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**From:** Meyer Slivka  
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## Meyer Slivka, a Personal Memoir and travel mileage

I was born, April 8<sup>th</sup>, 1923, at St Joseph's Hospital near Mishawaka, Indiana, of Nathan and Fannie Slivka (Slivkin, Slivkoff ?). (Much later, I learned Albert Einstein published an important paper on 'relativity' that same year. I think of myself as a child of the 'atomic' age.) I was the youngest of three boys: Alex Julius, 1912, followed by David, 1914. We moved to Chicago (**80 miles**), within a few years.

My earliest memory is sitting in Kindergarten (or first grade) in Chicago, Illinois, in a music class. I must have been five or six. Every one had rattles or triangles or finger cymbals, but there was just ONE snare drum with drum sticks, that was passed through the room from seat to seat, day after day, so everyone had a chance to play it. It was with great impatience I awaited my turn to play on the skin head with sticks so the snares would make a raspy sound!

One afternoon, my mother Fannie, (Frimma), took me to a very ornate movie palace to see one of the first movies with sound: "The Jazz Singer" with Al Jolsen. As I remember, there were only a handful of viewers in the huge auditorium. The sound was spotty throughout the film, except for Mr. Jolsens singing. I remember another movie on Roosevelt Road on the South Side, a violent Gypsy melodrama. The film was hand tinted for color, but no sound. One Sunday, my two brothers, Alex and David, and I were on the flatbed of father's Ford sedan converted into a truck. (Nathan would drive into southern Michigan to little independent farmers to buy their produce to resell on the streets of Chicago from the truck.) Nathan, my father, and Fannie were in front and we started out to drive to an air show, somewhere west of Chicago, at a rather slow speed. It seemed a very long distance for all the times Fannie made Nathan stop the car to look at 'for sale' signs of houses along the way. My older brothers mumbled and grumbled, and when we finally reached the Aerodrome, the show was over. **120 miles.**

I also remember standing outside the chain link fence around a large play yard with a formidable looking school building in the higher distance. It seemed to stare down at me with its gray windows like a prison. David attended art classes at the Art Institute on Michigan Avenue. I remember a visit to the museum largely because of Michelangelo copies of 'Moses' and 'David'.

(Much later, in the late 1950s, I revisited the Institute and saw a cubist Brancusi sculpture.)

About the year 1930, We had been contacted by distant relatives, the Meyers Family in San Francisco, urging us to come to 'sunny California', to escape the miseries of Chicago. Because our family had scarcely any money, we all moved west in different 'shifts'. Fannie and I left Chicago by train bound for San Francisco. There was only enough money for Fannies fare. I rode free, passing as a five-year-old. Each time we stopped to get out and walk, I would read the signs on the coach, aloud, much to mothers consternation. She kept 'shushing' me. She was sure she would be charged a fare. The remaining clear memory of the three day train ride was riding over the long trestle bridge by the side of the great Salt Lake in Utah, and the train finally rolling into the terminal in Oakland, California. We then boarded a ferry boat and sailed across the large bay toward what was my first glimpse of a large gray bank of fog that made the ferry tower and buildings of San Francisco seem like an eerie dream. (This was long before the bridging of the bay through Yerba Buena Island.) **2120 miles.**

My oldest brother, Alex, a teenager, had been working as a shoe salesman, so he had enough money to buy himself a one way ticket by bus to California. My father and David joined some others in a touring car to drive out by way of the Southwest. Their trip took over two weeks because there were hardly any paved roads on what was to become Route 66. There were many flat tires and other difficulties as they rumbled through the mountainous Southwest..

Fannie and I lived in a little cottage near Holy Circle in the South Mission district of San Francisco. One warm day, without much clothing on, I posed as a dancer. It seemed only natural. My first joy of a California sunny day.

Soon the whole family was united. We moved from the Mission to a Jewish neighborhood near Fillmore and McAllister Streets. There was a Jewish poultry merchant who slaughtered the chickens in a very clean manner, and there was a wonderful delicatessen with very fresh sour cream and barrels of garlicky pickles and marinated herrings. Fannie worked behind the counter of a 'Russian' Bakery. The dark breads were full of 'peasant' substance. My father found work in a jacket factory as a pattern cutter. Alex tried many things, ending up selling womens shoes through most of the depression years. He married Rae Podjarski, and when times really got hard, her father, put up daughter and son-in-law in the Podjarski house until Al could afford to move them out. I recall Mr. Podjarski making an excellent sacramental wine. His method was rather crude but effective. He did most of the process in a large barrel. It wasn't long before Donny was born to Rae and Alex. When I was ten,

I was apparently rather weak. I was sent down the peninsula, south of San Francisco to a 'rehab' center for sickly kids in Menlo Park. I was only there for a few weeks. I don't recall it being of much help, but I do remember the wonderful Lionel Trains that ran on a large layout in a very big room. I was allowed to control the trains once in a while. When in Menlo Park, my family discovered the public swimming pool, something San Francisco didn't yet have except for the salt water pool at Fleischacker Park in the Sunset. I recall a motor trip down old Highway 101 from San Francisco to the Menlo Park Pool in a Reo sedan. We had a flat-tire en route. It turned out to be almost a two hour trip. **2300 miles.**

When I was twelve, we lived on Baker street on the 'poor' side of Pacific Heights; a posh neighborhood. I attended a 'grammar' school, Grant, where ideas borrowed from Junior and Senior High Schools were being tried. Rather than stay in one classroom for the entire day, we moved to different rooms with different teachers. I had an innovative woman art teacher, who took us on field trips with sketch pads. My main teacher was a mysterious dark haired lady, 'Mrs. Wilson' who taught English. I was smitten. (I learned she lived in a women's hotel, downtown, and wasn't really married.) At that time David was attending The California School of fine Arts in North Beach. In 1935, Pan American's large Amphibian 'Clipper Ship' airplanes had begun the first Trans-Pacific flights from Yerba Buena Island, in San Francisco Bay. They 'Island hopped' to Hawaii, Guam, and the Orient. I drew many pictures of these and other airplanes: thrilled by the exciting new era of aviation. From the top of the Hill, in Pacific Heights, looking to the north, there was a fine vista of the bay, brown Marin hills, islands, and the Golden Gate. I watched the 'Pan American Clippers' moving in stately fashion over the new construction of the future Golden Gate Bridge. The aircraft had to island hop because there was not enough fuel for a non-stop flight to the Orient. Top speed of the four engine monster was hardly 300 knots, but the accommodations were luxurious as were the ticket prices.

I was away at Camp Tawonga near Lake Tahoe in the Sierras in 1936, when Fannie died. She had been in a hospital for removal of fibroid tumors and succumbed to post-operative pneumonia. By this time David was living in the art colony on Hotaling Place in North Beach. He was receiving a small stipend from the Federal Works Project to do various sculptures and bas-reliefs, one of which was installed at a Berkeley, California Post Office. Hotaling place was only a block long alley peopled by many artists. The hub of artistic activity was sculptor Ralph Stackpole's stone yard. David and some others often helped to

'rough out' the stone beginnings of some of Mr. Stackpole's large works; which would adorn the façade of the San Francisco Stock Exchange and other sites. For reasons of economy, my father, Al, Rae and Donnie, and I tried living in a large flat together after my mother's death. David secured a rental cello for me to learn to play. I had some lessons with a student teacher at the new San Francisco Music Conservatory. I hated the instrument because it had an ugly 'wolf' tone. Nothing I tried would make it sound better. Practicing in the flat drove everyone crazy, including me. Nathan, who bore some of the cost of my lessons, went with me to play for the master teacher, Stanislaus Bemm of the symphony, to see if I was worth all this trouble. It was Mr. Bemm's opinion I was not suited to the instrument.

To prepare for my Bar Mitzvah, I went to a reform synagogue once a week to be coached by a Rabbi. The chanting of a short part of the Torah that was the service of my entrance into manhood was the beginning of my interest in singing. From 1937 to 1941, my father and I lived together in a small apartment on Clement Street and the corner of 30<sup>th</sup> avenue, just a few blocks south of Lincoln Park Golf Course and the museum of the Palace of the Legion of Honor.

I attended Presidio Junior High School. ( I was the 'comic' relief in 'The Bells of Normandy' in a school production there.) Mrs. Copeland, my music teacher, wanted me to pursue a singing career because of my singing ability and accurate sense of pitch. At grade ten, I went up the hill to the newly completed Washington High School just a few blocks south. I sight read and sang tenor parts in acapella choirs, culminating with a medal winning honor at the San Francisco Worlds Fair, 1939. I had memorable teachers; a MISS Kirwin for 'home-room' and English, who barely tolerated us 'Miserable Biped!', and would become almost choleric if she were mis-addressed as "MRS.", loudly proclaiming her enduring virginity, Mrs. Silberstein who taught Chemistry and would not stand for any nonsense, "you had better learn all those valences!", a Shop teacher with whom I helped to set up the new Cutler-Hammer remote lighting controls for the stage of the new school auditorium, a wonderful geometry teacher who made math easily understood, and an advanced Algebra teacher who bored me down to my socks.

I did some golf caddying at Lincoln Park, mostly for lady golfers. The WPA provided funds to build tennis courts on my block, so I hung out there and began to learn to play.

We had an ancient RCA Victor Radio with an crude sliding handle for tuning. I would listen, late at night to a Berkeley station, KPFA, that aired all the latest

big band Jazz: Basie, Ellington, Lunceford, and Goodman. Sometimes I would play the drums on pots of different sizes. (In high school, I remember getting a bad mark in Physics. It was not so much that I was poor at the subject, it was more that we sat in a lab room for the class. I discovered the heavy lab table I sat at had a wonderful tone for thumping with the fingers. I'm sure I drove the poor teacher to distraction.

Fog was my friend. It hid a world from me that I didn't always want to see. Or it blurred the sharp edges of reality, creating mystery. I loved to walk away from the ordinary block I lived on, across Lake Street to the north, into the Seacliff: a wealthy neighborhood of curved streets, with houses of white stucco and roofs clad in red tiles. Dark green 'ice' plants lined the trim borders against the sidewalks. The street, El Camino Del Mar, 'Road of the Sea', led me to the evergreen portals marking an entrance into the north side of Lincoln Park Golf Course. Just behind a putting green was a grove of stunted cypress and pine, and a path taking me to the edge of a steep slope over the Golden Gate. It was almost always dim with fog and there would be the mournful sound of a muted warning from a deep voiced fog horn. I could dream as I walked into the mist, dream I was entering my own strange world; a place where I could make up rules to my liking. The path was marked with warning signs; 'Dangerous Slide Area', 'Keep Out!' In places the path wasn't much wider than a foot. To my left was the steep hill ascending above me. On my right was a dizzy drop to the rocks of the Golden Gate. I felt I was on a tight rope. I would defy all warnings and be rewarded by finding a rocky descent into a cavernous tunnel in which holes had been blasted out by the violent breakers of the strait. They were windows into the roiling waters and there would always be sea spray around me, and a constant roar. Eventually, the path rose and curved around the hump of 'lands end', ending near a street by the old Sutro Bathhouses, and the Cliff House. The roadway sloped down to the Great Highway, which fronted Ocean Beach for several miles. If the fog lay over the beach, my dream was intact. Walking south along the highway, I came to the western end of Golden Gate Park. There was the puny little brig Amundson sailed to the north pole in: set into the ground as a memorial, near an old windmill and tortured pines, laid back by the constant buffeting of the Pacific's on-shore winds. In the park there were miles of wonderfully curving paths and roads through the dark green of forests, to explore and revisit. There was a paddock fencing off a small herd of buffalo. Little lakes would come into view, unexpectedly. As I walked along, a change in the curved path would reveal a wonderful surprise, even though I may have come this way many times. **2500 miles.**

I became a regular apprentice for David in his rough studio at the head of Hoteling Place near Chinatown in North Beach. I washed dishes in cold water and helped to keep modeling clay damp so it would not crack. Across the street from David's Studio was a block long ten story building, dubbed by the locals as the 'Monkey Block'; a pun on Montgomery Street which the building stood on. (It was later destroyed to make way for the Trans-America pyramid which is now a familiar landmark.) We found by experiment that we could gain access to the building because it seemed to NOT be inhabited, and there were nice bath rooms with HOT running water. Most bathrooms as well as many other rooms had keys in their locks, so we had easy access. So we had a hot bath two or three times a week! The building had been constructed on the hulls of several sailing ships that had made the journey from the East around Cape Horn and remained in dock; tired and useless after Gold Fever had subsided. ( In the 1850s, Montgomery Street was the waterfront on San Francisco Bay.)

David had a primitive record player which used cactus needles which had to sharpened constantly. It was there that I first heard the old 78 RPM, shellac recordings of Bachs Brandenburg Concerti, Beethovens Fifth symphony and the 'Emperor' Piano Concerto. These were performances by the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra with Pianist Artur Schabel. Within a short time, I memorized most of these works: going around humming all the parts. I was the only teenager to attend modern dance classes at the Ann and James Mundstock studio. I was exposed to the Leban method of dance calisthenics. One of the dance students was a talented pianist who performed Bach inventions on a luscious sounding special Upright Steinway, strung like a grand piano. There were many exotic percussion instruments in a corner of the dance floor. I was allowed to examine them, always being very careful. I was taken to the Opera House to see Martha Graham and her company performing 'Appalachian Spring' and many other seminal works. I was also priviledged to see the 'Trudi Schoop' comic ballet, and the Dance company of Uday Shankar from India. A young Ravi Shankar played Sitar and other stringed instruments as part of the music accompaniment David also treated me to a recital of the great guitarist, Andres Segovia in which he performed Bach Inventionns as well as Music of Villa Lobos. Later I introduced David to Duke Ellington's Band on the RKO Vaudeville stage: the first 'Light Show' presentation of great jazz in the early 1940s.

David took me to 'life' sketching sessions where nude models took many different poses. Using charcoal sticks and newsprint, One had but a few moments to do quick sketches as immediate impressions. We took most meals in the studio where David would cook vegetarian dishes using a French clay

pot, for his payments from the Arts Program of The Federal Works Project were just enough to get by. Often we could afford to eat at a below street level laborers Chinese restaurant just a few blocks away. One could eat an adequate meal for less than fifty cents including tea and 'Fortune Cookies'. The Chinese broccoli with stir-fried beef and onions was particularly good. Some afternoons David and I would go to the old Black Cat Café, just around the corner on Kerney Street. There might be food, or not, at the discretion of the host. There was a piano for anyone who felt inclined to play. Often a person would come with a guitar. I was taken a few times to a little hotel in the Filmore District to hear the local Saunders King jazz. Band. On very rare occasions, we would eat at the 'Villa Turin' near the studio. It had a beautiful food display in the center of the main room, featuring sea food. We might go to the Trocadero for a French meal, or Des Alps which featured Basque cuisine. The most unusual little restaurant, just across the street from Hotaling Place, was named the 'Manger'. The exterior had a hayrick as a decoration. It was very small with less than a dozen tables and a tiny bar. Food was delivered by a dumb-waiter from the kitchen a floor above. The specialty of the house was chicken served in various ways. Another unusual restaurant nearer to Market street was one of the first Vegetarian Cafeterias. They imitated the taste of meat and poultry using nuts, grains, and seasonings. It was quite good.

I remember walking down Kerney Street at night and noticing a black man wearing lipstick and earrings! I asked; 'What's that?' 'Oh, he's just a Fairy.' I was getting a broad education in North Beach.

On many Sundays, Dave would pack a small rucksack and we would hike down to the Ferry Terminal to steam to Sausalito just across the Golden Gate. From there we would board an electric train for a short ride to Mill Valley. After leaving the train terminal, we would walk by the old mill and up to the beginning of the 'Dipsea Trail' which ran west toward the Pacific. After a short uphill climb we began to ascend the over four hundred step rough hewn stairway to the Ridge above the town. At the crest of the ridge was a little inn called 'the Mountain Home'. It was under the flank of Mount Tamalpias. We had fresh buttermilk and rich chocolate cake before going on with our hike. (There was a time, from 1931 to 1934 when the whole family, except for Alex and Rae, would get a ride to 'Hot Springs' beach for a week or so. The beach was located just south of Stinson Beach, on private property, but the owner did not mind us being there as long as we cleaned up after ourselves. The huts and tents were there for occupation without a charge. It was a place where Portuguese fishermen would sometimes hang out. If you took a shovel down to the sand near the surf and dug a short distance, an upwelling of hot sulfur water

would create a small therapeutic bath for yourself. One could loll in the heat for a while, then dash to the chilly surf to cool off a bit, and then back to the hot bath, and so forth.) If David thought we had time, so as not to miss the last ferry from Sausalito, we could head west into Muir Woods in the direction of 'Lone Pine' some miles distant on an overlook not far above 'Hot Springs'.

## **2800 miles**

David married Kayla Wolfe who had been a student at the art school. In 1939, they went to Yucatan for their honeymoon. On returning, David began building their small house out at Hunters Point. I helped with the foundation.

My father had bought me a bicycle with which I could deliver 'The Peoples World', a socialist newspaper. The number of subscribers was not large, and they were spread out over two neighborhoods. I also used the bike to ride the nine or so miles from our apartment in the Richmond, through downtown and south down Third Street to Hunters Point. (Since then, the little hill the house was on, was demolished, making way for Navy Drydock Facilities. At this time Greg was born of Kayla and David.

I graduated from high school in 1941. I began work with a small garage that did auto detailing. My main chore was to deliver the finished cars to their owners. Later, I found a job at Dunham, Carrigan and Hayden, a hardware wholesaler, as an order clerk, earning about Thirty Seven dollars a week. I was soon able to afford a Hart Schafner and Marx wool tweed suit. I became part of a very select group of boys whose main interests were dressing well, writing poetry, having drinking parties, and performing blasphemies in public. We dressed elegantly: detachable collars, silk ties, etc. I was detailed to go to the drug store to buy whiskey for our 'meetings', as I looked the eldest. The original members of the 'Ke-Wi-Me' Club were; Kenneth Harrison Ford, George Wellington Madison, and myself. Later Albert Kipnis and Bill Harris became part of our little club. Our meetings, if not in public, were usually at Ken's apartment, during which different subjects were pursued, not so much girls, but a wide variety of other interests. Ken Ford was interested in girls and writing. George Madison, 'Wink', later became professor of economics. Al Kipnis eventually moved to Portland, Oregon to take over his father-in-laws seafood importing firm. Bill Harris was intensely interested in medicine, and I have no doubt he pursued that for a career.

After working the warehouse for several months, I drifted to other jobs. My father couldn't get much sleep because of my listening to the radio all hours of the night, and he, having to get up in the morning to go to work. My father was a very gentle mannered person. He couldn't bring himself to evict me, so he asked David to tell me I should find a place to stay by myself. My first home alone, was in a shabby little hotel between Chinatown and Union Square. I was a technician at a photo laboratory, a quartz crystal slicer for a small company that manufactured frequency control units for the then secret development of radar, and an usher at the Golden Gate Theater where there were the last gasps of Vaudeville. There was George Givot who did slangy populist versions of Plato and 'Socr' ATES', and a 'Professor' Lamberti who played the marimba while cracking jokes and depended on a shimmy dancer behind him to elicit applause. And there was The Duke Ellington Orchestra on stage with the FIRST Jazz light show accompanying his wonderful compositions. There were no strobes, or shocking effects, but mostly subdued, eerie blue red and greens.

Through the winter of 41-42 I lived in a small apartment near David, (after his separation from Kayla) on Chestnut Street, Telegraph Hill. I trained and was employed as a ship-fitter apprentice for a local shipyard, Western Pipe and Steel, that pushed out 'Liberty Ships' for the war effort, (as did David), in order to avoid being drafted into military service. My first job at the shipyard was at an outfitting pier on the Embarcadero, just a short walk down the hill to the waterfront. After a while the company transferred me to the main yard in South San Francisco. I didn't last long there. The noise and asphyxiating smoke of welders and burners was more than I could take, Draft or no Draft. **3000 miles**

In the Summer of '42 some of our Club went up to Yosemite to work for the Forestry Service. We were put up in tents. Our job was to get up at daybreak, climb onto trucks, armed with machetes or some such weapons. At a destination, we were shown 'Blister Rust' which was to be eradicated at all costs. We followed a colored cord for what seemed like miles into the thick forest. We chopped and hoed for hours. The problem with all this was, that in spite of all the food we could eat at three meals a day, we did burn the mid-night oil at bars at Camp Curry. It soon became increasingly difficult to get up early in the morning to attack the Blister Rust. After a few weeks, we quit and got jobs with the Curry Company. I worked in the laundry for a while, then took care of cleaning cabins.

On coming back to town, I received a draft summons from the government. I enlisted in the U. S. Naval Reserve. I took the examinations for Pilot Training. My varicose veins were enough to eliminate me from that program. My family

saw me off at the Ferry Terminal to Boot Camp in Farragut, Idaho, Thanksgiving week, 1942. Navy Boot Camp was very close to the Canadian border, and it was a very cold winter. After ninety days of getting up before six, running obstacle courses, training for the swimming team, and standing guard duty, I was in very good condition. Because my test score for IQ was close to perfect, I was offered a choice of a first assignment; either Quartermaster School in San Diego, or Aerographer School in Lakewood, New Jersey. I chose the New Jersey school. We had one 'liberty' while at Farragut. We rode by bus to Seattle, to a USO party. I didn't see much of the town because of the 'black-out' **4200 miles.**

February 1943, I was on the train for the east coast with more than twenty other reservists. Aerographer School turned out to be a ninety day crash course in meteorology. Toward the end of my training, I wanted desperately to play jazz drums. I would have relinquished the Third Class Aerographer rating, stayed a seaman so I could get into a Navy band. The Commandant of the School said NO. The government had already spent money on my training. I could, if I wished, play with a band on my time off, or on leave. We had week ends off at the school and our own bus to New York City. The Knickerbocker Hotel provided barracks-like accommodations for service personnel at very low rates. I often skated at Rockefeller Center, and once went to hear Ellington playing on Broadway. During a band break, I was privileged to speak briefly with him. In April, near my 20<sup>th</sup> birthday, I was graduated with a rank of Aerographers Mate, Third Class, and I was assigned duty to Naval Air Station, Banana River, Florida. **8700 miles.**

I was part of a small staff in weather office: One Managing officer responsible for weather forecasting, and four enlisted ratings and one apprentice 'striker' to run a 24 hour weather service for the Navy squadron. The job of the fliers was to hunt down and destroy German U boats sneaking through international waters looking for freighters. Besides doing office chores; weather map making, and recording visual and instrument weather observations, I would set up a helium balloon to record wind direction and speed at different altitudes above the air station. To do this, I had a Theodolite, a clipboard and pencil, a stoop watch, and the balloon with the proper amount of gas to rise at a predetermined rate. On a special site on the roof of our building, the balloon was released as the stoop watch was triggered. I had to keep the balloon in sight through the little telescope, as well as my other eye on the sweep hand. At the end of a minute, I had to record elevation and azimuth angles, and not lose sight of the balloon as it became smaller. I think, was able to keep the little white dot in sight for almost sixteen or seventeen minutes. Back in the office I

had to translate the measurements onto a circular chart. The center was the point of release with each succeeding circle a minute of time. Creating a weather map of the continental United States was done every six hours. Using a fine pointed pen, ( no such thing as 'ball points' in those days), dipping into India Ink, using data printed out from a teletype machine, I would enter about six or seven bits of information within the space of a half-inch circle for each of the several hundred reporting locations on the continental U.S. and Canada. Later, I was allowed to draw in 'Isobars', (lines of somewhat equal atmospheric pressure), but only the commissioned Officer could officially 'Forecast' the weather. Actually, Mr. Gentry, a Second Class Petty Officer was very good at 'local condition' forecasting.

About once a month I would hang an instrument under the wing of a two seat trainer to record temperature, dew point, and pressure through altitudes. The first time I was to go up, I thought the plane looked very small and the sky very large. The pilot sensed I was new at flying, when he could see through his rear-view mirror, I didn't have the parachute straps on. (I thought I was sitting on a cushion). I was pretty embarrassed.

. The plane was to ascend at a steady 300 feet a minute up to a ceiling of fourteen thousand feet. Before descending to the field, he smiled and suggested I set my seatbelt snugly, and we did some loops and an Immelmann on the way down. On subsequent, flights, he would let me take the controls from the top of our climb until the landing approach. There were some mornings on the flight line when the pilot was a little hung-over. As soon as he had taken off, he would let me take the controls for the steady climb, which I had learned how to do, because I had dual instruments which I had learned to read. **9000 miles.**

I found a set of drums in a recreation room at the base and when the regular drummer wasn't there, I would practice on my free times. There was an occasional two day liberty. Once I hitched a ride to Miami. I found a dance hall where a jazz orchestra led by Joe Venuti was performing. Of course I had the gall to ask the drummer if I could 'sit in'. Because I was a sailor, Joe said OK. They made it very easy on me, just faking some 'riff' blues to see what I could do. It wasn't much, but they were surprised I kept pretty good time. After almost a year in Florida, I passed the 2nd Mate exam, and with a change of office command, I asked to be reassigned. The new Officer was surprised I was throwing away an easy post. In April' 44, I received orders to proceed to Norfolk for trans-shipment to Fleet Airwing 7, somewhere in the British Isles. Along with about fifty sailors and a small crew, I boarded an LST: a small landing craft with a beam of maybe forty feet and a keel of some five or six hundred feet. We didn't get a lot of information until we were well out into the

Atlantic. Our boat was part of the most massive convoy, so far, in the war: over 180 ships with destroyers, Canadian corvettes, and small aircraft carriers as escorts. As the convoy assembled, we reached the Labrador current. The slow roll and toss of the small ship brought on massive seasickness the first day. After that, we all seemed to get our 'sea legs'. The convoy was spread out so much that from our position, there was no way of seeing more than perhaps fifty ships, from horizon to horizon. The passage to England lasted more than two weeks. We never saw a Uboat, but were told that some older transports that couldn't keep up with the average speed of seven knots were picked off by the 'wolf pack' that circled outside the edges of the great convoy. From Belfast, I was on train to London, then switched to Southwest England. I arrived at an airfield in Somerset for duty, but before unpacking I was motored by jeep to Plymouth. I was to be part of a small staff in a tiny office in a quonset hut near a great park in Devonport: The British Naval Base. Underneath this park were tunneled bunkers of Norse, French, and Danish resistance units. The major duties for our little office were to monitor secure teletypes that contained weather reports of the East Atlantic, and some underground weather reporting from occupied Europe. There weren't many celebrities around, but one day I saw Robert Montgomery in a naval officers uniform. Plymouth was one of several south coast ports of embarkation for the expected Allied assault on the European beaches along the Channel. The day I drove into Plymouth, I saw a large embarkation 'exercise' in progress. Troop ships in the Tamar River stood with nets down the sides as GIs scrambled aboard. This was the third such exercise along the English coast. As it happened, this was THE embarkation for DDay. One thing I had to cope with was the black out. Walking around town at night was a challenge, especially if there was a cloud cover. If you weren't familiar with routes, you almost had to feel your way. Because England had been at war longer than we, they made such provisions as painting curbs with a reflective surface, which made navigating easier. Both my brothers, Alex and David, were in the merchant marine during the war years: David in the Pacific, Alex in the Atlantic. Alex found time to visit me in Plymouth. His ship docked at Cardiff, Wales. When he inquired about the location of my outfit from military sources, he got no information. A cabby in London directed him to Plymouth. We spent a few days together before he had to get back to his ship in Wales. **14,500 miles.**

DDay was a Sunday, June 6<sup>th</sup>. I was off duty. I walked the streets. There was a deathly silence, except for the continual BBC news that everyone was tuned to. Plymouth was too far from the invasion coast to hear any sounds of battle, which made that day even eerier. Our office duties were pretty minimal, mostly filing teletypes. There were no weather observations, or map drawing. But there

had been a devastating storm in the Channel two weeks after DDay that nearly junked the Normandy invasion. About a week after that, we were bussed to another location for a few days, where we re-drew all the North Atlantic weather charts for the fourteen days prior to the storm. These were then sent back to Washington for analysis to find out why the storm had not been forecast.

I met Pamela Lobb at a dance. She worked in a small grocery in a neighborhood close to Plymouth. Her mother and step-father were confused about the rationing and accounting, which she knew how to deal with. At the age of eighteen, she essentially ran the store. I could never see her on Wednesdays. That was her day for horseback riding. She encouraged me to take up piano on my time off. I was able to find an unused instrument in the Plymouth Town Hall. At that time I was quartered in a US Naval barracks in a leveled block, in downtown Plymouth, an easy walk to my hut office. On walking to my shift, I noticed a church with a missing ceiling. (German air force had been bombing Plymouth with the aim of finding the Allied headquarters.) One day I walked into the church. It seemed unused. At the far end of the Nave was a pipe organ. I climbed onto the bench and examined the keyboards and stops. I found a crude blower switch, snapped it on and setting a few stops, began to play some chords. I had heard Count Basie play organ on some of his recordings. I played some very simple blues, and the instrument lent itself to soulful music. After stopping at the church several times, I came in to see a man setting about to tune the pipes. He had me help by setting certain stops and playing chords in different registers. He said he was glad the instrument was being used. One day I was playing some blues and smoking a cigarette. I heard a throat clearing noise. A Deacon of the congregation had heard someone was playing the organ. He wanted to know why I was doing this. He was not happy about my smoking in church, and the music was not to his liking. That was the end of my organ improvising in Plymouth. At a USO party in a dance hall near our barracks, I was there mostly to listen to the great GI 'Sam Donahoe' Band that was made up of a 'who's who' of jazz greats. While there, I talked to a couple of very sad looking sailors who had been on the crew of the LST, of which I had been a passenger. They weren't any older than I, but they had the look of tired old men. They explained their duty, after the invasion, was to run the ship about, off-shore, with the landing ramp down, to scoop up the floating dead remnants of the DDay assault.

The Tamar River that flowed by the west side of Plymouth was the border between Devonshire and Cornwall; the 'county' that ran west to Lands End, the southwestern most point of Britain. Being curious, and weary of the regular

'Pub-run' most of the sailors did for recreation, I boarded the chain ferry across the river on a Saturday. The first few times I rode the ferry, I had to pay a fare of tuppence, ( two pence equaling about seven cents), but after being recognized as a 'local', there was no charge. I wandered through Saltash, home of Sir Walter Raleigh, as I had done a few times before. This day, I wandered further west into Cornwall country to sight see. It was winter at the time and I was in Navy Blues which included the visorless navy cap with gold lettering around the top. The few people who passed me, gave me a rather wide berth, even though I would give them a friendly wave. A dairyman came along, from whom I bought a pint of fresh milk. I asked him why the natives seemed unfriendly. He chuckled. 'Bligh me but yer getup is just like a Bosch (German) sailors!' It seemed there were some German prisoners encamped nearby, and they were sometimes allowed to walk about. Very few of my mates ever ventured into Cornwall. It was an unusually pleasant day, and I came upon a farm with a barn that had 'Restaurant' painted on a side. A woman showed me to a table outside in the chicken yard. It was a wonderful breakfast of omelet and sausage and coffee that had been 'stretched' with other grains, as coffee rationing was severe. As I ate, a hen clucked and strutted nonchalantly around me. On one other liberty weekend, I went by train further into Cornwall. I stayed at a country inn half way to Lands End. There were very few guests about. Much too quiet for me. Once, I was treated to 'clotted cream with congress berries' in a small fishing village, Loo. **15,000 miles**

I became quite relaxed going about Plymouth, walking to the hall to practice piano after a music lesson. I had been warned about the new commander of the Air Wing. Everything would now become very 'GI', at least for a while. I was walking down a street wearing a creative uniform with parts of Airforce, Marine, and Navy clothing, when a Jeep with Navy Shore Patrol screeched to a stop on seeing me. When I explained that I had left my ID back at the barracks, I was taken to the local brig, until one from my office could vouch for me.

I was transferred back up country to the airfield for the remaining stint of my duty. I spent one three day pass at Stratford-upon-Avon, punting on the river Avon, seeing the beautiful wood paneled interior of the festival theater, and visiting Manchester close by. My last three day pass coincided with the announcement of victory in Europe. I was in a Manchester hotel dining room, listening to Churchill's somber commentaries on the BBC, aired throughout all public rooms. Outside, there was great revelry: barrels with burning rubbish being rolled down streets, lights turned on everywhere. The end of the 'Black-out' of six long weary years . Less than a month later, I had orders to report to an embarkation port on the Clyde River in Scotland to board the famous liner

'Queen Mary' along with fourteen thousand other 'Yanks'. During the three and a half day cruise to New York, I had to do a bit of KP on the ship, but I had a lot of time to walk the promenade deck where a wonderful trio of jazz men entertained us in the afternoons.

Before there was sight of land, we were greeted by hundreds of small craft, spraying fireboats, and at least two blimps. This was the first landing of armed forces in New York since the victory in Europe. I was bussed to a facility at Jones Beach, Long Island to await further orders. I had a thirty day leave before I had to report to the Coast Guard Station at Crissy Field in the Presidio in San Francisco. My brother David was now establishing residence in New York. I visited with him for a few days, then hitched a MATS flight to Florida to visit a few old friends. From there, I flew by MATS to near Sacramento, through several changes of planes. I flew in a B24, sitting by the large opening of the waste gunners spot to take in the scenes of Florida, and a B17, in the bombardiers seat in the leading edge glass nose, letting the clouds slip by me. **25,000 miles.**

While stationed at Crissy Field, I rented a spinet and put it in my father's small apartment not far from the Presidio, so I was able to continue practicing piano. It soon became apparent to the Navy that I wasn't needed at the Coast Guard Station, for I wasn't really doing any meteorology there. I was sent to a small airfield the Navy used in 'Crows Landing' south of Stockton in San Joaquin Valley not far from the Bay Area. On Liberty in San Francisco, I met Ethel Phillips with whom I began to spend time. It was In August of 1945, after hitching a ride to Oakland, and while waiting for a bus, I saw the surprising, shocking newspaper headline announcing the atomic bombing of Hiroshima. This was the first time I knew of this terrible weapon. Not long after, Ethel and I were married on one of my leaves. I was 'Honorably Discharged' from the Navy in February of 1946 at Pleasanton, southeast of Hayward, California with some standard commendations.

We set up a modest household on Pine Street in the city. After a futile attempt to join the musicians union, I had some drum lessons with Al Carr and in a few months time, I was admitted into Local 6 of the American Federation of Musicians. It was a while before I got any 'gigs', for the returning musicians had an edge on me. My first job as a civilian was in the business office of the first site of Stanford Hospital, a short walk from our apartment. When it was painfully obvious I needed minor surgery for anal warts, it was taken care of in the hospital with no charge to me. Luck! Michael, ('Kel'), my first son was born July 19<sup>th</sup> 1946. In his earliest years, he was exposed to my continual practicing on pads and drums in our little apartment. It's no surprise Michael is

one of the finest drummers today in Seattle. While waiting to get gigs, I became part of a Rehearsal Jazz Band at the Union Hall. The book of the band had many Basie type arrangements. It was here that I met Norman Bates, a wonderful bassist. I decided to turn my big floor tomtom over on its side and use it as an occasional punctuation rather than a bang bang bass drum, so as not to interfere with Norman's wonderful bass line. We set up close to each other and played as a unit. My first music gigs were with a 'tenor band': a typical seven or eight piece 'society-sound' group for dance parties. This was the usual breaking in period for tyros. I worked for a while at Commerce Clearing House, as a stocker; i.e., updating changes of regulations in their loose-leaf tax codes and other law publications.

I was almost ready to take advantage of the GI Bill for education. I learned of Walter Larew's Studio and went there to meet other aspiring drummers. I met Art Flowers who suggested I come to some sessions of the San Francisco Symphonic Rehearsal Orchestra. Mr. Flowers was tympanist and there were sometimes percussion parts needing playing. Later in 1946-47 while working days at Commerce Clearing House, I went to the Rehearsal Orchestra, evenings, once a week, with a few percussion things and a snare drum. Most of the time there was nothing but tympani as Fritz Behrens, the conductor was working on Brahms orchestral works. Mr. Flowers was long suffering as I would set up the little drum with the snares off and play along with the tympani part, as lightly as I could. Soon Mr. Flowers was unable to attend rehearsals. for he began working steady at evening engagements. I moved over to the kettle drums. By this time, I was familiar with the tympani music, and I had an adequate 'ear' for tuning the drums. (Interesting to note, many of the veterans of this modest orchestra have gone on to major Symphony positions in Cleveland, San Francisco, etc. etc.) At these rehearsals I made friends of two trumpet players: Don Kase and Pat Riley. Not long after, they married. This was also the period in which I did a long series of watercolor sketches, many of them reactions to the advent of the 'Nuclear Age'. At this time, a favorite pair of restaurants for us were the Grissons Chicken House, and Grissons Steak House, on Van Ness Avenue, across the street from each other. The service was wonderful. Vegetables and other side dishes were served by a roving waiter. Coffee was brewed at your table. **25500 miles.**

Because Mr. Larew was an instructor in the San Francisco State College faculty, I decided to enroll there. It was 1948. After the 'general education' program of the first semester, I made my major in Music and secondary in Art. One of the privileges of being a student, was to be able to usher at concerts of the San Francisco Symphony. This was the tenure of Pierre Monteaux. I had

ample opportunity to study the masterful playing of the tympani by Mister Larew. He performed on two original pedaled Dresden Tympani, and two 'hand tuned' drums. He was able to perform the most difficult, chromatic-tuned drum parts by cranking handles as well as pedaling, without missing a cue. As wonderful as the old 1920s Dresdens were, I was even more impressed to hear and watch Walter perform some Mozart and Haydn with a small orchestra on much lesser instruments and make them sound lovely. If I have attained any kind of art on the tympani, it has to be credited back to my learning from a master such as Mr. Larew.

This was the period when Doctor Wendell Otey had established one of the first accredited Jazz programs in a college or university. The course included performing in a jazz orchestra, as well as arranging and composing for said orchestra. It was double credit program. Doctor Otey appointed Bob Searle to run the Jazz class, realizing Bob was more in tune with the present state of Jazz development, also knowing Bob was a very good manager. As well as being in the Jazz Class, I performed in the college symphony orchestra on tympani. It was one of the best opportunities, I could have had. Wendell Otey was a very gifted educator. In his composition class, he would take our 'original' manuscripts, sometimes full orchestra scores of several staves vertically, and proceed at sight to condense what we had written into a two handed piano version. Of course we all tried our best to stump him, using multiple complex rhythms etc. He would simply smile and cut through most of the chaff while murmuring something like 'verry interesting!' In addition, Dr. Otey was assembling a very complete syllabus of the history of Jazz. The Jazz class was always the last period of the class day, and after the end of the regular class period, there would almost always be a 'Jam Session'. It was here that I heard Charlie Mingus on Bass, Buddy Motsinger, and Richard Wyands on piano, and Allen Smith on trumpet. If we wanted to hear Dave Brubeck and company, we had to go to the Blackhawk Jazz Club at their special Sunday Concerts. One of the featured musicians was the great drummer, Cal Tjader. In the Spring of 1950, the Jazz Orchestra of San Francisco State gave a free concert in the Marina. On the program, I had an arrangement of an Ellington standard, as well as a short original piece for the Sax section. I knew Paul Desmond, (Breitenfelt) while at State. Paul was working nights with Dave Bruebeck and Norman Bates, ( billed as 'Daryll, Dan, and Dave'!), so he had no interest in the Jazz program, but rather he was interested in literature courses at the college. Allen Smith, Bob Garfias and myself and a few others from School were invited to come to Harry Partch's loft in Sausalito to learn and perform some of his original works on instruments of his devising. Many of the instruments were tuned 'in-between-the-cracks', i.e., NOT the well-tempered

scale which we were usually accustomed. But being adventuresome, we fell to: on the 'Bass Marimba', 'Diamond Xylophone', tuned large carboy bells, and so forth. Our payment were copies of a recording of several of the pieces we had rehearsed. Because Ethel worked, I would take Michael to the pre-school that was on the grounds of the college, and pick him up after my classes were done for the day. I learned something about Creole from Helen Hatchet who was in charge of the children's program.

Sometime in my Junior Year, Ethel and I went our separate ways. In my Senior year, because I was short on money and had an opportunity to play with a band on a luxury cruise ship, I had assignments for more than nine credits to do on the cruise while away from classes. It was a six week jaunt from San Francisco to Honolulu, and on to Yokohama, Hong Kong, Manila, Kobe, and return to Hawaii and home. In Hong Kong, walking around one evening looking for a restaurant, we stumbled on the 'Parisian Grille' in a little alley. We had a wonderful French meal with oriental overtones. A pianist entertained us with Chopin Etudes as we dined. It was here that I had my first Pousse-café; a multi-layered drink of stratas of various colored and weighted liquors that had been carefully poured so as not to mix with each other. I received my BA with honors in early 1951. **40500 miles.**

At a suggestion by a Symphony Trumpeter, Eddie Haug one day at Mr. Larew's Studio, I became associated with the Little Orchestra of San Francisco directed by Gregory Millar. I performed the percussion in Stravinski's 'Histoire du Soldat' which was performed several times, and played in operettas in Oakland and Stern Grove in S.F. The Personnel Manager of the San Francisco Symphony was at a Stern Grove performance. He asked me to join the Symphony Orchestra for the Fiedler Summer Pops. At the first rehearsal, I was given the xylophone solo of the Polka from the Shostokovich ballet "The Golden Age". The only thing I knew about the instrument was how to play several scales. Since this was to be an encore, the rehearsal was rather perfunctory during which I scrambled quite madly trying to sight read the part. The conductor, Arthur Fiedler, was absolute death on percussion. "You will have this ready for tomorrow night", said he as I nodded emphatically. I had the key to Mr. Larews Studio and I worked at the part for several hours that evening, until I could produce it in a coma if needs be. I knew this was an audition and I had nothing to lose but the rest of my professional life. Luckily, I knew the piece by ear and had the style down. At the concert the next evening, I was very 'green around the gills' until time came to perform the encore. I ripped it off quite well and at the end Mr. Fiedler smiled, and I relaxed a little. I

played xylophone, bells, and general percussion for the rest of the summer series of several weeks.

I was engaged to play back-stage percussion for several San Francisco Opera productions in the fall of 1952, all of which had some kind of percussion parts for almost every opera that season, beginning with Mefistofile. It was in the Opera I met, Darell Bond, Ginger McFadden, Allan Loue, and many others in the chorus. We have remained fast friends for many years. In the early months of 1953 I was called to fill in the percussion section of the San Francisco Symphony, specifically to help in a recording of scenes from Boris Godunov with Leopold Stokowski. The regular percussionist who was to play glockenspiel and chimes had a misunderstanding with Stokie, who wanted a 'randomness' to the parts: i.e. not played strictly as written. The excellent percussionist, Bob Will walked off from the rehearsal in a huff, feeling he had been insulted. I came in to play the parts and because of my jazz background, understood what he wanted. Not long after, I was offered a Symphony contract. With my being granted a contract as percussionist with the Symphony and Opera, I became a regular member of both orchestras, including opera seasons in Los Angeles and San Diego. **41500 miles.**

In the spring of 1953, a small ensemble from the regular orchestra was contracted to travel to Santa Barbara to perform for a short 'Music Festival by the Sea'. Mr. Larew declined the engagement and had me substitute for him. He generously loaned me a pair of hand tuned tympani for the job. The soloist was Yehudi Menuhin and the conductor was Antal Dorati. I had a repossessed Lincoln 'Cosmopolitan' sedan, the back seat of which was just ample to get the drums into. My father was going to visit relatives in the Los Angeles area, so he rode with me as far as Santa Barbara and bussed from there. The site for the concerts was to be by a pool side at an exclusive resort on the beach front. Since the facilities for the orchestra were not ready when we arrived, we had to rehearse in a large restaurant room very close to the highway. Most of the repertoire was to be Mozart and Haydn. Within fifteen minutes of a Mozart piece, a semi's flatulent air brakes combined with a noisy deceleration penetrated the walls of our little space. The conductor blanched, but we went on. After three more interruptions, Mr. Dorati flung down his baton. 'Impossible! , impossible!'. The next day, we arrived at poolside where some platforms had been assembled. Mr. Menuhin was ready to perform a Haydn, or Mozart Violin Concerto. After the tasteful introduction by the ensemble, Yehudi's bow was ready to descend on a string, only to be preempted by a powerful crash of surf against the seawall not far off. Mr. Dorati's face turned ugly as he called for a halt. We stood about while Antal Dorati fumed at Mr.

Haug, the helpless contractor. Mr. Menhuin fiddled and tuned, unperturbed and mumbled, 'We could do "La Mer", perhaps.' The next session was at the local high school auditorium, where the rest of the 'Festival' would take place.

**42300 miles.**

I ate out more often than cooking for myself. Des Alps; a Basque restaurant as well as 'The Golden Spike'; Italian, were family style restaurants with communal seating at long tables. The only choice for the diner was the main entrée, otherwise the preliminary and later courses were set by the kitchen. My first experience with sweetbreads almondine was at Des Alps. It was served in little puff-paste cups, and was usually the daily course just before the main entrée of either meat or fowl. The 'Paris-Louvre' was a small, intimate French-Italian venue at which I had my first taste of 'Crepes Suzettes'. Alfred's, above the Broadway Tunnel Portal in North Beach served spectacular steaks and roasts of extremely tender 'Manteca-fed' beef.

Because I was with the symphony, I suddenly acquired all manner of musical engagements: from 'Polite Two-Beat' to jazz with the likes of Vince Catolica, a blind clarinet and saxophone artist. I had only played a few times with Vince, but when I would set up and tap the drums before talking to him, he would say, 'How are ya, Mike?' I had some engagements with The Ernie Hecksher band, at the Fairmont Hotel. This was 'Society' music; NO hot jazz, but plenty of two-beat with accented off beats. It was only incidental that my older brother Al often bumped into Hecksher on the golf course. Apparently Ernie was some kind of Golfing Hypochondriac. He came to the golf course with clubs and a bag of all kinds of medicines. Dick Saltzman, drummer, had a little band in a small spot in the Richmond District a few nights a week. He also had a vibraharp there and wanted me to sit in on drums so he could get some time on vibes. An interesting side man there was the saxophonist David Van Kriedt, the 'crazy' Dutchman who often played with Dave Brubecks Octet at the Blackhawk, and who sometime a few years later disappeared to Australia. About one or two in the morning after playing a gig, a musician would be hungry. There was nothing better than to go to the Papagaya Room in the basement of the Fairmont Hotel. The décor was exotic what with great parrots and toucans sitting regally on their wooden stands uncaged. The Mexican food was wonderful, especially the Huevos Rancheros, refried beans and Chilles Rellenos.

Mr. Larew, the regular tympanist was sometimes unreliable about attendance. I was considered a dependable stand-by as 'Assistant Tympani'. The second Opera Season, I came into the pit for the first week reading of Rosencavalier, and sight read the tympani part from the top for the first time, cold. It was at

this time I had once a week, or more, sessions with an analyst, which lasted almost a year. I was trying to resolve feelings of inadequacy. During that year and subsequent years, even with summer pops, there were large gaps of non paying weeks as the contracts did not cover an entire calendar year. I did two short summer stints at the El Rey Burlesque in Oakland. When I played for Tempest Storm, she insisted I do her show on my seventh day which would have been a day off. She paid me double. I was flattered. Another notable on the bill once was Cyd Charise, who did occasional movie parts. I also went back to a short season in Gregory Millar's Little Orchestra. I made the acquaintance of Josepha Heifitz who was helping with the Little Orchestra. One of the Little Orchestra concerts featured me as a soloist in a short composition of mine: 'Etude for Tympani and String orchestra', and Bartoks Music for Strings, Celeste, and Percussion. The review of the concert was flattering. On the occasion Mr. Larew was in hospital, I was tympanist in the San Francisco Symphony for several weeks. The Symphony in 1952 through 1955 had a stream of guest conductors, for Pierre Monteaux, the regular music director, had left for Boston. In consequence I had a chance to perform under Stokowski, Bruno Walter, Georg Solti, Fausto Clewa, Paul Breisach, etc. Lloyd Davis who had been on the road with Dave Bruebeck, came off the 'road' and was hired into the percussion section of the Symphony. Later, Walter Larew was gone from the orchestra and Lloyd and I alternated at Tympani for a while under the new Music Director, Enrique Jorda. Management decided to bring a young Saul Goodman student, Roland Kohloff to fill the Tympani Chair. My contract was terminated soon after Julius Haug retired as personel manager. Mr. Murray, the new manager began to get rid of Mr. Haug's hires as soon as possible. In 1956 , I made preparations to move to New York and local 802 of the Union. I had secured a commitment to travel with the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo later that year. **46000 miles.**

I had occasion to see Dance Instructor Anne Mundstock from time to time. She was a wonderful 'reality check' for me. About the time I first started with the Symphony, she looked at me and said: 'You have a nice face, but little character to it'. Just a week or so before departing for New York, I went to bid my good byes to Her and husband James. She gazed at me. "Much better! Much more character now!" I packed all my percussion equipment plus a brace of hand tuned tympani that I fitted with gears and chains so as to be able to change tunings much easier. I had also built crates for the drums. I sold my Lincoln Cosmopolitan at a loss and spent my last two weeks in San Francisco with brother Alex who was undone by his wife Rae's sudden heart attack and death within hours.

In New York, I stayed with David and Rose on Bank Street just off Hudson in West Greenwich Village. I was in a little basement room at their place until I found other digs over the produce market a few blocks away. It was a photographers studio with scant living amenities and a very reasonable rent. Dave introduced me to Noah Greenberg one afternoon we had some beer at the 'White Horse' tavern on Hudson Street. My first call for musical work in New York was to play percussion with Noah Greenberg's Pro Musica in a Christmas recording. There was no written music for me. Noah gave me a few rough indications for how I should use the tambourine, various drums, and Swiss Bells. I was really free to improvise and had a wonderful two days.

Because there was black and white dark room equipment, and the photographers friend, Linda Bartlett had use of the little lab, I soon became interested in doing pictures. I learned to develop negatives, and to make prints with the enlarger. Until the ballet tour began, I worked as an office temp, for there was little music work available to a person without connections in the local. The tour of The Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo began with a one week engagement in Puerto Rico, under the auspices of the 'Casals Festival'. On the airplane back to New York, I met Emerson Buckley who had been conducting at the Festival. We boarded busses for the transcontinental tour. Since I was the sole percussion in the small orchestra, I played tympani and several percussion instruments. During rehearsals and performances, when I had rests, I used a crude little 35 mm. Camera to record dancers. I mailed the exposed film cassettes to Ms Bartlett, who would make contact sheets for me. Before coming to the west coast, we played in Denver. I had heard of Walter Lights pedal tympani. I called ahead to see about buying a pair in exchange for the chain drums. So after Denver, I had my own pedal Dresden style tympani. One stop on the tour was Seattle, Washington. We played the Moore theater and were housed next door in the Moore Hotel. I walked around the area and found the old Orpheum Theater. I was surprised to notice the billboard advertising The Seattle Symphony performing a concert series under the Direction of Milton Katims in The Orpheum Movie Theater. I thought this somewhat 'hokey'. Later I would learn this fine orchestra had sustained many backward and forward traumas in its history. **58,000 miles.**

Back in New York, the ballet tour over, I began to make musical connections. I was engaged to play in a musical repertory company performing in a 'Tent' near the beach in Rye, New York, a short train ride from Manhattan. I performed in 'King and I', 'Brigadoon', 'South Pacific', 'Wish You were Here', and other 'Broadway Musicals' of the time. There were artists in the repertory company I would see in the Northwest later in my career, and there

was a son of Robert Weede, the great bass-baritone, who did pictures of the tent company and was a 'chorus' boy. **58,600 miles**

I had written several orchestras seeking a possible opening for a tympani chair. Milton Katims of the Seattle Symphony phoned me very early one summer morning in 1958, asking me to come down to the SS America just about ready to sail for Europe. We had a pleasant visit, and some weeks later, I received an offer of employment from Ruth McCreary, manager of the Seattle Orchestra. The terms were not especially great, but I would have my first principal tympani post in a symphony Orchestra. **61,600 miles.**

I arrived in Seattle in October of 1958. I learned a recommendation from Howard Skinner, manager of the San Francisco Symphony had secured my post in Seattle without an audition. The season at that time was rather skimpy. Most musicians in the orchestra had to have other employment to afford to play in the orchestra. As a new arrival in the local of the union, I was not able to do more than services in the orchestra. As a guest speaker at a gathering of young single people interested in the orchestra, I met Mary Enid Miller. I was immediately attracted to her sophisticated demeanor as well as her beauty, and her cooking skills. She was the hostess of this special group and as such provided a marvelous serving of canapes: 'Bouche de Neptune'. These were delightful little puffs stuffed with curried crabmeat. It wasn't very long before we were engaged to marry. We were to marry on July 4<sup>th</sup>, sort of a oxymoron on 'Independence'. In actuality it was more practical to find a minister on the 1<sup>st</sup>, so with her sister Jeanne and husband Stormy as witnesses, Enid and I were wed July 1<sup>st</sup> 1959, a magnificent year for Bordeaux, as well. In my second season, I performed a contemporary tympani concerto by Robert Parris and Stravinski's 'Rite of Spring' on the same program. Days in the movie theater were numbered as Seattle was getting prepared for the World Fair 'Century 21' at what would become Seattle Center. I took an interest in plans for converting the barn of an arena into an 'Opera House'. It would be a 'Multiple Use' facility which was disappointing to the architects, but for reasons of economy, it had to be that way. I met with the project Architects B. Marcus Priteca and James Chiarelli, and later with Paul Veneclausen, acoustician. From blue-prints they gave me, I built a scale model of the proscenium and stage section of the new hall. They encouraged me to design risers for the orchestra in the new hall. What I designed was delightful, but impractical (It demanded too many man-hours of stage hand labor to assemble and disassemble.) It wasn't long before they were discarded in favor of a mostly flat floor with a few simple platforms. I now convinced the management of the Orchestra they should own a state of

the art set of Kettledrums. They purchased a set of four pedaled Ringer Tympani of Berlin.

My twin sons, Alexander and Benjamin were born in 1960. I was allowed to watch the double delivery. Alexander practically popped out, happy to escape, while Benjamin did not want to leave the warmth of the womb. Rebecca made her appearance in '61, (and Hebe came in 1965). I was asked about then to do incidental music for a Public Television Documentary, 'Man named White'; the tragic story of a stupid homicide.

In 1961, the new Seattle Center was almost complete with a new 'Opera House', Exhibition Hall nearby, a dozen other new buildings including the 'Coliseum' sports arena, Space Needle an 800 foot spire with a flat top enclosing a rotating restaurant, and a large Science Center. The orchestra programmed the '1812 Overture' by Tchaikovski to show off the acoustics of the 3000 seat hall. At the rehearsals, instead of cannon, or a tape of cannon in the finale, A repeating shot gun was used instead. It was to be fired using blank charges just behind the shell of the orchestra. The conductor even rehearsed the curtain call for the percussionist who would come on stage with the weapon from one side while the maestro would come on for his first applause acknowledgment from the other side. I went home thinking about all this. I built a kind of goose, sacrificial bird, what have you, from a few large plastic balls. The neck was a discarded vacuum hose, the head of the animal had fretful exed out eyes and a very red tongue flapping out of its beak. In the basement of the house, I found a wonderful balance pan from an old scale. I set my creation on the pan with its hoop and put all in a large bag which I managed to smuggle back stage on the fateful night of the concert. With the end of the thundering, more like blasting finale of the 1812, Mr. Katims went to the wings. I slipped off stage to be behind the conductor starting back out to the podium. I followed with the wretched plastic victim, while Mr. Ford came from the other side with the weapon. As Mr. Katims was wont to do, he hopped up on the podium to turn and find me offering my creation to him while I dabbed false tears from my face. The first few rows erupted even as loud acclaim cascaded all about. Enid was completely horrified, but helpless. Mr. Katims waived me away and I left the stage with goose and hanky. After another piece on the program ended signaling intermission, I was backstage being approached by Ruth McCreery, the Manager. "Oh Meyer, tell me please, you didn't really do that!" "Ruth, I cant tell you that", was all I could answer. Henry Siegel, the officious Concertmaster came to me and wanted to know if 'I had cleared it with the front office.' Randy Baunton who had treated me quite distantly since my coming to Seattle, for he had, in a way been promised the Tympani position

with the departure of Emil Hanson, my predecessor, began to look at me in a different light. Another program later on featured the Respighi 'Pines of Rome', a descriptive suite of several movements. One movement was a center piece for a lovely clarinet solo with twittering birds in the background. Traditionally, a percussionist using a special bird 'whistle' that is loaded with a bit of water, would by blowing create a birdlike effect of nightingales. But a tape of real nightingales singing randomly was given to Mr. Baunton along with a tape recorder, reproducer. Randy had other percussion chores along with the bird effects. At a rehearsal, while he was off with another instrument, I happened to notice the tape machine was a two speed: 7 1/2, and a half speed 3 3/4. I casually turned the setting to the half speed. As the movement began with the sweet sound of the clarinet as played by Ronald Phillips, The lovely mood was suddenly shattered by the nightingales at twice-slow speed groaning like love-sick Walruses in heat. Ronald and I eventually became good friends, especially on the golf course in summer. The late 60's and 70's were a dippy time, ofcourse. There was a period in which the orchestra brought symphony music to as many schools in the State of Washington as there was federal money in a special program. There was more than one year in which we did almost 200 'run-outs' to schools and communities per season. Inevitably there was a great deal of repeating. It was easy to almost go bananas after the fiftieth rendition of 'Rusland und Ludmilla' overture. There were incidents of great water pistol battles that almost got out of hand.

I had befriended Ron Simon, a bassist in the orchestra. Between 1969 and 1972, we traveled by auto to the east coast on our free times in summer. Ron, who was looking for another stringed bass back east, dropped me off in Cleveland to have master class in tympani with Cloyde Duff in June 1969. The next year Ron was looking to get a better instrument in New York or Boston, and I would visit Dave and the Wilsons on Long Island. Ginger had married Juan Wilson, a doctor in Levitown I also went to a little shop on the lower East Side of Manhattan to get some seasoned guitar tops. I was preparing to build my first classic Spanish guitar.

While in Chicago, I was fortunate to meet and dine with Enid's Aunt Fay and Uncle Hayes MacFarland. **73,600 miles.**

In 1969 Enid and I became homeowners, purchasing the house in Mount Baker. The seventies saw a rise in musical activity with the debut of Glynn Ross's Seattle Opera Company, Pacific Northwest Ballet, as well as federally backed touring of the Symphony to do many school concerts around Washington State. I began building my first guitar in 1972.

In 1973, I, Enid, and children learned to practice Transcendental Meditation. It is a routine I will always perform for the rest of my life.

In 1975, the opera mounted the first of several yearly 'Ring' Cycles of Wagner. In 1976, I subscribed to an Electronic Engineering Newsletter from Cornell, and began construction of an analog electronic musical instrument. During this time, I drew abstract graphics using colored oil sticks on beaver board. That same year I became part of the Unions Negotiating Team for the first four party labor agreement between the collective arts managements in Seattle, and the musicians. Ron Simon and Randy Baunton were my colleges in negotiations. We made the mistake of being too good against the management team. The basic orchestra performed for Symphony, Opera and Ballet. As a result of a Management position which became untenable to the musicians during negotiations for the 1978-79 season, we were forced to strike. This was the first work stoppage in the modern history of the orchestra. The Opera used taped music for its productions. 1980 was to be my final season in the orchestra, as I was dismissed by the new Music Director, Meidel. I participated in the Seattle Symphony's first European Tour in the spring. I considered this a wonderful retirement present. We were flown to Copenhagen by SAS to stay few days before flying on to Hamburg, Germany. Boarded buses to Cologne to stay in a nice hotel near a city park which I walked mornings. Our first concerts were performed in small towns in and around Cologne: 'run-outs'. While still there, I hiked up the several hundred stairs into the tower of the Cathedral on a day off. We played a concert in Kiel on the Baltic, then bused down the Rhine to Karlsruhe, then to Augsburg. Then we went north to Nurnberg and east to Regensberg: home town of The Meidels. I met his family in a large Stube where we were treated to Weissworst, potatoes and very good local bread and lager. In Augsburg we stayed at a 'Holiday Inn' of about twenty stories. After a lunch at the top, we were told the main elevators were out. Luckily we got down by the freight elevator. We traveled by sleeper train to Vienna. So far on the tour, we played in very modern halls. I felt the acoustics were problematic. In Vienna, we were privileged to perform in the main hall of the Musikverein seating about 1700. The sound was absolutely perfect, (and so were the gilt Caryatid Ladies!). Through the German part of the tour, I had saved most of the per diem, avoiding large dinners. We always had breakfast as part of our rooms. I had adequate food for the remainder of the day at local Stubes. A small bowl of Goulash, bread, and great local beer was all that was needed. In Vienna, I headed for Demels Patisserie for lunch. Everything Enid had reported about Demels was there! I had Beef Wellington with truffles, an excellent red wine, one of the several hundred varieties of Torte and Meidl's Kaffé. With the remainder of the accumulated Per Diem, I went to Augarten Porcelain

Company to purchase china to replace Enid's that had been damaged by rough family usage. We went to Basel, Switzerland to perform in a grand rectangular hall with audience all about us. Then we went south to Biel and Theil for over night stays. We trained to Lugano and were put up at a fine hotel in Paradiso, a tourist district on the lake. I was able to walk to the concert along the lake boulevard; a short distance to the city auditorium in the town center. Some of us rode a funicular railway up to a small chapel, 'San Salvatore', on a hill some hundreds of meters above the lake. The view from the roof of the chapel was of the route south between massive rock walls toward Italy and Milan; the famous road of the Roman Legions, and the invading Goths. The end of the tour was upon us as we entrained to Zurich for a short stay before flying back to Seattle. **90,600 miles.**

From 1981 on, I seldom performed on drums, but turned to painting and photography. The painting was mainly watercolors with some mixed media of oil and acrylics. The photography was almost exclusively landscapes. I also began writing a group of short stories with content about WWII in some, and a novel about Golf. Later, with our acquisition of a personal computer, it was much easier to do re-writes.

In 1982 my brother Alex and myself traveled to New York to visit with David, and also meet Juan and Ginger Wilson in Long Island. Later we drove upstate to visit my son Benjamin and his new wife, Lisa Wissner in Poughkipsie. And ,incidentally to stop by Hyde Park to see the Roosevelts Memorial. Benjamin was employed at IBM, while Lisa was at Vassar. That year I began constructing my second classic guitar. The neck came from a nice piece of Honduras Mahogany that David had collected as a cast-off from the Steinway Piano Company. Because it had an imperfect grain, they wouldn't use it for a concert grand piano leg. I was able to fashion the piece while maintaining the integrity of the wood. **97,300 miles**

I needed a change of life, so I took a course in real estate and became a licensed listing and selling agent from 1983 to 1985. The most important thing I learned was how to talk to and connect with anyone. As a musician, I had insolated myself from many people. I also learned it wasn't wrong to push my paintings and other art work. 1986, I spent a long spring and summer in Mountain View, California taking care of my older brother Alex recovering from bypass heart surgery. It was there that I continued to build my second guitar. I had also brought painting materials with me and was inspired to do quite a few pieces. I was able to sell a few works while in California. My brothers operation took place the last week of February, 1986. He had a slight stroke shortly after the operation. As a result, he was in intensive care for over fifty days, during which

time, I took care of his bills, visited him each day, and practiced golf at the Stanford Range. Mornings, I would go up to the vast Rancho San Antonio Park to hike for a few hours. I visited an old school acquaintance, Pat Nacey and her son Peter and daughter Katherine up in San Francisco. I had a short introduction to Tai Chi at the non-denominational church the Naceys frequented. In late April, Alex awoke from his coma, and soon he was doing some physical rehab. As a result of the traumas he had been subjected to with the passing of his last wife, Ann, and his operation, he had a very negative state of mind. He wasn't trying very hard to recover. Alex didn't want to stay in Mountain View. He asked me to help him sell his condo. Because of my real estate experience, and the brisk market in South Bay, I had his unit sold in less than a week, and he had his money not long after that. Alex did not want to live in Sacramento where his son Don resided. He wanted to live in Seattle with Enid and me. As it turned out, this did not work well. He was in no condition to live without psychological help. The prolonged illness and death of his last wife, Anne in 1995, and the trauma of being in a coma for so long after his bypass ordeal, had left him mentally at risk. I had him sent to a mental facility near Bellevue, and eventually his son Don made arrangements for him at a managed care home in Sacramento. Actually Dara, Alex's granddaughter visited him quite often, always prodding him to get up and do things. It was a losing battle. **99,300 miles.**

In 1987-88, Enid and I studied a simple form of Tai Chi Yang at Seattle Community College. Later, we met Gau Fu, an elderly Chinese woman master from Beijing, with whom we studied a very elegant form of Yang.

While Rebecca was still working at Microsoft, she learned to fly a Cessna 172-182. She became a Licensed Private Pilot with an Instrument rating. I was privileged to accompany her on several trips, the longest from Seattle to Sacramento. While there, we visited Alex and his son, Dons Family. **102,000 miles.**

Between 1981 and 1998, I had paintings and photographs in many locations in Washington as well as California and Nevada.

As a result of a remodel financing for the house in the late 1980s, Enid and I had enough money left over for a continental tour of Europe in 1990. I also did a short stint at the King County Courthouse so we would have some extra money for the tour. I was hired as a temporary electrical service person. My main activity was to replace faulty fluorescent lighting while the permanent electrician was on vacation.

We flew by Martinair to Amsterdam. After a long week-end, we entrained to Vienna to stay about five days. From there we took to the rails for Florence, and stayed there about four days with a side trip to Siena. We then proceeded west along the Riviera to Avignon for a short stay before going north to Paris. We took the hovercraft across the channel to London, and after five days, flew to Amsterdam to pick up our return Martinair flight to Seattle. **120,000 miles.**

Shortly after, Enid, myself, and Rebecca would occasionally visit Ginger and Juan Wilson in Mazan near Provence: (Vacluse). In these years, I visited Dara Slivka Churchwell, in Sacramento. Dara practices all forms of art and I had some wonderful times with her and her husband Steve: an attorney working with the California Legislature, and a golf nut like me.

From 1980 on, travel made deep impressions on me.

A dream. The viola da gamba threads its voice through me in the quiet of the evening. The resonant strings blend with the night. They remind me of an old, old story that I have heard many times; a tale of vast patience. No matter all the ills of the day, the song is unperturbed and troubles fade away. I should like to walk into the evening at the same pace as the resinous bowing of the wise old player. I could then go on for a very long way without tiring. In the twilight, the sky begins with watery blues that become deeper. The lowering sun makes the edges of the blue world, straw, then orange-scarlet and the once green firs are now spiky black silhouettes that echo the dark background of emerging stars from the East. I walk toward the tunnel, its lines of ceiling and floor converge to a point of crystal daylight far ahead and it takes some time to reach the blue sky. I go around a curve filled with a mass of new white roses, and steps take me down to the Lakeside Avenue. A fresh northerly breeze roughs the lake water into endless complex patterns. I remember Nice. The beach before the grand boulevard is a shelf of smooth round pebbles that are difficult to walk on, but the June air is soft with a touch of salt from the Mediterranean. A woman stops to speak to me in French. I do not understand but I smile and she smiles. The train rolls easily over the curved track under the Alpes Maritime and on to the old city walls of Avignon on the Rhone west of the Luberon. Inside the old town we sit in a courtyard restaurant where three buildings come together, united by a glass canopy high overhead. We are served small dishes of miniature green ravioli in a savory white sauce. Further on, there are the ancient heavy walls of the Pope's castle. I walk along the broad boulevard by the side of Lago Lugano in Paradiso. Severely cropped hawthorns line the wide walk and I cross to the Belvedere and sit with a laite, and gaze at the Alpine hills across the blue-green water. Tufts of Spring clouds move slowly in a fresh sky. A white steamer-ferry cuts its way easily through the blue lago. The clean

Swiss rail car moves in curves between snow clad mountains on our way North. I sit in the little bar by the inn and sip the sweet white locale Jura wine that has an undertone of gravel. It is so easy to go on sipping more than one should. In Basel by the delightful fountain built by Tingely, we smile at the head of a Grecian demi-goddess rocking insanely into and out of the water forever and ever. In Paris, the streets are still damp from a late spring thundershower. I walk to the Luxemborg Gardens along the narrow street of the Abbot of the Sword. By the sides of the gravel pathways are statuary of queens and princesses from another time and a woman of no title, all partly hidden in trees. Diana the huntress surveys the great central lawn with a delicate stone hand shading her gray eyes. In the Brasserie we sit and listen to the rantings of academia and enjoy a light meal. On a busy corner not far from here are the ruins of an old church: serene in the midst of hubbub. On the quiet road of the Chemin des Blaynes near a friends house are the reapers of sweet melons, in a large field. They tap the green white stripped fruits with long bamboo rods and listen for the ripe ones. In the distance is the sleeping form of the mountain Venteux filling most of the Northern horizon.

In the morning, I go up to the window of our room in the 'Felicitas' that overlooks the narrow alley near the Ringstrasse. I smell the fresh coffee and warmed rolls with jams that await us in an intimate breakfast room of the pensione. After, we will see about tickets for the Opera, and perhaps take a tram to Nussdorf for a walk in the quiet neighborhood near the Wienerwalt and stop at Zur Lotte for a Malakoff Torte before returning to the Old City. We stroll in the Graben and everywhere will be the aroma of Viennese coffee. We board the train taking us South by Trieste on the way to Florence. Not far from the station, we stop to look through a window at the sparkling kitchen of a restaurant. It is enough to lure us into The Otello. At the Duomo are the elegant bronze doors covered with lively figures in relief. In a humble chapel where Dante once saw Beatrice, we listen to music of a flute and guitar.

In the hall of the Concertgebau the orchestra players sit regally on high between two descending stairways of red carpet. After a while my neck is tired of head tilting up to look at the scene so I close my eyes and think of Lugano. The house of Rembrandt is very small by a canal and there are no paintings there; only some etchings. His large canvas of the 'Night Watch' can be viewed at the Riiks Museum. Over cobblestone streets and bridges, damp from the canals that are everywhere in the old central Amsterdam, is a Ricetaffle restaurant. There are large old wine bottles draped with countless rivulets of melted wax with candles burning from their tops on each side of my seat. The 'Taffle' is served in a large square tray filled with an army of small bowls

giving me a choice of different meats and condiments. There is a fine smell of curry and ginger. My tongue tingles with the spices.

Across a bridge to the Ile de la Cite and into the courtyard of St. Chapelle, in the heavenly nave of the church, an octet of musicians proclaim Vivaldi to us on this new Summer's eve. Lights of the city glimmer softly through the polychrome-stained glass above us. At night, the corners of the Left Bank are crowded with people and music and joy of Summer's Eve. The black velvet sky above sparkles with stars in their vast endlessness.

On the south side of the Mas, near sundown, the Luberon's foothills of checkered green forest create a setting for the heavy orange waning sky. There is complete silence; no birdsong, no breeze. The vineyard plants have grotesque canes leafing-out, waiting for the emergence of the purple fruits. We drive through Cavallone to reach the Bistro at Paradeu to meet a close friend for lunch. An open bottle of local Rhone wine as at our table as we are served the first course of tiny ravioli in a cream sauce. It brings to mind the wonderful fish soup with a curl of Reggiano on the edge of the tureen, at the garden table of Maximins near Vence. In the morning I go down stairs into the large breakfast room of the old hotel L'abbe des Signore and sit near the great window to contemplate mountainous terraces of heaped white villas set into groves of poplars. It is just as Dufy had visualized it in one of his paintings. Now, back by the blue-gray lake below our house, I wonder: has all of this been just a dream? Have all those jet airplanes taken us to all these Edens? Memory tells us they have, but it is just reveries now. **135,600 miles.**

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My son Alexander had attended Brown University in Rhode Island, and while there became involved in artistic activities as well as curricula. He visited New York many times. On returning to Seattle, he was engaged as a trader and later a compliance person at National Securities Corporation. He married Susan Ingram in 1988.

In March 1993, Enid, Rebecca and I flew to South Carolina to witness Hebe graduate at the top of her class as a Lance Corporal in the U.S. Marines at Parris Island. While at school in Memphis, some time later, Hebe met Jimmie Allen. Most of us flew down to Louisiana in September to Houma to see them get married, and to meet the Allens. After a time, Hebe and Jimmie were transferred to Italy for temporary duty.

The appearance of our grandchildren began with the birth of Max Slivka from Lisa and Benjamin in November 1991, followed by David Alexander Slivka from Susan and Alex in March 1992, Nathaniel Slivka from Lisa and Benjamin in January 1994, Mark Ingram Slivka from Susan and Alex in January 1995, Bryan Michael Allen from Hebe and Jimmie in March 1995, Lauren Slivka from Lisa and Benjamin in September 1995, Jaqueline Beverly Allen in February 1997 and Gabrielle Mary in January 2000, from Hebe and Jimmie.

Alex, Susan and children moved to Anchorage in 1997, where Alex had been offered a very responsible position in a small company dealing with multi-million dollar investments. Mark who is developmentally disabled receives very good care in the Anchorage area.

In 1997, Ben and Lisa's gift for Enid's 70<sup>th</sup> birthday was a trip to France for us both in June. We were near Goult and visiting Ginger during the first week, and the next week in Paris. That same year, in May, Alex took me with him to Ireland to play golf for several days: a tour arranged by an Irish Professional, friend of a broker Alex knew. We played five courses in Southwest Ireland beginning with 'La Hinche': then on to Ballybunion, old course and new course, (favorites of PGA star Tom Watson), Tralee, and finally, my favorite, Waterville. An amazing par three hole was the 'Mass Hole'. It was not a long hole but a very deep grass swale just under the putting green was the reason for the name of the hole. It seems, from legend, in olden times when the Vikings were the scourge of the countryside and the celts gathered in fervent prayer in the deep grass hole, hoping to be overlooked by the marauders. I don't know what happened to them, but I know what happened to me the first time around. I didn't hit the ball far enough to escape the hole, and had a hell of a time getting away from the Vikings! **164,600 miles.**

Alexander, Enid, and I flew back to South Carolina in 1998 to witness Hebe graduate from DI training to become a Drill Instructor at Parris Island. Alex and I played some golf at Hilton Head, then Enid and I flew to New York to visit with my brother David and his friend Joan, and to have an excellent dinner at Picholine! **171,600 miles**

On approaching my 77<sup>th</sup> birthday, I am thankful and lucky to have Enid as a wonderful partner, and also thankful that I am able to walk long distances with well designed and built shoes and orthotics. The outstanding feel of striding with ones whole body in motion, and ones feet effortlessly moving as on a cloud is truly a real pleasure. I still have a flexible enough body so as to be able to swing a golf club in a somewhat effective way. I am still able to produce art,

and to appreciate music. These activities do not require much money, but rather give me a feeling of real wealth and peace.

On January 9<sup>th</sup> 2001, Alex took us to Maui for five days to enjoy the beautiful Napili and Kapalua to see the Mercedes Tournament and enjoy the food and sights. Alexander and I played golf at Kaanapali, a few miles down the road from Napili Sunset. On Thursday, the first round of the tourney, we took the shuttle to the 'Plantation'; the sight of the competition. We watched some of the Pros warm up on the practice tee for a while. Went back to the little villiage by the first tee of the course. We walked down the path alongside the first fairway to a place behind the first green. The opening hole was a par 4, 470 yards somewhat down hill. The green was tucked behind an island of very thick trees and bushes to the right of the end of the fairway. The meandering path we walked was almost 3/4ths of a mile long. We stood by the side of the green and watched all 33 champions play up to the green and putt out: except for a single pro approaching first, the rest played in twosomes. We watched Tiger Woods hit the green in two and make a longish putt for a birdie. Alas, there were not enough birdies for him the rest of the round to keep up with some of the field. Enid was pleased to be quiet with her embroidery in our rooms by the beach. **176,000 miles.**

In early February, we will go to Anchorage to visit with Susan, David, Mark, and Alexander. **180,000 miles.** In February, after years of complaining about pains in my upper arms, an angiogram revealed I had three points of blockage around the circulation to my heart. Early in March, I was operated on by Joseph Teply and others, creating three bypasses to improve my heart system. From April through the end of June, I was doing a concentrated physical rehab to re-establish body strength.

In June, Enid and I accompanied Benjamin, Lisa, Max, Nate, Lauren to Rome and Umbria. In Rome the first week, we were put up at the Triano Hotel, across the street from the great hall of Augustus. On most mornings I would walk by the Forums of Trajan and Caesar, and around the Victor Emmanuel that towered over the Piazza Venetia. Ben, Lisa & children were a short walk away in the palace of the Teatro Marcelli. A housekeeper there would sometimes prepare wonderful Italian meals. Enid and I walked to the Trevi Fountain a few times and one day, to the Spanish Steps, atop of which we visited the Medici palace to see the works of Rodin. In the second week, we picked up Max Slivka in a rental car provided for us by Lisa and found our way out of Rome to Autoroute 1 north towards Umbria. We stopped in Todi to view the wonderful church which was to have been the model for Saint Peters in Rome. Eventually we found our way to the entrance road to the Borgia Castle near

Lake Trasimeno. We had a very pleasant stay of two weeks there. The first few days, in order to keep up my walking regimen, I would walk down hill to the highway, and back uphill on the loose gravel driveway. Because I hadn't yet gained enough strength to do this comfortably, having trouble on the uphill grade, I then, instead, drove in the early morning the short way to Pasagniano, a wonderful resort village on the north shore of the lake. Parking at one end of the town, I would walk a little over two miles along the lakefront park for my morning constitutional. Because of a mis-understanding, instead of meals being prepared by cooks provided in the rental agreement, we all helped prepare meals that were taken at the castle. This proved to be more fun and more satisfactory to us. The kitchen and various bathrooms were modernized for our convenience, but the main salons were kept to their periods. A very nice modern swimming pool with veranda rounded out the physical attractions of the estate. We occupied the eastern half of the castle; the western part of the main building being sealed off from us because of a long standing feud between the two factions of the Borgia Family. Upon the end of our stay, we drove ourselves and Lori and friend to Florence to turn in the rental car. We stayed over night at the Unicorn Hotel and had a nice lunch at the Otello Restaurant, (re-visited from a 1990 trip).

On our way home, we went by train, first to Nice for two days. We took in the incredible Marc Chagall Museum and walked over two miles to Chanticleer for lunch. We stopped off in Avignon to visit with Ginger, and to visit Carpentras, where I met M Vijeja in his storied Cheese and Deli shop. Ginger drove us to Valance where we treated her to lunch at Pic. We stayed over night in the Pic Hotel, and went by TGV to Lille, then through the Chunnel to London, and then home to Seattle.

**197,000 miles.**