupational therapy for an hour a day as I tried to regain my strength after being on my back for so long. I was finally released on August 17 and assigned to two more weeks of convalescence before returning to duty.

In early August, Peggy, on one of her daily visits told me she had some great news for us. She had suspected for a few weeks that she was pregnant with our second child and was now certain. Her due date was mid-March. She felt well so far, and we began eagerly awaiting the arrival of the new addition to our family.

Just before my release from the hospital, I received orders to report, upon resumption of full duty, to Gloucester, Massachusetts as Executive Officer aboard the USCGC General Greene. After a couple of weeks resting at Cape Cod, recovering my strength and getting back on my feet, we gave up our apartment in West Quincy as of September 1st and began to look for a house on the North Shore of Boston that we might rent. We finally found one, a two family house at 5 James Street in Beverly, Massachusetts with a nice yard and only 17 miles from Gloucester. We moved in on September 14th.

I reported aboard the USCGC General Greene on August 29, 1960 as Executive Officer. The General Greene was a much storied ship built prior to World War II. During the war she saw continuous duty in the North Atlantic escorting convoys and performing anti-submarine patrols. She is a 125 footer with twin screws and triple rudders. She is a maneuvering dream, and its duties now are search and rescue work off the coast of New England. Our general operations area is the Grand Banks out to, but not limited to, about 200 miles offshore. Most of our activity will center around assisting, rescuing, and inspecting commercial fishing vessels as well as rescue of pleasure yachts in need of assistance. In addition we will be responsible for enforcement of United States and International fishing laws and treaties. We have a 25 man crew, and 3 officers: myself and LT Adrian Lonsdale, the Commanding Officer, plus Jim McNaughton, an Engineering Warrant Officer. Our Search and Rescue patrols were one week in duration, then two weeks in port on standby, meaning we could be called out on 6 hours' notice if required. While on patrol we would tie up or anchor in either Provincetown or Woods Hole Harbors while awaiting assistance or rescue calls. On average, we would usually be underway on a rescue about 5 days out of 7. We were always busy.

I had no sooner reported aboard than in September 1960, a severe hurricane, Hurricane Donna, visited us in New England. The General Greene was on patrol that week. We tied up, bow to seaward at the north end of the Cape Cod Canal and rode the storm out there. We were ready at a moment's notice to get underway and head for Cape Cod Bay and the open sea if necessary. Fortunately the mooring lines held, and no distress calls were received. We rode the hurricane out nicely with no incidents.

We enjoyed living in Beverly. It was an old but very pleasant town on the North Shore waters of Massachusetts Bay with a town park and beach within walking distance. I recall a heavy winter snowstorm in December or January that dropped nearly 2 feet of snow on us overnight, and the only way to get to the grocery store in town was to walk. So I bundled little Debbie up, set her in a box-like arrangement on Peggy's old American Flyer sled and we trudged along through the snowbanks about 6 blocks to the market. She was bundled up so tight she could hardly move.

Peggy's pregnancy was progressing well with no complications, and we busied ourselves getting our house ready for our new arrival who, by now, was kicking up a storm and impatient apparently to join the older sister who hadn't a clue about how her world was about to change.

Little Diane was born at St. Elizabeth's Hospital in Brighton, Massachusetts on March 12, 1961. I had just arrived home from sea a day or two earlier and since Peggy was so near to delivering we moved in temporarily with her parents in Cambridge. Early in the morning, while we were still sleeping, Debbie climbed out of her porta-crib and landed on the floor with a resounding crash. Peggy bolted upright in bed and as a result Diane decided it was time to begin to join us. We rushed Peggy to the hospital where we welcomed Diane into the world at about 11 am. After a few days we moved back up to Beverly with our newly expanded family. Diane was a wonderful, happy little baby and Debbie was fascinated by her new little sister. I took a couple of weeks off to help out as Peggy recovered her strength and then returned to sea on our next patrol.

Duty aboard the General Greene provided some of the most fulfilling and action filled experiences I had during my years in the Coast Guard. Our days at sea were devoted almost entirely to the rewarding task of saving lives and property. The commercial fishing fleet of New England was old and in need of modernization. The fishermen were incredibly hard workers, but their vessels, while seaworthy, were frequently victims of breakdown. Being broken down at sea put both the crew and the boat in

great jeopardy and at the mercy of weather and sea. If we averaged three rescues a week, that meant that over the course of a year approximately 50 vessels and 300 lives were rescued. It was a tremendously satisfying feeling to have performed this continuous service to people in danger at sea day in and day out, enduring all manner of foul weather, storms, and often in heavy seas. In many of these instances, especially during the fall, winter and early spring months, mother nature in the North Atlantic was not particularly kind. We took great pride in this work, performed it in a very professional manner and enjoyed the gratitude and respect of those segments of the public who were involved in activities of the sea.

Captain Lonsdale and I developed a method of picking up a tow at sea which was a little unorthodox, but effective. The classical method was to approach a wallowing vessel that was dead in the water from astern, travelling along the trough to windward and passing a tow line as you went by. We perfected a faster and safer method which involved steaming in from the perpendicular at a relatively high speed, thus head on into the swells for better control, aiming at a point just slightly forward of the target vessel's bow. As we approached the bow we would slow somewhat, throw the rudder hard over, place the inboard screw into reverse briefly, then go hard astern on both screws, thus smartly twisting and stopping the stern of the General Greene right under the bow of the fishing vessel. As we slid under the bow of the fishing vessel, our deck crew on our stern would pass the towing messenger (a light rope then attached to the towing hawser) up to them. Once they had the messenger under control, which only took a few seconds, we would move our ship forward slowly to increase the distance. When safely clear, the towing hawser would be hauled in by the fishing vessel, eliminating the dangerous time and less controlled proximity inherent in passing close aboard in the trough.

Since there were only two officers on board, we trained three senior enlisted men to stand the Officer of the Deck (OOD) watches. They were only left in control of the ship if we were well out to sea and clear of any approaching shipping. This meant that Lons and I spent many an hour on the bridge even though we stood no scheduled watches. We would always leave very detailed instructions regarding calling one of us to the bridge at any moment of the day or night.

I recall one example of why this was so important. It occurred on a cold, gray winter night. We had picked up a 100 foot fishing vessel about 80 miles out on George's Bank. After securing the tow and ensuring that she was riding well as to speed and sea conditions, I turned the ship over to

our First Class Bos'n's Mate, having set an intercept course to the Chatham Light Ship, which was stationed offshore in safe waters approaching Nantucket/Vineyard Sound. It was 0100 (1am) when I went below, having left orders that I was to be called when we reached a point 10 miles east of the light ship, or if another vessel closed to within 6 miles of our ship. At about 0530 the phone beside my bunk rang and the OOD reported that he had the light ship in sight, 10 miles to the west and that we were on a course to pass close aboard. Estimated time of arrival at the light ship was 60 minutes.

I dressed and went to the bridge immediately, observed the light's characteristics and timed its intervals with a stopwatch. It was quickly evident that this light was not the light ship as the OOD had supposed. During the 5 hour period, a north to south current running offshore of Cape Cod had set our ship several miles to the south and the OOD had not realized this. He was actually heading for a light house, ashore on Nantucket Island. I relieved him and adjusted our course so as to enter Nantucket Sound safely with the fishing boat in tow. These errors can too easily be made, so this is why I was always extremely conservative in the orders I left on the bridge regarding what circumstances required that either myself or the Captain be called. The whole environment of darkness, combined pitching and rolling of the ship and proper assimilation and interpretation of the radar, navigational knowledge and chart information required a high level of training and experience to safely operate a ship at sea. This example was exactly the kind of event that our care and cautiousness in writing night orders to our enlisted OOD's was designed to catch.

An unusual occasion occurred during the bitter cold of February of 1961. We entered Vineyard Sound at night and found that it had frozen over into "pancake" ice. Pancake ice is about 3 to 6 inches thick and usually about 3 to 5 feet in diameter. On this night it covered the entire length of the Sound. As we proceeded through it, it would clog our seachests (intakes for cooling water for the engines). We would stop the starboard engine, close the intake outer doors, open the inner hatch, clear the ice into the bilges, then restore the engine to operation. Next, we would repeat the procedure on the port engine. We proceeded to the lea of West Chop Point on Martha's Vineyard Island where we dropped anchor. This provided a very eerie feeling as the east to west current moved this mass of pancake ice under the ship and past the anchor chain. In the dark, it gave the sensation of the ship being in motion. I stayed on the bridge for the remainder of the night rather than turn it over to one of our OOD's.

I constantly checked bearings to assure myself that the passage of the ice in the current was not dragging the anchor and pulling us onto a shoal or toward the shore. The night passed long and cold, but the anchor held. Ice, clogging Vineyard Sound, was most unusual and during the 41 years that has passed since, it has not reoccurred to my knowledge.

One of our secondary duties was to ensure compliance with International fishing treaties. In 1961 the Cold War was at its peak and the Russians were fishing about 100 miles offshore with a virtual armada of 250 foot fishing ships, complete with a tanker and a refrigeration freighter. They would form upside by side and sweep through an area scooping up great quantities of fish in a quasi-military formation using huge stern nets. We would go out from time to time and come up close astern to check their nets for proper size via binoculars, as they winched them in. I will admit that a collateral result was to provide a little mild harassment in addition to the legitimate work of checking the nets. They did not appreciate our presence among them, nor did we appreciate their presence so near our shores or the mass production methods they were employing which was resulting in the depletion of the fishing grounds. We were certain that there was no lack of electronic surveillance and spying taking place as well aboard these ships.

During the year I was Exec on the General Greene we made about 20 patrols. Each patrol brought its remarkable story or unusual experience. I thoroughly enjoyed my time on this tour of duty and was sorry to see it end in September of 1961.

In May 1961, I received the long expected orders to Loran Duty in the November relief group. We knew that Loran would present a huge challenge and would be difficult for us both because it would mean over a year's separation for Peggy, the children and myself. I was to be assigned to one of five possible Pacific stations: Nomaike, Japan; Oshima, Japan, Naulo Point on Luzon in the Philippines; Saipan in the Marianas Islands or Palau in the Caroline Islands. In August I was notified that my assignment would be USCG Loran Station, Saipan in the Marianas Islands of the Pacific and was to be detached September 1 from the General Greene. I had attended Loran Command School in Groton, Connecticut in August and was designated as the alternate for Baffin Island in the Arctic, should the designated officer break a leg or something, preventing him from reporting for duty. Saipan was one thing, but Baffin Island was quite another. On Baffin Island the crew of the Loran Station was confined indoors under-snow and ice-covered tunnels, and in buildings for

about 7 to 8 months of the year. The classmate assigned to Baffin Island was the only Coast Guard Officer's good health I ever prayed for!!

In early September, we prepared our Ford Coupe for the long cross-country adventure to Olympia, Washington. I built a hinged platform for the backseat so that we could use the space in front of the back seat for storage while using the seat itself for a bed or play area for Debbie. Diane was only 6 months old and not too mobile yet. We bid a sad goodbye to Peggy's parents and headed west. Our general route was to Albany, NY then to Chicago, IL. Heading west from Chicago we crossed the desert of South Dakota then entered Yellowstone Park from the east near Gillette, WY. Finally we crossed into Montana and Idaho, then on to Olympia.

Our plan was that Peggy and the children would stay in Olympia for an undetermined time while I was on Saipan. In mid-October, Peggy and I flew from Seattle to San Francisco for our flight to Honolulu, leaving the children in the care of my parents. We decided she would accompany me as far as Hawaii, hoping we would have a few days together there, then she would return to Seattle. I was scheduled for several days training and indoctrination in Honolulu at the 14th Coast Guard District Offices.

The Hawaii stop began as an adventure. Peggy flew commercial to Honolulu on October 17th, the same day I was to fly MATS out of Travis Air Force Base in Oakland. She arrived on schedule but I was bumped off my flight by a more senior officer. Peggy called a classmate in Honolulu, Wayne Douglas who picked her up and got her checked into a hotel with strict instructions not to wander out at night. The next night she attended a Commandants Reception at Coast Guard Base as Doug's guest and met the chief of Personnel, Captain Knoll, Rear Admiral Ross, the District Commander and Commandant of the Coast Guard, Admiral Knapp. Captain Knoll and his wife took a liking to Peggy which was to stand us in good stead a couple days later. At that same reception she met a LCDR Mc Laughlin, who owned a condo, the Hawaiian Prince Apartments, just behind the International Marketplace on Waikiki Beach. He offered it to her for practically no charge and after getting the "ok-this-is-legitimate" from Doug, she accepted. I of course, now had no way of knowing where she was staying. I arrived at about 2 am a couple days later and contacted Coast Guard Search and Rescue to see if Peggy had left a message for me as to her whereabouts. I got the address of the condo, and at 5am, knocked on a door at that address not knowing who was behind it for sure. After many knocks, Peggy, to my great relief, answered the door.

Later that morning I reported in to Captain Knoll in the District Office. The Captain inquired of his Chief Yeoman when LTJG Dolan was scheduled out to Guam. The Chief replied, "Day after tomorrow", to which Captain Knoll replied, "Too soon.....I want Mr. Dolan to remain in Honolulu for at least a week". He scheduled me out on October 28 giving me a ten day stay. (It surely helps to send your wife ahead to smooth the way via an Admiral's reception party). It was Peggy's contact with Captain Knoll at that reception that allowed us to stay in Honolulu much longer than we would have otherwise been able to. As a matter of fact, Captain and Mrs. Knoll had us out to dinner at their home during that week. Captain Knoll cooked!!

We rented a car, toured the island, lay on the beach and generally soaked Hawaii in. We thoroughly enjoyed our time and decided our favorite place was Hanauma Bay Beach. In those days it was a little used and beautiful beach on the west side of Diamond Head. Today, we understand, it is highly developed and very crowded. We had it nearly to ourselves. All too soon the time for parting arrived. As it happened, acquaintances from Olympia were vacationing at Waikiki. The Wacks and the Dorns had kept Peggy company prior to my arrival, and we arranged for Peggy to fly back to Seattle on their return flight, which also happened to be the night of my departure for Guam. This worked out very well because Peggy was not in good shape emotionally when we parted at the airport, she for Seattle and I for Guam. I watched her plane take off, with a very large weight in my stomach and a lump in my throat. Thirteen months loomed as an eternity and now it had finally begun.

I had to wait another 8 hours for my military charter flight to Guam and finally left at about 4am. We stopped on Wake Island to refuel and then on to Guam, a flight of 12 hours on this old DC6 propeller plane. I reported in to the Group Commander at Agana, Guam for familiarization with the personnel and support facilities on Guam before making the final, short flight north to Saipan and my Loran Station.

Peggy, meanwhile, returned to Olympia and tried to overcome her homesickness and loneliness as best she could. Her stay was to be short lived. She wanted very much to be home with her parents in Massachusetts for Christmas. Just before Christmas, she bundled up the kids and through severe winter snowstorms flew to Boston via Chicago. I am still thankful to this day that the trip was made safely. Many planes were grounded by the storms and Peggy even waited one of them out in the United Airlines executive offices in Chicago with the two babies in tow, courtesy of the

crew and their supervisors. She lived with her parents until spring and when it was warm enough moved with the children to Sagamore Beach on Cape Cod, staying there through the early fall, finally returning to Olympia in October, as at long last, our year apart was drawing to a close.

I relieved a classmate, Bob Schlissler of command of USCG Loran Station, Saipan the first week in November 1961. I think Bob had stopped working about 3 months prior based upon the amount of backed up paperwork. We held a relief of command ceremony, Bob was on his way, and I began counting days.

Saipan was about 8 miles wide and 16 miles long, oriented on a north-south axis. Its climate was tropical, with temperatures in the 90's most days and never falling below 75 degrees, even at night. I shared my room with a family of geckos, small chameleon-like lizards who were very clean and totally ignored you. That is, until one night when one fell off the ceiling and landed on my head. You got used to it.

The Navy had a very small base in mid-island, and I was invited to participate in their Officers Club and activities. I became friends with several families, in particular, Ray and Pat Youmans and Lloyd and Jackie Thorsen, all of whom were extremely nice to me. I joined a Navy softball league and sharpened my bridge playing skills, thus helping to pass leisure time.

As for the Loran Station, nearly all of my 15 men were under age 22. They were good people, and we had a trouble free year. The biggest challenge was to combat boredom. A Loran Station is not an exciting place. Along with my Chief Boswains Mate, I established a full agenda of maintenance and improvement projects as well as educational goals for my men. Our workday was 0800 morning colors to 1600 ending the work day. I established Wednesday and Friday afternoons as recreation time. The Franciscan Fathers, who ran a school on the island would bring their teenage boys to the station for a softball game every Wednesday, in addition to the physical challenge activities and pistol shooting at our outdoor range which I also scheduled.

Our primary duty was to keep the Loran signal on the air 24 hours a day. We were a "slave" station along with Ulithi and Palau to a "master" station on Cocos Island, which was located just offshore from Guam. The difference in arrival time measured in microseconds between reception of the master pulse and each slave pulse at any point within range on the

earth's surface describes parabolic lines on charts. When two or more master/slave readings are taken by a ship at sea or an aircraft, a position on the surface of the earth, to within a half mile tolerance can be determined and plotted. Loran "A" had a range of about 1200 miles.

One night while watching our evening movie, a severe windstorm caused a catastrophic failure of one of the huge ceramic insulators holding up our "T" shaped antenna. Actually, it was the aluminum frame joining the insulator to the connecting cable which failed due to long term oxidation. The antenna was about 50 feet above the ground and about 80 feet long horizontally, with a center vertical cable conductor reaching down to a control shed on the ground. The antenna came crashing down and we were off the air. We had drilled many times raising the emergency antenna and now it was for real. We shut down the system and had the new antenna aloft in a matter of about 15 minutes. However, all electronic systems had to be recalibrated and synchronized with the master station at Cocos Island. This took until about 0700 in the morning. In all we were off the air about 8 hours. Needless to say there was a mountain of paperwork involved in reporting and documenting this major outage. Going off the air on a Loran Station was not supposed to happen.

Saipan had its fascinating aspects. It had been a military, restricted island ever since it was taken from the Japanese in 1944 during World War II. It was as though the war had ended "yesterday" and everyone just left. There were American tanks inside the reef that would uncover at low tide, numerous abandoned airfields, and the jungles were full of unexploded munitions, bunkers, and parts of downed aircraft. Elaborate command tunnels had been dug into the mountains and lined with concrete. The Japanese had been dug into Saipan since 1918 and were well established when the Battle of Saipan occurred. It was one of the costliest battles of the Pacific Theatre of World War II. I spent many a weekend afternoon exploring the jungle, visualizing the events which took place there. Even now, the northern end of the island was used as a jungle training ground for the Green Berets prior to deployment to the conflict in Viet Nam.

The year wore on ever so slowly, day by day. In August 1962, I received notification from Headquarters in Washington, DC that I had been promoted to full Lieutenant. I proudly pinned on my double silver bars of that rank and acquired new shoulder boards with two stripes for my Dress Khakis, to the congratulations of my crew and my Group Commander on Guam. In July the Navy had transferred command of Saipan to the High Commissioner of the Trust Territory, closed up shop and moved to Guam.

The military was finished with the need for restricted access to the island which had been continuous since the end of World War II. The process of developing the economy on Saipan, with an eye toward integration of this island with the future of self-government of the whole of the Trust Territory of the Pacific, was now begun.

In October as my tour of duty was approaching its end point, we received a message from Headquarters putting us on a war footing. This was completely unexpected as detailed knowledge of world events was minimal on Saipan. The Cuban missile crisis had suddenly occurred. Saipan was 10,000 miles from Cuba, but the threat of nuclear war was frightening, and our first thoughts were of our families and loved ones back home, not knowing what level of danger they might be in. It was a tense, ten day period before the crisis was resolved and things returned to normal. It was only many years later that we learned how precipitously close we had actually come to nuclear war with the Soviet Union over the clandestine missile bases in Cuba.

November 1962 finally arrived. My relief, a member of the class of 1959, by the name of LTJG Bob Shartiag, arrived from Guam in mid-November and after change of command, I boarded a small Navy plane and flew to Guam to await transportation back to the United States. The timing was incredible, as a major typhoon was bearing down on the Marianas Islands. It arrived just a few days after I left Guam. Had my relief been delayed a week or more I would have been stuck on Guam for at least another month. After thirteen months separation, I didn't need any more time in the tropics! ¹

Enroute from Guam to Wake Island on Slick Airways, (that's right – Slick Airways, normally a charter freight airline), an event occurred that I shall remember always. We were flying at 25,000 feet and were about 500 miles north of the site of the United States' final atmospheric test of the hydrogen bomb. It was about 2 am and the pilot gave a count down over the intercom. The sky to our south gradually began to glow. The glow increased until it was like full daylight outside. The "daylight" lasted for 30 seconds or so then gradually receded down into a glow once more, then into complete darkness. The power of a hydrogen bomb was beyond the imagination.

¹ See Appendix #1 for Saipan history

After 21 hours in the air with brief stopovers in Wake Island to refuel (and repair an engine), and in Honolulu, we arrived at Travis Air Force Base near Oakland, CA where this long trip began so many months ago. I had had quite enough of propeller airplanes and so boarded a train for Portland, Oregon out of Oakland later that day. Peggy would drive from Olympia to meet me in Portland for our long awaited reunion.

The thirteen months of separation had taken a heavy toll on Peggy in terms of loneliness and responsibilities. In reality, she went from being a carefree college student at age 20 to become a wife whose husband was seldom home, followed by what amounted to being a single mother. Life in the Coast Guard had been extremely difficult for her up to this point and although she was fully supportive and willing to accept whatever decision I made regarding my career, I felt I needed to chart a new course. During the first 3 years of our marriage, I was home for about 14 months. In addition, I had two wonderful little girls who now did not have a clue as to who I was. It was time to redirect our lives, this time armed with experience and a clear vision of the future. I had been assigned to duty as a Teacher-Instructor at the Coast Guard Academy in New London, Connecticut. It would normally be a four year tour, but I had already decided that in spite of my love of the Coast Guard, my pride in its work and mission, and my enjoyment of going to sea, that the choice for the future lay between the service and our family life. It was a complicated, yet simple matter to choose family. It was what I wanted most of all, and more importantly, I could see that Peggy would have a much happier life if we left the uncertainties and disruptions of a military career behind.

It was in this frame of mind then that we thanked my parents for their love and support and many kindnesses, especially during the past year, gathered up our little family and left Olympia in mid-December for the drive across the country to Connecticut. We made a stop in Los Angeles where we stayed with Judy and Buddy Christman. We made a visit to Disneyworld, where we all contracted a virulent flu bug and unfortunately left it with the Christmans when we departed to continue our trip across the southwest on the old Route 66. We visited Jim and Juanita Reed in Fayetteville, Arkansas. The Reeds were with me on Saipan for most of my year there and were fantastic to me for which I will always be grateful. From Arkansas we headed northeast to St. Louis and beat a major snowstorm across upper New York state by just hours as we pulled into Boston where we spent Christmas in Cambridge with Peggy's folks.

Just after New Year's, I reported to the Coast Guard Academy and assumed my duties as Navigation Instructor to the 3rd and 4th Classmen. My Department Head was Capt. Bill Earle and my immediate boss was LCDR Les High. I swung right into the new routine of teaching with a great deal more ease than I expected, never having taught before, much less to a group of top rate students at the college level. I found that my practical experience at sea combined with my own training stood me in good stead and I thoroughly enjoyed the work.

One of the things I did not particularly enjoy was suddenly being low man on the totem pole again after having been an Operations Officer on a major cutter, an Executive Officer on a Search and Rescue ship and a Commanding Officer on a Loran Station. Perhaps a little humility once in a while is good for the soul. It was back to standing Officer of the Day duty watches in the Cadet Barracks in Chase Hall periodically, almost a reversion of sorts to my days as a First Class Cadet. The camaraderie and interaction with the many officers stationed at the Academy, the reunion with a number of classmates who were there and the return to the social life and activities inherent with life at the Academy were welcome to both Peggy and me. We went about enjoying our Academy tour of duty immensely.

We rented a small three bedroom cape on 5th Avenue, in Waterford, Connecticut. The street was poorly named since it was anything but a major avenue as the name implies. It was in very pleasant neighborhood just about a one block walk from a little beach on an inlet of Long Island Sound. Our next door neighbor was Navy CDR Jim Strong and his wife Polly. Jim was commanding officer of the new, state of the art, nuclear submarine, SSN Lafayette. Some months after we moved in and got to know them the tragic loss of the nuclear submarine SSN Thresher occurred. From a news broadcast, I heard she was overdue and called Jim. Within moments he was in his car headed for the sub base in Groton. The skipper of the Thresher had been Jim's Executive Officer on his previous command out of Honolulu. It was a sad time for the New London area, as so many families were affected by the tragedy.

Our year and a half at the Academy, while a very enjoyable experience professionally and socially was filled with difficult times for us as I will shortly describe. Peggy's mom and dad visited overnight from time to time and absolutely delighted in the children. It was such a joy to see them with Debbie and Diane. They were, in particular, the "apples of Papa's eye", as they referred to their grandfather. In the spring of 1963, Peg and Ed took

a cruise on one of the United Fruit Company ships to Panama. They had a wonderful time, but about halfway through the cruise, Ed's brother Georgie died of a sudden heart attack. When we picked them up at the docks in New Jersey we withheld the information until we got home to Connecticut, giving them a chance to enthusiastically describe their Caribbean adventures. But Ed sensed that something was wrong and once we were seated in the house he asked what the bad news was. It was very difficult breaking the news to him and he took it hard.

In August, my cousin Terry Turnbull was to be married in New York City. Her mother, my Aunt Ruth (Dolan) Turnbull came out from Tacoma, Washington and I was asked to give Terry away as her father was not making the trip east. We attended the wedding in Manhattan and afterwards Aunt Ruth returned to Connecticut with us for a visit both there and at Cape Cod.

The Summer period of 1963 saw me assigned to take a large group of second classmen to Boston to visit the Salem Air Station, Gloucester Lifeboat Station, the New Hampshire FAA Control Center, and the Boston 1st District Offices for training purposes. Peggy and the children moved to the Sagamore Beach house for the summer, and once again Peg and Ed were able to spend quality time with their grandchildren. In August I was assigned as Navigation Officer aboard the *Eagle* for the short (3 week) cruise.

As navigator it was my job to take the *Eagle* away from the dock and down the Thames River to Long Island Sound where I would turn it over to an Officer of the Deck. Performing this task was somewhat daunting even though I was well experienced, because in negotiating the river, I had to take the *Eagle*, with its 155 foot masts through the cantilever railroad bridge, hopefully leaving it intact, while "dodging" submarines who were also busy transiting the river each day. A humorous event occurred as I was backing the *Eagle* out into the stream. When backing a major ship, let alone the *Eagle*, there are many things happening at once which the Conning Officer must keep under control at all times. While I was juggling all these balls the air, the lines, the engines, the movement of the ship, traffic in the river, etc., etc., Captain Earle came over to me on the quarterdeck and asked, "Mr. Dolan, is the Main Brace Bumpkin rigged in?" Now the *Eagle* has a thousand or more items of nautical nomenclature to know and understand. The Main Brace Bumpkin was one which had escaped both my cadet and officer experience. I confidently replied, "Yes Sir!!", and immediately, but casually sidled over to the Chief Bos'n and said,

“Chief, I just told the Captain that the Main Brace Bumpkin is rigged in. If it’s not, make it so, NOW!!” The Chief whispered to me, “I already took care of it Sir.” Officers who do not value, trust and depend upon their Chief Petty Officers do so at the peril of their careers!!

I successfully conned the ship down the river, centered the masts on the railroad bridge, leaving it in good working order for the New Haven and Hartford line, left all submarines of the US Navy in possession of their watertight integrity, and finally sailed out into the open Sound. Actually, the passage was challenging but without incident, and we were on our way. In due time, we entered the Gulf of St. Lawrence and proceeded up the St. Lawrence River to Quebec. This a very long river passage with significant traffic. I found the navigating job interesting and exhilarating as close attention had to be paid at all times to the ships position while we transited the river all the way upstream to Quebec City. The cruise returned to New London in early September, and we began a new academic year in the Navigation Department with the 3rd and 4th classes.

The football season was to prove to be a high water mark at the Coast Guard Academy. An NFL Football Hall of Fame quarterback named Otto Graham, of Cleveland Browns renown, was the coach. The team, which went undefeated, was invited to play in the Tangerine Bowl. Although we lost to Western Kentucky in the bowl game it was a season to be always remembered.

On a disturbing, negative note, I caught one of the 3rd class cadets cheating on his Navigation Lab work by blatantly copying a classmate’s charts, answers and results. The Academy has a very strict honor code and this offense carried potential expulsion. I placed him on report with a Class I offense, which required the Academic Board of the Academy to convene to consider action. Their decision was one with which I did not agree. They reprimanded the cadet and applied 50 demerits but did not expel him. In my day as a cadet, this offense, if substantiated would certainly have resulted in expulsion. Their decision was troublesome to me as I felt that this was a potential dilution of the high standards of the Academy.

On November 22, 1963, President John F. Kennedy was assassinated in Dallas, Texas. At the time, I was teaching a Piloting class and we had a radio turned on in order to keep abreast of the President’s condition. When it was announced that the President had died, I spoke briefly to the class and then dismissed them. There was no way, in the emotion and gravity of the moment that we could continue. For the next 5 days, a nation

in grief joined together in front of their TV sets to mourn our young and beloved President.

At Christmas time, my brother Ken was to be married in St. Cloud Minnesota to Joyce Latzka. We got tickets on a sleeper car of the New York Central Railroad a few days before Christmas and the four of us made the trip to Minnesota with great anticipation. During the leg from Chicago to Minneapolis we had an adventure not of our wanting. It was bitterly cold outside with about 12 inches of snow on the ground as we traveled though Iowa. We had secured a seat in the front of the Vistadome car, and the kids were excited to watch the countryside speed by. Suddenly, I saw large rocks bouncing along the roofs of the cars ahead of us. I yelled to Peggy to get on the floor in front of our seats. She was holding Diane and I was holding Debbie. Moments after we hit the deck, several rocks smashed the windows that had been right in front of our faces. Fortunately they were made of shatter-proof glass and did not splinter. The train came to a halt to discover that one of the lead cars had derailed, kicking up the rocks from the track bed. We waited several hours before busses arrived, then we climbed down the elevated track bed, across a field to the highway and continued our trip to a small Iowa town by bus.

Grammy and Grampy Dolan met us eventually in Minneapolis and we journeyed by car to St. Cloud. That week was bitterly cold, but the wedding was lovely and we all had a memorable time. The ladies of the parish got together to prepare the food for the reception which was held in the church basement and was a very nice affair.

The year 1964 was to be an extremely traumatic year for our family. It involved my resignation from the Coast Guard, the loss of a baby by miscarriage, the death of Peggy's beloved father, finding a job, beginning a new career, a crisis of health for me, and incredible stress for Peggy. As we entered the year we had no idea what was in store for us, nor could we be prepared to cope with all that would come our way.

In January, I acted upon the difficult decision of submitting my resignation from the Coast Guard. It was a painful choice and one that I was most reluctant to take. I loved the Coast Guard, the Coast Guard family, the sea, and the pride and satisfaction of serving my country in such a meaningful way. But our experience of family life in the Coast Guard had been an extremely difficult one for both of us. The separations had been frequent and long. During the first 3 years of our marriage, prior to the Academy duty, I had been home just 14 months. As our family grew in

size and age, this was simply too great a burden to ask them to endure on an ongoing basis. The decision was mine and it was the right one. But resigning, especially while stationed at the Academy was a most difficult ordeal. Both LCDR Les High and CAPT Bill Earle were shocked. They had not seen it coming and both, while they respected my decision and the reasons for it, tried mightily to change my mind. My resignation as a commissioned officer in the United States Coast Guard would be effective on 1 June 1964.

Peggy and I were expecting our third child and were anxiously awaiting and anticipating its birth in August. On January 24th, Peggy awoke to the realization that the pregnancy was in difficulty and that she was losing the baby. We were deeply saddened that this little person, whom we would never be able to know, had been lost to our family. The reality that a sense of absence of this new little life would remain with us always had a profound effect that neither of us had ever experienced before. It hit us hard. It was a difficult time.

I was awakened very early on the morning of March 4, 1964 to the ringing of the telephone. It was to be a life-changing day for all of us. In Florida, Peggy's father had suffered a heart attack and had passed away suddenly and unexpectedly. The news was devastating to both Peggy and me, but especially to Peggy as she had a most special bond with her dad. Ed and Peg were just completing their long tour by automobile of the United States and Mexico, which had begun the previous September, and were scheduled to arrive at our home in Connecticut the following week. I felt it was essential that I stay with Peggy to help her get through these difficult days, so arrangements were made for Dave Kocher, the man who had bought Ed's plumbing business, to go to Florida to accompany Peggy's mother back to Cambridge. The days immediately following were some of the most difficult of our lives. I had a great love for Peggy's father. He was somewhat of a surrogate father for me in a way since during the past six years, in particular, with my own father so far away, we had become very close. We laid Peggy's Dad to rest and began to try to restructure our world in his absence.

My job search had not produced satisfactory results up to this point and it was beginning to become a worry. I had been offered an engineering related job at Pratt and Whitney Aircraft near Hartford, Connecticut in the management of their jet engine division. But it was not what I was looking for. Among my many applications for employment, I had written to New England Telephone. Because of the death of Peggy's father I will never

know what role he played, but I am certain he had asked a friend of his, John Carver, who was in Public Relations with the company and with whom I was also acquainted, to recommend me. In any case New England Telephone had a management training program called IMDP (Interdepartmental Management Development Program). Typically, they took new college graduates and placed them in their Commercial, Traffic, or Engineering Departments. In addition, they wanted to utilize this program in what was known as the Plant Department, but some special qualifications were to be desired when selecting those candidates.

The Plant Department consisted of the technical end of the telephone business and included the central switching offices, the construction of outside cable facilities, and the installation and maintenance of customer equipment such as PBX's, business systems and residential service. It was desirable to select candidates with more maturity than immediate college graduates due to the older age mix of the field forces of the Plant Department, the nature of the work, and the need to interface with a highly unionized and sometimes hostile environment. The Plant Department technicians were all male in those days, most with considerable seniority. I was a good match with my engineering education to deal with the technical nature of the business, and my experience in managing and leading men in the military over much of the past 10 years.

In May, I was offered and accepted a position in the Plant IMDP program. One of the basic parameters of the program was the mutual understanding that, if after one year, the company did not see District level or greater potential in a participant, the program would be terminated, and the participant would leave the company. This was not a huge factor for someone just out of college and unmarried, but for a person with a family to support, it added significant pressure to an otherwise already challenging and difficult program. This was especially true in the Plant Department application of the program. In spite of the obstacles to be overcome, I looked forward to a career in which I could apply my engineering background and managerial skills to an operational application.

With our immediate future laid out before us, Peggy and I set about preparing to leave the Coast Guard and a life with which we were familiar and well prepared for, to a new life with its many unknowns. The absence of Peggy's father in our lives made this transition all the more difficult and imposed an element of sadness at the same time. We now took on the added responsibility of caring for Peggy's mother and the house at Cape Cod while establishing a new home and career. It just could not be the

joyous and exciting time we had looked forward to. Our lives had changed radically in just the space of six short months, and in ways we had not expected.

I finished the Academic year, teaching at the Academy and left the Coast Guard effective 1 June 1964. Graduation was a few days after June 1st and it seemed very strange indeed to be sitting in the stands at the ceremony in civilian clothes. Leaving the Service from the Academy environment was, as I have said, a most difficult ordeal. As I sat there, ten years of memories and gratifying experiences seemed to come together all at once, overwhelming the senses. I left the Coast Guard, proud of the Service and proud to have served. Now it was time to look to the future.

We moved our family from Waterford, Connecticut to Whitman, Massachusetts. I had been assigned as a 1st level manager in the Station Installation and Maintenance Division of the Plant Department in Brockton reporting directly to a District Plant Manager, who would also be my mentor and my evaluator during my probationary year. Before the year was out, I would be felled by the tremendous stresses engendered by the nature of the program and the accumulated difficulties the year had brought. It all culminated on a day on which, ironically, I was working at the Veteran's Administration Hospital in Brockton, supervising a PBX installation when I collapsed. I had been experiencing chest and left arm pains for several weeks and I feared that I had had a heart attack. Being in a hospital when it happened, I was on an electrocardiogram within minutes. There was no indication of heart problems, and it was determined that stress was the culprit. It was to be many months before the symptoms subsided completely.

Our son Ted was born in January 1965. He became very ill as a baby, catching one infection after another. Specialists at Boston Children's Hospital finally were able to diagnose that his little body was not producing gamaglobulin, thereby giving him no immune protection against illness. They were able to remedy the condition with treatment and so, after a very scary few months his health improved to that of a normal healthy baby. He was a delightful little boy as he developed a very placid and pleasant personality, and we have many wonderful memories of those early years.

Suzanne was born in November 1968 and our little family was now complete. She was a delight to us all and especially to her "big" brother. Little Ted was very devoted to her and took very good care of her. Suzanne

was always a “fun” baby, a little rascal, and her older siblings had so much fun helping mom and dad bring her up.

Suzanne’s arrival and the completion of our family seems to provide a logical place to bring this, “my story”, to a conclusion. The reader will recall that my objective was to fill in the blanks of the years before my children knew me. They will each have their version, I am sure, of our family life during the years of their childhood. So I will conclude by briefly summarizing the years that followed until my retirement in 1989.

The years that followed found us building a career gradually with New England Telephone, including numerous assignments as a 2nd level manager after my IMDP year. I had assignments in the Buildings Department in Brockton, being responsible for the mechanical and engineering maintenance of some 82 buildings, then on the Buildings staff in Boston. In 1966 I returned to the Plant Department assigned as Plant Service Manager in the Fall River Central Switching Office, followed by appointment as Plant Service Manager in Plymouth for Installation and Repair.

While I was in Plymouth in 1968, New England Telephone endured a record breaking five month strike. I would arrive at the office or work center in the morning, cross the picket lines and prepare plans for the day’s essential work. After submitting my daily morning status reports to the Division Offices in Brockton, I would hop in my “little green truck” and go out in the field to repair cable troubles or wiring and equipment problems for customers. Clearing troubles was the priority for our management team, although we did some new installations as time permitted. During this five month period I actually learned a great deal about the nuts and bolts of the telephone business, climbing poles, working in the cables and troubleshooting transmission or continuity problems.

After Plymouth it was into Boston again, this time as a college recruiter. In this capacity I traveled about New England to various colleges interviewing and selecting graduates for Sales, Engineering, and Commercial management programs. After a year on this assignment I returned to field work in 1970. I was assigned to the Plant Department in the city of Fall River, this time as Plant Service Manager for Installation and Repair. Fall River offered an especially challenging task. The area had a very poor service history, and my main responsibility was to find out why and to “fix it”. To complicate matters, Fall River was a very ethnically oriented town with a long history, replete with the jealousies, prejudices and behaviors that

such an environment can carry with it. It was quite a challenge getting my employees of Portuguese, Italian, French, and Irish descent to integrate their work efforts effectively and efficiently. My Coast Guard experience helped me greatly I'm sure, and I established specific projects with specific goals, manning crews and projects with thoroughly mixed ethnic groups so that their evaluations, and thus their rewards and advancements depended on mutual cooperation and effort. There were numerous occasions when I had to make tough and unpopular demands of their behavior to accomplish the tasks at hand. Fall River thus made significant progress in improving service levels over time, particularly in the technical maintenance, and condition of the equipment and cables upon which such service depended. My time in Fall River was successful but exhausting and very frustrating at times. It was a real test.

In 1972, I was promoted to District Manager in Vermont for Installation and Repair where I had responsibility for about 150,000 stations, 350 people and 8 Services Centers. It was without a doubt the best field job I ever had during my telephone career. Once again the emphasis was on improving service to the long neglected and long suffering population of Vermont. New England Telephone had never invested heavily in the quality of the outside plant equipment over the years. There were over 5,000 wire routes awaiting modern cabling and still many four-party lines, even some eight-party lines in the state. I had responsibility for service in the entire state of Vermont and was given the charge to find the major problems affecting service and to implement solutions to those problems. My General Manager, Lou Reder and General Plant Manager, Mike Walker provided nearly unlimited support so that during my two years in Vermont we identified many engineering design problems, replaced wire with cable in strategic locations and in general made great strides in improving service in a quantum way.

After a very successful and rewarding 2 years in Vermont I was selected to go to AT&T in New Jersey and New York in Operations and Financial Planning, where I remained until my retirement in 1989. During our years living in New Jersey our children were eventually off to college, grew to adulthood, married and began families of their own. Peggy and I became "Nanny" and "Pa", much to our delight. It's been a great life and I am pleased to turn the rest of the story over to the next generation.

EPILOGUE

I stated at the outset that the purpose of writing this story was to provide my children and grandchildren with a way to satisfy any curiosity they might have one day about the life of their father or grandfather during the years before they were born. The effort grew out of my own intense desire to know the person my father was and what he experienced in the years before my own recall. It seems to me that we are all the product of the experiences of those who have gone before us, and that that heritage, after being infused with our own unique gifts and qualities, determines how we live, the choices we make, and the person we ourselves become.

I have chosen to stop the story with Suzanne's birth, as my children can well relate the events of their childhood, as they remember them to their children. My story and theirs merge at this point and I deem it better that they should pick it up from the beginnings of their own recollections, for the reality of our lives springs from our own perceptions, not from those of one's parents.

For myself, relating the story of these years affords not only the opportunity to verbalize my own realities, but also forges a personal imperative to reflect on those realities, mining out the bits, pieces and circumstances which molded the person I perceive myself to be. Those reflections give rise to feelings of contentment and peace on the one hand and some feelings of self-reproach and regret on the other. There is a freedom in recording both here, where I can express them thoughtfully and without fear of disapproval of those who are important to me. Our relationships are long since, safely formed.

I suspect that each of us has another and better person trapped within our outward selves. My loved ones were only allowed to see me encumbered with invisible, behavioral baggage in which I carried the expectations of the world about me. A husband, a father, a provider, a professional man, a "doer", is "expected" to meet certain standards, criteria and image. He must never appear to be weak or vulnerable to those who depend upon him for their wellbeing. He must appear to be always confident of the direction in which he guides. His example must always meet the highest standards.

The softer, gentler, more sensitive, more vulnerable soul which dwells in the unseen confinement of the inner self dare not emerge into the world

of these expectations. For if it does, it risks causing the faltering of the spirit and sense of security, or of the budding self-confidence just taking root in the young ones God has placed in his stewardship and care. And so, the fuller person that we want so badly to be remains veiled and shrouded. For myself, I have always wished I could have been perceived in the image of that “better” person trapped within. He was always there, but seldom found a way to emerge, and even then only for the briefest of moments.

I believe this to be true. I also believe that we do not perceive this truth ourselves until the long period of struggling to meet the task decelerates to a time and an age when there is the time and the opportunity to reflect on the lessons that effort has taught. That the person within was unable to break out to temper the person that you saw is my greatest regret.

The rewards of my life, which I cherish and which form the place of contentment and peace of which I spoke, are easily identified as I look back on my story. They are family. I have been blessed from the beginning with wonderful parents and siblings to grow up with; an incredible, loving wife, companion and friend to journey through life with; marvelous children who have grown to fullness of character as well as accomplishment, each of whom I admire; sons-in-law and a daughter-in-law whom I love as my own, and finally an incredible group of grandchildren who each bring something unique, most of all, youthfulness filled with promise to our lives.

The train that left the station in Portland, now a lifetime ago, has taken me on a marvelous journey, visited unexpected places, viewed spectacular vistas, and led me to people who have filled my life. In reading the story of that journey, I pray that I didn’t saddle you with “More Than You Wanted to Know”!!

AFTERWORD

The lives of parents are an abiding source of mystery to their children, but in coming to know the struggles of one's parents', which they carried and tried so hard to hide, children can come to an understanding of that which had been incomprehensible, and in the process gain a greater measure on knowledge about themselves.

APPENDIX #1

NOTES ON SAIPAN HISTORY

The islands of the Marianas had been first Spanish, and then German possessions. The Japanese captured the islands in 1914 and the League of Nations gave Japan a mandate to rule them in 1920. The Japanese had come to the Marianas in force, and by 1941 Japanese outnumbered Chamorro natives two to one in the fourteen Marianas islands, aside from Guam. (Guam had been an American Territory since 1899).

Saipan and the other Marianas Islands had been an essential part of Japanese planning since 1914. Much of Japan's sugar was grown here; a distilling company made whisky; corn and vegetables were grown, and the Japanese had built roads and railroads.

At the time World War II broke out, Saipan was thoroughly "Japanized". The houses, language, culture, and most of the people were Japanese, so when the time came for the United States to attack the island during the war in the Pacific of World War II, the Americans could expect to find people there who would fight for their "homeland".

The attack was launched on June 15, 1944, the most important objective being the establishment of air bases in the Marianas. The island is 13 miles long and 5 miles wide, about the size of Nantucket Island off Massachusetts. In the middle of the island at its widest point, lies Mt. Tapotchau, which rises 1,500 feet above sea level.

At the southern end, (very near where my USCG Loran Station would be built after the war), was Aslito Airfield, Japan's major military staging air base for planes going south, and the most important airfield between Tokyo and Truk.

Tinian, a smaller island, lying in the shadow of Saipan and quite visible from the larger island, is less than 3 miles away across the channel. (Tinian was easily visible from my Loran Station). It was an important factor in the Japanese defense of Saipan and contained four airfields.

On June 13, 1944, a two day bombardment of Saipan using battleships and cruisers was initiated. Bomber planes off the carrier Lexington found that

the Japanese anti-aircraft gunners were very good and the Lexington's air group suffered badly.

The Saipan garrison was under command of Lt. General Yoshitsugu Saito. The U.S. estimated that he commanded about 15,000 troops. In reality the Japanese force numbered nearly 30,000. But other than significant numbers of troops, his defenses of the island in terms of artillery, pill boxes, highly fortified blockhouses and the like were inadequate in that, although they were planned, they had not been built in quantity.

On the morning of June 15, 1944, transports carrying troops moved in, off Tanapag Harbor, and the landing craft began buzzing about in what seemed to be an attempt to land there. (Tanapag Harbor is at the approximate mid-point on the western shores of Saipan). But after the landing craft had come to within the prescribed 4 miles from the beach, they turned about and headed back to the ships. This attempted feint seemed to have limited or little success.

The main landings took place along about a 5 mile stretch of beach on Saipan's western shoreline well south of Tanapag Harbor and just south of Garapan, the island's largest town. The marines led the landings and had to go in over a reef that in some places was 700 yards across. The reef side of the island had been chosen because of the beaches and the fact that behind them was relatively flat land, rather than the steep hills of the eastern side of the island.

There were 5 points of attack along the western shore, one of which, "Yellow Beach", assigned to the 25th Marine Division, was the beach on which my Loran station was eventually located.

The battle for Saipan was one of the hardest fought, and costliest of the Pacific war. The Marines took the brunt of the initial fighting. The Army troops were held in reserve. As the fighting progressed the reserves were badly needed, and all suffered heavy casualties before the island was taken. It took until July 6, twenty-two days of battle, before the Japanese were reduced to desperation. General Saito's command post was located at this time in a cave. His final plan was that the Japanese would stage one last "glorious" attack on the invaders, and die proclaiming the everlasting life of their emperor. There was nothing to be gained by the attack, but they could not surrender. There was no military objective. They would throw themselves against the Americans in hand to hand combat and kill as many as possible before being annihilated themselves. Having initiated the

banzai attack, General Saito went into seclusion in the cave and committed “*seppuku*” and died.

As the battle for Saipan became hopeless for the Japanese, hundreds, thousands of Japanese soldiers, sailors and civilians went out to Marpi Point, where there were high cliffs overlooking the pounding ocean, and jumped off into the sea to their deaths. The explanation for this seemingly senseless action was that Saipan was, in effect, Japanese territory and most of them had been inculcated with the spirit of *bushido* from childhood. So the marines watched as women took their children up to the point and pushed them off, and then jumped after them.

The cost in lives on Saipan was heavy. The Americans numbered 4,000 dead among 17,000 casualties. The Japanese dead were listed officially at about 24,000, but this record is woefully incomplete. Many bodies were never found, hidden in caves that had been sealed by dynamite and many Japanese who had cast themselves into the sea.

Saipan was a decisive battle and one which significantly advanced the coming of the end of the war as future events involving the B-29 base on nearby Tinian in delivering the final blow to the Japan mainland in August 1945 would unfold, first with saturation bombing and finally with the delivery of the atomic bomb.

A scant 16+ years later, a LT Philip J. Dolan, USCG would take command of the Coast Guard Loran Station located on “Yellow Beach 3, near the old Aslito Airfield.

TWO BROTHERS

Journey to a Common Harbor

Written by:
Philip J. Dolan, Jr.
October 2006

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

I began this booklet of family history of my father (Philip Dolan, Sr.) and his brother John Dolan by writing from notes, letters and memories gathered over the past 15 years and asking for interview notes from John's family from which I planned to write his part of the story.

As it evolved, I ended up as author part of the time and "compiler" part of the time for the two chapters covering the biography of my father and John. (Chapters 1 and 2 respectively).

In my role of "compiler", I have used supplemental additions to my original effort, which were provided by my father. Submitting the first draft to him for his approval opened the flood gates and he provided copious amount of information much of which I used, sometimes paraphrasing or editing, sometimes verbatim.

In the case of John's story, I am deeply grateful to his daughters, Joanne Gray and Mary Pat Fieber for the time and effort spent in interviewing and writing up the stories thus obtained from John. It was a huge effort which they integrated into their busy lives, and I greatly appreciate their work. A special thank you to Emma Dolan, John's granddaughter, for sharing her essay of her grandfather's service in World War II. Once again, the result in this booklet, is a combination of paraphrasing, editing, and in many cases, using their write-ups verbatim. I want to acknowledge their authorship of the material they provided and which I used in that way.

The two biographies are written in the "historical novel" style, where the writer takes historical facts and events, and tells them in the first person, so as to create the sense that the principal figure is telling the story directly. When employing this method, the words that I used are simply those that logically characterize what might have been said about those events rather than actual quotes. In this case, Chapters 1 and 2, are a combination of that style mixed in with the actual quotes, in some cases, of the principals as they related the stories for our notes. I hope that both my father and John will forgive me for "putting words in their mouths."

My purpose in writing this booklet was to provide a history of the lives of these two men whose dedication, devotion and love of their families have guided and inspired the three generations who have followed. Our own personal attempts to trace information of other ancestors of the more

distant past have often been frustrated by lack of availability. Hopefully, this booklet will be passed on to future generations so that they may come to know and admire these two men as we who have grown up under their care have.

My mother, Marguerite (Marge) Dolan, and John's wife Deloris are only mentioned in brief in the booklet. It is only because my focus in writing was on the "Two Brothers". The enormous role that these two women had in the lives of Philip and John surely merit a whole story in itself. They were the gentle winds which filled the sails of the vessels which carried these two families. They were the steady hand on the rudder which kept them always on course. Words of gratitude fall short of the mark, but I would like to draw on a quote, I wrote down once, by an unknown source which fits what we are trying to say the best about these two ladies.....

"The full depth of love and sacrifice of a parent is known only to God. We who received it can only know what we perceived and be all the more grateful for it." Author Unknown.

So a huge thank you to all who helped me to put this booklet together. I believe that its contents will be a treasure for both families for generations to come.....

PROLOGUE

ECHOS.Muted sounds invisible origins.... teasing the canvas of the mind. What is that distant sound? What is the picture that it paints? Snow melt rushing down a bouldered pathway in a deep and distant mountain valley shouting to the wind? The breeze joins the race as it bends the tops of its reluctant hosts of fir and cedar, parting and pummeling the heavy boughs, all the while urgently whispering to the rushing stream and merging with its voice. These echoes reach out to our distant places, stir the imagination, fuel the soul, and give life to the canvas. Memories provide the pigment for the canvas and trace the outline of our lives.

MEMORIES. ...The echoes of childhood, of youth, of times shrouded in a misty past, forgotten, yet remembered. Some buried, some longing to be uncovered. Some painful, many joyful. They are there. They are real. They need but to be stirred, to be recalled, step by step, little by little. Just as the whispering wind cautions the rushing stream to pause in the meadow and explore the wildflowers, so also we need a place to be still, to explore, to stir the mist and lift our long lost visions from memory. Listen to the echoes! How to bring them alive again? Look into a furrowed face, the sum total of years lived and left behind. How did it begin? To find the source we must return to innocence.

INNOCENCEPure white snowpack lies deep and silent on a mountain ridge. The warming sun has a plan the innocent, sleeping snow cannot know. Drops from unseen warmth form two rivulets. They slide gently away from the ridge divide, one to the west, one to the east. Separated from their common source, they begin their long journey. They have not known each other. They did not choose. They had no voice. There was no time to spend together. Now time will forever become the agent of their divergence. Will the oceans of the years and the currents of their lives which will move them through countless waves and tides ever find a common harbor? What are the possibilities that they might meet one day?

TWO BROTHERSOur lives begin in total innocence. We are set on our separate courses through the hillsides of life by the choices, the strengths, the weaknesses, the wisdom, the mistakes of the parents to whom God has entrusted our care. They are human and therefore vulnerable, unprepared, maybe overwhelmed by the need to tame the

currents and control the tides of the young lives which so suddenly and so drastically have changed their own.

Two lives began in that innocence long ago, springing from a common source. They were destined to journey long and difficult, different, yet ironically similar voyages. One cast upon his course as the result of human vulnerability resulting in parental choices which critically impacted a tiny, budding life. The other denied the safe harbor of parental presence by the cruel occurrence of their deaths. Two Brothers....they did not choose, they had no voice. No time to find each other.

The years of their youth, a rushing stream unchecked through time, found no stable star to guide; to counsel; no meadow in which to pause and gently absorb the beauty of childhood. The rocks and rapids of their early years yield pain, the raging cascades and plunging falls of the stream of life over which, in their innocence, they have no control, stir a child's fear of what unknown harm may lie below in the rapids. Finally, cast upon the sea and finding no port to sail to, no inviting place to secure the mooring lines of the anxious visions of their futures, they set sail to find a harbor of their own choosing. Where will the tides and currents take their lives? How well will they, now adrift, set their separate courses? Will their choices steer them into storms or to peaceful waters? Will they, by chance, ever find a common harbor?

This is their story.

CHAPTER I

IN THE WEST – MELTING SNOWS

Christmas came a few days late in 1911. On December 31, a son was born to Anne (Lentz) and William Dolan in Yakima, Washington. The couple named their first born son, Philip John Dolan. Anne was from a family of German ancestry who had migrated west to the Yakima Valley of the Washington Territory from Iowa during the late pioneer years of the Northwest.

Anne's father, Philip Lentz was born in Medernach, Luxemburg on November 11, 1841. His father before him, Michael Lentz, arrived as an immigrant in the Port of New York from Luxembourg on May 13, 1856, according to his ship's manifest. Great Grandfather, Michael had been widowed twice and he arrived in this country, bringing with him three children from his first marriage and two from his second. That second marriage was to Anne Marie Buttet and 15 year old Philip was one of the two children from that union.

The border states of the mid-west were often divided in their loyalties during the Civil War. Grandfather Philip fought for the North, while his half brother, Wilhelm fought for the south. Wilhelm is thought to have perished in the Civil War as he was never heard from again after his service with the Confederacy.

Little is known by the author of the Dolan origins, except that they came to America from Ireland, most likely from the Dublin area in the mid-1800's. In any case, the early Dolans found their way from Pennsylvania to Wisconsin and settled near the town of Monroe in that state.

Baby Philip lived his very earliest years in Yakima and then in Tacoma, Washington. He was followed shortly by the birth of a sister, Patricia Frances (later called Ruth) on February 26, 1913, and a brother named Francis William on October 1, 1914. Sadly the marriage of Anne and William fell upon difficult times and in 1913 when little Philip was about 2 years old, they separated. William's sister Grace, attempted to help reconcile the couple. This was important because she said he was about to be drafted into the Army and World War I was underway in Europe. A reconciliation was attempted in late 1913 but the marriage could not be saved. William departed, probably sometime before the birth of Francis

William, was drafted, sailed for France with the Army in August 1918, and did not return to the family after the war. William and Anne eventually divorced.

Having separated from Anne, and after serving in Europe in World War I, where he was wounded due to exposure to Germany's use of toxic gas, William returned to the area of Monroe and later married Kathryn (Connelly) Phillips, starting a second family in Wisconsin. So far as is known, he provided no more support to Anne and the children in the West.

Opportunities for women in the year 1914 were, indeed, extremely limited. Anne's only means of earning was her ability to sew. She worked for dress making salons in Tacoma, which catered to the prominent and wealthy, but like other wage earners of the era, received very low pay.

She was extremely talented in the making of wedding dresses. One story my father² likes to recount is about a special wedding job for which she was chosen. General Thorne was the Commanding Officer at Fort Lewis. He lived in a mansion on American Lake near the Fort. The general's daughter was getting married, and it was to be one of the highlights of the social season. Madame Heilig, Anne's employer selected her because she was her best seamstress. A chauffeur would pick her up each morning, deliver her to the mansion and take her home at night. At other times she stayed overnight at the mansion. She hand made the wedding gown and all the bridesmaids' gowns.

As a young girl in Dubuque, Iowa, Anne would sketch attractive gowns worn by ladies as she followed them down the street. She would then go home and duplicate the gowns on her Singer sewing machine. When she came to the west, she had the Singer machine shipped. It was her pride and joy.

In spite of her good work, it quickly became apparent that it would not be possible for her to support her children and herself on her meager income. Shortly, Philip and Patricia were placed in foster care. In 1919, when he was 5 years old, Francis William was taken by a relative to Wisconsin to be raised by his father and grandparents. This, among all of the trials Anne

² The author of this history is Philip's son. Philip will be referred to as "my father" or "dad" in the text from time to time.

had to endure was the most heart-wrenching decision of all. Which of the boys was to be sent east? She made her decision based upon which of them, in her best judgment, would find it least difficult to be torn from his mother. She tearfully chose to send Francis, the younger of the two. Later, in 1922, eight year old Francis, now living in Monroe, was placed by his father in the Industrial Boarding School for Boys in Wisconsin. William married Kathryn (Connelly) Phillips in 1923.

FORMING THE STREAM - THE DIERINGER YEARS 1915 – 1924

My father's earliest recollections are at 3 or 4 years of age, and he remembers boarding with several families in Seattle. There was the Stacy family, and yet another family named Engler. Finally he was placed with a woman named Mrs. Newton in Seattle. Mrs. Newton was a widow and was very good to my father.

These recollections, reaching back to such a young age, are remarkably detailed and portray the feelings of a little boy who had to endure these first years of life, without a real mother or father. He did not even know he had a sister until he was about 10 years old! She had been left in Yakima with the nuns of St. Joseph's Academy and with his mother's brother, Michael Lentz.

One early memory of his stay with Mrs. Newton that made a lasting impression on him was watching soldiers loading on to street cars in Seattle, probably enroute to the King Street Station, to board passenger trains to the east coast. From there they would be shipped overseas to fight in World War I.

While he was boarding in Seattle, his mother, Anne lived with her sister, Louise and her husband Rudy Prasch. Rudy moved to Tacoma when my father was about 6 years old, and Anne moved with them. In Tacoma, he was placed with a family named Armstrong.

The great flu epidemic of 1918 was raging in Tacoma about that time, and people wore masks in those days to protect against it. He must have contracted it because he remembers being placed in a sick room at Aquinas Academy in Tacoma. This incident is fixed in his mind because in his sick room he saw, for the first time, a crucifix which illuminated in the dark.

One day in late 1918, he was walking from the Armstrong's house to see his mother. When he arrived he was told by neighbors that the family was in Yakima attending the funeral of his grandmother, Elizabeth Lentz. She died on December 12, 1918.

Shortly thereafter, as he turned 7, on December 31, 1918, his mother placed him back with Mrs. Newton who had remarried to a man named Hickey. Mrs. (Newton) Hickey, or "gramma" as my father affectionately called her, and her new husband had moved to live with her daughter Ella (Newton) Spencer and her husband Tom on a farm in Dieringer, Washington. (Dieringer is located between Tacoma and Seattle.) The farm, of course, had no plumbing, no electricity and no radio in those early days. So life was quite different from what we experience today.

While he was seven years old, he came to know his younger brother Francis briefly, because in 1919, just before Francis was sent east, the youngster was placed for a few weeks along with him at the Spencer's farm in Dieringer.

Having briefly covered his earliest years, we will begin Dad's story in detail on the Spencer farm in the care of "gramma" Hickey.....

But....., why don't we now let Dad tell his own story?

I attended first through third grade in Dieringer, while living in foster care on the Spencer farm. My mother Anne during this period had moved in with her sister Louise (Lentz) Prasch and husband Rudy in Tacoma. Each Christmas she would send me a little wind-up train and a \$1 Ingersol pocket watch. The spring of the pocket watch usually gave out prior to the subsequent Christmas.

I have many fond memories of the Spencer family who were always very good to me, and I recall Mrs. Hickey as a kind and tender-hearted lady. I don't believe she ever once scolded me. If she actually did scold me at one time or another, her scoldings were so gentle that I have no recollection of them. Perhaps it tugged at her heart strings to witness my grief, when after an occasional short visit with my mother in Seattle or Dieringer, my mother would return to her home in Tacoma.

I was 'gramma' Hickey's "right hand man". I worked in the raspberry fields, and I remember the sand in the field was hot on our bare feet. I was paid by the crate or half crate. I didn't earn very much but what I did earn,

I gave to 'gramma' and told her that when I grew up I would repay her for all she had done for me.

Here are a number of other interesting stories I recall of those years:

'Gramma' Hickey used to make wine. Perhaps she made it from loganberries or blackberries. I would help her bury the wine in the yard near the house. She warned me never to tell Mr. Hickey where the wine was buried.

The White River ran a few hundred yards west of the cottage and bordered on 'gramma's' farmland. One day a hunter wounded a pheasant. I caught the pheasant and took it home. 'Gramma' put a splint on the pheasant's wing, and we turned it loose in the fenced-in chicken yard. The pheasant roosted and lived with the chickens. He lorded it over those chickens. Eventually 'gramma' removed the splint and one day the pheasant flew away.

I also trapped many, many moles. Some I caught by hand. I would scoop out their runway, and if I didn't fall asleep in the sunshine, as the mole crawled by, I would put one hand behind the mole and one hand in front and toss the mole out of the runway. I would then quickly pick the mole up by his tail. The mole hit the ground digging so one had to be quick in the pick up. 'Gramma' skinned the moles, cured the skins and then sold them.

'Gramma' and I grew an enormous pumpkin. I tended the pumpkin every day, watered it and kept it up off the ground. We entered the pumpkin in the Puyallup Fair and won a ribbon. The ribbon became one of 'gramma's' proudest possessions.

'Gramma' owned a brand new Ford touring car which she only drove about twice a year. I recall that to ride with her in that Ford was risky. One time she left the farm and was gone for at least two days. After she left, Mr. Hickey made it a point to be very nice to me. He finally asked where the wine was buried. I wouldn't tell him at first. He wouldn't cease in his efforts and finally toward evening, I showed him where some of the bottles were buried. He drank too much of the wine and his actions frightened me. I fled in the middle of the night and arrived at (daughter) Ella's nearby home on the hill when all were in bed. Ella fixed a bed for me, and I spent the night there.

Mr. Hickey was a good man. He was a hardworking man. He was always working with the horses, the plow, the harrow, the land leveler, the wagon and other farm equipment. He milked the cows morning and night. He separated the cream from the milk. One of the cows was a kicker. He had to place a board against her side and tie her tightly against the stall. He too, was good to me but I spent more time with “gramma” than I did with him. In the morning, if I wasn’t in school, and also in the evening, I went to pasture and drove the cows to the barn.

One day “gramma” sent me into her bedroom to get something for her. I went into the bedroom, saw a revolver lying near her pillow and of course I picked it up. About that time “gramma” entered the doorway. I turned with the revolver in my hand, and she fainted dead away. That was the first and last time I ever saw that revolver.

I also vividly remember rides into the town of Sumner in a Paige automobile with the Spencers to see Charlie Chaplain and Fatty Arbuckle silent movies and a summertime trip to Copalis Beach at the Pacific Ocean. On the farm there were many chores to do such as planting seeds, weeding and harvesting potatoes, carrots, onions, cauliflower, spinach, and hauling heavy milk containers from the farm to the Spencers home on the hill. My life as an 8 or 9 year old on the farm was a busy and strenuous one, and one that obviously introduced me to hard work and long hours.

I had dreams of growing up to become a railroad engineer on one of the mighty steam trains that thundered across the valley nearby. On one side of the valley, the Northern Pacific would go by each day, and I would fantasize about all the “important” people riding in the Observation Car. On the other side of the valley I could see the bright lights of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul electric train as it passed through the night.

The train station in Dieringer was just about big enough for 3 people to stand in and be sheltered from the rain. I would watch the occasional passenger who wanted a ride stand out on the track and would have to flag the train down. At other times I would watch as the train roared by the station and a mechanical arm would project from the train and grab the mail sack. It is no wonder that a small boy such as me would imagine the “glory” of being the man who drove the train.

When I was about 8 years of age I recall learning that my mother had three brothers who lived in Yakima. When I was about 10 years old, one of these

wonderful brothers sent me a baseball mitt as a Christmas present. I treasured that mitt for many years until I wore it out.”

As a little boy, I loved horses and of course, the Yakima area in those days was ranch country. I daydreamed of owning a horse. I thought, if I only lived in Yakima, where I dreamed that hundreds of wild mustangs galloped the hills, I could have a mustang for my own.

Two final Dieringer stories which I will include here typify how the adventures of a small boy in the country, largely on his own, can sometimes be very scary or even be potentially close calls to his safety.

The first has to do with a little boy’s innate propensity toward attempting any challenge. It seems a nearby school was being remodeled and I spied a wall under construction just begging to be climbed. I clambered up to nearly the top of it. Needing just one more hand-hold to pull myself up, I grabbed at two wires protruding from the side of the school. I knew there was such a thing as electricity but since the wires seemed to have been cut, I decided they were harmless. They weren’t. I let out a yell, hung there for a brief time since it is hard to let go of wires that are shocking you with an electric charge, but finally dropped to the ground. A hard lesson was painfully learned.

The final story has to do with the perils of a small boy alone in the dark in a deserted area. There was a railroad track between the farm and the school, and it was about 15 feet higher than the ground on either side of it. One moonlit night, after swimming at the pool near the school, I walked out across the fields on my way home alone in the dark. I climbed the grade up to, and across the railroad track. As I was about to descend on the other side of the track I saw a shadowy figure of a man quickly take cover in the field behind some hedge-like shrubbery. I was only nine years old and was very frightened but mustered up the courage to call out to the man, probably something like “Who’s there?” No answer. I called out again. Still no answer. With that, good sense replaced courage and I ran back to the pool to ask one of the adults there to accompany me back and over the tracks past the place where the man had taken cover. From there I took off running as fast as legs would take me across the remaining fields to the safety of the cottage.

Here, we will pause in my father’s telling of his story to reflect for a moment.

Such were the adventures, perils and beginnings of life's education for my father as a little boy, essentially alone in the world, yet fortunate during this period, at least, to be in a kind foster-home. At this point in his story it might be well to reflect on these difficult beginnings this little boy found thrust upon him. Think of your own home and of your tender years from age 3 to about 10. What would it have been like to be suddenly separated from your mother at age 3. Words like terrifying, bewildering, and overwhelming loneliness come to mind and just scratch the surface. Playmates at school with fathers actively engaged in their children's lives, or at least present in them, must have caused tremendous self-pain and sadness in this little boy's mind. The question, ... "why" ..., must have reverberated daily in the innocence of his thoughts, coupled on some level with a feeling of abandonment. I look at my grandchildren who, as this is written, are in this same age period and cannot imagine them without parents to cling to, to be nurtured by, to provide safe haven. I try to think back, to place myself in that situation, and at that young age cannot begin to project what my life would have been like then without mother or father.

Even the most loving of foster parents, whom he fondly remembers in these years of foster care, certainly could not adequately fill such a void or stem the confusion that must have existed in a little boy's mind and penetrated to the depth of his feelings as an innocent child. We, who have experienced the nurturing, guidance, and the safe envelope of childhood can only try to imagine the range of emotions from one end of the spectrum to the other which had to be my father's daily companions.

Experiences taken for granted or deemed as "normal" by all of us today, just did not exist for my father during his childhood. Given that childhood, just described, we his children were doubly blest by the love and wonderful home that he and our mother provided and can only marvel at the strength and character that were to burst the bonds of these tortured beginnings of his youth and were to become the anchors of his adulthood.

*Now to return to events:From 1921 to 1923 he attended 4th to 6th grade in Tacoma. **So now let us allow him to continue his story.....***

When I left Dieringer after completing the third grade my mother brought me to Tacoma to live with her and my sister, I didn't know I had a sister, and I was meeting her for the first time! Patricia (Ruth) was a very pretty brunette and was very outgoing whereas, especially under the circumstances, I was very shy. She had just finished an appearance performing on the stage at the Pantages Theatre in downtown Tacoma, so I was in awe of her.

My mother enrolled me in the fourth grade at St. Patrick's grade school where I met friends who were to be my friends until the day they died. I was not a good student. I didn't apply myself and I didn't pay attention. The sisters used a pointer on my hands many times. On one occasion the pointer broke. I went to many stores downtown trying to buy a replacement pointer, but I was never able to find one. At other times the Sister sent me down to the Sister Superior, Sister Josephine. Sister Josephine would remove a very wide black belt from around her ample waist and used it on my hands. None of this seemed to do much good. I was, however, enjoying my new life. My favorite sister was Sister Amelia. Years later when she was in her 90's I visited with her at Marymount Military Academy.

Most schoolboys fight once in a while so I will describe two of my fights. We lived in a remote area in a small house. There was a very tall fir tree in the yard. My best friend, Ray Fuchek and I were way up near the top of the tree. My sister and a girl friend were playing in the street below under a dim streetlight. A boy came along and bothered them. Ray was older than me, so I gave him the honor of defending the girls.

I asked Ray if he wanted to go down and take care of the guy. He said, no. So I said, "Well, I will then". So I climbed down the tree and the two of us had at it. He beat me up pretty good and I beat him up pretty good, but I got rid of him. When I showed up in class the next day with a black eye and a swollen lip, the sister merely smiled.

Fight number 2: A few years later, I was the proud owner of a secondhand bike. I had worked hard to earn \$12.00 to pay for the bike. On one of the occasions when I broke the frame of the bike and took it to the bike shop to have it brazed once again, I had to get in a line to take my turn. Along comes a kid and pushes himself in front of me. So, I started swinging. I couldn't hit the kid because he kept backing up. This became an exercise in futility. I finally asked him where he learned to fight and what his name was. We parted friends. I gave up fighting when I entered high school.

The street from the top of the hill at K Street in Tacoma, runs steeply downhill for many blocks all the way down to Old Tacoma and the bay. St. Patrick's School sits on J Street alongside this steep hill. One day when I rode my bike to school I stopped and picked up an older boy, Charlie Pitzen. Charlie asked to do the peddling, so I let him, while I rode the bar. We started down the steep hill at K Street and Charlie jumped off the bike. I am on the bar, the bike is rapidly picking up speed, and no Charlie. I don't remember how I scrambled to finally stop that bike, but I did before I killed myself. I didn't know this boy very well and I guess I was too trusting. When I visit the cemetery these days I see the graves of the Pitzens, I keep looking for Charlie's.

During this period I made my first confession. It was dark in there and I groped around on the walls before the priest spoke. Later I made my first communion and later still, was confirmed by Bishop O'Dea. I tried being an altar boy, but I wasn't any good at it. I guess I judged that I wasn't very good catholic because during the Sunday mass all I could dream about was hurrying downtown to the theater after mass and seeing Tom Mix, Hoot Gibson, Buck Jones or some other cowboy movie actor at the movies. One time, when I walked to church, I pulled weeds along the way, put the stems in my mouth and sucked a minute bit of juice out of them. It occurred to me that maybe I had broken my fast. So I asked the priest, and he wouldn't let me go to communion.

One time Marguerite Sudmeier and her family were in Tacoma visiting Louise and her Uncle Rudy Prasch. She and I went to Wright's park to the wading pool. I had a speed boat named "Vim". I let her play with it in the wading pool. 73 years later in her early weeks in the nursing home after her first stroke, while she was still able to talk, she mentioned that incident. She told me her thoughts at the time were that any little boy who would let a little girl play with his speed boat must be a pretty nice boy. I still have the speed boat.

I spent several weeks one summer at Salmon Beach, a place on Puget Sound in Tacoma, midway between Point Defiance Park and the Narrows Bridge. A friend there, Charlie Chase, drove the first paddy wagon for the City of Tacoma. Today, 85 years later, Charlie is remembered as the "Mayor of Salmon Beach". He had a canoe with a broad beam and oars. When he took me salmon fishing in it he installed (within a matter of minutes) an engine, a propeller shaft and a propeller. We then took off toward the Narrows Bridge and Fox Island and did our salmon fishing. During the weekdays when he was working, I rowed the canoe to the far shore, to Point Defiance and all over the nearby sound.

Midway between Salmon Beach and the Tacoma Narrows Bridge is the entrance to a train tunnel. Once, I beached the canoe near the entrance to this tunnel. Then with my sister, I walked a long distance into the tunnel. Today I shudder to think of what might have happened had a train from Tacoma bound for Portland come thundering through that tunnel.

During these years (1920-1924) and for another decade there were no chain grocery stores (Piggly Wiggly chain grocery was the first in Tacoma about 1932) and no malls. The sidewalks of downtown Tacoma were a beehive of people. Street cars, cable cars, and automobiles were on the streets downtown. A policeman with a stop and go sign would stand in the center of the busy intersections controlling traffic. One day I was on my roller skates on the sidewalk at 11th and Broadway. The policeman left his post in the middle of the intersection and told me to take my skates off. He was concerned for my safety on the downtown streets. Policemen did things like that in those days.

Another time, a week or so before Christmas, I was on the corner in front of Fisher Bros. with a stack of Christmas trees trying to sell them. I was a poor salesman.

After school, I worked for an automobile garage on Tacoma Avenue. My job was to walk the length of the two main streets and place circulars on the parked cars. I also dampened a sponge and stuck an advertising sticker on the corner of the windshields. Lots of times guys hung out of second story windows and yelled, "Hey kid, get away from my car". I remember the circulars read "honesty is the best policy". I'm not so sure these guys practiced what they preached. The job got old after a while, and I began to slack off. I would throw the stack of circulars down the city storm drains at a street corner and then go off to see Tom Mix at the Liberty Theater. I don't know how they caught me. Maybe the drains plugged and the city workers read the evidence, or maybe the boss had me followed and spied upon. In any event I got in trouble with the garage owner as a result.

Working for the automobile garage, I learned the names of many automobiles. I especially liked the Flint. I recall a number of other makes, popular in the 1920's, most of which have disappeared into the dust of history. There was the Maxwell, Star, Durant, Locomobile, Paige, Nash, Velie, Chrysler, Diana, Moon, Marquette, Buick, Ford, Chevrolet, Cadillac, Dort, LaSalle, Hupmobile, Reo, Studebaker, Franklin (air cooled) and an Electric Car which I observed an old lady in black driving one day.

In addition, there was also the Stutz, Desoto, Hudson, Essex, Overland, Packard, Whippet, Dodge, Plymouth, Templar, Lincoln, Auburn, Cord,

Durant, Rickenbacher, Chalmers, and Stanley Steamer. The Duisenberg (I only ever saw one of these) was a luxury car driven by movie stars.

One can see that in the early days of the automobile there were many hopeful, competing companies. Most of these were short-lived as the automobile evolved.

I didn't know it but my fascination with automobiles, playing with neighborhood kids, getting in an occasional fight, completing my 6th grade year at St. Patrick's and most important, my newfound independence as evidenced by some of the stories above, was about to be redirected dramatically to a much more structured and serious way of life.

CARRIED BY THE CURRENT - THE BRISCOE YEARS 1924-1926

In 1924, an event of huge significance occurred in my life. As a 7th grader, I was taken into the Briscoe Boarding School for Orphans. Here I would remain through 9th grade under the strict and ordered life provided by the Christian Brothers. This was a wonderful school for orphan boys that was supported by the good Catholic ladies of Seattle. My education and training there put me far ahead of the public school students of the city. I cherish the memories of my years there. The school was situated in a wide and fertile valley about 20 miles long; one of the largest, richest, and most productive valleys west of the Cascade Mountains in Washington.

Tales of the severe discipline which the Christian Brothers demanded of their charges would, indeed, be regarded as overly harsh today. But I will be forever grateful to the brothers for the order, discipline, and values which they imparted to me while under their guidance, tough love, and care. I have often stated that I was a little wild at times and didn't know what would have become of me if not for the discipline and example of the Christian Brothers.

The strict discipline here was something I had never known before. What the sisters couldn't do for me, the brothers did from day one. I became a good student, was given honor certificates and when I completed my freshman year, I was thoroughly grounded in Algebra and Latin. I was only physically chastised once. It was by a brother that I liked very much. Other than hurt feelings, I took no exception to it.

My first day was October 12, 1925, Columbus Day. I know it was Columbus Day because it was a holiday and on all holidays the faculty gave the boys a banquet. On arriving, we were introduced to Brother Gibbs, the principal. He was tall, powerfully built and stern. This was a man I would never cross. In fact he was a kind man, but I did not know this yet. My mother left me, and I was in a strange new world.

I attended the banquet and afterwards was “shown the ropes”. Since it was a holiday, a sack of candy and a sack of peanuts had been left at each boy’s place at table. The dining room was quite long and at the end of the room was a wall length painting of the Last Supper. In front of the painting the school band sat and played during the meal.

When I arrived at Briscoe, I didn’t know what an adjective was. I didn’t know the parts of speech. I knew practically no grammar. I learned my grammar when I took Latin as a freshman. I didn’t know how many zeroes were in a number like 2,004. I was chastised a few times until the teachers finally realized I really didn’t know. When they chastised me it hurt my feelings because I wanted them for my friends.

I joined the boys on the athletic field and became center fielder and pitcher on the baseball team. I got stiff armed in the jaw during football. This surprised me and I thought it was dirty playing. I decided I didn’t care for the game. Basketball teams were organized, and I played on the “Pirates”. We were good. I made the school team. We beat O’Dea in Seattle. We also beat Lakeside school in Seattle, the school Bill Gates was to graduate from one day in the future. This was a school of rich kids, and they were poor basketball players. I learned to like some of the teachers very much because they played ball with us.

Here are a few stories about my days at Briscoe which reveal some of the mischievous adventures which high school boys are wont to engage in, along with the consequences which might ensue.

One day during study hall I attempted to make a student jump out of his seat. I selected a heavy book from the library. I slammed the book down on the desk behind the student. He jumped alright but the desk behind him was smashed and broken. I was sent to Brother Gibb’s office. I stood at his door in fear and trembling. Brother Gibbs never appeared at his door, probably because I was afraid to knock on it. Anyhow, I was saved and learned a lesson.

Later, as an honor student I was assigned special tasks which were considered privileges. (They didn't know that I had raided the pantry a couple of times and swiped some raisin bread. This was a daring feat and the penalties if caught would be dire. My status as an honor student would have been "history". On my second raid, I had a very close call and never raided again).

One of those special tasks of honor, for example, was that prior to banquets, I would be called into the office of Brothers Gibbs where there were barrels of candy and barrels of peanuts. My task was to sack the candy and peanuts for the banquet. It was while working at one of these honor tasks, I learned that Brother Gibbs had bullets in the lap drawer of his desk, a piece of information I filed away for possible future use. Who knows what mischief that knowledge might lead too?

The Bishop owned considerable property at Angle Lake, close to present day SeaTac airport and a block from present day highway 99 now known as International Boulevard. Each summer the Briscoe boys were given an outing to Angle Lake. The White River was between the school and the lake, so we had to build a bridge across the river. Near the school side of the river was the school's dairy. At the dairy were many large planks. One of my honor jobs was to carry these planks to the river so that the hired man could build the bridge. I had one boy helping me. It was hot and carrying these planks became real work. So, I decided to sneak into Brother Gibbs office and borrow some of the bullets out of his desk. My idea was to measure the distance across the river, determine from that information how many planks would be required so that we wouldn't have to carry any more planks then necessary. We poked a hole in a board and put a groove in the lead on the end of the bullet. We inserted the bullet into the hole and mounted the board upright on the ground. We tied a string onto groove in the bullet. We took a nail and fired the bullet. Needless to say, the lead and string went plop in front of the board. [All eventual engineering prodigies must begin with an unsuccessful experiment]. When the bridge was completed we all tramped up the hill and over to Angle Lake. I noted that a block or so from the lake there was a wide area which had been cleared and bulldozed. This was part of the right of way for the new highway 99 which was being built.

At the beginning of my freshman year we had no teacher for several weeks. So we went down to the dairy and swiped about a thousand or more milk tops. (In those days milk came in bottles. Circular cardboard tops were pressed on to the bottles). With these tops we played poker for two weeks. Some of us became rich and had our locker full of milk tops.

Earlier I said I quit fighting when I entered high school. I did have one fight at Briscoe. I was put in charge of the locker room and given certain rules to enforce when the kids came in from the playground. Well, a tough kid came in named Tony Santucci and refused to abide by the rules. This was a tough fight. I fought hard but I couldn't win it.

One of my favorite stories is about the rewards the brothers would bestow for good performance by us boys. The most prestigious of all was to be awarded the privilege of mopping the chapel floor daily for the highest performance in some assigned task. I won this privilege one time during my stay at Briscoe and proudly mopped the chapel floor, to the envy of my mates for a whole month. In my efforts to make the floor shine, I broke the handle of the mop one time. Again, I was fearful that I was in big trouble. However, the brother commended me and told me not to push so hard on the mop.

We had many chores to perform as the brothers attempted to instill an understanding of the value of hard work in us boys. Each boy had a garden. I didn't like gardening. We had a large laundry with a mangle in it etc. I didn't like working in the laundry either. We washed the school windows using Bon Ami. (That's not the easiest way to wash windows). I was also put in charge of the dormitory. There were many beds in the long dormitory. The pillows had to be finished off just right. The beds had to be perfectly lined up.

Somewhere along the line, I decided I wanted to play in the band. Mr. Howard, the band instructor, handed me a cornet. I practiced and finally learned to play pretty well. The band was playing, and I was giving it my all on the cornet. Mr. Howard was directing. Suddenly he wrapped on his music stand looked my way and asked me what I was doing. Well, the band and I were playing different songs. Mr. Howard also explained to me how a director waved the baton for four-quarter time and how he waved it for three-quarter time.

Since I played the cornet, I wanted to own one. Mr. Howard, on a trip to the music shop in Seattle took me with him. We selected two used instruments, one about \$75 the other about \$35. Of course, I wanted the more expensive one and my mother would have bought it for me. However, Brother Gibbs counseled her wisely and she bought the cheaper one. While I had learned some new skills as a 9th grader, my musical career never did flourish and eventually, in the 1930's, I traded the coronet in on the purchase of a portable typewriter.

I was one of the few who were being encouraged to become a brother. My friends, Joe Hessian and Frank Finch became brothers but, recalling my days in Dieringer, I wanted to become a railroad engineer. Joe and Frank were sent to St Mary's on the Hudson for training. Years later, Phil, Jr. played basketball against Seattle's O'Dea High School. Frank was the coach.

During these years, since Briscoe is located at Orillia, near Kent, Washington, in the valley between Tacoma and Seattle, I was able to visit my mother once a month. My mother lived in "very poor circumstances" in Tacoma at that time.

On these monthly weekend visits to my mother, I would walk from the school, and cross the valley highway. A block further on was the Interurban line. It consisted of a track and a third rail. It ran from Everett to Seattle to Tacoma. How great it would be if it existed today. I had wonderful weekends. My mother bought me shoes and whatever little things I needed. On Sunday afternoon she would take me to a movie downtown. After the movie, we would walk to Pacific Avenue, and I would catch the Interurban back to school. It would run down Pacific Avenue, across the Puyallup River, and continued on to Fife. A mile from Fife it would veer right, go through a tunnel at Milton and travel the rest of the way to Seattle through the Puyallup Valley, stopping if necessary at the valley towns. I would get off at the Briscoe stop and walk back to the school.

I might mention here that at some time during my years at Briscoe, my sister Patricia was sent to live with the nuns of St. Mary's Academy at Winlock, Washington.

During summer months between school years, I remember a variety of activities and experiences.

When I was about 12 years of age I recall a kindness of one of my uncles. Uncle Jim [Morrisey], my mother's brother-in-law visited us in Tacoma. He was managing a cabin resort or some such thing in the vicinity of Surprise Lake about 12 miles from Tacoma. As I crossed the street with him at 11th and South Tacoma Ave, (I remember almost the exact spot), to say goodbye at the end of his visit, he gave me a dollar bill. That was the first dollar that I ever had that I could call my own. It is strange the things one remembers.

At age 13, I spent a month with my Uncle Jim and Aunt Martha Lentz who were managing a large ranch on Naches Heights outside Yakima, Washington. I had a memorable summer with the four Lentz children, swimming and diving in the irrigation ditches, and riding the work horses. One had to be careful not to fall off the work horses, I recall, because they were so tall we couldn't get back on unless we could find a fence post to climb.

To this day I have an unwelcome souvenir of that wonderful summer. I was sitting on the barn roof (boys will be boys!) and selected a loose shingle from which to fashion a dart to shoot from a rubber sling shot. I placed the shingle on my upper leg, drew my knife through the shingle to split it to make the dart. The souvenir mentioned is a significant scar above my knee which I still carry.

During the summer before 9th grade year, I worked on a chicken ranch. This ranch was located some 20 miles or so south of Tacoma in the forest toward Mt. Rainier. There was a bus route that could be used to travel to and from Tacoma. Once a week on Sundays during that summer, my mother would board the city bus, while I hiked the distance from the ranch to the highway, and there I would wait at the stop for the highlight of my week, a visit with my mother. We would sit near the roadway and visit. Too soon, she would have to board the return bus back to Tacoma after just a few hours together.

Attached to the ranch was a diner called Mother Ohneck's Chicken Dinner Inn. The ranch and the diner were owned by Mr. Ohneck, a friend of my mother's. This was a happy summer for me. Ruth was placed at the country home of Mr. Ohneck's daughter, Thelma Crate. Thelma loved horses, had a racehorse, and attended horse shows. She died in the 20's. This was an unhappy summer for Ruth.

Mother Ohneck's Chicken Dinner Inn was a large edifice with about six bedrooms upstairs, dormer windows facing the nearby Rapjohn Lake, and a full sweep of the majestic Mt. Rainier. There was also a large bedroom taking up the whole south end of the Inn. This was his daughter Bernice's bedroom. She was a sophomore at WSC and did not come home from college that summer. Strangely, Mr. Ohneck had no wife present. He had a housekeeper that probably did a lot of the cooking. My room was in the second dormer from the south end of the inn. Downstairs at the south end

of the Inn was a large kitchen. Toward the front end of the house was a large dance floor. I sat in the kitchen one time when a Mr. Burnett, a prominent jeweler in Tacoma came out and sat beside me. He was a little high. He did most of the talking. He told me that if I ever needed a job to come and see him, etc.

Mr. Ohneck was a great guy. I could use his rowboat and go fishing at the foot of the slope in Lake Rapjohn. He did not overwork me. I had plenty of time to myself. My job was to keep the kitchen supplied with newly killed and cleaned chickens on demand. Most of this work occurred in the late afternoon because the couples came from Tacoma and elsewhere in the evening for dinner and dancing. I would catch the chickens, put their heads on the chopping block, pick up the chicken as it flopped around, douse it in a large container of boiling water, remove the feathers, slit it open, carefully remove the spleen, clean the chicken, open and clean the gizzard and take the finished product to the kitchen. For this I received a nickel a chicken. I think I made about \$15 that summer so that figures out to be 300 chickens I killed. I also helped him shingle his pump house. We liked each other and he wanted me to come back the following summer. Oh, how I wish I had. He promised to buy a little Ford pickup which he would let me drive to Eatonville to pick up ice for refrigeration.

The summer having come to an end, I returned to Briscoe in September 1926 for my freshman year.

I was to leave my beloved Christian Brothers at Briscoe after my 9th grade year. The years here molded me for the future more than any other and I will always feel a profound gratitude and admiration for the experiences and at times the tough love with which they prepared me for life during these formative times.

Some months ago, I found a box that Marge, bless her soul, had packed and labeled, "Bud's keepsakes". I finally opened the box and there on top was my certificate of graduation from Briscoe. The box was tightly packed, and I never delved further into it. I would never be able to return the contents to the box. So I sealed it up and can only guess what is in that box. People say that you can always have fond memories. But in my case, dwelling on the past hurts. I always remember what Granny Florence said to me when Grampa Henry passed away. "Don't look back".

To return to my story, having left Briscoe, I am now 15 years old. During the summer of 1927, with the help of my Uncle Rudy Prasch, I secured a job stamping lumber at the Defiance Lumber Company located on the Tacoma waterfront. When ships were in port, it was my job to stamp the piles of lumber with lampblack using a stencil and a brush. Most of the ships were Japanese whose sailors were stripped to the waist and had daggers in their belts. After working most of the summer, another worker told me the mill was shutting down for a day for crane repair, so I gave myself a day off. When I returned the following day, the boss, Mr. Swanson, asked me, "Who said you could leave the job?" He ignored my explanation and would not assign work to me, so I went to the office and drew my pay.

I began my sophomore year at St. Leo's High School in Tacoma in 1927. My Briscoe education had been very concentrated and so I was able to breeze through my sophomore year at St. Leo's.

While it lasted, my sophomore year was one of my greatest years. I made the JV basketball team and we won 19 of 21 games, defeating the much larger Lincoln High in all three games. Lincoln has a student body of 3,000 kids whereas our school consisted of about 80 boys. Stadium High School with a student body of 2,000 was unable to beat Lincoln so all we had to do to win the city championship that year was to beat Stadium in one of the two games we were to play. We lost both games by one point and I can still remember the details of some of the critical plays. So the championship ended in a tie among the three schools. The coach was a man named John Heinrich who later became a long time and highly revered basketball coach at the University of Puget Sound (UPS). He instructed me to read up on the rules of football. He planned to play me at full back the next year. (Years later, as basketball coach at UPS, he beat the much larger University of Washington in a game that I attended).

Toward the end of the basketball season I was drafted to the varsity squad and played against Lincoln and Puyallup. I started three quarters of a game in Portland against Columbia Prep when part of our team got lost in the fog traveling to the game. That night from our rooms in the YMCA we saw a red tubular sign on a building front. This was something new, a neon sign.

Earlier in the year and near the end of September, 1927, I received my mother's consent to use my summer earnings along with selling my bicycle and my sister's bicycle to purchase a Harley motorcycle. My sister was now

living with Dr. and Mrs. Terry where she would soon be considered as a daughter in that family.

I had a few early scrapes with my motorcycle, but I practically lived on it. On a gravel road, coming down from Green River Gorge, I drifted to the shoulder at high speed to avoid a skid and nearly left the road. Had I done so, I would have gone over an embankment into the woods. Another time at night, I passed a car on a city street and hit a metal “slow” sign in the middle of the street. The resulting fall threw me over the handlebars, and I burned the back out of my sheepskin coat as I slid on the pavement. The driver of the car stopped to assist me but since I was only 15 and had no license, I was afraid of getting in trouble, so I hopped back on the motorcycle and left the scene in a hurry.

RIDING THE RAPIDS - HARM AND HEALING

1927- 1929

Once again, we will pause to set the scene for a turning point of great significance before my father continues to tell his story.

Just as the voyage of this young teenager was beginning to find its compass, storm clouds suddenly gathered which would re-chart his course permanently. Ironically, it was the life-altering decision of a 15 year old to purchase a motorcycle that would be destined to determine that he would not complete his sophomore year at St. Leo's. On Mother's Day, May 13, 1928, with his cousin, Bob Prasch riding with him, he entered an intersection in Tacoma not far from his house. While driving through a rather complex intersection, with his vision momentarily obscured by a large bush, a car sped through the intersection at that instant violently colliding with the motorcycle. The accident was catastrophic, and survival was miraculous. Dad's injuries, broken bones and internal injuries were numerous and very serious. His cousin, Bob Prasch was in a coma for six weeks before recovering. Dad was hospitalized for a five month period. He was to suffer the after-effects of this accident for the rest of his life. Medical procedures in 1928 were primitive compared to today. One leg, as a result of the method of treatment, atrophied and failed to grow further so that one leg has been slightly shorter than the other ever since, generating life-long, painful problems with his back and impacting walking, running, and everyday activities. When recounting the story of

his motorcycle accident, my father commented wistfully, "If I had had a father, I would never have bought that motorcycle."

Following his hospitalization a long period of recuperation and healing was required. After five months of physical and mental suffering and five surgeries to prevent his becoming crippled, he left the hospital in a wheelchair. Primitive anesthetics, badly administered by poorly trained nurses resulted in long term aftereffects on his nerves, in addition to the permanent physical problems which would plague him. Periodic cycles of ill health traceable to the accident would be a burden for many years.

Now he continues telling of the circumstances and the aftermath of this terrible accident.....

Fate worked hard to set the scene for my near fatal accident. On Sunday, May 13, 1928, Mother's day, following Sunday mass, I rode my motorcycle to the home of my cousin, Bob Prasch. Aunt Louise was a second mother to me, and Uncle Rudy was a second father. I spent a considerable amount of time at their house. Bob and I were pals.

In those days, meals were cooked on stoves that burned wood. On this Sunday Aunt Louise wanted Bob and me to bring in a load of wood and stack it in the shed. I protested that it was Sunday, and I had my Sunday clothes on. She said, "Go home and change your clothes". I had no choice but to comply. Bob said, "I am going with you". So we left for my house at 34th and Mason. I was in no hurry to return to the wood pile, so I took out my cornet and played it for a while. Eventually we got on the motorcycle and headed for Bob's house at 4602 North Grove. Four blocks from my house, as we reached 38th and Cheyenne, a car to my right driven by the City Coroner, was coming around a long sweeping curve. It was necessary for me to enter this curve and I thought I could enter the curve in front of the car. Where my street met the curve was a large bush on the left. This bush screened my vision with respect to any car that might be on the curve coming from the other direction that might enter the street I was on. And sure enough, unknown to me there was a car and sure enough it would turn on to my street. I saw that if I were to attempt to enter the curve in front of the car I was aware of, to my right, we would collide. So, to avoid this collision, I moved left to the wrong side of my street. The car coming around the bush, which I never did see, hit us broadside. There is another street involved in this intersection which makes it a very

complicated maze. Now of course, the streets involved are loaded with stop signs. The next thing I knew, I was unable to see a thing and I kept repeating, "I didn't have a wreck, I didn't have a wreck". I sustained a compound fracture of the right leg about 10 inches above my ankle. The leg was also shattered high up, too high to be amputated in event of gangrene. My right collar bone was also broken. The next thing I remember was the red hot sun burning into the gash in my forehead. Then, as I was being borne to the county hospital, I saw momentarily the ceiling of the ambulance. In the hospital, I remember being on a stretcher in the hall. I have no memory after that.

Bob had a broken right leg below the knee. It was a clean break. He also had a skull fracture and he remained unconscious for 6 weeks. Should they operate? Dr. McCreery, a doctor who made house calls, decided it would be better to let nature take its course. Bob raved at times and thrashed around. This slowed down the healing of the break in his leg. He finally regained consciousness and was well enough to go home in about 3 months.

When we didn't return home, Uncle Rudy called the hospitals and finally found us, Bob in the Tacoma General, me in the county hospital. After checking on Bob he checked on me and immediately ordered a bone specialist for me. From then on for me it was hell on earth. Four surgeries, one attempted surgery in my hospital bed, ether administered by nurses, shattered nerves, etc.

During my hospital stay, at one point, I was sharing a room with an epileptic who had fallen off a freight car and lost a leg. He tried to get out of bed and crawl to the bathroom one day and had a fit in the process. There was a foot race by the nurse to reach him and shove a stick under his tongue before he bit it off. I was seeing a lot of things for the first time. Six months later, in November, I was driven home by Mrs. Terry in her Packard automobile.

After a week or two at home, my mother decided that I needed a change for my recuperation. She called her brother, Michael Lentz, in Yakima. He and Aunt Jule drove over and picked me up. We left Tacoma in the morning and got as far as Snoqualmie pass. The road across the pass was gravel in those days. A dynamite truck was stuck in front of us. It was hours before we were on our way again. We arrived in Yakima, long after dark.

During the two months I recuperated there, I became great friends with Cyril and Eva Lentz, two of Uncle Mike's children who were about my age. During the day, I worked at the Lentz hardware assembling Christmas toys such as wagons etc. I was supervised by Larry? (will supply this name later) We became good friends. Larry took a revolver and holster out of the gun cabinet. I strapped it on. He took my picture. I am guessing that picture is in the box of keepsakes Marge assembled for me.

I came home to Tacoma for Christmas 1928 and it was while at the train station in Yakima, waiting to depart, that I first met Jeanne (Prasch) Wohlers, who would become a life-long friend. Uncle Mike provided a blank check to my mother to cover the cost of hiring a private nurse as might be needed. At this time, home was located at North 26th and Cheyenne Street in Tacoma.

When I returned home there was a grim reminder of the accident hanging in my closet. On one of my earlier trips home from Briscoe my cousin Betty Wolf had given me one of her husband's long pants suits. It was my first suit. I wore the coat to this suit when I had my motorcycle accident. When the crowd around me moved, the red hot sun burned into the gash on my forehead. Even though my collar bone was broken, I raised my right arm to shield the sun. When I returned home months later, there was the coat with blood on the sleeve. There also , was my house key with its long round shaft bent into a 30 degree angle. It had been in my pocket during the accident.

The motorcycle accident itself was now behind me, but my youth was gone forever. I left the hospital facing a bleak and threatening world. Even today, when I think of the magnificence of the world I left [as a young adult], and the magnitude of the loss I suffered, I cringe. In later years, before my marriage, while working on jobs outdoors as a surveyor for the City of Tacoma constructing streets, sidewalks, alleys, the Cushman Dam....and later for the Bureau of Public Roads, in the mountains of Oregon, Washington and Montana, I tried to recapture the person I was before the wreck. I was partially successful, but my success consisted of a thin veneer covering my post-wreck person.

I entered Bellarmine High School after Christmas in January 1929 as a junior. Bellarmine, having just been constructed, opened for its first year as a boy's high school on September 1, 1928. My old JV coach, John Heinrich had moved to Bellarmine but of course, due to my accident I couldn't play basketball, football or any other sport. In a memorable

gesture which meant a great deal to me, the Letterman's Club voted me the prized chenille varsity letter B in spite of my inability to physically participate in sports. I had great difficulty catching up academically due to the long absence from school. Jesuit Fathers Gleason and Scholtice tutored me in English, Spanish, Math, and Science to help me along. By the time my junior year ended I had caught up with the class. I spent the summer months between my junior and senior years working as an unpaid apprentice with a civil engineering survey party of the Tacoma Public Works Department. Jack Pierce, whom my mother would later marry, and who worked for the city, was a friend of the party chief and arranged the job for me.

A frightening close call occurred on that job. It was the last day of the job, and I was to start my senior year the next day. A concrete mixer used in paving the streets was on large wide steel wheels and had a large skip weighing tons attached to it. Trucks would dump their loads of sand and gravel into the skip and when the mixer operator wanted to mix another load of cement he raised the skip and emptied its contents into the mixer, then lowered it back to the street. He couldn't see anything under the skip. I walked from across the street and under the skip. The wheels on the machine didn't look right. Someone yelled. I knew instantly what was wrong and dove for the parking strip. A split second later the skip came crashing down!!!

That summer I trained in the civil engineering profession of surveying , took the City Civil Service exam, and got on the Civil Service Register, which would assist me in getting work in the future.

During my senior year, Father Schulteis, my math teacher took a special interest in me and introduced me to logarithms and trigonometry, furthering my interests in engineering work.

On October 24, 1929, the stock market crashed and launched the Great Depression of 1929 to 1939. The Depression became worldwide. Fortunes were lost and suicides were a daily occurrence. Unemployment reached staggering numbers and the bread lines began. It was a terrible time in our history.

REACHING THE SEA – SETTING SAIL 1930 - 1935

We received word in November 1929 that my father had died at the age of 42 in Sawtell, California while visiting his sister. He resided in Milwaukee, Wisconsin but had gone to Arizona for a time for his health; probably involving his lungs. In the aftermath of his death, Francis William, my younger brother, now age 15, returned west from Wisconsin to live with my mother and me in Tacoma.

During my senior year, the U. S. Coast and Geodetic Engineers called on me to work on a survey for the Hylebos Waterway in Tacoma, in preparation for dredging the channel to accommodate several large industries located on the waterway. Because the Depression was on, and my grades were excellent, the Jesuits permitted me to accept the 6 week job.

I graduated with the highest grades in some of my subjects and Father Lynch nominated me to be either Valedictorian or Salutatorian, but it was finally decided that since I had only attended 3 years with the class that I was ineligible for that particular honor.

At the end of my senior year in high school in 1930, my mother met Jack Pierce whom she later married. After graduation I went to work immediately on the new City Steam Plant. One day a 2" x 6" plank was dropped from two stories above me, missing my head by inches and landed on my foot, shattering it. I was on crutches for a few weeks.

In 1930 I worked for the City of Tacoma building city streets, sidewalks, bridges and docks. I also worked on the first Narrows Bridge (later known as Galloping Gertie) and finally at the City Steam Plant.

After recovering from this accident, E. O. Clark (Clarky) who was the City of Tacoma photographer was to work with a Mr. Llewellyn Evans, on Mt. Rainier doing a survey out on the surface of the Nisqually Glacier and at the Paradise Ice Caves. They needed an assistant for the survey and since I was on the Civil Service Register, Clarky suggested me to Mr. Evans. We camped in a tent at Paradise, near where the Paradise Inn would later stand. The object of the survey was to determine the rate of flow of the glacier down the mountain.

One of the things Evans and I did was to run a stadia line survey from the Paradise Lodge to the moraine of the glacier. I scrambled down the moraine which is ice covered black with rock and sand. Once on the glacier, I painted a line clear across it using red lead paint. The line was given to me by Evans at the top of the glacier with a transit. I scrambled up a similar ice covered moraine on the other side of the glacier setting flags on line. I was only 18 years old and had no experience on the mountain and was not equipped with the proper boots. The glacier kept getting steeper and steeper. At the farthest point from Evans which I attained there was a hole in the ice about 4 feet in diameter. Water from surface melt was flowing down the glacier into the hole at a swift pace. The hole was at the foot of the moraine. I moved close to the edge of the hole and dropped rocks in hoping to estimate the thickness of the glacier by listening and counting the seconds. Suddenly a slide came down off the moraine into the hole. I jumped back and began to slide down the glacier. I picked up tremendous speed until the glacier leveled off a bit. I used the stadia rod as a kind of brake which didn't slow me down but enabled me to remain upright during my slide. Had one of those holes been in my line of descent I would have been perfectly preserved for a long time in the ice below before eventually being pulverized. We came back 24 hours later and measured the flow of the glacier down the mountain. The red painted line had moved down stream about 12 inches.

We completed the survey in about 3 weeks and a book containing pictures and information was compiled and presented to Federal and City Engineers.

After that job I was immediately sent to work on the construction of Cushman Dam # 2 in the Olympic Mountains, above Hood's Canal (Inlet) of Puget Sound, where I worked for the rest of that year. The penstocks, surge tanks and power house were also located on Hood's Canal. I made \$125 per month plus board and room, a magnificent sum for a kid in those days. There was no place to spend money, so I banked \$100 per month. The work involved surveying for the dam, spillway, and reservoir for a system which would provide hydroelectric power for the City of Tacoma.

Each morning we would be taken by city truck to the dam five or six miles away. The dam site consisted of the partially completed dam spanning the canyon, the entrance to the five mile long tunnel under construction through which water would flow to the power house, a swinging bridge over the canyon, an office for the engineers, an engine hoist to transport

material, equipment and men by cable stretched across the canyon, and a concrete mixing plant on a knob hill above and adjacent to the dam. The concrete flowed from the mixing plant through lengths of steel chutes suspended by cable across the canyon. The dare devil high-riggers connected and disconnected the chute sections to direct the flow of concrete down into the section of dam to be poured. One morning a new hoist operator lifted one of our survey parties and before starting the transport across the canyon accidentally dropped them back to the ground in front of the hoist. He was fired immediately. I always walked across the swinging bridge. The spillway area across the canyon was solid rock. When the dynamite charges were fired we took cover in a spillway tunnel. The concussion in the tunnel was bearable. My job was to work with a transit man and set building points on the dam for the erection of forms in the constant process of building the dam upward. In doing my job, I had to climb the upstream or downstream face of the dam many times a day. I also worked on the spillway construction. One of the contractor's men while working on the spillway and through a mix up in signals, was almost blown into the canyon, survived, but lost a leg. Prior to my working on the dam, the Tacoma News Tribune published reports of an ongoing rescue attempt of men, some of whom died in a cave in of the tunnel. Thank goodness, I didn't have to work in the tunnel. It was huge with trucks and rail cars working in it.

I was then assigned to working on the reservoir. This was a difficult job pushing through the brush and trees for miles to blaze trees on what would be the eventual shore line. I and a hand level man worked on this job determining the proper elevations.. I was working the rod so I had to blaze trees at what would be the water line then drop down 15 feet in elevation and blaze more trees. The reservoir shore line and this tree blazing operation would extend back into numerous canyons that were mighty tough to work in and would extend almost back to the large Cushman Dam, Unit #1. Upon completion of this tree blazing job, the loggers came in and cut the trees in the 15 foot section of what would become the reservoir.

My Cushman Dam job would terminate on my 19th birthday, December 31, 1930. My boss, a wiser head than I, and probably being fully cognizant of the depression, advised me to return to school. I received a fine letter of recommendation from J. V. Gongwer, the chief engineer on the project.

In May of 1931, when I was 19 years old, I went by myself to camp out at Soap Lake, an isolated spot in eastern Washington. Soap Lake had a very

high mineral content, hence the name and soaking in its waters was thought to have a beneficial health effect. I had hopes that it would cure a bad case of acne which plagued me as a teenager. It also got me away from everything for the summer and an opportunity to see what adventures would ensue. My campsite and the surrounding desert were so isolated that one could take full advantage of the environment by going without clothes. During the six weeks I would alternate soaking in the mineral waters, drying in the sun, then back into the lake and repeat the process over and over again. I turned a golden tan and my hair bleached out to a yellow color. My acne was healed in no time. While camping at Soap Lake I met several somewhat eccentric characters, including an Indian living in a nearby hut, who wore no clothes and who seemed to be a permanent resident, a wrestler, and a couple of guys who were very likely homeless. I had a few adventures with them, especially with a man named Clancy. After a large bull snake slithered out of my pup tent one day necessitating my spending a couple nights sleeping in my Model T Ford, I took Clancy up on an offer to join him in his big white tent. We found a mattress spring in the junk yard and that became my bed in Clancy's tent from that point on. Clancy would inspect the canned goods thrown away by the town food store merchants. If the cans didn't have what Clancy called "swelled heads", he took possession of them and ate their contents.

There was an old Indian sweat bath near the tent site. It was built similar to an Eskimo igloo. I built a fire, heated some rocks, tossed them into the igloo and poured cold water on them. After sitting in this primitive steam room for a while, I would go out and jump into the cold waters of the lake, just as the Indians did of yore.

Shortly before I left Soap Lake, I visited two elderly ladies whose home was across the lake directly opposite my habitat and about a mile away. As I entered the front door, there on the table I saw a pair of field glasses!!!!

Leaving Soap Lake, I drove to Yakima to stay with Cyril Lentz, a cousin, and then worked on the Morrissey ranch in Grandview, Washington for a time.

In the fall of 1931, I secured a job at Point Defiance Park in Tacoma while at the same time attending Knapp Business College. I took law, accounting, business law, rapid calculation, typing, shorthand and penmanship. These classes were to pay off one day in my future.

I would have to call the early part of 1932, “horse-around time”. In January, I joined a group of students from Knapp Business College on my first ever skiing experience. We drove up to Mt. Rainier and I rented equipment at Longmire Lodge. We drove as far as Narada Falls, and then hiked up to Paradise. There had been a very heavy snowfall that year, so one could only enter the lodge through dormer windows. My very first attempt on skies was from the top of the roof of the lodge. Later we skied back down to Narada Falls. On the way down, I missed a turn on a steep slope, went way down into a canyon and was buried in snow. After figuring out which way was up I dug myself out and I remember it was great to gather around the log fire at Longmire that evening.

In February, Helen Marshall, [my mother’s sister], had broken her arm. So I decided to go to her home in Medford, Oregon to help out around the place. I took my younger brother Bill, (Francis), with me. My cousin, Jack Marshall was building a boat and shed on the Willamette River at his home and after the boat was built we found that we had to dismantle the shed in order to get it out. Opps!! Having removed the boat we rebuilt the shed.

This was also the occasion of the “Great Tulip Theft”. Jack and I “borrowed” some tulips from a lady’s garden to give to Aunt Helen. We got caught, and Aunt Helen required us to appear before the lady to apologize and to pay restitution.

While in Oregon, I took the Civil Service exam for the Federal Bureau of Public Roads (BPR), and shortly got a telegram to report to work in Portland, Oregon. It was to be the first of many BPR assignments over the years and would prove to be a very important connection, enabling me to work outdoors for brief periods when leaves of absence from office jobs became necessary in later life for reasons of my health.

That first assignment in the summer of 1932 was high in the Cascades at Mt. Hood Government Camp, Oregon. I was told to report to “The Battle Ax”. This caused some worry enroute as I thought the boss was referred to as Battle Ax. Not a pleasant image for a 20 year old enroute to his first job. To my great relief, it turned out that the reporting place in the mountains was the Battle Ax Inn and a man named Percy Edwards was the boss. I lived in a Forest Service Camp surveying for the setting of monuments (permanent reference points) for the road through the village of Government Camp on over a mountain pass to Eastern Oregon. Interestingly it was the same mountain pass used by the early wagon trains of the pioneer settlers of Oregon Territory.

After a time I was transferred to a mountain highway job in Montana to help build what would become one of the most scenic high mountain roads in America. The highway was to go from Red Lodge to Cook City, Montana. I drove a government Oldsmobile to the Columbia River from Mt. Hood and then on to Burke City Idaho, a mining town. From there I drove on to Livingston, Montana, finally arriving at Red Lodge. Our crew boarded at a dude ranch for a time then moved over to the Cook City side of the job after a “run-in” (which I won’t describe) with the Red Lodge crew boss. We then lived in a camp at 10,000 feet. There was an initiation process for “new guys” which consisted of shaving the head bald among other things. The air at 10,000 feet is always crisp and cold so having a bald head for a time took on new meaning. As the job progressed we moved on up to Bear Tooth, Montana and stayed in a rooming house. At the end of the job, I gave the land lady a “bad” [generic] check to pay for the room and board then had to hustle to Tacoma to open an account to cover the check.

One day in early 1933 I received a telegram from the Bureau of Public Roads offering me work on a Washington mountain highway being built from just below Rim Rock Dam (this would be on the southeast side of Mt. Rainier on what is now White Pass) to the Naches Highway in the upper Yakima Valley. During this job I lived in a camp, calculated excavation yardage, did surveys and ran cross-sections in preparation for eventual highway construction. (All highways were 2 lanes in those days and White Pass still is.)

These were exhilarating and exciting times for Dad, a young man just setting out onto the sea of adulthood. Working in the brisk and refreshing environment of the mountains on an outdoor job, camping out, and being fully independent, not to mention having a steady job during these early days of the Great Depression filled his days with adventure. There were invariably some hazards to be avoided to be sure, like the day he stepped on a rattle snake while on the job. Luckily, no harm resulted and as a matter of fact one of the popular pastimes was killing rattlers, which were abundant in this sage brush country and collecting their rattles. He continues:

On weekends during this period, I would drive the sixty or so miles to Yakima and renew acquaintances with my cousin Cyril Lentz. During the summer of 1933, Annette La Chance, a friend, invited me to a party in

Yakima to meet a blind date. The blind date, whose name was Helen Dietzen, fatefully, did not show up and I met Marguerite Sudmeier at the party.

We had actually met as young children some years before when the Sudmeiers vacationed at a rental house on the beach in West Seattle. At that time my prize possession was a windup Cris-Craft motor boat named "Vim". While playing in a park with a pond and running my little boat I offered Marguerite a turn at being in charge of the boat. Later in life she always reminisced that "Bud", as she called me, must have thought even then that she was something special, letting her have a turn with his very precious boat.

In any case the summer days of 1933 were to prove pivotal in both our lives as we spent the summer dating. The party at which Marge and I met had been held at the home of Mary Louise Sikenga who was a good friend of Marge. On one occasion, sometime later, Marge stayed overnight with Mary Louise and the house caught on fire. Marge suffered an injury falling down the stairs while escaping from the house.

A few weeks after the party, Eva, Marge and I were out just for a joy ride around town. We wound up at the Yakima airport. Airplane rides were available in a new Stinson Monoplane that had won awards at a recent World's Fair. I convinced Eva and Marge to take a sightseeing flight around Yakima; their first airplane ride.

[Remember this was 1933. I'm not sure her parents, Grampa Henry and Granny Florence would have approved!!]

In September, I proposed to my "Marge" and a wedding date was eventually set for two years later in July 1935.

Now it was time to get serious if I was to marry and start a family. So I enrolled at the College of Puget Sound in Tacoma to get some more education. In my first semester I took engineering courses.

Back when I was at Briscoe, my mother had asked me what I wanted for Christmas one year. I couldn't think of a thing I wanted. I finally said, boxing gloves. They never got much use, but in the 30's in Physical Ed while attending UPS, I took boxing lessons from Freddie Steele, Middle Weight Champion of the world. I knew Freddie from Bellarmine. He was Junior when I was a Senior. We fought 3 round fights. In one fight I used

my gloves. They were so light it was like being hit with bare fists. Regulation gloves became heavy after 3 rounds and the arms became weary.

At Christmas time 1933, there were terrible floods on the Columbia River. Cyril Lentz was in Tacoma and wanted to get home to Yakima. I met him at the Tacoma train station and while we were waiting for a delayed train, I made a spur of the moment decision to hop aboard and accompany him. Besides, Marge lived in Selah, just north of Yakima and I would get to visit her. Due to the floods on all the rivers, the train was stopped in the mountains. Finally it made it to Cle Elum, a town about 60 miles from Yakima. After a brief hitchhike on the back of a coal truck, we two adventurers set out on foot through the snow toward Ellensburg. After more hitchhiking and an overnight in Ellensburg, we finally made it to the bridge to Selah. The bridge was out due to the flood on the Yakima River, so we hiked across a railroad bridge to the Selah side. Marge had hiked the railroad tracks from the Selah road to the railroad bridge and was waiting for us. [Nothing can defeat young love!!] Marge informed us that Grampa Henry [her father] had had a business bonanza due to the floods, selling out his entire hardware store stock as it was Christmas, and no one could get across the bridge to Yakima to shop.

I continued schooling in 1934 at the College of Puget Sound but quit at some point that year because we wanted to get married. That meant having a job of course. I was hired by the Asbestos Supply Company of Tacoma, handling shipping, in and out of the warehouse and doing office work. Nothing was known about the horrendous consequences of asbestos exposure until many years later. Fortunately, I suffered no ill effects from being in proximity to this material.

A wedding date was set for July 15, 1935 and I continued to work at Asbestos Supply. We were married in Yakima and honeymooned in Victoria, British Columbia at the Princess Hotel. We then moved in to a \$15 per month apartment in Tacoma near Stadium High School which my mother had found for us.

SETTING THE COURSE 1936 – 1941

When Phil, Jr. (yours truly), came along, the young family had to move, as no children were allowed in the apartment they were renting. So they

rented a house at North 7th Street and 6th Avenue in Tacoma and moved in with Phil, Jr. who was born at St. Joseph Hospital on June 22, 1936. Granny Florence (Sudmeier) came over to help Marge with the new baby, who had colic and cried lustily and often. In order to get some sleep, Dad slept in the attic as his job was demanding and stressful. One of the aftermaths of the teenage motorcycle accident was that he always had great difficulty sleeping. Phil, Jr. was not making things easy in that regard. But several significant events were about to happen. Dad continues:

While on a visit to the in-laws in Yakima, I had occasion to speak with Aunt Ella [Granny Florence's sister], who was a career woman at a bank in Yakima. Ella set up an interview with the Yakima Fruit Growers, whose distribution business went by the name, "The Big Y". I was not looking for a new job, but Ella could be a very determined and persuasive person. She insisted that I attend the interview and I did so. As a result I was hired to a much better job with "The Big Y" and began work in October 1936 in their accounting/auditing section. Quitting the Asbestos Supply in Tacoma probably saved our lives as I was exposed daily to asbestos and was bringing it home on my clothing and shoes to Marge and Phil, Jr. As was mentioned before, no one knew of the dangers of asbestos in those days.

On July 23, 1940, our second son, Kenneth William Dolan joined the family. He was born at St. Elizabeth Hospital in Yakima. Unlike his older brother's passage through infancy, little Ken was a quiet, contented, serene baby. He was a welcome addition to our now, growing family.

I worked in this capacity at "The Big Y" until July of 1941. Little did I know at that time that the experience I gained in accounting and auditing there would stand me in good stead for my eventual career with the State of Washington.

During Christmas 1940 I met Glen Wohlers who was going with Jeanne Prash, a cousin of Marge's and whom I mentioned earlier in this story as having met me as I was boarding the train after my recuperation time with my Uncle Mike in 1928. This meeting was significant because Glenn persuaded me to take exams for possible employment with the State of Washington.

After leaving “The Big Y” in July 1941, I went back to work for the Bureau of Public Roads and was assigned to work on the Stevens Canyon highway on the east slope of Mt. Rainier which was to connect Paradise with Cayuse Pass to the east. Our little family including 5 year old Phil, Jr. and baby Ken moved in to a one room cabin in the mountains. I worked on Stevens Canyon and also on the west side of White Pass which was to connect Cayuse Pass with Rim Rock and the Naches highway east of the mountains. Our cabin must have given Marge pause however, because it backed up to an extremely steep slope which fed down hundreds of feet into a deep ravine. No place for a vivacious 5 year old!! I remember one night we were trapped in our car for about an hour as a big black bear had taken possession of our front steps while we were gone.

[It was a memorable summer, especially for a five year old and Dad still tells unending stories about those summer months working in the beautiful and wild Cascade Mountains.]

In the fall of 1941, while Marge and the two boys remained in the house in Yakima at 301 Holton Avenue, I took a job with the Army Engineers in Seattle working on surveying for the runways at Boeing Airfield. Rumors ran rampant during that time that the United States was likely to get involved in World War II and that all jobs would be frozen in place in the Army Engineers. I certainly did not want to be frozen into this job, so I quit and took a job for a brief time in a shipyard in Tacoma which I obtained with the help of my Uncle Rudy Prash. [Uncle Rudy was married to Louise [Lentz] who was Granny Anne’s sister].

While I was working at the shipyard, I was offered a job with the Employment Security Division of the State of Washington in Olympia. After much thought, I decided to quit the shipyard, which depended on Navy contracts, hence the uncertainty of steady employment. I accepted the offer and on December 6, 1941 turned in my shipyard credentials. This was to be my life long career and was to provide a fine home and family life for the remainder of my working years.

I had made arrangements to rent a house in Olympia, so Marge and the boys came over from Yakima and joined me there. On December 7, 1941, a fateful day to say the least, we were having Sunday breakfast at the Spar Café on East 4th Street. As we were sitting there, suddenly Army tanks began thundering down the street, headed for the shores of the Pacific Ocean. We were told that the Japanese had just bombed Pearl Harbor!! Not knowing where or how we might be attacked next, the Army was

sending troops to defend the ocean beaches in case of an invasion. Life would not be the same from that point on until the end of the war in 1945.

SAFE HARBOR 1942- 1974

The first two years in Olympia provided some rough seas on the voyage. The war footing and proximity to Fort Lewis had placed housing at a premium. After about a year in a rented house at 411 East 21st Street, the house was sold out from under us. It was the dead of winter and Dad finally found a rental nearby and we moved in. We hadn't been there but a day when it was discovered, among other things, that the furnace was inadequate to heat the house so we moved back into 21st Street against the wishes of the owner. After a desperate search, Dad found a motel/cabin in the forest about 15 miles west, out on the McCleary/Aberdeen road which we moved into for a short time that winter until a house could be found. Gasoline was rationed, (as were meat and other essentials) and so the commute was nearly prohibitive to get to work and to deposit Phil, Jr. at his 1st grade class at Lincoln Grade School in Olympia. Finally an opportunity opened up to get settled..... as Dad goes on to describe.....

At long last, in February 1942, I was able to purchase a small house with one downstairs bedroom and two small attic bedrooms at 2611 Buker Street in Olympia. At some point because of gasoline shortages and the unavailability of tires, we disposed of the car and either walked or resorted to the public bus line to get around for the duration.

Due to the severe injuries suffered in the motorcycle accident and the life-long after effects, I was classified 4F by the draft board and was therefore ineligible to serve in the armed forces. I volunteered for the Civil Defense Corps and spent many a night on patrol at the State Capital grounds and other security duties.

In 1942, an event occurred which I will never forget and still sends chills up my spine to this day. One beautiful summer day, I took Marge and the two boys to Copalis Beach on the Pacific Ocean. Only a few months earlier, army tanks had rumbled through Olympia to defend against possible Japanese landings on Washington beaches. There was barbed wire strung at the top of the beaches. There was no threat of invasion now, so the soldiers were gone. The beach was completely abandoned except for

two young men and their girlfriends. I think God put them there. I waded out through the breakers and began to swim in the rollers. The young people saw me go out. I knew nothing about the dangers of the outgoing tide. I stayed out there too long, and the cold water sapped my strength. I tried to come in but could not make it. The young men called out to me asking if I needed help. I remember shouting back, "If you want to come out, it is alright with me". They came out then and with one on each side of me, we fought our way back toward shore. At last, we were able to touch the ocean floor with our feet. We found we were the midst of a powerful undertow. It was impossible to move our legs forward against the force of the undertow rushing out against us. We tried to hold our position. The sand was swept from beneath our feet. A wave would strike us and move us inches forward. This cycle repeated itself over and over again until we were able to attain partial footing. Then when a wave would hit, we would jump forward. It was only at this point that we realized we would make it.

Afterwards I lay on the upper beach recovering my strength. The ocean and sky now looked ominous and threatening and the rollers stretching in both directions were a murky, muddy color. Had these two young men forgotten about me, swimming out there in the rollers, I would have drowned. Since that day I have read of others who didn't make it at Copalis. They were swept away and lost in the sea.

It gave me a strange feeling, harboring the thought, while driving back to Olympia, that but for the grace of God and the courage and strong arms and strong legs of those two stalwart young men who risked their lives to rescue me, Marge and the two children would be returning to Olympia alone!

Marge dreamed of having a daughter, having spent several hectic years trying to channel the energies of two little boys. On June 7, 1943 her hopes were fulfilled with the birth of little Marianne at St. Peter's Hospital in Olympia. Marianne was instantly the darling of the family, the apple of her father's eye. Her "big" brothers were charged with always taking good care of her in view of their rough house games and "boys will be boys" life style.

In 1945 the war ended and life for Americans began to get back to normal. I got in line to purchase a car now that they were available again and rationing became a thing of the past. I applied for a 1946 DeSoto sedan. By the time I had worked my way to within striking distance on the waiting list, the original price of \$1200 had escalated to nearly \$2000 making the

purchase prohibitive. So the dealer offered to put me at the head of the Plymouth list, a car that was less expensive. We were all excited and proud of our brand new maroon Plymouth four door sedan when it finally arrived. Phil and Ken even gave it a name. They called it "King Rooney".

Our family was completed with the birth of our youngest son Ralph on September 23, 1948, also at St. Peter's Hospital. Big brother Phil (now 12 years old) took it upon himself to become a "major" assistant in bringing up the new baby and over the next 6 years, before he left home to attend the U. S. Coast Guard Academy, he and Ralph became "best buddies".

My career progressed and matured with the Employment Security Division of the State of Washington and before long I had risen to the highest managerial position one could attain without political appointment. I was offered appointments to other positions, but recalling the horrific experiences of the Great Depression, stability in employment was kind of the linchpin of my career planning process. Accepting a position depending upon political appointment was only good until the change of guard between administrations following each election, and therefore unacceptable to me.

Dad completed some 35 years with the Employment Security Division, raising his family, providing for their educations and giving them a great start on their own journeys. He retired in 1974 after a distinguished career with the State of Washington and was much beloved by his subordinates, coworkers, supervisors.

CRUISING ON THE WATERS OF RETIREMENT 1974 AND BEYOND

For Dad and Mom, the ship had reached its safe harbor and was moored to the security of a well prepared-for retirement. The sailing that remains will touch the gentle shores of leisure times and will provide for the fulfillment of pleasures they had long denied themselves. They traveled to distant destinations in the west and southwest, to the east coast, and to places they had always wanted to see. They watched with pride in the growth, and worried with the struggles of their children as they grew to adulthood, married, had children of their own.

There was time for boating and one of Dad's early loves, fishing for salmon, for golf, and times with good friends and relatives too numerous to mention.

They reveled in the joys of grandparenthood and endeared themselves beyond measure to these young ones who today, as adults, hold them in their hearts with a deeply felt love. Their family vessel would be manned by a crew of four children, ten grandchildren and nineteen great-grandchildren (and counting as this is written). Each and every one anticipated with excitement the opportunity to visit "Grammy and Grampy". Memories were built over the years which will endure a lifetime.

There are many other events and stories that could be related here during Dad's retirement years and I will return to some of the later events of his life. But this is the story of two brothers, their origins, their challenges and experiences. And so it is time now to return to the analogy of the waters of the melting snow, in a new warming sun, on that figurative, distant mountain ridge. A new stream begins. It is time to follow the eastward journey from that common origin and see what hardships and joys will chart that voyage in its quest for a safe harbor.

CHAPTER II

IN THE EAST – MELTING SNOWS

A few years after his return to Wisconsin from service in World War I, William Dolan married a second time. The bride was Kathryn Brigid Connelly. After the birth of their first child, Patricia Mary, they were blessed with the birth of a son, John Anthony Dolan on January 14, 1926 in the town of West Allis, Wisconsin. John was followed by a younger sister Elizabeth Joyce who became known as Bette.

The family lived in West Allis and John's earliest memories are from about 1929 when he was 3 years old. He remembers West Allis and a blue Whippit automobile that his father drove.

That same year William's poor health, which was probably related to his exposure to toxic gases used by the Germans in France in 1918, during World War I, required him to go west to the dry climate of Arizona. After a brief stay there, he went to the home of his sister in Sawtell, California near Long Beach. John has memories of being there, of the fruit trees in his Aunt Helen's back yard, and of the Packard automobile that she owned.

Tragically, William died of respiratory failure on Thursday, October 31, 1929. Even as such a small child, John has a vivid memory of his father in his coffin which was covered with a glass top. They were told that he had died from Tuberculosis (TB) which was a much feared, communicable disease for which there was no certain cure or prevention in those days. John's mother, Kathryn and the 3 children brought him home on the train to Monroe, Wisconsin. He does not remember very much about the trip but does recall the black wreath on the front door when they arrived home. William was buried in the Old Catholic Cemetery in Monroe.

FORMING THE STREAM - THE EARLY YEARS 1929-1935

The young lives of these two brothers, having both been left without a father from a very early age, Philip at age 5 and John at age 3, will now follow their separate journeys with that common burden. Both are destined to be swept along by the currents in divergent directions, so young, and so innocent of the forces which were to shape their lives.

John, along with his sisters, has returned to Wisconsin to a world suddenly and vastly changed.

....But as before, let's let John tell his own story

When we returned to Wisconsin, Pat, Bette, and I had to live at the Muirdale Sanitarium because my father had died of tuberculosis. This is where they sent you, to be checked for possible TB exposure. It was essentially a quarantine as well. Our stay was probably six months to a year. I do not really remember details during this stay, but later, we would be sent there again.

We returned to West Allis and lived on 56th Street. I had a dog named Lassie (a Spitz). I loved that dog.

I went to St. Rita's Catholic School, on South 60th Street, in West Allis. I was there for grades 1-3. I liked Sylvia Griffin. She had long hair that lay on my desk. I used to like to pull on it. The classrooms at St. Rita's were above the church. One day, when I was in the second grade, the plaster on the church ceiling came down and crashed to the floor. We all thought there was an earthquake that day.

During those years, life was pretty normal. My mother did not work. She had my father's army pension of about \$60 per month to live on. Aunt Helen and Aunt Grace would visit from California and my mother's sister Aunt Mary, would visit from Chicago.

In November of 1935, when I was 9 years old, my mother died. I was in the third grade. She had been ill and one day she was taken away in an ambulance. She was taken to the County Hospital because it was thought that she had tuberculosis. A couple of days later, the three of us were again sent to Muirdale for our second stay. While there, we did not see our mother until a few weeks later. She was brought to us and visited for about one hour. I never saw her again. She died on December 17 of Hodgkin's disease.

Once again, we can see the cruel parallels in the lives of these Two Brothers as their courses are changed forever. John is now without father or mother. Philip, although his mother was living, was forced because of her circumstances, to grow up without her, in foster homes

and boarding schools for boys. Once again, we might pause to reflect, ... recalling our own experiences as children and only imagine what it would have been like to be denied the safe refuge and loving environment of a home which, as youngsters we surely took for granted. I believe John dramatically understates the feelings of a little 9 or 10 year old lad when he states:

*.....“It just was not home.....all in all, I was not happy there”
John now continues*

Life at Muirdale was not a bad experience; it just was not home. The purpose for being there was to watch for signs of exposure to tuberculosis. We played outside a lot, as it was believed that fresh air was good for our lungs and would keep us healthy. I remember one time, all of us boys, with the help of the nursing staff, made paper nurses caps and sang Christmas songs that year. But all in all, I was not happy there.

After this second stay at Muirdale Sanitarium, my sisters went to live at the Bluemound Preventorium. It is gone now but was located at the site of what is now St. Theresa's Catholic Church near the Milwaukee County Zoo. This is where you went to prevent your getting tuberculosis. I followed them there in January. This is where I found out that my mother had died. My sister Pat told me. I believe Pat went to the funeral, but I do not know if Bette went. My mother is also buried in Monroe, alongside my father.

Aunt Helen, in California, wanted to take us to live with her, but my mother [had] wanted us to go to the Catholic Welfare.

What a traumatic experience and devastating feeling must have descended upon this little boy to unexpectedly discover that his mother had died after the fact. There could now be no goodbyes, no final contact, only the empty void of her sudden and permanent removal from his life. One can imagine the silent pain that coming to know of such an enormous loss in so profound a way, would inflict upon a young boy now feeling so alone in his world.

CARRIED BY THE CURRENT 1935- 1943

My sisters left [Bluemound] Preventorium shortly after I arrived, both going to The Carmelite Home for Girls in West Allis. I stayed on [at

Bluemound] for about 1 to 1 ½ years. I enjoyed my time there. I went to school on the grounds. We had movie night every Wednesday and I belonged to a Boy Scout Troop. In the winter there was a great hill on the grounds for sledding. In the summer, it felt like summer camp. All we wore were blue denim shorts and no shirts. There was a track on the grounds, and we would take what was called an “air bath”. This was to help keep our lungs healthy. It was sort of a Fresh Air Camp, one might say. The food was great. All the tenants were children. I made my First Communion, while there, at the little chapel on the grounds.

My sisters eventually went to foster care; Pat to a family named Hanrahan, and Bette, to a family named _____ (*unknown*).

In June of 1937, I went to live at the Carmelite Home for Boys. Mrs. Steinburg, from Catholic Welfare, took me there. I sat in the formal living room and waited for someone to direct me. Sister Ida, who raised me during my stay there, came and took me to my new quarters. The home was divided by age groups and each group had their dorm room for sleeping and a living room for doing homework, playing games, etc. There were about 16 boys in a dorm. Sister Ida was nice, and the boys were nice. I spent the summer adjusting to my new surroundings. We played baseball on the diamond out back. I loved to play baseball. On the Fourth of July, we marched in the neighborhood parade to Hart Park for the festivities there.

In the fall, I started the fourth grade at Holy Cross Catholic School. [The] school was about three miles away and we walked it every day. I was there through the seventh grade. Sister Maximilla was Principal. I remember Sister Ustasia from the sixth grade. I have to admit, ... I often learned life the hard way!! One day she asked all of us [if] anyone ever tried smoking cigarettes? Being honest, I raised my hand and said yes. Well, they told Sister Ida and I lost my movie privileges and had to write a punishment. Probably something like, I will never smoke again. Again, I loved to play baseball, and we played every day at recess. I played catcher, and one day, I got too close to the batter and the bat caught both of my elbows.

I liked Betty Dirkus when I was in the sixth grade. She was left-handed and sat next to me. At that angle, I could see her paper. What can I say, I saw these as moments of good fortune not to be ignored.

Home life with the Sisters and the boys was as normal as could be expected. We had to do chores according to our age and abilities. These would

include waxing the floors in our living areas and the hallway, cleaning the chapel, and doing yard work. Sister Ida taught me to darn socks. We all learned to darn socks, not just our own, but any sock that needed to be done.

I wore knickers as a child and I hated them. Then, when I started to wear long pants, I hated them [too]. They were uncomfortable and scratchy.

We went to Mass every day. Sunday afternoons we went to Benediction. On Corpus Christi, we would have a procession (under a canopy) through the grounds.

The Sisters would take us to Holy Hill. Mr. Winterberger, the butcher, would take us there in his meat truck. He also took us to Bund Camp on the Rock River. The Sisters were of German descent, so this was a part of their heritage. The men all wore traditional German clothing while there. We would go swimming in the Rock River. This was located somewhere around Horicon, Wisconsin.

We had a band at the home. I had a guitar, but I never learned to play. I did learn to play the harmonica. Some of my good friends while there were, Michael Ehrens, Fuzzy (Thomas) Mallitz, Patrick Fagen, George Felder, William Menard, and Cornelius Verburg.

One of our escapades involved Patrick Fagen, George Felder, and myself. We wanted to go to the new indoor ice skating rink at Hart Park. Of course we could not go, so we snuck out of a basement window after lights-out and went to the park. We had a great time, but on the way home, the police stopped us. They asked what we were doing out after curfew, as we were only 12 years old. They put Pat in the back of the squad car, and he jumped out the door on the other side. Of course we then fled as well. They caught Pat but George and I made it back to the home, in through the window, and up into our beds. Pat spilled the beans, (who could blame him), and the next thing we knew, the lights are on and the police are checking the pulses of all the boys. Yes, when they came to George and me, our pulses were still racing, and we were in trouble again. Sister Ida, once again, took movie night away and we wrote 700 times, I will not disregard the rules.

During Holy Week, I was also an altar boy at The House of Good Shepard, A home for delinquent girls.

One of the highlights of my stay during those years involved Mr. and Mrs. Fischer. They were the owners of the Alhambra Theater on 4th and Wisconsin Avenue downtown. Mrs. Fischer had been ill and the Sisters had us praying for her recovery. She did recover and Mr. Fischer was so thankful, he sent a few of us boys to a real summer camp for two weeks. It was Camp Whitcomb on Lake Kesus. I was 12 years old. I do not know if we were chosen because we had been good or because we were a handful and the Sisters needed a break. But I was glad because it was one of my fondest memories. The flag was raised and lowered each day in a flag ceremony. We went canoeing, hiking, and fishing. I already knew how to swim, but we had to swim 50 yards following a canoe to measure the distance. I was named the horseshoe champ in our barracks because nobody else wanted to enter the tournament. I was entered, and promptly was eliminated. At the end of camp, I was awarded an Indian Emblem for fulfilling the camp requirements. I was the only one of our group to earn it. Sister Ida was very proud of me and displayed it at the home.

This is a song I remember from camp that summer. It is sung to the tune of "Till We Meet Again."

Around the campfire
'Neath all the stars so bright
We have met in comradeship tonight.
Around about these whispering trees
Guard our golden memories.

And so before we close our eyes and sleep
Let us pledge each other that we'll keep
Camp Whitcomb friendships strong and deep.
Till we meet again.

One day the Provincial of the Palatine Order came to talk to us boys. I was asked what I wanted to be when I grew up. I promptly stated that I would like to become a priest. My reputation preceding me, Sister Ida promptly replied, "You never know what that clown is going to say."

My days ended at Holy Cross after the seventh grade. I was placed in foster care in various communities surrounding the Milwaukee area. I was 13 years old. It was 1940.

I was first placed at a farm located in Granville, which was later annexed to Milwaukee. It was a truck farm and I helped pick vegetables and watermelon and get them ready for market.

Next, I went to live with a family named Reinder in Hales Corners. I did yard work for them in exchange for room and board.

I then went to live with the Loehr family in Bay View. This was a nice family. Their son and his family lived in the lower unit of their duplex.

I went to Kosciusko Middle School for a short time. I enjoyed history and shop class while there. I went to school [there] through the ninth grade.

In 1941 when I was 15 years old, the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor and life changed for all of us that day. I was at mass that Sunday morning. We spent the day listening to President Roosevelt on the radio. We all stayed close to home that day.

I held various jobs for the next few years. I was a Western Union messenger boy. I wore the official uniform and delivered messages, by bicycle, to various homes and businesses. I made \$12 per week plus tips. The tips were poor. I once made a U-turn on Water Street in the downtown area and got a ticket. That dipped into the profits.

I worked for the Rhinehart Knitting Company. My job was to turn gloves right side out after they were made on a machine. I made \$15 per week in cash.

I also worked for the Krasno Glove Company doing the same job. They paid me \$15 per week by check.

When I was 16 years old, I went to live with the O'Driscoll's on 32nd and Mount Vernon Street in Merrill Park, an old Irish neighborhood. I began a machinist apprenticeship with the Milwaukee Road. I was working with the machinist [in the roundhouse], and he had me go up into the cab [of the engine]. I had to pull a lever, maybe the brake lever that moved something outside on another part of the car. I grabbed the wrong lever, which was the throttle. One of the foremen was there and saw what was happening and stopped me from pulling the throttle, thus, preventing the engine from going through the roundhouse wall. I worked on my apprenticeship until 1943.

During this period, I lived for a time with my half-brother, Jim Phillips, (from my mother's first marriage to James Phillips), and his wife Martha. They had a son, Stephen, who was nicknamed Stubby.

In 1942, I went to join the Navy. Across the street from their recruiting office, was the office of the Merchant Marines. I went in to apply but was told I was too young.

The irony of the similarity of the formative pre-teen and early teenage years of these Two Brothers is palpable. Shuffled around from orphanage to boarding school to foster home after foster home must surely have deprived them of the feeling of belonging and being wanted, which every child needs. Such experiences in the formative years of a child can, in so many cases, become the genesis of responses which can set one on the wrong path. It is such a grand testament to the strength of character of these Two Brothers that they overcame these obstacles to become the extraordinary husbands, fathers, and role models in their adult lives.

RIDING THE RAPIDS – COMING OF AGE – WWII 1943 - 1946

In 1943, after I turned 17, I went back to the recruiting office and joined the Merchant Marines. Our country was at war, a war whose outcome would determine the future course of the world. Like all young men and women of my generation, I wanted to do my part. I was sent to Sheepshead Bay in New York for training to learn the ways of the sea. Our duties would be delivery of military supplies by freighter or tanker to the War Fronts in Western Europe, and to Russia, via the North Sea, for the Eastern European Front.

We would operate in escorted convoys of sixteen or more ships protected by corvettes and destroyers. German submarines that were very active in great numbers in the Atlantic and the North Sea passages, making convoys easy prey. The threat of the unseen torpedo was ever present.

My first assignment in October 1943 was at Charleston, South Carolina at the Merchant Marine base for training. I was stricken with abdominal pains and sent to Savannah, Georgia for an appendectomy before being shipped out for the first time aboard the SS Harlan. Our first stop was in Cuba to

pick up a shipment of sugar. While enroute to Cuba we got too close to the shore and ran aground.

We made it to Cuba, and while there, we had shore leave. I was with about eight guys, including my friend Andy Nagy. Someone says, "Hey J.D., we need you up front". So I get up and go to the bar to see what is going on. One of the guys I was with got into a fight with a guy from Argentina. I suddenly found myself in the middle of a free-for-all. In the course of events, I was hit with a chair and my incision broke open. I was crawling out of the bar when the local police came and broke it up. There was a [taxi] sitting outside, so my buddies and I got in. Unfortunately, there was not enough room and I ended up on the running board holding on. When we got back to base, I needed medical attention. They set me up on one of the mess hall tables, gave me some morphine, and stitched me back up. This was all that I saw of Cuba. I spent Christmas 1943 at sea.

After Cuba, we went back to New York and joined a convoy heading for Scotland. On deck we had two locomotives and food cargo. It was very stormy and there was some worry that the locomotives would break loose. We arrived in Scotland and unloaded. While in Scotland, we visited the equivalent of our USO. I remember the hostess' name was Sadie Harper. I did not actually see Scotland. It was so foggy, you had to count the curbs you crossed to know how many blocks you had traveled in order to find your way back to the ship. People had small penlights to help them get around. Before heading back to the States, the ship was filled with ballast (dirt for weight). We named it the White Cliffs of Dover.

It is now 1944 and after a 30 day leave I reported aboard my next ship which was the SS Charles Gordon Curtis. We sailed in convoy to Plymouth England then to Grenoch, Scotland where we formed another convoy for our run to Murmansk via the North Sea to Russia.

[The "Suicide Run to Murmansk", as it was called, was key to sustaining the Russian Army with its critical task of maintaining an "Eastern Front" against the Germans. France and most of Western Europe had been overrun by the Nazi war machine and it was critical for the Allies to have time to prepare for the great invasion, known as "D-day," for the liberation of Europe which was to take place in 1944 from the coast of France. The Allies were dependent upon Russia to continue to engage

the German Armies on the Eastern Front and the vast volume of war supplies that the Allies were providing via the Murmansk Run were critical and essential to accomplishment of that effort.]John continues

While underway in convoy, off the coast of Norway, enroute to Murmansk, the “Charles Gordon Curtis” was torpedoed by a German U-Boat, which blew our ship apart, quickly sinking it. Along with many of my shipmates, I was cast into the icy waters of the North Sea. I was saved in a harrowing rescue attempt by one of the escorting corvettes who “scooped” me up “on the fly”. Remnants of the convoy and its escorts finally reached Murmansk and after Russian stevedores unloaded the ships, we returned to England.

Our experience was typical, as many, many ships were destroyed and sunk while plying the “Suicide Run to Murmansk” and many seamen lost their lives.

[The Russian Government recognized these seamen in 1995 honoring them with a citation for participation in the Murmansk Run Operations.]

I returned from Murmansk as a passenger on the Frances Scott Key. Off The coast of Norway, I was on watch. I was not employed on this ship. I was merely a passenger with really nothing to do. So I was on watch and off in the distance, I saw a German reconnaissance plane. My thoughts were that we would again see some action. It was noon, the next day, and I was sitting in the wheelhouse on my cot when there was a huge explosion. I thought it was us because we shook so hard, but it was the ship next to us. I looked out and saw that it was split in half. The bow had broken off at the bridge [by a torpedo]. I looked up to see a plane, but it was one of our own, there was an aircraft carrier in our convoy. He was trying to spot subs from the air. We thought we would be next, so we were already getting the lifeboats and ourselves ready. Our ship was in coffin corner, last ship on the outside of the convoy. [This position was] so named because it was the one that was usually attacked first.

There were depth charges going off everywhere. Armed guards were shooting at whitecaps thinking they were periscopes. Ships traveled in lines. Each ship was responsible for the ship in front of it. If the ship [ahead was hit, the next ship in line picked up the survivors].

The rest of the journey was quiet, and we made our way back to Scotland without further incident.

From England, I boarded the converted French luxury ocean liner, the “Ile de France” and traveled back to the United States with other military personal. While on board, I met up with a group who were in the Air Force. They were part of what was known as “The Lucky Bastards Club”. They had successfully completed their required [number of] missions and [had] survived. They were headed home also.

Back in the States, I wanted to join the Army but was told to stay with the Merchant Marines where they needed more men.

*[At this point I would like to insert an “author’s note”: Ironically, just 12 years later in 1956, I was a cadet in aboard the United States Coast Guard Cutter Rockaway on a summer training cruise off the coast of Maine. On the night of, July 25, 1956, at 11:10pm we received a “Mayday” and were diverted at flank speed on a rescue mission. While proceeding in a dense fog, the 528 foot Swedish M.V. Stockholm had collided with the 697 foot Italian luxury liner, Andrea Doria, sinking it. The vessels had been traveling at a combined, relative speed of 40 knots toward each other when they collided. I was at the scene and was present just as the Andrea Doria slipped below the waves. Also present, in a heroic role that night, was this same French passenger liner that had transported John in 1944, the “Ile de France”. The Ile de France rescued most of the Andrea Doria’s 1706 passengers during the early morning hours. 55 passengers lost their lives that night.] **John continues once again***

I returned home for a short time, then shipped out of New York on a tanker, the S.S. York in early 1945. We carried a hazardous cargo of aviation fuel and because we were relatively faster than the normal convoy ships, we traveled without escort. While crossing the Atlantic we received warning of U-Boat activity off the coast of Africa, and with the help of two corvettes, [who came out to meet us to attack] the enemy submarines with depth charges, [we] made it safely into Casablanca. From there, in the company of two escorts we traversed the Mediterranean, passed through the Suez Canal and on to the Indian Ocean.

Our troubles continued when we blew a boiler and had to limp along hoping that Japanese submarines, who plied the Indian Ocean, did not

discover us. We unloaded our cargo of aviation fuel in Madras, India, had our boiler repaired, first in Calcutta and then needed further repairs in Bombay. While in Calcutta, [on May 8, 1945], victory in Europe was declared (VE Day) as the Germans surrendered to the Allies. We then proceeded to Australia with a cargo of oil which we had taken on in Iran at a Persian Gulf port. While enroute to Australia the Japanese surrendered, [on August 15, 1945, VJ Day], and World War II came to an end.

My days in the Merchant Marine came to a close as we arrived home in the United States at San Francisco Bay. So ended my many war time experiences at sea and I returned home to Wisconsin a 19 year old, advanced far beyond my years by my “adventures”.

After a time at home, in April 1946 I enlisted in the regular Army and served for 18 months with the Army of Occupation of Japan [commanded] by General Mac Arthur. I had trained at Fitzsimmon's General Hospital in Denver as a surgical assistant and did my practical training at Madigan General at Fort Lewis, Washington.

[Again an author's note: Little did John know that his half-brother, Philip, lived with his family in Olympia, Washington, less than 20 miles to the south, down the same highway which passed Fort Lewis' front gates. It would be 50 more years before their paths would cross again.]
.....John continues.....

Just after my basic training, I had been given a seven-day delay enroute, so I stopped home in Milwaukee. While there, I went bowling with my sister Pat, her friend Deloris Hornik, and Jerry (Pat's husband). I was a great bowler; I had a hook that went right into the gutter!

My sister Pat had gone to school with Deloris and back when I was at the Carmelite Home, the two of them would come to visit me. We were in seventh and eighth grades at the time. This was when I first met Deloris

Pat had given me a picture of Deloris. I thought about her all the way to California. While I was getting ready to ship out I thought I had forgotten the picture. I went back to search for it, got it, and had a terrible time finding my way back to the ship.

We stopped in Hawaii for one night, [then] stopped in Korea to drop off some passengers including a nurse. As she was leaving and taking stock of

her new surroundings, she was heard to say, “What a hell of a way to make a living”!

I went to Japan as a member of the 25th Division, 35th Infantry Regiment and after disembarking in Yokohama, traveled to Keota. About 10 miles outside of Keota, I was stationed at an old Japanese army camp in a small town called Otsu, where I served in a MASH Unit, both in the medical theatre and as an ambulance driver. I was part of the 25th Division, 35th Infantry Regiment Medial Detachment. It was Christmas 1946 and the cooks were drinking while preparing dinner. Dinner left a lot to be desired that day.

I wrote to Deloris and started a correspondence with her. She sent me a picture of herself that I carried the whole time I was there. I still carry that picture. I was there for nine months. While there, I tried to join the paratroopers but since I did not have one year left, I was not eligible.

I left Japan in August and was discharged in September 1947, returning to civilian life at home in Wisconsin.

What an incredible debt we, of later generations, owe to “The Greatest Generation”. Their lives were indelibly interrupted by World War II, a war in which the future of our country and the world as we know it was at stake. These men and women, both at home and at the fronts, united in ways not achieved since to sacrifice beyond measure to preserve our freedoms and way of life. In so doing they changed the face of America forever, then came home and built a new, innovative and prosperous country that we, their heirs know today. We must always honor and always remember their sacrifice.

REACHING THE SEA – SETTING SAIL 1947 - 1950

*The currents of John’s life, having traversed the rapids and the challenges of his youth now flows out on to the more peaceful waters of young adulthood. He is ready to set sail, as it were, on a new and fulfilling journey of his own making at last. The voyage to a safe harbor will finally be realized with a loving and devoted partner by his side..... **As John continues with his story***

When I came home; I went to live with my sister Pat and her husband Jerry. The day I arrived, Pat called Deloris and she came over to visit. It was August and Deloris and I were dating. I asked her to marry me in September. It was a Friday night. She told me to ask her again on Sunday. She had a date on Saturday. So, I asked her again to marry me on Sunday and she said yes.

We were married at Holy Angels Church on May 1, 1948.

At that time, I was working for Wisconsin Motors, building engines. I stayed there until about 1950.

SAFE HARBOR 1950 AND BEYOND

In 1950 I went to work at Badger Wire and Iron. Deloris' father, Joe Hornik was a part owner in the company.

I attended Milwaukee School of Engineering for welding. Some of my other employment took me to the Heil Company welding armored gun carriages. At Harnischfeger, I was welding overhead cranes for steel companies and General Motors. I also worked on the bear cages for the Milwaukee Zoo. At Wisconsin Bridge and Iron, I worked on area construction such as the Blue Cross building downtown Milwaukee and the spurs into O'Hare Airport.

During the 1960's, I helped out a friend, Steve Shimon, who was owner of the Dobratz Shimon Funeral Home located on Port Washington Road, two blocks from our home.

I would pick-up bodies for him, wherever that might be; hospital, nursing homes, private homes, or the morgue. I also delivered flowers following the funerals and also delivered them to the local nursing homes.

One time, I went to a nursing home in the middle of the night to pick-up a gentleman. There were three beds in the room and it was dark. Being late, we left the lights off so as not to disturb the other two who were sleeping. Unfortunately, I lost my grip on the strap and he rolled under the bed. I had to go under and pull him out.

Another time, I had to pick-up an accident victim at the morgue. They handed me his leg separate from his body. It still had the sock on.

The saddest job I had was when I went to the morgue to pick-up a baby boy. He had died of SIDS. I carried him in my arms like a sleeping child.

CRUISING ON THE WATERS OF RETIREMENT

Deloris and I had 10 children: Mary Pat, William, James, Joanne, John, Kathleen, Philip, Erin, Christopher, and Patrick. We now have 34 grandchildren. We lived at two locations; Port Washington Avenue, in a home Joe Hornik built and Deloris was born in, and Burliegh Street, the home that we own now.

Being retired now, I still find plenty to do. I work for Glenn, my son-in-law, who owns Solly's Grill in Glendale. I pretty much run errands and food pick-ups for the restaurant.

Life goes on as in most families. There were many First Communions, Confirmations, Graduations, marriages, and grandchildren. Deloris and I have had a good life together. We see our children often and get together many times during the year.

With the conclusion of the story of the second of the Two Brothers, we have now followed their separate and ironically similar journeys to home and family. Returning to the analogy of the streams, currents, and voyages of their lives as they unfolded, there is yet to be told of their remarkable arrival in a Common Harbor and how it came to occur.

Their separate lives, together with their partners in life, resulted in grateful and loving families because of their strength and character and have prepared the way for the many children, grandchildren and great grandchildren who have followed. The tiny droplets of life one flowing westward and one flowing eastward, beginning unknown to one another from that common source, so long ago, were destined to live yet another unlikely chapter in their story.

So let us now retrace the journey to "A Common Harbor".....

CHAPTER III

COMMON HARBOR

SHIPS IN THE NIGHT 1990-1995

In 1989, I (Phil, Jr.), retired from AT&T. Peggy wanted to visit Ireland, the home of her ancestors and Phil, Jr. had always wanted to take a long, “no schedule” – trip throughout the United States. In 1990 after Peggy graduated with her Masters in Social Work from Fordham University, we spent two wonderful weeks in Ireland attempting to trace the roots of the Donahue’s and the Dolan’s. We then embarked on our cross country trip, arriving in Olympia, Washington to spend Christmas 1990 with Mom and Dad. We remained in the area for just over 3 months house-sitting in a village called Rolling Bay on Bainbridge Island in Puget Sound.

As we were about to depart to return east to our home in New Jersey, Dad made an offhand request that took us a little by surprise. No one realized it at the time, but that request was to mark the innocent beginning of yet another voyage, this time to what I will call, a “Common Harbor”. In reality this “Common Harbor” was not a place but a beautiful and heart-warming event destined at last to complete the journey traveled both east and west by the waters of that snowy stream begun a lifetime ago.

My father asked if, on our trip home, we would be going through Wisconsin. We replied that since we had “no schedule”, we certainly could. He then asked if we would stop briefly in a town called Monroe in Wisconsin to see if we could find out anything about his father, William Dolan.

I don’t know what exactly motivated the request, but it was likely not spur of the moment for him. I suspect that the natural curiosity about his father had been dormant for a long time. Since he was now well into retirement entering his 80th year, perhaps he felt it was time to put aside the pains experienced in childhood and in all the early struggles of growing to adulthood, and to reconcile within himself, at least to the degree of being open to knowing something of how his own father’s story had been lived out.

In any case, we said we would be happy to try to find some information. We arrived in Monroe, Wisconsin in April 1990 and searched records in the local parish, the town hall and the newspaper microfiche. We uncovered a treasure trove of information, including three days of newspaper clippings related to his father's service in World War I, his obituary, and the gravesite, which we found after searching the "Old" Cemetery. From the obituary we obtained the names of the three children William had with his second wife, Kathryn (Connelly) (Phillips) Dolan. There, of course was no clue as to where they might now be living, as we were looking at a 1929 newspaper, but there was a mention of Milwaukee in reference to some family relatives.

We gathered all of the information together and sent copies of everything including pictures of the graves of Dad's grandparents and of where his father was buried. There was no headstone for Dad's father William, but from the church records we were able to determine the exact location of his grave. The obituary named the children of his Dad's father, namely, his half-brother and two half-sisters, John, Patricia and Elizabeth. We simply made Dad aware of them, not knowing where to begin to look for them and also to give him time to absorb what must have been very sensitive feelings and memories.

As time went on no further information was found and what efforts he may have made did not yield any result as far as finding the Wisconsin family or families. Then, one day in 1995, Peggy, now a Family Therapist working at Catholic Charities in New Jersey was asked to attend a Project Rachel training course being held at Marquette University in Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

About five years had elapsed since our visit to the town of Monroe. Finding herself in Milwaukee with the possibility of locating family, long lost from us by circumstance and history, Peggy decided to do some "cold-call detective work". Having been to Ireland and unsuccessful in our genealogy search, she also had hopes that if we could locate them, they might be able to fill in some of the information missing in our failed attempts to learn about the Ireland roots of the clan Dolan.

Remembering the 1929 reference in the obituary, she based her hopes on the possibility that some, or a later generation, might still be in Milwaukee. So she looked in the telephone book and started calling Dolan's, of which there were many in a city of this size. She concentrated on first names

which we knew, such as John, Philip, Patrick and Michael, as the Irish tend to repeat first names in each generation. She would explain to the person who answered what her mission was. No luck the first night. She tried again the second night, undaunted by the unlikely prospects of success. She concentrated on the John Dolan's who had not answered the night before. One of the calls was answered by a John Dolan, who, listened to the story of how she was trying to find a John, Patricia or Elizabeth Dolan, with a connection to Monroe, Wisconsin, who would now be approximately in their mid-sixties or early seventies. He replied "Well, my father's name is John, and he has a sister named Patricia but there is no Elizabeth." "However", he added, "I do have an Aunt Betty"!!! He also recalled that in years past his parents had made occasional trips to Monroe. The gold-seekers of the California rush couldn't have been more excited at their find!! Through dogged determination, Peggy had found the other half of my father's family.

He invited Peggy to come to his house, as many family members were there, including John and his wife Deloris. Peggy wisely explained that there was a good possibility that his father had no knowledge of the Washington family and his half-brother, Philip, and did not think it advisable to just arrive at the door.

Peggy asked if there were someone she could speak with and John suggested his mother Deloris. Having listened to Peggy's story, Deloris was very receptive and Peggy remembers that she and Deloris had a very wonderful and gratifying conversation, leaving with the feeling that she had just met an old friend. Deloris confirmed that John, (Sr.) had no inkling of his half-brother in west, so Peggy decided that she would call Deloris back in a week, giving her time to approach the subject in the way she felt best.

As it turned out, John, in fact, was unaware of my father's existence and I'm sure the story was met with a great deal of shock and more than a little skepticism.

About a week later Peggy called Deloris as planned. Deloris said that John, in order to sort this out, wanted to ask a question of my father. He knew of Anne and William's third child, Francis, (whom we knew as Bill), who was an infant when the separation took place. Little Bill (as I will call him for now), had been sent east as a 5 year old to be raised by the family in Wisconsin. In 1922 at the age of eight he was placed in The Industrial Boarding School for Boys. William, his father married Kathryn (Connelly)

Phillips in 1923 and although Bill never lived with the family, John came to know Bill as a stepbrother who lived away at boarding school and visited occasionally.

John, in order to satisfy doubts he may have had regarding the credibility of this whole scenario, questioned us as to the name of his half-brother. He asked that Dad identify the name of what had to be Dad's younger brother, whom Peggy had referred to as Bill. John informed us through Deloris that the name "Bill" was not correct. So we replied that Bill's real first name was, in fact, Francis. John, of course, knew him as Francis and so the connection was made and validated in his mind.

At some point, while absorbing the shock of learning, after all these years, of my Dad's existence, he remarked to Deloris, "Why didn't someone ever tell me I had an older brother?"

In the meantime, we had phoned Dad and told him of the results of Peggy's Milwaukee search. Perhaps a little stunned, he, like John, had questions and seemed somewhat, and understandably skeptical. He also was determined to speak to them with questions based on his scant knowledge, filtered by the years, and echoing through the memories of a hurting little boy. Peggy declined to give him the phone number but said that she would relay his questions when we next spoke to Deloris. As it eventually transpired, we were able to assure Dad that we had already covered all of the ground involved in his questions and were able to allay any doubts he may have, to his satisfaction.

ENTERING PORT – SECURING THE LINES 1995

Letters and eventually phone calls between Dad and his newly found brother, John, were gradually exchanged during the late Spring of 1995 and they got to know each other from a distance in that manner. The obvious next decision was to find a way to meet for the first time.

John and Deloris seemed to be most comfortable meeting with Mom and Dad on the West Coast in our presence since we had been the common point of contact through this whole sequence of events. It happened that during same summer of 1995 we were visiting Mom and Dad in Olympia to celebrate their 60th wedding anniversary, and arrangements were made

for John and Deloris to fly to Seattle in August so that we could meet them and take them on to Olympia. John and Dad were to meet at long last.

We picked up John and Deloris at Sea-Tac Airport and proceeded to Olympia. As we entered the driveway at 2337 SE Fir Street, none of us were quite prepared for the emotions which would flow at the moment of their first meeting.

Dad walked out of the house and approached the driveway as John left the car and walked toward him. If there was a handshake it was of the briefest duration, for as they met there at the front of the house, these two strangers,...these two brothers, instinctively embraced and held on to one another as if to make up for the unintended and accidental lifetime of separation.

Nearly seventy years of living for *TWO BROTHERS* had passed by having neither knowledge nor awareness of the other. Their lives had begun like that mountain snowmelt, warmed by the sun, at the beginning of our story, one rivulet flowing west, followed by one flowing east from the same mountain ridge, but destined, in spite of inestimable odds to meet a lifetime later, in a Common Harbor. Each journey had been launched by choices beyond their control, and affected by circumstances not of their choosing, like the courses of meandering streams obey the random slopes of hillsides plunging downward; sometimes racing uncontrolled down steep and rocky rapids; sometimes pausing in verdant, peaceful meadows, but always flowing further and further from their source and from each other's life experiences.

Once their separate rivers reached the sea of their adulthood, they sought to provide safer havens for their own children. Determination and resolve steered their separate ships through hardships and sacrifice until each successfully found the security of the home port he sought for them.

It was only then, and after tending to the needs of their "crew", helping them to launch their own lives, that the quiet waters of reflection and retirement unveiled an unexpected reward for lives so well lived, leading them to an unforeseen Common Harbor, providing them with the joy of being united at long last, and against all odds..

And so the story of *TWO BROTHERS* continues not only in the echoes of their own memories and the continuing canvas of their lives, but through the legacy of example and values they have passed on to their

children; and through the esteem in which they are held by those children, grandchildren and great grandchildren.

Would that all we who follow, will be able to find so accurate a compass and steer so true a course.

EPILOGUE

In the summer of 1996 John and Deloris visited Olympia for a second time. Mom and Dad, together with Peggy and I took them on a sightseeing trip of some of the wonders of the Northwest. We did a full tour of both sides of Mt. Rainier, visited the Mt. St. Helens Volcano site, using the old logging road up the north side of the mountain hills to the heart of the devastated area, and also spent a day at Pacific Shores at the Ocean. Sadly, it was the last time they would be able to visit in the company of my mother, Marge. She had a major stroke less than a year later, silently suffered for 3 ½ long years in a nursing home, returning gently to the Lord on October 3, 2000.

There was one final celebration that had to be held now that these two families had found each other at long last. That was to gather the sons and daughters and their families together in a grand “reunion” so that they could meet as many of their newly found cousins as possible.

That “reunion” took place July 22 to 26, 2002, at Fort Worden State Park on the Olympic Peninsula near the city of Port Townsend, Washington. 63 members of the two families assembled at the former Army fort, housed opposite the old parade grounds in Officers’ Quarters of World War II vintage.

The setting was perfect. The 4 houses (7 Units) were located side by side with ample yards for the children to play in, and with beautiful views of Puget Sound lapping at the base of a low hillside. A private beach was available, and we filled our time with the best possible family experiences over our 5 day stay.

On our second day we reserved the “Kitchen Shelter” on the beach for a catered barbeque which lasted well into the evening. A wonderful time was had by all, and the event was perfect for getting to know one another in a comfortable and fun atmosphere.

The feelings of all were touched deeply as we paused for a prayer of thanksgiving when we were all assembled in the dining area of the shelter. Peggy composed and read the prayer which is recorded here to stir the memories once again of the journeys of the TWO BROTHERS, whom we honored with this “reunion”.

PRAYER OF THANKSGIVING AT THE DOLAN FAMILY "REUNION"

Fort Worden, Washington..... (July 23, 2002)

"Lord, we gather here today as former total strangers from across this land to honor these TWO BROTHERS.

You have brought them together at this time and place, each with his own story, having weathered hardships in their lives which none of us can even imagine.

In your goodness Lord, you gave them the courage to grow through adversity and become strong and good men.

They have handed down that strength, courage, and a firm belief in You to the three generations gathered here with them today.

As we celebrate these TWO BROTHERS and these families which they have created Lord, we ask You to bless all those who went before them and who loved them, guided them, and helped to form them into the men they have become.

Bless all these new cousins, of all ages, Lord, and help us all to grow in the peace and love of Your presence. Amen."

Our time together was filled with activities, including a boat cruise through the San Juan Islands for some, a visit to the Wild Animal Farm in Sequim for others, topped off by a picnic on beautiful Hurricane Ridge in the nearby Olympic Mountains. Perhaps best of all were the impromptu gatherings in the cool breezes of the Northwest evenings where we would all gravitate to one house or another to exchange stories and listen to "Grampy" and John share the adventures of their youth.

It was a never-to-be-forgotten gathering and cemented for all time the bonds among these families, once strangers, now cousins.

As one final thought in the story of these TWO BROTHERS, I ask the reader to return in your mind's eye to the early years of their childhoods. Place yourselves, again, in the events and feelings of these little boys growing up in an always lonely, sometimes frightening world, bordered by

Two Brothers: Journey to a Common Harbor

their innocence and the steered by the unpredictable course of their young lives.

Now that you are there once again, I would like to share a poem with you which captures the emotions you must feel as you imagine their world.

WHO WILL CRY FOR THE LITTLE BOY

(From the Movie: Antoine Fisher)

“Who will cry for the little boy,
Lost and all alone
Abandoned, without his own.

He cried himself to sleep
Who never had for keeps,
Who walked the burning sand,
The boy inside the man.

Who knew well, hurt and pain,
Who died and died again.
A good boy he tried to be
Who cries inside of me.

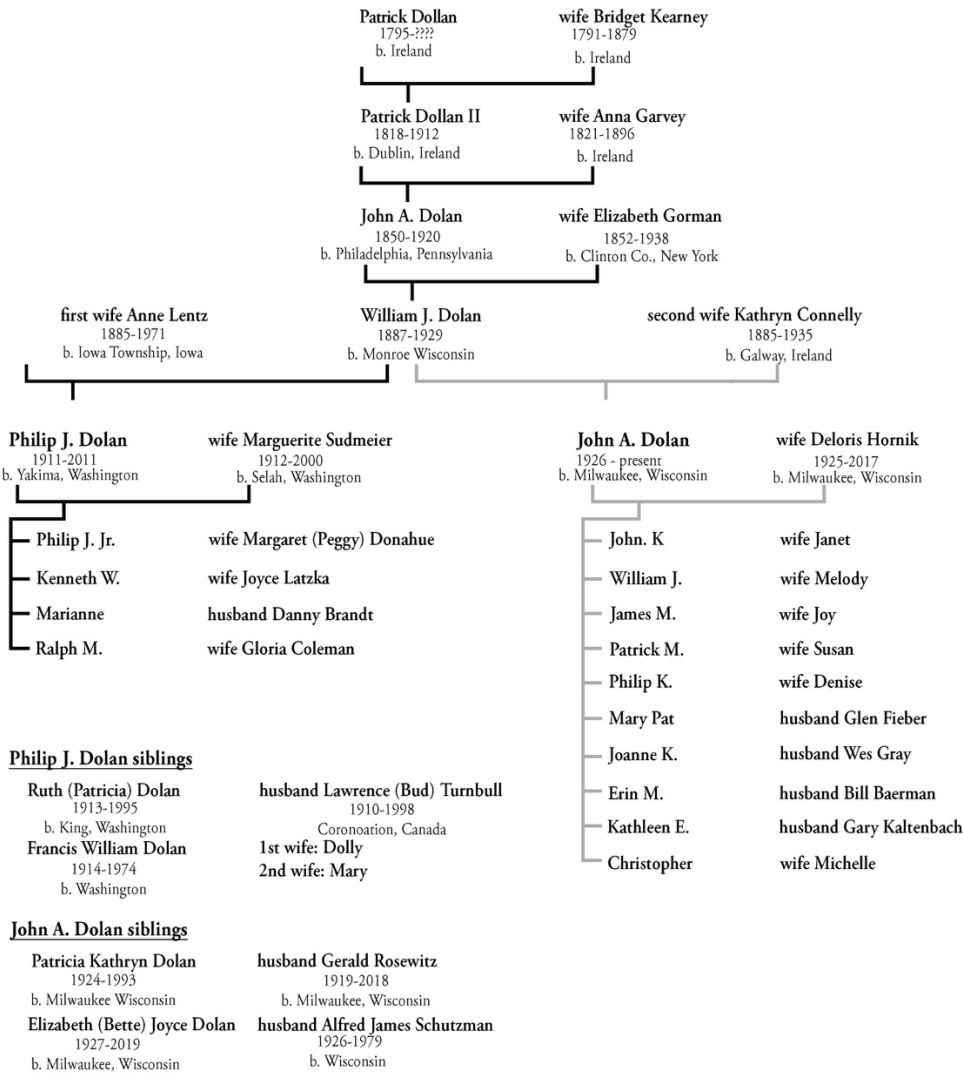
Who will cry for the little boy?
I will, I always do.”

The full depth of love and sacrifice of a parent is known only to God. We who received it can only know what we perceived and be all the more grateful for it.

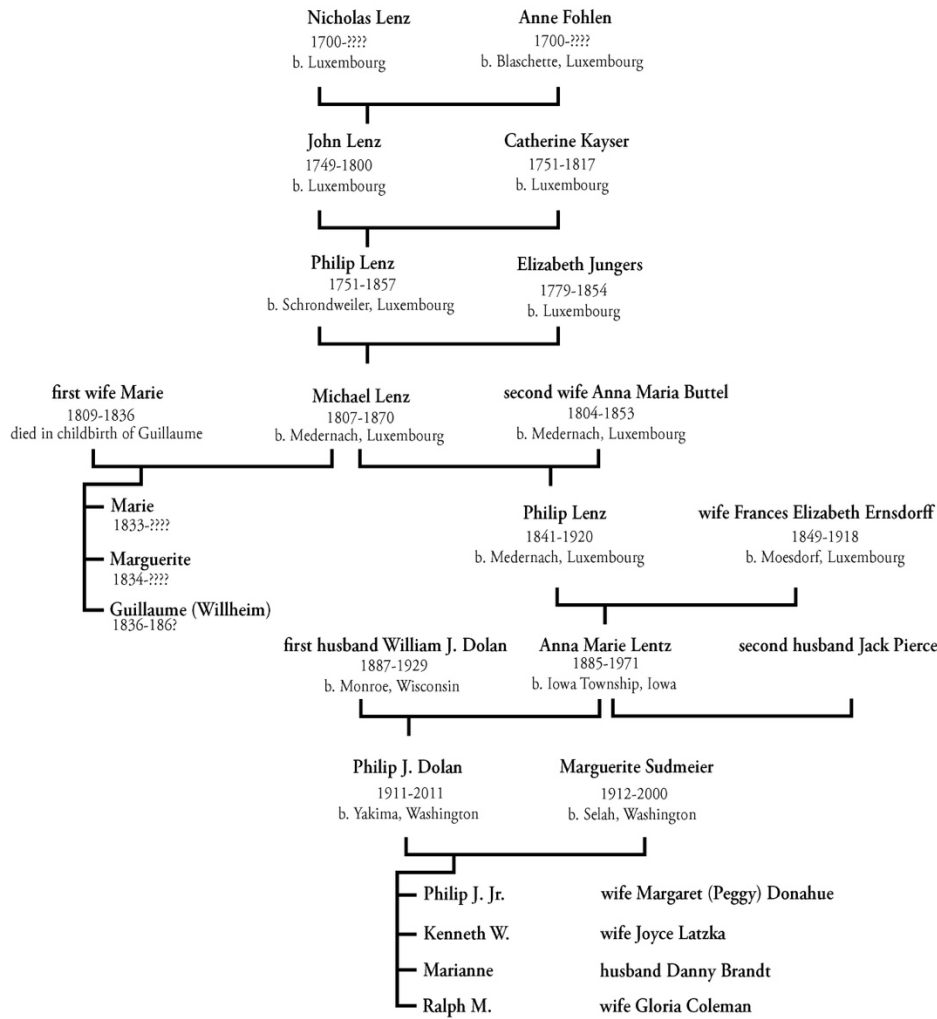
Thank you, “Grampy” and John -- God Bless

APPENDIX

PATRIARCHAL GENEALOGY (CONDENSED)



MATERNAL GENEALOGY of PHILIP J. DOLAN
(CONDENSED)

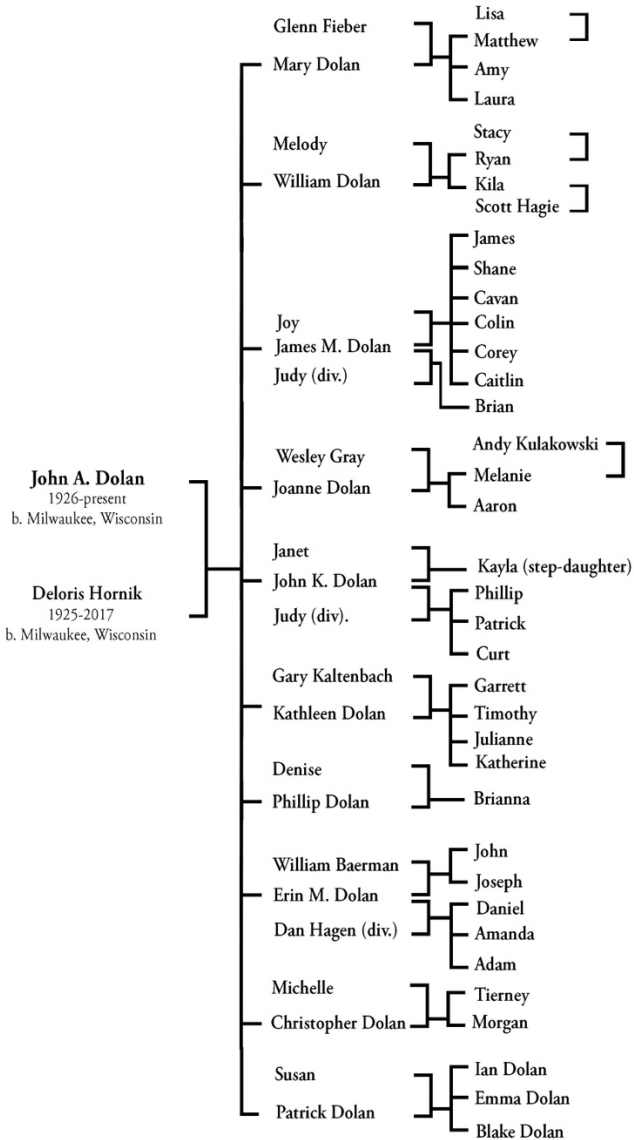


NOTES: IMIGRATION TO THE U.S.A.
The ship "Gertrude sailed from Antwerp, Belgium and arrived at the Port of New York on May 13, 1856. The manifest on the Ship Gertrude on this sailing showed the following:

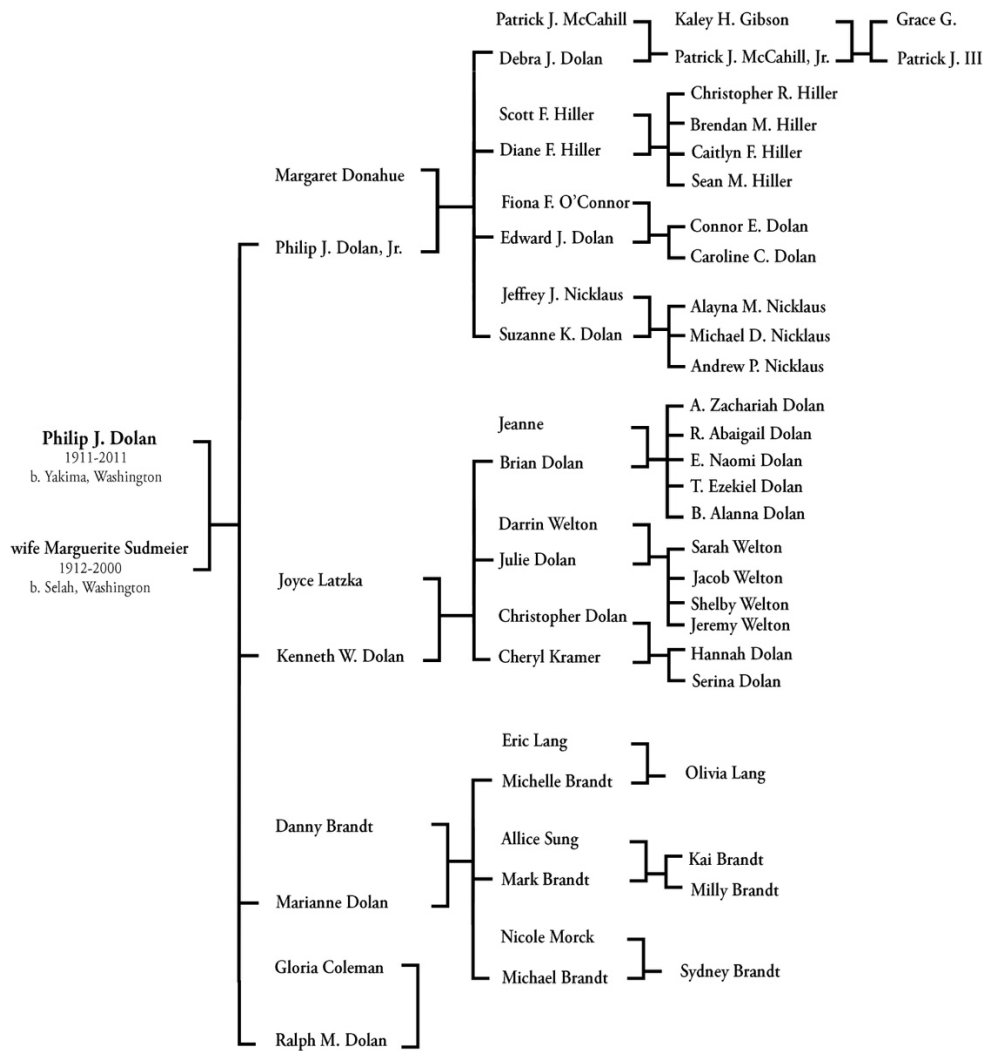
Michel Lenz, age 46	Marie Lenz, age 23	Philip Lenz, age 13
	Margaret Lenz, age 22	Elizabeth Lenz, age 11
	Wilhelm Lenz, age 20 (Guillaume)	

Richland County, Ohio Naturalization records indicate Michael Lentz and Wilhelm Lentz made application for US Citizenship on March 3, 1857.

COUSINS
JOHN / DELORIS DOLAN FAMILY



COUSINS
PHILIP / MARGUERITE DOLAN FAMILY



NOTES: WISCONSIN FAMILY

Kathryn Connelly married previously to James Phillips by whom she had a son, James, Jr.

Kathryn (Connelly) Phillips' second marriage was to William Dolan.

The children of Kathryn and William Dolan were Patricia, John, and Elizabeth (Betty).

John Dolan and his wife Delores had 10 children: Mary Patricia, William John, James Michael, Joanne Kathryn, John Kevin, Kathleen Elizabeth, Philip Keith, Erin Marie, Christopher Jay, and Patrick Michael.

John born in 1926 – Jan 14

Kathryn dies in 1935

William dies in 1929

John raised at the Carmelite Home for Boys from age 3 to age 14

Sisters: Patricia Mary Rosewitz (Gerald), and Bette Joyce Schutzman (James).

Pat and Bette raised at the Carmelite Home for Girls

Several foster homes for all of them after leaving Carmelite Homes.

John met Deloris through his sister Patricia, who had been her friend since 7th grade.

John and Deloris married in their early 20's and raised a family of 6 sons and 4 daughters.

Patricia died in 1993 after a long battle with cancer.

AFTERWORD

The lives of parents are an abiding source of mystery to their children, but in coming to know the struggles of one's parents', which they carried and tried so hard to hide, children can come to an understanding of that which had been incomprehensible, and in the process gain a greater measure of knowledge about themselves.

FIFTY YEARS TO ALASKA

May 17 – 24, 2009
Written by: Phil Dolan

PROLOGUE

Anticipation, excitement, a little stress, builds as the four rented vehicles carrying twenty eager travelers wind down the steep city hillsides of Seattle toward the waterfront. Adventure awaits! None of these ready and willing participants have ever experienced what is in the offing. As the dark blue waters of Puget Sound draw into view framed by a deep blue sky, puffy white clouds and the ever present sentinel, Mt. Rainier, the first sight of the colossus upon which this long awaited adventure will become a reality fills the landscape, causes mouths to drop, and eyes to pop. AWWW-SOME!!!!!!! is the word heard from both front and back seats.

AWWWWW-SOME!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

It is the spring of 2005 and we are thinking way ahead about how we might celebrate our Golden Wedding Anniversary in 2009. Peggy is the primary planning driver. We have decided we do not want the traditional “50th Anniversary Party” in the mode of a wedding reception reprise. Our preference is that we create an occasion of celebration for our family; something for them all to remember, and that it be unique enough to hold a treasured place in memory for many years.

Many ideas are considered and discarded. A trip to Ireland?? A week at a special resort?? An RV caravan to the National Parks?? With ten grandchildren and their parents, we make up a group of twenty, so logistics, school schedules, and job obligations all play an important part in deciding what to choose and how to arrange it. Lodging, meals, recreational opportunities for ages ranging from 6 through 19, which the grandkids will be in 2009, all offered us challenges. We want this not only to be a family group affair, but also provide a much deserved opportunity for the moms and dads to enjoy a true vacation as couples with adequate periods of freedom from parenting to truly enjoy the experience. These combined goals present a formidable challenge.

We devised a savings plan as a programmed way to build up a fund over the next few years to finance whatever we decide to do.

Finally after debating how to satisfy all of the priorities, Peggy came up with the idea of replication of the celebration of our 25th Anniversary, which was a cruise to Alaska for the two of us, only this time the cruise to Alaska would be for the twenty of us!! We agreed that it was the perfect solution to meet all the criteria which we wish to accomplish. Plus, it would be a wonderful, lasting, unique memory for all involved regardless of age. Imagine being 6 or 9 or 13 or 40 something and experiencing a luxury cruise for the first time!!

During the summer and fall of 2007 Peggy set about investigating Alaska Cruises of various cruise lines scheduled for the summer of 2008 even though our true 50th Anniversary wasn't until June 13, 2009. We might possibly go in 2008 if it could be worked out. As the complexities of the planning became apparent and as the choices and availability of shipboard cabin space became more and more limited for 2008, it became apparent that a much longer window for planning was needed.

Peggy eventually selected Princess Cruises as the cruise line which seemed to best fit all our needs. One of the most convenient essentials was that

Princess, in addition to being a high quality line, had a policy of assigning you to an exclusive “Cruise Planner”. This person, and only this person, would work with you from start to finish. It was decided that as soon as the 2009 schedule became available that she would contact Princess Cruises and begin the process.

Peggy got connected with a Princess Cruise Planner named Lynda Krayton, who turned out to be incredibly knowledgeable and helpful. Lynda took on the project as though it were for her own family. There were innumerable conferences with Linda over a period of more than a year and she attended to every detail. Whether physical needs, special health needs, ways to provide some quality couple-time by ensuring that there were activities for the children or for whatever questions or needs we had, and there were many, Lynda patiently solved each problem to ensure that we would have a memorable and seamless experience.

College final exams and finish dates were established for Patrick and Christopher, U.S. Open preparation requirements for Fiona were identified, job obligations for Ted, Pat, Jeff and Scott were estimated; school considerations for the younger ones were evaluated. All factors pointed to a single week in mid-May as the only possibility. May is a risk weather-wise in Alaska but there didn’t seem to be any alternatives. Reservations were made on the Star Princess Alaskan Cruise of May 17 to 24, 2009.; We sent in the required deposits; Passports and/or birth certificates were searched out, checked or acquired; Airline travel arrangements to Seattle from New York, Newark, Dallas, Nashville, Baltimore and Boston were booked; rental cars were arranged for pick up at the Seattle-Tacoma Airport and for drop off in downtown Seattle; transportation to the docks from the car rental drop off points, then the reverse coming back were arranged. The myriad details required many check off lists to ensure that everything happened as smoothly as possible and on a very precise and tight schedule for each family. Motel rooms in Olympia were arranged and booked to meet each family’s planned arrival and departure dates. There were truly a “million” details.

Grampy, who is 97, was encouraged to join us on this adventure and we even reserved a suite for him aboard the ship. He ultimately declined to go due to health considerations in spite of enthusiastic urgings from all of us. His final decision not to go, after many months of cajoling, gave birth to a plan to have a 50th Anniversary **“Picnic-In-The-Park”** in Olympia the afternoon before the ship’s departure date so as to ensure that Grampy would be an integral part of the celebration with the whole family. This

now entailed ensuring that everyone was in Olympia for Saturday, May 16, finding and reserving a facility in a local park which would afford us reasonable privacy and accommodate a group of 20-30 people, plus picnic preparations once we arrived in Olympia.

As the departure date approached many sacrifices and efforts were made by each family to make this dream a reality.

SATURDAY, MAY 16, 2009 BURFOOT PARK – OLYMPIA

Peggy and I arrived in Olympia in the wee hours of Tuesday, May 12 and after recovering from our all-night travel from Cape Cod set about preparing for our “Picnic-In-The-Park”. We had reserved a group recreation shelter facility at Burfoot Park located about 6 miles north of Olympia via East Bay Drive, near the village of Boston Harbor. (The irony of the name, Boston Harbor, three thousand miles from another “Boston Harbor” was not lost on us).

Salads and an anniversary sheet cake, plus a variety of deli sandwiches from Maconi’s Italian Sub Shop will make up the main fare and keep things simple.

The families began to arrive on Thursday, May 14 as Scott flew in from Coppell, TX via Dallas with Brendan, Caitlyn and Sean. Friday arrivals included: Suzanne and Jeff with Alayna, Michael, and Andrew coming in from Manheim, PA via Baltimore, MD; Debbie, Pat and Patrick from Summit, NJ via Kennedy Airport on Long Island, NY; and Diane flew in with Christopher from Bowling Green, Kentucky via Nashville. To complete the family arrivals, Ted and Fiona with Connor and Caroline flew in from Bernardsville, NJ via Newark, NJ early Saturday morning.

The rain, which had been light but steady for four or five days running, ran its course and the sun came out bright and early and smiled on our group that Saturday morning. The official 50th Anniversary Picnic-In-The-Park was underway in the afternoon beginning about 1:30pm. We had a large shelter located in the center of this relatively small and intimate park. The shelter was equipped with several large picnic tables, end to end, and since there were very few other people present in the park, afforded a satisfactory feeling of privacy. There was an extensive “jungle-gym” nearby and the grandkids populated it in a heartbeat.

We were joined by Marianne and Danny Brandt and their sons Michael and Mark along with Michael's wife Nicole. Connie (Thieje) LaFond, a grade school classmate and longtime friend was also with us. Ralph and Gloria, our sister-in-law Joyce, the Sudmeiers, the Pickerings, Judy and Bill Williams, and Len and Stella Beil, were all invited but were unable to join us.

We had a wonderful picnic, complete with many pictures of the family group, and individual pictures of each family with (Great)-Grampy. Peggy and I opened cards and reminiscent of 50 years ago, fed each other from the "wedding" cake.

A great time was had by all and Grampy was the center of attention as we knew he would be. Before the picnic began Grampy slipped me a gift envelope for each family. After everyone has eaten I gather everyone around and with a few appropriate words present the envelopes. They are all deeply touched and appreciative of his generous gift to each and every person which will enable each one to choose one of the prime excursions for themselves during the cruise. They all gather around Grampy, and with warm hugs thank him for this wonderful surprise.

Even though Grampy will not be physically with us as we cruise the Alaskan waters and visit our ports-of-call, his gift to each one will ensure that his presence will be felt throughout the trip. Thanks Grampy!!!

As the sun began to set over Puget Sound we "folded our tent" and all repaired to the Ramada (nee Ameritel) where the families were staying. Last minute packing and repacking while the kids played in the hotel pool was the final order of business in preparation for a morning departure for Seattle and the boarding process on the Star Princess for our long awaited adventure to Alaska.

SUNDAY MORNING, MAY 17, 2009 OLYMPIA to SEATTLE

Our day and our celebration of our 50th Anniversary began where it all really started 50 years ago – in church - for the celebration of the Mass. The family all met at St. Michaels Church in Olympia for the 8am, Sunday Mass. Father Jim Lee was the celebrant. Peggy and I had requested that

after Mass, Father Jim give us a blessing in honor of our anniversary and as a fitting beginning of our cruise celebration.

After Mass, and after all the people had left, Father Jim returned to the sanctuary to give us, we thought, a simple blessing. Not Father Jim!! He opened a wedding ceremony book and told Peggy and I to stand alone a few feet away. Then he asked us to introduce each family member to him, one at a time. As he greeted each grandchild and each parent individually he asked them to gather around Peggy and me. After each family member, including Grampy, had been introduced and assembled around us in a tight little group, he proceeded to read the prayers of a wedding ceremony, modified for the occasion of an anniversary, and concluded with a renewal of our wedding vows. It was a beautiful and touching ceremony, and much more than we had anticipated. It set the tone perfectly as a beginning to the whole purpose of our celebration and the perfect way to begin our adventure to Alaska.

SUNDAY, MAY 17, 2009 SEATTLE

After church, everyone said their goodbyes to Grampy and all returned to the Ramada to check out and to load, or should I say, “stuff” suitcases and carryon gear into the four rental cars for the trip to the Seattle docks. We were due at the ship between noon and 3 pm and with the uncertainty of possible I-5 construction in Seattle we tried to get underway by 10 am from Olympia. The Sunday traffic was light and the feared eventualities that might have caused major delays did not materialize.

We proceeded down a pre-planned route to the northern end of the waterfront docks and as we emerged from the rows of city buildings near the bottom of the downtown Seattle hillside, our ship came into view. That was when the ooh’s and aah’s began from adults and kids alike, at the sight of this huge, nearly 1,000 foot, 17 story vessel as it filled the dockside panorama to the exclusion of nearly all else. If there was pent up excitement and anticipation before, it now reached a new level as we imagined getting aboard and exploring this vast floating playground of our awaiting adventure.

Reality quickly overshadowed imagination however. As we arrived at the dock, we were immersed in the 2700 other passengers in line for the boarding process, along with uncountable tons of luggage on the

approaches to the embarkation building. Pat, Scott and Jeff discharged their passengers and luggage, then retreated back to downtown Seattle to turn in the rental cars. Ted and family decided to drop their car on the way in and take a cab to the dock. Everyone pitched in and moved our many bags along, (thank goodness for the little wheels), as the line inched forward at glacial speed.

Passports and birth certificates at the ready, we finally made our way into the embarkation building, up the escalator, through security and finally to the long check-in counter. The Princess Lines have this boarding procedure down to a science as things ran very smoothly and efficiently.

At long last, we could fully relax as we received our cruise identification/ship's credit card and crossed the gangway on to the Star Princess and made our way to our various staterooms. Peggy and I were on the Dolphin (9th) Deck and had treated ourselves to a suite with a balcony. We were delighted with the layout which included a full bath, a bedroom and a small sitting room leading out onto a balcony on the port side high above the water. We were greeted by our steward, Alec who hailed from the Philippines, and who presented us each with a complimentary glass of champagne.

The four families, plus a separate room for Patrick, Christopher and Brendan were located on the Plaza (5th), Deck just off the "lobby" where we had just entered from the gangway. This location had been selected by Linda, our cruise planner based on her personal experience and was a very convenient and nice location. Each of the four outside, portside staterooms has a large window looking out on the water. The boy's stateroom was an inside room.

After everyone got settled and all luggage successfully accounted for and delivered, we all met on the open-air Sun (15th) Deck, awaiting the departure, which is scheduled for 4 pm. There was much exploring to be done as the kids discovered the indoor and outdoor swimming pools, the snack bars, and the buffet-dining rooms promptly.

At precisely 4 pm, the Captain singled up, then took in all lines, engaged the bow and stern thrusters, and slowly backed away from the dock. Our adventure at sea had officially begun. As we reached the stream and proceeded northward up Elliott Bay toward upper Puget Sound and the Straits of Juan de Fuca, the Seattle skyline emerged into full view and captivated the audience with its stark hillside beauty, anchored by the ever-

present Space Needle. If the beauty of the skyline were not enough, as one looked a few degrees to the southwest, Mt. Rainier crowned the panorama. The mountain was resplendent with its snowy mantle, looking mirage-like in the perfect afternoon sunlight, framed against a cloudless, deep blue sky.

There was a flurry of picture taking as each couple and each family scurried to find an open place at the rail to capture this first memory of our cruise, surrounded by the blue-gray waters of Puget Sound and the magnificent backdrop of Mt. Rainer looming in an almost surreal, dreamlike presence as we sail away into the evening.

Before very long, we reluctantly head below for our reserved 5:30 pm seating for our first evening meal in the Amalfi Dining Room (Fiesta Deck 6). We have three tables to accommodate the twenty of us, arranged in a sort of triangular fashion. Our headwaiter is Juan Carlos from Mexico, who is a most delightful and accommodating gentleman, assisted by a table steward and a wine steward. They will be with us throughout the cruise for all of our evening meals. They provide us with excellent service, anticipating and attending to our every need. The kids all sit at a table for eight, and on either side of them the adults plus Christopher and Patrick, who rotated between the two tables for six. The food is outstanding, and the kids seem a little over-awed at this first experience of cruise cuisine and service.

After a wonderful meal we return topside to the Sun Deck to enjoy the scenery as we proceed westward through Straits of Juan de Fuca. To starboard, Victoria, British Columbia comes into view and gradually, off to port, the Olympic Mountains emerge behind lush dark green forests which populate their fronting foothills. The mountains form a line of snowcapped peaks and seem to accompany us for a time, as though seeing us off as we sail westward toward the Pacific Ocean. In the distance, the town of Port Angeles can be seen, nestled at the very foot of the mountains along the shore of the Strait. The town seems to observe our passing as its lights twinkle an acknowledgement in the distance, then continues its watch as it seems to guard the coast line and awaits the setting sun.

As the evening light begins to wane we complete the passage through the Straits of Juan de Fuca and turn northward out on the Pacific Ocean. Canada's Vancouver Island is about 14 miles distant on our starboard side. The evening air cools and we are treated to the first of many beautiful sunsets on the western horizon, complete with a shimmering golden pathway that seems to lead across the Pacific waters from the bright orange

sun. Slowly, the sun disappears and steals the day from us until tomorrow.
..... We are on our way to Alaska!!!!

THE CAPTAIN'S LOG for Sunday, May 17, 2009

Star Princess was lying quietly alongside at her berth all day in Seattle. At 1600 all pre-departure safety checks were complete and Star Princess was ready to sail. Once all passengers and crew were on board, the mooring lines were let go. Using the thrusters, main propulsion and the rudders, we moved off the berth and proceeded astern. Once clear from the dock, we swung the bow to port and steamed out of Elliot Bay. Once clear of Elliot Bay the Star Princess entered into the traffic separation scheme heading North through Admiralty Inlet and then entering Juan de Fuca Strait. At about 2045 Star Princess approached Port Angeles where we disembarked our local pilot and then sailed into the traffic separation scheme heading out of Juan de Fuca Strait. Wind: Light airs; Seas: Slight.

MONDAY, MAY 18, 2009 AT SEA

Before retiring last night, Peggy and I enjoyed a night time view of the Pacific surging by, while sitting on our balcony outside our suite, drinking in the silence of the sea, save for the gentle murmur of the bow wave as our ship carves its passage through the calm surface of the Pacific Ocean. These are the times that remind me of my many nights at sea years ago and how good it feels now to be able to share these tranquil moments, quiet sounds of the sea in the peaceful darkness, and the unique sensations and feelings they engendered, at long last, with my family.

I awoke very early, as though by instinct, just as the first light of dawn was peaking over the horizon. Careful not to wake Peggy, I bundled up against the crisp morning air, stepped out onto our balcony and welcomed the return of last night's sun as it completed its overnight journey, revealing the beginnings of a new day at sea.

The day is bright, clear and beautiful. The seas are quite calm running from the south at about 3 to 5 feet. The ship is handling beautifully with no discernible pitch and not more than a 2 to 3 degree roll. Even so, as we gather for lunch, there are a couple of mildly queasy stomachs among us.

That is very understandable as none except Pat has ever been to sea before so this is their first experience with a ship's motion.

After lunch I take a walk on the Promenade (7th) Deck, individually with each one who feels affected by the motion and share a few tricks of the trade learned from my years at sea. Fresh air, brisk walking, eye-focus on the horizon as a distant fixed object and a few breathing tricks are my helpful hints. As the day wears on, the effects of the ship's motion wears off apparently, as all seem to be fine after a day to become accustomed to it.

The younger kids are introduced to the children's activity centers up on the Sun (15th) Deck. Each center is age-appropriate, and the kids seem to thrive and enjoy the games and activities. The collateral benefits are that "Mom and Dad" have some quality time to themselves to enjoy the day.

We complete steaming to the northern extremity of Vancouver Island and veer to the northeast, passing through Scott Channel with the northern tip of Vancouver Island to starboard. We then proceed to transit Hecate Strait and on into Queen Charlotte Sound for our overnight run to Ketchikan, our first port.

The evening meal tonight calls for formal dress. The kids all show up in jacket and tie and really look spiffy. The adults are dressed in dinner dresses for the gals and jacket and tie for the guys. We are a handsome crew indeed as we sit down to our sumptuous evening meal served by our headwaiter Juan Carlos and his assistants. Pat announces that his father, Bill, has graciously offered to treat us all to wine of our choice to go with this first night's dinner. His thoughtful gesture is much appreciated. It has been decided that each couple will take a turn at the children's table as the nights go on to provide a little guidance when required in the interest of tranquility. Minimal effort is all that is needed as the kids are great, awed by the food and service and thoroughly enjoying interacting with one another. It is really neat to watch. (Even Nanny and Pa will take a turn before the week is out!)

After dinner we are off to the main atrium, inside on the Promenade Deck for the Captain's champagne extravaganza and welcoming party. Observing from the balcony on the deck above, we watch as the crew, who have stacked a pyramid of champagne glasses about ten feet high, pour the bubbly into glasses at the top so as to create a champagne waterfall. Hors d'oeuvres are served as most of the passengers gather in the atrium

and shortly Captain Bob Oliver appears on a balcony level and gives a little welcoming address to the assembly.

After the festivities, a crew of workers appears, as if by magic, and the atrium is cleared. We have an appointment with the ship's photographer for a family portrait to be taken on the winding staircase while we are all dressed in or jackets, ties, dinner dresses and, in general, our "Sunday best". The photographer takes several poses and tomorrow we will inspect his work. As it turns out, one of the poses is nearly perfect of all twenty of us, (except that Patrick's growth spurt has out-paced the camera lens and the top of his head is cut off). Not to worry! Modern digital technology enables the technician to creep the portrait just high enough to enable Patrick to rejoin the family. The only price that has to be paid is a few vanishing shoes in the front row. That portrait sits proudly on our picture/TV stand in our family room as this is written.

A brief visit to the evening breezes on the Promenade and the Sun decks for a brisk walk or to drink in the quiet ocean sounds as our ship cuts through gentle swells at twenty-two knots completes our evening and our day at sea.

THE CAPTAIN'S LOG for Monday, May 18, 2009

During the early hours of the morning Star Princess, having exited out of the Juan de Fuca Strait, turned Northward in the North Pacific Ocean. We then set various Northwesterly courses leaving Vancouver Island just over 14 nautical miles on our starboard side. During the afternoon we entered inside Queen Charlotte Sound, and continued to follow Northwesterly courses toward our next port of call, Ketchikan.

*Noon position: 50 deg 52.8 min North, 128 deg 33.3 min West
Wind: South, Force 5*

TUESDAY, MAY 19, 2009 KETCHIKAN

I am up very early in order to meet the dawn out on our balcony this morning. The clocks were set back an hour during the night which afforded an extra hour of sleep, but still, it is just before 5am when I quietly slip out onto our east-facing balcony to welcome the sunrise. The gray semi-light

of dawn yields to the measured brightening of the sun, slowly revealing the beauty of southeast Alaska's forested hills and mountains, unfolding like the turning pages of nature's photo album.

We have passed thorough Queen Charlotte Sound during the night, passing between Graham Island and Banks Island, and are now proceeding slowly up the Tongass Narrows with the mountains gradually closing in on us from both sides until, at last, the town of Ketchikan comes into view. Ketchikan is located on an island approximately 1/2 mile wide and 7 miles long. The family below, snug in their bunks have probably missed this passage due to the early hour. We pass the Coast Guard Base and the sea plane docks close aboard to starboard and begin maneuvering to tie up to our berth alongside Front Street at about 0600, (6am), right on schedule.

After a quick breakfast in the Horizon Court on the Lido (14th) Deck we assemble to go ashore. There are much anticipated excursions to experience this morning. Ted, Fiona and family have selected a float plane trip which will fly them up into the fiords and mountains above Ketchikan for some spectacular scenery. They even land on a high mountain lake for a brief stop in real wilderness before taking off again to continue the breathtaking views from aloft.

Debbie and Pat, Diane and Scott, Suzanne and Jeff and their families attend the "Great Alaskan Lumberjack Show" near the town center and are thrilled by the demonstration of skills needed to harvest the stately timber in the mountains by two teams of lumberjacks. Debbie had seen a TV program prior to the cruise featuring the lumberjacks of Alaska and had assured everyone this was a "can't miss" show. One highlight was the log rolling contest. The spectators choose a team to cheer on to victory. Andrew was presented with a wooden chair, hewn out of a log by the lumberjacks with their razor-sharp double bladed axes. It is a little problematic as to how this will find its way to Pennsylvania given the death grip Andrew has on it. He was at last persuaded to donate it back for the next show and he gives it up very reluctantly. Prior to their float plane trip, Ted, Fiona and family took in the early morning Lumberjack show. Caroline was also presented with a log chair, and like Andrew's prize, transporting it back to New Jersey by ship and plane would be tricky to say the least, so her chair finds a home with the lumberjacks as well.

As the day wore on, everyone took a walk around Ketchikan to see the historical sights which feature places and scenes reminiscent of the first lusty settlers of the town. The original town, known as Alaska's first city,

was built on “stilts” or pilings of Creek Street. It is the equivalent of about five blocks long with various stores, saloons and the infamous, “Dolly’s house”. Dolly Arthur, a proprietress of sorts, was affectionately dubbed the “mayor” of old Ketchikan. It was the first community travelers came to as they journeyed north to the gold fields in the late 1890’s.

Ketchikan’s name comes from the Tlingit Indian word “Kitchsk-him”, which means “Thundering wings of an Eagle”. The eagle is a predominant and plentiful sight in Alaska. This large, graceful, powerful custodian of the skies may be seen soaring and circling above or perched in waiting and watchfulness high in the tall, dignified firs that clothe the steep hills and mountain slopes directly above the town center. Snow covered Deer Mountain stands guard directly above the town center as Ketchikan nestles at its foot, clinging to the shores of Revillagigedo Channel.

As we explore the town, begun by pioneers in the late 1880’s, the kids are introduced to authentic Indian Totem Poles. Tall, stately and somewhat mystical, they portray the Indian culture’s close integration with nature, the animals, the birds and the bountiful fish of the sea. Especially sacred to the Indians, and repeatedly depicted on their totems and in their mystical stories, were the bear, the beaver, the eagle, the raven, and the salmon, which along with the totality of nature, provided for the Indians wellbeing, and indeed, their survival. We have much to learn about caring for our fragile world, its environment, and the creatures with which we share it from the Indian beliefs and their practice of those beliefs.

One of the highlights for some of us is the street-side nature lecture by a hearty Alaskan gentleman who has taken it upon himself to nurse a magnificent, young bald eagle back to health. The huge eagle, a juvenile female, perches on a stand and responds to his every command as she displays her huge wing span of nearly six feet. Her head is still plumed with brown feathers but in about a year, at the age of 4 or 5, those feathers will turn to the characteristic white of the bald eagle species.

A few of us gather for lunch near the Lumberjack Show location at outdoor tables, shortly to be joined by those attending the late morning performance. It should be noted that the weather is perfect. Bright sunshine and blue skies provide us with comfortable temperatures.

Copious shopping now fills the afternoon, and our foot-weary travelers finally straggle back to the ship, laden with bundles of treasures at about 1600 (4pm) and settle in for a 1630 departure.

As we cruise northward, further up the narrow channel, we pass the Ketchikan Airport on our port side and an Alaskan Airlines plane obliges by approaching and landing very close to us as we pass.

Shortly we enter Clarence Strait and later, as evening descends we turn briefly to the west entering Sumner Strait.

Another sumptuous evening meal is enjoyed by all, served by Juan Carlos and his assistants in the Amalfi Dining Room. After dinner it is back up to the Sun (15th) Deck, bundled in plaid blankets against the brisk, but chilling breeze, and lounging in deck chairs to enjoy the passing mountain scenery on both sides of the ship. Finally, as the evening draws to a close, we marvel at the beautiful Alaskan sunset as it sends its shimmering golden and silver reflections across the ripples of Alaska's inland sea.

Darkness will find us heading northeasterly once more in Chatham Strait as we progress toward tomorrow's adventures. After the kids frolic for a time in the Calypso Reef pool, with the adults gathered round nearby, chatting about the day's exploits, we finally retire to our staterooms eagerly anticipating our rendezvous with the glaciers, waterfalls and icebergs of Tracy Arm early tomorrow morning.

THE CAPTAIN'S LOG for Tuesday, May 19, 2009

Ship's clocks were retarded 1 hour at 0200 to GMT -8

At around 0221 we crossed the border and entered into Alaskan waters. We transited Dixon Entrance first and then proceeded through Revillagigedo Channel, making way to the Twin Island pilot station. After embarking our Alaska pilot around 0407, the star Princess followed various Northwesterly courses through Tongass Narrows on passage to Ketchikan. The ship was all fast alongside at 0558 and all gangways rigged and ready by 0641.

At 1608, with all passengers and all crew on board, the Star Princess was ready to sail. Once all lines were clear of the water at 1631, we commenced to thrust off, making way to the Northwest heading out of Tongass Narrows, Star Princess set various Northwesterly courses through Clarence Strait, then Summer Strait toward Tracy Arm.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 20, 2009 TRACY ARM / JUNEAU

Once again it's "early to rise" as Wednesday morning dawns, (I missed the sunrise today), and the ship promptly enters Tracy Arm after traversing Chatham Strait and Frederic Sound during the night.

Within the past 400 years, the snout (terminus) of a glacier sat at the very entrance to Tracy Arm, now a long fjord reaching 25 miles back into the mountains. The glacier once deposited massive amounts of silt, rock and sand, producing a moraine bar across the opening to the present fjord. Over the centuries as the glacier receded further and further, tidal ebbs and flows carved a narrow opening through which we can today, enter the fjord. Once inside the bar the water depths increase rapidly to over 1,000 feet. The steep high walls of the fjord, the hanging valleys, the precipitous waterfalls and the glacially polished rock await with spectacular views as we enter Tracy Arm.

It is early and chilly this morning and we find that a few of our party has yet arisen. The habits of a warm bed and leisurely school vacation time back on land are hard to break!! But this is one of the more spectacular opportunities to experience Alaska, so I become the bad guy, go below, and encourage (albeit somewhat insistently) that those who are truant shake off the cobwebs of the night, and the warmth of the comforter, and "muster" topside "smartly". (That salty talk for "right now").

Within an amazingly short time, I count twenty bodies wrapped in the ever present plaid deck blankets soaking in the magnificent scenery through, at least partially open eyes and gradually being enthralled with the grandeur of it all. (Perhaps enthralled is slightly over the top for those under 12 years of age). In the end though all are excited and glad they forfeited a little sleep to witness this awesome display of Alaskan nature.

God's artistry and handiwork dwarfs anything man can devise or construct. The massive glaciers of Alaska conceal power and majesty that cannot be approached, even fractionally, by our most ingenious and complex discoveries. The towering walls of Tracy Arm, carved and hollowed out over innumerable centuries, inch by patient inch, by the incredible forces of the living, moving glacier, now advancing, now receding, loom over us

on each side of the ship as the fjord narrows and winds the 25 miles to the terminus of South Sawyer Glacier.

Rugged chasms and cliffs speak an eerie silence over the still waters of the fjord as we sail deeper and deeper into the halls of nature's cathedral. The people on deck seem to join in hushed reverence as all attempt to consume the grandeur which seems to envelope us.

As we wind further up the fjord we unwittingly lose perspective of the magnitude of our surroundings. Our ship seems so large as we boldly invade the valley possessed by this, as yet unseen glacial host.

Icebergs which have calved from the glacier, far up the fjord, begin to appear. When gigantic chunks of ice yield to gravity and break away from the parent wall of the glacier's terminus, the glacier is said to be calving. This calving is accompanied by an enormous roar as the newly created iceberg plummets into the water and begins to drift away. The unimaginable pressure caused by the weight of the glacier ice bearing down on itself, sometimes as thick at 1,800 feet deep, compresses the ice in its center, squeezes out all of the trapped air bubbles and alters the nature of the oxygen-hydrogen bond in the ice. This phenomenon, in turn, alters the spectrum of light such that the calved icebergs, which act as a prism, only allow blue light to pass through. And so, these icebergs, only 1/8 of which appear above the surface of the water, treat the eye to a delightful visual marvel resembling that of a giant sapphire gem. It is humbling to realize that these seemingly small, but beautiful cobalt-blue icebergs were formed perhaps thousands of years ago as snowfall, high on the origins of the glacier, and have finally, this day, been released to grace us with their delicate beauty.

Suddenly as we slowly round a bend the terminus of the glacier appears in the distance. It is probably about 2 miles away, but its immense bulk lends proportion to the theatre in which we find ourselves. We would like to get closer, but our ship's size and the narrowness of the approach prevent it. In spite of the distance we can see the calving from time to time. The terminus wall is huge, six-tenths of a mile across and probably 500 feet high. It is indeed a majestic sight.

The ship pauses for a brief time at our closest point of approach so we can absorb this awe-inspiring scene, then slowly turns about to begin the return trip down the fjord.

Our ship size still seems to us to be of substance as the scene remains before us. As we depart, a sister ship to the Star Princess unexpectedly rounds a bend and proceeds toward us. As she approaches close aboard to port we are suddenly made aware of the true size of the surroundings around and above us. The Sun Princess, an exact 950 foot duplicate of ourselves, truly seems like a tiny toy boat in a bathtub when juxtaposed against the enormity of the walls of this glacially sculpted gorge. We are astounded to realize how small we really are compared to the nature surrounding us.

The Star Princess retreats down the fjord, leaving the glacier's domain to its rightful master and proceeds the remaining 45 miles from the fjord's entrance to Alaska's capital city and port of Juneau. It is now approaching 1100 (11am) and by 1400 (2pm) we are settled alongside the dock and ready for new adventures.

Our little crew disperses in several different directions. Some ride the cable car to the top of Mt. Roberts, which hovers over the dockside scene for a romp in the snow high above and to enjoy a panoramic view of the Juneau area, the harbor and the mountains in the western distance.

Scott and Caitlyn mountain bike the circuitous auto road back down to town. Christopher, Patrick, and Brendan take a high speed motor boat across Gastineau Channel to Douglas Island where they board an All Terrain Vehicle, and climb, off-road, high up the forested hillside. Mounting a platform, they clip in to a cable "zip-line", zoom down the line, about 200 feet in the air and above the tree line. They repeat this exciting and exhilarating ride about 10 times. After the last run they rappel down to a base station for the return trip to Juneau.

Meanwhile, back in Juneau, some of us take a bus ride out to Mendenhall Glacier to view this landlocked behemoth at its 1.5 mile wide terminus where it forms an idyllic little lake which empties by way of a small stream leading to the sea. The Mendenhall Glacier is 12 miles long and originates from the Juneau Ice Field with ice forming as much as 1,800 feet deep. Before 1765, the face of the glacier reached 2.5 miles farther down the Mendenhall Valley but has been receding since that time.

Debbie and Pat hike well out onto the flat area and near the falls emanating from the nearby mountainside to get a close up view. Shortly before it is time to depart several others of our crew arrive for a quick view of the

glacier before we have to board the last bus for the 17 mile trip back to Juneau.

All gather in Juneau for an obligatory visit to the famous Red Dog Saloon. The walls are festooned with artifacts of the wild 1890's, days of the rough and tumble Juneau gold rush. There are stuffed heads of many Alaskan critters on the walls and all kinds of gold rush memorabilia, including Wyatt Earp's twin pistols. We seat ourselves at a couple of tables for a sandwich and grill dinner, imagining for a while that we are in town to join the prospectors feverish dash for success to the gold fields, six shooters in our holsters, gold dust in our pockets, and determined to strike it rich.

After soaking in the atmosphere of the Red Dog Saloon there is some final time for last minute souvenir shopping then a leisurely walk back to the ship for our 2200 (10pm) departure.

The ship gets underway south in Gastineau Channel, then northward into Stephan's Passage and overnight passage up Lynn Canal enroute to my favorite Alaskan port, Skagway.

Our tired, but happy crew gathers once again at the Calypso Reef Pool. While the kids splash, the adults enjoy a glass of wine or take a peek into the nearby buffet to see what the desert section has to offer. After a brief stroll on deck to enjoy the evening air capping off another beautiful day, it's off to our staterooms for the night. Peggy and I sit out on our balcony enjoying a glass of wine, and the gentle movement of the ship as it sails along under another cloudless, starlit sky.

THE CAPTAIN'S LOG for Wednesday, May 20, 2009

During the early hours of the morning Star Princes set a Northerly course, passing through Chatham Strait and then Northeasterly courses inside Frederick Sound. Thereafter we set North-north- westerly courses transiting Stephen Passage and made our final approach to the entrance of Tracy Arm. At 1032 once out of Tracy arm, we set Northerly courses through Lynn Channel toward Juneau. The Star Princess was made fast alongside her berth in Juneau with all lines ashore and the gangways rigged and ready at 1357.

At 2146, with all passengers and crew on board, the gangways were landed and shortly afterwards all side doors were secured for sea. At 2153, the ship maneuvered off her berth and was finished with the maneuvering mode at 2224. Once clear from the entrance, Star Princess sets her Northerly course through Lynn Canal towards the next port of call, Skagway.

THURSDAY, MAY 21, 2009 SKAGWAY

NORTH TO ALASKA!!! – This is the motto of the state of Alaska and the raucous cry of the thousands of gold rush miners of 1897-98. Gold was discovered in the Yukon Territory near Dawson City, nearly 600 miles, and a 3 month trek over and across the mountains from the once, tiny fishing village of Skagway. The only access to the interior was over the treacherous trails of the White Pass which soon became impassable, or up and over the Chilkoot Trail from nearby Dyea. The fortune seeking stampeders came by steamer and every nature of boat imaginable which could carry them and a year's supplies, usually about one ton, to Skagway from Seattle. But before the lonely men could leave town, they faced the temptations of 80 saloons, the lure of painted ladies, and the quick fingers of gamblers and thieves such as Jefferson R. "Soapy" Smith and his ruthless gang.

So into the harbor sails our "steamer", filled with equally enthusiastic modern "stampeders" eagerly anticipating being absorbed into the history of this "wild west" of the great north wilderness.

We arrive very early in the morning and by 0545 (5:45am) the gangway is ashore, and we are ready for adventure. After a hearty breakfast we disembark and assemble dockside at the offices of M & M Tour Sales. Peggy has been talking and bargaining for months prior with the owner enticing him with the size of our group of 20 for special consideration when we finally arrive in Skagway. Spaces for 15 have been reserved on a much anticipated "Hike and Float" trip which will entail hiking 2 miles up the Chilkoot Trail, intersecting the Taiya River, then rafting down the river to a pickup point about 1 ½ hours downstream. The rest of our group will enjoy a unique experience at the Sled Dog Adventure and Musher's Camp where they will get to see the huskies who run the 1,150 mile Iditarod Sled Dog Race from Anchorage to Nome each year. They will be treated to an

actual sled dog ride themselves, albeit a sled on wheels since there is no snow at the musher's camp this time of year.

Our group of gold feverish stampederers set off in two teams, one numbering 10 and the other 5 (joined by 5 other folks to make up a team of 10). We board our vans and drive over a gravel mountain road up the Taiya River valley approximately 15 miles to our start point at the beginning of the Chilkoot Trail. On the way we pass the abandoned town of Dyea where the stampederers of 1898 would cache their one ton of supplies and begin 20 to 40 trips, backpacking their gear 100 pounds at a time, enduring an arduous trek, beginning with its initial 1,000 foot high, quarter mile climb known as "The Golden Stairs", then 33 miles up the trail of forest climbing to Lake Bennett, at the headwaters of the Yukon River. Here they would spend the winter, build boats or rafts and wait for the spring thaw to ride the rapids of the Yukon to Whitehorse and Dawson City for their shot at prospecting for gold. Many of the boats and rafts, were destined to be dashed and crushed on the rocks and rapids of the river. Of the 30,000 stampederers who tried, only a handful realized even a part of their dreams of wealth and had only hardship to show for their efforts.

We expect to be far more successful and have our dream of getting a taste of the Chilkoot Trail come true, just imagining their struggles, then enjoying an adventurous and scenic float trip down the Taiya River on our rubber rafts.

We are not disappointed. As a bonus, on the trip up, as we pass Dyea Lake, we spot a beautiful bald eagle high in a fir tree and, at the same time spot several seals bobbing their heads in and out of the waters of the lake. Picture time!! Our guide is a crusty veteran of many years in Alaska and an expert woodsman (among other probable talents) who is incredibly informative as we climb steep portions of the trail and meander along meadows and forests set along an occasional flat section. He describes the geological features as we pass and informs us of the habits of the bears and other creatures of the forest with whom we are temporarily sharing this wilderness.

After 2 miles through dense and beautiful forest, we come to the shore of the Taiya River, don life jackets and rubber boots. After listening intently to a safety lecture, we then board our rafts. It is great fun floating down the river. Mountains and waterfalls tower over us. Eagles and ravens circle above us or perch in the giant firs and cedars keeping an eye on us. The great outdoors with its crisp, clear mountain air, is accompanied by the

serenade of the river as it gurgles and ripples along, turning and twisting, revealing ever more spectacular vistas. We spot an eagle's nest with young ones whose heads peek out over the gnarled wicker-like sides of their temporary earthbound home. My guess is that they are yearning for the day when they will soon fly free like their parents, soaring high and learning their "trade". The more discerning eye picks out several eagles high in the trees, betrayed by their beautiful white head and tail feathers, contrasted against their sleek dark brown bodies. Their heads jerk and turn keeping an eye on us and on the river, talons at the ready, in case an unwary salmon or two might swim by offering the prospect of a tasty meal. River otters frolic and tease alongside one of our rafts, thoroughly enjoying the spotlight as the crew oohs and aahs excitedly, applauding their performance.

All too soon the float trip is completed, and we land on a narrow, flat beach near the waiting vans. We help the guides beach the rafts and lift them onto the travel trailer so they can be driven back up river to await the next crew of happy "stampedeers". We have had a wonderful time.

Meanwhile Peggy, Debbie, Diane, Sean and Caroline have been transported in another van, high into the hills to the Musher's Camp and are enthralled by their close up, hands-on adventure with the beautiful, powerful, yet gentle huskies that pull the sleds during the often brutal winter weather in Alaska. Their claim to fame is the 1,150 mile Iditarod Race in the dead of winter across the Arctic wilderness from Anchorage to Nome. In the course of the race they cross mountain ranges, frozen lakes, dense forests, frozen tundra and windswept coastlines along the Bering Sea. It is a supreme winter test of man and animal. Each team consists of 12 to 16 dogs and the race takes 10 to 17 days to complete. Less known is that for generations the dogs have been the main mode of wilderness transportation and work animals for both natives and early Alaskans.

Our gang learned about how the dogs are trained, then met some of the many dogs and climbed into a wheeled "sled", custom made for running during the snow-less summer months. A dog team, eager to pull was hitched up and our "newest musher's" were taken for a "sled ride" through the forest. The highlight for all was the opportunity, before leaving, to snuggle with beautiful husky puppies, just six weeks old, and loving to be held and petted.

The "stampedeers" and the "musher's" reassembled in Skagway outside Skagway's version of Ice Cream Sandwich and stomach-growing appetites

were satisfied by sinfully rich double-decker, sprinkle-laden, waffle-foundation ice cream cones. After that everyone went his own way to explore the town which has been maintained in its entirety in the historical mode and mood of its early days.

The National Park Service has a very nice museum and information center here and features a very informative movie detailing the colorful history of Skagway and the gold rush days. One interesting fact is that the town, whose population dwindles from many to only a few after the tourist season, proudly provides 30 veterinarians for the 300+ valuable sled dogs of the area but has not a single medical doctor to provide for the human resident's needs. Should one have a serious medical need you would have to be airlifted (or go by boat) to Juneau. The airlift charge is said to be \$40,000. Beyond that Seattle is the next alternative. It pays to stay healthy if you live in Skagway.

There is a whole history of the White Pass and Yukon Railroad but suffice to say here that the railway was hewn out of the White Pass with incredible difficulty at the cost of numerous lives and was originally intended satisfy the gold rush needs. The railroad climbs some 3,000 feet to its summit in just 20 miles. Over 450 tons of explosives were used to carve the road out of the cliffs of the White Pass. Some 35,000 men worked on its construction crews between June 1889 when it was begun and June 1900 when it was completed. By the time it was built, however, the gold rush was long over and for many years it was used to transport loads of metal ores from the mines of the interior to the docks of Skagway. Today it serves very successfully as a scenic excursion train for tourists.

As the day wanes and the ship's departure time approaches, last minute treasures are sought and purchased. Peggy and I wander back to our room on the *Star Princess*, pour ourselves a cold glass of chardonnay and sit out on the balcony, toasting each of our families below on the dock, too much laughter and picture taking, as they approach the gangway.

At 1700 (5pm) we are underway enroute to nearly two full days voyage at sea on the Pacific Ocean before we reach our final port-of-call, Victoria, British Columbia on Saturday.

After our usual delicious dinner in the Amalfi we all return topside for the scenic southbound voyage down Lynn Canal. This passage was made during the dark of night and the wee hours of the morning on the way up, so all of this magnificent scenery is new to us.

To the west on the starboard side, are the majestic peaks of the Alsek Range, which give birth to the multitude of glaciers that steal their way down the many slopes of these mountains to finish their plodding journey in the legendary Glacier Bay. This evening they grace us with sunset beauty as the day cools to the approach of evening. There seems to be no end to the varying panorama of these mountains as one by one, they appear in the near distance off the starboard bow and gradually fade from sight off the starboard quarter.

Finally after several hours of the awesome display of nature's gallery, the setting sun beguiles us with changing, subtle shades and hues to the alpenglow, in poignant notification of its final departure for another day.

Today seems to have been one of the best days of all. Our experiences, our personal immersion with nature and history today, and the evening display of the beauty of Alaska, has gently nudged our tired but happy selves to pleasant dreams tonight and has surely provided us with many memories, which will long be savored. This, after all, is what the two of us have hoped for; that each of the parents and the grandchildren will carry away the gift of remembrance of this once-in-a-lifetime adventure as a family for many years to come.

THE CAPTAIN'S LOG for Thursday, May 21, 2009

The Star Princess made her final approach to Skagway during the early hours of the morning. She was made fast alongside her berth with all lines ashore and gangways rigged and ready at 0540.

At 1654, the gangways were landed and shortly afterwards all side doors were secured for sea. At 1705, the ship maneuvered off her berth and moved slowly astern. Once we were in the middle of the channel we swung the bow to starboard,. Once the swing was complete we set our southerly courses through Lynn Canal and Chatham Strait, heading to sea and our next port of call, Victoria, B.C.

**FRIDAY, MAY 22, 2009
AT SEA**

This day, all of which during our waking hours will be spent out on the Pacific Ocean will be a special day for me. It is here, on the open sea, that I tend to relive the myriad memories, too many to count, of my years at sea. I was never a harbor sailor. Recreational sailing or cabin cruising is something I enjoy if and when the opportunity presents, but the open sea, the endless horizon, the wind across your face, the black star filled nights, the windblown spume, the rolling rhythm of the ship as it plunges ahead through the swells, the solitude, and the simplicity in the quiet times, are the memories and feelings that feed the pleasures I feel and the recollections I have of those days.

So today, as we sail along on the placid Pacific I will walk the deck often and enjoy the memories of all those times at sea and the satisfaction I feel, still today of the duty we performed, the people we helped, and the occasions of contentment.

I begin the day with a number of strolling laps around the ship on the Promenade Deck. I pause for long moments at the bow and just let the scene soak in as the prow splits the swell and the bow wave spreads itself gradually as it disappears astern. Again, I pause at the stern and watch the boiling waters, escaping the grasp of the ship's huge screws and the foaming wake disappearing as it blends with the horizon. It is as though, if only for a brief slice of time the wake of the ship is leaving that other world, the real world behind, freeing the spirit so that it sees only the vast expanse of the timeless, empty ocean with its invitation to be where you are and who you are, if only for the moment. In a way I wish I could impart these perceptions to my loved ones, but for now they can only share the experience and take from it what they will, realizing that it takes more than one voyage to absorb the messages of the sea.

Other than my own musings, I can't recall many specific events of the day, but everyone spent it in some of the many activities that are offered. The younger kids enjoyed the ship's "day camp" and all of them had a ball in the Calypso Pool. There was basketball, if the net is still intact, on the Sports (16th) Deck, the Fitness Center and Spa for the guys and gals, and all manner of explorations around the ship to discover.

Then, of course, there is the now much-looked-forward to dress-up evening meal with Juan Carlos to cater to us and look after us. I believe

the family is really enjoying this one time of each day when we are guaranteed to come together and enjoy each other. Each adult couple is still rotating to the children's table each night to provide a modicum of order there, but the true result is that it is fun to interact with the kids in this setting. --- I mean it!!!!

As the day unfolds we are gifted with a special treat in the offing. I am contacted by the Captain's secretary and am informed that Captain Oliver has consented to a visit to the bridge tomorrow for Peggy and me and the grandchildren. Bridge visits are not available as a rule for security reasons. Exceptions can be made with the Captain's consent, and I have written him a letter outlining my Coast Guard career and describing this special event in our lives treating our family of 20 to this cruise. I have asked if he would consider allowing Peggy and me and the grandchildren to visit the bridge as a special treat for the family. So this notification of his consent is exciting and will be a huge surprise for the children. Sadly, 12 is the maximum number that can be allowed and so there are 8 very disappointed parents in the wake of our excitement, but I know that they are also excited and happy for the kids.

After an evening at the Calypso pool and a few more nostalgic strolls around to Promenade Deck with Peggy we all drift off to our rooms for the night, eagerly anticipating the events of tomorrow and our final port of call.

THE CAPTAIN'S LOGfor..... Friday, May 22, 2009

Ship's clocks were advanced 1 hour at 0200 to GMT -7

At 0137, we disembarked our Alaskan Pilot off the ship abeam of Cornwallis Point. Throughout the day Star Princess continued on a Southerly course through Chatham Strait, bound of the North Pacific Ocean and Victoria, B.C

Noon Position: 53 deg 48.0 min North, 133 deg 47.8 min West

SATURDAY, MAY 23, 2009 A VISIT TO THE BRIDGE & VICTORIA, B. C.

Saturday dawns another beautiful day. As we finish breakfast around 0900 (9am) we are about 60 miles north of the southern tip of Vancouver Island where we will turn into the Straits of Juan de Fuca. All are excited about our visit to the bridge scheduled for 1100 (11am). We decide that we will take the adults who harbor hopes to go to the bridge, up to the meeting place, and beg!! Maybe compassion will prevail, and the Captain's assistant will relent.

At the appointed time we assemble with the grandchildren and the "wannabes" in front of the forward elevator on the 11th deck. The Captain's assistant arrives, counts noses and says in a somewhat icy voice, "Nice try, but only 12 can go"!! (She didn't really put it quite that way.) So much for begging, but somehow I had a feeling.....

Peggy and I with the 10 grandchildren, heavily armed with digital cameras with which to document our visit for the dejected parents, follow our guide up a locked passageway to a code-locked door. She opens it and we enter the bridge. The bridge is as massive as it is spacious and spans the width of the ship plus a wing on each side which extends beyond the side of the hull. We are turned over to a young mid-shipman hailing from Australia who is aboard as an officer trainee. He will shepherd us around describing all of the equipment and answering all of our questions. Michael and Connor must have been told by their parents to take lots of pictures. Connor takes about 60 of them and Michael photographs everything in sight.

The kids are wide-eye and enthralled with the radar, the GPS displays, the engine and steering controls. The big winner is the mobile video camera which can pan any direction and is controlled by a joy stick. Each of the kids is allowed to operate the joy stick and they look aft, forward and all around. The results of their manipulating the joy stick is displayed on a large nearby TV monitor.

The mid-shipman patiently explains what each knob and dial is for. Andrew spots a large RED push button, protected by a clear plastic shield on a hinge. "What happens if you push that button?" he wants to know. Our mid-shipman replies, "That gets you in a whole lot of trouble!!!" (The

button is an emergency stop signal to the engine room which is obviously why it is shielded by a cover to prevent accidental activation)

We are shown how the ship is steered from a mid-ships console, duplicated by controls on each wing of the bridge. There is a senior watch officer, a junior watch officer, and a crewman who is a visual lookout, in addition to our mid-shipman trainee.

The kids are given the run of the bridge for nearly an hour and a quarter. Caitlyn, Alayna, Caroline find a spot in front of the “floor to ceiling” windows and settle down on the carpeted deck to watch the bow cutting through the gentle swells at 22 knots, mesmerized by the great view from our high and unobstructed vantage point here on the bridge. The boys wander around asking questions about how things work, including the engines, the rudder and the bow and stern thrusters. Our knowledgeable guide answers them all. I am proud of how each and every one of the 10 kids had meaningful and thoughtful questions which their curiosity had produced. They will have many stories to tell classmates and friends when they get home.

At about 1215 the ship is approaching the turning point and the sea buoy where they will enter the shipping channel of the busy Straits of Juan de Fuca and I decide that it would be wise to express our thanks and leave the bridge officers to their maneuvering tasks.

So as we begin the turn and head eastward into the Straits we thank our hosts and bid goodbye to the bridge of the Star Princess. It has been quite an experience for Peggy and the kids, and I am equally thrilled to have had this opportunity. Needless to say, they have been “a few advances” since I did this kind of a job aboard the USCGC Casco and the USCGC General Greene. Privately, I think to myself that all of these electronic, automated gadgets, plus bow and stern thrusters have taken a lot of the “fun” out of ship maneuvering!!

We return below and the kids regale their parents with all they have seen and learned on the bridge. It was a great experience and one which I am sure will be long remembered and talked about.

The remainder of the afternoon is spent enjoying the views, topside, of the Olympic Mountains to starboard as they fill the panorama with their jagged snow-covered peaks. They remain in our view for the entire remainder of

the passage along the Straits all the way to the entrance to Victoria, B.C.'s harbor. It is a perfect day and the scenery is superb.

We tie up at our berth in Victoria at about 1630 (4:30pm) and decide to have some dinner before going ashore. This will be a very short in-port as the ship is scheduled to sail at 2300 (11pm). After a quick dinner we go ashore and walk the short distance, (about 15 blocks) to downtown. We approach the beautiful waterfront of Victoria which is bordered to the south by the stately and ornate Parliament Buildings, and by the regal, sprawling Empress Hotel on the east.

We walk to the Empress and do our own self-guided tour through its very beautiful "Olde English" décor, peeking into the public rooms and lounges, and browsing in its very expensive shops. We pause briefly to enjoy the view of the waterfront from the balcony windows above the lobby.

There is a music festival along the walkway at the water level, so we join the crowds and listen for a while as it grows dark. Gradually, all of our group appears along the walk to listen in and after a while we meander back to the ship. The McCahills branch off at the Holiday Inn Lounge. Something about Patrick being 19 and that coincidentally making him "legal" in Canada. (Whatever that means!!)

All are safely back aboard ship and just before midnight the Star Princess proceeds from the dock, enters the ship channel and steers a course which will bring us home to Seattle in the morning. Another wonderful day on this memory filled voyage comes to a close.

THE CAPTAIN'S LOG for Saturday, May 23, 2009

Throughout the morning Star Princess continued on her Southerly course toward Victoria. At 1145 we entered into the traffic separation scheme inside the Juan de Fuca Strait. After passing Race Rocks we embarked our local pilot and proceeded at slow speed to the entrance of the harbor. The Star Princess was made fast to her berth in Victoria with all lines ashore and the gangways rigged at 1645.

At around 2345, the gangways were landed and shortly afterwards all side doors were secured for sea. At 2400, the ship maneuvered off her

berth. Once clear from the breakwater, we set our Southerly courses through the traffic separation schemes toward our final port of Seattle.

SUNDAY, MAY 24, 2009 SEATTLE

The dawn is just peeking across our balcony and through the sliding glass doors as I awake very early this morning. I arise, dress and with jacket warmly zipped up take my position out on the balcony. We are approaching the Seattle area to our south as the sky gradually brightens, revealing the shores of Whidbey Island and shortly the outlines of Mt. Rainier.

As we draw closer to our destination, the ferries which criss-cross Elliot Bay of Puget Sound, linking Bremerton and Bainbridge and Vashon Islands with Seattle, come into view in the distance. Soon Mt. Rainier breaks out of the morning mists and commands the distant scene in its full dress uniform of brilliant white snow. There is a cloud cover which has obediently drifted off to the east, opening the door to a clear sky, with a puffy cloud here or there, revealing the beauty of Puget Sound and its spectacular surroundings. The Mountain, the high, jagged Cascade foothills, the Seattle skyline predominated by the Space Needle and the tall buildings, along with the various islands to the near west and southwest paint an idyllic scene. This always feels like home to me!

The ship docks for the last time at about 0630 (6:30am). Suitcases put out last night have magically disappeared, last minute packing for our hand carried items has been completed and we meet for a final time in the Horizon Court for breakfast.

After breakfast we assemble in our assigned lounge area with the other passengers for customs clearance and departure from the ship. We have about an hour wait and finally around 10am our group is called.

We bid farewell to the Star Princess, find our way to the dock, locate our luggage and join the throngs outside to await Ted, Pat, Jeff and Scott who have taxied up town to pick up the rental cars.

Everyone returns to Olympia for an early dinner at Jean Papiez' home. As usual Jean has outdone herself in preparing all the fixings. This gathering at Jean's is the perfect way to celebrate the completion of our trip.

Debbie's and Suzanne's families will depart this evening from Sea-Tac Airport. Diane's and Ted's families will spend another day in Olympia to have one more visit with Grampy before departing for home. Peggy and I will stay a few days longer before flying back to Boston and Cape Cod. And so our Alaskan cruise is complete.

What new adventures await??

THE CAPTAIN'S LOG for Sunday, May 24, 2009

During the early hours of the morning we are preceding through the traffic separations schemes toward Seattle, and Star Princess made her final approach to Seattle harbor. At 0630, the vessel was in position at her berth. At 0700, the ship was made fast, and soon after the gangways were landed.

A FINAL THOUGHT

Our long awaited 50th Anniversary cruise has reached the dock. Our mooring lines have been secured and all lines have been doubled.

Our anniversary gift to our family has run its full course. Their gift to us is the best gift they could have given us ... their presence. The gift that all will take home with them are the special and unique memories of this family adventure which, we are sure, will remain always.

The voyage of this wonderful family continues now to unknown ports, through uncharted seas. We hope for fair winds and following seas along the way. Should sudden squalls interrupt we will find a way to reset our sails and regain our course together.

As the days and years go by, other vessels will surely be added to our little fleet, each charting its own course, each guiding his or her ship to safe harbors.

As each new port is reached and each new adventure embarked upon, we are certain that the voyage of 2009, "North to Alaska" will remain a clear and treasured memory, indelibly inscribed in the ship's log of each one who sailed on that voyage.

For us, ...we want each of you who were there and who gave us the gift of your presence, to know that you have made the content of the 50 Years **before** Alaska the fulfilling, loving and treasured time we hoped it would be whenthe voyage of June 13, 1959 set sail.

We love you all,

Mom and Dad ---- Nanny and Pa

APPENDIX I

SHIPS DATA: STAR PRINCESS

Gross Tonnage	73,347 Tons
Length Overall	950 feet
Beam Width	118 feet
Total Height Above the Keel	212 feet
Maximum Draft	28 feet
Maximum Passenger Capacity	3,100 persons
Normal Crew Complement	1,120 members
Propulsion Type	Diesel Electric
Diesel Engines	6 engines
Thrusters	3 bow, 3 stern
Propellers	2 fixed pitch propellers, 6 blades
Rudders	2 semi-balanced
Fuel Capacity	3,470 Tons
Fresh Water Capacity	3,308 Tons
Cruising Speed	21 knots
Maximum Speed	23.3 knots

Built by: Fincantiere S.p.A., Cantiere Navali Italiani Shipyard of
Monfalcone, Italy, January 2002

SHIPS DATA: CUNNARD PRINCESS (Alaska Cruise of 1984)

Gross Tonnage	17,495 Tons
Length Overall	536 feet
Beam Width	75 feet
Maximum Draft	18 feet 8 inches
Maximum Passenger Capacity	750 persons
Normal Crew Complement	350 members
Main engines – power	21,000 hp
Maximum Speed	20.5 knots
Built:	1977

APPENDIX II

Tuesday, August 25, 2009

Dear all —

Now that you have all experienced a little taste of the sea I hope you experienced some of the feelings of peacefulness, vastness, and beauty; the excitement and the solitude; a few of the things which meant so much to me then and now, as I recall my years aboard ship in the North Atlantic and the Caribbean. I have always wanted to share a little of it with you.

Since you now know a something firsthand about what going to sea can engender if you drink in the gifts it has to offer, I thought I would share with you a poem that has long been one of my favorites and hope that you can uncover the deeper meaning behind the words as you recall what it is like to stand one of the top decks and watch the sea roll endlessly to the horizon, the sun setting, the wind in your hair, the bow wave foaming as it whispers its passing, the churning wake leaving that other world behind, and the brilliant stars in the perfect blackness of the sky.

See if this poem gives life to some memories.

SEA FEVER ---- John Mansfield

I must down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky.
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by,
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sail's shaking,
And a gray mist on the sea's face, and a gray dawn breaking.

I must down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,
And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the sea-gulls crying.

I must down to the seas again, to the vagrant gypsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way where the wind's like a whetted knife;
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,
And a quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over.

Happy sailing --- Dad

CRYSTAL MEMORIES BESIDE A SNOWY LAKE

Written by:
Phil Dolan, Jr.
October 2008

The warming sun has begun its slumber below the horizon ridges. Pinpoints of starlight penetrate the deep, slate black, moonless sky. Nearby cliffs in silhouetted mystery, form an amphitheater enveloping our mountain camp high above a snowy lake.

Two tired brothers reflecting on a hard, but rewarding three day trek, recline on a cushion of soft pine needle carpet in the darkness, resting our heads on backpack pillows as we gaze skyward to drink in the quiet splendor of our mountain respite.

A gentle breeze whispers through the tops of the stately firs, the only sound, save for the soft murmur of a nearby stream beginning its journey from our snowy lake to the faraway sea.

How can we share with you the wonder of these special mountain moments. It is something each individual must simply experience for himself. Words will not fill your senses as ours are, overwhelmed by the serenity, the majesty, the magnitude, the beauty, the feeling of peace that saturates our souls.

For all three Dolan brothers, the mountains, their infectious lure and their generous reward is a passion, much sought after, but regrettably, too seldom available to satisfy our needs and desires. I have been blessed to have shared unique occasions, although too few, of fulfillment in the mountains with both of my brothers, Ken and Ralph.

This is the story of one of my treasured times with Ken. The experiences I will try to share, yield to this day with the clarity of crystal, memories of that special snowy-lake evening, and the trek through the wilderness forest surrounding Mt. Rainier which preceded it.

Ken is gone now, too soon, too soon. But, like a spring time snow, the present melts into the past as I write these words, and for now, I am back on the Wonderland Trail with Ken, retracing our steps, surrounded by the beauty of the forested mountains, treading softly along the angled moraines of sleeping glaciers, awed by the artistry of flowered meadows which have managed to steal a technicolor garden plot here and there from the intimidating granite walls, canyons and buttresses, and from the relentless march of the greedy forest underbrush.

It is August 7, 1994. Mom and Dad have driven us three miles up the "West Side Road" just beyond the entrance to Mt. Rainier National Park.

Here an old wash-out has severed the road, so we don our 50 pound backpacks, pose for the obligatory pictures, and begin our trek up the road with great anticipation.

Our rendezvous with The Mountain begins at an elevation of 2300 feet. The old road parallels Tahoma Creek as melt water winds its way down from Tahoma Glacier, high above on the southwest face of the mountain, to join with the Nisqually River below us. After we have followed the road for two miles we come what was once the trailhead of the “Tahoma Creek Trail”, the scene of many family hikes up that canyon as far as an old trail suspension bridge. About two miles of this trail and the suspension bridge were destroyed by a gigantic rush of glacier melt water released when a natural ice dam on the Tahoma Glacier gave way above the 6000 foot elevation. This mighty wall of water crowded into the high, narrow Tahoma Creek Canyon, took out the trail and the suspension bridge carrying trees and debris, as it thundered down the steep grade all the way to the place where Mom and Dad had let us off on the “West Side Road”, obliterating all in its path and re-carving the canyon until it was able to spread out in the lower reaches of the stream.

Ken and I pause to remember those long ago family trips and share individual stories, like the time Grammy went into the only tiny outhouse at the trailhead and when she came out, seven of us had lined up, single file at the door as a joke. She was startled and amused at the scene as she stepped out and laughed about it many times afterwards.

The West Side Road now begins to climb in earnest and switchbacks abound. We continue our march for about another two miles and come to the Marine Memorial Airplane Crash Monument. This monument commemorates the crash of an Army Air Corps transport plane carrying marine recruits enroute to Fort Lewis which was caught in very bad weather as it approached from the south. It is believed that the strong westerly crosswind set the aircraft significantly east of its intended path and in the zero visibility at about 12,000 feet, it impacted the mountain, killing all on board. The view from the monument directs our vision to the crash site high on the Tahoma Glacier where these men remain entombed for eternity.

“Round Pass” on the West Side Road, cuts through a draw between Emerald Ridge on the east and Gobbler’s Knob on the west, just beyond the Marine Memorial. At this point we depart the road, entering the forest on a narrow foot trail and are almost immediately enclosed in a canopy of

the old growth forest. Though it is midday, we now hike in the subdued light of the forest, brightened now and then by a stubborn ray of sunlight that sneaks through the thick emerald green covering overhead.

We are now on the South Puyallup River Trail which climbs gently but steadily for a mile and a half to a point where it reaches our first campsite aptly named "South Puyallup River Camp". Here our trail will join the "Wonderland Trail" which will provide our route for the next two days.

About half way up the trail to camp we pass what I will call the "Lava Pipes". This is a high cliff where centuries ago, as lava flowed down the mountain from a massive summit eruption, it cooled as it spilled grudgingly over the cliff and solidified during its slow-motion, oozing journey to the valley floor below in narrow columns, one after the other, one over the other, until it formed an entire cliffside of what resembles "organ pipes" in a church. Ken offered the thought that the setting, enclosed by majestic trees and peace-filled serenity causes the mind to drift into a "cathedral" of nature, leading one to pause and marvel at the Heavenly Architect Who designed this unique chapel with its magnificent organ. As the wind plays its concert in the treetops and the nearby river sings its hymn, there is a spiritual aura to this beautiful place as we rest for a while beside the trail.

Soon we reach the junction of our trail with the Wonderland Trail. The Wonderland Trail is, in total, 93 miles long, and involves climbing and descending some 27,000 feet in elevation as you traverse its entire length. We will trek approximately 22 miles over the next two days.

We have arrived at our first night's camp, South Puyallup River Camp at an elevation of 4000 feet. It has 4 individual campsites. As an extra bonus to our experience, we are alone here. Just down a nearby steep incline, the South Puyallup River roars in protest, as it tumbles over large boulders on its precipitous rush down the canyon. Ken has volunteered to play chef as he considers himself an accomplished innovator in combining the ingredients emerging from our packs. He seems to fancy the "anything-goes" school of cooking and mixes up a mulligan stew which seems to include some of everything we have except for our chocolate bars!!! My preference is to separate ramen, soup, protein, rice, and whatever, savoring each in its own time. But the "mad chef" seems to be in his element, so we will do it his way.

After dinner were enjoying the fading twilight, sitting on fallen trees just outside our tent, when we are joined by a beautiful doe and her two

speckled fawns. The safety of the National Park has apparently blunted her sense of suspicion of humans and she and her tiny offspring pay us no mind as they munch upon the forest goodies. The occasional flick of the white tail and the periodic perking of alert ears are the only evidence of their presence. We watch them in appreciative silence as they slowly meander away into the semi-darkness.

We have climbed 1700 feet today and as darkness descends we massage our aching shoulders which have been abused by the straps of our backpacks, crawl gratefully into our sleeping bags and are lulled to sleep by the mesmerizing, ever-present monolog of the river's unrelenting story as it cascades down the canyon. Tomorrow's adventure awaits.

First light finds the sleeping bag beside me empty. Ken is already up warming water over the camp stove and has a cup of tea ready for me as I stumble out of the tent. The day begins crisp and cool. The overcast which has moved in overnight threatens to hide the mountain which we will approach later in the morning. We break camp and begin our climb up the Wonderland Trail at about 8 am. We will be traversing and angling up Emerald Ridge on our right to a point where it ends and yields to the massive glaciers that cover the mountain's base.

The trail climbs steeply, employing switchbacks every few yards. The tall, dense brush-like growth forms a near-tunnel effect for the initial half mile, even hiding the river, deep in the canyon below. The only sound is that of the glacier water roaring down the ravine, doing battle with the army of boulders that long ago made their homes high on the mountain. Soon the height of the bushes decreases, and we break out into a wide slope carpeted by moss and delicate green grass-like strands clinging where they can to the solid rock surface.

We are now near the terminus of Emerald Ridge, at an elevation of 6000 feet, where its spine finally flattens out but continues to slope upward. Ken sheds his pack and carefully scrambles down onto the moraine of the massive Tahoma Glacier. The scientist in him has taken over and he takes great interest in examining a tenacious, tiny plant that has stubbornly tried to take root in the finely ground, rocky surface left behind by the passage of the relentless glacier.

As I look toward the mountain, which now hovers over us, so close that its massive size seems to be magnified many times, I notice a tiny copse of small evergreen trees, huddling all by themselves as though holding on for

dear life, surrounded by the open, barren slope. They stand alone in curious isolation. Just beyond them, the cliffs drop hundreds of feet onto the glacier below. These cliffs form an “arrowhead-shape”, pointed up the glacier toward the mountain. As the glacier collided, centuries ago, with this obstacle, it split away to each side forming a piece of the South Tahoma Glacier to my right while the main Tahoma Glacier wends its way down the moraine to my left as I face the mountain. Beyond and across the ice up toward the mountain stands a solitary guardian aptly named Glacier Island. Tahoma Glacier is also split into two parts by this granite giant forming the main body of South Tahoma Glacier as the ice, hundreds of feet thick forces its way down the very valley that it has carved.

The overcast is high in the sky, but Mt. Rainier has reached up and captured a bit of its moisture with which to fashion for herself an impenetrable veil obscuring the upper third of the mountain. As we sit and rest near the edge of the cliff just beyond the lonely copse of tiny firs, the veil shifts and sways, rises to tease us, then falls again. Occasionally a brilliant shaft of sunlight thrusts through a momentary opening in the overcast and shines a brilliant spotlight against the pristine mountain ice clinging to its side. It seems to reflect towards us for a moment, and then is gone.

As we marvel at the vast expanse of space, air and glacier between us and the base of the mountain, I am reminded of something that struck me in one of the many mountain climbing books I have read. There is a centuries old Buddhist imperative which directs its followers to embrace a “lengthy meditation of vast expanses”. As Ken and I sit alone in this enormous temple, such a meditation seems to come naturally and we both are quiet, wrapped in a silence you can hear, lost in our thoughts.

Finally, it is time to press on from our 5500 foot high perch. The overcast portends undesirable weather in the offing. We reluctantly pick up our packs and begin the downward passage along the South Tahoma Glacier, which is now to our left and our old friend, Emerald Ridge to our right. After about a mile, nearing the forest, but still on the open slope, Ken’s curiosity prevails and we drop our packs, leave the trail, and pick our way across the smooth, rounded, old granite bedrock of an ancient passage of the glacier. We hike the several hundred yards to the actual moraine of South Tahoma Glacier of today to see if we can detect evidence of the passage of the “ice water tsunami” which was let loose a few years ago when a natural ice dam higher on the glacier collapsed, releasing its wall of water. We can easily observe a little farther down the glacial slope, where the wooded canyon begins to form, how the earth on either sidewall has

been brutally bulldozed by the unimaginable force of the speeding, giant torrent.

Back on the trail we enter the forest which steeply descends along the canyon edge, with the trees suddenly reaching to dizzying heights and shrouded the trail in stark contrast to the semi-barren world we have just left. Continuing down the canyon we finally reach the 4200 foot elevation level where the trail suspension bridge crosses over the Tahoma Creek. The old suspension span was destroyed by the wall of water which had to be over 100 feet high as it crowded its way into this narrow canyon which is only about 250 feet wide at this point. The old foot bridge hangs dejectedly from its moorings, its platform slats hopelessly reaching down toward the canyon bottom. Its devastated carcass remains a stark reminder of the respect due the mighty forces of nature and the pitifully inadequate devices of men who try to tame it.

A new, higher, more substantial foot bridge has been built to span the chasm. It sways and bounces a little as we cross it, and we pause to peer some 200 feet down to view the raging stream as it plunges through its newly dredged, deepened course. While crossing the bridge we encounter our first meeting of a pair of hikers going the other direction. We have been blessed with an unusual degree of solitude on this trek which only adds to the experience.

For about three quarters of a mile we experience a steep gradient as we climb through the thick forest to an elevation of 5500 feet, where we enter the fairytale environment of "Indian Henry's Hunting Ground". The beauty of the slightly sloping meadow plateau, with its myriad variety of wild flowers mingled with the lush green of the meadow fills the eye with its abrupt contrast to the muted light of the dense forest.

Indian Henry's is named for Satulick, a Klickitat Indian referred to by white men as "Indian Henry". This idyllic area holds special significance for us because our mother often spoke of Indian Henry's meadow as holding a special place in her heart. It is a long, but doable day hike from Longmire Lodge on the Paradise Highway and she had hiked to this place as a young girl and again, not too many years past, with our father. Ken and I pause at the tiny log Forest Service cabin and enter our private thoughts in the log book that rests by the cabin door.

Passing beyond Indian Henry's Meadow, the trail descends gradually past little Squaw Lake, resplendent in verdant marsh-like growth. Ken is

enthralled particularly by the stately Bear Paws, which stand about three feet tall and blossom at the top with a large and intricate “ice cream cone” flower composed of hundreds of extremely tiny off-white fingers. There are countless numbers of them interspersed with cattail reeds and other greenery which stands proudly around the periphery of this small lake as if to boast of their artistic accomplishment in spite of the long hostile winter environment.

The sky seems now to be serious as the overcast morphs into storm clouds. So, we pick up our pace for the final half mile to “Pyramid Creek” campsite at the 3760 foot elevation level, set deep in the forest cover near a small stream.

Pyramid Creek Camp has only 2 individual tent sites for Wonderland Trail hikers and one of them is set well apart from the other. Since we are the only ones here once again, we select the secluded one. We hurriedly set up our camp and barely finish our dinner when the first rain drops find their way through the thick Douglas Fir canopy. We dig a shallow trench on the uphill side of our tent in a “V” shape so that any water draining down the incline will be diverted away from our little home.

One problem ---- It is only 5 o'clock in the afternoon. Have you ever had to crawl into a sleeping bag at 5pm with no alternative, no other place to be, and nothing to pass the time. It's too early to sleep and daylight, once it departs will not return until 13 hours, or so, from now. We try to talk the afternoon and evening away as the rain falls in torrents for hours. We are thankful for our little drainage trench as it seems to be a fine success.

After tossing and turning, turning and tossing, chagrined by the prospect of being forced to leave the tent at least once during the night (for necessary activity), while the rain continually attacks without mercy, makes for possibly the longest night of our lives.

Welcome daylight finally arrives. Is that still rain or are the saturated firs just dripping, trying to shed the last remnants of water from their rain coats? We cautiously peer outside. The rain has stopped and what we can see of the sky through openings in the trees is a beautiful blue, interrupted only by the passage of frequent small, low, misty ghosts teasing the tops of the tall trees.

We don our rain gear and floppy forest hats which will ward off the final drippy assaults of the overhanging limbs, to prepare our staple breakfast of

hot chocolate, instant oatmeal, (complete with dried fruit chips), fortified by pieces of pita pocket bread as a substitute for toast. We break camp and set off with our packs for our final day on the trail.

It has stopped raining but the heavy moisture on the forest floor rises to form a low lying mist which anchors itself to the tree tops waiting for the sun to do its thing. Our first obstacle comes very soon. We have to cross Kautz Creek, which even at this elevation is quite wide, composed of several watery fingers separated by tiny islands of sand and brush. At some point the ground level log bridge was washed away in the spring thaw and the Forest Service has not gotten around to replacing it. We were pre-warned about this and were aware that we would have to find fallen logs to get across, or alternatively, wade the stream in ankle to shin-deep ice water. Cold, wet feet did not appeal to us so we searched and finally found a fallen log for each of the finger crossings. Have you ever balanced yourself on a log with 40+ pounds on your back? We considered ourselves quite accomplished when after much comedy and several near ankle deep dunking episodes we successfully found ourselves on the other side of the stream.

After a climb up to the 4000 foot Rampart Ridge summit, followed by a severe set of switchbacks down the other side, we find ourselves at the Paradise Highway just above Longmire Lodge. The temptation to rejoin civilization, however briefly, is tantalizing, however it just doesn't seem like the right thing to do as it clearly would interrupt our wilderness experience. So we try to pretend that we don't notice the lodge's existence. We follow with the trail to the northeast along the banks Nisqually River and head towards Cougar Rock Campgrounds, a little over 1 ½ miles upriver.

We are unable to escape the feeling of people being around, even though they are not visible, until we reach the log crossing of the Nisqually at Cougar Rock. After we have made that crossing we are, once again, well into the forest although we will meet an occasional day hiker.

The trail climbs in an easterly direction leaving the highway further and further behind us. After about a mile, we pass through a valley opening below Ricksacker Point, pausing to enjoy little Mad Cap Falls and Carter Falls as we reach the Paradise River. Another 1 ½ miles of gradual climbing brings us to the base on magnificent Narada Falls. The indescribable beauty and brute energy of the cascading falls from high above us fills the eye to the exclusion of all else. The thunder of the falling

water as it collides head-first with bedrock forming the floor of its base requires one to shout to be heard. --- A perfect place for lunch!!!

We linger for nearly an hour at the base of Narada Falls. The sun has long since graced the day with warmth and it is a pleasant feeling after the last evening's deluge. Now we begin to think about the last leg of our trek that lies before us. In our planning we had hoped to finish our final day at a campsite located in a beautiful forest grove down deep in Stevens Canyon, some 4 ½ miles of climbing and descending ahead. However, when we signed in with the Park Rangers they informed us that there were no spaces available there for tonight. Disappointed, we selected a campsite on a side trail originating at the top of Stevens Canyon. The camp is about 1 ¼ miles in at the end of a steep climb high on a ridge overlooking what I will call "Snowy Lake". We had no idea what a treat we were in for as we "saddled up" and continued our climb above Narada Falls.

After about a mile climb we cross over the Stevens Canyon-Ohanapeosh road then follow the trail into the Reflection Lake area. Today, with the blue sky and only the occasional wispy cloud, the reflection of Mt. Rainier on the Lake is as beautiful as advertised. We pass on by the lakes and the adjoining Lake Louise, crossing the road once again, leaving the Wonderland Trail, to enter the side trail which will lead us up to our final campsite.

Our climb takes us past Bench Lake where, we had been told by the Ranger, there have been several bear sightings. Since the bushes on the trail are quite high in places we try to remain alert so as not to startle any of the natural inhabitants we might chance to come across. Another very steep switchback laden climb and we reach the 4600 foot high ridge. As we hike along the ridge we suddenly come to one of the two tent sites. As Ken and I look off to our right the view is breathtaking. This is one of the most beautiful places I have ever been. It is compact by comparison to other vistas but grand in its composition.

Overlooking our "snowy lake" is a small level spot which has been smoothed out of the open, wild-flowered slope just big enough for a backpacker's tent and a space to set up a camp stove. The lake lies several hundred yards down a somewhat severe slope so that the tent site sits high above it. Beyond the lake, forming a 180 degree arc are cliffs rising nearly 2000 feet above the lake. The scene in its entirety forms a vast amphitheater, walled by the deep brown cliffs with the snowy lake looking

like a tiny stage at the base. The hillside, sloping away from our tent site, provides a perfect view of the stage. We have the best seats in the house!!

When we turn around to face the North, there looming above us is the entire south face of Mt. Rainier. It is so large and so close it seems almost like an illusion. We are looking directly at Columbia Crest, the Muir Snow Field and tiny Camp Muir, and ranging from west to east, the Wilson, Nisqually, Paradise, and Cowlitz Glaciers. It is a magnificent sight and fills the entire panorama behind us.

We set up the tent with the door flap facing the lake and the cliffs. We have several hours of daylight still available to us. Exploring without our heavy packs will provide an added bonus to the delightful surprise of encountering this special place.

From our vantage point, we discover that there is a trail circling the lake, so, anxious to explore, we set up camp, secure our food high in a tree, should our phantom bear sniff us out, and set out for a hike before dinner. This lake is completely isolated and landlocked and as we traverse the trail around it we feel as though we are the only human inhabitants anywhere on this mountain today. We take about an hour to complete the circuit, nosing in and out of every little side trail, walking along the shore wherever it is possible to do so. On the far side of the lake we come right up against the base of those towering cliffs which form our amphitheater and take in the silence, save for the sound of the breeze gently skimming over the surface of the lake, and absorb the solitude of this place. In the distance, across the lake, we can see our tiny tent situated high on the overlooking slope.

Having thoroughly enjoyed our walk around the lake, we return to camp and Ken outdoes himself preparing his nondescript "Dolagan Stew". We lean back, slowly enjoying our meal in a dining room beyond description. As we finish eating, it is growing dark and in the evening twilight we stow our gear and arrange things inside the tent for the night.

As it grows dark, with the only light provided by a million twinkling stars, we decide to lean against our backpacks beside the tent and just enjoy the sounds of the evening and the silhouetted peaks and shapes of the starlit night. We recline there, silent for many minutes. In such solitude, the two of us sitting alone, share a final special moment together finishing our adventure by allowing our otherwise busy minds to reach out for that place

inside us that is reminding us that after all, peace is only a single thought away.

We remained that way reflecting silently in the crisp, starlit mountain air for nearly half an hour when, as though signaling the end of the day, a heavy layer of clouds crept stealthily in from the Pacific Ocean, bent its darkened, blanket form upward to climb over the Cascade Mountain Range and with a finality, snuffed out the starlight. As the night turned black, I could not even see Ken sitting beside me. I bid him goodnight and crawled into the tent. Ken said he wanted to remain outside in the darkness for a while longer and he would join me shortly.

About 10 minutes or so later, all was returned to reality when I heard from outside the tent a startled, somewhat frantic sound from Ken, like whoop-whoop-whoop-whoop, in his deep baritone voice. I jumped out of my sleeping bag, (and also my skin!), as Ken went silent. Suddenly his face appeared in the door-flap of the tent, chuckling to himself. I waited for him to tell me what had happened out there. It seems he was sitting in the pitch-black darkness, as I had left him, when suddenly a large, cold, wet, animal nose nuzzled up against the nape of his bare neck. I'm sure that in an instant, his mind raced through the alphabet of mountain animals from bear to cougat to deer, hoping for the best. Indeed a large doe, of the mountain species of mule deer, had warily approached unheard behind Ken and nuzzled his neck in her curiosity. On that comic note, we crawled back into our sleeping bags, grateful for all we had experienced together and the opportunity, if for only a brief time, to share our passion for the mountains.

And so my story has now come full-circle. For, although our arrival at our “snowy lake” came at the end of our mountain trek, I chose to begin the story there as the reader will recall.

Ken and I dozed off into a restful sleep, exhausted from our efforts, exhilarated by the experience, and filled with a sense of peace nourished by our reflections on the simple beauty and massive grandeur which has embraced us these past three days.

EPILOGUE

High, behind our camp, the mountain's breath sends a cool, refreshing breeze, silently descending its icy slopes. It glides by our tent unnoticed as it continues down the slope to the lake below. Somewhere along the shore, an eagle takes flight. The gentle breeze billows and curves upward as it escapes the bonds of the amphitheater and climbs the boundary cliffs. As it gently rises, it settles beneath the eagle's wings, lifting, lifting him to the freedom of the sky above.

He soars and circles, then hovers for a time on the breeze above our sleeping camp as though absorbing the Great Artist's perfect painting of the scene below him for one final time.

Then he slowly vanishes into the high misty clouds above and the night returns to stillness.

And I, I am left alone...

.... blessed by a memory with the clarity of crystal...

....of a special night beside a snowy....snowy lake.

A BROTHER'S FAREWELL

A Gentle Giant ...??... yes, a Gentle Giant. These are the words my wife Peggy used last Saturday to describe her feelings and remembrance of my “little” brother Ken. As I reflected on those words they seemed to work perfectly for me. Let me tell you why. My most poignant memories are those of our childhood. I don’t think the word gentle ever entered our vocabularies in our rough and tumble years as children, tussling, competing, trying to pull a fast one on mom and dad, whose loving but disciplined nurturing tried to hold our mischievousness in check. The word “giant” didn’t occur to me then either unless you count how delightfully easy it was to tackle Ken during our 2 man, front yard football games because he was so much smaller than me then. Ken was 14 when I left home for the East Coast to pursue my own education and career. I never imagined I would not return to the NW to live but we grew to our adult lives always 3000 miles apart. In some ways our separation seemed to seal our bond more fully. He was **always** seeking ways to get together so our kids could get to know each other. That was **extremely** important to him. Yes .. A Gentle Giant. Gentle in his profound love of his Lord Jesus and in the service of his church. Gentle in his deep and abiding love for his wife Joyce, his children, and all of his grandchildren. Gentle in his wonder at the beauty and splendor of God’s created nature. Once when we were on a 3 day backpack across the

Olympic Mountains with a couple of our kids, Ken would lag behind. I would drop back and find him studying the intricate design of a tiny mountain flower. I recall him marveling at the peace and beauty of a moonlight sliver shimmering across a mountain lake below our high campsite deep in the wilderness forest of Mt. Rainier and remarking on God’s gentle music whispering thru the tops of the fir trees –the night’s only sound. Yes.. he was a gentle - man in faith, unconditional love, in manner and in demeanor. As for the Giant part – a Giant in heart, a Giant in intellect, a Giant in dedication to church, country and his fellow man.

During my last time with him just a few weeks ago, he, for the first time shared a few of the incredible experiences of his life’s work as a nuclear physicist. I was astounded at the achievements humbly implied in those experiences. His contributions to making our world a safer place through his life’s work, though anonymous, are none the less significant. To Ken there was no such thing as an impossible task. I’m sure Ken was someone different to each of you here. Our challenge now is to take that part of who he was to you and make a difference in this world as he did so well. I

think I know what the first words of the Lord Jesus were to Ken on Saturday morning last.

“Welcome Home – Well done My good and faithful servant. You have left my world a better place than you found it. Now come and see what my heavenly Father has a prepared for you.”

LENTZ FAMILY HISTORY

Dust kicked up by the lone buggy-puller made the hills of the Horse Heavens barely visible, but Michael Lentz knew they were there. The dust alone was evidence of that. His thoughts returned to his family: Julia and children Marie, Lolita and Raymond back in Dubuque, Iowa. Granted, life there was not easy in the early 1900's but it was more promising that the dusty hills irrigation had not yet reached. Giving the horse a command, Lentz turned the dust-covered buckboard around and headed to North Yakima where he boarded a train destined for home and Dubuque.

This was not the first time Michael Lentz had had a taste of the rugged life found in the Yakima Valley. In 1902, he and Julia visited here while attending the Washington State Fair, in October, 1902. Michaels's sister and her family, the J.R. Marshalls, lived in North Yakima, so Lentz had the opportunity to become familiar with the way of life.

Fairs were Michael Lentz's avocation, it seemed. In 1904 he and his wife visited the St. Louis Fair and as a young man, Lentz went to the Chicago World's Fair in 1893. He would later attend the Alaska-Pacific-Yukon Exposition of 1909 and the San Francisco World's Fair in 1940.

But what brought Michael Lentz to the Horse Heavens in 1906 was a need for work. While working in the Ernsdorff Buggy Factory, a five story building in Dubuque carrying a wholesale line of heavy hardware, the building burned to the ground. Michael Lentz was out of a job.

That was in February. By April of the same year, circumstances saw the family boarding a train headed for Seattle and ultimately Yakima. Three days later, they set foot in their new home town. Immediately they bought an undeveloped piece of ten acres of land at 10th Avenue and Viola. All hands pitching in, a three story house was quickly erected and an orchard planted. The house, minus two stories still stands today. [1977] Michael Lentz discovered, however, that he was not cut out to be a rancher. Having a hardware background, Lentz found work with Yakima Hardware Company where he worked for two years under William A. Bell and the Rankins.

Later, a move to 812 Broadway Avenue was the result of Michael joining with his brother, Jacob, in the plotting of lots in the Boulevard Addition, land extending from what was then Queen Anne Boulevard to Baker

Avenue and from Broadway to Cornell on the West. The two plotted the land into lots naming the streets after colleges: Yale, Harvard, Princeton. Queen Anne Boulevard was named after the Seattle hill and was in the northern sector of the addition. Now the streets are 4th, 5th, and 6th Avenues. After selling his 10th Avenue home and orchard, Lentz moved his family to the Broadway location and there the family stayed until 1965.

In 1910, the two brothers again went together, this time to establish the Lentz Hardware Company, purchasing the interests of the Haney Hardware Co. which had been organized in 1908 and situated on East Yakima Avenue between Front and First St. The Lentz brothers moved to the west side of the Yakima Avenue tracks to begin the hardware business...an act that all thought was foolhardy as there wasn't much on the west side then. Their store was located at the corner of 4th Avenue and West Yakima Avenue in the Savoy Hotel (formerly occupied by Johansson's Interior Decorating and now housing an office equipment supply firm). Lentz Hardware carried a full line of hardware, paints, plumbing and heating systems. Their furnace supply and sheet metal shop were a unique facet of their undertaking and the Lentz brothers, despite the doomsayers, prospered on the west side of town. In 1911, another brother, John joined the firm. In 1920, the hardware company bought the three lots on 3rd and West Yakima Avenue from Walter Congdon, trustee of the estate of Chester Congdon. On them, they built a facility 75 by 130 feet.

The three brothers worked long hours, sometimes making deliveries at night. In winter, a horse and sleigh served as a delivery rig. The next twenty years of Lentz Hardware history were marked by Michael Lentz family of five children growing up and establishing lives of their own. Marie became Mrs. James M. Brame and worked as a bookkeeper for the hardware store for many, many years. Other Lentz children are Sister Dorothy of Providence of Seattle; Raymond of Lake Oswego, Oregon. who established he own hardware store there; Cyril of Yakima in the U.S. Reclamation Service; and Mrs. Harold (Peggy) Stephenson of Wapato.

World War II brought with it its own personal tragedy for the Lentz Hardware Company. In 1945, a disastrous fire burned the store and all its merchandise. Rationing made it difficult to re-stock but the War Department in Washington, D. C. felt the rebuilding of Lentz Hardware

was necessary to keep ranchers and growers (who in turn produced food for the army and our citizens) in good supply.

Michael Lentz retired from the hardware business and later helped his son, Raymond, establish his business in Lake Oswego.

Lentz was as active in community and civic affairs as much as he was in his business. He was a trustee of the Yakima Chamber of Commerce and belonged to the West Side Commercial Club in its early years. In 1922 , he, along with Stanley Coffin, J.M. Perry and C.M. Holtzinger organized the West Side Bank.

Michael Lentz passed away on March 16, 1954 and his wife, Julia died August 3, 1965.

In 1963, Lentz Hardware Company closed its doors after being in business for 53 years and moved across the street on 3rd Avenue. In 1968, the building was sold to Franklin Press.

Sixty-two years after Michael Lentz headed his buckboard through the dust covered Horse Heavens, an era in family business came to an end. But not without seeing the dreams of a man from Dubuque, Iowa come true.

THOUGHTS WHILE CLIMBING MT. RAINER TO CAMP MUIR

August 8, 1987

4:20 a.m.

Elev 5,200 ft.

My wrist alarm goes off but it is still dark outside. I decide, with encouragement from Peg, to wait a while longer to get up.

5:15 a.m.

It is beginning to grow light and, as I want to climb in the company of as few other climbers as possible and want to get an early start, I get Peggy and Judy up. We had a sandwich and muffins with tea in our room and prepared for the climb. We check our packs for all the necessities and leave the lodge at 5:55 a.m.

We cross the lot and head for the Skyline Trail. I forgot my extra rolls of film so Peg and Judy continued up the Skyline Trail while I returned to the room. I caught up again about 6:10 a.m. We choose the Glacier Vista fork of the Skyline Trail to get a good look at Nisqually Glacier. We reach Glacier Vista About 6:50 a.m.

6:50 a.m.

Elev 6,300 ft.

We continue on up the Skyline Trail switchbacks high above Nisqually Glacier. At the intersection of the Pebble Creek/Camp Muir trail we leave Skyline. The elevation is about 6,700 ft. Skyline Trail would continue on to Panorama Point. No more traverses now. The trail to Pebble Creek, Judy's favorite spot, climbs essentially with the contour of the mountain. We go about 0.8 miles to Pebble Creek arriving at about 8:05 a.m.

8:05 a.m.

Elev 7,200 ft.

Pebble Creek is wide but shallow and carries much of the melt from the Muir Snowfield above. I feel excellent after climbing 1,800 ft. My legs are not fatigued at all and my breathing and wind are fine. I am really glad Peggy had decided to accompany us this far. The view and the setting are magnificent and I am sure we will remember these moments as very special

ones. We sit down along the rocky banks of Pebble Creek, after crossing over it, and open our packs for breakfast and some picture taking. I am anticipating the new experience of climbing the steep snowfield which appears to be about 1/2 to 3/4 mi. wide and about 2 mi. long, rising in elevation from 7,200 ft. to 10,100 ft. at Camp Muir. There are a few butterflies as I read the warning sign at Pebble Creek which says, "STOP ... CLIMB TO MUIR IS LONG AND HARD .. STORMS COME FAST WITH LITTLE WARNING ... SOME HAVE DIED ON THE SLOPES AHEAD ... TURN BACK HERE IF ALONE OR LACK PROPER EQUIPMENT ... IF WEATHER TURNS BAD WHILE EN ROUTE, DESCEND IMMEDIATELY."

**8:20 a.m.
Elev 7,200 ft.**

Judy and I don our packs after having snacked on peanut butter sandwiches and a generous intake of water. Peggy waves goodbye, probably wondering for a moment if she will ever see me again as she starts back down the trail to Paradise. I find out later that it took her about 1 1/4 hours on the downward trek to reach the Inn where she singlehandedly opens the dining room to get some coffee and then returns the extra pair of boots we had taken from the Guide Center for Judy in case the ones we had rented for her didn't fit. How I wish Peg could stay with us so I could share this experience with her. Judy and I turned and began a brief climb of a few yards to the leading edge of the Muir Snowfield. Our first encounter was an extremely steep edge about 30 feet high. Climbers of the previous day had worn toe-in steps up the face to the upper surface of the snowfield. I thought to myself, "Here we go" as I climbed my ladder-like introduction to the Muir Snowfield. Once on top of the snowfield, I stopped and looked around. The slope began at a gradual 15 to 20 degrees and there seemed no end in sight. There was only "UP"!!!!

We began by veering somewhat to the right, angling toward McClure Rock, which is a long and high rocky ridge rising out of Muir Snowfield. The ridge parallels the snowfield for about 1/2 mile. After a brief climb at a gradual upward angle, the slope steepens somewhat, then steepens even more. I tried a traverse plan, seeking to conserve energy but after a brief time I conclude that far too much time will be consumed by this method and return to climbing the direct contour of the slope. We pause just briefly for a standing rest from time to time and then continue. As I gain more familiarity with the snowfield and confidence in my endurance, both wind and legs, I am becoming more exhilarated by the experience of the climb.

We continued on, pausing only briefly as before. The slope is always up and always a challenge in steepness. There is never any level terrain on which to loaf along or ease back for a while. Every step is a toe-in to a higher step on the slope. The sky is now pure blue. As we departed Pebble Creek, a long thin cloud approached the mountain from the west but we evaluated it as containing no weather. Sure enough, it passed over in about 20 minutes time and had no "friends or passengers" with it. The cloud cover's departure, however, revealed a brilliant sun now fairly high in the sky (about 9:00 a.m.) and beginning to really warm things up. The glare off the snowfield and the reflection of the sun's rays was intense. At Pebble Creek we had Prepared for this by using #20 sunscreen on face, neck and forearms. I was wearing a short sleeve shirt, covered by light sweatshirt and long trousers with my rented climbing boots. Two pair of socks were essential to prevent blisters. I also had a wool shirt and a plastic rain parka just in case. Actually, at this point, the morning air and the immense snowfield combined with a breeze from the top created a still chilly air temperature in spite of the blue sky and bright sun. Sunburn and sun blister were still a very real hazard and good sun glasses, a visor cap and the sun screen lotion were important equipment to have.

**9:10 a.m.
Elev 8,300 ft.**

By about 9:10 a.m. we reached the upper end of McClure Rock at an elevation of 8,300 feet and continued our upward climb, now at a fairly constant 30 degree angle. We shortly reached the lower portion of Moon Rocks. We passed Lower Moon Rock to our right and as we reached Upper Moon Rock on our left, we climbed onto its lower portion for our first sit—down rest. We rested for about 10 minutes and took in some water. This was at about 9:35 at an elevation of 8,650 feet. We each ate a granola bar, as well as drinking water, then returned to the snowfield to continue our climb. As we climbed past Upper Moon Rock (to our left) we angled left a little so as to pass between Upper Moon Rock and Anvil Rock. At 9,500 feet elevation and about half way along Anvil Rock we again left the snowfield briefly and clambered aboard Anvil Rock itself for another rest break.

**10:00 a.m.
Elev 9,500 feet**

The going is getting slower now as the slope is increasing and the leg power is decreasing. We drank more water and I removed my sweatshirt, sun-screened my arms and zinned my nose and lips. The sun is now hot enough

so that it is overcoming the cool draft off the snowfield. From the 9,500 foot elevation I find now I can only go about 50 steps at a time before I have to rest for 30 to 60 seconds. My wind and breathing is still not too bad but by legs turn to stone and simply will not move for me for step #51. I proceed this way for the next 250 feet of elevation, (about 700 feet in distance). At 9,750 feet elevation I come to what is for me the "killer" slope. If I am proud of my endurance up to this point, (within 350 feet in elevation of my goal), this 45 degree angle slope strips me of all self-pride. We were already climbing at a good 30-35 degree angle, but from 9,750 ft. to 10,000 ft. elevation, the slope increases markedly. I am stopping so frequently now that Judy has continued on ahead. At 9,800 feet I can only take 40 steps between rest pauses. At 9,900 feet, only 30 steps. At 10,000 feet elevation, my "killer" slope eases to 30 degrees and the way veers to the left for the final 200 or so yards left to reach Camp Muir. I am spent to my limit, Camp Muir might as well be another mile away. Every step is a significant effort and a conscious decision. Camp Muir is easily in sight but I am wishing they had located it at 10,000 feet rather than at 10,100 feet because they should have known that that would be as far as any 51 year old should reasonably be expected to climb. It took me a full 20 minutes to go the last 400 feet in distance. I would have to rest, after only 20 steps for about a full minute. However, I was determined to make it no matter how long it took. I must confess, If Camp Muir had been any significant distance away, the spirit

might have yielded to the frailty of the flesh. My wind was now definitely being affected by the altitude and the severity of the climb, but I recovered it fairly quickly once I stopped. It was my legs that refused to budge and after 15 to 20 steps, halted involuntarily. Judy had shared her lesson from the mountain in her life with me that, "anything worthwhile in life is attained one step at a time". I would add that each of those steps requires its own unique decision along with a humble determination to continue.

**11:20 a.m. ... CAMP MUIR ... MT. RAINIER
Elev 10,100 ft.**

At 11:20 a.m., 5 hours and 20 minutes after leaving Paradise Inn, I reached the top of Muir Snowfield and painfully and unsteadily trudged up the final 15 feet of loose dirt and rock onto the rocky ledge that is Camp Muir. Judy had arrived at 11:00 a.m. and warmly greeted me, somehow knowing and sympathetic to all that was racing through my mind as I stepped onto my "summit". I sat on a rock and absorbed the reward of my efforts and the realization of my "dream". To some, a climb to Camp Muir, half way up the snow and ice of this mountain I so love and respect, may not seem

such a huge achievement. But for me, in my world, it represents reaching out and arriving at a special place just beyond my limits. Like Judy, The Mountain has whispered a life lesson to me also and I will try to express it this way ... "When you are able to exceed your limits, if only by the smallest amount, through determination, or through discipline, or yes, through love, you have reached outside yourself and touched the 'stuff' of which dreams are made". There before me was God's beauty laid out on a grand Artist's canvas. (If You climb to Camp Muir you can not doubt that He exists, nor that He has designed all this for you personally). There was Mt. St. Helens, Mt. Adams, Mt. Hood and all the ingredients of creation as far as the eye could see.

Such an experience demands to be shared. Beside me was my dear and friend, Judy, who had encouraged me and shown the way. I will be forever grateful to her for envisioning the climb to my "summit" as a real event in my life rather than leaving it just a dream. Equally as real, at least to me, and standing beside me now, was my beloved Peggy. She was the one who made sure I had my chance, even in spite of her fears and misgivings. She pushed me hard to prepare in the months just past and, I am positive, prayed me to my goal. She shares it with me now as I stand here immersed in the wonder of it all. The feelings I have within me for these two special people, each in their own way so essential to experiencing this moment at the "top", must remain unwritten for some feelings can only be felt and can be but diminished by the spoken or written word. The feelings to which I refer are all intermingled with the sense of awe that fills me as I stand half way up Mt. Rainier ... and half way to heaven.

... Somehow, I think they know ...

LETTERS TO FAMILY

A VIEW FROM THE TOP

Personal Reflections

Written By: Philip Dolan
February 2011

June 22, 2021

A letter to my family,

As I approach my 85th birthday I have decided to “turn the tables” and give a “gift” to each of you instead of the other way around..

10 years ago, when I was in the midst of my “writing years”, I decided to put down some of the private reflections of a few of my most cherished times and what they meant to me.

You were all entwined in those memories and experiences which left wonderful and indelible milestones on my life’s voyage. So, in my 85th year, I feel that it’s time to share these reflections with you.

So, my gift to you, as I enter this very “senior”, and undeniably, final chapter of my life, is a sample of the many blessings that you have all been a part of over the years.

I have entitled these reflections as my “View From The Top”, as they represent selected times when a summit was reached, a challenge conquered, a goal or hope achieved.

There have been, and will be, many “Views From The Top” in your own lives. I pray you will find them and focus on them, especially when adversity comes along to temporarily complicate your journey.

I hope you will regard this as a gift to you on the occasion of my 85th, because I wish, this year, to celebrate you.

Love to you all,

Dad – Pa and GPa

P.S. I had intended to share these writings with all of my grandchildren but after further thought concluded that that is the prerogative of their parents. Please share this with them if you wish.

PROLOGUE

I believe that man has been drawn to the mountains since time began. What is it that draws him so compellingly? I'm sure it must be different for each of us.

Each must experience his own reality in order to absorb the feelings as he stands in their lofty presence.

I know the answer for myself, and it is, at once, both uncomplicated and complex. There is a vastness, yet a simplicity in being gifted by the embrace of the mountains. Deep in the solitude of the mountains, there is a majestic beauty which gives rise to the unmistakable presence of God. There is a palpable silence which can be heard by both the ear and the heart. It seems that in the "soul" of the mountain there is a peacefulness which invades your being and speaks to you in the muted voice of a gentle, cooling breeze wafting down from the snowfields and glaciers on a warm summer day, or in the roar of a glacial river as it plunges down the steepest leg of its journey to the distant sea.

I have stood all alone, on the edge of a high, silent, ridge called Martha's Point on Mount Rainier, and been overwhelmed by the contrast of the vast, massive abyss two thousand feet below me and the massive glacier-covered southwest face of the mountain before me, so huge that it fills my entire field of vision.

In those moments, creation seems to have paused so that I may see, even without understanding, the incredible forces whose work seems completed, yet, in reality, is still ongoing.

I have been privileged to have climbed and trekked in the mountains of my childhood in the Pacific Northwest many times. Each new encounter has brought a new-found and fresh appreciation of the personal, almost spiritual, fulfillment the mountains have yielded.

As I have backpacked or climbed over the years, an awareness has gradually evolved which transcended the mountains. The exhilaration and the tranquility spawned by reaching the hard-earned crest of a ridge or the heights of a

summit; --- the peacefulness of resting for a time beside a quiet, gentle forest brook; --- standing dwarfed by the vastness of a high remote snowfield, --- or scaling a near-vertical rock face, have led me to understand

more fully how the personality of the mountains can be a metaphor for the many “mountain tops” we experience as we live our ordinary lives.

In all my climbing I have only reached one physical mountain summit, that of an obscure 8,000 foot rocky peak nestled deep among the Cascades of Central Oregon. But in the gradual progression of the years of my life, the mountains taught me that I have experienced many “summits”, --- many “mountain tops” along the way. Each “summit” reached or experienced has left its indelible mark, has affirmed my efforts in some way, and has been the engine of perseverance and determination to strive to quietly achieve the next goal or to conquer the next challenge. There is no need for the journey or the event to be witnessed or to be known to anyone. The self-awareness of the experience, however simple or grand is fulfilling in itself. In my life there have been many of these quiet, and, most often, transparent voyages.

I believe that as one looks back on life, it is imperative to focus intensely on the positive way-points along the journey and view any negative burdens as merely opportunities to rise and grow. It is my hope that in this text, I can share some of those “summits” which marked my pathways over the years as well as those brief, but cherished, “mountain tops” embodied by my adventures in God’s great outdoors.

The experiences related here are loosely woven in a nearly chronological sequence, rather than in order of importance in my life. As I hope you will see, there is more than just one way to encounter a **“View From The Top”**.

SEMPER PARATUS

It may be a self-evident observation, but I found early on, that reaching great heights through feelings of elation does not necessarily involve a purely physical experience. The attainment of an intellectual goal, or any personal achievement, fraught with obstacles and challenges, sometimes daunting and seemingly insurmountable, yields a level of satisfaction that can only be felt, and not described.

Amid high expectations and great anxiety as to whether or not I could measure up to the long and difficult task ahead, I embarked on a course of study and professional training upon entering the United States Coast Guard Academy at New London, Connecticut as an eighteen year old. Rightly or wrongly, I felt tremendous pressure to succeed brought about in no small measure by the expectations of my extended family at home, as well as a heavy dose of self-imposed stress, even as I began.

Four years of difficult mathematics, science and engineering studies, coupled with extensive professional classroom and shipboard training to prepare us for a career at sea, handling and commanding ships in fulfillment of the Coast Guard's mission of saving and protecting life and property at sea (and ashore), unfolded rapidly and with unyielding demand for achieving excellence in both performance and acquired knowledge.

As Gene Krantz of NASA once expressed, many years later during a space flight emergency, "Failure is not an option". Failing an academic course or a perceived lack of adaptability to ultimately be able to execute the demands of leadership or command at sea meant honorable, but final, dismissal from the Academy. There were many times, especially in the difficult academic pursuits that anxiety reached unwanted proportions.

I loved the Coast Guard, the opportunities the Academy offered, the exhilarating experience of the sea, and the discipline infused in our character over time, by the high standards one was inspired to meet. By the time we graduated, Honor, Duty and Country had become a mature and proud mantra and an ingrained characteristic of our personalities and psyches.

Of the 220 cadets who began this trek on July 5, 1954, only 69 of us survived to walk to the dais on graduation and commissioning day, four years later on May 27, 1958.

On that day, resplendent in our dress whites we received our engineering degrees, donned the gold striped shoulder boards of Ensigns, commissioned officers in the United States Coast Guard, and were ready and eager to contribute our part to the Coast Guard's good work in service of the country and humanity, on the sea and in the air.

The sense of accomplishment and survival of the innumerable challenges of the previous four years were more than worthy of the metaphor of scaling the highest peak and the **“View From The Top”** was magnificent!

A PARTNER FOR THE JOURNEY

There is a singular feeling trekking solo among nature's wonders. But there is richness, fulfillment and profound happiness in sharing those wonders along the way with someone who can see into your soul, -- someone who is eager and willing to fill your world with a profound presence and make it such a more complete and enhanced journey.

A gradual awareness evolves as you first recognize that someone. Awareness of the bond of love blossoms slowly, like the delicate blue mountain laurel in the warm spring days of your friendship, and, one day, yields a "summit" experience as a life-partnership seals the relationship. The "journey" is exciting, but to have someone with whom to share the **View From The Top**, is the ultimate joy.

I met that someone while we both were very new to our journeys, and just emerging as young adults, peering through the mist trying to find our way. What we found was each other and in time found our way to the "mountain top".

What a wonderful and enduring "view" it has been as we look back over fifty three years, as this is written. The backpack has been heavy at times for each of us, our toes have been dashed on a few stones along the way, but every sunrise has brought new resolve and every sunset has blessed us with its beauty.

The **View From The Top** has never ceased to fuel our gratitude for our innumerable blessings nor has it failed to remind us of our love for each other and our appreciation for this amazing journey together.

WELCOME LITTLE ONES LET US SHARE A LITTLE OF OUR WORLD WITH YOU

What greater spiritual experience is there than the first glimpse of your new born child? There is a sense of mystery and yet a feeling of having reached a new and unique “summit” as your journey continues, so different today from yesterday. There is a part of you which is certain that a whole new journey, in a whole new direction has just begun, with the Creator as your guide and this new, tiny life as your companion.

There is a well-known book entitled “Seven Summits” which describes seeking the goal of climbing the highest mountain on each of the seven continents. Welcoming each of our children into the world might likewise be recalled as attaining a new mountain-top from which to witness the unfolding pages of the beginnings of their own unique voyage.

Each passage began with much elation and mystery. Where would the journey take each of these children? How would it change our lives? How well would we fulfill the privilege of guiding them through the meadows of their childhood to the base of their own mountain? How would we, someday, deal with letting them go, free to climb that mountain with its perils and rewards.

March 24, 1960; March 12, 1961; January 4, 1964; and November 20, 1968; These dates marked milestones in our lives with great joy, prayerful hopes, awaited expectations, and yes, no small measure of anxiety. How would we measure up as we scaled the “mountain” of parenthood? If we faltered along the way, but picked ourselves up and renewed the search for the top, would we be forgiven? Would we ultimately reach the summit?

For the final answers to these questions, you will have to ask our now-grown children. Only they can judge the proper answer through their own experiences of our parenting. For us, we count the blessing of the entry of each of them into our little family as truly “mountain-top”, lifetime experiences. The **View From The Top** of that summit goes on, beyond the horizon, and will endure in memory always.

THEY ALSO NOBLY SERVE WHO BUT STAND AND WAIT

The modern media has coined a phrase which conveniently masks the horror and tragedy which occurs when “friendly fire” becomes “deadly fire”. They call it the “fog of war”. I will steal that phrase for a moment to describe another type of “fog” which veils and conceals heartache, loneliness, and toil which results from long absences of a loved one in military service, whether in time of war or in time of peace. Our country little notices, nor honors, the extremely challenging and difficult service rendered by the spouses and families left behind when a loved one is deployed where they cannot follow. A wife suddenly becomes both mother and father, the sole provider of stability while silently doing battle with her loneliness and the gnawing anxiety for the safety of her absent spouse. The service by these families, and in particular, of the wives who are left to endure the endless days of lonely separation is profound. The difficulties and challenges they must endure can exhaust the spirit.

I am sure there were exceptions, but in my time, it was generally true to state that it was almost exclusively, men who were assigned duties of combat or isolation from families. There were no women in service aboard ships, isolated stations, or in combat roles. That, of course, is no longer true. So, during my isolated duty on Saipan, and the many weeks and months at sea in the years preceding, Peggy experienced the loneliness, challenges and anxieties of which I speak. I confess that my awareness of her daunting task of raising the babies, managing the home and enduring the isolation that was thrust upon her was diluted by my naiveté. But many years before I sat down to write these words, I came to fully appreciate with deep gratitude and empathy, the heavy burden she so honorably and ably bore during those times. As I contemplate that tremendous silent and unheralded service to our country by a very brave young woman, my admiration soars to the heights; to a summit of love, respect and esteem. The **View From The Top** of that summit truly inspires and humbles, and the selflessness and sacrifice though, unknown to the world, will never be forgotten by us who experienced its loyalty, love, and devotion. Yes surely, “They also nobly serve, who but stand and wait”.

A FATHER'S VIEW – A FAMILY GROWS

I have often heard it said that, “Life happens while you are making plans”. How fortunate we are that that is undoubtedly a truism. God’s Plan for us, though sometimes obscure to the eye, often saves us from our own plans, keeps us on a straight trail, and provides a rewarding destination.

So it was, as my children grew, learned, matured, made their choices, and stepped out into the world becoming who they were meant to be. As I look around me now in my 76th year, noting the heartbreak and brokenness of the families of numerous friends, classmates and acquaintances, I have a deep awareness of how blest as a father I have been. Peggy and I, in spite of bumps along the way, tried to provide a stable home, a good example, and to impart to our four children, some values that were important to us. Beyond that, the task of growing up falls upon the child himself as he or she matures, explores, and chooses the path to follow and what kind of person to become.

Their lives now, as adults, as spouses, and as parents of children of their own are a source of joy and fulfillment for us, and in particular, for me as a father. The bible portrays “Pride” as a sin, but indulge me in my sinfulness, for I am truly proud beyond measure of my children and who they have become. I consider each of their spouses as my “adopted” children and love them as my own. I watch from afar as they nurture, guide, and affirm their own children with admiration as they grow. That admiration is of an especially high degree as I recognize how much more difficult a task they face in the world we live in today.

The **“View From The Top”** of this mountain can only be described as the fulfillment of a fathers hopes and dreams for his family. My plan as a young and inexperienced “Dad”, blundering along, was gratefully modified by “Life Happening”. Thank you God!!

CRYSTAL MEMORIES BESIDE A SNOWY LAKE

I was doubly blest by having a wonderful mother and father and by two brothers and a sister. We had a close and happy childhood in a loving family that was sculpted with great individual sacrifice and caring by our parents who knew well the hardships of growing up and starting their families toward the end of the “Great Depression”. They were formed by that experience and dedicated to providing a better life for their children. They succeeded in that dream with abundance.

I have many fond memories of experiences with my brothers and my sister, but as we each reached adulthood, we went our separate ways as we carved out our own lives and families. A regrettable offshoot of the paths life led us on was significant geographical separation so that as a result, we treasured the gatherings and times we were able to share together. Although we tried to make such visits happen as often as possible, distance and circumstances dictated that they would be all too infrequent.

My brother Ken went to the Lord in the fall of 2008. I miss him greatly. His passing was too soon. I would like to relate a very special time we had together backpacking for three days through the wilderness of our beloved Mt. Rainier, allowing us to relive memories of our childhood and the mountain adventures of those times.

In 1994, my younger brother Ken and I met at Mt. Rainier to fulfill a long awaited pact to backpack a part of the Wonderland Trail together. In the process of the entire trek of 93 miles through the forests and mountain slopes, the trail climbs some 27,000 feet in aggregate, as you climb to the ridges, descend into the canyons, and traverse the snow fields, circumscribing this great mountain.

Ken and I climbed this trail for three days, camping in the wilderness for two nights and covering about 30 miles of the trail. As I look back on that unique, private time together, I treasure it as a “mountain-top” memory, never to be forgotten, always to be cherished. When I think of Ken, I think of the evening at the end of a strenuous trail day and the “snowy-snowy” lake which anchored the beauty of our lonely, isolated campsite high in the mountains.

What follows is the final portion of a much longer story, of that treasured time with Ken which I had written soon after his passing. The experience I will try to share, yields to this day with the clarity of crystal, memories of that special “snowy-lake” evening and the trek through the wilderness forest surrounding Mt. Rainier which preceded it.

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“The warming sun has begun its slumber below the horizon ridges. Pinpoints of starlight penetrate the deep, slate black, moonless sky. Nearby cliffs in silhouetted mystery, form an amphitheater enveloping our mountain camp, high above a snowy lake.

Two tired brothers reflecting on a hard, but rewarding three day trek, recline on a cushion of soft pine needle carpet in the darkness, resting our heads on backpack pillows as we gaze skyward to drink in the quiet splendor of our mountain respite.

A gentle breeze whispers through the tops of the stately firs, the only sound, save for the soft murmur of a nearby stream beginning its journey from our snowy lake to the faraway sea.

How can we share with you the wonder of these special mountain moments. It is something each individual must simply experience for himself. Words will not fill your senses as ours are, overwhelmed by the serenity, the majesty, the magnitude, the beauty, the feeling of peace that saturates our souls.

For all three Dolan brothers, the mountains, their infectious lure and their generous reward is a passion, much sought after, but regrettably, too seldom available to satisfy our needs and desires. I have been blessed to have shared unique occasions, although too few, of fulfillment in the mountains with both of my brothers, Ken and Ralph.

Ken is gone now, too soon, too soon. But, like a spring time snow, the present melts into the past as I write these words, and for now, I am back on the Wonderland Trail with Ken retracing our steps, surrounded by the beauty of the forested mountains, treading softly along the angled moraines of sleeping glaciers, awed by the artistry of flowered meadows which have managed to steal a technicolor garden plot here and there from the intimidating gray, granite walls, canyons and buttresses, and from the relentless march of the greedy forest underbrush.”

It is the evening of the next to the last day of our trek as we seek a place for our camp for our final night. I did not know it then but this evening is to become one of my treasured "Mountain Top" experiences.

"Our climb takes us up a steep rise past Bench Lake where, we had been told by the Ranger, there have been several bear sightings. Since the bushes on the trail are quite high in places we try to remain alert so as not to startle any of the natural inhabitants we might chance to come across. After another very steep, switchback-laden climb, we reach a 4,600 foot high ridge. As we hike along the ridge we suddenly come to one of the two isolated camp sites at a vista high above Snow Lake.

As Ken and I look off to our right the view is breathtaking. This is one of the most beautiful places I have ever been. It is compact by comparison to other vistas but grand in its composition.

Overlooking our "snowy lake" is a small level spot which has been smoothed out of the open, wild-flowered slope just big enough for a backpacker's tent and a space to set up a camp stove. The lake lies several hundred yards down an open, somewhat severe slope, so that the tent site sits high above it, seemingly on the edge of the mountainside. Beyond the lake, forming a 180 degree arc are cliffs rising nearly 2,000 feet above the lake. The scene in its entirety forms a vast amphitheater, walled by the deep brown cliffs with the little lake looking like a tiny stage at the base. The hillside, sloping severely away from our tent site, provides a perfect view of the stage. We have the best seats in the house!!

When we turn around to face the North, there looming above us is the entire south face of Mt. Rainier. It is so large and so close it seems almost like an illusion. We are looking directly at Columbia Crest, the Muir Snow Field and tiny Camp Muir, and ranging from west to east, the Wilson, Nisqually, Paradise, and Cowlitz Glaciers. It is a magnificent sight and fills the entire panorama behind us.

We set up the tent with the door flap facing the lake and the cliffs. We have several hours of daylight still available to us. Exploring without our heavy packs will provide an added bonus to the delightful surprise of encountering this special place.

From our vantage point, we discover that there is a trail circling the lake, so, anxious to explore, we set up camp, secure our food high in a tree, should our phantom bear sniff us out, and set out for a hike before dinner.

This lake is completely isolated and landlocked and as we traverse the trail around it, we feel as though we are the only human inhabitants anywhere on this mountain today. We take about an hour to complete the circuit, nosing in and out of every little side trail, walking along the shore wherever it is possible to do so. On the far side of the lake we come right up against the base of those towering cliffs which form our amphitheater and take in the silence, save for the sound of the breeze gently skimming over the surface of the lake, and absorb the solitude of this place. In the distance, across the lake, we can see our tiny tent situated high on the overlooking slope.

Having thoroughly enjoyed our walk around the lake, we return to camp and Ken outdoes himself preparing his nondescript “Dolagan Stew”. We lean back, slowly enjoying our meal in a dining room beyond description. As we finish eating, it is growing dark and in the evening twilight we stow our gear and arrange things inside the tent for the night.

As it grows dark, with the only light provided by a million twinkling stars, we decide to lean against our backpacks beside the tent and just enjoy the sounds of the evening and the silhouetted peaks and shapes of the starlit night. We recline there, silent for many minutes. In such solitude, the two of us sitting alone, share a final special moment together finishing our adventure by allowing our otherwise busy minds to reach out for that place inside us that is reminding us that, after all, peace within is only a single thought away.

We remained that way reflecting silently in the crisp, starlit mountain air for nearly half an hour when, as though signaling the end of the day, a heavy layer of clouds crept stealthily in from the Pacific Ocean, bent its darkened, blanket form upward, to climb over the Cascade Mountain Range and with a finality snuffed out the starlight. As the night turned black, it was so dark that I could not even see Ken sitting beside me. I bid him goodnight and crawled into the tent. Ken said he wanted to remain outside in the darkness for a while longer and he would join me shortly.

About 10 minutes or so later, all was returned to reality when I heard from outside the tent a startled, somewhat frantic sound from Ken, like “whoop-whoop-whoop-whoop”, in his deep baritone voice. I jumped out of my sleeping bag, (and also my skin!), as Ken went silent. Suddenly his face appeared in the door-flap of the tent, chuckling to himself. I waited for him to tell me what had happened out there. It seems he was sitting in the pitch-black darkness, as I had left him, when suddenly a large, cold, wet,

animal nose nuzzled up against the nape of his bare neck. I'm sure that in an instant, his mind raced through the alphabet of mountain animals from **B**ear to **C**ougar to **D**eer, hoping for the best. Indeed a large doe, of the mountain species of mule deer, had warily approached unheard behind Ken and nuzzled his neck in her curiosity. On that comic note, we crawled back into our sleeping bags, grateful for all we had experienced together and the opportunity, if for only a brief time, to share our passion for the mountains.

Ken and I dozed off into a restful sleep, exhausted from our efforts, exhilarated by the experience, and filled with a sense of peace nourished by our reflections on the simple beauty and massive grandeur which has embraced us these past three days.

As we sleep, high, behind our camp, the mountain's breath sends a cool, refreshing breeze, silently descending its icy slopes. It glides by our tent unnoticed as it continues down the slope to the lake below. Somewhere along the shore, an eagle takes flight. The gentle breeze billows and curves upward as it escapes the bonds of the amphitheater and climbs above the boundary cliffs. As it gently rises, it settles beneath the eagle's wings, lifting, lifting him to the freedom of the sky above. He soars and circles, then hovers for a time on the breeze above our sleeping camp as though absorbing the Great Artist's perfect painting of the scene below him for a final time.

Then he slowly vanishes into the high misty clouds above and the night returns to stillness.

And now today, I, I am left alone,.... blessed by a memory with the clarity of crystal.....of a special night beside a snowy....snowy lake.”

Those treasured memories of a final climb with my brother will always remain a poignant “summit” experience, and truly an unforgettable, **View From The Top.**

THREE – FINGERED JACK

I am sure you have never heard of “Three-Fingered Jack”. Well, let me introduce you, for Three-Fingered Jack holds a very special place in my heart. Deep in the Cascade Mountains of Central Oregon, a few miles north of the “Three Sisters Mountains” stands an 8,000 foot pinnacle, resplendent in snow in winter, and somewhat sinister in its near vertical rock upper reaches in summer. In all my climbing in the mountains of the Northwest, it is the only true physical mountain summit I reached. It was a special experience with my brother, Ralph as well as a personal highlight.

It was late August of 1996, when subsequent to an earlier visit with my youngest brother Ralph, who is an outstanding rock and mountain climber, I resolved to join him at his urging to do a “real climb” as he put it. He offered to guide me up “Three-Fingered Jack” and promised a summit experience as yet unknown to me. He was right and I shall always be grateful to him. I will never forget that climb, modest as it was by mountaineering standards.

Peggy deposited the two of us at a small parking area high on a mountain pass along with our backpacks and climbing gear. She proceeded to a mountain cabin along the beautiful and wild McKenzie River, about to embark on a river rafting adventure of her own while Ralph and I climbed the mountain.

It was about a half day’s backpack trek up to timberline and the base of “Three Fingered Jack”. After making camp for the evening and just having finished our dinner, a violent thunder and lightning storm boiled over the western Cascade foothills. I prepared the inside of our tiny tent, while Ralph went about gathering up our provisions and hanging them high in nearby tree to prevent any passing bears from raiding our pantry. At just that moment an earsplitting bolt of lightning struck somewhere on the bare rock mountain just above us, inducing Ralph to dive into the safety (?) of the tent in a very unceremonious manner.

The heavens opened up on us as the night wore on and it became questionable as to whether or not the rock surface of the mountain would be safely climbable given the probability of wet, slick surfaces. The climb was meant to be however, as the morning sky cleared, and the sun bathed the mountain in drying warmth.

We gathered our gear and climbed the lower slope of the mountain to a ledge where it became necessary to rope up and belay one of us as an anchor for the other to climb. After training me in all the proper commands, “Climbing!!”, “Falling!!! (a very important one), and “On Belay!!” (an even more important one), we began the technical part of the climb.

Ralph would lead and install “pitons” every so often along each 140 foot “pitch” for safety in case of a fall. The 165 foot rope, which I anchored on belay, (physically attaching me to the mountain and fed from a coil through a figure eight device on my harness), would be paid out as Ralph climbed and fed it through a carabiner (a fair lead) attached to the pitons which he would secure into crevices in the rock as he climbed. If either of us fell, that person would yell, “FALLING!!” and the person on belay would anchor the rope so that the fall (theoretically) would not exceed the distance that the climber had proceeded beyond the last piton. When Ralph, climbing in the lead, reached a place, usually out of sight at the 140 foot or so length of the rope, he would stop, belay himself to the mountain and shout “On Belay”. This was the signal for me to come off belay and climb to him, removing the carabiners and pitons as I progressed.

We negotiated the rock face of the mountain in this manner. We traversed one cliff which was nearly vertical and had about 1200 feet of air under our heels at times along its breadth. After each pitch Ralph would have to locate a spot large enough to establish the next belay.

After about 5 hours of climbing in this manner we reached the final 80 vertical feet to the summit. As Ralph belayed for me I finally reached the top which was about the size of a large coffee table, at 8,000 feet in elevation. Kneeling on all fours on this tiny slab of semi-flat rock, I took a couple of pictures off each side of the summit of the valley floor, thousands of vertical feet below and retreated to a more comfortable ledge about 20 feet below.

Clouds forming on the western horizon, dropping temperatures, and an increase in the wind told us that it was time to get down. Our descent from the summit, including my first mountain rappel, was accomplished in considerably less time than the ascent, although there were ample downward pitches which presented relatively more difficulty in finding footholds than the finding of handholds on the way up. We arrived back at our little camp in mid-afternoon and backpacked down to our pick-up point where Peggy was waiting.

Making the summit of “Three Fingered Jack” requiring a level of technical, roped climbing was the fulfillment of a long held dream of mine. I will always be grateful for the experience and for its safe outcome.

The primary lesson of this physically exhausting climb and achievement of an actual mountain summit, was one of validation of a belief I had long held. It was, that the **“View From The Top”**, although exhilarating and impressive did nothing to diminish the pride felt in the struggle and the challenge of completing the climb to this lofty perch. This I believe to be true in all that we strive to accomplish on our journey, how ever long or difficult it may be.

SPECIAL FRIENDS – A GIFT FROM GOD

On a clear, crisp, moonless winter night, gaze up at the deep blackened sky filled with innumerable stars. Their number might serve to remind you that through the span of your life you have been graced with many friends, a finite number to be sure, but still, many in number. Some have embellished our lives for a time but like the faintest stars, have faded in memory because of the passage of time.

Now look again and you will notice that there are a significant number of stars that are much brighter than the rest and stand out because of their brilliance. These make me mindful of special friends who have had a lasting impact on our lives. From each of them we have learned to live a little more fully, to grow in ways we would not have perceived by ourselves, and whose companionship has affirmed our sense of worth, and belonging.

Finally, on a clear, sunny afternoon, wait patiently for the twilight. The sun's light gradually recedes until it is not quite dark, not quite daylight. Look carefully and you will find what I call the stalwart guiding stars. They are the first to appear, piercing the day's final veil, struggling to reveal their presence. These are the stars that the navigator at sea uses to find his place on the vast ocean; these are the stars which will guide him to the safe port he seeks.

Science calls some of them Vega, Rigel, Arcturus, Sirius, Capella, among others. They are "First Magnitude Stars". I will use them to recall "First Magnitude Friends". They are extraordinary gifts from God. He has placed them in our lives, sometimes in the most unlikely of circumstances. They enrich us by their presence. God uses them to teach us, to affirm us, to show us a better way, and to walk by our side in our need. They teach us to trust through their loyalty, and the unconditional dimension of their friendship.

By the nature of the intimacy of their sharing in our life's journey, they are few in number and hold a very special, valued place in our personal universe. Like the twilight stars of early evening, we can always depend upon their presence and steadfastness.

We are thankful to our God for His "**View From The Top**", as He anticipates and provides for our every need by sending these special gifts into our lives that we call Friends.

AUTUMN

Autumn, for us, conjures the image of pleasant days filled with vibrant colors, with a crispness in the air that invigorates our quest for new adventures. There is a peacefulness that descends after the craziness and the busyness of summer. If you listen carefully you can hear the quiet, much like the experience of the voice of the mountain-sounds, atop a high solitary ridge. Drinking it in, you can come to a place where the obstacles and the rigors of the climb fade completely away and you are at once aware only of the blessings encountered along the way.

We might be said to be in the Autumn of our lives as we experience this passage along through our 70's. It is a time that provides ample space for reflection about whom we are and where we have been. The view from that Autumn place is both heartwarming and gratifying. We have been truly blessed with faith, family, friends and an unwavering pathway that has brought us safely to this place and enabled us to savor an occasional **View From The Top** along the way.

GRANDCHILDREN - A CREW FOR OUR BOAT

(June 2021 addition)

A few years ago I wrote the story of my own father's life. In it I used the metaphor of melting snow on a high mountain ridge forming the brooks and rivers of our lives. I would like to use that metaphor once again to describe how our grandchildren, and now, great grandchildren have graced our lives.

There is an old Irish song whose words lend poignant meaning to our feelings.

In part, it goes:

“Life is an ocean, Love is a boat.
When we started this voyage
There was just me and you.
Now gathered round us
We have our own crew”.

When Nanny and Pa's little “streams” merged in to one some 62 years ago there was just the two of us. As our boat headed downstream, adding our own children and their spouses, we paused at many harbors and ports, each time welcoming with joy a new, grandchild, or great grandchild aboard. We now have a treasured crew to man and fulfill the dreams and hopes with which we began.

With all of you, our little boat has become a little ship. Your love for us provides the engine which propels it. Each of you brings with you a unique personality and a unique talent which fuels our admiration and pride in who you have become. Your presence in our lives makes our little ship sail smoothly, and as we near our destination we are grateful and blest that you have shared your voyage with us and have enhanced ours so beautifully.

As Nanny and I stand high on the bridge of our ship, the **View From The Top** has been magnificent. Each of you is loved. We pray that you will always chart a true course, weather any rough seas, find fair winds, and safe harbors. Most of all, we hope you will always have the courage, confidence,

and determination to climb the next hill or the next mountain to see what adventure lies on the other side.

OUR WINDOW TO THE WORLD

In His wisdom, God has given man a unique gift, exclusive of all His other creations. Our minds provide us with a Window To The World. It allows us to escape the limiting confines of our bodies. It permits us to remember and to imagine. We can remember events and re-live feelings that have sustained us through the years, and we can imagine new adventures and outcomes of happenings only dreamed of or wished for.

And so, the summit experiences of our lives are forever ready to be experienced again and again. We have only to step to the window sill, raise the glass, and drink in the view.

EPILOGUE

My love of the mountains and my experiences among them, over the years, have fashioned the framework for these personal reflections. I have climbed many slopes and snowfields. I have trekked along the moraines of glaciers and been absorbed and awed by velvet meadows and the giant sentinels of old growth forests. I have backpacked many miles, pitching my tent in quiet mountain glens alongside bubbling streams and on vast open cathedral vistas where the roaring of distant summit winds and cascading waterfalls from giant headwalls provided a symphony to lull me to sleep in the crisp mountain air.

These encounters have provided a unique opportunity for reflection and meditation, even in retrospect. The metaphors emanating from the various elements inherent in these experiences aptly connect to the many blessings and many struggles endured and celebrated along life's journey.

If you are the accidental reader of these reflections, I would offer a single piece of unsolicited advice. Reflect back on your own climbs and treks in your life. I believe you will find many of your own "summits" and finding them, will experience a peace and fulfillment from your own **"Views From The Top"**.

The best part of all ----- There are many more to come!!

WISDOM OF AGE

Prologue

In 2015, I (Connor) was given a semester to complete a “Wisdom of Age” paper for my Religion and Literature class at Delbarton. The task was simple – interview someone who is at least seventy years. Despite having 5 more months before the due date, I instantly thought of Pa.

Upon the completion of the assignment, Nanny asked if she could share Pa’s responses to my questions and my notes with the rest of the grandchildren and allow them to read and ponder on his responses.

Wisdom of Age Project

1. How did you become the man that you are today?

This is a complex question with many facets. The short answer is that I was blessed with loving parents whose love and living example of faith and values created a world of positive virtues and experiences for a growing child. Later as I became a young man, my Catholic primary and high school education with the Benedictines, confirmed these values, deepened my faith, and opened a life-changing opportunity for an 18 year old stepping out on his own. That opportunity was an appointment to the U.S. Coast Guard Academy. There, over four years of education, training and discipline, I developed a self-confidence and capabilities coupled with self-discipline that along with my upbringing has served me well all my adult life. The training at the Academy instilled a love of Honor, Duty and Country, which, combined with the formative lessons and role models of my earlier years formed the person I have become.

2. If everyone has a mountain that they are climbing, how has your hike been, what were the challenges and easier parts?

In answer to this question I can tell you that I have climbed an actual mountain out in Oregon. The view from the top is breathtaking and inspiring, but the real experience and value is not the summit, the value is in the climb. So it is with life, in my experience. The journey toward

your goals is the most important part of the accomplishment. You do not journey alone. Your faith in God's hand in your life, your parents' guidance and love, the friends you choose for the trip, and the pathways you select at all life's intersections provide the confidence and adventure along the way to your goal.

Self-discipline and belief in yourself are the two most important tools to take with you on the journey. Whether it was conning the ship in a North Atlantic winter storm on the midnight watch in 40 foot seas or making the decision to go over the side to affect the rescue of a man-overboard, the self-discipline and belief in your abilities is key.

My toughest challenge, many years ago, was the need to choose between a career in the Coast Guard which I loved and needs of my young family, which of course I loved much more. It was both a challenge and an obvious decision at the same time. The family of a military serviceman makes great sacrifices, enduring long absences and separations, and many moves involving changing schools, and making new friends. The recognition of the love and sacrifices that Nanny and my children were making made my decision self-evident but challengingly difficult at the same time.

The easiest part of my climb has been my retirement years and the sheer enjoyment of watching my grandchildren's personalities develop as they grow from little children into the young adults they are becoming.

3. What do you value most in someone or something?

During my years at the Coast Guard Academy, we as cadets, were instilled with a heightened sense of integrity through "The Honor System", which forbid lying, cheating or stealing on our honor. So, what I value most in someone is that person's integrity of character, loyalty to his faith and values, and his compassion for others.

4. Who was your hero growing up? Who is your hero now?

My hero growing up was my father, whom you know as "Grampy". Because Grampy was abandoned by his father when he

was only 5 years old in 1916 and his mother was unable to provide for her children, Grampy grew up in numerous foster homes and a Catholic orphanage. It was in the Catholic orphanage with the Christian Brothers that his life was changed from one of loneliness and anxiety to one of experiencing love and discipline. He must have vowed that his children would never have to experience the emotional childhood pain and hardship that he had experienced. So he provided a loving home and instilled the values of family, trustworthiness, integrity and belief in self. As a child I can remember him saying many times that, “we must never lie or cheat, for a cheater is a liar and a liar is a cheater”. He placed great value on honesty. He also expressed and lived his great love of this country and the belief that everyone should be grateful that we are privileged to live in this great land. He instilled in us a sense of responsibility to make it a better place by the way we lived our lives. He is still my hero, even now.

My Mother, Grammie, was the foundation for the strength of our Catholic faith. She was a gentle, faith-filled woman who by example and deed made our home a “little church”. Her singular priority in life was the wellbeing of her little family and the formation of their Catholic faith.

5. Most importantly, what’s your very best life advice?

My best life advice would be this: Life at its most basic level, is a never-ending series of choices we must make. Choices between right and wrong; choices of friends; choices between trustworthiness and self-interest; choices to be true to your values or to take the popular or easy route, and the courage and self-discipline to make the right choices.

So my life advice is to embrace the positive values and experiences of your past and to choose the pathways of your present and future which are consistent with always being true to your faith and your values. Always be aware that you are not alone as you face challenges in life. Our Lord is always with you, and like the story of the “Footprints In The Sand”, will carry you over difficult times. You are blessed with loving and wise parents, depend on their guidance and benefit from their experiences. Believe it or not, they too were once where you are and dealt with similar challenges. Finally, choose your friends wisely as you go through life, those who share your values and will support your choices. Most of all, remember that you are

loved. God's love and your family and friends love for you will provide you with invaluable companions on your journey.

Thank for choosing me for your interview project.

Pa ---

MAINE-LY FOGGY

October 15, 2005

Dear -- Patrick, Christopher, Brendan, Caitlin, Sean, Connor, Caroline, Alayna, Michael and Andrew.

Your Moms and Dads have heard too many sea stories from me and wouldn't be impressed anyway so I am going to tell this sea story to you.

Many years ago when Pa was in the Coast Guard, my main job was to drive big ships on the ocean. Lots of times out on the ocean it becomes very foggy, and you cannot see very far. Sometimes you cannot see past the bow of the ship, and you have to be very careful not to run into other ships or, even worse, into hidden dangers, rocky shores, or even icebergs. Big ships have something on them called a Radar. The radar sends out a signal which bounces off of other ships, or rocky shores and makes a mark on a screen, something like a TV screen to tell you something is out there even though you cannot see it through the fog. Many times on the big Coast Guard ships I had to use the radar to help me know where to steer so I could keep the ship safe. The ship even has to blow its whistle or fog horn every two minutes to warn other ships that it's coming through the fog.

Have you ever gotten up in the morning and looked out the window and you could not see very far because it was foggy? It would be like at Connor and Caroline's house looking out the dining room window and not be able to see any trees because of the fog. Or at Patrick's or the Hillers or Nicklaus' house, looking out the front door and not being able to see the street because it was hidden by the fog. That's how it is out on the ocean lots of times when it's foggy.

Now here is my sea story, which is true and happened to me last week.

I have a friend, named George, who lives up in Maine and has a big cabin cruiser. It is 36 feet long and has 2 propellers which make it go through the water. It can go pretty fast, but if you are in the fog you must go very slowly to be safe.

My friend, George needed help to take his boat to a marina, a long way from his house, to put it away for the winter to protect it from the cold weather and from the ice which forms in the bay where he lives. It gets

very cold in Maine in the winter, even colder than in New Jersey, Pennsylvania or Connecticut.

So Nanny and I traveled to his house in Maine last week. In Maine the coast is very rocky and rough and there are many bays and inlets which open onto the Atlantic Ocean. Think of a hand with fingers. The fingers are like the land and are called peninsulas. The space between the fingers is the water of the bays or inlets. My friend lives on one of these bays near a town called Thomsaton, Maine. It is about 90 miles from where his house and boat are to the marina in a town called Bangor, Maine where we had to take the boat.

We thought we would have a nice sunny day to enjoy and would have an easy, fun voyage from his house to Bangor sailing down the bay into the Atlantic Ocean, around the end of the finger and into a huge, huge body of water called Penobscot Bay, then finally up a big river to Bangor where we would dock the boat at the marina for the winter.

WELLLLLLLLLL that is not what happened!!!!!!

When we woke up on the morning of the voyage it was so foggy we couldn't even see the boat at the end of the dock at his house. We waited a while hoping the fog would lift but it didn't. We had another friend with us too. His name is Bob. All three of us, Pa, George and Bob went to college as cadets at the Coast Guard Academy and became Coast Guard Officers. All of us have been to sea in big Coast Guard ships many times, and as I said have driven ships in the fog lots of times. So we were not afraid to go in the fog because we all knew how to do it safely. In fact, my friend Bob was once an Admiral in the Coast Guard. So, we decided to cast off the lines of George's cabin cruiser from George's dock and begin our 90 mile voyage to Bangor.

90 miles is a long way, especially since we would have to go slow in the fog. Nanny suggested that we could go half way the first day and then go the rest of the way the next day. That was a really good idea, so that's what we decided to do.

Off we went, navigating the boat using our radar set and something called a GPS which helps you to know where you are as you sail along. One of us would steer the boat through the fog using the compass, one of us would watch the radar to see if there were any "marks" on the radar screen to tell

us when other boats were near us and also, since buoys are made of steel, they also show up as "marks" on the radar screen.

A buoy is a very large metal object which looks like either a big can or a big pyramid. Sometimes they look like a little oil well tower. Buoys mark the safe channel. Boats and ships use them so they will not run aground in the shallow waters or run into hazards which the buoys are used to mark. Since buoys mark the safe way to go it is important to know which direction to steer to get close to each buoy along the way.

We sailed down the first bay and out into the Atlantic Ocean going from buoy to buoy and watching out for the lobstermen who were out in their big boats pulling up their lobster traps. We sailed slowly, steering a careful course by the compass, and sure enough, out of the fog would come a shadow which was the buoy we were looking for. Then we would change our direction a little bit and try to find the next buoy, again using the radar.

There were lots and lots of little lobster buoys to avoid too. Each lobster buoy has a rope attached to it which goes all the way to the bottom and is attached to a lobster trap under the water. You must not run over the lobster buoy and its rope, or the rope will get tangled up in your propellers and then the boat won't be able to go any more. So we zigged and zagged to miss all the lobster buoys which were all over the place.

Every so often we would see a "mark" on the radar screen which was moving. This meant that a lobster boat was nearby coming toward us. Its huge dark shape would suddenly loom up out of the fog very close ahead of us, but since we knew all about how to work radar to keep us from colliding with the other boats, we would always pass safely.

For nearly 5 hours we plowed through the fog, going from buoy to buoy. We could never see land anywhere because of the thick fog and could not see the next buoy either. We just had to steer a good straight course so we could find the next buoy in the fog. We also had to pass between many small islands on the way and we were never able to see them because of the fog.

After about 40 miles we finally came to a harbor called Camden, Maine and we carefully and slowly sailed into the harbor. There were many boats anchored in the harbor, so we had to be very careful to watch out for them because they were hard to see until we got very close to them. We tied our cabin cruiser up to the dock in Camden and locked up the cabin. Nanny

and George's wife Zoe had driven to Camden to meet us and take us back to George's house for the night. We could have stayed on the boat overnight but after a very tense and tiring day at sea, it was nice to have a good lobster dinner ashore and a warm bed back at George's house.

The next day dawned and we anxiously looked outside hoping the fog had gone away. No such luck!! You couldn't see to the end of the driveway. So we all got in the car and drove back to Camden. When we arrived at the dock, there was the cabin cruiser just waiting for us. We went aboard, warmed up the engines and cast off the lines.

With Pa steering the boat, Admiral Bob on the radar, and George as the lookout, peering through the fog, we started out of the harbor. 50 miles to go. Nanny and Zoe quickly disappeared in the fog as they waved goodbye from the dock.

Pa steered out of the harbor, a long 5 miles to open water, groping our way from buoy to buoy. The last buoy in the harbor was a large one and had a horn on it which blows a blast when it is foggy. We could hear it but couldn't see it. It was really kind of eerie and spooky. We never were able to see it, but we knew where we were from the radar and the GPS, so we turned north to sail up Penobscot Bay heading for our destination.

About 40 miles ahead after many turns to avoid rock, shallow spots and little islands, was the entrance to the Penobscot River which would then take us up to Bangor and the marina. Bob and George and Pa took turns steering the boat into the dense fog using the compass. When Admiral Bob was at the helm steering the boat, Pa was on the radar watching for the little marks which told him when a buoy was near or when another boat was out there in the fog. Today there are not nearly as many little lobster buoys to avoid and so there were no lobster boats to watch out for. I think the three Coast Guard men were the only ones out on this foggy day. But we were safe because we all had had so much experience driving ships and knew how to do it safely.

Finally after about 4 hours we came to the mouth of the Penobscot River. The river looked sort of like the Cape Cod Canal but much wider. The river was about 2 miles wide, but we could not see either shore. The radar showed us where the shore was on each side, so we just kept the boat in the middle following the buoys as they appeared out of the fog. After a while we came to a big, high automobile bridge. There it was suddenly looming out of the fog above us. After we went under the bridge and made

a sharp turn, Pa took the helm and steered the boat the rest of the way up the river. We still had about 3 miles to go. Soon the fog finally lifted and there, low and behold, was the shore on either side and we could finally see all the buoys we needed to. So Pa made the engines go faster and we charged up the river finally getting to enjoy ourselves and see the scenery passing by for the very first time in two days.

Finally we spotted the marina dock where we were to tie up and leave the boat. Parked on the pier was none other than Nanny and Zoe who had driven up to Bangor to pick up the weary sailors.

We brought the boat alongside the dock and tied it up. The man who owned the marina met us, and we gave him the keys to the boat. He will use a crane to lift the boat out of the water and then put it in a big, safe, warm and dry warehouse for the winter in a few days.

Pa and Bob and George renewed our old friendships formed many years ago at the Coast Guard Academy and used our long ago skills and knowledge from many months at sea in the Coast Guard to bring our little boat safely to port through the fog. We were a good team and were very glad all three of us were there to help each other get through the fog. We were proud of ourselves for having safely done such a difficult and dangerous job.

We didn't even see any sea-dragons or sea-monsters!!!!!! WE WERE VERY GLAD ABOUT THAT!!!!

I hope you liked my sea-story. Now that you have read it you will have to tell the story to your Moms and Dads. They will never believe it, but you must tell them that it is all true!!!!

I love you all ----- PA

OUR TRIP

(George Conrad's dock to Bangor Winterport Marina;
Oct 5 and 6, 2005)

Shrouded in fog, off went we.
There was Bob. There was Phil. And, then there was me.
Off in the distance, we knew was the sea.
Yet all we could see was our hand, if held high, off to lee.
We tested the engines, the lights and the pumps to be sure.
No rescue at sea did we want to endure.
The women together were crying on shore. Was it with joy? Or was it
with fear?
As we pushed the throttles down and cast loose all our gear.
We sped down the channel. We couldn't see the shore.
Trusting the chart plotter, the radar and each others sea lore.
It was a hard to master and hazardous long trip.
Made easier by one spouse's suggestion, trying hard not to be flip.
To split the journey in two, in retrospect how clear!
Now why didn't we think of that, the dear.
The navigational hazards sprang at us from nowhere, it seemed.
A lobster buoy dead ahead, a can astern or a boat hard abeam.
So, George took bow lookout and just then, Phil sounded the horn.
That instant, the bow lookout thought he was reborn.
Phil checked the charts for car bridges too low,
To be sure we'd clear and not have to be taken in tow.
While Bob dodged logs bigger than a telephone pole.
Which, through our boat, would make a big hole.
We were prepared, "Semper Paratus".
But those 30 foot waves really got us.
The gals barely make it as we finally pulled into dock.
Against tide and current that made our little boat rock.
The landing was perfect, to everyone's surprise.
Especially to skipper George, who had just closed his eyes.
Now Calypso is secured and snug in her nest.
Where she will spend the winter getting some rest.

GWC

George William Conrad was in the same graduating class as Pa at the US Coast Guard Academy in New London, Connecticut. He served as the email correspondent for the class of 1958's alumni team.

CADET CRUISE

Wednesday, June 1, 1955

We pulled out of New York Monday (May 30) afternoon about 1600. We set sail about 3 miles out and with that the wind died and the fog set in! Right now we are only about 70 miles out to sea and haven't had a decent wind yet.

I guess there's no need to tell you that we've been working hard and that I'm completely tired out. Getting the usual 5 hours of sleep at night. We work on the ship every morning and hold drills in the afternoon, tacking ship, changing heading, swinging the yard arms around. In general it can be described as a lot of line pulling. My hands are really raw. Hope they will callous-up soon.

One thing I can't complain about is the food. It's been wonderful. I haven't been seasick and really have been stowing away the old chow.

A Coast Guard plane buzzed us today. I think it was the one from the Academy. They were probably taking pictures or something.

I had the 12 to 4am (0000-0400) watch last night and have the 8pm to midnight (2000-0000) tonight. The old hammock feels good, come time to rack in.

Saturday, June 4, 1955

We sure aren't making much headway. Our position is Lat 39.9N Long 67.5W and still a long way to go to Glasgow, Scotland. Today, because of the sudden squalls and unpredictable weather we've taken in all the sails and are running under power. We're only doing about 7 or 8 knots. I signed up on a list today to go to Paris when we get to Le Havre, France. That should be fun. Only 15 days to go to Glasgow.

Lately I've been doing a lot of work in the rigging. The other day we furled the Royal Sail (150 ft. up) in the midst of somewhat of a gale. You sure make big wide swing up there. I really enjoy working up there though.

Poor Don Trombley is almost continually on his back in sickbay.

Friday, June 10, 1955

We're fight off the Grand Banks where the Gulf Stream and the Labrador currents converge. Consequently we are engulfed in a thick fog almost continually and have been for 3 full days, including today.

The USCGC Campbell, a 327 foot cutter joined us today. I don't know whether I told you about it or not, but they went to Newport, RI first for some kind of training program for the first class and were to join us at sea. They showed up about noon today. Time is going fairly fast. This past week has shot by. I hope time continues to go fast. 9 days and 18 hours to Glasgow as I write this! The chow is still wonderful, no complaints there. I feel sorry for Don. He's very seasick and has spent most of his time in sickbay flat on his back. Right now he has to be fed intravenously because he can't keep anything down. By the way, I feel fine. I'm lucky I'm a good talker because every time I begin to feel sick I talk myself out of it. Actually there have only been a few times when I didn't feel well. I'm turning into a real salt I guess

Sunday, June 12, 1955

I'm afraid this letter isn't coming along too well. I had intended to write a little each day but I'm either too tired or too lazy to do anything. Well, today surely doesn't seem like Sunday. It's just like any other day – except for counting the days till port you lose all track of time.

There's a rumor of maybe an extra day in Glasgow. I think it's a whim of the admiral's. I don't know if I mentioned the fact that he came along or not. You ought to see his stateroom. Talk about luxury. He's even got a plush carpet on the deck.

We had the 0400 to 0800 watch this morning, and I'm really beat. It's still bitter cold and rains off and on all the time. The fog raises once in a great while. This makes about the 5th day of fog.

I go into the engine room tomorrow for a 22 day duration. That means no more deck watches for a while. I got my engineering duty at about the best time possible. It may be cold on deck but it's always warm in the engine room. The sea water temp. is around 45 to 50 degrees so it's not near as hot in the "black hole" as it is when we're in southern latitudes where the water is very warm. We have a test tomorrow on seamanship which is pretty important. I'll have to do a little studying for it.

Our Paris trip will be the first Wed-Thurs-Fri in July – a 3 day affair. A week from tomorrow we pull into Glasgow. That sounds good. Although I'm getting pretty used to the sea now, and time goes fairly fast, so things are a little more bearable than when I was still a green-horn. Oh by the way, I had my head shaved, that is down to about 3/8th of an inch. I look like a real convict. It will all be grown out by Aug 12, (I hope).

Thursday, June 16, 1955

Today Glasgow is only 4 days away. I didn't go ashore in New York, and 23 days on the water and at sea really prepares me for the thought of getting on dry land again I'm a land lubber at heart I guess.

Got some bad news today. This is unofficial, but Bob Crisp was talking to Trombley who has been in sick bay almost all the way. Evidently the Captain told Don that in view of his condition, along with the fact that he was continually sick on last year's short cruise that he will be forced to resign, and will be flown home from Glasgow. It's really a shame because Don is one who really wants to stay. Follow in his Dad's footsteps I suppose. I haven't seen him, but I can imagine it was quite a blow to him. Really I guess it's for the best this way. They have been feeding him intravenously for almost a week. I understand that the past couple of days he's been much better though.

I've been doing a little reading lately. I read Botany Bay which was a very good story and now I'm on A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court. Not that I have much spare time. Just finished a delicious chicken dinner with apple pie for dessert. They've been feeding us mighty well. Now – back to work.

2004 RED SOX WORLD SERIES PARADE

October 31, 2004

Dear All,

It has been a pretty exciting week around here and I want to share a little first person experience of it with all of you, especially those of you who have watched year after year as I rode the Red Sox Rollercoaster from High Hopes to Disappointment to Wait Till Next Year.

The City of Boston has been in freeze-frame paralysis since 11:43pm on Wednesday, October 27. I'm not exaggerating. You can't buy a paper. They are sold out. The TV even suspended some to the daytime Soap Operas, so you know it's got to be a huge deal.

After 86 year the Red Sox finally delivered a World Series Championship to their long suffering fans. I can personally vouch for 58 of them. When I was 10 years old I picked up what was called a "Classic Comic book". It was the story of Joe Cronin, manager of the Red Sox and the 1946 World Series loss to the St. Louis Cardinals. Such immortals as Ted Williams, Bobby Doerr, Johnny Pesky and Dom DiMaggio on the Boston side and Stan Musial and Red Schoendienst among others for the Cardinals were featured in that story. Since there were no major league teams west of St. Louis and I was pretty sure the Washington Senators were not located in Washington State, I adopted the Boston Red Sox as "MY" team and set out on a quest to get them a World Series Championship. (Little did I know that I would marry a girl from Boston spend most of the rest of my life here). As have many Red Sox fans, I have lived and "died", game by game for 9,382 regular season games over the ensuing 58 years plus playoffs and 3 unsuccessful World Series, with their many close calls and heartbreaking disappointments .

Finally, they have won the World Series this year. It is all the more sweet because they came back from the dead, 3 games down (that has never been done before) against the arch-rival Yankees for the American League Pennant and then soundly defeated the team which had beaten Boston in 1946 and again in 1967, the St. Louis Cardinals.

Peggy and I were determined to go into Boston for the victory parade regardless of weather, crowds or any other reason. Afterall, the last one was 86 years ago. So at 5am on Saturday morning we arose, drove 13 miles to Kingston and took the 7am train to Boston. The train was filled to capacity. When we arrived at 8:15 people were pouring in from all points of the compass. We walked from South Station to the Boston Common on Tremont Street and miraculously spotted an opening big enough for two people in second row. Eventually it would be 30 people deep. Even better, the people in front of us, who had arrived at 5am were sitting in collapsible chairs. We stood behind them and so basically, we had a front row spot. We stood in that spot without moving for 3 hours until the parade of players passed by. We were literally 20 feet from them as they went by.

For those of you who have been to downtown Boston -- Can you even image 3,200,000 people in downtown Boston. It was triple the number of people who had ever attended an event in the city. The people in front of us were from Western Massachusetts; beside us from Hartford, CT who came on a motorcycle; on the other side a couple from Maine, a couple from Scranton, PA and a young guy who had flown in from North Carolina. People from all over New England and from all over "Red Sox Nation" came to Boston that day. There were old people, young people and a predominance of families from Grandparents to Parents to youngsters to little ones. It misted on us, even rained on us for about a half hour but everyone was having a ball. The police joined in passing the time swatting a beach ball around about in the crowd whenever it landed in the cordoned off street area.

At 10 am, 8 or 10 Boston "Duck-mobiles", which are amphibious land/water vehicles with back platforms that are about 8 feet or so off the ground, departed Fenway Park and made their way through the crowds on their 3 mile trek along Boylston, Tremont and Cambridge Streets, then ultimately into the Charles River passing along the shoreline on both sides of the river.

To quote one of the newspaper articles that described it precisely, "....the massive victory parade turned crowded old Boston into a canyon of deafening euphoria". As the parade slowly approached our position from about 5 or 6 blocks away the cheering and screaming began to grow in volume and enthusiasm until, as the players approached, you literally could not speak to the person standing next to you. That went on without a

moment's let up for the 5 minutes or so that it took the parade to pass by as we were snowed under with red-white-and-blue confetti. It was a very emotional as well as a tremendously exciting moment for everyone who was there. It occurred to me that the players were experiencing this wild adulation for the entire 3 hours it took the parade to run its route.

One of the "ducks" had about 25 old ballplayers from years past who had been invited by the Red Sox to share in the moment, including 84 year old Johnny Pesky.

We could almost reach out and touch, Pedro, Manny, "Papi" Ortiz. Curt Schilling, Derek Lowe, Mark Bellhorn, Orlando Cabrera, Jason Varitek, Kevin Millar, Trot Nixon, Keith Foulke, etc., etc. as they passed within a few feet of us.

You had to be there to understand the depth of feeling and incredible excitement of the moment. Everyone was courteous even to the sharing of snacks, umbrellas and most importantly space. We've never been "two" of 3.2 million before, but it was an experience to remember and an experience not to be missed. After the parade we wandered around Faneuil Hall and Quincy Market, had "lunch" at the "Black Rose", an Irish Pub, then caught a 3:35 train home.

Today, Sunday, we decided we hadn't had enough of this celebration yet, so we got in the car and drove back into Fenway Park. We took a 90 minute guided/narrated tour of the park including the Press Box, the .406 Club (so named for Ted Williams batting average, the last player to hit over .400), and the Green Monster seats. The young lady who narrated was excellent and had many stories of baseball lore and history to share with us. If you are ever in Boston, I recommend the tour highly. We then went across Yawkey Way to the Red Sox Store to pick up a few World Series Championship souvenirs. I bet they did a million dollar's worth of business there just today. The lines were out the door and up the block just to get into the store.

We got home this evening exhausted but not Red-Soxed-Out by any means. It's too exciting a time and too good a feeling to lose.

One older gentleman yesterday was wearing a T-shirt which said, "Now I can die in peace!!!!!"

We just wanted to give you all a little taste of what it was like.----Love to
all--- Peggy and Phil

PEACE

Thoughts on the Sand of a Captiva Beach

Youth ... Seekers of Adventure and Life
Golden Years ... Encounters With Peace and Serenity

Peace The soft sound of waves caressing the ear as they gently kiss
the sand, slowly retreating to return again and again.

Peace Grateful eyes following the graceful flight of the stately
pelicans as they silently skim the waters gliding beyond our ken,
gradually fading into a tiny dot on the faraway shore. .

Peace Mesmerized by a tiny innocent child as she joyfully builds her
sand castle. Feeling wonderment at what she must be imagining,
surely, a princess in the fairy tale her grandpa read to her.

Peace Resting in the quiet of the evening ocean sands,
contemplating God's goodness in blessing us with amazingly special
forever-friends as companions on our journey towards Him.

Peace Absorbing the gold and orange and pink rays of the setting
sun peeking out from behind fluffy, bulbous clouds of silver-lined white
and gray, teasing the sun to display its brilliant beauty at day's ending.

Peace Feel it in the gentleness of a cooling breeze on a summer day
and the warmth of a fire in the hearth on a cold snowy night.
Experience it in the touch of the understanding hand reaching out to
you from that special friend.

You need not search for peace. It already surrounds you.
Be quiet Be still Listen
In blessed silence it will fill your soul.

AFTERWORD AND ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Not every child is fortunate enough to meet or even learn about their grandparents. I'm thankful to not only know Pa, but also to consistently spend time with him and Nanny. I've never met anyone in this world with the as much patience, leadership, love, understanding, humility, and faithfulness as Pa. As Sue noted in the foreword, he may be a "man of few words," but I've found even when he doesn't speak, he still tells a story. Watching his face light up every time one of his grandchildren accomplishes even the most trivial things demonstrates his character and personality, and more importantly inspires that grandchild despite no exchanged words.

Each one of his grandchildren is beyond fortunate to create so many lasting memories with him. From watching a Red Sox game with him to going to the local Stop & Shop to recycle plastic bottles at the bottle redemption machines, he makes sure every grandchild feels his love. He is the epitome of wisdom, knowledge, and grace.

As I enter the professional working world, I find myself often applying small lessons Pa has taught me over the years. But the 23 years I've known Pa are just a fraction of the life of a man who's lived and seen so much. A man who's been tested as an older brother, a student, a military servicemember, an employee, a friend, a father, a grandfather, a great-grandfather, a friend, a volunteer, and a steward of life to each person he meets. Every conversation is a lesson, and a demonstration of success against each test. Every conversation elicits admiration, excitement, and curiosity. I'm in awe of how resourceful and calculated a man he is, and how even through an email he can provide unparalleled insight or displays of patience and love.

I always knew of Pa's writing skills, as well the extent of his work, but finding each story is an entirely different challenge. We've all been in the packed basement of 7 Robinson Road in Sagamore Beach, and ... well ... you get the point. On the bright side, Pa is the most organized person I've ever met - yet another one of his impressive characteristics that one can only assume he learned from a combination of Grampy, the Coast Guard, and his life experience. He knows where each and every item can be found in that packed basement. To hide his gift and passion for writing from his ever-growing family, plus plenty of others, would be the ultimate tragedy.

Life is a collection of stories. From every story we gain perspective, understanding, and most importantly wisdom – the ability to make correct judgements and decisions from experience.

In my Wisdom of Age project, found in this book, I used the interview answers Pa gave me to write an essay. The assignment's instructions were intentionally open-ended. There was no prompt, only a few suggested topics and questions to guide an interview with someone we deemed was "filled with wisdom." I finished the essay with the following:

To me, there is no one who is as gentle yet stern as him. He is resourceful, hardworking, and has lots of experience in so many different fields. Not only is he the ideal role model for every member of the Dolan family, but he's also a role model for anyone he meets. He holds everyone to very high standards, but he holds himself to an even higher standard. I'm proud to be his grandson and his insight has undoubtedly helped me learn more about him and myself.

Pa's stories are so much more than a brief interview for a school project. Imagine growing up and participating in multiple wars halfway across the world. Imagine being an instructor on the USCGC Eagle. Imagine building an entire family cabin in New Hampshire. Imagine facing 50 foot waves in the freezing North Atlantic Ocean. Imagine narrowly escaping death while cutting a fallen tree off the roof of the family home. Imagine only being able to communicate with your wife by handwritten letters for months at a time. Imagine seeing the smile of each newborn child, grandchild, and great-grandchild. So few people can say they endured even one of these feats, and yet these examples barely crack the surface of Pa's impressive journey on Earth.

Every story has many layers of truth, information, passion, and so much more. It shows the type of person he is. While climbing up a 40 degree slope of snow covered mountain, very few people would pause to appreciate their wife and wish she could enjoy the experience with him. It's a level of selflessness and caring that is so rare today, and yet something he so passionately tries to endow to everyone he meets. Read the pages of this book with an open mind and pause, as Phil did, in even the most challenging or unexpected moments to appreciate the people you love, the gifts you have, and the fortune you experience.

It's not easy to appreciate the present, and it's easy to forget the past. I hope this collection of stories helps you live presently while appreciating those before you. Most importantly, I hope it teaches you something about Pa, and yourself, along the way.

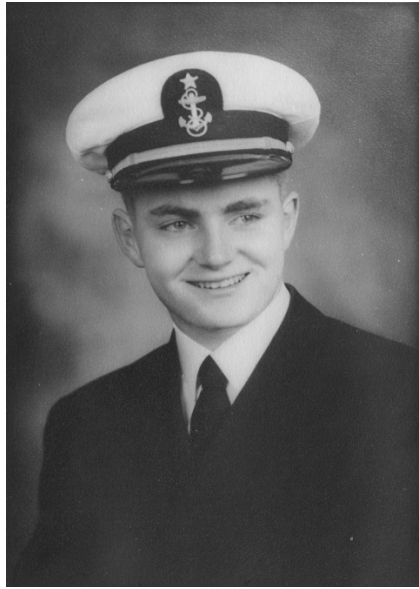
Thank you to Suzanne Nicklaus (Auntie Sue), Ted Dolan (my father), and most importantly Peggy Dolan (Nanny) for helping to share these stories with everyone and create this book. This book began as a conversation in the kitchen in Cape Cod. Through lots of hard-drive searches, indexing documents, organizing, designing, editing, identifying photographs, and staying up for late nights phone calls, we were able to bring *More Than You Wanted to Know: and other stories* to fruition.

It was a difficult project to undertake, but perhaps the most important and rewarding project of our lives so far.

Connor Dolan
Phil's grandson



Phil at the age of 1 in 1937



Phil in 1954 at the USCGA



Phil (left) with Ken, Marianne, and cousin Terry Turnbull in 1944



Peggy and Phil during Christmas of 1957



From left to right: Phil Sr., Ken, Phil Jr., Marguerite, Marianne, and Ralph (front) in 1957 in Selah, Washington



Phil and Peggy at the USCGA Graduation in New London, CT in 1958



1958 family portrait in Olympia, Washington



Peggy's first visit to Washington (Hurricane Ridge) in 1958



Phil stationed at Ocean Station Bravo in December 1959



Phil and Peggy with Debbie, 1960



Sagamore, 1981



Diane's graduation from Boston College in 1983



Debbie's wedding, 1985



Ken and Phil hike to Crystal Lake, 1994



Suzanne, Ted, and Phil at Camp Muir before Ted's climb to the summit of Mt. Rainier in 1989



Ted and Phil's hike of the Wonderland Trail





Phil and Ralph climbing Three-Fingered Jack in 1996



Phil climbing at Three-Fingered Jack in 1996

Hurricane Ridge--Dolans
Phil Sr & Jr Peggy John



Left to right: Philip Dolan Sr., Peggy Dolan, John Dolan, Philip Dolan Jr. at Hurricane Ridge in 2001



The Two Brothers: Philip Dolan, Sr. and John Dolan, 2001



2002 Dolan Family Reunion in Washington



Peggy and Phil with their 10 grandchildren at Sagamore Beach in 2003



Peggy and Phil at the 2004 Red Sox World Series Parade



Phil and Peggy with their grandchildren aboard the USCGC Eagle



Phil, Patrick, Connor, Pat, and Ted in Fenway Park during the 2005 season



USCGA Class of 1958 50th Reunion in 2008



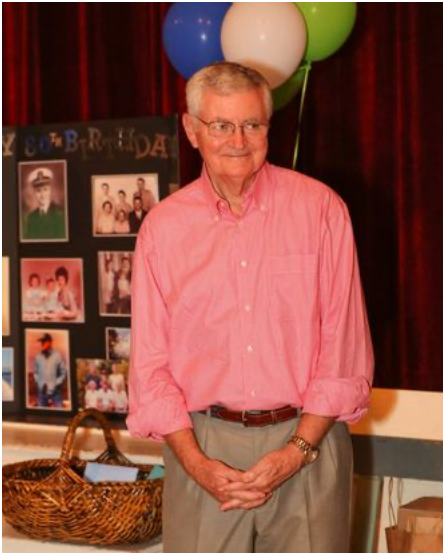
Peggy and Phil's 50th anniversary aboard a cruise ship to Alaska



River water rafting in Skagway, Alaska, 2009



Phil and family at Phil's 80th birthday celebration, 2016



Phil at his 80th birthday



Phil with youngest grandsons
Sean and Andrew at oldest
grandson Patrick and
Kaley's wedding, 2017



Christmas 2019 in New Jersey



Phil working at the Coast Guard Heritage Museum, 2020



Phil and Peggy at Christmas, 2020



The Dolan family extended at Patrick and Kaley Gibson's wedding, 2017.



Phil and Peggy at with Debbie, Pat, Patrick, Kaley, and their great-grandchildren Grace and Patrick III at Patrick III's christening



Phil and Peggy at their 60th wedding anniversary in 2019

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