



Captain John in the Dolphin Seat of the Tehamana

John Payne Murphy once again writes an exciting and informative narration of his heroic adventures with the same modesty for which he is noted.

If you are interested in adventures in the Amazon, traveling through Europe and the Middle East, sailing in the Caribbean, and other stories, then here is a great and intelligently written book for you.

John Payne Murphy



The Adventure Continues

JOHN PAYNE MURPHY



THE ADVENTURE CONTINUES

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Public demand required continuation of the intelligent and insightful narrative by that great author, noted for his modesty, John Payne Murphy.

Over the course of four years, 2019-2022, with the continued help of Sharon Leiter, I recorded stories for this book. I wish to express my appreciation for the help of my friends and family with special thanks to my sister, Mary Jane Lewis, and my children, Claire Murphy, Kathy Kraintz, and Jonny Murphy.

John Payne Murphy

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Introduction



John Payne Murphy once again writes an exciting and informative narration of his heroic adventures with the same modesty for which he is noted.

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What Is Serendipity?



Whenever one makes plans with lots of details that go awry, it produces stress in varying degrees; but if you don't make any preconceived plans, everything goes right regardless of how the plan unfolds.

Tricia, as with most people, was not by nature serendipitous, but trusted in my judgement or at least pretended that she did for my benefit. She was not comfortable and felt insecure without a plan.

Security comes from having the capabilities to meet any situation that might come up. As a tall, athletic man with lots of experience in the Boy Scouts, in exploring caves, scuba diving, military service, launching rockets, etc., I was fearless in whatever came up of a physical nature. I always felt like I could take care of anything. This capability contributed largely to my serendipitous approach to life.

Claire Joins Our Crew on the Tehamana



You remember that I had retired on March 3, 1993. In 1994, our daughter Claire moved to Ft. Lauderdale at 118 Hendricks Isle, and lived on the boat, the *Tehamana*. The boat was a Morgan 461, 46 ft. sailboat. Tony Wynne Roberts was our neighbor in the next slip and he had a custom made sailboat of 41 feet, called the *Red Pepper*. He had sailed singlehandedly from South Africa to Florida. Tony was a very good teacher and great at handling emergencies.

In May of that year, Tricia and I came out to provision the boat for our next sail. Claire remembers vividly the beauty of the calm night and the lights shining on the shore. We had to leave no later than 11:00 pm in order to arrive at Gun Cay in the morning so we could see the passage through the rocks and the coral reefs to sail onto the Banks. We sailed all night and each one took turns standing watch. There were many boats travelling up and down the coast of Florida. Our trip had to cross the traffic and it could be dangerous at night.

To get on to the Banks, we had to be very careful, rocks and reefs and only one channel to get onto the Banks safely. It was quite a challenge to cross the 75 miles of the Banks. Almost always we would pull off and anchor someplace, if we could not make it across in one night. The goal was to get to Chub Cay across the Banks. It was a protected bay where we could drop anchor and relax. We would go ashore to check in and pay the entry fee to the Bahamas.

As you know, the *Tehamana* has one engine and it was a Perkins four cylinder diesel; the engine had originated for use in British taxicabs and was later converted to marine use at the factory. It was never in a taxicab. The propeller had a preset

pitch that allowed the boat to go six or seven knots. With the sails up in the right wind, we could reach 12 knots.

Our boat had two anchors, a 65 lb. CQR and a 45 lb. Danford. When we were ready to drop the anchors, I would command, "Throw them over, Claire," and then I would put the engine in reverse and back down on the anchors to set them. Sometimes the anchor would lay flat, so Claire would have to swim down to set it.

In Chub Cay the wind generally came from the SE so the water was calm enough to dive to the bottom and collect lobsters for dinner. The storms came from the NE and would try to push the boats across the bay into the rocks. On one occasion, Claire felt she had not set the anchors well enough, so when the storm came and the Bahamian boats were being pushed toward the rocks, she was worried; but the *Tehamana* didn't drag much. During storms John and Tony would be up all night on alternating watches to keep the boat safe.

From Chub Cay we sailed across the banks to Nassau. It was tricky to get to Nassau because the channel to get in was very busy with other boats going in and out, and the channel was only 50 feet wide with quite a current. Once we got into the bay, we could go up to a dock and pay for a slip, or we would go to a fuel dock to buy fuel and groceries. Then we would go out into the bay and anchor by a little island, which is free of course, and quieter, with the atmosphere you want when you are sailing.

When we tied up to the dock, the first question was "Do we go get a beer or take a shower?" I don't like beer, so I went to the shower most of the time. On the *Tehamana* the fresh water tanks contained 200 gallons to use for cooking, drinking or bathing. However, as a rule, we would save the water by

jumping overboard with soap, and scrub in the salt water. We were never free of the salt. So a fresh water shower was a real treat!

At Nassau we ate at a dock side tavern that served a delicious conch salad; the conch was chopped in very small pieces, sometimes mixed with lemon juice and chopped up hot peppers. At other times we ate at a restaurant on the bridge that joined the two islands that make up Nassau.

Then we headed for the Exhuma Islands in the general direction of Allen's Cay. On board in shallow water or among coral reefs we required someone on the dolphin seat. For you land-lubbers, the dolphin seat is called that because it is there for you to sit on at the bow and watch the dolphins swimming and jumping ahead of the boat. Claire's job on the seat was calling out the coral heads under water along the Bahama Banks, which were important to avoid, and warning the helmsman in time to avoid them.

When we arrived at Allen's Cay, we anchored off the beach and swam in to observe the iguanas. Iguanas are little dragon-like lizards that live on the beach and in nearby waters and have been known to bite your toe off if you let them get too close. They will look at you and hiss if you get too close. I understand that in some places the natives eat them. I suppose that turn-about is fair play.

We often enjoyed drift diving because it required so little effort. However, one must tow the dinghy in order to have a convenient way back to the boat. Everyone climbs into the dinghy to go to where you want to dive. Then we get into the water, but one person holds the line to the dinghy and we drift along the beautiful coral reefs. Once again, small sharks, barracuda and beautiful colored fish are there for us to enjoy.

When we are tired out, we all climb back into the dinghy and motor back to the *Tehamana*. If the outboard engine doesn't start we are doomed.

We continued to Stanley Cay where we explored the "Thunderball Cave" where the James Bond movie was being filmed. While diving there underwater we met Sean Connery as he was filming the next episode of a James Bond movie. He asked us to swim with him so he could add us to the movie, which he did. Next time you watch that movie, look for Tricia and me swimming along with the star.

At Stanley Cay there were wild pigs on the beach and they were aggressive. If one was to attack you, there was only one thing you could do and that was to lift up one leg so you wouldn't get both legs bitten off.

We continued on to an island named Wordrick Wells. It was known for deep fresh water wells. As you know, many islands had no fresh water so this was rare and valuable to early sailors and settlers.

We anchored for the night, and met two marine biologists who were counting conch to determine environmental impact. Claire became friends with them and she dove with them to help with their survey. They were swimming at a depth of 35 feet to do their survey, and Claire with her great swimming ability, had no problem with that.

We continued sailing on down to Georgetown, an old British town named for King George of 200 years ago. Before leaving Georgetown, we enjoyed great dinners of local sea food and Tony's companionship. We saw Tony off at the airport and he returned to Florida. He had been great company and we learned much seamanship from him.

Claire, Tricia and I continued our casual sail back through the islands to Florida. There were many other stories that will be told in future writings.



Crew: Claire, Tony, John and Tricia

Some Additional Description of the Tehamana



Discussing what we had written about the *Tehamana*, Sharon and I realized we needed to paint a better picture of the boat. Starting at the bow, there is a railing, two anchors, and a dolphin seat which is beautifully stained teak. It is called the dolphin seat because you could sit or stand on it, hold onto the railing, and watch the dolphins swimming and jumping ahead of the boat while underway.

Moving aft we come to a hatch over the forward stateroom. The hatch can be closed or opened. The forward stateroom is V-shaped. Just aft of that is the forward head. For you landlubbers that is called a bathroom, which consists of a toilet and a very small sink. There is a small porthole and a mirror. On the ceiling there is a small fan operated by solar power that runs all the time. The entire head can be transformed into a shower room when you close the door. A teak grate that you stand upon is over the drain and the shower head is on a wand that can be moved around. Everything will get wet, but the water will drain into the bilge at the bottom of the boat. The fresh water is limited so onboard showers are brief and infrequent.

Next in our tour is the main salon with a folding table, and on the right is a bench seat with storage within, covered with a Sunbrella cushion with storage cabinets above on both sides. The dining table is usually folded down so you can walk through. There is a bench seat on the left side of the table, and when the table is lowered for a bed, the backs of the bench seats are used as a mattress and can sleep two or three.

Continuing aft, on the right is a long work bench over the batteries, which can sleep one person. Then comes the Nav

Station with instruments and charts. On the left is the galley and the steps up to the cockpit. The galley contains a propane stove top with two burners, a sink with hot and cold running water, and above that a storage cabinet for glasses and dishes. An ice box is beneath a small counter. Dry ice could be purchased at larger ports, regular ice down island, after that you lost your cool unless you ran the engine.

The engine room on the *Tehamana* is a little aft of midship, behind the stairway down from the cockpit. It contains batteries, a hot water tank, a sump pump, and an engine. Passing on the right of the engine room through the passageway, you step into the aft stateroom, which contains a clothes closet, and double bed with shelves on each side. Above is a hatch with a sliding cover that can be opened to watch the stars at night.

The aft head is accessible from the aft stateroom and it contains a small bathtub/shower, a toilet which we call the head, a small sink with a mirror over it, and a porthole which can be opened. There are two small doors over the bathtub through which you can reach in and work, or if necessary, climb into the engine room.

Behind the stateroom, accessible only from the aft deck, is a large storage area, containing extra life preservers, rope for tying up to the docks, scuba gear, fishing gear, mops for swabbing the deck, and so on. Now you are right up against the stern of the boat. Up on deck, you see hand rails with an anchor fastened to it, the davits for hanging the dinghy, and the dinghy. Below water is the prop and rudder.

What It Feels Like to Turn Off the Engine on a Sailboat



Even with a large sailboat like *Tehamana* with several sail configurations available, we still seemed to spend a great deal of time motoring. To leave the slip, we must motor out and away from the dock. When we reach the channel, there are other boats and the wind direction is never right for sailing out, so you must motor. The bridge operator is impatient with anyone trying to sail through, so you must motor through the bridge openings, and when you reach the main channel, there are too many other boats entering or leaving the port to allow tacking. Therefore, we must motor out! Finally, when we are a mile outside the port, we can put up the sails. However, the wind direction is wrong for reaching the Biminis, so if we want to arrive before dark we must turn on the engine and motor.

So, what is it like to turn off the engine when under way on a sailboat? I don't know, because we never did.



Bahama sunset off the Tehamana

Water Spouts Surround the Tehamana



A water spout is a twister smaller than a tornado, over water which sucks up water, fish, and maybe a small rubber boat. It will take the cushions and other small items off the deck. Therefore, when a water spout approached we would take action to prepare the boat in case we could not avoid the water spout. In most cases a water spout would pass in the distance or we could take an early change of course and avoid them. In at least one case that I can recall, we were surrounded by three water spouts and one of them crossed the boat, but we had prepared and gone below and there was no damage. However, the boat would shake as the spout crossed it, and it would feel like the boat was being lifted a little.



Our Travels to Machu Picchu



On two occasions Tricia and I travelled to Machu Picchu. The first is when Tricia and I were exploring South America, and Tricia, through her reading, was familiar with Machu Picchu. We set about to make that our destination while in Peru after our riverboat adventure, which is another story in this book.

The second trip was with the Risky Business group, a “non-profit” investment club. The group chose this destination because Tricia and I talked it up enthusiastically at our meetings.

Machu Picchu is an ancient Inca village in the Andes, which was abandoned in ancient times and rediscovered more recently by an explorer named Hiram Bingham in 1911. Let me relate the story of our travels in Machu Picchu. We took a flight from Lima to Cusco and travelled by bus to the Urubamba Valley. We visited a colorful Chincheros Indian market. We then visited Ollantaytambo where ancient temples and fortresses were built to protect the Sacred Valley.

The next day we departed on a train to Machu Picchu where we checked into our hotel, the Machu Picchu Pueblo. We boarded a minibus for a 2,000-feet in elevation change up a steep winding road to the “Lost City of the Inca.” The mountain behind the city rises to a height of 7,970 feet.

At the site of the ruins there was a long series of stone steps up to the top. Al Schaeffe, a friend and former colleague in Martin Marietta, and a member of the Risky Business group, decided to run all the way up the steps with another very

athletic member, Jim Miles, even though Al was not the runner type. They both made it!



Travels to Machu Picchu

Tricia and John's Adventures in 1997



On November 3, 1997, Tricia wrote the following letter to be sent to friends and family about our recent adventures.

We are so excited about our Amazon trip! We hope someday we can all take a trip like that together; islands and beaches, Europe or South America, with you all. Let us know what you would enjoy — sometime soon let's do it.

This spring we are going to meet in May at Charleston, S.C. — John, M.J., Sam, and spouses. Any of you can come if you can arrange it.

Then August 16, we have Tally Ho cottage #1 at Townsend reserved (16th through the 23rd or 24th). We will get it from August 16th so any of you can come for a week plus two weekends. Let us know soon, if this interferes with school or other commitments; say now so we can change plans without penalty. We'll try for a big Murphy reunion while we are all still competent (Ha!). Who will come? Sat. the 22nd is the big day.

Sam and Peggy are going to visit Mick in L.A., Nov. 5th-12th. We'll leave Denver Nov. 4 or 5 and drive to Tennessee, so we will miss them, we're afraid. We'll see M.J. and Jack (except on Sat. when they are attending the U.T. game), and we'll make the Charleston reservations there. We hope to see Bobbie Rigsby in Alabama, then maybe the Bowkers in Ocala, then to the boat. Tony has been getting it ready to go, and coordinated genset and A/C fixes plus doing daily repairs on lots of boats, and pulling his boat, for next week's bottom paint.

Matt will be coming to Miami Dec. 13th and crew for us in the Bahamas and points south.

For those of you who have not read my other award-winning books, I will identify some of these people. Bobbie Rigsby is my cousin from Tennessee, Chuck Bowker is my friend and associate from Martin Marietta, and Tony Wynne Roberts, a world class sailor and Brit from South Africa, helped us with *Tehamana* and our trips down island. Matt Kraintz, is Jeff's brother, a great guy and sailor.

We plan to mail your Christmas gifts this Monday (11/03) so check your porch or box in a week. We spent Oct 18th in an exchange RCI condo in Dillon, then joined our friends the Kurtzhalts and their granddaughter, Ashley, there, the next Thursday and Friday. They took us to the back country in their truck. Friday and Saturday a.m. came Denver's blizzard. Three feet of snow in our neighborhood, only six inches in the mountains. It was gorgeous.

Leave us messages on our phone while we drive east. We will respond.

If we sail down the upper and lower Antilles, we may leave the boat in Venezuela or we may go partway down and come back. If you would like to meet us in the islands, that can be arranged.

Our experiences in the Amazon were unique and fascinating. We met some very nice DMNH folks on the boat and spent a week on a beautiful river boat in air conditioned cabins and gourmet meals in a lovely glass and carved wood dining room, taking three or more trips a day in the ship's launch to explore the shore and spot birds and monkeys; sloths, howler monkeys, squirrel monkeys, soki monkeys, the pig-like shy

capybara, caimans, morphe butterflies, tree orchids, huge hanging vines that become trees (strangler figs), giant trees with buttress roots taller than a man, and many plants with spines, thorns, and poisons to help them survive in eight months of flood and 12 months of intense effort to survive and grow. We saw so many beautiful birds — gorgeous blue and yellow macaws, red and green ones, parrots, parakeets, herons, egrets, hawks, osprey, screamers, hoatzin (watseen), kingfishers, cormorants, and more.

Lots of bats — some “fishing bats” as big as falcons. There were tiny bats all over tree trunks and at night we saw two tree boas, a green one and a rose colored one. We found huge tree frogs by their birdlike songs and their eyes reflecting light.

Our guides were Alfredo Chavez and Robinson. Alfredo has guided 30 years and is proficient in English and assisted many leaders in the fields of biology, herpetology, and anthropology, who has written defining books on the Amazon Rain Forest. He let us participate in a ten-day-old baby turtle release of 1,500 turtles. He explained that they will support the people of the forest with food when the turtles reach seven years old. Only one out of ten survive to reach seven years old.

Alfredo explained why he does not have regular visits to the same villages, but goes randomly with no warning to different places each time. In the past, villagers stopped making necessities to make “tourist trinkets” and get dollars and then they were angry and in need if the boat didn’t come or the people didn’t buy.

The Riberenos are in riverside villages where they fish from dugout canoes, make their own homes from palms and bamboos, raise manioc for flour, corn, beans, and local plants

with sweet tomato-like fruit; also, mangos, cane, bananas, breadfruit and lots of melons.

The government has moved people from the forest to the riverside, hoping to educate them and teach them to farm and fish rather than just hunt and gather. The people are so sweet and friendly and so self-sufficient. They supply their own needs and live isolated from what we think as necessary.

John watched wistfully, remembering his childhood, jumping into Charleston's Ashley River with his friends. The children jumped into the Ucayali River in the late afternoon; and when they reach the age of ten they are each given their own dugout canoe from which to fish.

They all wear the universal uniform — shorts and T-shirts. The children are barefoot and the adults wear sneakers. All their clothing looked used and worn. We left as many items as possible, as did many of our fellow travelers. We brought clothes to wear home which of course we did not give away.

President Fujimori promised to build a school per day for the Amazon area. The two villages had new buildings and we met the teachers at each. The parents had little education; the children get eight months a year to the sixth grade. Few of them can get to Iquitos for high school or to Lima for the university. A third grade girl demonstrated 3-place addition and subtraction and a fifth grader did 3-place multiplication and division at the blackboard. They need Spanish story books!

One amusing note: we gringo tourists all look alike to them. Alfredo says he often explains, these are not the same people that visited last time. We are all tall, white, wear ball caps and carry cameras and packs.

The people are very curious about us. They willingly show us their homes, crops, pets and skills. We watched cane crushing, palm frond weaving, and were shown the communal fields at the second village, "Once de Octubre" (October 1) which have planted government sponsored high ascorbic acid plants on the promise of a contract from Japan for its production. Many villages raise rice and bananas as cash crops, which they trade to passenger boats or neighboring river towns.

Every day we saw perhaps 15 to 30 dugout canoes and three to five riverboats, going up or downstream. There are paths but no roads except right in Iquitos. The rivers are everybody's roads. Our guide explained that the buses and cars in Iquitos were all brought over the Andes by road and shipped downriver from 1,000 miles upstream at Pucallpa by barge. Luckily, Iquitos is an oil producing and refining center so fuel is available.

One night a shaman allowed us to observe as he concluded a second night of healing. He explained that he sends many people to hospitals or doctors, that he is a "spirit healer" (his name is Espiritu Pena), and treats illness of the mind and heart. He decided at age 30 to learn healing and studied two years, using plant hallucinogenics to obtain visions and find "healing stones" and plants he uses for his cures. He was a slim, long faced, brown man of great presence easily dominating the gathering. He prayed aloud, smoked a man-shaped pipe of sacred tobacco, sipped herb-based rum, then searched the body of each of three patients to locate the sources of their trouble. The first was prone and silent except for a few groans. Espiritu laid his flat stone on his patient's heart and spent a long time extracting the "bad stuff" and spitting it away; then said, "Now good can come in, the evil is

gone.” Each was given total attention until they were cured. As John says, “He’d be an impressive presence in any group.”

We met a nurse at Iquitos as we were leaving, who I had phoned before we left the U.S., hoping to bring supplies down to her Rain Forest Health Project. We may go back on one of her five two-week village visits, next year (either in April, July or October). Anyone else want to come?

Only three days before we started our Amazon trip, we were returning from California and a wonderful week with the family at Jon and Jan’s lovely wedding celebration. Our family members are blessed with knowledge and health, and especially each other.

Amazon Diary



On October 10, 1997, we drove our rental car from Miami Airport to Ft. Lauderdale just to sleep aboard *Tehamana* and make sure the boat was okay. The familiar sounds of Venice Isle welcomed us home. Parrots, grackles, and mocking birds sang us awake the next morning and our boat neighbors welcomed us back. After breakfast at Denny's, we swam in the pool; after packing up we headed for the airport and our adventures in the Peruvian Amazon. Thus began our Peruvian adventure as related from Patricia's diary from 1997.

We drove to the Miami Airport, returned our rental car, and rode their bus to Terminal A. We joined a growing line of fellow adventurers with color coded luggage which matched our assigned boat when we reached Peru. Our facilitator, Willee, sent us to Aero Peru's gate. We boarded for a four hour flight. We crossed twilight, clouds, into total darkness. We walked down steps from our 757 into warm humid air, smelling of hot asphalt and wood smoke. We were guided through customs and onto buses where we were served cold drinks and given moist towels for our face while we travelled through the streets of Iquitos to the *Esmeralda*, our three story riverboat. While we settled into our mahogany paneled cabin and prepared to sleep, our crew took us down the Naya River to the Amazon. We proceeded up the other side of Iquitos while we slept. In the morning we rose to the sun and a vast expanse of a brown Amazon River with great fields of rice on the river sides, with thatched roofed homes on the 25-foot banks, at times. Many folks in dugout canoes paddled past with produce for the market piled high in their canoes. I saw melons, corn, bananas, and other fruits which I did not recognize.

On the boat, we met Captain Felipe with a crew of 12, including Lucio the cook, Amador, the senior waiter, with his assistants Ricardo and Max. On Sunday after breakfast, from the upper deck we watched villages, dugout canoes, children waving, as we proceeded up river. Alfredo briefed us on plans for the day. At 3:00 pm a large launch took us to shore for a 15 minute walk to visit several homes along the bank of the river. We observed a red capped cardinal and saw three giant water lilies in bloom. We visited two houses with hammocks for sleeping and corn, melons, potatoes, and manioc growing nearby. We saw many parrots in the trees, a large termite nest, squirrel monkeys, a child's pet tortoise, with children playing, swimming, canoeing, fishing, generally having a good time. At 5:30 we washed up for dinner that was served at 6:30.

As our riverboat proceeded up the river, a long faced, thin, brown, balding, barefooted man in a black shirt and long gray woven coat to his ankles, appeared on shore. His name was Espiritu Pena. He had tremendous presence; he was very open about our questions and photos. The table beside him had two burning oil candles, a row of bottles and a number of plants and branches piled there, plus stones and a pipe. Through our guide Alfredo, the shaman explained he studied at age 30 for two years to become a spiritual shaman using the knowledge of his teachers and various hallucinogenics to diagnose his patients' problems, and the parts of their bodies involved. He also treats by using meds, doctors, and giving shots and allying with the clinics. When people feel they have been "witched," and things are going wrong, they come to him to make life good again. He passed around the branches and leaves and explained their uses. Some were very aromatic, some bare spiky wood, some smelled strong and strange.

He had two patients that he treated. The first was in the second day of treatment, and lay covered with a blanket, a young man, motionless and silent except for a groan once in a while. And of course, he expected contributions. The shaman took one of his special stones, after a prayer aloud for help and a cure, and searched over the patient's body until he found the source of his stolen breath (his heart/chest) and laid the stone there, praying and chanting a song. He took his special shaman pipe which he had carved two legged, like a man, and lit the tobacco and sucked smoke and blew it into the stone. This is very solemnly and impressively done. He then drank from a bottle of rum containing herbs, sucked the stone and began to spit ropery stuff from it. He repeated this procedure several times and the patient seemed much more relaxed. Then Espiritu made a pronouncement and had the patient sit up assuring him that evil is out and now good will come.

Two more patients appeared each sitting up with head covered with cloth, with eyes down. For the first "witched man" (more middle-aged), Espiritu spent considerable time with a smaller stone, blowing tobacco smoke on his head and finally assuring him that all is well. Another patient appeared who is not as ill as the others and yet his cure was equally solemn. Our group had sat outside in plastic chairs with mosquitos buzzing around, but we were slathered with bug repellent and didn't suffer. We thanked him with Rick's T shirt, and he swigged his rum herbs and offered it to us. We passed it around the circle, some pretended (as I did) but I spilled it, while others took gulps and waited for the magic effects. (None were reported.) As an aside, a few coins from the tourists would be a fortune in the local economy. We returned to the *Esmeralda* and ate ravenously at 8:00 pm, then watched slides at 9:00 pm, a full and exciting day.

Monday, October 6, 1997, we awoke by 7:00 am to clouds, gray skies and light showers. However, they soon stopped and the sun shone. The broad Amazon and the wide Ucayali's far off banks changed to higher ground with fields stretching along the shore in front of a taller and thicker forest. We observed from the top deck again as we moved up the river. Our breakfast consisted of tamales and rolls. From 8:30 to 11:00 we explored in the launch.

We had light showers where we wore our ponchos, and then it cleared. We saw squirrel monkeys in the trees and dolphins both black and pink in the river. The piranhas were all about and fish jumped into the boat. Robinson operated the motor with his feet and he and Alfredo used paddles when needed. Monday pm trip to San Pedro village, Yucaipa River. We identified pinion (atropa) herbal bush used as anesthetic, and marigold used for colic. Banana plants are cut, then new shoots are grafted into the cut.

Several family homes were observed along the river path. The children and the parents, even though we were unexpected, were courteous. Father and daughter, squeezing their own sugar cane, demonstrated the method which extracted the liquid from the cane. We also saw crops of corn and black eyed peas, and hot small red peppers being grown.

Each home had several children, a mama and papa. Some had an enclosed small room for sleeping with most space open. One was being beautifully walled with wood with cut out window space. Some were fenced, some were not. The teacher met us and showed us the soccer field, shops, the teacher's house. A third grade girl and a fifth grade boy did math demonstrations on a black board. Alfredo gave caps and shirts to "sugar cane dad" and daughters, and pencils to the boy.

We showed the villagers post cards with pictures of Abraham Lincoln's log cabin home and learning in an open three walled school house and becoming President of the United States of America. Alfredo reacted with laughter in disbelief when first showed pictures of Cade's Cove house, mill, and the mountaineers' clothes, hats, and other materials from Tennessee.

Monday afternoon to the village, we saw huge bats, including fish eating bats. Alfredo picked up a caiman out of the water. We saw night herons, two boa constrictors in the trees and one was an emerald tree boa. Boas when young are a rosy color.

Tuesday, we were up early and onto the launch at 6:00 am. and motored up the Pacaya River to Lake Pacaya/Samrei Reserve, (Lareto-Ucayalet Department).

We saw red howler monkeys, squirrel monkeys, some were sleeping cuddled up in clumps high in the branches of fig trees. We saw black soki bush tailed monkeys on our way back, and still more monkeys everywhere.

We saw white capped herons, maybe as many as ten. In addition, we saw many king fishers, cormorants, black collared hawks, night herons, and screaming caracaras.

One area of the lake had pink dolphins as well as gray dolphins. Their blowing and surfacing were constant, in the same area as we ate breakfast on the launch. We saw in the grasses ashore a brown pig-sized capybara. Many turtles were observed beside a drifting tree full of black capped, large billed terns. In one protected area of Lake Hyacinth we saw many caiman. We really had excellent guides. They could answer all our questions in English and make things fun. It is

interesting that they could also speak Spanish and Quechua. Around 3:00 in the afternoon, Robinson took us up the Reserve Station's Ranger's Trail through "the jungle" and up the mud steps and railings and along a leaf covered grassless forest floor of mud, tangled vines and roots, open between the hanging strangler fig roots and vines and the trunks of struggling trees. There were old rubber trees with many healed cuts. There were many medicinal thorns or barbed trunked trees and many large trees with buttressed roots. Tricia wrote that there was a huge cebia tree with a nest with two chicks and other nests nearby, and there were Jabiru storks high in the taller trees, 75 feet above.

To refresh your memory at this point, we were living on the riverboat, *Esmeralda*, and taking side trips on the launch to interior areas up rivers. On Thursday, the day before the end of our trip, we took the launch up a small stream for miles and fished for piranha, while some people hiked. Then back to the riverboat for lunch. At 3:00 we took the *Esmeralda* to the village and toured their school, and at 5:00 there was a soccer match between our crew and the villagers. At 7:30 we had supper and presented envelopes to the "crew players," and then we started down the river again.

On the riverboat we travelled all night. On Friday, Oct. 10, we held a 10:00 am ceremony and presented envelopes to the crew, (Felipe and guides, Alfredo and Robinson). After lunch we packed, and enjoyed the upper deck while cruising past Iquitos. We took the launch ashore and a bus through town to the square and the Eiffel House; then to Victoria Regia Hotel, Room 211. We then went out to find the Governor's Palace and the Museum. We admired the Amazon Indian Sculptures by Felipe Letteraten. That night we had a farewell dinner with the *Esmeralda* and *Tourmalina* tourists altogether. The dinner

consisted of Paiche fish and hearts of palm strips. The musicians played pan pipes and a small armadillo-like mandolin, a fur-topped drum, large and small flutes. The dessert was pineapple cake.

Thus, was concluded a memorable trip which I hope that we have adequately related to you through these stories.



The Esmeralda Riverboat

More Peruvian Rainforest Adventures



In reading about Sadie and the Rainforest I am reminded of two additional stories that have not been related.

We entered a village deep in the Rainforest intending to provide some health information and perhaps some vitamins which most tribal people believed to be magic. The chief was instructed by his shaman that we must be purified before we could stay in the village. I should comment that the relationship between shamans and chiefs is not always the same in each village. Sometimes the chief seems to be in charge, and other times he seems to be simply a pawn of the shaman. In this case the shaman prevailed and insisted that I be taken to a nearby pond and scrubbed all over by women. After that he would allow me to approach him and we continued our discussion. Tricia had been removed to another part of the village.

The shaman had long shaggy hair, but very little facial hair which is typical for these people. They are fascinated by a long shaggy beard which indicated to them that I might have special powers. The adults of the tribe were nearly naked but wore breech cloths; the children were generally naked.

The shaman directed me to sit down on mats that had been provided. I was given a drink which could have been alcoholic as it tasted terrible, and his servants presented a four-foot-long cooked snake. Apparently slices of this, along with this unidentifiable drink, is their equivalent of a cocktail party with martinis and hors d'oeuvres.

Another story that comes to mind is about my initiation into the tribe. It starts with a lot of drinking of an alcoholic

beverage. It is followed by communal soaking in a pool of water fed by very hot springs. The water was so hot that five minutes was all I could take without getting out to cool off, at which time women standing around would beat you with palm fronds. When you could not stand the pain any longer, you got back into the hot water until you could not stand the heat any more. How did it end? The dinner bell rang and we all went off to eat barbecued snake and yams.



Rainforest village during wet season

Tricia and John's Newsletter, January 1999



...We're glad to have heard from so many of you and hope you continue well.

Our big news is the birth of our grandson, Joshua Jeffrey Krainitz, Sunday Jan. 24, 1999 in San Jose, California, to our daughter Kathy, son-in-law Jeff, and granddaughter Stephanie. Jeff is with National Semiconductor. Stephanie's a lovely 9-year-old gymnast, and Kathy is taking six months maternity leave from Hewlett Packard to care for our grandson. We're excited! Of course, we're in California to enjoy Joshua and Stephanie and their parents. We feel so fortunate to share Joshua's birth and first days! Jeff and Kathy are quite a team and took only three hours for a completely natural childbirth.

We spend summers in Denver and winters in Fort Lauderdale and the islands. Our 1998 began at anchor in Nassau, Bahamas. We returned in March and visited with Kathy and Jeff and the Krainitz's at Cape Canaveral, then Chuck and Nancy Bowker visited us at the boat. We continued to be aboard *Tehamana* until May when we drove to meet John's brother, sister, and spouses in their old Charleston, S.C. neighborhood, and had fun with their childhood friends. The old play group told some hilarious stories of their scrapes together.

Another big adventure was to assist a team of nurses, doctors and students in seven villages up the Amazon River from Iquitos, Peru. The Rainforest Health Project was demanding, the people wonderful. We hope to go again. Peru was August 1-15, then we flew to the Smokies for our Murphy reunion where our families joined cousins Mary, David, Jim, Mary Jane, John, Sam, and their families. We also lunched

with Tricia's Miller cousins Crea and Margaret. Then we drove to Mayberry/Mt. Airy, N.C. with our son Jon and wife Jan for further fun and rest. Jon's still with S.K.F. in San Diego, they help with Amnesty International, animal rescue, and have visited Jan's mom in Kauai and her dad in Seattle this year.

Back in Denver we visited with many good friends, sorted heirlooms and mementos, ate out, and did home improvements. We drove south to Fort Lauderdale in December and had good visits with the Nashville Murrians, Knoxville family Sam and Peg Murphy and Mary Jane and Jack Lewis. Etowah cousins David and Billie Jo Murphy, friends Steeles, Parrys and Andrewses in Chattanooga, and Bowkers in Ocala.

While in California we've also been visiting with son and daughter-in-law Jon and Jan in San Diego, and saw some Santa Maria friends: Coopers, Halls, Gaughans, Radazes and Hooleys.

We will be at 71 Isle of Venice, dock slip 12, after early February. Our phone is (954)763-6893 or call daughter Claire at (954)763-5551. She and Michel vacationed in Brazil last year, plus she traveled to Germany for her company last July. We enjoy her being close by us in Fort Lauderdale.

Nice to have such capable, dear kids!

We hope to go to Peru April 17-May 10 with RHP, then back to the boat, and will drive back to Denver by July. We're grateful to God for health and time together. Send us your news, and come see us!

With love,
John and Tricia

Messages in Denver (303)969-8657 we check weekly, ditto FL. For information on RHP, call 1-800-870-8325 or write PO Box 624, Deer River, MN 56636.

***John and Tricia Murphy at the Rainforest Health
Project, April 1999***



Hola! It was high water season on this April visit to the villages in the Amazon Basin above Iquitos, Peru, with the Rainforest Health Project team.

On the August '98 trip we walked up steep 25-foot riverbanks and inland to grassy soccer fields surrounded by houses on 15-foot stilts. We sometimes hiked for an hour to reach a village; there were also cautious boat rides through sunken tree snags exposed by the Yarapa River at its lowest levels in years. The villagers were ill from the parasites, cholera, and other waterborne diseases concentrated in the river water.

This April we boated right up to the schoolhouse doors in all but one of the villages, zoomed around on fast waters down rivers and over flooded paths now surrounded by the upper branches of trees, 40 feet above last August's low water level. The rising Ucayali and Amazon rivers flowed fast, carrying plants, bare-rooted giant trees, and islands of debris downriver.

Life changes for everyone during high water. Canoes are the only transportation between houses. Chickens, dogs, and other pets live on rafts tied to their owners' homes, which had river water flowing a foot beneath their cane flooring by the time we left for Iquitos. Snowmelt in the Andes, rains in Colombia, Bolivia, or Ecuador, or rains upstream in Peru, plus showers locally, all added to the millions of gallons of water per hour flowing downstream. Fewer people were ill because the water was so fresh, and though their crops were under

water, people had put supplies aside and seemed to have enough to eat, unlike earlier high-water times.

We spent two weeks in the Amazon with the Rainforest Health Project and saw 760 patients. We had twelve volunteers: two medical students, one pharmacist, one EMT, two returning nurses, two physical therapists, two retired people (us), and a 12th grader and 7th grader (daughter and niece of Melanie, a regular team R.N.). Ronald, and one of the physical therapists, had come all the way from Australia to participate. A Peruvian M.D., Javier Villanes, and an Iquitos chemist, Lucho Lopez-V, plus our translator-guides Jose-Luis, Esteban, and Juan M., with our head guide and co-founder, Patti Webster, plus founder R.N. Sadie Brorson and Melanie Rockwell ARNP, completed this fine group.

After a day of acclimating while studying plants with shaman Francisco at the Sachamama Botanical Preserve near Iquitos, we boated upriver to Yacumama Lodge on Monday, practiced Spanish, procedures and medicine on Tuesday along with plant and bird trips, and did clinics from Wednesday through the following Wednesday.

John and I did patient histories and admissions two days, helped collect and use medicinal plants one day, and assisted Carlos the EMT with “wound care,” later handling this station where we wash skin, apply ointments, wash and comb head lice, or treat cuts and infections, according to physicians’ instructions. We also compiled med packets for the pharmacists.

The villagers came early, stayed late, and were quiet, patient, and appreciative throughout six to eight hours of waiting for records, then the exams, then wound care, then

talks with the shaman and plant medicine chemist, then finally, for medicines.

We were the biggest show in town, which may have helped. Though the villagers were healthier than last August (October was worst, January better) many had colds, coughs, and bronchitis, rashes and infections, machete-chopped toes, punctured fingers from a piranha bite, lots of back pain in adults, dehydrated babies, and three births the first week. One had a retained placenta which Dr. Javier removed to stop the hemorrhaging. He also did a circumcision on a nine-year-old with a penile infection. RHP is continuing to manage a leprosy treatment, TB treatment, and diagnosed anthrax (traced to cheap leather from the Andes). Some people brought carvings, beads, and other crafts as gifts to RHP since the four-visits-a-year care is free.

Until Sadie Brorson and Patti started RHP the nearest medical help was a long day's paddle to Nauta or an expensive trip to Iquitos. The tragedy of the Peruvian Amazon is that the government hospitals are severely lacking in medicines and supplies, and the Nauta clinics are infrequent. There are many permanent injuries and deaths which would be avoided in the U.S. Many people are only alive today because RHP has been there!

The day before we started doing clinics, our lodge cook's assistant Wilson's fifteen-month-old daughter Ariana drowned in Puerto Miguel, when his five children's dugout flipped just a few yards from their house. The two older children saved two of the three younger ones. That night the family held an all-night wake, we held the clinic there the next day, and the family held a Christian funeral in their home with burial on high ground late that afternoon. We canoed over to the house to express sympathy, some left the clinic for the funeral,

Norman and the lodge carpenter contributed a baby coffin, and later we all gave clothes and other gifts to the family. This is only the second drowning any at Yacumama knew about. Usually, they swim well almost from birth, but this toddler was sleeping when the boat flipped.

We worked hard at the clinics, but went on two dawn birding canoe trips. We made videotapes of Hoatzin birds at Mona Cocha Lake, prehistoric feathered large birds with red spiked head, blue rimmed yellow eyes, and juvenile claws mid-wing to help the heavy chicks climb branches. We saw and heard horned screamers, caracaras, red-shouldered hawks, and the dangling nests of oropendola orioles. Ani birds, terns, egrets, herons, hummingbirds; flocks of parrots, parakeets, and macaws were plentiful. On our “day off” that Sunday (there was only an afternoon clinic) we were towed upriver from the lodge for an hour by motor, then paddled down in silence for two hours, truly alone except for the birdsongs, gurgling current of the small river, gorgeous streamside trees and flowers, and the whoosh of a pink dolphin as it surfaced twice.

Norman and his Yacumama Lodge folks were wonderful, as before. The lodge cabins are of rough planking, thatch-roofed, screen-enclosed porch and bedroom, handmade furniture (two chairs, two tables, two mosquito-netted beds, wall shelves, wall pegs). They remind us of Tennessee mountain cabins; bugs, Coleman lanterns, and all. There is solar produced electricity, used in the evenings only for main lodge dining, water pumping, and radiotelephone contact with Iquitos. They run a very environmentally sensitive place. The food there, and most everywhere in Peru, is unusually fresh, tasty, and healthy. There are fresh beets, 100 different potato varieties, palm heart shreds instead of lettuce, cucumbers, corn, all more delicious than any U.S. ones! Exotic fruits and vegetables,

plantains, yuca (manioc), mild pepper sauces, fish, rice, and chicken, all absolutely delicious. Filtered river water showers were a luxury after a humid clinic day. Maintenance of buildings, systems, boats, and gardens, as well as cooking, laundry, and guiding, all provide employment for a lot of folks from the villages around.

It was good to contribute time and money to RHP and the lodge, because the jobs, income, and contacts bridge the villagers to the outside and to a hopefully healthier and more self-sufficient future. We fear that the closeness and quality of their family life may suffer as they begin to need more “things,” but they are better off than other villages who are leaving their close supportive communities for the slums of Iquitos — a risky existence.

There was a Market held on the Puerto Miguel high ground the last day before we left. All the villages we’d visited brought crafts for us to trade for, or pay Soles. Visitors can trade anything they don’t need to take back home; many of the items these folks might never be able to find for sale, much less buy. Shirts, shoes, scissors, sheets, jewelry, hair clasps; fishhooks and line, thread, shorts, dresses, pins, pencils, pens, hats, ponchos, flashlights ... and much more. They would prefer to trade you beads, baskets, musical instruments, or carvings, then for you to gift them the things they want. Often when trading was completed, the seller would then add something as *un regalo*, a gift. If you paid them more than they asked, they’ll laugh and return the money. They are simply wonderful people.

Early Friday when we left the lodge, the waters were still rising, just a couple of feet under the floors and plank walkways. A month later, Norman reported that there were only six inches of clearance left beneath before the water

began to subside. After a three-hour speedboat ride, we reached the Iquitos airport and our flight to Lima, and to our week vacation in the Andes at Cusco and Machu Picchu.

This had been our third trip to the Upper Amazon of Peru, and our second trip with RHP. We found the rainforest and its gentle people to be among our greatest adventures and most treasured memories.

John and Tricia Murphy
June 16, 1999
6325 West Mansfield Ave. #218
Denver, Colorado, 80235

Travels in Europe and Africa

December 2007—January 2008



In 2007 John had an urge to travel because of what he had seen in the Denver Natural History Museum. He flew to London to begin the trip and kept in touch with his daughter, Claire, who recorded his experiences in dispatches which she sent to family members in order for them to share in this adventure.

Dispatch #1: London and Paris,

December 1, 2007



Received a phone call from Dad yesterday afternoon. He has left London and is staying near Gare du Nord (North Train Station) in Paris. He had a few stories to tell about his travels so far, I will attempt to repeat them.

In London he did visit the London Museum twice. He feels he has spent sufficient time (he achieved boredom) in the London Museum and is now qualified to visit museums in Egypt. After a large number of mummies and some 187,000 wall carvings and coverings, he was ready to press on. Dad also spent some time travelling around in London buses, better to see the city with. On one particular trip the bus came to a stop and as the bus driver did not speak English (of any kind – American or British) he signaled to Dad “end-of-the-line” and was unable to help in finding another bus. Dad saw a pub across the street and went into the pub to rest. Normally in London when you enter a pub the custom is to order a “Pint,” but always able to buck convention, he ordered a glass of

white wine. Turns out the pub was an Irish pub and he immediately found some Irish friends to chat with. They were able to tell jokes about the British together (sorry Tony) and had a wonderful time. That pub also rents rooms upstairs and Dad may stay there when he returns to London. I recommended a trip to Ireland soon.

During his stay in London Dad also took the time to visit the London theatre and see *Cabaret*. He said it was great and very true to the Liza Minelli portrayal of the role. Theatre prices were high so that was the extent of his visit to the Broadway of London, but he did mention he is up for a trip to New York anytime. As Jonny had predicted no one in London knew what the “Chunnel” was. Dad was able to find his way across the English Channel anyway.

He called me after finishing some fine dining in Paris — what else? A dozen snails.

He plans on heading to Berlin probably at the end of the weekend and then from there, maybe, Vienna or south (I am betting on south).

More stories as I get them.

Dispatch #2: Paris, Berlin, and Vienna
December 4, 2007



Just received a quick call from Dad.

He was sitting in the dining car of what he referred to as a slow train. On a slow train you can watch and enjoy the scenery as it passes by. He just finished a dinner of beef stroganoff and is heading toward Prague.

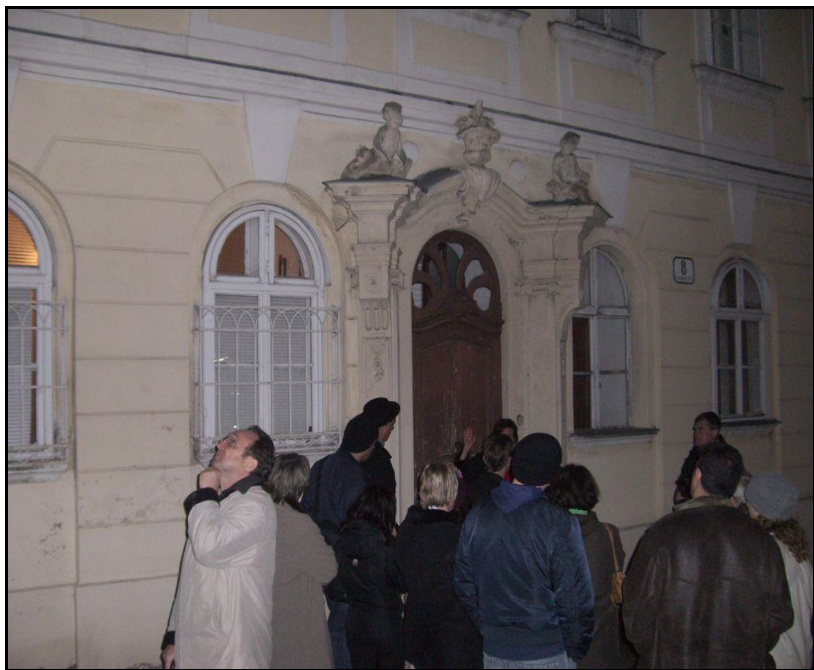
He took an overnight train from Paris to Berlin. The overnight train was nice, but he says he didn't sleep very much. The desire to get up and see the sights going by was too much for him. He did that each time the train arrived somewhere. Communication was more difficult than he expected in Berlin, but of course he managed. He will head into Prague for one night or two and then move on to Vienna.

He and I have been discussing *The Third Man* – an Orson Wells/Joseph Cotton film made in Vienna. We are currently researching *The Third Man* tour which looks like it turns out to be a great way to experience Vienna. There is a famous scene from the movie in the sewers of Vienna that is actually discussed as part of the tour.

[John actually went on the tour and went down into the sewers. There is a kiosk on the surface of the cobblestone streets, with a door opening to a spiral staircase going down to a ledge running along the actual sewer. There is enough light to see.]

From Vienna he will head east and south, eventually making his way down to warmer air in Greece.

More as I get it.



Enjoying the crowds in Vienna

Dispatch #3: Arrival in Vienna
December 6, 2007



Dad called from the train into Vienna – still nothing but clouds and rain. He was prepared for the winter weather of Europe but is starting to think about seeing the sun. He heard there are cheap flights to the Red Sea and may hop onto one of those to escape the rain. It is true, in my surfing of the weather, there appears to be a big cloud over most of Europe. Even in the Mediterranean there seems to be a slight drizzle. He says he is enjoying himself. Prague was nice and the people there friendly. The younger people are the most eager to talk. Some of them have even been to the U.S. and want to practice their English. He says the news over there is fantastic compared to here. He is getting real news. We were cut off just as he was telling me about the great food he ate in Prague, so you'll have to ask him about that in person.

He plans on staying for a couple of days in Vienna and then we'll see. He may head to Istanbul; he'll call when he knows. He called back from the train station saying that he has seen many signs about musical events in the area. Maybe he will stay a little longer and listen to some Viennese music. *The Third Man* Tour is tomorrow... Maybe he'll get to retrace the steps of Orson Wells.

His conversations with the Europeans have caused him to ask Jonny a question; here it is: There is a CIA Report that is contradictory to the President's position regarding Iran. Are you aware of this report and what is in it? Dad is wondering if there is something Machiavellian going on since the CIA works for the President.

Also – Happy Birthday Jon & Jan....hope you had a great one.

Dispatch #4: Cairo and Hurghada, Egypt
December 8, 2007



Received a phone call from Dad on Thursday, so I am a little remiss in writing. We talked on Friday and today. While in Vienna he did book a flight to Cairo, and then on to Hurghada on the Red Sea. We booked a hotel in Cairo for two days and then another for a week on the water in Hurghada. He plans on spending the week in Hurghada resting – much needed after all of the moving around in Europe. Since Dad doesn't have much time in Cairo, he has arranged for a driver to take him around the city tomorrow. Apparently, the tourism industry is very organized and civilized in Egypt. Dad has been able to find English speaking people, and all arrangements are made easily and without any additional charges.

I'll try to send a longer email after I hear about Cairo and some of his time in Hurghada. I recommend checking out Hurghada on the internet. We should have Christmas vacation there one year. Looks incredible!

Hope all is well – I hear through the grapevine that Jonny has some news. What is it?

P.S. In Vienna Dad did take *The Third Man* tour. I recommend that we all rent the movie, so that he can fill us in on the details and his experience there.

Dispatch #5: Hurghada, Egypt, and Abu Soma
December 12, 2007



Heard from Dad today.

He is in Abu Soma, Egypt, which is about 40 miles away from Hurghada. We booked an Intercontinental Hotel off of Travelocity before he left Cairo and fortunately stumbled on to something very nice. He has promised pictures when he comes back. Perfect environment for rest and relaxation; exactly what is needed. He says they are still working on some of the grounds, but they do have all the essentials – pools, food, beautiful view, and a beach on the edge of the Red Sea. The pool is not heated and is about the same temperature as the Sinks in Tennessee. He has been slowly reconditioning himself and is just about able to get into the pool (slowly, one body part at a time).

He had a couple of comments about Cairo.

The main thing he has done in Cairo was hire a taxi driver to drive him around the city. Apparently only a madman can drive in Cairo; there are three lanes, the middle lane seems to exist so that you can position yourself best to jump into one of the other two lanes. Dad asked the driver to give him the general tour. The tour included ruins and some back streets. Dad asked for lunch at a typical Egyptian restaurant and was served something like the several types of a kind of pasta with chopped meat and peppers. The owner of the restaurant spoke English very well and looked like a darker version of Lawrence of Arabia. He also owned many flowering plants whose essences are used to make perfume. Dad says beware of Egyptians giving gifts. Dad was not allowed to pay for his

meal. When he offered to show his gratitude (monetarily) was told that he could not, but it was okay if he bought some perfume. He's bringing some perfume home with him.

He will stay through to next Monday in Abu Soma and then go back to Cairo for a longer time. He is resolved to travel at a slower pace and rest more.

He will probably go to Alexandria and then eventually to Israel.

More as I get it.



Nile River at Cairo

Dispatch #6: Back to Cairo
December 17, 2007



Just a quick note to let everyone know that Dad has left Abu Soma and is back in Cairo. He is staying at a hotel next door to the Cairo Museum and plans on spending a couple of days studying the artifacts inside.

Dad is feeling better after resting in Abu Soma. He did finally find a heated pool there (1 heated pool out of 5) and enjoyed swimming in the Red Sea as well. Apparently the terrain there was beautiful; very much the desert right up to the Red Sea with tall rocky dry mountains in the background.

I asked what it was like each day in Egypt; his response...a camel just walked by. I am pretty sure he was kidding but you'll have to ask him in person.

Hopefully the brevity of this email is a reflection of the peaceful time that Dad had in Abu Soma.

More Egyptian travel news as I get it.

Dispatch #7: Alexandria
December 24, 2007



I have been remiss in writing. Talked to Dad a few times last week and then again today.

During his time in Cairo Dad visited the Cairo Museum. His hotel was in the perfect location. Walk out the steps of the hotel and turn left, you are at the Museum. The Cairo Museum houses over 12,000 artifacts (I looked it up). Dad spent several days exploring. His comment was that while the Egyptians seem to be focusing on the tourist industry and, indeed, even supplementing that industry, they are neglecting the museum and its treasures. In contrast to the hotel in Abu Soma, where it seems there is at least one uniformed Egyptian per guest, all young people trying very hard but actually inexperienced; the Cairo Museum is not well taken care of. The artifacts are not well presented and they could use additional space. He enjoyed his time in Cairo but was ready to move on to Alexandria.

Dad commented that he had been travelling in a style that he is not used to and was ready to get back to rubbing elbows with the real people of Egypt. He accomplished this by taking the train from Cairo to Alexandria. The infrastructure of Egypt (including the trains) is more like the Cairo Museum than the well-staffed hotels. Once again, financing seems to be directed to other things rather than maintenance. Of course, the train ride was an adventure, and since most people on the train spoke better English than Dad spoke Egyptian, he spent time conversing with whoever he could. A few hours train ride brought him to Alexandria with the famous port and the Bibliotheca Alexandria.

Alexandria is on the edge of the Mediterranean, and I have noticed in my discussions of Dad's travels with other people that it carries a certain mystique for most people. A combination of the history and the location somehow; we'll have to get the story from Dad.

Now Dad is staying at the Sheraton on the edge of the Mediterranean in Alexandria. He says that the hotel seems to be a place that many Egyptians escape to during their holidays. He was interested in all of the holidays that are going on now for a wide variety of religions, not only Christianity. They are celebrating many of them there now; one he mentioned did include belly dancing. There are also minority religions in that area that are not Muslim (the Muslims being the majority).

He is spending his spare time at the Bibliotheca, wandering the aisles and reading whatever book catches his eye. Here is the link for the Alexandria Museum. It looks like an incredible place; they have been a place of history and culture. They had to rebuild after the Romans came over and burned the place 2,000 years ago. Dad tested the librarian by inquiring about a book called *Porgy and Bess*. They did not have that one, but do have a collection of Tom Clancy.

Dad will spend time in Alexandria until after Christmas and then probably head over to Israel. We have discussed itineraries that include Morocco and even Timbuktu, but no definite plans have been made yet. We'll see which direction the wind blows him.

Michel and I are having a wonderful time this holiday season. We miss all of you and wish you a wonderful Christmas and New Year.

More Dad stories as I get them.



John at Alexandria Qaitbay Castle

Dispatch #8: Cyprus
December 30, 2007



Wishing everybody a great new year. We are going to spend this one quietly and hope for snorkeling and a west wind New Year's morning.

Dad has left Alexandria in style; and after checking out the prices of taxi to and from the train stations, as well as the price of a train, he opted for the less expensive and definitely more comfortable limousine ride from Alexandria to Cairo. He had planned on going to Athens, Greece, but found a plane flight to Cyprus that left at a more convenient time. For those of you (like me) that are not sure where Cyprus is located, it is a large island between Egypt and Turkey, not too far from Israel. He is staying at a nice hotel (with heated pool) on the edge of a large port at the south end of Cyprus. The weather is still fairly warm (sweater weather) and the place is beautiful.

Cyprus used to be a British colony which means that they all drive on the wrong side of the road. It is easy to find people who speak English, and it is a very popular tourism spot. He can take a boat to Israel if he wants to and we are researching the possibility of traveling directly to Greece, or worst case to Turkey, from Cyprus by boat. He will stay on Cyprus about a week before he wanders on to the next destination.

More news as I get it.

Dispatch #9: Tel Aviv
January 5, 2008



Dad arrived in Tel Aviv yesterday and is staying on the shore of the Mediterranean.

After consuming some excellent meals consisting of some sort of Mediterranean fish (my experience also – they taste so good but what are they) and wandering the old town and port of Limassol, Cyprus, Dad packed his bags and headed to the airport. Actually, getting out of Cyprus turned into an adventure; Dad apparently fit “the profile” and was pulled aside and questioned for 20 minutes. A single man with a one way ticket and somewhat vague answers to “What is your exact planned itinerary?” appears to raise some sort of flag for the security folks. Dad of course was able to negotiate his way out of the situation and onto the plane to Tel Aviv.

Dad spent his day today wandering the old town and the beach in Tel Aviv. He did make one additional stop that should be mentioned. Apparently, the American Embassy is very easy to find since it is on all of the tourist maps. Dad walked over to visit and found it easily identified by the American Embassy sign as well as the American Flag flying above it. Careful to document as much of his trip for the rest of us back home as possible, he pulled out his camera and proceeded to take pictures of the embassy. He was confronted by multiple security men dressed in plain clothes and very concerned about the picture taking. He was ordered to cease and desist immediately. Dad asked for their identification and was shown a badge written in a language he could not read. He attempted to explain to them that he was an American citizen and was in part paying for the American Embassy that

they worked in (not really sure that they understood that part). As he walked away from the embassy they followed him. The good news is eventually they did stop following him and he is spending the evening comfortably in his hotel room.

We spoke together this morning as the sun was setting over the Mediterranean. He described a pink and blue sky fading to black, as I sit here in my living room drinking my morning coffee. We discussed all of the current politics and goings on in the U.S.; he is completely up to date. He says the folks over there are fascinated by our electoral process. I have to admit, I find it fascinating myself and now know more about the Iowa caucus than I really ever wanted to know.

Dad will be traveling to Jerusalem tomorrow and on to the Dead Sea after that.

More news as I get it.

Dispatch #10: Jerusalem to Rome
January 9, 2008



All kinds of excitement in Israel this week as you probably know, Dad was joined by President Bush in Israel today. But I am jumping too far ahead. Let's go back.

Dad left Tel Aviv on the 6th and took a taxi to Jerusalem. He stayed at a hotel on the top of a hill called the Givat Ram (the hill, not the hotel) which had a view of the old city of Jerusalem. Dad's first day in Jerusalem was spent wandering the old town on foot. The old city of Jerusalem is divided into the Moslem Quarter, the Jewish Quarter, the Armenian Quarter, and the Christian Quarter. These quarters do not necessarily represent one-fourth.

Dad entered through the Lions Gate to the Moslem Quarter and proceeded to have coffee with the Arabs. He commented that they were friendly and nice. After that he explored as much of the old city as he could. When he approached the Al-Aqsa Mosque (or Dome of the Rock), he was asked if he was Moslem. He said "no." Unfortunately, that was the wrong answer and he was not allowed into the Mosque. I'll let him tell you about the rest of his adventures in the old city in person. He commented that it is a nice old town, but it needs a little work (ha ha).

He also mentioned visiting the King David Hotel. It is famous for being blown up in 1946. It has been rebuilt and he decided to have lunch there. It turns out that this was a day or two before President Bush would be landing and staying at the King David Hotel. Many of the advisors and other government officials were already at the hotel and Dad

recognized them, including Paul Wolfowitz, former World Bank President. Mr. Wolfowitz is now officially working on issues of international economic development with the American Enterprise Institute.

The next day Dad hired an English-speaking taxi driver and they spent their time traveling from one significant holy spot to another, including the Temple on the Mount and King David's community which has been recently excavated. I know that he focused on seeing places that were significant in the Bible.

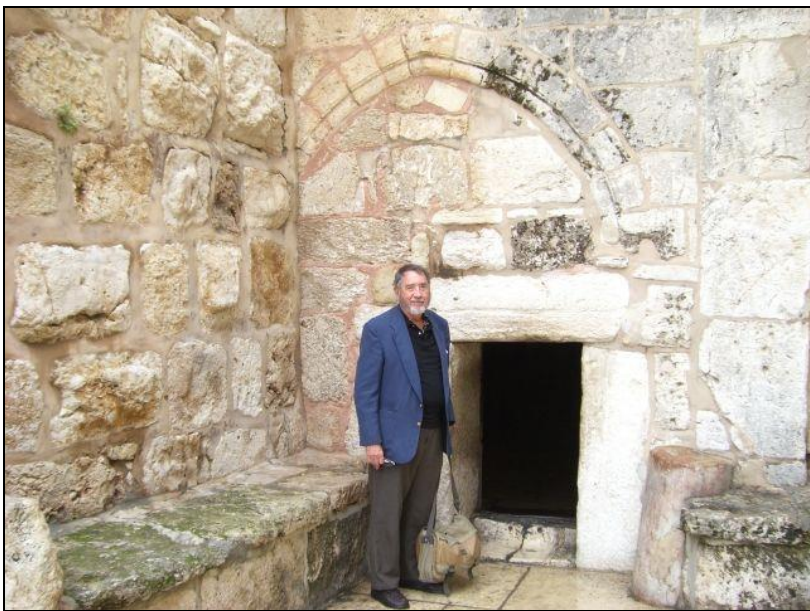
[In Jerusalem there are at least two traditional and sacred tombs of Jesus after his crucifixion. The Catholic one is in a cathedral surrounded by monuments, inscriptions, tapestries, and bright lights. The Protestant one is a little out from town with a walk through some woods to a cave in a high bluff. Beside that cave is a large round stone lying on the ground. The cave is about 20 feet deep with a bench carved out at the rear of the cave as if a body had been placed there. Dad also walked around on the outside of the walls surrounding Jerusalem and waded into some of the caves around the city.]

Dad asked me this question: "When you see four guys in suits talking into their wrists who are they?" Apparently these four guys were all in the same shop with him at some point. When the shopkeeper, who had been giving them free gifts attempted to give one to Dad, he said, "No thanks, I am not with those guys and by the way, I think you are a security risk." The four gentlemen found that comment pretty funny.

Dad also commented that there was a lot of pre-demonstration activity going on. My advice was to get out of town. I don't think he was actually following my advice, but the good news is that he is leaving the Middle-East today. He

is on a plane right now that will fly him to Rome by way of Zurich. When he and I discussed it, we were not sure whether he would be getting off in Zurich or in Rome. Hopefully he makes it to Rome since it is warmer there. Once Dad is back “on the continent” he will make use of his Eurail Pass to come slowly back to London.

More news as I get it.



John at Jesus' Tomb in Jerusalem

Dispatch #11: Milan to Valencia
January 14, 2008



Just a quick note.

Dad is taking the train from Milan to Valencia, Spain. His route follows the coast all the way to Valencia. What was officially called a landslide, but may unofficially be a strike by the train workers, had delayed him a bit in France. He called from a small town somewhere along the way where he spent the night last night. He is hoping to catch the next train today. It sounds like train travel is a very restful way for Dad to finish up his trip. He is slowly making his way back to London.

More news as I get it.

[With the Eurail pass one can get off and on the trains without any need to get a new ticket, so half way through the train ride, John got off at a small town and got a hotel room for the night. In Europe he found train travel to be very traveler friendly. There is always an information desk for tourists and they know the hotels nearby, the restaurants, and local points of interest.]

Dispatch #12: Madrid
January 19, 2008



Just a note to let everyone know that Dad is in Madrid. He is enjoying the city very much and has some nice stories to tell about it. Unfortunately, my note taking skills failed on this one and I cannot tell you what they were. We'll have to get him to tell us about it. I do remember that the architecture is wonderful and the streets are great for walking around and seeing the sights. He will stay in Madrid until Monday and then head for London. On Wednesday (23) he will fly back to the US. We are looking forward to having him back on the same continent.

Michel and I are heading for Thailand and Laos on February 9th. We'll have a couple of stories to tell also. I probably won't send out any emails about Dad after this one unless he asks me to.

Love to all.

[In Madrid I enjoyed walking through the old town on my way to the bull fight arena. In the stands I joined the crowd all shouting "Ole" while drinking wine. Several young men jumped into the arena and started pretending to fight the bull. I joined them. The bull was not amused, but the matador distracted him with great skill and with great skill killed him. And the crowd shouted "Ole."

That night at a local restaurant I enjoyed a steak, although it was a bit tough, perhaps from today's bull fight. In my dreams that night I was visited by Hemingway who told me the story of his first bull fight. He is a great story teller, if he would just learn to shut up so I could get some sleep.]

Travelling in Egypt



South of Cairo on the Red Sea in Egypt was a resort sponsored by the Egyptian government to attract tourists from Europe and America in order to enhance the influx of European and American currencies. When I arrived at this resort, I was greeted by a staff that carried my bags to a luxurious room, but I found that I was one of the only guests. I was treated like a king, great restaurants, great spa, and attentive staff. As background, the Egyptian government was sponsoring programs to attract tourists to help the Egyptian economy. They needed European and American dollars. This resort was one of their initiatives.

One of my goals in travelling to Egypt was to swim in the Red Sea, and I did. I swam and snorkeled in the cold water. It was uneventful.

The attempt of the Egyptian government to attract tourists had failed, but the resort was still being funded with full staff and all the amenities. The food at the restaurant was great, the service was great, the staff dressed in formal attire. But I was the only guest that I could see. It was sad that their attempt at free enterprise, showing initiative, should fail.

To the west was Alexandria where I snorkeled in the bay looking for the tower that had fallen more than a thousand years ago into the bay, and I found it. It was large carved stones.

As background, Sharon provided the following information. During the reign of Alexander, the Great, Egypt was under his rule. After his death at a young age, his empire was divided up among his generals. Later on, Egypt was ruled by Queen

Cleopatra during the time that Rome was ruled by Julius Caesar. His representative, Mark Anthony, travelled to Egypt with the objective of bringing Cleopatra back to Rome to wed Caesar for the consolidation of his power in the region. The plan failed because Anthony and Cleopatra became lovers, Caesar was displeased and went to war with Anthony, and Cleopatra committed suicide by being bitten by an Egyptian asp.

As an added thought we should remember that Julius Caesar was murdered by his friend Brutus; “E tu Brute?”

Travels in Egypt and Europe



Germany in the winter is cold and dreary, but I found myself there on one trip. I had been to Vienna on my search for the Third Man and had tired of the cold and the sewers. Someone suggested Egypt and so I flew to Cairo. I enjoyed Cairo for a few days and then someone suggested a resort down on the Red Sea where I could recuperate. I rented a car and drove south. This resort was beautiful, luxurious and was almost totally unoccupied. I was treated like royalty, the food was great. I was told of the formations over in the Red Sea waters and I went there and snorkeled. The waters were beautiful and the coral was unique.

Upon my return to Cairo, I checked into the Cairo Hilton with a view from my room of the pyramids. I bought a pack of cigarettes – Camels! Ha, ha. At the pyramids I found them beautifully impressive. Another day I visited the Sphinx, though the details I no longer remember. I seem to recall a riverboat trip on the Nile in order to see other monuments.

Tutankhamen, King Tut, was in the Cairo Museum before being displayed in the United States. On one of my trips to Washington, D.C. with Tricia we visited the King Tut exhibit.

Cabaret



Once upon a time in Paris I went to see the musical “Cabaret.” By the way, “Cabaret” as the movie won many awards, including nine Oscars. One was for Best Actress, Liza Minnelli, another for Best Supporting Actor, Joel Gray, and another for Best Picture.

I was staying at the Paris Hilton at the time and saw that there was to be a live performance of the musical while I was there in Paris. The performance was practically sold out, but I managed to obtain a very expensive ticket. When I arrived at the theater, I was escorted by an usher to my seat in a box high on the left, looking down onto the stage.

The actors were all talented professionals, the music was exceedingly well performed, and the evening was memorable.

In Ireland I Met a Couple Named Murphy



In Ireland I met a couple named Murphy; what are the odds of that? While travelling in Ireland I was on a bus when the driver stopped and said, “This is as far as I go tonight.” I said, “Well, what do I do?” He said, “There is a bar across the street and they rent rooms.” I said, “Thank you!” And I went over to the bar and ordered an Irish whiskey. The bartender said, “How are you? and where are you from?” I said, “I’m visiting from the United States, and my name is Murphy.” He said, “Well, these folks (pointing to the couple nearby) are named Murphy, also.” We talked and I asked the bartender to take a picture which you see below.

I rented a room for the night. It was dark, dirty and it had bed bugs. The next morning, I boarded a bus and continued on with my travels. You can read about them in my previous book, *John Payne Murphy, a Life of Adventure*.



Murphy couple in an Irish pub

Touring Venice in a Gondola



On my tour of Europe, one of my favorite cities that I visited was Venice. At the airport, the taxi driver asked if I wanted a ride to my hotel, but it turned out that it was a motor launch through the canals because my hotel was on a canal. After an afternoon nap, I wanted to tour a bit of the city and have dinner. The concierge suggested a nearby restaurant of which his brother was the maître d'hôtel. He summoned a nearby gondola which was paid for by the hotel, but the gondolier expected a gratuity. He took me to the restaurant where I had an excellent meal.

After a wonderful dinner of seafood, the maître d'hôtel arranged a tour of old town Venice. It was \$10 for a gondola tour, but for \$2.00 you could swim it. Ha, ha (humor). Some buildings had doorways that opened right on to the canals, but others had short spans of walkways in front of them. The hotels had even more walkway space in front to accommodate several gondolas at a time. In Venice the death rate for sleep walkers is very high.

Notre Dame



April 15, 2019, the news is full of the burning of Notre Dame. Only the exterior skeleton remains, including the two iconic towers in the front. The tall spire, the roof, and the entire wooden framework are gone.

The cathedral is located on an island in the middle of Paris. Its earliest settlers chose this location because it was protected by water on all sides. The building was started in the 12th century and took almost 200 years to complete. The cathedral was built on a small island called the Île de la Cite, in the middle of the Seine. Construction began in 1163, during the reign of King Louis VII, and was completed in 1345. It is considered a jewel of medieval Gothic architecture.

I am sure my visit to Notre Dame was memorable, but I can't quite remember all of it. Some little deformed person that looked a lot like Charles Lawton kept ringing the bells. I quickly left the area and headed to my favorite bistro downtown where I enjoyed French wine and escargot.

I stayed on a houseboat in Paris that I rented instead of a hotel room. It was on the River Seine where I snorkeled insane to look for historical mementos. I found beat up old bicycles, garbage cans, car parts, and Napoleon's head.

The Dead Sea



On one of my trips to Israel I travelled from Tel Aviv to the Dead Sea by taxi for the day. The concierge at my hotel arranged a driver to take me there. The driver was a Muslim and he hated Christians and he hated me, but I was a big dollar fare so he tolerated me. I could tell how he felt as his hatred just radiated.

At the Dead Sea I undressed and waded in my bathing suit through the muck and into the water. It was cold and smelly, but I covered myself with it from head to toe because it is considered healthy because of all the minerals. I then waded ashore and showered with the fresh water showers provided at the beach, put on my clothes and got back into the taxi. We proceeded to our next destination which was to the caves where the Dead Sea scrolls were found. I explored these caves, finding nothing. The driver took me back to the hotel.

The Dead Sea was of great importance because of the salt that was traded throughout the Middle East. In early times in this part of the world, workman were paid in salt and therefore the statement, "He is not worth his salt," originated from this practice and meant he was not a good workman.

In Tel Aviv I visited the museum to study the Dead Sea scrolls many of which have been unfolded and on display in cabinets. Many were still rolled up due to the concern that they would be damaged if they were unrolled.

The Lighthouse of Alexandria, Egypt



During December of 2007 I was travelling in Europe. I spent time in Germany and Vienna, Austria. The winter weather was cold and dreary and I needed somewhere warmer to recuperate. I flew to Cairo, Egypt, and travelled to several cities along the Mediterranean Sea and visited Alexandria on December 24th. The Sheraton Hotel where I was staying had a Christmas tree in the lobby and they were playing Christmas carols.

I was interested in all of the holidays that were going on at that time for a wide variety of religions, not only Christianity. They were celebrating many of them, and one even included belly dancing. There were also minority religions that were not Muslim (the Muslim being the majority).

My hotel being right on the Mediterranean, I decided to go swimming. I always travelled with a dive mask so I could swim whenever there was water worth exploring. I wanted to dive on the ruins of the Lighthouse of Alexandria which had fallen into the bay during a series of three earthquakes in ancient times.

The Lighthouse (one of the seven wonders of the ancient world) was built during the reign of Ptolemy II in Egypt from 280-247 B.C. It was 100 meters high in overall height and was the tallest manmade structure in the world for years. A French archeologist discovered the ruins in 1994.

I donned my mask and swim suit, and dove into the water. The water was very cold and murky with visibility being only a couple of feet. I pulled myself along the stones of the Lighthouse, beginning with the enormous stones at the base

and continuing up to the smaller stones at the top where the torch had burned to aid sailors in navigating to the port. It had stood for about 1,000 years before the series of earthquakes from 956 A.D. to 1323 A.D. finally left it in the ruins that I was exploring.

Letter of Application for a Job



Personnel Department
Federal Aeronautics Administration
Fort Worth, Texas

John P. Murphy
City Route 5
Gallatin, Tenn.

Gentlemen:

I understand that you are expanding your operations, and I am interested in employment with your organization. I am an electrical engineer, age 28, (graduate, University of Tennessee, 1954) with military experience in radar maintenance and communications. In addition, I have civilian experience in design and construction of large steam-powered generating plants.

Here is a resume of my experience: After graduation in 1954, I was employed by the Electrical Design Division of Tennessee Valley Authority. In January, 1955, I went on active duty with the Air Force, entering with a primary specialty of Ground Electronics Officer. I attended the ten-month-long Communications Officers School at Scott Air Force Base and after completion was assigned to a remote Aircraft Central and Warning Squadron in Alaska as Squadron Communications Officer. Later, due to a shortage of personnel, I was assigned the additional duty of Squadron Radar Maintenance Officer. After this tour I was assigned to a Tactical Air Command Squadron, Warner-Robbins Air Force Base, as an assistant Communications Officer, where I completed my tour of duty. At the present time, I hold the grade of permanent First Lieutenant in the inactive reserve.

In January 1958, I accepted a position at Gallatin Steam

Plant as an electrical engineer on construction. At this plant we are engaged in the construction of two new 275,000 Kilowatt generating units. My duties on this job consist of checking the installation of conduit and grounding systems, meters and their controls, auxiliary power boards, control boards, recording and controlling instruments, and various other electrical equipment to ascertain their compliance with drawings, specifications and standard engineering practices. My duties also include writing electrical equipment inventories for plant capitalization purposes, marking design drawings to supplement design prints.

The major part of the construction work here at Gallatin will be completed in mid-July, and so the most convenient time for me to change employers, if I do so, will be during the last part of July or the first part of August.

I believe that I do my best work in a job that requires that at least part of the time be spent outside the office in field work, and so I am most interested in a job of this nature. Although I am interested in employment in almost any location, I am particularly interested in information on openings you might have in the Anchorage area, and the southeastern United States, especially Florida.

Yours truly,
John Payne Murphy

S. L. T. F.



As a peaceful nation, the United States was unlikely to ever initiate a war. Our policy was to maintain a strong retaliatory capability that could survive an attack by an enemy and still retaliate. This meant that our capability must be designed to avoid destruction by the enemy's first strike. This could be done by bombers always in the air, submarines with missiles hidden in the ocean, and by hardened silos in the ground to house the retaliatory rockets. Other concepts were trucks moving around the nation's highways, trains with rocket cars travelling around the nation's tracks, and other concepts. All of these options were tested. High cost eliminated many of these options.

The chosen options were called the Triad and it consisted of three capabilities. They were nuclear submarines, hardened silos, and bombers. Initial deployment of the three options was completed, which aided in our negotiations with the Russians. The cost of maintaining these capabilities caused a move toward cheaper operating costs. Hardened silo storage, submarines, and aircraft became the next phase of deterrence.

Meanwhile, back at the ranch, Reagan and Gorbachev were agreeing to eliminate all nuclear weapons, to the horror of their military people and many others.

I was employed by the Martin Company and sent to Baltimore, Maryland, to assist in the final check out, and learn the ground support system for SLTF (Silo Launch Test Facility) which was to test the hardened silo capability of the Triad. After the training I returned home to my job in Vandenberg in California. This ground support equipment

was shipped to Vandenberg and was installed in the control center at the SLTF. Because of my training in Baltimore, I knew the system inside and out and was completely prepared to do a good job in supporting the launch, and received recognition from the Corporation for my accomplishments. And so, this was the beginning of my career in space and rockets.



Titan II launched from a silo

One of My Management Techniques



One of my management techniques was to set up common goals for the organization. The next step was to promote ownership of those goals in my subordinates. I would set up individuals in separate objectives and then outline steps to achieve their goals. I facilitated the process from the top. Organizational Development, called OD, has processes for getting people in the organization to own the organization and its objectives. Then my job was easy. Define the goals to your subordinates and then they define the goals to their people. Each one has to have objectives that tell him where he fits in the next level of the organization and communicates to that next level.

As a Boy Scout I did this without realizing what I was doing. In Charleston, South Carolina, I joined the Scouts at age twelve. I was a little guy but I knew more than the others and would organize the rest in activities and ceremonies, etc. My Dad had been a Scout and I had studied his Handbook from beginning to end. I memorized the Boy Scout laws that are trustworthy, loyal, helpful, friendly, courteous, kind, obedient, cheerful, thrifty, brave, clean and reverent.

I was so skinny that Mother would come up with 20 cents for me to buy a milkshake when I took the bus to Scouts and back. I worked out on weights at the YMCA. In the Air Force I was underweight and had to have a waiver from a doctor.

Returning now to my management training, my company decided to send me to a management course and I chose Esalen Institute on the California coast. My company did not know it was a touchy/feely kind of place. Tricia and I went

back several times. It was good training to broaden your perspectives. When I came back from the training, I met with Pete Teets (a high potential, “hi pot,” employee), the Program Director from Denver. He asked me how the management training program was that he sent me to. He didn’t realize how touchy/feely it was. He liked me for three reasons: 1) I did not take him too seriously, 2) I had come up through the ranks, and 3) he loved Mexican food in Guadalupe, California, so he would come to visit for a program review, and he and I would talk and go to La Simpatia.

Exceeding Expectations



In the early 1990s a long, long time ago, I was the Program Manager for the Titan IV Program which was America's pre-eminent space launch program. Our program performed so well that the customer (the Air Force) gave us a 100% Award Fee. This fee was a great benefit to Corporate management but not to the staff that worked on the program. In order to continue to motivate the workers on the program, Corporate management desired an economical way to motivate them and to let them think that senior management cared about them.

Someone had seen Sammy Davis, Jr. in Las Vegas and recommended him as an inexpensive way to reward the Titan IV Program people. The plan was for Sammy Davis to fly in and do a program in a large theater in downtown Denver for Denver personnel. After that we would fly on a corporate plane to Vandenberg for a Sammy Davis performance at the base theater there. Sammy Davis and his entourage flew in his own plane.

Irma Jean was the person for Corporate that was responsible for coordinating the entire event, including the handling of Sammy Davis and his entourage. She arranged for Tricia and me to meet Sammy Davis personally and he was gracious, even though he did not have a clue as to what I did or why I was even on the planet.

Thinking back, long before all of this, when I was working on the MX Program, and because the solid propellants in the MX required temperature control, the air conditioning units for transport were critical. The contractor for those air conditioning units had a quality control person who held up shipment because of his problems with his company. I flew

up to the New England area and asked to speak to him in private. We had a cup of coffee and I explained the importance of the program to the nation, the President, and the world. I then got the General in charge of the MX Program in California on the phone and asked him to speak to this young man and thank him for his contribution to the program. Then this young man immediately released the air conditioning units for shipment.

Later on this General took over the Air Force Space Program, the main component being Titan IV. At that time, I was in charge of the Titan IV Program, residing in Denver. Because of our performance exceeding expectations, we received 100% Award Fee and Pete Teets and Corporate were exceedingly pleased (went bananas).

A Prime Contractor's Responsibility



The Air Force MX Program was a part of the nation's efforts to deter nuclear war by maintaining a strong retaliatory capability. When I was the Program Director for the MX Program for Martin Marietta, one of our subcontractors had an internal problem with their quality control manager. He felt that his function was not appropriately recognized in his company and he was holding up the shipment of an essential component for MX deployment. The Air Force General in charge called me and asked my personal involvement in solving the problem. That evening, my subcontractor director and myself were on a plane to the contractor's facility with an appointment to meet with their management the next morning. I asked to meet privately with the quality control manager who was holding up the shipment of the environmental control units required for handling and shipping payloads. The payload is a nuclear bomb in a tube one foot in diameter and 46 inches long with a pointed nose. That is why it had to be in a temperature-controlled environment.

In private, I explained to him the importance of the program to the nation and to the President of the United States, and how these units were essential to the program. I called the General at the Air Force office in California and asked him to speak to the young man after explaining the circumstances. He gave him a five-minute dissertation on the program and its importance to the nation and world peace, and asked for his help in expediting the shipments. The young man went back and gave his go ahead and the units were on their way.

Later this General was placed in charge of the Air Force office running the Titan IV Program. As we were the prime

contractor, I worked with him extensively. At a later time when Al Schaeffle was promoted, the General asked that I be placed in charge of the Program. This General was the one giving the 100% Award Fee to my program that got Corporate excited, resulting in the Sammy Davis Jr. performances described in another story.

Staying in Touch with Family before the Internet and Skype



In the late 1950s and 1960s airline travel was not cheap or always available. If you wanted to visit family you had to drive. In those days, cars did not have air conditioning, so during the hot summer days when it was 110 degrees, we would drive at night when it was cooler and take a bag of ice in the car. Across the desert areas between California and Tennessee, there were huts built up beside natural springs along the highway where you could stop, soak and cool off.

We wanted to visit family after Tricia and I were married in 1959 in Chattanooga, Tennessee, and moved immediately to the Los Angeles area in California. Airline travel was very expensive and beyond our financial means, so we would drive, which meant five days or nights on the road.

In the early days of my career with Martin Marietta Co., I had to fly from Vandenberg on the west coast to the Cape on the east coast frequently. Because I wanted to visit folks in Tennessee, I would arrange to take a “delay in route” in Atlanta for three or four days, rent a car and drive to Chattanooga and Knoxville.

As a matter of interest, my dad didn’t drive in the 60s and my mother took driving lessons in the 50s, but on her first solo drive as a visiting nurse for the Metropolitan Insurance Co., she ended up straddling a fence row and couldn’t get off. She never drove again. She had wanted to be a visiting nurse because her previous work in private nursing involved working for families whose loved ones needed extra care at the end of their lives. She was always faced with the death of patients she had been caring for. She switched her nursing

career to obstetrics where she was caring for babies and their mothers.

When I was with Martin Marietta there were frequent requirements to go to the Cape or Denver as part of the job. The Company would pay for my travel, at so much per day, during my time away from home. At that time the “per diem” as it was called, was \$13 per day and that covered the hotel and meals. For longer term TDY (temporary duty) it was \$10 per day, and you didn’t need to submit an itemized expense report, so you could do whatever you wanted with the money including saving it.

When Tricia worked in Guadalupe, she couldn’t travel with me, so I had to go alone to Denver or the Cape. When the kids were grown and we moved to Denver, then I was paid so much per day based on expenses, and Tricia could come with me at my expense.

Later in my career with Martin Marietta, I was doing so much traveling by air between Vandenberg, Denver, and the Cape that the Company paid all my expenses. At that time Tricia surprised me with a lifetime membership in the Red Carpet Club with United Airlines, which I can still use whenever I fly or just feel like going to Denver International Airport to visit the Club and have a martini at the bar and sit and watch people.

John Murphy Meets Boris Karloff



This could be titled “John Murphy Meets Frankenstein,” or “John Murphy Meets the Daughter of Frankenstein” or “John Murphy Meets a Nice Old Man in Hollywood.”

While I was working for Martin Marietta Company as a contractor for the Air Force, we attended periodic meetings with the Air Force at their office in El Segundo, California. At one such meeting, I was invited by a Colonel to his home in Palos Verdes. It was a beautiful home high on the cliff-side overlooking the Pacific Ocean. He introduced me to his wife, who was a beautiful lady, and she was the daughter of Frankenstein, Boris Karloff. Mr. Karloff was present for a short time, shook hands with everyone, and then excused himself as he was not comfortable with strangers; they scared him!

Why did I go scuba diving at the corporate offsite meeting, when everybody else played golf?



Martin Marietta Corporation planned a meeting for its higher management officers to be held in Palm Beach, Florida, at a beautiful resort near the ocean. The activities coordinator's job was to make sure everyone had a good time doing what they liked best. My fellow managers all played golf but I, being a klutz, did not.

The coordinator asked me what I wanted to do and I said, "Scuba diving." The coordinator called a local dive shop and arranged for a trip to the offshore reef. She arranged a limousine to pick me up and take me to the dive shop. Off we went to the reef in his dive boat; I was the only diver. Two women in skimpy bikinis helped me with my scuba gear and pushed me over the side. I enjoyed a beautiful dive on a beautiful reef. At the end of my dive, back on the boat, I was served martinis and received a rub down by my skimpy bikini girls which by now had become more skimpy.

The corporate objective of this expensive offsite experience was to promote teamwork. Unfortunately, my solo scuba dive trip with bikini girls achieved little in that objective that day.



John getting ready to Scuba dive

Al Smith



He was “Smiling Jack” personified. Smiling Jack was a cartoon character in the funny papers in the 1940s. My friend and associate at Vandenberg Air Force Base Rocket Program reminded me of Smiling Jack, but he was an excellent mechanical engineer capable of innovative solutions for the handling and emplacement of the rocket stages.

Al had been a top-notch Air Force pilot, but on one flight he found himself upside down in his plane and could not remember how he got there. He righted his plane and landed successfully. The next day he turned in his resignation and applied for a position with Martin Marietta.

I hired him as I needed practical engineers to help with the handling and emplacement activities of these large rocket stages that had not been done before. He worked out the way to get the stages off the flatbed trucks that hauled them to the launch site from the factory and standing them upright over the exhaust ducts. The larger first stage was put up first and the second stage had to be placed on top of it. The actual emplacement could be done in an eight-hour shift.

Al and Lucretia lived in the Santa Inez Valley on a hillside where they had built an innovative house overlooking the valley. Hot tubs were the fashion in those days and they had one. On Saturday nights or afternoons, they invited friends to their hot tub parties that were big at that time in California.

Some smoked pot, ran around naked, but Tricia and I did not. However, we still enjoyed their company and it was a time when hippies were in vogue in California. We were accepted by the group even though we were square.

John Gale



John Gale was a consultant for the Air Force when I was launching rockets on the Titan Program. Unlike many government representatives, he was helpful and interested in making sure the job was done right and you were successful.

John and his wife were independently wealthy and lived in a large house overlooking the Pacific Ocean in Palos Verdes, California. After an Air Force and contractor meeting in Los Angeles, Tricia and I were invited to their home for dinner.

John and his wife had relocated to the United States after World War II and he was employed by a consultant company working for the Air Force. He was technically very knowledgeable and supportive. He helped by keeping the critical people off our backs so we could get our job done.

As a young man, John had been a Spitfire pilot for the British in WWII. A Spitfire is a high-performance single engine fighter plane developed by the British to be used in defense of Great Britain during WWII.

Family Reunion in Tahoe, Summer 2017



Jonny came to Denver on June 11, 2017, arriving around 7:00 pm. On Tuesday the 13th, we loaded up the car and started driving to Las Vegas where we met Claire on Friday, the 16th. From Vegas we drove to Tahoe, arriving Tuesday, June 20th.

The family reunion in Tahoe was from June 20 to June 28; it was memorable and lots of fun. It was just the immediate family, including Jonny, Claire, Jeff and Kathy, Joshua and Conner, and myself.

We had a wonderful time in Tahoe, hiking around the lake and swimming in the very cold water. We took a tour boat cruise around the lake to see the sights, looking for the Lake Tahoe version of the Loch Ness monster.

At the end of the reunion, we parted company, but Jonny drove back to Denver with me. On the way home Jonny and I visited Palmdale and Antelope Valley where Tricia and I had owned land in the “path of progress,” two and a half acres on “M” Street next to the proposed freeway.



Tahoe 2017 Family Reunion

Dumbo



Owning an automobile is one of the great thrills and privileges of modern life. There was a time when only the wealthy could have such a luxury, and others must be satisfied with a horse or perhaps a buggy or, if one is fortunate, a horse and buggy. However, those are the times of my grandfather and his grandfather, but not my times. In my day it was not unusual to own an automobile unless you were poor, too poor perhaps, and we were too poor. However, Dad's job with the East Tennessee Power Company provided him with an automobile, which was not intended for personal use, but sometimes was.

Automobiles in a modern world are the equivalent of a great horse or even a horse and buggy of past generations. As a kid I could only dream of buying a car and taking the family out for a drive as we had not owned one since I was a small child.

My first car was a 1941 Studebaker which I bought from friends that lived several blocks away. I did not know how to drive although Oscar had given me a lesson or two, but when I took delivery of my new car, I was to pick it up and drive it home alone. I chose to do that about 9:00 at night and I used only the back streets as I did not know how to shift the gears. I drove it home in first gear and parked it on the side street next to the White Store. I did not have a license yet, but with practice late at night, on the side streets, I learned to drive, even shifting gears. Then I could go visit Ann Cooper, my old hiking buddy in Nashville. The Studebaker was a great asset as I could take Mother and Dad on rides or out to a restaurant for dinner and I could date girls.

Today, as we are writing this, I own a white 2015 Toyota van with all the options. I bought it in Knoxville around the time of the 2014 family reunion. I bought it from a dealership along the Alcoa Highway. I put it in storage because I planned to return soon and drive it to Denver for an exciting cross-country adventure. Two years later at the 2016 reunion in Knoxville I took it out of storage, put the first license plate on it, and drove it to Denver, and I still have it. This proves that I am certifiable.

*Raising Teenagers and Steers at Cambridge Way,
Santa Maria, California*



As you may recall in my previous book, the purchase of 10 acres on Cambridge Way was a compromise. My first choice had been 20 acres in the San Inez Valley on a hillside outside the small town of Solvang. The kids did not want to leave their friends, and so with much discussion, we made a family decision to stay in Santa Maria and selected 10 acres off Telephone Road on Cambridge Way as a compromise.

As I recall, when we moved there the kids were 15, 13, and 11. Very soon Claire needed a car, so we bought her a used small Toyota station wagon. Eventually it evolved a leaky radiator and when the red overheat light came on, Claire drove very fast to get home to ask me what it meant. She turned off the car in the driveway and it froze up and never started again. It set there for a long time and became full of black widow spiders from the Eucalyptus trees. I remember that one time before it froze up I had to drive it and I knew that it had spiders in it, so I would only drive it in the daytime, with window rolled down, in the cold, carefully avoiding touching anything that could hide a spider.

Kathy took care of her horses. The first one was Speed, a really big horse that she could mount only by standing on a rail fence. He had been a champion rodeo horse. Her second horse was named Hot Shot. As I recall, that horse was kept at the stable over by the Santa Maria riverbed which I remember Kathy said provided great riding opportunities.

Jonny was the youngest and stayed in his room listening to music. The move to Cambridge Way had taken him away

from his friends down town. He really did not want to move. That fall he had to go to a new school for sixth grade. At school he made a new friend that became a lifelong buddy. Jonny was a great bike rider and explored a lot of the surrounding countryside. He played a lot with our big dog, Ralph.

Jonny started learning to drive. He told me just recently that he had been sneaking out at night and driving the Datsun pickup for joy riding with friends. He could start the pickup with a comb. He said he had fun and nobody got hurt. He finally got his driver's license. When he got his own car, a micro VW bus with a bed in the back and curtains, he and his mom, Tricia, went on a road trip where Jonny was riding his bike, and Tricia drove the bus ahead of him to good stopping spots where they would have lunch or a rest stop, along the California coast, Big Sur.

All three children went to Hancock Junior College for two years. Claire went on to Cal. State at Northridge. Kathy went on to Cal. Poly in San Luis Obispo. Jonny went to San Diego State, majoring in electrical engineering and computers.

On our 10-acre farm, we had a money raising project for a tax right off, of buying calves and fattening them up for two months. Then we would take them to Paso Robles in the back of the Datsun pickup, one to six at a time, to be sold at auction. The loss for calves was high, but if they were fattened up for two months, the serious cattle buyer would have less risk in buying them.

I liked to delegate and wanted to teach the kids responsibility. Jonny worked on raising a steer for a 4-H project. He gave him food and water. He also helped with the calves, including their shots; and he helped with the sheep. He

bought his first car, a 1960 VW bug, with the money he got for selling the steer.



Raising kids in California

John Farao's Contract



One day in 1976, a young man named John Farao knocked on our door at 2051 Cambridge Way in Santa Maria and asked if he could graze his sheep on the lower section of our 10-acre property. He agreed to pay for the grazing with \$17, or the equivalent hours of farm work per month, as specified in a contract, and I agreed as I needed help keeping up with the demands of a small farm. John's sheep were on the adjacent lot but the owner wanted them moved, so we leaned the wire fence down and ran his 40 ewes across.

John was a member of the Future Farmers of America organization and the flock of sheep was one of his FFA projects. He drew up a contract which we would sign and it specified the details of our agreement.

The following is the contract word for word:

“The following agreement is between John Farao and John Murphy. It involves approximately two acres at the North end of Mr. Murphy's ten-acre lot. The land is located at Lot two, East Valley Farms, on Cambridge Way.

“This agreement is good for one year (from Feb. 1, 1976 to Feb. 1, 1977) with renewal at the end of the year, but if Mr. Murphy sells his lot, the agreement will be terminated.

“John Farao will pay seventeen dollars (\$17) a month for use of the land. The intent of this arrangement is to pay for the rent with labor on projects like, putting up fence, installation of water pipe, irrigation setup and other projects agreed upon by both parties.

“For every hour that John Farao works on improvement projects he will be able to subtract one dollar (\$1) off of the monthly rent.

“John Farao will need at least thirty days to remove the fence posts, pickets and other items that belong to him.

“Mr. Murphy will supply pickets, posts and cement for the North and East boundary of his lot. John Farao will install the posts and pickets in a permanent manner.

“Mr. Murphy will supply water, but if the cost of water exceeds twenty dollars (\$20) a month due to the use of irrigation water by John Farao, he, (John Farao) will bear responsibility to pay for the amount above twenty dollars (\$20) per month.

“John Farao will have to supply his own fence and posts for any other fences he will put in in the future.

“Mr. Murphy will extend the water line to the South end of John Farao’s fence.”

Signed:

Mr. John Murphy

John Farao



John Farao sheering sheep

G is for Grafton



When I lived in Denver after my career with Martin Marietta Company, and after the passing of Tricia, I continued to do consulting work for the company, and would often fly up from Denver to Santa Barbara, California, rent a car and drive up to Vandenberg. One time while passing through Santa Barbara I met Sue Grafton, the famous novelist of detective stories, at a bar.

She had never been to the north county area so I invited her to have dinner in Guadalupe at one of my favorite restaurants called La Simpatia. I think I remember that I took her to the restaurant for great Mexican food and she invited me to dinner in her favorite restaurant in the San Inez Valley. Tricia and I had been Charter Members of the Santa Maria Historical Society and Sue was interested in my knowledge of the early history of the region.

In some of her later detective stories when she was searching for a handsome, interesting character, she would model him after me. She thought I looked like Clark Gable, but with better teeth.

How I Became an Officer and a Gentleman



At the end of my Junior year, the ROTC program required six weeks of summer camp officers' training. In my case that was to be at Keester Air Force Station near Biloxi, Mississippi. Officers with 90 days training and a college degree were called "90-day wonders" by senior officers and the troops.

At the Univ. of Tennessee, I started out majoring in physics, but ran into two problems. First, I learned that a career in physics required a Doctorate, whereas a Bachelor of Science in electrical engineering qualified you for many careers. Second, physics was all advanced mathematics and theoretical with no practical applications until you achieved the Ph.D., or you were just a lab assistant.

At my junior year I changed majors to electrical engineering which required two more years to get the degree. A lot of credit units were just thrown away because they were not applicable to an electrical engineering degree. So it took five years to finally graduate.

During this time, I was living at home, had little money, summer jobs at scout camp as a first aid counselor, and the second year as Troup #14 cabin counselor, and working the concessions at UT football games. Having started with the ROTC program in high school for three years, I received credit for the first two years of Senior ROTC in college. In Senior ROTC I received pay which helped me with expenses, and allowed me to buy a car for the family. It was a 1941 Studebaker with 109,000 miles, which I did not know was a high mileage worn out car. With a car and a little money, I could now afford girlfriends.

By the time I got to Senior ROTC I had had six years of military training (3 years in high school and 3 years in college) and had learned military history, drilled troops, and how to make command decisions. Being in ROTC I had made a commitment to go into active service in the Air Force upon graduation.

The summer before my Senior year of college I was off to ROTC camp in Biloxi, MS. It was 600 miles each way and I received six cents a mile in travel allowance, \$36 each way for a total of \$72. Instead of using the money for a bus or car, I hitchhiked and stayed at a YMCA, and twice had to sleep under the trees at roadside.

The camp was for six weeks of further training in drilling troops, military history, protocols of being an” officer and a gentleman,” ethics, and the standard to be upheld as an officer commissioned by the President of the United States, Dwight D. Eisenhower.

At graduation from UT, I received my Commission as a Second Lt. in the Air Force making \$222 per month, plus housing and subsistence. At the end of 18 months, I was promoted to 1st Lt. and I was assigned to a remote site on the west coast of Alaska, south of Nome called Cape Romanzof.

Cape Romanzof



The reason Cape Romanzof Air Force Station existed was the threat of attacks by Russian airplanes across the Bering Straits to attack targets in the United States. The Cape was a geographic feature that stuck out in the Straits, named by the Russians when they controlled Alaska before the U.S. bought it from Russia.

Secretary of State William Seward negotiated the purchase of Alaska from Russia in 1867 for \$7.2 million. Andrew Johnson was President at that time.

These bases like Romanzof were set up to overlap radars to form what was called the West Wall of Defense against incoming Russian aircraft before missiles were a threat. The Russians did the same on their side.

Rule #1: We would not initiate a war through first strike.

Rule #2: We needed a way to maintain the threat of retaliation to deter their first strike attack. That retaliatory capability must be hardened in order for it to survive that first attack and still maintain the capability for devastating retaliation. At this point in time, we had just bombers, the Strategic Air Command. There were some bombers in the air all the time. Shortly after this, missiles came into play because of the need for a less costly deterrent.

I was assigned to Romanzof for my tour of duty in the Air Force as the Communications Officer partly because of my electrical engineering degree in college, and the need for young officers at the outposts to gain their experience in handling service men.

I have written many of my experiences at Cape Romanzof in my book titled *John Payne Murphy, A Life of Adventure*.



Cape Romanzof road up to Radome

The USO Comes to Cape Romanzof



Their plane came from the distance, a tiny dot growing larger as did our anticipation of seeing a real live girl. The plane was a DC-3, a civilian version of the C47. The officers and the drivers went out to meet the girls coming to entertain.

The men were covered in ice-encrusted parkas, bundled up, hadn't seen a woman in months. The door opened on the plane, girls looked out and saw the men, screamed a little, turned around and shut the door, and the plane took off. I remember the expressions on the girls' faces, horror and pity.

John's Contact with Pitcairn Island



When John was in the Air Force serving as Communications Officer, ham radio was a popular way to stay in contact with others when there was no phone. To set up ham radios in the military, amateur radio operators were given surplus equipment. Civilians had to buy the equipment.

In Alaska at Cape Romanzof, we had a ham radio so the “kids,” the enlisted men, could talk to other ham operators who would pass messages to their families. John had access to this, so he could get to operators that would send messages to his wife, Jane.

Pitcairn Island had a ham radio so one of the “kids” under John that operated the radio on Romanzof talked to descendants of the mutineers, of “The Mutiny on the Bounty” fame. John was a lieutenant and provided the equipment so the “kids” could communicate with those on Pitcairn Island.

Scuba Diving Certification



We were strong free divers, so when the aqualung became available, I bought one and took it up to Norris Lake, strapped it on and dived down 80 feet on my first dive. I had read all the manuals so I knew how to breathe out, rise slowly to the surface, and so on. We dived in caves, in the lake, recovered bodies, and so on, with my diving buddy Dave Murrian. We were the only two scuba divers in East Tennessee, so we were often called upon. My supervisor at TVA knew it was a public service and had no problem releasing me anytime there was a need for my diving skills.

Our diving exploits were written up in the newspaper every week and we became local celebrities. You can read more about that in my previous book, *John Payne Murphy, A Life of Adventure*.

Tricia learned how to scuba dive in the U.S. in pools, but needed open water diving to be certified. We decided to take a trip to Cozumel off the east coast of Mexico to go scuba diving in their coral reefs. We both obtained our certifications there and enjoyed the beautiful clear waters and the Mexican food. Delicious!

In addition to scuba diving, we took the ferry over to the Mexican mainland to Cancun. There we went on a day's tour to see the Mayan ruins, including the step pyramids out in the middle of the rain forest. We had local tour guides that spoke English and were knowledgeable about the history and the technology of the Mayans. We saw many carvings of figures and hieroglyphics that represented the history and culture of the ancient people.

Dave Murrian



A popular movie of the day was “The Wild Ones,” starring Marlon Brando. He rode a Harley Davidson motorcycle in the movie and caused a lot of young men to take up motorcycle riding. In the movie, Brando and his gang terrorized a small town. In Knoxville, Dave and Tiko terrorized a drive through restaurant on their Harley’s.

Dave’s parents were wealthy and lived in the North Hills area of Knoxville. Dave was a great photographer and had a dark room in his home. Our diving and cave explorations were photographed by Dave, and developed in his dark room at home. Often, they were submitted to the newspapers that would print stories of our exploits.

Dave played the organ at Brown’s Cafeteria and attracted groupies consisting mainly of young, attractive, giggly girls. I would often go there for supper and enjoyed the music and the girls.

Scouting



My Dad had been a Boy Scout in his youth and when I was eight or nine years old, he gave me his old Boy Scout book, 1915 edition. I read it backwards and forwards so that when I was 12 years old and joined the Boy Scouts, Troop 3, at the Bethel Methodist Church in Charleston, I knew it inside and out by memory. We had a great meeting house in back of the church but no dedicated adult leadership. A church member who knew nothing about scouting would come down and unlock the building for us, so I took charge. I would open the meetings with the Pledge of Allegiance and the Boy Scout oath. When I was teaching and I didn't know the subject very well I would simply wing it, a skill I found very useful later in my career.

When you walk into a room with a lot of people in it, you simply say in a loud and commanding voice, "May I have your attention, please," and from that moment on you are in charge. People are relieved because there is someone in charge to give directions.

As you may recall my prior award-winning book, *John Payne Murphy, a Life of Adventure*, tells of my experiences in Camp Pellissippi, where I achieved great prominence as the First Aid counselor, teacher of canoeing, life-saving, and roasting hotdogs on a stick. An interesting aside is that after World War II, the companies that were putting out airplanes and war materials had to convert to peacetime products to stay in business. That is when aluminum pots and pans and aluminum foil was produced for public consumption. So, my camping experience did not include cooking food wrapped in foil among the coals of a campfire.

To make things clear, in Charleston I was a member of Troop 3 at the Bethel Methodist Church and we had an old building behind the church which had originally been slave quarters for those that maintained the church. In contrast to that, in Tennessee, Troop 14 was sponsored by a Presbyterian Church downtown with great adult leadership. My cousin Jim was a senior scout and helped me work toward Eagle Scout. His mother, my Aunt Elizabeth, used her high expectations for me to give me a “kick-in-the-behind” to get me going and finish my Eagle Scout requirements. At Camp Pellissippi, Troop 14 had a well-built, all wood building with big timbers, overlooking an inlet of the lake. We had a big assembly room with a huge rock fireplace on the end wall; all four corners of the big room had a smaller room with four bunk beds that would sleep eight boys. There were six weeklong periods for camping, so in theory, 188 boys in our troop could attend summer camp.

The Honeymoon Trip



As you recall from prior stories, we left Chattanooga late after our wedding on August 9, 1959, driving in our VW convertible and headed West. We would drive through the night to avoid the heat of the day, it was August! In general, we would start driving around 1:00 am and drive until 10 am the next morning, and find an air-conditioned motel with a pool. We would swim and then sleep until the middle of the night at which time we would drive on.

On our week-long driving trip, Tricia and I visited the Petrified Forest in Arizona, and also the Grand Canyon, staying in motels close by, and spending time hiking and photographing the beautiful vistas. At the Canyon we rode the donkeys down to the river. That was quite a trip!

On part of our drive, we were on Route 66. Some of you may remember a TV program about two guys and their adventures driving across the country on Route 66. They had a theme song that played as they drove along that said “Get your kicks on Route 66” which was played *ad nauseam* throughout the show.

We kept to the south driving through Texas, Arizona, and on into California, taking our first ever freeway into Los Angeles and over the hill into Van Nuys in the San Fernando Valley. We found a motel close to my job, and the next day I reported to my boss at the RCA Company, working on launch control for the Atlas missile, which we have discussed in my previous book.

As soon as I could get time off, we started hunting for a more permanent home. We heard about Woodland Hills,

loved the name, and drove across the valley to the neighborhood bordering the Santa Monica Mountains in the San Fernando Valley. We saw a sign “For Rent-Furnished” in front of a duplex, knocked on the door and a little old lady named Greta Greeney answered, and we moved in right away.

At that time, we did not have a phone and at work they closed the switch board at 9:00 pm. The operator went home. The boss said we had to meet our deadline, so we would stay over until the job was done. I had no way to notify Tricia. She became frightened and she went to visit Greta who told her, “That is the way men are.” Tricia went back to our apartment and cried all night.



Honeymoon trip cross country in a VW

Hemingway and Key West



When I lived in Key Largo, occasionally I would go down to Key West. This would be when there was some special occasion in Key West or when visitors came and I would escort them down to visit the water front, the Hemingway house and other historic places. The Hemingway house has been preserved as a museum dedicated to his life and writings.

The waterfront is very oriented to the history of the Keys and tourist attractions. It includes museums, tourist attractions and bars in which Hemingway drank, even though many of them were opened after he had passed, so apparently it was his ghost.

Hemingway preferred life in Cuba but when Castro took over, Americans were *persona non grata*. So, he moved to Key West.

My Friend, Oscar Krosnes



Oscar Krosnes was a close friend that I met when I worked for TVA the six months before I went into the Air Force. Oscar's parents were Scandinavian, specifically Norway. They immigrated to the United States. His dad worked for TVA, which being a government agency had no trouble hiring foreigners. They spoke very little English. They were smart but slow. If I told Oscar a joke, three minutes later he would get it and laugh. I learned the difference between slow and smart because Oscar was very smart.

Oscar's dad had a 1940 Ford that he let Oscar drive. I did not have a car, so Oscar and I would double date. I dated this girl who lived about 20 miles out of town, not too far from where Oscar lived. The logical thing would be to have Oscar pick up the girl and then come and get me.

The girl's parents would not let Oscar pick her up without me, so Oscar had to drive all the way downtown in Knoxville to pick me up and take me to the girl's house to meet her parents. After all of that I did not get many second dates. Having no car and living in a bad part of town, without Oscar I would not have had many dates.

Oscar joined the Army Corp of Engineers, and after his service he continued as a civilian in the civilian branch of the Corp of Engineers. Oscar and I have remained friends all these years.

Boy Scout's Good Deed for a Day



This is my experience with giving a ride to a stranded minister to a country church in Tennessee, after his car broke down in front of my house. I was a Boy Scout so it was a normal thing to do. I drove him to the church and was about to leave and he said, “Wait, I’ll be stranded here.” I asked if one of his flock would give him a ride home and he said, “No. I need you to stay and give me a ride home.”

So, I did stay and because I did not respond appropriately to their handling of snakes — people going around the room animated with snakes, I started to leave when they came around me and were waving the snakes at me. They thought there was something wrong with me because I was not joining in. At this point I got up and went outside. I still waited to take the minister because I told him I would. Afterwards I took him back to his car and helped him get it started. He drove away and I never heard from him again.

A Scuba Diving Wet Suit



To Scuba dive in cold water there are two types of environmental protection: the dry suit and the wet suit. The dry suit has been discussed in my previous book, and as you may recall, it is more effective in very cold water but subject to the risk of developing a leak.

The wet suit avoids some of those problems, but must be carefully made as it must be skin tight. It is made of ¼ inch or ½ inch neoprene rubber from a pattern developed for the individual diver that will wear the suit. A pattern is made specific to the individual to wear the suit by fitting tissue paper pinned with straight pins to match the body of the diver who is to wear the suit. In this case my mother, using the pattern paper and straight pins, developed the pattern and cut the individual pieces from a large piece of neoprene. Using an epoxy developed specifically for neoprene rubber, she glued the individual pieces into a pair of pants and a jacket. As it was skin tight it was difficult to don, but the use of talcum powder helped the diver to force himself into the suit. The head piece was separate.

It should be noted that a little water is allowed in, which is a shock, but is quickly warmed by body heat which is maintained during the dive.

My mother made this suit so I could have these adventures, and both Mother and Dad were proud of my adventures.

Classmates at UT



Dan Hill and Bill Atkins were classmates majoring in electrical engineering with me at the University of Tennessee, in the early 1950s. Dan's mother ran a large printing and poster business which required large layout tables. Dan had the job of doing the janitorial duties at night for the print shop. When the library closed we would go the print shop and continue our studies and writing of our lab reports there. Engineering lab reports required many charts, graphs, and diagrams which we prepared using the layout tables at night, after helping Dan with his janitorial work. It was a real team effort. We could knock out the cleaning in about 20 minutes and then have the rest of the evening to work on our lab reports.

Several years later, Bill Atkins and his wife Charlotte, visited our family in Santa Maria when we lived at 989 Armstrong Ave.

Dan Hill was in the ROTC program with me at UT, and after graduation he and I went to San Antonio, Lackland Air Force Base, for six weeks of officer training. I went from there to Flight School where I washed out. From there to Scott Air Force Base, Illinois, for Communication Officer training, and from there to Cape Romanzof as the Communication Officer for a one year assignment. At the end of that year, I went to Robins Air Force Base in Georgia, and after six months I resigned my commission. Several years later, Patricia and I visited Dan in Texas on our way out to California, but I lost track of Dan after that. I understand he continued a career in the Air Force.

Charles B. Wolfe



Sometimes people write about interesting people that they have known and I would like to tell about one. His name was Charlie Wolfe and he was an electrician that worked at the Power Company with my dad in Charleston, South Carolina. Mary Jane, my sister, wrote about Charlie Wolfe in a letter she sent me on December 9, 2018. I will summarize some of what she wrote.

“I can’t remember why he rented a room from us. I thought he was in the Navy then, but he was not drafted until August 22, 1942. Could it have been because he left his wife and kids and his draft status changed?

“Were you with Sam and me when Charlie took us for a joy ride while drinking? We went by the hospital to see Mama who read him the riot act and told him to take us straight home! In 1944 his Battalion left Camp Parks in Rhode Island, aboard the USS Antaeus for Manus in the Pacific Ocean near New Guinea, north of Australia. At Christmas he sent me a huge blue Teddy Bear which I named Seabee. He also sent you (John) a big knife, and he sent Sammy an Australian army hat. Do you remember that? Charlie was discharged November 11, 1945, and you remember we left Charleston on June 15, 1946.

“He must have gone back to his job at the Power Co. I can remember seeing him at least once after that. I was asleep and heard his voice and ran down stairs to see him. On the day we moved, the moving man told Mama that they could not take the gas stove because it was still connected. Mama called Charlie at the Power Co. and he sent someone, and it was disconnected in time for the moving van.

“Charlie was in the Naval Reserves from 1948-1953 as a Chief Electrician’s Mate. Charlie died on May 4, 1954 and was buried in his home town of Charlotte, North Carolina. He was just 49.”

J. C. Penney



In high school I worked part time on weekends and the Christmas holidays at the J. C. Penney store four blocks from our house on Broadway in Knoxville. Because the store was only four blocks from my house, I could walk there. I was in high school and my assignment was to the Men's Clothing Department at Christmas time. I was paid 75 cents per hour plus commissions. My commissions were minimal as I was a terrible salesman. But it was Christmas time and I did make a few sales when customers approached me and said "Would you help us?"

J. C. Penney did a lot of public speaking as his way of giving back for his successes. He spoke at my Knoxville High School graduation in 1949. He had started with a catalog with catalog sales, and then later opened retail outlets, always with a catalog department within the store.

Hurricanes When We Lived in Charleston



In the years we lived in Charleston there were many storms. Some were hurricanes and some were not. However, without the modern tools of the weather bureau it was difficult to tell the difference. If the tree in your yard fell over, was that a hurricane? If you lost your roof was that a storm? It was difficult to tell. They were not predicted well and what seemed like just a storm could take off your roof or sink your boat, whatever it might be labelled.

My sister Mary Jane remembers one in the spring of 1940 when we lived on Ashley Avenue. She writes: “John, we moved to Ashley Avenue in the spring of 1940. Do you remember this?” In the photograph from the newspaper that Mary Jane sent me there is a picture of men outside the fence at the Calhoun Cemetery during a major storm. For some reason they are bare-chested, one in suspenders and both in long pants, standing in the water, ankle deep. I have no idea what they are doing, why someone took a photograph and why my sister sent it to me, but it must have to do with hurricanes in Charleston, South Carolina.

I remember hurricanes when we lived in South Carolina. In those days in 1940, I was nine years old and old for my age having an alcoholic father and a very hard-working mother.

Moonshine



Sharon and I were talking about a movie about bootlegging called “Thunder Road.” Here is where the term “bootlegging” originated: during Prohibition the person delivering an illegal bottle of whisky would hide the bottles in his high boots and deliver them to the buyer and pull it out of his boot.

“Thunder Road” tells the story of the selling of illegal whisky in the Knoxville, Tennessee area, during the time of Prohibition. The movie was filmed in 1958 in Knoxville and the East Tennessee area. It starred Robert Mitchum and many local people were hired to be extras.

In Knoxville during Prohibition, liquor was illegal, but if someone wanted it there were many sources. It could be made in the mountains by some farmer with a still in a barn, or better still out on a ridge top where no one would disturb him. As he worked during the day, he would produce his illegal whisky by the light of the moon, therefor, “moonshine.”

In those days when I lived in Knoxville, all the kids drove around in 1940 Fords with the rear end stuck up in the air. This was a fad that came from the days when the 1940 Fords were used to transport the illegal liquor. So, when the cars were loaded with the goods, they would ride level; but when the goods were delivered, the rear ends would stick up in the air.

In those days there was a member of the Murphy clan, Uncle Harvey, who was a hermit living in the mountains in a shack. Some of my cousins and I went on a hike to see him. We brought him tobacco for his pipe as he only came out once a

year to buy a new Bible, which he wore out by reading it constantly.

A Charleston Story



When I lived in Charleston and was in grade school, the teachers would often invite speakers to the class and many of these told of the history of Charleston. One of these was Josephine Pinckney, who had written two novels and a book of poetry featuring Charleston and coastal South Carolina.

Great Mischief was the title of her fourth work, which she wrote and published in 1948, and it centered on “hants” and witchcraft in historic Charleston. Earlier this year, I came across her name on the Internet. I purchased an antique copy of *Great Mischief* which I consider her most interesting work. Interestingly, it was from a book seller from Cornwall, Pennsylvania, and I only paid \$10.39. This book brings back memories of the hauntings and “hants” of my childhood in Charleston. It is a story of a pharmacist named Timothy that is haunted by a “hant” who covered him with red pepper which allowed him to fly around above the Charleston rooftops. The remainder of the book includes stories of the people he met and associated with while engaging in these activities with his “hant” named Sinkinda.

The Cooper River Bridge



As far as I can remember, 1943 was the year of the Cooper River Bridge tragedy. The bridge had two high spans which allowed ships to pass under without any requirement to have a bridge that opened as is often the case. Ships could go through the high spans, but of course, if it hit the bridge elsewhere it could do damage, as happened in 1943. A family was driving across the bridge when it was hit, and they fell to their deaths when the bridge was hit because they were on that section. As no one saw it happen and reported them missing at the time, there was no search for them. A month later while they were cleaning out the debris of steel and cement from the collapse and pulling it out of the river, they pulled up the car with the bodies of the family of five still in it.

As I recall we lived in Charleston at the time. I was twelve, my brother Sammy was eight, and my little sister, Mary Jane, was six. Charleston is on a peninsula bordered by the Cooper River on one side and the Ashley River on the other. Our family used to go to the nice sandy beach with beach houses called Isle-of-Palms Beach by way of the Cooper River Bridge, so when it was damaged and closed, we had to cross the Ashley River to get to a less desirable beach called Folly Beach.

“December 7, 1941, a day that will live in infamy”



I remember the day when the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor. We were playing on the front yard and in the Chinaberry tree at our home in Charleston, South Carolina, when Dad came out on the front porch and shouted, “The Japs have attacked Pearl Harbor!” As a boy of ten years old, I did not know what Pearl Harbor was or who the Japs were. We all went into the house and Dad said, “Quick turn on the radio.” Edward R. Murrow and H. V. Kaltenborn were the news commentators that everyone relied upon to give the truth about the world events. About this time, Charlie Wolfe rented an upstairs front room in our house because we needed the money. He signed up for duty in the Seabees during the war because he was a master electrician, and he was sent off to the Pacific as part of a Seabee detachment. He has a separate story in this book.

As a point of interest, a Chinaberry tree is from Asia, brought to Georgia and South Carolina by a French botanist in the 1800s. It is fast growing and good for a shade tree. Its berries and bark and leaves are poisonous to people and animals. When the berries are green, they make great ammunition for slingshots and I had one. Our Chinaberry tree shaded the front porch and the side of our house. After seeing a Tarzan movie, I practiced leaping from limb to limb.

The Idiot's Guide to Diving in Caves



In high school a group of young guys, searching for adventure, explored some of the caves of East Tennessee. After my Air Force service, we returned to these caves with better equipment and Dave Murrian as an expert photographer. The local newspaper became interested in these stories because one of their young reporters was part of our group that hung out in Brown's Cafeteria.

Dave and I were interested in returning to Tuckaleechee Caverns to see what new discoveries we might make. As we were now Scuba divers it was clear that we should explore the underwater sections upstream and, maybe later, downstream of the main cave. These explorations extended the cave only a few yards upstream before becoming impassable. Downstream there were more deep pools with opportunities for underwater rooms or cave extensions, but little was found. The tight spaces we were trying to get through to find bigger rooms were increasingly dangerous, so good sense prevailed and we stopped, because nothing was found that could justify the risks we were taking.

Dave's photographs were used in several Knoxville newspaper articles increasing once again our image of great local adventurers. As I was now recognizable, people would stop me on the street to ask about our adventures.

Selling Our Chickens to Seagle



When we lived in Charleston, S.C., money was scarce. We would walk to the equivalent of a supermarket about three miles from our house. Prices were much cheaper there and so we would buy all that we could carry home which was four sacks full. I would carry two sacks and Mother would carry two sacks. Then we would take the very long and tiring walk back home. On the way we passed a small neighborhood grocery store run by a Jewish man named Seagle. He stopped us one day and said, "I will provide you with all your groceries at less cost and deliver them to your house." Mother said, "That sounds wonderful, how about starting right now." He loaded us into his car and took us home. There he noted that we raised chickens. He said he would buy all of our chickens and promised not to sell any of them back to us as we had named them all. One of our favorites was Roy Rogers and we certainly did not want to eat Roy Rogers. We had this generous arrangement until we moved to Knoxville, and lived with the Montgomerys.

Ancestors

*The following pages contain stories by/or about
various members of the family.*

The Cannadas of Kentucky



The Cannadas ran the country store in West Point, Kentucky, on the Ohio River with mansions along the waterfront. The railroad passed to the south about three miles away. The town had been a battleground in the Civil War, and they took pride in the musket bullet holes in the walls of some of the older buildings. Young Abraham Lincoln had stopped there on his way down the river with lumber to sell in New Orleans.

The Jenkins ran the country store which included the post office. The Cannadas were a prominent family in the community, and Tricia's ancestry includes both Cannadas and Jenkins. Some are buried there right off the railroad track in an overgrown cemetery which has not been maintained in a hundred years.

The river often flooded, and sometime around the Civil War, Front Street with all the mansions washed away. The main street today is First Street with streets continuing to be numbered until they reach the railroad tracks. Many old houses remain but mostly vacant lots and a few house trailers. On the north side of the Ohio River is Ft. Knox where the nation's gold hoard is supposedly stored.

Tricia's mother's grandparents were from West Point. Rev. Cannada and his wife were missionaries to Brazil, where Tricia's mother, Edith, was born in 1903. In 1906 the Cannada's young son became ill, and they travelled to New York by steamship to seek a cure. In New York the child died, but they did not return to the mission in Pernambuco, Brazil. Rev. Cannada accepted a position in a church in S. Carolina where he served for many years until his retirement.

It is interesting to note that John met a cousin of Tricia from S. Carolina who had a Ph.D. in physics and was consulting for Martin Marietta, and John Murphy took him on a tour of the Denver facilities in about late 1980s. This cousin was a Cannada from S. Carolina.



Four generations: Cannada, Miller, Murphy

***Rev. William H. Cannada and Norma Clara
Jenkins Cannada***



W.H. Cannada was born September 15, 1872, near Taylors, South Carolina. He grew up a farm boy, attended Furman Men's University, and went on to Southern Baptist Seminary in Louisville, Kentucky, where he prepared for the mission field. Norma Jenkins was born October 25, 1878, at West Point, Kentucky. She was brought up by her plantation-bred mother to be a gentlewoman, and graduated with her sister Edith from Lynnland College, Kentucky. She was teaching school when she accompanied Rev. Cannada as organist during services at her church. They courted, then continued to meet secretly. She married without her mother's consent who wanted better things for Norma than life as a penniless missionary to the mestizos of Brazil. William and Norma were married September 16, 1902, and left for their appointed mission in Pernambuco (Recife), Brazil. They were reconciled with Mrs. Jenkins during their first furlough from Brazil when they brought three-year-old Edith Cannada to see her grandmother, Lavinia.

The Cannadas served in Brazil from 1902 to 1910, when Mr. Cannada was struck in the eye by steel fragments from a hammer he was using while uncrating kindergarten chairs. During the years in Brazil the Collegio Bautista was founded, first as a residential school for homeless "street boys." The family returned to the States for medical attention since the sight of both eyes was endangered.

Edith was eight when she and her mother were quarantined in New York. At the time that Rev. Cannada's eye was removed, their four-year-old William was ill with scarlet

fever, and died in a New York hospital of complications during a following illness of measles. It was at this time that their third child, Nellie Winterton Cannada, was born while the heartbroken family recuperated as guests of Nell Winterton and her husband, retired missionaries to Egypt.

After a period of rest, the Cannadas went to North Greenville High School (now Jr. College) in 1912 to operate the school farm. From there they went to Edisto Academy near Severn, S. Carolina, (1915-1930?) where Rev. Cannada was principal and supply pastor for 15 years. They then did 15 years of pastoral work in the lower part of the state, serving at Hampstead Square Baptist Church in Charleston, S. Carolina. They lived for a while at 10 Montague Street, next door to their daughter, Nell (Mrs. John B. Hearne), who was bedridden with rheumatoid arthritis from the early 1940s till her death of nephritis in 1960. They had vacationed for years with their friend "Pappy" Lawton, and had camped on property they purchased in his mountain community, Pioneer Park, near Caesars' Head. They built a cabin, and made it their year-round home soon after 1945. Granddaddy continued to "supply preach," and they moved to Pickens around 1958. Granddaddy's close friends were Dr. Plainfield, (a convert he made in Brazil who served as Home Missionary in Florida to Italian-speaking people, then retired to Pioneer Park), and Dr. Meacham (a retired heart surgeon whose agnosticism led to some rousing discussions), both of whom were residents of Pioneer Park. Gene and Frances Eller, who pastored the Pickens Baptist Church for years, were their dearest friends during those last 15 years. Grandmother Cannada died of heart failure (she had terminal cancer of the leg) on October 21, 1962. Granddaddy continued to live there at 108 Pineview until his death in 1968, age 95.

The highlight of their last years was the celebration of their Golden Wedding anniversary by the Pickens church. A reception was held, during which many students from Edisto and Greenville, as well as brothers and sisters, daughters and the two granddaughters honored the couple for their rich and loving lives. Later the Pickens church chose the Cannadas to dress as bride and groom and lead all the married couples in repeating their vows and rededicating their lives to God and each other.

Written by Patricia Miller Murphy, their
granddaughter, Edith's child.

Anecdotes: I remember my mother reminiscing with my grandparents during our summer visits to their home in Pioneer Park. Among the families around Severn served by Granddaddy's ministry and school, there were some who barely got by, while others were well off. Often the Cannadas were invited to area people's homes for a Sunday meal. Some invitations came from comfortable, clean homes, while others came from homes with dirt floors and meager fare. No invitation was refused, and my grandfather laid down the law to his two daughters and wife that they would make no comments, no matter what, and eat appreciatively whatever was offered. I wish I could recall verbatim their description of the variety of items and circumstances, from squirrel stew and fried possum, to like items. The experience was good for the daughters; they were at home anywhere, the rest of their lives.

Through the years of administering the Baptist Academy at North Greenville, then the school at Edisto, my grandfather was evidently the grocery purchaser and disbursing officer of family funds. During my visits to my grandparents in their mountain home, there were many folks selling fresh farm produce off the truck or straight from the field, door to door. I remember

Grandmother's constant problem, how to can, cook, or give away the huge amounts Granddaddy would buy; a leftover habit from the days when he provided for from twenty to sixty or more students' meals.

Mother told of the Negro help at the school, who worked in the kitchen and in the farm fields. There was a Negro church nearby, and she and others would go nearby just to hear the people sing. She said the sermons were very much like the imagery of James Weldon Johnson's *God's Trombones*. The grown folk who were employed by the school were addressed as "Aunt" and "Uncle" by the students. There was a cook at the school, who was Grandmother's "right arm" and much loved by all the family, but I can't recall her name.

I was told of a woman who in recent years described to Rev. Buchner her first day with the Cannadas. As a 13-year-old girl, she came to live at the school, where her older brothers were also students. They were to live in the boys' dorm, while she had to be with the other girls in the dorm building where the Cannadas were the resident family. It was her first time ever away from home, and she remembers the school president, Rev. Cannada rocking her in his lap on the porch, that first tearful evening.

I remember hearing, it must have occurred during the Cannadas' work at North Greenville, that there were some students from homes up in the mountains, who would start walking home Friday night or Saturday morning, get there and lend a hand with the farming, then walk back to school by Sunday night. I remember being told of some walking 28 miles each way. Their schooling certainly meant a lot to them!

In their years of retirement at Pioneer Park, Granddaddy became completely deaf. Already handicapped by the loss of one eye (he wore a glass one), a lesser man would have pampered himself a bit. But Granddaddy wrote sermons, spoke in numerous towns, filled many pulpits, corresponded with and advised former students, kept up with current events, performed marriages (many of these were on my grandparents' front porch, elopements which Granddaddy always was very deliberate about deciding about, and sometimes refused to assist, (many of the newlyweds corresponded and visited through the years), hosted youth groups, entertained many friends and former students, and repaired and maintained his home. He continued driving his 1939 Plymouth till 1960, and though he grew more and more frail, he was independent and self-reliant till the end. Mary Blythe, the Negro homemaker who came in twice a day to cook, clean and check on him after Grandmother died in 1962, wrote my mother in 1966. She described the shock she felt one morning on seeing him at the top of a steep ladder, working on the roof! She said she knew if she shouted to him, he would fall, so she went inside and prayed till he came down. After my grandmother's death, he had gradually withdrawn from other people and sat silently for many hours at a time. But much of this time was spent in thinking out ideas and reconsidering the past; when he did speak, to his great grandchildren or to old friends, his mind was clear, up until the last four months of his life.

He and Grandmother both lived as they felt Christ meant them to and found abundant strength and joy to share with others.

W. H. Cannada Writes from Brazil
Rio de Janeiro, Brazil

Dec. 30, 1908



Dear Brethren and Sisters:

It never once entered my mind that my first letter after reaching Brazil would be so delayed. I have often thought of you and the promise I made to write, but the delay has been unavoidable, as you will see from what follows.

We left New York Sept. 6, on the S.S. *Goyaz* of the Brazilian Line, for Rio de Janeiro, our future home. The principal reason for taking passage on this line was that it gave us a stop-over in Pernambuco, our former place of work.

When we left New York, we were all in perfect health, so far as we could tell. But on the second day after leaving, our little girl and I were both taken down with fever, and on the fourth day Mrs. Cannada and the baby [William] took it. So, you can imagine our condition, with the entire family sick and no one to wait on us, except the stewards on board the steamer. They did the best they could under the circumstances, but it was not like having a member of your own family or even a friend to wait on you.

What was even more unfortunate was the fact that the physician on board was young and inexperienced and did not seem to know how to handle the cases. The first four days he treated us for the Grippe and when he came to realize what it was, the fever had gotten such a hold that it was hard to manage. He tried to check it, but apparently to no avail. We all grew worse every day. So that by the time we reached

Barbados, one of the West Indian islands, the people on board had become very much alarmed about us, fearing that we would not live to reach our destination. So, on reaching Barbados, Sept. 14 we were advised to stop-off for treatment, which we did.

We were strangers in a strange land, both sick and helpless, and could not tell what the end might be, but our kind Heavenly Father was looking down from His throne in the heavens and directing our steps. We can never realize what a gracious Lord we have until we are forced to commit our all to Him. He cared for us. He was our friend in the time of need.

The captain of the *Goyaz* put us in the care of the company's agent, Mr. McCormick, who placed us in a good private hotel and called in his own family doctor to treat us. The many kindnesses of Mr. McCormick and Dr. Bower can never be forgotten. We also received every possible attention from the officers and servants of the hotel. In all our travels we have never met a kinder people than we found in Barbados.

We soon began to improve, so that at the end of a month we were able, though not strong yet, to continue our journey. We took the first Brazilian Line steamer in October for Pernambuco, where we arrived Oct. 24.

It was a great pleasure to meet many of our friends in Pernambuco, where we had spent five years in the Master's service. It was indeed a great joy to see the Gilreath School doing so well under the wise direction of Brother Muirhead.

After spending ten days in Pernambuco, we continued our journey, reaching Rio de Janeiro, Nov. 8. We were advised not to stop in Rio for the present until we should get stronger, but the difficulties in getting our baggage from the custom-

house forced us to stay in Rio a full month during which time Mrs. Cannada had another attack of fever.

Part Two of 1908 Letter

We are now in Nova Friburgo, a splendid summer resort about 75 miles from Rio de Janeiro. We are all doing well now, and I am confident we shall soon be as strong as we were after we left the United States. We find the climate here much cooler than it is in Pernambuco.

Nova Friburgo is one of the strongest Catholic centers in Brazil. Just about two months ago the missionaries and native Christians suffered a very bitter persecution. They were insulted continually in the streets and their lives threatened. The sentiment became so strong against them that it was necessary for the government to send soldiers for a while to protect them. And even with the presence of the soldiers, it looked for a while that trouble was inevitable; so much so that all the missionaries and believers were all collected by the soldiers into one house where they could be protected more easily.

In the very heat of the persecution a group of Catholic leaders, led by the priests, held a meeting to discuss existing conditions.

They arranged a large wooden cross and had someone to put it on a high mountain peak which overlooks the city. The next morning the priests declared it had been put there by the Holy Virgin and was a miraculous sign of divine disapproval and a heavenly warning to the people not to have anything to do with the New Sect, as the Christians are called. But in spite of all this, the good Lord has been caring for His work. There will be baptized today three who were converted as a result of

that persecution, and others are investigating the way of salvation.

The Baptist cause in Brazil seems to be prospering in every field. During the months of Oct., Nov., and December there have been reported 212 baptisms, and the returns are not all in yet.

Our Baptist College and Seminary in Rio closed its first session on Dec. 4, having had a very prosperous year.

Brother Shepard has done a fine year's work for the school.

I am devoting most of my time now in preparing for my next year's work.

Before closing this letter, I wish again to thank the ladies of South Carolina for the typewriter and the members of the churches of which I was once pastor for the mimeograph. They will be of great service to me in the work. They will enable me to do a work I could never have done without them. I received \$144 with which to buy them and I spent \$145.50 to get the two machines to Brazil. So, you see the actual needs and the amount contributed were very close together.

It is my earnest desire that wherever this letter is read there may be sent up to our Heavenly Father a sincere prayer for the work in Brazil.

Let the brethren pray while we work.

Fraternally,

W.H. Cannada.

Letter to Family from “Daddy” Cannada



10 Montagu St.
Charleston, S.C.
Sept. 16, 1943

My dear Tina and Oscar and Patricia Ann,

I used to think that anyone who had reached seventy-one was “dead old.” But now it seems only the prime of life. It seems as if I have only begun to live. I really find it very difficult to imagine myself in a class with others of that age.

When I meet the old friends of former days who were about my age and see how they have aged and broken I am amazed at the great change I see in them, not realizing that a similar change has also taken place in me. It is really difficult for me to think of myself as an old man. The only time that I feel old is when I begin to try to do the work of a young man, such as lifting a heavy load, or running a race, or doing other heavy tasks, then, the real truth becomes evident.

And yet, even though today is my 71st birthday, I am so thankful to God for the splendid health I am now enjoying. What a blessing it is that I can eat anything I want and rest well at night. I scarcely ever have a pain, unless it comes as Norma’s does sometimes. Occasionally we hear her say after eating: “My tummy is so full it hurts.” That’s about the only time I have a pain.

But I didn’t intend to write a thesis on “Old Age.” I really sat down at the typewriter to thank you for that lovely birthday gift. The weather turned warm enough for me to put the suit on and wear it down to my birthday dinner. I shall now lay it

away till next summer. Then I shall enjoy it to the fullest. I thank you so much for this splendid birthday gift.

With the exception of your cheerful companionship, Edith, and the other valuable services you did while here, things are going about as usual. Only Sarah hasn't shown herself this week. The woman who does the washing told us today that she had gone home on account of sickness in her family. She said Sarah had asked a cousin of hers to phone Nellie. But we had heard nothing till today.

Since the weather got cool Norma has been better than she was during the hot weather.

We have all enjoyed your letters, Edith, and we enjoyed also your visit with us. Wish Oscar and Patricia could have been with us also.

Love to you all,

Daddy

Letter from Granddaddy



January 1, 1945

My dear Patricia Ann:

You should have seen your Grandmother and me opening the Christmas present you sent us. Written on the outside of the carton was “don’t open with knife.” And yet, it was almost impossible to open it without a knife. And what a time we had trying to guess what it was as we were opening it.

But, of course, nobody guessed correctly. What a real surprise it was when we finally got it open.

And then, what is it? The hair is too straight for a lamb skin and it seems too long and fluffy for a goat skin. After much discussion we finally decided it must be a goat skin.

Whatever it is it certainly is a lovely gift and I thank you so much.

The greatest thrill of Christmas joy for granddaddy was the good news that you had given your heart to Jesus and had joined the church. That good news will ring in my heart always. How I wish I might be present when you are baptized.

Norma has been running a slight temperature for the past three days and has been confined to the room. Grandmother also has a slight cold and the rest of us are about as usual.

I wish for you a very happy New Year.

Love from Granddaddy.

The Miller Family of Tennessee



The Millers were originally from upstate New York and were probably Muellers (German). One of the Millers was a young woman who served as a missionary to Colombia, South America. When she retired the church required her to leave Colombia, and therefore she moved back to East Tennessee.

Many years later, John and Tricia visited the cemetery and the old house in or near Clinton, Tennessee, and took pictures of where J. Oscar's parents and sister lived. J. Oscar Miller was born in 1889 and died on December 11, 1971.

J. Oscar was a talented young man who could play the violin, fiddle, and could sing. In the early 1900s he had travelled to Colorado, stopping in Denver at a small hotel near the railroad station. Why would J. Oscar come to Colorado? Was it to visit a relative that had gone West, was it conflict at home, a need for adventure?

J. Oscar studied music and sang in New York City, financed his time there singing in large church choirs, teaching music, and musical performances. In time he returned to the South, teaching at a small college in Florida, meeting and marrying a beautiful young girl, then met one of his students, divorced his wife, and married Edith Cannada, accepted a position teaching music at the Cadek Conservatory in Chattanooga. In time the Cadek Conservatory became part of the University of Chattanooga Music Department. J. Oscar was the noted professor and taught many talented students who went on to teach or perform in New York and throughout the South. Nelson Eddy, Jeanette MacDonald, Haskell Bordour, are names that come to mind.

J. Oscar and Edith became prominent in the Chattanooga music community, forming the Chattanooga Civic Choir, the Chattanooga Symphony, and eventually, concerts combining the Choir and the Symphony into a great ensemble of 1,000 musicians. He continued teaching the rest of his life, as did Edith. She taught in grade school, and she was J. Oscar's accompanist in his music teaching. They had one child, Patricia Ann, who was born in 1935. A note of interest is that Claire Murphy, J. Oscar and Edith's granddaughter, majored in music and during that time studied with one of J. Oscar's former students in New York City.

Patricia was usually present after school in the studio while J. Oscar and Edith were teaching. Later, she attended the University of Chattanooga, majoring in art and music. After graduation, Patricia accepted a job in Nashville with the Baptist Sunday School Board as an artist and writer for their monthly publication.

Edith Rosalind Cannada Miller

(From a letter June 25, 1987, by Patricia Miller Murphy,
describing her mother, Edith Miller)

You come from a long line of brave women. ... Your great grandmother went with Granddaddy Cannada to a foreign nation (against her mother's wishes), learned the language, bore a child when she wasn't sure how birth occurred, endured garbage and rocks being thrown at her, and her husband's life being threatened whenever he missionaried, and came home with her little girl and boy, pregnant with a third child, to put her husband into a New York City hospital where they removed an infected eye to save the sight of the other, quarantined her with little William's scarlet fever and when William was taken to the hospital and she couldn't see him (quarantine), he died of complications (measles) and she had Aunt Nell without her husband near, just eight year old Edith, my mother. Later she mothered and taught lots of school children at Edisto Academy in South Carolina. And she was a wonderful grandma. She and Granddaddy were so dear, and so close, though he drove her nuts not hearing her in his deafness.

Your grandmother Miller, who finished school, went away, and taught in Winston-Salem for several years, corresponding with my Dad and finally marrying him in spite of his being divorced, by running off to Savannah, Georgia, with him. She went through a miscarriage before I was born. Daddy was not really aware of how important she became to his teaching, but as his accompanist they really taught together. She was a marvelous voice coach. She was shy, but spoke in public when she had a good reason. I'll never forget when she and I

and a girl my age who was Mother's student, voted against making a unanimous vote for a "dry" Chattanooga during an attempt to change it from "wet" (serving alcohol). It took courage: 1,000 fellow Baptists voted the other way.

And she drove almost every weekend for two years to South Carolina, when Granddaddy was in his 90s and failing. Then my father began to fail, and she cared for him and taught at Bright's, too. Some courage and love!



Edith Cannada Miller

J. Oscar Miller



As John Murphy remembers it:

J. Oscar Miller lived in Andersonville, Tennessee. I can visualize him, as a teenager, there on a farm, plowing with a mule, knowing that he was destined for more than this. Then, throwing down his plow one day, he headed for Knoxville, angry and determined to go and find his destiny. He caught a train and went to Denver, Colorado. He wandered around the train station area and was conned by some toughs because they could see he was a country bumpkin. They convinced him to give them what money he had to invest in a horse and buggy so he could support himself by making deliveries for a fee. There was no horse and buggy, and his money was gone, and no sign of those people when he showed up the next day to receive the horse and buggy. He had been conned but he did not know it. He thought it was his mistake. What a country bumpkin he was! He determined to return to Tennessee and home as soon as he could raise the funds, and he did.

The following are excerpt from newspapers and other sources:

James Oscar Miller, May 26, 1889 — December 11, 1971, was affectionately known as J. Oscar, had been Professor of Music at the Conservatory since 1935. He taught many students who later won national acclaim. Among them was Mary Robbs, young black singer.

For many years he conducted the Chattanooga Civic Chorus in classic programs. During the Depression, he and the late

Will Shepherd conducted “community sings” at Memorial Auditorium.

For more than a quarter of a century he was closely associated with the Easter sunrise services at the auditorium.

A native of Andersonville, Tennessee, Mr. Miller was graduated from the Andersonville Institute and Carson-Newman College. He then went to New York for specialized training in music under the famous Sergei Kiibansky.

After beginning his teaching career, he spent summers studying at Peabody Conservatory, Cincinnati College of Music and in New York with many famous teachers.

In New York, he sang as baritone soloist in the old University Place Presbyterian Church and later at Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, Elmory Methodist Church in Brooklyn and the South Orange, N.J., Presbyterian Church.

His career carried him to the University of Florida where he was Director of Music, and to Shorter College in Rome, Georgia, where he was conductor of the Rome Choral Society. For 10 years he was head of the voice department at the Greenville, S.C. Woman’s College. While there he directed the Furman University Glee club and with it won three annual All-Southern Intercollegiate Glee Club contests.

After additional study in New York, he came back to Tennessee to head the voice department of Cadek which later became affiliated with the University of Chattanooga.

He organized the Cadek Choral Society, which later became the Chattanooga Civic Chorus. He headed the chorus for 23 years. The group presented such musical masterpieces as “The Messiah.”

In 1944 he was elected to the American Academy of Teachers of Singing, an organization of 40 of the most outstanding voice teachers in the United States. Membership in that club is considered the highest honor that can come to a teacher of singing.

He also was a charter member of the National Association of Teachers of Singing.

In May 1957, his alma mater, Carson-Newman College, bestowed upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Music.



J. Oscar was one of those great and talented gentlemen, whose love of music and his ability in transmitting that love enriched the culture of a city, causing him to be admired and beloved by many.

Countless singers have raised their voices in beauty and joy because of the instruction that Mr. Miller provided as professor of voice at Cadek Conservatory, the University of Chattanooga and in other musical training.

He was organizer of the Chattanooga Civic Chorus, a leader in the traditional Easter sunrise services for many years, a dedicated member and leader of many musical groups.

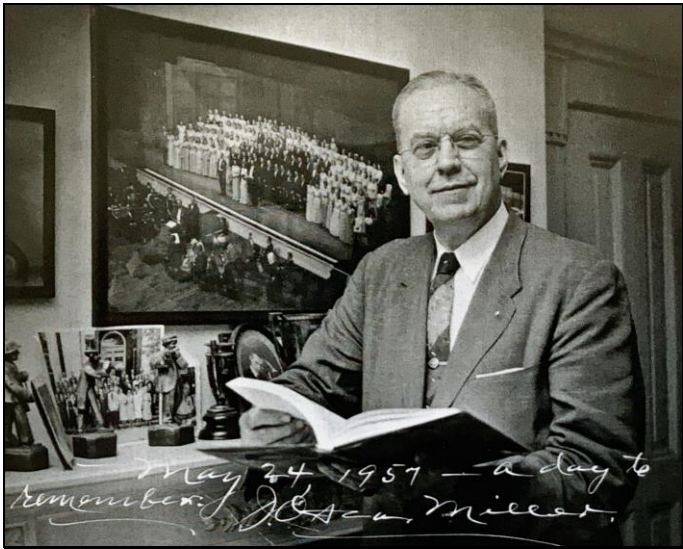
He was also a well-rounded citizen of intelligence and charm and service. He was a warm friend to many and a Chattanooga who greatly contributed to our community.

Though death has come to him at the age of 82, many voices sing on in beauty and in praise of this outstanding teacher of wonderful music.



While it would be incorrect to say that J. Oscar Miller went everywhere there was music, it would not be amiss to point out that virtually everywhere he went, sooner or later there was singing. J. Oscar, as he was known to a multitude of friends, could no more refrain from vocalizing than he could from breathing. The pleasure he brought to others in teaching them to sing, in leading them in group singing, and in his own solo work could only be measured in terms of the length of time he spent in such efforts and in the number of persons he reached. He was director of the Chattanooga Civic Chorus for 23 years and a professor of music at Cadek Conservatory for 35. Nationally recognized for his professional abilities as an instructor, he gave initial training and encouragement to several young singers — notably Mary Robbs — who have attained prominence in the concert field. His death at the age of 82 is a sad note on which a song-filled life is ended.

(The Chattanooga Times, Sunday, December 12, 1971)



J. Oscar Miller

Edith Miller's Best Friend, Ben Addie Coleman Parry



Tricia wrote: My parents, Edith and Oscar Miller, met Ben Addie Coleman in the Chattanooga Civic Chorus where mother and Auntie soon became best friends.

Auntie, you were a second mother to me from my earliest memories. You shared your parents as my second set of grandparents. School teacher Bumba and former coal miner Dandy showed your niece Laurel and me wonders all through our childhood: friendly Jersey cows, fresh butterbeans, wiggly blacksnakes, spring water, and picnics by the creek near Crude Cabin. We watched color tablets burn in the fieldstone fireplaces Dandy and your brother Walter built together. We pumped kerosene lamps and heard Bumba tell stories of the night stars. We read Rudyard Kipling and the *Jungle Book*, Roy Ditmar's *Snakes of the World*, *Pippi Longstocking*, *Bambi*, *Gone with the Wind*, Frank Buck's *Maneaters of Kumaon*, and Osa and Martin Johnson's *Jungle Adventures*, out in hammocks among the trees or on your sofas.

You showed us chicken houses filled with Dominickers, Rhode Island Reds, and White Leghorns; little tiny frogs in rain puddles, and taught us to pick fresh corn and tomatoes, fresh sweet wild huckleberries, blackberries, muscadines and persimmons. We were often "on the mountain."

Your sailboat books started me on a direction of dreaming which just recently resulted in plans to live aboard and sail on our dream boat.

We watched you and Scotty as your love grew and you built the Plant Nursery and sold Point Place after sharing it with my

sick Aunt Nell, my cousin Norma, my mother and me, the summer of 1945.

You mothered your niece Laurel Coleman so many times through the years, and missed her more terribly each time she went back to Marion or Walter. We were so glad when Arthur and Laurel Anne were born and your bountiful love flowed to them and to Scotty.

You loved and welcomed my mother's parents whenever they came from South Carolina; and you even drove us there, and to see Laurel in Florida. You spent hours before Arthur's birth in labor on my parents' bed, waiting till time to go to the hospital.

You didn't forget us older kids! When Laurel came home from Berlin, you and Scotty gave a marvelous scary Halloween hayride through the woods, that scared us all silly. Our friends (Cathy, Sonya, Marion, Martha) still remember you and all their visits with us in your home.

We shared so much music, so much fun, so much work, so many orchids, daylilies, and loveliness.

How many Thanksgivings we spent together! How many Christmases up on Signal Mountain! How many dresses you and my mother planned and sewed together! However, much we hosted you, or helped you and yours, it never seemed one tenth the love and help you gave us so generously.

When we found our lifetime loves, we brought them to Iris Hill for your approval, as well as our parents'. "Home" was not only our house, it was yours.

You and my mother both tended Dandy, years later Bumba, then my father when he was dying. And your voice told me of

my mother's sudden death. You were always there for each of us.

When I married John and we moved far away, you still welcomed our sudden visits and introduced our children to the joys of the mountain creeks, berries, tractors, and horses. Gradually it became harder for us to get down to Chattanooga from the grandparents in Knoxville. Our lives grew distant, though we occasionally phoned or wrote, at least at Christmas. When you grew ill and old, little angers and grievances caused many of us to gradually lose touch. But we who loved you remember who you really are.

Your standards have imprinted on each of us you loved and guided. Your lovely mind, black hair and hazel eyes look out at us from your children and grandchildren. In their loving hearts, kindnesses, their self-reliance, their faith in God, their strength and courage, you live on.

You created beauty all around you, through hard labor, stubborn faith, and love.

We celebrate your life and thank God for your love, Ben Addie Coleman Perry.

Written by Tricia Miller Murphy, February 8, 1993.

Letter That Brought Tricia Miller to Tennessee



University of Chattanooga
507 Crewdson Avenue
Chattanooga, Tennessee

July 3, 1957

Mr. Herman F. Burns
Director, Art Service Division
Baptist Sunday School Board
Nashville, Tennessee

Dear Mr. Burns,

Thank you for your very helpful letter. It is reassuring to know that the Board takes such good care of its employees and I appreciate your information on possible courses to take in moving to Nashville. I am planning to live at the Y.W.C.A. until later on, because there will be opportunities to meet people and make a wiser choice of roommate and apartment after I have gotten to know Nashville better. Your mention of the notices posted in the elevator which advertise homes with rooms available to board employees sounds like a good source of information.

I plan to report for work on Monday, July 15th. What time should I be there? Since my father has a choir to direct Sunday night, we decided to drive to Nashville very early Monday morning, and check in at the "Y" before reporting to work. Since we gain an hour in travel, it will not be difficult.

My vacation has left me ready and eager to begin work, and I'm living in suspense until next Monday. Please let me know if there are any more arrangements I should make before my arrival.

Sincerely,
Tricia Miller



Patricia Ann Miller (Murphy)

Why Wait for a Criterion of Failure?
An argument for early intervention based in
personal experience
by Tricia Miller, June 3, 1975



Early individual diagnosis of each child's reading problem and its careful and competent remediation is an extremely important aspect of education. Unfortunately, millions of lives have been scarred by its neglect.

For many children beginning school who show symptoms such as reversals, jumbled syllables in spoken words, poor muscle control, poor eye-hand co-ordination, or difficulty processing, retaining or reproducing spoken or written symbols, the school years will be years of misery and failure. Unless these youngsters are pointed out as needing special patterning help over several years' time, they face reading frustration. Whether they are called dyslexic, developmentally different, specific language disability kids, or having perceptual-motor disfunction, their varying needs should be met.

Dr. Gilbert Schiffman's Maryland survey indicates that if children are identified in first and second grade and given help, 82% maintain grade level. By third grade, 18%, by sixth, 8%. These statistics are a vivid and unwelcome confirmation of my own experience.

As a young mother of three I became active in 1964-65 in the inter-church-sponsored Womens' Job Corps Office in Santa Maria. Our duties were to process for admission all girls aged 16 through 21 who applied for admission throughout Santa Barbara County and southern San Luis

Obispo County. Assisted by a volunteer group of field investigators who did preliminary information processing, I ran the office and administered all the reading and "I.Q." tests (a short Peabody Picture Test) for a couple of years; then shared duties with another person until 1968 when the Federal program was financially cut to the bone and we refused to process any more girls.

In four years, we processed 90 applicants, many of whom had their high school diploma. Again and again, I was aghast to discover how little reading they could actually do! Over and over they tested at 3rd grade level or less. We were supposed to weed out those who were below 3rd grade reading level or with "low "I.Q.," but the tests were inadequate, culturally biased, and unfair, mainly testing language usage of English. They eliminated the culturally deprived, the Mexican-American who spoke Spanish or "Tex-Mex", and the perceptually or handicapped poor reader (I was unaware of the nature of this problem then).

Many applicants had failed in school, dropped out, and failed in the ordinary processes of finding, applying for, or holding a job, other than seasonal field work. They were convinced that Job Corps was their last chance to escape the problems which illiteracy and personal or family situations had caused.

A very effective motivational reading program was developed at the Job Corps Centers, where reading was taught as a key to job hunting and job success. Emphasis was on the use of basic phonics to unlock words in want ads, on menus, on application forms, on drivers' tests, on receipts and bills. Programmed instruction was developed and used successfully.

Many of the girls who were accepted into a Women's Job Corps Center successfully made the transition to an intercultural dormitory life far from home, improved their reading, and learned a job skill sufficient to become self-supporting. But these were exceptions. The majority of the girls we processed had attitude problems as a result of previous failures and were defensive, hostile, and easily defeated by the new experiences and demands far from home. When reading success did not occur, they gave up and came home.

I now wonder how many had the specific language disability which is characterized by some aspects of perceiving, processing, storing, reproducing and recognizing visual or auditory symbols differently or inconsistently or partially. Perhaps their families passed on the characteristics genetically and generations suffered as their learning needs were unmet; perhaps low income and a host of problems related to processing, encoding and decoding dogged their progress through life, perhaps nutritional deprivation played a part.

At the time I only thought "How terrible that so many who have sat for 12 years in our public schools are not equipped to be a responsible, literate adult!" I spoke at length with school counselors and nurses, principals and high school administrators. Gradually I became convinced that everyone was blaming it on someone or something else, and no one really felt he or she had found a workable solution.

There were many more poor readers who were not dyslexic in the sense used by the Orton Society. These were young people whose cultural deprivation and lack of motivation accounted for half their problem, with the other half due to an assumption by their teachers and much of their community that they couldn't learn and belonged in manual labor anyway.

The awareness of a need to teach all to read, somehow, led me into substitute teaching, then to Cal Poly for my elementary teaching credential. I volunteered time in a nearby Junior High School reading lab, then did five weeks of student teaching there, never realizing till near the end that the really poor readers were assigned to still another class.

From first grade up to high school, our schools in the 1960's had used a "whole word" approach with little or no phonics and the customary "grouping" of readers into no more than three reading groups per class.

I substitute taught in a high school reading lab for nine weeks in the fall of 1971 and found my reading courses from Cal Poly had left me with many questions and few answers as to how to best meet the diverse needs of our students. The SRA Kits and programmed materials were all above second grade reading level, though two of my students were not. Of course, the program did nothing of the sensor linking which dyslexics need. I saw youngsters popping pills and getting into racial confrontations partially as a result of the frustrations they felt toward the school which had failed them. They saw themselves as failures. Their hostility and pain in a reading situation made me furiously angry at the system which aggravated, not aided, their problem. As I write this, one of those boys is standing trial for purse-stealing in a packing shed. He is still not educationally equipped to be self-sufficient.

This is my third year as a reading tutor at Oakley Elementary School, and my first of really meeting the problem in the primary school years, K-3.

In January of 1973 I began working with fourth graders as a reading tutor. Teaching in three classes, an hour per class, working intensively with a group of 8 to 12, I concentrated on imprinting sound and symbol. There were eight out of the class of 90 who had really severe problems – what would be termed Specific Language Disability or Dyslexia. I still did not really get those to succeed. The next year with 5th and 6th graders, concentrating on the ones who had not succeeded in 4th, I used the Lindamood Auditory Conceptual Program, at the beginning of the year, and modified Gillingham approach to unlocking nonsense syllables which became parts of real words. We made some breakthroughs, but it was no unqualified success. Student attitude, motivation, and previous failures hampered their success, and my own need for more knowledge and expertise frustrated me.

This year my co-teacher Betty Fletcher and I have concentrated on finding children whose co-ordination, visual and auditory perception self-awareness, directionality, and laterality problems indicate poor readiness for reading in grades K through 3. We used the Port Hueneme Perceptual-Motor Test to screen all children K through 3rd, last fall. In January 1975 we began working regularly with children who had scored poorly in the gross motor and visual perception areas. I worked in the classroom with groups of two to four on visual-manipulative activities, 1st through 3rd grades; Mrs. Fletcher worked intensively with K and 1st on sensory-motor activities in groups of ten children at least twice weekly. We administered the test again in May 1975 to the EDY Project children in our groups, and found a 30-50% average improvement in all scores; the most improvement in visual and auditory perception and in left-to-right directionality occurred among youngsters who received regular sensory motor training.

Statistics are tricky, and though the percent gains sound great, the fact remains that the first graders who averaged 52 of 100 needed points last fall recently scored an average 72, just barely to the score which we believe is minimal reading readiness. They are just ready to read by our standards. Some have recently begun to read; others are still at pre-primer level. They have acquired more of the perceptual skills necessary for reading success.

We try to get teachers aware of their students' particular learning problems, and they refer children to us for further investigation of existing reading problems. We consult with them and with parents as needed. We have not taught reading at all, but are laying a foundation for reading success through early identification of a child's problems, and through promoting teacher, aide and parent awareness of the potential problems and learning needs which result.

Our task has two parts.

First, we want to supply a good sensory-motor program which develops laterality, left to right directionality, position in space, and sensory integration of auditory and visual stimuli, intensively in Kindergarten and First Grade.

The second task is more complex: We must make parents and teachers aware of what activities and class work will enhance a perceptually diverse child's chances of success at learning and using reading.

This is where we feel many primary teachers need more support from college extension classes and district administrative policy. Let us say we have found a first grader who cannot work from left to right consistently, has poor coordination, is farsighted, has trouble processing and/or

retaining verbal directions or information and cannot consistently recognize similarities or differences in shapes, outlines or line forms. One third of the children in our three first grades fitted this description in September and October. Many are just now ready to read. Teachers need support for the slow, basic AKV teaching such as Slingerland recommends, support for the two-year structured program it involves, and especially for insisting that too much academics too soon can be worse than nothing at all for a kindergartner or first grader with potential reading problems, definitely worse than a good pre-school program based on sensory integration and laying kinesthetic foundations for later reading tasks.

It all can be summarized by the motto, “Nothing succeeds like success.” We are not meeting the needs of a child who is in school if we do not perceive his or her needs and structure his schooling to meet those needs so that he experiences repeated success. We must avoid the damage done by misdiagnosis and a “feeding into the mill” approach in which we feel that someday at some grade level there will be the key to a child’s problem – or that he has no problem and is “bad,” “lazy,” “dumb,” or whatever catchall phrase covers his failure. It is our failure, too.

Tricia Murphy
913 East Armstrong
Santa Maria, CA 93454
June 3, 1975

Tricia's 35th High School Anniversary



Tricia submitted the following report to the organizers of the 35th year class reunion:

Dear Classmates, it's been 35 years since we finished high school? No way!

A life summary and status report? Here goes . . .

B.A. in Art, University of Chattanooga, 1957

Two years commercial artist, at the Baptist Publishing House, Nashville, Tennessee

Met a TVA engineer there

August 9, 1959, married John P. Murphy, U.T. EE; '54
(former Knoxville resident)

Lived in California since August '59

In Santa Maria, California, March 1960 –January '86

Three children: Claire (June '60), Kathleen (Jan. '63),
Jonathan (Dec. '64)

Ran Women's Job Corp Processing Office, Santa Maria,
Jan. '63-'67

Received my Special Ed credential (Cal Lutheran), 1980

Taught part-time Santa Maria Elem. School 1968-'79

***I was a Writing Project Fellow at USC, Santa
Barbara, 1981***



The last ten years in Santa Maria we built a house on a 10 acre farm where we raised cattle, sheep, and avocados, while John managed Martin Marietta's Operations. We were transferred just after Kathy married Chuck Wical.

My husband is a Vice President and Program Director in Strategic Systems Division of Martin Marietta Astronautics. (They build and launch rocket systems.)

We lived in Denver 2 ½ years. I volunteered as a tour guide and teacher, at the Denver Natural History Museum. I am a "snake lady" for Snakes Alive, an outreach to middle Colorado schools. Also, I led Eco Tours to Genesee Mountain; and conducted tours of the Museum Dioramas, especially, the Indian Hall.

John and I were PADI certified Open Water Divers last year in Cozumel, and we like to sail, scuba dive, and hike.

We returned to Knoxville and Chattanooga every summer 1965-'72. My dad died in Dec. 1971 and my mother died four months later in Mar. 1972. Both of John's parents died in 1985.

Our children are all California residents. Jonathan (23) graduates from Cal State, San Diego, in Electrical Engineering. Claire (27) is a systems analyst and program designer with a computer firm in Los Angeles. Claire had previously studied voice at Cal State, Northridge. Kathy (25) and her husband Chuck (27) are computer experts with BS's from Cal Poly, San Luis Obispo, Dec.'86; now both are with

Hewlett Packard in Santa Clara. They all skied at Keystone the last two Christmases. John and I watched.

We have been married 29 years next August 9th and enjoy each other as we undergo more changes and growth. We plan to retire back to our California house.

The Murphy Connection



When I, John Murphy, moved to Nashville to work on the Gallatin Steam Power Plant for the TVA, my friends, Ruby and Oscar, had previously moved to Nashville because Oscar had accepted a position, after his army service, with the US Army Corp of Engineers. Ruby and Oscar were my only friends in Nashville, so I chose an apartment in town rather than in Gallatin 30 miles away. Ruby was a natural matchmaker so she began introducing me to girls. The first was a gal who worked at the Methodist Sunday School Board. I dated her for a while, but one night she said she did not want to continue our relationship, but she had a great friend at the Baptist Sunday School Board, and she thought we would be perfect together.

She arranged a blind date with a girl named Patricia Miller that involved dinner at a local playhouse in a barn just outside Nashville. It was a good evening, enjoyed the play, and found that Tricia planned to be with a group in Knoxville the following weekend. I said I would meet her there. We did, and I rode back with her group so we could get better acquainted.

I was waiting at Mother and Dad's house on Broadway, and Mother later said that she knew that something was serious because all I did was pace nervously about the house waiting for their arrival. They did arrive and we drove to Nashville.

Christmas a couple of months later, I was waiting at a department store under the clock, waiting for Tricia, in a red sweater that Tricia had given me, to join me for dinner and a date. She couldn't get away as she was running late. There is nothing worse than a guy in a red sweater waiting for a girl

that doesn't show up. Just before I was ready to leave, she called the store and they transferred her call to the department next to the clock. The store clerk saw me in my red sweater, of course, and called me over to take the call. She explained she was running late and would be there in 30 minutes, and that saved the relationship.

***Tricia's Account of the 1994 Murphy Family
Reunion at Townsend, Tennessee***



What a great get-together the 1994 Townsend Reunion was! We all decided to write down the highlights for those who missed it and to help us all remember in future years.

It was such a wonderful time relaxing with all the cousins around the pool and in the house. We watched a UT game and the kids educated us in the use of the computer. Claire, Kathy, and Cody Murphy are such experts and it was great to have their instruction. Jeff made a video of David telling John and Jim about the old days and the exciting politics and the shooting at the drugstore. David brought some wonderful things to show us. One was his granddad's family Bible with births and marriages listed. Also, a large framed poster from World War I showing all the members of Captain Dave Lillard's Tennessee Army Company including Riley Murphy. Mary Jane and Jack had put together an album of historic family photos, many with a modern photo of the same scene or same group of relatives. Mary Jane shared written memories of family stories. Sam and Peggy came early and stayed to the last day, making sure we all had a good time.

Jim and Mary came from Virginia, David and Billy Jo brought one son and daughter-in-law plus three grandchildren. Kathy and Jeff Krintz came from California with Jeff's daughter, Stephanie. Claire from her new home in Ft. Lauderdale, and Sam III came Friday before going to get his scuba certification in Florida. Lib and Rick Harris and Mary with daughter Nancy came Sunday and visited for a while. Monday we visited some more and Crea and Margaret joined us. Tricia's Miller cousins all left except us and Kathy's crew,

and Jeff took us all to tour his Uncle Mark Margate's company, EFC. Afterwards we toured the Appalachian Museum near Andersonville, Tennessee which is Tricia's dad's hometown.

We were all sorry that there had been such a bad flood that the Park road by the Sinks was closed and we missed going there and Cade's Cove also. Some of us walked up the road to wade in the river. Later some of us Christmas shopped.

Later we toured Chattanooga's Aquarium. They exhibit birds, snakes, trees, bushes, and flowers, plus the fish from our rivers and lakes, as well as, those from seven other rivers of the world and the Caribbean Sea. Later we drove along the Ocoee River.

John and I are finally retired and plan to try sailing six months this winter. After that, time will tell.

The Children of My Paternal Grandparents



John Walker Murphy, 1862-1921, and Mary Elizabeth Franklin, 1872-1914, had six children.

Elizabeth May Murphy, born May 23, 1891

J. Riley Murphy, born October 12, 1893

Margaret Murphy, born October 3, 1895

Sam McCarty Murphy, born August 6, 1898

John Walker Murphy, born April 13, 1901

William (Bill) H. Murphy, born December 26, 1903

My Dad, Sam McCarty Murphy



Sam Murphy's nickname was "Pat" because of his Irish descent maybe. Everybody called him Pat. Therefore, when I came along, I was little Pat or "Patty" until I started school and was kidded about my name because Patty is a girls' name. I asked my Mom if I could be called John or Johnny.

My Dad was born in 1898 and passed in 1985. He had two sisters: Elizabeth and Margaret. He had three brothers: Riley, John and William. Sam was in the Army Reserve before World War I and the war ended just before he had to go in. Riley was killed in the trenches of France the last day of the war and buried in France. Later his body was repatriated and brought to Etowah, and Sam had to verify the identity of his brother. This event may have been instrumental in the beginning of the alcoholism.

Sam married Clarice Payne, Oct 10, 1929. He was very tall and very strong, my impression of him as a child. He carried me around on his shoulders. I learned to swim the old-fashioned way by Dad throwing me into the deep part of the creek. That was called "sink or swim," I swam. Children under three years old usually know how to swim instinctively. Later, because of being skinny and frail, I was enrolled at the YMCA where I was taught swimming and lifted weights, which was the beginning of my physical development. I was very adventurous from youth.

My earliest memory when we lived in Charleston was that my Dad was part of a survey team establishing right-of-ways to bring electrical power into rural South Carolina. Dad would often pick me up in the company car and we would follow the survey truck back into the wilderness of South Carolina to

survey for new power lines. Large black men with brush axes would clear the way for Dad and his assistant to survey the right-of-way with surveying transit. Dad, as the chief surveyor, would keep the record in a log book.

Dad had common sense; he was honest, trustworthy, and patriotic. He had been a Boy Scout in his youth. He was generous and had a sense of humor. He left home to go to Chicago to go to a school that had advanced college level engineering which included surveying. Dad was a good man to provide for his family, but he had a biology that was susceptible to alcoholism.



Sam (Pat) McCarty Murphy

Kathy's Memories of Her Murphy Grandparents



I have wonderful childhood memories of visits to my grandparents (Sam and Clarice Murphy) in Knoxville, Tennessee. Grandma and Grandpa were wonderful, as grandparents always are, but even more so. They gave us so much love and happy times. (We could do no wrong.) They always stocked up on great treats in honor of our visits. Things we couldn't have at home, such as Coke and Dr. Pepper, Black Cow popsicles, Sugar Pops cereal, and Vanilla Wafers!!

We spent many an evening sitting on the front porch in the swinging chair listening to the bug symphony, or running around the yard catching fire flies.

We spent many a day rafting toy boats in the creek nearby, or swimming in the Sinks in the Smoky Mountains. Always, our grandparents were there with a hug and a lap to sit in. These memories of my grandparents and those special visits to Tennessee are the most magical and cherished of my childhood.

The Battle of Athens and How Uncle Bill Murphy Got Shot



David Murphy used to do a great job telling this story at our family reunions each year. Sadly, he is no longer with us, but we who remember will try and retell that story here.

The town of Etowah had become politically dominated by the Cantrell family by end of WWII. When the young veterans returned home, they found a corrupt county dominated by this family at every level. After all they had been through defending the ideals of their country, they found this corruption intolerable. The GI's formed a political block and ran for key county offices. This did not sit well with the Cantrells.

Uncle Bill Murphy was the fire chief and ran the local drug store. The drug store in those days was a general store, pharmacy, and had a great soda fountain. Uncle Bill would serve you himself and could mix a fabulous milk shake. As far as we know Bill was not politically outspoken, but his wife Leotta was. We do not know the details, but it is possible that her outspoken political views may have triggered the attack. This attack may have been directed at Leotta, but hit Uncle Bill instead.

A 1946 Etowah newspaper records that Bill Murphy was shot, while working at his Gem Drugstore, through a screen door by an Etowah night policeman, Roe Rucker. The story goes that Roe Rucker had been sent by the Cantrells. Bill was taken to the hospital and eventually recovered to tell his story to family and continue to run the Gem Drugstore. A warrant was posted for Roe Rucker's arrest. It is believed he and his family fled to Nashville. No arrest was ever made.

The G.I. Cleanup Candidates won the election which led to the Battle of Athens that eventually swept the Cantrells from power.

<http://www.constitution.org/mil/tn/batathen.htm>

[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Battle_of_Athens_\(1946\)](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Battle_of_Athens_(1946))

http://www.dailypostathenian.com/opinion/columnists/david_james/article_ad920deb-bb01-5144-b592-2a8e13045b1b.html



Uncle John & Aunt Lucy Lee Murphy with Tricia & kids

Uncle John and Aunt Lee



Pop Murphy's younger brother, John Walker Murphy, grew up in Etowah, Tennessee. He met Lucy Lee Moore (from Corbin, Kentucky) in Etowah when she came to visit an aunt during the summers. Lucy Lee and her parents moved to Knoxville when Lee was 11 (1914). Lucy Lee worked in an insurance office in Ohio. John worked out west and Lucy Lee followed him there.

Early in their marriage they lived in a cabin in the mountains near Globe, Arizona. They shot rabbits and game for meat. She once slid half way down a mountain on scree. From then on she was always afraid of heights.

In the 1930s they lived in Parker, Arizona, during the construction of Parker Dam. Lee and John boarded in Phoenix with "Ma and Pa" Bayliss. During that time, they all went to San Diego, as well as visiting the Bayliss' son's ranch nearby.

Lee and John worked a year in San Diego (went there in 1941) in aircraft factories. For a while they shared sleeping quarters with workers on the opposite shifts. After that, Lee and John lived in San Francisco and did war work.

Then they lived in Fontana, California, and "San Berdoo" (San Bernadino). And later again, they went to Tennessee and Kentucky to care for Lucy Lee's mother until she died. Then they returned to work in Los Angeles, and lived on Olympic Blvd. near Figueroa Hotel where Pop Murphy and all visited. I drove down and visited Uncle John and Aunt Lee, and picked up my dad and drove back to our home in Santa Maria.

My Great Uncle Zeke, Andrew Ezekiel Franklin



My sister Mary Jane, who has always been good about researching family history, told us about our Uncle Zeke. He, Andrew Ezekiel Franklin, was my father's uncle. My dad's mother was Mary Elizabeth Franklin, Uncle Zeke's sister.

Uncle Zeke served in the U.S. Army in the Philippines in the early 1900s during and after the insurrection, the Philippines' war for their independence from Spain. As background, you should know the insurrection began in 1896 when the Philippines were under Spanish rule. As a result of the Spanish-American War, Spain ceded the Philippines to the U.S. in 1898, and the insurrection continued under U.S. rule, finally ending in 1902.

John states that during the insurrection in the Philippines in 1898-1902, the Filipino warriors bound themselves tightly with cloth so they wouldn't bleed. When they fought the Americans, they ran into the troops with machetes to kill the officers. The officers therefore armed themselves with the 45 Automatic Pistol that had stopping power. It would knock you back 10-20 feet. Therefore, you don't get your head chopped off.

Uncle Zeke was born on March 14, 1875, and was 25 years old when he served in the Army in the Philippines in 1900. He later, at the age of 43, served in WWI in 1917. After his service, Zeke eventually settled in Little Rock, Arkansas. Two conflicting stories say that he died and is buried in Little Rock, or that he died in 1926 at the age of 51 in Kansas.

The following is a transcription of a letter from our great Uncle Zeke (Andrew Ezekiel Franklin) to his niece (our Aunt Elizabeth Murphy) shortly after the death of her mother (our

grandmother) Mary Elizabeth Murphy. A note from Mary Jane states, "Misspellings are included and I have had to guess at some words."

"FORT SMITH, A.R.K.,

AUG 30-1914

"KIND NEACE IT IS WITH THE GREATEST OF PLEASURE THAT I WRITE YOU A FEW LINES TO LET YOU NO THAT I AM WELL AND HOPE YOU ARE. I GOT YOUR LETTER ON THE 27 DAY AND WAS REAL SORRIE THAT YOUR MOTHER HAD PASTED AWAY THO IT CANT BE HELPED OF CORSE. IT WAS HARD TO GIVE HER UP. I AM GLAD THAT I WAS NOT THERE FOR IT WOULD HAVE BEEN WORSE ON ME THAN IT IS THE WAY IT IS. I HAVE BEEN A WAY SO LONG SHE DONT SEEM AS CLARE TO ME AS SHE WOULD IF I HAD BEEN WITH HER ALL THE TIME. WAS HARVEY AND ALLICE THERE? I HAVENT HEARD FROM THIM IN ABOUT 3 OR 4 YEARS. IF YOU NO WHERE THAY ARE I WISH YOU WOULD TELL ME THIRE POST OFFICE AND I WILL TRY TO WRITE TO THEM ONCE IN A WHILE, IT DONT SEEM LIKE I HAVE BEEN AWAY FOR AS LONG AS I HAVE. IT HAS BEEN 16 YEARS THIS FALL HASNT IT.

ASK YOUR FATHER HOW WORK IS OUT THERE. WORK IS ON THE ____?____IN THIS COUNTRY. THE WAGON FACTORY IS TALKING OF SHUTTING DOWN AND IF IT DOES IT WILL THROW ME OUT OF WORK AGAIN. THEY ARE HAVING A BIG WAR IN THE OLD COUNTRY AND IF IT KEEPS ON I THINK THIS COUNTRY WILL GIT IN IT TO AND IF THEY DO I WILL HAVE A PLACE TO GO AGIN WONT I. THAT WOULD BE DIFFERENT TO THE OTHER WAR WONT IT. WELL I WILL CLOSE FOR THIS TIME. WRITE SOON. YOURS AS EVER

A.E. FRANKLIN, 1909 S 11TH ST, FORT SMITH ARK

My Grandmother, Mary Jane Bradford Payne



My grandmother, Mary Jane Bradford was born on November 27, 1880, in northern Alabama. When she was 23, she married William Benjamin Payne on February 22, 1903. This was my grandfather's second marriage; he had one son named Manuel from his previous marriage. Together, William and Mary Jane had three children, Clarice, Gladys, and Myrtle.

Unfortunately, Mary Jane died young at the age of 34 of influenza during the epidemic of 1914. Clarice being the eldest of the three children, at age seven, had to take care of the younger girls, while her dad worked as a black smith and as a farmer. Manuel who was older left home as a young adult and went west, occasionally sending money and a letter.

Clarice had to cook and take care of the family. She cooked on a monkey stove and the fireplace. Over the fireplace was a hanging iron pot filled with corn kernels soaked in an acid solution to cook into hominy. When Clarice was hungry at night she would go get a handful of hominy and go back to bed with it.

Clarice was my mother, who had three children of her own, and named her only daughter after her mother, Mary Jane.



My Grandmother, Mary Jane Bradford Payne

Letter from My Sister, Mary Jane
January 26, 2022



Dear John,

I thought I would write you rather than call you. I've been meaning to ask you about something that happened when we lived in Charleston.

I can vaguely remember you taking Sam and I (and maybe some of the other kids) to an old Peanut Mill – or it could have been a Cotton Mill. It was within walking distance of our house but I can't remember where it was or how you knew about it. It was a huge building and trees and brush were growing all around it so that it was almost hidden. All of the windows were knocked out and the floor was caving in. There was water below that we could see through the holes in the floor. Outside there were trenches that we believed to be from the Civil War. Do you remember this event?

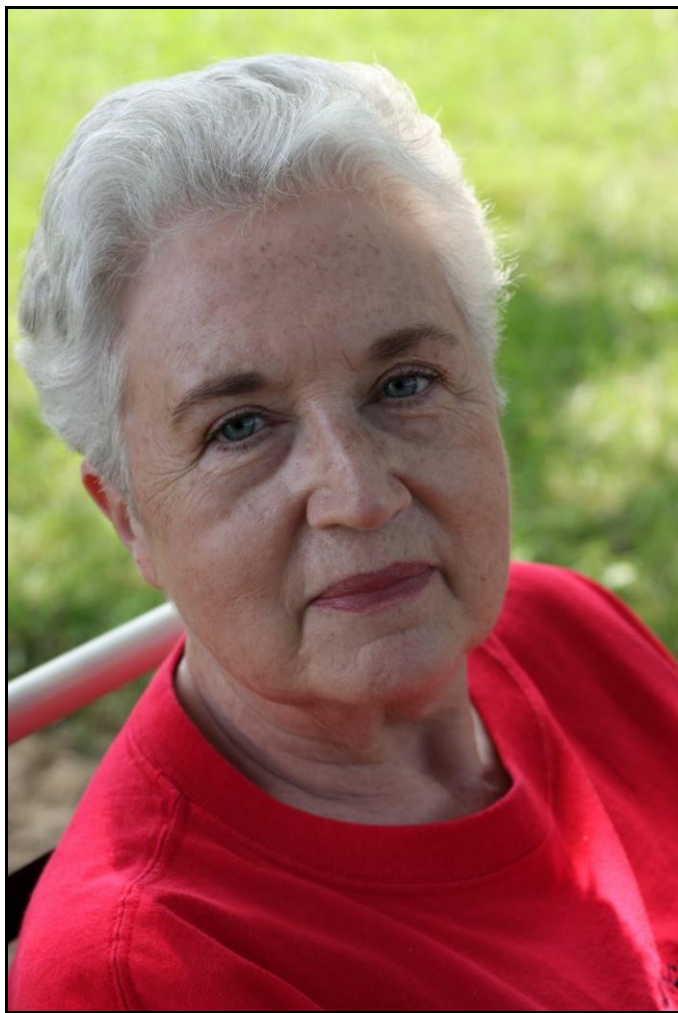
There were so many places to explore in Charleston. We probably did not realize all of the historical events that took place right in our neighborhood during the Revolutionary War and Civil War.

Last night I dreamed that you and I and Sam and Rainy were standing in front of Ruthie's house. Her mother came to the door and handed us some pictures of all of us when we were kids.

We really had a great seven years in Charleston – so many adventures and so much fun.

I will write more as I think of things to ask you.

Love,
Mary Jane



My sister, Mary Jane Lewis

Letter from My Sister, Mary Jane
February 5, 2022



Since this is Mama's birthday, I thought I would write you another "remember when" letter.

Do you remember when Mama would take us to Folly Beach? She would fix a lunch of fried chicken, deviled eggs and sandwiches which she packed in our tin picnic "basket." Then she would fill our old thermos jug with ice cubes and water.

We would put our bathing suits on under our clothes and off we would go – down Sans Souci Street to Rutledge Avenue where we would catch the bus to Marion Square. There we would catch the Beach bus. I think the bus fare was 10 cents for the 12-mile ride to Folly Beach.

Once we got to the beach, we were there for the entire day – no shade, no beach umbrella. We always ended up with a sunburn, but lots of Noxzema helped.

When the tide went out, it left what we called a "gully" and which was about a foot deep – just right for little kids to play and pick up shells and sand-dollars.

Since we didn't go to the beach often, we had to take advantage of the trip, so we stayed late. Sometimes it was dark when we made the "long trip" home.

Into the bath tub we went – Mama washing our poor blistered bodies. She rubbed Noxzema on us as that was the usual treatment for sunburn back then. Burn, suffer and peel – that was the way in the "olden days."

Anyway, our Mama wanted us to have a fun time at the beach and we did, thanks to her.

More “remember when” stories when I think of them.

Love,
Mary Jane

Letter from My Sister, Mary Jane Lewis
March 19, 2022



Dear John,

Do you remember the Charleston Museum where you and Sam and I spent many Sunday afternoons after church? The most amazing thing was the skeleton of a whale which hung suspended from the ceiling. It was huge! I don't know where it came from but for the three of us it was amazing.

Another interesting display was the replica of a steam train called "Best Friend of Charleston." It was about one-tenth of the size of the original, perfect in every way.

We were also fascinated by a human skeleton. It was someone who was murdered (I think).

All in all, we spent hours there before catching the bus on Rutledge Avenue and heading home.

Another place where we spent lots of time was the Battery. We would have to ride the bus to get there since it was too far to walk from our house on Ashley Avenue. Mama would usually take us and we would sit in the shade at "White Point Gardens where (thankfully) there were water fountains and benches. Sometimes we would sit on the Civil War cannons which were aimed at Fort Sumpter. Since the fort was "off limits" during WWII, we never visited it.

Once, when a hurricane was approaching Charleston, Daddy drove me (in the power company car) to the Battery. We stood back and watched as the waves crashed over the battery walls.

I am sure you will remember Colonial Lake. At Christmas time the power company, where Daddy worked, erected a beautiful, lighted tree on a float in the center of the lake.

Once you entered a fishing contest for kids. It seems that there was a question about your age, so you weren't allowed to participate. Daddy was mad and you were disappointed.

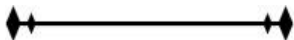
There is one thing that you can say about Charleston is that it never changes. It restores but never tears down any building, including our house on Ashley Avenue which is on the market for \$600,000.

Love,
Mary Jane



Newlyweds: Sam & Clarice Murphy, Oct. 11, 1929

***John Payne Murphy's Sister, Mary Jane Lewis,
Writes About Their Parents and Grandparents***



August 2015

Dear Claire,

I want to tell you some things about your great-grandmother, Mary Jane Bradford Payne and your grandmother, Clarice Payne Murphy. Some stories about your grandfather, Sam McCarty (Pat) Murphy, Sr. and your great-grandfather, William Benjamin Payne will also be included. As things come to mind, I will also include stories about myself and your Dad and our brother, Sam.

Mary Jane Bradford Payne died 100 years ago on January 29, 1914, at age 34. Your grandmother was only seven years old, but she told me many things when I was a child and these stories have stayed with me for all of my life. They were far better than fairy tales because they were true, and I asked Mama to tell them over and over. For the rest of her life, she did everything she could to keep the memory of her mother and father alive. When I was little, Mama told me that I was named for her mother. I always felt honored to have her name and that is why I am so insulted when someone calls me “Mary” (actually she went by “Janie, but I insist on being called Mary Jane.) Mama told me so many facts and events and I will try to recall them as I write this. Your great-grandfather Payne was born on April 30, 1865 just two weeks after Lincoln's assassination. If I had been a boy my name would have been “Benjamin” and I would be your “Uncle Ben.”

Being a little girl who took everything literally, when Mama told me of going to a little brown church, naturally I thought the song “The Church in the Wildwood” was all about her church. (This could have been when they were living in Estill Springs, Tennessee or Scottsboro, Alabama). Mary Jane always saw to it that the children went to church, and Clarice

remembers walking behind her mother, watching as the tail of her long dress dragged through the dust. I am not sure what denomination they belonged to, but Mama remembered attending a foot-washing at one time. She always claimed to be a Baptist., but whatever the denomination, Ben and Mary Jane Payne brought the children up as Christians.

Times were hard and the family moved often, depending on where Grandfather Payne could find work as a tenant farmer, blacksmith or lumber mill worker. His back had been broken in a fall from a wagon, so he always walked stooped over and in later years used a cane. Mary Jane had four children within 11 years, so her life was full of hard work and drudgery. In addition to her own children, she had 3 stepchildren (ages 8, 10 & 12). Cooking on a wood stove, washing clothes in an iron pot, hanging them outside to dry, no matter what the weather was like, and caring for children at the same time. No disposable diapers, no already prepared baby food and no baby clothes other than what she made herself. This must have seemed like an impossible task. Evidently Mary Jane passed her attitude down to Mama, because she was always ready and willing to calmly and happily take on whatever life handed her. Mama had the patience of a saint, never complained, and did what had to be done. I am sure that she felt that her own life was better than her mother's life, because by the time that Mama was a young wife and mother some modern conveniences made life somewhat easier.

Mama kept a black dress that belonged to her mother and she passed it down to me. I tried it on several times and it fit me perfectly. Even the length was perfect. It was made of black broadcloth and was completely hand sewn. I would look at those stitches and imagine Grandmother Payne patiently sewing in between other chores. (She however would NOT sew on Sunday as Sundays were considered a day of rest. I gave this dress to Deborah Rigsby Horn, daughter of cousin Bobbie Barker Rigsby who will pass it down to her daughter, Rachel Horn, the great-great granddaughter of Grandmother Payne.

Movies and television were unknown back then therefore the only news came from newspapers. Mama remembered vividly the headlines when the Titanic sank in April 1912. She was only five years old but the conversations around her were all about the sinking of the “unsinkable” and the people who were rescued, but mostly of those who were lost. Oddly enough in 1985, three months before her death on Dec. 2nd, she and I watched the television reports and live pictures of the discovery of the wreckage. It must have been amazing to her (as it was to me) that the ship was still recognizable, although in a state of rust and ruin. Mama and I had seen the 1953 version of “Titanic.” It was a terrifying account of what happened that night and how families were separated by fate.

Once when Mama was quite small, she heard that she could earn money by picking cotton at 10 cents per pound. This sounded great until she realized how much cotton it took to equal one pound. She also had not realized that picking cotton in the hot sun, dragging a huge bag slung over her shoulder was not as easy as it sounded. With fingers and hands scratched by the prickly cotton bolls she “resigned” from her first paying job.

Mama always loved cats and had one as a pet off and on for most of her life. Once, while helping her mother cook, Mama was carrying a skillet of hot grease from the stove to where ever it was to be disposed of. Like all cats, her kitty was in the way and caused Mama to spill the hot grease all over the poor thing. Mama said that the cat's fur never did grow back in the spot that was burned. Another cat story occurred early in Mama's married life: Daddy bought her a beautiful white Persian kitten which she dearly loved. One day someone ran over it and Mama was heartbroken. Back then “buying a new hat” was a cure-all for lots of things, so Daddy gave her some money and said, “Go downtown and buy yourself a new hat. That will make you feel better.” In the store, while picking out a hat, Mama began to cry. The shopkeeper asked her what was wrong, but by then Mama was crying so hard that when

she answered, all the lady heard was “my kid was run over and killed.” People from nearby came over to comfort her and when Mama realized that they had misunderstood, she began to giggle, and soon was feeling much better as she explained what had really happened. The ladies in the store were a little bit miffed at her when they found out that it was a kitten, not a kid. This proves the theory that buying a new hat will cure most anything.

Mama adored her mother and was at her side whenever possible. When Mary Jane Bradford died at the age of 34. Mama was just one week shy of her 7th birthday. Her Mother's death affected her deeply and she instantly became the “mother of the family.” She did her best to take care of Daddy Payne, as she called him, and also took charge of her younger sisters. Daddy Payne was only 71 when he died in 1936, but hard work and injuries had worn him down so that in the last photograph taken of him, he looked 91. Your Dad was 5 years old, and Sam was 6 months old and I had not been born when Daddy Payne died. Only your Dad remembers him. I have always missed not having any Grandparents. There is a void there that I can't explain. In school, when we would sing “Over the River and Through the Woods to Grandmother's House We Go” I always felt “left out” as I could not imagine what that would be like.

After graduating from Jackson County High School Mama decided to become a registered nurse and she chose Erlanger Hospital School of Nursing in Chattanooga. It was a big step for her to leave home and family at only 17 years of age but she bravely boarded the train in Scottsboro, Alabama, for the trip to Chattanooga. (Sam's family history book goes more into detail about those three years.)

It was in Chattanooga that Clarice met Sam McCarty Murphy, a real “man of the world” who had been in the Army at the close of World War I and who (for the times) was “well-traveled.” As a young man, Daddy and his brother John spent several years working in Chicago. I think that for a period of

time they both worked for the Post Office. In August 1923 they were able to go to the train station when the funeral train of President Warren G. Harding passed through on the way to his burial site in Ohio. This was described in a letter from Daddy to his sister, Elizabeth, which I gave to Sam several years ago. Prohibition was in effect from 1920 until 1933 and this only contributed to the crime and violence. Chicago, during this period of time, was a bustling town and full of crime and mobsters and gambling and illegal drinking establishments known as Speakeasies. I can't say for sure, but I would bet that Daddy and Uncle John frequented a few of these places. On a lighter note, they were also able to see a lot of major league baseball games because the White Sox and the Cubs were based in Chicago. This was also during the time of the famous "Shoeless Joe Jackson" and the "Black Sox" scandals. Shoeless Joe was accused of throwing some games after betting against his own team, the Chicago White Sox. This is described very well in the movie "A Field of Dreams."

Mama graduated from Erlanger school of nursing in May of 1927. The entire class went to Kentucky to take the Kentucky State Board of Nursing examination in order to be licensed to practice nursing. For some reason Kentucky had a stricter exam than Tennessee, which gave the nurses more prestige. They later took the Tennessee State Board exam. (When we moved to Charleston, she had to take the South Carolina State Board). I have printed a copy of the "Nightingale Pledge" which Mama took as a graduate nurse. She never forgot it and could recite it for me, word for word, anytime that I asked. As the graduates received their diplomas, they carried the Lamp of Florence Nightingale.

During that same month one of the most exciting events of the century took place when Charles Lindbergh flew nonstop in a small plane called the Spirit of Saint Louis from the US to Paris, France. This occurred on May 20 and 21 and was followed as intently as the moon landing of 1969. There were songs about "Lindy" and also a dance called the "Lindy Hop." (Note: in 1966 I took Mama and Daddy to Washington, DC,

where, at the Air and Space Museum, we saw the Spirit of Saint Louis hanging from the ceiling. They were more excited about seeing the Spirit of St. Louis than the space capsules.)

Mama and Daddy were married on Friday, October 11, 1929, in Scottsboro, Alabama. Two and a half weeks later, on October 29th the “crash” occurred when the “bottom fell out of the stock market and the banks failed. At times they were barely able to keep their heads above water, sometimes sharing an apartment in Chattanooga with Gladys and John Barker. (Gladys was Clarice's sister, and she and her husband John Barker, were also newlyweds). I still have the dried remains of Mama's wedding bouquet and Daddy's boutonniere nearly 84 years later.

Many of the photographs made by Mama and Daddy, some of which are in Sam's family history book, were made with an old 1930's Kodak box camera. As late as 1985 this camera was in Mama's chest of drawers in her bedroom. We do not know what happened to it, but it disappeared. I have made a photo of a camera which is much like the one they used for years.

From the 1920s until the 1950s Mama always wore a perfume called “Evening in Paris.” Every birthday and every Christmas Daddy always gave her a boxed set of cologne and perfume. The perfume was in a tiny vial shaped like a torpedo and adorned with a blue tassel. I have enclosed a photo to show you how the set looked.

Sam's family history book also gives details about their early married life and the births of their three children. I will continue with things that are in MY memory, beginning with our move from Cleveland, Tennessee, to Charleston, South Carolina, in the fall of 1939.

Family was very important to Mama and our homes, no matter how humble, were always happy homes, at least to us kids. I never heard her complain about our frequent moves

(we lived in 7 different homes by the time I was 10 years old in 1947) and she never said anything negative about our Daddy's frequent job losses or his long bout with alcoholism (which he overcame in 1962 after many years of prayers from many people including Mama and myself). The Bible verse which most reflects Mama's attitude throughout her life is Philippians 4:11: (I have learned in whatever state I am, to be content). When I was small, she often sang an old hymn to me: "Count your many blessings, count them one by one. Count your many blessings see what God has done."

The seven years that we lived in Charleston, SC, (1939-1946) were so happy and carefree despite the depression and WWII. The kids in the neighborhood had a special bond which lasts until this day. Of course, we kids were pretty far removed from the woes of the world, but often some poor soul, who was down-on-his luck, would wander through our neighborhood looking for work or a meal. They say that these folks leave some sort of a mark or sign, showing that the person who lives there will give them a handout. We never had any work for them, but Mama would always fix a sandwich for them, and no one was ever turned away. Sometimes we would sit on the steps with them while they ate, wondering what had happened to cause them to be homeless and hungry.

The first time that any of us saw the ocean was in 1940. Daddy took us in the South Carolina Power Company car to Folly Beach which is about 12 miles from Charleston. I will never forget the feeling I had when the ocean came into view. It took my breath! I still love the ocean, actually more than the mountains. Brilliant child that I was, I always wondered how God kept the ocean water in place, and why it didn't spill over onto the land. (There are some funny "beach stories" in Sam's Family History Book.)

The Ashley Avenue house, like all of our houses, required a lot of work, mostly on Mama's part, to make it a home. Mama bought a bolt of "tobacco cloth" (a gauze-like material) to

make curtains for all of the windows. She dyed some of the material a pale yellow and some of it she left white. I don't remember if she had to buy the many curtain rods required or if they were already there. She also made curtains for the beautiful French doors that separated the living room from the dining room. The woodwork was white and required painting and the kitchen cabinets also had to be repainted. Mama put shelf paper in all of the cabinets. This paper not only covered the shelf, but had a scalloped border which, when it was folded down, made a decorative edge. (Photos of tobacco cloth and shelf paper are added so that you will know what they were like.) In the late 70's Jack and I visited Charleston and went by the Ashley Avenue house. The owner, a very nice black lady, invited me in so that I could see how the house looked. The rooms seemed so small and the beautiful white woodwork was painted brown and the beautiful French doors were gone. She offered to let me go through the house but I was so disillusioned that I did not accept her offer and only went into the entrance hall and the living room. It did not look the same and I came outside wishing that I had not gone in. My memories of that old house were so wonderful that I remembered it as a mansion. (I am enclosing a 2014 photo of the old house after a complete restoration. It is beautiful and I feel much better knowing that it has been preserved.)

Our house sat at the corner of Ashley Avenue and Sans Souci Street. Sans Souci Street ran east and west, and when the sun set over the Ashley River it was like a great big red ball at the end of the street. It looked as though you could walk right into it. Sunsets in Charleston looked much larger than they do here in Tennessee. I loved the flatlands and loved looking south and knowing that the Atlantic Ocean was just 10 or 12 miles away.

Life in the 1940s centered around our old cabinet radio. We would sit in front of it, staring like we could actually see the program we were listening to. We kids liked Gene Autry and his Melody Ranch Boys, Inner Sanctum (with its creaking door), The Shadow (Who knows What Evil Lurks in the hearts

of man? The Shadow knows) and The Lone Ranger and Tonto. When WWII began on December 7, 1941, we gathered around to hear the news and the description of the devastation at Pearl Harbor. The following day we were there to hear President Roosevelt announce that the United States had declared war against the Empire of Japan. Shortly thereafter war was also declared against Germany. On D-Day, we heard the description of the invasion on the beaches of Normandy. Later we would see these same events in the newsreels whenever we went to the movies. President Roosevelt requested prayer for our servicemen, and all of the churches were open on D-Day. Times were a bit scary for us kids but I am sure the grownups were REALLY worried. The war seemed far away and yet we wondered if possibly the Germans or Japanese might someday invade America. There were periodical blackouts for Charleston since it was a port city. The scary sirens would sound and the Air Raid Wardens would come down our street wearing their white helmets. We would peek out of our windows, careful to not let any light from inside the house show. This was almost like an adventure and I was not afraid as long as Mama and Daddy were there.

Christmases in Charleston were magical. I don't remember where we got our tree. (I guess Daddy went out and bought it, or maybe there was a Christmas tree lot nearby.) The ornaments were old. Some were from Mama's and Daddy's first Christmases, but we added a few new ones each year. Silver tinsel contained lead back then and your Dad and Sam and I would stand back and throw it at the tree. It was heavy and would dangle neatly from the branches (or at least we thought so). Daddy made the tree stand out of pieces of wood. Then he would nail the stand to the floor! Christmas tree lights back then were quite large and would get very hot, but thankfully our tree did not go up in flames. (Remember Ralphie's father in "A Christmas Story" with 12 plugs going into one electrical outlet? Well, that was Daddy.) We always left the tree up until New Year's Day, so I am sure it was dry and turning brown by then. Since Sam and I truly believed in Santa Claus we were so excited when finally, it was bedtime

on Christmas Eve. Mama put us in the same bed, knowing that we wouldn't sleep for hours. We talked and giggled and listened for Santa's sleigh bells and the sound of the reindeer hoofs on the roof. We actually heard both before we finally fell asleep. In the morning there was a soft, magical glow from the living room as we came down the stairs. I can remember shaking all over with excitement. I don't ever remember being disappointed on Christmas morning. (Well, maybe just a little disappointed when I received a cowgirl outfit instead of a cowBOY outfit.) Every year I asked for, and received, a baby doll and a nurse's kit. I could spot that "doll size" box as soon as I walked into the room. After breakfast we would go searching for the neighborhood kids to show them what we had received from Santa and to see their gifts.

It snowed in Charleston in 1943, the first snow that I could remember. (Your Dad and Sam may have remembered a snow when we were living in Cleveland, Tennessee.) We did not have the proper clothes for playing in two inches of wet snow. I wore Sam's hand-me-down corduroy pants, boots that he had outgrown, somebody's jacket and Mama's scarf wrapped around my head. It was fun at first, at least until my feet got wet and my toes began to freeze. After a few minutes I had just about enough and I went home, crying all the way. That did it for me and I have never liked snow since then!

Daddy was very patriotic and losing his brother, Riley, in World War I made him even more so. In 1918 Daddy was attending South Western University and was in Army training in Clarkesville, Tennessee. The war ended, and he never got to see combat and I think it always bothered him (I have added a copy of his WWI draft registration card). In 1941 when World War II began, Daddy was 43 years old, and married with 3 children, so he was not likely to be drafted. As the war raged on, there was what they called the "old men's draft registration." All men 40 or older had to register "just in case." According to ancestry.com the South Carolina old man's draft registration records were destroyed so I was unable

to find that. I can remember some talk about Daddy joining the Merchant Marines. I don't know how serious this idea was, but Daddy was the most patriotic man I have ever known and he would have gladly served his country. He loved America and he loved the American Flag which he proudly flew from the front porch on Grainger Avenue until he died on July 4th, 1985. (I am thankful that he did not live to see what is happening to our country now. I don't think that there are enough cuss words for him to describe how he would feel about what is going on.) I cannot find anything about Riley being in WWI on ancestry.com because a lot of those records were destroyed in a fire. Lots of WWII records were lost also.

Daddy loved to read everything from the newspapers to paperback western novels and anything that had to do with history. He read to us often, as Mama was busy with chores around the house. I can remember sitting in bed with him, Sam on one side and me on the other, while Daddy read the whole series of Uncle Wiggly books. He smelled like pipe tobacco as he smoked a pipe and liked to roll his own cigarettes. He made his own blend of Model Tobacco and Bugler Tobacco. I loved to watch as he poured the two types of tobacco out on a piece of newspaper and blended them by hand. It amazed me to see him hold the cigarette paper between his fingers in one hand and use the other hand to fill the paper with tobacco. Then he would roll the paper, lick one side of it and seal it. (Just like you might see cowboys do in western movies.) He kept these hand-rolled cigarettes in the tin Model Tobacco box.

Since Daddy did not own a car the only trips we went on happened when he had access to the "Red Car" (which is what we called the South Carolina Power company car). I can remember one trip in particular when he took us to someone's farm, where for the first time I saw a cow and a horse. There was a lake in downtown Charleston called Colonial Lake. The power company sponsored the annual "floating Christmas Tree." It was a beautiful tree with lots of lights and it was on a raft, anchored in the center of the lake. How beautiful it was,

with the colored lights reflecting in the water, and how proud we were that our Daddy has something to do with it. Daddy came to our school once (James Simmons Elementary) to check into the possibility of changing the lighting over to florescent lights. I felt quite important when I told everyone, "That's my Daddy," as he and other power company men toured the school.

During the 1940 presidential election when Roosevelt was running against the Republican candidate, Wendell Willkie, Mr. Willkie came to the Power Company office where Daddy worked. Willkie was against the government takeover of private power companies as they had been doing since the establishment of the Tennessee Valley Authority during the depression. Daddy rode up on the elevator with Mr. Willkie and he gave Daddy a Willkie campaign button.

Regarding politics, when I turned 21 years of age (1958) Daddy came and picked me up at Home Federal and took me to the court house so that I could register to vote. (You had to be 21 back then.) When the lady asked me if I wanted to register as a Democrat or Republican, I looked at Daddy and knowing that he was from a long line of Democrats, I said "democrat." I wish I could live that moment over, but it doesn't matter as I have never voted for a Democrat anyway (at least not in the presidential elections). My first presidential election was in 1960 when Kennedy ran against Nixon. I voted for Nixon, but really liked John F. Kennedy.

Once he was in school your Dad brought home every childhood disease known to man. He would get sick, and then just about the time he was feeling better, Sam and I would come down with whatever John had. We had German measles, red measles, chicken pox, mumps and scarlet fever to mention a few. Mama spent a great deal of her time being a nurse without even leaving the house. She had the mumps at the same time that Sam and I did and she was the sickest of the three of us. She and I were in bed together, sharing the only hot water bottle that we had. I was not used to seeing my Mama in pain and in bed. Daddy took care of us as best he

could. When we had scarlet fever, we were VERY sick, with extremely high fevers. Back then the doctor made house calls, although there was not much he could do. We were all quarantined, with a big “QUARANTINE – SCARLET FEVER” sign on our front door. I can remember Mama feeding me jello when I was better and after the fever had lifted. I hadn't eaten in days and after the first spoonful of jello, I began grabbing handfuls of jello and stuffing it in my mouth. Mama cried, I guess with relief, because she knew then that I was better. Scarlet fever can cause heart or kidney complications and I missed five weeks of the first grade because the doctor thought I was developing kidney problems. As it was, there was nothing wrong with me and I happily returned to school.

Sam and I both started school at James Simons Elementary School. Sam started in September 1941 and I started in September 1943. My first-grade teacher was a beautiful Jewish lady named Frances T. Kanner and Sam also had Mrs. Kanner as his teacher in the first grade. I loved her and was happy when I was promoted to the 2nd grade and found out that she would be my teacher again. She took our class on several “field trips” within walking distance of the school. We visited a Jewish synagogue and saw the huge scrolls, which I assumed were the actual scrolls from the days of Jesus. We also visited a nearby fire station. We saw the trucks and were allowed to walk upstairs to see where the firemen slept. Their boots, etc., were neatly piled beside their beds where they could just jump into them when the alarm was sounded. Some of the boys slid down the brass pole, but the little girls, in short dresses of course, had to walk back down the stairs. (Jack and I visited this same fire station when we went to Charleston years later. The firemen let us go upstairs and honestly, nothing had changed. It was exactly as I had remembered it.

The kids in the neighborhood loved our Mother. Even though she was the only mother who worked outside of the home, she always had time to fix cold water or Kool Aid for a

bunch of thirsty, sweaty children. I don't recall any of the other mothers doing anything like that. In fact, most of them didn't allow the neighborhood bunch to play inside their houses. Sometimes on rainy days, my friend, Rainy Fisher, and I would play upstairs in her attic, and Rainy's father took us riding in his car several times, but mostly it was our Mama who rounded up the neighborhood kids and took them somewhere. Several times we rode the beach bus to Folly Beach. Six or seven kids having a ball in the ocean and Mama, who could not swim at all, watching from a blanket on the sand, guarding the thermos of lemonade and a basket of sandwiches. At low tide, when the water receded it left what we kids called a "gully" where we could play in shallow water which was about knee deep. There were all sorts of shells that we could collect and occasionally a crab would send us scurrying for safety. My friend, Rainy still remembers one such trip to Folly Beach headed up by Mama, and how we "rode the Ferris Wheel when the moon was full." I am not sure when the last beach bus left Folly for downtown Charleston, but it must have been quite late when we got home. We were all sunburned (those were the days before sun blocks) and the usual procedure after our baths was a coating of Noxzema to relieve the pain.



John at Folly Beach with the Montgomerys in 1940

In those days children could play outside and run through the neighborhood without any fears at all. Sometimes we

would be outside from daylight until dark, only coming inside for meals. Mama would always say “don't go near the river” (we lived only four blocks from the Ashley River) but I think we spent a good part of our days there. She always told us to “hold hands when we crossed the street.” Traffic in our neighborhood was very light because very few folks owned a car. Rainy's Daddy had a car with an “A” sticker on the windshield. Since he worked at the Charleston Navy Yard this sticker gave him priority when it came to buying gasoline. We had coloring books and I had paper dolls. Sam loved Tinker Toys and always got a new set for Christmas. I can remember your Dad getting a chemistry set and he mixed all sorts of chemicals together in glass test tubes.

One of our favorite things to do was to make “trolley cars.” Mama would save shoe boxes for us and we would cut windows in the sides which we covered with red, green and white tissue paper (which was just about all of the Christmas wrapping paper available in those days). In the top of the shoe box, we cut a larger hole and placed a short candle inside. We would add a string to the front of the “trolley” so that we could pull it. When it was dark outside all of the kids would meet outside with their trolleys, light their candles and start the “parade.” It really was a pretty sight and I don't ever remember setting our trolleys on fire. It didn't take much to entertain kids back then. No TV and no electronic devices forced kids to use their imaginations. The girls in the neighborhood loved playing hopscotch. We drew the hopscotch squares on the sidewalk, found a nice smooth stone which we called a “bum” and played for hours. Once Rainy, Ruthie, Sam and I spent hours making “the world's longest clover chain.” It took a lot of patience to tie all of the clovers together to reach from Ashley Avenue, all the way down Sans Souci Street to Hester Street. We created a lot of things to do by using what we could find. We would make castles out of round oatmeal boxes, carefully cutting out windows and doors and making turrets for the top. If you joined several boxes together, you had a real castle. We loved to play “war” (I was General MacArthur and Sam was some other WWII hero).

We “killed” one another and “died” heroic deaths, waving the American flag as we went down. We had cap pistols and anything else that we could use as a weapon. The whole neighborhood gang would join in. Sometimes our battles took place down on the banks of the Ashley River or in a nearby field of sedge grass where we crawled around, making hiding places and forts by mashing down the grass to suit our needs. Back then you really had to use your imagination.

After Sam started to school in 1941 and your Dad was in the 5th grade I had Mama ALL to myself. I remember trips on the bus to do some shopping downtown. Once we went to a store that was having a “fire sale” where Mama bought several yards of various material to make little dresses for me (I still have one of those dresses). The material had a “smokey” smell, which disappeared when it was washed, but that smell always reminds me of that day. In 1943, a day that I will always cherish, she took me to see Walt Disney's “Bambi.” It was a real “tear jerker” and I was so upset when Bambi's mother was lost in the forest fire (or was she shot by the hunters?) I guess hearing how Grandmother Payne had died when Mama was only seven affected me, and my greatest fear was losing my Mother. During this period Mama and I went to Hampton Park to see the Zoo and feed the ducks and play on the swings and the sliding boards. If the Merry-go-Round was in operation, we would ride it. She would buy me some Cracker Jacks and we would sit on one of the park benches or walk in the sunshine. It seems now that she was creating memories for me. Memories that she had of her own mother.

As I mentioned earlier, I ALWAYS took everything that Mama told me literally. For years we had a painting on the wall of our house called “The Song of the Lark.” I thought it looked like Mama and she jokingly told me that it was her. Later, when I was in school, this painting was in a book and I promptly told the teacher and the whole class “THAT'S MY MAMA.” I believed it and no amount of explanations from the teacher could change my mind. I am enclosing a copy and you will have to admit that it looks very much like a young

Clarice Payne.

While we were in Charleston the Ringling Brothers Barnum and Bailey Circus came to town. Mama and Daddy wanted us to have the chance to see a circus so we rode the bus to the outskirts of town where a huge tent had been set up. I remember vividly the sights and smells: popcorn, crackerjacks, sawdust, peanuts, the man on the flying trapeze, the human cannonball, the lion tamers, the elephants, etc., but what I remember most is when the bleachers began to collapse. At first the tiers began swaying to one side. Mama dropped me off and then jumped. Daddy saw to it that Sam and your Dad were down and then he jumped. Luckily, we were at the end of the row as others had to clammer down the tiers in order to get off. After everyone was safely off, the bleachers did not fully collapse, but no one was allowed back on them. I think the show was just about over so we left. It was scary, and being saved by Mama was something that I remember more than the circus.

Anyone who ever visited, or lived in Charleston prior to 2006 remembers the Cooper River Bridge. It was the longest suspension bridge in the US at that time (2.7 miles) and was the scariest thing I had ever seen. I found that if I climbed up on the window-sill in the second story bedroom, stood on my tip toes, and looked toward the southeast, I could see the peaks of the bridge. When it was built it had two lanes, one going each way, and since cars were small back then, the lanes were very narrow. You had to cross the Cooper River Bridge to go the Isle of Palms. We did not own a car so we did not cross it often, but when Daddy had the company car or when our Uncle John Barker was in town, we would drive over it. When you turned onto the street leading to the bridge, the street seemed to go straight up. You could not see what was on the other side of the crest of the hill and I always had a fear of dropping off into the river. For years I had nightmares about this bridge until when in 1969 I went with Mama and Daddy to Charleston. (We rode the Greyhound bus and then rented a car so that we could travel around town.) I forced

myself to drive over the bridge, holding my breath the entire way. After that I did not have the nightmares. (Added notes regarding this trip: we sat in the Holiday Inn and watched the launch of the space shuttle taking the first man, Neil Armstrong, and his crew to the moon. Also, while looking out of the window of the motel, I realized that we were overlooking what was left of the old Municipal Swimming Pool.) When Jack and I visited Charleston in 1976 Jack did the driving but I still held my breath crossing the Cooper River Bridge. In 1960 they built another bridge (a twin to the original) so that they could have two lanes going one way on one bridge and two lanes going the other way on the other. In 2005 they completed construction of a beautiful new bridge and in 2006 they demolished the other bridges with dynamite blasts that brought them crashing down. Sam and I watched the demolition on television shortly before he died in May 2006.

I imagine that everyone remembers their mother's hands and I am no exception. Mama had gentle hands, but hands that could administer a good swat on the behind if necessary. She could also give one of her kids a "good" pinch if they were acting up in public. Her wedding band always intrigued me. It was a thin silver band which had once been etched with "orange blossoms." The etching was almost worn away, but inside of the band was engraved "SMM to CAP 10/11/29." When Mama died in 1985, I did not remove the ring as it belonged on her finger and was a part of her.

While we lived in Charleston, we attended the Bethel Methodist Church. It was an OLD church, having been established in 1795. Before Mama started working in 1943, she went to Sunday School with us. I learned to love church and Sunday School, but when I was quite young, I balked when Mama took me to the door of my classroom. I began to cry at the thought of being separated from Mama. She took me by the arm and said "there is a spanking room here for little girls just like you." Needless to say, I didn't want to visit the spanking room so I meekly went into my classroom and

never cried about going into my Sunday School class again.

Sam and I attended Vacation Bible School each summer and loved it. We also loved the Kool Aid and graham crackers that we had for a snack. I still have several things that I made during those summers. One is a little cloth scroll, glued to two wooden dowels, painted with gold paint. On the cloth I scribbled what I chose as my favorite Bible verse: Deuteronomy 6:4, which is “Thou shall love the Lord God with all your heart, soul and might.” Many times, after Sunday School, we would stop off at the Museum. It was located at the corner of Rutledge Avenue and Calhoun Street and this is where we would catch the bus to go home. There were so many strange and wonderful things to see. It was a huge building and had an odd, ancient, musty smell. It burned, but not before the contents had been put in storage in anticipation of moving to a new (very dull looking) building. All that was left after the fire were the four pillars which are still standing in the midst of what is now a park. Once Mama asked your Dad to stop at a little store at the corner of Calhoun and Rutledge after Sunday School to buy a package of rolls for supper. When we tried to enter the museum, the lady would not let us in because we were carrying food. Did she think we were going to feed the mummy or skeleton or stuffed birds? I can't remember if we left the rolls with the lady or if we just caught the bus and went home.

Your Dad and Sam belonged to the Boy Scouts and the Cub Scouts while we lived in Charleston and Mama was a Den Mother. During the war Charleston had a big parade of Soldiers and Sailors, Military bands, floats and lots of American flags. The Scouts were asked to march so this meant that Mama would be marching alongside of her den of Cubs including your Dad and Sam. I was left with the mother of another Cub Scout to watch the parade go by. I can remember seeing my Mama, marching down the street with her group, and I was so proud! She looked so tall and beautiful. I also remember going to a Scout Roundup at the Citadel football stadium. (An added note, not to demean your

Grandfather, but to let you know how his problem with alcohol affected us all: While serving as Den Mother, Mama had all of the Cubs at our house for a meeting. Daddy came in, obviously drunk, and all of the Cubs saw him and reported it to their parents. Mama was asked to resign as Den Mother. How humiliating this must have been for her. She did not tell me about this until I was grown.)

We endured one fairly severe hurricane while we were in Charleston. Daddy, since he worked for the Power Company, had to work, so as usual Mama made the best of a scary situation. We had candles for light and we all slept on mattresses that Mama and your Dad dragged down the stairs from the bedrooms. I wasn't scared because I had my Mama there to protect me. Before the storm arrived, Daddy took us downtown where we watched from a distance, in White Point Gardens, as the waves crashed over the walls of the Battery. The Battery was a wonderful place to play and we spent many hours there looking out over Charleston Harbor at Fort Sumpter. The iron railings all along the battery wall had rusted and Sam convinced me that the rusty marks were pirate's blood. Just across the street was White Point Gardens, a nice shady place with paths and water fountains and Civil War cannons to climb on.

From 1943 until 1946, Mama worked at Roper and Riverside hospitals mostly in obstetrics. She was the perfect example of how a nurse should look: starched white uniform, white hose and shoes, starched white cap with a black band and her Erlanger Nursing School pin on her dress. She looked so beautiful to me, a real angel of mercy. (Her patients loved her and in later years, when she was doing private duty in Knoxville, the families of the patients became so attached to her that they kept her for months, and in one case, 3 years.) I used to put on her nurse's cap and look in the mirror and imagine what it would be like to be an RN. Unfortunately, I never found out and became a banker instead. This is my only regret in life, but things turned out just as God had planned.

Charleston had a wonderful municipal swimming pool. There was a deep pool with diving boards, a medium pool for swimmers and a “baby pool” with a fountain in the middle. We made many trips there by bus, carrying our swim suits rolled up in towels. I learned to swim by following your Dad and Sam from the “baby pool” into the deeper water. Many times, Mama took other kids from the neighborhood with us. As I have said before, she was the only working mother, but she was the only mother who had time for the kids (hers and others).

I joined the Brownies when I was eight (1945) and attended meetings at Asbury Methodist Church on Rutledge Avenue. During that summer I went to Brownie day camp at Hampton Park. One day we brought our bathing suits, bathing caps and a towel and marched over to the Citadel where we were allowed to use their huge indoor swimming pool. The Citadel was known as the Military Academy of the South and was established in 1842.

In May, 1945, when World War II ended, all of the neighborhood kids marched up and down the streets banging on pots and pans in celebration. We were all so happy and I am sure the adults were even happier. This began our final year in Charleston.

In early 1946 Mama and Daddy began discussing moving back to Tennessee. Daddy had lost his job with the South Carolina Power Company and he had had just about enough of Charleston life. Prior to moving Mama traveled by bus from Charleston to Knoxville in order to find a job. She had heard that Oak Ridge, Tennessee, (The Secret City) was looking for registered nurses. The salary was great, but when Mama found out that she would have to live in a dormitory, she gave up that idea and came back to Charleston until we moved on June 15, 1946.

It broke my heart to leave Charleston and years later Mama confessed that she considered staying there. (Daddy, however,

couldn't wait to get back to Tennessee.) As usual, Mama made the best of things and took yet another move in stride. Daddy had gone on ahead to Tennessee, and Mama was left with all of the packing and moving. After we said goodbye to our friends and drove off in a taxi, I think Sam and I felt that we were leaving our childhood behind. We caught a Greyhound bus and sadly rode out of Charleston, the only home that Sam and I could remember. The bus trip was probably 12 hours long, and most of it was after dark. When we reached Asheville, NC, our short-sleeved clothes were not enough, and Mama asked the bus driver to retrieve our bags so that she could get sweaters for each of us. I was a little leery of the mountains as they were so dark. I thought that the bus driver would have to drive over trails instead of a highway. I was used to the huge and awesome Atlantic Ocean, but the mountains looked so dark and forbidding. I have often wondered how different our lives would have been if we had stayed in Charleston. God knows best, because if we had not moved back to Tennessee your Dad would not have married your Mom and there would have been no you and Kathy and Jonathan. Sam would not have met Peggy and there would not have been a Sam and Mickey. I would not have met Jack.

It was daylight when our bus drove down Gay Street to the bus terminal and Knoxville seemed so dull and drab. I asked Mama "Where are the Hillbillies?" She said, "Honey, just look around you." Uncle Charles met us and took us to breakfast at a drugstore next to the terminal. Then we took a taxi to the Montgomery's home on Valley View Drive. (Note: I am writing another story about our living with the Montgomery's for nine months, so I will not go into details about that now, but will tell you about a couple of events that occurred while we were living there.) During the summer of 1946 Sam and I were so homesick that Mama and Daddy decided that we should go to visit Uncle Dave and Aunt Margaret (Murphy) Lillard. They lived in Decatur, Tennessee, in a beautiful white house. Uncle Dave (a true WWI hero) was a Lawyer and Aunt Margaret (a former school teacher) was a homemaker. They had three children, Mary, Elizabeth

and David, Jr. Mary was away in college by then so Aunt Margaret let me use her beautiful bedroom which had a private bath. Aunt Margaret cooked fantastic meals and made the best biscuits in the world! One day they took us to Fort Loudon Dam. I do not remember how we got to Decatur or how we got back to Knoxville.

Another event, also in 1946, was a big snow in November. It was really getting deep (the biggest snow that Sam and I had ever seen) and Daddy woke us up to see it. I remember him telling us that if we listened, we could “hear the snow fall.” That seemed a little odd to me, but sure enough, standing outside with Daddy on the Montgomery's back patio, I could hear the little “puttering noise” that the snow made.

Housing was hard to come by in 1946 because of all of the returning WWII veterans but finally (through a member of Central Methodist Church) we found a rental house at 1002 Broadway. Later the city changed all of the house numbers on Broadway and our number became 902. It was an old house right next door to a grocery store, and was in walking distance of our church and our schools. It was on the bus line, so we could get anywhere in Knoxville that we wanted to go. Sam and I walked to town many times to see movies. By saving our bus fare (10 cents) we were able to buy a bag of popcorn and a box of Milk Duds. The White Store was right next to our house and about one block south, right across from the Broadway Baptist Church, there was a drug store, a Five and Dime and the T&T grocery, so everything we needed was close by. There was even a neighborhood theater, The Capitol Theater, at the corner of Broadway and Central. Mostly it showed older movies, and it was here that Sam and I saw *Frankenstein* and the *Wolf Man* and other black and white oldies. Sam and I were best friends after we moved to Knoxville as we did not have any friends here. It was so comforting to have a big brother, especially on our first day at Brownlow Elementary when I entered the 4th grade and he entered the 6th. We felt like foreigners in a foreign land and some of the kids even commented on our “accents.” Your Dad

was at Knoxville High and Sam went on to Christenberry Jr. High before I did, but we were there together for my 7th grade and his 9th grade. The girls in his class pestered me to death wanting to know about him, but he wasn't interested in any of them. I must admit that he was a good-looking guy. He moved on to Knoxville High for his Sophomore year. Knoxville High's final year was the class of 1950. When Fulton High opened in 1951, I was glad to have your Dad to walk to school with as I was pretty nervous. We walked all the way down Broadway and cut through "Muck Town" where the Broadway Shopping Center is located now. It was a black section of town and we were a little uneasy. From then on, we did not get off of Broadway until we reached Woodland Avenue where Fulton is located. I spent four years there and your Dad spent his Junior and Senior years there.

Late in my Senior year at Fulton High, Sam drove me (I guess in your Dad's car) over to Saint Mary's Hospital so that I could take the entrance exam for nursing school. I had taken biology, chemistry, algebra and two years of Latin, all which were required and I passed the exam with flying colors. It is a good thing that I took bookkeeping and typing as electives since I became a banker instead of a nurse.

Our house on Broadway had a very small front yard, so our front porch was not more than eight feet from the street, but there was plenty of room to play in the back yard. There was a large Mimosa tree in the back and an old shed where the coal company delivered coal for our fire places. Daddy taught your Dad and Sam and me how to "bank" a fire. All you had to do the next morning was add a new bucket of coal and the fire would start up again. To bank a fire, you put ashes from the grate over the remaining live coals. This kept the fire "alive" until morning.

When we lived on Broadway (1947-1955) we had no hot water. We were used to heating water in buckets on the stove and carrying it to the bathtub as we had done in Charleston. Small amounts of laundry could be done by hand or in the

“automatic” washer which had to be filled by pouring buckets of water into it. It was emptied by draining the soapy water into buckets and pouring it down the sink. Then clear water was added for rinsing. It did have a wringer so this did not have to be done by hand. Afterwards, the clothes were hung on the line outside, and a prayer was sent up for warm and sunny weather. For some reason Sam liked doing the laundry which I am sure was a big help to Mama. Large items, such as sheets and towels were carried to a laundry about four blocks from the house. I would help Mama sort the laundry and this was a real process. First a sheet was spread out on the floor and other items were added and the sheet was tied into a huge bundle. We made a list of everything in the bundle, pinned it to the outside, and kept a second list for checking off when the clean laundry was returned. Mama or Daddy would carry this huge bundle to the laundry and after a few days pick it up in neat packages.

I must tell you about the “curtain stretchers.” It was a brilliant contraption (a torture device) that someone invented to enable a person to dry curtains on a frame so that they didn’t have to be ironed. The wooden frames could be adjusted by bolts so that any size curtain could be dried. All along the four edges of the frame were tiny little nails. You would start at the top and gently stick the edges of the curtain onto the nails. Once the top was done you moved to each side and then the bottom was done. When the curtains were dried in the sun, they were clean, crisp and wrinkle-free. I loved to help Mama with this task, but I always pricked my fingers and left little blood-spots all along the curtain hems. You will have to remember that drip-dry materials had not been invented therefore everything had to be ironed.

Mama saved “everything.” I guess that this was a result of her childhood, the Depression, and the World War II years. Scraps of material, glass jars, tin Crisco cans, broom handles, mop handles and anything else that might be reused. After Mama and Daddy died in 1985, we cleaned out the coal shed in the back of their house on Grainger Avenue and found all of

the things that they had kept “just in case.” Among the scraps of material were memories of the dresses that she had made for me and the pajamas she had made for all three of us. Mama never did any canning since she did not have a mother to teach her about such things, so the many jars were never used. I still have things from her sewing box which includes wooden spools of thread that are at least 65 years old, satin blanket binding, needles and pins. I still have the faithful old Singer Sewing Machine from 1929 which, with a little rewiring, could still be used. There was a used furniture store about one-half block from the house where Mama bought much of our furniture. She bought me a little dressing table, painted it and made a gingham “skirt” for it. With a round mirror above it, it was mine for years. Sometimes the used furniture needed to be refinished or painted, and that was only another challenge for Mama.

The house was old and was probably a “fire trap.” Having seen burn victims at the hospital where she was working, Mama told me that as she walked home from work, she was so thankful to see the old house standing, knowing that we were safe.

Mama wanted me to have things and opportunities that she never had. When I asked if I could take dancing lessons in 1947, she agreed. The cost was \$9.00 per month for tap and ballet lessons, (tap on Tuesday and ballet on Thursday). As I lay in my bed that night, I began to figure out how much \$9.00 per month would be (and that did not include tap shoes, ballet slippers and a leotard). I wondered if I should not have mentioned dancing lessons to her. She seemed happy for me, so I said nothing and went ahead with lessons at “Lillian Schiller School of the Dance.” In those days I could safely ride the bus uptown after school and then home after my lessons. I danced at the “Bugs Bunny Club” at the Bijou Theater several times, where Sam would faithfully clap for his talentless little sister (or at least I THINK that he was clapping). After the show I would join him in the audience to see whatever movie was playing that day. Mama was always

there for my recitals and several times made my costumes.

I don't know anyone ever told you about our once owning an alligator, but we did. It was around 1951 and we were living on Broadway when Sam's friend, Doug Smith, sent him a real live baby alligator. As best as I can remember, it came by mail, and it was clearly marked "live alligator" on the package. Doug was in Florida and thought this would be a big joke on Sam. We put the poor thing in the bathtub for the time being until Mama said that we had to get it out of the house. We built it a cage and a little "pond" in the back yard where it grew and seemed to be very content. Evidently, we weren't feeding it everything it needed because it escaped and went to the nearest body of water that it could find, which happened to be our neighbor's gold fish pond. It began eating her fish and making itself at home. I don't know how she discovered it was there unless it was on the bank sunning itself, but she immediately connected it to us. We captured it and took it to the Knoxville Zoo, which at that time was not much of a zoo. Several years later they had a huge alligator on display and we wondered if it was ours.

In 1953 Mama discovered a lump in her breast but said nothing to anyone about it (not even her doctor). Her reason was, as she told us later, while thinking only of her sons and daughter: "I had to get John through college, who, in turn would help Sam through college." In February 1955 she had a radical mastectomy followed one week later by skin grafts. Then she had 25 X-ray treatments which made her very sick. (They call it radiation treatments today.) She was working at Christen-berry's Infirmary at that time and was out of work for only three weeks. I was a senior in high school and the last few months of my school days were a blur as I was so sure that Mama would die. Your Dad had graduated from the University of Tennessee by then and was in the Air Force Reserves in Mississippi. Mama did not want him to worry, therefore he wasn't aware of what was going on at home. Gradually she regained her strength and we began to feel better about her prognosis. She would have given her life for

her children, and she almost did. After her surgery, Mama received a bill from the hospital for two pints of blood which she received during surgery. It was for \$70.00 (\$35.00 per pint) and at that time she did not have the money. Sam and I went to Saint Mary's hospital where we were told that if we donated blood in Mama's name, she would not have to pay the \$70.00. Well, they would not take my blood because I was anemic and because I was a minor and they wouldn't take Sam's because he had high blood pressure. We were disappointed for Mama's sake and somehow, she was able to pay the bill. She did not know that we were trying to donate blood and I wish that we could have helped her.

In 1956, Mama and Daddy moved to the house on Grainger Avenue, and at last they had a warm house and hot running water. They loved this old house and after a time added new furniture, carpet, drapes and new kitchen cabinets. (Still no automatic washer, so clothes were toted to the nearby launderette). A walk to the bus line, no matter what the weather, was a part of life to them. They also walked to the grocery store and drug store in the Broadway Shopping Center and carried the groceries back. Sometimes some of us were around to take them grocery shopping in our car. For years I did my grocery shopping on Friday nights so that I could take them shopping at the same time. To pay \$22.00 for a week's worth of groceries was extravagant! Now you can hardly get milk, bread and cat food for that price.

Mama loved flowers and on Grainger Avenue had a wonderful place for her flower beds. She would walk up to the Market Square after work, get all of the bedding plants that she could carry home on the bus, and then plant them all around the yard. She always had a bed of pansies (her favorite) and peonies, scarlet sage and marigolds. She had a "green thumb" and neighbors would give her cuttings and bulbs, etc. She had a knack for African Violets. After her death, I brought her violets home and managed to keep them alive for several years. Her tulips bloomed in the yard on Grainger Avenue for many years after she died. After Mama's

stroke in 1978, they added wrought-iron hand rail to the two sets of steps leading from the porch to the street.

Life was simple then. Windows could be left up and the doors unlocked but whenever they left the house Mama and Daddy would lock the front door and carefully hang the key on a nail beside the door. (Talk about being trusting!) No one ever bothered them and there were no break-ins in their neighborhood. It was not until Home Health Care was being used in 1985 that we changed to locks on the front door.

Mama and I both loved movies, especially musicals and Doris Day/Rock Hudson movies. We went to the movies often and also to the Carousel Theater (U.T. Campus) to see several plays. In 1972, during a particularly hard time in my life, Elvis came to town. Mama bought tickets for us both (\$10.00 each), and on April 8, 1972, we went to see Elvis in a wonderful performance. Mama had to work that day, but since it was Saturday, I was off. When I heard on the radio that Elvis had arrived in Knoxville, I was so excited that I couldn't stand it so I got dressed and headed for Grainger Avenue. I remember driving across town about noontime on my way to Mama's (even though the concert wasn't until 8:00 pm) and thinking "ELVIS IS JUST A FEW MILES AWAY." I picked Mama up at work around 5:00 and we left for the concert around 6:30. She enjoyed it as much as I did (well, almost as much). They were selling Elvis posters for \$5.00 and Mama bought one for me. I treasured it for years until I mailed it to Mickey and Tairrie. Jack and I saw Elvis again in March, 1974 shortly before we were married. Jack was impressed also. I was at work in 1977 when Jack called to tell me that Elvis had died. When I came home, I called Mama and she and I consoled one another. In the late 1980s Jack and I got to see the great tenor, Luciano Pavarotti in a performance at Thompson Boling Arena. The tickets were \$60.00 each, but it was well worth it. As great as this concert was, I will have to confess that I got a bigger thrill out of seeing Elvis.

Your grandparents were so happy when their grandkids

began arriving in 1960. They loved every minute of their visits from California and also the weekends that Sam (and later, Mickey) would spend with them. Daddy and Mama were never too tired for grandchildren! Mama loved taking care of Sam when he spent Saturday nights at their house. Sometimes I came over while he was there and, as tired as she might have been, I could see that she was in seventh heaven taking care of a baby again. Then, when Sam was nine, and spending time with his Mom and Dad on the houseboat, Mama and Daddy got to keep Mickey on some Saturdays. I was at their house when Mick took his first step.

One terrible day on November 22, 1963, President Kennedy was assassinated. I was at my desk at work when we began hearing the shocking news. I ran up to the corner newsstand and bought a newspaper and the headlines said "President Kennedy was shot in Dallas, Texas." A short time later we heard that perhaps he was fatally wounded. Finally, I bought another newspaper that said he had died from the gunshot wound. Business went on as usual until we closed at 6:00 pm. After work I went by Mama's and Daddy's house. Sam & Peg and Sammy were there and everyone was glued to the TV. I remember asking Mama if this event was the worst thing that had ever happened during her lifetime and she said "yes". I was at their house on Sunday (2 days later) when Lee Harvey Oswald was shot. We had turned the TV off during lunch and when we turned it back on, it was all over, but we saw both assassinations as they were played over and over. The bank closed for two hours the following Monday during the time of the Presidential funeral. Someone had bought a TV and we all gathered around to watch the sad event.

In 1966 I took Mama and Daddy to Washington, DC. It was a first for the three of us and we toured all of the usual places including the White House and the Capitol Building. Our congressman, John Duncan, Sr., gave us a private tour of the Senate Chamber and the House of Representatives. I got to stand where the Speaker of the House would stand, and got to rap on the gavel that he would use to call for order. Then

Representative Duncan took us to lunch in the Capitol dining room where we had the famous White Bean Soup which was delicious. While in DC we also visited Arlington National Cemetery where we saw the graves of President Kennedy and his brother Bobby Kennedy. The White House tour was a little disappointing as they rushed us in one door and out the other. We did not get to see the East Room as President Johnson was meeting with some foreign leader on that day. A side trip to Mount Vernon was very interesting and it is a beautiful place.

Mama and Daddy lived in the Grainger Avenue house until their deaths in 1985. Thirty years in one place was like heaven to Mama and Daddy. Thirty Thanksgivings, thirty Christmases, countless birthdays and other family celebrations. They had a home at last and thankfully lived out their last days there. There was a wonderful front porch with a porch swing. The grandkids, when they were visiting, kept that old swing pretty busy. Daddy like to sit on the porch and read the newspaper and Mama and I would sit in the swing and watch it rain.

Several trips to California were the highlights of their later years. Flying on the huge jets, or in one case, riding the train from Chicago to Los Angeles, were adventures that they could not have imagined during their childhoods. They loved seeing the grandchildren and going to exciting places in the area. In 1973 I flew out with Mother and Daddy. I remember riding Claire's bike, along with Kathy, to feed her horse. It had been years since I had ridden a bicycle, but I was able to keep up with her. I was 36 and she was 10. Maybe she rode a little slower because of her "old" Aunt.

Mama and Daddy were members of Central Methodist Church and attended regularly when they could. Sometimes they rode the bus to church or made arrangements to be picked up by the church bus. Many times, after Aunt Elizabeth Montgomery's death, Uncle Charles would come home with them after church for one of Mother's home cooked meals. An

elderly lady, Mrs. Luttrell, lived next door to their house on Grainger Avenue. Whenever Mother fixed a big meal, or on holidays, she would take a plate over to this lonely little lady. That impressed me, but that was the way Mama was. They both belonged to the Golden Age Club at church and attended many luncheons and other functions and also went on several bus trips. Mother was a great Christian lady and she lived it daily. Her entire life was committed to caring for others and she was the example of the “good woman” as described in Proverbs 31. Galatians 5:22 describes the fruits of the spirit: love, joy, peace, patience, kindness, gentleness and self-control. These fruits are a perfect description of my Mama.

After suffering a stroke in May 1978, Mama had to undergo therapy at the newly opened Patricia Neal Rehabilitation Center. She also went to the University of Tennessee Speech and Hearing Center where she practiced speaking in an attempt to overcome damage done by the stroke. Sometimes she and Daddy would take a taxi, but if Jack was not working, he would take her. She was upbeat and she and Jack would stop for ice cream afterwards. A friend of mine from high school was her therapist. One day she called me at work and told me that Mama had gone just about as far as she could go, but that since she enjoyed it, the therapist would let her go through the whole session again. I really appreciated that because Mama was a fighter and did not want to give up. She could speak, but had aphasia, which caused the wrong words to come out. She knew what she was saying, but sometimes we did not. It is odd, but sometimes if she called me at work her speech was perfect. Her patience and determination were examples for all of us.

The years from 1978 until Mama and Daddy died are described in detail in Sam's book so I will not repeat them here. We were all so thankful that they were able to remain in their home until they both died in 1985.

In June, 1986 we sold the house. All of us helped in getting rid of 56 years' worth of belongings. We donated many items

of furniture, clothing and household items to the Salvation Army. Peggy and I spent one last day there, cleaning, vacuuming and making the old empty house look as presentable as possible. We worked through our tears, but had to laugh when the door knob fell off in our hands as we went out the front door. We managed to get it fixed and left for the last time. Whenever we are in that area we drive by the old house and it seems to have owners who care about it. A few changes have been made. The old coal shed has been torn down and central heat and air conditioning have been added. The person who lives there has done some landscaping, etc. The old front porch swing is gone and that is sad.

I know that I will think of a million other stories to tell you as soon as I print this so maybe I will write a sequel someday.

I love you very much.

PS: I just have to tell you this story about Daddy which I forgot to include. Around 1977 Jack and I took Mama and Daddy to Chattanooga to see Mama's sister, Gladys Barker. She was beginning to develop Alzheimer's and soon would be moving to Montgomery, Alabama to be near her daughter.

While we were there, we decided to go to the Chattanooga Choo Choo to eat lunch. We were outside of the restaurant when Daddy took Jack aside and began to tell him a "secret." They were laughing and giggling and Daddy was pointing out an old building across the street. Evidently when he was a young man, he and his brother John, would ride the train up from Etowah and visit some "ladies of the evening" in what used to be a hotel. Mama asked what they were laughing about, but they would not tell. Jack told me but I never told Mama.

Also, I forgot to tell you about getting to meet the Everly Brothers. On August 9, 1992 a group from Jack's class (West High School Class of 1954) were special guests at a concert at the Tennessee Theater. After the concert we were allowed to

go backstage where we met Don and Phil.



...and the adventure continues.