

COLLECTED LIVES

A BRIEF FAMILY HISTORY

O

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2019

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Charles Keller Sr. 1897

THE TRUTH, SO HELP ME

O

Frances and Charles Keller

Autobiography

Alternate Title

IT'S ABOUT OVER

or

With Malice Toward None

Z

From the minute I met Fa'r sparks began to fly in my life. An old neighbor said to me after our engagement had been announced, "Aren't YOU afraid to marry an Officer of the Regular Army? What will happen to you if war comes?" "War? I laughed. "Whom would we fight?" That was in 1896.

But that's where I was wrong, because first we had a little private war of our own and I broke the engagement--but peace was declared (or was it only an armistice)? and we were married and have lived happily, as you know, ever after. But--six months after our wedding these United States declared war on Spain!

I'd seen pictures of starving Cuban children in concentration camps where they were being mistreated by the Spanish soldiers and read articles saying the Cubans were our close neighbors and we must not permit Spain to so mistreat them.

But in 1897 young people were not interested in such things. At 21 or at 40 we didn't know as much about foreign affairs as an eight-year old knows today, for there were no movies and no movie newsreels--nothing to make the news spectacular and vital.

Fa'r was a Lieutenant in the Corps of Engineers in November 1897, when we were married. He was stationed as an assistant to the Officer in Charge of the United States Engineer District in Rock Island, Illinois, which extends from St. Louis, Missouri, to St. Paul, Minnesota.

I knew nothing about the Army. You'll know what a dumb cluck I was when I tell you that I was reading the Army Register one evening, imagining I could learn from it, when I called to Fa'r, "Charley, do you know that you will be retired on a February 13th, your birthday? Isn't that a coincidence!"

In February 1898, Fa'r and I went to St. Louis. He had been appointed a member

of a Board of Engineers which was to hold a 400 “hearing” about a proposed bridge across the Mississippi.

The afternoon we arrived, bedlam broke loose, hundreds of newsboys madly rushing about, shrieking, Extra! Extra! Get the latest news!” Before there was the radio, that was the only way unusual news was broadcast.

That day in St. Louis, there was a new issue of the newspaper every hour, because the U.S. Battleship MAINE had blown up in the harbor of Havana, Cuba!

We dined that night with the other members of the Board at Colonel and Mrs. Stickney’s, and, of course, the sinking of the MAINE was seriously discussed. Some of the Officers were from the Office of the Chief of Engineers and knew much more than we of the attitude of the administration.

But this sinking of the MAINE might bring things to a head.

The big question was, had the Spaniards done it? If they had, it might mean war. But how to know that it wasn’t an internal explosion? An investigation would take time. Would the newspaper play it up to such an extent that the politicians would have to declare war? Of course, I was excited.

WAR! In my lifetime, it didn’t seem possible. Fa’r, so calm and wise always, could and still can make me believe anything. He told me not to be distressed and worry; it would be months, if ever, before any serious steps would be taken; but when late in March Colonel King, Fa’r’s Commanding Officer in Rock Island, received a telegram asking, “Can Lieutenant Keller be spared? If so, to hold himself in readiness for orders,” I thought I knew what it felt like to be the wife of a soldier, but I didn’t really know until Fa’r sailed for France.

Fa’r got out his books on the laying of mines. That would probably be line work. He had taken a course in the Mining of Harbors after he graduated from West Point in the School for Engineer Officers at Willet’s Point, but that was six years ago, and ever since then he’d been on River and Harbor work.

I was permitted to sit in the room if I asked no questions and made no noise--thankful that at least I was able to look at him. And then BANG! on April 8th came the telegram ordering Lieutenant Charles Keller, C.E., to report to Major Ruffner at Charleston, South Carolina.

His uniform, like his military mind, was also rusty, and there was much scurrying around to get suite of olive-drab, a new word later called khaki.

This is just a story of our life and not a history of the United States, so I’ll not try to tell you what was going on in the country and why we were at war. Read history for that--but I will say that true to form we were wickedly unprepared to have declared war.

Fa’r left me in our little house my father had given us in Rock Island, He promised to send for me, and I knew he would. He wrote me that his work was to be the mining of Charleston Harbor and that he was living on the island of Fort Sumter. He found that advisable because the electrical apparatus for firing the mines were in the casemate on Fort Sumter. “Would you care to come? We would live in one room in the Ordnance Sergeant’s house, no bathroom or running water in the house, no conveniences of any kind. The Sergeant’s wife is a poor cook and

provider. You may be weather-bound on this tiny island for days at a time. But it's a nice climate, and I love you."

Of course, I went, to the disgust of my family and friends. You know the sort of talk: "Wouldn't do that for any man!" said my unmarried friends. "But I'm not doing it for a man. It's for myself."

I arrived in Charleston on May 2, 1898, and Fa'r, my Sweetie, to whom I'd been married six months, met me and took me to a boarding house, where Major and Mrs. Ruffner were living. I was greatly interested in it all. I had never been South. and I had read so many Southern stories, and Charleston forty-three years ago was a storybook town. I loved the address of the boarding house, "Number Eight Meeting Street,"--so much more intriguing than 702 Twentieth Street.

I almost disgraced myself and the Lieutenant at lunch that first day. Major Ruffner had long sweeping mustaches. dark brown. You've seen pictures of that kind. They hung 'way below his chin. He was very dignified and military and sat very straight. When he drank or ate, he elegantly lifted and spread his moustaches with the thumb and first finger of his left hand away from his mouth, while he spooned in his food with his right hand. It really was terribly funny. We ate opposite him, and when I saw him I couldn't help giggling. But a swift kick on my shin from my Lover quickly stopped my desire to laugh. I'm sure Major Ruffner knew what was going on.

I liked Major and Mrs. Ruffner very much. Major Ruffner had many hobbies and a grand sense of humor, which Fa'r says means more to me than good morals--not that Major Ruffner wasn't the most moral of men. His mother, a very old lady, lived with them. She told me that Booker T. Washington had been one of her father's slaves and that she had taught him his letters.

The next day, Fa'r and I went out to Fort Sumter on a little launch--my trunk full of my Paris trousseau! Alas, poor trousseau!

I'll try to have Fa'r describe the bad conditions he found and the worse materials. Start a war! and then get ready for it, seems to be a habit of ours.

You asked me the other day, "Nanny, what was the most interesting experience you ever had?" I told you I'd think about it and let you know, and I think that it was hearing and seeing President Wilson deliver his War Message on April 3, 1917. I'll tell you about it while I'm waiting for Fa'r's contribution.

Chapter II

We were living in Washington, having come from Mobile the year before. Like most people in this country, we were drunk with the war propaganda we were being fed. It was just such another working on our feelings as had been done in 1897 and as is being done now in 1941. Most people in the country felt it was "our duty to posterity" to get into the war and lick the Germans and end war forever. Fa'r and I were very eager to have war declared, and I was wild to go and hear President Wilson. We knew of course that Congress would convene on April 2, and the report was that President Wilson would deliver his message in person on the 3rd. I begged Fa'r to get me a ticket for that historical event. He came in contact with

lots of Congressmen and Senators. He said he'd try, but not to set my heart on it because it was an almost impossible task I'd given him. Each Congressman and Senator was to have one ticket for the gallery, and naturally that ticket would be given to mother, wife, or friend. But one day late in March he came home with the grand news that he'd fixed it for me. Mrs. Grey, the wife of the Congressman from the Mobile District, was not in town, and Mr. Grey was delighted to give me his ticket. We had Just been living in Mobile, so he knew us. I was tickled pink and went about telling--I'm afraid, boasting-- of my great luck.

The President was to speak April 3. On the afternoon of April 2, I was peacefully taking a nap when Mrs. Harbord phoned me to say that Jimmy had called her from the War College and told her they had just heard that President Wilson might go to Congress on the 2nd, and not the 3rd, and to "tell Fan Keller to get in touch with her Congressman at once," which I did. Mr. Grey's nice young Secretary said Yes, they had heard the rumor, but it wasn't official, and they didn't want me to have a trip down to Congress for nothing. They had my ticket and wouldn't forget me and would let me know as soon as they had any real information.

The reason that there was so much secrecy about the President's movements was that the Pro-Germans, as the Isolationists were then called, had threatened to do all sorts of things, one of them being the destruction of the White House at the time the President was delivering his address.

The FBI had heard that the Pro-Germans boasted that the President would have no home if he asked for a declaration of war against Germany. This was told to us later by Secretary Baker.

I hurriedly dressed so I'd be ready when my summons came, and it did come in about fifteen minutes, from Congressman Grey. He said there had been no announcement in the House, but the feeling was that the President was coming some time that day, and if I didn't mind a useless trip maybe, I'd better come. I phoned for a Jitney. (There were almost no metered taxis then) A Jitney was a Model A Ford, slightly battered, at so much a trip. I dressed and was on my way in twenty minutes. I forgot to telephone the Colonel or tell the maid -I flew!

I went to the House Office Building and found Congressman Grey waiting for me. He gave me my ticket and warned me not to give it up unless they had positive information that the President was not coming. The ticket read, "Good for the President's message only."

I went over to the House of Representatives. I knew it well, because I often went there and listened to the discussions, but things were different on the afternoon of April 2, 1917. Workmen were everywhere boarding up all but one entrance to the House of Representatives.

The Senate side was boarded tight and guarded. Everyone who wished to enter was stopped and questioned. I showed my ticket and was allowed to pass.

I went up to the Gallery floor, and there, too, it was different. Only the one elevator was running. The stairs were barricaded and guarded. You could feel the fear of danger. A fence had been built, shutting off the long ball outside the

Galleries. This fence had a gate in it, guarded by one of the Gallery Guards, a big, burly, rude person (Gallery Gods, they think themselves!). I jauntily walked up and pushed the gate, holding my ticket for him to see.

Nothing doin', Mam. You can't get in with that ticket. That's for tomorrow. That's a red ticket, and only a white ticket will get you in today." But this says for the President's message, and Congressman Grey says he may come today."

"All right, all right, if the President comes today, Speaker Clark will clear the Galleries of the white ticket holders, and you can get in. Go over there and wait."

It was then about 4:30 P.M. The only place to wait was a space about ten feet square, in front of the elevators. Fortunately, there was an open window, for the day was warm. There wasn't a chair or bench of any kind. I stood for a little while and then draped myself over the fence to ease up my knees and feet a bit. I spied a vacant chair on the other side, and in my most appealing manner I said, "Please, Mr. Guard, may I sit on that chair?"

"No Mam, you stay on that side of the fence. If you come through this gate, I take your ticket, and then where are you if the President decides to wait until tomorrow. And I won't hand the chair over to you either!"

The men who act as guard of the various Galleries of the House and Senate are mostly stupid and ill-mannered, and love to exercise their small authority. They have nothing to do all day long but sit in front of their special door. You know, there is a Gallery for visitors that goes around the floor of the House and Senate. It is divided by low iron fences into small Galleries, and each small Gallery has a door with its name painted on it: "Special," "Visitors," "Senators," "Representatives," "Diplomatic," "Presidential," and a large one for the Press. There before each door sits its Guard, usually in shirt sleeves, on a chair tilted against the wall, a political appointee, Monarch of his small domain. But on April 2 the were not there, only the one-man at the barrier.

There was a constant stream of people coming and going. I saw a very good-looking woman, without a hat, come to the gate with two men and a lady. She smiled at the Guard and said, may we go through?" and he said, "Have you got four white tickets?" No, but I'm the new Member from Montana, Miss Ranken, and these are my constituents." "That makes no difference," said the Guard in a snooty manner, "there's a rule today that no one can get through this gate without a ticket." "Oh, if that's the law, it's all right," and turned to her friends and said, "I'm sorry, but we must obey the rules of the House."

Shortly afterwards, Senator Vardeman of Mississippi came up, a pompous old man with greasy long hair covering his collar. He went to the gate, opened it, grunted a "How do, Tom," and walked in. No tickets were mentioned!

That made me perfectly furious, and I forgot my weary bones. I'd always argued that women in politics would be ineffectual, and that certainly showed I was right.

I tried to sit on the fence, but the guard frowned on me, and I slumped back. It was about five o'clock when, to my great Joy, I saw Mr. Grey's attractive young Secretary on the other side of the barrier.

He said, "No news yet, Mrs. Keller, but we thought you might be tired. Wouldn't

you like to come in and sit down for a while? There's no telling when the President will come."

"I'd adore it," I said.

So, he opened the gate for me. I drew myself up to my full height of four feet eleven inches and sauntered through the gate. Only the thought of disgracing my Mobile friends kept me from putting my thumb to my nose as I swaggered by the Guard.

Of course, he had to be careful. Wild rumors were abroad of spies and threats.

All the Galleries were packed, but we found two seats, and was I glad to sit down. We sat a while and listened to the goings on- very dull routine first-day business of a new Congress. After a while my young Secretary said he'd go down to the floor of the House and try to find out if there was any news from the White House. It must have been about 6:30. He came back presently and said, "Nothing yet." Did I want to stay there?

The air in the Galleries has always been putrid, there being almost no ventilation, and I was getting a headache, so I decided to go out with him. We passed that vacant chair at the gate. I suppose it was for the Guard when he was at leisure, but he had none that day.

I whispered to Mr. Secretary, "can you put that on the other side for me?"

It was no sooner asked than over it went, and I with it, not daring to look at the Guard.

Mr. Secretary put my chair beside a lady's. She told me she was Mrs. Keefer of Ohio. Senator Harding (afterwards President) had given her Mrs. Harding's ticket which she was to use if the President Spoke that night, but, if he didn't, Mrs. Harding would be back in town in the morning and would use the ticket herself. The Senator had sent the chair for her.

It was fascinating sitting there and seeing the people. The space between the elevators and the fence was now full of tense, eagerly waiting people. Through it all, one heard the hammering and sawing of the carpenters completing their work boarding up. We lost all sense of time and place and a feeling of friendliness grew up amongst us. We were all keyed up with the thought of what it meant--War! --and the endless rhythm of hammering added to the feeling of being far from home.

The throng became denser. It must have been about seven o'clock because many of the men and women were in dinner clothes. Some were obviously from the Diplomatic Corps, "senators' ladies," and town folks. There was the same answer for all--"You cannot get in with that ticket."

"We have no information about the President." "I'm sorry, Sir, I can't let you in." I almost felt sorry for the Guard.

One of the people who had been there as long as I had and with whom I'd gotten quite chummy was a man from Arkansas. He had a beard and elegant shiny store teeth, but a merry twinkle in his eye. He leaned over my chair and said, after a particularly affluent-looking pair had been turned back, "Do you know what this reminds me of? The Pearly Gates- of Heaven. They come up in their purple and fine linen, and St. Peter there says, 'No, you aren't fit to enter. You have a red

ticket; to enter this gate, you must have a white one!"

Finally, at about eight o'clock, the Guard fastened back the gate and said, "You can go in now. The President is coming tonight!

"Speaker Clark has not cleared the Galleries, so you will have to be satisfied with what you can find."

Because we had been sitting beside the gate, Mrs. Keefer and I were the first to enter. She went to the Gallery reserved for the Senators' guests, where she was to meet a friend. I had been to Congress often and knew the lay of the land and knew which door would lead to the Gallery that was opposite the Speaker's stand. I made a beeline for it. I went eagerly in, but my heart sank; the place was full. There didn't seem to be a vacant seat. There was no door man to stop me, so I walked down the aisle and to my great Joy saw a vacant seat on the aisle in the front row. I almost let out a war whoop of joy and pounced in and on the seat.

A pretty young woman sitting next to the vacant seat, or the seat that had been vacant, said, in a startled, soft, Southern voice, "Oh! oh! You can't sit there, that seat belongs to my little son, who has just gone out to get a sandwich." I smiled sweetly and trying to make my Mid-Western voice sound soft and helpless, said, "I'm awfully sorry, but I'm going to stay here." "But," she answered in a hurt voice, "he's had it all day!" "Ah--that's just it, none of you should be here now." Then I asked, "How old is your son?" "Just eight," said fond Mamma. "Grand," said I, "you and I can change places, and he can sit on the aisle step." So, a minor catastrophe was averted, and I had a seat directly opposite the platform.

It was to be an absolutely thrilling event! Speaker Clark was announcing in a loud voice the names of the Members who were to form the committee to escort the President to the platform and then announced that the House would recess for thirty minutes. All the Members left their seats, and the floor of the House was empty, and I had a chance to breathe and look around.

The Diplomatic Gallery became gay with color as the women, beautifully gowned in dinner clothes, filled every seat.

All the Galleries were crowded, people standing three and four deeps against the walls and sitting on the steps of the aisles in spite of the fluttery Guard. The air was filled with static (only we didn't know that word then).

Things began to happen on the floor of the House! The Senate came in, in a body, and took seat on one side. No joking or smiling. It was as though we were at a funeral. The House Members came in and sat or stood. Now the Diplomats in their brilliant uniforms were ushered to seats assigned to them. The President's Cabinet came and sat in a group at the left of the Speaker's platform. Ushers were placing a row of nine chairs directly in front of the Speaker's platform for the Justices of the Supreme Court, who came in their robes and solemnly took their seats.

Solemn? War!! I fairly ached with the thrill of it, and as I write I again feel that tenseness. Others were feeling it, too. The little boy had come back and was sitting in the aisle playing with a red rubber ball. Some man sitting behind us saw it and shouted, "For God's sake, take that ball away from that child. If he drops it over the rail on to the floor of the House, they'll think it's a bomb. It will cause a panic!"

Someone whispered, "Look! Mrs. Wilson!" My heart gave a flop because I knew the President was in the building. Then there was a hush, and a voice rang out, announcing, "The President of the United States!" Everyone stood--breathless. The President shook hands with Vice President Marshall and Speaker of the House Clark, and then silently took his place before the stand, on which he laid his papers. I've never known such sobbing silence. It was as though we were all holding our breath.

The President, who looked pale and sad, began to read his message, quietly, with no gestures, in a low cultured voice. He explained in simple language why he was there and told his reasons. When he said, "Gentlemen of Congress, I realize this is a dreadful thing I am asking you to do--to lead this great peaceful country into the horrors of war," there was the startling noise of an explosion in the distance. The President stopped for an instant and was visibly shaken. Then he went on, his voice very low and trembling. He thought it was the White House being blown up- but it was thunder!

When he finished, he stood quietly waiting. At first there was silence, and then thunderous applause, and people crowded around him to shake hands and praise. You see, we wanted war--but I'll tell you about that later.

People left the place slowly and quietly. There was no backslapping or smiles. I sat there in a daze and finally came to. Thrilled though I was at being present at such an historical event, I knew I had to go home. There was a fierce storm raging. We could hear the rain pounding on the skylight. There were very, very few taxis in Washington, and the streetcar line was blocks away. I felt a little deflated.

The lady on my left asked me did I have a car, how was I going home, and I told her I really didn't know. Maybe I could 'phone for a Jitney. "Don't do that," she said, "I think it will be hopeless. Let me take you home. I've a car and chauffeur waiting, but I want to stay and hear war declared. Won't you wait with me?" I sat a little while, but decided I'd go and take a chance. I thanked the lady and left. It was Just as well, for war wasn't declared until the 6th of April.

My luck was with me again, for as I came out of my Gallery into the hall that leads to the elevators, someone called me, and there were Mrs. Keefer and her friend. She said, "I hoped we'd see you again. How are you going home?" "Streetcar, I guess" We could hear the rain still pouring on the skylight. Her friend said, "I have a car here, and, if you care to drive with us to the Willard first, I'll be glad to send you home. So, I rode home in state in a large Pierce Arrow!

And now let's go back to South Carolina and the Spanish American War in 1898.

Out in the Charleston Harbor at Fort Sumter it didn't seem much like war, and if it hadn't been for the Charleston newspapers, I'd have felt that we were just playing soldier -- I felt none of the thrill and excitement we all felt in 1917. But the Charleston people were excited and worried, and the newspapers had big head lines.

"Washington sends expert to mine our harbor" and went on to re assure all the people of Charleston that the administration knew how famous the Charleston

Harbor was -- "Wasn't the first shot of the Civil War fired on Fort Sumter?" Of course, the Spanish fleet would make a "bee line" for it. Poor little Fort Sumter being then in an awful mess while it was being remodeled. They were breaking up the old gun emplacements in order to build new ones -- after we had declared war. The little Island was full of work men -- most of them negro day laborers, and that was new to me. I'd sit fascinated listening to their chants. You would have enjoyed it, Dicko! There was no wrecking machine, it was all done by hand. A rope around a wall that was to be torn down and a long line of negroes pulling it, singing and acting up funny.

"Oh, Gimmy Some Time (A few steps taken, basses singing)

Oh, Gimmy Some Time (More steps, all voices)

Oh! Oh! Gimmy Some Time (Pause while they change their hands on the rope)

Oh! Gimmy Some Time

Oh, Gimmy Some Time to Knock a man down."

and at the "knock" the pull was so strong, the wall tumbled. It was the old fishermen's chantey, "Blow a Man Down".

We were at Fort Sumter a month - stayed right there all the time but we didn't mind that. I'd never lived near the sea and I was fascinated by the marvelous things the tide left in the pockets of the rocks.

Women's dresses were long then, no slacks or sports, but fortunately I had a "bicycle suit" made in Paris that had bloomers and a very short skirt so that I could climb up and down the rocks with the greatest of ease. I was known always as a Tom Boy because I liked that sort of thing better than playing with dolls. Then too, I'd spend time sitting in the casemate Fa'r has told you about, watching them work. Twice they let me go out in the boat when they laid a mine.

We lived - I mean ate, slept and bathed in a tiny room in the Ordnance Sergeants small house. It had been their parlor and was full of the most awful crayon portraits against a wall paper of purple roses. The Sergeant's wife couldn't cook and was a rotten manager and I was newlywed and afraid of it. I made no suggestions to my husband for fear I'd be sent home.

I'm sure Dicko, your Mother and Rosa would have done much better than I - why sometimes if the sea was rough - the little launch couldn't land. We had no fresh food. I know once we had only rice and canned tomatoes for 36 hours, but we didn't care we were interested in the work and we were really on our honeymoon still and silly about each other. I've been far more discontented and done far more complaining when we were living in comparative luxury in a lonesome city.

After a month Col. Ruffner decided to send Fa'r down to St. Helena's Island at the entrance to the Harbor of Port Royal, S. C. There was a large Navy Yard at Port Royal. The War Department was building fortifications to protect it. The war was ended long before the fortifications were finished and later the Fort Royal Navy Yard was abandoned, The Navy had never wanted it. It was another "Pork Barrel" affair. I was really sorry to leave our little Fort Sumter. It was crude living and I hadn't any friends - but Charley and I could be together all most all day.

Fa'r took me over to Charleston - me and my trunk full or lovely clothes which

were too hot for that climate and should never have been brought there. We went to 18 Meeting Street- where I was to stay until Fa'r sent for me.

The boarding house was a charming place - not like the comic strip ones. The owner was a cultured woman who had always known gracious living and served her boarders as she would have guests in the pre-Civil War days. The food was delicious and abundant.

I enjoyed wandering about the town - the lovely soft voices and the interesting houses so different from Illinois. Even the ugly buzzards that were the only scavengers of the market place were lovely when they were soaring in the blue sky.

After a few days Fa'r telegraphed me to come to Beaufort, S. C., a lovely little town at the head of the Port Royal channel.

The plan was that I was to stay in Beaufort with Mrs. Niles whose husband worked on the job at St. Helena's Island, known to all as "Land's End," until Mrs. Leland, the wife of the Chief Civilian Engineer arrived. Then, we would all live together in a house the Government had erected.

Living with Mrs. Niles was awful. She was from the North and knew nothing of "gracious living". I hated it. Her house was on the water and the mixture of kelp and dead fish smells and her greasy food and soggy potatoes almost did me in. The dry rice of the Sergeant's wife was at least edible.

Beaufort was the nearest town to the job, so the boat came up often for supplies and with it, Lieutenant Keller, and after about a week Mrs. Leland arrived and we all went down to our new home. It was a square box with screened porches. The Keller's and Leland's had the front rooms on each side of the main hall that ran thru the center of the house and four young assistant engineers had the other two rooms. There were nice young men, of good S. C. families. The porches were our dining and sitting rooms. There was no bath room. We had a big buck nigger for cook - black as soot - and a young girl to make beds and clean. The expenses were divided amongst the eight of us and were very small.

Mrs. Leland was afraid of George the cook, and always carried a revolver when she went out to the "Chick Sales".

I guess I was too ignorant to be afraid. I'd had orders from my boss not to try and run the Sargent's or Mrs. Niles house, but I felt responsible in the Leland's house - and I couldn't stand George. He was a slovenly, overbearing, lazy nigger who had worked on a steam boat. I tried to run the place and gave him orders.

The young men used to urge me on. I didn't know until years later that they thought it very funny - little me and big George.

There was only one other white man on the Island - the store-keeper - whose place was in the interior. He used to bring us gifts of vegetables from his garden. One day he brought a box of "vine fresh" tomatoes, lettuce and eggs. He left them on the side porch and told me I'd better have George put them on ice at once as the sun was pretty hot. We kept our perishable food in a huge box made of concrete. Ice was brought from Beaufort whenever the boat went up there. I told George to put our precious fresh vegetables into the ice box and at once he answered, "Yes mam - I'se doin in a few hours" later I happened to go out to the back porch and

there sat our box of vegetables, alas no longer fresh. That South Carolina scene was hot - I'm telling you Dicko.

I was furious - I'd looked forward to cold tomatoes for lunch for my Charley - I went to the kitchen door and shouted

"Shame on you George for letting that good food spoil. Are you sick that you can't climb up and lift that cover off the ice box? I'm going to tell the Lieut."

But George beat me to it. When the men came in for lunch, they were very gay and Fa'r told me the joke. George had come to the office and demanded his time - he was quitting right after lunch. The Lieut. asked why? "She says, "shame" to me. Too much orders I'm quitting"

I've never lived that down, any time I get - what Fa'r thinks is bossy - he says "remember George - he quit," "too much orders".

We got a nice clean old negro man who could cook and didn't object to Missy telling him what to do. If I had time, I'd tell you how we cleaned that ice box.

I hope Fa'r will tell you about the work and the soldiers who camped there. The mosquitos were awful - a day crop and another kind that came at dark. Everything was screened but they got in just the same. They nearly drove me mad, but they did one good thing - it made me immune to them forever after.

The sun was frightfully hot, but the nights were cool. The food was pretty bad. At least I thought so. I had no appetite and the smell of red mullet being fried in -- none to fresh - lard made me really sick, which worried Fa'r because I'm such a healthy normal person. As soon as we realized that I was going to have a baby and that it was Ira who was causing the up-roar, I didn't care.

One day, early in September, I noticed that my Lieut. looked queer when he came in at noon and he told me he had a frightful headache. I took his temperature and found he had a high fever. I insisted on going up to Beaufort to see a doctor. The doctor said it was just a fever - every one had them in the South. It would wear itself out after a time. The doctor said Fa'r must stay in bed and that he would send a nurse because it was too much for me.

We stayed at the Hotel which was lovely from the outside. A typical southern mansion of pre-civil war days set back from the road in a lovely garden and beautiful old live oak trees around it. Unfortunately, the inside was "pre-war" days too. Lovely furniture but no bath rooms.

We had been there about a week when Major Ruffner came to see us.

Mr. Leland had sent in a report signed., "Leland in Lieut. Keller's absence". Major Ruffner had written him "where in the hell is Keller, wire me at once."

As soon as he heard he came to us. One of his hobbies was medicine and he said we must get out of that climate and "that means you too young woman" - he knew my condition, I looked like the devil. I had dysentery and couldn't eat. He asked where we wanted to go and recommended the mountains of North Carolina and wired the War Department to send Fa'r there on sick leave. The answer came saying they couldn't do that, but they could order Lieut. Keller back to Rock Island or a new northern station.

Rock Island was "OK" with us. Our house was waiting for us furnished and our

former maid had offered to come back if we ever returned to Rock Island.

By that time everyone knew the Spanish fleet would never get to Charleston or to Port Royal.

That was some trip: My Charley was miserable, delirious most of the time and uncomfortable. The road bed was bad, and we were in a drawing room right over the wheels. He raved about a discovery he had made throughout, a way or making rails a mile long. He would have it patented and get rich and buy me a new trousseau because my Paris one was ruined.

We were a pathetic pair when we arrived in Chicago. Aunt Clara met us and said she had arranged for the doctor to be at her house when we arrived there. The doctor looked at us and asked, "Which is the patient?"

Fa'r went to the hospital where they found he had "walking typhoid". After two weeks in the hospital we went home to our house.

Fa'r was weak and very nervous for a long time and was on sick leave. The baby was expected early in February, so about December 1st we began to wonder where would be about that time. Fa'r reported to the Chief of Engineers that he was ready for active duty and orders finally came ordering us to Portland, Maine!

If Col. Townsend had been married, or if I had known more about the Army and insisted on Fa'r's telling the state I was in we could, undoubtedly, have stayed in Rock Island.

That's Army life - South Carolina in the Summer and Portland, Maine in December.

We were on the train Christmas day 1898. Of course, I could have stayed in Rock Island and had the baby there, but I don't think that thought ever entered our minds. My father was a widower then and he would have been very happy to have taken care of me .

Remembering that, you see I have no right to grieve when our children leave us

Fa'r took me to a hotel and went to report to Major Roessler and was told that his work would be fortifications on Gerrish Island, New Hampshire where he would go about May 1st.

Well that meant it would be silly to rent a house and unpack -so we went to live in a sort of apartment hotel - not as they are now. This was several old residences made into living room, bed room and bath, no kitchenettes.

We were lucky in our Doctor Ring who was very up-to-date - a lecturer at Bowdoin College and a grand person. He didn't want me to have the baby in the Hospital. He felt it wasn't safe. The Hospital was old and unsanitary and there was danger of infection, so it was arranged that we would stay where we were - a sort of glorified boarding; house.

I hated the thought of having my baby born in a boarding house - glorified or not. There was one large dining room where we all ate at the same time, about a hundred people.

I hated going into it - three times a day. I was very self-conscious of my figure.

When I look back at it now, we seem to have been the most trusting people in the world - Hansel and Gretel in the woods. We couldn't afford a furnished house and

servants and so my nice Charley said, “let’s advertise for two rooms and bath with a private family”. We did and got many replies, and luck, the sweet old thing, was with us again. One of the answers from a Miss Ella Sargent sounded wonderful.

Fa’r said “You go and see her first, one look will tell the story and if she doesn’t want us try some of the others”.

I was a picture all right. I’m under five feet tall and I measured sixty inches around. I wore Mother Hubbard wrappers. Everyone did. There was no such thing as a maternity gown.

My trousseau fur coat didn’t meet by eighteen or so inches, and it was bitterly cold in Maine in January. I Wouldn’t let Fa’r buy me an expensive coat for those few months. So, I wore the Lieutenant’s Army cape over my coat, but I had a feather in my hat and happiness in my eyes.

I sallied forth on that fifteenth day of January to see Miss Sargent- or rather, to have her see me. She was charming and cordial, a woman or about forty-five, I guess. After I’d explained who we were and why we were homeless, I said, “You can see, Miss Sargent, that I’m going to have a baby in about two weeks. We would want to stay until April or May, but you may not like that?”

“I’d love it,” she said. “I’m an old maid and can never have a baby myself, so nothing would give me greater pleasure than having one born under my roof.” And she added, “My rooms are ideal for that. I fixed them for a beloved invalid aunt who died a few weeks ago. One room has oilcloth on the floor and has a little wood-burning stove in it to keep you and the baby warm.”

We paid her twenty dollars a week for the rooms and delicious meals. No mother could have been sweeter or more interested than Miss Sargent was.

On February 2, about 2:30 a.m., I began to have pains and knew “my time” had come. The nurse was in the house. Dr. Ring had seen to that. There were no automobiles then, and Miss Sargent had no phone. (They were considered an unnecessary luxury.) There was a good down-east blizzard raging, but nevertheless about five o’clock the nurse insisted that Fa’r go and notify Dr. Ring. So out he went, trudging through the snow and wind in darkness to Dr. Ring’s house.

Dr. Ring answered the bell and said. “Go home and go to bed. I’ll be there about eight. There’s no hurry.” He was right. Ira Charles Keller was born at three o’clock.

A few weeks after Ira was born. Miss Sargent went to Boston to study Christian Science under Mary Baker Eddy. She left us there to be cared for by her faithful maid, an Irish girl from Nova Scotia. After her return, she would send me out for a few hours each day and she would take care of Ira. I think she used her new-found Christian Science on him, and I know that many of the things she told me have helped me all my life.

In April we began to think of our move to New Hampshire. Miss Sargent urged me to go with Fa’r to Portsmouth, the nearest town to the fortifications to look for a house. We expected to be there for a year and a half.

So Fa’r and I went to Portsmouth. The civil engineer in charge met us with a horse and buggy (the automobile had not yet been invented). We looked at houses in Portsmouth and on Gerrish Island, but they were either city houses which

were too expensive or summer tourist cottages which were too ramshackle. From Portsmouth we went out to Bew Castle, which is a charming island in Portsmouth Harbor, opposite Gerrish Island. Mr. Walker, the government engineer, lived there and found it easy to get back and forth to his work in a sailboat. We passed a cottage that was everything I'd never had--a low rambling affair, set in large grounds. There were high granite boulders cropping up here and there, masses of lilac bushes, gnarly old fruit trees and grape vines, and a heavenly view of the bay and the foothills of the White Mountains. I raved over it and said I'd be perfectly happy if I could live there. "Would you?" said Mr. Walker. "Why I think it's too rent furnished. It belongs to a Col. Towle, a retired Army officer who is in Europe. I'll let you know about it."

The next week Fa'r went down and rented it "sight unseen"--as we used to say when playing some game. It was the queerest place, but quite comfortable. There was "central heat"--well named because it only heated the central part of the house, which was very old. A new library with a stairway in it leading to a bedroom above had been added by someone, and on the other side had been added a dining room with rooms above. There were five stairways in the two-story house and five outdoor entrances.

It was one of those old New England houses that had an enclosed covered passage to the barn. I loved it. There was running water in the two bathrooms pumped from a cistern, so we were very comfortable.

Miss Sargent, who was going to Boston for the summer, had arranged with her treasure, Mary, to go with us. Mary said that if I'd take her sister, who wasn't very strong and wanted to get out into the country, the two of them would go for very little more than she would want if she went alone and that they'd "sure do everything and we love the baby with his eyes as bright as shoe buttons."

That makes me think of a New England spinster we had a few weeks in Portland. Fa'r thought I ought to have someone relieve me or the care of the baby during the day, so we hired this woman. She was no longer young and was a rigid person with a back as straight as a board. I bathed and bottled him, and she was supposed to take him out. But she flatly refused to wheel him anywhere but through the alleys.

When I discovered this, I objected and said I wouldn't permit it. She was a tall woman and looked down at me with scorn and told me to wheel him myself because her reputation would be ruined if any doctor saw her wheeling a baby buggy.

Wasn't it stupid of us in those days to think the baby had to be wheeled around? By the time Charles, Jr., came, we had learned to let him sit quietly on the porch or to sleep there. But in 1899 the medical profession hadn't discovered that sunshine was important. We were told to keep the babies indoors except for an hour or so. Great-grandmother Keller thought I'd kill Charles, Jr., because after giving him a bath I'd bundle him up and tuck him in his baby buggy and put him out on the porch to sleep in the winter in Detroit. In fact, if I left the house with him on the porch, she would quickly wheel him in.

So, the first of May 1899, we all went to New Castle, Fa'r and I and Ira and Mary

and her sister, the baby buggy, etc. We found the house awfully dirty. It had been closed for months and months, but there were some lovely antiques in it, and we were happy.

Fort Constitution, an artillery post, was on the island. A Lieut. Hatch was in command. It was very nice for us because there was a surrey for the use of the Officer, and Mrs. Hatch and I were permitted to use it to go to Portsmouth. My Lieutenant had only a sailboat for his use. Having been brought up on the Mississippi, I knew nothing of sailing and feared and hated it in bad weather. I'll never forget one day, very shortly after we arrived. The wind was howling a gale, and the clouds were black and very threatening. I fussed to such an extent about Fa'r's going that he didn't go and stayed home all morning. Of course, the hurricane I feared never came, but such a hurricane as he raised around the house never happened on land or sea! I never interfered again; in fact, I often went with him and learned to like it. Fa'r certainly made a good sport out of me. I've always been thankful that the boy had him for a Father. For besides having an exceptionally good mind and loving good literature, he was a fine tennis player, swam well, and to this day is interested in all sports. When he can name some baseball or football or tennis player the younger men are at a loss about, the boys love to tease him by saying, "And Father says he never reads the sports news!"

I hope you won't lose interest in my story because I flop around like this. I'm afraid that's me. I've got to tell you things as I think of them. Now let's go back to New Castle.

Shortly after we arrived, the U.S. battleship "Raleigh" with Capt. Coghlan in command docked at the Portsmouth Navy Yard. That also gave this island-born girl a thrill. I don't like the word "thrill," but what can I use? I looked up "thrill" in the dictionary to find a synonym. The ones given are "shake" or "to experience a keen or exquisite emotion." If I used such language, you'd never read this, would you?

The "Raleigh" was the first of Dewey's fleet to come home and had been given a great ovation in New York before coming to the Navy Yard. That's why I was thrilled. Capt. Coghlan had made the headlines for days: He was a jolly old soul and had gotten into trouble by talking too much.

The newspapers had published with their usual splash a talk he gave at one of the banquets in New York when he told now the German Navy had tried to prevent our ships from firing on the Spanish fleet (read your history or ask Fa'r). He recited a poem written by one of his sailors called "Me and Gott,"—"He" is being the German Kaiser! The papers made much of that. The German ambassador went to the State Department and "protested vigorously," and the Secretary of the Navy reprimanded Capt. Coghlan on paper—but patted him on the back in private.

I got my first taste of official life then because we were invited to all the parties the Navy and the Portsmouth civilians gave for the officers of the "Raleigh." We went with Lieut. and Mrs. Hatch and had lots of fun and got to know the Captain and his officers quite well.

Capt. Coghlan invited the four of us to have tea with him one afternoon. The ship was open to the public, and there were crowds on board. Of course, one couldn't go

into the officers' cabins unless invited. A sailor stood before each open cabin door guarding it, and we had to send in our names before we were admitted.

While we were having delicious Chinese tea with Capt. Coghlan, some people stopped and tried to get in, thinking the tea was for the public. But the guard asked them to move on. Capt. Coghlan, who was jolly and unaffected and sweet, laughed and told us of an experience he'd had the day before.

He said he was sitting alone in his room when three girls tried to slip past the guard and get in. The sailor very indignantly said, "You can't do that."

Then the girls called and said, "Please, Capt. Coghlan, can't we see your quarters?"

He told us he looked at them and said, "Let them in, Tom." "Pretty?" I asked.

"Of course," he answered, without batting an eye.

They inspected everything minutely and joked with him. Then one of them said, "Capt. Coghlan, we want a souvenir!"

"Sorry," he said, "I haven't a thing for you, and I must ask you to go now. I must change to go to a dinner in town."

The girls, he told us, seated themselves and grinned at him and said, "You'll never get rid of us until you give us each a present. We know your sailormen always buy things to bring home, and we want something from the famous Capt. Coghlan."

He called the guard to come in and then said, "Tom, I've asked these young ladies to go and they refuse to leave. It is time for me to dress. Bring in my civilian clothes" He took off his uniform coat and started on his trousers--and then the girls ran out squealing.

He says sometimes it isn't funny, that people feel it's all tax payers' money" that runs the Navy and that they, the people, can help the selves to anything. That's why there was a sailor guarding each door. It's so at an Army Post. People feel they can walk right into an officer's quarters.

Late in the summer General Wilson, Chief of' Engineers, came on an inspection trip to Gerrish Island.

He didn't come to New Castle, which was just too bad. Maybe if I'd seen him?

Fa'r came home after the General and his party had departed and said, "Madam, I think you won't be spending the winter here. General Wilson said to me, 'Keller, I'm thinking of sending you to St. Louis if its satisfactory to you.'"

"St. Louis"! Ye Gods, -what did you say?" I asked.

"I said, 'Anywhere you think best, sir, will be satisfactory to me.'"

"Your goop, St. Louis is a big city and expensive, and the Mississippi Valley has a rotten climate."

"Pipe down," said he, "I know all that, but I feared if I said, 'Most unsatisfactory, sir, I do not want St. Louis'-that would be the place he'd send me. But if I were very military and answered, 'Yee, sir, anything you say, sir,' he may forget it."

But he didn't forget, and on November 1 we left New Castle for St. Louis, Missouri. We weren't really sorry to leave the dear little house. You see, only four or five rooms were heated, and Lieut. and Mrs. Hatch were going, and it would

have been lonesome. But I was still rebellious about going to a large city like St. Louis.

Ira was nine months old and a good baby, so the trip wasn't bad. The Walker-Gordon Company put up the milk according to the doctor's prescription and had it packed in ice at the Boston station, where we changed cars. The elegant hatbox Fa'r had brought in his bachelor days for his top hat was used to hold the pottie, which was the same size as Fa'r's head. We got a great kick out of that.

We went to Ottumwa to Aunt Stella, and Fa'r left us there to go to St. Louis to report as Secretary of the Missouri River Commission and to look for a house or apartment for us. He wrote me that an apartment was out of the question. There were very few, and those either for the very rich or the very poor. He suggested that I leave Ira in Ottumwa and come to St. Louis and help him decide where we were to live. My sister thought that a fine idea and was sweet about keeping Ira.

I landed in St. Louis one evening, and Fa'r said he had arranged with a real estate firm to have one of their men meet us the next morning at ten at the hotel with a list of houses. We ate a late and very "sustentations," as Miss Sargent would have said, breakfast and started out.

Distances were great in St. Louis, and our demands were hard to meet. I wanted a nice neighborhood and a comfortable house, and we had very little to spend. It was terribly discouraging, but we stuck to it all day long without eating any lunch. Lunch meant driving in a one-horse shay back to the city, for there were no eating places in or near the residential part of the city. People didn't eat out at all hours of the day and night as they do now. A drugstore was a place where you bought only drugs. It's the automobile that has made all the eating places we have now.

So, we looked at one house after another and found nothing! It was terribly discouraging. You see, it was November and only the most undesirable houses were vacant.

Fa'r is always sweet and a great comfort when I'm low in my mind. When we got back to the hotel, he said, "What you need, my lady, is food! We will clean up a little and go right down for dinner."

It was then about six o'clock, and we'd had nothing to eat or drink since nine-thirty.

After we had gotten seated I was a dejected looking object, I know, my wise Charley looked at me and said, "I think I'll order you a cocktail."

"A cocktail!" I perked up immediately. I'd never had one. No one served them in Rock Island--wine or punch, yes, but never cocktails before dinner. No one drank before a meal.

There was a popular story we all loved about a small-town girl who went to the Astor in New York and ordered a cocktail sent to her room and continued to order them one at a time until twelve had been sent up. When the twelfth arrived, she said to the waiter, "Take them back. They are all on the mantel. All I like is the cherry." All this flashed through my mind when Fa'r ordered cocktails. I was all set to be real devilish.

The waiter, a nice old colored man, came in with two small after dinner cups,

filled with a colorless liquid, which he placed in front of us. "What's this?" I asked.

"It's your cocktail, madam," said the waiter with dignity and disapproval.

"But why served like this? I want mine in a cocktail glass with a cherry."

"Madam, the Planters Hotel serves cocktails in a demitasse to all ladies. We think it better so."

I didn't like the cocktail much and was a little afraid of it and asked, "Is it very strong, Charley?"

He answered, "It's all right, nothing stronger than whisky." So, I felt reassured because I'd often had a whisky toddy for a stomach-ache. Fa'r loves to tell this story because that cocktail was no toddy.

But it did it's appointed work. I was no longer dejected; in fact, I was very gay and merry, and Fa'r laughed at me and said, "Do you know that you are drunk "

The reason he was so amused was that before we were married, I'd been warned by kind (?) friends to watch out. They told me "All Army officers were hard drinkers and that as far as their husbands knew Keller wasn't bad. They felt it their duty to warn me." When we were married and living in Rock Island, I had that on my mind, and we served only beer.

When Fa'r came home at the end of the day, I'd sniff his breath and if he'd had a drink at the club, I wouldn't kiss him! That didn't last long as you see. I'm telling you this to show you how times have changed.

There were no cocktail lounges or bars for women. The hotel that was southern in spirit, where the men drank steadily, was rather ashamed of a woman who wanted a strong drink.

The next morning Fa'r awoke with a brilliant idea and asked how I'd like to live at an Army post. We'd be among people of our own kind, and it would cost only his commutation of quarters allowance, twenty-four dollars. He said that Jefferson Barracks was down the river aways, and he'd phone the Commanding officer. Of course, I liked the idea.

So Fa'r phoned and told who he was and asked if we could go there to live. He knew the fifth Cavalry had recently left for China to fight in the Boxer Rebellion. See how life has touched so many historical events.

The commanding officer at Jefferson Barracks said that there were many vacant quarters and that he would be glad to have us join the garrison. So, I went back to Ottumwa, where I loved to visit, and stayed until our furniture arrived.

We liked living at Jefferson Barracks very much. It was more fun than being an utter stranger in a big city. But in June a cavalry regiment came to the Post, and our house was needed, and we had to give it up. However, by that time we had made a few friends in St. Louis and knew the city and found a bearable house.

After a dull and uneventful one and a half years, we were ordered to Grand Rapids, Michigan, making the seventh house in four years. All real estate people are willing to have an Army clause in the lease, which states that the contract terminates when an officer is ordered away.

We had a nice house in a pleasant neighborhood, where Ira found playmates. There was an inspection boat, and Fa'r's duties were the harbors on the east side of

Lake Michigan, etc. There is a regulation which reads that an officer may take his family on an inspection trip when there is no extra expense involved. So, we paid for our food and laundry and had some very nice trips.

One day in March 1903, after Fa'r returned from the office, he said, "I think this is the first time since we've been married that you haven't asked "What's the news," and today there is news! I've orders to go to the Philippines, sailing on the transport "Thomas" on May 1 but to proceed to Washington Barracks first to join my company of soldiers.:

Was that a bomb!

In 1903 the Philippine Islands were a new possession, of which we knew very little except that life was crude among pagan races and that tropical diseases were many. Our families and friends were afraid for us and begged me to stay in the States and let Charley investigate and send for me. But we didn't consider that for a minute. Fa'r wanted me and I wanted to go.

A neighbor, the mother of one of Ira's playmates, came to see me the day after the newspapers announced our going. She was very much upset and burst into the house saying, "Oh, my dear, I'm so sorry for you. What a dreadful life Army woman lead "

"Dreadful? I think it's wonderful. I'll be seeing the world Japan, China, maybe.

"Darn you," she said, "I couldn't sleep last night worrying about you and Ira going to that awful climate, and here you are saying 'Wonderful' and meaning it."

We decided it was best for Fa'r--a captain now--to go to Washington without us, for no women would be permitted to go on the troop train from Washington to San Francisco.

There was plenty to do in those few weeks before Fa'r left. The uniforms had to be gotten out of, and new cotton ones ordered.

The furniture we were taking had to be crated and the rest stored. Ira and I had to have many wash clothes and then--what a stupid age it was! There were no ready-made clothes for women, and the children's clothes were clumsy. Fa'r had to get out his books again and study drill regulations and Army tactics this time.

I had a dear sister living in Grand Rapids. Ira and I stayed with her, and then we all went to Chicago for a family reunion and a tearful farewell on the family's part.

About April 24 Ira and I started on our adventure at seven P.M. on the Overland Limited. Ira was a winsome, happy little fellow, four years old, who had great faith in the kindness of mankind. He had no fear of strangers. The first day we were on the train I saw him talking to a man I'd noticed, and I'd wondered if he might not be an Army officer. He was lean and erect arm had a Kaiser Willhelm moustache. It was unlike Maj. Ruffner's as his went up and was waxed. This gentleman presently came to my seat with Ira and said, "This little man tells me you are sailing on the transport "Thomas", May 1. So, am I. "May I? "he said, as he sat down beside me. Courtly old duck, I thought. I wondered why under the sun he was carrying an Army Register, which is just a catalog of Army officers. I was soon to find out because this elegant gentleman opened the Army Register, passed it to me, and, pointing to his name, said, "This is who I am Reade, F., Lt. Col., 2nd Infantry. Who

are you?"

I found Fa'r's name and showed it to the Colonel. Then I turned to Ira and said, "This is Col. Reade, Ira. He is going on the same ship with us." Ira's eyes opened wide, and he said in an awe-struck voice,

"A really truly Colonel, Mother?"

The Colonel beamed, and I said, "Yes, a really truly Colonel." "Then I can ask him a riddle?"

I was amazed and didn't know what was coming but said, "Go ahead."

He spread his little legs and looked up eagerly at the Colonel and said, "What makes a noise like a nut?"

The Colonel, in the condescending tone many people use to a child, said, "I don't know, Ira. You tell me the answer."

"But," said bewildered Ira, "That's the answer. Ask the kernel."

Col. Reade was a pompous, stuffed shirt with no sense of humor or understanding. He rose with dignity and looked down his nose at Ira and petulantly said as he left us, "I don't think that's very funny."

Serious little Ira said, "I never thought it was either, but I thought a Colonel could explain it."

I was the only one who thought it funny. It has been a pet story of mine all these years and always gets a laugh from anyone who knew Phillip Reade--because he was a nut. He came from Massachusetts; and whenever he mentioned that state, he'd put his hands together as in prayer and say, "God bless the commonwealth of Massachusetts." He told me that no matter where he lived, he had his "vinegar sent from Massachusetts. God bless the common wealth." He was a very nice person, though, and we got to be good friends. We met in Japan and came home on the same transport two years later.

In those days the War Department did not pay the moving expenses of the family, and so Ira and I had to share a lower berth. The trip from Chicago to San Francisco took three nights and the better part of three days. There was no club car and no observation car, so we were cooped up in our section most of the time. It was wearying for both of us, especially for me because I couldn't sleep as well as Ira did. Ira was a good child, but he was only four; so, by the end of two nights and two long days we were not only weary and bored, but I was irritable—and aware of the fact. I decided we'd eat at five-thirty, and I had the porter make up the berth. I put Ira to bed and begged him to be good and go to sleep.

He said, "How can I go to sleep when it's still day? And he began to recite Robert Louis Stevenson, "And does it not seem--"

"All right, don't go to sleep. I don't care what you do as long as you are quiet and don't call me. Yes, pull up the shade, but don't open this curtain. I'm going to sit in the seat at the other end of the car and read. Goodnight, my dear." I buttoned the curtains, heaved a sigh of relief, and walked down the car and sat in a vacant section.

In about an hour I heard Ira's sweet(?) little voice calling softly, "Mother, Mother!"--and saw his head stuck through the curtains. Of course, I went to him.

I couldn't have the others in the car annoyed. He said he thought he could go to sleep now if I'd pull down the shade. It was stuck.

So, I pulled down the shade and smoothed things out and said, "Goodnight, and no more of this."

In a little while again I heard my child's voice. This time he called, "Oh Mother, come quick!" So, I went. That wasn't the time or place to discipline him, but I asked none too gently what he wanted. Well, he just had to have a drink. His throat was so dry he couldn't make spit and that was very serious. You needed spit. I got him a drink, and he put his arms around me and was so grateful and sweet--although in my heart I knew it was a scheme to hold me there. I kissed him and told him he was a good boy but to please go to sleep. I didn't scold him. I knew he was worn out too. So, I went back to my book again.

It must have been nearly nine o'clock then. Again, I heard that voice, "oh Mother!" I paid no attention this time; so, he called louder, "Mother! Mother!" By that time, I knew that regardless of the time or place gentle tactics wouldn't work. I stamped down the aisle, reached my hand in between the curtain, took a firm hold of his face and shook it pretty hard and hissed, "Not another word out of you. I've had all that I can stand. You shut up and go to sleep!"

A hand much larger than Ira's loosened my fingers, and a woman's voice said with a giggle-- "I'm thankful to say, "And what have I done that you should treat me like this?" Then she pulled me down and whispered, "Lucky you didn't get the berth across the aisle." And then we both laughed because the berth across from her was occupied by a man with a long beard, whom we had been snubbing for two days. Of course, I made my mistake because I hadn't noticed that the porter had made up the berth in front of ours. There was no sound from Ira, and he slept very quietly that night.

Our train got to Oakland about noon, I think, and from there we were ferried to San Francisco. To our great joy we found Fa'r waiting for us in Oakland. Fa'r had a room for us up on the Hill. You see, he had to be in camp with his soldiers at the Presidio. We had two or three days.

Ira had a grand time because I took him to a large toy shop and let him spend all the money that had been given to him. I bought some steamer chairs. An Army transport did not furnish luxuries, and a chair to sit on was considered one?

I was delighted to get on the transport May 1. We had a tiny stateroom, fortunately on the upper deck so that we got plenty of fresh air. There was a double-deck bunk and a short sofa with a large drawer that smelled moldy and was frightfully hard to open.

The ship was crowded. The Twenty-Third Infantry Regiment, a battalion of the Twelfth Cavalry, and the Engineer Battalion, besides doctors, quartermasters, and many "casuals"--the last being officers who were going out to join organizations already in the Philippine Islands. There were also many women going to join husbands, sweethearts, or parents. Our battalion, headed by Maj. Townsend, had two captains and four lieutenants--all bachelors except my Charley. At first, I thought, "How wonderful. Won't I be popular!" But before the first week was over,

I'd have swapped six-sevenths of the for one congenial woman--not that I didn't have a good time, but I was envious of the women in the other organizations who were old friends and had such fun together. After a while they took me in.

We were on the "Thomas" twenty-eight days, never getting off once. We stopped at the island of Guam to leave beef for the Navy. They unloaded it over the side with a derrick. An engineer soldier had his head out of a porthole and a side of beef swung and hit him on the face, breaking his jaw. One of the old infantry ladies said, I've known tough army beef, but I've never heard of it breaking a jaw of any of our men. Must be the engineer soldiers are soft." How the infantry and the cavalry loved that that joke. We didn't think it so funny. He was a nice young man.

No one was permitted to go ashore at Guam because we had a case of measles on board--a very light case, but even so those were the orders.

Measles, it seems, were deadly to the natives, more so than scarlet-fever with us; and the Commandant at Guam refused to issue a permit to us. The lieutenant who was in quarantine told me afterwards that he knows he didn't have the measles. He was a very fat young man and said it was only prickly heat or maybe bedbug bites. Oh yes, there were bedbugs

After a few nights on board I discovered them in the bunks; and, of course, soft little Ira got the worst of it. I was perfectly furious and hit the ceiling, calling the Army a this and a that! Fa'r said, "I'll do what I can about it. I'll go at once and see the quartermaster. (The quartermaster is the housekeeper, so to speak, of the Army.)

The quartermaster shrugged his shoulders and said, "All ships have bedbugs; they live in the wood of the bunks." Then Fa'r and the quartermaster exchanged glances, as much as to say "women?" "I will say that the medical profession hadn't discovered then how serious the bite of a bed-bug could be.

I didn't let the matter rest there. I went to the nice young ship's doctor and showed him Ira's body. I couldn't show him my bites because my dresses had long sleeves and high collars. The doctor said, "It's the easiest thing in the world. Don't you worry. I'll have your room fumigated. Go get anything you think you will need for a few hours out of there and forget it."

The hospital crew came, and it did the trick. We had a quiet night, but the next morning wasn't so quiet. The lady who had the state room next to ours her husband was an infantry Major came to where I was sitting in a group and said with an icy glare, "May I speak to you, Mrs. Keller?" She was a frump and didn't belong to our group.

One of the lieutenants in her regiment had told me to look out for her, that she was a troublemaker. But I jumped up and said., "Why certainly, Mrs. _____"

She said, with a malevolent look and a loud voice, "You can't do this to me. It's outrageous! I just want you to know I'm on my way to report you to Col. Thompson."

"But what have I done?" I asked in amazement. I hardly knew the woman.

"What have you done! Why, you sent all your bedbugs into my room, and I won't stand for it?"

Of course, the group laughed and asked if I had trained bedbugs.

Col. Thompson soothed the irate lady and said he would give orders to have her stateroom fumigated. The squad for the hospital had heard the story; and when I asked them to give our stateroom another squirt or two, they said, "You bet we will. Don't you worry." We weren't bothered by bedbugs for the rest of the trip. There were no more complaints by our neighbor on the left, and we wondered if they had moved in to the bachelors on the right.

In spite of the fact that the food was poor and that we were none too comfortable, we enjoyed the trip and would have been sorry to leave the boat but for the fact that our clean clothes were giving out.

We wore such stupid clothes back in the so-called Gay Nineties. The women's dresses touched the floor except when we played tennis, and then the skirt just cleared the ground. On board ship no such allowance was permitted. Under the dress we wore cotton petticoats, cotton pants, a heavy corset with many steel bones, a chemise of cotton, and long lisle stockings. The men all wore long balbriggans under drawers and shirts. Ira was dressed more wisely.

There was no laundry on board ship and no running water. We had a folding washstand in our stateroom that had a small tank, filled once a day, that held enough cold water for our faces and hands if we used it sparingly. The bathrooms had running water; but, of course, that was salt-water. So, there was no place to wash out even a pair of stockings. I'd been told about this and advised to make a large laundry bag and to take plenty of underclothes. That laundry bag! I can see it now. It hung over Ira's bunk. It was huge and never empty, it seemed to me.

Besides Ira's and my dresses and underclothes there were Father's uniforms--nice bulky stuff. Ira adored the bag and used to send his rest period kicking it. When it got full, it extended over his bed. Then we would drag it down to the bowels of the ship and dump the soiled things into a trunk we had emptied purposely for them and bring up clean ones and start over again. I know the first thing we did was to put in the clothes we had on. The ship below was like a furnace. Twenty-eight days on board ship in the tropics made for many soiled clothes. We crossed the 18th meridian. But you have read of the tricks Father Neptune plays at that time, and I'll have to skip some things I've thirty-eight years to go!



Keller Family on Board the SS

THE PHILIPPINES

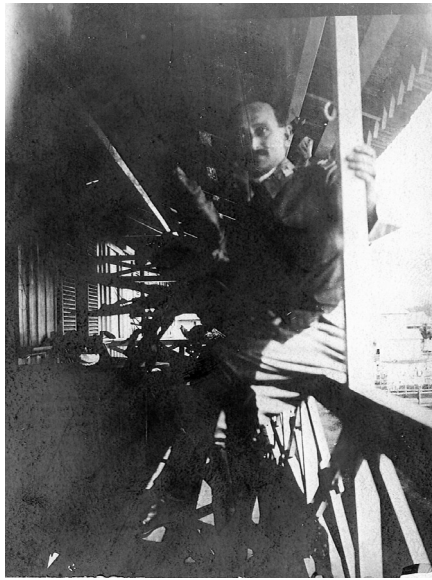
We landed in Manila on the morning of May 29. I thought I knew heat after living in the Mississippi Valley and in South Carolina and after the trip on the “Thomas.” But nothing we’d ever known was like that which hit us in Manila. May is about the worst month there.

Col. Davis, ranking engineer officer in the Philippine Islands, boarded the ship and took charge of Ira and me. Fa’r had to go with the soldiers and see that they were properly quartered in their barracks.

Col. Davis was another bachelor! He had taken a room for us in a boarding house in the walled city on Calle Real, where he and many other lone men lived.

The ride through Manila was thrilling-full of exotic color, sounds, and smells. I wished that I was riding beside my Charley so that I could squeeze his hand and squeal if I wanted to instead of riding beside fat, phlegmatic, old Col. Davis.

The house in Calle Real was very old, damp, and dark. There the “exotic smells” were distinctly a stink. There were no private baths, and the bathroom was horrible and had a cracked toilet that leaked a little! It was frightfully hot--a dead, damp heat that made us half nauseated.



Captain Charles Keller 1903, Philippines

Fa'r had said that he'd try to be with us for lunch, but he didn't come; so, Ira and I went into the dining room alone. The guests were all seated at one long table. Col. Davis introduced us, and everyone was cordial. But we couldn't eat, my little Ira and me. His little moist hand would slip into mine every few minutes, and his frightened eyes looked to me for the reassurance I tried hard to give him. My heart was in my mouth, and I kept thinking, "We are going to live in this awful climate two years. What will it do to Ira?"

I wasn't helped any when one of the old colonels grunted and said, "Pity to bring a healthy, red-cheeked child to the Islands to live!"

I wondered about my Charley in that broiling hot sun. How he hated heat! I, myself, didn't feel so chipper. We tried to take a nap but were too excited, and we finally spent the afternoon hanging out of our bedroom window. I realized how Ira felt when he said, "They won't hurt us because we can't ask or understand their language, will they Mother?"

Fa'r came towards evening, and we all bathed and dressed in the few clean clothes I'd saved for that occasion. Col. Davis gave us his carriage, and we drove around and around the Lunetta, a park on the ocean's beach. It was a perfectly beautiful night, and with Charley beside me my fears vanished, and I loved it. On one side was the sun setting in glorious colors in the Pacific, and on the other side were the many electric lights of the city. Night falls as soon as the sun sets in the tropics; there's no twilight. And so, in the snapping of a finger the gorgeous

colors would be gone and the Pacific black with only the lights of the ships at anchor. There were hundreds of open carriages with the men dressed in white and the women in bright colors and with the coachman, sitting on a high seat, also in white and with his shirt-tail outside his trousers. There were Chinese and Filipinos as well as Americans and Europeans. In an ornate little bandstand, a good band either Army, Navy or native--played while the parade of vehicles of all descriptions slowly drove around and around the Lunetta.

When the music stopped, the parade stopped and visiting began. We were greeted with "Hello, Keller, glad to see you. Heard you were coming." It sounded awfully good to us newcomers.

We didn't stay at 77 Calle Real, in the walled city very long, and I was thankful to get into a clean, new, modern (for those days) house out in one of the suburbs of Manila. To be sure, it wasn't luxury. The War Department rented the house and filled it full of officers. We had one room and no private bath for the three of us. Twenty-four dollars was lopped off our meager pay because we were furnished quarters. I said they weren't "quarters," but only "sixteenths." Capt. and Mrs. Jervey and their small son, Lieutenants Adams and Woodruff, and the Keller's lived in the house, which contained four bedrooms and bath. Two other lieutenants came in for meals. All were engineers. There was a cook and a house-boy, and we all paid our share of the expenses.

Having been reminded by my man to remember George of South Carolina of "too much orders," I suffered the poor food and tried not to be too critical. We unpacked our own clean beds and bedding; and as the room was very large, we weren't too uncomfortable. There was a nice yard for Ira and Wesson Jervey to play in; and with the family of small children belonging to the Filipino cook, who lived on the place, they all had fun with Ira's toys.

The gardens across the street intrigued me. There were tall and short palm trees and many shrubs which I had never seen before.

All the men came home to lunch and sat around, so I was not lonesome. Mrs. Jervey was in the hospital when we arrived; and even after she returned, she was with us only for meals, being too ill to sit around. There I was again without a woman pal--one of the handicaps of belonging to the Engineers. The Jervey's and we became very good friends in Washington years later.

Cholera had been rampant in the Philippine Islands when the United States took them over. It was almost stamped out by the time we got there, but there were still some new cases. The government was using every precaution to prevent it from spreading. We were warned against certain fruits and vegetables. Every drop of water for cooking had to be boiled. I did boss that, and we drank bottled water. The ice was made from distilled water by the government. We were told to be very careful how we used the water out of the taps because it was known that the city water was contaminated.

Meal time was rather a bore. The food was very mediocre, and our conversation was sort of strained because there were the two little boys and because we were all strangers except Lieut. Adams, who was on the transport with us and of whom we

were very fond. He was sweet to Ira and enjoyed teasing me.

One night just after Mrs. Jervey was back, to the amazement of all of us, Wesson Jervey answered his mother by saying, "Shut your mouth, and keep your mouth shut."

The Jerveys were real gentlefolks from Virginia, and they looked horrified. You felt she was thinking, "This happened because I was in the hospital." She asked in a hurt tone, "Why Wesson dear, with whom have you been associating? Who talks like that?" And Wesson, with a smile and a toss of his head, said, "Oh its Mrs. Keller. She screams it at Ira every day!!"

I was furious at the brat because I never talk like that. But I said in a honeyed voice, even though I wanted to wring his neck, "Do I, Wesson" When did you ever hear me say that?"

"Everyday. Every time Ira takes a bath, I hear you scream at him, 'Shut your mouth, and worse than that you curse him!!'"

There was a dramatic silence, and I looked around the table. Sweet Capt. Jervey was looking down at his food to avoid looking at me. Mrs. Jervey looked startled and surprised--was I like that or was Wesson lying? Lieut. Woodruff looked smug, Lieut. Adams amused and gleeful--he wanted to see how I'd get out of that. But my Charley's eyes were baleful with a look that said, "I knew you'd disgrace me some time."

I burst, not into tears, but into laughter! I explained to my irate husband and the Jerveys that Wesson was telling the truth, and I explained why I did it. There was no tub in the bathroom, only a shower of cold water which Ira feared and detested. I'd soap him, talking to him the way one does to a restive colt, and beg him to be good. Then I'd put him under the shower and turn on the water. Every time he'd throw up his head, shut his eyes, and open his mouth wide and bawl. Of course, he got that polluted water in his mouth and of course I'd scream at him, "Shut your mouth, you damn little fool! Keep your mouth shut!!"

A few weeks after we had unpacked, Fa'r got orders to go to Zamboanga, Mindanao Island, to be the engineer on General Leonard Wood's staff. What I said to Col. Davis was worse than what I'd screamed at Ira. I didn't mind going at all; but he knew he was going to send us there, he told me later, before we landed. So, it was stupid and unfair to let us unpack.

Fa'r cabled Capt. Morrow, whom he was to relieve, "Will take your house and cook. Mrs. Keller arriving with me on S.S. Seward."

Capt. Morrow, a delightful person--afterwards Governor of the Panama Canal and also Anne Lindbergh's uncle--answered at once, "Have no house and no cook. Live at the Club. Advise leaving Mrs. Keller in Manila. No hotel, no houses to rent. You will have to build one." Was that a dish to set before a wife!

I realized there was nothing to do about it, and Fa'r felt so dreadfully abbout leaving us. It was a week before the "Seward" left, and he was so sweet and apologetic that I couldn't kick. I was sure he wouldn't let the grass grow under his feet—he'd find a place because I knew he really wanted us.

It wasn't too awfully bad being alone. Mrs. Jervey was in the house and took

her meals with us, and I could go into her room and talk to her. The engineer officers felt a certain responsibility. The young lieutenants took turns in being there evenings, and Col. Davis-he was really an old dear-or Maj. Townsend or Capt. Cosby or the Jervy's took us for drives on the Lunetta- me in a stiffly starched dreg and a hat that had a wreath of red cherries. The first time Ira saw a Filipino woman carrying her flat market-basket he said, "Look, Mother, she has a hat like yours, only she has vegetable and oranges instead of cherries!"

It took about ten days for the "Seward" to get to Zamboanga. It was an inter-island transport. The second day Fa'r was there he cabled, "Have a house and cook. Buy some cane living-room furniture and come as soon as possible. I need you!"

This is what happened to him. He arrived on the "Seward"-which., by the way, was built for the Alaskan trade and was just dandy for the tropics-and Capt. Morrow left on it so that Fa'r was among strangers. He went to the Club and asked about houses and found that there really were none. "You see, the Seventeenth Infantry had the Post and all the quarters there. As a staff officer Fa'r wasn't eligible to one, anyway.

Someone at lunch said, "There's a flat over the tailor's shop at the entrance to the Post that is vacant; but Mr. Bennett, the Collector of Customs, I think expects to rent it. You might see him."

So Fa'r went to see Mr. Bennett and Mr. Korsky, the owner. Fa'r had to pass Mr. Korsky's place on his way to the custom house, so he stopped in to see him. Mr. Korsky said, "Well, Mr. Bennett told me he thought he'd like to rent the flat when he got married, but his girl isn't here yet. He set no time, though, and I can't wait forever."

Fa'r then went to the Collector of Customs. "Well," said nice, fat Bennett, "I don't know when my girl is coming out, so I guess you better take it. The cook who worked for Capt. Clark, who just left on the "Seward" was going to wait for me too. Guess you might as well take him too." Mrs. Bennett didn't arrive for a year.

As soon as I got the cable, reservations were made for us on the next sailing of an inter-island transport. I went to town and bought and had shipped some very nice furniture. The government came and packed our beds and toys, and then we waited about two weeks. We had to sleep on a Filipino bed that belonged to the owner of the house and that had been stored in the barn. I had it scrubbed and disinfected. It was a large four-poster, no spring or mattress but caned like our chairs. A sheet was spread over that--no pad, because that was warm. Ira made me feel his bottom the first morning after a night on it. It was heavily marked with the cane pattern. But we endured it, knowing the time was coming soon when we could have our own home again. The boys- I mean, lieutenants were sweet to me.

Finally the word came for us to leave on the "Liscombe." Mrs. Jervy sent us down in her carriage, and Lieut. Poole met us there. He was one of the engineer lieutenants who had come over with us and had been made an aide to the general commanding the Philippine Islands.

The large ship couldn't dock at a wharf in Manila then. They stayed out in the

harbor, and one had to go out to them in a tender. To our surprise and to Ira's great joy, Lieut. Poole took us out in the Major General's private boat, which had been a yacht before the government bought it. It was such a thoughtful thing to do. Lieut. Poole said that he and the General thought we'd like it and that I wouldn't feel so forlorn. I'd never met the General, and I knew it was Adams and Poole who had thought of it. (They are both dead now.)

When we got on board the "Liscombe," where we were greeted with respect and ceremony, Lieut. Poole sent for the chief steward, who had been an engineer sergeant for years, and told him that we were Capt. Keller's wife and child and that he wanted the steward to take particular care of us as I was a pretty important person ---or some wise crack like that. Now don't think that all the officers were especially nice because I was a "glamour girl." That wasn't the reason. The Army is like that, even if I'd been a "sour puss" --which I was not. They would have been kind to me because I belonged to an officer of the Corps of Engineers and I needed help. That's why Army people love their life- especially if they live on Army Posts.

When Chuck and Rosa went to Panama, they were met aboard ship, before they landed, by a former classmate of Chuck's and taken home to lunch before being put on the train for their station on the Pacific side; and when they got to Corozal, their post, someone had seen to it that their quarters were clean and livable. Quite different was our experience in St. Louis, Portland, etc.

To go back to the "Liscomb," it must have been built for Antarctic trade because all the staterooms were below deck. Ours, as did most of the rooms for the officers, opened into the dining salon and was unbearably hot. The boat had been lying out in the harbor in the broiling sun all day; we didn't leave until about six o'clock. The stateroom hadn't cooled off much by Ira's bedtime; and I was debating whether to put him to bed when the kind Irish steward came to me and said, "It's two cots I'm putting up on deck for you and the wee lad to sleep on!"

I looked at him in amazement and said, "You mean we are to sleep here on deck all night?"

"Sure, that Is what I mean but not in those clothes. Go down and undress yourself and the by and you can put upon a kamona. I'll be watching out for you like I told the Lieutenant."

The cabin boys were bringing up a number of cots, not just two for us. It was contrary to anything I'd ever done-lie down in a negligee, uncovered among a crowd of strangers, their cots almost touching mine. But the heat of the stateroom drove out all thoughts of what I thought was modesty.

I had a rather queer and uncomfortable experience on the "Liscombe", but I'll be dead before I get this finished if I tell everything. The sergeant did take care of us. He sat in a chair a short distance from us all night long--maybe he always did, but he was a comfort to me. ·

Fa'r met us at the dock; and when I stepped off the boat and into his arms, all my troubles dropped into the sea. How we three rejoiced walking home through the, little village.

That was one of the great advantages of our not being in Manila. We didn't have

to buy horses and a carriage or hire a coachman. We had had people looking for an outfit for us in Manila before the orders came. I had written to Aunt Clara, asking her to lend us five hundred dollars. We weren't broke, but we felt we had to keep plenty of money in the bank.

You probably think that was extravagant, but it wasn't. For in Manila in those days there were no street-cars, and we had tried renting and had had a nasty runaway. Distances were very great, and one had to make innumerable calls as well as to get out to cool off. It was a hardship on the Army, but we didn't have that problem in little Zamboanga. We lived within a stone's throw of everything.

Our home wasn't much to look at. It was on a main street entering the Post; and our bedroom windows looked onto the parade ground and its long avenue of almond and elang-elang trees, the blossoms of which had a delightful odor. One entered our apartment on the street level through two large handsome doors of beautiful mara wood. The hall was paved with brick, and the stairway leading up to our living quarters was wide and made of the same mahogany-like wood. I put large caladium plants in large tubs at the foot of the stairway, and it looked quite nice. I forgot the tailor shop with its sign next to our doors; in fact, I found the little tailor a great comfort. All I had to do was lean out of the window and call, "Oh Sastre!" and he'd come running to his door. I'd throw down the uniform or whatever needed tricky mending, and he would do it quickly and for very, little. He made Fa'r's uniforms and his underwear of thin cotton material. Fa'r had gotten a pattern for the underwear from Capt. McCoy, who had bought some in London--the kind the British wore in India. All the officers wore them. They were taken to the United States and copied, and so the B.V.D. was born! --and the long balbriggans tossed overboard.

After we had been in Zamboanga a month or two, Mr. Korsky built us a porch onto the apartment. There were no doors, so our dining table was practically out-of-doors. From that side we looked out on the mountains in the far distance. Opposite was the living room. There was a garden across the street and beyond was the sea. The sea lane going to Australia passed by there. Our bedroom ran the entire width of the house and had at least six windows. However, there was no glass in any of the windows and no screens--which was, as I think back on it, awfully silly, but no one had them. We had to close the wooden shutters in the bedroom at night because we were afraid of the huge bats which came flying from the island of Isabella, sixty miles away, to eat the almonds on the tree outside our windows. They squealed and squeaked all night. One of the soldiers shot one that measured five feet from wing-tip to wing-tip.

The floors all over the house were made of mara wood twelve inches wide and were a lovely mahogany color. The house-boy kept them glistening but not slippery in a very simple way. First, he poured kerosene around to discourage the ants. Then he tied green banana leaves on his bare feet and skated and slid about, humming to himself and polishing the floor.

Eriberto del Castillo was our cook, known among the natives as El Gordo, the fat one. He had a grand sense of humor as well as the God-given gift of cooking.

Our meals were delicious, and in those days we all ate much more. World War I changed all that. He went to the market before he came in the morning and bought what he thought we'd use. He had cooked for a Spanish officer for twelve years and new how to buy better and cheaper than I could have. I knew he made a little commission, but that was the way business was done. He did amazing things with condensed milk or any materials he had. His turtle steaks were Superb!

One day Fa'r sent word at three P.M. that the Manila boat would be in before dinner and that we were expected to dine some exalted guests. We had three lamb chops in the house, and the commissary closed at two P.M. I didn't like chicken eaten-on-the-hoof, so to speak; and, anyway, Eriberto had said that those left in the market wouldn't be good enough, and native meat was out of the question. Fish I could have had, but that wouldn't have satisfied a big he-man. One had to have both a fish and meat course. So, I wrote a note to the commissary sergeant and begged him to save my life.

Wouldn't he please open the refrigerator and cut me a rib roast of beef or a leg of lamb because General "thus and so" was due any minute on the Manila boat and would have dinner with us. (Our meat came from Australia and was good.)

The sergeant was kind and opened the refrigerator and sent me not a rib roast, not a leg of lamb, but a hunk of beef the likes of which I'd never seen. I was sunk when I saw it and let out a howl. Eriberto said, "No llores, Seneta (do not cry, little Missus), Eriberto's cook Spanish very good. He rushed out to buy certain herbs and white wine and olives, and that dinner meat turned out to be one of the most delicious meats we'd ever eaten. Dinner was late, though, and we drank an extra mint julep maybe that helped.

My mint bed, a box on the porch, was famous; and from it grew many another. I haven't a doubt but that its descendants are still flourishing in Zamboanga. When Col. McGonigle left Zamboanga, he sent all his plants to me; and among them was a box with apparently dead plants. The leaves were as brown and dry as paper. Fortunately, I took some and rubbed them between my fingers and found it was mint! I kept it and wet it and nursed it and was rewarded, for in less time than you can imagine we had a mint bed. I always had a box of fertile soil waiting; and after our friends had had their drink, I took out the sprig of mint left in the glass and planted it. Then when I got a box growing, I passed it on.

Judge Powell of "Joe Ja" was an authority on the making of mint juleps. When we saw the tea ceremony in Japan, I whispered to Father, Judge Powell belonged to the no-crushing" of the mint school.

When I arrived in Zamboanga, I found that Fa'r, on the advice of Americans living there, had engaged besides Eriberto, the cook, Jose, a boy of about twelve, who was to wash dishes and run errands, Ahkeel, a butler and house-man, and Maria, the "Lavandera" (wash woman) --all by the week. They were paid very little and ate only rice and greens. None slept there on the place.

The cook got breakfast, cleaned his kitchen, and then left the house, if he cared to, until it was time to get lunch. Ahkeel had been born in Java but had been trained in Borneo by an Englishman and was the best-trained servant we ever had.

I tried to find out his history, but he was a very aloof and silent creature. He was a Mohammedan and always wore a small black skull cap. He ate nothing cooked in our house because we ate pork and ham and used lard. Of course, I knew he carried home rice and dried things. The little dishwasher I let go in a week and told Eriberto and Ahkeel that they had to do that work, and Maria came only three days instead of seven.

It took me a while to get used to housekeeping. Eriberto was a fine shopper. If he saw unusually good chicken, he bought a half-dozen, regardless of the fact that I might have ordered meat from the commissary. He bought the alive, of course, and would tie them by one leg to the table or chairs. The first time I saw it I was horrified and said, "Malo! Susio!" (bad, dirty). He shrugged his shoulders and said., "No importa, Seneta.," and he took a dipper full of water, sloshed it on the floor and the droppings went through the cracks onto the ground below. There was no building under the kitchen., and the floor was made of bamboo about two and-one-half inches apart. It was very convenient, you see, and was undoubtedly planned that way.

All our friends had Chinese cooks. Eriberto felt he had to prove that a Filipino was far superior to a "Chino". He would ask me what we'd had to eat at General Wood's or Colonel Harbord's and would shrug his shoulders and say, "Eriberto better."

I wish I could have kept a record of our conversations. When I arrived, I knew no Spanish and Eriberto no English. Akheel was our interpreter, but he didn't last long as he was unhappy in Zamboanga. After he left, we got an untrained Filipino boy; so, there was no one but Fa'r who could do any interpreting for us, and he was away all day. I'd go into the room next to the kitchen where we kept our ice box-one of the things we brought with us-and where the lavandera sat and ironed. I'd have with me my Spanish-English dictionary and Mrs. Rorers' Cookbook. Eriberto would stand up in front of me with pencil and pad, and we would plan our meals. It was fun, and sometimes we would laugh so hard we couldn't go on. I'd open the page to "eggs" and show him and say distinctly, "Eggs", and he'd try to repeat it. We'd do that several times, then he'd point to the Spanish word for egg and slowly pronounce it and I'd try to say it. After we'd gone through that I'd say three eggs and put up three fingers, or whatever number the recipe called for. Then in pantomime I'd pretend to break them, putting the whites in one imaginary bowl and the yolks in another and then pretend to beat them, and so on through the whole recipe. We developed a sign language that worked very well. And that reminds me of something very interesting.

Col. Scott was in command on the island of Jolo. He had spent most of his army life among our American Indians and was an authority, I think, on their sign language. Anyway, he knew it very well. The Moros of Jolo were a fighting lot and hard to manage. They were Mohammedans and their language Arabic, but Col. Scott was able to make himself understood by using the sign language of our Red Skins and could understand the Moro signs!

It didn't take long for Eriberto to catch on and to improve on everything. One

day after we'd been in Zamboanga long enough for me to have learned to speak the native dialect, "gibacana," I said to him that I thought I'd been a very good teacher. He looked at me and cocked his head to one side and said something that might be translated into a polite "oh yeah?" and then added, "but mi Seneta, mi Eriberto del Castillio, me ver-ry good cook!" I asked him what made him think so, and he said he listened to our quests when they said goodbye and they always said "Thank you ver-ry mooch. Best dinners in Zamboanga." I really think they were, but strange to say, after we left, he went to cook for two bachelors, and he didn't do well at all. He was devoted to us and proud of Ira, who was known among the natives as "pickaninny ingeniero" He boasted about Fa'r because he was two "ingenieros," military and civil and he and the lavandera insisted that I must be part Spanish. When I said no, they then said, "Maybe Mexican?"

Eriberto felt that rank and age should be served different and better food than one gave the young. If General Wood were coming to dinner or the Colonel of the infantry regiment, Eriberto would search the country for choice and unusual food to serve--bamboo shoots or young ferns just beginning to uncurl, which he would boil and serve cold as a salad. But if we were having the Lieutenants and girls, Eriberto always skimped and served cheaper meals. You see, there were no telephones in Zamboanga, so all communication was by notes—"chits" the British say. The boy delivered the notes, so he and Eriberto knew whom we were entertaining. I tried to fool him and order an elaborate meal, but he'd tell me that he couldn't find what I'd ordered, that it wasn't in the market that day so he I'd bought something else--something he thought would do for the Lieutenants as they were young and didn't know good food.

In that climate flowers were very plentiful. There was always some tree or shrub in bloom. I adored the flame trees, and the boy would bring in bunches of the flowers for me. One day when the season was over for the flame tree flowers and I wanted the dining table to look particularly nice, I told Exiquille to "traiga flores", which in their language meant, "get flowers." He went out and didn't come back for a long time; and when he did, he had no flowers. I asked him in Spanish, "What, no flowers?"

"No, Seneta, there are no flowers to be had." I saw by his wet head that he'd been for a "swim-bath" I tried to look stern and pointed my finger at him and said, "Go! No bath this time. Its flowers I want and pretty ones."

He pretended to be surprised but put his hand to his very wet hair and went off with a sheepish grin. He came back in a little while with an armful exquisite white flower. I'd never seen any like them, and I said, "You said there were no flowers. They are beautiful. Where do they grow?"

"In the cemetery- on a grave!"

I gasped, "Oh Exiquille, is that nice?"

"But the Seneta said, "Traiga Flores." There are none where I usually find them, so I go where they are." I didn't dare ask where he usually found them- it might have been the priest's garden.

I've gotten switched again from the plan of our house. The bathroom evidently

had been a closet in the room off the kitchen, where Eriberto and I had our “confabs.” The tin floor of the bath closet eloped to a large hole in the base of the wall so that the water from the shower ran out easily. The shower was a tin-lined box with a hose nozzle which had a valve operated by a string. Simple and adequate. The boy filled it every day with the distilled water and the sun heated it, so Ira and I had no troubles there.

Our toilet facilities were of the crudest. I was appalled at first but grew accustomed to it; and as we all kept well, there was nothing to worry about. Back of the kitchen and on a level with, it was what we would today call a sundeck. It was the roof of the building next to us and was made of concrete with a nice low wall around it. It would have made a glorious porch with flower boxes on the low walls and with the stars overhead. But, alas, we couldn’t use it that way—our “Chick Sales” was there. It was a lean-to against the house. The toilet was a commode with a tin pan. Beside it was a box of clean white sand and a shovel. Every night between eleven and twelve a man, naked except for a loin cloth, climbed up a ladder to the sundeck.

He was called the “susio hombre” {dirty man}. He was unusually tall and thin, with a bright mahogany-colored, glistening skin; and in the light of his lantern he looked like a red devil. He brought a clean pan and sand every night and carried away the one we had used and emptied and washed it in the sea, which I’ve told you was very near.

Housekeeping was so different, and I was so afraid of our getting some horrible tropical disease that I watched everything like a hawk. There were no house flies in Zamboanga. I cleaned the ice box myself every third day. It was one of the kind—the only kind made then—that had a pipe running from the ice compartment to a pan underneath; and in that climate, where everything decomposed very quickly, and fungus growths leaped full grown overnight, I felt that I had to keep that pipe clean.

There was no running water in Zamboanga. The Army had a plant for distilling water and freezing it. It was delivered to us in cans every morning, and our empty ones picked up. It took constant watching and nagging at first to make Eriberto understand that the covers must be kept on the cans. He just didn’t think it mattered because “didn’t the Filipinos and Chinese stand in the creek to get the water they drank, and they didn’t die.” I persuaded him that we were softer and that, if the monkey from across the street or Ira’s mongoose, Rickie Tickie Tavi or the cats or mice drank from the can, we might get very ill and have to go home to the States and he wouldn’t like that. That did the trick. He liked us and wanted us to stay well.

There was nothing for the women to do in Zamboanga except the sort of thing one does at a summer resort—tennis and swimming and constant dinners and people in for lunch. The bachelors often invited themselves to our house for breakfast to eat waffles. One of the ladies in the Infantry, of whom I was really very fond, said to me one day, “It makes me smile to see you at the club dances. The bachelors all rush you, and you seem to enjoy it. Don’t you know that the reason you are so popular is because you have the only waffle iron in town? Will you sell it to me

when you leave?" I gave it to her, and I hope she became more popular.

Very soon after we arrived, Fa'r said he'd like to ask General Wood and his aides for dinner; and of course, that was all right with me. Now at home when I'm having a dinner, I plan it a few days ahead of time and try to have all the food in the house the day before so that the cook could have all day to prepare it -but not so in Zamboanga. I told Eriberto that we were having company and that I wanted chicken. Those he had gotten and cleaned, and they were on the ice; but nothing had been done about the vegetables, rolls, or dessert. On this auspicious occasion when I was to entertain my first Major General, Eriberto and the boy left as usual after lunch. I thought they would come back earlier than usual because we were having a party--but not they!

I was waiting all excited and indignant for Eriberto when I saw him sauntering along, swinging a large fish by a string. Ahkeel was beside him carrying packages, and both were laughing. I met them at the top of the stairway leading into the kitchen and said, "Tarde, tarde! Seguro mai chow!" (Late, late! Surely bad food!)

Eriberto spoke to Ahkeel in Spanish, and he explained to me that Eriberto had to wait for the five o'clock fishing boats. He could do no less, Ahkeel explained, for I must know a fish bought in the morning wouldn't be fit to eat by night. Then Eriberto spoke to me, and I was able to understand what he said, "Why be excited now, Senete., before anything has happened. Wait until tonight and if dinner is late and the food bad, then tomorrow scold Eriberto!!"

I was horrified to find Eriberto smoking a cigar while he was cooking. Then it seemed awful to be smoking the filthy thing and cooking (I myself smoke a cigarette now and think nothing of it!) But then I went to Fa'r in alarm and said "Charley, Eriberto is smoking a cigar." He answered, "Don't get excited. They are very cheap over here. Let him take some if he wants to."

He took the cigar out of his mouth and looked at it and said, "very well, Seneta, the first time there is the faintest taste of tobacco in your food you tell Eriberto and he will never smoke another cigar in your kitchen." And then he put the cigar on the edge of the windowsill and spread his hands before him and looked at them and said, "They are the same hands that knead the biscuits that are 'so good' (in English). Does putting them in the hot oven to tenderly turn a chicken make them bad? A fork is bad. It breaks the skin. My hands are good!"

I don't remember how I got out of the kitchen with any sort of dignity, but from the twinkle in Eriberto's eyes I knew he was having a fine time.

General Leonard Wood was the first Governor of the Koro Province, and he was also the Commanding General of the military forces. Captain Charles Keller was the military engineer on his staff and went on all the military inspection trips and fights, and he was the civil Engineer, too, and built roads and bridges and warehouses and a prison.

The only contact Zamboanga had with the world were the inter-island transports, which came about every ten days, and the cable to Manila, which was more often broken and out of commission than working. It was only when Fa'r was away that our isolation worried me.

General Wood was a brilliant man. He was a Captain in the Medical Corps when the war with Spain broke. The “Rough Riders” regiment was organized with Leonard Wood as Colonel and Theodore Roosevelt as Lieutenant Colonel. When years later Theodore became President, he made Leonard a Major General in the line of the Army.

The winning of the Spanish American War made us a world power with colonial possessions. We had promised Cuba not to hold her after she was able to govern herself, and General Wood was sent there to straighten things out and be the Governor of the island. President Theodore Roosevelt was very anxious that we do the right thing and to make no mistakes in colonization. Mr. Taft was the Governor of the Philippine Islands, but the President decided that it would be wise for the southern islands of the Philippine group to have their own governor. The natives there were (and are) a fighting lot, and so he appointed General Wood to be the Governor of the Moro Province.

It was decided that it would be wise for General Wood to go to the Philippine Islands via Europe and learn as much as he could about governing our new people. He stayed at the White House with the President for about two weeks and was “put wise” by the State Department on how to go about his mission.

Be went to England, France, Germany, end Italy to their State Departments or, I suppose, Ministers or External Affair. Doesn’t that show how simple and trustful we were-or how stupid? Was the world so very different then, I wonder. Certainly, in the face of present conditions and hates we seem to have been very naïve.

But General Wood and his Aide, Captain McCoy, had a grand trip, and it made them very interesting dinner guests. General Wood, I think, enjoyed the visit to Germany the most. He told us several interesting things.

They were in Germany during the war maneuvers, at which all the nations of the world were represented. A grand banquet was given for, the ranking officers of all the visiting spectators, and General Wood said that it was very formal. The Emperor appeared only for a short time and was in full military uniform, ablaze with orders. The next night there was a small dinner given for the English and Americans, and the Emperor stayed all evening. He was most informal and called, come here, Wood, and select a cigar for me. You should know Cuban cigars.”

The last day of the maneuvers there was a grand review, with the German Emperor in all his glory out in front, surrounded by his staff. Behind him were the visiting officers, hundreds of them, in their most formal uniforms. All were on horses. General Wood told us that to his great surprise one of the Emperor’s aides came to him, saluted him, end said, “His Imperial Majesty desires to speak with you.”

When our General reached the Emperor, he was surrounded by his staff, whom he waved aside in his most imperious matter, and said, “We wish to be alone with General Wood,” and turned and said, “we understand that you are an intimate friend of the President of the United States and that you were a guest at the White House before coming on this time.”

General Wood said, “Yes, Your Majesty, that is correct,” “It is our desire,” said

the Emperor, “that you tell your President that we do not approve of the treaty the British have made with pagan Japan. They should have an alliance and work together.”

General Wood said that he had noticed that the Crown Prince had ridden up and was standing at attention, waiting for his father to give him permission to approach. When the Emperor finished talking to General Wood, he motioned to the Crown Prince, who rode up, saluted his father, and said, “I have the honor to inform Your Majesty that I am now departing for Vienna to view the Austrian maneuvers.”

The Emperor put his hand on his son’s shoulder and said “Go, my son, and remember that you are Prussian!” Then he touched his own cap in salute and dismissed him. I wonder how he felt about having an Austrian in command of the Prussian Army.

You can’t realize what an impressive figure the Emperor of Germany was, and what an unusual thing it was for him to be so friendly with an American General. The German Army then, too, was a magnificent machine, and perhaps the Emperor was right. If the United States, England and Germany could have made a “go” of it, maybe the present mess wouldn’t have happened. I’m not profound enough to try any discussion like that!

We were in luck that the Moros in Zamboanga were a peaceful tribe. They made their living by fishing and there was apparently no feeling of resentment towards the white race. The tribe in the interior of Mindanao and on the island of Jolo were quite different. They were fierce and fearless fighters, and some of the religious fanatics hated the white infidel.

I’m not profound as you and I know, but I pride myself on having common sense. I thought about the question a lot, and I never could see why the United States was in the Philippines. What right had we to go in and tell the Moros how to live?

General Wood passed a law forbidding a Moro to have more than one wife. We weren’t missionaries. The Koran permitted him to have as many wives as he could support. And how could we enforce such a law? I needn’t have worried because the Moros paid no attention to the law I was told, but I considered it an imposition on our part.

Fa’r could tell you much better than I of the interesting things that happened on the inspection trips or of the fighting when he was one of General Wood’s party, and I’m sure he will when he is retired, as I am, and has lots of time.

Soon after General Wood arrived, he and his staff went to pay a visit of ceremony to the Sultan of Jolo. They were received by the Sultan in his palace. That’s a joke because he lived in a nipa shack like all the others, except that his was larger and had a platform at one end on which he, the Sultan, a dirty wizened little man, sat. Col. Hugh Scott was in command at Jolo and had warned General Wood that if food was offered, he must not refuse, or the Sultan would be insulted. If given a choice, he suggested asking for hard boiled eggs and fruit and thus avoid having to eat food that had been handled by the filthy Moros, the egg-shells and fruit peel

being a protection.

We all had a constant fear of catching one of the many horrible tropical diseases. The thought of eating anything handled by the Moros was abhorrent to all Americans and Filipinos. They lived like animals in their one-room houses, built on piles on the seashore or river bank. They know nothing of cleanliness and cared less. Their bodies, however, were clean because they practically lived in the water.

When Col. Scott- of sign language fame-ordered hard-boiled eggs and bananas, he thought he was safe. But when the eggs came, they had been nicely peeled and were served on a large brass tray. The tray was like the one we have, only this one wasn't bright and clean but was green with verdigris. The American officers ate the eggs, and no one was ill from the effects.

One of their trips was to Devao on the other side of Mindanao. You know that name now, don't you? So, I'm sure you will be interested to know that the reason for General Wood and his staff going there was to investigate the report of the settling there of any Japanese. They were there in 1904, and many more were expected. Your grandfather thought it was a mistake to permit them to come; but General Wood felt that they were industrious, good farmers and that they would add to the material value of Mindanao. And now see what's happening there in 1942.

Most of the trouble and battles in the Moro Province were caused by fanatically religious Moros, going "juramentado." The fanatic Moro believed that if he killed an infidel-one who was not a Mohammedan-and he himself was killed, he would go straight to heaven. He felt the same about the Spaniard; in fact, towards anyone who was not a Mohammedan. After days of fasting and praying he would rush forth with his two-handed Kris (knife) and kill any unbeliever who came in his way. He often stole up on a sentry and slashed him in two. The officers and their families who were stationed in the neighborhood of these Moros lived in constant dread of having such a man run wild on their Post. Because this Moro who was running amuck had absolutely no fear, he courted death after he had killed his first man. He had no fear as he had been taught the more non-believers, he killed the happier his future life would be. There was another class of Moro who killed only the soldiers because he wanted their guns and ammunition. They, too, stole up behind the sentry and knifed him.

General Wood tried in every way to stop these murders. He had talks with the Sultan and with all the "datos" (chiefs). Our men, on the advice of some dato, tried burying a pig in the same grave with a poor fanatic in order to show the other Moros how futile and hopeless it was to go amuck, because, of course, no Mohammedan could get into heaven if he had lain beside an unclean pig!

Because of the poor, deluded fanatics and the rebellious soldier-type Moro, who would do anything to get a rifle and kept on killing our soldiers, we had to go and try to capture the head devils who instigated these raids. That was what all the Moro wars were about.

In the interior of Mindanao there is a large lake. As it was in the heart of the

fighting Moros' country, we had two army posts there, because not all the Moros were bad and because there were Filipinos who had to be protected. There was a legend that the Spaniards had had two fine gunboats on the lake, which they had sunk before they left. It didn't seem possible that it could be true because this lake is many miles from the sea and the road leading to it is over the mountains and had been built by American soldiers. But General Wood and his engineers were intrigued by the story, and the General gave his consent to hiring some divers and finding out if there was any truth in the yarn. The divers did find two boats resting on the bottom of the lake, apparently in good condition. So, the engineers went about the business of raising them, and they succeeded in bringing them to the surface in an undamaged condition. The boats were modern for that day and in good shape. The Spaniards had greased and protected the machinery before opening the seacocks. Perhaps Fa'r will tell you about it.

Then another of Fa'r's duties was the maintenance of all "aids to navigation," meaning lights and buoys. The Lighthouse Department for all the islands was in Manila with Capt. Cosby in charge. All recommendations for repairs or replacements went through that office. Fa'r had sent in specifications for some buoys which were needed in the Moro Province. One day Fa'r told me that his recommendation had gone through and that the buoys were being made in China. "China?" I said. And Fa'r, who can read my thoughts, said, "It's just the order that has gone to China."

It was March 1904. We had been in Zamboanga almost a year. Fa'r was up at Lake Lanao inspecting the raising of the boats, and I was very low in my mind when a messenger brought me this cable:

7pm

Overton Mind Mar. 3, 1904

Mrs. Keller

Zamboanga

Am going to Hong Kong at once. Meet me here on Seward. Bring money and clothes. Answer here.

Charley

You can imagine how excited and pleased I was. But there was much to be done. First, I had to find out when the "Seward" was due. She stopped at Zamboanga to unload freight and mail, then went to Jolo, and up to the other stations on Minandao. I tried to find out when we would sail from Manila, because we had to have plenty of clean clothes for the hot climate. I also had to get out the warmer clothes we had when we left the United States and see if they were fit to wear. Fortunately, I'd taken care of them, sunning them each week on the deck back of the kitchen; otherwise they would have been very moldy and worthless.

The "Seward" I found was due to arrive about the eighth. That left me five days to have our clothes washed and in order. Fa'r had to have and khaki uniforms and

many of them and Ira had to have a good number of suits. I had to get my friend, the tailor, to make half-a-dozen new ones for Ira. We mothers have evolved a very comfortable outfit for children-sun suits were unheard of in those days. What the little boys wore was a little short-sleeved blouse with trousers which buttoned onto it. The suit was made of linen toweling, which we could buy at the commissary. I don't remember about my clothes.

In September of 1941, when I showed Fa'r the cable which he had sent me and which I've kept all these years with letters and clippings, I asked him, "Where did we keep money in Zamboanga" There was no bank."

He replied, "In your sock, I guess." We had an account in the Hongkong-Shanghai Bank in Manila, but, of course, we had to have cash to in the house.

Capt. Cosby and Capt. Taylor appeared on the scene the day Ira and I were leaving. I apologized for not being able to ask them for a meal and explained that we were on our way to China. Then I asked. "To whom are we indebted for the trip. How does it happen that Charley is going? I am utterly amazed that someone higher up didn't snatch it."

"I could have," Capt. Cosby said. "as it's in my department, but I felt that since Keller had ordered them, he should be the one to go."

I was so happy to go. We'd been in that heat for almost a year, and we were all worn pretty ragged. Having Fa'r away for weeks at a time was a little tough on me, too. When he was away, and Engineer sergeant slept at the house so that I had no fear.

We arrived in Hongkong on March 20. I was entranced with the beautiful harbor, full of ships of every nationality. The city from the waterfront was an amazing sight because it is really just a high hill. There were a few streets that are flat, but the greater part of the town is built on the hillside. I'm not going to try to describe it for you as you can get a much better description of it from the encyclopedia.

The streets were massed with people. The Chinese then wore their own style of clothes, not our so-called European dress. Many of them still had pigtails down their backs, and I was fascinated by the different kind of buttons they wore on their little pillbox hats- yellow, red, blue, green, white, etc. I asked about it and was told that color of the button indicated their station in life. I bought a lot of the buttons but years later classed them as junk and threw them out. They weren't really buttons, but a ball on a screw and small nut that fastened them on the hat.

Ira was delighted with the sedan chairs and "rig shows," as he called them.

The hotel we were to be an old place, but it seemed good to be in a well-furnished room. It was a huge room and had a large porch across one side. They put in a bed for Ira at the opposite end from ours, and he objected to being so far away.

After lunch Fa'r went off to see his man, so Ira and I decided we'd see the town. I let him decide whether we'd take a rickshaw or a chair, and he decided after great thought that we'd take the "rig show" because it had only one man and he was in front of us and could be watched. He said he was glad it was a man pulling us and not a horse. He was remembering the horrible run-a-way we had had in Manila

when a wheel came off the carriage we had rented, and we almost crashed into a shop.

It seemed to us very cold in Hongkong, but of course it couldn't have been because there were palm trees and beautiful shrubs. However, the hotel was damp, so I became very extravagant and ordered a fire in the grate. It cost fifty cents for the coal.

Fa'r came back and brought strawberries for Ira and a large bunch of heliotrope for me. We were all so happy. Fa'r and I wanted to shop and to go sightseeing. Ira was only five years old, and we felt that none of us would be happy if we tried to lug him around. I had the address of a Chinese woman who had been a nurse in an English family and who now acted as nurse for visiting Americans. I told Ira that we were going to hire this amah (nurse) to come and stay with him while Fa'r and I went out. In my most persuasive manner I told him that we'd enjoy having him with us but that it would be a bore for him and what fun it would be to have a Chinese amah.

He looked at me with that "you can't fool me" look and said, "I'm five, and you are always telling me to be a little man. Five is too old to have a nurse. But it's all right with me, only I warn you I'll kick her if she gets too bossy." To his great surprise he liked her- she was young and amusing, and so different. She took him to the park, and he had more fun than if he'd been with us.

The next day I went out alone. Fa'r was going to the foundry where the buoys were being made, and Ira and his amah were going to the park. I had a long list of addresses given to me by Army women. I ordered Canteen linen dresses made to my measurement and that ebony frame which has Rosa's and Charles III's picture in it now, but mostly I walked and watched the life and gloated that I was there. I seem to have had no fear and nothing happened, but I did worry when I got home before Ira and his nurse.

The hotel was run, of course, for the English but was very oriental in its management- very different from anything we had experienced. We were awakened about seven by the knocking on our door. Fa'r in the days of his youth, was pretty fierce when first awakened out of a sound sleep. He leaped out of the bed and made for the door muttering, "who in the hell can that be at this hour."

It was a smiling waiter in a light-blue linen coat that came to his ankles, carrying a large tray. He said, "Your tea, sir," and brought the tray to the bed, which by this time Ira had scrambled into, and poured us each a cup of hot tea. Fa'r got back into bed and drank his tea. Ira and I nudged each other and grinned because tea was something Fa'r scorned at home. The waiter was so grave and dignified and expected us to act like cultured people and to know that we must drink tea at seven in the morning! Before leaving us, the waiter said, "Ring, please for your bath, sir."

By and by Fa'r pulled the bell rope for his bath, thinking he would be let to it as one is on shipboard. But something very different happened here.

The door was opened, and in came two boys carrying a huge round wooden bowl. Two other boys followed with cans of water, and a third lot with a screen and mat. With great precision the "boys" (some were old men) put down the mat, then the

tub which they filled with water, and then put the screen around it. Fa'r got behind it and gaily reported to us that it would take some engineering to wet his whole body. He called to us from time to time – “Knees are clean- so's my back- and now hold everything, I'm going to sit down!” Ira wanted to peek, but in those days, we were so disgustingly modest that Fa'r would have had a fit. The amah helped me with my bath, and I never was too modest.

We liked the five o'clock tea and late, long dinners. At dinner I always liked to try new dishes, and the first night I ordered a “savory” after the sweet, thinking it would be something fine. To Fa'r's amusement- I think he knew- it was a bit of stinking smoked fish. I've always meant to find out why the English like that, because they always have it at the end of dinner between the sweet and dessert. Dessert always means fresh fruit. Now the hot tea long before breakfast is good hygiene- but a smelly old fish after ice cream!

The three of us went sightseeing around Hong Kong. There were no automobiles and no fine roads. The coolies carried everything up those steep hills on their backs or tied to a pole. Which two or more coolies carried. We saw them trotting along with a piano slung on a pole. We went to the top of the hill by a trolley car and saw that wonderful Hong Kong harbor.

Fa'r finished his inspections and accepted the buoys but had to wait several days for the papers which he had to sign. So, we decided to go to Canton! I had been told to go and return on a certain boat because the Captain was so nice., and we were lucky that our date fitted in right with that boat's sailing. We left Hong Kong at five p.m. The boat was luxurious and the scenery fascinating. You have seen pictures of such trips in the movies, so to you it wouldn't be as amazing as it was to us. It was as though we were in a canoe, pushing the rushes or water hyacinths aside- our big boat and all the little sampans crowding the river, each sampan overflowing with life, old, young, and animal.

We sat beside the Captain at dinner. We shall never forget that dinner because it was so good. There was choice fish and game. The Captain said he believed in good living, and we were so skinny that we ate everything.

When our boat landed the next morning and we went out on deck and saw the Canton Harbor, it seemed unbelievable because there were so many people, all trotting busily hither and you. That's the way I think of China- everyone going somewhere. I can't remember any of them sitting around us in Mexico, for instance.

The boat was met by a swarm of guides. Fortunately, we had been told to ask for one name Ah Kum John, who was dependable. Otherwise I don't know what we would have done because it was all so bewildering. Our Captain knew Ah Kum John and made the arrangements for us. We wanted chairs and would be using them until we returned to the boat at five. The ship put up a lunch for us in a tea basket, the kind I'd read about in English novels. The day was beautiful, and we were all elated.

I'm sure I remember what our chairs looked like-arm chairs of bamboo with foot rests on two long poles. A man in front stooped down and lifted the poles on his shoulders as another was doing the same thing behind. Ah Kum John helped us in,

then got in his and led the parade-Ira and I in one, then Fa'r, a fourth chair for the wife of an Army surgeon in Zamboanga.

The Canton we saw is gone! The first change was brought about by the automobile. The streets in 1904 were narrower than the sidewalks are in the Chicago loop. In order to make room for our chairs to pass one coming in the opposite direction, the people walking-and there were dense crowds everywhere-had to flatten themselves against the walls of the buildings or step in the stores.

The stores were queer. The whole shop was exposed to the street-no doors or windows as we know a building. You might say the front of a shop was like one big door which rolled up like a garage door, and everything in the shop was exposed to the eye of the passersby. My eyes almost popped out. Fish were swimming in tanks in the fish market (the Chinese didn't buy dead fish unless they were smoked). There were shops which sold roasting meat, another that sold all sorts of wearing apparel, and so on.

The continuous noise we heard was different from anything Ira and I had imagined. The men carrying us had a sort of chant to trot by. The one in front would sing out, "Hy-Hoo," his voice rising at the end of the "hoo." The one behind would answer in a different key, "Hoo-hu." his voice falling at the "hu." You can imagine the noise, with the call of the street vendors added to the sing-song of the coolies. But I didn't mind it-it was far easier on the ear than the automobile horns of today.

Our plan for the day was to go sightseeing in the morning. Au Kum John told us of many places of interest and suggested we eat our lunch on the top of a seven-storied pagoda. First, we went to the field where criminals were beheaded. Fortunately, it was a Thursday, and beheadings took place on Mondays and Fridays! I don't remember what the guide called the next place, but it was an oblong field about as large as two city blocks with small stone structures at close intervals around the four sides. The buildings were of three sides only and were about four-by-four-by-eight feet high and had a stone shelf at the back and no chair. This was the hell-so to speak-where the students in the Chinese classics took their final examinations. I suppose it corresponded to our thesis for a doctor's degree. They stood on the earth floor of the field with their backs exposed to the weather, and Ah Kum John said that they were not permitted to leave until their work was finished. It took some almost a week. I wonder how the students of our progressive schools would like that. It was not very sanitary there, as you can imagine. We probably saw other places and other things that I didn't mention in my letters.

I'm not a very "hot" sightseer. I like people and life better, and the sightseeing was a sort of trade with Father if he'd shop with me. The seven-storied pagoda looked like the Chinese silver pepper shakers we have. It was made of wood, and the dust of ages was on it. We had to climb narrow, winding stairs, and when we got there-what? Nothing? An old Chinese god made of wood, which had never been beautiful, sat on an old table. I'm sure no priest ever came near the place because there were no candles or joss sticks. The place was a guide's idea of what an American tourist liked. There was an ordinary wooden bench, and we sat on it

and ate our lunch. I sniffed and looked around and turned up my nose. Fa'r grinned at me with a naughty little twinkle in his eye and said, "why not look at the view?"

Then Ira piped up, and I had to talk to him. "I know, sweet lamb, we were terribly stupid not to think of it before we climbed all the stairs. No, you can't do it here. This seventh story is a sort of Chinese church. Yes, it's a queer, dirty church. You are perfectly right. I'll ask Ah Kum John to take you down."

Evidently from the short time it took, the sixth story was considered proper. Anyway, the old wooden walls had huge cracks in them!

Before we started on my buying spree, the guide asked me what I wanted. I told him "Wall embroideries, silver, a mandarin coat, and other things that please my eye and pocketbook. I'll tell you where to stop."

"Very well, madam, Ah Kum John he knows the best places in Canton. You no bother." And he tapped his breast and added. "Me very good guide." Of course, we knew he would only take us to shops where they would give him a commission, but I'd decided in the morning that I'd make him stop wherever I saw anything I wanted. It was easy to see all the wares because we jogged along slowly, and the shops were tiny and contained very few things.

In some streets crowds of children trotted beside Ira and me screaming. "Chin chin, chin chin!" I thought they wanted money, but the guide said they were saying hello to the little boy.

We had been warned that the smells of Canton were awful, but we didn't find them so at all. It was early Spring and there were many flower stalls. "Stalls"-that word really describes their stores best. Also, they were roasting nuts with cinnamon, and that was good. Maybe Ah Kum John kept us out of the smelly streets.

Our first stop was in a place where there were many girls making jewelry from Kingfisher feathers. You know the bird with beautiful blue feathers. The foundation of the ornament was very thin silver, covered with glue. The girls had tweezers with which they picked up the feathers and put them on the silver. It looked very difficult to do. And the results were lovely. I bought one, and I think Retta has it. What is not so lovely is the fact that after some years the girls go blind. I didn't like that at all and didn't want to buy, but Fa'r whispered, "Sales talk. Don't believe it."

Then we went on to place after place where we saw nothing I wanted. Ah Kum John was getting a little peeved, and I decided I'd stop at the places I liked-comish or no comish for our sober guide. I saw a fascinating looking shop full of Chinese gods, and I called to Ah Kum John. But, of course, in all the din of the street he didn't hear me. So, I poked our forward boy with my umbrella and clapped my hands. He stopped, and I got out. Ah Kum John was still going on, but I'd noticed that he looked behind in intervals to see if we were following. Of course, Fa'r and the doctor's wife had to stop. I was pointing with glee to a small black stone smiling "family god", when Ah Kum John came up perfectly furious and said, "No can do that. You tell me what you want to buy, and I take you."

I said, "but I don't know what I want until I see it," and I went on bargaining with the shopkeeper.

Then Ah Kum John with great sorrow in his voice said to Fa'r, "If your Missie

stop where she please maybe she catches leprosy and other bad disease.” That settled it. I got orders from Fa’r not to do that again!

Our next stop was a larger place, a real store of several rooms. Ira by this time was very weary and hated my shopping and asked if he please could just sit in the chair while we went in. I asked the guide if it were safe, and he said, “Perfectly, that no harm could come to him with eight trusted chair boys.”

This was the shop where I was to buy the embroideries and good things, and I was eager for the fray. The smiling tradesmen began unrolling their wares, and we bought the yellow piece that hangs in the dining room. I was going strong when there was a shriek from Ira, and we dashed out and found him surrounded by dozens of children. They had climbed all over him and were feeling his hair and his clothes and his hands, and they and the chair boys were jabbering and laughing. We were as terror stricken as poor little Ira was. Fa’r began scolding the chair boys, who didn’t understand English but knew what we meant all right. The guide said that they meant no harm, that they were interested in the little fellow.

Fa’r said to Ira, who looked so woebegone, “I think we men have had enough of shopping. If there’s anything else mother yearns for, she can go in and buy it.”

But I’d had enough. The panic I felt when I heard Ira and when I saw the swarm of dirty-nosed little beasts crawling over him had made me lose my taste for Chinese art. So, we went back to the boat and scoured ourselves and had some hot tea on the deck and watched the life on the sampans all around us- a view much more fascinating than the one from the seven-storied pagoda.

On the ship leaving Manila, we met some charming people from Illinois- a Mr. and Mrs. Curtis and their young lady daughter. He was writing articles for the Chicago Record-Herald.

They were staying at the same hotel as we were. And we saw them often. Mr. Curtis was in the lobby when we returned from Canton, and he said to me, “How d’ya like it? Did you spend all your gold?”

I told him no, that I had most of it still hanging around my neck. Fa’r added, “She’s filled with vain regrets because she didn’t buy enough presents!”

Mr. Curtis laughed and said, “I’ve been all through that so often, Keller, and I’ll tell you what I do now. I let Mrs. Curtis and Elsie make the decisions and say they will take one. Then I ask, “Who for?” They’ll answer, “Oh Aunt Mary or Cousin Sue.” And I’ll say to the dealer, when the girls aren’t listening, “Make it three.” Then I know Aunt Mary will surely get one, and there be no sorrow at giving it.”

I begged Fa’r to stay a little longer in Hong Kong, we were all feeling so much better, and I hated the thought of the heat. But he hadn’t asked for leave and his business was finished, so we left in a day or two for Manila and Zamboanga.

Our home looked awfully barn-like to me, but we managed to get back into the swing of life again. Mrs. Wood had arrived and had brought Ellwell’s book on bridge, the new game everyone was playing. She insisted we must learn and said she would teach us. She was an excellent teacher, and there was no nonsense or chatter. If we forgot and played out of the wrong hand, she’d reach across and take

away a trick!

Lots of funny things happened. One noon Fa'r told me he would like to bring up two naturalists for tea, and of course I said that was fine. It happened to be Exiquille's first pay day, and I was afraid he'd be late in getting back. But he promised he he'd be in the house by four-thirty, and I knew Eriberto would bake muffins for us. However, I fixed the tea-tray myself before I took my siesta and was all ready for Fa'r and the guests. I had told Exiquille to bring in the tray with the tea as soon as the Captain got home. Sure enough, our guests were no sooner seated than in walked Exiquille with the tea tray. But such an Exiquille! - Not in his white shirts and trousers but in a balbriggan undershirt and drawers, reaching below the knee, and wearing garters but no socks or shoes!

We gasped, and I said, "Exiquille, segaro Loco!!" (surely crazy). And she said, "No Loco, Seneta, mucho Americano!" We all laughed, and Fa'r said, "I wondered where my extra pair of garters had gone." The underwear he had bought with his first pay.

Exiquille was funny about his suits, too. He had the tailor make him two coats as much like an officer's uniform as possible. The coat was buttoned up to the neck and had a high stiff collar of the same material. The first course of dinner he served with the coat and collar tightly buttoned. But with the second course, the top button of the coat was opened, and so on through the dinner. By the time he brought in the coffee, his coat would be all unbuttoned and his brown skin showing all the way down to his trousers. Fa'r used to warn me not to have dinners too elaborate, or Exiquille might serve the coffee in a "G-string." I told Exiquille to have his coats made of lighter material and with no stiff collar, but he refused-his great ambition was to be "mucho Americano." He came from the hills back of Zamboanga and had never been to a "city." Zamboanga had a population of about three thousand. He was greatly interested in our knives and forks and spoons and watched us eat with great interest. He'd never seen anything like it.

There was a scandal at the Army Post, the usual triangle. But the thing that I remember about it is Maj. Gambrille report to Fa'r of Mrs. Jones and me the day the story broke. He was a bachelor who lived at the Club, which was built with a porch over hanging the water. He said he was sitting on the porch the day the story broke when he heard Mrs. Jones and I walk alongside on our way to go swimming. The tide was low that day, and he said he watched us walk across the sand and shallow water, talking away for dear life and stopping every few steps to make some empathic gesture. The water got to our ankles, then our knees, then our waist and armpits and, finally, in our mouths. Then, and only then, he said did we come conscious that we were in the sea and stop talking!

As I look back now, I think I was awfully stupid. I didn't get nearly all that I should have out of our experience in Zamboanga. I wish we had learned Spanish so that we could have entertained the Jesuit priests. I'm sure they had had an interesting life there. I wish, too, that I'd been more ambitious about a garden. We had no grounds for one, but at least for a time I could have had one in the vacant lot beside us. I suggested it, but the bugs were very bad for men and vegetation and

the sun very hot- and it wasn't being done! It was before the days of garden clubs.

The last six months I thought and talked home and Japan. If my conversations were like my letters home, I must have been dreadful bore. I economized in every way and had saved money and was "raring to go." Our plan was to take a transport in Manila two months before the Engineer troops did and get off at Nagasaki, Japan, where all homeward bound transports stopped for coal, have two months in Japan, and then come home when the other Engineers did. So, the great daily question was, "any orders for the Engineers?"

Fa'r was just as eager as I was to get away. General wood was getting pretty hard to live with, all the Officers agreed. No one knew why until six months later when he was operated on and a tumor was removed from his brain. The tumor was caused by an accident in Cuba when he struck his head on a lamp over his desk.

I ordered books on Japanese art and ceramics from the States and debated with myself and in my letter and, no doubt, with poor, patient Charley whether I should buy clothes for myself or buy things for the house. I'd heard that the clothes in Japan were made lovely, fine silks, beautifully embroidered; and I'd seen some exquisite wall embroideries. In one letter I wrote, "I've finally decided to buy things for the house because I'm thirty-two years old, and so really what difference does it make what I wear?" And now at sixty-eight I wear myself to a frazzle trying to find the right clothes because I think It makes a great difference.

The tour of duty in the Philippine Islands was two years, so the Engineers would be leaving May1, 1905. Everyone knew that, so the Americans in Zamboanga who coveted some of our things from home had offered to buy them at least a year before we left. I mean they'd say, "Please let me buy your bed or your ice box." Our dover egg beater was the only one in town, and I told you about the waffle iron. Ira's bed was wanted by many.

Finally, it was decided that we'd leave on the February 15th transport and have ten weeks in Japan. We sold and gave away all our household effects and gave up the flat. General Wood thought it was perfectly safe, and Major Townsend said that he had word that the Engineer battalion would leave in May and would be glad to see us in Nagasaki.

So off we went- I, poor sap, overjoyed at going home to see my family! I've tried to help everyone I've known in a similar situation not to make the same mistake I did- talk and think of only going home and then, on getting there, wondering, wondering why in the heck you'd felt that way.

TEN WEEKS IN JAPAN- THEN HOME AGAIN

Spring was on the way in February in Japan. All the plum trees were in bloom, but it seemed cold to us. We stayed in Nagasaki a few days, taking in all the sights, and then went on by train to Kyoto. It's not very far in miles, but it took us the better part of two days and a night because of the Russian Japanese War. There were many troop and freight trains, so the passenger trains were sidetracked and had to wait until the other went by.

The cars were funny little things with the seats running length-wise of the car, which was very narrow. We'd have to pull our feet under us when anyone passed through the car. The Japanese men sat on the seats with their feet tucked under them, tailor fashion. I don't remember about the women. When a Japanese passed before a person on his way through the car, he bowed low from the waist and sucked in his breath with a hissing sound instead of saying, "I'm sorry," or "pardon me." Ira could mimic them beautifully.

The first night we were in Kyoto, Ira complained of a bad tooth-ache. He had had what he called a "gum ball," but it had disappeared, and we thought he was all right. We went to a dentist recommended by the hotel. We found the dentist's sign in English over the door of a narrow little building. We went into a small room that contained three large pillows, on a mat-covered floor, around the "hibatchi," which is their stove. We saw them everywhere, and some of them were perfectly lovely. It's a large low bronze bowl filled with charcoal, and in the center of the charcoal are bronze sticks with round knobs. The sticks are hollow, and the knobs have holes in them so that the metal doesn't get too hot. One seats himself with his feet tucked under him on the pillow and rests the palms of his hands on the knobs of the sticks and gets nicely warmed. I brought home a pair, but I don't know where they are.

We stood in the room at the dentist's waiting; and soon a young Japanese man came in, bowed low from the waist until head and finger tips touched the floor, then looked at us and ran out, only to return in a few minutes in a long white coat. He had been in a kimono when he first entered. Then another man came in and when through the same performance. In less time than you'd think it would take, they were leading us out of the reception room into a dark narrow little hall and up a flight of stairs, so steep and narrow and dark we had to creep up. But we came in to a very light, clean, and modern dentist's office. The two men rushed to a washstand and began scrubbing their hands.

Not a word had been spoken in all this time. I opened my mouth to explain which of us was the patient when they suddenly made their bows again. I could feel they weren't bowing to us this time and turned around and there stood another Japanese gentleman, who bowed- but not quite so low. He, too, went over to the washstand and scrubbed his hands with a disinfectant soap we could smell, dried them on a piece of sterilized gauze he took from a glass bowl, and then made a gesture of "hop in the chair, whoever has the toothache." So, Ira hopped, and the doctor went to work on the tooth Ira indicated. He smiled at Ira and at me and seemed to know just what to do, but no words were spoken. It was all done by the sign language, paying and all.

I adored Kyoto. It was everything that I'd hoped Japan would be and was lovely in such a different way from anything I'd ever seen. The people were so gentle and polite and friendly, and the shops and sights fascinating! It was spring, and everybody seemed to respond to it.

Ira flatly refused to go shopping and consented to us hiring an amah, a young girl who had been recommended to us by an American woman and who had been

taught English in one of the American church missions. Ira really enjoyed her and her friends, and he would give us a demonstration of how they bowed and hissed when the met and of the games the children played in the park. I took a picture of him doing the fan dance.

Fa'r really enjoyed the shopping as much as I did because it wasn't a cut and dried affair as it is in this country. One day we were wandering along window shopping and stopped before one that had bronzes in it. I wanted some candlesticks to use at dinner. I thought that if I got lovely mellow bronze, it would blend and not have to be polished so often. We had decided that there couldn't be anything very good in a shop whose window was a dingy as this one was and were about to walk away when a man stepped out of the store door and bowed to us and invited us in with a wave of his hand. As we were out to see Japan rather than to shop, we entered the dingy little shop, which had a table in it and a few ornaments on the shelves. We stood looking around, the storekeeper bowing and noisily sucking in his breath, showing "courtesy and respect," and rubbing his hands. Fa'r and I grinned at each other, feeling sort of foolish. I tried to explain that we wanted candleholders. He went out of the room and two more Japanese men came in, wearing kimonos and began to put ornaments on the table. But we shook our heads no, and Fa'r said, "No ichi bann," which meant "not first class."

Ah, that was a different story. We really knew something! With great ceremony they waved us through the door into another room and there sat an older man behind a beautifully lacquered table. He invited us to be seated, not on the floor but on a bench opposite him. We were having a grand time, and I almost cheered when a boy brought us tea in lovely thin bowls and little cakes that looked like cherry blossoms and were made of chestnut paste and were very good. We looked out into a story-book garden! I expected to see the fairies dancing under the dwarf tree. It was truly lovely. They served us as though we were honored guests, and nothing was said about buying or selling. After the boy had removed the teacups, the two attendants began bringing in their lovely treasures. The old man was evidently no judge of Americans or he never would have taken us for a Pierpont Morgan-but my enthusiasm pleased him because I actually squealed with joy at some of the lovely old Satsuma and china and bronzes. But the garden was the thing I really loved, and I asked if I might go into it, and what do you think Fa'r bought when my back was turned? Of course, I knew he'd buy something. After all that friendliness I knew my Charley would feel under obligation to buy even if it was an extravagance, but I never expected him to do what he did. What did he buy? Two swords-old Samurai swords! Where are they? Given away! Whenever we moved, I had to handle all the things and answer the same question over and over again, "Do you want these?" "Where shall we pack this?"

I'd get a brain storm and say, "Give it away. I'm sick of packing them." Sometimes I'd be sorry when we unpacked, but I never regretted the swords until now when I think maybe you or Charles III might have liked them, but probably your mothers would say "junk" too. Fa'r collected Moro knives and swords, too, and they were all given away.

As I've said, we loved Kyoto, which prided itself on not having changed to western ways. The Japanese have always made much of spring and the rebirth of growing things. They write poems on little strips of paper and hang them on the plum trees, the first to put out flowers; and the blossoming of the cherry trees is cause for a celebration everywhere, and each town or village has its own way of celebrating.

The Miyaki Odori, or cherry blossom festival, is a ceremonial dance given each spring in Kyoto and takes place every night for two weeks in a building especially built for it. A guide was suggested to accompany us when we attended the performance, but Fa'r said, "No guide!" It was a mistake I think, but Fa'r hates guides- Japanese, French, Italian, English, or Mexican. He doesn't like being preached to!

We went alone one night and were ushered into a little room with "lowish" stools around the wall and a small shining lacquered table before each stool. We didn't know what to do but watched the Japanese and did as they did, which was to sit on a stool. There were about eighteen stools, and nothing happened until they were all filled. One paid extra for having a stool. When the room was full, a curtain at the side opened and a Japanese lady came in, beautifully dressed in an antique black kimono, her hair elaborately done in a old Samurai style. Her whole make-up the sweeping lines of the Kimono, hair, face and hands-was like the old pictures we had seen of court ladies of the old dynasties.

She seated herself with great dignity, placing the folds of her Kimono just so, on a large square satin cushion before a very low beautiful table in the center of the room. She was going to perform the "tea ceremony" according to ancient rites, every movement of which is prescribed by an old custom. It is one of the things taught the daughters of the aristocracy. On the table before our lovely lady was a bowl, a brush which looked like a stiff shaving brush, a queer shaped spoon, containers for the dry tea, and a kettle of hot water.

In very slow, precise, and rather angular movements, she lifted the top of the tea caddy and placed it carefully on the table. Then with the same jerky movements timed just so, she lifted the spoon, poised it over the tea caddy, dipped it in, and brought forth the tea leaves, which she placed in the bowl. Then she added a little of the hot water, everything being done in the same tempo. After the water had been poured in the bowl, she picked up the brush and whisked the tea around with it. She did that three times and then picked up the bowl with the palms of both hands and held it there. At no time had she looked at her audience, but now that the ceremony was over, she smiled graciously and looked us over.

Sitting near her was a young German, who looked like a Prussian officer from his haircut. She gave him a special smile and handed him the bowl of tea, which he accepted in an embarrassed manner, and began to examine the bowl, holding it up so that he could see if there was any mark on the bottom. The Japanese in the audience laughed and several called to him in Japanese, which his guide translated to him. He blushed, bowed to the hostess, and drank his tea, which was the signal for a dozen or more little girls to come toddling in, carrying bowls full of tea for

the rest of us.

The girls were little darlings, some of them no more than six years old. All were dressed as the tea ceremony lady was. The bowls were brown pottery, and the plate holding the sweet was the same style with a design. We were told by a very nice Japanese gentleman, who was sitting next to Fa'r, that the bowl and plate and sweets were the exact duplicate of those used centuries ago and that we were supposed to take them home with us. This I did, but they were tossed out after our first move.

After the tea ceremony we all went into the theater, which was a part of the building. We had bought the most expensive seats, and they cost twenty-five cents, or fifty sens, and were in the balcony on benches with no backs. The Japanese sat on the floor; and as the floor was on a slope, we, too, finally sat on the floor and rested our backs on the bench. The ground floor of the theater was jammed with Japanese men, women, and children, all sitting on the floor. Most of the men were smoking their little pipes. The hall was lighted by large candles in tall brass stands.

We waited a while, but it was so interesting that we were not bored. Finally, a curtain was pulled back on one side of the hall, showing geisha girls seated on a little platform, holding their samisens, a stringed instrument. The curtain was drawn on the other side, revealing a row of geisha girls holding drums of different sizes. They were pretty girls, beautifully dressed in the formal dress of a geisha girl. They began to play their rather tiny instruments, and then the main curtain at the end of the hall went up and the dancing girls came on, a long line of them- but no kicking or bare legs! They, too, were dressed in the formal Japanese style; but of course, their kimonos were very gay and brightly colored. The dancing was slow and little dull-much like the fan dance Ira had learned- but we liked it.

We stayed in Kyoto two weeks and then went to Nagoya, where there is an old castle. We had expected to stay some time, but the hotel was dirty and very old-fashioned. The myth that the Japanese are unusually clean isn't true. They aren't all clean, as we are led to expect. The poor are like the poor anywhere, and many of the children are filthy and have sore heads and eyes. We had no permit to get us into the castle, but the outside was lovely. It was surrounded by three high, deep moats; and between the water-filled moats were beautiful gardens, full of flowering shrubs and trees and plants. It was just the right season to be there. Luck once more, we thought.

The hotel in Yokohama, the Oriental Palace, seemed to us perfection. It was steam-heated, had large, clean rooms, and delicious food, the chef being French. And the Shopping! It compared very well with Paris and in some ways, Yokohama was better because the tailors and dressmakers came to the hotel with their wares and for fittings.

My poor dear Charley had to listen to me struggling with myself on what to buy- and still does. Only now he says, "Go and get it, I know your judgement is good!"

Before I was married, I always had someone to help me because I had four older sisters. When we were first married, I'd ask my young husband such questions as "would you wear this hat a little more over the right eye, "or "which we shall have

for the party, chicken or beef.” He always did his best to advise me but finally gave it up and said “You know I think you made a mistake! You should have married a woman, then you’d have help with these important questions.

We were having such a nice time In Yokohama. Ira was a lamb. We bought him a lot of new toys-trains and boats and soldiers and I don’t know what all. We had a large room, and just before our door there as large place in the hall where he could play with a boy about his age who was more alone than Ira because he was traveling around the world with his grandmother. Ira stayed in the hotel very contentedly when we wanted to go shopping, and on our return, we usually found one or more of the house boys playing with him.

But one day in the mail came the bad news! The Engineers’ orders were out but not for May, as they should have been. Oh no, the transport leaving the States in April, which was to have taken the Engineers home in May, was taken over by the Secretary of War, William Howard Taft, and a party of congressman. Alice Roosevelt was one of the party as was Nick Longworth, to whom she became engaged. But that didn’t help me! We were obliged to take an earlier transport than we had planned; but we wouldn’t let it down us, and we thoroughly enjoyed everything we did.

I was still looking for candlesticks, and one day we found some I adored but they were expensive. I hesitated and asked, “Do you think we can afford to buy them?”

“We can’t afford not to buy them,” said my nice Charley. They are still one of the joys of our life, and the children have decided to shake dice for them after we are gone as both families want them.

Every night we put down in a little book what we’d spent-and what we had left. For, you see, I couldn’t go back to Zamboanga with Fa’r. I’d burned my bridges- all of our household things were gone! So, I had to have plenty of money, and Fa’r had to have enough to get him back to Zamboanga.

It was fun at the hotel because it was almost like a house-party as there were many American officers and wives in the hotel- Lieut. Adams, Major and Mrs. Slocum, and others. We had long days of sightseeing trips with them, one being to the island of Kamakura. Ira made a great hit with the Major when, near the end of that long day as we approached an impressive looking structure, the little boy said, “Another dam temple!”

One of the sights of Japan which is much loved by the Japanese and which we wanted to see was the mountain in Fuji. The Japanese speak of it as Fujisan. Sometimes it can be seen in Yokohama, but we had never seen it. One of the places everyone said we must go to was Miyano-shita, a mountain resort with a fine view of Fujiyama. We went there all and three of us loved it. We could go by train only part way and then up the mountainside in chairs such as we had in China. It was unbelievably lovely. The road ran mostly at the base of a mountain, sometimes a river or a ravine would be on the other side with masses of blooming things all the way. It being before the time of movies and garden clubs, I had never seen azaleas, rhododendrons, dogwood, or wild honeysuckle- all of which were there. I loved the formal gardens in Japan. I warned Fa’r one day not to be surprised if I caught some

disease “because every pore in my body is open, trying to absorb all this beauty and exotic charm I’m seeing. I’ve got to store it away for my old age.” And here it is, and as I write now, I can still see it all.

The hotel in Miyanoshita was charming, a low rambling brown wooden building that seemed a part of the mountain country with trim Japanese gardens all about it. There were innumerable corridors, and we needed the swarm of little Japanese maid servants to show us back and forth. They were a sweet sight in their gay kimonos and white stockings and were as merry and giggly as young girls should be.

Miyanoshita is famous in Japan for its natural hot springs, which are supposed to have medicinal value. The first question we were asked when we arrived at four o’clock was, “When would you like your baths?” We gave them an hour, and at the stated time four of the little maids came for Fa’r and me (Ira was to have his at a later hour, just before his bedtime). The little maids led us from this corridor to that one and finally came to a little square building that housed the spring. But the bath tubs were on the open porch which surrounded four sides of the building. The water was steaming in them; but it was March and the wind from the mountains was cold, and we stood there shivering.

There was a small wooden screen between the tube only, the rest being exposed to the view of the passing world. We were ushered with much chatter to our respective baths and, of course, expected them to leave us to our own devices; but, oh no, they had no thought of abandoning us! I didn’t mind when my little maids took off my gown and helped me up over the high side of the tub. By standing on tiptoes I could see Fa’r! He was trying to shoo the girls away and was frantically trying to hold his dressing gown together, and they were just as frantically trying to get it apart. He was yelling, “Go away! Let me alone! Take your hands off my clothes!” The girls were having a grand time jabbering Japanese and bursting into gales of laughter.

I called out, “Don’t be so silly. Why not give the girls a treat?” The girls turned to look at me and that gave Fa’r a chance to drop his gown and jump in the tub and shout, “Saved!” But he wasn’t, for the girls were at him again. They wanted to scrub his back, but that was too much. Fa’r had been polite as long as he could stand it, and he took the long-handled bath brush and actually beat the sweet little girls. I loved it and lay in my tub and whooped and howled. This to happen to my super modest, almost austere Charley, who has always feared that I’d disgrace him because I’ve always been a sort of brazen hussy.

Although I belonged to the mauve decade, I was never one to undress in the closet as lots of women did. I was taught by our nurse to take off my dress and petticoats, then to take my long-sleeved nightgown and pull it over my head, holding it under my chin and letting it fall and cover me so that my arms were free. Under this tent I took off my corset and underwear, letting them fall to the ground. Then I deftly put my arms into the sleeves of the nightgown. Thus, nothing was exposed in the process, not even bare feet.

Ira saved me from what might have been a very embarrassing situation at the

hotel in Miyanoshita. One night I had to take him to the toilet, which was away off near the bathhouse. We had a candle to light our way, and we were able to locate it after getting off the road once or twice. Ira was worried about our ever getting back to our room. He'd heard enough about my stupidity in having no sense of direction, but I reassured him and told him I'd spotted a few landmarks to guide me and proudly said, "Here we are, honey, this is our room I know," and put my hand on the door knob.

I had Ira by one hand, the lighted candle held high in the other. Just as I stared to open the door, Ira hissed, "Stop! Look! This isn't our room!" He was pointing to a large pair of men's shoes in front of the door! We giggled and shivered our way from corridor to corridor with the candle held low until we found our rooms. Ira spent the rest of the stay in looking at men's shoes to see if he could spot the gentleman we almost visited.

We walked and were carried all around the country near our hotel, hoping to get a view of Fuji, the lovely snow-tipped sacred mountain we had come to see. But we never caught a glimpse of it, not in the ten weeks we were in Japan.

From Yokohama we went to Tokyo, the capital of Japan. While we were there, we were invited to the imperial garden party the Emperor and Empress of Japan give each year during cherry blossom time for the diplomatic corps. The invitation we received stated exactly what the guests must wear. The gentlemen were to wear either morning clothes and top hat or full-dress uniform. Fa'r had neither and said he'd be damned if he'd buy an outfit to wear once to a garden party. I was bursting to go, so a deal was fixed. Fa'r had a full-dress uniform cap; and Maj. Bradley, a six-footer, had a full-dress uniform by no cap! Fa'r couldn't wear the uniform, but Maj. Bradley could carry the cap under this arm, which he did. It was understood that I went with the cap!

The garden party was too un-Japanese to suit me. It might have been Washington or London. The Emperor and Empress wore European clothes as did the ladies-in-waiting and the Japanese guests-clothes which were obviously worn only once a year. The Japanese ladies looked very uncomfortable in the high-necked dresses and tight waists. Then men were pathetically funny. The clothes were so ill fitting, and the high silk hats were of all shapes and sizes, some so large they covered the ears. We had bets up on one Japanese gentlemen. Some thought his trousers were falling off, and others that they were only too long.

The affair was lovely, of course, because it was a beautiful, cool, spring day and there were flowers everywhere. Food was dispensed under a gay-colored marquee. The invitation stated that the ladies must wear bright colors, that no black clothes were allowed. So, all in all, it was a colorful affair. I don't remember what dress I wore, but for a coat I wore a pink silk negligee I'd bought in Paris. I'm sure to a smartly dressed American woman I was as funny as the Japanese men, but I didn't care. I was a frump who had been two years in the Philippines.

We had a letter of introduction to an American who had lived in Japan so many years that he had become more Japanese than American. His son went to school at St. John's with Carol; and this boy, whom we had never met, gave us the letter.

The wife and mother were a lady of rank, sweet and charming to us when we were entertained at tea in their beautiful garden. It happened to be national "Girls Day", which is celebrated all over Japan. One of the ways they celebrate the day is to bring out and arrange, always in the same way, all the dolls that have been played with by all the little girls of the family. Some of the dolls were three and four generations old. The very old ones, of course, are not played with any more but are treasures that are bought from the "go-down" for that day only. (The "go-down" is a safe where treasures are kept.)

The Japanese have only one ornament in a room at a time, but they change that ornament each week or so. Thus, there is variety but not confusion.

There's a "boys' day" too, and on that day every house that is the home of the boy has a gay carp (fish) flying from it. The carps, made of heavy paper in many sizes, are fixed like the "sleeve" used on air fields to show the direction of the wind. They fill with wind and look like balloons. The reason the carp is used as a symbol is that it is a strong fish, swims upstream, and fights for every inch of the way.

I'm not going to try and describe Nikko or other places we saw because I know if I begin to rave over the beauties of the cryptomeria trees and temples you will skip it, so what's the use.

We took a boat from Yokohama and went through the Inland Sea back to Nagasaki. The Inland Sea is said to be very beautiful, but I couldn't see it. All I could see was separation for Fa'r and me; for my Charley was leaving Ira and me in Nagasaki, while he stayed on the ship and sailed to Hong Kong and Manila. I was half-sick over it, but it was really my fault. If I hadn't been homesick (empty-headed and idle) and nagged about going to Japan, if I'd been content to wait until the orders for the Engineers had arrived and then taken the two months' leave, I'd not be going home alone. You see there was no house or furniture for Ira and me to go back to in Zamboanga. If I'd been as smart as the young woman of today, I'd have stayed in Yokohama or Tokyo, where there were many Americans. But I wasn't, and of course the question of expense entered in.

Fa'r was sweet (but darned bored by having me hanging on his coattails on that boat trip). He pointed out that if we had waited and gone in June, it would have been hot, and we'd have missed the beautiful Spring. He didn't mind going back to Zamboanga; he'd live at the club and have a good time. To me now the strange thing about our parting there in Japan is that there wasn't the shadow of doubt in our minds but that everything would be all right and we'd be together in a few months. That's youth, I guess. I have a greater feeling of uncertainty now when he leaves in the morning for the city than I did when he went to Manila and I to the United States.

Ira and I had to wait two weeks in Nagasaki for a transport. Fa'r couldn't wait because his leave was over. But to be quite honest, I must admit that I enjoyed the two weeks. There was plenty of Army people in the hotel, and Ira and I had fun just walking the streets. I like the Japanese and Japan as it was in 1905 and am terribly sorry it's all so changed now.

Maj. And Mrs. Slocum were in Nagasaki. She was going home and he back to

Manila. It was great luck for us that they liked Ira and me because being a major and a very charming and popular man gave him a drag with the quartermaster. He had arranged it so that Mrs. Slocum was to have a deck room, a most unusual privilege for a woman traveling alone. Mrs. Slocum was quite deaf, and the Major asked if I'd be her ears and share the stateroom. Would I!

Do you know what would have happen if the Slocum hadn't liked us? The transport "Buford" stayed in Nagasaki coaling for two days and was to sail at three a.m. with the tide, all passengers to be on board by midnight. There was a dance at the hotel, and several people asked me to stay. But I was dumb cluck; I wanted everything on board and Ira in bed by eight o'clock. When I went to the quartermaster's office and asked about my stateroom, I was politely told that it was two decks below with Mrs. DeWitt and her baby.

"It can't be," I insisted, "we are to share a deck room with Mrs. Slocum."

"Nothing to show that on this list," said the quartermaster sergeant. "There's someone else in with her."

"But Maj. Slocum told me the ship's quartermaster officer was having dinner with him tonight and it was fixed."

The old Army sergeant (as fine a class of men as you'd wish to know) said, "Now you go down below and go to bed and in the morning we will fix everything up."

Ira and I went down, Ira squeezing my hand. We found the stateroom. It was then about nine o'clock and Mrs. DeWitt was in bed. The small room was full of diapers hanging on lines crisscrossed around the room; and the baby, only a few weeks old, asleep on the sofa-bunk, which was like the one Ira had when we went over. The sweet young father (he's a lieutenant general now) was so distressed-not because he had been put out of his room by a woman who ought to be with her husband but because the room was in such disorder. He said, "He's an awfully good baby. He doesn't cry much or chow at night."

Ira tugged at me and said in a startled voice, "But where am I going to sleep?"

The bunks on those old boats were very narrow and long with the mattress about eighteen inches lower than the wooden sides. Mrs. DeWitt was not strong and was already in the lower berth, so I said to Ira. "It's only one night, I hope. Let's not make a fuss." It was a pretty smelly place. The Lieutenant had taken down the diapers in front of our upper bunk, and we hung our clothes there, but it was not nice. We took off our clothes and got into bed, Ira at the foot and I at the head. We couldn't have slept side by side.

Ira whispered, "I feel as though I am in a bureau drawer like that baby you read about."

I giggled and said, "Don't muss up the contents. Keep it neat. Don't get the child's feet in the lady's face."

Of course, we didn't get to sleep before the party crowd came on board. I cursed myself for being such a fool. I could have put Ira to bed at the hotel, had a good time at the dance, and then probably have gone into Mrs. Slocum's stateroom; and Ira would have been better off. But I thought that wouldn't have been doing right by my child! As it turned out, there were two ladies in Mrs. Slocum's stateroom

who had to be turned out before we could move in.

We got fixed in the morning and had a very nice, though cold, trip. Once again, my transport did not stop at Honolulu. We were so crowded, the transport was needed home in a hurry, and so we took the northern route and made it in eighteen days.

The twenty-third Infantry and the Twelfth Cavalry, which had come over with us on the "Thomas" two years before, were on board; and that was very nice for me. Why weren't the Engineers there too? I've asked that often in many tones of voice but have never had a satisfactory answer. The "Buford" was small, but there were many officers without their soldiers, doctors galore, and hordes of women and children without their husbands and fathers-going home so that the children might be put in school or on account of illness. It was a nervous and none too happy lot.

The night of the day we were given our papers to fill out for presentation to the custom-house inspector, I couldn't sleep and finally got up and went down to the lavatory, where to my great surprise I found three of the husbandless women. I laughed and said, "So you've got it, too."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, custom-house stomach ache!" Yes, that was it. They were scared to death. We were supposed to list all the clothes we had bought since leaving the United States as well as anything else; and yet they had only enough money to get them home, etc. etc. We went to bed finally and met again the next morning with other women and tried to decide just how honest we had to be.

One of the papers handed to us with our declaration was a green sheet on which was given the decision of Judge Blank in the Hartz case. Mrs. Hartz was the wealthy wife of an Engineer officer (he was afterwards President Wilson's side). I've forgotten what happened to Mrs. Hartz, but I saw visions of a headline saying, "Another Engineer officer's wife caught smuggling!" and of Fa'r wrath and disgust. So, after much agony of mind I made out my declaration.

All the old-timers said, "It all depends on the kind of inspector you get." I debated with the lieutenants what I could do to win the sympathies and tolerance of the inspectors. Should I feel Ira and have his be his normal, amiable self; or might I seem more in need of help if I didn't give him any breakfast and had him hungry and fretful and mean. The lieutenants all voted for a good kid. Any man, they said, will have more respect for you if the boy is good and obedient. So, Ira not only got a good breakfast but also a "pep talk" from me. I know the line we mothers use. How much we depend on you when father isn't there to help, and how much real help you can be if you patient and interested.

We landed in the morning, a foggy, cold morning in May. We felt the dampness very much, and Ira and I had on all the clothes we could carry- a sweater and coat and raincoat that I had. It was awfully forlorn landing with no one to meet us and with no letters or telegrams waiting for us. Almost every lone woman had someone to look after her. I had thought some one of my beloved family, who I was so crazy to see, would write and tell me which train to take, etc. But never mind that.

Ira and I got off and went to the "K," where our baggage would be brought. You

see, I had all the baggage except a small steamer trunk which Fa'r had. Keller was traveling light! But I couldn't kick for I'd done it to myself. When all our trunks (two years' traveling) were safely stored under "K", Ira and I, very much perturbed inside but calm and gay outside, went to the desk of the chief inspector and I presented my declaration. The inspector glanced at it and said, "You are alone, I see. I will have someone for you at once."

Mrs. Denham, who was standing beside the inspector, said to me, "Isn't it absurd. I am in a great hurry, but I must wait until all the women traveling alone have been taken care of and I am alone! Maj. Denham is with the troops; but because the declaration is in both of our names, I must stand here and wait and maybe miss my train."

The Denhams had been awfully nice to Ira and me; so, of course, I said to the inspector, "Won't you please let Mrs. Denham have this man, who is here waiting for me? We're in no hurry, are we Ira?"

Ira said, "No, this is fun!"

As Mrs. Denham, with thanks to us, moved on, the inspector mopped his brow and sighed a big sigh and told me that she had been bothering him for a half hour. Her things had come off first because of her husband's rank but that the rules had to be obeyed. Then he turned to me and said, "Go and sit on your trunks and I'll send you a man soon."

"Make it a good one," said I.

He said with a wink, "I'll tell him to let all your Manila cigars in free!"

A young inspector soon turned up, and we opened the trunks and bags. He had my declaration slip and asked me to find the things I'd mentioned. I began to dig in. I was no longer cold; in fact, I was awfully hot. And as I began to dive into the trunk, I began to shed my clothes-first the raincoat, then my top coat, next my sweater. But the young inspector restrained me then and said, "Don't be so excited. You are all right. You did this wrong. If you hadn't put down prices, we would have appraised them. But you won't have to pay much."

By this time the dock was almost empty and few of the inspectors were busy, so they came and stood by and offered suggestions on the repacking and played with Ira. Of course, I'd gotten new clothes in Japan, and I hadn't declared them. Two years on government service entitled me to the clothes, I thought; but I wasn't sure whether the United States inspectors felt the same.

Finally, the ordeal was over, and I went with the young man to pay my debt. As we passed the chief inspector's stand, he called out, "You're not making her pay anything, John."

John said, "I have to sir. She put down the amounts." I think I only paid eighteen dollars. When I thanked John for his courtesy and consideration, he said, "I've just one thing to ask of you. Please don't tell everyone, "Oh I had the nicest inspector." Please don't mention me."

Mrs. Slocum and Ira and I stayed at the same hotel. Because I felt I wanted to do all that I could for her, we took the train she chose to go home on. That meant that Ira and I had to get up the morning of the third day at six a.m. in order to leave the

train at a junction near Rock Island. There, waiting for us, was my brother Joe; and many of the family were in Rock Island to welcome us.

Ira and I spent most of the summer in Park Ridge, and I hope no one knew how really unhappy I was. But finally, September and the Captain arrived. He had had a break- life in Zamboanga as a bachelor was very agreeable, as was the trip home. He was also spared a round of visits to my family! And best of all for him, I couldn't say a word. I'd brought it all on myself by being an empty-headed discontent in Zamboanga!

Fa'r received his orders in San Francisco, and they were to be lighthouse engineer in Detroit, Michigan.



Charles Keller holding Charles Jr. 1908

DETROIT AND MOBILE

Fa'r liked his work in Detroit. The Engineers had to maintain all lighthouses on Lake Huron and Lake Superior; and there was a good boat, "The Amaranth," called a lighthouse tender, that carried all the building materials to the lighthouse needing them. It was the duty of the Engineer officer in charge of that office to inspect each lighthouse once a year, and there were hundreds of them. Once more he could take his family, provided there was no extra expense to the government. Of course, we paid for the food we ate. We all loved those weeks on the "Amaranth."

After Fa'r had been in Detroit a year, he was also put in charge of the Lake Survey Office. That he found very interesting. They make the surveys and maps for all the Great Lake.

Ira went to school and was happy, but he picked up every germ afloat-measles, mumps, chicken pox, and a terrible case of diphtheria which almost got him. When Ira had diphtheria, the doctor we had was a homeopathist and not a great believer in serums, which were then still quite new. He was slow in sending the culture to the laboratory; and by the time the report came back that it was diphtheria, we knew that Ira was a mighty sick boy.

The doctor told Fa'r that he hadn't yet notified the Health Department because it would give Fa'r a chance to get out before we were quarantined for two or three weeks. You know Fa'r was too good a soldier and too fine a man to desert in the face of the enemy, and he stayed with us those weeks, counting them as leave.

We had a trained nurse, of course; but either Fa'r or I were at Ira's bedside. Whenever Ira was ill, and we had to be on the alert, Fa'r would watch until midnight, then awaken me and I would take over. We did it that way because Fa'r got cross if his sleep was disturbed. Fa'r insisted on the doctor giving me a shot of the serum; and our faithful maid had a sore throat and was given a shot, too, and was put to bed. Another nurse was gotten because I had to have someone help me cook and keep the house.

I had a dreadful cold, maybe the effects of the serum, and was feeling wretched. Fa'r insisted I go to bed, and he promised to call me at midnight. About eleven o'clock, when I was sound asleep, Fa'r came into the room. As soon as I saw him, I knew something terrible had happened because he looked so white and shaken. It was serious, but it wasn't Ira! Fa'r said, "I'm going to telephone Mr. Homes (our landlord who lived next door). The boiler was broken, and there's a stream of water putting out the fire. You stay in bed."

It was late in December and very cold and a Sunday! Fa'r hoped that Mr. Holmes could find a plumber who would come and help us. I got up and was on my way downstairs before Fa'r had gotten Mr. Holmes. I knew that damn old heating plant. It was a steam heating system, the likes of which you have never seen. We had a man who came twice a day to tend it, but in between times it was my job to nurse the old thing along. When our man saw the red quarantine sign, "Keep out," he beat it; and Fa'r and I had to keep the fire going, and it took some stoking to keep steam in the pipes. It was a huge affair. I think it had been built for a factory.

I rushed into the cellar and opened that furnace door and danced around and swore at it the way Donald Duck does when he gets mad. There was that thin spray of water shooting right onto the red coals!

To help Ira breathe easier, he was under a tent which the doctor had made of sheets; and a silver teakettle with a lighted alcohol lamp was sending a stream of medicated steam into it. We had no electric plate of any kind nor electric heater. People didn't have them. The house had to be kept very hot so that, when occasionally the tent had to be opened, no cold air would strike Ira, who was moist from the steam heat. That's why the thought of no fire in the furnace with

the temperature outdoors around zero struck terror into our hearts. Ira was a dangerously ill little boy.

As soon as I looked into the furnace, I thought the stream of water might come from the coil in the boiler that heated our domestic hot water and not from the boiler itself. So, I frantically began digging at the hot ashes to get at the pipe, and sure enough that's what it was! For as soon as the ashes were removed from the pipes, the stream became large and strong. I grabbed some dish towels hanging nearby and wrapped them around the coil and then piled on the ashes again. It didn't stop leaking, but there was no longer a stream of water like this-----
-- into the fire but was dripping down the side.

Fa'r appeared about this time, mopping his brow, and reported that several plumbers whom Mr. Holmes had tried to get had refused to come. They didn't know us, and I'll bet they didn't like Mr. Holmes. We didn't. But your smart and resourceful Grandfather had thought of someone who would come. He'd phoned the engineer of the "Amaranth" and told him what was happening; and the engineer, a close friend of little Ira's, said that of course he'd come and would bring such tools as he had.

I showed Fa'r what I'd been able to do; and I can't remember whether I wept on his neck, but I know he laughed when he saw me. I'd gone to bed with a long union suit and stockings on because I wanted to be ready at once if I was needed. I'd put on my bedroom slippers and a dressing gown when I rushed downstairs. When I began working on the dirty furnace, I took off the dressing gown and hung it up. You can imagine how funny I must have looked with my hair in a braid down my back, my arms and hands black from the ashes, and my face streaked with dirt, and my body in the union suit only! I told him he was wonderful to have thought of the Amaranth engineer, and he said I wasn't so dumb myself and sent me to bed. He said he'd stay and nurse the fire and get the house good and hot because Tom, the engineer, might have to let the fire go out, and told me to fill the bathtub with water. Fa'r had brought down the atomizer filled with disinfectant and had me spray him thoroughly and said he'd do the same to Tom, who had small children.

I went upstairs, and to my great relief I thought Ira was breathing with less difficulty. He was still a dangerously sick boy, but the doctor felt sure the serum would get in its work.

It was two o'clock in the morning when the engineer left the house. He had brought red lead and wire. He used my dish towels and red lead layer on layer, like a great big bandage. Then he had wrapped wire around that and painted it well, and his repair job held until late in the spring when we no longer needed a fire in the boiler.

During Ira's illness our neighbors and friends were sweet to us. One left a trimmed a Christmas tree on our doorstep. Ira got well, but slowly; and we were all happy when the time came to make an inspection trip on the "Amaranth"

That summer we were on for six weeks at one time, seeing no one but the lighthouse keepers and never tying up at large city. We thoroughly enjoyed it. Ira and I found it very diverting wandering over the islands or headlands, picking wild

flowers, strawberries, or blueberries, and talking to the lighthouse keepers' families. We had five summers in Detroit, and by that time we were greeted like very old friends by the light keeps.

There were a few places that were quite inaccessible and where the landing of a boat was impossible in bad weather. Because of some near disaster when an old woman had to be lowered to the boat by a derrick, an order had been issued that no woman could live at certain lighthouses. I've always loved Fa'r story of the Chief lighthouse keeper on one of these places. He had three assistant keepers. The residence for the keepers was a very nice stone house with a large kitchen and an extra-large new cookstove. There was also a smaller building they called the summer kitchen. On one of Fa'r's inspections after he he'd been there some years, the chief lighthouse keeper asked if the Major please wouldn't get him another stove to put in the summer house. "But what's the matter with the one in the main kitchen? That's practically new. Let our engineer see what's wrong," said Fa'r

"Oh, there's nothing wrong with the stove. It's just that it's kind of awkward for three or four of us to be cooking at the same time and not speaking to each other as is usually the case. Now if I could have a private stove of my own, I'd appreciate it." He went on to explain that they got so sick and tired of each other that they got mad and wouldn't talk except on business.

I enjoyed that story because at Army posts they say it's the women who are the troublemakers. There certainly were no women at that lighthouse.

Another great event that happened in Detroit was the birth of Charles Keller, Jr. He was born in October 1908 and added depth and breadth to our lives.

Because Fa'r was at the head of the Lake Survey Office, he was delayed in making his inspection trip of the lighthouses that year. We spent September of 1908 on the "Amaranth" to the great anxiety of Capt. Stoddard and various lighthouse keepers and their wives. I acted just as I had any other summer-climbed over rocks and scampered up the stair of the "Amaranth" or hopped onto the launch, just as though I weren't a swollen balloon.

We had a severe storm before we go back. "The wind she blew a hurricane and then she blew some more," and the boat rolled and tossed about pretty badly, and I was very miserable. But the "Amaranth" and I made port all right, to the great disappointment of Capt. Stoddard.

He told us about it after Charles, Jr., was born. He and old Dan, the colored steward, were sure that I wouldn't weather the gale, and they had all their plans made. Capt. Stoddard said that he had a medical book and had studied it hard and really wanted to try his hand at delivering a baby because, said he "I've done so many things on board ship- set arms and leg, sewed up broken heads, diagnosed illnesses- and this was my only chance of ever having a job like that." He was a charming man and helped make our summers the joy they were.

Otherwise our life in Detroit was uneventful; and after five and one-half years of it we went back to Rock Island, where, now as a Major, Fa'r was in charge of the office where he had been an assistant when I snatched him in 1896.

It was nice to be among old friends. But the outstanding event there was our

knowing the Hugh Coopers. You know he's the man who built the dam in Russia that has just been blown up. He was building a dam and lock and power house on the Mississippi at Keokuk, Iowa; and Fa'r represented the government and had to inspect it. Hugh Cooper was a brilliant water-power engineer. I've known brilliant engineers who were awfully dumb and dull and heavy to talk to, but not our friend Cooper. He had a grand wit and a fund of amusing stories, which he told with rare ability.

We were all devoted to the Coopers, and they to us. Hugh came down to Mobile when he heard that Ira had an appointment to West Point and persuaded Ira to give it up and to go to college instead. The argument he used was that Ira was too smart a lad to get into the narrow groove of life in the Army. We

smiled at that but let Ira do as he pleased about it. I wish Hugh Cooper were alive to see how well Ira has done!



Figure 4. Ira C. Keller (standing), Charles Keller Jr. (in buggy)

We had been in Rock Island about two years when out of a clear sky came orders for Mobile, Alabama. Ira and Fa'r went ahead to find a house and get Ira started to school. Charles, who was five, and I went to visit with Aunt Clara. I don't know why we did it that way- economy, I guess. Two can live cheaper in a hotel than four! Fa'r found a house at once; and as soon as our furniture arrived, Charles, then called Bud or

Buddy, and I joined them.

Buddy told me on the train that he no longer would answer to the name of Buddy.

"I'm five years old," said he, "and I've got a name and I want the people of Mobile to know me by my right name, Charles Keller, Jr.," and he paid no attention to any of us unless we addressed him as Charles. Now the old man is Charley, the next is Chuck, and the littlest is called Charles!

The World War I broke out while we were stationed in Mobile. Ira was in Camp Mishawaka in Minnesota, and Fa'r and Chuck and I were in Asheville, North Carolina. Everyone was interested and excited; but none of us dreamed that this country would ever be a part of it. The management of the hotel where we were staying put up a large map of Europe, and Fa'r's opinions were listened to with great respect and quoted. He was an officer of the United States Army and should know!

The most interesting thing that Fa'r did in Mobile, to my way of thinking, was to build a gun emplacement at Fort Morgan. This was in 1916; and I suppose the administration was thinking in terms of our getting in the European mess, although the public was assured we'd never be a part of it. Fort Morgan was on a spit of land with the Gulf of Mexico on one side and Mobile Bay and the channel, thirty miles long, leading to Mobile, on the other. It had been a Coast Artillery Post; but when we were there, it had the skinniest kind of a skeleton garrison. Since then the guns have been taken away, and it's now a state park.

The gun emplacement that was built in 1916 at the extreme end of the government reservation was to be a target for the Navy to shoot at. The Army wished to have a practical test of this type of gun emplacement. The Coast Artillery, who shot the guns, and the Engineers, who designed and did the building wanted to be absolutely sure that what they had planned would withstand heavy bombardment; and they also wanted to find whether it was too conspicuous a target. You ask your grandfather to tell you more about it if you don't get enough from what I know and saw.

It was built of concrete according to the regulation plans of the War Department that would have been used had they expected it to be permanent with a large disappearing gun mounted on it. It had rooms for ammunition under the gun platform. But instead of ammunition and soldiers, it had live goats and chickens tied up at various places and also instruments to register vibrations. There were a few goats tied in the sand outside, and on the gun deck there were figures of soldiers made of heavy cardboard mounted on wooden bases. This was done to see what effect the shells fired from the ships would have on the men who manned the guns and on the structure.

Early in April 1916, the great day arrived. The Navy sent their best ships and smartest officers. On land there were to be observers from the Navy- Admiral Rodman, captain Plunkett, and others. The Army was represented by General Black, who was our new Chief of Engineers, Colonel Winslow and other picked men from his office, and the Chief of the Coast Artillery and his staff.

Fa'r, of course, had made all arrangements to take care of these men. He was to take them to Fort Morgan on his inspection boat, which would be quite crowded. The nice man, always wanting me to be a part of anything interesting that he was

doing, said he'd found out that the Fort Morgan quartermaster's boat would be going down to Fort Moran on the morning of the second day with supplies and was returning with some of the Artillery late that afternoon and if Ira and I cared to go on it we could do so. "But," he added, "Don't expect anyone to notice you. I won't have any time for you and I doubt if you will see much, but come if you want to. Remember you will have to shift for yourself, and don't complain if you're disappointed."

Of course, we went and had a nice ride down. My usual luck was with me, too. For just after we had landed and were wandering aimlessly along the walk-in front of the officers' quarters, we saw coming toward us two men, one of whom I recognized as Major Boggs, whom I'd met in the Philippines and again in Chicago when he and Fa'r returned from there in 1905. Major Boggs greeted me and introduced me to the other man, who was General Black. I was very nervous meeting General Black, but he was very gracious and told me how long he'd known Keller and that he was glad to meet me, etc. He was a very handsome, tall man. Fa'r had been told that he would be ordered to Washington for duty in the Chief's office as soon as this test was over. He had served under General Black way back in 1890 just after graduating from West Point, when he was a Lieutenant and Black was a Captain at Willet's Point. Fa'r was very much surprised to learn that one of the first things General Black did when he was made Chief was to say he wanted Keller in his office.

We had also heard many stories about Black from Engineer Officers who came to Mobile from time to time. They told about how fastidious he was and what a stickler for social graces. He was very proud of being the Chief of the Corps of Engineers and had said he not only wanted good officers, but he wouldn't have a man who had an unattractive wife. He wanted his group to be outstanding. The remark about the wives cause great merriment every time it was mentioned. General Black had never seen me, so he was taking a chance on me because he wanted Keller! I knew Fa'r wanted to go to Washington, and I was scared stiff that I'd do some fool thing that would spoil his chances.

General Black, as I said, was very kind that day on the walk. He asked what we were doing, and I timidly told him that we'd just come in on the quartermaster's boat. "Well," said General Black, "Boggs and I are on our way to the observation tower. Won't you join us" you will see much better from there."

The observation tower had been built at the opposite end of the reservation from the target. There wasn't a cloud in the sky, and the air was crystal clear and as sweet as April can be in Alabama. From our high tower we looked down on Fort Morgan with its row of officers' quarters and the old gun emplacements, and in the distance we thought we could see the new target. Out on the blue sea rode the beautiful white ships of the Navy, three of them. Of course, the Navy was just as interested as the Army. It was a rare thing for them to have such an opportunity as this gave them to do a little experimenting on their side.

We had only been on the observation platform a few minutes when Capt. Keller appeared. His eyebrows went up when he saw me sitting with the brass hats of the

Army and navy, but he passed me by without a word and reported to General Black, "All is in readiness, Sir."

The General told the Admiral, and the Admiral told his aide, and the Admiral's aide gave the signal that told the Captain aboard the fleet, to shoot when ready. Everyone on the platform was intently watching. There was no conservation. It was exciting and terrifying to see the flash of fire as the projectile left the ship's gun and to hear its scream as it flew towards land. We could feel the vibrations as it hit the sand and exploded with a deafening noise.

Remember that no one had ever made a sound movie. This was new to most of us and horribly real when we realized that just such things were being done in Europe and that men, not goats and chickens, were the targets. It was a beautiful sight, though, to see the big ships change positions and then shoot. Every once in a while, one of the Navy officers would shout, "That one hit!" or "Good shot. That did it." When the sun began to get low, the Generals and the Admiral decided there had been enough shooting, and the Admiral's aide signaled the ships to cease firing.

Then the Generals and the Admiral, the Colonels and Majors, and, trailing behind, the technicians and camp followers like us marched down to see how badly the gun emplacement had been wrecked. To the great distress of the Navy, not one shot had made a direct hit! There was a crack in one corner of the concrete but not a goat or chicken was killed. The only casualties were two pasteboard soldiers which had fallen on their faces. The Navy felt very crestfallen, and the Army Engineers had trouble trying not to make their glee seem discourteous.

Ira and I returned on the quartermaster's boat and listened to the Navy officers who went back with us discussing the test and comparing it to the battle at Gallipoli, where the British navy had been unable to inflict any damage to the shore batteries and had lost many ships some months before.

The day after the Fort Morgan test, I asked Fa'r if he thought I'd behaved all right and had made a good impression on General Black. He threw back his head and let out a loud laugh and said, "So that was it. I wondered why you were so demure and self-effacing!"

General Black did not cancel the order, and we left for Washington in May. We had been very happy in Mobile and had made some charming friends.

Ira was seventeen and had graduated from Wright's school with honors and was going to the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute at Troy, New York to major in chemical Engineering, because Hugh L. Cooper had told him that was the coming thing. I wanted Ira to go to M.I.T. being more worldly minded, I thought that to be a graduate of M.I.T. would have more distinction and would mean more to the world in general than R.P.I. but Mr. Wright said that R.P.I. was an excellent college, and Ira thought more of Mr. Wright's judgment on educational matters than he did of mine; and his father said, "The name of the school doesn't matter. It's the boy that counts!" So, it was R.P.I. for Ira. I rather think he agrees with me now.

Packing and unpacking is an awful burden and a great expense. When a business concern moves one of its employees, it "moves 'em". But that's not so in the Army. The War Department paid for a certain number of pounds of freight which

they crated and hauled free. But our household effects amounted to about twice the amount allowed, and we paid out of our small pocket for the excess packing, hauling, and freight. Then, too, there was always breakage. It was before the days of motor vans. All our freight was crated, and what a mess it made. The uncrating was just as bad- really worse, I realized, when I caught a man hammering away at our crated mahogany antique sofa and accidentally hitting the side of the sofa a crack before he realized the board he'd been hammering was off. That's why our furniture look like battle-scared veterans.

Books for some reason were free. They are not weighed, and you can have as many as you like. There is a story in the Army so old that it's a classic, but I don't think you have heard it. It was in the old days on the western frontier. The colonel of the regiment had been ordered to Washington and had ridden down to the little way-station to see if his things were being properly loaded into the freight car. The top sergeant, who had grown old in the service with his colonel, came to him and in a very serious manner saluted and said, "Colonel, I have the honor to inform you that one of your book boxes is leaking!"

Washington

We rented a house at 1854 Kalorama Road from Mrs. Arthur MacArthur, whose husband was a naval officer and was going to sea. His brother Douglas was an officer in the Corps of Engineers. The house had four bathrooms! Boy, was that grand! We never had had more than one; and sometimes there was grandmother, four of us, and two servants to use it. It took diplomacy and timing to make such a household run smoothly. That's why I have always loved that story about Johnnie, the little boy who went to Sunday-school. The lesson that morning was about God, and the young teacher had tried to explain to the little six-year-olds that God was always with us and around us. At the end of her talk she said to the class, "Now tell me. Where is God?"

and Johnnie answered, "In our bathroom." Johnnie was no prankster; he was a serious child. So the teacher thought she'd misunderstood, and she asked Johnnie again. "Where is God!" Johnnie very seriously answered again, "In our bathroom!" The class began to giggle, and the teacher became indignant and said crossly, "Johnnie, you answer me correctly or I'll tell your mother." And Johnnie laughed and said, "My mother knows that's right. Every morning she knocks on the bathroom door and says, "My God, are you still there?"

I hope your interest won't lag because I skip around and seem to get off the beam.

I found Washington fascinating, but my Lieutenant Colonel did not find it so. He was no longer the head of an office but a mere assistant to the Chief with straight office duty, a thing every soldier hates. Fa'r had always had a district of many, many miles and much work going on; so, whenever home or office got too boring, he'd be forced to make an inspection trip-for he was his own boss. But he liked as well as I did the friendliness of Washington, and the many calls we made and the callers we had. I had often been terrible lonesome in the other places we had lived

in.

Official life in Washington is formal, and certain rules must be obeyed. An officer and his wife must call at one on his commanding officer and on others of high rank in the Army. Cards must be left at the White House each season if one expects to be invited to the garden party in the spring or the Army and Navy reception in the winter. One is also privileged to call at all the embassies and legations, on the Cabinet officers and Senators on their days at home. Calling on the Secretary and Assistant Secretary of War is a "must."

The women do the calling and leaving of cards, and it was no hardship for me. But, of course, the best part of our life was meeting and learning to know those of our own branch of the Army. We were like one large family, and like a large family there were jealousies and cattiness as well as fineness and loyalty. However, it was feeling of belonging, of being a part of it that warmed our hearts. In the towns we had lived in, we were not a part of the group; we were transients. While people went out of their way to be kind and hospitable, we were a different breed of cats just as the Army women make a distinction when they say, "She's a civilian."

We found many people in Washington whom we'd met at various times during our wanderings, and it was nice to pick up old ties- the Jervyes of Manila days and Henry B. Clark, whom we had known as a young lieutenant way back in Grand Rapids in 1901. He had married, and I'd never met his wife, whom I'd heard was very beautiful and charming. One late afternoon they came to call, and I was putting on all the swank I could to show her that the friends Ben had made in his bachelor days were all right when in walks Charles, Jr. aged seven. He was filthy dirty, his knickers unbuckled and down, and his shoes muddy.

I introduced him, and he walked over and stood in front of Mrs. Clark and looked her over very critically. I started to tell him that we had known Major Clark when Ira was a boy; but he brushed all that aside and said, "Well, I guess that's all," and walked out of the room. Charles usually was a most indifferent person. I'd have to insist on his coming in to meet some of our friends who wanted to see him. So, after the Clarks had gone, I asked him why had had come in looking as he did and why he acted so rudely to Mrs. Clark.

He looked at me in disgust and said, "Did you know they came in a Pierce Arrow? A Pierce Arrow! And a chauffeur dressed in uniform! I just wanted to see what people looked like who ride around in the same kind of a car that the President of the United States has!" Charles found the makes of cars a very fascinating interest. There was no Pierce Arrow in Mobile, and of course no foreign cars either.

Another expense an officer has, very small to be sure but most important, is calling cards. The first thing that happens when there's a promotion having a new plate made, and more cards engraved. Maybe you have just ordered two hundred with lieutenant Colonel on them, but you can't cross out the Lieutenant and let it go at that. Oh no, you must have the plate changed unless it has grown too thin from much changing. Then you must order a new plate, even if the baby needs shoes. Uniforms, too, are an awful expense.

The changing of the plate reminds me of a story which a young married woman told us in Washington. She had received as a wedding present a cocktail shaker that had been made in the Philippines of polished coconut shell and silver. It was a hideous thing, she said; and she decided she'd give it away as soon as she could. When she heard that a girl back home was to be married, she thought, "This is my chance. No Army people will see it out there." So, she took it down to the jeweler we all patronized in Washington and asked him to rub out her initials and put on the friend's.

The jeweler threw up his hands in horror and said, "that again!" – told her the last time that it had been done so often that the silver is as thin as paper and that it could never be changed again. Why do you women have it changed so often, anyway" Probably the cocktail shaker ended at Sloan's auction room. There's many a wedding present that goes to roost there.

War! The war in Europe, of course, was the thing we all thought of and discussed. Your Fa'r was one who thought we would be a part of it some day and resented President Wilson's attitude and campaign slogans.

He, your grandfather, was going to be prepared. He got himself a saddle and all the equipment he'd need when he was made the Colonel of an Engineer Regiment. The big box came from the quartermaster or ordinance and stood in our attic until 1917, when it was returned because, alas, the poor dear never got his regiment.

But no sooner was President Wilson reelected than things began to hum and "Preparedness" as the slogan. Preparedness parades were organized all over the country at the request of Washington. The President of the United States was to lead the one in Washington! Every department in the government was to be represented- much Army and Navy, of course. Circulars were sent around ordering the officers to march and advising them that there would be an "Army women"'s group marching and that the women in the household of every officer in the War Department was expected to march. Directions were given that white dresses with a blue ribbon across the breast and white shoes were to be worn by the women.

I thought it was stupid way to approach as terribly serious a thing as war, and I refused to go. Fa'r said that he thought I better; all the other Army women would do it. I just laughed at him and said, "Now you say "Army women." From the minute I said I'd marry you, you have stressed the fact that the wife of an Army Officer has no standing in the War Department and that there are no "Army women"; and now to swell the parade we are told to march! Not I!"

My neighbor, a frail person whose husband was in the Ordinance Department, thought I should; and the wife of an Officer in General Black's office phoned me to say she'd call for me. When I told her I wasn't going, she read me a long lecture. She was the daughter of an Army Officer, and she knew the Army better than I did. If I wanted to be a help to my husband I must march- not to obey a request of the Chief of Engineers might cause the ruination of Keller's career.

In spite of all the pressure the women put on me, I wouldn't go. I've very tender feet, and I just couldn't see what difference my marching would make. Besides, Charles, Jr. wanted to see the parade, and there was no one but me to take him. I

dressed my best, and we went down to the State, War and Navy Building early and go seats at the top of the long flight of steps.

We saw the parade, and a poor thing it was. There were some soldiers from Fort Meyer and sailors from the Navy Yard. The President of the United States marched with his Cabinet, and they were dressed in ordinary business suits and carried little flags. There was the personnel of the State Department and of the other departments, dressed in the same sort of clothes- men and women all marching badly, just shambling along. You couldn't tell one department from the other except for the cheap printed banners they carried.

The War Department was out in force, officers and civilians; and you couldn't tell them apart because we were not yet in the war and there were no uniforms. Charles, Jr., was quite excited when he saw his dad and General Black. The President left the parade when it reached the White House, and the officers fell out too.

I wasn't afraid. I knew he didn't give a darn; so, I said, "You see I didn't, General Black. I figured the cause of preparedness would be better served if the assistant to the Chief of Engineers had a cheerful wife instead of an irritable one with sore feet."

Fa'r and the others smiled frostily at my witticism; but General Black winked at me, bent down, and whispered, "Gertrude went to New York yesterday." (Gertrude was his wife.) He then invited the three of us to have lunch with him.

I'm not telling you this to show you what a "cutie" I was. It's to show you that what I've always preached to the Army women is true. It's the man who counts. If he is a good officer his wife can't hurt his career. There are women who think they must go into debt to entertain and dress. Of course, if a man's wife is presentable and agreeable, she can help him a lot in making friends and he's apt to get better stations- but only if he is good. No amount of entertaining "the right people" will help an officer who isn't competent.

I knew I couldn't hurt Fa'r's reputation by not marching, although I might hurt my own-like the wife in this story. A group of officers lived together in Manilla and had an excellent cook, Ah Whan, who was also the head of the tong (or union) of cooks. Col. M. had been a member of the mess for almost a year. Then his wife came, and Colonel rented a house.

A cook came but stayed only one week and just quit. So colonel M went to Ah Whan and said "Cook no stay". Catchie me "nother one." Ah When said "All light, can do." And another Chinese was at Colonel M.'s to get breakfast.

But he didn't appear after the second day; so Colonel M. went again to Ah Wham and in a sterner tone said, "Me want good cook and good man."

And another Chinese came with his knives and utensils tied up as usual in a square of cloth, but he stayed only twelve hours. Colonel M. went back the third time, wondering why Ah Whan sent him such unreliable cooks. The Colonel had lived at the mess a year, and he had dined at many homes where there were excellent cooks who usually stayed a long time.

So, he was astounded when Ah Whan answered his request with a frown and said, "No can do!"

The Colonel knew all Chinese cooks had to obey Ah Whan's orders; and hadn't he, Colonel M., been kind to Ah Whan when he lived in the house. He said all this, and in different and gentler tone he asked, "You catchie me one good cook. They my lady pay Ah Whan five pesos.

But Ah Whan said, "No can do."

"But why, Ah Whan? Tell me why," asked the bewildered Colonel.

"All lightie. Me tell why no can do. You lade one heap hell woman!"

I certainly have gotten away from Washington and preparedness, haven't I. I've told you about President Wilson's war message and Congress declaring war. We thought Washington exciting before, but it was tame compared to what happened after April 6, 1917.

Fa'r went to General Black at once and told him he'd like to command an Engineer Regiment. Many were being formed because, of course, then, as now, we began too late to make an Army. General Black said he understood and that as soon as things were organized, he'd see that Fa'r had a chance to get in the fight but that he couldn't spare him at this time. Fa'r was awfully disappointed and I was sorry for him, but I could see General Black's point of view. He really needed Keller.

Fa'r was very popular with all the younger officers and with the older ones, too, many of whom didn't like "Willie Black" or whom Willie Black didn't like; and so it was to Keller they came to or wrote or telegraphed when they wanted things done or wanted a decision on certain questions. Fa'r was a sort of procurement officer for all who needed help from the Chief's office.

General Black had absolute confidence in Fa'r and put him on many interesting committees. When Secretary McAdoo became head of the Railroad Commission and asked for an Engineer to help organize the Water Ways Section, the job was given to General Keller; and he telegraphed around the country for prominent men he had met in his years of many activities- Mr. Dickie of Kansas City, Mr. Tomlinson of Cleveland, and others. And when there became a question of power shortage, Secretary Baker put Keller on the Power Section of the War Industries board. See page 298 in Mr. Baruch's book on the War Industries Board.

Fa'r had been interested in water power ever since we had lived in Detroit. I shall quote from the National Cyclopaedia of American Biography:

"At that time 1907 the large diversions of water from the Niagara River for hydro-electrical purposes caused remedial legislation providing for the supervision of the power companies and certain technical investigation of the effects of such diversions. Col. Keller was one of advisory commission appointed with Charles F. McKid, Fredrich Law Olmsted, Frank D. Millet, and Maj. John S. Sewell, the engineering survey. For a number of years thereafter he was in close touch with this Niagara Falls inquiry and was identified with framing the policies which were adopted to regulate the situation. When the United States entered the World War in 1917, the tremendous demand for water power for the manufacture of munitions and supplies on the Niagara River was embarrassed by the Government regulations.

"Following a Government investigation, in which Col. Keller now a Brig. Gen'l. in the National Army, took part, the prewar restriction was removed, and a priority

schedule adopted, under which power was assigned to industries in the order of their importance.

“it was Gen’l. Keller’s suggestion of a survey of the available power in the manufacturing centers of the country, which led to the formation of the Power Section of the War Industries Board under F. Darlington.”

I wouldn’t have to tell you that It was a quotation. You would know that was not my style.

But who am I to be trying to write the history of your Grandfather Keller’s life? You get him to do it! You may answer, “Oh yeah! Now when he’s back in the Army, working just as hard in another war!” But I want you to know us and what we did, and so I’ll tell you in the best way I can.

Of all the men whom Fa’r has known, there is no one he admires more or lies better than he did Newton D. Baker, who was the Secretary of War in President Wilson’s Cabinet. He was so honest and fine, and I’ve heard Fa’r say hundreds of times that Baker had the most brilliant and quickest mind he ever had the good fortune to come in contact with. The Secretary had a tough time of it because he wouldn’t play politics.

Fa’r told me this story one evening. He said he had an appointment with Secretary Baker late on afternoon. I think it had something to do about a bridge, but that isn’t important. At the given hour Fa’r went into the Secretary’s office and found Mr. Baker with his elbows on his desk and his head buried in his hands. He looked up and said, “Give me a few minutes please,” and Fa’r waited. After a little while Mr. Baker said, “I have had a very trying day. I’ve had to say no and to refuse to do so many things. Just now I know have made a powerful enemy for myself and for my President and my party. Senator _____ (he told Fa’r the name) had just left. He came to ask me to make his son-in-law an officer of high rank in the Army. I told him that that was one thing I have consistently refused to do, to interfere in any way with the running of the Army personnel. The Senator was amazed at my saying such a thing to him and hinted very broadly that he didn’t think I was telling the truth, but I assured him that never have I asked for an appointment for anyone.”

The Senator stormed and said, “Do you realize, Mr. Secretary, that if you refuse me this I have it in my power to make it pretty hot for you”. Mr. Baker said to Fa’r, “I know only too well that he can, and I pled with him to try and understand my point of view and how important it was for the safety of the boys we were sending into the war to have trained and competent leaders and not political appointees.”

He said the Senator flounced out of his office and said, “You’ll live to regret this!” And poor Mr. Baker, so truly great and kind, was pretty much crushed.

Besides being a great and brilliant mind, he was fun to be with. I remember the first time we met the Bakers. We were asked to a dinner at which Secretary and Mrs. Baker were the guests of honor. We had just arrived in Washington, and meeting a Secretary was a new experience for me. Mr. Baker was new, too; he’d been Secretary only a few months. He told us among other things that he had that day passed on the sentence of a court-martial of an officer, which had

recommended that the officer be dismissed from the service because he had been “caught in telling a lie in the line of duty.” Mr. Baker said that he was amazed that the Army felt that a lie should be punished by dismissal, and he chuckled and said, “I’m honest, I think, but you know lawyers and businessmen don’t take a lie that seriously.” Then he went on to say that he had never known there existed a body of men as fine and as high-minded as the officers of the Army. He said he’d never had known any Army people before he came to Washington.

He also told us that, as he was leaving the White House where President Wilson had just told him he’d been made Secretary of War, one of the group reporters lying in wait for him whispered, “Mr. Secretary, hell has broken loose in Mexico. Have you anything to say?”

And Mr. Baker told us, “You know I didn’t know what he was talking about.”

As we left the dining room he happened to be beside me; and he asked me as we entered the living room, “where are you going to sit?”

And I said, “Some place where my feet will touch.”

He replied. “That suits me”; for he was very short, too. I was so new to official life that I wasn’t awed by a Secretary!”

After we were seated, I had the impertinence to say, “Do your feet go to sleep when you sit on too tall a chair? Mine do. Sometimes I suffer at the theater because I can’t get up and stamp.”

And he said, “No, I just sit this way”; and he slumped and made his heels touch. “It’s not dignified but it’s better than suffering”.

Fa’r always came home refreshed and encouraged after an interview with Secretary Baker. He felt that our Army was in such wonderful luck to have a man as honorable and brilliant as Newton D. Baker was for its head.

We all loved the Bakers. She was just as gracious and unaffected as he was.

Secretary Baker must have thought very well of Fa’r ability. I think it was in 1932 that the city of Cleveland decided they wanted to improve their inner harbor. The city manager went to Mr. Baker, their most prominent citizen, and asked his advice and recommendation for an engineer to make the plans. Mr. Baker told them to see if they could get General Keller, who was retired and living in Chicago. They did as he advised, and your Fa’r made the plan which the city used and has found very satisfactory.

Chuck, who, bless his heard, always laughs at my stories, says I must tell you about our experiences with our car and Sam. We bought a Dodge in the spring of 1918, and I said I’d drive the car at once; but Fa’r thought we’d better have a chauffeur for a while- and that’s one time he was wrong. We got an old colored man first, a gentle soul but nervous. He tried to teach me, and I learned to shift gears. But the old man sat holding the emergency brake all the time I’d be driving, and I only drove in Potomac Park where there was very little traffic. I think he told Fa’r I’d make a good driver. Anyway, Fa’r said he had enough to worry about without having me on his mind and would I please not drive. I let the old man go and hired a young one by the name of Sam.

Sam had the funniest figure for a man you ever saw. He was just like one of our

monkey's candlesticks-very long and very thin legs and a short body and arms. He had just come from the South and complained about the cold all the time. The winter of 1917-18 was one of the coldest. Washington had ever known, and cars had no heaters. One cold night in December we took Fa'r to the station. He and Mr. Buckley of the Power Section of the War Industries Board were going to a conference with the manufacturers. After Sam and I got home I told him to put up the car and report as usual in the morning. I went to bed but was disturbed at midnight when the phone rang! I jumped up, scared stiff. Frightening thoughts raced through my mind- Charley on the train- sabotage-train wreck- Ira at college- accident-illness! I answered the phone, and I heard a voice whisper, "Is this Mrs. Keller?"

I whispered back, "Yes, it is. What's wrong ad who are you?" The window was open and cold wind was blowing on my bare feet and legs, and I was shivering with cold and fear.

"I'm the police at Tenley Town. Did you tell your colored chauffeur that he could have your car tonight to take out his friends?" whispered he.

"No, of course I didn't, "I said, no longer whispering. "Did he get killed? Is the car smashed? Why do you whisper?" I was jittery.

"I am whispering because it's twelve o'clock, and the police shift is being changed, and the sarg is giving instructions so I can't make any noise. The nigger isn't hurt nor is the car. What do you want us to do? Will you go down before the police judge and swear out a warrant, or shall we let him go"

I told him to hold Sam, and he told me to come out to the police station in Tenley Town -really a part of Washington- the next morning. I was glad to hop into my bed.

I took the street car and went out to Tenley Town-it's northwest about five miles. The sarg of that district was there to greet me, and we set a day when Sam and we were to appear before the district police court. I put it off a few days so that Fa'r would be at home. Then I said, "and now my car!"

"It's here, "said he, "but you will have to wait until I phone for the keys. They are at the jail. "The jail was some miles away. He entertained me by telling how his cop became suspicious when he saw a shining new Dodge full of negro men and women, apparently having a time of it. So, he ordered them to pull up to the curb and questioned Sam.

Sam was ready with his answer and told the truth about the car and its owner and then added, "the General left for Buffalo tonight, and he gave me a dollar and said, "Sam, you can take my car tonight and take out your friends."

The cop doubted that and questioned some more; and Sam assured him that Mrs. Keller wouldn't care, she was like that. Sure, she'd given her permission! And that's when the policemen phoned me.

By this time a nice young motorcycle cop had returned with the keys. I beamed on the sergeant and said, "Now you can send me home," I explained I'd never driven the car alone. He said there was no one to drive the car-the police were out, and anyway they didn't do that sort of thing. But he added, "This young man is

going off duty. Maybe he will do it.”

I beamed on the young man, but he shook his head and said, “sorry. I’ve never driven a car.”

“But you ride your motorcycle.”

“yes, but that’s different. There is no gear to shift.”

“I can shift gears,” said this bright person. ‘if you will steer. I think we can make it.”

He looked at the sergeant, who said, “It might work.” And it did. I don’t know how I shifted, with my left hand or my right, but we made it in fine shape and had fun doing it. I wanted to give him some money, but he refused to take anything- not even carfare.

I was so set up over our success in getting home that I decided to take the car down to the service station, which was quite a distance from our house. We’d had a lot of trouble with the oil feed ever since we’d had the car, and I thought this was a grand time to have it gone over- no husband to cart back and forth and our chauffeur in jail! So, I started out with a feeling of triumph, and I got along fine until about Sixth and E. There I was creeping across the intersection. I guess I should have put on the brake; at any rate, I was gently hit by a coal wagon on my right, and then I crashed another on my left and stoped in the middle of the street- on the wrong side, too, in front of a horse-driven, high wagon full of coal.

A crowd gathered in a minute because my bumper had been knocked off and it made quite a clatter. A young boy screamed, “Lady, that wasn’t your fault. Get the wagon that’s beating it.”

“You get his number,” I yelled, “and I’ll pay you.”

The man driving the high wagon looked down on me and grimed and said, “Lady back up. You’re on the wrong side of the street.”

“I know I am, I’m sorry. But I don’t know how to back. You do it please.”

And just then the slick young salesman who sold us the car came up with Mr. Sims, the head of the firm that sold and serviced Dodge cars. They were greatly shocked to see me sitting there in the midst of a crowd in the middle of the street under the horses’ noses. The salesman said in his smooth voice, “Why Mrs. Keller, it’s you! What’s happened? Can I help you?”

And I flared at him (it was either get mad or bawl) and shouted, “take your damn car. It’s been a burden ever since we got it. Take it and sell it and I’ll tell the world a Dodge is no good-leaks oil all the time and look at that- “and I pointed to the broken bumper an urchin was holding. “One little tap and the old tin thing fell like a clap of thunder!”

Mr. Simms said, “Move over Mrs. Keller, and I’ll take it to our station where you were evidently going, and you tell me about it.”

Just then the boy who’d chased the wagon came breathlessly up and said “I couldn’t catch him. He whipped his horses. I wasn’t her fault, Mister. I saw it.” He got his quarter.

Mr. Simms saw to it that the car was fixed right, and he made no charge for repairing the bumper.

Oh yes, Fa'r, the old softie, took Sam back and made me promise him and Chuck that I'd never drive again. I didn't until I was sixty.

As I said before, that war winter was one of the coldest winters Washington has ever known. We had a coal burning hot water system in the house; and after Sam came, I had an awful time- either the house was unbearable hot, or the darn thing was out. I talked and watched but didn't find out until one day what the trouble was. The house was sizzling, and before leaving to go out in the car, I went into the basement. I wish I could flash on a movie and let you see what I saw-Sam! Sitting in front of the furnace, his large feet and long legs stretched out in the ash pit, from which came a fine red glow and a roar of the blazing coals above. "Sam!" I said. "Do you do this often!"

Sam beamed with pride and said, "Yes mam, I shu do. Whenever I comes in or goes out and I sutenly get my feet and my laigs way up good and hot."

"And then you leave the door open there, I suppose."

"Yes mam, I do," said Sam brightly and happily. Then suddenly he remembered all he'd been told about the drafts, and his expression changed, and he kicked at the ash door and knocked it shut and looked up out of the corner of his eyes and said, "Guess I made a mistake in sayin' dat!" of course I laughed, it was so funny.

Even though Fa'r was very busy doing interesting and important things and meeting many worthwhile people and though he had been made a Brigadier General, I knew that he was longing to go to France. He's not a bellyacher (West Point word or a whiner), but I could tell that he felt out of it all. When Secretary Baker took the Chief of Engineers to France with him, of course Keller had to stay in Washington and help run the office and when the Chief got back and Fa'r went to him, General Black said, "Not yet. There's this and that reason for you to stay." But finally, as in all story-books, our hero is rewarded.

Mrs. Winslow, the wife of General Winslow, who was also a prisoner in the office of the Chief of Engineers, phoned me at noon one day in August 1918, and said, "I want to be the first to congratulate you!"

"congratulate me for what?" says I.

"Evileth (her husband) says to tell you that a cable has come from France asking that Charles Keller of the Engineers be sent over at once to relieve General Taylor." She went on to say that General Keller was not in his office in the War Department; and, although they had tried to find him at this other office, they hadn't succeeded in doing so. I was to tell him the grand news when we came home for lunch.

Just as I hung up the phone Fa'r came in the door and I rushed to him and threw my arms around his neck and shouted, "It's come, darling! It's come! Congratulations!!"

"What are you talking about?" said my old dear, loosening my arms from around his sticky neck and- I grieve to say- pushing me away. It was very hot day, and he hates hot weather and sudden violence.

"Charley! It's your orders for France. A cable has come asking for you by name. You are to go at once to relieve General Taylor who isn't well. "

I don't remember much about lunch, but I know we were both terribly excited

and happy and that that evening friends from the War Department came in and everyone was congratulating and envying Fa'r. Lots of awfully good officers were held in Washington who were longing to be in France.

It was very late when we got to bed, and I was exhausted and fell asleep at once. But at two a.m. I awoke with a start and my heart was pounding like mad and instantly I remembered, "Oh! Charley is going to France. You darn fool, what have you to be so happy about?" And I crawled into Fa'r's bed and cried down his neck all night. But I didn't cry again until he left. He was so happy about going; it was his war now as it had never been before.

Even though the orders had come from GHQ in France, General Black hated to give up Fa'r. He resented the fact that he had not been consulted and that he was helpless and had to let Keller go; but he could and did insist that Fa'r stay until General Taylor arrived in Washington, which was four or five weeks later. Of course, most of the tops in officers had gotten to France, and the office of the Chief was short-handed.

General Taylor, whom we liked very much, didn't return until September. I feared he might resent the fact that Fa'r had been sent for to take his place, because no man wanted to come home, and that it might hurt our friendship; but Harry Taylor wasn't that kind of a man. He came and stayed at the house with us for several days on his return to Washington.

Sometime before this Aunt Clara sent me a clipping from the Chicago Tribune which told of a doctor in Boston who had a cure for hay fever, horse fever, and food poisoning. I wrote to the doctor and told him all about Charles, Jr.- Chuck, to you. Poor lad, he was violently poisoned by certain foods. Eggs, nuts, and fish were the worst. Nuts and fish, we could pretty well guard against; but the egg poisoned him violently, causing him to vomit. Besides that, he had eczema very badly at times. He was a smart and good lad, but he felt miserable so much of the time and was handicapped and mortified by his afflictions. The doctor in Boston said he'd try and cure Chuck of his fever and nasal troubles, but his cure of egg poisoning was to "let them alone." Also, he said that we'd have to live in Boston for six months.

I had to decide where and how Charles and I would live while the General was away. Ira was in College. I could have gone to one of my sisters' or at least have lived in the same town with one of them, but I decided I wanted to stay in Washington and be near the seat of all news and where we had a good house and excellent servant. Furnished rooms were very scarce and expensive. Houses were hard to find, too. Mrs. MacArthur was wonderfully kind and generous. Of course, we voluntarily paid more rent; but she could have gotten far more than we paid, though she never suggested our moving out.

We had three rooms and two baths on the third floor, and two bedrooms and one bath and a sleeping porch on the second, and a room and bath in the basement. If I rented the three rooms and two baths on the third floor, I could afford to stay where I was and keep our good maid, Clara Holmes, and keep on living as we always had. Then if anything happened to bring the General or Ira home in a hurry, we'd be there ready for them. Fa'r thoroughly approved. He thought it a grand idea because

he didn't like the idea of Charles and me being alone in the house at night. But to my secret amusement he objected strenuously to having "a stranger still in the house" when he returned.

I could write an amusing story about the couple and their dog who had the two rooms and bath. Fa'r should have been at home then. But they were polite and nice to me, and we got along.

When I'd disposed of where I was to live. I began to think of Charles, Jr., and his ailments. Fa'r, thoughtful and clever as usual, said he'd talk to the doctors in the Surgeon General's office. Some of the outstanding men in the medical profession were there, helping in the war work. The Mayos were there among others.

Fa'r was told to go to a Major who in civil life was at the head of the Johns Hopkins Children's Hospital in Baltimore. I've forgotten the Major's name. Fa'r often says with impatience, "Names don't matter?" Anyway, this Major said that Dr. Blackfan (God Bless him, we will never forget his name) had done a lot of research along these lines and that he was in charge of the John Hopkins Children's Hospital for the duration. He advised us to go and see Dr. Blackfan and find out what could be done.

You may wonder why they had a child's specialist in the Surgeon General's office. It was because so many soldiers come down with children's diseases after they get to camp. Mumps, measles, etc., can become epidemic and serious.

Chuck and I went to Baltimore to see Dr. Blackfan. It was arranged that we'd go back after the General had landed in France and that we'd stay in the hospital a few weeks, where I was to be allowed to sleep in the same room as Charles.

Finally, General Black gave the signal to go, and Fa'r packed many things he never needed. I hadn't whimpered or shed a tear since the night the cable came, and I was determined that I wouldn't. It was the thing Charley wanted, and I'd have hated it if he'd not wanted to get to the front. I wouldn't have cried, I know, if he had left in the daytime. But he took a midnight train, and that evening we sat in front of the grate fire and I just couldn't control myself. The next day I saw Dr. Darlington, who was loaned by an investing house to the government. He was in the Power Section, and we knew and liked him. He said, "Well, how did the parting go?"

And I said, "Oh Mr. Darlington, I disgraced myself. I bawled like a baby. When he kissed my goodbye, I must have felt like a piece of wet tissue paper and looked like the devil!"

"Not at all," said Mr. Darlington. "That's the prettiest picture of you he could carry away with him. Every man loves to have his wife weep when he leaves her."

The day after we received Fa'r's cable saying that he had arrived safely, Charles and I went to Johns Hopkins.

Traveling that year was very difficult. There were very few passenger trains and no pullmans on short runs because equipment was scarce-not enough heavy engines and, also, a shortage of coal. Our train was hours late because we were side-tracked often for freight or troop trains and the poor old engine we had had great difficulty in pulling our many coaches.

The trains in the Baltimore station come in below street level; so, there is a long, steep stairway to climb. There were no red-caps during the war. Men were needed for more important things, and so one lugged his own luggage. We had a bag with clothes and another full of books, metal soldiers, and other toys that was very heavy. You see, we expected to be in Baltimore for two or three weeks, and we needed something for our amusement. I looked with dismay at that stairway in the distance; but I picked up the heavy case and Charles tried to carry this lighter one, which was very heavy for him. We were bumped and shoved around by the crowd but finally got to the foot of the stairway, and there I grabbed a soldier with a castle on his uniform. I hailed him and said, "Won't you please help me carry this bag up these stairs?"

He was a surly, unhappy -looking youth and he gave me a nasty look; but before he could say anything I quickly and brightly said, "I'm so glad that you are an Engineer. My husband is an Engineer too, but he's in France. My little boy here is sick, and we are on our way to the Johns Hopkins Hospital."

He grudgingly took the suitcases, bumping them on the stair, and took the money I gave him with a grunt. No "esprit de corps" there!

Dr. Blackfan was waiting for us, but it was too late to make the tests that night. The next day they injected into Charles' arm all the foods that we knew poisoned him and many we didn't know about. Nowadays every child knows about allergies, but at that time the name was not used by the medical profession. They said Charles had an anaphylaxis towards certain foods, and they injected with a hypodermic needle all the foods to be tested instead of merely scratching them into the skin as they now do.

Charles' arm showed very plainly which foods were poisonous to him; and, strangely enough, he got bad reactions from milk and meat, too something we had't known. Dr. Blackfan said he would put Charles on a diet of only fruit and vegetables until all his eczema was gone.

That night, after I'd gotten into my cot beside Charles' bed, he said, "Oh Mother, I feel terrible- so hot and so sick" He never made a fuss over himself; in fact, he went to the other extreme. He hated to tell me when he felt badly; so, I had cause to feel great alarm.

I jumped up, snapped on the light; and rang for the nurse at the same time. My poor little Charles was burning up; and his face was beginning to swell. I screamed at the nurse to get the doctor, and the intern came at once.; but I insisted that I wanted Dr. Blackfan, who lived in the hospital then.

By this time Charles' face was so swollen he had no eyes and his lips were rolled back from his mouth and he was having difficulty breathing. The intern came back immediately and gave Charles an injection of adrenalin, and the Dr. Blackfan came and began asking questions and giving directions. In a short time, I could see the swelling going down and Charles breathing was not so labored. Then I jumped into the ring and called those doctors all sorts of names for daring to use my son to experiment on. "And what's more," I said, "we think there was egg in the sauce Charles got with his supper tonight!" I told the nurse to make sure, but she refused

to do so.”

I must have been a funny sight. My hair was in a braid down my back, my face was greasy with face cream, and in the excitement, I'd put on Charles' dressing gown and not my own and it hit me at my knees. But Dr. Blackfan was kind and wise and he didn't laugh. He knew I was terrified, and he knew I was right. He was scared, too, for a little while. He gave orders that I was to plan and supervise Charles' meals because, he told the dietician, “she knows more about this case than we do.”

We stayed two weeks. The eczema was not cured, but it was getting better. So, we went home and were told to stay on that diet until all itching was gone and the skin was free of any eruptions. Then we were to begin giving ten drops of milk, using a medicine dropper and being very exact. We were to increase the dose each day if there was no flare up of the eczema and to do that until he was getting a glass of milk. Then we were to try two glasses of milk, and then gradually three and to rest at that for some weeks. – I mean, with three glasses of milk besides his regular food each day.

It worked! There was no eczema or distress. I forgot how long it took, but you can imagine that ten drops to three glasses took may day and much care. Then Dr. Blackfan said to give him about a square inch of cooked beef once a day and, if it agreed with him, to increase that and other meats in the same gradual way we had been doing, continuing, of course, with the milk, etc. If and when all went well, we were to go back to Johns Hopkins for two weeks.

Letters from Fa'r were, of course, the great event in our life He had promised to write about his exciting trip over. I'm sorry I listened to him and burned all his letters.

Life without a husband was very different from the one I was accustomed to lead. It was lonesome, of course, and not nearly so interesting or stimulating. Living all those years with a man as smart and sweet and fine as your grandfather has been a great privilege, one that I appreciated always. For, you see, my Charley was ever anxious to share anything he had or did with me. He would pass on to me, too, a bit of interesting news or a piece of choice gossip, although I must be honest and say that he didn't hold much with that sort of thing. And he always brought home for me to know any man whom he thought particularly interesting. All that dropped out of my life, but I didn't sit around and mope. There was war work to be done, and our friends didn't forget me.

The war work that I was most interested in was our Engineer Knitters. When the Second Engineer Regiment was getting ready to sail for France under Col. Jervey, Mrs. Jervey went to the Red Cross and asked for sweaters for the men. The Red Cross told her that they had none to give her, that they had all been sent to France, and that no doubt the Colonel could get them after he landed.

It was early in the summer of 1917, and no overcoats were issued to the soldiers. I suppose it was thought wiser to let the men shiver a little with cold on the ocean then to burden the Regiment with the care of heavy overcoats during the summer.

Mrs. Jervey was quite indignant over her failure to get the sweaters. She came to me with her hard luck story and suggested that we organize a unit and knit just for Engineer soldiers and equip all our own men before they sailed. I was for it, and we went to Mrs. Black and asked her to find out from the General if it would be all right. The General had no objections; so, Mrs. Black called a meeting and we organized.

The first thing that we did was to give a military show at Washington Barracks, then an Engineer post and now the War College. We invited the world and his wife at one dollar per person to come and see what it was that their Engineers did in time of war. They came in droves. Washington was crowded with men who wanted to help or who wanted contracts but who knew nothing about our Army. I'm sure many didn't know there were Engineer soldiers, though I must admit there weren't many. Our Engineer Knitters got lots of publicity for the show. We were the first to do anything of that sort.

At our meeting after the show Mrs. Henry F. Dimock appeared and told us that she approved of what we were doing and offered us her house for our meeting place; and she added, "If you accept my offer, you will succeed because my name and my house will attract people who otherwise would pay no attention to any army group."

Of course, she was right. People are like that. She lived in a large house on the Sixteenth Street Circle, and she was very prominent socially. So, we jumped at her offer and accepted with enthusiasm. I think one reason for her interest in us was that Mrs. U.S. Grant III was our secretary-treasurer, and Mrs. Dimock had known her as a girl.

The old lady was quite a character, blunt and awfully bossy but very generous to us. We met with her every Saturday afternoon. There were Engineer regiments being organized all over the country, and we helped outfit them all. We supplied the wool free, and we had a hard time keeping up with our knitters. Much wool was given to us. As I said, Mrs. Dimock was very generous; and we gave dances, small ones at inexpensive places. We didn't charge much, and everyone had a good time and we made money.

That work kept me occupied because, although Mrs. Black was the head, she was ill much of the time.; so, a group of us ran it. I also made bandages and did many things I was called upon to do. But my big job was Charles, Jr.

We went back to John Hopkins after we were sure that Charles could drink milk and eat meat with no ill effects. Dr. Blackfan had prepared capsules filled with dried white of egg, and after we had been in the hospital a few days and the doctor were sure Charles' skin was all right, he gave him No. 1 of the capsules. We all held our breath. To be sure, it contained only one milligram of the albumen, about one-thousandth part of a drop. It didn't bother Charles at all. The doctor skipped a day and then gave Charles another capsule somewhat stronger. We were to be there two weeks. It was November of 1918, and the weather was lovely. One day Charles and I were out-of-doors in the sunshine when there began such a blowing of whistles and ringing of balls as I had never heard before. Someone ran out of

the hospital and yelled to us, "The war is over! Fighting has stopped in France. Hurrah!"

It was too much for me, and I buried my face in my hands and cried and cried. Charles, poor lamb, couldn't understand; and he patted my back and said, "Mother, why do you cry now. You never cried during the war and now it's over." I tried to tell him that it was relief I felt and joy and that all those months of the war I'd had to hold back the tears.

I think he was sorry and felt like the little boy who ran to his mother shouting, "Mother! Mother! Make sister stop praying. She is asking God to please end the war and Daddy hasn't been made a Captain." Charles hoped his father would come home a Major General at least.

Charles was given a capsule every other day of the two weeks that were in the hospital. The dosage was increases in each succeeding capsule until he was able to take a dram, I think the doctor said, with no bad effects. When we went home Dr. Blackfan gave us a large box of the capsules, each marked with the number of grams it contained. He was to get one capsule every other day, and the doctor told me never to forget to give him his capsule on the correct day. He also cautioned me to be very, very careful that Charles had no setback caused by eating eggs in some other food because if he did, we would have to begin all over again. Charles, as I've said, was nine years old then and smart enough to know how miserable he'd been and how fine it would if he were like other children.

Clara, our maid of all work, was as watchful as I was and invented cookies and desserts without eggs. She was very loyal, too. Washington then as ow was crowded with rich people doing war work, and servants were scarce. Clara told me that one morning when she was coming to work dressed in her uniform a gentleman stepped out of one of the fine houses on Nineteenth Street to get his morning paper. He said good morning to her and added, "You look like a good cook to me. We need one. I'll pay you twenty dollars a month more than you are getting."

"The dirty dog," I gasped. "Clara, what did you say?"

"Don't get scared," she said. "I just gave him a look and say'd, Sir, I ain't dat kind, and walked on my way."

Of course, Charles was spoiled. When he came home at noon he'd yell as soon as he got to the door, "Mother! Mother! You here?" If I wasn't, he wouldn't eat until I arrived; and I, the big goop, would break my neck to be there when he arrived or I'd come in panting shortly after.

Sometimes I'd wake up in the middle of the night and break out in a cold sweat when I'd think that maybe we had forgotten the capsules! I had a large calendar and pencil in the drawer in the sideboard where we kept the capsules, and each time I gave him one I marked off the date and the number of grams. When I'd have one of my night frights, I'd rush downstairs and look; and if I had forgotten., I'd wake Charles and give him the capsule. But we seldom forgot- I think only twice in all that time. If we had given one every day, I think it would have been easier.

Finally, after about four months, we came to the end of the capsules, and Charles

had had no setback of any kind. I telephoned Dr. Blackfan and told him the state of affairs. He was delighted and said, "You have done good work. Now I want you to measure about one-half teaspoon of raw white of egg and cook it with a small amount of cream of wheat and give it to Charles; and if there are no bad effects, increase the amount very slowly as you did with the other foods."

Charles ate the cream of wheat and egg as prescribed and was not conscious that he'd had it. Before he became desensitized, Charles knew the instant food entered his mouth if there was egg in it. Even the small amount in a cookie or muffin would do something to the lining of his mouth. Often, about food I'd think had not egg in it, he'd say indignantly, "There's egg in that!"

We continued increasing the amount of egg white very slowly until he was getting what Dr. Blackfan had ordered. Again, I phoned for instructions. "Now, Dr. Blackfan said, "I think you can give him a whole boiled egg. But I want a physician in the house, and I would like you to have Dr. Z_____ because he has worked with me and will know what to do if things go wrong. Make an appointment with him and in the meantime continue with the egg as you have been doing."

I phoned Dr. Z_____ (I can't remember his name because I only saw him that one time.) He came on a Saturday morning at eight o'clock, and he and I watched every spoonful of egg that Charles put in his mouth. Charles took it very calmly. Then we sat waiting for over an hour, expecting any minute for Charles to rush from the room with nausea and vomiting or for him to burst out with hives. But, as Father's German clerk used to say, "Right away nothing happened" not even that horrid sensation in his mouth.

Finally, the doctor left, patting Charles on the back and saying, "Young man, you are cured; and don't forget what Dr. Blackfan has told you. Eat some egg every day or you may revert to your former state."

We no sooner had shut the door on him than Charles and I let out a yell, hugged, and clasp hands, danced through the house and into the kitchen, where we grabbed fat Clara and made her dance with us. I gave her ten dollars because she had helped us so much in our fight. She nearly had a fit and hesitated about taking it and said, "I shu never did it with no money in my mind."

Dr. Blackfan was delighted and said that at least half the credit of the cure was due to our faithful carrying out of his orders. He told us that he had prescribed the treatment many times but that it was a rare case that was really cured.

Just think what a difference it made in Charles' life! If he couldn't have eaten eggs, he'd never have gotten into West Point -or through it, anyway- and he'd never have met Rosa and there'd be no little red-headed Kellers! So, I think the war Dr. Blackfan, Charles, and I fought was a lot better and more lasting than the "war to end war," which was only the beginning of this worst of all wars.

This sounds as though I'd forgotten Ira, but you know that could never happen. Ira has always been a very important part of our life. The poor boy was very unhappy in college that year. He was about two years younger than most of his classmates. He was doing fine scholastically, always near the top. It was the war.

Many of the boys had enlisted or had been made officers, and that's what Ira wanted to do. He came home and argued about it. His father told him that if he stayed and finished his education as a mechanical engineer (he'd changed to that course in his second year) he would be doing a better thing for his country than if he enlisted. Ira, of course, argued that so many of his friends had left and he hated R.P.I. and felt queer there. On cross examination Ira had to admit that most of the boys who had jumped at the chance of leaving college had been poor students. Ira promised to do nothing without first consulting with us.

After Fa'r went to France, Ira began working on me. I talked to General Black and General Winslow. The latter said, "Send him in to see me the next time he is home." So, I wrote Ira to come home any week-end he could make it.

General Winslow told him just what his dad had. An officer had to be twenty-one. (Ira was nineteen) Now that the colleges had put in military training Ira was getting the same instruction he'd be getting as a private in an army camp; Ira would become a lieutenant when he graduated and be of far greater use to his country.

Ira went back to college, resigned and resentful. Fortunately for me the Armistice came much sooner than we dreamed it would. Otherwise I think my good and usually obedient Ira might have walked out on me!

I had hoped that Fa'r would write for you the account of his life in France, but now that we are at war again and he is busier than he was been since the last war I'm afraid that's hopeless. Sometime, if he ever really retires, he will revise and improve on what I tell you.

Because General Black refused to let him sail at once, he lost out on being made Chief Engineer of the A.E.F. That's what General Taylor had been. Naturally the General Staff of the A.E.F wanted a Chief Engineer at once and couldn't wait because the war was then at its highest pitch. So General Langfitt was made Chief, and when Keller arrived, he was made Deputy Chief. He never kicked about it; and, as he liked General Langfitt very much, everything was fine.

At first Fa'r was in Chaumont, where General Pershing's headquarters were. He was there when President Wilson came there on Christmas day. Here is a copy of the invitation (or order?) He received.

GERNAL HEADQUARTERS AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES

France, December 24, 1918.

MEMORANDUM:

The Commander-in-Chief desires that you be present at a reception at his Chateau, promptly at 4:30pm, tomorrow, December 25th, 1918, in honor of the President

SEAL

ROBERT C. DAVIS,

Adjutant General

Brig, Gen. Charles Keller, Asst. Chief Engr.

Later Fa'r went to Tours, where he stayed until he came home in 1919. He was "billeted" (boarded

with the charming family of the Baroness Auveray, who an old lady. With her were her two bachelor

sons, who were too old for the fighting line, and a married daughter. Fa'r took me to Tours in 1927, when we were in France, to have lunch with the Auveray family. I was glad I'd spent no sleepless nights worrying about my Charley's living conditions; for, if the delicious luncheon I had there as a sample of what he'd been fed, he certainly lived better than he ever has at home.

I'm sorry we burned all his letters when we moved from Washington. Fortunately for you I got him to write before December 7, 1941, the story of his trip to Paris. Here is Fa'r's account.

MY EXPERIENCE IN REGARD TO AMERICAN PARTICIPATION IN PROPOSED "FREEDOM OF TRANSIT" ANNEX TO THE VERSAILLES TREATY

It was, I believe, toward the close of February or, perhaps, the beginning of March in 1919 when, during an absence from Tours of General Langfitt, I was in my office on a Sunday morning to take care of things which normally would have fallen to him.

Toward noon I was called on the telephone and informed that Captain Condon in Paris wished to talk to me, and when he finally began talking, I learned that he was talking in the name of Ex-Ambassador Henry G. White, who was a member of the American Delegation to the Peace Conference. I add that Mr. White had been what today is called a career diplomat. Before the war he had served a full term of four years as Ambassador to Germany and, I think, another full term as Ambassador to France.

Captain Condon told me that Ambassador White wished to see me in Paris just as soon as I could get there. As he had not stated the nature of the business that the Ambassador wished to discuss, it seemed to me that the Captain was probably making a mistake and should have asked for Langfitt, but he assured me that the Ambassador wished to talk with me on a subject which, as far as the young man knew it, had no connection with army matters, and he was very positive that it was I that the Ambassador wanted. So, I told him that I would be in Paris the next morning.

This was the occasion of my first and only ride on a railroad train during my army service in France. I at once appealed to General Atterbury's transportation experts, and they secured for me a ticket on a train that left Tours that cold afternoon and told me that a railroad M.P. would meet at the station in Tours to see that I got on the train comfortably, something that in those days was not possible for the ordinary passenger. So, I packed by bag with the necessities of life during a

two or three day stay in Paris and about five o'clock made my way to the railroad station where the M.P. met me as promised.

He took me in charge, took my baggage away from me, and told me that he would secure a place in first-class compartment and that it would be in the third car from the head of the train, about the middle of the car, the seat being marked by his hat which he would leave there to reclaim from me before the train left.

He was as good as his word, and so I did get an excellent place which I held for about half an hour when, at a station called Vendome, there got on the train Madame De Rochambeau, and I think, one of her daughters, both of whom I had met through my hosts, the Auvrays.

By this time every seat in the car in which I was had been taken, and so I had to do the polite thing and give the Countess my hard-earned place which she continued to hold until we got to Paris one or two hours late, a standing-up ride of, I should guess, something on the order of five extremely uncomfortable hours.

Getting to Paris after ten o'clock that night, I of course went to a hotel. This time it was the Louvre, a very attractive place that was now being operated expressly for officers of the A.E.F.

The next morning at about ten, I went to the Hotel Crillon and called on Ulysses Grant. By the way, I forgot to say that Captain Condon did actually tell me that Grant had named me to Ambassador White as having the special qualifications of which he felt the need. It was for this reason that I made my first visit to Ulysses.

He was his usual pleasant self and gave me a rather sketchy outline of what Ambassador White wanted-but more of that later. What is perhaps more interesting is that he invited me to lunch at the Crillon, and so I had then the opportunity of experiencing the great hardships that members of the Peace Delegation had to suffer during the time they were in Paris. Seriously, the lunch was too good and too luxurious for one equipped with an ordinary purse and an average appetite, but everybody in the dining room seemed to take it as a matter of course.

To help me to get to Ambassador White, Grant gave me a guide. When I got there, I gave my name and the excuse for my being there to an extremely well-dressed young civilian who, seemingly, was the secretary to the Ambassador's private secretary.

Presently the latter, a very nice-looking and polished young gentlemen, named Herter, appeared and shook hands with me quite amiably. He told me that the Ambassador knew that I had arrived and that he was for the moment busy and hoped that I would not mind waiting for a little while until he was at liberty.

Rather than wait in idleness, it seemed to me that the best thing was to learn as much as I could about the business that the Ambassador had in mind, and I told this to Mr. Herter, who replied that he would be very glad to get for me the "dossier" in the case. Of course, it would have been extremely undiplomatic and unpolished to have used the English word "file" in place of the word "dossier," and I felt impressed by the elegance of the thing that was going to be given to me.

When Mr. Herter delivered It to me, he also suggested that I might wish to use a desk in a small private office that happened to be vacant. Of course, I was glad to

do so.

The file actually told quite a complete story. It bore upon something that was called, "Freedom of Transit" a title so general that it had no meaning for me until I read the documents which had been placed before me. Then it developed that the term was intended to cover a proposal to open navigation on such international European rivers as the Rhine and the Danube on equal terms to the vessels of all nationalities.

In a little while I was told that Mr. White would see me, and I was taken to his office. He explained to me that he had asked Grant to suggest the name of an officer of the Corps of Engineers who was familiar with river navigation in a general way, in order to get his help in dealing with this question of Freedom of Transit, and that a meeting on the subject was to be held at the Ministry of Labor on the other side of the Seine that afternoon and that he should like to have me accompany him, which, of course, I was willing and, indeed, anxious to do.

So about two o'clock that afternoon I went with the Ambassador to the meeting. It was presided over by M. Loucheur, who at that time was Minister of Labor in the cabinet of Clemenceau.

When we got to the meeting place, it turned out to be a large room in which tables had been arranged around three sides of a rectangle. At the head table, which was relatively short, were seated the Presiding Minister, and on his right Mr. White and an American from New York named Hunter, a member of the legal staff of the American Delegation.

Mr. Herter was, as I recall, also with our Minister, and as his technical advisor, I was seated immediately in back of Mr. White. On the left of M. Loucheur was the British Delegation, presided over by a Mr. Sifton, a Canadian, who at that time was a member of the Canadian cabinet, and with him were one or two others whom I do not recall. Their technical adviser was a general officer of the English General Staff, and he was seated behind Mr. Sifton. On the right of our delegation was the group representing France, and immediately on their right three or four Japanese. There two delegations were at the left end of the long table on the right side of the rectangle, that is, next to the head end. On the left of the Canadians sat the Italian Delegation of three or four. The remaining space at the two side tables was occupied by delegations from Greece, Rumania, Portugal, China, from Central and South America, and from other small nations, few of which had taken any active part in the war.

M. Loucheur, who in private life was a successful manufacturer on a large scale, opened the meeting by saying that its purpose was to consider and pass on the various items in a program., called in diplomatic language "agenda," which had been prepared by technical experts on the subject of Freedom of Transit, and he brought the various items up in the order shown in the program.

As each item was brought up, it was discussed at length and in a great variety of strongly accented French by the representatives of the smaller nations, particularly loquacious delegations being those of Greece and, I think, Czecho-Slovakia. The delegates of the larger nations, France, Great Britain, and Italy, said little

or nothing, but after what the presiding officer called the nations of "limited interest," meaning insignificant members of the group, had exhausted their wind, he announced the decision in each case without the formality of putting it to a vote. The only remarks by our delegations merely expressed approval of some of the proposals and betrayed no particular interest in our knowledge of the real purpose of the meeting. The whole performance seemed to have been agreed on in advance. Perhaps the real object of the meeting was to go through an appearance of serious discussion and consultation with the little fellows.

After nearly three hours of this kind of discussion, all the proposals of the program were announced to have been adopted, and the meeting was adjourned to await the call of the presiding officer.

While the meeting was in progress, I had a little talk with Mr. Sifton, whom I had met in Washington, and I learned from him that the entire proposal had originated with the English, and he introduced me to his technical adviser whose name was, as I now recall, Mance.

I had a little talk with the General also and made an arrangement to see him the next morning, and he suggested his hotel, the Majestic, for a meeting place, and ten o'clock for the hour.

So, the next morning I called on General Mance, and I asked him to explain what really had been behind the meeting and what was the meaning of the Freedom of Transit. In his reply it developed that my feeling about the meeting of the day before had been correct. He seemed not to hesitate to tell me that, immediately on the outbreak of the war, the English Government had assembled a group of historian, geographers, and economists, principally men attached to the two large universities at Oxford and Cambridge. The duty assigned the group was to make a careful study of matters affecting English trade on the continent of Europe and to formulate proposals for its benefit to be placed in effect should England defeat Germany. One of the results of these studies was this Freedom of Transit lead which was limited in its scope to the continent of Europe and, principally, to the rivers Rhine and Danube where, according to General Mance, the English felt that they had been hampered in the past.

It will be recalled that the Rhine rises in Switzerland, flows between France and Germany, and into Holland. Similarly, the Danube rises in Germany and flows into or between Austria, Hungary, Bohemia, Rumania, Serbia, and Bulgaria. In view of the many countries affected in each case, it may well have been true that English and other foreign commerce had been subjected to certain inconveniences, such as the necessity of observing a great variety of customs regulations, and that many of these annoyances might be relieved by some sort of international arrangement.

To me, it seemed, however, clear that this was a matter for the European nations to settle amongst themselves, a purely local and internal question in which the United States had no interest and possess so little dependable information as to render it unqualified to offer any real assistance.

All told, my talk with the English General showed me that the widespread idea that the English did not act shrewdly and with an eye to the main chance was not

warranted in this case and that the plan had been worked out so as to afford the utmost possible benefit to the English. Of course, no one could rightly blame the English for looking after their own interests, but it was nothing more than common sense to recognize that there was nothing altruistic in their proposal.

In separating from Mr. White after the meeting of the day before, he had asked me to think over his idea of having me assigned permanently as one of his technical advisers to serve principally in connection with this part of the Peace Treaty. Of course, I thanked him for his invitation but, at the time that it was given, I already felt that I myself knew too little about the subject matter to be of real help and that, in addition, the subject was one which we should consider very carefully. My talk with the English General served to confirm my unwillingness to have anything further to do with this part of the Treaty of Peace, and so, when later that day I called on Mr. White, I told him my opinion frankly and advised him politely, if he possibly could, to keep the United States from meddling with this matter in which we had no real interest and concerning which we knew so little. Of course, I told him also that I thought that the whole plan was intended solely for the benefit of the English and that it seemed to me that the English should know that we felt so and permitted to go their own way in their effort to secure advantage for themselves. However, if Mr. White felt that he must take a part in framing the scheme of Freedom of Transit, he should see to it that nothing in the scheme might jeopardize the interests of the United States in regard to waters in which it had jurisdiction, such, for example, as the St. Lawrence River, the Great Lakes, and possibly some other places where the grant of privileges equal to our own to the vessels of foreign nations would be a serious matter. To afford assurances that the provision for Freedom Of Transit in the treaty might not endanger us in this fashion, I suggested to Mr. White that, in place of using as consultant a man who like me did not possess the proper legal and historical background, he should send to the United States for the best international lawyer that he could get, one who either was already familiar with the history of our policies concerning such waters as I have just mentioned or who could readily get the necessary information.

I closed my statement to Mr. White by saying that, in view of my opinion, it seemed to me that I could be of no service to our delegation and that, while I thanked him for inviting me to join him, I preferred to be excused, although, should he wish me to come back for any special service, I should regard his invitation as a compliment and would gladly respond.

Mr. White seemed a little surprised by my frankness and, I imagine, still more by my unwillingness to come to Paris to stay, but he accepted my decision without argument and without giving me any information concerning his own ideas.

This is the full story of my call to Paris to help our Peace Delegation and of what took place in Paris. I add that I have never had either the enterprise or the energy to examine the Treaty of Versailles to see what actually became of "Freedom of Transit."

When Fa'r wrote me about his trip to Paris, I answered and said, "Must you be so

honest and honorable? Perhaps if you accept Mr. White's invitation the boys and I can come over." But nothing like that happened.

Perhaps I've made a mistake having Fa'r write the account. The recital of my doings will seem trivial and flat. But let me say to you, young man, who is planning to be a soldier, that the real heroes of the war were the women. I'm not talking about myself. I had a snap, just as Fa'r did. We were old and safe and had enough to live comfortably. It's the ones who had little and worked and skimped and had all the responsibility and care of the children. I've always been indignant at the glorification of the Gold Star Mothers just to get the women's vote. I admit it must be dreadful to lose a beloved son; but it's worse to lose a beloved husband, and its darn hard to wait and wait for him to come back, to save and skimp and only half live just waiting for his return and then find out that-well, I'll tell you later.

After the Armistice there was a great let-down in Washington. The business men scampered home as fast as they could, and the War Industries Board wound up its affairs. The Major and his wife, who had occupied part of our third floor, left to the relief of us all. The third-floor back was occupied by a doctor of p_____. I don't know how to spell it, and I have the worst time looking up words. I'm a rotten speller as you know, and a dictionary is just no good to a poor speller. I thought the word was phycologist, the but the dictionary gives; "phycology. The science of seaweeds." I'll find out my word from Fa'r. He knows everything. I sometimes call him my Mr. Gladstone because of this pet story of mine.

Mrs. Galdstone, the wife of the famous prime minister of England, was having a luncheon at which the guest had a very heated argument over a question of ethics. They couldn't agree; and, when the argument became very personal, one of them said, "I think we had better stop this discussion and leave it to one above who knows all. "

And their hostess smiled and said, "Yes, that's right. Mr. Gladstone will be down in a few minutes."

My lady roomer, who was a psychiatrist working at the Walter Reed Hospital with the shell-shocked patients, begged me to let her stay on.

At last the grand news arrived. I got a cable, and several of the officers called me from the War Department and told me that Keller was sailing on the SS_____ and would arrive in New York in two weeks!

I'd spent hours shopping for just the right clothes to wear to New York when I went to meet my hero. I didn't get a new hat but had a smart one I'd had the year before rejuvenated with fresh flowers-which was a fatal mistake. My hair was beautifully curled, and I'd been taking such good care of my skin. All my friends told me that I looked lovely- you know the way women talk.

I wanted to be a knockout because I told Fa'r I wanted this to be a sort of honeymoon. I wanted to be treated like a second wife because men were always more considerate and sweeter to the second wife. I doubt if Fa'r ever read that letter. I wrote too darn many, I think now.

I went to New York and got my permit for the dock at Hoboken and on the eventful day went there. We were not permitted to stand on the dock and see the

ship come in but were put into a small room with straight hard chairs around the four sides. They were too high for my short legs.

After dangling on that hard seat for almost an hour, the officers began coming in, claiming their lady. If I hadn't been so eager and excited, I might have found amusement in those meetings, but my eyes were on the door watching for my man. Finally, he appeared. He had evidently been sitting in the sun all the way over. His face as scarlet, his nose swollen and fiery red, and he was wearing large horn-rimmed glasses which he knew I detested on him and which made him look like a boiled owl. Did he rush up to me and passionately throw his arms around me and say, "Darling this is what I have been longing for?" He did not. He gave me a peck of a kiss that landed on my nose and had the nerve to hold me at arms -length and look me over very critically. I thought he was going to say, "Your slip shows." But he said, "It seems to me I've seen that hat before." I felt terribly deflated and hurt, but I had to laugh or cry- it was such a joke on me, poor sap.

But later when we women compared notes, I knew my Charley and I weren't peculiar. One frail little friend of mine said, speaking of her stalwart hero, "He treats me as though I were his orderly- takes my waiting on him as a matter of course, never thanks or praises me. He hasn't yet told me to clean his shoes but I'm expecting it any day and am I ready!"

But the men had a hard time readjusting their lives. "Over there" there was excitement and freedom from petty cares of the home and office. Many of the privates felt the same way. That's why the Legionnaires have such good times living it over again at their meetings. The older officers had a fine time after the war was over. They were entertained by the French in lovely homes and chateaus.

And Fa'r was "mon General!" over there. Thanks to the spiteful Chief of Staff all officers lost their war rank the minute they stepped off the boat and reverted to the grade they had before the war started. But it was not so for the men who were in Washington. They retained their rank. But I think that Fa'r felt the tour of duty in France was worth the price he had to pay.

Your granddad never was a schemer, one who played politics to get advancement. He just took what was given to him and put all he had into it and, as you see, it worked out very well. To be sure, he retired as a mere Colonel but that means far more to him now than the empty title of General does to the men who have not been asked to come back into this World War II.

WASHINGTON- AFTER THE WAR

General Black made Keller, on his return, the resident member of the River and Harbor Board. So, we stayed in Washington and got adjusted to a humdrum life again.

The summer Fa'r returned the four of us had a happy month in New Hampshire.

Ira graduated in 1920, when he was twenty-one years old. We all went to see him get his diploma. And the Hugh L. Coopers and their daughter came too. We had a very nice time.

I think this story of your dad will interest you. Dicko. All the large manufacturing plants who made electrical or mechanical machines sent a representative of their companies to investigate the graduating class and to offer such men as they saw fit jobs as technical students with their companies. Ira had several offers and chose to go to the Westinghouse Company for some reason of his own. He was paid \$110 a month and was sent to the Philadelphia plant, which was fine because he was close to us. After he had been at the plant about two weeks, he came home to spend Sunday and told us his experiences.

The first thing that happened to the boys- and there were dozens of them from M.I.t., Cornell, R.P.I., and other tech colleges- was to be sent to a doctor, a psychoanalyst, whose job it was to question each boy and find out which branch of the plant he was best fitted for. To Ira's utter amusement and disgust the doctor said that he ought to be in the sales department.

Ira felt humiliated. "A salesman! Phooey! The doctor's all wet!" were his sentiments. He had his degree as a mechanical engineer, and his ambition was to be the manager of a large plant.

The doctor was right. Ira has changed his mind about the selling end of a business and no longer feels humiliated because he says it takes a high order of intelligence to be a good salesman. Of course, he still loves the manufacturing end too

As I said, life marched on at an ordinary pace. General Black retired; and General Beach, with whom we had been friends for years, was made Chief of Engineers. In 1921 the President on General Beach's recommendation made Fa'r the Engineer Commissioner of the District of Columbia.

You probably know that the District of Columbia is run by three commissioners appointed by the President of the United States. Two of them are political appointees, and one is always an officer of the Corps of Engineers. Even though the citizens of the District of Columbia do not have a vote, there are politics. The appointment came as a surprise. General Beach thought your Fa'r would do well and asked him if he'd like it. Of course, we were delighted.

Fa'r found it a very interesting job- sometimes he says the most interesting he has ever had. I said Washington is ruled by the three commissioners, but of course that isn't right. Congress makes all the important laws and, in those days, appropriated most of the money to run the city. The commissioners are sort of city managers.

The country was running pretty smoothly then. The law makers had nothing exciting to do, and so they often made the lot of the commissioners a bit trying. All that they had to do to make the front page of Washington newspapers was to pan the commissioner, and all the home papers published the article, and Mr. Politician was in the public eye. I resented it, but Fa'r didn't care and said it was part of the game.

We had moved to 1870 Wyoming Avenue by that time. There's a story attached to that, but I can't tell you everything or I'll be dead before I finish this.

Friday night belonged to Charles, Jr. and I always tried to keep that night free.

We usually went to the movies at the Knickerbocker Theater three blocks away. On Friday, February 3, 1922, we had a terrific blizzard, very high wind and heavy wet snow, the heaviest snowfall Washington had ever had. The drifts were so big that no automobiles or street cars could run, and the place was strangely quiet. Charles came home from school and said that he and Rod and some of the boys were going out to Rock Creek Park to wallow in the snow.

Darkness fell very early, and I became awfully nervous waiting for my men folk. Both were late. I had a fit about Charles and telephoned around, but none of the boys were home. Finally, father and son arrived. I heaved a sigh of relief and said, "No movie tonight. We aren't going to stir from this house."

"Get Rich Quick Wallingford" was on the screen and both boys wanted to go. They called me a sissy, but I got so upset that they gave in and we stayed at home.

Our apartment was on the first floor and I was at my desk in the bedroom on the Nineteenth Street side at the about nine o'clock when I heard someone say, "The roof of the Knickerbocker has fallen in." I was about to go and tell Fa'r when the phone rang for the commissioner and he was told the awful story.

The flat roof was of concrete, resting on a ledge almost circular in form. The heavy snow-drifts had moved the concrete slab, and it had come away and fallen on the crowd inside.

It didn't take Keller long to get up there. The place was in great confusion with no one in authority. The fire chief thought it was his job, and the chief of police said it was his. Fa'r phoned for his three Engineer assistants, and they got things organized. He was up there until almost morning. The dead and wounded were under the mass of concrete.

It was a field day for the congressmen. The Knickerbocker was built before Fa'r's time, but he and his building permit department were blamed for it all. People naturally were badly frightened, and the engineering commission ordered all theaters in Washington closed until they could be examined by competent architects and engineers. That caused a howl from the theater managers. Fa'r and his staff were busy night and day for some weeks, and they did find some of the theaters in pretty bad condition. The Poli Theater on Pennsylvania Avenue, the largest and I think the oldest, was found to have its basement stacked to the ceiling with government documents- nice, dry material for a fine fire!

I loved having my husband a commissioner of the District of Columbia because it put us on the official social list. That meant that we were invited to all the diplomatic receptions at the various embassies and legations and to the Pan-American parties in their beautiful building. There was nothing personal about it. It was the commissioner who was invited and not the Kellers, but we always had fun. There were plenty of people we knew who were also on that list-the heads of all government departments, Army, Navy, etc. I loved seeing all the people I didn't know too-all the diplomats in their brilliant uniforms.

When the Conference on the Limitation of Armaments was called, there was an epidemic of parties because every country interested had sent some high officials of their home government as delegates and naturally a party was given by the

embassy or legation for the guest. I might add that it was during prohibition; and, although we were not really drinkers, we did enjoy the good wines and liquors.

I enjoyed every one I went to, and I fear that a small part of my great pleasure was the thought that I didn't have to give a private party in return. But the city of Washington, the citizens felt, should have a large reception to all the delegates. The bankers and the business men got their heads (and purses) together and went to the State Department and asked if they could do it. The State Department investigated the matter and gave its approval. The Lord Mayor of London gave parties, and the burgomaster of European countries did so. It was decided that the invitations must be in the names of the "Commissioners of the District of Columbia." And as the "Hotel de Ville" (city hall to you) in Washington would not do, it was arranged to give it at the Museum of Natural Science.

Mr. Bell of the Guaranty Trust was chairman. He came to see the commissioners and told them about the big reception that was to be given at which they were to be the hosts (at no expense to them). Their first duty would be to go in a body, dressed in formal morning suits-cutaway suits and top hats-and call on the British and French Ambassadors and invite them and their guests. This was done, to the disgust of your grandfather, who hated to waste the best part of a morning. But he was more disgusted when, because the Belgium Ambassador raised a row with the State Department, they had to get dressed again the next day and call at the Belgian Embassy. The Ambassador for Belgium was the senior Ambassador in Washington because he had been in Washington the longest and thus ranked above all other diplomats, and he claimed he should have been invited first. He was very haughty and almost rude when the commissioners called.

Thousands of invitations were issued. Every Congressmen and Senator wanted some for visiting constituents. The heads of all government departments were asked and, or course, all the important civilians who lived in Washington as well as the whole diplomatic corps and their guests.

The grand night came, and I went forth in a new dress, my long hair dressed high with a high Spanish comb in it. But I had on old shoes and gloves a size and a half too large and no rings-a tip given to me by the wife of a Senator. We stood there, and the people streamed by shaking our hands. At first it was fun, but when the second thousand began passing I wondered if I could stick it out- that stream of pink faces and Fa'r's voice beating on my ears with the same words, "This is Mrs. Keller- this is Mrs. Keller- this is Mrs. Keller."

I wanted to say, "Darn it, I know that," instead of smiling at people and saying some insane thing. Fa'r had planned it so that I was at the end and had no introducing to do. Even though I wore large gloves, my hands were quite sore the next day. People were so glad to see me, and they'd give my hand a little extra squeeze. Since then I shake hands like a cold fish.

Some of the real Washingtonians who were really giving the party stood behind us to play hosts to the truly important guests as they arrived and to see to it that they were properly cared for.

But alas! Very few, if any, of the tops came. The expensive party was a flop. Even

though thirty-two hundred people came, none of the socially prominent foreigners were there.

The story Fa'r heard was that some of the bright young men in the Protocol Section of the State Department hadn't been consulted. The Protocol Section had to do with the social side of the diplomatic world. For instance, if I were to give a dinner for high officials, I 'd have to get the Protocol Section to tell how to seat my guests. Some of the young men in that section were acting as aides to the visiting delegates, and they spread the word that this reception wasn't the sort of thing the better people would go to and that it really would be quire all right if the delegates did not take the trouble to go because socially the commissioners were very unimportant. Mr. Rudolph was a retired hardware dealer, Mr. Oyster was a dairyman, and the third commissioner a mere Army Officer, and the citizens back of it were just business men!

In Washington there is-or was- a great gulf between the official class and the commercial. It's very un-American. The Army and Navy, of course, belong to the official set; but they are a tight little family group and do not mingle much unless there are personal friendships.

The Commissioners were sent tickets for the opening day of the conference, and Fa'r told us all about it that night at dinner. I could hardly wait for him to finish his story in order to say that I'd like to go. He didn't let me interrupt but finally said, "Yes, I know you are 'dying' to go. Well, don't die, I've already asked for two tickets for you."

So, Charles, Jr. and I went and found it very impressive. The conference for the Limitation of Armaments was held in the beautiful building belonging to the D.A.R. The seats had been taken out of the main auditorium, and tables forming a hollow square were there. The delegates, of course, were seated on the outer side of the tables.

We had seats in the gallery; and, as it's not a large room, we looked down on the show and could see and hear very easily.

It was on the opening day, you know, that the Secretary of State offered to scrap some of our big ships in the cause of peace. The day we were there was the day the Japanese made their grand gesture. The delegate from Japan was recognized by the chairman, Secretary Hughes, as he arose from his seat to make a speech. I forget just what he said, but they were elegant words and high thoughts. Then he turned with a low bow to the Chinese Ambassador, Mr. Wellington Ku, and told him that Japan would return to China the land in Shantung Province which had formerly been taken by Germany and which Japan had acquired after the war. Great applause followed.

That sounds like a fairy tale now, doesn't it? It makes us wonder what changed all those fine sentiments of fair play into the hateful world we have now.

Fa'r and I had an interesting trip to Canada in the summer of 1920. A question had arisen about a boundary line between Canada and the United States in Minnesota at the Lake of the Woods. Our State Department asked the Chief of Engineers to send one of his officers to Ottawa to confer with the Canadian

Secretary of State. Your smart grandpapa was the man General Beach picked!

Ira and Charles were going to a boy's camp in New York State, Ira as a counsellor and Charles, Jr., as a paying camper. Ira had gone to the camp a few days before it opened, and our trip to Canada came in just right. We took Charles to New York City and saw him off on the camp train with the other boys and their counselors. The plan was that I would go to the camp on my way back from Canada. Charles was not quite eleven, and I wanted to see how he was getting along. This was, of course, after he was cured of the egg poisoning.

I packed clothes for my visit to the camp in my ba and then asked Fa'r what sort of clothes he thought I'd need in Canada. He looked at me in a wholly disgusted manner and said, "Clothes! That's the first thing you think of. Do you think you are going to be entertained by the Governor General? They will be strictly business, and you probably will be alone all the time we are there."

We arrived in Ottawa at noon and found a note waiting for Fa'r at the lovely hotel, Lauria, from the Under-Secretary of State for Canada, inviting us to go to the Parliament with him at two o'clock. He said he thought we would find it very interesting.

We ate a bite and cleaned up. Fa'r was in uniform, the lucky man. He knew he was dressed properly for any occasion. Mr. Keefer, the Under-Secretary, was a little late and hurried us through a short cut to Parliament House. He said the occasion was the prorogation of Parliament, a very ancient and formal ceremony, which he knew we would enjoy. It was important to get there before the doors of the senate chamber were closed. As we entered the Parliament building, he said, "We are none too soon. There goes the Black Stick." We saw a little man walking away from us. A flunkie dressed in livery was closing the door, but Mr. Keefer, being the Under-Secretary of External Affairs (and, he said, Fa'r uniform), got us in, although the flunkie hesitated about letting us in and we had to duck under a long brass rod that had been let down on the senate side of the door.

As soon as we passed through, the doors were closed. We quietly slipped into seats along the side of the room. Mr. Keefer then explained the ceremony.

The Black Stick is the official messenger of the Senate (the House of Lords in England) and is sent by them to invite the Commons to present themselves before the bar of the Senate to give an account of the work they have done during that session of Parliament.

Shortly after we were seated, there came a loud knocking at the senate chamber door and the flunkie asked, "Who knocks there?"

"The Black Stick" came the answer.

The flunkie then turned and walked and length of the senate chamber to a platform on which sat the Governor General of Canada on a thronelike chair. The flunkie bowed low and said, "The Black Stick awaits without."

"Bid him enter," said the Governor General.

The doors were thrown open and a small elderly man dressed in a Prince Albert coat entered, carrying before him a thin stick made of polished Black ebony tipped with gold, which he presented to the Governor General. I don't know why it's

called the Black Stick or how it originated. I've really tried to find out, but anyway this isn't a history of England but one of us.

As soon as the Black Stick had passed through and the bar was again in place, the members of the House of Commons appeared. The Speaker of the House, dressed in a black robe with a white collar, stood in the middle of the bar with his hands resting on it. He was surrounded by members of the House, as many of them as could squeeze into that space. He read, I think, a list of bills that had been passed by the House and explained them at some length and asked the approval of the Senate and of his excellency, the Governor General. He spoke in English. Then the same speech was given in French by a member of the House from Quebec. There followed speeches and questions by the Speaker of the Senate and other Senators, always given in both English and French.

Then the Governor General, at the time he was the Duke of Devonshire, read a long speech thanking and praising the members of the House for the work they had done. He read one in English and then the same thing in French-very bad French, Fa'r said. When he had finished both readings, he declared that session of Parliament adjourned.

I'd had time while all those speeches were going on to gaze around and study the people. The Duke of Devonshire sat, as I said, on a raised platform, surrounded by his staff of army and navy officers and civilians. The old man was fascinating. He was a large man and very British with dewlap jaws and a long walrus moustache. He evidently had great trouble in breathing. He opened his mouth wide for air and then closed it with a snap, forcing the air out of his nose with a rush. Mr. Keefer, who saw me looking at the Duke, said, "what do you think of our Governor General?"

I whispered back, "He makes me think of a porpoise, He seems to come up for air."

He laughed and said, "I thought you'd say that. Everyone does. But he is a fine man, and we all like him very much."

Mr. Keefer invited us to his home to meet Mrs. Keefer and to have tea.

The next day he and Fa'r discussed the boundary business, and we all met for lunch. Mr. Keefer said that the Governor General's military aide had been to see him and to ask who Father was and why he was there. We decided, Fa'r and I, that probably he should have called on the Governor General, but the State Department had said nothing about it and Fa'r never has been one to stress the social side. I grinned at him and said, "You see, I might have been entertained by the Governor General."

When Mr. Keefer found we were going to Quebec, he said that he would telegraph the General in command of the citadel there to call on us and do what he could for us. He also said that he would recommend that the boundary question he left open until he and General Keller could go to the Lake of the Woods to investigate it together-and-he added with a wink- "with our wives next summer."

I hated to leave the Hotel Lauria. I thought it so peaceful and the surroundings so lovely. But to my great surprise we found the Frontenac in Quebec almost as

attractive. General Villandre called up Fa'r shortly after we arrived and said that if it was agreeable to us he would come that afternoon in his car and show us the sights of Quebec. Fa'r was very anxious to see the large bridge which and collapsed twice while it was being built, causing the death of many workmen. It was pouring rain, a steady downpour. So, I put on the heavy old shoes and suit I'd taken along for camp and on old hat. I'm a frugal soul and hate to ruin good clothes going on an engineering jaunt with two men!

The Canadian French General was very charming and very formal. He insisted on Fa'r sitting on the front seat beside the soldier driving the car and that I sit in the back at his right. We went to the citadel first and were saluted by every soldier who saw us. Fa'r didn't return the salutes until General Villandre told me to tell him the salutes were for him.

The citadel is a very old fort and we were proudly told its history, which I promptly forgot. Then we went to see the bridge and got out in the rain to tramp over it to see the central span that had caused so much trouble. After we got back in the car, General Villandre turned to me and said, "And now we are going to the Lieutenant Governor's mansion. Lady Fitzgerald has graciously invited us to have tea with her." But General Villandre, "I gasped, "I didn't expect anything like that. I'm not dressed for it."

He turned and looked me over and said, "Oh I think you are quite all right-o" in the most British manner, although he was French Canadian. I could hear Fa'r give a snicker. He knew there was nothing for me to do but go as I was.

The Lieutenant Governor's mansion is beautifully situated on a high bluff overlooking the St. Lawrence River. It has just about the same setting that Mt. Vernon has on the Potomac. We drove up in style and were greeted by a very formal butler, who relieved us of our dripping outer garments. Giving me no chance to repair my face or hair, he said, "This way, please," and led us through a doorway into a perfectly lovely large room, about thirty-five feet long I think, the opposite end of which I saw a tea table in and in front of a grate fire and a group of people. All this I hurriedly took in as we entered, and then I heard the butler announce in a loud voice, "General and Mrs. Keller! General Villandre! It was the first and only time I've ever been announced like that.

As I clomped down the long length of the room in my sudge, squidgie shoes and nondescript suit and hat, I felt as though I were the curate's shabby wife in an English novel going to tea at her "Ladyships." I was glad that my man was spick and span in his uniform.

A charming young woman greeted us and explained that she was Lady Fitzgerald's daughter and how sorry her mother was that she couldn't be there. She insisted I sit near the fire and then introduced us to the group, two women and eight or ten men. Our hostess seated herself at the tea table again and turned to me and said in such a pleased voice, "How would you like your tea, Mrs. Keller? I have lemon for you."

I do not like lemon, but I knew the English drank their tea bitter strong with hot milk. Of course, I said to my thoughtful hostess, "Oh thank you so much. I do like

lemon and not very strong tea and no sugar.”

One of the ladies spoke up in a high British accent and said, “Weak tea and lemon, how insipid!”

I looked at her and saw that she was a large woman, not very good looking but very smartly and expensively dressed, and I thought, “I can’t look so rotten or she wouldn’t take the trouble to be catty.” So, I just grinned and said. “Tea as good as this could never be insipid!”

The group was very interesting. Some of the men were Canadians and some British, but the ones who added th unusual to the party were a Colonel and three or four other officers in the uniform of the Czechoslovakian Army. They were in charge of ten thousand men who were aboard ships in the harbor. The story sounds fantastic I know, but “it’s true so help me.”

Originally in 1916 these men were fighting with the Russians against the Germans. Then when the Russians turned Bolshevik and left the Allies, the Czechoslovakian division took their stand with the White Russians against the Bolsheviks in Siberia and Asiatic Russia, and now in 1920, after all those years, they were being taken in British ships back to Europe and their home land. The Colonel was a very young man in his thirties, I should say. He had been a corporal when he entered the war, and he told us in a dramatic way and perfect English how he became a colonel in command. They all spoke English, but I don’t think anyone thought to ask them how that happened.

That night at the hotel of the men who had been at the tea asked us to have coffee and liquors with him after dinner. He was an Englishman who had just come to Canada. He told us that he had been wounded early in the war and couldn’t do anymore fighting; so, he was sent to the port of debarkation in England to help the Americans land their troops. He said that the first day he arrived at the port a division arrived from the United States and that there was much to be done. In the course of events he found himself standing beside a little subaltern, and he was surprised to see that as the troops passed in formation, they were all ordered “Eyes right”, a salute for this man. So, he said, “pardon me, sir. I’m very new at this and very ignorant of American ways. Will you tell me, please, why these men salute you, a subaltern?” and he said the officer answered, “Subaltern! Hell, I’m a Major General!!!” In England, he explained, the subalterns’ insignia is stars.

CIVILIAN LIFE

Now let’s go back to Washington. Life was moving along very calmly. Ira had been sent by the Westinghouse Company to Pittsburgh, and he was very dissatisfied. He complained all the time that he didn’t have enough to do, that he was getting nowhere and never would. He finally quit and got a job in New York with the Carbine Company. This was the winter of 1922-23.

One day, I guess it was in December, Fa’r came home and said, “X is in town, and he has offered me a job under him with a large utility holding company. He’s a vice-president.”

A utility holding company meant nothing to me, but I knew Mr. X. He had been Fa'r's civilian engineer assistant in Detroit. He was a very attractive man, but I just couldn't see my Charley taking orders from him. I hooted. "of course, you refused?"

"Well I told him I'd have to think about it and talk it over with you."

I was very much against it. Of course, it meant more money, but to me that didn't count for nearly as much as an interesting, happy job did in the "Sacred Corps" (as we wives called it). And besides, everyone told me Keller would be the next Chief of Engineers, a goal every officer hopes to attain. All this and more, too, I said heatedly. I didn't want it, and I'd never give my consent. A job under X, just so I could live more easily!

Fa'r let me sputter and boil over, and then he calmly said, "All right, I'll tell him to forget it."

I didn't have anything against Mr. X as a friend. He was charming, with a ready Irish wit, and his wife and I were very good friends. It was just that I couldn't see happiness in a future where your grandfather would be having Mr. X for his commanding officer.

In a very short time Mr. X was back; and Fa'r told him that he'd have to win me over, that without my approval he, Fa'r would never retire and leave active service.

Fa'r, I noticed, began to work on me, as did Mr. X. Ira, too, thought it would be a good thing. Fa'r said he doubted if he'd ever be Chief of Engineers. Jadwin, his classmate, ranked him one file, and jadwin had many friends (a slick politician, I'd have said). Keller would never fight for it; and what if he were Chief of Engineers for four years, then what would he do after he was sixty-four?

But I wouldn't say yes, I fought them all. Chicago was the last place on earth I wanted to live in. I hated a big city. Mr. X came to Washington every few weeks. He promised me that we wouldn't live in Chicago and told me that it wasn't an office job. Of course, he was terribly anxious to have Fa'r. He knew how smart and capable Fa'r was. (We didn't know it then, but Mr.X jo was not very secure, and he needed a man like Keller to pull him out of his difficulties.) But still the fair maid answered, "No!"

And then something happened to make me less sure of life. Dolly Burr is one of my best friends; and when her husband, General Burr, died terribly suddenly, it made me stop and think. Had I any right to try and play God to my Charley? After all, I knew he was much wiser than I was; and if he thought he would have a better life out of the Army, who was I to refuse to let him do it? So, I told him to go ahead and investigate X's offer and to accept it if he thought it wise and I'd be a good sport.

Fa'r went out to California and looked over the work he was to have first, the finishing of a water-power project near Placerville, after some weeks of telegraphing back and forth Fa'r decided to retire and accept the position.

Fa'r went to General Beach and to Mr. Weeks, the Secretary of the War, and told them what he wanted to do and asked them to approve. Both advised against his leaving the Army. Secretary Weeks thought he was making a great mistake and

told him he had a fine reputation in the Army. Pulling out a graph from his desk, he showed it to Fa'r and said, "You see, you will undoubtedly be the next Chief of Engineers."

Fa'r said he answered, "Yes, Mr. Secretary, if you are still here, but who can tell what may happen between now and the time General Beach retires in two years."

And so Fa'r was taken off the list of officers of the Corps of Engineers and put on the retired list of the Army. I don't think he regretted it, but I do know that he is happier than he has been in years now that he is again an officer in the Corps of Engineers and working for the War Department.

When Edward VIII gave up his throne for the woman he loved, I told Fa'r I was thankful there'd never been a question of his having to choose between me or the Corps! If I, this little pig, hadn't jumped over the stile, we wouldn't have been living in Evanston. If we hadn't been living in Evanston, Col. Clark might not have sent to Cleveland for Ira. If we hadn't been living there, maybe Ira wouldn't have left a good job and come. And if he'd never come, he wouldn't now be the successful man he is and a vice-president. And if we hadn't been living in Evanston where General Dawes was living, maybe Charles Jr. wouldn't have gotten an appointment to West Point! But this little pig did jump over, and all these things came to pass.

When it was announced that Fa'r had resigned as Engineer Commissioner and was retiring from the Army, the papers were full of praise- you know the sort of thing- and we were given many farewell parties. Even the Pennsylvania Railroad had flowers in our stateroom. They had passed on the words to the Northwestern, and that railroad treated us, too, as though we were important people. We knew we weren't, but we liked it, especially Chuck and I.

Mr. X met us with flowers and palaver, and then finally we arrived at our new home. What a let-down that was! "A construction camp in the El Dorado forest of California," Mr. X and Fa'r had said, and it sounded very alluring to me. It was cold at that elevation in April. The guest house was a paper-thin shack. There was a bath and running water, to be sure, but no heat except what a hideous cast-iron stove gave. In the living room, a barren place, there was one bar electric light, hanging from the ceiling. A man-later I learned he was called the "bull cook," a name given to the caretaker in all construction camps-came in and fixed the stovepipe that was smoking, and Mrs. North brought us a reading lamp.

I hadn't much appetite for the meals which we ate in the same dining hall with all the workmen. There were no chairs, just backless benches. The guest house was built in the midst of the forest. It was dark and damp, and all that I could see were tree trunks. I thought of that expression. "He couldn't see the woods for the trees."

But gradually Fa'r changed things. A part of the cook-house was partitioned off and only the white-collar men ate with us. We had chairs to sit on and paper napkins and, as a usual thing, good food. It varied with the change of cooks, and I was told that camp cooks seldom stayed long in one place. Sometimes we'd go slow on the meat and vegetables and make our meal off the breads and dessert if we happened to have a pastry cook that month; and maybe the next month the

bread and desserts would be atrocious and the soups good. And so, it went.

They built us a house because the one we were using was necessary as a guest house. They let me select a site that had a clearing in front of it so that we got some sunlight and more of a vista.

It was a good life for all of us because we were out-of-doors much of the time and the weather was fine. It was best for Charles, Jr., and hardest for Charles, Sr. It really put Charles, Jr., on his feet physically. Charles, Sr., had a tough job, but he seems to thrive on that sort of thing. The least said about me the better. I don't think I was a very good sport. I was all right while the weather was good and while Chuck was with us. He went to a military school in San Diego in November. The rains came, and it was cold, and the job was almost finished. I'd had enough.

Chuck came from school for Christmas, and we were to drive to Stockton on New Year's Day and put him on the train. New Year's Eve it began to snow and turn cold. In the morning when the bull cook came to build the fire in the little cast-iron stove and the hot water heater, he called to us that there was no water. All pipes were frozen. I always got own my breakfasts and had a toaster and grille so that we could have food. But what to use for water? We tried the snow, but it tasted of the pine trees. It was Chuck who solved the problem by saying that there was clean water in the hot water bags we each had in our bed.

We got to Stockton in time for dinner and put Chuck on his train, and then that night I did cry into my pillow. I hated the camp.

The job was finished in March, and Fa'r and I went to New York via San Diego. Chuck was happy and doing well. Ira was in New York working for the Carbide company. He met us at the train and told us about the wonderful girl he wanted us to meet. Yes, it was Lauretta Brownson Taylor, and they wanted to be married before Fa'r and I went back to Chicago. We had no objections, and as that's their story I'll not try and tell it.

They were married on April 6, 1924. And I want to say that Lauretta with her brilliant mind and independent spirit has made my outlook on life much broader. She's been good for me.

Fa'r was to be in the engineering department of the company's main office in Chicago. By this time Mr. X was out. It was company politics that pushed him out. The head of the firm who had made Mr. X a vice-president had died, and the gang didn't like X. Fortunately they did like Fa'r, and neither he nor I regretted the step he took.

Our life in Evanston was uneventful and dull. Charles went to the Evanston High School and was happy and made nice friends. He decided that he'd like to go to West Point. He thought we'd had a far more interesting life than most people in business have and he liked our Army friends. He was lucky about his appointment. The Vice-President of the United States, General Dawes, lived in Evanston and was at home that summer. Chuck got in without taking an exam. The E.T.H.S is an accredited school, Chuck had done very well there and at San Diego, and the Vice-President had held no exams for his appointment.

The first summer we took a furnished house. Then we tried hotel life and didn't

much care for that. We next furnished an apartment and lived there a year; and for the summer we again took a furnished house, thinking we might move to the city. I missed the inspection boat and the prestige that had gone with Fa'r's position in the Army.

After Chuck left us to go to West Point late in June 1926, I was more forlorn than I'd ever been. He and I had been such close friends, and he was so understanding and sweet to me. This was probably because he had been ill so much and because we had been alone nine months his dad was in France.

I felt as though I'd lost my job, and I didn't care where we lived, we'd gone to Evanston so that Chuck could go to the Evanston Township High School. Ira and Laurretta were living there by that time, and they wanted us to stay. The lease on the house we were living in ended in October, and we didn't know what to do next. Fa'r didn't care where we lived. Any place would suit him that satisfied me. I hate to admit it, but I wasn't a spirit of lightness. I'd had an operation some months before; so, I think we should make some allowance for that. I was plain disconnected.

One morning in September, no doubt I'd been bemoaning my fate and wondering what I ought to be doing about another house, Fa'r said, "How would you like to go to Egypt this winter?"

I gave him a hurt look and said, "How can you be so unkind! Egypt! Why not ask him if I want to go to heaven. I think it would be just as easy to do and cheaper!"

"Just for that," said he, "I ought not tell you anything."

Of course, I got off my high horse and begged him pardon and said I'd be good if he'd tell what he meant by his question. He teased me a little while and then told me he'd had a letter from General Taylor saying that they were making out a list of delegates to the International Navigation Congress which was meeting in Cairo in December and that Fa'r had been selected as one. He asked if Fa'r could make it and said that Mrs. Taylor was going with him and they thought it would be great fun to have the Keller's in the party. I needn't waste words telling you how I answered that.

"Do you realize," Fa'r said, "that you will be missing the Army and Navy football game that will be played here at Soldiers Field and that the corps of cadets are coming? You will miss seeing Charles then, and we won't be able to go to him at Christmas as we have planned."

I didn't hesitate a minute. We had been in West Point in August and had seen Charles, and he was very well and apparently not being at all hurt by the grueling treatment a plebe gets. He was very busy and happy, and Ira and Laurretta were living in Evanston and could look out for him at the time of the game. I said he didn't need us half as much as we needed the trip.

The company were perfectly willing to give him the leave. So Fa'r wrote to General Taylor, and in due time his commission as a delegate came from the State Department.

The International Navigation Congress was not like an ordinary convention of bankers and bartenders. The congress met only at the invitation of a government

and was composed of civil engineers, like those of the Corps, whose work was for the benefit of navigation or who built or managed dock and docking facilities.

The headquarters of the I.N.C. was in Brussels, but each country has some permanent head who kept in touch with things. The governments of the various countries paid him and also something toward the expense of the trip for the certain delegates. The other delegates were members of the I.N.C. and paid a small yearly fee but had to be men of standing because the State Department was responsible in a way.

Alas! Poor International Navigation Congress. You are dead now! As soon as the permanent headquarters in Brussels had the name of the delegates, they began sending literature. Some was about the subjects to be discussed and some was seemingly about equally important social doings. Apparently, the costumes of a congressiste (male) was a very serious and important matter. Though not scientific, the specifications were very rigid; to wit; "At presentations of credentials- morning clothes, high hat, and spats" were indicated. "At the formal dinners and banquets full dress with decorations." The list of entertainments was given to me sounded too good to be true. A reception to be given by the king in his palace! Tea at the pyramids! My mind's eye saw sunshine and palms and people in pretty summer clothes!

Fa'r didn't have to buy any clothes, and he fished out his old hatbox that had served us well and got out the top hat. He had given his original one to Ira when he went to college; but it was small for Ira, and he had traded with a fraternity brother. The one we had-still have, I think-is that one. Fa'r took it down to Fields and found it was quite in style as to shape, and that year the men were wearing top hats that sat down on their ears so that was o.k. and so we got going.

We sailed on the S.S. President Harding with the Taylors and found delegates-Col. And Mrs. Oakes, Col Townsend, whom we knew in Rock Island and the Philippine Islands, and Mr. J. Hampton Moore, a former mayor of Philadelphia and one-time congressman who had been on the River and Harbor commission and was interested in navigation.

Fa'r and I were like a couple of children. The only other trip we had ever taken without the children was when we went to see the Panama Canal being dug. Did I tell you about that? That time we left Ira and Charles behind. Ira was twelve and Charles two, and Ira resented my going on a pleasure trip just as you resent him going on one now. When we got on the train to go to New York and the Panama boat. I began to cry. Fa'r said "What's the matter with you?"

I blubbered, "It seems terrible to leave my children to go away just to have fun. I hope God won't punish me."

Fa'r looked at me in amazement and said, "If that's the kind of a God you've got, you better change your religion."

There were no tears when we got on the train for New York and Egypt. We left nothing behind to worry us- no household or dependent children. It was a wonderful feeling; and when we got on shipboard, we found our stateroom filled with flowers and books and packages. It was much better than a honeymoon.

The trip was calm, and we had eight gay restful days on the ship. We spent three or four in Paris shopping and sightseeing and that many days in Rome. We had planned, the eight of us, to go to Naples and then to Brindisi to get the boat for Alexandria but changed our minds after we got to Rome. That caused a lot of mental anguish because our trunks had gone to Naples, and in Italy to lose track of one's trunk can be a fatal accident, especially as they contained the delegates' formal clothes and the Paris dresses the ladies had brought. The American Express and the porter at the hotel assured us we need not worry, but General Taylor and Fa'r certainly did. They refused to go sightseeing in order to remain at the American Express Company's Office. The trunks arrived the day we were to leave!

As soon as we decided we wanted to take the night train to Brindisi, the American Express said they'd see about our transportation and reported very shortly that, alas, there were no sleeping accommodation left. So General Taylor and Fa'r went to see the railroad company and explained who we were—eight Americans who had to be on that train, it being the so-called “boat-train,” in order to get our ship. “Sorry,” said the railroad agent, “there are no sleeping accommodations.” But its only one night, and if you loosen your garments and stretch out it isn't so bad.”

Fa'r said, “Can't you put on another car?” We could use almost all the compartments on one of your wagon-lits.”

“No,” he said, “if we put another car on that train going over the mountains we would have to put on another engine and it's too expensive and it would make the train late.

But fortunately for us an Admiral of the Italian Navy decided at the last moment that he wanted to go to the I.N.C. and they put on a sleeper. They were such queer sleepers, but I don't think you care to hear about that.

The train stopped at seven o'clock the next morning, and we were ordered out for breakfast. The town was Barri, a place with a population of one hundred thousand. The station, built of heavy stone, was quite impressive on the outside, but the inside was another story. The dining hall was a dark gloomy room full of many small tables, covered with soiled clothes. There were four thick, empty cups and saucers on each table and four zweibacks, wrapped in waxed paper, which proved to be soft and soggy and slightly sour.

It took some time before the whole trainload of people were seated. No one was served until that happened. Then a man in a filthy apron came with a pot of hot coffee in one hand and a pitcher of hot milk in the other. Pouring both at the same time, he quickly filled the cups as he went from table to table. Fa'r and I nearly caused a riot because he wanted only coffee and I wanted only milk. The waiter didn't understand; but one of the Italians from the train explained to the waiter, who muttered something and did as we wished. The hot milk had been burned, and the brew of so-called coffee was cold and thick. Our American men agreed that it was a “Hell of a breakfast.”

Our train was late; and to add to the confusion, everyone had to go through the custom-house before being permitted to board ship. There was a lot of grumbling at the delay. We saw an Italian, evidently a delegate, wave his passport and yell, “Dip-

lo-mat-teek!” and they marked his baggage at once and he walked out. So Fa’r held up his passport, and he too yelled, “Dip-lo-mat-teek!” They glanced at our passport, which was a special, and we got the same treatment. Fa’r used that magic word for the rest of that trip, and for the other times that we went to a I.N.C.

As we came out of the custom-house, we saw our ship at the dock. She was about as high out of the water as an eight-storied building, or so it seemed to me as we trudged up the narrow stairway hanging at her side; and she was as thin as a razorback hog.

We found our stateroom and expected to have a lovely trip on the beautiful blue Mediterranean. One of the party wondered if the Piroscapo Vienna might not be a roller, but I’m a pretty good sailor and I gave no thought to the matter.

The S.S. Vienna started out very nicely. But around five o’clock a storm began to do things to the sea, and the sea took it out on our ship. At first, I lay in my steamer chair and smiled in a superior way as our fellow-passengers one by one left the deck, some making a deposit over the side of the boat. But it wasn’t long before I felt that if I wanted to get to bed before I did the same thing that I’d better beat it. I made the bed all right but none too soon and was glad to see the large enameled tin cup fastened to my bedside.

Fa’r was one of three, I think, who were able to eat dinner in the dining salon. He’d come in now and then to see me, but I’d chase him out for fear the deadly odors in that stateroom would get him. To me it was a mixture of mice, cockroaches, and the many people who had been occupants of that room and had been seasick!

Once when he was in, he offered to bring me some champagne, which is supposed to be very good for seasickness. I was sick all right, but I refused and said that maybe some charged water might help but to please send it in by the steward.

Fa’r came in shortly after dinner and hurriedly got himself to bed—not that he was seasick, but it was really dangerous to try moving around because the boat was bobbing about so and the storm was getting worse. The ship would just lie way over and her side and stay there awhile, shaking with mirth and shrieking with joy. I’ve never heard such noises. It seemed as though the superstructure wanted to tear itself to pieces. It got worse and worse. Our steamer truck got out from under the bunk and began waltzing around the room with a chair that wasn’t fastened to the floor. Even Fa’r said, “This is pretty bad. I don’t like it!

Just as he said that there was an explosion. He set up in bed and said, “Did you hear that?”

“Hear it!” I gasped. “I felt it.” Something has broken right near us because my pillow is getting wet.

And then I began to laugh, probably a little crazily, because Fa’r said, “What’s the matter with you? This is nothing to laugh at. I’ve got to get up and find out.”

“Keep to your bed, old dear. That was just the cork popping out of the bottle of charged water I’d put under my pillow.”

The storm lasted all night; and my great regret was not that we might go down to

the bottom of the sea but that all my express checks and the family jewels would go with me, to say nothing of my Paris clothes. Also, I worried about my hair. I was afraid the water had ruined it.

The storm died as quickly as it had come up. I was able to get up for lunch the next day; but I was not every eager for food. Someone remarked that he'd "lost his taste for Vienna rolls." The ship, you know, was the Vienna.

The afternoon of the third day delegates was asked to go to the smoking room to a meeting. Adele Taylor and I went with our men. Senator Luiggi of Italy was in charge and said in French (which is the language of the I.N.C.) that he had an announcement to make which he would do in English, French, Spanish and Italian. Some Senator! Can you picture any United States Senator being able to do that? He said that he'd had a wireless from the Lord High Mayor of Alexandria asking for a list of delegates on board. He said he had the list; but, as he wanted to be sure it was correct, he would read the names, and would the delegate please rise and answer and state his country. It was very interesting and surprising. We had speculated about some of the passengers and tried to guess their country, and we were all wrong. A group of tall good-looking men and frumpy but refined women we thought were from England were from the Netherlands. Of course, when the English answered, we saw they couldn't have been anything but British. Senator Luiggi looked like an American.

We were hours late due to the storm, and it was quite dark when we saw a faint light which we were told was the famous lighthouse of Alexandria.

At six-thirty, after we had packed our bags, Senator Luiggi made an announcement that he had another wire from the entertainment committee of the city of Alexandria, stating that they had planned to entertain all the delegates at a dinner at eight o'clock, followed by a reception at the city hall. But because our ship was so late, they would be our hosts at dinner served aboard ship. The reception was to be held whenever we landed. However, the gentlemen must wear full dress or uniform and decorations, and the ladies of course must dress accordingly. You can picture the excitement that caused with our group. By this time our group had been increased by Col. And Mrs. Crosby and a naval officer and some others.

Most of the women were still weak from the seasickness, and they and their men flatly refused to dress and go to any reception. General Taylor felt that he, the senior member of the United States delegation, had to go, and he wanted Fa'r and me to join them. Fa'r said that he'd go but he'd be damned if he'd go down in the hold of the ship and get out his tails and white tie and decorations. He had this tuxedo in the steamer trunk- a little worse for the slipping around it had gotten-but he would put that on and go if that was what we wanted.

When we paid for our trip, we found that the three days on the Mediterranean were comparatively expensive, costing almost as much as our trip across the Atlantic on the "S.S. President Harding," where we had our own large private bath. On the "Vienna" we shared a smelly, miserable washroom with Col. And Mrs. Oaks. I started out to say that the "Vienna" was supposed to land at the five p.m.,

and so our fare did not include dinner that night.

The dinner we had as the guests of the city of Alexandria was late but was a delicious and very elaborate meal with wine.

There was no motion on the boat because we were creeping up through the harbor; but, oh, what a commotion there was when we landed! Every hotel and boarding house had sent down a man to catch the tourists for his hotel, and they howled the names of their hotels incessantly as they crowded onto the boat. Besides these, every government that had a delegate on board had sent a secretary and a messenger to greet their fellow-countryman; and as there were twenty-eight nations represented, it made for much confusion and noise. But it was interesting, and you would have enjoyed it as much as we did. Our minister had sent one of his secretaries and an Egyptian messenger to assist us in landing.

I wish you could have seen those Egyptian messengers. Their costumes were all alike except as to color. A short zouave jacket was worn over a soft full shirt. They had a wide sash for a belt and perfectly gorgeous bloomers. They were tight on the hips but had many pleats in the front and back. Fa'r said, "Look at the seat of their pants!" It was five inches from the ground.

Thomas Cook and Sons came on board and took care of our baggage, trunks and everything and deposited it in our rooms at the hotel. This had all been arranged for by the commission in Egypt and the permanent commission in Brussels. There were taxis waiting to take us to the hotel. But in that madhouse, we were late in getting off the boat and got the worst taxi we have ever seen. Fa'r really thought his back had been hurt when we hit a hole and then hit our heads against the roof of the car.

The reception was over by the time we got there, and none of us wept over that. But we did look in for a little while at a grand ball being given in our honor at our hotel. The costumes were the interesting thing-the men's, I mean. They certainly had put on all their decorations. One portly man had on a very short Eton jacket elaborately embroidered in gold and had many medals; but what made him unusual was a large sunburst embroidery in gold on a pocket on the seat of his pants. He was the exchequer of the treasury we were told.

We had a very large room and private bath. The latter had two washstands side by side, each with a shelf and mirror. No arguments there. Fa'r said there was to be a meeting of all delegates at nine a.m., when they were to present their credentials and the order had stated formal morning clothes. We had breakfast in our room, and Fa'r dressed himself with many a grumble. It was agreed that I'd be ready at eleven to go forth with the congressists to view the harbor.

It was then either forty-five. I hadn't dressed. Even in a very large room two of us couldn't work at the same time when my man was cussing himself into spats, etc. As soon as Fa'r left, I heard those two washstands calling. The looked like two washtubs; and as I had an accumulation of stocking and panties, I obeyed that call and started in to do some washing. I hadn't finished when in burst the irate delegate shouting.

"Help me get off these damn clothes. I made a mistake. The formal getup is for

Cairo. I've got to get out of these and dressed and rush to get the boat which leaves in a few minutes. Taylor is having it held for me."

I, still in my nightie, squatted on the floor and unbuttoned the spats while Fa'r was yanking off his vest and coat. It was a job getting those stuff, tight spats unbuttoned; but I made it and he made the boat.

"What about me?" I asked.

"I'll try and get you," said he, already in the hall.

I was alone until four p.m., when they returned. I'd spent the time wandering around town, but I was so disgusted with myself and mad at your grandfather that what I saw made no impression. I was furious with myself and Fa'r-me for being so housekeeperish on a trip in Egypt! Fa'r, the rascal, must have given those who asked for me the impression that I was ill because they besieged me with sympathy and regrets. I never gave him away.

That's the difference between Fa'r and me. I'd have dramatized the event and drawn a picture in the mind's eye of the little wife, still slightly most from the washtubs, struggling with the spats while I, in my top hat, yanking off tie, etc. But not Fa'r! He felt so humiliated at having made that mistake and of doing me out of the trip that he just said, "Mrs. Keller couldn't make it." But- he never wore the spats again, and it taught me a lesson. Convenient or not, I dressed at the same time the delegate did and was ready when or before he was. I didn't miss another trick. I suppose I washed stockings, but It must have been when the delegate was in bed.

The crowd returned that day at about four, as I said, having had lunch at the Yacht club after the boat ride and then a trip through town. Adele Taylor was the first to tell me that I was supposed to be ill. She was so glad that I was better and said, Charley thought it would be nice If the four of us drove out to see a garden one of the Alexandrians had told them about." We did, and it was lovely. It was the first time I had ever seen the bougainvillea vine, and they were very luxuriant.

The next afternoon we took the train for Cairo and were fascinated by the pictures we saw from our car window.

Egypt has changed very little in some ways. The people dressed and worked as they had for centuries. I mean the poor peasants, the "fellahin," who is a rather tall thin man with a long black robe. We saw him working his land with the crudest kind of a hoe. We also saw many water-wheels not run by electricity but by a Carabao (very much like the animal in the Philippines) blindfolded and going around and around, making that wheel dips buckets in the Nile, bring them up on the bank, and spill on the land. The women still walk- and how beautifully they do walk-carrying jugs on their heads. And water is still carried in a pig's skin. We never go over exclaiming when we saw a line of camels silhouetted against the sky.

I think I'll just insert this letter of Fa'r's to give you his picture of things and his language.

A.I.P.C.N

Monday

XIV CONGRES INTERNATIONAL

Le Caire, Le 13, Dec. 1926

DE NAVIGATION

Dear Charles and Ira,

Letter writing has been rendered somewhat difficult by the too energetic hospitality of our local hosts, who have regarded it as a duty to keep us busy from morning until night.

Alexandria wasn't much of a treat. We go there too late for the municipal reception, and on Tuesday we were shown the port and its shipping and shipping facilities, both from the water and from the land side, the latter being a rougher passage than that on the steamer which brought us from brindisi.

On Wednesday, Dec. 8th, we saw their museums and a little of the city, the most interesting thing to us being the lovely Antoniadis gardens, with luxuriant bougainvillea and giant poinsettia, daisies, fire and flame trees and the like.

That night we left at four by train for this place, a distance of 120 miles and got here at seven. We found Shephard's unprepared to give us a room and bath, but by the intercession so the American Consul-General we finally succeeded in extorting for the Taylors and for us rooms permitting us to get rid of the sand and dust that the prevalent winds shower on us wherever we go. And since then we have been most comfortable. Incidentally the Consul-General was my bright idea for this land of squeeze.

Since last Thursday morning, the 9th, we have been holding the sessions of the congress. Gen. Taylor was taken with an attack of intestinal trouble every early on Thursday morning and so I had to substitute for him in the proceedings, but Mother has told you about this and about the opening ceremonies.

The Congress itself operates rather badly, just as might be expected, largely because most of the discussions are in French and no adequate translation or interpretation is at hand. I'll not bore you with the details until I can tell you about them later. In spite of defects, the thing is quite interesting.

In the intervals between sessions we are being variously amused, and very successfully so. Amongst the familiar things, we were taken to the Pyramids on Saturday last, incidentally on the worst day we have had since our arrival and saw the Pyramids and the Sphinx during what must have been a really severe desert sandstorm. Mrs. Taylor and Mother rode camels and I a donkey. The storm made things a little unpleasant, but it was after all an interesting experience.

Yesterday we went by train to ancient Memphis and to nearby Sakkara, where we were shown temples, tombs, ruins and monuments. It was a lovely day and the trip, of four hours duration, really enjoyable.

In the afternoon we visited the exhibit of treasures recovered from the tomb of King Tut and took a ride around the old town, and in the evening, we visited a native coffeehouse and dance and music hall. Today we are to visit the various mosques in a body.

Mother is out shopping this morning. She seems to bear the trip quite well and to be getting quite a lot of satisfaction out of it.

We have your first cable message, Ira, forwarded from Paris- and are happy that all is well with our children.

We hope to get mail here tomorrow.

With love to all of you, Father.

What Fa'r hasn't told you is the breathless time we had that first morning in Cairo. There were notices posted in Shepherd's and the other hotels, which we all read on the night of our arrival, telling all congressists to be at the I.N.C headquarters in the city hall at eight-thirty in the morning to register and to get their identification cards and their invitations for the reception the King was giving that night. Also, those wishing to go to Aswan and Luxor the following Thursday must make their reservations and pay for their tickets at once. The Egyptian government had arranged with the hotels and railroads for very low rates for the congress. We were told that there were only a few wagon-lit cars, and it was a case of the early bird getting the bed.

At about eight o'clock that first morning when we were both dressing, Adele Taylor came to our door and said that Harry was sick. He'd had great pain and fever, and they'd had a doctor, who had given him a dose of medicine and advised him to stay in bed. He had what the English call an "Egyppie Tummy," ptomaine poisoning, I guess. It's a common complaint over there. The Egyptians seem prepared for it, for one of the most cultivated and common plants is the castor bean.

Adele brought the notes of the response that Harry had expected to use at the opening ceremonies of the congress. He had been told that the senior delegates of a few of the countries represented would be called upon to address the King and Congress. As Keller was next in seniority, that meant that he would have to respond. But he had no time between eight-thirty and eleven, when he had to be on the stage of the opera house to look at the notes.

I rushed to the bank by taxi and cashed my express checks as there was no time for Fa'r to use the letter of credit, and then I rushed to the city hall to give my money for the railroad tickets to one of our delegates who was take care of that for us and for the Taylors.

But we all go the opera house on time, and I loved it. I knew a little of its history, but the only thing I remember is that the composer Verdi was asked to write an opera to be sung on the night it was opened and he wrote "Aida." The opera house is French architecture, and so is the King's palace. The French language has always been the language of courts; and, of course, Paris has always been, and I hope will be again, the gala city of the world.

The Cairo opera house had the usual horseshoe of boxes. The congressistes all sat on the stage. There were three hundred of them, representing twenty-eight nations. The ladies of the congress- I called them the "congress-sisters" – sat in the main body of the opera house, and the foreign diplomats and members of the Egyptian government and officials of the city of Cairo filled the boxes, all but one nearest the stage. That was the box belonging to the King of Egypt and had a crown and draped flags over it. Opposite was the one used by his Queen, but that box had a finely carved grille covering it so that no male eye could see her. This female eye

did its best but could not even see shadows.

Adele and I were together trying not to miss a trick. I loved that sort of thing.

I wondered what Fa'r would say in his speech, but I wasn't worried as he talks well on his feet. Knowing him, I felt pretty sure he wouldn't read the address General Taylor had expected to give. He's an individualist.

After all were seated the King arrived, and we all stood until he was seated. He was a tall, portly man with good features. He had on an old-fashioned Prince Albert suit and his red "tarbush," a high skull cap. (You have seen pictures of them.) He came to the edge of his box and, putting his hands on the railing, leaned over and in very pleasant low voice said in French, "I declare Fourteenth International Navigation congress opened."

He sat down, and we sat down. Then a pasha (pasha is a title of rank), who was the Chairman of the Egyptian commission of the I.N.C. read an address in French. First, he addressed his Majesty the King at great length, and then he turned to the congressistes and gave them a long blast. When he had finished, the permanent president of the I.N.C., Mr. Van de Meer of Brussels, Belgium, got up and did the same thing- a long wheeze all in French, addressing first the King and then the congress. I couldn't understand it, oh-, maybe a word here and there, but really not enough to make sense.

My heart was beginning to race and little when I thought of my Charley. It was really a very impressive setting, different from any he'd ever had. I had great confidence in his ability and judgement, but he had never before talked to a King and he was wholly unprepared.

He was in the front row, sitting next to Sir Ian Malcomb, the chief English delegate and, I think, the resident representative of the British King in Egypt. All the delegates, in black morning coats and striped trousers, sat holding their shining top hats on their knees. Sir Ian had on a grey outfit and a grey topper.

I saw Fa'r lean over and ask him a question, and I waited breathlessly for Mr. Van de Meer to call on him. But he called on the Spanish delegate, and did he talk in a big way! He read his speech. Frist, he addressed the King, again at great length, using his hands and arms as he talked. He then turned to the delegates, and no doubt told them what a great boy he was and how fine the Spanish engineers were. This, my Dicko, is pure imagination on my part because his speeches-there were really two- were in French and I couldn't understand a word except "votre majeste" and "la congree"

And then Mr. Van de Meer said in French and In English, "the delegate from the United States, General Keller!" Fa'r got up, turned and put his hat on his chair, walked to the front of the table where Mr. Van de Meer and his secretary were sitting, and turned to the King. In a few brief, choice phrases he thanked his gracious Majesty for his great kindness and generosity and thanked the commission of the Egyptian section of the International Navigation Congress (that name he rolled out in French) for the great trouble they had taken in planning for our stay in their wonderful and ancient country! Then he turned to his fellow-delegates and said, "and I know great work will be done by this illustrious Fourteenth congress."

I love the sound of French; it has such a swing to it. But I'd had enough, and Fa'r's voice and English sounded wonderful. His speech seemed to have made a great hit with the delegates who understood English, and you'd be surprised how many did. Fa'r said those who didn't understand like it best. They crowded around him then and afterwards on the train and at the reception congratulating him. Fa'r took it very calmly and said, "It was my brevity that made the hit, not what I said."

Sir Ian made a speech too, in French and English, I think. I'm afraid that my interest was exhausted after my man was through.

We all went back to the hotel for lunch, and then the men went to a business meeting of the congress. Adele and I roamed the town and sat in the sunshine on the terrace of the hotel and watched the people.

That night was the King's reception. I adored it! But to get the reaction I got, you must be as happy as I was at being there. It was such fun and such wonderful luck. No matter what we were doing I had such a feeling of gratitude towards everything and everybody. My Charley was like a boy out of school with a bunch of congenial friends.

For the reception I had a lovely new dress and evening coat I'd bought in Paris, and it felt extremely well. We had cocktails in the lobby of the Shephard's-the sort of thing I'd read about hundreds of times. I didn't drink because the doctor had told me not to, but I didn't need liquor to pep me up. We had our dinner and then dressed for the reception at nine forty-five.

Here is the invitation.

(There is no invitation included. It may have gone with the original to Dick or gotten lost over time.)

We got started in plenty of time, but there was the usual jam of cars getting to the palace door-just as there is at a White house reception. Not only were the three hundred congressists going but all the foreign diplomats and consuls and all the Egyptians who could get an invitation. But finally, we go there and got rid our wraps.

I'll never forget the hall. It was spacious with high ceilings and at the end was a perfectly beautiful, wide, white marble stairway with red velvet carpet. The balustrade was high and deeply carved. Half way up there was a landing and the stairway divided into two approaches to the floor above. The stairway was lovely in itself; but to make it an unforgettable picture, there were stationed about five feet apart perfectly stunning specimens of Egyptians soldiers, very tall, slim statues of bronze, each old holding a long spear before him with both hands. They wore the red tarbush and a uniform of bright blue with a trimming of red and white on the coat and white puttees. On each side at the foot of the stair and at the back of the landing midway up were more soldiers, even taller, whose uniforms had more color, each one holding before him the Egyptian flag! Can you see that picture?

I was in no hurry to get to the top of the stair. Fa'r said I tried to flirt with the spearman. I did go slowly, and I did stare at them. They were beautiful creatures with fine features, not at all African. Finally, we got to the top of the stair and were met by one of the secretaries of our legation who said he would take us to

our minister. There all the United States delegates were gathered, that is, all who had arrived. Some were quite late, due to the congestion of traffic. Dr. Howell, our minister (I'll tell you about him later) was quite put out about it.

A member of the King's household or staff came up and said that as soon as all the Americans had arrived, he would lead us to his "Majeste." General Taylor couldn't come; so Fa'r was still leading United State delegate.

While we were waiting. I asked our Mr. Minister whether the women were expected to curtsy or shake hands. He didn't know but suggested we curtsy and take off the glove on our right hand in case the King offered to shake hands. The reason for the bare hand is that we might be concealing a weapon.

The room where we were waiting was very large and, it seemed to me, full of people, mostly men. The Egyptian men wore the tarbush and European clothes. Our men also wore tails and white ties, and Fa'r wore the miniatures of his decorations.

At last all were present and accounted for, and the King's henchman led the way and we trotted after. The delegation from the Unite States was presented first. Behind the Egyptian gentlemen was Dr. Howell, then Adele Taylor, next came I, and behind me was Mr. Moore.

Mr. Minister turned to me, as we were trotting down that long room stared at by all the waiting crowd, and said, "I want your husband to stand next to me and made the presentations."

So, I turned, still walking as fast as I could-the King was evidently in a hurry to get going- and said to Mr. Moore, "Tell Charley that Mr. Minister want him." And when I turned back again, walking as fast as my short legs would take me, to tell the Minister I'd passed on his message, I saw Adele drop to a curtsy- and there stood his Majesty, Kind Fouad the first!!! No ceremonial robes or throne- he just stood there. I flopped on my knee, a thing I hadn't done since dancing school. The king smiled and held out his hand, which I took, and I was pushed on as fast as Teddy Roosevelt could have done it. No need for Keller to made presentation! The King didn't care for names; it was action he wanted. We were late, and there were still big doings ahead.

After we gathered together again, Mr. Moore said that he had almost disgraced us. When I had asked him to call Fa'r, he had turned around to find him, at the same time walking as fast as he could; and he had had to look around longer than I had because Mrs. Oakes was ahead of Fa'r. Then when he started at renewed speed to follow me, he was as surprised as I was to see the King and had no idea I would stop dead and squat before him. As a result, he almost did a leap frog over me!

Fortunately, we didn't disgrace our minister, who was a little nervous about us. Dr. Howell was a simple soul from a small town in Ohio. He told me the King's chamberlain had said that the American women were the best looking.

After all he guests had been presented to the King, we went into an adjoining room that was a beautiful little theater and heard part of the operas, "The Barber of Seville." And "Manon," given by a very good company from Milan, Italy. We also saw a ballet.

After that was over, we all went into another huge room where buffet tables lined three sides of the room. I have never seen such beautiful food. Yes, I mean beautiful to look at and delicious, too. There were whole fish, turkeys (all sliced, but you couldn't tell that looking at them), birds of all kinds, salads, desserts, and champagne punch. I wasn't eating much, but some of the delegates certainly had themselves a time. The delegates stood in groups of their own countrymen. We didn't mingle at all. But each group was enjoying itself and was merry and gay; and so, when I saw the young singer who had taken the part of Manon standing alone near us (she was still dressed in her lovely costume), I said, "I'm going to go and tell her I enjoyed her singing."

Fa'r, who was in high spirits, said, "in French or Italian?" knowing I spoke neither.

I said, "In English. Even if she doesn't understand what I say she will know by my tone that I'm complimenting her."

General Steese said, "I'll go with you."

And so, we went to her, and I told her in very slow and simple language how much we had enjoyed her singing. She beamed on me and said, "Oh! How good it is to hear an American voice. I'm an American!"

General Steese said, "Oschoosh?"

And she looked down her nose at him and said, "Boston!"

She was a little Keltie. Of course, she joined our American group and seemed to be happy with us. I have looked for her name but have never seen it again.

My notes are a little vague about dates; but I think it was the afternoon of our first day, that would be the day of the King's reception, that the American minister called on us. First, he bawled out Fa'r and Col. Cosby for not having called at the legation. He said that he had sent one of his secretaries to meet us in Alexandria and that the first thing our delegation should have done was to have called on our minister. Fa'r apologized and explained that General Taylor was ill and that he really hadn't had a minute of time. We were in our room when Dr. Howell arrived, and his cards came to us with the message he wanted to see me too. He did that to all who were staying at Shephard's. Many of our delegates were at other hotels in Cairo.

He said he was giving a dinner for the prime minister of Egypt and that he wanted two couples from the American delegation. Of course, General and Mrs. Taylor would be one, but he wanted to look at the ladies and see who else to invite as he wanted a representative pair.

Mrs. Crosby, who is much more attractive and younger than I am, and the Oakes were not in. I must have passed muster because we were invited and went to the dinner, which was deadly dull. So, the laugh was on me.

The Egyptian minister to the United States, Sami Pasha, who happened to be in Cairo, and his charming wife gave a dinner for many of our group which was beautiful and delicious.

Madame Sami Pasha was the only Egyptian woman we met. She was a most appealing young woman, pretty and very intelligent. She was about twenty-two, I

think. Her family was one of the wealthiest in Egypt. She told us her grandfather had been president of the first parliament in Egypt; and her mother was the leading woman in Cairo, fighting for better schools and hospitals and for the education and freedom of the women of Egypt. Retta would have loved her. She said she had not been invited to the King's reception. King Fouad was very strict about such things. His daughter was the wife of the Egyptian minister in Paris, and the King would not permit her to appear in public. There is a new king now; and as you know from pictures of him and his wife and sister, all that has changed.

The trip to the pyramids proved to be anything but the one I had imagined. There was no sunshine and warmth, but cold and wind when we started in Cairo. All the delegates went by street car to the Mena House Hotel, where we had tea later.

The Pyramids of Gizeh, which are the large ones we see pictured, were some distance from the end of the terminus of the "tramway," as the street car was called. We could walk, ride a camel, or ride a donkey. Our men said, "Walk" but Adele Taylor said, "Oh, let's ride the camels. It may be our only chance." I said I'd do it. So, she and I each climbed on the back of a sitting camel. Fa'r rode a donkey, and Harry Taylor walked beside Adele's camel.

The wind was strong and cold. I had on woolen stockings and a chiffon veil tied over my hat and face and wore a fur coat with a large collar. Fa'r had on an ulster with a large collar turned up. The two Arab camel drivers had on several garments and hoods. We realized later why they wore four or five layers of clothes. It was, of course, to try to prevent the sand from getting to their skin.

The walk of a camel has always amused me—he looks so disdainful as he rocks along. But when I was sitting on one, I felt quite different about that picturesque swaying walk. My poor back was being cracked in two with each step. I complained about it, and the camel boy stopped to the beast and told me to slip forward and twine my legs around its neck tight and hold on its hair with both hands. That was better, but I was glad to get off.

The wind was getting worse every minute. I'd read of desert sand-storms, but I'd no idea how horrible they were. We just gave the wonderful pyramids one look and then decided we'd come back again some other time, that the thing to do was to get out of that horrible, pelting wind. The sand beat through my veil and my woolen stockings. My legs that night looked as though I had the measles.

I again mounted my camel that was kicking and snapping at his boys and making the nastiest noises you can imagine. As soon as I was on, the camel started to run, snapping and snarling at me and the boys who, with Fa'r, were running beside it. I got frightened. I had to scream to make myself heard, and I asked the boys, "Is he sick?"

They laughed and said, "Oh, he no sick. He just mad. He no like sand in face."

Well, I didn't like him. He was a filthy, stinking beast, and I said I'd rather walk than ride the darn thing. Anyway, I didn't like the idea of Fa'r running in that wind, and so we tramped it together. One of the Arab boys—men, they were really—offered Fa'r the scarf he had tied around his mouth, a filthy rag. He said, "Sand bad to eat." Fa'r thanked him but refused. We tied a handkerchief over Fa'r's mouth. The

Mena House Hotel with a large open fireplace and the tea tables all set and waiting looked like heaven to us.

We did go out to the pyramids again one moonlight night that made it all look very different and beautiful. We, the Taylors and Keller's, went by auto that took us right up to the base of the pyramids. It was about seven-thirty in late December and quite dark enough to get the full effects of the light and heavy shadows of the moonlight. There was complete silence. We were alone and greatly impressed as we stood before that grandeur, thinking of all the changes that had taken place since those huge piles of stone had been built. At least we thought we were alone because we saw and heard no one, and we were all startled by the weird effect of first one and then another Egyptian bobbing up apparently from the sand, sideling up to us with the soft question, "Want a guide? Me very good dragoman." Before we got over to the Sphinx, there were six or seven of them walking with us all swathed in their long flowing robes and scarfs fluttering in the breeze, which fortunately was blowing away from them.

The sight of the tall pyramids and the Sphinx down in her valley was lovely, so soft and different. Even the natives in their filthy flowing almost ancient costumes made it seem like a picture in the movies, and I had to squeeze Fa'r arm to make myself realize that It was real and we were actually In Egypt.

The tent near the Sphinx where the guards who were off duty were resting did not detract from the picture. It was squatting and square, of faded blue and white, and fitted into the dessert background. That area was constantly patrolled by soldier, but we weren't conscious of them because there were no gates to pass through and no fees to pay and no questions asked. We were free to do as we pleased. Of course, all that we did was stand and rave- the women did that. After we had been there about a half hour Fa'r asked if we'd had our fill. He said he was empty and wanted his dinner.

I hate to leave you in the Egyptian desert, but I'm quitting. To be quite honest, I'm bored with talking about myself and I fear that you may be feeling the same way. Most stories are too long, especially autobiographies. There are few that hold my interest up to the end.

But how can I leave a full record for you children unless I do keep on? Just think of all that is still to come. Why, you haven't been born, Dicko? Chuck hasn't graduated or met Rosa, to say nothing of Charles 3rd and Mary and Caroline or of old Fa'r back on the active list of the Army, fighting his third war.



Charles Keller Jr. 1963

CHARLES KELLER JR.

O

Autobiography

October 20, 1908- April, 10, 1996

Z

Mary has suggested that your mother and I set down in some fashion for the education of our descendants a chronicle of our experiences. It is a very flattering suggestion, but one that is not easy to implement. I was somewhat in a quandary as where to start; but came to the conclusion that the place to start was at the beginning, and to see where that would lead me, and what my memory might recall as I went along. So, this will be a disjointed, rambling but largely chronological story of my “life and times”.

Before I start, however, I want to state that I consider myself to be a most fortunate or lucky or both individual, and the fates have smiled on me. Because of this deeply felt feeling I have tried to lead my life in a way that would express my appreciation for the many fortunate things that have come my way, in some way to repay the kind fates.

So, the story begins.

1908

BIRTH

Detroit

My earliest recollections I think go back to Rock Island which we left when I was about five. I'm not sure that I really remember, or remember what I've been told, and that pictures I've seen. In any event I was born in Detroit where my father was District Engineer of the Lake Survey, which was responsible for among

other things all the Light Houses on Lakes Superior, Huron and Michigan. He, accompanied by his family, spent most of the summers on the Steamer Amaranth inspecting the lighthouses. I am told that I was almost born on the Amaranth, because my mother insisted on climbing all the lighthouses, much to the alarm of the Captain and crew of the vessel. But as the saying goes in the Keller family that “catastrophe was narrowly averted”, so perhaps that was my earliest stroke of good fortune.

1909-1913 ROCK ISLAND

Father was transferred at his request to Rock Island when I was about one year old. Nanny’s father, my maternal grandfather, was apparently in his declining years, and she wanted to be near him at the end, which she was. Father was District Engineer in Rock Island and we spent a good deal of time each summer on the river. The District Engineer’s inspection boat was the paddle wheel steamer Ellen and as I indicated above, I think I remember it. There was a lot going on the river at that time, including the construction of the first combination power and navigation lock and dam on the Mississippi River at Keokuk, Iowa under the design and supervision of Hugh L. Cooper who was or became a world-famous engineer and was selected by Lenin or Stalin, I forget which, as a consultant on the world famous Dneiperstrog Dam. So, you see my connection with the Mississippi River goes back to my earliest days. You might say it has been a lifelong romance.

FAMILY

In Rock Island we lived in a house given to Nanny by her father and adjacent to his, but facing the side street, while his imposing Victorian or earlier mansion faced a principal street. I judge that he was a successful merchant and a cultured man. He managed to raise and educate his five daughters and two sons. Nanny’s mother died when she was about eight and my grandfather remarried, but I know nothing about his second wife. I’ve always compared my grandfather in my mind to the earlier Godchauxs, a kindly, imposing south German gentleman. But I really have no independent recollection of him, and know him through photographs and stories about him.

{Meyer Rosenfelt, Nanny’s father passed through immigration into the United States in 1858.}

It is my opinion, and no stronger than that, that all of my grand-parents were German born and came to the United States in the 1840s at the time of the great famine in Europe. I have already stated that my mother had four sisters and two brothers. My mother was the youngest girl. The two males were younger. The eldest was Stella who married J. B. Sax, a highly successful and respected

merchant in Ottumwa, Iowa and who was Sister's mother. I visited there in the summer of 1918, and I can remember that Aunt Stella like Mary Wisdom, was a great collector and I can remember her collection of early hand-blown bottles which was considered quite fabulous and ended up in some museum in Iowa. Sister had one brother, Carol, who was interested in Art and Drama, and went to the Yale School of Drama and/or Art and became a professor of Art & Drama at Johns Hopkins and the University of Louisville and perhaps other places. Sister married Irwin Strasburger and moved to White Plains, New York. She had no children, but created a close family made of an actor who lived with his family on the property abutting hers in White Plains. She also made a point of keeping in close touch with my family over the years. The next sister was Amanda who married Gustave Wolf lived in Grand Rapids had no children and died early of cancer. Uncle Gus used to visit us occasionally in Washington and my father never liked him because his finger nails were always dirty. What he did I don't remember, but he was a self-supporting and responsible member of society.

To revert to J. B. Sax, I recall that when my mother and father were counting pennies to stretch an Army Officer's meager salary, we used to buy all our underwear, socks, pajamas, etc. from J. B. Sax at wholesale. It was good quality and much cheaper than buying at a retail store.

The next sister was Clara whom Nanny always said raised her. Where the step-mother was I don't know. Clara married Adolph Silberman and had two sons Henry and Charles who were just older and younger than Ira. Adolph Silberman was German born and spoke with a heavy German accent, and was the dominating German patriarchal type. He was a fur dealer and the most successful financially of the group. They had a fine house on the South Side of Chicago when it was the place for the Chicago Jewish Community and a large place at Park Ridge (where O'Hare Airport is) where they lived in the summer, and raised fruit and vegetables for their own use, and squash and who knows what else. Aunt Clara loved flowers and raised beautiful ones with the assistance of a live-in gardener and several assistants. My father and Uncle Adolph never really hit it off, although they were always polite to each other for their wives. Uncle Adolph could never understand why someone with my father's ability would struggle along on Army Officer's pay when obviously he had the brains and diligence to make it big, financially that is, on the outside. And Uncle Adolph was really not an intellectual, which my father really was; But they really didn't have to see a hell of a lot of each other, and so they managed to be civil for their wives' sake and they both liked good Havana cigars, a strong bond (pun intended).

The fourth sister was Harriet known as Hattie and supposed to be the prettiest of the lot. She was gay and full of wit and fun to be with. My mother and Sister went out to Los Angeles to celebrate her ninetieth birthday, and Sister asked her how she wanted to celebrate the occasion, and Aunt Hat said she wanted to go to the Coconut Grove of the Ambassador Hotel, a hotel night club room. When Sister asked why, Aunt Hat said because Ertha Kit was there. Quite a gal at ninety. Aunt Hat married Felix Ettinger who ran a country store at Osceola, Iowa. I spent part of

that World War I summer there and was permitted to work in the store, [ck. year] candling eggs and doing other odd jobs that an eleven-year-old boy was permitted to do. I loved it. Uncle Felix never quite made it as a successful business man, and I always suspected that J. B. Sax owned the store in Osceola too. They had one child, David, who was Ira's age and who met a tragic end. He and Ira roomed together in New York for a while after Ira's graduation from Rensselaer. David married a beautiful actress, Linda, who left him after a few years and disappeared. David tried to find her, and when he couldn't he took his own life just before Rosa and I were married.

My mother had two brothers, Joe and Albert. Joe eventually became Mayor of Davenport, Iowa, one of the tri-cities across the river from Rock Island where my mother grew up. Albert was, I suppose what we'd call now mentally retarded and was in an institution. My mother and father helped pay the cost of his institutional care.

That's about the story as I remember it on my mother's side.

I have, I think, a vague and hazy recollection of my grandmother Keller. She lived for a time with us in Rock Island, and as is often the case with the daughter-in-law/mother-in-law relationship, living in the daughter-in law's house was not a happy situation. I have a flash-back concerning an argument that occurred in the family bathroom between them at which I was present and the cause of the controversy. It seems that my grandmother thought my mother was subjecting me to too harsh toilet training. Premonitions of Doctor Spock. Nanny always said that Grandmother Keller whose maiden name was Cohen came from a long line of distinguished scholars and rabbis in south western Germany, and I think I remember it as being Stuttgart. In any event, I know that Stuttgart figured prominently in my ancestral background. Nanny felt that intellectual capacity and advancement of the Keller men were as a result of Grandmother Keller's genes.

My fraternal grandfather I never knew, but I am told was a reasonably successful wine merchant. They lived on the Lower East Side of New York. My father had two brothers, Harry and Ed, who never married. One was a championship sculler for the New York Racing Club, and we carried his trophies around for years. One played the violin, because we fell heir to that too. Ira tells me he met one of them as a room clerk or night manager for the Hotel McAlpine in New York. Ira says that he was a tall blue-eyed blond, but I can neither confirm or deny. I know they both died while I was quite young. That is about all I recall about my mother and father's families. Obviously, Ira should know more, as would Sister. Perhaps we should ask them to write what they know. (Parenthetically, this part was written earlier, and it is obviously too late for that consultation now since they are both dead.

My Father was transferred to Mobile, Ala as District engineer in 1913 when I was five and remained in that position until March 1916. And thus, began my southern exposure which continued with only brief interruptions for the rest of my life. So, you see anyone who says I was a damn yankee was really misinformed. I remember a good deal about Mobile, and the house we lived in on Government Street still stands, a not too imposing concrete block structure set well back from the streets. My mother raised chickens and guinea fowl in the back yard, an economy move I suppose. The guineas were truly noisy, and the chickens were always getting sick. I remember a lot of the names from those days, some of which are still prominent in the business and social life of Mobile. The Ladds and the Turners and the Lyons, to name a few. Olive Lyons was a particular friend of my mother's. She was from Lancaster; Penn and I guess welcomed another outsider. She had an electric car and used to come for my mother, and I was sometimes permitted to ride with them. You probably have seen such a vehicle or picture of it. It was shaped like a carriage and steered with a horizontal push bar that was hinged and came down over the driver's lap when the vehicle was operating. Push to turn left, pull to turn right.

Horace Turner had an automobile, and of course there were no paved roads. He took my mother and father for a drive one Sunday, and was trying to drive through a deeply rutted, muddy road when the front axle hit a submerged stump in the center between ruts, throwing my father into the windshield which was plain glass of course and breaking my father's nose very badly. The difference in the slope of his nose before and after the accident is very apparent from the pictures we have.

My father was in charge of providing a thirty foot deep channel in Mobile Bay, a not very exciting project to see, since it was mainly dredging, but it was a large technical advance, and it did provide us with an inspection boat called, I believe, the Chick-a-saw, a pretty nice perk. We spent lots of weekends aboard.

His other major project was the construction of new type, largely sand gun emplacement for the sea coast defense guns at Fort Morgan which was on a sand spit between the Gulf and Mobile Bay. We spent part of a summer there. Some not so bright Coast Artillery Post Commander had had the side-walks painted a dark green to minimize the glare, there being no vegetation. My first lesson, never forgotten, that dark colors absorb heat. When the emplacement was finished the Navy sent a battleship to bombard it to test its effectiveness. Many visiting dignitaries including I think the Secretary of War and the Chief of Engineers came to witness the test. Sheep and goats were tethered where men would be stationed including the powder magazines. When the battleship fired its twelve or sixteen-inch guns, the whole area shook and again when the shells hit. The animals were unhurt, and the emplacement was not seriously damaged, so the new type emplacement was approved. But of course, history reveals that the guns of the sea coast defense of the United States never fired a shot in anger.

I remember that we spent at least part of the summer of 1914 at the Manor in Asheville a nice summer resort for people of modest means. I discovered that Rosa had summered there as a child too, a bond we didn't know existed. Getting to

Asheville from Mobile was a long and inconvenient journey. Coal burning trains and no air conditioning of course. So plenty hot and dirty. And we had to change trains at some railroad junction, Thomaston Ala I think, which meant a hot job handling the luggage from one train to another and waiting on the station platform for the other train. I remember my mother getting carried away and buying a small basket of fresh peaches which ripened en route and leaked over everybody, much to my father's vigorously expressed disgust.

I remember in August of 1914 bringing my father the morning paper with big black headlines "WAR BREAKS OUT IN EUROPE". This was of course long before the days of radio or television, and this was the first we knew of the major happening in this sleepy little resort community. I think I remember my father saying the United States would become involved, but maybe I'm just making that up. I also think we returned to Mobile promptly thereafter. But I really do remember the paper and the big black headline and being the bearer of bad news.

I went to school in Mobile, Kindergarten and First Grade I think. Miss Somebody's school, a typical southern gentlewoman. I don't suppose I learned much except the discipline of the classroom, and how to associate with my peers. My brother went to Wright's High School, a military day school with an excellent academic standing. It too still exists under a slightly different name. Ira was Quarter Back on the football team, and one of the smallest and lightest members of the team. I remember an important game against a traditional rival in which Ira had the wits knocked out of him. He was irrational for a couple of days, and we were all worried silly, but he finally came out of it. A slight concussion no doubt.

1916-1923 WASHINGTON KALORAMA ROAD 1916- 1919

In March 1916 my father was transferred to Washington, an assignment we considered recognized his ability. Ira stayed on in Mobile to graduate from High School that June, and in fact was never really home after that, for next fall he went to Rensselaer (RPI) and thereafter was only home at vacation time.

Of course, I remember Washington clearly although my chronology is not always accurate. For the first several years of our Washington stay, which lasted until my father retired from the Army in 1923, although he was in France from September 26, 1918 to June 7, 1919, we lived in the house at 1854 Kalorama Road which we rented from Mrs. Arthur MacArthur, who was Douglas MacArthur's sister-in-law. Arthur MacArthur was Douglas's brother and a Naval Officer. I'm not clear whether he had died or was just away on Sea Duty. In any event we lived in the house for about five years. It was one of a row of about six bricks houses and was tall and narrow. The second floor had a large sitting room on the front of the house, and two bed rooms and a sleeping porch and I think only one bath. The third floor was similar but had two baths. My father used a bath on the third floor, so he didn't have to tolerate the mess my mother and I made in our bath. The house also had

a basement with a coal fired hot water furnace. Stoking the furnace, and keeping the fire burning, and making sure the coal didn't clinker (that form coals clumped together so that they would not burn), banking the fire at night, shaking the ashes out and removing them and generally tending the furnace came to be my job, until toward the end of our stay when we had a black man generally shiftless, who tended the furnace and drove.

Sometime after we moved into the house at 1854, a new Senator from South Carolina named Dial, I believe, moved in next door. There were at least two daughters. The Dials were typical pleasant people from a small town in South Carolina. They had no idea about the niceties of Washington social life, but Mrs. Dial had common sense enough to ask. And it was my mother's great pleasure to teach them the appropriate manners. When ladies were expected to wear gloves, and what finger bowls were for and other similarly important matters. Many Army families lived on that block in Washington, several of whom I had a life time association with. General Wilson, now known as Weary, but in the days of the Kalorama Road gang known as Sister for reasons I never knew or have forgotten lived down the block. As did Rod Carmichael who was my roommate at West Point for four years. Rod and I were completely incompatible but chose to room together. And across the street lived Col and Mrs Aimes who were more New England than text book New Englanders. They had one daughter Ira's age, but I was their foster son. Mrs. Aimes let me help her make jams and jelly by squeezing the still hot batch through a cheese cloth bag. And pouring the strained remainder into glass jars and after it had cooled and jelled (sometimes it didn't) sealing the jar by pouring melted paraffin over the jelly, before applying the screw top.

Down the block lived the Keltons who were Army, and the spinster sisters were school teachers. One of them was my third or fourth grade teacher. She thought I was shiftless and not trying hard enough. I thought she was mean and hateful. That was a bad year.

My scout master also lived on the block. He was a nationally recognized ornithologist and I think was on the staff of the Smithsonian. He taught us a lot about birds, most of which I have forgotten. The assistant scout master was an assistant curator of the Smithsonian Museum of Science and Industry. He used to take us behind the scenes of the museum on Saturday mornings and let us see how the models were made and exhibits prepared. We were fascinated and felt we were very much in the know.

We had a large group of children on the block, and on warm evenings and on Saturdays we used to play group games like Prisoner's Base, Reddy Reddy Red Line, Sheep Sheep Run, Coppers and Robbers. We were generally law abiding and well behaved, but occasionally got into trouble.

Once I recall we raided a neighbor's fruit trees in a side yard, who called the police. The cops really scared us and put us on informal probation, which kept us straight for a long time. Some of the pranks we played on Halloween would no longer be tolerated.

At the opposite end of the street at 18th Street were a group of small stores, and

they're still there. A pharmacy with a marble top soda fountain. We used to have phosphates and dopes. I seem to remember working the soda fountain at times. There was a shoe repair shop, and a Japanese run gold fish store that also sold rice cookies and smelled of incense. There was a hardware store and a meat market. The grocery store was a couple of blocks away, and there was a bakery in the other direction.

There was a small movie theater in a shot-gun type store with an empty lot next to it, with a screen, benches and projector. On warm nights the movie was outside. My mother and I used to go frequently on Friday nights. There was a never ending serial and we just had to see the next installment. And then of course there were Westerns with William S. Hart. These of course were silent pictures with piano accompaniment. You could also tell when the climax was approaching by the tempo of the music.

I went to public school from 2nd thru 7th Grade. The school, Morgan School was only a few blocks away and of course within easy walking distance. There was of course no school lunches or school cafeteria. We carried our lunches and ate them on the school playground, or went home to lunch. I think mostly I went home, because my mother favored a hot lunch, "Much better for you."

The Secretary of the Navy, Josephus Daniel lived behind us on Wyoming Ave and had a butler. The butler was friendly with our cook, and used to help out at dinner parties for us. That made us feel very important.

There were still plenty of horse drawn wagons around in those days. A huckster of fruit and vegetables used to park his wagon in front of our house. The effluvia of the horse was very redolent, but the "white wing", as the street cleaner was known, would follow after the wagon moved on, and brush up the horse's deposit. Is gasoline pollution better or worse?

We had gas street lights on our block, and at dusk the lamp lighter would engage the ring of the gas burner with a pole and pull it down, which would turn on the main burner. Sometimes he would have to change the gas mantle. We enjoyed watching this procedure. We also considered it great sport and very devilish to shinny up the pole after the lamp lighter left and turn the gas off.

There was a large Irish family that lived down the block. The father was the Clerk of the House of Representatives. One of the daughters who was slightly older than me was for a time my close confidant. I soon found she was telling all the other children all my secret hopes, fears and dreams. That taught me to be more careful about to whom to bare my soul.

We did a lot of roller skating. Washington was very hilly, and we used a hockey stick to sit on and drag to act as a brake. I can also remember wearing out wheels including the stud and nut dragging it sidewise to serve as a brake too.

The hills were fine for sledding in the winter. Sometimes the authorities would close a nice hilly street to all other traffic, so we could sled safely. We also sledded on what was then the Deane Estate, now the site of the Washington Hilton.

Much of Rock Creek Park was then what we would now call a Wilderness Park. We used to spend a lot of time in it, and in the Washington Zoo, which was also in

the Park. The road through the park crossed and recrossed Rock Creek, but there were no bridges at that level, only fords. I did a lot of the activities required to win Boy Scout merit badges in the park, and I can remember my mother helping me when I needed a coworker, such as in surveying.

One of my vivid early memories is the funeral of Admiral Peary of North Pole fame. It occurred on a very cold winter's day from a house in the next block. There was a horse drawn caisson which stood outside the house for a long period of time. By the time the casket was finally placed on the caisson, the steel wheels were frozen solidly to the ice of the street. And of course the horses' iron shoes only slid on the ice. Finally a large number of Navy enlisted men grasped the spokes of the wheels and managed to free the wheels and the procession finally got under way, to the cheers of the neighborhood spectators.

I had an afternoon paper route for a while. The morning route paid better but that was vetoed as being too early and before I had a hot breakfast. The paper route was kind of fun and provided extra spending money. I carried the papers in a wagon I pulled. The tough part was delivering the papers to doors of apartments in three and four story walk: ups. I can't remember how long I had a route.

I also had the responsibility of mowing the grass as part of the justification for my allowance. In those days there were only hand powered lawn mowers. Our yards (front and back) were small but the front yard was terraced up from the side walk. Mowing the slope was a real challenge which I never solved to my satisfaction. If I mowed from the top down, the lawn mower ran away from me. If I mowed from the bottom up, I had great difficulty in pushing it up the slope. If I mowed side-wise, I couldn't keep the mower going straight. I liked the back yard better. It was flat.

Another of my memories about winter in Washington concerns the street cars. There was a car line on Columbia Road, and one on 18th Street, the two ends of our block. Washington had an ordinance that all utilities had to be underground, so the street cars instead of having an overhead trolley had a third rail underground, and the contact with the street car was from a contact suspended under the car through a slot mid-way between the rails. Automobiles in those days used chains for traction on the snow. The chains were installed on the outside of the tires and putting them on was a chore. You laid the chains on the ground flat, and backed the car onto them, and then pulled the chains over the wheel and clamped it together both on the outside and inside of the wheel. It was a cold, wet and nasty job, although it could sometimes be done in the garage, which was much better. Anyway, after you drove on the chains for a while, the cross links would wear out, and driving along with a chain half off and beating the fender with a racket on every revolution was a normal winter sound. But finally the other end of the cross chain would let go, and the noise would cease. But one of the exciting winter phenomenon's was when an automobile would lose a lose chain over the slot for the third rail of the street car. If the chain fell just right it would cause an arc that was fifteen feet high, which would run along the third rail for blocks. Why it stopped I never knew. Maybe a fuse blew.

One of our frequent activities was walking up and down the Washington Monument. The inside of the monument is full of stone carvings given by various states and cities. I used to know how many steps there were but in 555 feet there were a lot. But we thought walking it was a lot of fun. The steps are now closed to the public because of fear on the part of the Park Police of muggings, rape etc. A sad commentary I think.

We also used to ice skate on the reflecting pool of the Lincoln Memorial. We didn't have much weather cold enough to freeze it, so we were always anxious to try it, sometime we could elude the Park Police before it was really solid enough. I can remember going through a soft spot in the ice a time or two. The great part of that was that the pool was only six inches deep, so all that happened was our shoes got wet. The Tidal Basin where we also skated was deep, so there we respected the warnings about thin ice.

During World War I when my father was in France, Nanny rented the third floor to a major and his wife. Partly because we could use the extra income but mainly because housing was so scarce in war swollen Washington that it was considered a patriotic thing to do. And I imagine my mother felt a little safer with a man in the house. I didn't know what they did about eating, for they did not eat with us. They had a black poodle whose hind quarters were paralyzed, and I can still hear the poor animal dragging its paralyzed hind legs across the floor. He was a nice dog and managed to live with his handicap.

I can remember the flu epidemic of 1918-1919. Fortunately neither my mother nor I had it, but I can remember that she worked hard helping out in the households where the flu struck the only adult in the household. So, she would help out in the care and feeding of the young, and soup for the sick. I can also remember her knitting sweaters, and scarfs and socks in olive drab color for the men in uniform. And working at the Red Cross rolling bandages.

She was always very active in fund raising activities of the Engineer Branch of the Army Relief Society. This organization raised money to assist widows and orphans of Army Officers, and supplemented their meager pensions from the government. The big event was an annual fund raising ball organized by wives of Engineering Officers stationed in the Washington area. The wife of the Chief of Engineers was the nominal chairman of the event. But other wives were the working committee, and my mother was always actively engaged in that and other fund raising activities of the organization.

As a boy I had severe hay fever, and horses were one of the things that brought it on. It was later determined that I was allergic to horse dandruff. And we knew fairly early that eggs made me sick at my stomach. I also had a very bad case of eczema a form of skin rash. It was so bad at times that my mother sewed mittens on my pajama sleeves so I couldn't scratch at night. It was determined by skin tests at the Army medical clinic that I was allergic to many things, and that was probably the cause of the rash.

The Army doctors found out that one of the real experts in the field of allergies was a Doctor Blackburn at Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore, which of course

is not too far from Washington. So my mother decided we'd go to Johns Hopkins and find out what could be done for me. As a matter of fact I was in the hospital when the false Armistice and the real Armistice were announced. I can remember my mother crying when the Armistice was official and all the church bells rang and whistles blew. I tried to comfort her, and she explained she was crying because she was so happy. It was a phenomenon I couldn't understand.

While I had had various skin tests at the Army Clinic, after I was admitted to Johns Hopkins they decided to give me hypodermic injections of the various substances to which they thought I might be allergic. And of course, I was allergic to most of them. The net result was I developed a massive case of hives, including the inside of my wind pipe so that I had great difficulty breathing. Fortunately they gave an injection of adrenaline or something similar which controlled the swelling before I choked to death.

They determined that in the food line I was allergic to milk, eggs, nuts and fish. They then started the process of desensitizing me to these things. Milk was the first thing. They started with a drop, or a few drops of milk, and increased the amount gradually while taking skin tests to find out if I was still sensitive. Eventually I could drink a glass a meal or three glasses a day. I still don't like milk.

Then they started on eggs. The white of the eggs was the problem. They started with powdered egg in capsule form in minute quantities, for the tests showed I was extremely sensitive to it. I believe the initial dose was a milligram. The dose was gradually increased until I could tolerate a drop of white of egg. I can remember having some adverse reactions and having to back up a notch or two and continue on a lesser rate of increase. But we finally made it to the point where I could tolerate a whole egg. I still get minor reaction in my mouth and throat from raw egg.

My mother and I decided that fish and nuts were not essential and could be avoided, and we would not attempt to go thru the laborious desensitizing process with them. But my eczema soon cleared up, and my mother and I were proud of the job that had been done, and proud of our perseverance in accomplishing it.

As to my hay fever, the test showed that I was allergic to horses, rag weed and other grasses. Mostly, it wasn't too severe, and they didn't have shots for it, so we just ignored it. It never gave me any serious problem, except when I took my entrance physical exam for West Point. Then the medicos wanted to disqualify me because of my allergy to horses, but my father managed to get the disability waived. Hay fever has never been a real serious problem with me, with only an acute bout once in a while. With air conditioning and increasing age, it's been a long time since I've had a serious siege of it.

As I stated above I went to the neighborhood public school from 2nd thru 7:th Grades. I was a mediocre student and was satisfied to avoid failure in any subject. It never occurred to me to want to excel. My mother said it was because I was "sickly" until my allergies cleared up. Perhaps she was right. The word in my family was that I had my mother's brains and my father's disposition. Neither quality was considered to be an asset. More about that later. The system in the

Washington public schools at that time was that a student was assigned to a classroom teacher, and she (and it was always a she) taught all the subjects. There was a visiting teacher of music who used to come around once or twice a week. The boys went once a week to “manual training” at another school, which training was largely carpentry and cabinet making. One of the products of those classes is the wooden foot stool in our powder room. While we were taking manual training, the girls were taking sewing and cooking. Gross discrimination any way you look at it.

I should add here that incomprehensible as it may seem, the Public Schools in Washington were segregated at that time. Washington was a small town, and very much southern in its attitude and mores. The foreign diplomats from Latin America, some of whom were quite dark, had their problems at times. Eighteenth Street which was the lower end of our block was the barrier to black encroachment. It was obvious even then that

Morgan School, which was the public grade I attended and which was on the other side of Iath Street would soon become a black school, which it did. Years later I attended a meeting in Washington where the principal of Morgan School was on the program. It had become what I suppose we would now call a magnet school and was a national model of what could be accomplished when parents of black and white children cooperate to achieve a high standard of behavior and scholastic achievement. The block on which we lived also became black owned. Rosa and I went back on one of our trips to inspect it, and it was my distinct impression that the houses on the block looked better cared for than when we lived there. The difference between renters and home owners regardless of color, I imagined.

The Eighth Grade teacher was also the Principal of the school, and had to leave the classroom for an appreciable portion of each day to attend to her administrative duties. My father decided this part time instruction was not for me, so I was sent to Sidwell’s Friends School for sixth Grade. It was a highly regarded private school. The school building was adjacent to Friends’ Meeting House in downtown Washington. The school also owned property on what was then considered “way out” Wisconsin Avenue where we had our physical training and athletics. The school or the Friends Meeting subsequently sold the downtown property, and built a new school on the Wisconsin Ave property, which isn’t far out at all.

Friends was an excellent school, and I managed to take some high school subjects such as Latin and Algebra which gave me some high school credits which turned out to be very valuable later on. I think it was at Friends that I began to enjoy the learning process and the challenge of getting my name on the Honor Roll. But I didn’t really like Friends School. Too many of my school mates were snobs who thought, because they went to Friends, they were better than the riffraff who went to public school. So I prevailed on my Father to let me go to Western High School after one year at Friends.

Western High School was great. The public high schools in Washington were so over-crowded that they on a two shift basis. The morning shift attended from about eight to twelve-thirty, and the afternoon shift from twelve-thirty to four. Those of

us who joined the Washington High School Cadets were assigned to the morning shift, and it was really a great schedule for it left the afternoon free for all sorts of outside activities.

It was particularly great for me for at the time my father was the Engineer Commissioner of the District of Columbia. The District of Columbia (the city of Washington) was governed by a board of three commissioners appointed by the President of the United States. Two of the commissioners were civilians and permanent residents of the District not employed by the government, and it is my recollection that theirs was a part time job. The Engineer Commissioner was an officer assigned to this position as temporary duty. It was considered a prestige assignment. It was comparable to being the Mayor, or at least a third of a Mayor. We had an official car and a driver assigned to us for official use, and my father was fairly strict about using it only for official functions, although he would occasionally take a slight detour to take me to school. The official car had District of Columbia License number 3 which was recognized by all the traffic police. If we were caught in a traffic jam, or an intersection was being controlled by a traffic policeman, the driver would poke the nose of the car out of line, and immediately be given the right-of-way like a police car or a fire engine.

The car itself was a museum piece in its own way. It had been an Army staff car, and my father found it was considered surplus by the Army and arranged to have it transferred to the District Government. It had a Hudson chassis and a Cadillac engine and rear end. It had a manual stick shift on the floor. (Gear shift on the steering column was unheard of). It drove and rode like a truck, but it was a rare “perk” in those days. Even the Chief of Engineers didn’t have an official automobile assigned to him. The official driver taught me how to drive it. Syncro-mesh transmissions were also unheard of, so you had to double clutch to avoid clashing the gears. After learning on it, gear shifting never posed a problem for me, even on larger Army trucks. Power steering and power brakes hadn’t been invented either, so that driving was a real work out, especially for an undersized boy of fourteen.

The Engineer Commissioner and his family received many favors. These included a Gold Season Pass to the American League baseball games. And free tickets to Keith’s Orpheum which was on the vaudeville circuit. The morning only school schedule was ideal for taking advantage of these privileges, for all professional baseball games were in the afternoon. Technology was not sufficiently advanced to provide adequate lighting for night baseball, nor had anybody even thought of doing it. So, I saw a lot of professional baseball, occasionally with my father who taught me how to keep a proper score card. I had the opportunity to see such all-time legendary players as Babe Ruth, Tris Speaker, Ty Cobb, Lou Gerbig, Joe DiMaggio, Walter Johnson and many many others. There was a girl in my class, I do not remember which school, whose father was the paid executive of the Washington professional baseball team.

There were also important historic occasions where we were included. The dedication of the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier was one that I remember. There was a major traffic jam after the ceremony and license No. 3 got us a motor

cycle escort around it. Mother and I got tickets to an international conference at which the U. S., Great Britain and Japan agreed on a limitation of naval armaments on a 5 - 5 - 3 ratio, which agreement really held up. There were sub limits for France and Germany, which resulted in Germany building the so-called pocket battleships. It was really a very dull performance to watch, but we felt honored to be there. My mother was outraged because the woman sitting behind us read a copy of the Readers Digest throughout the proceedings, but since we could hear and understand very little, maybe she was the smart one.

Near Kalorama Road, before the Hilton Hotel was built there was a predecessor hotel, the Wardman Park Hotel. Ward man was a real estate developer in the District area.

19th STREET 1919- 1923

There were several aspects of my life in Washington in those days that Roro found interesting. We moved from the house on Kalorama Road around the corner to an apartment at 19th. St. and Wyoming Ave. The Secretary of Labor in the Harding Cabinet lived across the street. Every Thursday night President Harding was driven there in the presidential Pierce Arrow with one Secret Service officer for the weekly poker game. The boys in the neighborhood got a big kick out of examining the car at close range. Certainly, no President has enjoyed that kind of informal relaxation in years. Many days I took the street car to school. Often waiting at the car stop was Chief Justice Taft, Senator Borah from Idaho and other important national figures. Living in an apartment had some advantages for me. I learned how to operate a telephone switchboard and the elevator. Big deal.

My father bought me a war surplus Army Surplus Signal Corps crystal radio receiver. I dropped a wire from the roof of the building to the first floor where we lived which served as an aerial. By operating the “whisker” of the crystal set at night (transmission was better after dark) I could pick up KDKA in Pittsburgh, KMOX in St. Louis, WLW in Cincinnati and WGN in Chicago. That was before the days of radio networks.

Along about this time I also had my first airplane ride. I can’t recall the occasion that provided the opportunity, but I do know it was a seaplane or amphibian that took off from the Tidal Basin. I think it was a military aircraft, and we had a fifteen or twenty minute flight in open fuselage. I can remember flying around the Washington Monument. It was a real thrill.

A real catastrophe occurred while my father was Engineer Commissioner. There was a record snowfall one Friday, which completely paralyzed the town. Even the street cars which had their own snow plows stopped running. I know it was Friday because my mother and I went to the movies most Friday nites. We debated about going that Friday nite, but found that we had seen the movie at the Knickerbocker Theater, a new larger, fancier theater a few blocks from our house. So we decided not to venture out. Again we were lucky. The excessive snow load caused the roof to collapse and many people were trapped under the balcony, which also fell. There

were many serious injuries and a large number of fatalities. My father was called early and directed the rescue efforts.

The aftermath was a Congressional investigation, since the District of Columbia had very little autonomy in those days. My father was the central figure in the investigation since the administration of the Building Code, and issuance of building permits both came under his jurisdiction. I don't remember how the investigation turned out except that my father was not held responsible for the failure. I believe it was found that the contractor had omitted some wall ties required by plans. In any event every theater in town was closed until the roof structure could be inspected and declared safe. And the requirements of the building code were strengthened, and the snow load requirement was increased.

There was another controversy involving my father that was not as serious. The Commissioners passed an Ordinance limiting the height of front yard hedges. Enforcement of the ordinance must have been my father's responsibility. There must have been some complaint, for I can remember a cartoon showing my father in army uniform (which he did not wear as Engineer Commissioner, it being considered a civilian assignment), mounted on a horse swinging his saber to cut down the non-conforming hedges.

There must have been other matters about my Washington period that would be of interest, but for the moment, I've pumped my memory dry. If anything occurs to me later, I'll insert it.

So it did, and so I will.

I realize that I have reported nothing about my various experiences at summer camps. I went to three, but I'm not sure I can identify the years. The first was Camp Greenbrier, which I did not like at all. It was a beautiful section of the country and the activities were interesting and challenging, but my living conditions were most unsatisfactory. The tent assignments were made by putting all boys from the same city together. In the first place this put boys of considerably different ages together. Secondly I was put with the Mobile group which had apparently recruited me, but where I had not lived for some time. I didn't know any of the other boys who all knew each other. And I was one of the younger and smaller of the group, and did not distinguish myself in any of the contests. So I ended being an outsider where everyone else was an insider, and the butt of all jokes and pranks. But I did get my first taste of military drill which I liked and learned to shoot a rifle. There was also track and swimming and boating which I enjoyed. So, the summer was not a total loss.

The next summer I went to a camp in Northern Minnesota near Grand Rapids Minnesota at the head waters of the Mississippi. It was a camp which Ira had gone to, and which Henry and Charles Silberman also attended. I have a vague recollection of having gone there with my father and mother to a post season session when Ira was a camper. I recall having fallen off the pier before I knew how to swim and being rescued by my father who got his pocket watch wet in the process, which obviously did not fill him with joy. I liked this camp very much. After we qualified as swimmers, we were allowed to go on canoe trips. I still

remember with much pleasure a four or five-day canoe trip through the chain of lakes that feed the source of the Mississippi. There were frequent portages from one lake to another, and meals cooked over camp fires. I can remember quite well that area was full of wild blue berries, and how we picked them by the can full and having blue berry flap jacks for breakfast. Mighty good eating.

The following summer I went to a camp in Pennsylvania on the Delaware River where my brother had signed on as a counselor. It was not very well run, but the swimming was good. Ira became quite incensed because he thought the campers were not getting enough to eat, and he raised hell with the management and we got more to eat. It was hardly an ideal summer but not really bad.

1923 PLACERVILLE, CALIFORNIA (EL DORADO COUNTY)

We left Washington in the Spring of 1923. During World War I my father had served as Federal Power Administrator which had the job of allocating electric power, which was rationed, so that “war essential” industries would have sufficient power to produce their products. In this position he came to know many of the executives in the utility industry. It was through this association that, unsolicited by him, he was offered a position with Western Gas & Electric Co., a subsidiary of Standard Gas & Electric Co., to take charge of and complete a water power project in the Sierra Nevada Mountains in California just east of Placerville. The project was in trouble and behind schedule and it was his job to straighten it out and get it on schedule. It was a fascinating place for a fourteen-year-old boy. I accompanied my father frequently when he visited the various construction sites. The largest item was an earth filled dam which was built by placing narrow gauge rail road tracks on the earth fill. Small steam locomotives pulled side dump cars filled with the clay of which the dam was built out on to the fill, and the cars were dumped. The loose materials was then spread by mules pulling scrapers which were controlled by men driving the mules and handling the scrapers. After dumping, the cars were pulled back to the borrow area where they were loaded by steam shovels. While this was going on the tracks were jacked over so that the next load would be dumped adjacent to the last load. There were several tracks on the dam, and several trains and the process was a continuous one with trains always dumping, returning empty to be filled, and being loaded. It was a fascinating process to watch. In the meantime there were miles of canal to be lined with concrete. This was done by precasting the lining on forms or the canal banks, and placing the lining in the canal when the concrete was cured. At the same time a power house was being built at the foot of the dam to hold the turbines and the generators. The water to power the turbines came down from the dam in large pipes called a penstocks. These pipes had to withstand high pressure and I believe were wrought iron and were made in New Jersey. They came in long lengths, and were of large diameters and very heavy. I can remember long discussions about the rail road routing across the country so they wouldn’t get stuck in a tunnel, and where

the curves were gradual enough to take the long cars. How they got them up the mountain roads from the end of the railroad I don't remember but it must have been a difficult job. But they got there and were installed. One section developed a crack when tested under pressure, and had to be replaced. This involved having a new piece made in the east and transported across the country. It was all fascinating to me.

We lived in the headquarters construction camp in a frame house that had been thrown together, and the wind whistled through the cracks as fall came on and the weather got colder. As I recall it, it was raised off the ground and had a front porch, a living room, and two bed rooms and I guess only one bath room. It had a cast iron stove in the living room, and a hot water heater some place outside, both wood burning. A functionary called a "bull cook" came early every morning and fired up the hot water heater, and as the weather got colder the stove in the living room. We had our meals at the company mess hall with other brass hats, whom I believe were called brass collars. This included the Project Engineer (who lived in Placerville so his children could go to school) and his assistant, the purchasing agent and the project auditor. There was talk concerning the project during meals, and that is how I learned much of what was going on. It was a beautiful evergreen woods of the high sierras, so while the conditions were not luxurious it was a pleasant experience for all of us.

I was the only driver in the family, since at that time neither my mother or father drove. My father had driven in Washington, but had had an accident in which he side-swiped a wagon and driver, and turned it over. While no one was seriously injured my father decided that his eye-sight was such that he would endanger others by driving, so he gave it up. My mother had also learned to drive but gave it up when we left Washington, although she did take it up again in Winnetka after I left home. Some body in the construction organization taught me the do's and don'ts of mountain driving, and I did the driving. The road above Placerville, fourteen miles away, was all gravel, full of curves, and treacherous. The car had two wheel brakes, which were standard in those days. Downshifting to brake the car was an initial skill which required practice with no synco-mesh or other advanced transmission.

We went on occasional trips to Lake Tahoe and other places in the mountains, and to Sacramento and Stockton. The concrete road, which was one of the earliest in California was so narrow that it had only one oil stain down the middle. The shoulders were not well maintained, and there was danger of ripping off a tire getting back on if you left the concrete. There was barely room for two cars to pass if both stayed on the concrete, so it was sort of a modified "chicken" when you passed another car. I can remember holding my breath and momentarily closing my eyes when we came abreast. We sometimes carried our luggage in a luggage carrier clamped to the running board. I can remember once when the hub cap of a passing car caught the luggage rack and dumped our luggage on the road, but no other damage was done. We lived dangerously.

Sacramento was about the hottest place I have ever been in. Temperatures of over a hundred were normal in the summer, and with no air conditioning or even desert coolers it was really, really hot. But we enjoyed going back to civilization occasionally, and having properly served meals in a hotel dining room. And naturally, we always had shopping to do.

While it was nice to have no duties or responsibilities on a regular basis, that became tiresome after a while, and I was given a job a learner and a “go-for” in the company garage. It was fun and I learned a good deal about the relatively simple cars and trucks and gasoline engines of those days. One afternoon just the shop foreman and I were in the garage when a call came in from one of the drivers saying he had a flat tire and no spare up the road several miles away. We found a spare and then looked for a vehicle to use to deliver it. The only thing available was a Model “T” Ford. I had never driven one, although I had watched others drive one. It had what is called a planetary transmission. It had no gear shift lever, but three p dals on the floor where the brake pedal is. I think one was the brake, one was forward and one was reverse. Of course it was hand cranked, and the hand throttle (accelerator) was on the steering column. I told the foreman I’d never driven a Model “T” before. He said “Go ahead, you can make it”, gave me some brief instructions, and told me to practice a little in the parking lot, and then take off. This I did, got the tire to the stranded vehicle, helped change the tire, turned the Model “T” around on the mountain road and got safely back to the garage. I must admit I was pretty nervous when I started, but quite triumphant that I was able to get the job done. It gave me a lot of confidence.

1924 SAN DIEGO

Some time in the fall my mother and father and I decided that since I’d been out of school since the previous spring, it was best I go back to school, or I’d fall a year behind. By then it was known that my father’s job in California would be over in the early spring, and he would be transferred to the Chicago office. The question then became whether we should try to find a school in or near Chicago. I think I made the decision to stay in California, but in any event that is what I did. I remember we looked into a lot of schools in California, and finally decided on the San Diego Army and Navy Academy at Pacific Beach just outside of San Diego. I think we went and looked at it before I was enrolled, but I’m not sure. I think one of the reasons we chose San Diego was that the utility company in San Diego was a subsidiary of the same holding company, Standard Gas & Electric in Chicago and my father knew the president, so in case of emergency he would be available. Perhaps he recommended the school.

In any event I entered shortly after Christmas I think. It turned out to be a most fortuitous decision and a major turning point in my life. I have always considered my self a very lucky individual, and the major decisions I’ve had to make turned out well. Maybe it wasn’t all luck.

The school was owned and operated by a Major Davis and his wife, and they

were fundamentalist Presbyterians. Church at a neighboring Presbyterian Church was mandatory and conducted by a real hell fire and damnation minister who gave impassioned sermons supported by posters of Daniel in the Lion's den etc. around the pulpit. It was quite an experience, but one that palled easily. My mother had a cousin who lived at the U. S. Grant Hotel in San Diego, and I had the bright idea that I could get a pass to go in and see him on Sunday and perhaps go to the Unitarian Church. My idea was approved and I escaped from the Sunday church ordeal. In the mean time Mrs. Davis announced that she was going to start a Wednesday evening Bible Class for any student that wanted to attend. Since I was much interested in religion at the time, and it was a way to get excused from study hall, I signed up. I had gone to Unitarian Sunday School in Washington for many years where we learned a good deal about many of the great religions of the world and their spiritual leaders, Buddha, Confucius, Mohammed etc. In the discussion period in bible class one night, I allowed as how religions were in fact only a moral code, and that there was good in all religions. Mrs. Davis was really shocked at what was to her a radical idea, and advised me in no uncertain terms that I was dead wrong. That religion was a matter of faith. And without faith there could be no religion. She turned me off completely, and that was the end of organized religion for me for a long time.

We lived in two room cabins with a bath between. When I arrived at the school I of course knew no one there. I was assigned to a room and introduced to my new roommate. He was a Californian and asked me where I was from, and I said I was from the east. He brightened visibly and said, "I've been East. I visited my sister in Denver once." I thought that was hilarious, as to me Denver was the epitome of the West. But then I looked at the map and found that Denver was at least three times further east from San Diego than New York was east of Chicago. It taught me a lesson about the vast distances in the western part of the country that I've never forgotten.

We wore military school uniforms that were typical for those days with jackets that buttoned up the front with high collars. Every night after supper there was study hall, well monitored, where we had to wear our jackets, keep our collars buttoned, and could only take our text books with us even if we'd done the assigned home work. However if a cadet made Honor Roll he was excused from evening study hall, could wear relaxing clothes, and write letters or read the Saturday Evening Post if he chose. The privilege of being excused from study hall lasted as long as one stayed on the Honor Roll. I believe that meant a 90 or better average. In any event it was an incentive to study I'd never had before, and I learned how to study, a skill I never lost. I made the Honor Roll the first month, and stayed on it, and never went to study hall again. That was turning point one.

The instructors at the school were all men and a varied lot. I took French and Spanish and was taught by a Russian who spoke broken English. It was quite a challenge for all of us. Another instructor had been a Captain in the Army in World War I and had served with the American forces in Siberia. He had the highest

regard for West Pointers, and when he found out that my father was one, he talked to me at length about the kind of men West Point produced and that I should try and follow in my father's foot steps. He sold me. Turning point number two.

San Diego was a pleasant experience. The president of the utility company had a daughter my age whom I liked, and we had occasional dates in her chauffeur driven car. I had dates in Washington somewhat infrequently, and we usually got on the street car. I must have gotten permission to go into San Diego on Saturdays for I can remember going to movies and burlesque shows with some of the boys from school.

1924-1926 EVANSTON

The question arose as to where we would live in the Chicago area. Somehow, I decided I wanted to go to Evanston High School. I had heard it was "the second best high school in the country". I never knew which high school was the best. In any event my mother and father acquiesced in my decision, and when I came east they had rented a furnished house in Evanston for the summer. We all liked Evanston, and so we rented an apartment in Evanston and I stated Evanston Township High in the fall. I had earned enough credits in San Diego to enter the Junior Class.

Evanston turned out to be a very happy choice for me. I met some people my age during the summer, how I don't remember. We had a car which I was permitted to use frequently. It was a Jordan with "balloon tires" and front wheel brakes. Quite an advanced vehicle. Evanston High School moved into a new building the fall I entered, and whether this caused new groups to form or not, I'm not sure, but I became part of a very congenial group, mostly boys that stayed together the two years I was there. I say mostly boys since there was a girls' school named Roycemore much like McGhee's where most of the girls from the "better families" went. There were some very nice girls at Evanston, and my particular girl friend, although we both had dates with others, went to Evanston. She lived two doors from us, was a class officer, and was my constant competition in academic matters.

I went out for all the extra-curricular activities that were available. I went out for football, was assigned to play guard and ended up as assistant manager and water boy. I went out for basketball, but didn't make the squad. I did make the editorial staff of the school magazine and enjoyed the work and the association.

Roycemore had dances, monthly I think, and I was on the list. Eventually a few of the girls from Evanston High School were invited to the dances, a device to insure attendance of enough boys, and Phyllis Fox, my good friend and competitor was one of those included. It was happy time. There was an illegal fraternity at the High School of which I was a part. And even though it was prohibition at the time, there was some drinking, but not in my group. Mostly I walked to school, finding a friend on the way, but occasionally, particularly in bad weather I was permitted to take the car. In spite of the good time I had, and I did, I did not forget the study habits I had learned at San Diego, and always stood in the top

ten in my class of two hundred or so academically. Evanston High as well as the grade schools in Evanston were integrated, but the number of “colored people” in my class was small but probably not disproportional to the black population of Evanston. I can remember a black boy on the football squad who played next to me on the line. But the blacks stayed pretty much to themselves. I can remember at graduation time being highly pleased when some of the black girls asked me to sign their graduation year books.

I had not changed my mind about wanting to go to West Point either. This was a decision that pleased my father, although he had never suggested that he would like to see me go there. My brother had had an appointment promised to him in Mobile, but he was talked out of accepting it by Hugh L. Cooper, a friend of my father’s and the engineer to the Dneiperstrog Dam in Russia. So this made my decision to go doubly pleasing to my father. So my subjects at Evanston High were selected with a view for preparing me for West Point. And we set about trying to get an appointment for me. The local Congressman promised me an appointment as an alternate, which meant if the principal failed his examinations, I would get the appointment, but this didn’t seem to be a very good gamble.

We then discovered that the Vice President of the United States had two appointments. The Vice President at the time was Gen. Charles G. Dawes, a native of Evanston. I knew his niece who went to Roycemore. My father had a good friend Gen. James G. Harbord who was a good friend of General Dawes. So I applied to General Dawes for an appointment to West Point, and sent to him a transcript of my grades, and a recommendation from the principal at Evanston High School. General Harbord also wrote in my behalf. Eventually the Vice-President sent for me, and I called on him at his office in the Chicago bank that the Dawes family controlled. The Vice President was known to be a man of few words, and after a brief interview, he advised me that he would give me the appointment. I was pleased, and was sure that the fact that I was an Evanstonian helped persuade him.

One of the boys in our little group was Jed Van Doren. His father was Vice-President and General Counsel of the Northwestern Railroad and because of that Jed was able to get a pass on the railroad. I decided I wanted to go back to the San Diego military school for summer school between my Junior and Senior years, earn some extra credits and enjoy the beautiful beaches of southern California during the summer. Jed decided he’d go with me since he could for free except for the Pullman birth, and I have a vague recollection we shared a birth. In any event we went together. We took the Santa Fe Railroad. The Santa Fe instead of having dining cars used Fred Harvey Restaurants that were located at various railroad stations along the way. The schedule was such that the train arrived at selected stations at meal time, and the passengers that wanted to eat got off the train and went to the restaurant. It was not a bad system for it broke up the long and hot transcontinental train trip (no air conditioning) and gave the passengers a chance to stretch. The summer was a great success. School in the morning and afternoon on the beach, or in San Diego (maybe that’s when I saw the burlesque shows) or at

the public dance halls at the beach. These were an institution which I don't believe were duplicated elsewhere. They were very decent places where you paid your admission and went and invited any girl there to dance. We didn't take dates- We just went- It was fun. The beaches around San Diego were marvelous, the water temperature ideal, so we did a lot of swimming. The beach at the cove at LaJolla was my favorite. LaJolla was where I lost my first fortune. I wanted my father to buy the hill behind LaJolla which at the time was barren, uninhabited desert. He declined. We could have made a fortune if we could have held on to it.

Sometime in the spring of my junior year in high school I took my preliminary physical examination for West Point, which was administered by the Army doctors at Fort Sheridan. One of the purposes was to determine whether or not I had any physical defects that should be corrected before I took the final physical. It was determined that I had a deviated septum in my nose which should be operated on, and we had that done which helped my hay fever no end. The doctors also determined that my eye-sight was borderline for passing Army standards. They advised me to use my eyes for studying, but not for any recreational reading. I pretty much followed their advice.

When I got back from summer school I found I had enough high school credits to enter Northwestern University as a Freshman and get my high school diploma when my high school class graduated, if I earned a couple of credits at Northwestern. I decided I'd rather be a senior at high school than a freshman at Northwestern for a year. Our little group was quite cohesive by this time, and we enjoyed being together and had a great time, several of us were class officers and I was third or fourth in my class academically.

My appointment to West Point came thru, I passed my final physical with the exception of the allergy question. At that time no academic examination was required if the applicant came from an accredited high school and had a certain grade average. I met these requirements. So, I was in.

At that time new cadets entered the Military Academy on the first of July. Our high school graduation was in mid-June. So, in addition to usual graduation parties, there were going away parties for me. We realized that we would all be going to different colleges, but we wanted to keep in touch. So we devised a scheme of buying a bound note book and writing a letter to the group in the book, and sending the book to the next in line. It was a round robin. We actually kept it up for a couple of years, and I believe they ended up in my possession in a trunk in our attic.

As the time approached for me to leave the nest and take off on my own and start my career, my father, who was a great walker, took me out for a walk to give me my going away message. He was not given to lectures or long talks. But his message was one I never forgot, although my mother did, not infrequently. His message was:

“ Your mother and I have worked hard for seventeen years to bring you up right and give you proper standards and character, and we think we have. Now you're going away and are going to be on your own. You're a man now, and it's up to you. We're no longer going to tell you what to do, or what not to do. We'll always

be here, and glad to give you advice when asked, but only when asked. We know you'll do well, and we have every confidence in you. We'll always be ready to help when asked. Now go to it and give it your best,"

It was a wonderful valedictory.

1926-1930 WEST POINT PLEBE YEAR 1926/ '27

So after an appropriate number of farewell parties and tearful; farewells I was off for the United States Military Academy at West Point, N. Y., familiarly known to its inmates as "Hell on the Hudson".

In those days the incoming class known as Plebes entered on the 1st of July. There was no leaving West Point except for trips made by the Corps of Cadets as a whole for out of town football games until the second Christmas, a period of eighteen months, a very long time. I don't recall how I got from Evanston to West Point, except that I came up the river from New York City on the West Side Railroad and got off the railroad at the foot of the hill, and walked up the long road to the "Plains" with a bunch of strangers who were also entering cadets. We were greeted enthusiastically if not warmly by a specially selected group of First Classmen (seniors in civilian school) who were known as the Beast Detail and we entering plebes were known as Beasts for the first two months. The Beast Detail let us know in no uncertain terms that we were in the Army now. All upper classmen were addressed as "sir", and we were addressed by them as Mr. Ducrot or Mr. Dumbjohn. The first several days were very confusing and full of kaleidoscope change. We were issued ill-fitting uniforms, got a military haircut, issued bedding, toilet articles and other necessities. We were assigned to companies and hence to barracks and rooms by size. I was assigned to one of the two runt companies, "F" co., and we must have had some choice of roommates, for I ended up with Rod Carmichael as one of my room mates. Rod and I had lived on the same block in Washington and we roomed (or in the language of West Point) lived together for four years. We were very different but had in common that we were both Army "brats" and were serious about our desire to make it at West Point. He was athletic, though not a star, and ended up as catcher on the varsity baseball team. I was certainly not athletic, although as required, participated in all intramural sports. He was plodding, and a slow learner, but thorough. I was bright and quicker and found the academic work easy. He found it hard. But we had the same social backgrounds, and socially had the same interests and attitudes.

Beast Barracks, which lasted until the end of August was tough, but when the Second Classmen came back, and the Corps was amalgamated, we knew the system and what was expected of us, which we were not always able to deliver. As Plebes, we were required to double time (a fast jog) and stand up straight ("take on a brace Mr. Dumbjohn") sit on the edge of our chairs in the mess hall and speak only when spoken to. I took it all in stride as something that had to be lived thru,

and only got in trouble when I found something funny that was supposed to be deadly serious. It was during that Plebe summer that I started smoking. We were permitted to smoke in our rooms, and it was only there that we could relax and be ourselves. I found smoking a great relief valve.

I thoroughly enjoyed my four years at West Point including my Plebe year which was a challenge and by no means all tough. Sometime in the fall of my Plebe year, my squad corporal, a Second Classman, decided I was not officer material and should not graduate, and he initiated a campaign to report me for every minor infraction he could dream up, which was not difficult. Shoes not properly shined, uniform not properly pressed, rifle not properly cleaned, white gloves not spotless, etc, etc. Each report resulted in one or more demerits, and enough demerits and you were discharged for disciplinary reasons. A regular Army officer called the Tactical Officer was assigned to each company and passed on the reports submitted by the cadets. He apparently caught on to what was going on, and cooled off my persecutor, but not until I had accumulated enough demerits to spend considerable time walking them off. That involved walking in the quadrangle of the barracks in full uniform at attention with rifle on your shoulder in your “free” time, until you had walked off the accumulated punishment hours. Not a particularly pleasant pastime.

In the football stadium at West Point in my day we had a manually operated score board. There were walkways in front of the board, and slots in which to insert numbers indicating the score, the down, yards to go and the line on the field where the ball was (40 yard line), quarter and elapsed time. The information to display on the board was relayed to the men working the board by a man on the side lines opposite the ball. I somehow became a member of the score board crew, and was on occasion the side line signal man. We took the assignment seriously and enjoyed being part of the action so to speak. I can remember very vividly working the side line when we were playing Syracuse. The Corps of Cadets sat together in a body. One of the Syracuse players decided to punch out our end, and a very popular cadet, and performed the act immediately in front of the Corps of Cadets section. It was clearly visible to all of the cadets. There ensued the nearest thing I ever witnessed to a riot. The Corps of Cadets rose as a body and stated down the field with the obvious but unspoken intent of obliterating the entire Syracuse football squad. The Superintendent of the Military Academy (he would be called the president at a civilian institution) and a Major General, moved quickly and got in front of the surging mass of furious young men and instructed them to return to their seats, which they did after a brief hesitation. It later developed that our man had a broken jaw. The game went on, and I think we won, for Army had great teams in those days. Immediately after the game, West Point severed all athletic relations with Syracuse, and it was many years later before Army played Syracuse again in another sport.

Another football related experience in my Plebe year was the trip by the entire Corps of Cadets and Regiment of Midshipmen to Chicago for the Army-Navy football game which was played the Saturday after Thanksgiving. One of the

purposes of the trip was the dedication of Soldiers Field, the municipally owned stadium on the lake front which is still in use. The playing surface of the stadium is two football fields in length. The stadium seats over 100,000 people. On Friday before the game the Corps of Cadets, the Regiment of Midshipmen, and assorted other military units such as the National Guard, a detachment from the Great Lakes Naval Station, and a detachment from Fort Sheridan marched down Michigan Avenue to the stadium for the dedication. We were assembled on the end of the field that was not to be played on the next day in military formation. The weather was miserable. Cold and windy with snow flurries. The ground of the stadium was soggy and mushy underfoot. The ceremonies were intolerably long with speeches by the Vice-President (my sponsor), the Governor, the Mayor and various religious figures including I suppose the Cardinal-Archbishop. The cadets had been instructed to wear low cut rubber overshoes. When the command was given to march off, we did, but our rubbers remained stuck or frozen in the ground. The paper the next morning showed a picture of 1200 pairs of rubbers stuck in the mud. They were collected by the Chicago Park District maintenance people and a railroad car of them was eventually shipped back to us at West Point, and the sorting and identification process took a while. Memory fails as to whether I got mine back or not.

After the ceremony was over we marched back to our hotel which as I remember it was the old La Salle Hotel. All of us were cold and miserable, and anxious to get ready for the evening. So, every one tried to take a bath and/or shower at the same time. The net result was those on the upper floors could get no water, and those on lower floors were lucky if they got washed before the hot water ran out.

It was fortunate for me that the game took place in Chicago, for while I don't believe I went out to Winnetka, I did have a chance to see my parents. I think they came to town and took me to dinner. I had not expected to get back to Chicago until Christmas a year later.

My recollection is that we had many Thanksgiving dinners that year. One before we left West Point, one on the train going West, and one on the train going East, and perhaps one in Chicago.

The Army-Navy game was a real thriller and ended in a tie, 21-21, as the light was failing since the stadium was not lighted. Further on the subject of football, Army played Notre Dame every year in one of the Baseball parks in New York City. Notre Dame usually won. Their coach was the famous Knute Rockne. The story goes that he used to stay over for a few days after the game to help coach Army for its traditional Army-Navy game. Army was then coached by regular Army Officers assigned to the duty, and could certainly use the help and advice of a pro like Rockne. I was always annoyed by the New York football fans. The Military Academy is a national institution and deserves the support of all citizens, but in New York when Notre Dame made a good play, three quarters of the stadium cheered, and when Army made a good play the other quarter or less of the fans cheered. Very unfair.

And similarly when we played Yale in New Haven, the townies didn't love Yale,

but despite that they loved to heckle the cadets as they marched to and from the Yale Bowl.

I found the Academic work quite easy since much of it was a rapid review of what I had had in high school. The class sections were quite small, twelve or so. We recited every day or worked problems at the black board. The instructors were regular Army officers assigned to that duty, most of them without any specialized training in the subject of the course. So, in general they were referees between the cadets and the text books. The semester ended just before the Xmas holiday break. I ended up standing well in my class. We were assigned sections in accordance with our standing in the particular subject, the first section being those with the highest standing. So, we were competing with others of relatively equal competence, and not held back by the slower learners, and actually covered additional subject matter. Initial assignments to sections were made as a result of placement tests we took during the summer. I entered directly from high school, but some of my classmates had been to two to three years of college before entering. It was amazing the close correlation that existed between initial assignments, and our final standings at graduation four years later. There were exceptions one of which I will describe later.

The Christmas break was also the end of the First Academic Semester. If you had a certain grade point average, as I recall it was 2.5 on a 3.0 basis, you were exempt from term written examinations, called writs of course. If you failed the course including the written exam in any of three courses you were dropped from the Academy, unless for some extraordinary reason you were “turned back” and permitted to reenter the next July 1st and repeat the year. Some of my classmates who were admitted as honor graduates of their high schools, were found deficient in one or more subjects and were dropped. This system prevailed thru-out the four years.

The Xmas break was a welcome relief from the extreme plebe discipline. We no longer had to double time etc etc, and were much more relaxed. We had some dances, and generally some social life. I think my mother and father came east and spent a few days at West Point. But the period of relaxation was brief, ten days as I recall it, and then back to the routine and the books.

One of our required subjects was physical training which included boxing, wrestling and fencing. In fact during our four years we were required to participate in almost every spot you can think of, either as class work, as above, or as a member of company intramural teams. So I participated in baseball, football, lacrosse, soccer, tennis and perhaps others. The theory was that after graduation when we were assigned to troop duty, we might be called on to serve as coaches for enlisted men’s teams and we should have basic knowledge of every sport. Our instructor in wrestling was a former professional wrestler, when wrestling was a sport, not a burlesque, and_ had lost an eye when the “Terrible Turk” put a thumb in his eye. His name was Tom Jenkins, he spoke fractured English, and he had two sayings which became part of all West Pointers’ stock of appropriate quotations. Said sayings were: (1) “There ain’t no bolt which can’t

be broke” and (2) “For every holt there’s a guard agin it.” It is obvious that these two sayings covered almost every conceivable situation.

Another quotation that was very useful came out of classes in horseback riding. The horses were cared for by a black cavalry detachment. These black soldiers brought the horses from the cavalry stables to the riding hall and held them until we were ordered by our Officer riding instructor to select our mounts. The horses were obviously varied in qualities such as age, roughness and controllability. The stock question asked by the cadet of the horse handler was “Soldier, is this a good horse?” and the stock reply was, “Suh, they’s all good horses in the riding hall.” A saying that became most useful in many other situations.

PAUL WEYRAUCH

While it lasted over many years, it after all started at West Point and that is my extraordinary relationship with my classmate Paul Weyrauch. Rod Carmichael and I roomed with him on two different occasions. Sometimes we were three cadets in a room, but in our first class (senior) year we were only two. Paul was a very bright attractive person, and charming company when he chose to be. He was the son of a retired Army officer from Spokane Washington. While with a little effort he could have stood well in our class academically, he decided early on he would see how close he could come to failing without actually doing so. I think this was in fact a reaction to my doing well. His daring balancing act was quite successful since he graduated #236 in our class of 241. As I said, when he chose to be he was great company, but then there were other occasions. He would decide that he would no longer speak to either of us. Living in the same room with some one who doesn’t speak to you is an eerie experience to say the least. We never knew what provoked this reaction, but we could tell when the thaw in the freeze was setting in, because he would start silently doing small favors for us like bringing us our mail, and eventually the thaw would be total, and we would again be good friends and companions. During the period of the freeze he would deliberately associate with those classmates we didn’t particularly care for. This on and off relationship continued for the entire four years. He was attractive to women, and he enjoyed their company. After Plebe year we had dances at West Point, and of course all the girls, except a few daughters of officers stationed at West Point, had to be imported for the week-end. He often had attractive dates, and we usually exchanged dances. Sometimes during our First Class year (“senior”, to you) he started dating Lucy Mercer who was the niece and hostess for General Hodges, the Superintendent of the Military Academy. General Hodges was a Louisianian and subsequently President of L.S.U. Lucy came from Taylorville, a small town outside of Shreveport. Sometime in the spring of that year they announced that they were going to be married the day after graduation, and asked me to be their best man. I was surprised and flattered and readily accepted, although I really didn’t (and still don’t) approve of weddings at graduation. I felt that West Point was a very narrow.

and artificial setting, and that proposed marriage partners could not really know what their partners were really like in a more normal and less restricted environment. At the end of our first class year we were required to rate each of our classmates in our particular company as to military aptitude, leadership ability etc etc, and much to my surprise Paul rated me No. 1, a rating I certainly did not merit.

One of the events of Graduation Week was the First Class riding show. Paul was an excellent horseman and was selected to participate. During the course of the show he was kicked by another rider's horse, and the kick broke his leg. In those days the treatment for such a fracture was to put the leg in traction which meant that the patient was lying in bed with leg suspended at a 45° angle on a frame at the foot of the bed by ropes attached to the frame by pulleys with weights at the end of the rope. Not a very graceful or comfortable position.

The question immediately arose as to whether the wedding would proceed as scheduled. My mother and father had come east for my graduation, and my father who sometimes had a sense of humor opined that of course the wedding would proceed as scheduled, since the prospective bride-groom was chained to the bed and could not escape. His estimate turned out to be accurate, and it was decided to proceed on schedule. I told the prospective couple that I had romantic ideas about weddings, and didn't feel I could participate in a wedding in a hospital room, with the bridegroom flat on his back, and his leg elevated. So after graduation I went down to Mountain Lakes, New Jersey to spend a couple of days with my then current girlfriend.

After that I came back to West Point and picked up my mother and father we drove home to Winnetka, Illinois thru Vermont and Canada. One amusing incident I remember about the very pleasant trip home was that I was doing all the driving and my parents were worried about my getting tired. My father left explicit instructions that I was not to be disturbed by telephone or otherwise. This was a result of my having received numerous calls the night before that were either for the previous occupant or from a drunk who just gave the operator the wrong room number. In any event the next morning when my father called me to wake me up and so that I would get dressed for breakfast, the operator refused to connect him saying she had explicit instructions not to disturb me. He tried to explain that he was the one who had given the instructions, but to no avail. So my father had no choice but to get dressed and come knock on my room door, so we were a little late starting that morning. So much for this digression within a digression.

To continue the Paul Weyrauch saga. After the leg mended, he and Lucy stopped by our house in Winnetka and spent a couple of nights and everything appeared to be fine.

My next contact with him was in New York in August of 1932, two years later. Rosa and her mother had come east to be with me during the break between summer school and the regular session at M. I. T., and we had decided we were really made for each other and set a wedding date. We had come from Boston to New York to buy the engagement ring at Tiffany's (The various robbers didn't get it, and she still has it). Somehow I had heard that Paul and Lucy, and another

classmate were due in New York on their return from a tour with the Battle Monuments Commission in France, a very cushy assignment. So we organized a party on the Biltmore Roof for them and some other friends of mine in the New York area so they could meet my bride to be. We all had a nice evening and I only learned sometime later that he had tried to make a pass at Rosa, which I considered a much too friendly gesture. A strange fellow indeed.

Our next encounter was in Panama where we arrived on Xmas Eve 1934. We found that Lucy's uncle General Hodges was in command of the Atlantic Side. Lucy's sister had married another classmate and they met the Army transport on the Atlantic side, and took us to General Hodges' for the first of several Xmas dinners that we had that year. General Hodges was a true southern gentleman with courtly manners and charmed my pregnant wife. After that midday dinner, we reboarded the transport to transit the canal to the Pacific side where we were to be stationed. There we were met by the couple assigned to welcome us and escort us to our assigned quarters. There we found they had provided bed linen, towels, and stocked the ice box. I will have much to say about Panama in its proper chronological sequence.

To return to the Paul Weyrauch saga, we found that he had most recently transferred from Infantry to Field Artillery. There were no available quarters Fort Clayton, the Field Artillery post, so he and Lucy were living at the Engineer post, Corozal. Lucy was pregnant too, and the four of us used to go together to visit the doctor at Gorgas Hospital. Paul had a beat-up automobile that really labored up Ancon Hill to the hospital. Paul said it was unfair to ask that old automobile to take six people up that hill. The Weyrauch's son was born a month or so before Charles. He had a hernia of the naval, and cried a lot. Lucy's mother had come down to be with her at the birth. There was controversy between Paul and his mother-in-law as to how the baby's crying should be dealt with. It was Rosa's theory that Paul was jealous because he was no longer number one, and all attention was centered on the baby. In any event, after a month or so, Lucy's mother returned to the United States and never returned to the Canal Zone.

Along about the first of March all of the troops from the Zone went on maneuvers and I had to get a pass to cross the "enemy" lines when Charles was due to arrive of which more later. After maneuvers the 11th Engineers, the regiment to which I was assigned left the Canal Zone for an extended stay in the interior of the Republic of Panama to survey and map an extensive area, and I never saw Paul again. However, Rosa tells me that while I was in the interior, Paul was most attentive in an entirely proper way. Used to come to call to visit or take Rosa and Charles for a ride. Lucy and Paul were subsequently divorced, she remarried as did Paul. Paul sometime later was operated on for a brain tumor, recovered, returned to active duty, had an excellent record in World War II was promoted to Brig. General and subsequently died on May 6, 1959 of a brain tumor. I have often wondered whether his odd behavior at West Point wasn't due to the incipient brain tumor which ultimately killed him.

WEST POINT

So after that long digression, back to the Plebe year at West Point. I really don't recall any other specifics about my Plebe year. The winter was severe, and we were all glad when it was over. We did have some winter outside activity like ice skating and bob sledding. I still bear a scar as a result of the bob-sledding in which the sled overturned, and the three other riders landed on my leg. The leg was quite painful, so the next morning I went to sick call at the Cadet hospital. The doctor who examined me diagnosed the injury as a sprain, and prescribed the application of ictheal, a nasty looking black grease, and heat treatment which was duly administered by a medical corps enlisted man. He either applied too much heat, or left me under the heat lamp too long and I ended up with a giant blister. Sort of French Fried leg. It healed without getting infected but left a long scar.

March was really the worst time. The winter was receding, and the ground was thawing and therefore very muddy, so outside activity was really out, and the weather was still cold with drizzle or snow flurries, and very windy on the exposed point where the academy was located. It really is west point. There was an annual event called the 100th night show. It was an amateur show staged entirely by cadets. I was in one such show as a chorus girl in the Mikado. "Three little girls from school are we." The 100th night celebrated 100 days until graduation and the end of the academic year. The idea was to give us something to look forward to at the low point of the year and it worked. Eventually the hundred days passed. For us Plebes it meant we became Third Classmen and were recognized as being human and legitimate members of the Corps of Cadets, a welcome milestone indeed.

THIRD CLASS YEAR 1927/ '28

After graduation of the Class of 1927 we became Yearlings, and moved to Camp Clinton, which was across the Plain from the barracks, and on the bluff overlooking the Hudson. We lived in tents, four to a tent as I recall it. The tents were erected on wood floors with wood frames to support the tent. The hutments of World War II really resulted from enclosing such frames with wood, installing windows and a plywood tar papered roof. I don't recall the toilet and washing facilities, but obviously they existed.

The summer was busy with military training of one kind and another. Rifle and pistol practice, artillery training and marches and maneuvers. So we were left busy, but the activity was less intense, and it seems to me that we had many free afternoons for prescribed activities. Tennis, hiking in the hills, swimming, boating etc. We had dances every Saturday night. Movies in the gym and amateur theatricals. A much less regimented existence.

At the end of August we moved back into the barracks, but we were now upper classmen and had plebes below us to heckle. While we were still not permitted

to leave the military reservation except for out of town football trips when the entire Corps of Cadets went in a body, and were not permitted to ride in automobiles, life was more relaxed, and we did have some social life.

There were dances (called Hops) every Saturday night, and if you had an out of town girls up for the week-end you went to the hop. It was a card affair, I think there were twelve dances, and you filled out a card for your date during the week before. I generally left the first and last dances for myself, and traded dances with classmates who were also "dragging" or gave dances to friends or classmates who were to the hop as stags. If you were going steady the protocol was that those to whom you gave dances were not expected to invite your girl to a subsequent week-end. If however she was not your OAO (One and Only) then it was not considered out of line to invite her for another week-end. This was known for some reason as keen-filing and sometimes created hard feelings. A number of girls I had known in Evanston came east to school at such places as Smith, Vassar & Wellesley or Sara Lawrence, and came to West Point for the week-end at my invitation. And then of course there were blind dates when a classmate would invite a girl who would bring a roommate and ask you to escort the roommate. Sometimes it worked, and sometimes it didn't. In spite of the dance cards, some cadets came as stags, and cutting in was permitted.

Cadets were not permitted to have money, and consequently, the girls not only had to pay their own way to and from West Point, but for their lodging for the week-end. We were able to give them information as to the accommodations available at the Hotel Thayer on the reservation, or the less expensive lodgings in the nearby village of Highland Falls. It is my recollection that the cadet hostess, the widow of a graduate, would make

reservations for us if requested. After the hop, we had a limited time to walk our dates to the Hotel or the gate. I repeat walk, as cadets were not allowed to ride in automobiles.

The fact that cadets were not permitted to have money was another demonstration of the truly egalitarian nature of the institution. We were permitted to buy coupon books, called "boodle books" which we could use to buy ice cream, candy and other non-issue items at the Post Exchange. The amount of the coupon books we could buy was limited by the balance in our cadet account, which largely consisted of our \$1400 a month pay, although there were circumstances where parents could deposit funds in our cadet accounts. I have always felt that the Military Academy was one of the most egalitarian institutions in America. Everyone entered on an equal footing. Star athletes had some advantages and sons of graduates did too, because often the instructors would have known their fathers, which might or might not be an advantage.

Academically our second year (Third Class) was much more difficult. It was no longer a review of what we had had, or should have had, in high school. In my company, "F" Co. we obtained permission to run a school during the nightly study period in the company office. Those of us who were doing well academically

ran the school on a voluntary basis for those of our classmates. Who were having trouble making it, to keep them from flunking out. We were quite successful, although our own grades suffered somewhat as a consequence. It was a sacrifice that we were proud to be able to make.

The fall and the foot-ball season was always a pleasant time, with the excitement of Saturday to look forward to and out of town foot-ball trips. And for us yearlings, the prospect of Christmas leave and our first opportunity to leave the Academy individually was something to really look forward to. I believe we had ten days, and some time was consumed in travel, which of course was by train. I have no clear recollection of Xmas leave, except that it was great to be home for a while, and be pampered by my mother with my favorite things to eat, to wear civilian clothes instead of a cadet uniform, and have neither reveille (required time to get up and dressed) or taps (required lights out) at night.

At the end of our yearling year we had our furlough, a vacation that lasted nearly three months. Again I have no detailed recollection except that I spent it at home, went to concerts at Ravinia with my family, and partied with my high school friends, male and female, and went swimming in frigid Lake Michigan. Of course, it was during prohibition, so we didn't drink as a rule. I do remember going one night with a group of male high school friends to a road house (really a speak-easy) to drink and see how much we could drink. Allegedly the beer was supplied by the notorious Al Capone and was "needled" i.e. had alcohol or ether added by puncturing the cap with a hypodermic needle to raise the alcoholic content above the legal 4.2% limit. How much of this was fact and how much was fiction, I'll never know. It is my recollection that I drank thirteen bottles and was limited not by the threatened effect of the alcohol, but by the capacity of my bladder.

Before leaving West Point in June a group of us had agreed we would meet in New York for a last fling before returning to our "Rock Bound Highland Home" or "Hell on the Hudson", depending on your point of view. We stayed at Hotel Astor on Times Square which made a very special rate for Cadets. We took over most of a lower floor (Second or Third) and managed to get some boot leg whiskey, I assume from a Bell Boy, and proceeded to drink it with more enthusiasm than judgment. Some of our group, emboldened by the whiskey decided to go out and "find some girls". Fortunately, none experienced what happened to another classmate on a subsequent week-end, who woke up in Philadelphia in bed with a girl who announced they had been married the night before. He was discharged from the Academy as Cadets were not permitted to marry. He was subsequently readmitted by special Act of Congress after the marriage was annulled.

I didn't go out on the town because I was too busy, with another classmate, taking care of Lyman Schaeffer who was extremely sick with almost continuous nausea. We took turns holding his head over the toilet bowl. In between bouts of throwing up, he had a laughing jag, and laughed hysterically. It was a frightening experience. We couldn't call a doctor because it was prohibition and liquor was illegal, and drinking was cause for automatic expulsion from West Point. By the use of more or less continuous hot and cold showers, and sheer exhaustion, we finally got him

calmed and to bed and thence to sleep. By that time any vague notion we might have had of going “out on the town” was discarded. It subsequently developed that Schaeffer had diabetes and was given a medical discharge from the Army within a year or so of graduation. I have often wondered whether his violent reaction to alcohol might not have been somehow connected with that disease. In any event, our little group all got back to West Point on time, and only slightly overhung.

SECOND CLASS YEAR 1928/ '29

My Second Class (Junior) Year was a busy one for me. The academic work was interesting and quite demanding, and in addition I was on the Editorial Staff of the *Howitzer*, our year book, as Art and Photographer Editor and part of the management. I had worked up to this responsible position by being the photographer from the end of my plebe year. It was fun. We had a Granflex camera with a focal plane shutter, considered very fine equipment at the time, and the organization paid for the film. Publishing a Year Book is a major commercial undertaking which involved deciding on a general theme, hiring a publisher and the artists, approving designs, etc., etc. While we had a faculty advisor, the decisions were ours and we were proud of the results. I was also on the staff of the *Pointer*, our college magazine, I guess as photographer. I was also on the Xmas Card Committee which every year produced a Cadet Christmas card for sale to the cadets. Ours was a painting of the Hudson river from Trophy Point with snow on the hills. I was also a Cadet Corporal, the highest rank available to Second Classmen, which didn't involve many responsibilities except to see that members of my squad were properly dressed, pressed and polished for formations.

HONOR CODE

We of course had many informal meetings with our classmates in which we decided that next year when we were First Classmen (Seniors) we were really going to do a much better job, and maybe we did. One of the things we thought needed attention was the Honor System and we devised some ideas as to how it could be strengthened. In that I think we were successful, for there were no scandals during our first class year or for a number of years thereafter. What we were addressing was a clear cut distinction between a violation of the regulations which was OK if you got away with it or took the consequences if you got caught, and a violation of the Honor Code which was cause for automatic dismissal. The reason for this rigid code was very clear and simple. If you could not depend on the word of a fellow officer in time of war, you simply could not operate. After operating for four years on this basis, it tended to make graduates a little too gullible in the real world out-side where not every one tells the truth, but we eventually learned that. We thought the authorities were placing a strain on the Honor System by making too many things a violation of the Honor Code. For example, we thought an inspecting officer should not ask a cadet “Did you

shine your shoes?”, but rather should closely examine the shoes, and if they were not properly shined should report the cadet for “Shoes not properly shined”. Failure to shine shoes properly was a minor violation of the regulation which would subject the culprit to a certain number of demerits, whereas an improper answer to the question was a violation of the Honor Code, and cause for dismissal. We explained this to the authorities, and they understood and some adjustments were made.

Two or three other matters involving the Honor Code did arise which might be of interest. I think it was during my yearling year that a series of mysterious disappearances of alarm clocks occurred in our division of barracks, and thru amateur detective work we decided one of our classmates was the culprit. Working thru the authorities we got permission to require him to open his trunk locker which was stored in the basement trunk room. In it we found a large number of alarm clocks, a clear case of kleptomania. He was soon no longer with us.

The next incident never became a matter of violation of the Honor Code, but probably should have been. One of the required activities for our second and third years, was horse back riding. One of my classmates, who incidentally didn't make it to graduation, hated horses and horsemanship. Another cadet in his division of the barracks was operated on for appendicitis and was excused from riding for six weeks. The unnamed classmate thought this was the ideal way to be excused from riding. So he talked to the man who was recuperating from the operation, and got him to describe all the symptoms that had preceded the operation. So this cadet reported to sick call and described to the canny medical officer, Capt Welch (more about him later) who was the medical officer for the Corps of Cadets. He had probably heard from cadets and enlisted men every form of malingering, and was not easily fooled. He told our classmate, those symptoms sounded serious and we better make some tests. So he took blood samples, urine samples etc, and told the cadet to come back in forty-eight hours, which he did. Capt Welch sat him down and reported to him as follows: “Cadet X, I believe you have made medical history. From the symptoms you described to me and the results of your tests, I can only conclude that you're pregnant, and I don't see how that is possible. Return to full duty.” End of incident.

Before continuing with a further sad incident about the Honor Code, I think I'll tell you about my experience with Capt. Welch. About March of our First Class (Senior) Year, Paul Yount who graduated first in my class, Ralph Swofford who graduated about tenth, and I decided that we needed a rest. So we went to Sick Call and made the following presentation to Capt. Welch. I think I was the originator of this “brilliant” idea and made the presentation.

“Capt. Welch, you have on the staff of the Cadet Hospital one who has a national reputation for performing appendectomies with a minimal incision, and very rapid recovery of the patient. (This was a fact). We all stand well in our class academically, but we're tired of going to class and would like a rest. We would like to have our appendixes removed as a matter of preventive medicine, and for the convenience of the government. If we come down with appendicitis later on it

might be in the middle of a battle, or in the depths of the jungle, or when we are in a responsible position and our services could not be easily spared.”

(Incidentally, I was threatened with appendicitis later on when I was in the interior of Panama and was rushed back by ambulance some 120 miles to Gorgas Hospital. However the diagnosis of my pain was tropical indigestion, and my appendix was not removed). Captain Welch listened to us very thoughtfully and replied,

“I appreciate your candor, and your idea has considerable merit, but I will have to deny your request. We consider abdominal surgery as a major operation, and we are not willing to perform any appendectomy as a matter of preventative surgery. So you’ll have to continue your class work. Sorry.”

The most serious incident affecting my class and the Honor Code was the case of Chris Cagle. Christian Keener Cagle had been before he entered the Military Academy an All-American Half-Back at Southwestern of Lafayette. In my day the Military Academy took the position that any cadet in good standing was eligible to play on varsity teams, regardless of whether or not he had played at the collegiate level before entering West Point. The rationale was that many cadets went to college before entering the Military Academy, and to deny them the right to play for Army would be unfair. And furthermore, which was a fact, that foot-ball players at West Point had far less time for practice than college players, and the academic standards at West Point were much tougher than a many colleges. Chis Cagle was a marvelous football player and was All- American for four years at West Point. In those days, we didn’t have offensive and defensive teams. Substitution was limited, and everybody played both offense and defense. On offense, Cagle was a true triple threat man. He played tail back, and could run, pass or kick. On defense, he played safety, and was one of the greatest open field tacklers I ever saw. Once when we were playing Yale, Ducky Pond who was an All-American back at Yale, broke thru into open field. Cagle met him with a flying tackle at mid-field and the impact was audible throughout the Yale Bowl, Pond was knocked out, but not seriously hurt. He played no more that day.

In the spring of 1930, my first class year, Cagle was persuaded by the P. R. people in the Chief of Staffs office in Washington, to write, or have ghost written for him, an article for the Saturday Evening Post, then a mass circulation magazine. Inflation was rampant, and the Army (and probably the Navy as well) were involved in a lobbying campaign to persuade the Congress to increase officers’ salaries. A Second Lieutenant at that time got the princely salary of \$14QOO per month. The theme of the article was how much money Cagle could make as a professional football player compared to the salary he would make as a Second Lieutenant. This stimulated the investigative reporters to investigate, and it was discovered that he had been married during our furlough summer at the Court House in Gretna, La. This resulted in his dismissal from the Military Academy automatically. But it also developed on his return from furlough he had in effect certified that he was not married. This raised the question among my classmates as to whether he should be permitted to keep his class ring which all First Classmen

had received the previous October.

We finally had a class meeting, the only one I can recall during my four years. Cagle was a particularly warm individual, and while nobody disliked him, he had no really close friends. Even my friend Jack Herbert who was assigned as his roommate to coach him academically to keep him proficient so that he would remain eligible to play football was not close to him. The net result of the class meeting was that it was voted overwhelmingly that he return his class ring. Whether he did or not, I never heard.

This was the beginning of a downward progression in his life. He was signed by the New York Giants professional football team, and played pro ball for a few years, but was not an outstanding player. After a few years he was dropped by the Giants. He stayed in New York and was an insurance salesman. After several years, he was found dead at the bottom of the stairs to a subway station with a fractured skull. Whether he fell, or was assaulted at the head of the stairs, or was drunk (by then he had a drinking problem) I never learned. But it was a very sad end for a man who had at one time appeared to have a bright future.

While out of sequence, I think this might be the time to tell the story of my other football star classmate which has a happier ending. Johnny Murrel was an All American full back at Minnesota before entering West Point. He was very popular with all our classmates and ended up as Cadet Captain which spoke well of his leadership qualities. He was no great

brain, but he had no difficulty keeping proficient. After graduation he was stationed at Fort Sam Houston. He was quite a ladies' man, and was charged with rape. He was either acquitted or the charge was dismissed, but it was a blot on his record. He was retired in 1934 for physical disability, but it was widely believed this was a graceful way of easing him out of the service. He took a job as a high school football coach in Texas, and was highly successful. The record does not reflect it, but the story goes that De Golyer, the world renowned geologist, was a fan of his high school football team. In any event he went back to school and got his master's degree at Texas A & M in Petroleum Engineering, and after working for various oil companies ended up being employed by the De Golyer organization. In time he became the CEO of the world wide and world renowned organization. A very happy ending indeed.

To go back to my Second Class Year, at the end of it, we became First Classmen and for a year more important than we would be for many years thereafter. We then went on a three week trip to visit various Army posts, and see the Army in action. We returned to West Point in time to greet the incoming Plebes on July 1st. I was assigned to the Beast Detail which had the challenging assignment of making Cadets out of these young men who came from all parts of the country and every walk of life. It was a challenging assignment and demanded the best we could give it. Included in the incoming class was one black Cadet appointed by the black Congressman from Chicago. It was determined by our class that he was going to be given a rough time, always within the limits of the regulations. He never

complained, but took every thing that was dished out to him like a man. He failed academically at the end of the first semester. When he left the Academy he was met in New York by a block of reporters who asked him if he had been fairly treated at West Point. He replied that he had but that the academic work was too hard for him. I greatly admired him for his position under the circumstances. I don't remember his name or what became of him, but I would say he was a man of strong character.

FIRST CLASS YEAR CLASS YEAR. (1929/ '30) (weekends)

During the First Class year we had time off and could leave the Point. We went to New York, mostly, staying at the Astor Hotel where Cadets were offered a very promotional rate. It was very convenient location, near the theater district, and in clear sight of the New York Times display around the top of the building which gave the latest headline, although I do not remember that anything particularly newsworthy happened while we were there. We had dates, went to the theater, walked; all of that. Sister wanted me to come to stay with her in White Plains, but I did not want to do that. We got into plenty of trouble, but I have forgotten just how. That was boot-leg time and you did not know what you were drinking and sometimes it really got you- Gottcha. But that's all kind of vague. That's been quite a while ago.

At this Point I was a Lieutenant and that meant that I did not have to some formations, like reveille. I had to get up but not to be dressed and out doors, where it was kind of chilly in November. And we studied. One of my room mates got very mad at me because I didn't study enough in his view and got, better grades than he did. That was the year that we had Major Raymond Moses for mathematics, whom I saw later in life, perhaps at Belvoir. I asked him a question that he couldn't answer. He didn't want to say that he couldn't the answer, so he went down the hall to get the answer from some one else. An illustration of a teacher being the referee between the students and the books. All cadets took the same courses, except for the few who were required to, or were allowed to, take extra courses. There was no distinction, however, on the basis of what we would do in the Army after graduation. That training came after graduation.

I had a girl I was very fond of, named Helen Clintrop, who lived in New Jersey, and I went to spend the night with her once in a while. Her father was a Dane and that made for some complications. He did not speak a Hell of a lot of English. He was in some kind of business, I do not recall what.

At graduation I had an audience of sorts, one or two young women from Evanston, and my parents of course. I do not remember whether Ira came or not. I do not remember much about the graduation ceremony. We paraded on the parade ground. After we had finished our parade we were dismissed and we could go find whoever had come to be with us at graduation. My friend Paul Yount stood first in the class. I was 4. I don't remember who was in between.

One more memory of West Point. The summer uniforms had crease trousers, they

really starched those pants. We were supposed to keep the crease, so we put on our shoes first, and put on the pants, never sitting before we were inspected. After inspection we ate, you were careful not spill anything in your lap.

After graduation I had an opportunity to pick my first duty station, and that turned out to be New Orleans. I had picked the Engineers, and by that time I knew some of the people in the Chief of Engineer's office, so I could tell them where I wanted to be stationed. I came down on the train, carrying what I needed the rest of my belongings were sent by the Quarter Master by freight. I arrived on the 1st of July. probably at the L&N Railroad station at Basin Street. I was not greeted at the train and went directly to the district Engineer's Office on the levee at the foot of Prytania Street. There I got some helpful suggestions as to where I might get a room. I lived at the Porteous's house. He was the local manager of Western Union, (or "Western Union" if you want to be technical). They wanted to interest me in their daughter, Mildred, but I wasn't interested. She did not excite me. She's still around; runs a little store off Napoleon, the Red Gate or something like that. I admired her for going to work and making a go of it, but that didn't mean that I wanted to date her.

At the office I read what came across my desk because I had to know what all was in it. I don't remember the details. The Corps was active in dredging the River, and very much of the work involved the levees. It was pretty much a desk job, but I had a car and driver at my disposal so that if I had to go inspect something I had a way to get there. I don't remember their letting me use the car to get to the office or back home. The office was composed of three military officers and a flock of civilian employees- perhaps 20, both experts and secretaries, I don't remember the exact mix.

The work on the levees was enlarging them and raising them. But Rosa always makes the spillway the primary assignment, and it was. The design of the spillway was contracted out by the office of the Chief of Engineers in Washington to some established engineering office. The construction was also contracted out to civilians. The role of the district office was supervision, to make sure that they put cement in the concrete, and stuff like that. The employees were mostly white, if not all. Rosa recalls my being quite surprised at how little people were paid, although I have no memory of that.

At night I was a debutantes' delight, because I was an eligible bachelor with a steady income. So I got invited to parties and other parties. And I had a car much to my father's objection. He saw no reason for me to have an automobile; no military reason.

I rented a room in a house three or four removed from the corner of Dominican. I ate out. Quite often I went down town and ate at Kolb's, or something like that. But ordinarily I ate at a boarding house, family style, one big dining room. The building is still there, at the corner of Walnut and St. Charles Avenue, by the Park. On weekends we sometimes drove across the lake, Pass Christian and other places. One of the people who made the strongest impression on me was Gertrude Logan, Alice Howcott's mother. She lived at 2700 Coliseum Street and I was

always welcome to come in. Sometimes she'd feed me, sometimes not. I think she wanted to sell me out to one of her daughters, but it didn't work. She thought I was fair game, I could be captured. We talked, but I don't remember the subject of any conversation except that there were some girls making their debuts that she though didn't meet her standard, that kind of thing. Mrs. Logan had a brother, I don't remember his name and Monte Lemann was involved somehow, as an advisor. Doesn't fit does it.

We knew Lucy Williams, but she was too big for us, too important in Mardi Gras. Queen of Comus and so on. She had a rotten life. She married a man everyone knew was going to be a drunk, because he was when he was 21. They went and lived in North Carolina for a while, because the Williams owned property there, a mountain or something like that.

I bought my first car, a Chevrolet convertible, while I was stationed in New Orleans, I believe. I took my future mother-in-law and others riding. It had a name, "Lorenzo". It was a wonderful vehicle.

Then I met Rosa during the debut season. Her mother used to play bridge. I asked Rosa for a date, invited her out and so on. I must say, it was very handy because when I got ordered away, about six months later, I had to pack up all my belongings, which were to be sent by Army transport up the East Coast, and she helped. There was no understanding between us at that time, really. We wrote each other daily or so. I was in New Orleans about 2 years, from June of 1930 to June of 1932.

I was sent to M.I.T. for a years' post-graduate work. M.I.T.. did not recognize it as post-graduate, but that's what it was. I lived in the dormitory; I don't remember where I ate; sometimes in the Commons. There were three other army officers there as students- Ordinance. Their classes were quite different from the ones I took. I don't remember exactly how that worked, except that after I got to Cambridge I picked out the classes I would take at M.I.T. My story at that time was that there were more vessels under the command of the Chief of Engineers, inspection vessels and so on, than there were under the command of the Navy. I wanted to specialize in naval architecture of some kind, mechanical stuff, diesel stuff and so on so that we could know more about the construction and functioning of our vessels.

We were married during the period I was stationed in Cambridge, in New Orleans on the 28th of December, 1932. We got on the train after and went back to Cambridge.

I had my car "Lorenzo" in New England. Once our mothers came to visit. Hauling the two old ladies (they were not that old, but seemed that old to me at the time) in the rumble-seat of my Chevrolet around New England was fun. They did not know each other when we first met, but they became friends in a hurry. Maw had a good sense of humor too which made things easier.

I had been sent to M.I.T. for a year. When that year ended I was transferred to Fort Belvoir in Virginia where I went to Engineer's school, which was

teaching me how to operate in the engineering area. We were there for about a year. I can not remember what we studied, but I'm sure surveying was part of it. And we built bridges- pontoon bridges. First we built them on dry land and then we built them in the water. One of the students at Belvoir at the th m was a classmate of mine from W st Point, Paul Yount. There were two small officers' quarters at the end of the Post that we inhabited because we were juniors. The buildings at the post about to fall down, but they were serviceable. They were built for World War I, and were still in use in the 1930s when we were there.

I do not remember much about weekends at Belvoir, although I do remember getting close to being drunk once or twice. There were dances on post.

One of the people that was nice to me when I was making my way up the ladder in the Corps of Engineers was Major Raymond Moses who felt very grateful to me because his entire graduating class had been sent to study under my father, I think at Willet's Point. My father must have been a fine teacher. I know he was remembered as a fair commanding officer.

We were transferred from Fort Belvoir to Panama. We went from Virginia to New York and took a transport to Panama. It was not very nice. It was over crowded. The food was not bad but it was not good.

In Panama the my duties included managing, ordering, disciplining about fifty Engineer enlisted men. We did close order drill parades, that sort of thing. It was the first time I had been in command of men. We were not there for the operation of the Canal, but to be prepared for jungle warfare. There was very complete separation between the functions of the Corps of Engineers and the Panama Canal Company, which ran the Canal, handled the officers quarters and all that stuff.

We were in the jungle from time to time. Sometimes we were mapping the area. And some of the jungle was not jungle at all, it was open pampas. There was not much vegetation, you could see for miles. So being out in the jungle was a manner of speaking more than anything else. But there were some tropical ailments, especially skin ailments. One was called food rot. The cure was gentian violet, which died you purple. There was also a cure which was bright red. I don't remember the name. It may have been a cure for the same disease.

In mapping I used some of the surveying we had been taught at Engineers' school at Fort Belvoir. Occasionally we would stop a native on the way and ask how far away was the place we wanted to go and he would tell us, three cigarettes on a horse and six if you were walking, or something like that.

When Charles was born I was sent back from the jungles to be present at the birth, which I was. I just barely made it.

The food in Panama was not much different than at any other Army post. It was Army food, through a commissary. It was pretty good. There were some fresh vegetables, but the Army was careful about our health. The water was purified centrally and piped to each building. The living conditions were different. We lived in a house which theory had was built by the French during the construction of the canal, but I don't think that was really true. It was up on a hill next to the officers' club.

There was a quiet hour after lunch from 1:00 to 2:00, or something like that, when nobody was supposed to use the telephone or anything. Everyone went home to their quarters and reassembled at the given time. The band played in the afternoon just in time to wake me up from my nap. It was kinda nice. In all I was in Panama for about two years.

After Panama I was stationed in Milwaukee for a couple of years. There I was assigned to river and harbor work around Lake Michigan, Lake Huron. We lived in a rented house in Milwaukee. I think we had some help from the commanding officer in finding the place. His name was Henry Holcomb. I don't remember much about him, but his wife was a great fancier of donuts. She could tell you the whole history of every kind of donuts there was- and she ate donuts like mad. We toured around the Lake, Michigan; no vessel, we toured by automobile.

Our assignment in Milwaukee was to keep the ports dredged so that vessels could get in and out; we were charged with keeping the harbors open. The light houses my Father had seen to had been transferred to the Lighthouse Service a civilian group, away from the Corps of Engineers. Of course the Corps of Engineers didn't like that a bit. It made some kind of sense, but I don't remember why or who exactly ordered the change.

In Milwaukee, as in New Orleans, the subordinates were civilian employees. There were few enlisted men in the Corps of Engineers. Some were in Panama, some in the Philippines. And there were some enlisted men at Fort Belvoir. Like the men in Panama they drilled and marched.

As a condition for attending West Point, I had agreed to serve in the Army for a certain period of time, and after that I could get out of the Army whenever I asked, although you wouldn't necessarily get out when you asked if you had assignments that had to be finished. I forget what the required time was time was, but it had long ended by the time I was in Milwaukee, and I got out.

My father-in-law got me a job in New Orleans at the American Bank, but I didn't like it much. It was to be a launching pad, so to speak. Other than that I don't remember much about it.

At the time of Pearl Harbor I was not in uniform. At the time the bombing was reported I was out for a walk on a Sunday afternoon, I think. I went as usual to the bank to work on Monday.

Some time after that I went back into uniform- in New Orleans for a while, at the foot of Prytania again. We were focusing on levees then. I was transferred to Galveston, dredging again- rivers & harbors. I was there six months or so. I had a commanding officer in Galveston, Wilson Seville, who was a real character. And he kept telling me, "We're just on trial, we're not changing anything, we're just doing what we're told." It wasn't that he felt that the Army was not going to keep him. He just didn't know what authority he had. I had a desk just outside of his office in Galveston. I don't remember the details of what we were doing, but I do remember he'd have a delegation call on him and then he'd call me and say, "Junior, come pick up the pieces." He was an interesting fellow, and she was a

lovely person. We lost track of them. He was West Point, and like me he had been out of the service and was called back to active duty.

From there I went to Camp Carson in Colorado Springs to activate a new unit. They sent me the people, including some sergeants and other experienced people. I think I was a First-Lieutenant at that time (and shortly thereafter a Captain, but I don't have any place to tie that to). At Camp Carson we were all still learning. Once the quartermaster bought a train load of lamb- trying to buy smart, in quantity. He made quantity. But my recollection of that is that the G.I.s got tired of lamb fast. They'd come in, take one whiff of the mess hall and say, "Goat again". They were trying different kinds of C Rations on us, too. We were mostly on the post, although we did some maneuvers off the Post as well.

I was sent on a staging area in New Jersey, or something like that, from Camp Carson, and was sent overseas from there. We went to France. It was after D Day, the invasion of Normandy. We were in trenches, in the middle of France. It is a little foggy now.

I was under General George Patton. He was an interesting fellow. I saw him often. I was sent to check on things for him, I don't remember exactly what. We were advancing mostly, then. There was some sitting in trenches, not as much as at first. We didn't like the trenches. Early we were Engineers acting as Infantry and weren't doing construction of anything. Later we bridged the Rhine. We came up on the Rhine and General Troy Middleton, I think it was, said, 'We've got to get across'. General Middleton, who was later here as Chancellor of LSU, was in the chain between General Patton and me. When General Patton had asked if we could bridge the Rhine, I said, "We don't have any equipment. Get me the equipment and we can do it". So he did and we did. I think it was General Middleton who ordered up the equipment. We built it at a place that surprised the Germans, always. That's what General Patton wanted to do. Patton took care of his men. He made sure that we had proper rations and when he could, kept us out of harm's way.

I think I was overseas about six months. After V-E Day, the end of the war in Europe, I had a choice of going to Japan to finish the war or going home. I decided I'd go to Japan, but I didn't go. I fell and broke my arm. For that I got the purple heart, and came back with my arm in a sling.

The cast had wires in it. It stuck out, and you (Mary Z.) didn't like that, it scared you. It wasn't a joyous home coming- but it was homecoming. After I returned I continued to be treated by Army medical. I got out of the Army unhealed, tentatively discharged, so to speak, as injured. If I'd healed faster or the Japanese had fought longer I'd have gone to the Pacific. I was prepared to go to Japan, mentally. I didn't think I wanted to, but I didn't think I had a choice. It seems like a long time ago, but I suppose at close to fifty years it is a long time ago.

When I got out I went back to the bank, but I didn't like it. They didn't have a job for me. They had a position that I held and was paid for, but there was no job and that especially was what I didn't like.

I decided I would go into the construction business. Some of the people in the

new company were people I had gotten to know during the war. Fred Landis and Rich Richardson were with me. There may have been others. Post-war there was construction to be done. We did over-passes, roads and so on. We did one residential housing development in Jefferson Parish, Highland Park I think it was called. Fred and Evelyn Landis lived there for a while. But it was not built primarily for returning veterans. It was housing and it was salable. There was no external sales force, we did the selling- Rich did it I believe. Rich was a character. His full name was I. Marshall Richardson. He got married, more than once. And he knew how to flirt.

I enjoyed Keller Construction and the kind of work. When our bids resulted in a profit we were happy; of course that was not always the case. And then I could go down the street and see the results of my labors.

I was part of a committee that negotiated contracts with labor unions, and that gave us peace. Fred Landis was on it. There were also representatives from other companies- Favrot, Farnsworth, others. When Henry Boh, of Boh Brothers, was on the committee he was the boss. We did what he said. He was usually right too. He was a character. He had an older brother, Arthur, who was the boss at the company, but Henry did what he had to do. Our relationship was different with different of the trades; they had different kinds of leadership. The president of the carpenters was Davey LaBorde, who was not truthful. He'd promise and not deliver. The president of the operating engineers was a Babin. There are still Babins in the leadership of that union. There black masons and white masons. They would work together on a job. There was a black carpenters' union too. In that arrangement you either called on the black carpenters or the white carpenters. You didn't mix them on the same job. 'There were no black electricians that I remember. And definitely no black plumbers- Heaven's no. I don't remember black operating engineers. On the other hand all of the cement finishers were black. They had a union, sort of an off-shoot of the masons.

My civic activities may have begun with the Community Chest, the forerunner of the United Way; I don't remember. I was active in the Central Area Committee of the Chamber; in fact I think I organized the Central Area Committee. Before that, the Chamber was the Chamber. There were committees organized around different types of business, like the Retail Merchants' Bureau, but none concerned with a particular area. The Central Area Committee was downtown only. I don't remember exactly what the need was, but it was needed. It is over 40 years ago, by now.

I found CED (Committee for Economic Development) and volunteered. It was a national organization of selected business executives and a few others, which wrote research and opinion papers on matters affecting business and the country.

I was active in the AGC (The Associated General Contractors), in fact I kind of organized it locally, with others.

I organized MAC (the Metropolitan Area Committee), no doubt about that. The Bureau of Governmental Research was restricted by its tax exempt status. It was a research organization, and could not take or promote positions based on its

research. It could not be activist. MAC could and that was a big difference. It was also important that while BGR had not made an active attempt to integrate its board, and had some reservations about having labor unions involved. MAC made a point of recruiting black and white, labor and business, the clergy and academics. Whether this was true from the start or was added after it was founded, I don't remember. This is unlike (CABL) the Council for a Better Louisiana, which was founded to take an active role implementing the research of PAR (The Public Affairs Research Council). It stayed fairly close to that job and remained fairly business oriented. MAC was affiliated at its founding, or soon after, with the Urban Coalition, a national group

I don't remember how I was appointed to President Lyndon Johnson's Housing Committee (The Kaiser Commission), nor exactly what we did. It was more than just research. Lyndon Johnson was tall, and brusque and determined. He had his own ideas and didn't have much time for anybody else's. We followed his lead. Did we like him? It didn't matter whether you liked him or not.

