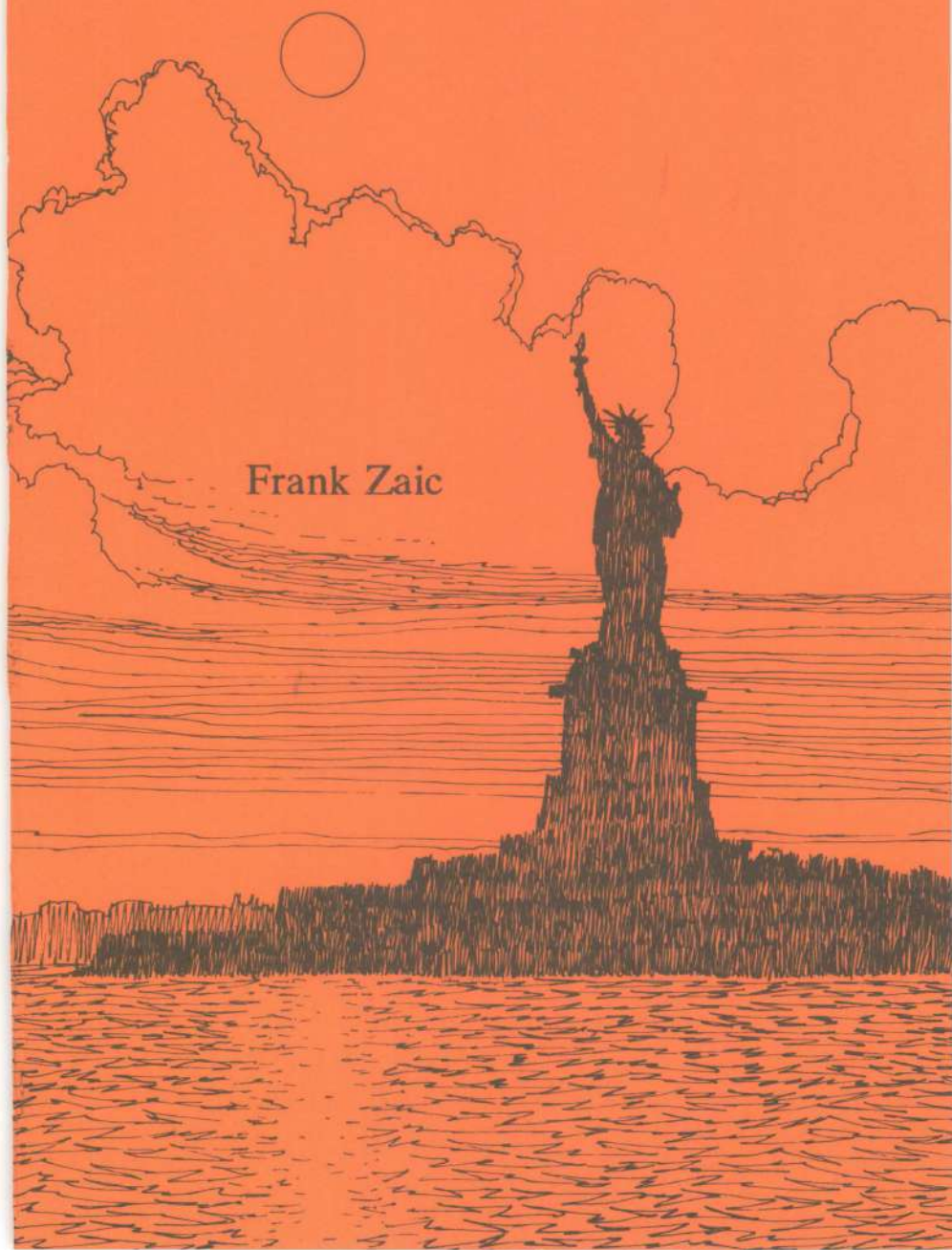


# FRANKLY SPEAKING

Frank Zaic



# FRANKLY SPEAKING

by

Frank Zaic



MODEL AERONAUTIC PUBLICATIONS

Credit where due.

Carrie Haynes checked, retyped, and made the original manuscript presentable.

Ruth Kniep assured me that its composition was good.

Elsie Harker typeset the book.

Copyright © 1991 by Frank Zaic

All rights reserved.

ISBN 0-913457-16-7

Published by

MODEL AERONAUTIC PUBLICATIONS

Box 135 - Northridge, CA - 91328

To  
Mother and Father  
*“Because of them.”*

And To  
Carmen  
*“For letting me  
age gracefully.”*

## QUOTES

The response of an individual to a happy or frustrating experience depends on his attitude and means available to him. The reaction may be verbal, physical or mental. The occasion can also be converted into "Quotes" or phrases which will help to release or channel the tension of the moment into another sphere.

A "Quote" is not something that can be deliberately created by sitting down and banging it out on the typewriter. The basis for a "Quote" may present itself in a special experience, or in an unusual remark by someone and/or observation of daily life. The incentive must also be strong enough to set your mind churning to find words that will describe or define the feeling in few, but meaningful, words that you can share with others.

Once you are in or on the "Quote" stream, you never know when it will knock on your door.— Carmen was driving at relative high speed that did not feel comfortable. Knock on the door: "Slow up! I want to arrive there in body not in spirit!"

The "Quotes" in this book were mined over a period of many years. I do not recall the first one. It may have happened accidentally. Be that as it may, before long, there was a notebook and a pen always on "ready" to record or capture a potential "phrase" or action before it escaped into the thin air from where it came. At times, when a phrase was no longer remembered, or my neglecting to record it, I almost felt a personal loss.

It should be noted at this time that none of the "Quotes" or phrases in this book; were lifted or borrowed from other publications. There were occasions when I found a similarity in the basic thought or subject between the one I had and the published one; but the phrasing as different. After concluding that others were mining the same vein, I decided to publish this book.

In contrast to novels or short stories, quotes have a short stay in our memory. The theme of a novel is pounded into our consciousness for hours and hours to such an extent that we can tell others all about it days after reading the book. But how many of us can remember, much less repeat a Quote beyond a few moments after reading it? Yet, Quotes, as a genre, have a more powerful, although temporary, impact on us. A quote is more or less a short electric pulse of light which may touch or illuminate part of our consciousness while imparting its special message. And in that short span of time, the mind may release and let go whatever it may have been overloading its emotional sphere, thus providing a much needed rest. What else can be said for "Quotes"?

Frank Zaic

February 1991  
Northridge, Calif.

---

### --- QUOTES ---

Every Day-----9	Time-----37
Nature-----26	Springtime----- 48
Up -39,000 Ft.--29	Sneak -Ins----- 67
Critique -----34	Late Comers---105

### --- SHORT STORIES ---

Clinging Vine---59	From My Diary--89
Emergency Stop-65	Living With History-92
Aesop-----72	Mysterious Music--101
Free Flight----- 75	Mini Experience --113
JASCA----- 78	Trip To America-116
Relax Number -- 83	



# Everyday

There is always enough to do to keep me from working.

---

*I do not mind a woman walking all over me as long as she is not wearing spiked heels.*

---

You will be happier if you take an excuse as an explanation.

---

*After an occasion has led to a long silence, a 'Help me with this,' will start the flow of words again.*

---

When the parking lot is full: Stop the car at the store's entrance and when some lady comes out, ask "Lady, can we take you to your car?"

---

*If you want to know how really bad off you are, see a psychiatrist.*

---

If you cannot accept people as they are, you will have few friends.

---

*He was a realist with a sense of humor.*

---

How can I look up a word in the dictionary if I do not know how to spell it.

---

*When you call someone an S.O.B., be prepared to be bitten.*



When the mind contemplates the potential of the body's life...

---

*"I want that hill, Lieutenant! I promised it to the General."*

---

Diplomacy: Being nice to a person you expect to see more than once.

---

*When you build a model plane from scratch: You put part of your life into the effort. You fly such a model. Elated when it performs superbly. You excuse it when it performs just so-so. And you could cry when it is crushed by the envious earth. Such feelings money cannot buy.*

---

That guilt feeling of doing nothing.

---

*Watch out that you do not get blackmailed by your manicurist. She may give your fingernail cuttings to a voodoo doctor.*

---

Automating the watering: Like leaving a recording for your family while away.

---

*The tyranny of accumulation.*

---

To please the senses, the brain makes demands on the body regardless of consequences.

---

*She is trying to waste her waist.*

---

If you are particular about friends, you will soon find yourself without them.

---

*Tough? He uses his fingernails as a screwdriver.*

They look at us as though we were the cause of all their misery.

---

*If you treat him like a dog, expect to be bitten.*

---

A stray word you forget may fester in someone's heart.

---

*Chemical analysis of hair: It was practiced by voodoo witch doctors to determine the best way to drive the victim to doom.*

---

If you have enough momentum, you can climb up a wall, like cats do.

---

*When you play hard to get, remember, someone else may not.*

---

When your friend visits you, listen to him, hoping he will do likewise when you visit him.

---

*There is no problem which cannot be converted into a challenge.*

---

Whenever you have a clean-up, call up your friends to dinner so that the cleaning effort will not be wasted.

---

*Whenever the house gets a bit upset, I invite friends to dinner, and let her know after friends have accepted the invitation.*

---

We are pleased when we are compared with someone special. It sort of gives us a sense of security that we are not bad after all.

---

*Hearty meals are bad for your heart.*

FRANKLY SPEAKING

Frustration: When I cannot decipher profound words from my scribbling.

---

*If we are told that we are beautiful or handsome, we expect that life should be served to us on a silver platter.*

---

How to say goodbye to a ballpoint that ran dry.

---

*I am like most other four-footed creatures: I sit most of the day.*

---

The only time I feel that I am face-to-face with the government is when I am working on the Tax Return.

---

*How can I recommend my doctor? All of his patients eventually die.*

---

You make me a stranger in my own home.

---

*Degrade him, and he will live up to your opinion.*

---

I should be muscle bound with all the weight I am carrying.

---

*Paradox: Why aren't the overweight people muscle bound with all the weight they are carrying?*

---

Do not ask questions which you know will be answered by a lie.

---

*Shopper's Dream: A \$100.00 item reduced to \$10.00 but looks like a million.*

---

Walking deliberately, like a crane.

What I do not like about coming home after a long trip is not the cleaning up of the yard — but going through the mail and finding all of the outdated sweepstake come-ons.

---

*While working, “I wish I was doing something else.” You would be doing something else and saying, “I wish . . .”*

---

In writing, the key is to find the dam that holds up the flow of words.

---

*Nothing is impossible for people who do not have to do it: Or want to do it.*

---

A curled mustache may look all right. But be sure it is not grey, or it will look like a pair of tusks.

---

*Gloom: What to do when you find out you made an obvious mistake in your favor on IRS return.*

---

TV repaired: Left like an old friend. Came back a stranger. Not the same mellow glow.

---

*She only needs to be right once, to be right forevermore.*

---

Think, what you eat now, you may have to carry for the rest of your life.

---

*Two strong wills double the height of the reconciliation wall.*

---

Strike when iron is hot, but don't use your bare hands.

---

Three days without TV is like being in someone else's place.

FRANKLY SPEAKING

Our attitude towards a person may change when we find out that we are beneficiary of his will.

---

*No wonder we do not know ourselves. We only know our mirror image.*

---

Purpose: Teacher. To awaken the genius in the students.

---

*When you donate to a charity, you feel good twice: First, when you give. Second, when you make out your income tax return.*

---

Favorite student: The one who asks questions the professor (teacher) can answer.

---

*Her nightmare: Husband inviting the boss to dinner without giving her a four-day warning.*

---

When a girlfriend up-womanships you with spectacular new furnishings, just intimate that your husband would not let you do likewise. But, in a tone that would imply that your husband has an exceptional judgment of what is really elegant.

---

*"I told you so!" Can break up the most intimate relationship.*

---

Start the day with anger and your whole day is shot.

---

*If you are picky about choosing friends, you will eliminate 90 percent of us.*

---

If the home gets a bit behind, it will give you a chance to trace "I Love You!" on the dusty table.

---

*Do not make demands you know cannot be met.*

A natural gift: Your whole life devoted to it. Worth it?

---

*I led a dog's life until I got her a dog. Now, I wonder why I did not get as much care as it gets.*

---

You can say something about garlic. It keeps reminding us what a wonder meal we had!

---

*It is the content of the letter that counts, not the handwriting.*

---

The load of: "Do this," "Do that," "When will you do it?" can eventually bring a man down, never to rise again as a man.

---

*If we are looking for imperfections, we don't have to look further than the mirror.*

---

Coincidences: Like finding stepping stones across the stream.

---

*Style: I would rather feel comfortable than make other jealous.*

---

I do not mind burning the candles at both ends. It is the dripping that I hate to see wasted.

---

*If you do all the talking, your listeners will remain strangers to you.*

---

You can tell how much you love our country when you make out the income tax return.

---

*Somehow, when friends come for dinner, I do not feel at home. Everything is in the right place.*

I reached the end of my patience. The next step is frustration. And frustration I cannot afford at my age.

---

Why waste worry on small irritations. Save it when you will really need it for a big one.

---

In California: In 1849 it was "Strike it rich." Now, it is "Scratch it rich!"

---

*Do not try to impress your friends with what you can buy, but with what you created yourself.*

---

Your friends will not enjoy their visit if you invite them to show-off a new acquisition they cannot afford.

---

*Trapped in the house by high heat is like being trapped in the house by a ten-foot snowdrift.*

---

It is a treat if someone follows your advice.

---

*Garlic tends to remind us what a flavor it did for us.*

---

There is a difference in the joy of cooking when you are hungry.

---

*Model planes have kept part of our youth alive.*

---

Many of us tend to copy rather than adventure out for ourselves.

---

*You only have to excel in one achievement to make others forget or overlook all of your other imperfections.*

The meanest Highway Patrolman is the one who gives you a ticket on the downhill side of the highway.

---

*"How come you get such a royal treatment in this exclusive restaurant?"*

*"Well, we order the most economical entree, house wine and plain ice cream for dessert. Thus, our check may be only half of yours. And this makes it possible to give the difference as a tip to the staff."*

---

*"Never volunteer for housework. It is never done."*

---

*If you have to think twice before buying something you do not need, you are not rich. If you do not have to think twice before buying something you do not need, you are rich.*

---

If you meet Dracula, do not despair. Hit him on the nose so hard that it will bleed. Dracula will perish drinking his own blood.

---

*Do not nag. If he knew how or what to do, he would do it. Nagging reflects on his intellect.*

---

When you kick a dog, do not expect that it will come back for more.

---

*You may not have discovered a new world, but if you set someone to wonder, be happy.*

---

A child is the nearest achievement in perpetual motion: So little fuel for so much output.

---

*Do not clean to spick-and-span. The slightest spot will shine like a beacon. Try the camouflauge approach.*

---



If it is obvious that he did it, why ask if he did.

---

*True friend: One who does not pass on to you a "if you don't" chain letter.*

---

He does not want friends. He wants listeners.

---

*When one becomes aware of the short future; like waiting for the enemy to batter down the walls.*

---

It is hard to laugh when you are all alone.

---

*After you are completely exasperated, just think of the other party. And feel sorry for it being the way it is.*

---

If you are sure of success, you will miss all the fun.

---

*Did you hear about the girl who wore ten, one pound weights under her blouse to her first Weight Watchers meeting so that she could report how much she was losing along the way?*

---

Friends come to talk and unburden themselves. If you listen, they will remember the visit a long time.

---

*Mind and body are one. When the body slows down, it leaves the mind perplexed and "what now!"*

---

If you want to be remembered with affection, do not give silver. (It has to be polished!)

---

*If you look twice, it must be art of some sort. Or, if you look back after viewing it.*

The chances of going "UP" improve with age. The temptations are fewer and harder to accomplish.

---

*You can get away with almost anything when people think you are a bit daffy.*

---

Visiting a nursing home: Future for children far away. But closer to someone like us.

---

*"I can see right through you!"*  
*"Of course you can. I am a ghost writer."*

---

Attic: Storage of indecision.

---

*She quit smoking after I told her I will take up tobacco chewing and install the cuspidor in front of the TV.*

---

The thought, the no matter what you do, it will come. It is a bit discouraging.

---

*Sort of people you would like to have across the street.*

---

The progressive construction companies now use pretty girls to hold STOP signs on the road construction sites.

---

*For a nose, Kleenex knows!*

---

The Awakening: When you find out the world can get along without you.

---

*When you think of it. America is a foster home to most of us. Some came sooner. Some came later.*

FRANKLY SPEAKING

A "No" gives me time to think it over.

---

*A "Yes" is so final in contrast to a "No." With a "No," you can always hope for a "Yes."*

---

H----! could also mean "Hallelujah!"

---

*Self destruct: To please his palate, he killed his stomach.*

---

It is like giving away an apple with a bite in it.

---

*"I'll read it tomorrow" piles up higher and higher until there is no room for me.*

---

I try not to do anything on the 13th. If something goes wrong on the 13th, I may blame it on the 13th rather than place the blame where it belongs.

---

*Books are like vitamins. You may not miss them until it is too late.*

---

If you identify yourself with your work, you lose your identity when your work is gone or done.

---

*No matter how bad you feel after taking a cold medicine, you know that you would be feeling worse if you had not.*

---

So much jewelry, and not enough days to wear it.

---

*What I like about trees is that they make you look up.*

---

A lot depends on what we do about what we did.

There is always enough for me to do to keep me from working.

---

*Put a smile on your face, it may take the ----- look off your face.*

---

Some men will move mountains for a bit of gold. Some will dig deep mines for a few diamonds. While some will read this book and be richer by far.

---

*Do not judge an artist by his studio, but by what he has on his easel. Nor judge your friend by his house, but by the friendly look in his eyes for you.*

---

When the mind contemplates the potential of the body. And the body refuses to deliver.

---

*If you have money on your mind, there may be no room for anything else.*

---

You may not appreciate someone else's effort until you try it yourself.

---

*Looking at her painting, it's hard to say if she is good or it is easy to do.*

---

If you are looking for an accident, leave in anger.

---

*You have no idea how many people live in your state until you start playing the lottery.*

---

How often do we supply a mirror for others.

---

*Pick a hobby as you would a lifetime companion.*

One way you can tell what you are is by noting reactions from the outsiders to you.

---

*What has to be done, do it in the morning so you will not feel guilty doing nothing in the afternoon.*

---

If you go for something and come back with something else, it simply means you had something more important on your mind.

---

*I admire him. He remained true to himself in spite of-----.*

---

Low priced items: items deliberately unattractive to be in contrast with high priced merchandise nearby.

---

*If the last mile is the hardest, why not run it at the beginning?*

---

“How do you feel?”

“Like stepping on my own shoelace.”

---

*When a house is full of “don’ts,” there may be no room for living.*

---

We should express ourselves with whatever we know best: cooking, painting, talking, etc. It will help release pent-up stress.

---

*If you are going to a two-hour suspense movie and you want your money’s worth, do not take your watch.*

---

If we do it on the spur of the moment, it comes from the heart and we know the glow. But if it comes from the intellect, it leaves the heart cold.

Do not write a letter that will be hard to answer.

---

*Applause! Appreciation or glad that it is over?*

---

If you have it, flaunt it. Let the world know it.

---

*What is the difference between an argument and a question?  
Friendship.*

---

How would you like to go? Smothered with kisses?

---

*When someone calls you an S.O.B., non-plus him by asking  
him how did he know it.*

---

A painting should be an inspiration not a decoration.

---

*Raking leaves in a gale is something we do quite often when  
there is no wind around.*

---

He was the sort that would rake leaves in a gale.

---

*Asking someone to solve our crossword puzzle might disillusion  
us of his intelligence.*

---

To give you an idea how crazy they are about each other:  
They carry tape recorders when they are away from each  
other so that they could record their sneezes and say "bless  
you" when they are together again.

---

*Just a number on the bank statement when you have it.*

---

Load him with DOs to undo him for sure.

FRANKLY SPEAKING

Here is a toast to the farmers for keeping us alive these many years.

*When you argue with a writer: He may just be collecting first hand material.*

When you cannot resist the itch, place a paper towel between it and your fingers.

*You can judge your will power by how well you can resist scratching an itch.*

Cheaper to be kicked around than to send her to a psychiatrist.

*An impulse calls for a pause to reflect the reason why----*

Music — a feeling that can be released.

*Anger at work — bodes no good for the results.*

Lose weight eating grapefruit. Pick the kind that takes more calories removing the segments than the fruit contains.

*Try, even if you do not succeed. You will appreciate, even grudgingly, when someone does.*

“Statement” conversation is one-way monologue.

*Absent minded? Sometimes, when he peels a banana, he eats the peeling and likes it.*

There is no fun sweeping a clean floor.

You truly know who you are when you work on your income tax return.

---

*Postman, noting that neighbors do not speak to each other, deliberately misdirects the mail so that the neighbors will have an excuse to call.*

---

Why a martini when he comes home? He needs it for courage to face her cooking.

---

*When we watch a mystery we automatically tape it so that we can replay it and see where we missed the clues.*

---

Frozen dinners for those who must not have seconds.

---

*If your boyfriend is a writer, do not believe everything he writes to you. Writers use any pretense to get a reader. Or, they may be practicing their imagination to build up a scenario for future books, articles, etc.*

---

This would be a dull world if people were to think twice before speaking their minds.

---

*Do not give weight scales to your friends, only to your enemies.*

---

Imagining life to be rosier elsewhere may make it miserable where you are now.

---

*Money will not make you rich if you are poor in spirit.*

---

If he is brilliant, do not tell him that is so because of his genes, but because of his own effort.

---

*'How to break through a wall of "Don'ts."*



# Nature

## I Like Weeds

I like weeds. As I bend down to “weed” them, the sun warms my back. I like to weed them one by one. It helps to slow my pacing heart. As time goes by, my mind lets go to the memories that broke my heart, and dwells on weeds one by one. When I am almost done, I leave some weeds in place where they cannot be seen to make sure they’ll be there when I will need their help again. Because, at times, I feel like the weeds: “Everybody picks on me!”

---

*When perpetual care stops, only the flowers from a weed may mark the spot.*

---

A weed in your garden is not a sign of laziness, but your compassion for life.

---

*What I like about trees; they make you look up.*

---

All alone in the prairie, with friends and neighbors miles away. All alone in the city with strangers next door.

---

*The more insecticide we use, so much sooner they will take over.*

---

Our honey is pure. It is collected by virgin bees.

The reluctance to pluck the bud of Spring by a hand that is in Fall.

---

*When you are in state of Fall, you are reluctant to trim the bud of Spring.*

---

How many flowers bloom! Their beauty only seen by the buzzing bees.

---

*Money does grow on trees. Where do you think they get the cheapest paper?*

---

Streams and brooks, running down the hill to meet their mother, the river.

---

*A cloud swept weeping over the hills.*

---

Cutting a dry branch, only to find that it was still alive. Like cutting a friend to the quick.

---

*As useless as raking leaves in a high wind.*

---

Optimist: Sees the beauty of the Fall coloration.

Pessimist: Only sees the leaves that will fall and have to be raked up.

---

*Seeds on rainy day bring feathered friends.*

---

Butterflies, flying flowers.

---

*Early wave, softly swishing, "Good Morning," to the shore.*

---

Sunrise — tantalizing — disclosing — bit by bit — the full glory of the day.

Moon made of cheese? Well, haven't you heard about the cow jumping over the moon.

---

*If an unknown green stem is piercing your garden, let your scientific curiosity overcome your weed killer instinct. You'll never know what you may lose if you destroy it before it blooms.*

---

Don't tell secrets in a cornfield. Too many ears!

---

*By giving your wild friends names, they live in your memories after they no longer come visiting.*

---

Be thankful and happy to have the "wild" animals come close to us without biting the hand that feeds them.

---

*Spider: Trapezing from beam to beam.*

---

I passed a beetle on its back, struggling to righten itself. Now I wish I had stopped and helped a fellow-flyer become airborne again.

---

*"I am a poor little squirrel, begging for itsy bites. Won't you, please, take pity on me? Just a small nut I need, now!"*

---

"Swat a fly?" Do you expect me to kill a fellow-flyer!

## Way Up At 39,000 Feet

The river, twisting and turning in its determination to reach its mother, the Sea.

---

*Peace unto yourself for a few short hours. Looking out of the plane's window, to see the world below: All that was made for me.*

---

From way up here, a tiny and lonely light way down there. Wonder who sits besides the lonely light?

---

*A few houses lost in the vast prairie. But the Post Office gets there!*

---

From way up here, the country looks like it is held together, physically by cement bands.

---

*And thus we crossed the continent, with the cooperation of trillions and trillions of air molecules.*

---

As I look down and see a small town, could it be that someone is reading my book?

---

*No matter how it twists and turns, the river eventually has to pour its life into the sea.*

---

White cloud and its bluish replica on the ground.

FRANKLY SPEAKING

Solitude in a wide body plane — sharing - time to reflect.  
Accepting the way of life as a wonder. Same as this planet.  
Floating 39,000 miles above the earth.

---

*Like a shadow on the ground it has no choice but to follow  
the cloud.*

---

Life, does it have to follow its destiny like the shadow follows the cloud?

---

*Jet, tearing the skies apart!*

---

The reassurance of the “up-push” on the seat.

---

*Window seat passenger, reading all the way for five hours.  
Some of us pass our lives in similar way.*

---

Houses, like old style tombstones, row on row.

---

*Orange maples in the Fall. Yes, you can see.*

---

In all that land below — is there a place for me?

---

*Below us, needled with tufts of cotton.*

---

Tufts of cotton, floating on a clear lake with meteoric scene below.

---

*Like a string of shell beads in a wide fling.*

---

A river in the West: A dark green braid meandering on a tan, desolate land.

Long, long stretches of flat Midwest monotonous? Not if you remember that it is all ours.

---

*Why are you learning lip reading? So that I will not have to pay \$3.00 for the earphones.*

---

River, dark green, snaking over the desert.

---

*Roads, like stripes holding the land together.*

---

When they tell you to pull the shades all the way down, you know how Jonah felt.

---

*A town in Midwest is seemingly desolate. What keeps it alive? Do the inhabitants, like bees, go out and gather the harvest?*

---

Democracy? When one passenger has the right to keep the shade up on the sunny side while the movie is on.

---

*Draught foam edged the shore line.*

---

Silos, like cathedral in the towns.

---

*Someday, to go through the town passed over way up here.*

---

Midwestern squares? Have you ever seen their patterns from the air?

---

*The harvest of this vast expanse; just to fill so few silos.*

---

Bright, sunlit snow tops the hills, with sheep like traces of snow in the valleys below.

And the sections without the houses? Corporate cold agribusiness. How does Mother Earth feel being torn apart by thoughtless hands? Does it miss the farmer's tender care? Who looks at her now when the sun sets? And who will wake her up before the sun blush with, "Whoa! Nellie?"

---

*With so much land about, they bundle cheek to cheek.*

---

Glass lakes: Like glass globes with land overhead.

---

*Glass globes inlaid with land.*

---

As we approach the Rockies, tan earth all about.

---

*Land that was stretched beyond its elastic limits.*

---

Waves of lava that was frozen with sprays, now covered with snow.

---

*Frozen waves of lava with snow covering the tips of lava sprays.*

---

Township line marked valley and slopes. A breakway colony from nearby town.

---

In midst of barren land, a cathedral-like rock that ages could not weather down.

---

*In a plane, like being in a satellite, with earth revolving underneath.*

---

In the valley by the river — there I want to be. But right now, its 39M feet up, and the Captain says "No."

Nature's vistas outside. Man's pastime inside.

---

*A plane: a tiny insect in the aquarium of air.*

---

Sameness of the scene below. Like being in a motionless balloon. Yet we fly at 400 plus.

---

*A shack down there. Far from everywhere. But it is a home to someone.*

---

The ultimate gentlemen: To give up the window seat to a lady. And that is what I had to do. Still, her "scenery" is worthwhile watching. It's "alive."

---

*The morning sunbeams, holding up the rosy clouds.*

---

Mountain climber, hanging by his finger tips and toes, hears. "Be sure to wipe your shoes before you come in!"

---

*"Why don't you do more traveling. Can't afford it?"*

*"We can afford it, alright. But not the presents we are expected to bring to our friends to counter-give the presents they brought to us."*

---

When I feel my pulse — is it really beating for me?



# Critique

Do not criticize if you cannot do better. At least, he tries.

---

*Blessed are they who can tell the difference between criticism and opinion.*

---

No matter what caused the trouble, she looks at me.

---

*You can be critical all you want. Just keep it to yourself.*

---

“She sings brilliantly — but her looks!”

“What do you want. A double miracle?”

---

*An impossibility: A silent critic.*

---

A Critic: Trying to hitch a ride on the achievement of someone else.

---

*A Critic: Someone who does not like what he sees and hears, and cannot shut up.*

---

If you want to be remembered, criticize.

---

*Have you ever met a critic who can take criticism?*

---

Criticize him, and you will have a stranger.

You may forget why you were criticized, but you will remember the critic.

---

*Criticism can change your personality if your character is not strong enough to hold on unto your true self.*

---

Can you imagine a critic all alone on a desert island?

---

*I don't mind critics. If they would only shut up after they had their say.*

---

A Critic: Unhappy with self; wants to bring others down to his level.

---

*I wonder what a critic would do without an audience.*

---

Some folks can hardly wait for you to blunder so they can comment on it.

---

*If he makes a mistake that does not count, forget it!*

---

He may have done it if you had not told him to do it.

---

*She will tell St. Peter that the gates are not pearly enough.*

---

When you give someone a piece of your mind, make sure it is not the last one.

---

*When you are on a vacation with, "Don't do this. Don't do that." you are not on a vacation.*

---

If you do not know what is wrong, don't say anything. Silence will hide your ignorance.

FRANKLY SPEAKING

Take an excuse as an explanation.

---

*Be reasonable. If he had been as particular as you are, you might not be here.*

---

“Oh, for a life of a critic on this imperfect world!”

---

*I do not mind gossip as long as it is about me.*

---

“Why don’t you?” works much better than “You have to!”

---

*If I was as perfect as you expect me to be, do you think I would be here?”*

---

If she is so particular, how come she picked you?

---

*After they saw all we had made, there was not even a courtesy response.*

---

You can’t judge ice cream by its cone. Nor a head by the body it is on.

See Page 66

# Time

Do not trifle the days away. They will never come back.

---

*Do not blame what you think you should have been for what you are now.*

---

We pay for our youthful indiscretions in our old age when we have time to be ashamed.

---

*Make memories when you are young with time to play,  
To keep you company when you are old and gray.  
(What kind of memories? That is the question. Memories will  
be with us all our lives. So it is best to have those we will  
enjoy again and again.)*

---

I watched it bloom, day by day. Waiting for it to peak before I would immortalize it with a color slide. Then, I had to go away for a few days. When I returned, the flower had bloomed and the petals were lying on the ground — accusing, “Why did you not take the photo while there was time?”

---

*Youth and Age: Like high and low ampere batteries; age needs lots of small recharges, while youth can go on one high charge for a long time.*

---

After 65, one contemplates: He judges his past, and passes judgment on himself.

Age: Time to reconcile ourselves to not achieving some of our dreams and expectations.

---

*First few years in retirement: May be forced into a new and uncomfortable mold full time.*

---

The meadow lark sings no more where all was green not so long ago.

---

*Why does the history remember as doers those that did not do it. Pharoahs very likely never lifted a pebble. Yet who gets the credit?*

---

Tragedy of your life: If you do not like yourself.

---

*In old age, aches multiply by the number of years.*

---

For "long life," work for others. Why? When you do, the days are ever so "long" when compared to the days when you work for yourself.

---

*You need a couple of years to adjust to "old" age. Just like you need a few years of childhood to adjust to the older age.*

---

The years in which I am living are the best for me. I will have no others.

---

*On June 15th, at 12:20 Pacific Daylight saving time, we will stop whatever we are doing. And, then, in a small way, we will honor the occasion of your marriage. We do wish both of you the best that marriage can bring.*

---

At his age, he deserves all the mischief he can get into.

Life may not be fair, but we still have to pay the fare.

---

*Life is what we make it. So, if we complain, it means we did not make a good job of it.*

---

When a child, it was easy to forget yesterday and look to tomorrow. Now, I would rather remember yesterday than think of tomorrow.

---

*Those were the days when the family told you what was best for you, but what your really wanted was bad for you.*

---

In the days of old the knights were bold 'cause the maids were coy.

---

*Age: Looking for something and finding it in your hands.*

---

When we are old, we would like to say, "We were there."

---

*The gift most appreciated by the old folks: To listen to them talk about their youth.*

---

Time heals all wounds if you use the disinfectant in time.

---

*You never know if what you do today will affect your future.*

---

When you have the strength of youth, do something that, when time comes, and it will, you can stand back and wonder how you did it.

---

*If you have seen it all, you do not mind going.*

---

You are getting old when you say, "Why bother?"

FRANKLY SPEAKING

Enjoy your life while you can, but in a way you will not regret it later on.

---

*Ten year cycle of real work.*

---

Age: At retirement, to reach a way of life that you can again be part of the world.

---

*Day after Christmas: Folks fight for a parking place at the shopping center.*

---

The most often heard phrase these days: "This used to be only . . ."

---

*I wonder how many scientists are looking forward to asking him "How He did it in six days."*

---

I like to see stars of my time. Especially since I am not too bad in comparison.

---

*The days are long but the time sure flies.*

---

Amazing Story Plot: Looking through an ancient telescope that used to belong to a known personage, and seeing that was seen by him in his time.

---

*He lived life like a concentrated juice. No dilution for him.*

---

When young: Feeling ill. How long will it last?  
When old: Feeling ill. Will this be the last?

---

*It is not senility that makes us forgetful. The brain has accumulated so much information during these many years that the new thoughts are lost in the circuit.*

When visiting old folks, let them talk. They will remember you.

---

*Davenport: Free Theatre in New York — 28th and Lexington (1930s).*

---

There comes a time when many reach the great divide. When we note how many more years to one hundred, and the odds of reaching them.

---

*We look with expectations to the future when we are young. I wish it were so later on.*

---

If you do not want to say in time to come: "Why didn't I?" Do it now!

---

*Looking at them with young eyes, not realizing that I am as old as they are.*

---

It is not the question of growing old. What counts is how you are aging.

---

*Is it fair? The older you get so many more candles you are expected to blow out in one breath?*

---

Climb the mountain now so you can say you did it when you cannot.

---

*Personally, we may not know we have changed within. Only outsiders do.*

---

When selecting a life-time companion, remember, it is like picking someone with whom you will be living on a desert island with no chance of rescue.

---

*Why not wait until the last minute. You may not have to do it.*



Hard to get over that a day of “doing nothing” has not been wasted.

---

*To achieve in the past: It is something to talk about in the future.*

---

If you plan to immortalize your name, do it while the cement is wet.

---

*All I can say, there just is not enough time to do everything that should be done in the few hours that we feel like doing it.*

---

After 65: Write down where you place items so that you will know where they are when you need them.

---

*When you reach a certain phase of life, the problem is to find yourself again.*

---

She only remembers the times she did not have her way, not when she did.

---

*My attitude towards the future changed when the doctor prescribed medicine that had to be taken from “now on.”*

---

Everyone should have at least two interests so that one can always say: “If I only had more time,” as an excuse for not being at the top.

---

*When I now look into the mirror, I wonder, “Where did he go?”*

---

Comes a time when your mind wonders what happened to the body. Where is it?

---

*My future will be my past.*

When we age, if we could only pass the day without a thought of tomorrow like children do.

---

*Never ask a retiree: "What are you doing?" Let him tell if he is doing something. Otherwise you may make him feel guilty if he is just enjoying the free time.*

---

You may not believe in the hereafter, but it pays to live as though there was.

---

*It is not only necessary to work for the old age, but also how to spend it.*

---

How are we presented to our Lord? In our most youthful age? Or, as we wish we were? Will we look as we have lived? Or, will we be reconciled to what we are, just overjoyed to be in His presence?

---

*It is better to be a "has been" than not to have been at all.*

---

In youth: Mind tells us, "We had enough!"  
In old age: "Body tells us "We had enough!"

---

*Make memories you will remember with a smile, not those you will wish you had not.*

---

A child lets time fly without a thought for tomorrow. Many years later, his thoughts may be directed to eternity.

---

*Lazarus could have told us how it is in the after-life.*

---

After a certain age, take time to finish a project. If you don't, the project is liable to finish you.

FRANKLY SPEAKING

Why does it take so long to finish something you do not like to do?

---

*If you want to be remembered, just tell him not to do it. Then, every time he does it, he will remember you.*

---

It used to be "another day." Now it is "one day less."

---

*If I had kept up what I started three years ago, I would have something to talk about.*

---

How time flies to the day you do not want to meet.

---

*At old age, we again find the world as it is — just as we did in infancy.*

---

Once you start trifling the days away, it is hard to come back to the industrious ways.

---

*Do not trifle the days away. They will never come back.*

---

I would like to live my life as I feel I should. If I live it to please someone else, then, I would have wasted my life as I did not live it out my way but someone else's.

---

*And the wonder of it all, because of them, I am here.*

---

When all is said and done, it feels good to know you climbed the highest peak when you could.

---

*After 65, one contemplates, no. He judges his past, and passes sentence on himself.*

Why wear yourself out fighting old age? Live it.

---

*Life: We have to take it no matter how it is wrapped up.*

---

A lot depends on what we do about what we did.

---

*Is that all there is to life: chasing a shadow of a cloud?*

---

Do not chide the old ones. Let them have their dignity. It may be all they have left.

---

*TV PLOT: A couple stop in front of a store. He goes in alone, telling his girlfriend to wait. Another couple window shops. The girl tells her boyfriend to wait. Time goes by and no sign of the two shoppers. By now, the girl and the young man on the outside have become acquainted. Eventually, the boy comes out and finds no one waiting for him. He was soon followed by the girl whose boyfriend is also gone. The outcome? Who knows.*

---

When you retire: It's like being marooned on a desert island, hopefully, with the girl of your dreams.

---

*After all these years of "do this," "do that," I now have an idea how a robot feels.*

---

If a weed was the only greenery you could have, would you kill it with a week-killer?

---

*How short the hours, days, weeks, months and years since the day thirty years ago!*

---

I now look into the mirror only in case of emergency.

FRANKLY SPEAKING

Somehow, when you retire, the country seems to be different.

---

*Why a winding watch? It gives me a sense of being responsible for time.*

---

After you retire, it's a different world.

---

*Trim trees and flowers before or after they bloom.*

---

And at times, we wonder at the glory that one of us has reached the skies.

---

*Carmen makes me go to church to make sure we will be together.*

---

If you expect an early reply, do not write a letter that is hard to answer.

---

*If you are going to a suspense movie, make most of it by not taking your watch along.*

---

And time will come when your mind may find itself in an old body.

---

*The Universe: Which ever way, it is a miracle.*

---

Like an extra hour of life on the first day of daylight-saving time. Only to lose it in time to come.

---

*Spending time: In return we receive the value we place on our time.*

---

We found each other in time to let our hearts entwine.

How to say good-bye to a ball point pen that has been privy to your most secret declarations.

*And then comes the time when you wonder: "What happened to the restless being that was within me."*

For some of us, going through life could be like watching a movie in a darkened plane, missing all that goes on below."

*Personal time, chronicled by our activities is easy to remember.*

"What kept you two together so long?" Infinite patience.

*There may only be their names on the card, but for a few moments they did think of us.*

Youth wishes for tomorrow, age for yesterday.

*Every year the number gets larger. It could not be mine!*

Wonder if He will recognize us if we had plastic surgery

*"To be continued next week" presents the problem of how to remember what happened last week.*

After you retire, acquire a "need" attitude. Otherwise it could be years of pills.

*Fifty drips per minute: Three gallons per day (.00414¢). 21 gallons per week (.029¢). 90 gallons per month (.373¢). 1,080 gallons per year (\$4.53). Should I call the plumber?*

# Springtime

“What’s his name again?” Gives you an idea how much I loved him.

---

*If you want girls to look up to you, better be nice to the petite ones.*

---

The hardest part is saying goodbye.

---

*She likes me the way I am, but wishes I were rich. She does not know or realize that the reason I am the way I am is because I did not have riches to model my character some other way.*

---

Do not propose on your knees. She may keep you there.

---

*If you overlook you wife’s little faults, you will be a happy one. If she has big ones, Lord help you!*

---

Nothing hurts more nor lasts longer than being rejected by a friend.

---

*I met a girl at a masked Halloween Dance. I fell in love with her eyes. Got a date. Her face was the same as at the party. It was not a mask. Result of an accident. In time, plastic surgery performed a miracle. It made her look just as I had imagined her to be behind the “mask” at the party. Love can see beyond the face.*

When you play hard to get, remember, someone else may not.

---

*Wonder what happened to the child that was saved from Solomon's judgment by his mother's love?*

---

How short the hours, weeks, months and years since that day thirty years ago!

---

*The second best may be the best after all.*

---

"For better or worse." Take care you do not bring out the worse.

---

*She had rings on all of her fingers, except the one that counted.*

---

At one time you could select your favorite girl bank teller. Now, wait in line for the next available one. No chance to say, "We can't go on meeting like this. How about it?"

---

*Marry late. It is so much easier to be faithful.*

---

If you date a weatherman, do not believe everything he tells you. He may be as unpredictable as the weather he is forecasting.

---

*Do not ask where love comes from, just take it. The birds do not ask where the seeds come from, they just take them.*

---

When hormones are gone — it's friendship that counts.

---

*Never do more than you have to. As soon as you do less, "You don't love me anymore."*



The trouble with “Old Flames” is that they are usually burnt out when you meet them again “long after.”

---

*Did you hear about the love-smitten lad who wrote, “I LOVE YOU!” on her grass lawn with a grass killer spray?*

---

When I kissed the Blarney Stone, I made a wish. It did not come true. Now, many years later, I know that it was for the best. Thanks, to Blarney Stone.

---

*If you are planning a double ring wedding, make sure she puts it on your “finger.”*

---

*“Do you realize that if you are going home to your mother, you will have no other place to go?”*

---

*Why don’t I wear a wedding ring? It gives me a chance to prove my fidelity by being seemingly available.*

---

Joy of life: Not having beauty or wealth, yet someone wants you.

---

*Being infatuated with an “unresponsive” makes it easier to let other opportunities pass by.*

---

When I entered this land of the free by way of Ellis Island, little did I dream that one day I would lose my freedom next door — when she said “Yes!” atop the Statue of Liberty.

---

*Liberty Day: Made you think what you did with your life for the country.*

---

First time — feel at home — Liberty Day.

Every time I see the Statue of Liberty, I remember that I lost my liberty atop the Statue of Liberty. But let Carmen tell the story.

---

Words to Loenghrin Wedding March:

*I got him now,  
I got him now!  
He can't get away now!  
Took years and years to get him here!  
Now, he is all mine!*

---

A Valentine

Heaven without you would be hell.  
Hell with you would be heaven.  
What more can I say?  
(else)

---

*When we met, our youth was in the past. Still...*

---

"I am so crazy about you, I could just eat you," said the praying mantis to her boyfriend before she did.

---

*The Chapel Bell "Ding Dong" "Ding Dong" "Ding Dong"*  
Song:            Oh Come      And Pray      Lord is Here.

---

*I never feel married in a sense of being tied to one person.  
Perhaps not wearing a wedding ring has something to do with it. I do not have the constant reminder that I am "ringed."  
So that every day is like a new discovery of joy in living together.*

---

Honey Bee, could it be, for me you'll be?

---

*Never take love for granted. It may stop suddenly, like a ball-point pen.*

Words to the Green Sleeve Theme:

A cradle for my weary heart,  
A haven for my restless soul.  
My heart's delight on a stormy night.  
All this, my love, you are to me.

Come, come, into my arms.  
Press your heart close to mine.  
Please, please, be my beautiful bride.  
And forever more be mind.

---

*If there is love in your heart,  
It will cry for me  
Like mine cries for you!*

*All day my heart sings  
A wish for swift wings  
To fly me to your side  
And claim you for my bride!*

*Honey Bee, Could it be?  
A new heart  
A new start.*

---

In my heart flame again, dear love.  
To grey ashes burn the dead old love.  
From death's cold grip free my heart.  
And joy in life in me anew start.

---

*Dear Friend,  
Time has come for us to say goodbye.  
The words you would like to hear,  
I cannot say.*

A SHORTY

Your kiss

I miss.

Your lips,

Now his.

---

*What shall I do*

*With all that you have*

*Stirred in my heart?*

---

How do you say goodbye

To love that is life itself.

---

*Again, I will try*

*To tell you why,*

*So plain at*

*Bedtime will cry,*

*My God. Why?*

---

Morning, noon and night

Bubbling from my heart,

Dearest, I love you!

---

*Soft are your lips,*

*Like warm Spring nights,*

*Holding promise*

*Of countless delights!*

---

Shall we let it fall gently,

Like snow on brown and barren ground,

Hoping that it will bloom for us

This coming Spring?

How soon, how soon, my dearest one,  
Will our hearts beat as one?

---

*My dear, Spring is here.  
How I wish you were near.*

---

### THE LAST LETTER

I do not want to send this letter to you. It is like the last contact with a dream that should have come true. It is like saying the last goodbye to a very dear and precious love.

---

*Swallow, swallow  
Why don't you follow?  
Why wait until tomorrow?  
Why be full of sorrow?  
(Achensee - 1955)*

---

By what chance did you give your heart,  
By what chance to him and not to me?

---

*All that women meant to men  
Since time began,  
Dear, you mean to me.*

---

Whenever it gets a bit awkward, I just try to recall a particular moment when she was tripping down the stairs, with shiny eyes and a happy face just to see me.

---

*What she sees in me, I do not know. It is her problem.*

---

The feeling: Looking at an azalea with blooms gone, is like meeting a girl who gave you a big smile a while back, and from which you walked away.

After all these years, she cut me off like a ballpoint gone dry.

---

*To view you is to woo you!*

---

Had hoped that by now I would have been caught by the girl of my dreams.

---

*Unrequired love; It is one of those pains we cannot live without. It is a pain that lets us know how wonderful life is or could be.*

---

Her beauty still haunts me like the tropical sunset.

---

A "Yes" takes all the fun out of the game.

---

Shared experiences held them together.

---

*Come along with me into time where you and I will be as one.*

---

When one truly follows his heart, he could be a very lonesome person until he finds a heart with a kindred spirit. A heart willing to share all that gives meaning to life in true sense of the word.

---

*Sometimes, now, we catch ourselves, looking at each other with a pensive look. Could she be wondering, like I am? "Where and when did our youth fade away?"*

## A VALENTINE

On the misty Baltic Sea shore,  
Dwells the Swedish girl I adore.  
(But she tells me I am a bore!)

She has wonderful clear blue eyes  
That look at you in soft surprise.  
(But a cold heart to me like the North Pole ice!)

Her beauty to see is a bliss,  
Wondrous Aurora Borealis.  
(Wrote she, "Never for you to kiss!")

With a Mona Lisa smile on her face,  
She walks with demure queenly grace.  
(So said she, "You are not in the race!")

This and more is my valentine.  
How I wish our hearts would entwine!  
(Pity, her friendship only is mine.)

Please throw the lines in parentheses  
Into the cold black North Seas,  
And my love for you will never cease!

NOTE : Be careful that you do not read too much of your future in a Valentine Letter. The writer may be carried away by his own prose with no thought of what it may do to the reader.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY

*Once a year, on St. Valentine's Day  
What lies close to our hearts we may say  
Before we part and go our way.*

*Thus we honor St. Valentine,  
Good patron saint of all those who pine  
For dear love that would not entwine.*

*And because of this Saint's kind heart  
We can plead for a new re-start,  
And bless him when we do not part.*

TOMORROW IS OUR WEDDING DAY

(May 15, 1959)

*I see naught but thee in all the world.  
The sun was made to give luster to your hair.  
The moon to light the glory of thy face.  
The very stars in heaven are but a canopy  
To frame thy loveliness.  
And all the mysteries of nature are but  
A symbol of thyself.  
"Ring Bells! Ring!  
Tomorrow is our wedding day!"*



ON THIS FIRST DAY OF SPRING

On this first day of Spring,  
Let us, you and I, bring  
Into our hearts a seed  
Of a flower we need.

This seed is not of earth,  
But begins its birth  
When two rays of light meet,  
Destiny to complete.

This tiny bit of growth,  
More than all gold is worth.  
To create a flower  
In itself has power.

Will you with me share,  
Giving it tender care,  
Protect it from Blackbirds  
And wandering wild herds?

And patiently wait  
For its blossoming date?  
Willing to change your dreams  
When the petals see sun beams?

If all this you will do,  
With August overdue,  
We will share a surprise  
Glorious to our eyes!

## The Clinging Vine

The day began like any other spring day in May. In the coolness of the morning, everyone was busy. Villagers were working in the fields, and chirping birds dashed behind the plows, picking up the uncovered tidbits; flowers were blooming, playing host to honey-gathering bees, and the climbing ivy on the castle wall was shaking morning dew off her leaves.

While eating their lunch in the shade alongside the fields, the villagers noticed a bank of clouds on the western horizon and remarked to each other what a pretty picture these clouds made. The men talked a while longer about the prospects of the coming season and gradually fell into a short doze before resuming their work.

For several hours, they were too busy guiding their horses and oxen to plow a straight furrow to look about, but when the buzz of busy nature began to fade into silence, they straightened their backs and looked about for the reason. To their surprise, they found that the pretty bank of clouds had expanded until it almost covered the western sky. As they watched, a faint mist moved towards the sun, and behind it rolled and tumbled dark, heavy clouds. Before long, the sun lost its brightness and shadeless light was on the land. When the villagers saw the storm racing towards them, they harnessed their horses and oxen and drove home as fast as they could.

Hardly had the people stabled their animals and closed the window shutters tight, when the storm pounced on the countryside. The cold wind shrieked and moaned, tearing shingles off the roofs,

rolling and smashing across yards, orchards and meadows; picking and swirling upwards plants, clothes, leaves, dust and everything else not fastened down tight. Many were the casualties of this sudden and vicious storm, the like of which, only an old man of 83 remembered experiencing when he was 11 years old. But our story is about the ivy on the castle wall and her offspring, and how the storm changed their lives.

When the ivy felt the first cold breath of wind, she instinctively gripped with her many tendrils into every nook and cranny she could find within her reach on the stone wall, and by the time the full fury of the storm broke over the castle, she felt secure. But it was a different story for her offspring, the newly grown branches. Many leaves and short branches were ripped away from the mother vine and flung about by the wind. Some were dashed to the ground close by where, perhaps, they would start a new life, while others were sucked and lifted to a tremendous height to the very center of the storm where many froze to death. Others were tossed along the edge of the storm front and carried for unbelievable distances into foreign lands far away from their home grounds.

Two ivy branches, sisters, were able to hold to each other when they were parted from their mother, and they clung together in a tight embrace as they were borne aloft. They were carried upward near the front of the storm without being sucked into the center where they could have frozen. The sisters had no time to think what was happening to them; their senses were numbed by noises and shrieks as they were rolled, twisted, and thrown up and down. It was like one endless nightmare.

A few hours later, the sisters found themselves high over a new country. The storm had lost its devastating fury and had turned into a gentle rain. Soaked, but still alive, the sisters were drifting downward towards the ground. Like all youngsters, when faced with a new adventure, they almost forgot their old home on the castle wall. They tried to see where they were drifting, but the rain made it impossible.

Far below them, stood two brother oaks on a hill top, like monarchs lording over the valley. They were still young, as one could see by the smoothness of their bark. Although they were

brothers, their characters differed like day and night. One was easy-going, willing to pass the time of the day listening to the birds in his branches and moving his roots aside to let flowers obtain more water. His brother, however, was stern, shook his branches whenever a bird, new in the neighborhood, tried to establish a home. He was very selfish and would not let other plants live within his root radius. Only lichens were able to subsist in his nearness. Even travelers noted the difference between the two oaks, and those who stopped under the shade of the stern oak, soon felt uneasy and moved over to the other, where life, somehow, seemed to be much gayer.

While the ivy sisters were still about 500 feet above the ground, the rain suddenly stopped, and the long slanting rays of the setting sun painted the land below in golden sparkling colors. So wonderful was the spectacle, that the two sisters, forgetting fear and place, clapped their hands in sheer delight. But the very next moment fear struck again into the very core of their hearts. In their excitement, they had separated and there was no way to come together again. During the last hundred feet of descent, they would only look at each other in despair and hope that, somehow, they would meet again. And so it happened that one of the sisters landed at the foot of the happy oak, and the other at the foot of the stern one. When the sisters saw how close they were, they sighed with relief and soon fell asleep. It had been an exhausting day for them.

The oaks did not even notice the two sisters when they settled at their feet. It was almost at the end of the summer, when the ivy sisters had grown tall enough to need support that the oaks sensed their presence. Little did the oaks know that very shortly, they would have to make the most crucial decision of their lives.

Both oaks sensed, almost at the same time, the lightest of pressures near the ground where their roots spread away from their trunks. When they looked down, they found that each of them had an ivy vine encircling him. Naturally, they asked the two sisters what they were trying to do. The sisters replied that they needed their support to grow upward. The happy oak, without hesitation, said: "Help yourself!", a little greenery around his trunk would certainly do him no harm. It was another story with the stern oak.

He would not have anyone near him, much less leaning against him. He wanted to be alone, so that his strength would be so much more obvious. The happy oak made room at his base to let the ivy get a good hold of the soil, while his brother pressed his roots closer together forcing the unfortunate ivy sister to struggle for sheer existence.

By the time the first winter came, the fortunate sister had already encircled her friend three times. The other had to drop away from the stern oak and grow on the ground to pick up nourishment with as many tendrils as she could. Although she was by nature a climbing vine, she had to become a spreading ivy, but she never complained and adapted herself to her new environment. The sisters were close enough to keep up their little gossip about the birds and the bees, rabbits and chipmunks. During the winter, oaks, ivy vines and all their neighbors became dormant and waited for the spring sunshine to wake them up again.

When the days warmed up, the oaks, ivy sisters and their friends awoke from their winter sleep and slowly collected their memories of the past summer and fall and inquired of each other how they were. The stern oak had nothing to say; he was too busy calculating how to grow to be the tallest and the strongest tree on the hilltop. His problem was where to send his roots to collect nourishment and tap resources trapped in the ground. While the happy oak, as usual, just let nature take its course and enjoyed the companions around him.

Another summer passed. With the exception of the rugged oak, everyone felt happy doing good to others. The ivy sisters provided shade and shelter for the butterflies, the friendly oak let any bird who wanted, nest in his branches, and protected everyone around him against the usual summer storms. His ivy vine was climbing higher and higher around his trunk.

Many years elapsed before I was able to come back to the valley. When I visited the hill, I could hardly recognize the place. The oaks were enormous, but the unfriendly oak was undoubtedly the monarch. His trunk was so thick that I could not encircle it. He was straight as an arrow with branches starting way up. One could see how proud he was by the way he carried his crown. Nearby was

the friendly oak, almost as strong, but with inviting bends in his trunk and with branches low enough to enable adventurous boys to climb up and up almost to the top, from where they could see over many hills. Of course the boys had to watch their steps not to get tangled up in the ivy that was entwined almost to the top. The ground ivy had grown out of the circle controlled by the stern oak and was able to enjoy light and sunshine with others.

One day, towards the end of July, there was a heavy movement of clouds all day. One could see masses of clouds boiling upward, and every once in a while a slight rumble of thunder could be heard in the distance. There was uneasiness in the air, and I felt irritable. By evening, the whole sky was overcast with flashes of light momentarily disclosing huge depths in the distance. Everyone knew that before long, great natural forces would be loose in the valley. No one could sleep. Dark rooms were lit up by distant flashes and rumbles of thunder gradually became louder. And then it came!

A heat-white and crooked streak of light flashed towards the earth, followed by the clap of thunder that shook the houses. More and more lightnings found their way from the clouds to the ground, and thunder echoed and re-echoed across the valley. Everyone was awake, rigid with terror, from the smallest field mouse to the king stag. Mothers had to rock their babies and press their hands against their little ears.

My friends on the hill were in a specially dangerous spot. Being the highest point for miles around, the lightnings would strike the hill seven times out of ten. And it seemed that every lightning that was directed towards the hill would concentrate on the tallest oak, our stern and unfriendly oak. One had to feel pity for him. Blast after blast was directed against him. He tried to hold all of his grain veins together to prevent the lightning from finding a weak spot, but there was no end to the attacks. The oak was just too worn out to resist any more when an extraordinarily powerful bolt struck him with such violence that it split him almost in half. His core was exposed, and later lightnings had no trouble using it to flow to the ground until it became charred.

With the tallest and strongest oak split asunder, and with sides bent down until the top branches almost touched the ground, our

friendly oak became the tallest object on the hilltop and the new target for the lightning bolts. What a sight! If you think that the electrical storm was powerful when it destroyed the first oak, you should have been present when it seemed as if the entire sky voltage was discharged at one savage stroke against our friendly oak. We could smell ozone and burning leaves, but when the wind swept away the debris, and new lightning flashed across the sky, we could still see the oak standing. After this supreme effort, the storm lost its lust for killing and gradually weakened until the thunder sounded just like a dry bean in a pot. Our friendly oak had withstood the most fearsome test that nature could provide and had come out of it victorious!

When I visited the hilltop the following morning to find out how our friendly oak was able to withstand the lightning bolts, while the stern oak was mortally injured, I found the secret. If you remember, the ivy had wound itself around the oak on its way up while it was growing. Now, an ivy vine may look weak, but have you ever tried to tear it? It is practically impossible. The ivy vine around the friendly oak was strong, very strong. Every time the lightning struck, she would tighten her embrace about and around her imperiled friend, and would not allow it to be torn asunder by the lightning bolts. She held on and on until the electrical storm passed and her friend was safe.

And so, the decision the two oaks made when they found the two ivy sisters at their feet, had borne fruit. The one who wanted to be strong, powerful, independent and selfish, now found himself leveled to the ground; while the other, who did not mind helping others as best as he could, even to the extent of letting a climbing vine encircle him with green garlands, making him look kind of foolish, found himself still alive and now the tallest tree on the hill overlooking the valley.

# Emergency Stop

It was about eight on a snowy Saturday night in January that we left my friends in Levittown. As we approached Philadelphia and the eight-lane Roosevelt Boulevard, I gradually eased to the right lane. To make sure that the long-awaited moment would not slip by, my eyes were more often on the speedometer than on the traffic ahead of us. Then it happened! Luckily, there was a bit of room off the Boulevard so that I was able to ease the car out of the traffic lane. Once the car stopped, I cut off the engine, opened the door and stepped out.

I walked to the back of the car, opened the trunk and took out a blinker, set it blinking and placed it behind the left fender. Again reaching into the trunk, I picked up a small, towel-wrapped bottle of champagne with my left hand, and a corkscrew with the right one. Walked to the front of the car, pulled out the cork, set the bottle aside, opened the hood, covered the radiator cap with the towel and removed it from the radiator. Due to the cold weather, there was no hissing steam squirting up. Putting the cap and the towel aside, and picking up the champagne, I poured some of the champagne into the radiator. And then, just as solemnly, replaced the cap. Back to the rear of the car. Took out a flare, lit it and pressed it into the snow embankment. When all this was done, I opened the door, handed the bottle to Carmen and slid into the seat beside her.

By now you may be wondering what was going on in Carmen's mind. (We were dating at that time.) I could see in her look that she really did not know what to make of my silent maneuvers. Then I said, "Look at the speedometer. The car just made 100,000 miles!" And we were celebrating the occasion! I am also not sure how we took care of the bottle, if we did, I guess we just did not want to have it completely empty in case the police would stop and ask us what we were doing. Can you just imagine the look the judge would have for us if we were taken in.??



You can just picture the scene. Hood up, trunk door open, red flare in the snow embankment and the red blinker sending out its red blinks on a busy Saturday night boulevard. And that is how we celebrated the accomplishment of honest 100,000 miles by my Chevy which I had since it was a baby.

Note: No one stopped to inquire what was going on, or if we were alright, although we were there until the 15-minute flare burned out. Also, before this particular time, I read that while investigating the cause of auto accidents, it was found that at one time three boys were killed when their car crashed into a bridge abutment. The odometer read 000,000 miles.

---

## CRITIQUE

There are two kinds of critics, professional and ourselves. The professional usually specializes in one subject. He backs his convictions with scholastic and/or career background. Since he depends on his critique for his livelihood, he has to make it entertaining and controversial. In contrast, we have no such handicaps and can express our views as we like. We can also enjoy face-to-face encounters.

If you happen to be a subject of a critique, enjoy it. Be thankful that someone noticed you, and lets you know, in whatever terms, what you are and what you could be to make the world a better place to live. However, we should be careful not to let the professional critic take full charge in guiding our personal world into the future according to their views. We, as individuals, should take our part of the responsibility in planning our future course.

# Sneak→Ins

*To a writer, every line is like a nugget found*

Responsibility is not an easy taskmaster.

A slow and searching look at each other. "Where did it go?"

Did you notice that those who may not have any particular achievement of their own tend to talk about the achievements of their a, ancestors?

*If you get tired of being No. 1, try something new again to bring zest to your life.*

"Why expect me to do anything after you told them I don't do a thing around the house?"

*"We will take care of it!" Guess who will do it?*

"Girls, why not consider your housework as a hobby? You will be surprised how much more you will enjoy it."

*We all would like to have Romantic Horizons during our time*

The perfect match: A listener and a talker.

*Guess who is doing all the talking when one of them keeps on looking at the watch?*

If anyone tells you that he was told to give you a kiss, make sure that the request is in writing.

*"Owling: the night away."*

Treat your readers as though they are doing you a favor reading your writing.

*There is nothing like a challenge to keep us aware of life.*

---

When you are just about to do it on your own, someone tells you to do it. Such is life.

---

*It is hard to be gentleman these days with most of the doors opening automatically.*

---

When you are 100% sure, play hard to get assure your future.

I should tie a string to my glasses. Yet, how else will I get my daily exercise that I now get looking for them?

---

*Nature endowed may never know what life can really be.*

---

Do not be critical of someone who is gone. You might meet him in the Twilight Zone.

---

*If it does not come out good, call it a "practise".*

---

Love: When she says, "I could knock on wood..." He offers his head.

---

*The Toll, for passing through our time, we pay in our senior years.*

---

"This fish is good!" It should be, Frank caught it this morning. (Did I mention that he "caught" the fish package thrown to him by the counterman?)

---

*Before offering a criticism, comment on the good points, then offer suggestion.*

---

It is not home if you want to be someplace else.

---

*At ten, fifty is old. At seventy, fifty is young.*

Someone, who may not be like the rest of us, is not different.  
He is unique.

---

*If at all possible, never use your last hope.*

---

Mountain milk from a glacier? Why not ? Don't icebergs  
"calf" from glaciers?

---

*(White water around the boat as we waited to cruise the  
Alaskan icefields.)*

---

A natural striptease: What part of itself will an iceberg reveal  
as it sheds its front into the sea?

---

*They like to sun-lotion each other, cheek to cheek.*

---

Retired couple working in the yard: When one feels tired, both  
should stop and rest. Otherwise, that one who is tired may keep  
on going, feeling guilty if he stops and thus suffer the conse-  
quences of forcing the nature to rebel.

---

*Then, there was a psychiatrist who decided to drive another  
psychiatrist to tears by posing as a patient.*

---

How do you manage to remain so fit? " Well, if I gain weight,  
she goes on diet. If she gains weight, I go on diet. And both  
of us hate to be on diet."

---

*Women go where men dare not tread: Return merchandise  
department.*

---

If you treat him like a robot, remember, someday you may  
press the wrong button.

---

*If you want to appreciate your vacation, make decision to go  
at the last possible moment.*

Just wondering how many have their fingers crossed when they say "I do!"

---

*Biologically: A man's contribution ends at a certain time. While that of a woman may be just the beginning.*

---

And the nights, when the demon "IF" creeps into our consciousness!

---

*A writer's work is never done. It is with him, day and night.*

---

If someone asks you: "Did you read ----? If you answer "Yes," you will have a crestfallen person on your hands.

---

*A true and patriotic American: When he receives a letter with the stamp still clean, he will cancel the stamp before opening the letter.*

---

What do you want, a home or an interior decorator's delight?

---

*Somehow, we remember critics more by the negative reviews than by the positive ones.*

---

If you are a horoscope aficionado, tell your friends only those forecasts which are favorable for them.

---

*Let us keep to ourselves, memories that will make others unhappy.*

---

Live so that your "memoirs" will make you financially independent in your senior years.

---

*I do not know what to say about him. He is a "Next!" kind of a doctor.*

---

Make a critic happy by deliberately giving him an opening or a cause. Then, sit back and enjoy his performance.

---

*When the seeds are gone, our birds "Tweet! Tweet!" (Which sounds to us like "Please! Please!") After we fill the feeder and scatter seeds all around, all we hear is: "Cheep!" "Cheep!" Or is it "Chip! Chip!"*

---

Live with a capital "L"!

---

*Time had its way, but her laugh is ever young.*

---

Change of life: When you give your hiking and skiing gear to charity.

---

*A writer's mood depends on how his characters are behaving. How would you like to live with some of them?*

---

Be active as long as you can. Otherwise, it may be like being on a cruise with only the last port in the future.

---

*To be remembered, leave it a mess.*

---

On the road of life: We can screech from Red to Red. Or roll along on the Green all the way.

---

I married her for her money. Now, I am paying for it.

---

I have complete control over my destiny. How?  
I pick my own lottery number.

---

If we stop taking care of earth, it will stop taking care of us.

# Why Aesop Had To Die

In a cave under Mount Parnassus lived a gigantic mythological underworld god. One day he realized that the roof of his cave was so low that he was forced to stoop when walking about. He decided to push the roof upward as far as his long arms could reach, and in the process he broke the back of the Phaedride Cliffs. You can still see the break today. It is an open cleft with perpendicular walls, just five minutes from the Temple of Apollo in Delphi. One can walk right into the chasm from the road, except that now a barbed wire barricade stops the traveler short.

The old Greeks had a gruesome use for this chasm. They hurled their enemies and criminals into it. There is a story that the Delphians cast Aesop to his death into this same abyss. The reason given is that the Lydian King Croecus entrusted Aesop with a large sum of money to be distributed in Delphi. The trip from Lydia, now part of Turkey, was a long one those days, and it is quite possible that Aesop met an enchanting temptress on the way. By the time he arrived in Delphi, he was out of cash, and the Delphians did not give him enough time to work on a fable, explaining what happens when we play with someone else's money.

The reason for Aesop's sudden end may be as recorded, but I have my doubts. I think that I found the clue to the real reason for this death in the fable, "The Ants and the Grasshopper." Something in this fable does not ring true to Aesop's way of life.

If you recall, "The Ants and the Grasshopper" had to do with facts of life. The ants worked hard all summer to provide for a cozy winter, while the grasshopper had the time of his life, living it up and travelling all over the world.

The ants warned him of the hard times that would come when the cold and harsh winter swept over the hills, but he danced on blissfully. And the horrible end: The ants would not let the poor

starving, shivering grasshopper come into their well-stocked, warm house. We can only surmise at the end of the grasshopper, the playboy of his day.

Now, this fable is allegedly attributed to Aesop. My theory is that it is only partly his, the first part: The ants working and the grasshopper living it up. Knowing that Aesop was a famous traveler, and judging from his numerous fables, he must also have been a wonderful and spellbinding storyteller, a natural-born entertainer. With such a background, I am sure Aesop would have an entirely different ending to the fable. Something like this:

When the cold harsh winter froze every movable object to the ground so that not even the industrious ants could pry it loose and carry it away, the ants were forced to stay indoors with nothing to do. Can you imagine a greater hell for the ants than having to sit still with nothing to do? And can you imagine how they could hardly wait for the knock at the door signalling the arrival of the grasshopper, and how they would trample over each other in their eagerness to LET HIM IN?! After all, the grasshopper picked up enough juicy stories during his wanderings to last for weeks, and so could make the ants forget their sad, inactive state. It is even possible that the neighborhood ant colonies would send messengers to hurry the grasshopper to them to liven up their dull existences. And the moral of this, the genuine Aesop fable? "All work and no play, makes Jack a dull boy."

Now, think how the Greek elders must have felt when they realized the full impact of the moral presented by the original fable. What would happen to their artists, sculptors, warriors and the coming-up youngsters if the moral was taken seriously, as all morals are supposed to be taken? This new fable was a definite danger to their form of progressive civilization.

I have a feeling that Aesop actually did deliver the packet of money entrusted him by King Croecus, but that sealed in the packet was his own death warrant in form of a note stating that the money enclosed was to be given to the person or persons who would "accidentally" help Aesop slip into the chasm formed by the underworld god who needed room to stretch. And in time his original fable was changed into what we have now.





CHASM at Delphi. Photo during our 1961 trip.

Historical facts about Aesop, (620 ?- ? (560 B. C. ), are on the hazy side. Consult an Encyclopedia for reading references .

# Free Flight

*Be it so long ago, none of us can forget the wonder of our first Free Flight.—Be it only a minute ago, all of us look forward to the next flight.*

*How clean the mind; how weary the body after a day of thermal hunting.—How much more exciting life can be for us because of Free Flight.*

*Some would have us believe that the price is not worth Free Flight. Could it be that it takes a special kind of a man to do all the things that need to be done before Free Flight can become a reality?*

*Yet, who else but those who are willing to pay the price will know in their hearts the glory of the skies; watching their own creation Fly Free.*

*March, 1956  
New York, N. Y.*

---

*By now many of us have realized that Model Aeronautics is an enjoyable and satisfying lifetime hobby. - - Therefore, let us treat it as we would a lifetime companion.*

*May, 1961  
Lansdowne, Pa.*

---

*All of us who build and fly model planes have a common heritage. — Heritage which harks back into time when the first man defied gravity by tossing a leaf over a cliff and watched it join the eagles above.*

*September, 1965  
Northridge, Calif.*

## FOREWORD

When you look at a model airplane, resting on the ground, it looks so simple; just a wing, tail, fuselage and a prop. Yet, this collection of odds and ends can bring joy or sadness to our hearts by the way it takes to the air.

When you look at a model and note its simplicity, and then look at the seemingly complex literature in this book you have a real cause to question: It is really so?

When you look at a bird as it flies through the air with a natural ease, it looks so easy to do. Yet, when we think of it, who else besides God can make a bird?

When you look at a model, resting on the ground, always remember that it is a different object in the air. On the ground, it just rests. But in the air, it has to possess uncanny ability to counteract all the forces that have held men earthbound since time began. Would you say that it is a simple thing to do?

When you look through this book, keep the above ideas in mind, and you will find that the complex will become gradually less complex, and your heart will be more often joyful than sad when you fly your pride and joy.

To help you find that which you are seeking, is the purpose of this book.

March, 1952  
Ithaca, N. Y.

---

## FOREWORD

*This edition is more or less devoted to the "gathering of the clan." It is intended to show that there are still many of us all over the world who like the old fashioned "Model Aeronautics" — to start from scratch and to create something that has never been seen before.*

*In a sense, we are in a peculiar position. Our models are not toys, nor are they full size aircraft. Yet, they give us enough trouble to make us think that they are a worthwhile effort for other keen minds. And with the overall model airplane activities being classified on toy or juvenile level, it is a problem how to attract new members to our circle.*

# *Past, Present and Future*

*All of the pleasures and joys that we experience while we build and fly model airplanes are being handed to us by those who were here before us.*

*All of the knowledge that we may find in this book we will take for our own, and feel that it is our right to do so. It truly is our right, if at the same time we assume the responsibility of eventually adding to the sum total of human knowledge. How could a fountain stay alive if we all dipped our cups in it and no one took care that water will continue to flow?*

*Pity the man who will take and use the knowledge gathered by others and does not contribute his own. He will miss one of the finest feelings of life, the glow that comes from bringing light into a corner that has been dark since time began.... And that which he holds so tight to himself will eventually be rediscovered someday, someplace by someone else.*

*May, 1958  
Clifton Heights, Pa.*

---

*It is hoped that this book will give an "adult" sense of feeling for the hobby to the readers who may see this book for the first time; and make them realize that "Model Aeronautics" can be a lifelong hobby that will bring many new adventures to that which otherwise be a "normal" life.*

*The make-up of this book goes back to the former Year Books in which the contributions played a major part. The basic idea is to provide an outlet for individual effort in stabilizing the science of model aeronautics; and also to assure the contributor that his material will be read by his "peers", who may have similar interests and troubles, and can really sympathize with him.*

*May, 1953  
Ithaca, N. Y.*

# Jasca

Jasca was a foundling. I never found out who left her at my door. The only way anyone could get into the building where I lived on the second floor was with a key or ring up a tenant to “buzz” him in. But there it was. Just a handful of white fluff with a bit of black.

What to do with a tiny kitten? Pass it on to another door? Bring it to the fire house? Well, let’s see what we can do. While I decided what to do I set a plate of milk before her. Yes, she was hungry. One could see that by the way she lapped up the milk that she had been weaned from her mother. Next problem: No yard facilities on the second floor. Shredded newspapers into a shallow paper box. Will it know what to do? Surprisingly, it did. No doubt about it, I had a smart kitty on my hands. That is how Jasca came to live with me way back in late in 1935.

At that time I was living alone in a two-room cold flat on 6th Street near 2nd Avenue in New York City. It had hot water. The coal fired boiler had its chimney alongside one of my kitchen walls, where I had a day bed, so that it gave some warmth during winter. If it was really cold, I filled the bath tub, which was by the sink, with hot water. The facilities were shared with the next door neighbor. The rent was \$16.00 per month. By reducing the menu to the basics, Pep with milk and raisins for breakfast, sandwich for lunch, soup for supper and occasional visits to the Automat on 14th Street, I managed to keep the food costs down to about 50 cents per day. My total living expenses for the month would add up to about \$35.00. Several 25-cent movies would be included in this sum. On occasion, I may just have 35 cents left in the house towards the

evening. What to do? Buy a ten cent bar of chocolate and go to the movies. Without fail, either someone would come up to buy balsa wood or the 7 a.m. mail delivery would include an order with cash in the envelope. More about this later. Under the circumstances, I was sure that I could manage to be able to spare whatever was needed to feed Jasca.

How did I reach such a situation? The family, except John, went to Slovenia in 1932 with hopes to weather the depression. (They did very well.) John remained until he graduated from high school. Although he was accepted by City College, he decided to join the family when they wrote that there was an opportunity to study mechanical dentistry. I had a steady job as a patent draftsman and had no wish to leave. Soon after John left, my position was terminated. It is quite possible that I could have found work as I had several other job qualifications, but why tempt fate. Especially since I now had no family discipline to keep me in line, so to speak. How to keep alive without working for others?

I decided to find out what could be done with the model airplane supplies and publishing books on model airplanes. Both of these possibilities were set in motion by John when he had an idea of printing a log book for model builders in which to record flight times. A friend suggested to include plans of models. I drew the plans and the book was well received. The model supply was a joint venture by John and our friend Jack. The idea was to cut balsa plants into sheets and strips and sell it to the model builders.

I joined the partnership as I was able to help financially. Jack's father made us a saw table, and we were able to cut the balsa in our cellar cubicle. Jack started college so that he could no longer participate and his share was refunded. So that when John left, the whole project was in my hands. Somehow, all of the events leading to the time when I was out of work were destined leading up to my future destiny. How could I ignore it? Incidentally, I named the supply part of the business: Junior Aeronautical Supply Company; makes initials: JASCO. So it was natural that the little kitten was named JASCA.

I am not sure how Jasca was weaned from her milk diet. Could be that I gave her some of what I was eating. But then came a time

when I knew that I would have to supply her with her own menu, especially if I should be to be away for several days, like going to the Nationals. At that time there were no specially prepared meals nor litter provisions for the cats. Dogs, yes. Why not try the dog food. Found Red Heart. Gave a portion to Jasca, she liked it. And from then on, Red Heart kept her alive and well. Of course, she still had the milk. At times, while I was eating, she would be sitting in front of my plate. And then, without a bit of warning, she would swipe off a portion of my food.

Jasca had no trouble getting used to my routine: Writing letters to model builders all over the world to obtain material for the year books, making up orders that came by mail. While I was drawing plans for the books, she would curl up on my lap or in an open desk drawer. Once in a while I would rub my celluloid triangle on her back and listen as she purred. And then I would make her jump as I touched the static electricity laden triangle jump from the triangle to her nose.

During the school year, Jasca was home alone most of the evenings. I was attending night high school classes five nights per week. Besides working towards getting credit for the academy diploma, it was also a social activity. During the day, Washington Irving High School was for girls only. In the evening, it was co-ed. Believe that there were over 5,000 of us, ranging from grammar school graduates to adults in their forties. At that time, a fourteen-year-old youth could go to work with only requisite, that he attend continuation school three to four hours in the morning or afternoon. I was also a member of the Newman Club which had a social dance once a month. So, night school provided, more or less, outlet or communication with the outside world. Of course, there is more I could talk about my activities, but this tale has to do with Jasca.

Every once in a while Jasca and I would play ball by passing it to each other. I would flip it to her, and she would flip it back. At one time, one of my friends remarked that Jasca was just like any other cat. "Look how it tries to get away from me." He was holding her tail. Well the next time he tried that, Jasca quickly turned on him and scratched his hand. It took a while to show her how to handle tail pullers. But we did it. During cold winter, when I had

the tub filled with hot water, she sat on its cover with a soft cloth under her. I also taught her how to drink water as it trickled from the faucet. More often than not, she would sleep at the foot of my bed. I should also mention that later on, at certain times of the year, she wondered what was wrong with her. Remember, since she was found, she had not been out of the room for years.

In time, the model business and book sales made it possible to have the model business outside. First in a basement room on the next street, and finally a real large loft on the first floor on Tenth Street near Wanamakers. I was also able to have high school boys help with the odds and ends, but not cut balsa, so that it was almost like a business with salaries, 25 cents per hour, and have a local retail outlet. I used to write at home in the morning and go to the shop in the afternoons. Then came a time when I felt that Jasca would very likely enjoy a larger play area as well as having more people around. And that is what happened.

One day, Roger and Walter, who was a budding photographer, decided that Walter should take a picture of Roger's cat. I had seen it before in Roger's home. His cat was on jet black in color with exhibition show attitude. When Roger brought his cat to the shop, you have no idea how Jasca reacted. There was no way controlling her. She was scared! She had never seen another animal before. I had to hold her to keep her under control. Be as it may, when Walter finished with Roger's cat, I asked Walter if he would not mind taking a shot of Jasca. Sure. The snapshot won Walter a first place in a photo contest.

Then came a day when Jasca was missing. I have no idea how she slipped out as the door was closed at night. You can imagine how I felt. A few days later she was back, using a route we were unable to find. A bit bedraggled and dirty. But she soon preened herself clean and was back into the old routine.

Then, again, she disappeared, never to return. This happened in early 1938. I couldn't help feeling sad, thinking of my poor little virgin cat among the rough alley cats, and felt very guilty letting her meet such a fate after all the good times we had together.

The family in Slovenia was doing well. Then, in 1939, the American Consul warned the American citizens that the political



situation in Europe was becoming dangerous and advised them to return to the States. The family took the advice and returned by 1940. And so the family was together again. During the war, the boys, John, Albin, Tony and I served in the armed forces. While, Christine and father kept JASCO alive.

Several years after the war, I moved to a small town outside Philadelphia. I met Carmen there. We were married in 1959. In 1962 we moved to the nothwest part of the San Fernnando Valley, about 25 miles from the center of Los Angeles.

Late in 1962 we received a letter from Mrs. Gorini, a family friend who knew and remembered Jasca. She wrote that while looking over some old editions of the National Geographic magazines she found a photograph of a cat which could only be Jasca. She wrote to the Society to let her know more about the picture. They referred her to a newspaper in Wilkes-Barre, the Times-Leader. Its editor gave her the address of the photographer, S. M. Stapinski. Well, it seems that Mr. Stapinski was on a farm when he took the picture. He also mentioned that when he asked the farmer about the cat, he was told that the cat jumped out of his truck when he returned from a trip to New York. We will never know just how the two of them, the farmer and Jasca, came together. All we know that they did. You can imagine how happy we all were to find out that, after all, my Jasca had found a normal life in the country. Sometimes I wonder how many of Jasca's descendants are now helping the farmer control the mice population.

If you happen to have or can find the May, 1942 issue of the National Geographic magazine, Jasca's photo is on page 664. It is under the heading of Americana and part of a collection of 11 photographs. There is no individual story about each individual picture. The only text about these photos is as follows:

*AMERICANA. Eleven of the winning photographs in the Seventh annual Newspaper National Snapshot Awards appear in this series. Amateur photographers participated in the contest conducted by 97 newspapers in United States and Canada. These photographs were exhibited in Explorer's Hall, National Geographic Society Headquarters.*

Just think, Jasca's picture was taken only twice and in each case it won a prize for the photographer. I hope that the farmer, who had Jasca, had as happy a relationship with her as I did.

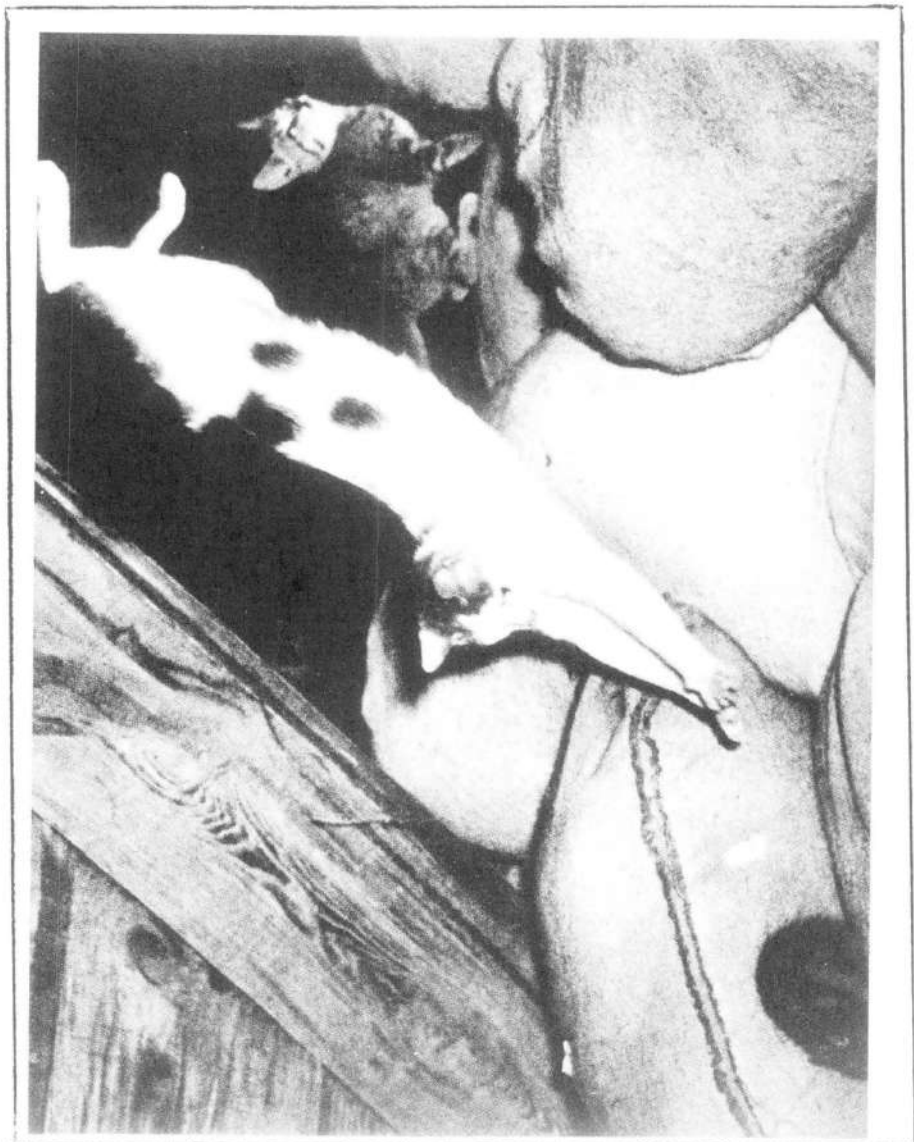


Photo by S. M. Stapinski

A Feline Dive Bomber Swoops on Its Target—  
—Reward for a Long Vigil in a Nanticoke, Pa.,  
Granary Was This Photoflash



## National Geographic Society

WASHINGTON, D. C. 20036

Photo by  
Walter Farynk

Dear Mr. Zaic:

February 26, 1974

Thank you for the background to Jasca's picture. The photographer was Mr. S. M. Stapinski. I have been unable to determine a current address for him. However, at the time he took Jasca's photograph, he was employed by the Wilkes-Barre Times-Leader News. Perhaps you could contact him through this source. The address is as follows:

Wilkes-Barre Publishing Company  
15 North Main Street  
Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania 18701

We appreciate the interest that prompted you to write to the Society.

Sincerely yours,

*Horton V. Blakeslee*

Research Department

## Relaxing With Numbers And Exploring No. 9

Before introduction of tranquilizers and sleeping pills, counting sheep, while they were jumping over a fence, was the way to drift into dreamland. When time came that I was unable to fall asleep as usual, I wondered if using the old fashioned sheep-counting method would work for me. But since it has been so long since I had last seen more than two or three sheep together, I could not, mentally, gather enough of them in a drove to enable me to start counting before they had gamboled away. Besides, when I did get them jumping over the fence, they did it so fast that they had me worried that one of them would miss and break its leg. Then I tried to have them jump in slow motion so they would sort of float over the fence. While I was counting them, I realized that I was using my breathing as the counting tempo: Inhaling as a sheep arched over the fence, and exhaling as it landed. I was thinking about this when I drifted into sleep.

Next time I had trouble falling asleep, I decided to let the sheep rest while I was using my breathing tempo as a reference. And so: I inhaled at the count of "one," and exhaled on count of "two." I continued: 3(in)-4(ex), 5(in)-6(ex), and on to 7-8, 9-10, 11-12, thir-teen, 4-teen, fif-teen, 6-teen, 7-teen, 8-teen, 9-teen, twen-tee. Had a bit of trouble how to continue with "twenty" as a base. Decided to use its "ten" base in combination with the "single" numbers as follows: 2(in)-1(ex), 2(in)-2(ex), 2-3, 2-4, . . . 2-8, 2-9, 2-10, and so on to 3-1, 3-2, etc. (Decided to use 2-10 in place of 30 as the phrasing of 30 would slow-up the pace.)

Most of us may fade into sleep by the time we reach 6-1, 6-2, or so. while some may have to go as high as 9-1, 9-2, 9-3, 9-4, 9-5, 9-6, 9-7, 9-8, 9-9, and then 9-10 which is equal to 50 breathing sequences, and still have the day's problem in mind. Well, in such a case, one might start all over again from 1-2, etc. But this time add an additional factor, try to visualize the numbers as you phrase them. Imagine "1" as you inhale, and then "2" as you exhale, etc. This should do it.

This method of achieving sleep can also be used whenever one is in a stressful situation: like sitting in a dentist's chair. While the drill is buzzing its way to the very core of your head, straighten your legs out, fold your hands on your lap and then set your mind to inhaling and exhaling to the count of your breathing tempo. Every once in a while, do make a painful expression, just to keep the dentist awake.

Another old folks suggestion that you should count to ten before answering a demeaning remark can be strongly reinforced by combining it with the breathing tempo. By doing so, your very act of concentrating attention to your breathing may produce remarkable results. While doing so, the anger will diminish and leave you with a presence of mind to reply in a calm and wise manner. But to the onlooker, your appearance will be such that he will think that you are gathering strength for a physical rebuttal. And he will be totally unprepared for your upmanship statement.

By using the breathing-by-the-numbers, the nights of sleeplessness could be numbered as well as the hours of stress and tension.

### EXPLORING No. 9

On one particular night, I was still wide awake when I reached 9(in), 10(ex) or the 100 count. I did not feel like starting all over again from 1(in), 2(ex), and wondered if I could fade out by counting backwards from 100. I could not find a comfortable number sequence to go with the breathing tempo. Why not forget the breathing tempo. Sidetrack the mind by presenting it with problems that had nothing to do with everyday living. I still had the "back count" process in mind and decided to start by subtracting 9 from

100.  $100 - 9 = 91$ . Held a mental picture of 91 until I subtracted 9 from it.  $91 - 9 = 82$ . And so on down to lower number scale until I reached  $19 - 9 = 10$ . While holding mental pictures of the numbers, I noticed a similarity among the resulting answers: If the individual numbers of a subtraction answer were added, they would add up to 10. Example No. 91,  $9 + 1 = 10$ . No. 82,  $8 + 2 = 10$ . Down to No. 28,  $2 + 8 = 10$ . By now the mental exercise had its effect.

Next morning: Could hardly wait to make up a table of the above to find out if it was really true. As you can see, it was. I could not stop now. What sort of a number would result if 9 was subtracted from 90?  $90 - 9 = 81$ ,  $81 - 9 = 72$ . Here again, it can be seen that by adding numbers in the subtracted values, the result would be similar as above, except that the number now was 9. No. 81:  $8 + 1 = 9$ . Followed similar procedure by starting to subtract 9 from 80, or  $80 - 9 = 71$ ,  $71 - 9 = 62$ . You can see that the resulting "addition" is 8.  $71 - 9 = 62$ ,  $6 + 2 = 8$ ,  $17 - 9 = 8$ . To lower values:  $30 - 9 = 21$ ,  $2 + 1 = 3$ ;  $20 - 9 = 11$ ,  $1 + 1 = 2$ .

To further explore this particular property of No. 9, I wondered what it would do if it was used as a multiplier. Judging by the  $90 - 9 = 81$ , etc. table, with the "answer" being factors of "9," the resulting products should be interesting. I made up a multiplication table, using 9 as the multiplier. The products up to 10 resulted in the product "addition" of 9. When I reached multiplicand 11, I was stopped short.  $9 \times 11 = 99$ ,  $9 + 9 = 18$ . Did not expect 18. Took a while before I realized that the "addition" of 18 is equal to  $1 + 8 = 9$ .

Now that I realized that any factor of "9" would satisfy the "addition," I could hardly wait to check the actual numbers. So:

$$9 \times 45,872 = 412,848.$$

$$\text{Add: } 4 + 1 + 2 + 8 + 4 + 8 = 27 \quad 2 + 7 = 9$$

Factors of 9 could also be used as multipliers with the resulting "addition" to be "9."

$$27 \times 58,492 = 1,579,284 \quad \text{Addition} = 36 \quad 3 + 6 = 9$$

$$108 \times 784,943 = 84,773,844 \quad \text{Addition} = 45 \quad 4 + 5 = 9$$

How about using other numbers, besides 9, as multipliers? No. 3 and No. 6 have limited possibilities as they generate into basic factors of No. 9. Others, 2, 4, 5, 7 and 8 only have an occasional "addition." No other number has this special characteristic of No. 9.

Just why should No. 9 have this particular "addition" property? I do not know. Nor have I noted it in any publication. But someone out there may know. Be it as it may, everytime I have a calculator in my hands, I enter random numbers, multiplying them by "9" and wonder if I found a number which does not follow the Law of No. 9. So far, no find. Always, it comes out in the "factor" scale. (Just sneaked in:

$$9 \times 6,854,173 = 61,687,557. \text{ Addition} = 45 \quad 4 + 5 = 9)$$

As a divisor, No. 9 is also in a class by itself with respect to the display of the numbers in the result. Normally, when we divide by No. 9 we are usually just interested in one or two decimal places, disregarding the rest of the display. If you try several random calculations, use No. 9 as a divisor, you will be surprised and pleased at the results. Also try No. 99, No. 999, etc. as divisors. Use them in combination with dividends such as 11, 111, 1111, and other similar groups of other numbers.

No. 3, No. 6, No. 18, and other factors of No. 9 will also produce special display results that you will press on your friends to see. Really, should not show any examples here as the surprise of the results should be all yours. Still, just in case you do not have a calculator handy:

$$\begin{array}{lll} 1/9 = .1111, \text{ etc.} & 1111/9 = 11.222, \text{ etc.} & 22/9 = .2222, \text{ etc.} \\ 4/3 = 1.333, \text{ etc.} & 5/6 = .8333, \text{ etc.} & 478/18 = 25.555, \text{ etc.} \\ 25/27 = 925925, \text{ etc.} & 25/36 = .69444, \text{ etc.} & 2/3 = .666, \text{ etc.} \end{array}$$

**WARNING: Playing with No. 9  
can be addictive!**

## FROM MY DIARY

Spring - 1935

Little brown mouse, come nearer and do not fear me.

Come and keep me company. I love your chatter on the dishpan, and your scraping of toenails reminds me of Virginia Reel.

Little Brown Mouse, come and bring your love and feast on my bread crumbs.

Little Brown Mouse, you are a lucky rascal to have such a cute mouse for your love.

You see, I am all alone, and my darling does not know that I call her sweetheart in my dreams.

Come, don't let a little sneeze scare you.

Come and keep me company. The night is a dreary, lonely place.

Ah, that's better. Let's have a sonata on the bean can.

Come, Little Brown Mouse, twitch your whiskers and tell me I am a young fool to be afraid to call on my lady friend in the clothes that I wear.

Tell me, "To hell with the clothes, me lad. 'Tis you that she want!"

You do not answer me, my Little Brown Mouse. "What am I to do if even you forsake me?"

Come, Little Brown Mouse, perhaps, you see her once in a while in your wandering around the town.

I promise you crumbs of cake if you would only tell me if she ever whispers my name.

Ah, I know, my little Brown Mouse, that my assumptions are far fetched. My mirror tells me plenty, and I am sorry to say it mutters, "I wish he would go away and not bother me with his looks."



But I hope that, perhaps, she sees something in me of which I do not even dream. Is there hope? Will I have a very poor chance to win her for my bride?

Gee, I cannot even think of being in the world without her. Ah, well, it is not so bad as all that. I am just working myself up. I should be careful. I would think that I am actually in love with her.

How cruel is fate to have us see each other once or twice, and then tear us asunder when we were becoming so closely bound.

These words may not be poetry, but they come by themselves from nowhere. They might really be minor to a sophisticated mind, but to me they are very dear as they were born of my loneliness.

I feel so out of myself. I draw my skin over my skull and look around the room. There are so few things to console me in my travail.

I am getting sleepy. Thank goodness the body needs a rest and so forces the mind to submerge into unconsciousness, and give me hope for tomorrow that it may actually be today and not always tomorrow.

"Good night, my little friend."

\* \* \* \* \*

## WOULD YOU BELIEVE .....

The mouse in the diary is not a literary imagination. I really had one come out late in the evening to browse around the floor, picking up whatever may have dropped during the day in the way of food. Sometimes, it had a friend along to keep it company. In a way, I had an automatic floor sweeper. What else would a bachelor need? I have no idea how they managed to come to my rooms on the second floor, but there

they were. I made no effort to find out their entry or to set a trap or poison for them. Their presence seemed natural. I did have a temptation at one time to do away with one of them.

The steady visitor fell into an open cracker box beside the table and could not get out. Now, as a civilized person, I felt obliged to do away with it. But how? Drowning seemed a "humane" way. I filled the sink with water and dropped the mouse into it. After watching it struggle, trying to climb up the slippery sides, and weakening by the second, I changed my mind about it all. I carefully lapped the struggling mouse into a bowl, which I then placed under the warm stove so that it dried and warmed the shivering creature. In no time, it was lively as ever and agile enough to momentum itself out of the bowl and scurry to its home. It was a while before it came back and picked up its assigned task of sweeping my kitchen floor. --- By the way, this happened before my kitten, JASCA, arrived.

The girl lived around the corner. I saw her now and then in the neighborhood. Or when she passed by my house while I was in front talking to someone. It was a sort of a "turn neck" interest look at first. Then, by chance, we were in the same class in the evening high school. (I should mention that at that time it was not unusual that many started to work at 14 or 15 years of age, by choice or necessity. So that the students' ages may have varied from 15 to 40, or even over.) Although we may have been in the same room, there were no encouraging or recognition looks from her to complement my glances. Still, I managed to talk her into having a date.

Although I could not afford a \$29.90 coat, I managed to buy one for the special date. (My monthly rent was \$16.00, and I lived on about 50 cents per day. 2¢ stamp for first class mail for reference.) When I called, she was not at home. Her sister said that Ann had to go someplace. Another try: Got two tickets to the Metropolitan Opera for the Magic Flute. Sent a note that I have two tickets. Could she go? No. Classes changed and she moved away. -- Still, the diary entry is with us now.

## LIVING WITH HISTORY

by Frank Zaic

*From a busy lifetime of experiences, the maestro reminisces ...*

I MET Kurt Hammerstein, by chance, at the Greyhound Bus Station in Buffalo in June 1937. This happened when I found someone else just as anxious as I to get the front seat on the bus by arriving early at the boarding gate. But it seems that Kurt was even more anxious than I, as I found him at the gate ahead of me. There is something about the front seat that makes an early arrival at the station worthwhile, especially for the night ride. At night, the front seat is the first seat on a cruise through the milky way and the galaxies, with stars and comets rushing towards you, and distant pinpoints of lights coming slowly towards you.

As soon as we were outside of Buffalo, riding at a steady, rhythmical pace through the dark countryside, Kurt and I began exchanging our personal histories and experiences. Yes, we did get the front seat to the right of the driver, with Kurt by the window, and we were young enough to start talking to each other as a matter of fact. He told me he was German, going on seventeen, and that he was on a straight-through trip from Pasadena, California, to New York City. In Pasadena he had attended Pasadena High School. I could see that he must have been a popular boy; he was tall for his age, with clear blue eyes and a spray of blond hair. He had expected to stay in school another year, but his family in Germany had called him back.

At the bus stops, while other passengers drank hot coffee to offset the chilly night air, Kurt and I had ice cream. Oh, we were very scientific about it. We knew that ice cream had lots more calories than coffee. Just give the ice cream a chance to get into our system, and we would feel much warmer than folks who had hot coffee with its short hot blush. We had ice cream at every stop, even at 5 a.m. when the eastern horizon had just a tinge of blue. I can still hear Kurt crunching on the cone, and see the contented look on his face as he made the ice cream disappear. I had practically no money, but he had less. So he was my guest.

As the bus rolled towards New York, we kept on talking. He told me his father was an officer in the German Army, and that his family lived in the suburbs of Berlin. I mentioned that I would be going to Europe in a few days, and that if I was near, or in Berlin, I would look him up. Then he mentioned that he would like to stay in New York for a while until his ship sailed, but he knew no one there. The nearest friend of the family was in Connecticut. So it was only natural to offer him the use of my rooms while I was away, and it was arranged he would see his friends in Connecticut and then go back to New York and use my rooms. When we arrived in New York, after being together almost 12 hours, we exchanged addresses, and then parted, never to see each other again.

As many travellers have learned, one can never tell what will happen on a journey, especially if one competes in International Model Aeroplane Meets. It just so happened that we had such a Meet in England in 1937,

and I was a member of the American team. One of the twelve countries that took part was Germany. During the Meet, the German team manager invited us to go to their National Contest in Germany in August. Since I was able to stay in Europe until then, I took advantage of this offer, as did five Englishmen.

The visit to the German National Model Aeroplane Contest and the subsequent visits to their aeronautical educational schools, is a story in itself, but at present it has only academic value. After the Englishmen left, I stayed in Berlin for almost another week, still a guest of the Aero Club under personal attention of a tall, party-uniformed Major.

Towards the end of my stay in Berlin, I asked him if it would be possible to telephone a family whose son I had met in New York. I showed him the name and address Kurt had given me. As soon as he looked at the name, his head snapped towards me, and he said: "Do you know Hammerstein?" I said yes, and then explained the New York situation. Although Kurt had told me his father was an officer, he did not tell me that he was "General Hammerstein".

Well, after that, my Major was all puffed up with importance and he always had that perplexed look on his face when he looked at me, just as though he was asking himself how was it possible that I knew Hammersteins while he did not. He called Hammersteins and found out that Kurt had not yet come home. Yes, they knew me from Kurt's letters, and could I come out to them for a visit. Could I come for a visit? I sure could!

My Major had no trouble finding transportation for me. And what transportation! A Mercedes-Benz limousine with a uniformed chauffeur and his partner, and with flags on each front bumper. And there I was, sitting nonchalantly in the back seat with my Major, just as if I had been used to this kind of service all my life. I mean, for young folks, that was living!

Kurt's home was, naturally, in the best part of Berlin's suburban area. It was an estate with ivy-covered walls and a grand formal garden. Unfortunately, now that I look back, his mother and father were not home, but his older sister and younger brothers made me feel welcome. She spoke school English and we were able to keep up a conversation for almost two hours. They showed me their home, but I only remember the room in which the walls were covered with heads of mountain sheep shot by the General in the Alps. Later on we had coffee and cake in the garden. All this while my Major and Mercedes transportation were awaiting my pleasure.

Now, this experience, rich as it was with gratifying incidents, would be just one small conversation piece about something that occurred while travelling and moving with the tide, if it were not for one special exception; the fact that Kurt's father was General Hammerstein.

In 1956 I was glancing through a book on espionage, I think it was the *Silken Gord*, when I came to the chapter that described the attempt on Hitler's life. At the end of this chapter was a list of persons who were involved in the plot and who were later on executed. My eyes were sweeping down the list when my heart made a sharp jump. There, on this historic list, was the name "General Hammerstein".

Sometimes I wonder what happened to Kurt.

## October 2, 1979

The 6:55 buzz alarm woke us up as usual. I switched over the radio, which gave us five more minutes before the newscast would signal the very last possible moment for us to get up and shine. Before the five minutes of grace had passed the telephone rang at the other end of the house. It was not unexpected as someone had the habit of calling at this hour to make sure to find me at home.

"Hello, Hello."

"Yes, this is Frank Zaic."

A slight pause. Then a calm and deliberate voice replied, "This is Kurt."

"Kurt?" I asked. There was only one Kurt that I knew but it could not be he!

"Yes, Kurt Hammerstein," was the reply. I could not believe it, it just couldn't be! The voice was so clear and strong, no background static; almost better than some of the local calls. I thought one of our friends had assumed the accent and used Kurt's name to shake me up a bit before starting the routine conversation. But happily, it was Kurt.

After Kurt and I reassured each other that we were the ones who met on a bus in 1937, I found out that he was calling from Cologne, and that he had a sister in San Francisco. He had visited her several years ago and was thinking of doing so again. Yes, he was also involved in the "plot." Then I asked him the question that had been been trying to get into the conversation almost from the very start, and was crying for an answer: "How did you know where to find me?" Well, it seems that an English man, living or vacationing at Bodensee (Germany)? heard the name Hammerstein mentioned on TV. This man then wrote to the TV station to find out if the Hammerstein could, by chance, by the Hammerstein mentioned in my story. Eventually, Kurt received the letter sent to the TV station. He communicated with the English man, who

advised Kurt to get in touch with my friend, Ron Moulton, Editorial Director of the Aero Modeller in England. Kurt called Ron, who gave him my address and telephone number. And here was Kurt calling me from Cologne! Before signing off, Kurt promised to call again and send us the book he wrote about the plot. And so, through a series of improbable coincidences and circumstances, the query which ended my original story, "Sometimes I wonder what happened to Kurt," has been answered in a most wonderful way.

### CONTACT AFTER 42 YEARS

Readers of the Aeromodeller Annual 1978/79 will recall Frank Zaic's reflections of a chance contact he made in 1937 whilst travelling across the USA by Greyhound Bus. Met Kurt Hammerstein, became a firm friend and subsequently visited Kurt's home in Berlin where he was to realize that his father was none other than General Hammerstein. Many years later Frank discovered that the General was involved in the plot to kill Adolf Hitler and Frank concluded his fascinating reminiscence by wondering "what happened to Kurt?"

Frank's question was soon answered. We had a telephone call at the Editorial Offices asking Frank Zaic's address and telephone number. The query came from Frank's friend of 1937! Kurt told us that he had written a book on his father's stand against the Nazi regime and his own experience as a refugee from the SS who were seeking retribution from the family.

Needless to say, Frank and Kurt are overjoyed to be reunited, but more does remain over the last message. There is still an unidentified reader whom we only know to be an Englishman, working for a German company, who kindly telephoned the German television and radio station about the feature in the Aeromodeller Annual. We wonder who he is? If he will be good enough to make contact with us, we will gladly reward him with an appropriate souvenir to illustrate how small the world really is.

— From June, 1980  
*AEROMODELLER Magazine.*

West Germany.  
9th March 1980.

Dear Mr. Moulton,

Having read your item in the March Aeromodeller, I had better identify myself as the 'missing link' who pointed Kunrat von Hammerstein in your direction. It seemed to me that having dedicated a couple of pages of the Annual to the subject, you would appreciate it if he contacted you direct about Frank's location and phone number.

Actually he rang me again in mid-January and said he had spoken by phone to Frank in Los Angeles three times (phone bills don't seem to worry him), and that as he has a sister living in San Francisco he is planning a pleasant trip to California some time. He also mentioned that you were putting an item in Aeromodeller and suggested I contact you about it. I meant to do so sooner, but as skiing is a major reason for my being in this part of the world I find myself a little short of spare time at present. Incidentally I work for the firm of Dornier.

In fact, tracing Herr von Hammerstein turned out to be easier than it seemed. The version you printed is incidentally not quite accurate: the result, possibly, of his preference for communicating by telephone rather than in writing.

I bought the Annual in January 1979 and having been here a few months was interested in Frank's article. However, it seemed that the only readily available way of tracing his friend was to go right through the telephone directory and contact all the Hammersteins. That seemed a long and expensive undertaking. Moreover, on the facts available it seemed quite likely that he had died of one cause or another during the war, so any enquiries would need to be handled rather tactfully, and at the same time there would be no certainty of success. At that point, therefore, I gave up the idea of searching.

However, in July I saw a television documentary about the 20th July Plot. It included film of the various 'defendants' before the 'People's Court' which subsequently dispensed retribution, together with current-day interviews with relatives and colleagues of these conspirators. One of the interviews was with one Ludwig von Hammerstein. Although I didn't follow enough of the dialogue to appreciate his relationship to the event, the lead was clear. I therefore found out the T.V. company and programme producer involved, and sent him a copy of the Aeromodeller Annual article with a request to forward it to Ludwig von Hammerstein 'for his interest'.

A month later I had a letter from that producer, informing me that Ludwig von Hammerstein is Superintendent of the radio station R.I.A.S. (Radio In American Sector) in Berlin, and that my letter had been forwarded to him.

After a further couple of weeks I received a letter from Kurt himself, who it turned out was Ludwig's brother, together with an autographed copy of his second book and a request for help in contacting Frank. I sent him the editorial address and telephone number from Aeromodeller Annual, and you know the rest.

Two weeks ago I further received a letter of thanks from him, with an autographed copy of each of his books. The books are quite interesting historical documents. The first is documentation of his father's and his own careers from about 1920 up to July 1944, and the second is reminiscences and documentation of his and his colleagues' escapes and attempted escapes from the SS and Gestapo after the Plot failed. Having spoken to the man you might be interested in a little of his background. (Incidentally I'm a little surprised if Frank didn't research further than he mentioned. Possibly he knew more details than he put in the article)

Firstly, like most of those involved in that plot, Kurt is an aristocrat. His title is Kunrat, Freiherr von Hammerstein-Equord. Kurt is an abbreviation of Kunrat, though his father was christened plain Kurt. Freiherr is generally translated as Baron. Although today's German Constitution has no aristocracy, inherited titles may still be used.

Secondly, his father was not just a General. He was the Chief of the General Staff from 1930-34, that is, including the Nazi take-over. Having been outspokenly critical of Hitler he was eased out of that office following the take-over. At the time of the July Plot in 1944 Kurt (the son) had been released from the Army after about three years' service, to study at University. He and Ludwig were both involved in the planning of the Plot and the attempt to establish a new regime following it: he gives an eye-witness account of the shooting in the Army Headquarters as the SS, armed with the knowledge that Hitler had survived the bomb, crushed the coup.

The books being in German language, it will take me some time to work through them both in detail, but as language practice it will obviously be made more interesting by a little personal involvement.

All of which has nothing to do with Aeromodelling, but it's interesting, isn't it?

Yours sincerely,

Alan Martin  
A.P.W. Martin.





# A Visit During Our 1985 European Trip

## SEPTEMBER 21

Back on the road along the Neckar River, we passed through Heidelberg. No time to stop and "tourist." Lots of road junctions to sort out to get on Autobahn 61 to Bad Godesberg where we had hotel reservations for that night. (Bad Godesberg is near Bonn.) We arrived at 5 p.m., just in time to make a phone call.

"Hello," a voice I recognized answered.

"This is Frank," I replied.

"Where are you?"

"At Berlin House."

"You are only a few blocks from here. Can you come to see me?"

"Yes," I replied.

I left Carmen to rest after a long drive. As I followed the direction I could not help but wonder at all the coincidences that after 47 years, Kunrat Hammerstein and I would meet again. That our hotel was so close to his home was another coincidence as we had expected him to be somewhere in Bonn, not in Bad Godesberg. He was expecting us as I wrote to him that we would be going to Europe, but did not give a specific date.

Our meeting was almost casual. Just as though we had seen each other the day before. But, then, we had had several telephone conversations since we got in touch, so that we were not exactly strangers. I recognized him but it could have been because I saw his photo on the back of a book he sent us. He is tall, but has a perceptible stoop, his walk is a bit hesitant, and at times he tends to grasp for support. His body may seem weak, but judging from his conversation, he is very much alive. He showed me some of the family portraits and talked about his past and what he is doing. Before I left, he mentioned he would like to take us sightseeing the next day. It was decided he would call for us in the morning and have breakfast with us.

After breakfast, we went back to his house, as I wanted Crmen to see the family portraits. He has a full-length painting of his father and several small ones of his other ancestors. Also there is an old painting of the Hammerstein fortress above the Rhine as it used to be a long, long time ago. Among others there was a portrait of a Hammerstein who served with the Union Forces during our Civil War.

Kunrat has kept a most complete file of letters, notes, newspaper clippings, etc., dating back to his early youth. We could have spent the whole day just looking over his data and asking more about the family and history in general, but he wanted to take us to the ruins of the Hammerstein Fortress. Before we left his apartment, he gave us a copy of his book, "Flucht," a narrative of the period in which he and his brother managed to keep from being captured by the SS troops.

We crossed the Rhine on a ferry and drove south to the village of Hammerstein/Rhein, then turned left onto a narrow, steep road which led us up the heights of what was left of the fortress. The fortress was in the family from 945 to 1418 when they moved away. For a long time it was the stronghold of the Landknechts (Swedish mercenaries during the 30-Year War). Finally, the Archbishop of Trier had the fortress completely destroyed, feeling that as long as the fortress was intact, there would be no peace in that part of Europe. There are still the basic foundation walls to be seen and part of a watch tower dominating the Rhine for miles north and south. The view is spectacular. (I could not resist picking up a little stone which we brought back with us.) The village below is mostly built of stone walls, and we wouldn't be surprised if many of those stones are not part of the fortress.

Before returning to Bad Godesberg, Kunrat took us to visit one of his friends in the village. We went to an excellent bakery shop where we bought enough rich cake pieces to feed a party of 10, and then we went back to the house and had coffee and cake. On the way out, we passed a road sign, "Rockenfield." Kunrat mentioned that the Rockefellers came from the village, and the story goes that the first one to immigrate to America was chased out of the village because of excessive drinking and rowdy behavior.

Back at our hotel in the later afternoon, Kunrat mentioned that he would like to take us to dinner at a restaurant close to our hotel before we said good-bye. Carmen was very impressed with Kunrat's great recall and knowledge of European history, origin of words, etc. She thoroughly enjoyed meeting and talking to him. And so, after dinner, Kunrat and I closed the time circle after all these years. For Carmen and me, meeting him personally was quite an experience. Especially considering the historical aspects he witnessed and endured.

We spent several more weeks in Europe after leaving Kurt. Towards the end of the trip we made one more special stop which we recorded in our trip diary.

"Shortly after leaving Kranjska Gora in Slovenia, we crossed the border. The weather was splendid as we drove through the Italian and Austrian Tyrol. At Bressanone, we somehow missed the entrance to the new Brenner Autobahn we had intended to take to Innsbruck and continued on the old road, which runs almost parallel to the Autobahn, but through mountains, valleys and little villages. We could appreciate some of the engineering feats accomplished when building the Autobahn. Especially impressive was the sight of the huge Europe Bridge across the Stubai Valley!

Spent only a couple of hours in Innsbruck, just to remember some of the places we saw in 1961, and continued to Oberammergau. We wanted to have a leisurely visit to Linderhof Castle — the last time we just glanced at it — as well as visit the Ettal Benedictine Monastery and beautiful church.

We took all day on the scenic Alpenstrasse to reach Lake Constance, where we found a hotel facing the lake. The heavy mist on the water gave the lake an unreal mood. Sky and water seemed to be one, and a boat passing through the setting sun seemed to be "flying" through the mist instead of gliding across the water. Called Alan Martin to let him know where we were, and to find out if he could join us for dinner. He and a friend were able to come. He is still with Dornier. We talked about the part he played in bringing Kunrat and me together again, model airplanes, etc. It was very satisfying to finally meet him personally after having corresponded for a long time.

# The Mysterious Music

While our B-24 Bomber Group was in Italy, I worked in my own tent and was able to listen on my three-tube radio once in a while during the day. Because the batteries had to be borrowed or picked from the discard heap, daylight listening was limited to about an hour for the news of the war's progress. So, you can imagine my surprise when one day I heard music emitting from the headset which was hanging on the wall nearby. I had a surge of guilty feeling, thinking that I had forgotten to switch off the set the night before, but when I checked the switch, it was off! I put on the ear phones and heard music coming through loud and clear.

I let Air Corps public relations rest while I checked for the reasons for this fantastic phenomena. Since the radio was definitely turned off, the sound must be coming through the set some other way besides the conventional electronic way. Perhaps I was in line with a powerful, newly erected broadcasting station. To carry this theory further, I connected one side of the phones directly to the ground and the other to the aerial. I almost jumped out of the tent when the phones vibrated with loudspeaker blast. Afterwards, I began to roam the squadron area, touching metals and ground, wire and ground, always getting the mysterious music. I told others about it and let them listen. Everyone was amazed as I was to hear music out of "the clear sky."

When we were alerted for overseas, cameras and radios could not be taken by individuals, but had to be packed in a squadron case which was marked "Cameras and Radios." This particular case could not be found when squadron gear was picked up at Taranto. In February 1944, radios and cameras were premium black market items, and having the contents advertised on the case, was like leaving a bucket of water unattended in a desert full of thirsty camels. My radio was in the case, but it would not have been operative for about a year, as we lacked electricity.

Our base was on farm land in the Bari-Foggia complex. We found only steel mat runway waiting for us when we were dumped on a squashy meadow. I wrote home for a three-tube Meisner battery kit with BC and 80m SW coils, thinking that the low 2v tubes would

## *FRANKLY SPEAKING*

give me long service on batteries I could find. But the delicate 2 volt filaments shattered in the mail and I had to convert the set to 6-volt military type tubes. This change called for a 6-volt storage battery. I knew men in the transportation section, and by promising a radio connection, I got a "loan."

The little three tube had no trouble picking up European stations and, on occasions, also U.S. with 80m coil. After a while, I found the volume becoming waker and weaker with batteries still in good condition. I checked the lend-lease lines and found bootleg taps. Since we had to live like one happy family, I solved the drain problem by installing an output transformer so that the B supply would flow through primary without making the output hot. In time, about 75 headsets were hooked into the network which criss-crossed and zig-zagged through the squadron area. At times we had local talent programs through a mike connection in the set. Quite often the bombers were short of phones when the ground crews forgot to replace the phones in the early morning. The little radio was our only source of entertainment for many months.

The source of the mysterious music was finally solved. Unknown to us, the officers decided to give their non-com crew members an extension. Since the officers had their tent almost 50 yards from our area, and the crew was on the other side of us, the connection wires must have been about 2000 feet long, stretched directly over our network. You can now see the possibility of audio flux around this extension coupling into our wires. In effect, we had one big unravelled transformer operation.

I was very happy with this service, as I was able to listen to good daytime programs whenever the crew was not flying. But this gift did not last long. The hungry ones tapped directly into the source, sapping volume enough to make it evident to the crew that something was wrong. Instead of using a transformer output, as I did, the "miracle" line was shifted beyond the squadron area and out of good coupling distance. Sometimes when the day was quiet and most of the bombers were out on a mission, if I listened very intently, I could still hear faint music. Perhaps if I had kept quiet about the existence of the mysterious music, I would have had it to myself much longer. But it was too good a secret to keep. All I can say now is that those first few days when the secret was still unknown, it was like living out of this world.





Top Photo. March 1944: Eight-men tents after heavy rain. No cots for ground personnel. High sick and hospitalization rate among them, prompted GHQ to close down all operations for one week. It ordered all Squadrons that all tents must have flooring by end of one week. Truck roamed all over the area, picking and buying whatever was flat and transportable. End of the week: Mission accomplished.

The momentum did not stop. The men, on their own, decided to improve their living quarters. We knew where to find the material, local labor was available and payments could be made with cigarettes. Result: Four walls with tent tops, bungalows and mat topped air raid shelters. Very likely the most unique "city" in the AAF bases anywhere in the world.

## Latecomers

If your aim is to attract attention, and cannot be first, be last.

*A sort of a writer that drags you from chapter to chapter.*

When you look back, and would not change the past, you have lived.

*“But, Judge, I was driving straight as an arrow when this officer stopped me for drunken driving.”*

*“In this town with so many potholes, only a drunk driver would drive straight ahead.”*

Always be yourself. Then you will never have to worry that you are off base.

*Be careful how you say “Don’t!” Or, it will be done when you are not looking.*

An unbearable situation can become bearable if you can convert it into a phrase.

*To make sure you get all the shivers out of a horror story, read it in front of an open refrigerator.*

“You stinker! You spoil us rotten!



Dust the house after vacuum cleaning. The cleaner may have a leak.

---

*Having others know of your problems is like having helpers carry part of the load. But be sure it is not too heavy.*

---

The frustration of being imprisoned by “Dont’s!”

---

*If you want it done your way, you will have to do it yourself or pay for it.*

---

Keep pointing out the small faults. And before long you will have the big one.

---

*How cruel can you be, sending cookies to your enemies! Something less caloric will still make them obliged to you.*

---

What came first, the chicken or the egg? The chicken, of course. The egg cannot walk.

---

*We express ourselves as best we can with whatever we know best.*

---

Wounds, inflicted physically, will heal in short time. Wounds inflicted by sharp words, may fester for years and years.

---

*When you feel like doing it, it is not work.*

---

After certain age, do not feel dejected if you do not do something special every day. The mere fact is, you did. Just living through the day.

---

After always having it her way, he is on the way out.

---

*A writer lives in his writing! Outside, he feels like a someone else.*

---

Commensurate. Do not scold in case of accidental spill.

---

*Now, I look into a mirror only in case of emergency.*

---

Do not blame your parents how you feel. They gave you life. What can be more precious to you!.

---

*When you do not feel like yourself, stop. Find out why before doing anything else.*

---

Reading history at an old age is different than reading it as a youth. An oldster made or was part of it.

---

*Time: Not much left. So much to do but flesh is weak now.*

---

I select bananas by the bunch. So that when I see someone tearing off individual bananas, I ask, "Do you realize you are breaking up a family?"

---

*Frustration of the years: When you get there and do not remember why.*

---

Do not leave them with worries on their minds.

---

*A day is a percent of our lives.*

---

Life? Just a collection of plus and minuses.

FRANKLY SPEAKING

“She made me what I am. “What do you mean?” I am sure that all of my cells have been exchanged by now after eating her cooking for thirty years.

---

*Talking and conversation are not the same. During conversation there is also listening.*

---

A stranger to his own voice — away so long in the desert of silence.

---

*Be a diplomat. Do not present it on a plate.*

---

Commensurate. Do not scold in case of accidental spill.

---

*Now, I look into a mirror only in case of emergency.*

---

*When you buy a lottery ticket, you are sure that Lady Luck will look after you.*

---

Feeling after your lottery number did not come up: Like being snubbed by your most trusted friend.

---

*Frugality: When times comes to give or exchange greetings, the couple go to the greeting cards display. After a while, each one picks out a card and gives it to the other with exclamation, “This is the one I would send to you!”*

---

Our parents gave us life. It is up to us to make the most of it.

---

*“Thank goodness, it’s all over!” exclaimed the mother of the bride after the wedding reception. And it was echoed by the ladies who had to go on a strict diet program for months to be able to wear the new dresses at the wedding.*

“Stingy? No. Their hobby is saving money.”

---

*The only one that can do it like you is yourself. So do not expect miracles.*

---

I love cheese. And you can see how it loves me!

---

*After having a celebration dinner outside, do not break the mood by weighing yourself when you come home.*

---

Let me be as I am. Let me feel comfortable with myself.

---

*I do not mind giving her a \$10,000 diamond ring. But who will pay the \$500 annual insurance?*

---

Never be impeccably dressed. Always leave a slight imperfection. The girls just cannot keep their hands away from doing a touch-up.

---

“Life?” *We have to take it no matter how it is wrapped up.*

---

A young man came to pick up his girlfriend at a reducing salon. It was his first time there. After a while, a man came, pushing a baby carriage through the door. The young man looked up and asked, “Did they reduce your girl so much that you have to pick her up in the baby carriage?”

---

*When your ego gets overbearing, take up watercolor painting. It will soon water you down.*

---

A smile leaves no room for a look you do not want others to see.

FRANKLY SPEAKING

If they are looking for a fault, oblige them.

---

*No girl wants a perfect husband. There are too many frustrating days when she simply has to let it out on someone. If he is perfect, how could she nit-pick on him?*

---

If a remark riles you. Relax. Then, in a calm voice ask, "What did you say?"

---

*After you retire, always leave something to be done tomorrow. If you have everything in order, there is nothing else to do but to wait.*

---

You never know when you may determine someone's future by what you do or say to him.

---

*To keep her quiet, runs high.*

---

A writer creates an inner world from which he cannot escape.

---

*He has a young old face.*

---

Sometimes we feel tied down with yard work and nurturing plants. Yet, when we are away on a trip, we wonder how they are getting along under a stranger's care.

---

*If you disagree with a critic, it is an argument. If you agree, it is a monologue.*

---

If they tell others that I am no good, why bother being good.

---

After losing the planned weight in the weight-loss program, she could not afford to buy the dress she had planned to buy after the program.

We have very selective eyesight. It only sees what we want it to see.

---

*Do not dress him up to show him off. Some other girl, who may be richer than you, might just walk away with him.*

---

It is the batter who brings them "in" that gets the glory.

---

*If you do not do anything special when you are young, you may not have anything special to talk about when you are old.*

---

In a conflict, if I come out of it with a good phrase, I feel that I am a winner.

---

*"I am sure that I was not meant for this body." Quoted by someone who was unhappy with self.*

---

Keep you smile muscles tuned to keep the cheeks from sagging in time to come.

---

*A writer has a tyrant. A tyrant who hammers, day and night, red hot words on the anvil to form phrases that will touch the heart.*

---

When dreaming stops, it is the end of it.

---

*And every year, the number gets higher and higher. Then comes the time when I wonder if the number is really mine.*

---

To achieve perfection, the last 5% may take as long as the first 95%.

---

*To have a visit remembered by the host, park the oil-dripping car on his cement driveway.*

Sort of a day when even a wrong number call is welcomed.

---

*At the age when we wonder how our parents passed through it.*

---

“Draculettes!” Nurses that take blood samples.

---

*No end of drought. The river is just creeking along.*

---

Never engage two adversaries at the same time. It is like washing two sharp knives at the same time.

---

*Think twice before you tell someone to go to h---. You just might meet him there.*

---

“Slow up!” I want to get there alive, Not in spirit!

---

*A writer that drags you with him to the bitter end.*

---

Clenched fists: Riding with a driver who talks with his hands!

---

Long engagements: Can you afford all of the payments on the ring?

---

Short engagement: Ring payments could be sneaked into the 'family' account.

---

A Cupid's arrow can be dangerous if the wound is not attended at once by someone who cares.

# My Experience With "Mini"

In 1937 I was a member and team manager of the American Wakefield Team which was due to compete in England for the Wakefield Cup late in July. Rather than just go there and back, I decided to take off a few months and roam around the Continent, visiting friends and correspondents who made it possible for me to edit and publish the Year Books.

The 1937 Year Book was just finished and enough orders came to cover the costs and leave a bit over. Traveling at that time, if you had the time, was relatively economical. A round trip to Paris was \$175.00. (Might take ten days or more each way.) Second class hotel average \$2.50, including chocolate, croussaints and butter breakfast. Also, one could save money by traveling at night in third class coaches which still had wooden seats. Staying with friends also helped with the budget.

One of the places I was especially eager to visit was Wolf Hirth's glider factory and see for myself how the Wolf G-1 and Minimoas were put together. A couple of years earlier, my friend and fellow member of the Aero Club Albatross, Ted Bellak, had spent almost a year working in Hirth's place, and thus became familiar with sailplane construction before going to work for DuPont and Schempp who were manufacturing sailplanes in the United States.

Wolf and I had met before when he was in the States so that when I wrote to him that I would like to visit his place in Kirchheim, he replied that he would be glad to see me. His factory was very impressive as I had never seen so many gliders in the "works" in one place. After so many years, it is difficult to recall all the details, but I can still clearly visualize the immense jig that was used to laminate the Mini spars. As you may know, the spars had a gull and a sweepback bend at the same spot, and right and left spars were needed. Took nerve to do it!

I was very happy when Wolf asked me if I would like to have a flight in the "Wolf" on the nearby slope. After a couple of flights, he felt that I was a natural born flier and let me have a try in the Mini. (An experience, 85 percent of the American glider pilots



would have given most anything to have at that time.) Wolf seemed satisfied with my handling of the Mini and wanted to know if I would be interested in flying, as a non-competitive guest, at their International Contest which was scheduled at Rhon from July 25th to August 8th, just a few days away. Well, I was a bit hesitant, but when he mentioned that I could have exclusive use of the Mini I had just flown, I replied that I would be most happy to do so.

Before Mini was trailed to Rhon, I told Wolf that I would like to double check the Mini's control system and have some cockpit time to get used to the location of the various instruments, maximum motion of the stick so that I would not be banging the sides with my arms, etc.

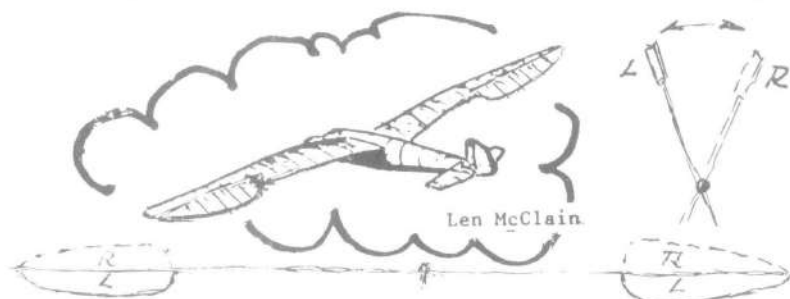
When we arrived at Rhon, I found that all of the launchings would be by shock cord. Luckily, I had a lot of shock launching experiences while flying with the Aero Club Albatross. ACA was a year-round club in New Jersey. Rain and snow would not stop us. In case of rain, we just waited for a clear period and out would come the glider and the shock cord, as the field would be too soaked for auto tow. Have you ever had the experience of being shock-cord launched off a flat field? Some fun if you missed the exact point at which to level out after the pull-up. We also had a bit of a hill behind the barns from which we would practice off-hill shock-cord launchings. So, in this respect I felt at home at the Rhon meet.

While I was a member of the ACA, I earned the FAI Class B Glider License. Very likely I would not have mentioned this fact if the license had not been signed by Orville Wright.

My performance at Rhon? Well, when they had duration, which was most of the time, I somehow managed to stay up a bit longer than the winner of the day. Same with altitude. Would you believe that I also established an unofficial distance record from Rhon? The other pilots began to look at me with a quizzical squint. Most of them had heard about me as being pretty good in model design, theory and competition, but I had had no spectacular flights in the United States which would give credence to my performance at the meet. Well, all I could say is that the Mini was flying was so far superior to Gus Scheurer's Secondary and McMillan Cadet, in which I almost had it, that I just could not help myself from doing what I did.

Since I was a guest, my time and record were not recorded in the FLUGSPORT, July and August issues of 1937.\* Nor was any mention made in other publications after what I told the gathering at the award banquet. Before going to the banquet, I had a farewell scene with Mini. I just sat in the cockpit for a while. I imagine that most of those who watched me to do so, felt that I just wanted to relive some of the high moments of the past week. Or, that I may be looking over the cockpit floor for possible objects that may have fallen from my pockets while "we" were tumbling during rough thermal and storm front flying.

Be it as it may, after the award presentation, I was asked to say a few words. I thanked them for their hospitality, and then I turned to Wolf and I thanked him for his generous gesture in letting me fly the Mini, and especially for designing "her" as he did. That generous center dihedral which made it possible to get good turns with the larger rudder. And I especially appreciated the generous ailerons placed so far behind the C.G. and how all these features, combined with sturdy construction, made it possible for me to obtain such extraordinary flights with Mini during the past week. And then, I confessed that I really was not playing or flying fair. And, that while at the factory, I had changed the aileron linkage so that when I moved the stick from side to side, the ailerons moved in unison, up or down, rather than one up while the other was going



down. By doing so, I was able to make Mini fly like a bird. And I also made them promise not to breath a word of what I did. As you can guess, they kept their promise. But with man-powered flight now an accomplished fact, my achievement with Mini can now be revealed and I need not keep it a secret any longer.

How I was able to physically keep the Mini "flying" for so many hours, is another story. But, actually, Mini, once I gave her the idea, almost did it all by herself.

\* It was recorded in the April 1, 1938 issue. 115

# My Trip to America

## THE TRAIN RIDE

It was a long train ride for Ljubljana, capital of Slovenia, to Hamburg. I spent all of the daylight hours of both days, leaning out of the coach windows. I just could not get enough of the ever-changing scenery along the way. Only darkness forced me to sit or try to sleep on the hardwood bench in the third class coach. I was with my uncle and several others who were also on the way to America with passage on one of the American-Hamburg Steamship line ships.

We arrived in Hamburg in mid-day. The train stopped outside the city alongside a series of low level buildings. We left the train with our luggage and followed others who had boarded the train along the way. We were led into a large hall where our documents were checked. As we passed through the check point, women and girls were directed one way, while we, men and boys, through another door.

We found ourselves in a hot and humid room. One of the attendants directed us to place our unlocked luggage on the benches. Then we were told to undress and put our clothes in the wicket baskets. It was quite a sight for me as I had never seen a naked man before. In our swimming hole back home, only as very young kids, would we jump into the water as we were born. Older boys and men would always wear an apron between the legs and tuck it behind. My uncle and I waited our turns at the shower. Taking a shower was a new experience for me . . . could not get over having hot water run all over me.

After the showers, still naked but with towels wrapped around our middles, we formed lines. I was just in front of my uncle as we inched forward. I bent over one side to see what was going on up front when I saw a man, in white, looking over the boys and men as they passed him. Then came my turn. The man checked me all over, mouth, eyes and other places. But, instead of letting me go ahead as others had done, he took my left hand and motioned me to one side. There I stood while my uncle was looked over. He, too, joined me. I do not remember the details, but the reason that I was taken out of the line was that the doctor found something wrong with my eyes which needed attention before the doctor would certify that I was physically fit to go to America. Evidently, the steamship line was responsible for such clearance.

Back in the main room where we left our clothes, we found them to be on the warm side. It could be that, while we were taking showers and being examined, the clothes and luggage were passed through super-heated steam to make sure that there were no germs or insects left alive to enter America. In a sense, we were sanitized from head to toes, and all that we possessed, so that we would be super clean before we were allowed to sail for America.

We were then, again, assembled into groups and escorted to long and low buildings in the area. Women and girls were led in a direction opposite to where we were going. We entered one of the buildings and found ourselves in a fairly large room with long tables and benches. From the room we entered the main part of the building which was filled with beds, some of them one on top of each other. By now, I am sure, most of us took whatever came along as being normal. Later on, I found out that these were the quarters for the third class passengers. Second class passengers were also in the enclave, but it seemed that they had individual rooms. I am sure that the first class ones had hotel accommodations.

Now that I think of it, grandfather built me a bed similar to the ones we had in Hamburg. It was in the stable where we had two cows and a horse. It was real cozy. Lulled to sleep by the slow breathing of the animals. I should mention that the stable was cleaned every other day, and that the bedding for the animals were the leaves that we had raked in the forest in the Fall.

### IT'S A TRIAL TO GET TO AMERICA

At the reception we were also given coupons with a lot of numbers on them. We now found out their purpose. It was time to eat. We were shown, on the way to the quarters, where the meals were served, and we now made our way there. At the door, a uniformed man punched our coupons as we went into the hall. Here again, it was large with long tables and benches. I do not remember what we had to eat, but it was different from the plain suppers I used to have with my grandmother.

Next morning, after a breakfast of coffee, bread, butter and jam, we went to the office to find out what was going on and what will be done. I did not know how to speak in English or German so that I had no idea what was being said. My uncle spoke in English. When the conversation was over, my uncle told me that the examining doctor found that my upper eyelids of both eyes had festering spots, and that I will not be allowed to go to America until the spots cleared up. What do do? My uncle had to get back to Chicago and his family as soon as he could. Since there was no way of knowing how long I will have to stay in Hamburg, I would have to remain there all alone as long as it took to get my eyes in good condition. All this happened in mid-July or so, in 1922. The reason that I remember is that the farmers at home were harvesting wheat. A few days later, my uncle sailed on the ship on which we were both scheduled.

I am not sure just when and how I was told to be at the guard booth at the entrance of the housing compound. All I know is that I was there after breakfast. I was not the only one. Before I knew it, some of the girls motioned me to follow them to the tramway. One of them paid my fare, and another one went with me to a doctor. I imagine he was informed of my problem, because he had me in the examining chair in no time. The doctor turned up one of the upper eyelids and began to pluck out whatever was festering there. It took quite a while before he was finished. I still remember, very distinctly, the feeling of having the eyelids rubbed by a hard object on the open spots. During the later visits, I was able to see that it was a clear blue substance. (Many years later, I found out that it was sulfate of copper or blue vitriol and that it is used as an antiseptic.) He finished the "operation" by washing the eyes with

some sort of a solution. My eyes smarted and I had to keep them closed all the way back after the girls picked me up. It looked like the "office" was taking good care of me.

What caused the festering of my eyelids? I had passed the physical exam in Ljubljana. So that the injury must have occurred on the way to Hamburg. That is exactly what happened. While on the train, I looked out of the open windows to watch the passing scenery all along the way as long as the daylight lasted. I must have felt the cinders from the engines as they fell into my eyes, and I just blinked until the tears washed them out. But some remained, imbedded in the upper eyelids so that I did not feel them. The examining doctor saw the bloody red spots which did not look too healthy, or did not know what caused them. Be that as it may, there I was, all alone in Hamburg.

Just how did it happen that I was going to America with my uncle at that time? The story goes back many years, before the first World War. At that time, my parents decided to go to America for a few years. The stories coming from America on how quickly one could make money could not be ignored. Father had a coach and wagon-making business. He felt that a few years in America would give him enough capital to get more machinery for the business. Also, it could be that the mortgage on the house was also unpaid. Father and mother had friends in Chicago who told them that they would have no trouble finding work. Since I was on the baby side, they decided that they would leave me with my mother's parents, and only take my sister, Christine. They would be gone only a few years and the family would be together again. But it was not to be so.

The war came in 1914. They could not return. I am not sure when I received a Teddy Bear from them. I like to think that it came by a submarine. It was not until the war was over that they returned to Slovenia, around 1919, and with two brothers, John and Albin. Both, father and mother, must have gone through a soul-searching period before leaving America. Soon after they returned, Tony was born. The urge to return "home" must have been very strong.

When they arrived, their house was still occupied by a refugee family. As soon as they left, father began to get ready to start his

business. The ashwood he had stored in the stable was now well seasoned, and it was also replaced by a young horse. He was all set to pick up where he left off. In no time he had orders and two apprentices. After being away so long, one wonders why he was willing to start all over again.

Grandma's home was in a different village, a good half hour walk. When the family's house was ready, they moved but I stayed with grandma. I just did not feel like part of the family since I was brought up by my grandparents. Grandfather died in mid-1918 and mother felt that I was good company for grandma. Why not let him stay? I still remember the evenings during which grandma and I would kneel and pray the rosary, and her large type prayer book. And how upset she was when I took off to visit aunts without telling her where I was going. But all this changed when my uncle came from Chicago in 1920 or so. Grandfather followed the tradition and willed the house and the land to his only son, with the proviso that he come home and manage the place for one year. Now I had more chores, like guiding the horse while the uncle was plowing, and grazing the cows in the field at the end of a long rope.

I do not know what made father and mother decide to return to New York in 1920-21. Again, it was logical to take only Christine and John with them. I stayed with grandma and uncle, while Albin and Tony were left with grandma's neighbors, who were very good to them. At the same time it was decided that I would follow the family to America with my uncle when he was ready to return.

Back to Hamburg, 1922: I do not recall anyone looking after me in particular or in a routine manner. I did not even know to whom to turn in case I needed help. Routine was fairly well established. Meet the girls at the entrance on certain days at a specific time, then take the tramway to the doctor. By now, the doctor only cleaned the eyes with liquid of some sort and they no longer smarted after the application. It was fun going to the city now, as quite often, the girls would treat me to cakes.

We usually came back in time for lunch, which really was the main meal. It was my favorite time as the meals were always good with soup, and especially lentil with some meat, bread and butter. Being part of a long table of diners was like being home, even though

I could not speak to them. At least we could smile. After lunch, the people would gather into groups outside the dining hall. I would move from one to another, listening to their speech, hoping to hear Slovenian. When I did hear it, I would introduce myself all around. If they made no effort to see me again or do something for me, I moved away.

Talking about coincidences! In such a way, listening to groups, I met a family — father, mother and daughter, who knew my family in New York. They had returned to Slovenia to visit and bring their daughter, who had been with grandparents during the war, back with them. The daughter gave me her Robinson Crusoe before they left. I spent many scary days reading the book. At one time, a couple made a special effort to look me up. They were also returning to America after a visit. My family knew them and their traveling time, and asked them to try and see me while they were going through Hamburg. Evidently, somebody knew where I was and so was able to direct them to me.

I had no feeling of time. There was no one to tell me what to do or plan my day. I am not sure if I took many showers, if any at all. Laundry was simple. I had no need for it. I just had two shirts, two pair of socks, stockings, a pair of shoes, two pants with legs going down just below the knees, and a hat. No underwear. It just was not worn at that time where I was. Not being sure whether I was trying to wash something or just playing with a faucet at the power house, I do know that I scalded my hand real bad.

Quite often, after lunch or supper, I would visit the canteen, not to buy candy but beer. During the war, candy was very seldom seen. Sugar was carefully doled out. Sometimes the women, who wheeled fresh produce to the city, would bring some back. Later, the local tobacco and small sundry shop had candy, but it was not given to children on a daily basis.

I had no particular reason for buying beer, except that I had drunk it before, and that it was drunk by older boys and men. I guess I just followed whatever was being done by others. At one time, I also purchased a bottle of whiskey. I took a short drink now and then. It was also nothing new to me as I used to take a drink from the bottle that grandfather had way up on a shelf, which I could only reach with the help of



a stool. I drank it because I liked the way the raw liquor burned the throat as it flowed down. Feeling grown up, buying the bottle seemed normal to me. A few weeks later, I found the bottle missing. Someone snitched on me to the doctor when he made his weekly inspections of the dormitories while I was away in the city.

Somehow, I had no compulsion to buy cigarettes while in Hamburg. I was more or less a casual smoker. One or two per week. Still remember how I got started on cigarettes. During the war we had Austrian officers quartered in our house. I used to watch them sit around the table, taking deep draughts on the cigarettes, and then, slowly, let the smoke out of rounded lips, or let it stream through the nose. I was fascinated watching them. The cigarettes were the kind that were hollow at the ends which they held between the lips,

One day, while I was watching them, the officers looked at each other, and then, one of them offered me a lighted cigarette. It was just as I had hoped they would be. I took a deep draught. Surprisingly, I did not choke on it. I can still remember the dry and acrid feeling of the smoke as it flowed down my throat to the lungs. I think that I had a cigarette quite often from then on.

After the officers left, my source of cigarettes was gone. Then I found that I could get them in the village store. I could not get them when I wanted as I had no money to buy them. But every once in a while I did find some, or was given money for candy. But instead of buying candy, I got one or two cigarettes. Luckily, I can say now, that the desire for smoking gradually faded away before I left for America. It could be that this happened after my experience with an Italian black cigar.

To this day I do not remember how I got the money to buy the beer and whiskey. The only other expense I had was buying post cards and stamps to write to grandma. It could be that my uncle may have left me some dollars from the family in New York, or it could have been the couple. But I do remember getting paid by a Czechoslovakian whom I tutored to read in his language so that he could pass his literacy test. Luckily, Czechoslovakian is very close the Slovenian so that I had no trouble. Another way that I may have made extra money was by playing cards. Card playing

was the basic pastime in the recreation room and in the dormitory. I did not know how to play pinochle before, but I soon picked it up well enough to win. I found that it was very similar to domino in which I was pretty good. Just try to keep the other fellow from using his top card, I think.

And so the time passed. I did not ask why I was held in Hamburg for so long. Nor did I feel impatient for the stay to end. It was just plain day-to-day living. Food and lodging were provided. I do not remember ever being impatient for the delay. It could have been that every day was interesting and enjoyable enough to keep me occupied. It could have been that I did not have any special reason for looking towards the day when I would be in New York. Quite often, I would leave the area and wander in the outside. I especially enjoyed walking across the bridge that was spanning an inlet. And then, sitting on the wall with my feet dangling from the edge—it had a guard rail. Every once in a while, a tug would come along. Its smokestack had to be swung back to enable it to clear the bridge. In such cases, I would run to make sure I was in the steam coming up.

Most of the others stayed in the dormitory for relatively short times during their layover before their scheduled ship sailed to America. So that the chances of making friends just was not there. Once in a while, a group that arrived at the same time would hold parties. It was surprising how many were able to play some musical instrument, so that it was beer and dancing during the evening. It is quite possible that I may have met other Slovenians after the meals, but none of them made any special impressions, besides the ones mentioned. It may have been towards the end of August when I met a mother with two boys, the older one was of my age. We soon became friends and roamed the area. Also, I remember the taste of the liquor his mother let me taste. I missed them when they left.

### I'M NOW SUPER HEALTHY — READY TO SAIL TO AMERICA

Finally, it must have been early in September when a man came and told me that I was ready to leave, but before I did, he would take me to the city. I had no idea why, but soon found out. The

first stop was the barber shop. I did not have a haircut since I left grandma, so that the hair must have been all over. When the barber was finished, I had no hair. Why he gave me a baldy haircut, I do not know. I did not give it a thought, feeling that it was another requirement before they would let me enter America. The next stop was the department store. I still have a vivid memory of up and down movement of small closets. You had to be very spry and alert to jump into or out of the moving closet. He got me a shirt, and that is all.

Somewhere along the time I head that the passengers were underfed on the ship. Also, that the best anti-sickness medicine was whiskey. Thus, before sailing, I made the last trip to the canteen. Left with a salami, loaf of bread and a bottle of whiskey. Now I was all set for the long and dangerous journey to America. As were getting ready to be taken aboard, I was introduced to a young man, and was told that he would look after me. It was also arranged that we would be in the same cabin.

It was exciting to be on the move. I still remember the name of the ship: MONTE CLINTON. It was on the small size. Judging from the ships I sailed on later, it was in the 10,000 ton class. It was one class, and I was able to roam all over. I could not get over the variety of the meals they served. So many strange ones. Tried bananas and did not like them. (Now I have at least one a day.) I was the first one in the dining room and never missed a meal. We had nasty days when the bow dug into the waves and the water swept all the way to the back. And the ship rocked from side to side so that the decks were awash. On such days, I was one of the very few who made it to the dining room. Between meals I snacked on my salami and bread, Also, as soon as the ship started to pitch, I made my way down to the cabin and had a swallow of whiskey. Not sure if it helped physically or mentally, all I know is that I never had an upset tummy because of the stormy weather.

Finally, after 12 days of stormy weather, we approached New York. The ship was anchored outside the harbor as we arrived at night. We sailed into the harbor next morning. I do not remember seeing the Statue of Liberty but I am sure that I must have. At that time, it did not have any special meaning as it did later. I do

remember the deep voices of the flannel-shirted, tug-boat men as they threw the lines up to our ship so that they could tow us. We disembarked at one of the piers with our luggage for custom inspection. When the inspector came to me, he did not know what to do as I had lost the key to my small suitcase. But I really should not have worried because I had nothing in it. Feeling that I would get everything new from the family, I threw the few items I did have through the porthole earlier in the day. The inspector lifted the suitcase, shook it, and replaced it on the floor and passed on.

I have an idea that I was part of the group which was separated from others, including my "guardian" to whom I had said goodbye earlier. (Not sure how much guarding he did as he spent most of his time with young ladies.) When the inspection was over, our group was escorted aboard a small boat which took us back to the harbor. It tied to a pier on an island not too far away from the Statue. Later on I found out that it was Ellis Island.

Passed another physical inspection and was then led to a large hall where I was one of many. I think we had some sort of lunch. And, by chance, I met the boy, his mother and brother who had left me in Hamburg a while back. They were still waiting for something or other. Towards the end of my first day in America, my name was called. When I reached the place from where the call came, I was met by my father.

By now, it was almost dark when we took the boat to New York. After we landed, we climbed a series of stairs and found a train waiting for us. It was quite a sight to be riding the train above the streets and seeing all the lights shining. I did not know what to expect. Whatever came along, I assumed it to be natural. But it was quite a change for a youngster who was brought up in the valleys of the Alps, and now found himself in the canyons of New York.

Quite by chance, later on, my parents told me that they had to pay full fare for my trip. When I started from home I was under ten, entitled to half fare. During the stay in Hamburg, I reached my tenth birthday.

P.S. I came to this land of the free by way of Ellis Island, only to lose my freedom many years later, next door, atop the Statue of Liberty, when Carmen said "Yes!"

## FAREWELL BUT NOT GOODBYE

The writer, editor and publisher of this book have identical signature, but only the writer's signature was good on the production cost check.

By bypassing the editor, the writer was able to include all of his Quotes. Just could not imagine, breaking up the community of Quotes that was between the covers of his notebook for years and years.

As you browse among the pages, you may find a Quote you like. When you do, underline its first word and record its page number on the "Quote Index" page.

In a way, I will miss having the Quotes all to myself. But time has come to let them go into the world and meet new friends.

*F. Zaic*

## QUOTE INDEX

Every day

Time

Springtime

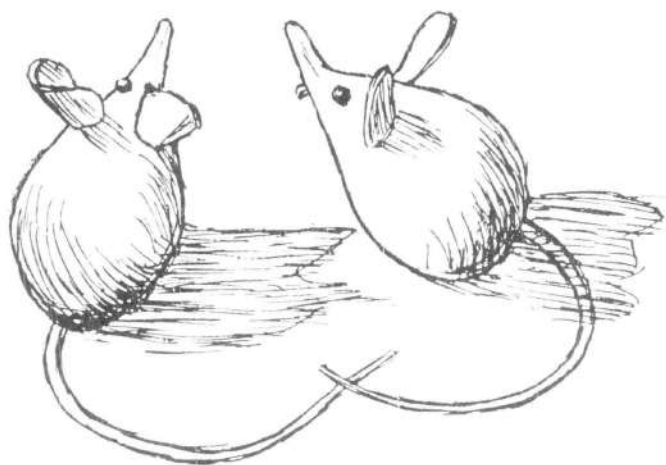
Nature

Up- 39,000 Ft.

Latecomers

Critique

Sneak -Ins



The Tale Ends

ISBN 0-913457-16-7