



Photo by DeWayne Tappe

JUNE'S NEW LIFE

THE SEQUEL

June & Victor van Lint

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PREFACE

June has been quadriplegic since 1966, but is mostly cheerful. She is able to move her head and has a small amount of control in her left arm and hand. Her breathing is autonomic, so she cannot consciously push out air to speak. Reading her lips with much guessing is her primary real-time communication. With one finger she typed a book describing her experiences during the first few years as a disabled mother. It was published in 1975 as **My New Life**. It included her stay in hospitals for almost one year, coming home, rearing children, and our first attempts at traveling. Now, more than forty-six years after her injury, June has worked with more than a hundred aides and housekeepers and has traveled extensively. Her four children (Larry, Kenny, Linda and Karen) have produced nine grandchildren. She continued to describe her experiences, at first using an electric typewriter and then a computer, principally in the form of letters to her sister, Muriel.

June was originally injured in an automobile accident with no serious nerve damage, but her dislocated neck needed to be stabilized by cervical fusion surgery. The problem first appeared in the recovery room when she did not awaken from the anesthetic. Following six weeks in a coma she finally became aware and gradually learned to deal with her disability. A year later she started typing the manuscript for her book, which was intended to remind the medical community and the families of severely disabled persons that:

Even a comatose person's mind may respond to events in his/her environment. A year later June described in vivid detail the nightmares she experienced while in a coma, many of which were gross distortions of events that actually happened in her hospital room.

Being unable to speak does not imply being unable to understand. Some people raise their voice when speaking to June, ask her companion a question like, "Would June want ", when she is right there, or carry on a private conversation as if she were absent.

With a little help and imagination a disabled person can live a stimulating life by taking control, seeking help to overcome disabilities, and being willing to take reasonable risks. A good sense of humor may be essential.

This sequel is compiled by me (Vic), June's husband, using June's experiences and much of her writing to illustrate how she managed to live a full life. Friends, aides, housekeepers, children and I participated, most of us contributing both positively and negatively. June doesn't feel the energy to write this sequel; she uses her computer time for other tasks. I've tried to assemble a coherent story using mostly her words.

This book is organized by subject with some attempt at chronological continuity within each chapter. We first provide a little background and then discuss her aides, who provide her personal care and exercise eight hours per day, five days per week. Then we move on to her part-time housekeepers, who take care of house cleaning, laundry and cooking five hours per day, five days a week. Either the aide or the housekeeper lives in our house to provide for June's care on weeknights when I travel for business. Highlights in the development of our children follow. Then we describe our travels; we took a major vacation trip about once a year. Sometimes June accompanied me on a business trip. In 1982 that developed into a 1½ year stay in Washington, DC, while I worked as a government civil servant. The rest of the material covers a variety of topics ranging from medical equipment to June's reflective writing.

I've adapted much of June's text to produce a coherent first-person narrative, adding my own words where needed for continuity. Direct quotes from June's writing are presented in italics.

BACKGROUND

June and I were married in 1950, the day after I received a B.S. in physics at CalTech. She worked as a bookkeeper while I attended graduate school, first at a new-car agency and then at the Huntington Library. After graduation I accepted a position as an Instructor at Princeton University, but it came to a premature end when I was drafted into the Army. Two years later, in January 1957, we came to San Diego where I accepted employment at General Atomic. Over the next few years we adopted two boys and two girls, and committed to the mortgage on a new house in La Jolla.

We enjoyed traveling vacations, so we bought a travel trailer to accommodate our family of six. In July 1966 we drove it to the San Francisco area, where I participated in a professional society conference at Stanford University. Then we drove north on US97, planning to see the sights in Washington state and possibly British Columbia. Our plans were cut short by an accident south of Bend, OR: the trailer fishtailed and caused our auto to roll over. The kids and I only suffered a few bruises, but June's neck was dislocated. We were grateful that she had no serious nerve damage, but the injury demanded cervical fusion surgery to stabilize her spine. After surgery June did not awake from the anesthetic but remained in a coma.

June was transported to San Diego four weeks after surgery and became aware about two weeks later. She communicated with eye blinks: one blink for "yes", two for "no". We spelled out words by reciting the alphabet, using her eye blinks to select each letter. Gradually, she sorted out reality from the nightmares she had experienced. She worried about the children; I assured her that they were being cared for by her sister. She worried whether I would still love her; I assured her I did. She wanted to come home; I



Figure 1. Our family in Dec. 1964



Figure 2. June in traction before surgery, July 1966



Figure 3. June after surgery, August 1966

asked her to be patient and let the therapists rehabilitate her first. After a while she came home on weekends. Then she spent six months at Rancho Los Amigos in Downey, CA, a famous rehabilitation center. She came home permanently eleven months after she was injured. During the next four years she typed her book, **My New Life**, on an IBM electric typewriter using one finger with a mobile arm support to compensate for gravity. It tells of her hospital experiences, reacquiring control of her household and children, and our first vacations with her as a quadriplegic.

Frequently, we're asked, "How did you decide?" The question implies that we had options. As I remember, it seemed obvious that June should be professionally rehabilitated as much as possible and then should resume her family life. We never considered any alternative. June and I argued about the degree of rehabilitation: she wanted to come home, NOW, but mentally accepted the importance of professional therapy.



Figure 7. One of many cartoons drawn by Joe Breeden during June's rehabilitation



Figure 4. June with nurse at Scripps Hospital



Figure 5. June with kids during weekend visit home from Rancho Los Amigos, April 1967



Figure 6. Our family soon after June came home, 1967

She had to be satisfied with coming home on weekends during the six months she spent weekdays at Rancho Los Amigos, accepting frequent Interstate 5 traffic jams on Friday and Sunday evenings.,

AIDES

During June's first year at home she was cared for by a very competent Registered Nurse, who we will call A1 as the first aide¹. At the end of that year our health insurance, which paid 80% of a RN's salary, was approaching its ceiling. A person with less training, such as a nurse's aide, would lessen the strain on the family budget. Furthermore, while A1's training and experience were invaluable to establish June's home care regimen, it was time for June to regain control over her own life and household.

We seek aide candidates by advertising under "Help Wanted, Medical" in the local newspaper. A typical ad is:

Aide to female quadriplegic
Non-smoker, fluent English,
reliable, strong, must drive
Mon-Fri 7:30 am to 3:30 pm
\$ /wk. (Phone #)

We follow up with a message on our answering machine to screen responses, such as:

"If you're calling about our ad, here's a little more information. My wife, June, is almost totally paralyzed - she has a little use of one hand and speaks very softly, slowly, but her mind is clear. She needs an aide to help her with breakfast, bath, exercises, dressing and operating a lift for transferring. The aide should be female, tall - 5'6" minimum - normal or better strength, reliable and fluent in English. If you're interested, please leave your name and phone number so we can schedule an interview."

Some of these requirements are not allowed in the ad, such as June's insistence that the aide be female or of minimum height. Since June is tall, 5'11", she learned that a short person doesn't have enough reach to exercise her limbs effectively. Since understanding June's communication requires reading her lips one word or letter at a time, fluency in English is essential.

I then call each respondent, check that she can be employed legally, and schedule a personal interview in a 30-minute time slot. In spite of the ad and message, some applicants barely speak English. Sometimes the caller is the applicant's relative, indicating that the applicant is unable to speak English well enough for a phone call. In one case I heard a person in the background prompting the caller.

Many of the applicants did not show up for their scheduled interview, particularly during good economic times. Rarely did we receive a call canceling the appointment. We suspect that this behavior has something to do with unemployment insurance. On average less than half of those who made appointments actually appeared.

¹ We've used a numerical sequence to protect the privacy of June's aides (A#) and housekeepers (H#)

During the interview I show the applicant around the house, especially the equipment used for lifting, bathing and physical therapy. We explain the pay, vacation and check that they really don't smoke, even away from work, since June is very sensitive to the smell of cigarette smoke on anyone's breath. June asks questions with her lips, which I interpret. We try to impress on the applicant that they must learn to understand June by reading her lips and follow her instructions. After each interview June rates the applicant.

After the interviews are completed, we review the best-rated applicants and June decides who should be tried first. I call the chosen person, explain that there will be a trial period, and we agree on a start date. In one case, after a number of attempts to reach the applicant, her landlady recommended I call someone else, saying, "She doesn't want a job; she's enjoying playing golf on unemployment." On the chosen date we usually provide someone to help train the new aide, the previous aide or me, but the first priority is for them to establish communication with June by reading her lips. June has also produced a printed manual for the aide to study.

In spite of careful explanations, our success rate is less than 50%. Too many aides think they already know what to do, so they don't want to wait for June's instructions. For some, doing almost nothing is preferable. One candidate disappeared into our family room to make personal phone calls. If June decides soon enough that it's not working, I ask the next-rated applicant if she's still available, and so on. Sometimes we run out of applicants and place another ad. Sometimes June reluctantly accepts a marginal candidate.

We tried home-care agencies with little success. One exception was a lady who provided June with good overnight care when I was out of town on business travel. Also, during our Washington, DC odyssey the second person provided by an agency did well and cared for June almost a year. The last time we tried to hire a temporary aide through an agency I spent a day training her before she decided she didn't really want this job. The agency offered another "better-qualified" person, but June and I decided to take a short vacation instead. Most agency personnel seem to believe that they, as trained medical persons, are in charge. This attitude conflicts with the first rule for the physically disabled person's quality-of-life: help them to be in control of their own lives.

During the past 45 years 70 aides have worked with June for at least a week. June's current aide, A70, has been here for almost ten years and is about the best. After June's first aide, A1, established the home-care procedures it took six months and four trials, including some agency attempts, to settle on A5. She worked out reasonably well for 28 months, although June expressed some frustration. June wrote, *Every once in a while A5 starts making decisions without consulting me. Half the time she doesn't even realize she's doing it, but sooner or later I reach my boiling point and I have to stop her. Her saving grace is that she is so contrite, and then I feel sorry for her. We had quite a day a couple of weeks ago. On the fourth incident around noon she did something that could not be undone and I reached my boiling point.*

After A5 left it took six months and six trials to find another satisfactory person, A11. She seemed intelligent but was unusually serious with no noticeable sense of humor. As June wrote, *Yes, the new girl is working out. She is not all she could be but is so much better than A5 that I wonder why I took it for three years. Of course A5 did have a couple of things that are*

lacking in A11 - one being a sense of humor. A5 nearly drove me crazy with her constant jabbering; A11 talks only when necessary. A5 had a lot more patience than A11, but then she needed it, because she was not nearly as intelligent. A5 would do anything I asked and not need to know the reason for it, so it is very different for me to explain now why we do things. I suspect A11 has a short temper; she has been on the brink of losing it a few times. But then I've been over the brink with the children a few times, too. Later June wrote, A11 seems to be loosening up a little bit, but she seems to be constantly on the defensive, so much so that I almost hate to correct her. I suppose all females have that trait somewhat. She is still almost too efficient.

We didn't learn until later that A11 had a serious mental problem: hearing voices. On a Sunday afternoon in May 1972, Mother's day, we were called by the University of California at San Diego (UCSD) campus police who told us that A11 had sustained a serious head injury and had been taken to the Scripps Hospital emergency room. I went there immediately after trying to contact her daughter, but A11 died shortly thereafter. She had jumped from the roof of a four-story building at the UCSD campus, probably in response to 'voices'. After she was gone her minister told us about her mental problem, but assured us that she had improved while working for June.

For a while our hard-working housekeeper, H6, filled in. June wrote, It left things a little confused around here, but we are managing. Last week was all right, but this week H6 asked for some time off because her daughter was coming to visit. Fortunately, Vic was not planning a trip this week, so he is coming home in the afternoons. We are not planning on hiring any more help until fall; summer is almost with us and we should manage then with help from the children. (You should hear them complain. They like the money, but.....). H6 is going to be the aide but live at her own place. For months I haven't needed help at night when Vic is out of town; if I do, I can buzz Larry's room. H6 has learned to operate the lift on the van and drives me around for shopping. We have a ball. It's nice not to be rushed.

A year later H6 had to leave to care for her ailing mother, but we found another winner. In our annual newsletter at the end of 1973 June wrote, we lucked out again in finding A14. *She has learned how to perform all the functions, including that especially important one of taking me places in our van. (We sure hope gas shortages don't cut into my mobility). Besides, we have a lot of fun together. We took great delight in confusing the children by switching boxes on the Christmas presents. Nobody could tell what he was getting from the shape of the box, except for Larry's ski poles: they were hard to camouflage.*

Another year later A14 had to leave. We interviewed and June offered A15 a trial. She showed up after we waited several weeks for her to recover from foot surgery, but then quit a day and a half later. The next aide was a young girl, A16. June wrote, *She will be 20 the beginning of December. She has been here three and a half weeks without absences; that's nearly unbelievable. She is doing remarkably well despite the fact that she was taught by a set of notes, which we corrected together. I'm beginning to limber up again. A14 and A15 were full of good reasons why I didn't get regular therapy. In a way it's nice to have a young girl. She is not as capable as an older person would be, but accepts direction much more readily and fits in with our children. This way it seems less like there are two women in charge of the house. Generally I've had bad luck with younger aides. I decided to try this one because she had worked in a*

nursing home and has a cheery, bouncy personality. So far she has restored my faith in young people.

But six months later June wrote, Life has been a bit confusing, boring and frustrating lately. I never know whether I have a nurse coming. Everyone else is often gone soon after I find out. A16 had a miscarriage about a month ago. I thought she was fully recovered. She was fine last week but didn't make it today. I'm frustrated because it really wrecks my plans. The kids can do some things, but they also put up a lot of resistance. Also, plans lately have included shopping for three graduations. This last minute stuff is like shopping on Christmas Eve. I hope she makes it tomorrow.

After one more false start, June found an excellent aide, A18. June wrote, The new aide is working out very well. She is much more efficient than A16 was, but is still young enough to fit in with the kids. Fortunately, she is married to a graduate student – a geology major with a minor in engineering. I think my last three aides were living with men: a great example to be having at home every day! But, then I hope the children saw some of the disadvantages also.

But, eventually A18 moved to Florida, so we were back to interviewing and hiring. We found A19, but her performance was marginal. June held on until a scheduled trip to northeast USA in June 1976. Then June wrote, I'm going to have to find and train another aide when we come back. Very carefully I wrote a two-week notice letter to my current aide. She became very efficient after reading her notice. For instance, it only took ten minutes instead of a half hour to fix my breakfast. I don't know why I put up with it this long. After a while I kept telling myself to stick it out until the Boston trip. One day last week when the kitchen was cluttered she was there for 50 minutes. Today, Monday, was really a full day, but everything was done in good time. When it is almost time to leave she is expert in stretching out one job until it is too late to start another. Unfortunately for her, she had the bad luck to come right after A18, the best aide I have had. A18 is back from Florida. She has a job as a veterinary assistant, but is going to live in our house while we are gone.

When we returned from our New England trip in June, 1976 June accepted her only male aide: A20 was our son Larry. June wrote, Larry is home for the summer and, believe it or not, he is now my aide. We hired another aide, but she lasted only one day. Larry needed a summer job and we may take another business-motivated trip on September 4th. He already knew how to operate all the equipment and he can understand me. I believe it took some of his friends to convince him that he wouldn't find anything else with such good hours, reasonable pay and location near home. He took a lot of razzing from Kenny, Linda and Karen. So far we are managing to put up with each other. Actually, he is quite good. His strength gives him a great advantage with exercise, dressing, bedpan, etc. The girls do have the advantage when it comes to shopping. Larry is learning to be a good shopper when he has a list but, like Vic, he detests just looking to see what is available; we don't even try that. Anyway I've put off the aide problem for a few months. During part of the summer of 1976 Linda did the housekeeping. For a while we were a family without others in the house.

In late August and early September 1976 June and I took a long trip to Europe, including the Soviet Union. When we returned Larry was back in school, so we found A21, who worked

with June for eight months. When she was no longer available we advertised, interviewed and tried out aides and housekeepers for months. It was May 1978 before we found a good one. In the fall of 1978 June wrote, *The aide, A28, that I got last May, is still around. She appears to fall in the 'really good ones' category. It's about time I had one last for a while. I was getting a bit weary of continually training new ones. I guess she is one of the few who can stand (understand) this job, me and this crazy family. She has humor and efficiency, qualities very important to self-survival here.*

But in March 1979 June wrote, *A28 left without notice; she didn't even tell me that she wasn't coming back. She told Linda on the way out, but Linda thought I already knew. The next day, when no one was home but me (Vic was out of town), the phone rang and a few minutes later I heard quiet movement in another part of the house. When Linda got home all A28's belongings were gone. She had been absent several hours the previous day, seeing a lawyer. Apparently the State of Washington has a warrant out for her arrest on speeding tickets. Also her former husband is suing her for child support and a collection agency is trying to collect a debt. She had told me about these problems, but said that she intended to take care of them, so I never expected her to run. We are filling in temporarily with a nursing service until the person we hired is available in a little more than a week. A28 has been gone nearly three weeks. The first week we made do with family and I spent one day at Vic's office.*

Then we hired A30. She worked for about a year, followed immediately by A31, another success. The household became more exciting in September of 1981 when our daughter, Linda, came to live here with her new baby, Richard. June said, *We have a three-way rivalry going on around here between Linda, the aide, and the housekeeper. I seem to be charged with the job of keeping things below the boiling point while trying to be both sympathetic and neutral. Linda and A31 say that they can't stand each other! Each will do whatever she can to discredit the other without it reflecting on herself. It would be a humorous situation, but I have to try to stay uninvolved in the cold war at 1032 Skylark. I feel like I'm in training for the diplomatic corps. Vic manages to avoid it all by tuning out or leaving town.*

In May 1982 we moved to Washington, DC, for the next year and a half, where I worked as a temporary government civil servant. Our experiences there with aides are told in the chapter on Washington, DC Odyssey. Upon our return to San Diego in September 1983 June had to make a choice: our daughter, Linda, now a single mother, was interested in serving as June's aide. June considered the pros and cons.

LINDA AS A TEMPORARY AIDE

PROS

Hiring Linda would solve both the cooking problem and the care problem when Vic is out of town.

She is extremely intelligent, understands me quickly and could easily learn all of the 'ins and outs' of the daily routine.

She already knows the van and shopping routine.

We would get to know Ricky.

She could be very helpful in reorganizing the household.

CONS

Possibly, the forever-busy telephone will not be the problem it has been in the past.

What Linda calls convenience may create problems for others.

Because of the swimming pool, we would need to know constantly where Ricky is.

Two-year olds do require a lot of attention.

SOME DEFINITE RULES

Young children must stay at the dinner table until their hands and faces are washed.

Young children must not walk around any part of the house with food or drink.

Young children must stay put when holding pencil, pen or crayons.

When a young child uses the computer, a functional adult must stay with him/her.

OBSERVATION

In the thirties people were overly strict with children. Along came the forties, people became very permissive. Some children became brats who lacked even enough discipline to learn to read. In the late fifties and sixties the pendulum swung back, perhaps too far toward discipline. Now it seems to be going toward permissiveness. May it reverse itself before it swings too far!

On balance, June decided in Linda's favor, and she served as a good aide until she started school in the summer of 1984 to study toward an LVN degree. We also enjoyed having our first grandchild with us. Then we had to interview and try out more aides. June had a succession of part-time aides while Linda was in school. The first had baby-sitter problems; the second one had communication problems. The third one was Linda's friend, whose father had been June's neurologist when she was in Scripps Hospital many years previously. She graduated from college in psychology but couldn't find a job, so she worked part time before going back to school to learn a trade where she could use her degree, perhaps psychiatric nursing. June felt spoiled when it was time for Linda and her friend to move on.

In the fall of 1984 June reported, Linda is in school full time now and I've had a succession of three aides who haven't worked out. One insisted on doing what was convenient for her, such as insisting that I wait for exercises to be finished before using the bedpan. The second one was very good, but had a physical problem: some heart condition that required surgery. The last one was here for a month and fully intended to stay. I don't know how I stood her for that long; she ate almost all her meals here, was one to two hours late several times, didn't show up at all one day, wouldn't leave in the evening, showed poor judgment (e.g. drinking a whole bottle of prune juice), repeatedly fell asleep in the Jacuzzi, was obvious with little white lies ("I was not asleep, I was just thinking!"), was constantly making extra-long personal phone calls while I sat waiting, learned very little, etc. She borrowed \$15 her first day. After three weeks we deducted it from her salary, whereupon she said, "I was going to pay you back this week." She asked to have one day a month off, tried to panhandle small amounts of money and was refused loans for

a car and an apartment. I must still be in the low part of my luck cycle. Another aide is going to try out on Monday. It's about time for some good fortune.

Finally June found A39, who did fairly well. June wrote, She's an R.N. in Tennessee but is unwilling to take another year of school that is required for a California license; I'm reaping the benefits. She has a terrific sense of humor and we're often both laughing. She seems careful but moderately speedy. She is 30 years old, has a 9-year old daughter, loves to drive and is, so far, always here on time. I hope this situation lasts for a good while! There are still a lot of things for her to learn; putting me up to the computer is one of them. She has to learn by reading my writing, plus trial and error. I now have a 14-page manual with descriptions of some of the procedures. It surely helps in the teaching. Thanks to the computer, I can revise it without retyping it all.

But June still had a tag end of bad luck. June wrote, A39 broke her wrist and hurt her back, so we are on a rather prolonged period of partial therapy. I can feel myself stiffen up. Oh well, it's better than what I've had; and it won't last forever. We had some agency help yesterday after I got pretty stiff and my hair got very oily. My, to have a full measure of therapy and have my hair washed made me feel like a different person. But then today the agency person pulled a no-show. The agency hadn't heard from her, nor could they locate her. They said, "She just moved and has no phone." Fortunately A39 was here. The agency is sending someone else tomorrow.

Two months later June wrote, Now I'm much better but A39 has a touch of the bug. It seems like an eternity since I've been in the Jacuzzi! Among our other annoyances there is this: although A39 has been here for three months we have yet to go on our first shopping expedition. She hurt her back and it took a while for it to get in shape. Before that it was a broken wrist; and now the flu. What next! I need to remind myself that I'm lucky not to be constantly trying to teach new people.

And then, How about that! A39 and I finally went on our first shopping trip. Everything went off with fewer problems than I expected. There is a trick to just about everything we do, from putting me in the van to loading our purchases. When we get home, there has to be a quick change to hang me over the bedpan. Each time we go shopping we will have fewer problems and become more efficient. Today I showed her how to mark the charge slips and receipts for accounting purposes. Vic will be happy to have that under control. Things have been terribly haphazard since Linda started school at the end of July. Who knows how many aides I have tried since then? Is that supposed to tell me something about myself?

But the struggle continued. We had about a week of normalcy and now things are topsy-turvy again. A39's doctor told her that there are three different strains of virus going around. We seem to be having our share of other health problems as well: A39 with her back problems and me with a low-grade urinary tract infection, which is common among quadriplegics. I guess last week was to remind us of how nice normalcy can be and to give us hope for the future.

But by March 1985 we were back to agency help to tide us over until our Caribbean cruise. June wrote, I have temporary agency help right now, a young girl. A39, my former aide

of a few months, revived an old back injury by trying to hold me up in the sling after she ruined a belt on the electric hoist. She did this about five months ago, but a few weeks ago she saw a new doctor who put her in the hospital for a couple of weeks. She's been home for several weeks but didn't return our calls inquiring about her status. The agency aide is tiny and her back is not strong, so I have temporarily altered my daily program. At least she has a terrific sense of humor!

In two weeks we are due to go on a cruise to the Western Caribbean; so, when we come back (about the 18th of April) I will, again, be looking for a new regular aide. At least now I have a long, about 19-page, step-by-step write-up of what the job involves; this makes teaching and learning much less frustrating. In the meantime, I spent an unusual amount of time in Vic's office. At least, that way I read my way through long books!

When we returned from our Caribbean cruise in April 1985 June interviewed and tried out four aides during the month of May before finding another winner, A44, a physical therapy student. She managed to add a new dimension to the job by caring for indoor and outdoor potted plants under June's direction.

But at the end of February 1987 A44 left after her husband passed the bar exam. This time we were very lucky: H44, who had just served as June's housekeeper for seven months, was interested in taking the aide's job as A45. As June wrote, *she's been my aide since the first of March and learned to do everything in six weeks. Of course, she did have the advantage of already understanding my speech, plus A44 showed her the big picture, including how to put me in the van. It's great to have someone who starts early. She works hard, but gets a full salary plus room and board. Less than one year ago she was working two jobs just to feed herself and to share rent on a place with no furniture. Now she has a bed and food furnished and can afford a car. There don't seem to be any men in her life. She is extremely shy and grew up around her mother's women roommates. Some man will no doubt discover her; things are too good to last!*

A month later June was still bubbling with satisfaction at her work. *A45, the wonder woman, is a great aide! She learned the whole routine in six weeks; of course, she was ahead of the game by already understanding me and knowing how to put me on the bedpan without the lift. At first we hired a girl to clean house and do laundry. She worked for a couple of months but was never on time, very often over an hour late. Once she didn't come at all. I was a bit frustrated, but it really got to A45. At that point she wanted to do everything, but I was reluctant. A45 took over the laundry when the cleaning girl left; she could slip that in. We tried a cleaning*



Figure 8. June and Kim Thomas (H44 & A45)

service, a friend of A45, but that was terribly unsatisfactory, expensive and not at all personalized. When I tried to find someone else, A45 dragged her feet and said, "I can do it while you are at the computer." Of course, now that she has everything in good shape and everything repaired, it doesn't take as long. Oh yes, she cooks, too! So, here we are! It's great while it lasts; if I ever lose her I'll really be 'in the soup'. She acts like this is her permanent home (calling this her CAREER), but anything can happen - and usually does!

I was planning to work at a facility in the Washington, DC, area, from July to September, 1987, so we decided that June and A45 would join me at a hotel in Bethesda, MD. Since the hotel was within walking distance of a Metro station they did a lot of exploring while I worked.

Then in the spring of 1988 it happened: A45 moved to San Francisco to become a travel agent, so June was back to square one. Her choice, A46, was not the best. We were expecting to vacation on a Norway cruise in July, so June tried to hang in there until our departure. June wrote, *I suppose you know what has kept me from writing this time: trying to teach A46, who is the champion of slow motion. I had to have her help with the church membership records; it was frustrating. Bookkeeping for the church takes enough time; fortunately, I can do that without too much help. Well, teaching A46 turned out to be a waste of time; after two months she still had much to learn: some of the exercises, how to strap me in for standing, and the shopping routine. Her improvement was microscopic and she was forever over-tired, sighing and moaning. Despite her marvelously easy-going humorous personality, I finally faced reality and decided I would have to let her go when we left for the cruise.*

A few days later, I knew that A45 was unhappy with her new job, so we told her about the opening. She decided, on the spot, to return; a few minutes later she called back; her father had talked her out of it. Now, a week later, she is back and is limbering me up and helping me to get ready for the trip. Her plans are to work here while she goes to a night school dealing with all aspects of being a travel agent. The school will last about three months. Then my problems will return. However, hunting for an aide is usually much better in the fall.

This is A46's last week. She is getting an extra week's pay for 'hanging in there' until we are ready to leave. A45 is here this week also and great things are happening, things that haven't happened for over two months: e.g., ear drops, clean neck-pillow covers, clean knee-pillow and heel-pillow cases, mending, all exercises done firmly, timer turned on while in the Jacuzzi, standing on the tilt-table, gadget bag cleaned and sorted out, some planting in pots, etc. I will also have a difficult time finding another aide with her sense of humor.

As it turned out A45 was available and continued to work with June until August 1989, when June and I were to take a trip to the east coast. We combined some business meetings with sightseeing and attending Linda's graduation as a Physician's Assistant in Loreto, PA. On our return we were back to advertising and interviewing for an aide. During the interim June reported, *When I do not have an aide, we have two contingency plans. If Vic is in town I can spend the day reading at his office. If not, as frequently happens, the afternoon housekeeper, who has spent the previous night in a nearby room, can put a sling under me. This enables Mynne, our elderly roomer - who does what she can in emergencies - to hook up the hoist and slip a bedpan under me.*

Life is still hectic. I'm finally getting back to this letter! Today I'm sitting in Vic's office using the portable computer because I'm still without an aide. Friday was A45's last day. She is in Hawaii this week and starts school next week. Vic and I interviewed during the last two weeks and A45 tried training two different people. Both of them found the job to be too much. Although we had about forty-five calls and about eight of them interviewed, none of them looked particularly good. People want a well-paying job but don't want to work for it. When we find someone they will have to learn from the manual I wrote. Over the years the manual has grown to 35 pages and it still misses a few subjects. So, as you can tell, life is far from dull!

In September 1989 June found a possible candidate. My current aide, A49, is a Philippino. She is 25 years old, married, has no children and is 5'5" tall with long, dark hair. At first I thought she was going to be somewhat of a disaster because her reading comprehension is not very good, her command of the English language is poor, and it was difficult for me to finish my instructions before she started doing what she had guessed I wanted. She has been here two weeks now and, although her skills have not increased, she is taking the time to find out what I have to say before she charges ahead. She is a fairly slow learner, but once she learns something she works quickly. So things are looking up!

*After four months A49 decided to go back to school. That was fortunate, because of her shortcomings. June had hired her as a last resort; it was either accept her or re-advertise. After more advertising and interviewing June hired A50, who June described as, *She is a bit young at 22, but bright, careful, strong, tall, and a fast learner. She has a boyfriend, but comes from a big family and wants to wait a while before marrying and having children. Her rate of learning is about average, so that loading me in the van, putting pants on me, shopping and changing me back into a skirt have yet to be introduced into our activities. Rather than speed in learning, she exhibits a rare thoroughness in wanting to know the reasons underlying even small details. As a result, the procedures of every-day nursing care and therapy are taking longer than usual, but are nearly mastered. She has become extremely useful. A50 is a responsible person and rarely takes a sick day. Yesterday, she tried to put in a normal day, but found she had to quit early. Her doctor found, as she suspected, a kidney infection, but also a small kidney stone that blocks a small tube. Surgery will be performed while Vic and I are on a month-long trip. The infection is very painful and necessitated more time off.**

June described the next aide, A52 works very fast, but is a little bit careless. She cheerfully does exactly as she is asked or suggests a quicker method, but rarely does anything extra. Nothing seems to ruffle her. It's terribly frustrating to have to ask for what I think seems obvious. Often I have to remind her to be smooth and slow on the exercises, but then gradually she speeds up and jerkily forces the muscles, until I again prompt "Slowly and smoothly". I can accept her because I have learned to endure the problems caused by her many supposedly timesaving shortcuts.

*By the fall 1992 A52 and her boyfriend went back to Michigan. June described her next aide, A53, *The new aide is doing fairly well: she is a nice person and very patient. She is of average intelligence and learning ability. I have had people who learned extremely slowly. Lately I have had bright, fast learners, so going at a more leisurely pace is a test of my teaching ability. By the end of the week we both have had it: my patience is hard to control; she still has lots of**

patience, but her learning ability and memory retention have gone rapidly downhill.

But a week later she wrote, This week it was Thursday before I had an aide, and Vic was out of town. Our housekeeper was just about done in. Needless to say, a lot of things have been postponed. A53's story sounds fantastic, but in every other way she seems sincere. She says that some time ago her purse was stolen and someone has been using her driver's license. Monday morning she was picked up, taken to court and thrown in jail. The details make this story plausible. It was Wednesday before we heard from her. I was in pretty bad shape by Thursday. I am still recovering. A53 has been here for over a month now and she is starting to catch on. She is quite efficient when she knows what she is doing.

Then, near the end of 1992 we learned the bad news: A53 had been stealing and borrowing our credit cards. We had suspected her but had no proof. June wrote, we've had some difficulties ourselves in the recent past. My aide, who was here for a total of six months, was borrowing my credit cards. At first it was just gasoline charges. Then on December 23 there were charges from Mervyn's totaling over \$300. We suspected it was A53, but had no proof. One evening, with Vic out of town, we received a call from a bank on El Cajon Blvd. saying that A53 had tried to cash our check in the amount of \$600. She bolted and left the check when they called our bank to verify that our account could cover it. We found that a whole pad of our check forms was missing. We called Vic. It was too late for him to get a flight that night so he flew home the next morning. That day A53 called and made an excuse that she had fallen, hurt her knee and had to see a doctor. I told her to stay home and rest. Vic learned from the bank that she had already cashed several checks.

The next day Vic answered the phone when she called. She said she had been doing a lot of bad things, wanted to return some things and talk to us. Vic had already contacted the police, so he told them at what time she was expected. They waited up the street. She came and brought back a stereo and VCR she had charged on our American Express card and a large envelope with some blank checks, a Shell credit card, a bank statement and part of the stamps I had ordered by mail. She was giving us a sob story when the police knocked. They arrested her for forgery and theft. When they searched her they found two more of our blank checks and my Sears charge card. When arraigned she was charged with four counts: forgery, grand theft, and I don't remember what else. She pleaded guilty. Part of her sentence is to pay us back. Later we received several calls asking for payments on bills we had not received. She had intercepted some of our mail so we wouldn't see our bank balance and credit card statements. It was a nuisance to close the checking account, open a new one and change the credit cards. Later her boyfriend tried to cash some of our computer checks! The next month we got other surprises in credit card statements. Fortunately, the banks and merchants have to stand most of the losses. A53 also took a few items from our house: clothes, household products, \$40 in cash and my recorder, which I got in 1939, and who knows what else! We received only partial re-imbursement for her thefts, but no one followed up for the court to find out if she had complied with her sentence.

Over the years some household items, pans, tableware, dress shears, pinking shears, button box, children's clothing, etc. slowly and mysteriously disappeared. On balance it is comforting that, of all the people who worked in our house during forty-four years, A53 was the only

one to steal big time.

So we started 1993 with a new aide, A54. She is a case study on June's response to a marginally satisfactory aide. At first June has high hope. Later she tries to compare what she has with what might result from another set of interviews. She vents her frustrations in letters to her sister. She prepares detailed instructions. Finally, she has to give up and resume interviewing.

At first June described A54 as, *Very nice, but a very different type person. She is very blonde, suntanned, tall, strong and thin, with the body and emotions of a young person. Only the leathery skin on her face gives away her age of forty-five years. She likes to run and work out, is a health-food nut and part-time nudist. She eats a lot of raw food, mostly avocados (three or four a day), lettuce and some stuff of which I have never heard (juiced wheat grass?). She does not like banks or microwaves, will not put anything containing chemicals in or on her body, believes in herbal remedies, chiropractors, acupuncture and holistic medicine. She married just to get away from her family and stayed married for fifteen years; for the last nine years she has lived on and off with another man. During this time she had three different affairs and lived for a year in Florida and a year in Las Vegas. Nine years ago the guy she lived with wanted to marry her, but she wasn't ready; now she is ready, but he says he has changed from loving her to just feeling like she is his best friend. They still live together. The story gets even stranger. It's just like a soap opera, but she is a good aide; and that is what counts.*

A54 learns very slowly but faster than some that I have endured. She is efficient, openly honest and extremely reliable. Yet, somehow, our chemistry often conflicts, partly because she makes many of my small decisions, e.g., like taking me off the bedpan without asking me if I'm finished, deciding which clothes are laundry, etc. On being corrected she just pretends not to hear, or acknowledges, immediately drops that subject and goes on to another task. Sometimes I teach her one method; she does it that way for a while, then, without checking with me she starts using her own variation. After the first correction she tries to improve, or tells me it can't be done that way. In any case she soon slips back into her own variation. On being corrected again she says, "But I've been doing it that way all along." No matter how often I remind her to stop working while she is trying to understand me, the next time she does exactly the same thing. She even tries to understand me without reading my lips, by only hearing the weak sound.

These problems surfaced only after about 2 to 2 ½ months of training. I thought her slow learning was due to her age. We go over the same thing many times and the next day start over again. Now I realize a lot of it is deliberate. Another incompatibility is our internal temperature difference. I usually feel cold; she is constantly hot. In the winter I want the thermostat at 68° with the doors and windows closed; she wants no heat and an open window. Without asking, first thing in the morning she breezes in and opens doors, windows and the lid over the Jacuzzi tub. I was already cool; now with the cross-drafts I am downright cold. In the Jacuzzi the warm water, which keeps me comfortable, is hot to her. She races through the exercises - which should be done slowly and thoroughly - and gets me out. Several minutes go by before I get her attention to request that the windows be closed. By this time, in spite of the warm water, I'm no longer relaxed. Next comes a hot shower, which loosens my muscles somewhat. The move to the bedroom with the draft from open doors and windows quickly stiffens everything.

June was somewhat resigned in July, Nothing has really changed, except me. I've become more accepting of the fact that she is not pliable. Accepting her way is a lot less trouble than finding and training another aide, who could turn up with another set of problems. There are some things I still refuse to accept, e.g., not turning on the speakerphone or letting the warm water from the shower hose run on the floor instead of on me. I still try to correct some of the water exercises. I tell her I want to talk (hoping she will stop and listen). She stops working, but dashes to the mirror and says, "Go ahead, I'm listening." Then there is dead silence until she comes over and stops, looks and listens. Then she races through the water exercises, never asking if she is doing them correctly, meanwhile making new errors. She is the type of person who could be a friend, but working with her can be terribly trying unless you're willing to let her make all the decisions.

In the late summer June tried preparing detailed instructions on her computer. This is written conversation because I could never say all of this. It would be nice if either I could talk better or you could see more clearly. Since you see better than I talk this seems to be one solution. Feel free to question. Hopefully the explanation will be short and understandable.

It's really nice to have an on-time, capable, reliable, honest aide. You are doing a good job in a number of areas: breakfast and preparatory steps, teeth, standing, bed exercise, dressing, getting me up. Learning the shopping routines is proceeding nicely.

On all the exercises, especially the Jacuzzi exercise, it is more important to do fewer of them at a fairly slow, even pace than it is to do ten fast, but incorrectly. Then June provided details on performing the exercises for her feet, legs, knees, arms, hands, fingers and torso.

June tried again in October. It is really great to have a totally reliable aide, one who is mainly on time. Also it is nice for me to be up to the computer on time. That is a luxury I can once again enjoy.

Then June explained something about the housekeeper. H52 is a good night nurse and good with managing (arranging) house plants, so I have to be content with her relatively poor housekeeping. It's great that you do some of the things for which H52 does not find the time.

Below is a list of things that you need to understand more fully. It has taken me so long to write this that some of them may already be implemented. This note may, hopefully, make them more understandable. Other things I hope we can further improve.

When you do not answer me I do not find out until too late whether,

1. You understood me
2. You misunderstood me
3. You did not hear me
4. I'm being ignored

For both of us it is really necessary for you to stop working while I'm talking. Often you misunderstand me and I have a one-track mind. Also it is very irritating to me when a pronouncement is made and then the speaker walks away.

The purpose of muting the TV during a phone call is to help me hear and to avoid confusing the caller. I can hear you just fine.

Please answer the doorbell. H52 is often out of hearing range and Mynne is not expected to, although she will if she is nearby. Her hearing range is really limited.

The plants in the outside pots need to be wet before they get plant food. Spraying the leaves a few seconds is fine. The pots need to be watered slowly with very little water pressure. It's best to do this while I'm standing on the tilt board. Otherwise I get frustrated sitting in bed doing nothing while you're outside. Mynne is probably doing most of the watering on weekends: it gives her something to do and feel useful.

While I'm on the bedpan you can change clothes, stretch and do whatever you need. When you come back, find out how much paper is needed. No talking for me then: I need to stay relaxed!

My range of motion has been gradually decreasing, particularly on the Jacuzzi exercises. A slow, gradual pressure followed by a few-second hold would reap great benefits for both of us, because I would become more flexible and easier to move. Seven slow repetitions with steady pressure of each exercise is much better than ten fast, jerky ones. After a Jacuzzi and hot shower I should be completely limp. It's important to my muscles that I end the shower with a long warm-up period; many aides have achieved complete relaxation. I immediately stiffen up when I feel a chilly room. It's fine to have the bathroom and bedroom doors open in very hot weather, but now they make the rooms too cold.

On any repetitive action, whether a game or a factory job, people need to be reminded frequently to do it properly. All of my aides have need coaching on this. It's not a reflection on the individual aide.

I suspect there are many things that I have failed to cover. We need to improve our communication skills; that's motivation for both of us to practice. That way I can tell you as things come up and use my computer time for other things.

By October she wrote her sister, I keep trying to get along with A54. Lately she doesn't even say, "Good morning", but starts right to work. I've invested so much time and training in her that I keep hoping she will improve. I've seen signs of improvement, but it lasts for only a few days. A few months ago, during one of her friendly spells, she said that sometimes she even feels envious of me because I have a husband who really cares. She gets angry with life when she has a bad time in her personal life; this makes her stronger than normal, defensive, quiet and thoughtless, so she works even faster and jerkier than usual. She was that way today; she was even curt with our housekeeper, with whom she is normally the best of friends. I need to stay relaxed for therapy; that requires an aide who does smooth, even work and has a friendly, cheerful personality.

And in November, *Yesterday and today A54 was particularly hostile. Yesterday, grocery shopping was terribly difficult. Today was a bit of a bad dream with many of her bad habits appearing even more forcefully. Recently we had a forum at church about managing stress; today I certainly needed those tips. I believe I've finally figured out one cause. A54 is angry because, when she is missing for a whole day, I pay our housekeeper something extra for spending extra time to fill in for her. In the past A54 has done a great deal of the housekeeper's work, but still leaves on time, if not early, so I only pay her the regular salary. The housekeeper may not get her own work done, but still helps with the aide's. Today we had to dig my panties out of the laundry because A54 refused to do any more of the housekeeper's work. I heard about this on Monday, but thought no more about it when I explained that I paid the housekeeper extra when she devoted extra time. I still refuse to be intimidated.*

A week later June wrote, *Because my efforts failed, Vic wrote a note about my therapy to A54 over the weekend. Monday she was very angry and the exercises were too strong and held too long; it really hurt, but I got loosened up in a hurry. Tuesday morning she was still a bit harsh; by the afternoon she had simmered down. Today therapy was much improved.*

After a few days, *Therapy was better for a short while; now it's still strong and much too fast and jerky, not at all relaxing. This makes me stiff and hard to move. I have resigned myself to stop trying to improve this aide. About a week ago I started just tolerating; the more I tolerate, the more I'm forced to accept. When I do make a suggestion I'm told, in a serious voice, "Oh, You're never happy".*

Then, *Yesterday she had a personal problem, was upset and ready to leave for good. By the time she got me back in bed, without a Jacuzzi session, she had decided to stay through December. The next morning she asked if she could stay. This is the second time this has happened. I said, "We could try it, but you really don't have the right personality." Although she was more helpful than in many weeks, by 10:45 a.m. she was already opinionated about my welfare, bossy, overly speedy and not stopping to listen. This could be because she had not fully calmed down.*

A week later, *Today I am ready to have her leave. Almost all of her old bad habits have crept back: improperly administered therapy, weak therapy, does not listen, works too fast, does not follow directions, is bossy, etc. Now she is making appointments for working hours and not telling me. Or maybe she made the appointment today to avoid working with me on Christmas cards.*

And two weeks later, *A54 is really out of control. Monday she fed me a huge bite of fruit. I asked for a small bite; she made the next bite a little smaller. When I asked that the bite be still smaller, she took the food away. That was the start of a really bad day, ignoring me and doing many things her own way, in spite of my objections. When the day was over, I had a tension headache.*

Tuesday was a shopping day. The Jacuzzi water had not fully warmed-up; that gave her the excuse to skip many of the water exercises. When we got to the torso exercise she ignored my objections and skipped those too. At the grocery store, instead of helping me find items, she

said, "Pick out what you want" and found other items on the list; many of them went in the basket. When I asked to see them I heard, "I'm capable of picking out groceries; you don't trust me". Many of these items were incorrect. All during the trip she made derogatory comments, not in a kidding way. For example, "You feed the homeless better than you feed Vic", or "I wouldn't do that to my body." By the end of the day, my tension headache had returned, bigger than before.

Today she had to leave early. So I just accepted whatever happened, including a new encroachment, peeling and mashing a banana in the kitchen, until the last minute when she answered the phone, supposedly checked the message, said, "I just said that", and gave the wrong answer. At this point, for a few seconds, I lost my cool.

At the end of January 1994, Today A54 was very agitated over personal problems and announced that this would be her last day; she was leaving the state. After she calmed down a little, she asked if I thought she should cool it and reconsider. Vic and I are going on a short trip; I do need someone on our return; she had previously promised to come a week from today. I told her it was obvious that she has the wrong personality for this job, but I needed her long enough to find someone else, which usually takes about three weeks. After some talk - we could talk endlessly about her personal problems - she agreed to stay through February 25. On her last day she admitted to the new aide that she had once been angry and pulled my inner upper leg muscle; also that often she would go home and feel remorseful for being so mean.

In April 1994 June wrote, I have now calmed down enough to finish these notes. Before A54 left she asked for a letter of recommendation. I considered that to be terribly amusing but couldn't refuse. So I was factual about the daily therapy and nursing care. I also made as much as possible of her few good qualities; she was accepted into a Veteran's Administration class for handling patients with spinal injuries.

After one more false start, June finally found a good aide in May, 1994. A56 was twenty, had been married for three years, came from Montana and would be here for fifteen months. Her husband was a photographer; currently in the Navy and often out to sea for months at a time.

But A56 had to leave in February 1995. This time June hit the jackpot with A57. After five weeks June wrote, *A57 learns at an average rate. Some of the care process is becoming automatic, but there is still a good bit to be introduced. It could easily be several more weeks before she has mastered all of the exercises. So it will be a while before she is ready to tackle the many facets of the shopping process. Over the years I have learned the many steps and tricks that are necessary to accomplish a lot in a short time. Some aides leave before they learn the shopping routine. Fortunately, Mynne or the then current housekeeper fills in for shopping. I do hope A57 will stay for a while. She has a terrific*



Figure 9. June and Jana Lee (A57)

sense of humor and laughing is good therapy for my lungs. Everybody has a drawback; A57's is that she is really a couple of inches shorter than what I need for good therapy. There are ways to compensate, but it's never as good as having a taller person. I've had so many bad ones so, if that is her only disadvantage, I should complain??! She is a local product, twenty-nine years old. She grew up in Pacific Beach and now lives nearby. As it turned out, A57 remained June's aide for more than five years and became a close friend. Then in late 2000 she left to go live with her mother in Hawaii. The search resumed.

The situation was then up and down for two years with a lot of trials and a few short-term successes. The wife of a Navy dentist helped June for six months, but then her husband was transferred to Washington, DC. Our housekeeper for 3 years, H65, took the job during the summer of 2002, but moved to Temecula in October. Finally, June's new aide, A70 turned out to be about the best and certainly the longest serving. She is 5'10, was 33 years old when she started, a single parent of a three-year old girl (in 2002). She went through a difficult divorce, including a battle for custody of her daughter. June had reservations at first because A70 had previously been in a supervisory position, but she learned to adapt quickly. In fact, A70 is still with us nine years later. She and her daughter live in the upstairs part of our split-level house and have become part of our family.

June summarized her experiences with new aides as, *Aides who have worked with me all follow a similar behavior pattern. For the first few weeks they try hard to learn and accept direction. Then comes a period when some routines are added each day. At this point they feel frustrated by having to accept direction, try the routine their way, become angry and walk out. If they come back, they are willing to learn from me and everything is fine until the next blow-up. After two or three months they become efficient and don't have to concentrate on the work. This is a pleasant period. They chat while they work. We both learn about each others' families and discover each others' personalities. This also lasts two or three months. Suddenly, they have no more to say. While they are quiet, I try to introduce refinements or try something new. They resent my direction again. They feel that I am changing my mind just as they have their work organized to finish early.*

At times I think June is being unnecessarily particular about her care, and I wonder if she should not cut her aides a little more slack. Then I conclude that her pursuit of high-quality care is part of the spirit that energizes her in spite of her handicaps. As a result June's needs are more



Figure 10. Kim Edwards (A70) exercising a laughing June in 2008

nearly satisfied and the aides have learned to be better caregivers.

HOUSEKEEPERS

We ask housekeepers to work five hours per day, 1:00 p.m. to 6:00 p.m., Monday through Friday, to clean the house, wash and dry the laundry, prepare our evening meal and assist June between 3:30 and 6:00 p.m., after the aide's shift. We advertise and interview in a manner similar to the aide. The fraction of interview no-shows is also more than 50%. English fluency is still desirable so that June can communicate directly. Height is not important, since physical therapy is not involved.

Provisions for June's overnight care when I travel for work have varied. Mostly we provide a room for either the aide or housekeeper in return for her being available for overnight care. Sometimes, as during our Washington adventure, the aide stayed overnight with June only when I was traveling. Now that the children live elsewhere, we have extra room in our house, so it's best for us if someone lives in, because that provides them compensation at no cost to us.

The 75 housekeepers who worked here for at least a week represent a wide spectrum in capability and temperament. At times June was lucky; other times she was frustrated by a lack of response to her wishes. Some housekeepers have almost become family members; two actually were. A few were incapable of learning what June wanted of them. Others were outstanding cleaners and cooks. One appeared to be trying to set us up for a lawsuit. Most had pleasant personalities, probably as a result of June's screening during the interview. One is a Christian minister; another claimed to be a born-again Christian, but lied and stole. Many applicants were of Mexican background, some of whom were reasonably fluent in English. We always required social security numbers; some applicants requested payment 'under the table' instead. One applicant wanted us to report her income on her sister's social security number. We refused.

June's sister, Dot, took leave of absence from her employment at Pasadena City College to keep our house and supervise our children during most of June's hospitalization. We started interviewing and selecting when Dot had to return to her work. In mid 1967, just as June came home from the Rancho Los Amigos Hospital, we had to find a housekeeper. The first one turned out to be a total flop, as was the second one we tried. Finally, about the middle of July, we were blessed with a very sincere, good, motherly person we'll call H5. She lived in during the 5-day workweek to care for June at night when I traveled.

June quickly learned that a household with three strong-minded women (June, aide, and housekeeper) could be difficult. As she wrote to her sister, *H5 made me feel that we were working her too hard. Good thing she had a good sense of humor or I might have gone nuts! She resented being shown anything twice about nursing, did things her own way and believed that I thought her way was best. I tried to change things but gave up altogether when she thought all my ideas came from A1, just because A1 could read my typing and act as interpreter for my lips. I felt like I was caught in an inescapable trap, because we needed the help; she did the job that many others could not do. She was accustomed to being head of a household, and would buy things first and then ask if they were all right. Unless I objected violently I answered, OK, because she was terribly sensitive,*

It was frightening to see how quickly young children could get out of hand when they were supervised by someone who doesn't understand them. Things improved considerably when June's new aide became the conduit for June's directions to the children. June described the problem to her sister and added some advice, *A5, the practical nurse, will take suggestions and try them out, so she is now disciplining the children for me. H5 would tell them something once, but not follow through. The boys, especially, got used to taking advantage of the situation; Linda, too, could easily get around her. Then H5 would get good and mad and scream at them like a banshee. There, I feel better now that I can type it and not be afraid of her finding out. My advice to you is, 'Don't ever get into a situation where you have to have a housekeeper.' You can have the best one in the world and still have problems and frustrations. I give you, as a present, first-hand advice. Isn't that sweet of me?*

By the summer of 1968 we found a real winner, H6, who grew up living and working on her grandmother's farm in eastern Canada. June wrote, *Our new housekeeper, H6 is cleaning thoroughly and mending like a cyclone. She is not sensitive, has two good eyes and can read and understand my typing. What a relief! When H5 was our housekeeper I used to feel sad when four o'clock came and A1 left.*

H6 worked for June on and off over many years and became a very good friend. Unfortunately, she had to leave at the beginning of 1969. Six different housekeepers worked between January and August. *About two months before school was out we started having housekeeper problems. We were so used to having A5 and all the children cook and do laundry that we decided to continue that way. We now have help on Monday and Friday for ironing, mending and cleaning. It was quite difficult at first but has become easier with time and experience. A5 had helped her mother cook but had never cooked herself. It was quite an effort to tell her what I wanted and just as frustrating for her to try to understand what I meant. We usually do various jobs after 3:00 p.m., while I'm in the wheelchair. Therefore, we don't have as much time for nursing care and physical therapy, but we still manage to do a much better job than was done at Rancho. The extra money went to our head, so we decided to build a pool in our yard. Of course we will end up spending much more each month than we have saved.*

We had help two days a week all summer.

Now that school has started we find we really need more. H6 came back to us a few weeks ago. We now get along very nicely having her help three days a week. A5 still cooks dinner and takes me shopping. H6 does washing, ironing, mending, baking and cleaning. Children still do dish-



Figure 11. Vic, June & Lillian Griffin (H6) in 1995

es, water the garden, etc. Larry and Kenny work together on a daily paper route.

H6 continued to take care of the housekeeping for three years, until the fall of 1972. Part of that time she also filled in as aide. Then we had six different trials until we found H18 in March 1973, who held the job until June of 1976, when our daughter, Linda, took over for the summer. June wrote, *Linda is the housekeeper for the summer. It seems nice to have only family around for the first time in ten years. I'll really be spoiled in the fall. Maybe I'll have better luck then and find a good aide also. None of the applicants this time were promising. The fall is usually better. We did find A18 at the beginning of a summer. But, like H6 she is one in a million.*

Starting in the fall of 1976 we went through twelve housekeepers until we found H33 in November 1977. She stayed until early 1979, after which there was another failure. Just when prospects looked bleakest we heard that H6 was available again. She was ready to move from Niagara Falls back to San Diego. I volunteered to help her drive across country and did so after my next business trip to the east coast. In June's words, *Linda has been filling in, but I have some terrific news: H6 is coming back to live here and be cook, housekeeper, and put me to bed when Vic is out of town. Her husband died in January, so she planned to come back next fall, anyway. I convinced her that we need each other now. So she will be here about the 6th of April. She can take a couple of other day jobs and make out just fine. Boy, am I glad we kept in touch. I thought my place was doomed to be sloppy. Her daughters and grandchildren live in San Diego so I have a good chance of holding on to her.*

By the summer of 1979 the situation was settled. H6 had a full-time housekeeping job in a hotel as well as her part-time work here. June said, *It seems that H6 is here to stay. I hope so. She now has her own phone, her own bed and an easy chair to sit in while watching her own small color T.V. She says the every-day work at the hotel is not too much for her because she is a housekeeping supervisor, just walking around and checking on the maids. On Sundays they are always very busy and she has to help strip beds for checkouts. On Mondays she mostly does our laundry. On Fridays she cleans, but it is nothing like the job it was when the children were small. She even finds time to spend with her daughter and with a boyfriend she met at a middle-age dance club, a marine who is retired on disability. He is 50 years old, doesn't smoke or drink and rides a motorcycle. She says she doesn't want any serious involvement, but is having a good time.*

In the fall June wrote, *H6 is still doing fine. She is as busy as a bee and as happy as a lark. Mynne (our roomer) and H6 seem to get along great together, especially, since I told H6 to let Mynne help in the kitchen. Mynne has a good deal with her rent and probably wants to show appreciation.*

This fine arrangement lasted until May 1982 when two things changed: June and I went to Washington, DC, for a year or more and H6 was married. June served as a bridesmaid in the wedding. We had to make new arrangements when we arrived at our rental apartment in Crystal City, VA. They are described in the chapter on Washington, DC, *Odyssey*.

When we returned home in the fall of 1983, H6 continued to help, but she and her hus-

band moved away from San Diego in April 1984. After another false start, Linda took over. By the spring of 1985 June wrote, *We are getting along reasonably well for housekeeping, cooking and laundry. Fortunately, despite Linda being a chip off the Victor block (what looks unorganized is called efficiency), she has a few of my picky habits; they are mostly to do with neatness in dress, but, fortunately, cooking cleanliness is also one of them. Thank heaven for frozen foods and for the G.E. space-saver microwave oven Vic installed when we came back from Virginia. Once in a while we even have a home-cooked meal. It's better than having poor outside private help at agency prices. When Linda leaves we might have to consider that option, although Karen has ideas about Philippino live-in help. It sounds good; I am not sure how we work it out. Anyway, Linda may be here for a while.*

This arrangement continued until the summer of 1986, when Linda moved to Pennsylvania to attend college for a Physician's Assistant degree. June reported our progress as of the end of August, 1986, as, *Boy, did we get lucky! Some of that Linda luck must have spilled over! We placed an ad to run Friday through Sunday. Few people called. Of those who did, even fewer spoke English. Although we made a few appointments for Friday and Saturday nights, no one showed up! We were very discouraged! On Sunday night only three people appeared; one had a severe accent and another one could only understand a little English. The third, H44, could not be better had we picked her from dozens of applicants. I don't know how we got so fortunate! We now have, for a live-in housekeeper, a young, black, nice, well-brought-up female version of H6, without the nervousness. She has worked in an office, a deli, a nursing home and has tried running her own cleaning business. She got into a bit of trouble because she misunderstood her responsibilities and didn't pay her taxes quarterly for her business; now she is happy to have taxes taken from her salary. She loves being a homemaker and was available immediately! Vic only had a few days off fending for himself; sorry about that, Vic!*

H44 was brought up in L.A., Oceanside, and Pacific Beach, went to Mission Bay High School, is twenty-four years old, and is the daughter of a computer programmer and a cleaning lady. She is not quite as picky as H6, but she is very calm! She loves cats and is terrific at following directions. I usually type a menu and she takes it from there. She is learning to understand me. A44 showed her how to operate the hoist. She is even starting a vegetable garden which she will care for. We seem to be riding high on the luck cycle!

June's luck ran out in the spring of 1988. As she wrote, *My luck has been good for a long time, but now it seems to be on the downward part of the cycle. H44 has gone off to work in a branch of her father's business. We have a housekeeper, H46, who is a good cook, but seems to be an unreliable slob. The house could be a lot cleaner, trash is not put out and the kitchen cupboards are a disaster. She's been here since April 30th and has already come up with one hang-*



Figure 12. Kim Thomas (H44 and A45)

over, one tipsy evening while Vic was away, and two wild stories of why she missed work. One of them was about her boyfriend's car breaking down on the way back from Long Beach after a Catalina weekend. She didn't bother to call until noon on Monday and finally showed up at 2:30. The other story occurred on a Friday. Some man, who would not leave his number, called to say she had been in an accident and was at Scripps Hospital; she was O.K. but would not make it that day. I called Scripps and no one had heard of her. She claims the story is real; she just gave a fictitious name to the hospital so that they couldn't find her. I guess that's true, or she picked up hospital greens somewhere to corroborate a story about her clothes being cut off.

About this time we had an unusual experience. I normally answer the phone with my name. A number of times a male caller's immediate response was an awkward pause, followed by a request to speak with H46. After a while Mynne, our English roomer, learned the reason: H46 was conducting an out-call business using our phone. June, whom we now addressed as 'madam', fired her immediately.

After a prolonged search June wrote, We have a new housekeeper this week, too. She is number four in about three months. H48 is a young, pleasant, energetic Mexican girl with a temporary work permit; she has applied for the amnesty program. She speaks a little English, but it will be a good while before we establish any form of communication. Fortunately, my current aide, A45, speaks Spanish passably. Housekeeper number three was a young Mexican girl who really worked hard, but, we found out that her chances of getting a work permit were nearly nil, although she thought she could. One gal accepted the job and then didn't show up where we had agreed to pick her up. Vic was scheduled to leave on a business trip that night; he left on the following morning instead. Then Mynne filled in after A46 left at 3:30. About four that afternoon A45 showed up; she was free for the week and needed a pay check, so she did night duty plus one day's aide work when A46 was sick. We then went for a couple of weeks without a housekeeper before we found H48.

At the beginning of 1989 we were again looking for a housekeeper. We found H49, who stayed until May 1990. A50, June's aide, was ailing at home, so Mynne was helping June in the morning after H49 provided the bedpan at the end of her night shift. As June reported, *This week was beyond any planning. On the first day Mynne had an early morning appointment, so she asked the housekeeper, H49, to feed me and get me up out of bed. Everything went just fine except for overcooked eggs and the sling being placed too high. She was just putting me up to the computer when Mynne arrived home. It was fortunate that Mynne was not needed, because she was unnerved from driving on the freeway in a downpour.*

On the second morning, about 7:00 a.m., H49 offered me the bedpan. I thought, how unusual, because she had already been up twice during the night to help me. I was a bit dehydrated from being short of liquids the previous day, but produced a small amount. I napped briefly and on waking later I rang for her, with no answer. After some time, Mynne appeared. H49 had left for the morning! Mynne and I discussed what to do. We decided to have a neighbor come and help put a sling under me, so Mynne went to get dressed.

Meanwhile, my ailing aide tried to phone us, but was frustrated by only being able to talk to an answering machine. She got in her car and drove here, very carefully. To my surprise,

while Mynne was dressing me, A50 showed up. Despite her discomfort she helped to put me on the sling and arranged the covers before she went home. I could now use the bedpan, but I needed to wait as long as possible. I knew that the first time I used the bedpan the covers would be put back in a manner that would make it hard for me to use the T.V. remote control. Also, each time I was put back on the bed I slipped down on the sling, making the bedpan routine increasingly difficult. The third time would be nearly impossible.

H49 was due to start work at 1:00 p.m. In the absence of my aide she can rearrange the sling and get me out of bed before doing her housework. She was due to have night duty that evening. Instead, she arrived at 2:00 p.m., came to my room and breathlessly showed me some complicated forms. From her excited state, I understood that an appointment had been scheduled for 9:00 a.m. and didn't happen until 12:30 p.m. The name on the forms was her aunt.

A few days before that H49 had called to say that she couldn't come that day because she was in Tijuana. Her grandmother required an operation on her gall bladder. The telephone line was extremely clear.

About a week later on a Friday, when H49 was not expected for night duty, she called at 2:00 p.m. A50 answered the phone. She heard the same late appointment story. We needed to pack and take care of last minute details for a month-long trip. I asked her to come in time to make dinner. She sounded doubtful. She failed to show!

Our next housekeeper stimulated June to write a short story, if only to vent her frustrations.

AN UNUSUAL FIND

First impressions are often correct, but they can also prove completely false. Over the last twenty-four years we have had some extremely good, some mediocre and some pretty awful housekeepers. H50 gets the booby prize. During the interview she appeared to be a real find, a pleasant, young, middle aged, English-speaking housekeeper with average intelligence. I thought that, maybe, finding a housekeeper was becoming easier.

After a few weeks it was unmistakable that she is extremely simple-minded, but I still had hopes that she would be trainable. After a valiant effort the task appears hopeless. Why? Here are a few examples:

1. No memory.

At first I thought it was strange that H50 could not remember written instructions or verbal directions from one day to the next, although they were repeated often. Then I learned that it wasn't curious at all, since she forgot many instructions after only two minutes. We thought she was just not paying attention, so my aide would repeat or simplify what I had said. Often even that didn't work. When checking on H50 immediately after telling her something we heard, "Oh, I forgot."

After five/six weeks H50 still cannot remember that the narrow end of the bedpan goes toward my back, the procedure to follow when putting me to bed, or what pills I take regularly in the evening. Every time, a reminder is required for each step.

Several times she has considered Thursday to be Friday. When corrected she still continued on with Friday's chores.

She can be very pleasant and sound sensible. At first I thought we were extremely fortunate, because English-speaking part-time housekeepers are hard to find. After a few days, pleasantness toward others in the house became snippiness when I wasn't within hearing distance. For the first couple of weeks we could not decide whether she was trying to show independence, get away with things she thought I would not find out about, or really forgot what she had been told. Finally, our only choice was to admit that she just has extremely low intelligence. Everyone stopped correcting her; she doesn't remember long enough to make it worthwhile. People found it simpler to correct her work. In a way she's pretty smart!

2. No brain, no logic.

The first few weeks H50 was here, she repeatedly prepared Vic's dinner by cooking the frozen entree, leaving it in the freezer bags, putting the bags on a plate and covering the bags with saran wrap. Nearly every day we corrected her, but that night she repeated the mistake. Sometimes we did not catch the error and Vic would have to shear his way into the food. This went on for three weeks. She nearly trained us!

H50 was cautioned against throwing away refillable cleaning products or any squeeze-type spray bottles. The same evening she nearly threw away a pump container for liquid hand soap, but saved a plastic produce bag.

The first few days H50 was here, Mynne [our roomer] tried to help by showing her the where and how of this household. After that, instead of learning to understand me, she was constantly bothering Mynne, even when Mynne was in her own room with her door closed. H50 excused it by saying, "Well, I have to learn."

It is difficult to make Mynne angry, but one Saturday morning H50 managed it. After she had been here about two weeks she made an unusual amount of noise at six in the morning and it woke Mynne. This event, combined with finding the iron left out, a dirty sink and the dishwasher not run, inflamed Mynne. Mynne cooled off by writing a 'week-end report note' and leaving it on the refrigerator door. I wanted to leave it there, but by afternoon the note had disappeared.

A few times H50 figured she would get ahead of her work and mop the kitchen floor early. She apparently could not reason that the kitchen is in heavy use in the morning so that the floor would still be wet during its heaviest traffic. One might expect that these events would shout a message, "Delay the mopping." H50 had to be asked.

Once, Mynne came in from the swimming pool expecting to take a shower, but H50 had washed the upstairs bathroom floor and left it wet and slippery. Mynne had to crawl to reach a towel to dry the floor.

H50 could not remember the routine for putting me to bed. Every morning I had a senseless story to relate. After a few weeks I became resigned to the fact that she needed frequent reminders, although one evening she really amazed me. After she had already been putting me to bed for a number of weeks, she tried to pull my useless right arm out from under the covers. I tried to resist and say, "No, no." For a minute, she insisted that I had to have my right arm out in order to hold a cup to drink juice. I can only do that with my left hand.

One other step constantly amazed me. I wear heel protectors when I sleep to avoid painful chafing. They are open and have lamb's wool on the inside; the outside is rough material with seams. There is no reason to ever turn them inside out. Yet, every night H50 would put my heels against the rough surface. Fortunately, she soon realized her mistake.

At our kitchen table one end is left open for my wheelchair. I use this space during the evening meal. The next day my spot would be occupied by a regular chair. If H50 was in the room, Vic would make a show of moving it. This went on for a matter of weeks. We finally had to explain.

3. Attention span measured in seconds.

When the aide and I talked to H50 we muted the T.V. She would listen to us for a minute or two, then start making comments about the moving, silent pictures. After a few times, we decided we should turn off the T.V. Again, she listened for some seconds and then appeared to go to sleep. When asked, she couldn't remember what was discussed.

4. Does not follow instructions, but relies on her own decisions.

The dishwasher was the source of many problems. My manual clearly states, "The dishwasher is to be run once a day, after dinner." Instead, the dishwasher was run whenever H50 felt the dishes needed attention. My aide reaffirmed that the dishwasher be run in the evening, but without a satisfactory result. Many excuses were offered; the main one was, "The dishwasher was full." My story, "We ran the dishwasher once a day when seven people lived here" was of little use. One evening H50 ran the dishwasher while she was feeding me. The noise made what little communication we have impossible. It took weeks to convince her that we really must have a clean kitchen at night and clean dishes in the morning. Yet often, after H50 had gone to bed, Mynne found a tub full of dirty dishes, and started the dishwasher. When Mynne didn't catch the mistake, my aide and I would be delayed in the morning. At first H50 put soap in the dishwasher in the morning, loaded dishes for several hours and then started it. Once, the kitchen filled with smoke; the next day we found out that the dishwasher had been started by turning

the knob counter clockwise, operating only at the end of the drying cycle. H50 was shown how to load a dishwasher and cautioned to put plastic in the top rack. Every day people would find plastic tumblers in the bottom rack. They developed leaks, so had to be replaced. Now, whoever opens the dishwasher checks the bottom rack. Still, occasionally we find a leaky tumbler. Most dirty dishes can be loaded without rinsing, but stuck-on food must be removed. Repeatedly, dishes that were due to be put away had baked-on food on them.

My food must be processed in a table-food grinder designed to be used for babies. Although H50 had difficulty, eventually she learned to use it. Despite her knowledge of their parts, it still went in the dishwasher all assembled. She has trained the household not to take clean dishes for granted.

H50 was repeatedly told that the juice pitchers must be washed out with soap between each use. She said she understood. Despite this, all the juices, especially the pineapple juice, began to taste as if bacteria were multiplying. Again, we asked about her method. She assured us that juice was made correctly. One day a half-filled pitcher was found on the counter. Mynne stopped H50 from adding to the leftover juice. The next evening I finished off another of the juices. Right there in front of me she started making more without first washing the pitcher. I stopped her in time. She claimed, "I was going to wash it out." The following evening I finished off another pitcher. This time before stopping her, I waited until a little of the concentrate from the new container was poured into the dirty pitcher. She put the juice concentrate back in its can, washed out the pitcher and then made juice.

We normally have little ironing, because our clothes can be put onto hangers right out of the dryer, while they are still warm. Not with H50. She folds everything and stacks it, then brings it to the bedroom. Then, of course, some things become wrinkled. As she puts away laundry, her ironing pile, already more than necessary, grows and grows. This way she fills her time while other jobs, such as thorough vacuuming in crevices, nooks and crannies, are neglected. I guess she enjoys ironing but dislikes other jobs.

This person is unbelievable. Every day she comes up with old mistakes. My very first impression was correct. Her interview was too good to be true.

Later, June reviewed her experience with housekeepers during the summer of 1990. *Our problems started in early June. When Vic and I got back from a glorious month-long vacation, we found a note on the refrigerator from our housekeeper: she had found a full time job and left without notice. Vic was out of town a lot that month. The aide and I found another housekeeper, H50, who seemed pleasant and reasonably intelligent. After several weeks of showing her the household system, it was clear that she had some kind of mental problem and was un-trainable. She has no brain, no memory, no logic and does not follow direction. With regret, we admitted to ourselves that we had hired an unbelievable catastrophe.*

We started the search again: advertising, many incoming and outgoing telephone calls,

interviews and choosing the best candidate. Three more times we went through this process, meanwhile skipping and delaying our work; the people we hired did not show. So 'Mrs. Disaster' was here for two-and-a-half months. Finally, the situation is under control and at last good fortune has come my way. Janice, my daughter-in-law, had stayed with me Monday night to fill in for H50. Just when the situation looked hopeless, H44, the best housekeeper we have ever had, dropped in on Tuesday. She had just started a new night job in medical records, but was not happy with it. She intended to ask for a reference so she could look for a live-in position. Sizing up my situation, she was quick to ask if I wanted her to come back. I don't know which one of us was more excited! She moved in that morning and started work that afternoon.

June wrote later, My luck in searching for a housekeeper has changed dramatically. I now have the best there is. She cleans in places that have been dusty for years. She understands me and knows the routine for night duty. Now, who else could that be besides H44? I can't believe my good fortune! I guess she finally faced up to the fact that the courier job was wearing out her car. She had to go through bankruptcy on her debts; then found a night job in medical records for Scripps Clinic; that lasted two or three weeks. So now she is back to doing what she most enjoys, turning dirty disorder into orderly cleanliness. She is cleaning and repairing up a storm. I don't know how long it will last, but I am enjoying the present.

The following summer H44 moved on, but, Fortunately we found H52. She is a very good help, sometimes too good. She goes into the job of putting me to bed in frustrating detail. Most people do the job in a half hour, but with her it takes two or three times that long. But she does speak English. One Spanish-speaking housekeeper was a pretty tough experience. When frustration sets in, I think of that and thank my lucky stars!

June was inspired to outline her characterization of H52:

Slow, because she is so particular, painstaking, precise, detailed, picky, fussy, thorough, careful, exact.

I have about given up on telling her not to use up so much time. It works only partially and briefly.

Part time becomes more than full time and still not everything is accomplished.

I can understand her because I tend to be in that direction. Although these extreme characteristics leave me exhausted, it's probably because of these traits that she is the most genuinely thoughtful, considerate, courteous person I have ever known.

June learned to enjoy the positive aspects of H52. She stayed on as our housekeeper for three years, until the summer of 1994. Then we interviewed and hired H53. About a month later June wrote me a memo:

*T O : VIC
F R O M : June
S U B J E C T : H53*

Tue. Sep. 27, 1994

BY NOW THERE IS NOT MUCH DOUBT THAT H53 HAS A PROBLEM. Her breath often smells suspicious; as the day wears on the obnoxious odor grows stronger. Often she falls asleep before putting me in bed at night. She can be difficult to wake. H53 is reasonably sharp in the morning, by afternoon her head is a bit foggy, by evening the fog has closed in and by night her sense of humor has been replaced by grumbling. So far she holds the unknown substance better than was done by H46. TODAY SHE ASKED A56 TO PICK UP SOME CREAM FOR IRISH COFFEE.

So, after one more false start, we hired H55. She stayed for nine months, although with some turbulence. As June wrote later, *Here is a short synopsis of events: H55 was never a good housekeeper. She gradually became much worse and it was all too apparent that she smoked. Last summer when we went on vacation she asked for the keys to the van so she "could sweep out the garage." While we were away she drove the van two hundred miles. When we got home it would not start; her friend had managed to get it home. When she went with Vic to the service station he apparently showed his discontent; she later told me, "Lately you have both been mean to me." A couple of times she took unsigned checks that were made out to her, signed and cashed them. Still, I kept her around because she was an average nighttime aid. Her religious beliefs were very fundamentalist; she calls herself a 'born-again Christian'. She did a lot of preaching in a calm manner. Then, one day she confessed to taking small bills from my wallet; she was subsequently upset because, according to her, "You are not a forgiving person." Then one night when Vic was out-of-town she was feeding me and preaching in an angry voice, saying, "I hope I never have to talk to you like this again." In the middle of all this she made some statement about our treatment of Kenny with which I disagreed. She called me a liar and said Jesus had told her the truth. What really happened was that she misunderstood something that Karen had mentioned. At that point she ran up to her room, sobbed, came down smoking, went off to my bedroom and called Karen. She came back slightly calmer. Karen called me back and came down from Orange that night. The next day we asked Jerry, our pastor - she likes Jerry - to come talk to her. He was with her about an hour and a half. Vic came back that night. Later Jerry and Vic agreed that she has a mental problem, but, unfortunately doesn't recognize it.*

The following week I was supposed to go out of town again, but stayed home so we could interview housekeeper applicants. Five people applied. One was a real loser, three were barely acceptable, but we found H56. One week later I was off again. June wrote, *H56 worked out fine and Vic was able to go on trips three weeks in a row. Gradually the house is improving. H56 is a clean freak with a good sense of humor. She is twenty-six years old, not married, from a family of five children with a working mother. She is a great a laundress, a very good housekeeper, and a good late afternoon and evening aide. She follows directions, including recipes. I really lucked out this time. H56 and June's aide at the time, A57, became close friends. When we took a vacation in April 1996 they traveled together to Hawaii.*

At the end of 1997 June wrote, *H56 has been with us for two years as of last September. She is an above average housekeeper, a good laundress and an excellent afternoon and overnight aide. She and A57 are a rare good employee combination in this household. There are now four residents in this household. In May H56 gave birth, a month early, to a six-pound baby*

boy, Kyle. He is now a beautiful, chubby, blue-eyed, sandy haired cherub, who loves getting all the attention.

In January 1998 H56 moved to Phoenix, so we were back to interviewing

The story of H58 is unique. She made an excellent impression during the interview, and appeared to be a well-qualified applicant. She moved in to the housekeeper's room and asked us to buy paint for her to repaint it. We agreed, but hadn't expected that she would spend all her time painting her room instead of doing housework. Even worse, the first night I was gone she left June sitting up in the hospital bed with the T.V. and lights on, and with the buzzer and bed controls out of reach. June could not even summon help. The next morning the aide found June in a very wet bed. I explained firmly to H58 that such neglect must never occur again. She still didn't do any housework, so June fired her. But she didn't leave! She continued to use our telephone and food while remaining in our house. I asked the police to evict her, but they referred me to the Marshall's office, cautioning me not to move her belongings out of our house, because that would be a felony. The Marshall's office offered me forms by which she could be evicted in three months, as if she were a renter. Instead, I hired a lawyer. Fortunately, she left voluntarily two days later, but not before the lawyer had accumulated an \$800 bill for researching my case.

I had told H58 that we were deducting from her last week's pay \$25 per day for rent. Instead of providing a forwarding address to mail her paycheck, she filed a complaint with the state labor board to collect the large penalty incurred when an employer does not pay wages promptly. Fortunately, the penalty does not apply when the employee doesn't furnish a forwarding address. We had to attend a hearing, where the hearing officer told us we could only charge \$4.20 per day for her rent. I couldn't understand this low figure, but agreed to it just to be finished with the annoyance. Subsequently, we found out that this is the maximum amount of rent that could be credited toward an employee's minimum wage, which was irrelevant to our situation. She also accused me of verbal abuse, citing my complaint of her neglecting June. Since she used some legalistic terminology, I think she was very familiar with legal subtleties and was trying to manipulate us into a lawsuit. She expressed no regret for mistreating June.

H59 lasted for eight months and did a reasonably good job. H60 started out fine, then disappeared. The message on her answering machine was strange and our calls were not returned. Mail sent to her address was returned by the post office. Eventually, we put her furniture into storage and, after a year, donated it to the Salvation Army. A few months later she called to tell us she had just been released from prison.

H61 was an excellent housekeeper. After five months of working here her son, a recent success in the music business, bought her a house, so she left us to live in it. H62 stayed with us almost three years. She was a good housekeeper. Midway in her stay we almost fired her because she went on an alcoholic binge when we needed her to care for June. She straightened herself out and eventually became June's aide for five months before moving away from San Diego. While H62 served as aide and lived in, H61 resumed the daytime housework, commuting from her new home.

Starting in Nov. 2002 we had two more trials before finding H65, a widow with three

grown children, who also worked at the Holiday Inn in the early mornings. She was a hard worker and stayed with us until March 2004. Then on our second try we found H67, the young wife of a Navy petty officer. She did an excellent job until she accompanied her husband to his new assignment in Japan in March 2005.

Again things were unsettled for about six months with two temporary housekeepers. Then we really hit the jackpot with a long-term housekeeper, H70. She also served as an assistant pastor in The Life Church and traveled to Alaska, Africa and India on church business. She did a great job and was a thoroughly nice person to be around. In 2009 she left to join her grandchildren in Texas, so her friend, H71, took over, working for nine months before finding a job in social work.

Subsequently, our second try, H73, was very promising, but she fell ill and had to be hospitalized. Then we hired a woman in her 30's who had recently been released from serving time in prison for stealing a car, a crime that was probably committed by her boyfriend. H74 was an excellent worker, so June boosted her pay after only a month. About three months later she asked for a month's pay in advance to pay the rental for her apartment when her roommate bailed out of their agreement. I agreed, since the quality of her housework was excellent. The following month, the week after her second advance, she failed to appear. We received a phone call from a male friend telling us that she was hospitalized following a car accident. Four days later she showed up, but her documentation proved she had only visited the emergency room for an intestinal distress on the third day of her absence. Sadly, we had to let her go because she could not be trusted to tell us the truth. I can't understand why such a good worker would jeopardize an opportunity to build a record of successful rehabilitation just to take off work for a few days. Remarkably, the California Unemployment people agreed with her that she had been laid off because of a personality conflict with our aide, rather than being fired for cause (absence and lying). Of course, during these difficult economic times, they prefer dipping into my well-stocked unemployment compensation fund.

In 2011 we hired H75, who we interviewed the previous year but passed over then. June had selected another applicant because H75 has a long drive from her home to ours. Previously such situations have not lasted. We're pleased that she has been totally reliable and continues to do good work. We became worried that she may be accident-prone. First she was bruised by falling off a retaining wall in our garden. Her treatment was covered by our Workman's Compensation insurance. Then she needed treatment for an eye irritation incurred by dust from sweeping our patio. I had to warn her that it was her responsibility to perform her duties safely. So far there has been no recurrence.



Figure 13. Maria Murtha (H70)

FAMILY

Family Backgrounds

June's Family

June's paternal grandparents immigrated to the US in the late 1800's and settled in Rhode Island. Her father, Walter Woolhouse, and mother, Mabel Place, married in 1922 and moved to North Long Beach, CA. They lived in a house built by Walter on Morningside St. Their first offspring were twin girls, Muriel and Myrtle, but only Muriel survived. The second, born in Seaside Hospital in Long Beach was named Mildred June, but she became M. June after high school. The third, Dorothy (Dot), completed the family.

June started Kindergarten at age of four at Jane Adams School. The family moved to Walnut Park, CA. early in her grammar school years, while Walter owned and operated a trucking firm and garage in Los Angeles. They moved to Cathedral City when June was ten and then to North Palm Springs in 1939. The following year the family moved to Palm Springs, where they owned and operated a motel, Sequoia Bungalows. All five were crowded into a place with one bedroom, small kitchen, small dining room, one bathroom, large outdoor porch and living room that also served as the motel office. Muriel and June slept on a convertible sofa in the living room.

June completed high school in 1945. The family then moved to St. Petersburg, FL, where June worked briefly as a salesgirl at Lerner's for \$17.50/wk. She then found a better job paying \$25/wk at a credit clothing store. The employees had to stay late when the receipts didn't balance. In 1946 the family visited their relatives in Rhode Island and moved to Pasadena, CA. June and I met there at Friendship Hour, a young couple's group at the Pasadena Presbyterian Church. We were married there on June 10, 1950.

June worked for a very short time adding parts/service to repair orders in a new-car dealership, but felt that not enough explanation was provided. She then started work in the front office of a Dodge-Plymouth agency, Wegge-Pelton Motor Co., where she stayed for seven years – from 1946 to 1953. She earned \$110/mo. and eventually learned all the office duties except payroll, which only Ruth Carter, Bill Wegge's secretary, was allowed to see.

In 1953 June took a more pleasant job at the Huntington Library in nearby San Marino.



Figure 14. Walter and Mabel Woolhouse with twin girls, Muriel & Myrtle, 1926



Figure 15. June's family ~1935

She tracked periodicals and newly acquired books and provided input for the monthly reports. During our brief stay in Princeton, NJ, she worked part time for a retired New York banker. Once Larry arrived at our home she was fully occupied with rearing children.

June's father died of cancer in July 1963, three years before her accident. Her mother remarried a year later with a life-long friend, Bill Lunn, whose wife had also died. June is particularly close with her older sister, Muriel; much of the writing in this book is taken from letters June wrote to her. She maintains contact with her younger sister, Dot, but not as frequently.

While June was in a coma her mother and stepfather drove to Bend, OR to visit us in June's hospital room. They felt as helpless as I was.

June's mother died of pancreatic cancer in Aug. 1980. Bill Lunn died in April 1990.

Vic's Family

My father was graduated from Delft University in the Netherlands as a mining engineer. In those days the good mining jobs in the Netherlands went to the sons of mining engineers, not sons of teachers like my paternal grandfather. My father and mother were eager to marry, so their best opportunity was to accept a five-year contract with the Oost-Indie Company to supervise a mine in Borneo, then in the Dutch East Indies. I was born there, a fact that raised eyebrows when I first applied for a security clearance.

When his five-year contract finished, my father worked briefly for Shell Oil Co., first in Rumania and then in California before being laid off in the depression. For six years we survived in the Netherlands with him earning a little by tutoring rich kids while growing vegetables and chickens in our back yard. Then he accepted a job as safety engineer for a coalmine in southern Limburg. The job was secure, but my father was convinced that Germany would soon make war, so he sought employment in the USA to satisfy his life-long ambition to emigrate. He almost accepted a position with a mine in Colombia before learning of a Dutch company that owned a mine and real estate in northern New Mexico, the Maxwell Land Grant Co.

My parents came from a strict Victorian tradition: the father is boss, the mother supports him, the children obey. He found a different, more casual and tolerant culture in the US, but refused to adapt. Thereafter, his outlook remained frozen in



Figure 16. Vic's family with grandmother van Lint and great-grandmother Lepoutre, 1930



Figure 17. Vic's family, ~1938

place. His Dutch family considered him a fossil of earlier times when he visited them after the war. My mother, Grietje in Dutch, Margaret in English, was a traditional European housewife. She supervised the household and son and avoided disagreeing with her husband, although she tried to influence him subtly.

We immigrated to the US in Sept. 1937. Our first location in New Mexico was at a gold-mining camp on Mt. Baldy at 10,000 ft. altitude. Altitude sickness soon overwhelmed us, since we had previously lived our whole lives within 100 ft. of sea level, but we recovered and learned to slow down. Later we moved to Cimarron, where my father built our house, and I spent 13 months in bed recovering from tuberculosis. Starting as a high-school junior I attended the New Mexico Military Institute in Roswell, probably the best high school in the state. After three years there I was accepted as a freshman at California Institute of Technology (CalTech) in Pasadena, CA.

The day after I received a B.S. degree June and I were married at Pasadena Presbyterian Church by the pastor, Dr. Eugene Carson Blake. During four years of graduate school June worked at a Pasadena car agency, Wegge-Pelton Motor Co., and, later, at the Huntington Library. During the first two years I received a teaching fellowship; the last two years were funded by a National Science Fellowship. When I received a Ph.D. certificate June, deservedly, was awarded a P.H.T (Put Husband Through) signed by CalTech president's wife.

My father was reluctant to accept June as his daughter-in-law because she had not attended college. The last straw for him was when we adopted children. He told me, "Adoption is for sick people". He couldn't overcome his old-time European preoccupation with the male bloodline. After our first visit to him with baby Larry he told me that June and the baby were not welcome in his house. I replied, "Then I can't come either." We had only occasional contact for years thereafter.

My mother died of cancer two years before June's accident. She spent most of her last month in Holland with her sister, Hilly, with whom she was always very close. Since my father was afraid of flying, they returned home via ship over the Atlantic and auto across the USA. They arrived at their Riverside home



Figure 18. Vic's mother, father & June, 1951



Figure 19. Maria and her dog, Sherra, ~1970

in the afternoon of Oct. 5, 1964. She was hospitalized that evening, and died that night. Home was always precious to her; I'm sure she willed herself to survive until she returned to it.

My father remarried in 1965 on finding a remarkably talented and personable lady, Maria Holtz. She insisted on meeting our family.

Our Children

When June was injured our four adopted children ranged in age from 2 (Karen) to 9 (Larry) with Kenny at 7 and Linda at 5. They didn't see their mother until three months after the surgery, but I provided them daily progress reports. At first they were cared for by June's younger sister, Dot, then by a succession of live-in housekeepers.

Once June was able to visit home on weekends they became involved in her care. We seated June in the middle of an open double hide-a-bed with kids on both sides. The family cat claimed June's lap. Since June had only marginal control over urination, her call for the 'pan' produced a flurry of activity: one child ran for the bedpan, another removed the cat from June's lap, another moved pillows, while I rolled June onto the bedpan. One day we were helping June stand alongside the bed, with a boy steadying each leg while I held her in a bear hug. Just then June had an involuntary bowel movement. The boys yelled "Yuk", but held on!

When June finally came home, almost a year after the accident, she had to regain control of the household, especially the children. It was frustrating for June not to be able to do for her children the many things mothers normally do, but she adapted. Since I had to spend a lot of weekdays out of town on business she sought help from the aide and housekeeper, especially to relay messages, sometimes adding, "When your father comes home" .

Our situation was a challenge for the children. On weekends we frequently worked together in the house or garden. We traveled together on vacation trips at least annually, usually for two weeks or longer. They learned to perform a variety of chores, in spite of their complaints, "My friends don't have to do that!" They became very self-sufficient, especially in the kitchen, which I avoid. Helping to repair things around the house encouraged the boys to become adept with tools. They both evolved into expert craftsmen, Larry specializing in construction, Kenny in electronics. All the kids had to overcome the many things children find embarrassing, such as people staring at us in public.

The family developed fairly normally. Larry received a college degree and then drifted into construction. Kenny rebelled, worked as a grocery clerk, injured his back, finally became an excellent Electronics Technician, but died in an auto accident at the age of 28. Linda



Figure 20. June, kids & white cat at home on weekend, Nov. 1966

tried a number of jobs after high school, joined the Army and settled on medicine, first as a surgical technician, then a Licensed Vocational Nurse, and finally a college graduate Physician's Assistant. Karen seems to be the only one who knew already in high school what she wanted to do and immediately pursued studies in interior design.

All four married, eventually. Linda produced our first grandchild, a boy who arrived before she decided not to marry his father; two more grandsons appeared many years later after she married another man, but they later divorced. Karen, our youngest, was married first. She and her husband, Andy, reared two boys and their marriage appears secure. Kenny and Janice lived together for seven years before marrying. Larry and Cheryl produced three girls and a boy before they separated amicably. We're very happy and proud of our nine grandchildren.

We're very proud of our children. It took a while for three of them to find their interests, but eventually all four found their way to successful careers and satisfying families. Linda, in particular, accepted the challenge of being a single mother while getting her education as a Licensed Vocational Nurse and then as a Physician's Assistant. Larry with Cheryl, Karen with Andy, and Linda reared our grandchildren to be thoughtful adults, although some of them are still finding their unique roles in life. Kenny and Janice were childless at his untimely death.

We'll describe each child's development followed by some other family experiences. Since the descriptions are based on June's letters to her sister, which were most frequent during the late 1960's through 1980's, they emphasize the kids' primary and secondary school years, i.e., the periods of typical child and teenage uncertainty and high jinks. June and I are extremely proud that after passing through their individual troubled times all our children became mature adults dedicated to their families and careers. They had to overcome the handicaps of a severely disabled mother, a frequently absent father and the presence of a huge variety of aides and housekeepers in our household.

Larry

Larry, our oldest child, had just passed his ninth birthday when June was injured. He'd been placed in our home by the San Diego County Adoption Agency at the age of 3½ weeks. His first year was tough; bones in both feet were misaligned, so they required weekly casting to move them gradually to the correct position. The weight of the casts strengthened his legs so much that the day the casts were finally removed he walked across the room. His version of the 'terrible twos' tested his parents' limits and patience. Gradually more toys went 'up high' until he decided we were serious and that the infractions weren't worth the consequences. Getting a younger brother was even better than a toy, although sometimes having to share his parents' attention was a drawback.

Our annual newsletter at the end of 1967 included some comments about Larry. *Larry is in 5th grade, cub*



Figure 21. Larry in 1966

scouts, a crossing guard and is learning to play the flute. One of our greatest joys is having the kids pitch in to help, especially on weekends. Larry is the family expert on pancakes and waffles.

*June had always done most of the family shopping, including birthday presents. Since shopping is not one of my talents, she enlisted the help of her family and friends. June thanked her sister in the summer of 1968, just before Larry's 11th birthday, *Thank you so much for all the things you sent. Larry seems to be making the most of it, although we will be on the road on his birthday. Last Friday my aide took him and a few friends to Santa Clara Point on Mission Bay for a wiener roast and swim. He received several gifts from his friends, including two baseballs, a book, a model, a silly iron-on transfer for a T-shirt, and some money. We gave him a tetherball set and saved a small item to give him on the road. Mother and Bill [June's stepfather] were here recently and gave him some undershorts and a turtleneck T-shirt. They gave me some lovely underwear, too.**

Everything you sent seems to fit fine; the trousers are a little big, but should fit him in September. The boys were having a heated argument over who was going to wear which trunks to a friends' house while they were opening your package for the trip; then they both laughed and said "That settles that".

After Christmas 1968 June thanked her sister for the kids' presents. Larry now has stamps all over his desk and is as happy as a clam. Larry and Kenny sometimes battle while playing with their carom board. In our annual newsletter we noted that, Larry is in the 6th grade, Boy Scouts, drill sergeant in the school safety patrol, little league baseball (majors) as a pitcher and third baseman, and flag football. He is learning to play flute. Unfortunately, making music didn't last. Participating in flag football continued, and became a big deal for him as an intramural sport in college. He made friends easily and still associates with many of his former schoolmates.

In the fall of 1969, Larry seems to be really enjoying Muirlands Junior High School. He has made a number of new friends and tries to be terribly grown-up. He is quite impressed with the size of the school. I believe they have something like 2000 students in the 7th, 8th, and 9th grades. Down here high school is the 10th, 11th and 12th grades. Starting in the 7th grade they have counselors. Larry is taking Latin already.

In April 1970 June had more comments about Larry's school. Larry brought home the junior high schedule for summer school and 8th grade. I went to junior high in Palm Springs, of course, and didn't see any large schools. It was never that advanced. I wonder if they have changed that much? We managed to attend an open house at Muirlands Junior High the other evening. The English class presented an impressive program. Our junior high didn't have a large woodshop like they have here, either.

In our 1973 Christmas newsletter June wrote, *Larry reached that major milestone: his driver's license. At least it helps get errands done, but it doesn't save gas.* After Christmas June reported, *The older kids are glad we stayed home. Larry says "this is the best Christmas vacation I've ever had."* *I think part of it is that he seems to be in a popular clique of kids now that he can drive and often has a car available. His friends seem to be the ones who are very active in doing things for the junior class. That is quite a change from some of the mischief Larry and Kenny used to get into with the boy next door. From all indications the boy next door is still putting people up to mischief, but at least now Larry is not defending him.*

Since Larry was our oldest child, we had to adjust to his growing independence. In April 1974, when he was a high school junior, June wrote, *Larry is going camping all of Easter vacation with a couple of his friends and a young man who teaches survival techniques. It sounds pretty safe, so I'm trying not to act like a worried mother. They are going in a station wagon to the Mammoth and Minarets area and backpack for the week.*

At the end of 1974, *Larry is a senior this year and making plans for college. He'd like to go to Boulder, CO (probably to get in on some of that skiing Kenny enjoyed) but figures that the out-of-state tuition will probably push him toward University of California.* He and a couple of friends toured the University of California campuses and Larry settled on UC Santa Barbara, which he attended starting in the fall of 1975. His major started in Mechanical Engineering (ME), changed to Mathematics, returned to ME, but he finally graduated in Math after 5½ years.

During the summer of 1975, *It will be hard getting used to doing without Larry's services. I certainly hope I have another good driver on the way. Larry doesn't have a full-time summer job yet, but hopes to find one. I hope all the summer jobs haven't been spoken for. He still has his part time job at the church.*

In the fall of 1975, *Larry is enthusiastic about college. We saw him one night when we were in Santa Barbara.*

During Christmas vacation, *The first week Larry went skiing with friends. They had a good time although there was not much snow. The other two weeks he was here. It was a treat to have both him and Vic home every night. Boy, did we ever take care of the grocery supply with three men around. The three of them also insulated the attic. Now we'll see if it makes any difference in the heating bill.* The first night at dinner around the kitchen table Larry remarked, "This is a mad house!" We hadn't noticed anything unusual. How quickly perceptions change!

At the end of 1976, *Larry is now a sophomore at the University of California at Santa Barbara. He loves it there. La Jolla is no longer stimulating. Dur-*



Figure 22. Larry in 1974

ing most of the summer he had the job of being my aide. His experience was invaluable and he did a top job.

The following year, Larry spent the summer attending school at UCSB and working as a busboy and room service clerk at the Beachcomber in Santa Barbara. Then he enrolled for a semester at Santa Barbara City College. He did make it home for the long 4th of July weekend.

At the end of 1977, Larry has been going to UCSB for two and a half years and still appears somewhat undecided.

The following year he appeared to be a little more focused. Larry is in his fourth year at UCSB and has returned, with a measure of increased maturity, to his original engineering interest.

In the summer of 1979, Larry has a summer job in Santa Barbara in landscaping and construction. In the fall, Larry is back at UCSB for his fifth year. I think he is trying for "professional student". At least he is back to his original objective. He says he needs five more quarters to get a degree in mechanical engineering. I suppose I should feel fortunate. At least he is working at it.

He is such a handy guy to have around. He was home for two weeks recently and got quite a few things accomplished. A grown man is beginning to emerge from that once scrawny, rashy baby.

Later, June commented, Larry goofed off enough and changed his major often enough that he managed to stretch out his schooling for another year and a half before he gets a degree in mechanical engineering, which is where he started out. We kid him about being a professional student. But, he will be in good shape for a decent job when he does finally make it.

At the end of 1980, Larry expects to get a degree in mathematics, soon, from UCSB. He seems to be one of a many youth who have yet to find their niche in life. In the meantime, he feels fortunate to be happily employed setting up for large gatherings and doing some landscaping.

At the end of 1981, I gather Larry finished school at the end of March, but he is still working as a stagehand. I don't believe he knows just what he plans to do. I haven't talked with him in several months, but I suspect he doesn't have career plans. What he will do with a B.S. in math is beyond me. He was also employed temporarily in a bank.

As it turned out, Larry's summer work as a stagehand developed into a career. At the end of 1983 June wrote, Larry works for FM Productions, a San Francisco, CA company that designs, builds and services high-tech stage settings. At the beginning of this month he returned from traveling around Canada, USA, Japan and Australia on tour with the David Bowie show.

In July 1984, A few months ago Larry spent a few days here at the 'Happiness Hotel'. He was off work for a short time recovering from surgery for a cyst on his hand. Now he is in

Los Angeles for the Olympics. His company was awarded the contract for the stage settings at the opening and closing ceremonies. He was able to fulfill a dream of being on hand for an Olympics. His life is still excitingly rewarding!

By the age of 28 we had seen Larry with a number of girl friends, but breakups seemed to follow all approaches to serious relationships. Once, he admitted that he was frightened of finding himself forced into a commitment like mine. I tried to assure him that the satisfaction of a loving relationship was well worth the commitment. Soon he embarked on the journey: wife, house, mortgage, children - the whole deal – and he has thrived in it.

After Karen and Kenny were already married, Larry was married to Cheryl Bruckshaw on October 17, 1985 at 3:00 p.m. in a courtroom in Oakland, CA. Vic and I flew up there; Kenny, Janice, Karen and Andy (Karen's husband) drove up together; Linda had to work. The bride and groom, their two witnesses and the six family members had dinner reservations at Lehr's Greenhouse Restaurant at 5:00 p.m. and then went on to a reception at the house where Larry has lived for three years. There were probably twenty-five to thirty people there. Drew, another occupant of this four bedroom house, is in the flowers and catering business, so she handled the decorations beautifully. She even made flowers for the wedding party and for Vic and me. Larry's witness, Wilfie, is a goldsmith who, with his friend, owns a small jewelry shop. Larry had earlier purchased a diamond (It looks like about a half carat.) for investment, he claimed. Wolfie inserted the diamond into a beautiful wedding band.

After the reception, Larry and Cheryl went in a limousine for a night in the honeymoon suite at the Claremont Hotel in Berkeley, a gift from the maid-of-honor. They even had their own private Jacuzzi! At noon the following day we picked them up and went to a BMW dealer where Larry bought a six-year old four-door sedan. Vic was there to co-sign the loan; we also helped with the down payment. While Vic went inside, Cheryl stayed out in the car with me. She could understand or figure out an amazing amount of my speech. On Friday night we all went to dinner at a Taiwanese restaurant. After shopping on Saturday, we flew home.

Cheryl is a blonde (like Kenny) with shoulder length curly hair and a British accent. She is twenty-six years old, the fourth of five children and comes from Derbyshire, England. At present Cheryl is working long hours six days a week as a waitress in a fancy hamburger place; she would like someday to be a housewife. Cheryl's father died recently and her mother was visiting here several weeks ago. Cheryl says they are going to have a repeat wedding in England in the spring.

Until they can find a place of their own, Larry is going to move into the four-bedroom house that Cheryl has shared with her friends.

At the end of 1986, Larry was in New York City for a short time participating in a pre-planning session for the closing show of Liberty Weekend, for which FM Productions was responsible. Larry and Cheryl now have an apartment in Burlingame, near San Francisco. They were here for Thanksgiving and are in England for Christmas.

After living in an apartment, Larry and Cheryl were eager to buy a house and start a fami-

ly. The cost of houses in the San Francisco peninsula is prohibitive for young couples, so we agreed to help them share in the cost and ownership. They found an attractive place on a hill in San Carlos and moved in Aug. 1988.

At the end of 1988, Larry and Cheryl are already planning improvements to their newly acquired house in San Carlos on the San Francisco peninsula.

Their first child, Stephanie, arrived in July 1989. June wrote to her sister, *Stephanie Nicole is a beautiful baby with two proud parents. I have some newborn pictures that describe her better than I could. Cheryl's mother, June Bruckshaw, is staying with them for several months. She is a Muriel-type grandmother. Larry and Cheryl will miss her greatly when she returns to England..*

We flew to San Francisco for one day to see Stephanie when she was three weeks old, the same age Larry had been when he was placed in our home. *Stephanie is a plump replica of Larry; right down to the red spots and the crooked feet, but she is missing his heat rash. She is a big baby: 9 lb. 4 oz. at birth, compared to 6 lb. and several ounces for Larry. The spots on her face should be cleared up by now; Cheryl's mother said, "They are said to be caused by left-over effects from the mother's hormones." The modern way to correct the crooked feet is through exercise, right from birth. So, they won't have the nuisance of constantly going to the specialist or the bother of medical insurance that we experienced. Otherwise, she is a beautiful blue-eyed strawberry blonde; and she gets so much attention that she can't be anything but good.*

In early October 1989, Larry is now the head of the carpentry and welding department for FM Productions, in San Francisco, a company that builds fancy, often movable stage settings. The job sort of grew out of a part-time job he had in college. Of course, it took five years labor and numerous road trips to work his way up from the bottom.

On Oct. 17, 1989 Larry was working at Candlestick Park preparing for the beginning of the third game in the World Series when the earthquake hit San Francisco. He reported watching a man who had climbed a tall light pole to retrieve some balloons having an exciting ride and, fortunately, descending unhurt. Our annual newsletter said, *Their house on a hill in San Carlos was closer to the epicenter of the earthquake than the unfortunate people in San Francisco's Marina district; yet, there was no damage to it. There is value in having a place built on bedrock!*



Figure 23. Cheryl & Stephanie in Nov. 1989

Just before Thanksgiving, Larry was laid off by FM Productions. He is using this as an opportunity to further enjoy his family, to get in shape physically, and to re-evaluate his future. In the meantime, his woodworking, electrical, etc. skills are well known, so he is kept busy working by the day. Eventually he and another FM expatriate started their own business in stage and trade-show productions, Steel Productions.

In Sept. 1991 June had another joyful message. *I don't know whether you heard that Cheryl had her second baby, another beautiful, chubby blue-eyed blonde. It's a girl, Nicola (pronounced Nick'-oh-lah) Georgia, born at 9 lb. 10 oz. on Sept. 23, which is also the birthday of Cheryl's late father, George Bruckshaw. The name, Nicola, is reported to be quite common in England.*

At the end of 1992, *Our progeny are all leading busy lives. Larry is doing well as part owner of a new business in his field. It constructs and operates intricate stage settings for product shows, etc. Larry, Cheryl, Stephanie and Nicola spent the Christmas holidays with Cheryl's family in England.*

In 1994, *January was an exciting month. Luke Andrew van Lint, 9 lbs. 8 ozs., the son of Cheryl and Larry, arrived on Jan. 18 on his cousin's, Kenneth Andrew Mendezona, fifth birthday. Like his father, he shares a name with a cousin. This lucky little boy has two adoring older sisters, Stephanie and Nicola, and a loving Mom and Dad, not to mention other delighted family members.*

At the end of 1994, *Glimpses from our offspring's lives show Larry and Cheryl preparing to add to their home; they'll lose a part of the garden but will gain living space for their three children.*

In 1995, *We saw Larry's family three times last year: once during our vacation trip, then when all our children produced a surprise forty-fifth anniversary party at our house, and once more at Christmas. Larry and Cheryl made a major addition to their house. It's almost double its former size and provides good room for their expanded family. It's amazing they were able to do it while his work in stage-set design/construction was also busy, since Larry did a lot of the work himself.*

In 1996, *We were at Cheryl and Larry's for Thanksgiving. Their dining room is now complete, and they have a lot of new fencing in the garden. Cheryl is quite a gardener. I wouldn't be surprised if, before long, their yard looks like a beautiful English countryside. They have a few pieces of new furniture, too, to help make that added 2000 sq. ft. livable. The place, inside and out, looks completely different from the property they bought.*

At the end of 1997, *Cheryl and Larry have matched the size of our family. There fourth beautiful child, Jordanna Marie, arrived on Sep. 18. She was reluctant to leave her comfortable nest: she arrived eleven days late and weighed in at 10 lb. 9 oz. She is a younger version of her beautiful sisters. Stephanie, Nicola and Luke are thrilled. Larry and Cheryl have recently more than doubled the size of their small house. With their family, the extra space and the garden and play-yard they developed will be more than worthwhile.*

In 1998 and 1999, *We spent Thanksgiving of both years with Larry and Cheryl and their charming family. The grandchildren keep growing in size and abilities. Enlargement of their house is now over one year old; improvement now happens at a slower, never-the-less steady pace; this time it was extensive garden construction and the completion of a fireplace.*

By 2000 the company Larry helped start, Steel Productions, was bought out by a large firm, Sparks Exhibits & Environments, based in Philadelphia, which eventually shut down the San Francisco operation.

Then, Larry, Cheryl and their four children moved to Dorking, England, in June 2001. Larry's work had come to a milestone where he could resume it in England. They also want their children to experience Europe. We suspect enabling Cheryl to be near her family after more than 15 years in the USA also influenced their decision. We admire them for their bold move.

At the end of 2002, *We visited them in England last July, just before they moved into their own home, named Hawthorne in Dorking.*

In July 2004 we planned to cruise from England into the Mediterranean, so a week beforehand we flew to London to visit Larry's family. June and I had long wanted to visit Ireland, so I made a deal with Larry: we would pay expenses if he would do the driving. That would avoid the stress that I always feel while driving on the left side of the highway. We enjoyed a delightful week in Ireland with Larry and his three youngest children.

In July 2005 Larry and his four kids visited us from England, so Karen and her two boys came from Texas and Linda came from the Los Angeles area with her two younger boys. We had a major family reunion. Stephanie celebrated her birthday by having a close encounter with dolphins at Sea World.

By the end of 2005 Larry and Cheryl had finished remodeling Hawthorne while they lived in it, and sold it. In 2006 they bought Lagrikar, another house with a beautiful pastoral view on a large country lot. A major renovation produced an outstanding home. He, Cheryl and their four kids, Stephanie, Nicola, Luke and Jordanna, moved into it in June, 2007. It was hard to realize that their oldest daughter was starting college in the fall.

Soon after finishing the house Cheryl and Larry separated amicably and Larry went to work in Hawaii renovating a resort. Larry manages to travel to England a few times a year and has been able to fly his kids to Hawaii some times during the summer.

We visited with Cheryl and the grandchildren in July 2008 before our north-Atlantic cruise. We were very impressed by Larry's workmanship on the house and its contents. The view of a grazing field through a giant window from the family area is beautiful and serene.



Figure 24. Luke, Jordanna, Larry, and Nicola with June in Ireland, 2004

In August 2011 Larry arranged to have a one-month's vacation in San Diego with all four of his children together with Stephanie's and Nicola's boyfriends. They spent a lot of time at the beach, the men played tennis, and we all enjoyed the museums, zoo and Sea World. Karen and her boys visited a few days, as well as Linda and her sons. We really enjoyed catching up with our grandkids.

Kenny

Kenny was a remarkably content baby, not even waking us up at night when he was first placed in our home at the age of six weeks. In the mornings we found him in his crib, awake, smiling and inspecting the ceiling. His favorite move as a baby was scooting backwards in June's lap, sometimes bumping her chin with his head. He even laughed when Larry started to push him down a steep hill in a stroller.

At the age of three-and-a-half, a week before Christmas, he suffered a serious accident. Our Christmas lights were powered through an extension cord lying on the floor, where it was disconnected at night. One morning Kenny decided to reconnect the light cord himself, but he inserted the prongs only partially until the lights came on. Then he lay down on the floor, looking up at the lights. The exposed prongs touched the right side of his mouth, causing a severe electrical burn. Repairing it required two surgeries and a long recovery period. A third surgery to remove the last vestige of a scar was recommended to be performed when he reached his teens, but he demurred, covering it with a mustache instead.

Kenny was seven when June was paralyzed. He was very bright, but an under-achiever at school. He followed Larry into cub scouts, and then developed a serious interest in photography and playing drums. We had constructed a dark room in our garage, where Kenny developed and printed his own pictures at the age of 8. As a drummer he participated in the school orchestra. We were disappointed with his mediocre schoolwork; it seemed to us that he was deliberately avoiding comparison with his older brother's grades. Instead, he tried to use his great sense of humor to manipulate elders, including his teachers.

Our 1967 annual newsletter reported, *Kenny is in 3rd grade and also a cub scout. We are looking for a drum teacher for him. He has become a photography bug, developing and printing his own pictures.*

A year later, *Kenny is in the 4th grade and cub scouts.*



Figure 25. Larry's family plus two boyfriends with June at Sea World, Aug. 2011



Figure 26. Kenny in 1966

He's doing very well playing the snare drum and playing Little League baseball last spring. As an amateur photographer he develops his own pictures.

One summer day at the age of ten he left us a note, saying he was spending the day in downtown San Diego. We were alarmed. I searched for him and left our phone number at a number of places, including the bus station. That evening a bus-station attendant called to tell us that Kenny was there and ready to come home. I picked him up, tired, but, thankfully, undamaged.

In October 1969 June reported, Kenny earned some money this summer and now has his ten-speed bike, too. He has been riding it to school, except on Wednesdays, when he plays in the school orchestra and has to bring his drum.

After his 11th birthday, Kenny thanks you for all of his birthday presents. He is already wearing his new swimming trunks and lending his old ones to friends. He also said "Good, now I have some shorts that fit." Kenny has joined a drum-and-bugle corp. They practice twice a week, but tonsillitis has forced him to miss several times.

His behavior became increasingly difficult; although he had been tested to have a high I.Q., his schoolwork was marginal. Eventually, in 1972 at the age of thirteen we asked a child psychologist, Dr. Kurlander, to diagnose his problem. He concluded that Kenny had dyslexia, a recently appreciated difficulty in assimilating perceptual information. His antisocial behavior resulted from conflict between good mental processing and inadequate interpretation of sensory inputs. The recommendation, considering Kenny's age and the extent of his behavioral challenges, was to place him in a boarding school that specialized in treating such problems, Wallace Village near Denver, Colorado. June described the situation to her sister in a letter. *Sorry Larry didn't answer you about Kenny. He probably didn't know what to say. And who knows what Linda told you, because she and Ken don't get along very well. The story in a nutshell is that last Monday Vic took Ken to a special school in Colorado. He has a condition called dyslexia and some other neurological problems. These conditions are usually temporary in children and are not serious by themselves, but they can frustrate the child so badly that he develops serious behavior problems. Kenny did just that. We managed to get him into the school now for treatment instead of waiting until September. I had never heard of dyslexia before, but it has been known for hundreds of years and occurs in some form in about 10% of children. Kenny has been going to Dr. Kurlander, a psychiatrist, for a few months and he provided the diagnosis. After we knew about it everything seemed to come to a head very quickly. For years we thought Kenny was just not trying very hard. He has a high I.Q. but made average or below-average grades. Dyslexia is mainly a problem in visual perception (not the same as vision). Dr. Kurlander thinks he is too old to be treated at home. He will be at this school for about two years. It is very expensive. Fortunately we had put some money away for schooling, thinking in terms of college. Dr. Kurlander says we should use it now. Dyslexia is difficult to understand. There is a whole book written about the subject. I am now reading it for the second time. Maybe something will sink in.*

In July she reported, We are going on vacation on the 6th of August, right after summer school is over. We'll be gone nearly three weeks. Around the 16th we will attend an awards day

program at Kenny's school and then have 3½ days with him before he goes camping with his schoolmates, followed by a ten-day vacation. The school would like Kenny to stay there for his first vacation, so his first time at home will be around Christmas. According to the school, "He is good at leading others into mischief without becoming involved". I think he's smart enough to know that he had better not become 'involved' while he's under their watchful eye. It sounds like he is having a great time exploring old mines, hiking, going to movies and, on July 4th, shooting off fireworks. Some of the other children are much more neurologically involved and they sometimes have attacks like convulsions. At first those scared him a bit. All in all, we're hoping this will be the answer for most of his psychological and neurological problems. My speech therapist visited Wallace Village and was really impressed. Apparently, they have about one therapist (of various kinds) for every three children. The children are from age three to fifteen.

Wallace Village was the right place for Kenny. Within a year he was reading fluently, overcoming a previous weakness. It helped him develop the self-confidence and self-respect that he had lost through dyslexic frustration. Once again his innate humor appeared. Trips to the Colorado mountain slopes made him an expert skier. He showed us some impressive ski acrobatics.

In July 1973 Kenny joined us during our family vacation in Yellowstone National Park, and participated with Larry and me in a wonderful three-day hike around the Grand Teton mountain.

In Jan. 1994 June wrote to her sister, From all indications the boy next door is still putting people up to mischief, but at least now Larry is not defending him. At Christmas time Kenny started to defend him and Larry cut Kenny off short. Kenny looks up to Larry, so I hope that continues when Ken comes home. Larry took Ken to some places where he met some of Larry's friends. Kenny will be here in high school next September so now he has a head start on knowing some of the involved seniors.

In April 1974, Kenny came home for a week in March. He had to go back a few days earlier than originally planned for a psychological test that they have been trying to schedule for months. If they had to postpone the test, it would have been several more weeks before an opening was available. It seemed advisable not to put it off any longer than necessary, since we're expecting him to be home in September anyway.

We just received news that, as of April 1, Kenny is attending a half day of public school each day, taking a greenhouse (botany) course, psychology, and literature. The rest of the day is spent preparing him to enter high school in the fall. Tenth grade is high school here.

Kenny wants to go on a river trip this summer. He is a member of an organization called 'pardners'. I gather it is something like big brothers except that he has a young couple as his 'pardners'. They have all kinds of organized activities. They get several training sessions before they go on the trip. The kids are really growing up!

Our annual letter for 1974 reported on a summer hike. Last July Kenny was still in school in Denver. Vic had to attend a conference in Ft. Collins, CO. After the meeting he picked

up Kenny in Denver and met Larry, who flew in to Durango. They spent three days hiking and camping in the Needle Mountains, a beautiful wilderness area. It almost rivaled their Teton hike of a year ago. The following week Vic went to a conference in Freiburg, Germany,

In October 1974, Kenny is back with us again and attending high school. So far he seems to be doing very well. He hasn't yet seemed to make his own friends, but, in a way, he seems older than a tenth-grader. He has appointments every once in a while with Dr. Kurlander, the psychiatrist who sent him to Wallace Village, to help him in the transition back into La Jolla High. I guess the doctor is being used as a safety valve.

Our 1974 Annual reported, At the end of August Kenny came home for good. He is attending 10th grade at La Jolla High School. He is doing very well, his grades are the best he has ever had and he's gotten acquainted quickly.

The good record persisted to the 1975 annual. Kenny is doing well in his second year (11th grade) at La Jolla High School. He is the family chauffeur now that Larry is off to college.

In May 1976 June reported, Kenny has done a lot of work as handyman and gardener. There was really a lot to do, but most of it is now done. Vic helped a couple of afternoons and they have the front looking pretty good now. Things really get done when they work together. Karen also helped Kenny quite a bit.

Unfortunately, he chose some trouble-making friends during his senior year and started down a self-destructive path. Alcohol led to drugs, stealing and defiance. We tried to impress on him the damage he was doing to himself, but he didn't care. How do you reach a child who feels no self worth? Eventually, a juvenile court judge impressed him with a month at the Campo juvenile camp and a promise to send him to adult court the next time he appeared in Court. We think the judge and a growing attachment to his girl friend, Janice, finally got his attention.

Our 1976 annual reported, Kenny is a senior in high school, still panting to grow up and still the family comedian.

In April 1977, Kenny has long awaited this month. His 18th birthday was celebrated in his Pacific Beach apartment. He also dropped out of high school six weeks before graduation, probably as a symbol of defiance. Later, he passed the GED exam easily.

At the end of 1978, Kenny has an apartment in Pacific Beach and is working for a super market, where he has advanced to a position as clerk. Earlier in the year he injured a weak knee and required surgery, but is now eagerly looking forward to our 1979 skiing holiday.



Figure 27. Kenny in 1976

As of June 1979, *Kenny is pulling stock off shelves while Von's remodels. In September, Kenny seems to be doing it with on-the-job training at the supermarket. People always have to eat, and he really sticks to his job.*

It continued in our 1979 annual report, *Kenny seems to be taking on-the-job training in the business world. He has shown fortitude as a grocery clerk. He enjoys his Pacific Beach apartment, and recently has taken a real interest in water skiing.*

But a year later, *Kenny injured his back on his job and is looking toward partial recovery before delving into studies on psychology. Now we'll have one boy, Kenny, going to school just as another, Larry, gets out. That's probably better than we had planned.*

In August 1981 Kenny's back was still healing. *Kenny is going to drive Karen and her belongings up to San Pedro tomorrow (in our van). A neighbor girl, Jaimie (younger friend of Karen) is going along to help with the carrying to protect Kenny's weak back. Also, she will provide him some company on the way back. I hear that Janice starts school tomorrow. Kenny says "I still have back problems." He is still wearing the braces but looks pretty good despite being extremely thin. He says he still has pain.*

In October, *I haven't discussed career plans with Kenny lately. He seems still to have some pain. I was talking to someone who had that problem many years ago and they said it took them a good six months to recover fully. Kenny seems to be doing well, but it must be discouraging. When I was that age, patience was not my long suit!*

During rehabilitation he was tested to determine his potential job abilities. Of the options presented to him he chose electronics; we were amazed since this was very near my field of work. Previously, he had automatically rejected almost everything I liked.

Fortunately, by the end of 1981, *Kenny is fully recovered from back surgery and doing his utmost to get in shape, is living in a different apartment in Pacific Beach, and has started a course for electronic technicians.*

The Workman's Compensation program enrolled him in an electronics course given at a downtown San Diego location, but he soon complained of the teacher. The teacher agreed to let me monitor a course session. The problem was obvious: the range of student abilities was so wide that the teacher had no chance to inspire the better students. One moment Kenny or another sharp student would ask a question looking ahead of the current material; the next question would refer to matters covered in previous sessions; the next question might come from a student who could barely speak English. It was not the teacher's fault; he was doing his best with the wide range of student abilities he was provided. I recommended to Kenny that he enroll in a two-year course at ITT Technical Institute leading to an Associate degree as Electronics Technician. While the tuition would not be paid by Workman's Compensation, the quality of the training would be well worth the costs, which we agreed to lend him.

June reported in March 1982, *Kenny got very interested in a six-month electronics course provided by Workman's Compensation. However, there were problems: poor school,*

poor neighborhood, etc. Now he is enrolled for a two-year course at ITT. It will lead to an associate decree, and he can then work as an Electronics Technician while he continues studying. He claims he is going right on up, and it sounds like he means it. This is a completely different person than he was five years ago. His school starts in April (He was making very good grades at the other school. He is a completely changed boy (man).

In April, Well, it's amazing what I will do to avoid spending money. Vic is committed to being out of town for several days. A Homemaker (stranger to boot) would cost \$72.00 a day. So Kenny and Janice, who have now lived together for five years, are moving in. They will care for me overnight when Vic is gone during the next three weeks. Kenny would never do this without Janice. After we leave on our Washington, DC interlude they will care for the house and garden. It's remarkable how we all change. Five years earlier we would never have considered allowing an unmarried couple to live in our house. Although Kenny and Janice were not married, their faithfulness to each other convinced us to change our attitude.

At the end of April June reported, Kenny goes to ITT electronic school from 1:00 to 5:00 p.m., five days a week. So far he is enthusiastic about school, teacher, and textbook. It sounds like a winner! Also, he was elected Student Body President. There are about 126 students. My, he is coming up in the world!

In March 1983 June gave her younger sister, Dot, some advice on raising a teen-ager based on our experiences, So the teen-age stage has hit you. It is comforting to know I'm not the only one who had trouble. You name it; I've undoubtedly had that problem. At first it is devastating, but you learn to deal with it calmly. They do grow out of it! Kenny was my worst one, and now he is the most responsible.

In October 1983 we returned from the east coast. Kenny and Janice will stay here until their house is completed. Janice's parents are buying a house for them in Mira Mesa, near her job and not too far from here. They will own half of it on a rent-to-buy agreement. Linda and Richard are also living here, so we have a full house.

As usual, their new house was delayed. In December 1983, Kenny and Janice now expect to move into their house at the end of this month. Kenny is in his second year of a school for electronics technicians. He will graduate in April as an honor student and is looking forward to employment in that field while continuing his studies.

In Jan. 1984, Kenny and Janice are still anticipating FHA approval of their home loan momentarily. They will be able to move in about a week after it comes through, because carpeting is also dependent upon this approval. Still, our madhouse is preferable to a large, empty house.

The approval finally arrived in February. Kenny and Janice moved into their new house in the Mira Mesa section of San Diego and June could relax from the challenge of trying to maintain peace between them and Linda.

Kenny graduated with honors in March from two years of ITT school for Electronics

Technicians. He received an "Applied Associate of Science" degree. There were eleven graduates. Two of them graduated with honors. He also won the award for outstanding student. He plans to work while studying for his E.E. degree. He has accepted a full-time job with Mission Research Corp (MRC,) the company where Vic works. When he went into electronics he worked part-time for MRC, but had no idea he would be valuable as a permanent employee. There were many times when I had serious doubts about things working out this well. I have already benefitted directly from his newfound knowledge. Kenny and Vic designed and built a module that will use power alternately from two wheelchair batteries for my one-of-a-kind wheelchair alternating air pillow pump, with an on/off switch within my reach. His years of hard work have been rewarding!

I observed Kenny at work. He was conscientious, careful and skilled. During the next few years he contributed electronics design, construction and operation to a number of challenging experiments. It was a great pleasure to work with him. He also took up a new hobby - scuba diving. Care and orderliness characterized both his work and play.

In June 1985, after living together for eight years, *Kenny and Janice were married June 2 in a Jewish ceremony, under a canopy. The marriage was held at Kate Sessions Park, on a beautiful day with a gorgeous view of Mission Bay and surroundings. Janice wore a long white summer gown with lace edging, scattering of seed pearls and a full train. Richard, the ring bearer, was very businesslike. Karen was matron of honor, Linda a canopy holder and Larry the best man. June, mother of the groom, was in a medium blue silk long unfitted dress with embroidered over-blouse, sewn by Linda. The men, Vic, Kenny, Larry, three ushers, and Richard, wore gray tuxes. There were white roses and the ceremony included a garter ritual. Janice lost her shoe on the way back up the aisle, so Karen picked it up. The reception was held at the bride's parents' house on La Jolla Rancho Rd. A dance floor in back was decorated beautifully with pots of yellow mums and crepe-paper bells. The guests ate a three-tiered wedding cake with two different fillings.*

In our 1986 annual letter we commented, *Kenny and Janice are both finding new challenges in their work. Kenny has become quite an asset to MRC as an electronics technician, and still finds time for making improvements to their home and his hobby - scuba diving! Janice often takes on new tasks at her job in the accounting department for the City of San Diego.*



Figure 28. van Lint and Margolin (Janice's) families, Nov. 1986
scuba diving! Janice often takes on new tasks at her job in the accounting department for the City of San Diego.

Our 1987 annual newsletter contained the worst news ever. *On Tuesday, December 15,*

1987 we received terrible news: Kenny had been killed in an auto accident. He was in central Oregon at the end of a short ski holiday, driving to the airport in a rental car on a narrow two-lane highway. The roadbed leaves not much shoulder and the road follows the up-and-down contours of the land. Apparently, he fell asleep at the wheel and, in snowy and icy conditions, his car crossed the center dividing line and collided head-on with a logging truck, killing him instantly. He was 28 years old.

The whole family immediately came to San Diego: Linda and her son, Richard, from Pennsylvania; Larry and Cheryl from San Francisco; Karen and Andy live a little over an hour's drive away; Janice lives less than a half-hour drive from here. The following Sunday we held a memorial service at our house. Steve Meineke, a minister friend of ours who married Karen and Andy, presided and read scriptures from the Christian (ours) and Jewish (Janice's) traditions. Kenny's family and friends shared with each other their happy memories of him. What we remembered best was his sense of humor, dedication to his crafts (electronics and scuba diving) and the long-time close relationship between Kenny and Janice. We think the service is what Kenny would have wanted: we remembered the joys we shared with him.

During the rest of Christmas week we spent time together, letting our family bonds heal us. Our hearts were warmed by all the words, cards, notes, prayers and flowers we received. We'd not realized how many people knew him: our family and friends, Kenny's former schoolmates, Kenny and Janice's personal friends, Kenny's associates from work here and in Washington, and others. We felt an enormous amount of support. Thanks to all of you.

In Feb. 1988 June reported some of the aftermath of Kenny's death. We had quite a go-round with the people who towed Kenny's rental car after his accident. Vic calls them ghouls; apparently he had similar troubles with the towing company after our accident near Bend in 1966: they wanted us to give them the trailer frame in lieu of towing charges. At first the Sisters Towing Co. told Janice that she would have to come to Bend, OR, and sign a release to get Kenny's skis, poles, suitcase and duffle bag; she got Larry to call them and they gave him more run-around; finally Vic got involved. They returned his call here when Vic was at work to tell us that it was the police who needed a release. After Vic made several more phone calls they agreed to release the stuff to a shipping company. His belongings were finally shipped to Vic at work. The mortuary shipped Kenny's ashes and his personal belongings.

Janice is still working for the City of San Diego, but is thinking about graduate study in business. Her house actually belongs to her parents, but Kenny and Janice were making the payments. I know that Kenny had stopped making improvements because they had not agreed on a selling price; I don't know how that will come out. Janice's mother is pretty angry because she felt neglected in the aftermath of Kenny's death when Janice spent most of her time with us. She is a psychologist; they are always the worst in diagnosing their own response to stress. Yet, she told me, "I'm glad Janice could stay with you because I have my mother to look after". Her mother had eye surgery in December.



In the aftermath June apologized to Muriel for missing her January birthday, *About the missing birthday letter - actually, you have been on my mind, but there is always something that HAS to be done, preferably yesterday!* For a while we had to get 1987 church records and a 1988 church budget ready for the annual report. Also, we are putting out a letter to attempt to answer all the Christmas mail plus all the mail about Kenny. Maybe, one of these days I'll catch up. Vic prefers to wait until the day before a deadline before he takes action, but it's too much pressure for me! I'm the kind that likes to be ready well in advance. Well, surprise! I'm still on earth.

In March 1988, Janice settled with her parents and so is free to do as she wants with her house. She had a work party on March 19. A couple of big projects were started: a redwood deck and a brick sidewalk. Also, one small room was painted. Vic had previously used Kenny's plans to figure out what material was needed. Then Janice had three weeks to buy it and have it delivered; so it was all there. It was amazing; a bunch of people from MRC came. It seemed strange to see all those intelligent people working on construction projects. Janice's parents did not participate, but her two brothers were there. Andy [Karen's husband] was there; Karen was working. Quite a bit was finished; Janice's brother and a couple of neighbors were going to work on it during the week. Everyone got brunch and there was still tons of food left. One of her friends and the friends' live-in boyfriend ran the kitchen and did all the cooking. Janice kept busy playing super-hostess and taking pictures.

Our annual newsletter in 1988 reported, *Janice worked most of the year and attended graduate school, studying tax law at the University of San Diego. Next semester she will be a full-time graduate student. At the end of 1989, Janice has several clients for her financial planning service. At the end of 1991, Janice is working long hours to establish herself with an associate in an accounting and income-tax service business. If knowledge counts toward affluence, it will be a great success. Continuing in 1992, she qualified as an official tax preparer and, Janice is expanding her tax business to include a computer billing service for medical offices. And in 1993, Janice, our daughter-in-law, still works with taxes and has branched off into accounting for bankruptcies.*

In the fall of 1994 I was urged to form a corporation to provide my consulting services, VvL, inc. Janice and the lawyer I consulted provided invaluable advice on the form of the corporation that would minimize our overall tax burden. They pointed out that a regular "C" corporation could adopt a generous medical expense reimbursement program for all its employees. It would incur more lawyer and tax preparation fees than an "S" corporation, but would save me much more by allowing our considerable medical expenses to escape Social Security taxes. Henceforth, Janice prepared both our corporate and family tax returns.



Figure 30. Janice in 1992

At the end of 1994 our newsletter proclaimed, *Janice is doing research to answer tax questions for Vic's corporation. In mid 1996, Janice, our daughter-in-law, continues her tax*

work and accounting work in support of bankruptcy lawyers. She takes care of our corporate and personal tax returns, thank heaven! So we see a lot of her around tax time, and less urgently otherwise. At the end of 1997, Janice keeps herself busy doing taxes and accounting for her clients. She did take a much-needed break for a trip to Israel to visit some cousins.

For a number of years Janice had prepared income tax returns for a lady lawyer, but she stopped when she became uncomfortable about signing off on information that she considered questionable. In Jan. 1999 the lawyer filed suit against Janice, alleging that her work was incompetent and that she had failed to file the tax returns. But Janice was not notified of the lawsuit until four months later, when a judgment against her had already been entered. An associate of my corporation's lawyer reviewed the situation, got the judgment set aside and helped us down a long path of motions, discoveries, interrogatories, etc. Fortunately, Janice had kept documents that refuted the lady lawyer's allegations, including copies of the tax returns she had provided the lady lawyer for signature and transmittal.

Despite the lawsuit's annoyance, at the end of 1999, Janice, our daughter-in-law, perseveres with handling our family and company taxes. Weight loss is gradually showing health benefits and dramatic physical improvement.

In Feb. 2000 the lady lawyer added June and me to her lawsuit, alleging that we had purchased Janice's house fraudulently to prevent it from being awarded as damages. The fact that the purchase had been completed long before we knew of the lawsuit was overlooked. I guess she hoped to reach into our deeper pockets. The process of answering motions, responding to discoveries and interrogatories continued seemingly endlessly. Of course, the lady lawyer and her lawyer husband only invested their time; our responses required us to pay our lawyer's fees. I asked him once, "How can the lady lawyer make statements that are proved false by documents Janice holds?" His answer was, "She will be called to task only if and when the case goes to trial." He estimated that it would cost us more than \$50,000 to proceed to a trial. Only if we won could we then sue the lady lawyer for "frivolous prosecution" at a cost an additional about \$50,000. Justice can be expensive! I was shocked, but learned an important lesson: many lawyers are accustomed to living on the edge of legal technicalities. I finally understood Bill Clinton's famous quote, "It depends on what the meaning of the word 'is' is."

By the spring of 2000 the lawyers started discussing a settlement requiring no money to change hands, with each side paying its own lawyers' fees. It was based on a statement that as a result of the discovery process it was appropriate for the lawsuit to be dismissed. We argued for months about their proposed confidentiality statement, but Janice and I insisted that we needed to clear our reputations by correcting the allegations placed in the public record by the lady lawyer. The lady lawyer claimed that she didn't need to retract her accusations against June and me, because I was no longer in the job market! That anyone would think that one's reputation only matters when seeking a job was astonishing. There was another year of legal tussling about Janice keeping her records. It finally just petered out with Janice keeping them as protection in case the IRS charged the lady lawyer with fraud.

Understandably, our annual newsletters did not discuss the ongoing lawsuit. In 2002, *Janice, our daughter-in-law, is still in the San Diego area and helping with tax returns.* In 2004,

Janice continues in tax preparation, including trouble-shooting for a tax software company. In 2007, Janice continues with her tax work. This year she helped H&R Block with their new do-it-yourself software.

Janice continues to prepare our tax returns, although they are simpler now that I no longer have my corporation. She pays rent and is slowly buying back her house.

Janice's Memory of Kenny's View

At the time of the accident, Kenny remembered everyone being thrown about. In particular he remembered June still moving, but saying that her neck hurt.

Next, I remember him saying he didn't understand what happened for quite some time. He described some antics he pulled while Dot was taking care of the children such as his comments while waving a hot dog around at the dinner table - which got a big reaction from Dot. He got a lot of pleasure from playing tricks on Dot.

He mentioned something about early visits to see June in the rehabilitation facility and things being so different when she finally came home. I just can't remember exactly what he said.

One thing that sticks out in my mind was something he said about trips to the grocery store with June and the aide. He didn't like the way people stared. His reaction was to stare back at them and make a small scene. He also got irritated when he saw non-handicapped people parking in handicapped designated spaces. He was so bold as to walk up to them and say "You don't look handicapped - it must be a mental condition."

As you know, he never liked giving her the bedpan at night. I remember him getting that impish grin when he told me about how he disconnected the buzzer in his room. I also remember him making June very angry during the weeks when you traveled. It scared me sometimes, because she would be so upset it made her shake in the wheel chair. When Friday evenings rolled around, he used to say, "We've got to leave early. I don't want to be around when Dad comes home because I'll be in trouble for everything I did during the week."

I also remember him saying that Dr. Kurlander thought much of the reason he misbehaved was to get attention - even if it was negative attention. He really missed the attention he got being the family clown.

When we first started dating he went out of his way to explain in detail how severe June's paralysis was, so I wouldn't be shocked the first time I met June. He told me the story of the accident, about tricks he pulled on some the aides, and her current state. All the stories were related with great care and affection.

I also remember *vividly* the first time I had dinner with the family. You were making jokes about how your four children were very different; but the one thing they did in unison was duck under the dining room table when June started coughing. Next, there were bedpan jokes. I remember going home & telling my Mom how mean everyone was to June by telling all these stories. It took a little while for me to adapt.

I remember one day taking June out in the van by myself. There were no handicapped spaces at the tennis courts where we planned to meet you. I managed to squeeze into a small spot on uneven ground. While trying to get June out of the van the front wheels of her wheel chair slipped off the lift and left her hanging there, screaming. I was terrified. I couldn't lift the wheelchair back onto the lift, nor could I put the lift down in its current state. Shortly a very nice man came by asking if I needed help. I was never so grateful to see a complete stranger!

Linda

Linda was five years old when June was paralyzed. As a pre-school child she seemed to maintain a more moderate course than the boys' good/bad excursions, or, perhaps, her parents were more at ease with their third child. As a fiery auburn-head she was always at war with blond Kenny, but reasonably tolerant of her oldest brother, Larry. By the age of seven she was doing well in 2nd grade, an avid reader and participating in Brownies.

Muriel brought pant dresses for the girls in July 1968. June wrote afterwards, *Linda wanted to wear hers right now, but I made her save it. She wanted to wear it again today for piano lessons next door, and she will probably want to wear it to the movie tomorrow.* The next month June commented, *Linda has worn the blue dress and the turquoise dress already to church once each and the blue one to a birthday party.*

After Linda's 8th birthday in November June wrote, *Linda really appreciates her birthday gifts from everyone. The two sets of Capris were just what she needed. Until they came I was having quite a time keeping her out of summer shorts.*

June commented in our 1968 Christmas letter, *Linda is in the 3rd grade and Brownies, doing very well on the piano, and frequently cooks the family dinners on weekends under my supervision.*

In October 1969 Linda broadened her musical interests. June wrote, *For two years in a row the school has sent home a note via Linda saying that she is qualified to learn to play the violin. She finally talked me into letting her rent one and taking the lessons offered by the school. She had her first lesson today and discovered that two of the strings on the rented instrument were interchanged.*

A little later, *Linda is still taking piano lessons privately. She seems to be having trouble getting started with the class violin lessons. Now she claims there is something wrong with the bow. I don't know enough about the violin to know, but it sounds to me as if she is trying to renege on our agreement that in return for her playing the violin there would be no T.V. on school nights. But she still feels special when she carries it to school and*



Figure 31. Linda with kittens, 1966

gets out of class to go to the lesson. Let's hope that I am wrong and that her problems are soon straightened out. She is still doing very well with the piano.

In preparation for Linda's birthday in November June wrote, Linda is growing so fast that she needs just about anything. She mainly needs dresses, trousers and T-shirts. She could use pajamas and a robe, too. I think she is about a size 12. Of course anything knitted would probably get dried in the dryer and shrink up. That should take care of her birthday, Christmas and then still have some suggestions left over.

After Linda's birthday, Linda is acting like a Barbie Doll with all the clothes that she got from Sandy. Tomorrow I hope to help her put them all away. Right now they are hanging all over her room. She is a busy girl to get hold of between school, scouts and music, not to mention homework. [Sandy is the daughter of Muriel Joyce, a close friend of June's family.]

After Christmas 1968 June wrote, Thanks so much for all the nice gifts. The boys especially like their robes. They wear them whenever possible. Linda's blouse is quite elegant. Karen is very pleased with her new ballet outfit.

Mother and Bill brought down a lot of Sandy's clothes and some shirts that Larry Paul [Muriel's son and Larry's cousin] had apparently outgrown. Linda was beginning to outgrow the things that Muriel Joyce brought down at Thanksgiving, but is well fixed now. Sandy has lovely things. Karen has finally grown into some of the dresses I bought Linda before the accident. She will really be well off when she grows a little more. She is getting quite long but is still smaller than most children of her age.

In April 1970 Linda's enthusiasm for the violin had cooled. This is the third day that I have been working on this letter, so don't set too much store by the date. Linda is practicing on the violin. She really dislikes it now and will do almost anything to get out of practicing. You never heard such fancy excuses. Vic wants her to complete the school year with it. She still enjoys piano, however, and is still doing nicely on it. Karen is still going to ballet class and wants to take piano. Vic has shown her a few things and she seems to do quite well.

At the end of 1971 June commented, By the age of eight Linda was cooking competently. At the age of nine she frequently cooked the family weekend dinners under my supervision. By the time she was eleven our housekeeper prepared the main dish for the family's evening meal while Linda was responsible for all the rest.

Yesterday Larry, Kenny and Karen went to the La Jolla Christmas parade with the Gardner-Smiths, but Linda stayed home alone. She seems to be in the Greta Garbo stage. I don't see an awful lot of her these days. I think she is hibernating!

In May, 1972, Linda is trying to make her own graduation dress. A friend of mine, who is quite talented, is going to help her. I hope they make out all right.

What is the latest scoop about Dot and Stan? [June's younger sister and her fiancée] The last I heard was that the wedding was off, but Linda and Debby [Muriel's daughter and Linda's

cousin] write to each other frequently and Linda tells me it's on. But Linda usually thinks she knows more than she really does. She is a bright girl but doesn't really know how to manage her own brains. Perhaps that is a typical problem of a bright 11-year old large girl? [Eventually, Dot and Stan were married].

In the summer of 1972 June noted, *Linda is finally old enough to take home management in summer school, so she received some sewing instruction. She did very well and got an A for her efforts. In a way it's rather maddening because she makes things, decides she doesn't like them, and gives them away. But she did come out a couple of dresses ahead.* She kept it up for more than a year, sewing up a storm: blouses, dresses, jackets, etc.

In November 1973 June wrote, *Yes, this time I did get the message. I would like to give Linda credit for that, but it was only when the subject came up and in the spirit of, "I know something you don't know". She reminds me so much of your girlfriend Dottie. I never did figure her out. It looks like Linda tries to be funny, but I'm not on her wavelength. I think I need a few lessons.*

Debby sounds like she is doing great. Linda now has decided she wants to be a nurse and care for the newborn. Of course she has changed her mind many times. Who knows what it will be next month

In April 1974 June reported, *Linda has become interested in an organization called 'Young Life'. She recently went to a camp at Palomar over the weekend. Her interest may come from being away from home with approval, but, hopefully, some of the experience will rub off. It's really hard for her, because I can approve of the boys doing things that she can't do yet. And she looks so grown up; in her mind, she is.*

In Sept. 1975 June responded to a picture of her niece, Debby. *Thanks for the terrific picture. It's on my dresser and I see it all morning. My aide is a wee bit jealous that a girl a year younger than she is will soon be a R.N. I almost didn't find the picture. Linda asked to open the envelope and didn't show it to me. It was several days later before I asked her about it. In the meantime, Vic (assuming that I had seen it) moved it and couldn't recall where he put it. But, eventually, we ran across it.*

By December 1975 Linda was a tall young lady in 10th grade at La Jolla High School, reading, sewing and cooking avidly. June reported after Christmas, *For the first time Linda and Karen decided that they were going to cook Christmas dinner. I stayed completely out of it. They roasted a small turkey with dressing, baked potatoes, creamed onions, pumpkin pie, etc. They did a lot of the work the day before Christmas while our housekeeper was here. She couldn't believe it. On Christmas day they set up the dining room and did it all cooperatively. Everything turned out very well except the potatoes, which were not done. We had three more meals off that bird, so it turned out to be an economical as well as a good experience.*

Soon after Christmas the girls flew up to the San Francisco area to visit Vic's stepmother, Maria. They had fun and learned to make bread.

In January, 1976, there was a new development. *Linda has decided she is a vegetarian, although she will eat eggs and cottage cheese. That wouldn't be so bad, but she is also going overboard on calorie consciousness. She is so thin she looks emaciated. Many people, including Larry and a woman at church, have told her how bad she looks and how she is running herself down. But we are all wrong! Nurse Debby, what do you have to say? She is 5'9" or more and says she weighs 115 pounds, but I think that's an overestimate. Except for length, she can now wear Karen's clothes. I expect her to evaporate.*

By May things were a little better, *Linda is still a dieting vegetarian, but now she will eat cheeses, etc., has gained a little and looks much better. For a while she was heartbroken because she had taken in her clothes when she was lighter and they no longer fit her. Then someone gave her a whole mess of clothes and we convinced her that she really did look much better now. Even Larry was after her. She kind of likes Larry's best friend. Maybe he had some influence on her. Who knows, she would be a pretty girl now if her teen-age personality would just sweeten up!*

Then in June 1977, *Linda and Karen spent part of their energies planning a small surprise party for our 27th wedding anniversary. They did keep it a complete surprise from me; I didn't even catch on when they volunteered to clean house. They had to tell Vic about it at the last minute to assure that we came home after dining out. I was astounded. The party was complete with balloons and streamers adorning the living room. Even a festive table had appeared during our absence.*

A little later, *Linda spent a week of summer with her friend in Tahoe and looks forward to her senior high year.*

Early in 1978, during Linda's senior year at La Jolla High School, June wrote, *I suppose you've heard that Linda is definitely going to a school in downtown L.A.: Institute of Fashion Design and Merchandising. It's kind of partway between a trade school and an academic school. It is a two-year school but the program can be done in 18 months on a year-around basis. There is a session starting in July and she starts then. The school finds part-time jobs for the kids in the fashion industry during school and quite often these develop into full-time jobs. They also have a placement service. The industry gets many of its workers from this school. At first we were skeptical, but many people have checked it out. We were up there in December, saw the school and got the pitch. She is signed up to stay in a nearby dormitory run by, of all things, the Salvation Army. At least she really knows what she wants to do. [Famous last words!]*

We thought that at last one of our children knew what she wanted to do. Larry had been going to college for two and a half years and still appeared undecided and Kenny was still a grocery-store clerk. But it was not to be. By November 1978, *Now we have only Linda for a room-*



Figure 32. Linda in 1976

er, because our cleaning lady, who planned to move in, developed family problems and stayed in Chula Vista. Yes, we do have Linda back with us. She is a bit confused about what to do next, but now knows that a fashion career is not what she is looking for. She wants to work until next semester, but finding a job is not as easy as she thought it would be. She is doing our laundry, cooking, and errands for her room but she doesn't seem anxious to earn anything extra by cleaning. Babysitting money is keeping her going. With Christmas coming she should find some work.

In February 1979 June provided an update. The news since the Christmas letter is that Linda moved out, stayed away two weeks, found out that driving to work is expensive (even in a borrowed car), and moved back in. She is not working here but paying rent, which is working out much better as far as both of us are concerned. (She was forever way behind with laundry.) She is a good cook, but doesn't want the responsibility. I think Vic is making out fairly well now because my aide [A28] now lives with us. It certainly does relieve the burden, especially with Karen going through the terrible teens. Now I can type later than 9:00 p.m. when Vic is out of town.

A little later, This probably sounds a bit mixed up because I'm not feeling terribly rational right now because of another fuss with Linda. At least now I can retaliate: I can refuse her the use of the van because I have another driver in the house. She refuses to turn on the phone speaker so that I can hear the conversation. She has been pulling that trick for too long! We crossed her up when she moved back in. The other day Vic lifted me into the front seat of the van, so a trip that would have taken all afternoon with Linda turned into one and a half hours. The drive to take Karen to her tutor usually takes Linda a half hour. Tonight my aide, A28, a very conservative driver, drove her and returned in 15 minutes. I just hope A28 can ignore the remarks that will no doubt come from Linda. A28 and Linda have the two rooms upstairs and share a bathroom, so a lot goes on between them that I don't know about. Of course Linda thinks that's just great. She now can legally retire to her ivory tower and ignore the family responsibilities. (Boy, listen to me rant on and on. I'm taking out my frustrations on you. Please forgive me. You don't deserve it.)

By early summer the situation had settled down somewhat. Linda is still signed up for summer school at San Diego City College. She registered today and starts next Monday. In the summer she will be following a general course; in the fall she will take some child development courses. She has been babysitting and seems to be very good with children. She seems to be more nearly sure of this new development. I think the commercial art interest was just sort of - pick anything, just get in school somewhere. Thursday she is moving to an apartment with her girlfriend and now has a night job at the Pacific Beach Jack-in-the Box. She worked in the one in La Jolla before but wasn't crazy about the snobs.

In September 1979 she really surprised us by making a commitment she could not break. The latest news around here is that Linda has signed up for a four-year hitch in the army. It really shocked us when we first heard it, but after thinking about it we concluded that it may be a very smart move for her. She had been jumping from one thing to another, but this time she can't change her mind. Maybe she'll find her way there. She was classified as gifted by the city schools but was afraid to take the special classes, so she was thoroughly bored in school, and

her grades reflected her boredom. The army tested her at 95 out of 99, so they really pursued her. They want her to go to the language school in Monterey. She put that down as her second choice. Right now she is taken with the medical field. Who knows where she will end up? She is to be sent to Fort Jackson in Columbia, South Carolina for basic training. Small world isn't it: that's where Vic took his basic training.

Later, in November 1979 June wrote, We received a long letter from Linda telling about some of her adventures. She sounded happy despite the typical army nonsense. It's likely that she needed a structured life. She didn't like it at home, but she could always buck the system here. The drill sergeants are not softies; they speak her language. She was in good physical condition before she left, running six miles every morning and working out at a gym every day. So she was in better shape than most of the other women in her company. Her letter about some of the training sounded terribly familiar, recalling memories of Vic's training at Ft. Jackson, SC. For advanced basic training she was transferred to Fort Leonard Wood, MO. Hers was apparently only the second company of women to train there and Time Magazine did a story about them. Linda said the temperature got down to 20°F, but they wouldn't let the recruits wear long johns yet so they would have them available when it gets really cold.

After basic training she was sent to San Antonio, TX, for training as a surgical technician. She was then stationed at Ft. Meade, MD.

Actually, Linda's army hitch did not last four years because she became pregnant. She planned to marry the baby's father, Jerry, who was retiring from the army. I met Jerry during a business trip to Washington, DC. June's niece, Debby, and her husband were also there, so the five of us went out to dinner. Later June wrote, Glad to hear that Debby and Rob enjoyed the night out with Vic, Linda and Jerry. I guess you know that Linda and Jerry are in Denver now. The baby is due on her brother, Kenny's, birthday. Vic told her "Maybe you will have another Kenny". That would be real justice since Linda used to fight constantly with Kenny. I don't know about this generation. It seems like they have the cart before the horse!!! They are talking about a June wedding. They're also finding out what it is like to no longer have the security of the army. Apparently, they were overjoyed to receive cash for Christmas.

*In April June wrote, I have been hearing from Linda quite regularly lately. I write her and in a few days I have a letter right back. Either she is lonely or potential motherhood has mellowed her. She sent me a book, **My Mother, Myself** by Nancy Friday. Some friend had given it to her and she passed it on to me. The first three quarters of it I found to be fascinatingly repugnant, but there were a few intriguing ideas. One of those ideas, right near the beginning of the book, was about the importance to the child of mother/infant symbiosis, and how devastating it could be if something happened to the mother. This started me thinking about how Linda must have felt, deserted by her natural mother and then subjected to my situation! Is it*



Figure 33. Linda in the Army, 1980

any wonder that she is a bit mixed up?

Karen says that Linda called while I was out to say that she was on the way to the hospital. So, maybe I will know more by the time I have this letter in the mail. I still cannot figure out the logic or emotions behind Linda's decision to marry after the child's arrival. It's almost as if she wants to be a single parent.

On April 15, 1981 June wrote, Jerry called this morning to report that Linda had a boy at 12:15 this morning. He weighed 7 lb. 7 oz., but that's all I know. Karen forgot to ask for other small details, such as his name and what he looks like. I didn't get to hear Jerry. I do know that Linda expected a girl. I guess she won't have much time to write now, just when I wish she would!

More details were available by the end of April. The baby's name is Richard Sulla Little. I believe Linda said, "Sulla is the name of an old Roman general. Jerry is quite the historian." I will wager that he picked out the first name, too! It doesn't sound like something Linda would choose. I wonder if they have taken into consideration the taunting he may suffer in school. I hope he develops Rich Little's sense of humor. Maybe he will, since he looks like his uncle Kenny.

None of us can figure out their motive for not marrying. I heard via the grapevine that Jerry is divorced and the father of a girl. Your idea never occurred to me. If anyone would know, it would be Debby. Linda was more communicative with her than anyone else. Oh, I retract that, I believe my neighbor, Jodi gets that prize! She is the start of the grapevine, but by the time I get the information from Karen it's not too reliable. Your thought could be it! Otherwise, I see no reason for not having a civil ceremony in Denver, especially since they are now using Jerry's new job as a reason for delaying a trip home for a wedding.

Jerry is working at the V.A. hospital, preparing computer cards for new patients. In June he starts a job at the Post Office. He has been in the army for a long time and probably does not have a civilian trade. Apparently, it will enable Linda to be a full-time mother. She was working nights in a maternity delivery room and had planned to return. Now she says, "It's hard to leave Richard, even with Jerry."

In June the word was, About Linda, I cannot figure her out. When she found out that I would only pay for flying her out here if it was for a wedding, she picked July 4th. A few days later she came up with the fact that Jerry had to work six days a week during the probationary period at his new job. I cannot tell, now any more than before, what is true and what is wishful thinking. That's just one small sample! I hope a wedding comes about before Richard is enrolled in school!

In July, I haven't heard from Linda for a few weeks. The last I heard, September is still on. She hasn't given me an exact date yet, so everything is in limbo. I hope she will do invitations while we are away, or rather, I hope she is working on them now.

In early August, when we returned from our cruise to Alaska, Linda was out here while

we were away and for a few days after we got back, so I got to see her and Richard for a little while. He is a beautiful, plump, good-natured baby. He laughs easily once he is familiar with a new person. Linda is crazy about babies, so he gets almost constant attention.

Linda's plans have changed again! I hope we can tell the real thing when she gets it finalized. This time there is a sensible reason for a change; I just don't understand why it was not considered before. It seems that Jerry feels a bit threatened by having the wedding out here where he is a stranger, so it's going to be in Denver. The date has now been postponed to November 1. Vic feels that it is important for her immediate family to attend, so is considering flying us all there for the weekend.

At the end of August, I noticed we had a message to call Linda. When we finally reached her that evening we heard a not too illogical message. It seems that she is not postponing the wedding, but informing us that there will be no wedding and that Jerry asked her to leave. She can either stay in Denver or come back to San Diego. There was a letter on the way that would explain partially.

Vic managed to arrange some business so that he will fly to Denver this Thursday evening on his way back from Washington, D.C. and help drive Linda and her belongings home. They should arrive Saturday morning. She and Richard will have Karen's room until she figures out 'what next'. She said something about looking for a live-in position.

From what I can gather, Linda has been on the receiving end of her own type of procrastination. My, LOVE CERTAINLY IS BLIND! I could be way off base, but some of Jerry's tales that she believed sounded mighty suspicious! The letter was a bit confusing but made this theory quite plausible.

In October Linda had found a job as a Medical Technician in Central Supply at Scripps Clinic, Linda is working in the daytime for a week to learn the job. After that she will work from 3:00 to 11:00 p.m. Valerie Giddings is going to baby sit for Richard. She is a little younger than Linda, but we have known her since she was adopted by our good friends, Ken and Betty Giddings, at the age of four years. She is an only child, lives at home and goes to junior college in the mornings. She's happy to earn some money.

In December 1981 June summarized, Linda has been living here with us since the beginning of September. She is a single parent of a baby boy, Richard Sulla Little, born April 15, 1981. When Linda arrived she was still friendly with the father, Jerry, which escapes my understanding. I have given up on understanding the younger generation, and am now blindly accepting whatever comes my way. Linda is now a Medical Technician in Central Supply at Scripps Clinic. She works from three to eleven at night and, therefore, has days nearly free to be with Richard. Among other things she sterilizes instruments and makes up carts for use in surgery. Today was her second day. I say that Linda made out like a bandit from her short-lived Army career!

I do have a beautiful grandchild. Richard seems like the happiest baby in the world. He gets almost constant attention. There is a new theory that believes it is impossible to spoil a

child before it is eight months old and that up to that age the attention causes them to feel very secure. I hope the theory is valid or Linda will have a difficult time later. Ricky seems to bring out the best in his mother. I would say that he has already found his purpose in life! To him, home is a fascinating place, complete with all kinds of weird gadgets, a mild mannered dog, a tolerant cat, and all varieties of people!

But in Jan. 1982, Linda gave up her job, and hopes to find some work that will allow her to take Ricky with her. He is a real mama's boy: extremely happy when his mother is around, but the minute she is out of sight he becomes apprehensive and eventually very unhappy.

*June and I were planning, starting in mid-1982, to spend a year or so in Washington, DC while I worked for the U.S. Government,. We discussed with Linda the possibility of her coming with us to serve as June's aide. That would enable her to be with Richard practically full time. Then, in April June wrote, *I feel like I better start all over again. Everything has changed. Good thing this letter is dated the 2nd or you would take it for an April Fool's joke. Last Monday Linda got some kind of bug in her head and decided to drive back to Denver. She left at three in the morning on Tuesday. So far we haven't heard from her. So, this changed quite a few of our plans. We are now on a waiting list for a two-bedroom apartment in the DC area. We will have to hire a live-in housekeeper and a part-time nurse. We plan to leave San Diego on May22.**

A few days later, Linda called Saturday and said she made it to Denver Tuesday night. She is staying with a girlfriend who is a licensed childcare person. Linda has no job, but says there are openings about once a month. Why did she leave? She says she is tired of being a single parent, and wants Richard to be close to his father. I know that's not logical, but to Linda it is. It really had something to do with Jerry's current girlfriend moving out, and his talking of getting back together with Linda. And Jerry thinks Linda has common sense!?

A while later, I still haven't received any mail from Linda, but I do hear from her by phone when she needs something. The last I heard she was to be paid \$6.00 an hour during a two-month training period to manage an Arby's. She is living with a girlfriend who operates a licensed daycare center. The girlfriend was to take care of Ricky while Linda worked. I haven't heard from her since she started.

*About a year later, as June and I were preparing to return from our Washington, DC odyssey, Linda expressed an interest in serving as June's aide. June weighed the pro's and con's (see section on Aides) and decided to try it. After our return June wrote, *Linda and Richard are also here. Linda is temporarily my aide, is making dinner and has the overnight duty when Vic is out of town. She is investigating the school situation for next semester. She will continue to live here, cook dinner and have night duty when Vic is out of town. It certainly is handy to have an aide who catches on quickly.**

In the fall of 1983 we temporarily had a houseful of people and their belongings. In addition to Linda and Richard, Kenny and Janice still lived here, waiting for their house to be completed in Mira Mesa. They were able to move in during Feb. 1984.

Linda served well as June's aide until the summer of 1984, when June wrote, *At the end of July Linda begins a one-year course at Maric College that will qualify her to take the state boards for Licensed Vocational Nurse (LVN). That is the first step toward her eventual goal of becoming an R.N. Richard attends a daycare school, much like a preschool.* Since by this time Larry was working at FM Productions, Kenny was graduating as an Electronics Techni-

cian and Karen was studying interior design at UCLA extension, June remarked, *Our children are now all industrious workers! We seem to have cultivated a bunch of late bloomers.*

In our opinion, by the fall of 1983 Linda had matured greatly. She no longer seemed like an impulsive teenager, but acted as a mature adult meeting her challenging obligations as an employee and a mother and having a clear vision toward a rewarding career in medicine. We especially admire her subsequent accomplishments in study and profession while meeting the obligations of a single mother.

A year later, *Linda graduated in July from Maric College, immediately started work at the Veterans Hospital and, in September, passed the state boards for LVN.*

A year's experience as an LVN qualified Linda to move toward her next goal, a degree as a Physician's Assistant. In the summer of 1986 June wrote, *We have a new experience coming! Our daughter, Linda, has been accepted into a P.A. program at St. Francis College, about eighty miles east of Pittsburgh. St. Francis is a private Roman Catholic school and is, therefore, very expensive. After two years, Linda will be eligible for the many grants that are available in Pennsylvania, but until then.....*

A year later, in the summer of 1987, Linda visited us. *Linda and Richard were here for a couple of weeks. Bill, a man who is graduating from UCSD Medical School, is in the picture again, so I guess he paid for the flight; this was the third one! Linda claims he is just a friend who likes to play around; I'm not sure he accepts that. In computer knowledge brains and messiness he is much like Vic; there is one difference: he is extremely neat in the kitchen. Linda and Richard are still the same people, some good points, funny, smart, etc., with some bad habits: loud, inconsiderate, etc. Richard has grown a tremendous amount. They will be busy for the rest of the summer; Linda is scheduled for surgery on her nose for a deviated septum, plus she has summer school and plans to move; Richard is going to the YMCA day camp.*



Figure 34. Linda and Richard, 1983

Prior to graduating in the summer of 1989, Linda interviewed for jobs in southern California. *Linda will be out here interviewing for a job with Kaiser in the San Fernando Valley and is scheduled to come down here on Saturday. We can put them all up; we have had six and now the housekeeper's room is free on weekends.*

A little later, *Linda did get an offer from Kaiser. It surprised her. She thought she had no chance. She hasn't accepted anything yet; she has other offers, including one from Johns Hopkins in Baltimore. I doubt that she will take that one! It must be satisfying to be so popular, AT LAST!*

In September, *Details about Linda sound complicated. After Linda's graduation Richard flew back to San Diego with us. Karen took care of him until Linda got here with her truckload of furniture. She drove out here with Bill, a doctor friend, while her car was shipped out by rail. She moved out here on the strength of having a job offer from Kaiser and an offer of an interview in San Carlos. Since then she received two other offers at higher salaries from private doctors. Both are near a house in Fullerton, which she rented from Andy's sister and her Korean husband, who are going to Korea for two years. All the job offers are willing to wait; she can't start work until she finishes a couple of humanities correspondence courses, which she will complete by the end of the month. I am amazed at the salary offers. I guess she knew what she was doing when, despite her low high-school grades, she did her darnedest to get into the P.A. program. Undoubtedly, the money to support two people for 3½ years was worthwhile! Details go on and on, but that is enough to leave you breathless!*

In good order Linda passed her California P.A. exam and accepted a position with a private obstetrician, once again returning to her passion for children. Meanwhile, Richard had grown to become a bright 2nd grader.

A year later, in the fall of 1990, *Linda is getting married on Nov. 18th, or so she says. The date has been moved up three times; it was originally in May, 1991. Now she plans to have the ceremony at Karen's new house in Anaheim Hills. So, instead of a big wedding, we will pay for a smaller wedding plus help pay for Karen's landscaping. The groom is far better than her other boyfriends. I will tell you more later; my arm is giving up. More to talk about!*

June summarized in our 1990 annual letter, *On November 18 Linda was married to Joseph Armas. She met him at the clinic where she works; he was working as an orthopedic specialist, fitting casts and other orthopedic devices. They were married at Karen and Andy's new Mediterranean style home in Anaheim Hills, a little over an hour's drive from here. Needless to say, our decorator daughter, Karen, saw to it that the landscaping was completed much sooner than she originally planned. The wedding party, the house and the garden looked beautiful.*

In August 1991 our family was about to expand again. *Sorry about that slip up! I thought I had told everybody that our fourth and fifth grandchildren were on the way. Linda was due in August and Cheryl is due in October. Linda has known for some time that she is having a boy; Cheryl doesn't want to know. At first she thought, "It's a girl"; now she expects a boy, maybe because the baby is huge and active.*

A little later, *With Linda they induced labor because she didn't want to have a huge baby. Then they had to pull him out quickly with a suction cup, because he was face down and the cord was wrapped around his neck. Linda said, "I've seen this happen but never expected it to happen to me." I think he is pretty foxy; he had to present some surprise, although he paid by having a sore spot for a few days. Linda was torn pretty badly and uncomfortable for a few days. Now she can walk without discomfort.*

Linda named him Anton Jacob, pronounced the American way; Richard and Joseph have been calling him Tony. I think Vic can't bear to mispronounce his name so he calls the baby A. J. This may be one confused little boy. Although he is a good-sized baby, at eight days he still seemed pretty small. For now, he still has dark hair with definite red highlights and blue eyes.

Linda gave birth to another baby boy in Nov. 1992. *Babies seem to be arriving in bunches. I guess you know by now that Linda had her baby three weeks early, a 6 lb. 8 oz. boy they named Stewart Gabriel Armas. He looks really tiny, especially in comparison with Anton. Linda said a couple of weeks ago that she didn't send out any birth announcements. I guess, along with thank you notes, they have necessarily been cut due to an overly 'full plate'. She is still on maternity leave and already finding out how busy she is. Anton is into everything. Luckily Stewart sleeps most of the time. He does want to be fed every two-and-a-half hours. She is breast-feeding, so she doesn't sleep much.*

Unfortunately, the marriage didn't last. *In the fall of 1995 Linda and Joseph agreed to go their separate ways, so Joseph moved into a friend's apartment. Then, just before Christmas 1995 he woke up at night to go to the bathroom. He felt dizzy so he sat down; passed out and woke up on the bathroom floor with a sore neck. He walked around like this for three days, then X-rayed his neck. When the orthopedist saw the films he said, "Is this person paralyzed?" They immediately sent him by ambulance to the Loma Linda hospital; after a lot of deliberation they operated to perform a cervical fusion, the same surgery that left me paralyzed 29 years earlier. While Joseph was on disability leave he lived at Linda's house and took care of the kids. It was a way to cut expenses and work on the unfinished kitchen remodeling. Oh, yes, he also had to have his gallbladder removed!*

For Thanksgiving 1996 we joined Linda and a boyfriend, Vito, at Cheryl and Larry's home. After our visit with them June reported, *Joseph must be history. Vito seemed very nice. They seem pretty involved; Linda looks happier than she ever looked with Joseph. Vito is forty years old, has three children, aged nine, eleven and thirteen. He was married at twenty-five for eleven years. After counseling he and his wife decided to divorce, but he would like to try marriage again. Cheryl told me that he used to own a janitorial supply business, but sold it to go to*



Figure 35. June with A.J. and Linda, 1992

a seminary. After one year, he decided that wasn't for him, so now he is a salesman for a janitorial supply company. I heard him say he liked the more emotional church denominations, as opposed to the more intellectual ones. To me, the more emotional denominations are the more fundamentalist, or the ones who believe in a literal interpretation of the Bible. His children live with him and his ex-wife lives close enough to see the kids. Cheryl thinks that he is the right one. I hope so; Linda has had many serious boyfriends.

At Christmas time, Our family will be spread out this year. We are going up to Linda's for Christmas day. Richard should be there, although he has been living in Denver with his father.

Then in July 1997 June wrote, We got a pleasant surprise last week. Linda and Joseph have decided to give their marriage another try. I don't know how all this came about. Linda just wrote a note (e-mail) that said, "Vito and I are just friends, his words." She also said that part of the problem with their marriage was her intolerance of little things. I'm glad for everyone, especially A. J. and Stewart. Richard is back from Colorado. I guess he decided living with Linda is better than living with his strict Dad. Let's hope that everything works out for all of them! But the marriage didn't last; they eventually divorced. Richard's return was permanent; he had his last name formally changed to "van Lint".

At the end of 1999, Linda and Joseph have agreed to go their separate ways. Linda and her boys, Richard, A.J. (Anton), and Stewart, are now living in an apartment in La Jolla. Linda is now working as a Physician's Assistant at Scripps Clinic. She is an amazingly talented working single parent.

Then she moved to the Pasadena area and seemed to be doing well in an obstetrics office in Glendale. Eventually, she bought a house in La Habra, CA, while continuing to work at a clinic in Glendale. We've enjoyed a number of Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners at her house.

The recession of 2008 caught Linda between increasing house payments and decreasing income. The mortgage company increased her impound payments just as her second job, performing cosmetic treatments, collapsed with the economy. The mortgage company refused to renegotiate with her. Her realtor recommended that she engage California Law Group for their expertise in real estate renegotiation. She paid their fee up front. Their paralegal called her weekly with optimistic reports, but three months later she received notice that her house was to be sold at auction in three weeks. She then consulted my lawyer, who managed to get the auction postponed and eventually negotiated a short sale of the house to me at its current appraised value, a big saving on the mortgage principal and reduction in interest rate. I was surprised to have difficulty getting financing, because our bank ignored our assets and some of our income in



Figure 36. Linda, Richard and Karen, 1999

trying to qualify us, but we eventually succeeded in acquiring a mortgage at less than 6% annual interest. As a result Linda is gradually buying back the house with payments much smaller than those demanded by her previous mortgage. That illustrates the advantage of a good credit rating and low interest rates.

Linda visits us regularly, especially when June needs her hair cut. Sometimes she brings a grandson to help me, for a modest fee, with gardening. She is still looking forward to beating me at tennis.

Linda's View

My first haunting memory after my mother's accident was of her leaving the hospital. The doctor told my father that she probably wouldn't survive 10 years, so that should be his plan for the future. Even then, I thought how horrible for someone to say that in front of children. Now I think he didn't know who he was dealing with. I was 6 years old, the oldest girl.

Then I remember her stay in a rehabilitation hospital, and not understanding what this new life had become. It was chaotic, filled with angry parents and strangers at home. My mother's younger sister, who was unmarried, had come to help take care of us, and she tried to make life as bearable for us as possible. She wasn't Mom, but she was family.

The chaotic sense of 'home' never really left, with aides coming and going, a father who travelled extensively for work, and falling into a role of caregiver for a woman who (very understandably) was angry, frustrated and demanding. She seemed to be overly picky about the smallest detail, and controlling everything. It makes complete sense to me now, but then was alienating.

I always wanted to have the 'fun' childhood that I saw my friends have, vacations to places that kids enjoy, a 'normal' mom who wouldn't draw curiosity from friends and strangers alike. Instead, weekdays were filled with school and coming home to my job as caregiver. Weekends were spent doing chores. I have pictures from prior to 1966 that show our life before the accident, my mom holding me outside the church or being silly on a camping trip, my father twirling me around on the grass in the back yard.

Once I had my own children I encouraged them to enjoy the silliness of being a kid as best they could, and made sure they know how much I love them.

It wasn't until my mother had breast cancer that I saw her in a new light. She had this quiet resolve and strength, as if to tell the cancer "I've been thru worse, you can't hurt me!". After her respiratory arrest from a choking incident, I went to the ICU and asked her why she had allowed the intubation if she was so opposed to 'artificial prolonging of life'. She told me "I wasn't ready to die", as if it was a ridiculous question, and I had to smile. She is the true definition of a survivor, taking whatever life throws at



Figure 37. A.J. and Stewart at Wild Animal Park, 2004

her with grace. I couldn't be in her shoes for one day, let alone 46 years!

Karen

Karen was always small for her age. When she first arrived in our home from the adoption agency, at the beginning of December 1963, we understood that she was born on Sept. 3, so assumed that she was three months old. A year later, when the formal adoption papers were processed, we learned that her birthday was really Sept. 30. Even then, she was small for her age. Rather than trying to compete with her siblings, as Linda did, Karen enlisted her older brothers' help at every opportunity. She was still 2 years old when June was injured. She drew support from her older siblings, especially Kenny, in the aftermath. Years later, Kenny's death was especially painful for her.

Karen's affinity for animals appeared early. Before our fateful trip in 1966 we had a litter of kittens, two of which remained at our house when we left on vacation. They were fed during our absence but received no other human attention, so they were very skittish about people when we finally returned almost two months later. Karen named them Thunder and Lightning and gradually persuaded them to let her touch them. After a while they even allowed her to pick them up, but no one else.

At the end of 1967 June wrote, *Karen is in pre-school, small, active, and a lot of fun for all of us.*

On Oct. 1, 1968, June wrote, *Yesterday was Karen's birthday and it was very important to her, because now she is five and no longer required to take naps. She started ballet lessons after talking about them for two years. We didn't have a party, but she had two friends in for lunch and more friends at 3:30 p.m. for cake, so it seemed like she partied all day. We gave her a good baton, some pans and an outfit for skipper. Thanks for her pretty clothes and her bank. She has her money in the bank on her new desk (we bought unfinished furniture for the girl's room, and Larry, Kenny and Linda finished it with Vic's supervision.) She wore her pretty green dress to school today, although normally it will be used for church. She wore the pretty pink shorts to ballet today and is talking about wearing the other outfit tomorrow. The housekeeper gave her some pretty underwear and the nurse gave her more clothes for skipper. Some of her friends brought gifts in spite of not having a party and mother gave her a pretty pink dress, so she had a very nice birthday.*

After Christmas 1968, *Karen got three new dresses and some dishes too and really thinks she is big stuff.*



Figure 38. Karen with kitten in 1966

After her 6th birthday in 1969 June wrote, *Karen's dresses are perfect. It would spoil them to take up their hems. Mother and Bill were here on her birthday; they gave her a dress and a sweater. We gave her sort of a blackboard on an easel. It has a paper that can be rolled out with all sorts of information and things to write on it. Our housekeeper, H6, baked her a special birthday cake. She had a very nice birthday.*

Once we acquired a dog, Ruff, Karen quickly established a special bond with her, as well as all subsequent family pets. In Dec. 1971 June wrote, *We forgot to put Ruff out last night, so about 6:00 this morning Larry let her out. At 7:00 the girls found her far up the street. Karen gets all worried and upset when something like that happens; we have a hard time convincing her that Ruff is grown up and knows the way to her meal ticket.*

After Kenny was evaluated for his learning disorder in 1972 we read a book about dyslexia recommended by Dr. Kurlander. It described Karen even better than Kenny. The doctor's tests confirmed the diagnosis. Since we recognized the problem when she was only eight, the recommended treatment was regular expert tutoring. She was tutored in reading and fine-motor muscle control twice a week until she was in 11th grade. Thanks to the extra tutoring she now reads and writes competently. Fortunately, Karen compensated for her perception difficulties by becoming a people person. She relates well to everybody, starting with her older brothers and sister. Even today, when she battles with builders to correct deficiencies in her house, they can't help liking her.

In August 1972 June wrote, *Karen is down to 29 now. What does that mean? After each birthday Karen starts counting the days until the next one. In some ways she is very feminine (she loves clothes); on the other hand she is still a tomboy who will not wear dresses. It sure is a good thing that pantsuits are still in style. The closest thing to a dress she will wear is a mini-dress with matching shorts.*

In January 1973 June wrote, *Karen made dinner tonight to earn her Girl Scout badge. It is difficult to realize Karen is old enough for that. It wasn't easy without stepping on toes trying to keep our housekeeper from helping her too much, but just enough. It was especially difficult today when the housekeeper was particularly sensitive.*

In December 1973, *Karen keeps growing. Our animal collection, with Karen as chief curator, now consists of two dogs (Ruff and Charcoal), two cats (T.H.E and Lightning) and a hamster (Brownie). That's mild compared to all the mice, rabbits, fish and birds we had a while ago. Charcoal and Lightning are recent additions; they're both young and playful.*

In April 1974, *Karen is getting fat and getting severe headaches, due to the failure of her doctor to monitor the effects of prednisone. She is going to a YMCA day camp during Easter week.*

After her birthday, *Karen received her gift yesterday. She says to tell you she "loves the shirts and they fit just fine." She has already named the stuffed animals. She took one to school today. She wore a long-sleeved white turtleneck with some new maroon corduroys and looked the best dressed I have seen her in ages. Clothes are beginning to mean something to her after*

all, even though she is still a tomboy.

In December 1974, Karen is in sixth grade and remains the animal fan of the house. The current inventory is two dogs, two cats, two hamsters and two fish. She's also trying to promote a bird.

In June 1975 June wrote, Karen has decided she wants to take piano lessons. She is our last hope for a musician. Maybe it will take this time. At least she will learn to read music. She will be a busy gal. She is still being tutored twice a week and is going to a Y camp for a week in August. She is still nuts about plants and animals. Our whole house has green things, thanks to Karen. And she's delighted that Linda talked us into getting her a puppy, mostly collie. So now we have three dogs (Ruff, Charcoal and Taragon.), two cats (T.H.E and Lightning), two hamsters (Brownie and Anne), and one bird (Woodstock). Thank heaven we don't have the crayfish anymore!

By the end of 1976, Karen is in eighth grade and has discovered how to be a teenager. She still retains her love of animals

In 1977, Summer was special for Karen. Several months had gone by since she last visited her friend in Arrowhead, and she had waited a whole year for another week at tennis camp.

Our annual report in 1978 included, Karen was also a June graduate, and is now a 10th grader in her first year at La Jolla High. She retains her interest in animals, although now she is quite selective. The latest addition to the family is a female white kitten. Corky, spoiled by everyone - including Ruff, Charcoal, and Taragon, the dogs. Karen's other big interest is tennis. She had two weeks at a tennis camp during the summer while Vic and I went on a business trip and short vacation.

Karen is back to struggling her way through La Jolla High and seems to enjoy the process. Of course, the social scene seems to be very important to her.

In our 1979 annual letter June reported, Karen is a junior at La Jolla high school. Her interest is in the direction of interior decoration. For the Christmas season she is a salesgirl and stock clerk in a clothing store that is popular with young girls. Karen has her eye on all sorts of things for Christmas. ‘

By the time of her high-school senior year Karen had mostly overcome her dyslexia and was able to read competently. In the spring of 1981 June commented, Karen is just now getting a very good report. She finally started studying, instead of resenting. Now starts the whirl of senior activities. Today was Senior Ditch Day, and it goes on and on from there.

At the end of 1981 we reported, Karen is now a freshman



Figure 39. Karen with her friend, Beth, in 1975

at a private Junior College, Marymount-Palos Verdes. It is sponsored by the Roman Catholic Church.

At Christmas time we met Karen's boyfriend, Andy. By April 1982 she was planning the next steps in her education. Karen is home this week. She has signed up for a three-year UCLA extension course in interior design, which starts next fall. Yes, she is still "gung ho" about the subject. It is rather refreshing to have one of our children stick to a career idea.

She also seems to stick to her boyfriend. She and Andy are still a thing. He is coming down this weekend. No vacation for him this week.

Late in 1983 Karen traveled to the Philippines to meet Andy's family. June wrote, My house is a real clutter-catch-all. In addition to our four-family household, which includes furniture for two families, we are storing Karen's belongings and taking care of her cat while she is in the Philippines. The cat, Pupa, is becoming very much at home. She will even venture outdoors for a few minutes. Karen will be back about the time our big, white Fred becomes friendly with Pupa and Pupa will again become an apartment dweller.

June described a visit from Karen in April 1984. On Tuesday night at about 10:30 p.m. Karen showed up. After other chitchat, I asked, "What brings you home on a Tuesday?" It was Wednesday afternoon before the answer was forthcoming, something like, "Andy and I want to get married soon in a courtroom ceremony and then, in a few months, have a church wedding. Andy has a visa but not a green card or a work permit. Without a work permit no one will hire him. If he doesn't find work soon he will have to return to the Philippines. If he returns I know that I will follow within six months and that will preclude my finishing school. A court marriage now will allow Andy to get a green card quickly and find some work, and I will be able to finish school. We will have a small church wedding in a few months when Andy's parents can come over." Apparently, they had already discussed this with Andy's parents. One of their concerns is that Karen finish school. Andy wants to marry soon but is afraid we will think he wants to marry only for the green card. Karen wants to know if we would still go for school expenses and a church wedding if they are already married. My answer was, "Yes, I think so." I think everyone assumed that Karen and Andy would marry sooner or later. I suppose we anticipated this.

Karen was married in a small ceremony on May 30th, 1984 to Andres Mendezona. Close family members attended the garden ceremony, which was held at the home of Andy's aunt in Beverly Hills. Karen and Andy have known each other for about three years. He comes from a well-to-do Spanish family living in Cebu City in the Philippine Islands. Andy has been a business student at Loyola University in L.A. and is now here on a business visa, buying and ship-



Figure 40. Karen in 1983

ping Caterpillar tractor parts for his father, but that doesn't keep him busy. Of course, without a green card or work permit he cannot accept a job. He has helped Vic on a couple of weekends to keep busy and earn some money. They are planning to have a church wedding in a few months when Andy's parents can get away. Karen still has a year of school left, so they want to stay in L.A. for the time being. Soon Andy started work as personnel director for a printing company in Riverside.

Karen and Andy shared a second wedding ceremony about a year later at the Café del Rey Moro in Balboa Park. It was conducted jointly by our Protestant minister, Steve Meineke, and a Catholic priest, a close friend of Andy's family. This time Andy's parents were able to participate.

By the end of 1986 Karen had completed her studies. *Karen is helping to plan interiors for new tract homeowners. She and Andy have recently moved into their new condominium in Orange, California.*

Easter 1987 was a time to get together. *Sunday after church we drove to Karen's place and had Easter dinner. Kenny, Janice and one of Andy's cousins were there too, so Karen had quite a group in her new little place. She and Andy put out an attractive and delicious dinner. (I know you are just dying to know the details!) My, the freeway was busy! It has been so long since I have been on it on Sunday night. Fortunately, that every-Sunday-afternoon trip to Rancho Los Amigos hospital is no longer necessary. The traffic seems worse than ever! Well, the weekend was a nice change while it lasted!*

Our 1988 annual newsletter included, *Karen and Andy are practicing parenting skills on Fergie, their exuberant English Sheep Dog.*

On January 18, 1989 Karen was delivered of a baby boy, named Kenny after her deceased brother. *I am amazed that Karen didn't send you a birth announcement. She had a boy, Kenneth Andrew Mendezona. He was a big boy, 8 lb., 2 oz. She was only in the hospital for about seven hours when she delivered. We saw Kenny when he was four days old. He looks a bit like Andy's father.*

In May June reported, *Little Kenny is an active blue-eyed brownette with a twinkle in his eyes. I saw him three times by the time he was three months old, first when he was four days old, second at his christening at an age of two months, both at Karen's upstairs townhouse. The third time was last month when they spent the weekend down here. They will probably come again this weekend. Now I have a crib in the small room. Have you seen Kenny? He is especially cute when he laughs.*

In September 1992 we were anticipating



Figure 41. Andy, Kenny & Karen with June in 1990

the arrival of two more grandchildren. Yes, Karen is due on Election Day and Linda is due two days after Thanksgiving. They will be grandchildren numbers six and seven. I expect the production will slow down a bit after this. Cheryl talks about having another child. Karen and Linda say they have had it.

Right on schedule, Karen and Andy provided almost four-year old Kenny with a potential playmate. On November 3, exactly on time, Christopher Luis Mendezona, weighing 8 lb. 4 oz., made his appearance. Babies seem to be arriving in bunches

Then she wrote to her sister, *I saw the blanket you sent for Christopher. It is beautiful. Kenny likes it too! In fact he has taken it over. So if you run out of things to crochet, I'm sure Karen would appreciate another one.*

By the end of 1994 Andy found a new and exciting job in human relations at Marie Callender's restaurant chain. Karen and Andy come here often during the summer for Andy and Kenny to sail their boat on Mission Bay. Karen stays trim and fit working in her garden and chasing after Christopher, the energizer bunny. .

In the summer of 1996, Karen and Andy are about to move to McAllen, TX with their sons Kenny and Christopher. Andy accepted a very attractive offer to set up the Human Resources program for a new Pepsi International plant and expects in the future to work in their international operations. We're going to miss seeing them frequently, as when they come to San Diego for sailing, Sea World or the Zoo. Now only Linda and Joseph's children will be nearby, but that's how it goes.

Karen and her two boys managed to escape the humid heat of south Texas during the summer of 1998. Karen and her boys arrived at the beginning of June and spent the summer out here, making our house their base of operations.

In the summer of 1999 June and I joined Karen's family on a trip to the Far East. We visited Andy's parents and siblings in Cebu, Philippines, and went sightseeing with Karen in Hong Kong, Singapore and Bangkok.

At the end of 1999 Karen and Andy invited us to welcome the millennium at their house. Just before Christmas of '99 we flew to south Texas to spend the holidays with the Karen and Andy branch of the family. After Christmas the combined family visited with my sister, Dot, in Austin, where she had moved to be near her daughter and family. A planned potluck neighborhood two-generation (we were the third generation) party on New Year's Eve in Karen and Andy's home was unforgettable with games, soft



Figure 42. Andy, Karen, June, Vic and Andy's mother at Cebu overlook in 1999

drinks, and fireworks for children, drinks and dancing for adults, and food for everyone. We old folks went to sleep soon after midnight, but the party went on for hours.

By this time, Andy is now in charge of Organizational Development at a maquiladora factory located just across the border in Mexico. It assembles equipment for American industries. As always, Karen expertly handles family life, home landscaping, interior decoration and neighborhood functions.

Later in 2000 June reported, Karen, Andy and their two boys moved from Texas to Greenville, NC in November 2000, but Andy's job did not turn out to be as promised. In August 2001 he started work at Smithfield (advertised as the largest producer of pork products in the USA, but probably second to the U.S. Congress) in Fayetteville, NC. Karen waited through the school year while trying to sell their house, and then moved down in May 2002. Their house finally sold in July, and they've just bought another one.

In May 2005 Andy resigned his position to pursue other interests, so the family moved to Keller, TX, where Andy was employed by Global Payments as a Director Human Resources and was later promoted to Vice President of HR. They bought another new house, again providing Karen with opportunity to decorate the home and develop the garden. She also became a department manager in a Crate & Barrel store.

By the end of 2007 Kenny was attending college, another major milestone in our family. Karen also managed to contact her birth father to learn about her medical ancestry. We all enjoyed meeting him and his wife (not Karen's birth mother). Later I also met Karen's half brother, who helped us secure a mortgage to finance the purchase of Linda's house.

Family Relations

At the time of June's injury her mother had remarried and so had my father. June's mother and sisters lived in southern California, so there were frequent visits in both directions. My father lived in the San Francisco area and relations with him had been strained by his rejection of June and our adopted children. However, my stepmother, Maria, insisted on meeting our family.

We visited with them in Larkspur, in what had been Maria's house, on returning from our Canada vacation in 1968, and again after Christmas. June commented, *Maria, Vic's stepmother, is an extremely nice person and seems to have changed Vic's father ever so slightly. This time he was entertaining people who would have been dirt under his feet a few years ago. He still has never addressed me directly. I don't know whether that stems from embarrassment or whether I'm still not accepted. He seems to be making up for lost time in acting like a grandfather to the*



Figure 43. Andy, Karen, Christopher and Kenny in 2004

children. We also saw Anneke, Vic's cousin, and her husband, Hans; they are delightful people. Our children loved them and they seem to enjoy children.

In December 1970 there was a major van Lint family reunion in Larkspur. We participated, as well as my father's brother, Co, his wife, Nel, and their son, Jack and his wife, Betty, all visiting from the Netherlands.

Since Maria had been a professional editor of children's books, June asked her opinion on

the manuscript of My New Life. In 1971 June wrote her sister, *I'm glad to hear that you received the copy of my manuscript. I'm circulating it around to family and close friends who have asked to read it. Please send it on to mother and Bill when you and Dot, and whoever else wants to read it, have finished; they can return it to me. I am doing this because publication seems to be a long way off. I sent it first to Maria because she didn't know me before the darned accident. She is a former editor and very enthusiastic about the book, but has several suggestions. She also showed it to a friend who is a psychiatrist, and he was also very enthusiastic, but had more suggestions. The upshot of the whole thing is that it looks like we have to turn it into three things: a Reader's Digest article, a general interest book, and a medical article. My speech therapist, who has had quite a few things published, has offered to help with this.*

After Christmas, 1971 my father and Maria visited us briefly in La Jolla. June had written, *We did not go to San Francisco this year because it would mean driving on Christmas day and no one wanted to do that. They are supposed to come down this way this month; we'll see! They may, because Maria has a sister living in La Jolla. Good thing they have lots of friends. With Anneke (Vic's cousin), Hans (her husband) and little Hans back in Holland and us in San Diego things may be pretty dull in Larkspur.*

At the end of 1973, *I did have a package for grandpa and Maria, and so did Kenny, but then it turned out that we stayed home. They went to Yosemite the day after Christmas. We called them New Year's day, but received no answer. They are probably off on one of their photography trips.*

Sadly, their marriage did not last. In Sept. 1975 June wrote, *Boy, Vic's father has done it again! I really cannot understand that man. He left Maria and physically moved all his stuff out. It sounds like they are going to have quite a battle. Vic's father has the idea that everything is his, but he will allow Maria a pittance on which to exist. I think he has really flipped this time, to walk out when he had it made. He claims Maria was making too much of a scene, but we think he is looking for greener fields about 20 years later in life than most men. I thought he had*

mellowed. Wrong again. We heard that the divorce cost them more than \$30,000 in legal fees. Some of his claims were amazing: e.g., his assets grew during their marriage, but hers did poorly!

Although my father divorced Maria, our family did not. After Christmas 1975 June wrote, *The girls flew up to visit Maria from the 27th to the 31st. They had fun and learned to make some bread. Everyone was very careful not to mention the forthcoming trip when we called grandpa van Lint on Christmas day. If he finds out about it our relations may return to the status of ten years ago. But, as Vic says, "we survived that."*

In January 1983 June wrote to Maria, *As usual, I haven't seen Vic's father. Vic saw him once last year. He had an operation where they removed something like seventeen stones. Vic said he was rather mellow, figuring that he was living on borrowed time. Karen sent him a Christmas card and in return received a \$50.00 check and a note indicating that he may move to Pasadena because Jack, Vic's cousin, is now at Cal Tech and may stay there. I wish the stubborn old Dutchman would tolerate me. I'm sure Vic would see him more often that way. After 33½ years I should be used to his treatment. Yes, it started a year before we married. After Larry became ours, even Mammie (my mother-in-law) was ineffective! I'm amazed that he tolerated me during your marriage. That was quite a feather in your cap!*

Sadly, Maria died in March 1985. We had visited her in the hospital, where exploratory surgery revealed an inoperable cancer. She was furious at herself for permitting the surgery because it incapacitated her during her last months. She eventually returned to her home in Larkspur, gradually wasting in body but not in spirit, and peacefully passed away. We were unable to attend her memorial service because we were on a Caribbean cruise.

Many years later, in the summer of 1996, we had a breakthrough. My cousin, Jack, and his wife, Betty, visited my father, who was then living in the Phoenix, AZ area. They persuaded him to welcome a call from me and passed the message to me. I called and visited him intermittently during the next two and a half years. He showed many symptoms of senile dementia, especially forgetfulness. One day he fainted and his housekeeper found him on the floor. He was hospitalized for a week or two before he could return home. I learned that nobody consulted his primary care physician because he was not on the staff at the hospital to which he'd been brought by the paramedics. They learned of his medications by asking his housekeeper to bring in the containers. I learned from his primary care physician that he'd prescribed Aricept to slow down the progress of dementia. Apparently, my father finished the prescription but forgot why he was taking it, so he didn't renew it. I had to inform the hospital about the Aricept. The doctor assigned by the emergency room to be in charge of his case told me my father would never be able to return to his home. His negative attitude disturbed me. About two weeks later my father was home.

I wrote a report for my father of events that occurred during his hospitalization, because I wanted him to understand how various people had behaved. One man had introduced himself to me as my father's fiduciary and arranged a meeting with my father's trust officer at Wells Fargo Bank. I think he was hoping that my father would be declared incompetent, and that he would then play a role in managing the finances. Later, my father said, "I only use him to run errands".

A very competent lady served as his medical power of attorney. Unfortunately, she resigned a few months later because she would not agree to his demands for sleep medication. His housekeeper and another lady who provided him transportation were considerate and supportive. Soon he designated me with his power of attorney.

My father had always been fluent with arithmetic and could remember many numbers. Early during his hospitalization I observed a technician administering the customary tests for dementia: awareness of current status and events, remembering three random words for a few minutes and counting backwards by sevens. He imagined himself on a trip he'd taken during the 1930's, could not remember any of the words, but counted backwards flawlessly. Two weeks later, at home, he remembered the three words. I was astonished.

In Oct. 1998 June summarized, Vic's Father is now ninety-six. He has been living alone in his own house in Sun City West, AZ. He had not seen Vic for many years, not since our boys were young teenagers. We had infrequent contact. He always said a visit would be "too stressful." However, he was in regular contact with Vic's cousin, Jack, and his wife, Betty. During a visit Betty asked him if he wouldn't like to see Vic again. He agreed; so Vic called him and arranged to visit at the end of a business trip. Vic started visiting his father every few weeks. Last June, a carful of Karen, Linda, Christopher and Kenny planned to drive through Phoenix, so Vic arranged to meet them and they all visited his father. He entertained the group with somewhat embellished stories of Vic's youth.

In September, Anneke, a female cousin of Vic's, came from Netherlands to visit Vic's father. Vic and I drove to Phoenix; we all visited with his father during the mornings and took Anneke sightseeing in the afternoons. Vic's father now accepts me, even talks to me and gave us a valuable antique, an old Indian hot-food container in which farmer's wives carried food to their husbands in the fields. His father started telling me the story behind the antique; when Vic entered the room and saw his Father talking directly to me his mouth dropped a foot, but his Father continued talking to both of us. Later, I heard him say to Anneke, "Whatever makes Victor happy", so he has mellowed quite a lot. Since then, after a fall gave him a cut and a black eye, he finally agreed that he should no longer live alone. He is now in an 'assisted living' place where he has two rooms but goes to a dining-room for meals. A nurse is available eight hours a day (soon to be full-time). That's a load off my mind. I've been concerned about what might happen to him with no other relatives living in the USA.

Again, our relief was short-lived. After a month or so at the assisted living facility my father called the moving company to take his belongings back home. I consulted his doctor, who agreed it was a bad idea, but not so bad that we should try to overrule him. I arranged for him to



Figure 45. June, Vic's father & Anneke, Sept. 1998

have a companion for eight hours during the day to help him with food and medication. He fired her after two days, saying, "I'm not paying someone just to sit around." I challenged his decision; he claimed he couldn't afford it because the income from his investments was not enough to cover the expenses. I told him, "Use the principle." He said, "But that's not conservative!" I told him he wasn't likely to live long enough to use it up, and that I would support him if he did. He wouldn't budge!

Instead, every week or two he'd call 911 to take him to the hospital emergency room for some complaint. Most times he was treated and sent home by taxi. Eventually, he caught the flu and required hospitalization. This time he agreed with his trust officer and me that he should move permanently into an assisted living care center. We made the arrangements, but one night, while still hospitalized, he fell out of bed and broke his hip.

Linda and I visited him while he was being prepared for surgery. I discovered that the physician assigned to his case was the same pessimistic person who both of us had disliked during his previous hospitalization. We asked the hospital Social Service person how to change physicians, since I knew my father would be upset when he learned who was controlling his care. She told us that if we fired his current physician no one else would take the case. So, Linda and I made an appointment with the physician, who was of Indian background, and concocted a story blaming my father's mental condition for him wanting to change doctors. He asked, "What kind of doctor does he want? A white male?" I was a little shocked by the ethnic implication, but answered, "Since he's 96 years old, I think a geriatric specialist would best understand his needs." A week or two later he transferred the case to the head of geriatrics.

Remarkably, during the subsequent weeks he appeared to recover from hip surgery, but then his vital organs all started to shut down, and he died. I think he willed himself to die, realizing he wouldn't be able to return to his home and treasured independence.

I was disappointed at the subsequent behavior of the Wells Fargo trust officer. We had worked together harmoniously as long as my father was alive and I held his power of attorney, but when he died she became uncooperative. He had provided me a reasonable cash bequest, but had divided most of his estate equally between seven charities. I asked for copies of the monthly financial reports, but the trust officer refused, saying that I didn't need them since I'd received the cash bequest. One of the charities agreed to furnish me copies of the reports, so I immediately spotted an error: the mortuary billed the trust for funeral expenses that my father had already pre-paid. When it was corrected it was explained as a clerical error! I wonder, how often does that occur? I had to argue to get permission to use his house for a memorial celebration. She insisted it occur within two weeks to enable the bank to sell the house. It was more than six months later before it was actually sold. I asked to get his papers after the bank finished processing his finances; she refused.

We held a memorial service for my father at his house. Our entire family attended, as well as his friends from Larkspur, CA, Laguna Hills, CA and Sun City, AZ where he had lived. We shared with each other stories of our experiences with him. A month or so later June, Linda and I met with a group of his Laguna Hills friends at a state park near San Juan Capistrano, where they had hiked frequently with my father. We scattered his ashes along the trail.



June summarized, *The picture of the family was taken during a memorial service for Vic's father at his home in Sun City, Arizona, March 11, 1999. He lived until two days short of his 97th birthday. We believe he willed himself to die after a short bout with the flu. Dementia was affecting his memory and he came to realize that he could no longer live alone in his own house. He lived a full and rewarding life.*

Family Activities

The auto accident cut short our 1966 summer vacation trip to northwest USA. During the summer of 1967 we were still adjusting to June's return home. We were finally ready to travel in the summer of 1968, so we rented a 26 ft. motor home for a month to accommodate the children and June. It was convenient to have facilities for children's needs and entertainment, as well as a means for June to lie down while traveling. I was scheduled to attend a professional society conference in Missoula, MT in July, so we merged it into a four-week family trip to Montana and the Canadian Rockies. June described it in her book and summarized it for our 1968 annual newsletter. *The big event this last half year was a long vacation: four weeks for the whole family in a rented 26 ft. Dodge motor home. We went to Montana (Missoula for a conference for Vic; Flathead Lake for a visit with friends; Glacier National Park) then to the Canadian mountain parks (Kootenay, Banff, Lake Louise, Athabasca glacier), then to Vancouver, Seattle, San Francisco, and back home again. We really enjoyed traveling in the motor home. It gave us freedom to stop or go, rest or look, play or sleep. We figure it also cost us less than motels and restaurants for our crew. And, of course, we are loaded with pictures to relive the experience.*

June's letter to her sister in Jan. 1969 included, *The gifts have already been pressed into service. We drove to San Francisco the Friday after Christmas and everyone had something new to wear. We had visited my father and stepmother in Larkspur, just north of San Francisco.*

During the summer of 1969 my aunt Hilly visited us from the Netherlands, so we took a short California vacation. We drove to the San Francisco area, saw the sites and visited with my

father and stepmother. Then we impressed my aunt with the unique sights of Yosemite National Park. As proper US hosts, we also took Hilly with our kids to Disneyland, Knott's Berry Farm, San Diego Zoo and Sea World.

June and I went to Portland, OR, to attend the trial of June's lawsuit in August 1970. After we returned the entire family celebrated by taking a boat from San Pedro to Catalina and sightseeing on the island. During Christmas school vacation we saw Yosemite National Park in its winter clothing.

After our experience with motor-home travel we decided to get a vehicle large enough to transport the family, wheelchair and all. In 1971 we bought a Dodge Maxiwagon, a large van with its body extended 18" in the rear. We added a wheelchair lift, a reclining front passenger seat for June and a reclining rear bench seat. The front passenger seat was fitted with an alternating pressure air mattress for June's comfort. The van could transport the whole family in comfort; all but the driver could lie down. The children could play games, watch the scenery, or sleep, with a minimum of, "Aren't we there yet?" We tested it first in 1971 with a trip to San Francisco, stopping at Marineland in Palos Verdes on the way home. In 1972, we embarked on a long trip, as described in our annual newsletter, *In August we put the family in our van and went to the parks: Grand Canyon, Bryce, Yellowstone, Rocky Mountain, and Carlsbad Caverns. We passed through Denver where Kenny was able to spend a few days with us. We took lots of pictures: Vic took slides and the children learned the excitement of taking pictures and creating an album.*

The boys and I enjoyed brief overnight hiking trips annually for a few summers. The first was in 1971: a hike out of Mineral King, near Sequoia National Park. Larry and Kenny were in better physical condition, but I managed to stagger along. After a long climb we camped near a lake. The next day we climbed to a Kern River overlook and hiked back down to our car.

In 1972, with Kenny at Wallace Village, Larry and I took the second in a series of summer backpacking hikes. We drove to the end of the road in King's Canyon National Park, intending to hike up to the John Muir trail and back. We made good progress the first day and spent a rainy night along the trail. Larry's radio told us that the weather was unlikely to improve, so we decided that we had already demonstrated our ability to survive. We hiked back along the soggy path and drove home.

In 1973 the family visited the national parks again, this time accompanied by my aunt Hilly, who was visiting us from Holland for the second time. June's aide joined us for the Yellowstone part, and Kenny was allowed to fly in from Denver. We carried along the hydraulic Hoyer lift for her to transfer June while the boys and I were hiking. This time the



Figure 47. Vic & Kenny on hike in Needle Mtns., July 1974

weather cooperated. Larry, Kenny and I enjoyed a marvelous three-night hike around the Grand Tetons. According to our annual letter, *Last summer Vic's aunt Hilly from Holland visited with us again. We all drove to Logan, Utah, for a meeting that Vic attended, and then went on to Yellowstone, Denver, Albuquerque and home during a three-week vacation. Vic and the boys took a four-day backpacking trip in the Tetons while the girls went sightseeing in Yellowstone. The backpacking trip was fantastic; we have lots of pictures to relive it. Then Vic, Kenny, Linda and Karen camped one night at a lake in Yellowstone. On the rest of the trip we visited Rocky Mountain Park, Mesa Verde and Petrified Forest and took a quick look at Grand Canyon before it started raining. We think aunt Hilly was impressed. She has lived all her life in North Holland. Our mountains and canyons are very different.*

The boys and I decided to repeat our hiking experience in the summer of 1974 with a backpacking trip in the Needle Mountains in southwest Colorado. Larry flew into Durango from home; I came from a business meeting in Albuquerque; Kenny took a bus from Denver. The hike started with a narrow-gauge train ride along the Animas River from Durango to a hiker stop halfway to Silverton. We hiked up along a small river, over a pass and camped near a high lake. The next day the weather changed and we survived a hailstorm. We hunkered down along the trail until the storm passed. A tree located about 20 ft. from the trail was hit by lightning, fortunately before we passed it. Eventually, we walked back to the train stop and stayed overnight in Durango. Kenny and I rode the bus to Denver and Larry flew home. Our pictures remind us of a scenic and memorable hike.

Family ski trips became another tradition, starting in Dec. 1974. June and I had just returned from a business trip to Puerto Rico and Washington, DC. As June reported, *Christmas day, about four in the afternoon, the whole family left in the van heading for Salt Lake City. Going to Utah was decided on the spur of the holiday. We decided to go on a skiing trip, and anything we could find in California just didn't do justice to Larry's skis or the Colorado slopes that Kenny had become accustomed to.*

Kenny was the family ski expert after his many ski outings from Wallace Village to the Colorado Rockies. Larry was almost as proficient as Kenny, so the two of them skied the difficult south slopes at Snowbird. The girls and I were just learning, so we practiced on the gentler north side of the valley, which the boys dubbed 'the parking lot'. June watched from a sheltered spot at one of the buildings. On our last morning June and I were invited to accompany the ski patrol on the first cable-car ride of the day. The weather was clear and the view at the top breathtaking. June wrote, *I could almost understand why the family has taken sudden interest in this expensive and dangerous sport. Mostly I viewed the skiers from the tram building. It was a bit nippy but I was grateful not to be exposed to the elements, especially since it snowed a good part of the time. I saw a never-ending fashion show: some clothes were pretty wild.*

We only took a simple vacation in the summer of 1975, a drive to and around northern California. This was the last summer before Larry entered college with his own plans for the summers, but we were able to continue annual family ski trips for a while. June described the February 1976 trip in our annual newsletter. *In February the whole family had a five-day skiing vacation at Mammoth Mountain. Everyone, even the daredevil boys, had fun while improving their skills. One evening Vic, Karen and I went to Bishop to visit with Jill Kinmont (now Mrs. John Boothe) and her mother. She is the former potential Olympic ski champion who became a quadriplegic in a ski accident and was the subject of the movie 'The Other Side of the Mountain'. It seemed very natural to compare notes with another quadriplegic.* I was fascinated comparing June's and Jill's methods of dealing with their disabilities, such as holding a cup while drinking. June manages to grasp the cup with her left fingers, but Jill propped it between her two fists. June has normal sensations, so she feels sore after sitting in one position for a long time. Jill's spinal injury prevents her from sensing such pain, so I asked her how she prevents decubitus (bedsores) while sitting. She said, "I feel the hair on the back of my neck stand up!" I guess impending trouble produces a chemical signal through the blood stream.

By this time the children were more interested in sharing experiences with their friends than traveling with their parents. Besides, I received an invitation to visit various academic institutions in the Soviet Union in the summer of 1976. As described in the section on Travel, we couldn't resist the opportunity for June to go along.

In February 1978 we were able to schedule another family ski trip. June reported, *The highlights of our year include our family skiing holiday in February. We made reservations in Meg's (Karen's tutor) family condominium at Mammoth. I got a chance to wear that fake Russian fur cap after all, not to mention my misfit Russian topcoat. Kenny took a week off from work; Larry and a friend also joined us for a few days. The better skiers could drop into our rooms at any time, because the lift for one of the more difficult runs was visible from our glass door. We brought the newer, more versatile, powered wheelchair, which gave me access to the entire Mammoth cafeteria area. Everyone came away tired but happy.*

By this time Mammoth was too tame for the boys, and they were able to help with the driving, so in February 1979 we went to Park City, Utah, visiting Zion National Park on the way. We also skied at Sundance, Utah. In February 1980 groups in three separate cars met at Squaw Valley. After that it became too difficult to merge the schedules of the numerous family units.

Even after the kids moved to their own quarters we managed to schedule and enjoy fami-



Figure 48. Linda, June, Kenny & Karen at Mammoth ski area, Feb. 1976

ly assemblies. For example, in November 1979 June wrote to her sister, *It seems the troops have decided to congregate here again for Thanksgiving this year, that is, all but Linda who is in the army. Our housekeeper will stuff the turkey Wednesday night and Larry will cook on Thursday. Karen is even planning to get in on the act with a Jello mold and pumpkin pie. She is taking foods in high school and is showing some interest. Kenny and his girlfriend, Janice, will just help eat. They are good at that. Me, too!*

After Christmas 1981, June reported, *We had a houseful on Christmas day. All four of our kids were here together with Janice (Kenny's girlfriend), Andy (Karen's boyfriend), and of course, our grandson Ricky. What a time to have our camera on the fritz! It may be a while before that group gets together again. Ricky had a wonderful time tearing open his packages. The paper and ribbons were even more interesting than the contents.*

From the middle of 1982 till late 1983 June and I lived near Washington, DC, but we managed a brief family assembly in mid 1983, which is described in the section on Washington, DC Odyssey. Starting in May 1984 we gathered frequently for weddings, first Karen and Andy's, then Janice and Kenny's followed by Cheryl and Larry's in October 1985.

June described a weekend in April, 1987. *This was an unusual week-end! It started out with the regular Saturday tennis. Saturday night we went to a different, good, medium priced restaurant by the name of Diroma. They say it is in Pacific Beach, but I never thought of Quivera Basin as being part of PB; then we went to a funny play, Another Antigone,, at the Old Globe's Cassius Carter, center stage Theatre. Sunday morning the church put on an Easter breakfast for eighty-five. It was refreshing to see everyone all-dressed-up. Sunday after church we drove to Karen's place and had Easter dinner. Kenny, Janice and one of Andy's cousins were there too, so Karen had quite a group in her new little place. She and Andy put out an attractive and delicious dinner. My, the freeway was busy! It has been so long since I've been on it on Sunday night! Fortunately, that every-Sunday-afternoon trip we took 20 years ago to Rancho Los Amigos is no longer necessary. The traffic now seems worse than ever! Well, the weekend was a nice change while it lasted!*

The next weekend will be a little different, a tennis tournament! That often means both a late breakfast and dinner out, or starving. For tennis Dad will, if necessary, miss a meal. Office work is the only other thing so honored!

Then the tragedy of Kenny's death in December 1987 brought us all together for a week of reminiscing and mutual support.

By September 1989 our family was still spread out and it had been impossible for many years to schedule family ski trips. Instead, Larry made arrangements for a special family outing in Yosemite. Everyone was there: Larry, Cheryl, baby Stephanie (age 1½ mos.), Cheryl's mother (June Bruckshaw), Karen, Andy, Kenny (age 8



Figure 49. June Bruckshaw, Cheryl, Larry, June & Vic at California Tree, Sep. 1989

mos.), Linda, Richard (age 8 yrs.), June and I; Linda, Richard and Janice came for one day and two nights. We had two condominiums: a small one for Larry's family and a big one for the rest of us. June reported, *We had a great time. Stephanie was there for the whole time! I can't imagine us going on a trip with a new baby, but things are a lot easier now. Disposable diapers with no pins are a big help. Also, we had bought Kenny and Stephanie each one of those fancy combi-strollers, which conforms to the child's need. On our last day there, Vic, Larry and Andy took a five-hour hike from Glacier Point to the valley while Karen, Cheryl and June Bruckshaw pushed me and the babies around the valley floor. Everything was very dry; even the falls were almost dried up. But those who had not seen it before were impressed.*

Christmas time 1989 was another occasion for family festivity. *Larry, Cheryl and baby Stephanie were here for four days. Richard was here for one night and celebrated an early Christmas before Linda took him to the Los Angeles airport for a flight to visit his father in Colorado. Karen, Andy and baby Kenny were here for two nights. Janice came for Christmas Day. Skylark Drive was once again teeming with activity.*

June 10, 1990 was our 40th wedding anniversary. June wrote, *All of the non-San Diego family spent the June 9-10 weekend with us: our son Larry, his wife Cheryl, his daughter Stephanie, our daughter Karen, her husband Andy, her son Kenny, our daughter Linda and her son Richard. Saturday evening all of us, including our daughter-in-law, Janice, went to Giulio's restaurant for an early dinner. On Sunday Vic and I went to our little Community Church of Pacific Beach where, in celebration, we furnished altar flowers. Beautiful, large, milky-white Easter lily type blooms (only larger and more intricate) called Casablanca, one dozen red roses and one pale pink carnation made a gorgeous arrangement that brought our celebration to a fitting culmination.*

Late in 1990, *For Thanksgiving, eleven of the family (Vic, June, Larry, Cheryl, Stephanie, Karen, Andy, Kenny, Linda, Joseph and Richard plus Ann, a college friend of Linda) were together here in San Diego. On Thanksgiving morning Mynne Evans, our elderly-but-youthful English roomer, joined Larry, Andy and Vic in some young-against-old competitive tennis. This time age and treachery overcame youth and skill. Next time, who knows? Later in the day we enjoyed family fun and had a fabulous buffet meal at a hotel in a private dining room.*

June reported in our 1991 Christmas letter, *The holidays were busy. We had a marvelous Thanksgiving with mouth-watering food and choice company at the home of Karen, Andy and little Kenny. Linda, Joseph, Richard, Anton and Janice were also there, as was Luis Mendezona, Andy's father, from Cebu, Philippine Islands. Karen, Andy and son Kenny then spent Christmas in Cebu. Larry and Cheryl and girls were here from December 21-24. Linda, Joseph and boys joined us for an early Christmas party on the 21st, because Richard left for Iowa on December 22 to spend Christmas with his father. We spent Christmas day in Fullerton at the recently acquired home of Joseph and Linda, another gourmet cook. How marvelous it is to have lots of family!*

Reviewing our life at the end of 1992, June wrote, *We are the proud grandparents of five boys and two girls. For a long time we had only one grandchild, Richard. Then, suddenly, others appeared in rapid order. The Southern California brood specialized in bright, attractive*

boys, the Northern California offspring in clever, beautiful girls.

I was eager to repeat the hike Larry, Andy and I had previously taken in Yosemite, but at a time with abundant water in the falls and streams. The summer of 1993 was an excellent opportunity, but Larry was too busy with his work. So Karen's family met June and me in Yosemite in June, 1993. Karen cared for June while Andy and I retraced our hike from Glacier Point to the valley via three impressive falls: Illilouette, Nevada and Vernal. I finally took pictures with high water. The Merced River was also raging.

June described the events in the fall of 1993. *The week of Thanksgiving 1993 was another family reunion. Monday afternoon Larry, Cheryl and their two girls flew down from San Francisco. The following day, the six of us drove in our van to Anaheim Hills, where Larry and his family stayed with Karen and Andy. We then went the short distance to Fullerton to stay with Linda and Joseph. Seven children and seven adults, all but Joseph, spent the day before Thanksgiving at Disneyland. Vic was in demand to take various children on rides and loved it. On Thanksgiving Day seventeen of us, including Muriel and Paul [June's sister and brother-in-law], gathered at Linda and Joseph's house for a grand feast. Thursday night we returned home. Friday six of us (Larry's family, June and Vic) spent part of the day seeing the animal shows at Sea World. Good things do end, at least temporarily; we watched as they boarded the plane for their flight home.*

Then, at Christmas time, *Early Christmas Eve Karen, Andy and sons arrived to spend the night. After a special dinner we went to our church service and then came home to babysit while Karen accompanied Andy to mass. Christmas morning Janice arrived to join the fun. After putting Richard on an airplane to visit his father, Linda, Joseph with their young sons A.J. and Stewart further enlivened the day. Karen and Andy produced another marvelous meal. After everyone left the house we had more great memories.*

Fewer family members were able to gather in the fall of 1994. *In 1994 Thanksgiving and Christmas were both celebrated here on Skylark Drive with Karen's family and Janice. Karen cooked mouth-watering gourmet meals. After putting Richard on an airplane to visit his father, the rest of the Armas family came here on Christmas Day for a brief visit. Four grandchildren, all well-acquainted and excitable boys under six years of age, provided plenty of entertainment.*

During the summer of 1995 June and I visited Larry's family in San Carlos on returning from an auto trip to Yellowstone and Glacier National Parks. In December we returned to celebrate Christmas with them. By October 1996 Karen and Andy had moved their family to Mission, TX, so June and I drove there after attending a reunion at my former high school, New Mexico Military Institute in Roswell, NM. We detoured through San Francisco on the way home for a visit with Larry's family.

In November 1997 we celebrated Thanksgiving with Karen's family in Mission, TX. The airplane flight was a challenge because June's right leg was encased in a large boot to stabilize her heel, which had been fractured during range-of-motion exercises a week before the trip.

In June 1998 we had many family members here. Larry, Cheryl and their four children

spent a week. Karen and her two boys made this their headquarters for the summer, escaping from south Texas heat, with Andy visiting on some weekends. Several times Linda and her boys came down. The place was a flurry of activity, especially the swimming pool and our large indoor Jacuzzi.

June and I celebrated the beginning of the millennium at the end of 1999 with Karen's family and friends in Mission, TX.

The treatments for June's breast cancer in early 2001 slowed us down somewhat, but we visited with Larry's family in San Carlos in June 2001, just before they moved to Dorking, England. After their move only Janice and Linda with her family were within a day's drive of San Diego, so get-togethers would mostly be with our kids' families one at a time.

By July 2002 I had saved enough frequent flyer miles from my business travel to get first-class tickets for June and me to fly to England to visit Larry's family, with a stopover in North Carolina where Karen and her family had moved. We managed to visit England again in July 2004 at the start of a Mediterranean cruise, and in July 2008 at the start of a North Atlantic cruise. Meanwhile, Karen's family moved back to Texas, near Ft. Worth this time, so we spent Christmas 2005 with them. Of course, we travel to La Habra, near Los Angeles, to visit with Linda's brood and enjoy Linda's cooking. They come to San Diego frequently, especially for Linda to cut June's hair, and, most recently, for grandson Stewart to help me pull weeds and plant succulents.

During August 2011 there was another major family get-together at our house. Larry flew in from Hawaii and his four kids flew from England, accompanied by Stephanie's boyfriend, Dean, and Nicola's boyfriend, Luke. Karen and her two sons also came for a week, driving from Phoenix, where Kenny was in college. Linda's family also visited. Larry and I managed two tennis singles matches, but mostly four men played doubles. Larry had to return to work two days early, but grandson Luke filled in, even though he'd never played tennis before. His badminton experience and foot speed kept him in the game.

Mothering

Naturally, June was frustrated by not being able to help the children with tasks normally performed by mothers, especially for the girls. She had to find someone who would follow her instructions to cut the kids' hair, teach sewing and cooking, etc. .

Before her injury June had styled the children's hair. Now, in Jan. 1968, Tomorrow is picture day at school, so I will soon send you some pictures of the children, if you would like them. For the occasion Linda got her hair trimmed by the school nurse. I told the nurse that I preferred the old-fashioned style, with the back longer than the sides. For once Linda agreed with me, so it was done that way for the first time in years. The boys' hair has grown just enough that you don't see Vic's home-cut job, so they are in good shape for a picture. My hair cutting days lasted until the 'butch' adapter fell off the clippers and Larry's hair had a trench along the top, like an inverse Mohawk. The boys wouldn't let me near them with clippers after that.

Later June wrote about more frustrations. *Not being able to teach the girls to fix their*

hair and sew is one of my greatest frustrations. Both of them are interested in such things, but there is no one around here who can help them. Both of them want long hair, but their hair is generally a mess, yet youth is the time for long hair. Linda gets interested in knitting every once in a while, but she can't find anyone with the time to help her.

Of course, I'm not much of an example for well-groomed hair. Waiting for my aide to make a pin curl is very frustrating; it seems to take long enough to set the whole head. Therefore, I have a wash-and-wear hairdo. Linda or the housekeeper usually gets the job of parting my hair or I might still be trying to hold still. But, I must say she tries. It comes down to the question, how much time can I afford to spend on hair?

The condition of the children's rooms was a continuing source of frustration. After a visit from her sister June wrote, *Thanks also for helping give instructions to the girls about their room. It gets pretty frustrating trying to make myself understood, especially to two chatterboxes. Linda is pretty good, though; I eventually get through to her. But a job like that takes many hours. It's beyond me why they haven't figured out that they could play more on weekends if they kept their room clean. I suppose they live for the minute and don't care about the future. Their room can be picked up one day and look like a cyclone hit it the next. I still need help to get into the boys' room, so I don't see it often. When I do get in there I make them clean everything, including the drawers and closet, but the next time it's just as bad. I suppose their room starts to get messy the minute I leave.*

Yet, June took pride in the children's accomplishments. She wrote in our 1968 annual newsletter, *One of our greatest joys is having them pitch in to help, especially on weekends. Lately we have been going through the house with rug shampoo. It's quite a sight - four children and a dad moving furniture, vacuum cleaning, applying shampoo, and brushing, all supervised by Mom in a motorized wheelchair. The same kind of operation goes on in the yard - weeding, planting, mowing, constructing.*

In 1969 she commented in the same vein, *I am constantly amazed when I see eight-year old Linda cooking quite competently and with confidence. Children are surely capable of much more than I expect. Sunday afternoon Larry mowed the lawn after the mower was started, Linda fertilized after the spreader was filled, Kenny printed pictures and dug a trench to drain the water off my patio and Karen pretended to cut the grass with her toy power mower. Saturday Larry helped Vic paint the eaves, Kenny printed pictures, Linda cleaned up the kitchen, and Linda and Karen cleaned up trash all over the yard.*

Mynne

We met a number of interesting people when June accompanied me to the tennis courts on weekends. One of them was an elderly English lady named Mynne Evans. She was serving a La Jolla lady as a full-time live-in housekeeper, but wanted to work less. Her employer would not allow her to remain in her room unless she worked full time. Previously, June had rented our spare upstairs room to a college student. The first one worked out beautifully, but a later occupant contaminated the house with marijuana aroma, so the room was available. Once June heard Mynne's story she offered the room to her at a reasonable rent.

In June 1979 she wrote, *It's likely that a very spry lady of about 60 will be moving into Linda's room. We met her at the La Jolla recreation center on the tennis courts. She and Lillian should be congenial. She has been a live-in housekeeper and wishes to retire and spend all her time playing tennis, square dancing, sailing and visiting her daughters in England and Australia.*

While she was certainly spry, Mynne was a bit older than 60. June reported in September 1979, *July brought us the acquisition of a most satisfactory roomer: a 71-year old English lady with a British sense of humor. Mynne Evans is an extremely active senior citizen. We met her on the tennis courts, where she is one of the better players. She also square dances, sails, and round dances. She is a widow from London with two daughters in England and one in Australia. She seems to be having the time of her life as a retired housekeeper. She is about a size 12 in stature, and a real bundle of energy.*

And our 1979 year-end newsletter reported, *Between H6 and Mynne, Vic has stopped making noises about the house being too big. Now June is assured of continuing treatments in our built-in Jacuzzi.*

Mynne deserved mention in our 1980 newsletter, *Mynne, our senior citizen roomer, has become an important part of this household. She fills in whenever our housekeeper is on vacation or is laid up. Her good humor is matched only by her ceaseless energy, which she uses for tennis, sailing, square dancing, round dancing, and swimming. Actually, Mynne swam in our pool throughout the year, even though its only heating was a solar-absorbing cover.*

She kept it up in 1984, *Mynne, our so-called roomer, really an unusually active elderly friend, continues to pursue her favorite activities: tennis, sailing and square dancing. She describes the situation this way, "In my old age, I plan to return to the game of bridge".*

Mynne also helped with June's care when we had aide difficulties. In March 1985, *Mynne, our 75-year old roomer, has been a real lifesaver during the last year; we have had so many different aides, and sometimes none at all. She can even put the bedpan under me in bed with the new hoist. She understands me a little better, quite a bit in fact; but, it still takes a long time. She is going to England at the end of June for six weeks to spend some time with two of her daughters, one on holiday. We'll miss her cheery English humor both at home and at the tennis courts.*



Figure 50. Mynne Evans in 1985

And at year's end in 1989, *Mynne Evans, the English lady who rooms in our house, celebrated her eightieth birthday last summer. She is slowing down a little, but still goes square dancing, sweeps leaves, brushes and nets the pool, swims, plays tennis and plays bridge. She has a regular schedule from which she seldom departs. She helps us do some of our shopping.*

Mynne is truly an unusual gem!

She deserved special mention at the end of 1991, Mynne, at eighty-two, says she is slowing down. She still square dances at least one night a week, attends bridge lessons, attends a senior citizen luncheon, plays some tennis, sweeps in and around the pool and swims the year-round. She is more active than many people half her age.

By the end of 1993 Mynne was slowing down noticeably, Mynne, our elderly English roomer, has slowed down. Her problems started during a visit to Australia, where she suffered a minor stroke that left her with impaired peripheral vision. Becoming accustomed to life without driving was frustrating. She is gradually adjusting with the help of friends. She still swims and sweeps in and around the pool.

A year later Mynne decided to spend more time with her daughters. In July, Mynne, nearly eighty-five years of age, took her unique sense-of-humor and moved to Australia to be with part of her family. Her health was gradually declining. No doubt she wanted to move while it was still possible. She lived here for many of her active years, becoming essentially a member of our family. We wish her all the best in her new life.

She stayed in Australia for a few years and then moved to England to spend time with her other daughters. She died at the age of 89. In her last letter she told us that she had tried to swim, but sank! Somehow, she made it sound funny.

Pets

June and I had cats since early in our marriage. The initial pair, Frosty and Frisky, mother and son, traveled with us from California to New Jersey to South Carolina, where I took basic training, to New Mexico, for my army service, and eventually to San Diego. Subsequently, we had at least one white cat for many years. There was an explosion of kittens in the months before our ill-fated 1966 vacation trip. We managed to find homes for all but two before we left. Those two, Thunder (black) and Lightning (white), were fed regularly but had little human interaction during the aftermath of June's injury. By the time we returned they avoided humans. Gradually and patiently, three-year-old Karen won them over. They allowed her to pick them up, but remained suspicious of anyone else.

We also had a white cat June named T.H.E., which June named after a TV program of the same name. It was definitely June's cat and frequently lay on June's lap when she visited home during her hospitalization period.



Figure 51. Frisky and Frosty during move to Princeton, July 1954

At the end of 1969 the kids talked us into getting a puppy. *Guess what? We are now in possession of a puppy, Heinz 57 varieties or smorgasbord. She is black and has short hair with tan paws and markings on her chest. She will be a medium-sized dog, which is better than the large size the kids were talking about. She came from the Humane Society.* Ruff lived long enough to remain with us until after all the children had moved away.

Another puppy was added in 1973, a black part spaniel named Charcoal. *By December 1973 our animal collection, with Karen as chief curator, consisted of two dogs (Ruff and Charcoal), two cats (T.H.E and Lightning) and a hamster (Brownie). That seemed mild compared to all the mice, rabbits, fish and birds we had a while before.*

By December 1975, *Karen is delighted that Linda talked us into getting her a puppy, mostly collie, named Taragon. So now we have three dogs, two cats, two hamsters (Anne was added), and one bird (Woodstock). Thank heaven we don't have crayfish anymore!*



Figure 52. Ruff, July 1974

Normal attrition decreased the animal population as the kids moved away. In Nov. 1984 June wrote, *The animal population around here is diminishing. Our dog, Ruff, who was fourteen years old, finally had to be put to sleep. She could not move well because of arthritis; then she developed some internal bleeding. For several years, Ruff was our only dog. Now we have only Fred, a white neutered male cat of about five years' age and Karen's recently spayed female cat, Pupa, of about 1½ years. Karen used to have Pupa in an apartment. When Pupa came to us she was frightened by both the move and the surgery, but now she is definitely an outdoor animal. Pupa stays in only when she is cold or hungry. When Karen takes her, Fred will really get more spoiled!*

Eventually, Fred disappeared. We resisted the temptation to get another cat because we wanted the flexibility to travel without having to make arrangements for pet care. Karen, however, continued to have pets wherever possible. After she had her own home an English Sheep Dog named Fergie became a family member. He was succeeded by others of the same breed named Camilla and Charley, accompanied by a Golden Retriever named Sport. Linda also continued to be fond of dogs. Her current complement is two: an overenthusiastic Yellow Labrador Retriever named Mickey and a friendly Beagle mix named Buddy.

Doctors and Dentists

When June was brought back to San Diego in a coma she needed three physicians, an orthopedist to monitor her spinal fusion surgery, a neurologist to deal with her brain injury and an internist to maintain her body chemistry. As it turned out, her neck healed without incident, there was nothing that could be done for her brain injury, so her principal care was provided by Dr. Ernest Pund, internist and cardiac specialist. As her memory gradually returned and she em-

barked on rehabilitation he supervised the nurses and kept her bodily functions in good order. In fact, he is still our primary physician 46 years later.

Naturally, our dentist announced that all the children needed to have their teeth straightened. Actually, both Kenny and Linda had severe overbites, so we agreed to orthodontic treatment. At one point June wrote, *After 7:00 at night it looks like we have monsters from outer space: Larry, Kenny, and Linda are getting their teeth straightened. They have to wear head-gear from seven until seven. They all need to have their tonsils out, too. All three have had quite a lot of sickness. Dr. Molnar recommended sending them to an ear, nose and throat specialist.* As a result we conducted a mass tonsillectomy.

June's Advice

June's younger sister, Dot, was having problems with Robin, her adopted daughter. June wrote to her. *Teen-agers, at times, have a way of making circumstances seem very bleak, but they do eventually improve. Sometimes you feel your standards are all for naught, but kids do seem to assimilate much of what they have been taught; it shows up in their twenties when you least expect it, and in strange ways that surprise and delight. We parents suddenly become smarter!*

Our experiences were useful as a guide to her sister's trials, so June wrote, *Robin sounds like a female version of Kenny. Their deeds do not quite match, but close enough. I'm sure they have both done everything in the book. Take heart! Kenny is now a very responsible person: great at his job, a real homemaker and an all-around terrific guy. His sense of humor even returned; I was afraid he wouldn't find it after it had been buried for so long. Now he says, "I don't want to have kids; they might turn out rotten, like me!" But that will change, too. Larry had a few bad years, too. They both turned out great! Linda didn't really do anything bad; she was just sullen and unconventional. After our experiences with the other three, Karen seemed mild. She was tutored for many years, so, I guess, we had help with her problems. I gather she gave some of her tutors a bad time. Now they are all past those awful, awkward years and they are a great bunch. Despite our fears, kids do turn out amazingly well when they grow up!*

TRAVEL

Wheelchair Mobility

June and I have always enjoyed visiting far-off places. Once our life at home was settled after June's injury, we explored methods of traveling with the wheelchair. The options appeared to be to travel by automobile, motor home, bus, train, airplane and cruise ship. Each required that June be transferred between her bed and wheelchair, as well as between wheelchair and other seats. I learned an effective transfer method while June was still hospitalized. I seat June on the edge of the bed with her feet on the floor and I stand with my knees propped against hers. I bend my knees, put my arms under her shoulders and around her torso, and pull her into a standing bear hug with her knees locked in place by mine. Then we rotate and I lower her to a sitting position in the wheelchair.

Airlines provide aisle chairs, i.e., narrow wheelchairs that will pass along an airplane aisle. I transfer June into the aisle chair at the aircraft doorway and then from the aisle chair into the airplane seat. It's easiest if the seat's armrest can be moved out of the way. When we were younger I carried her up the aisle in a bear hug instead of using the aisle chair, and could also manage to lift her into a window seat.

We had a disagreement once with American Airlines personnel when they refused to allow June into a window seat on an overseas flight. The head stewardess interpreted an instruction that said, "Attendants will place a disabled person into an aisle seat" to imply that even companions were not allowed to do otherwise. I wrote their headquarters to suggest that they correct the policy. Their first response was that the policy was for the safety of other passengers. When I pointed out that it was really safer for June not to be impeding other passengers during an emergency exit, they responded that the airline had the right to make policy. It's usually futile to appeal to logic when dealing with large-company bureaucracies!

Our first method of transferring June into the front seat of an auto required her to be sitting in the wheelchair on a heavy cloth or canvass pad. I approached from her left, lifting the pad with my left hand and steadyng her back with my right arm. Another adult, or our two young boys, lifted the right side of the pad. Together we lifted June out of the chair and forward. Then I backed into the auto front seat, pulling June after me. We reversed the process at the end of the auto trip. Later, we bought an auto equipped with a Tee top and large front doors. With the right-side Tee panel removed I could drop June into the front seat with a standard bear-hug transfer. Later I learned to place her on the seat without removing the panel by bending her sufficiently at the waist to avoid hitting her head on the roof. Cars with small front doors are more difficult, but we manage. The rear doors on regular four-door vehicles are almost impossible.

A wheelchair can be lifted onto a curb or up a single step by tipping it backwards, placing the front wheels on the step, and then lifting and pushing the large wheels onto the higher level. More steps require me to pull the wheelchair backwards, one-step at a time, with a pause while the large wheels rest on each step. If the steps are too steep someone needs to help at the foot pedals. People unfamiliar with wheelchairs frequently pull outward, in a direction perpendicular to the staircase incline, which transfers weight from the rear wheels onto the poor soul holding

the handles. A helpful assistant provides lift along the direction of the incline, which is more difficult but far preferred by the primary attendant carrying the load at the handles.

Stepping down off a curb or descending a flight of stairs requires the wheelchair to be tilted back onto its large rear tires. The attendant rolls the wheels off, one step at a time, pausing at each tread to maintain good control.

Most attendants are taught to back a wheelchair down a sloping incline. I've found it preferable to tilt the chair backwards onto its large wheels and proceed down the incline forwards, the same way we go down a flight of stairs. I can see where we're going and, in case I'm in danger of losing control, could set the handles down on the ground.

June boards trains by my pulling her wheelchair backwards up the steps onto the car platform, usually with help from someone on the station platform. When we encounter a doorway too narrow for our wheelchair we prepare for it by temporarily moving June to another seat, using a web strap to hold the wheelchair in a partially collapsed form, and replacing June, albeit slightly squeezed and sitting higher. When I was younger I could carry June from the train-car platform to a seat using the bear-hug method. Now, unfortunately, since trains don't furnish aisle chairs, she has to stay in her wheelchair. Fortunately, many trains now provide an area to park a wheelchair, and some even provide portable ramps for boarding. During one trip in Switzerland we traveled mostly in the baggage car. During our last visit to the Netherlands we found that the floors of local trains were almost all at station platform level.

Bus tours are frequent vacation attractions and are offered at many ports during cruises. In earlier days I could carry June onto a bus with a fireman's carry (June hanging bottom-up and backwards over my shoulder), which we nicknamed the 'flour-sack transfer'. I used one hand to hold her, the other to help pull me up the steps. Lately my knees are no longer strong enough to climb the bus steps with our combined weight, so we purchased an airline aisle chair to take with us. Two people carry June on it aboard a bus, one at her head and one at her feet. Unfortunately, some buses don't provide enough room to make the turn between entrance and aisle, and some aisles are too narrow even for the aisle chair. Then we don't go.

The other challenge is luggage. In our younger days, when June ate mashed table food, we were able to transport our entire luggage at once. I carried a large backpack on my back, pulled a wheeled suitcase with my left hand, while pushing the wheelchair with my right hand. A sports bag hanging on the wheelchair handles and a small suitcase in June's lap completed our belongings. That option is no longer available because we have to carry cases of canned food for June's gastrostomy tube. Now we either find a large cart or I shuttle the luggage and June between two locations. We try to arrange the locations so that one of us can monitor our belongings.



Figure 53. June with luggage at Como train station, June 1992

So far no one has tried to steal any of them.

During a recent 4-week trip we needed six checked suitcases and boxes, which completely filled a Hyundai hatchback, using June's lap for the last box.

Bathing is easiest in roll-in showers, which are available in disabled staterooms on most cruise ships and in some modern motels. The seats that are provided in the shower are usually unacceptable because they do not have armrests to prevent June from tipping sideways. Usually, I ask for a plastic poolside chair to provide the stability she needs. In earlier times I was able to lift June in and out of a bathtub, but with difficulty.

We stopped doing that after she slipped out of my wet grasp and tipped over sideways in a Brisbane hotel, hitting her forehead on the edge of the tub. The emergency-room attendants were very inquisitive about the possibility of spousal abuse, and there were many friendly comments about June's black eye when we returned home. In the absence of a roll-in shower the best we can do is a sponge bath in her wheelchair. I can usually wash June's hair by tipping the wheelchair backwards over the edge of a bathtub.

Earliest Vacations

In May 1968 June and I took a three-day trip to Las Vegas by airline to explore the feasibility of longer flights. We learned that airlines were already reasonably well equipped for wheelchair passengers. In those days, before most terminals installed ramps, passengers usually boarded the airplane using movable stairs. Instead, June was lifted to the top stairs platform by a forklift just, as she said, *like a load of cement blocks*.

In Las Vegas we loafed, walked all over town, and saw three dinner shows. In those days curb cuts were rare, so I had to lift the wheelchair up and down curbs many times. Each time I lean the wheelchair backwards and roll the large rear wheels up or down the step. At one point I became careless, placing my palms on top of the handles to push down, rather than grasping them solidly. Suddenly, the handles went all the way down and June's back was flat with the ground! She laughed, but I never did that again.

Family vacations, all driving trips, are described in the subsection on Family Activities. Our month-long trip in a 26 ft. motor home in August 1968 was a great adventure. While it was satisfying to be self-sufficient while traveling, we found it awkward to have such a large vehicle in cities, and especially difficult to find a parking place. The experience encouraged us to buy a Dodge Maxiwagon in 1971, a van with an 18" extension on its rear, in which we could all travel



Figure 54. Loaded rental car in Eindhoven, 2008



Figure 55. June on airline aisle chair, Las Vegas, May 1968

in comfort. It provided lay-down seats for all our family except the driver and facilitated our annual family ski vacations, especially when the boys were able to share the driving.

In 1971 June and I took our first trip to Europe together, as described in June's book. We flew to Amsterdam and took trains to Paris, Tours, Marseilles, Geneva, Luzern, Mainz and back to Holland via the Rhine River. For five weeks we managed to find transportation, food, hotel rooms and scenery to photograph. We squeezed both of us into airplane toilets, learned that many European first-floor hotel rooms are up a flight of stairs and managed to keep June and our luggage together.

In December 1974 I was scheduled to participate in a technical conference in Puerto Rico followed by another one the next week in Washington, DC. This provided a unique opportunity for June to come along. June described it later. *Our trip was something out of this world. The flight took up most of the first day, Monday: San Diego to New Orleans to San Juan. Our regular travel agent was away when our trip was booked, so we were put into a rather old but luxurious resort hotel near the San Juan airport, but far away from the center of activities. On Tuesday we walked from the hotel to visit Old San Juan, New San Juan, El Morro (an old, immense fort), and San Juan Bay. We saw three Norwegian pleasure ships and took a ferry ride. The cab ride back to the hotel that night was ten miles long. During our walk we made reservations for Saturday night at a more reasonable hotel in the tourist area.*

Meanwhile we had reservations for Wednesday through Friday at the conference hotel, the Cerromar Beach Hotel in the town of Dorado. The price for one person seemed outrageous, but it included two meals and was paid for by Vic's customer. The extra amount for me was reasonable, actually less than the value of the meals. A van was to take us and other people from the airport to the hotel, some twenty miles. So we made our way back to the airport by cab. As an aside, the cab driver asked if he might give his wife and her friend a ride. We had plenty of time so, at the appropriate time, he turned off the meter while we got a free tour of part of the residential section of San Juan.

The van from the airport took us through the dumpy little town of Dorado to what looked like a gatehouse, where we drove in and through a beautiful golf course. Suddenly, in the middle of all this squalor, we came upon the hotel: a beautiful seven-story, modern structure, with many surrounding tennis courts and a huge swimming pool right next to a small, sheltered cove that was part of the Atlantic Ocean. On our way there one man mentioned that all rooms had ocean views. The building was in the shape of three widespread fingers. The place was just as fantastic on the inside: an open-air lobby, all surrounding buildings connected by open-air walkways, very modern elevators and escalators, plus all conveniences. Our room was decorated in typical



Figure 56. June on flight to Puerto Rico, Dec. 1974

south-seas style.

The first conference session was held that afternoon at three o'clock, so there was time to walk around and view the swimmers, sunbathers, tennis players and golfers. Each day there was a three-hour break in the conference sessions, so that people could take advantage of the conveniences. At that afternoon's meeting we heard that the dinner hour was leisurely and elegant and that the buffet breakfasts on the garden terrace were sumptuous. They were not exaggerating. We learned that this hotel was developed by Laurence Rockefeller. It had everything one could ask for, including exclusive shops and a casino, and even its own movie theater. You could have the evening meal in several different rooms, even in the club with a stage show, although that required reservations.

Saturday at noon a van took us back to the airport, from where we took a cab to our Saturday hotel, the Dutch Inn. The past three days seemed unreal. After we settled in at the hotel we decided to do a little shopping. We found the native shopping area we had seen during our Tuesday walk. After shopping we went back to the tourist area near the hotel and walked around.

At nine on Sunday morning a tour van picked us up and showed us the nearby rain forest, cocoanut plantation and several of the small towns on the way. At five that evening we were on a flight to Washington, DC. It's quite a change to go from a humid 85° to something around 30°. Actually, I had prepared myself for the worst, so the change seemed mild. At the Washington airport Vic left me in a warm spot while he went to pick up a rental car. Vic was now on familiar territory and took us directly to the Hilton Hotel, where the next conference was to be held on Monday through Wednesday.

Monday evening we had dinner at the home of some friends from Caltech days. The wife invited me to spend Wednesday morning with her; this was a welcome change from the serious people I had seen Monday morning at the conference. On Tuesday evening we went to the Kennedy Center to see a play in the Eisenhower Theater. We sat in a box reserved for the disabled, right next to the President's box. We had an excellent view. We shared the box with a disabled retired army officer and his wife, who lived in the Watergate complex. They lived close enough for him to drive his modern battery-powered wheelchair to the theater.

Wednesday afternoon we moved to a more reasonably priced hotel. Wednesday evening we had dinner in the home of other long-time friends. Thursday we played tourist and visited the White House, the Washington Monument, the Lincoln Memorial, the Jefferson Memorial, and saw the exterior of many government buildings. The Lincoln Memorial seemed just as impressive as it had when I was a child. By the time we arrived at the Jefferson Memorial we were both a bit weary of steps, so I viewed it from a distance. It began to get really cold so we headed for downtown and did a bit of shopping. Thursday evening we saw a play near downtown.

Friday we continued our sightseeing via car, and then drove to Mt. Vernon. Not many people were there, so we practically had a private tour. In the afternoon we took a tour of the Capitol building and continued on by auto, seeing Georgetown, the huge Pentagon building, embassy row and the still unfinished Washington Cathedral. We had a bit of time left and decided

to use it to explore Dulles Airport. We didn't need to worry about having too much time. As we walked around Vic saw several people he knew. Riding the mobile lounge was old hat to Vic, but a new and exciting experience for me. It carried us out to the mammoth plane that took us home.

The Middle Years

In June 1976 I was scheduled to attend a conference in Boston, MA, so we made plans for June to come along. There was a late change of itinerary, which June described. At the last minute our plans changed: instead of leaving on Saturday, June 5th for Boston, we left on Wednesday, June 2nd for Washington, DC. I was hosting a church Women's Association luncheon meeting at our house when our taxi arrived, actually a few minutes before Vic came home from his office. We received a spectacular sendoff.

My new skill, reading a pocket book by using my weak left hand, paid enormous dividends on Thursday and Friday, when I spent time in the lobbies of two motels while Vic conducted 'business as usual'. On Friday afternoon there was an unplanned stop at DNA (Defense Nuclear Agency) where I spent a short time in the lobby reading and meeting people, many of whom I had heard about, while Vic talked business.

That night our vacation began with a play, 'Eleanor', in the Ford Theater. The change in plans was paying off extremely pleasantly. On Saturday we again became tourists, picking up a few places we missed on our last visit, including downtown Alexandria and the famous Arlington House in Arlington National Cemetery. It was just a small sample of the sense of history to come.

That evening we flew on to Boston. Sunday we spent continuing our role as tourists around the crowded Boston downtown area. There modern multi-story buildings contrast with the old, making the old especially awe-inspiring. In the evening we were fortunate enough to attend 'A Musical Tribute to Helen Hayes'. She is a really special person. It was enchanting to be in her presence.

Our now familiar home, our rental car 'Fury', took us to Rhode Island Monday morning. That afternoon was the beginning of special excitement: seeing relatives we had last visited 22 years before. Some seemed the same, others were very different. I believe I take the prize for the most drastic change. We enjoyed lunch out with my cousin, Shirley, and her husband, Jack, after meeting them and their son, Steve, and youngest daughter, Sandy, at their trailer business: a real family affair. After figuring out the logistics of our short stay, the four of us (Vic, June, Shirley and Jack) drove to Connecticut and saw the forever young Aunt Hattie and jolly Uncle Earl for the evening in what must be the world's most gorgeous trailer park. No wonder they hate to leave. [Hattie was June's mother's sister; Shirley is Hattie's daughter.]

Tuesday was devoted to the Woolhouse [June's father] side of the family. We spent a delightful day with Aunt Nellie and Uncle Basil. Naturally Nellie outdid herself, both in quantity and quality of food at lunchtime. The talents of both Nellie and Basil were apparent both indoors and outdoors at their home. Towards evening we met Uncle Joe, who showed us the way to his home of the spacious grounds. Cousin Marion joined us for a delicious family meal, prepared by Aunt Annie. Shortly afterwards other people began to arrive: quick-witted Cousin

Gladys with soft-spoken Aunt Florence; gentle Aunt Peggy and Uncle Norman with Norman Jr.; beautiful Cousin Elaine with her cute daughter Kim; Cousin Beverly with two of her talented children, Linda and Laura. We appreciated the outdoors fifteen times over that warm, humid evening. It brought back to me memories of long ago.

On Wednesday Shirley kept me giggling while giving us a quick tour of Newport and its elegant 'summer cottages'. Jack sent us back to Boston with tickets to a Red Sox home game. Oakland had a weak-voiced fan that evening. Since we were in Red Sox country, Vic wanted to claim he didn't know me.

We celebrated our 26th wedding anniversary on Thursday by attending the opening of a three-day conference on Systems and Devices for the Handicapped, the primary purpose of our trip. We met many new and outstanding friends from all over the U.S. and Canada who are working on solving a variety of problems of the disabled. It was encouraging to me to see the number of people who are working in this field together with people like me, who have obvious interest.

We enjoyed Sunday dinner with Uncle Arthur and Aunt Dorothy in their lovely, old home in Webster, MS. It was quite an occasion with Cousin Barbara from California there, too. Cousin Bill arrived during the afternoon to visit his father. So did cousins Ronnie and outgoing Jackie and their attractive children, Wendy and Susie. Typical of relatives, there was more food, so, like squirrels, we stored up. The day was filled with good food and warm friendship.

On good advice from Dorothy, on Monday we started our weeklong tour of New England in nearby Old Sturbridge. Its museum of much of the past was a good introduction to what was to come. Our trip included a goodly number of varied experiences that gave a favorable and lasting impression of the northeast. We really got a good view of some of the historic houses in Bennington, Vermont. Our motel manager told Vic we were within walking distance of many of the sights. The circle tour, over a pretty good hill, past covered bridges and the war memorial, turned into quite an exhausting five-mile hike. I imagine we were rather an unusual sight even to people who were accustomed to seeing strange tourists.

The ferry ride across the southern tip of Lake Champlain provided a welcome relief from the heat. The air temperature dropped sharply as we left land. We were impressed by a Vermont marble display. We had to use an elevator that's not intended for tourists. To get to it we were led through a warehouse, past rows and rows of marble cut and stacked like so much lumber. The Shelburne Museum was another collection of different types of structures brought together for viewing. It was a bit startling to see a ship, the Ticonderoga, and a lighthouse on dry land far from the water.



Figure 57. June & Vic at the entrance to The Breakers, Newport, RI, June 1976

Wherever we go, Vic seems to gravitate towards the mountains. The green landscape became many shades of green as we neared the White Mountains. The Mt. Canaan cable car is a smaller edition of our previous experience in Chamonix, so I figured this won't be much. I found the view to be spectacular, so I wasn't concerned about the peculiar moving sensation. We were a few days too early for the cog railway to Mt. Washington, but the beginning of grey weather told us that experience should be saved.

Vic helped the comical, young captain of the MV Goodtime in Boothbay Harbor, Maine, successfully rid the boat of a stray lobster trap. It had been picked up in the rudder while we cruised around in the fog. Our new experiences seemed endless but, no matter where we went or what we did, I could feel the presence of the rugged pioneers and their remarkable ancestors. A sense of history was everywhere. We had intended to venture much farther north than Bath, ME but found so many things to interest us in all of New England that we decided we would just have to come back again. My, how the week flew by.

The following Saturday found us back in Boston. That evening we tried to hear the Kings College choir from London in historic Old Trinity Church. It was too popular to get in, but just being inside the ancient building seemed to confirm our decision to return to this part of the country.

On Sunday, June 20th, we had an enjoyable flight back across our vast nation of varied climates. At home we were greeted with many surprises, including the following poster.

As if our New England adventure wasn't enough, I had an opportunity in August to travel to a conference in Yugoslavia followed by visits to various academic institutions in the Soviet Union. Although it would be costly, we couldn't skip this once-in-a-lifetime chance for us to experience this foreign world. In anticipation, June wrote: *Vic is supposed to go to conferences in Dubrovnik, Yugoslavia and visit various scientific laboratories in the Soviet Union. It is likely enough that we have applied for visas, since the Soviets have to approve. I renewed my passport. I'm sure somebody will get worried about a quadriplegic going that far, but Vic doesn't seem concerned. Who knows whether or not we get final approval? If it comes about it will be worthwhile digging into my trust. The trip would require at least three weeks for Vic's meetings, so we're planning on five weeks to have some free time. Vic would only have to pay for two weeks of his room and meals in the Soviet Union; his transportation would also be paid for. I understand that room and meals are very expensive in Russia, and what they call 'luxury' is just comfortable to us. Maybe we'll find out for ourselves. Some of the kids plan to visit Maria between the 4th and 12th of September. If this comes off we'll have to find a friend to stay here.*



Figure 58. Poster we received on our return from New England

The trip actually happened and June wrote about it at length.

OUR RUSSIAN ADVENTURE-1976

Upon arriving at the Sheremetyevo airport in Moscow and going fairly swiftly through customs, we were shunted off to an Intourist car to take us to another airport, Vnukovo, to catch a plane for Novosibirsk. After riding for fifteen minutes I began to have visions of being whisked away to some terrible fate. The breakneck speed at which we were traveling around the perimeter of the city reinforced my worst fears. At last an airport came into view. We were handed from one Intourist Service Bureau to another, and not given a chance to see anything of Moscow. I had not realized that transportation to, from, and between airports was part of our package.

Instead of seeing some Moscow sights, we spent our first day in Russia waiting for many hours in a lounge for international travelers. We couldn't see the planes but, occasionally, we heard one landing or taking off. 'Hurry up and wait' described our situation perfectly! A fairly good-sized snack shop off the lounge looked inviting. Unfortunately, they had very little food to offer. We had eaten a box lunch on the flight from Belgrade, Yugoslavia to Moscow and were not yet in dire need, so I satisfied myself with a small piece of tasteless custard pie. The only available diversions were reading our own books, watching people, or looking at Russian T.V. Two or three channels were broadcasting. One was a program with a ballet, and one channel had a program concerning musicians. We started to watch, but some other traveler turned the sound way down. We dared not leave the lounge for fear of being in the wrong place. For several hours we mainly just read. This was our introduction to life in Russia!

The excitement of the day was a short break when we visited the "toilette" (for use of airport customers only). It was, as we were to learn, quite typical of Soviet public facilities: a co-ed room divided into men's and ladies' facilities. Ancient plumbing, harsh toilet paper, and a musty, germy, sickening odor filled the room.

When boarding time was near, a lady who barely spoke English came to us and asked us to follow her. She led us to a bus with a wide doorway but with a hand railing dividing the opening into two passages too narrow to allow a wheelchair to pass. Three big, strong, husky looking Russian men were escorting me. Before I realized what was happening, I felt myself being surrounded, lifted and wobbling through space. Just as I came to the top of the opening, I felt a hand pushing my head down so it would not collide with the bus' ceiling. At least Vic was still nearby! After a lot of tipping back and forth, within a matter of seconds I was inside the big, empty bus. The six of us took the short ride to the plane. On the way Vic tried, with his limited Russian and sign language, to indicate that he would carry me while they took the wheelchair out of the bus. Everything was going well. Vic picked me up. The three strangers took the chair out of the bus. So far, so good! On emerging from the bus, my first sight caught the three strangers carrying my wheelchair and disappearing into a waiting plane! Still holding me, Vic walked over to lean against the stairway and catch his breath. Two hundred Russian people stood in a group by the plane, waiting for us to board. So, Vic got a better purchase on me and up we went! There were seats to the left and right of the staircase. One of the seldom-seen stewardesses pointed the way to the left. I was plopped down. My knees hurt from being compressed by the seat in front. Vic was wringing wet!

Then another stewardess rushed our way, speaking hurriedly in Russian and motioning toward the rear of the airplane. We didn't really understand, but Vic picked me up again and followed. I was unceremoniously dropped into another seat. At least, here there was more room for my legs! Vic had expended more energy than we knew to be possible.

Disabled people did not ordinarily travel in the Soviet Union. I found myself next to an emergency exit. For a few minutes I expected to be asked to move again. (A severely disabled person is not allowed to sit in an emergency-exit row in the U.S.A.) I probably created the need for a new regulation in the Soviet Union!

Magically, our carry-on luggage had followed. Someone handed it to Vic. Out of habit, he stowed it under the seat in front of him. In a few seconds the passenger in that seat was spouting what sounded like a tirade. Fortunately, an English speaking man sat next to me. He politely informed Vic that his belongings should be under his own seat.

As people filed past us, something seemed strange! It was not only the fact that I couldn't understand; I had been in that situation before. As people took off their coats and stowed them away, I watched and realized the difference. These people were speaking loudly, and had hardly any personal belongings. We try to travel light and ordinarily carry less than most people, but we do have a bagful of items we keep with us. The gadget bag normally hangs on the back of the wheelchair. This time we were conspicuous, not because of the wheelchair, but for our weird bagful of belongings.

By this time we were really desperate for something to eat. I hadn't felt hunger pangs for many years and assumed I had lost that feeling. Now, I was reminded that the sensation was not numb. Surely something would be served on the plane. Something was: one very small cup of strong apple juice! I couldn't get it down. Lucky Vic; he drank two! Even un-particular Vic thought it was pretty awful stuff. We dug into our belongings for a bit of cheese, and slept for a good part of the overnight flight.

Due to the great distance and the time change, we arrived in Novosibirsk early the following morning. A lot of planes were on the ground. This was the case in all airports. Every airport looked like a gigantic March Field, USA!

Our Russian scientist contact met us and dealt with the Intourist Service Bureau, so we did not have the usual flap with them. Still, it took a goodly amount of fiddle-faddle before we could reclaim our luggage and be on our way via automobile. Our contact arranged for us to stay at the hotel in nearby Akademgorodok (Academic City). This would be more convenient for Vic's visits to the labs and offices. It was strange not to register; dealing with Intourist took the place of registration. The elevator in this small hotel was short, narrow, ancient, and unreliable. We had dealt with this problem before. Off came the wheelchair foot pedals! That way I just barely fit. Someone showed us the elevator's idiosyncrasies and up we went!

We had been advised to choose the 'deluxe plan', which included a private bathroom, sitting room, and bedroom. At a glance one could see that curtains did not fit properly, furniture

was old and well used, no pictures decorated the walls, plumbing was ancient, tiles were loose, etc. It was old, ill fitting, and in disrepair, but it was adequate. Deluxe, it was not. Not even for Siberia!

We got settled quickly and went down to the hotel restaurant. Mid-day was upon us and nearly twenty-four hours had passed since we had eaten a meal. The menu was all in Russian. We didn't take time to study it. Bread soaked in soup is normally a satisfactory choice. Besides, soup is pronounced the same in Russian. Black bread and white bread are served automatically. Butter is extra, and very expensive. Crackers were to be ordered separately. The soup arrived. At last I could appease the hunger pangs! The soup was called consume, but was actually slightly discolored water. In the middle sat a hunk of very fat chicken. We tried soaking a piece of the black bread. A seed and some coarse particles got caught in my windpipe and produced choking. What a spectacle! The choking continued for several minutes. Eventually, I finished the meal using the little white bread that was available, and drinking the 'hot dishwater'. I did manage to stop the hunger pangs, temporarily!

Vic was anxious to see the labs and talk with the scientists. It took twenty-four hours after we arrived for our Russian contacts to obtain the necessary permission. We found this to be true in each of the places he visited. Usually we were told, "You must be tired from your trip. Surely you would like to rest", but we learned later that each visit could be approved only after our arrival by a 'non-scientist administrator'. So that afternoon we had a guided auto tour of Akademgorodok. We were provided with a car, a driver, and a guide with a prepared speech. Getting me into an ordinary car is a complicated, time-consuming process. After I am in, riding is not really comfortable, and the view is limited. But, this was part of the 'deluxe plan'! Nevertheless, the drive was interesting to me because I could hear information, which included a lot of propaganda about the Soviet Union. Also, the ride did provide us with an overview of the area, and Vic was able to take a few pictures in carefully designated spots. Our first close contact with other than the scientific community was handled surprisingly well. Vic, with his crash course in Russian, hand gestures and a bit of help from the guide, could communicate with our driver.

There was still some afternoon left when we returned from the auto tour, so Vic decided to take me on a walk. We went along a slowly curving street faced by large lawns and an array of imposing large buildings that housed the various scientific institutes. As we walked a lone figure approached us from the opposite direction. Suddenly, Vic recognized him, Norm Rostoker, with whom Vic had car-pooled during his earliest days at General Atomic. Norm was visiting the Institute for Nuclear Physics, which was next door to the Institute of Semiconductors, where Vic was invited. A real small-world experience!

That evening the hunger pangs began to return. The small hotel in the Akademgorodok had a carefully typed menu, but in Russian only. After unsuccessfully studying the menu, we decided, this time, to take our chances. Neither of our choices came moist enough for our 'Happy Baby' food grinder, which turns table food into puree for me. One of the other customers, who sounded West European, discovered our dilemma, and (in Russian) explained it to the waitress. She brought an order of 'bif stroganoff' straight from the kitchen. I didn't realize this would be my last hot meal for two and a half weeks.

When hunger no longer captivated all my attention, I surveyed the immediate surroundings. The center of our table was covered by an average sized cloth napkin. The napkin held a mismatched salt cellar, pepper shaker, and a small, clear vase, partially filled with a swirl of harsh, thin paper napkins about four inches square. The outer part of the old, wooden, kitchen-type table was bare, but was set with beautiful crystal stemware!

The following day Vic was scheduled to visit and lecture at The Institute of Semiconductors. The people made arrangements for me, also! The lecture hall was on the fourth floor. We were told, "There are no elevators in the building, but there are lots of strong men." Three of them and Vic each picked up one corner of the wheelchair. With no problem at all, I was soon one of the listeners.

Vic spoke in English, one sentence at a time. Each time the sentence was translated by a young Russian scientist. They managed nicely. I didn't really understand it in either language, but the scientists did. A lengthy discussion period followed, each person using their most familiar language. Scientific English was understood by a good fraction of the participants.

At lunchtime a two-hour break was announced. We found this to be quite universal. Russians eat their big meal at noon and everything closes down. Of course, not everyone takes the same two hours. We found it a bit disconcerting, but by three o'clock all life was humming again. That afternoon, I stayed in the Director's office and read, while Vic talked with more scientists and visited their laboratories.

The Intourist Service Bureau couldn't understand why we hadn't taken advantage of the daily private sightseeing tour to which we were entitled. However, the following day's tour was scheduled for the next morning. A car, driver, and tour guide picked us up at our hotel in Akademgorodok and drove the twenty-odd miles to Novosibirsk. On getting out of the car, I could see close-up and all around, rather than only in the distance as framed by windshield. The weather was cold and damp, and getting me in and out was exhausting for everyone, including me, so it was back to the picture-frame view.

To find such a large city in the middle of Siberia is a shock. Typical of other Russian big cities, there were the many apartment buildings, the circus building, the sports center, the Intourist Hotel, etc. It was all fairly modern, with tremendously wide boulevards, and numerous huge monuments to famous workers and war heroes. But, without the contrast that old buildings provide, there seemed to be a dull similarity to the architecture. All of Russia seemed to have a cold atmosphere. We decided this could be due, in part, to the lack of individual family housing or suburbs.

In the afternoon it poured sporadically. While Vic continued his business, I was almost glad to be left in the hotel lobby. The lobby was not terribly busy, understandably since this hotel served only the academic city. It did have huge glass windows, so, in addition to reading, I amused myself by watching the out-of-doors. Despite the weather, a little automobile traffic and a goodly amount of foot traffic passed by. The people were a wide variety of ages, so the pedestrians were not only students. Before I had time to worry about being half way around the world

and completely alone, Vic was back.

We attended the ballet that evening in Novosibirsk with our English-speaking scientist friend, before flying back to Moscow. Performances start early since Russians have their main meal at mid-day. The theater was huge and quite beautifully appointed with many fine fabrics and much gilt. Classic ballets were performed with the expected grace and skill. These were true Russian ballet dancers, despite their remote location.

After the performance an Intourist guide met us and delivered us into the hands of airport Intourist people. At this point I had a peculiar sinking sensation, since we were now out of contact with our genuinely gracious Akademgorodok hosts, from whom we had certainly received good treatment. Until we made contact with the next scientific group, we were completely at the mercy of Intourist. At the airport, Intourist came up with an English-speaking guide and a bus with a wide door, with the center hand railing removed. The guide was shocked that a wheel-chair-bound person would travel by airplane. The three of us took the short ride to an airplane. Vic went to scout out the plane and deliver our carry-on luggage. In a few minutes he was back, still in possession of our belongings. The guide had suddenly realized she had directed us to the wrong plane. Another short ride. The procedure was repeated with better success!

Again, it was a fairly late flight to far-distant Moscow, but surely no meal would be served. Food was not served, but the strong apple juice was brought out after take-off. Lucky Vic! Russian airplanes seem to operate smoothly, but their interiors leave a great deal to be desired. Materials appear inferior and construction practices are not the best. As a result, fairly recent models have an overly well-used look. Repair does not appear to be a common practice. But, fortunately, the airplanes arrive at the desired destination!

On arrival in Moscow we were taken to a deluxe-plan suite on the seventh floor at the Intourist Hotel. It had a magnificent nighttime view of the Kremlin. The morning view was equally impressive, but was nearly lost on us because we had an early flight to Kiev. We still hadn't learned the lesson concerning Intourist, airports, and food. An Intourist driver delivered us to the Intourist Service Bureau at the airport. Wonderful! Only, then we were beyond the snack bar.

Surprisingly, we managed to convince Intourist we would prefer to walk to the plane. This appeared as a small miracle! For this to happen, someone had to resist passing that decision on to a higher authority. During the flight, it was breakfast time, but there was no sign of food. Not even the strong apple juice!

On arriving at the Kiev airport we were met by another Intourist representative, an elderly man who spoke fluent mid-west USA English. Vic complimented him on his perfect Mid-west English and asked him how he had learned it so well. His answer was, "By studying". Sure!

When we were settled in Kiev, it was almost noontime. The nearly twenty-four hour hunger pangs were again becoming very annoying. The hotel restaurant was closed in order to set up for the large mid-day meal and was not due to reopen until one o'clock. The nearest restau-

rant was a great distance away. On inquiring about a restaurant we made the mistake of mentioning 'no breakfast'. A hotel bigwig insisted on making a big fuss about fixing us something special. Everything they suggested was too dry for my strange throat, and would really make us even more conspicuous. I began to feel as if I was a convincing argument for Americans to be known as spoiled! All this confusion took until ten minutes before one. There were all kinds of people waiting for the dining room to re-open. They all glared at us as we were ushered in to get special service. Borscht and bread was our quick choice. Both of us normally dislike beets, but at that point any food was welcome. The soup tasted good despite being covered by large bubbles of grease. Borscht and black bread were available everywhere. Every time I saw borscht it was covered with huge spots of red grease. The black bread was made from a coarse, unevenly ground flour. Some of the grains were whole, giving the bread a heavy consistency. Black bread was clearly not suitable for my peculiar throat. Luckily, 'bif stroganoff' was also available!

Having temporarily quieted the hunger pangs, we were then ready to face the next problem. We were expected at the Institute for Physics, but here it was already afternoon and no contact had been made. The English-speaking Intourist people had us at their mercy! Vic requested that a certain scientist, Dr. Shakhovtsov, be called and informed that we had arrived. He even provided the telephone number. At first we were told this was 'impossible'. After much discussion, a half-hearted, quick attempt was made. In the course of explaining the attempt, the Intourist person realized Vic was a scientist with a Ph.D. Across her face came a look of reverent disbelief! Apparently scientists are revered all over the Soviet Union. After some proof, all the reasons why we could not contact the Russian scientist disappeared. Magically, all problems vanished! We were told to return in an hour.

This was the first of many times when what we thought to be a simple request turned out to be a complicated production. Russians pride themselves on being extremely polite. They never say you're not allowed to do something; instead they ask if you wouldn't like to do something else. They have a knack of being politely most annoying. When they are being genuinely cordial you know you are getting the VIP treatment.

After a brief walk the Intourist desk treated us with genuine cordiality, and immediately gave us the message, "Dr. Shakhovtsov will pick you up shortly." Soon he met us and offered to show us Kiev. He told us we had missed the contact who was to pick us up at the airport because we had been shunted off by Intourist. He was one of the few people who owned a car, but it was a small one and it would have been difficult for me to fit in it. Fortunately, we were entitled to the daily tour, so we saw the city in a larger Intourist car with driver provided and a scientist as guide. It was refreshing to have a guide with answers that were more than canned propaganda. Also, it was convenient to be able to stop at other than designated spots. Kiev is one of the more picturesque cities we saw in the Soviet Union, complete with a tree-lined river, a small rise in the landscape, and even a view of various crops growing just beyond the city.

We hoped to see inside a home in the Soviet Union, but despite our attempts that was not to be. Dr. Shakhovtsov and his scientist wife arranged to meet us in our room and have dinner in the hotel dining room. Even though someone fluent in Russian ordered the meal, it seemed to require an abnormal amount of discussion with the waitress. About this time the ever-present

dance band began their terribly loud music. Conversation became extremely difficult throughout the meal . Most of the other people in the dining room seemed to enjoy the opportunity for merriment. The entertainment did tend to distract from the poor service. Having the big meal at midday seemed to be universal in the Soviet Union. Dining out required a special occasion and a whole evening. That would take a bit more acclimation!

In the morning we took a short walking tour of part of Kiev, and were back in time for Vic to visit The Institute of Physics for the balance of the day. I stayed in the hotel lobby with a book. I was impressed by the number of large tours that passed through, and how dependent the people were on the tour guide, who arranges their whole life during the time she has them captive. The people on the tour seem to really enjoy each other, and are relieved that the details of travel are under control. They are totally unaware they have been shielded from any chance of intermingling with the average native. We did not have to deal with the Intourist Service Bureau that day.

The next day we continued with our strange requests: we wanted the car, driver and guide to which we were entitled to drive us to a particular location, from where we would walk back to the hotel, since Vic had acquired a street map of Kiev. Although improved, the attitude of the Intourist Service Bureau was still a problem: things we requested were no longer 'impossible', just discouraged! Our request produced a flurry of objections: "It is too cold", "It is going to rain", "It is too far", etc. We had an answer for each objection, and outlasted the Service Bureau. They gave up and arranged for our requests.

The guide showed us the usual monuments, impressive buildings, cathedrals (now museums), etc. Still trying to discourage the idea, the guide finally asked the driver to drop us off by a large park. I could now see all around, as far as my neck fusion would allow, rather than only distant objects framed by the windshield of a car. Many people of all ages were enjoying an outing on that Saturday. Just inside the park there was a monument to their unknown soldier. A changing-of-the-guard ceremony was taking place. This could compare to what we had recently seen in Washington, DC, USA except the soldiers were not in dress parade uniform, and they carried modern automatic weapons. A short distance away, but surrounding the monument and as a part of this ceremony, there were plaques with wreaths for famous war heroes. Two young, uniformed, precisely military teenagers were parading in front of the plaques. On inquiry, we were told this was not a special holiday. A disabled veteran in a wheelchair was also on display. He was one of only two wheelchair-bound persons we saw during our entire Soviet Union trip.

Despite the cold and misty weather, there were a number of mothers with young infants in warm clothing and well-protected, sturdy carriages. A few pre-school age toddlers with their parents were in evidence, but there was no sign of elementary school children or other teenagers. At the time, I wondered, "Why, this tremendous number of adults, and very few children?" I later learned one possible explanation. It seems that state boarding schools, such as the one pointed out during the tour in Akademgorodok, was a general rule rather than the exception. Vic noticed a tiny-tot playground next to the memorial to the Unknown Soldier. We found this to be a general rule: wherever there was a playground, next to it was a monument to a war hero. Also true: when a small boy had a toy it was, without fail, an army weapon.

We also visited a ‘Farmer’s Market’. Later we learned that once a farmer met his state-imposed quota, he was allowed to sell produce at the popular market. It was swarming with shoppers. As Vic was wheeling me around the market aisles he felt a slight tug at his jacket, and discovered that a small coin had been dropped into his pocket. Such an unusual, to us, expression of friendship!

On our way back to the hotel we stopped at a sidewalk pastry stand. The long line of women of all different ages insisted, by making a large opening, motioning, and a collective high pitched, rapid chatter, that we go to the front of the line. After selection and purchase via our primitive method, we tasted the pastry and found it to be quite good. We wondered, “Are we becoming acclimated?”

On our walk back to the hotel, we took a route that led through the older part of the city. Larger buildings still abounded, weatherworn and neglected, but substantial and with individual character. With the pre-war buildings, some of the impression of shoddy workmanship on glittering, new ‘rubber-stamp buildings’ disappeared.

Before reaching our hotel we found a restaurant. Before eating I needed to use a toilet, so Vic knocked on the ladies-room door. A young woman showed us to a long, narrow stall. Vic had to pull the wheelchair into the stall from in front, close the door behind me, lift me and hold me over the sharp-edged metal cylinder that served as a toilet. When I was finished and back in the wheelchair, he climbed past me to open the door and backed the chair out through the stall door. But, instead of the young woman, there was an elderly, stout, typical WWII widow, who looked very angry at finding a man in her rest room! Vic pulled me out as fast as he could and we left.

We were then seated in the restaurant. After our dinner arrived a young man was seated with us at our table. It’s normal practice in Eastern Europe for later arrivals to be seated at empty seats when a restaurant is nearly full. He spoke English, so Vic was able to converse with him. He asked what we thought of the Soviet Union. Vic mentioned the interesting historical features and our anticipating visiting Moscow the next day. He said he was also traveling the following day. Vic asked whether it was holiday or business; he answered that he was an engineer in the Red Army. He offered us vodka to drink and appeared offended when Vic declined, but accepted graciously when Vic explained that we never drink alcohol. We enjoyed meeting him. We were surprised to see him again later that evening at our hotel, presumably attending the show. The next morning he was also on our flight to Moscow. Maybe it was all coincidence!

While walking back to the hotel we thought about our next morning’s scheduled flight for Moscow. This time we intended to be prepared for the hunger pangs. Surely, this neighborhood, full of apartments, would sell groceries. That proved to be a vain hope! However, all was not lost; a smaller, moderately busy ‘gastronom’ was close to our hotel. Shopping for food may seem like a dull job to many Americans. In the Soviet Union it is anything but dull! In fact the odors encountered in a ‘gastronom’ are downright offensive and somewhat nauseating, very similar to spoiled food! The payment system requires the shopper to spend a long time in this atmosphere. First you select the items you intend to purchase from what is available, peering past other consumers who are in line to pick up their purchases. Then you mentally total the

prices and join a line for payment, which yields a receipt. With the receipt in hand, you're at long last ready to join another long line to obtain the desired items. We did not do enough shopping to find out what happens when an item is sold out, or the consumer has purchased a ticket in an incorrect amount, but I am reasonably sure a lot more time is spent. Time is not a valuable commodity in the Soviet Union, no matter to whom it belongs, or regardless of the situation!

I would have liked Vic to take a picture of a typical 'gastronome'. Unfortunately, we didn't know whether it was 'allowed', and we were on our best behavior. A verbal description cannot do it justice, but I will try! 'Gastronome' cannot really be translated, as we have nothing with which to compare it. It is a shop containing several old-time butcher-type showcases, stocked with some meat, fish, wilted lettuce, grapes, cookies, preserves, a limited amount of canned goods, and perhaps a few other items. In a 'gastronome' the ratio of people to food items seems to lean heavily toward people, unless there is a huge storage room in the back. But, we saw no evidence of the showcases being refilled. At one shop I did see boxes being stacked out front. It was early fall and already topcoat weather, but undoubtedly nice weather to the Russians. There must have been a place to stack incoming supplies in the 'cold' weather. From what I saw, it needn't be very large!

Vic went into this 'gastronome' to purchase a package of plain cookies to add to our earlier cheese purchase. He found essentially the same limited merchandise available in other 'gastronomes'. The only difference was that these cookies had definitely been sitting for some time in their non-protective paper wrapper.

The plane to take us from Kiev to Moscow was an older model with the doorway sill about a foot high. For a short time, my wheelchair was high-centered while Vic and some kind men behind us struggled to board me. The whole thing happened so quickly that I'm not sure how they managed the language barrier. We got settled quickly in a wider row before the great rush began. Once in the air, we brought out our 'breakfast'. We had assumed the cheese we purchased was wrapped in protective paper. No, it was dried up. I tried a bit of chocolate we found in our bag while Vic worked on hard cookies, dry cheese, and strong apple juice. Chocolate tasted terribly rich to an often-empty stomach, so I settled for two hard candies. The chocolate caused quite a stir. Suddenly, two or three people asked where we had found it. The man next to me again saved us by answering inquires and offering people a piece of his chocolate bar.

On all of the flights we took in the Soviet Union stewardesses were visible during boarding and when they were serving the strong, bitter apple juice or the horehound-flavored hard candy. I often wondered what they did with themselves for the balance of the flight, and where they hid themselves during debarking. My vision was not that limited.

Back in Moscow, we were shunted off to a line for internal flights, which avoided customs. An Intourist agent soon met and directed us to a car that deposited us at the same huge, modern tourist hotel where we had previously spent one short night. The fancy hotel (but ordinary, by US standards) had modern, roomy elevators that were permanently programmed to pass the second story. This was noteworthy to us, because the restaurant was on the second floor. Getting into the dining rooms by coming down from the third story was not possible.

Normally we do without lunch. However, after our meager breakfast, we were not prepared to wait for dinner. The first floor of most hotel buildings is normally quite tall. This one was no exception. There were about thirty-seven wide, brass-plated steps to reach the second-floor restaurant. Fortunately, the steps were wide enough to accommodate all four wheelchair wheels and shallow enough to pull the chair backwards allowing the large wheels to climb up. Unfortunately for firm footing, the steps were highly polished. Slowly and carefully Vic hauled me up and we reached the otherwise inaccessible dining hall.

This hotel did seem to recognize tourists' dining habits and saved the main meal for the evening. In the dining hall we found a luncheon buffet in progress. Lunch that day consisted of two kinds of bread, cheese, caviar, cold vegetables, and coffee. Boiled eggs were limited and therefore gone; so I ate a little cheese and looked forward to the evening meal. Buffet serving dishes were filled at the convenience of the staff as food became available. At any given moment several platters were empty. The instant a dish was replenished many hungry humans descended upon it. Several trips were required to get what would ordinarily be one serving. Great automatic discipline!

In this hotel, breakfast and lunch were served buffet style. Time of day made the small difference in the menu: lunch included cold, leftover vegetables. Tour groups were the exception. One morning we inadvertently walked through the room reserved for feeding tour groups. This smaller side room appeared to be set up for a banquet. For the first and last time during our stay, I saw and smelled cinnamon rolls!

We had learned that during this week all Russian radiation-effects scientists were to attend a five-day Soviet conference, so Vic could not visit the Lebedev Institute when originally planned. We would need to extend our stay and return to Moscow after visiting Leningrad. Instead of departing the USSR from Leningrad, as planned, we would need to get an airline flight from Moscow to Amsterdam after the delayed meetings. Even though the desired flight was on KLM, the ticket could only be bought at an Aeroflot office. It was located across a very wide, busy street from the Bolshoi Theater. Vic expected to run in and quickly get the tickets, so he left me to sit in my wheelchair parked in front of the Bolshoi. About forty-five minutes later he returned with an explanation: after waiting about twenty minutes he was sent to another office to wait some more. He gave up trying to exchange the airline tickets, but offered to buy new tickets, planning to get a refund after returning home. They quickly made an imprint of his American Express credit card. Getting the tickets took more than an hour longer.

We were now free to pursue a week of pure sightseeing, which began that afternoon with a walk around the outside and inside of the Kremlin wall. Picture taking plays a big part in our walking tours, but we had to be careful to shoot only those things we knew to be on the approved list. We heard later that two young men had been imprisoned for taking pictures of a Soviet farm; the photo was considered uncomplimentary to the Soviet Union.

On our way back to the hotel we stopped for dinner at one of the rare restaurants. Although it is the European custom, people could not bring themselves to sit at our table. A gallivanting handicapped person was unheard of and, therefore, avoided. We observed the loud,

merry nightlife from afar and returned to our hotel, worn out from the day's escapade.

After a night of rest, we were better prepared to have our patience tested. Intourist arranged for our seldom-used three-hour tour to be a drive around Moscow; then sent us next door, and thus out into the cold windy morning, to their ticket department to inquire about the evening ballet. Many impatient tourists were there, but Intourist ticket agents could not be hurried. After a considerable time, Vic made it to the head of the long, slow-moving line - only to be told the only available Bolshoi Ballet Theater tickets were reserved for tour groups. However, among other things, they had tickets for a native folk-dance ensemble. It sounded worthwhile, so we agreed to the substitution. The ticket office insisted on payment in dollars, but we wanted to pay in rubles. Our allotment of rubles for meals was not being spent at the expected rate and was quickly mounting up. Rubles could neither be exchanged for dollars nor taken out of the country; they must be spent or they would eventually be confiscated. Vic thanked the Intourist ticket bureau and started to walk away. The ticket seller called him back and allowed that they would accept rubles - this time. The native dance ensemble proved to be excellent: fantastically skilled dancers with exceptionally colorful costumes. Had we known, we would not have risked missing this opportunity.

After our morning auto tour of Moscow, we set out on foot around the downtown area. My first impression of people in Moscow was that many Russian men carried a briefcase. I was really impressed with what appeared to be real dedication to learning or work. When I smartened up, I discovered that almost every person carried some type of shopping container to take advantage of opportunities to buy newly stocked items. Out of practicality, or vanity, the majority of men carried a bag that resembled a briefcase. It was even leather (or a very good imitation).

At first glance the big cities appeared to have a moderate to heavy amount of traffic. Then I took a good look and saw that the traffic was made up of a lot of trucks, buses, taxis, Intourist cars, official cars and autos furnished to people for their job or their position, etc! Soviet citizens claimed, "It's impossible to purchase a car, but it's not a good idea anyway because of the parking problem."

The big city sidewalks were terribly overcrowded. When it became clear that several hours a day of shopping are required each day to feed a city family, I began to understand the never-ending, perpetual-motion consumers. When one considers that shopping for furniture, clothing, etc. is also a necessity, it is easy to understand why we spent much time swamped in a mass of humanity.

The streets in the cities are cleaner than the bare, usually unfinished wooden floors of 'gastronomes'. The streets are hand-swept by older men and women with peculiar looking twig-



Figure 59. June with Monster Cannon in Kremlin, Moscow, Aug. 1976

like brooms, while the floors are constantly tromped on by thousands of feet.

On the third day of our vacation period we planned to look in on a world-fair type science exhibition located somewhat north of central Moscow. The subway went there but, with our language problem and the long staircase to the trains, walking was the sane choice. On the previous day's walking tour we had purchased a map of Moscow from a reluctant sidewalk vendor. Vic studied the scale of the map by walking a few blocks and concluded that the exhibition was within reasonable walking distance. We started off in that direction, stopping every once in a while to take a picture and consult the map. After doing so a number of times, Vic noted: 'Although the blocks are getting shorter on the map – they're actually longer.' We concluded that the map had a rubber scale! Our journey took on a one-purpose character. After walking for a good part of the day, towards late afternoon two tired people did approach their goal. A gigantic rocket tilted to a viewing angle graced the entrance. Pre-school-age children scampered precariously over this evil looking thing, apparently bothering no one but me! Every few minutes a nearby subway station spewed out large horde of people. The crowds magically dispersed to popular exhibits in this vast fair. In our limited time, we saw the science exhibits and space exploration display. Again we noted that the technical work was of high quality, but the brand new buildings were rapidly deteriorating. We took a taxi back to the hotel

After a few days of walking around Moscow, I noticed that the police were constantly speaking into their walkie-talkies, and I often wondered just how they could direct traffic that way. I knew my near vision was affected by brain damage, but I thought my distant vision was still fairly good. Apparently not! Much later, when we were out of that country, Vic said something about the police picking up their radios whenever we came into view. He pictured someone in a central police station moving a pin on a map to track those crazy Americans.

On Wednesday we took an early morning train to Leningrad. As in the case of air travel, the train was quite inexpensive and full of travelers. Loading platforms were overcrowded with people, all waiting to board. These people gave the definite impression of being different from air travelers. The difference had more to do with people's actions, rather than their mode of dress. For instance, here only the Intourist people spoke any English. Once Intourist got us on board we had to rely on Vic's extremely limited Russian.

While waiting to board the train we saw a man being steadied by his friends. For a short time I thought we had found another disabled person. We saw him again through the window after we were seated. In his hurry to board, he nearly fell off the platform onto the tracks. His actions were totally uncoordinated. His problem soon became known to the crowd when a woman loudly reproached him for having had too much vodka. As the train pulled away from the platform she was still proclaiming her troubles. The unstable man was weeping while being led away by a supporting policeman.

As the train sped away from the city, the many large apartment buildings of Moscow began to thin out. Air travel in the Soviet Union had already convinced me of the vast size of this country. My mind became ingrained with this fact as we traveled over the many, many miles of natural, medium green vegetation between the two famous cities.

As usual on a traveling day, there had not been time for breakfast. No food or drink was available. We were forced to rely on the food we had with us. However, BRING YOUR OWN meal was THE thing to do on the train. Other people were pulling food out of their personal belongings. Our strange looking gadget bag with its mysterious food supply was in good company with other bulging carry-alls.

Once in a while the landscape was broken by a considerable number of closely grouped, tiny, run-down structures. These small, old huts were clearly inhabited. I rarely saw what looked like an average size (by US standards) single-family dwelling. The huts were all extremely old, but looked to be of solid construction. They were found mainly on the outskirts of towns.

Groups of people using hand tools were maintaining the track. Most of them were short, stocky, middle-aged women, the same type of people that were found doing manual labor on road construction in big cities. Crops were not apparent near the train tracks. One could easily imagine the distant, flat, green landscape to have many miles of cultivation. Something was missing from this country scene. Neither cultivation nor animals could be seen from the train. I purposely looked for animals; when we arrived in Leningrad I had seen a total of zero pets or working dogs and three old cows.

Intourist met the train in Leningrad and immediately sent us by car to the hotel of their choice. The Hotel Astoria is a lovely old place due to touches of pre-Communist furnishings that lent it old-world charm. The heavy cherry wood and thick glass revolving entry door was being repaired, so everyone was using our usual method of entry: coming and going through the baggage room. That day there was no wait in the bitter cold while Vic went for the porter who carried the key. The Intourist Service Bureau was crowded, but the wait for room assignment did not seem long as my attention was held by an atmosphere of former elegance. Furnishings were old and well used, but time had increased their beauty. This included an ancient see-through lift, furnished with a decorative upholstered bench, residing in the center of an even older circular stairwell. A couple of more modern elevators had been installed, but the charming old lift was also operating. Old-world elegance was again apparent as we entered our room. The key ring had a heavy, decorative handle that read 'St. Petersburg'. A Persian rug filled the small sitting room. On it was a small ornate mahogany writing desk of some fashionable period. The upholstered furniture matched the desk. The picture on the wall was an oil painting. Heavy, old, well fitting drapes covered the window.

On looking through the wide archway into the bedroom alcove we found that Intourist had been at work. Modern, oak, hard, twin beds, filled the small area with a wardrobe that didn't quite match. The ancient mahogany dressing table was still there, but drapes had been replaced to match the inexpensive twin bedspreads without bothering to consider window size. The bathroom was unchanged, but age had not treated it kindly; neither its function or its appearance had been improved. We eventually found that the old plumbing produced tepid, rusty bath water. Yet, it was an improvement over the slightly warm water available for only a half-hour twice a day at Akademgorodok.

We were a bit late for the evening meal, because we had been riding the train for most of the day. A nice looking dining room was on the ground floor of the Hotel Astoria. Most of the

food had been served and a dance band was playing loudly. We ate from the little food left and vowed to be on time in the morning. At breakfast, we encountered a long wait for a typical American meal in the dining room. A Norwegian traveling salesman told us, "A Soviet buffet breakfast is served in the area that doubles as a bar in the evening." Other mornings, we found it to be faster and quite satisfactory for our peculiar needs.

The Intourist desk, as usual, was knee deep in people. I expected a long wait. Here the wheelchair had some effect on one of the ladies serving behind the counter. After a moderate length of time, she waited on us and arranged for our tour of downtown Leningrad. Despite her 'sold out' declaration to people ahead of us, she sold us tickets for the evening at the opera.

Armed with knowledge gained from our usual first-morning Intourist city tour, we took our area walk. Two events from that day stand out in my mind:

Just outside the famous Peter and Paul fortress, on the riverbank, there is a small beach. In spite of the sunny day the weather was cold. At first the beach looked deserted. Not quite! Several elderly men were dressing following their afternoon swims. Their garb included topcoats.

Further on around the wall of the old fortress was the entrance. We assumed this historic gate would be on the safe picture list. Just as Vic was looking through the viewfinder, a soldier said "niet". A tiny dock was at riverside and a PT type boat was just moving into view. I assume that was the forbidden subject.

That evening we saw an excellent Russian sold-out performance of Carmen. Many musically talented, well-trained, state boarding school children were used in the first act.

Leningrad is supposed to be a bit warmer than Moscow, but I failed to find that to be the case. Clothes that were burning me up at home (I am cold blooded) felt really thin here. I was undoubtedly sensitive to the wind chill off the river, or perhaps we were there when the cold really set in. Strangely enough, I felt fairly comfortable in the late evening.

The next morning, our private tour took us to Petrodvorets, the restored former summer palace of Peter the Great. Russians are big on gold leaf, and Peter was partial to fountains. Innumerable gilt fountains extended from the river many hundreds of feet to the palace. Turned on, each one immediately following its predecessor, they are quite a sight to behold. The original type of water flow plumbing system, utilizing water directly from the Neva River, created a magically gorgeous effect. There was extensive damage from the war, so much careful research has gone into the post-war restoration to assure authentic restoration . Only the most talented people in many arts and crafts were sought to do the work. Recent reconstruction revealed only the best construction practices.

At many locations pictures were displayed showing the devastation at the end of WWII contrasted with the restored state. Their captions referred to the damage produced by Fascists, not the German army, nor the Nazis. We think that word was chosen because it could be applied elsewhere, as convenient. Inside and out the restoration, still in process, was fantastically beau-

tiful!

Our first hydrofoil ride took us speedily up the river, back to a dock in Leningrad and deposited us within a 'June and Vic type walking distance' of the Hotel Astoria, and close to The Hermitage. Walking to the hotel consumed the balance of the afternoon.

On Saturday we again made use of our guide and driver. The guide suggested we see the inside of another restored palace - Pavlovsk. On the way, Vic, now slightly relaxed, had a quick look for good pictures at Pushkin, where the smaller Catherine palace was undergoing restoration. At the Pavlovsk palace we saw more excellent workmanship. It was richly ornate, as the other palaces had been. Here, protective shoe coverings were an attempt to preserve beautiful original wooden flooring. I felt embarrassed to have wheelchair tires roll over the carefully protected surface. However, the guide urged us on. Her translation was most helpful at the gorgeous staircase. Strong, willing men with proper lifting instructions assisted me up the stairs. This is where we saw the second person in a wheelchair, a real tourist like me.

Between skipping lunches, missing many main meals, and eating smaller meals than was expected, our allotment of meal rubles was growing daily. We would lose the equivalent of more than one hundred dollars unless we came up with a solution soon, . The weather was really turning cold. My heavy wool cape felt like a thin rag. Vic suggested, "One thing Russia certainly should have is a fur hat." This seemed like the perfect solution, both to our rubles dilemma, and my uncomfortable temperature. Implementing the idea turned out to be quite an experience. So we walked from the hotel and found a store nearby. Later on I heard it described as 'the most modern department store in the Soviet Union.' The department store was in an enormous building covering the entire city block. As we walked along the sidewalk, window-shopping, we saw a display featuring fur hats. It was just what I needed in that climate, but we learned that the fairly attractive window displays did not mean that the merchandise shown was available for purchase! Each window display had a door nearby. We entered and were met by a mass of humanity, apparently all interested in hats of some variety.

The interior consisted of many separate stall-like areas of various sizes, all selling different types of merchandise, more like a farmer's market than a department store. Vic tried to enter the nearest stall. Someone called out, speaking in Russian. We did not understand, but could see only children's fur hats. People pointed us in the right direction and gave way. I could see only unfinished, bare, wooden floors, trod by countless feet.

At the appropriate spot we were motioned toward a line waiting to view available items. We American tourists were let in near the front of the line and served out of turn. Little selection was available, particularly in large head sizes. The saleslady did not speak English. Russian sizes do not compare to American sizes. I was feeling claustrophobic. The whole thing seemed like a nightmare! I finally understood how many people, especially men, feel about shopping. My inclination was to get the first thing that would do and get out as fast as possible. By sign language and a few Russian words, Vic indicated which hat we wanted. The saleslady sent us to another line where we purchased a receipt, and yet to a third line where we could obtain the merchandise. We backtracked a short distance. I thought, "I feel like a salmon swimming upstream". Subsequently, when I wore the hat it felt strange and fit snugly, not at all as it felt in

the store. I attributed this to my sudden shopping panic. A few months later I had occasion to examine the hat carefully and found that the one I brought home is made in Taiwan of fake fur. They had switched hats on me!

We also decided to consume more rubles by buying me a warm top coat. The appropriate stalls were on the second floor, up a crowded, primitive, wooden staircase with no elevators. When the constant stream of humanity thinned out slightly, Vic started the long, backward pull up the steps. Our clothing labeled us - American! People spoke only Russian. Then it happened! Vic had to look over his shoulder to avoid other people while pulling me backwards up the crowded stairway. A man, who appeared very strong, approached my feet. I was rendered voiceless by the determined 'do-gooder' expression on his face. Shaking my head was ineffective. He grabbed hold of the foot pedals and gave a mighty heave. The sudden, unexpected force laid Vic out flat on the stairway, with me, still in the wheelchair, on top of him. As the man started to help us up, Vic, very forcefully, said 'NIET'. With question in his voice, the muscle-bound man, meekly said, 'niet' and ran off like a wounded animal. The crowd gave us a wide berth as Vic picked both of us up off the steps and finished our slow climb.

At the top, worn, bare wooden steps became a well-trodden, littered, filthy, wooden walkway surrounding many small shops. Above the deadly serious faces attached to the many crowded, hurrying feet, I could see a few overhead displays. Within a short distance we found coats in three of the larger stall-like areas, all of which were selling the same merchandise. The waterproof coat was not available in the desired color. During the next half mile we saw three more shops, again selling merchandise identical to that available in the previous shops. The next coat store was the first one we had already seen. On completing the huge circle, shopping to 'beat the system' really became a challenge; color lost its importance. Our problem became how to choose the correct (unfamiliar) size. This situation is universally recognized despite language barrier. A saleslady looked at me and gave an approximation. Vic tried that size on me and my claustrophobia decided 'good enough'. I now have a warm, waterproof, misfit coat in my second color choice. However, it represents rubles that were not confiscated! Thanks to the Russian system, I now had an all-weather coat that I practically lived in for the next few days. It looks as if it was designed with the typical middle-aged Russian woman in mind. However, although I am average in weight and very tall, the misfit might be considered to be an asset. The short coat is a good length for a sitting position and, due to its ample size, slips on fairly easily.

That morning during breakfast we heard several people say, "Ballet tickets for this evening are not available." Nevertheless, we asked at the service bureau. We were waited on by the lady who had helped us previously. Her answer was, "For you, I have". She even found seats with easy access! The plan was to be ready for the early performance. On our way to the hotel we encountered one of the rare restaurants. Being eager to try something different, we entered with great anticipation. Despite the protestations of other customers, we were told by the host, "Go back to the hotel where you belong". This was my first experience with blatant discrimination. The route to the door seemed terribly long! Who could eat at the hotel after that experience? We walked toward the theater. Fortunately, Leningrad is slightly westernized. Near the theater, we found a small place that served mocha and sweet rolls. We had not missed a meal for some time. That would do nicely! Mocha was quite a treat. In other USSR travels, anything akin to hot chocolate was not to be found.

The ballet, Don Quixote, was excellent. Again, well-trained children, on their way to becoming professional, were skillfully worked into the performance. The old Kirov Theater was quite breathtakingly luxurious. We had good seats on the main floor. The evening was a great success!

Sunday was the last day of our sightseeing week. We had saved the Hermitage for a rainy day. Obligingly, rain was threatening. We again wanted to take advantage of a guide, without a car and driver. Intourist could not understand these oddball Americans, who preferred to walk. This time the coming storm was a valid excuse and it took only a suggestion to change our plan. Transfers in and out of the car were made worthwhile by the colder than usual temperature. Peter the Great's former winter palace was now a museum representing a good deal of pre-communist Russian history. My eyes feasted on the ornate two-story Grand Entrance as we made our purposely slow, backward ascent on the marble staircase. Because our guide explained our preference to 'go it alone' to several would-be helpful people, we reached the second-floor museum without mishap. All morning the weather had been cold and gloomy and now the rain had started. I felt great relief to be inside even a chilly building.

After a quick inside tour, our guide's allotted three hours were up. Our suggestion that she leave us at the Hermitage met the usual objections. "You will get lost in the large, many roomed museum"; "The rain may continue all afternoon"; "You will get lost on the way back"; "The walk is too tiring." One by one her fears were dispelled. Despite our assurances, she left hesitantly.

Rain came down hard while we eavesdropped on various tour groups. Many of the exhibits revealed Russia's preoccupation with size. Intourist guides declared many items to be 'the largest', or 'the greatest number in the world'. By the time we were saturated with early Russian history, the weather had cleared enough for us to take the next long walk.

St. Isaac's Cathedral, now a museum, is close to the Hotel Astoria. Outside it looks like another large, drab, weather worn, slightly war-torn building with pock marks in the stone from World-War II shell-fragment impacts. Inside it shouts, in vivid colors, 'CELEBRATION', but all portable religious objects have been removed. Walls, ceilings, posts and any stationary furnishings are heavily decorated in gilt and brilliant colors with icons and other religious symbols. Under the dome, a huge modern Foucault pendulum has been added to emphasize the Cathedral's conversion from a church to a museum. Here, a lecture about the Earth's motion is in progress. Pendulum and lecture do not distract my attention from the overwhelming color. Even the elegance of the beautiful old world hotel cannot be compared to this startlingly gorgeous ancient Russian cathedral.

Our schedule called for Monday and Tuesday to be devoted to Vic's meetings with various people at scientific laboratories near Leningrad. On arrival Vic was supposed to telephone his scientific contact, but we mislaid the number during our travels. Phone books were not to be found. In spite of explanations to Intourist people, they would not release the number. Eventually it was arranged for Vic to make phone contact. In spite of much static on the lines, he learned that advance notice did not yet clear him into the lab. Paperwork was going to take a full day.

Having established that no business could be accomplished that day, we set out for another walk about the city. Gloomy skies had not yet dampened our spirits. I was now protected by the waterproof coat and the imitation fur hat, although the hat was on the cool side and a bit too small. My brain must have been on hold, for I didn't suspect the switcheroo at that time. Vic doesn't very often feel cold. His topcoat was, so far, only one more thing to carry. He was in the habit of going without it. A short distance from the hotel the heavens opened up. Part of a nearby building offered some protection. After fifteen or twenty minutes, the rain slackened up enough to make a run for our temporary home. In the distance, Vic spotted one of those rare restaurants. Anticipation was great until we came close enough to read a sign in the window indicating, 'No tables available'. After changing into dry clothes, we felt grateful for the hotel dining room. An early leisurely meal was enjoyed, as was the balance of our day spent reading in our charming sitting room.

On Tuesday, I spent the day in the hotel's old-world lobby, while Vic met with Russian scientists at a site some distance south of Leningrad. Besides reading, I could watch people. Sitting still that long helped me notice a skirt that abounded, invariably in a serviceable, hard-finish material with gored cut. Invariably, the women wearing them were fluent

in Russian and were either hotel employees or Intourist people.

'People watching' also offered an amusing scene when a branch bank was forced to close due to a lack of rubles. Every few minutes another person faced disappointment. Two hours later the window re-opened to a long line of frustrated hotel guests trying to control their emotions.

We spent Tuesday night on the train to Moscow. I had visions of sitting up but, much to my surprise, we slept on our way back in a roomy compartment. In the morning, Vic carefully surveyed our closed-in space and could see no reason not to snap a couple of pictures through the window of the moving train. They would probably be considered 'forbidden' since they showed different groupings of tiny, rundown countryside shacks.

Back in Moscow, an Intourist person and driver brought us to the now familiar Intourist Hotel; this meant we were assured of a few more trips up and down the slippery, shiny brass stairway to the restaurant. On Wednesday Vic made contact with a senior scientist, Prof. Victor Vavilov, at the Lebedev Institute and conducted his visit on time. Again, I spent the time in the lobby reading. The lobby was rather quiet. The short lapse in time and resulting cooler weather limited the number of travelers. I busied myself by practicing different ways to avoid dropping my pocket-sized book when in the portable wheelchair. I found that the safest way is to use the right arm of the wheelchair as a prop to hold the book while I readjust my thumb and forefinger near the bottom center crease. This was done carefully, as I knew that no one would notice or



The authors of the first Experimental work at the reactor VWR-M SR Novikov and RF Konopleva, as well as prof. Van Lint VAJ (United States) and the head of the reactor VVR-M KA Konoplyov (from left to right).

Figure 60. Visit to Leningrad Nuclear Institute at Gatchina, published in Russian article.

understand the problem if the book landed on the floor. In this way, I accomplished some reading in the lonely lobby.

Not too surprisingly, all our attempts to contact the Kurchatov Institute the next day were in vain. Vic was mentally prepared for the unsuccessful attempts when he tried to contact some of the labs. At this time he was told that the scientist who had previously openly befriended him at a previous international conference and had since sent us a Christmas greeting card, was 'in the hospital' due to an automobile accident and was not allowed visitors. Our request that someone might pick up our gift to him, a non-scientific book, was met with the usual agreement and extreme politeness. Between waiting for some phone calls and waiting for someone to pick up several gifts, we spent that day in our hotel room. Aware of the probable 'bug', we were careful to say only what could be overheard. Toward the end of the day Vic said, in a loud voice, 'It looks as if our gifts will not be distributed'. Within a few minutes, a messenger was at the door. We did not again hear from the 'hospital accident' case. After the messenger left, since we had not used our tour guide for that day, we decided to ask the Intourist Service bureau for some assistance with a telephone call. After a trying day, it took superhuman effort to appear cool when our request was politely denied.

At this point, we truly looked gratefully forward to our morning KLM flight to Amsterdam. We now viewed the difficulty endured in obtaining these tickets as a worthwhile investment of time. When we checked in at the airport, instead of being asked to wait, our tickets and passports were taken and they promptly disappeared. We were then led to what appeared to be a First-Aid room. This didn't seem too unusual, because Aeroflot often thought that medical assistance was indicated. Still, we'd also heard that the Soviets used medical institutions to incarcerate undesirables. We were seated and a woman in nurse's uniform began to ask questions in English. She understood only direct answers. Confusion reigned, but questioning proceeded. How old was I? What was wrong with me? Questioning proceeded. The answers were laboriously recorded in a ledger. The woman continued. When was I injured? Vic answered, "Ten years ago". Suddenly, she was no longer interested; clearly, I had not been in the Soviet Union that long. Our passports were returned and we were led directly to the KLM airplane. We concluded that the Soviet concern for bad publicity caused them to document that my injuries were not their fault.

After getting settled in our KLM airplane seats, we had a chance to notice the bright, well-cared-for interior, to watch people being assisted by cheerful, friendly stewardesses, and to hear familiar Dutch and English spoken. We both felt sudden relief of the tremendous tension that had built up in us unconsciously.

We flew from Moscow to Amsterdam, rented a small car and visited a few of my family members. Then we flew to London and spent a few days viewing the city's historic sites, using the underground for transportation. Most of the



Figure 61. June and friend in London, Sept. 1976

underground stations had either an elevator or escalator, but once in a while I had to back June's wheelchair up a flight of steps. We took a train to Oxford to visit with our good friends, Andy and Monica Holmes-Siedle, who were living in the rectory of a former Norman church. We also spent a delightful afternoon with another friend, Derrek Garrard, at Windsor Castle followed by dinner at his house and a ride in his boat on the Thames. Finally, we flew home.

After our 1976 adventures we stayed home most of 1977, except for a conference in Monterey followed by a brief visit to San Francisco and Marin County, where my father and stepmother lived.

In July 1978 I was scheduled to attend another annual IEEE conference in Albuquerque, NM. June's report said, *We went to the IEEE meeting in July in Albuquerque. My, how that city has spread since we moved from there in January 1957. The meeting was held at the University of New Mexico. They have excellent wheelchair accessibility. We had both wheelchairs with us since we drove in our van with the hydraulic lift. A person could get lost on that campus, and I nearly did.*

The following week was devoted to sightseeing. We re-discovered some familiar territory, such as Bryce and Zion national parks, and saw new sights, such as the Sandia tram and Natural Bridges National Monument. The long way home was satisfying. On the way back from the trip June was inflicted with terribly painful headaches. Apparently it is still important that her neck be well supported when she rides for long distances. The doctor predicted that, with the proper treatment, the headaches would last only a few days. A month and a half later she still had them. Then there was an opportunity to go with me to a working retreat at the Del Monte Hyatt House in Monterey, expenses paid, so she said, "To heck with the headaches", and went, anyway. Surprise, they were gone until we arrived home. Then, June noticed an unusual smell in the house, which turned out to be 'pot'. Sure enough, the male student who had rented our spare room was lighting up in his room despite our 'no smoking' rule. We checked with the doctor, who agreed that the smell could cause the headaches to hang on. June felt fine after she evicted the boarder.

The 1979 IEEE radiation-effects conference was held at Santa Cruz, so we drove up there. The social event was held at Roaring Camp and we managed to lift June onto the railway car for a tour through the forest. On the way home we stopped at Hearst Castle.

June and I tried a new experience in April 1980: cruising. We liked it! June described it, *We recently returned from a fabulous seven-day cruise to Acapulco. The Pacific Princess stopped at three ports on the way. We visited Mazatlan and Puerto Vallarta. We were not allowed off the ship in Manzanilla (different people at the gangplank decided it was unsafe). We*



Figure 62. June with friends at Mazatlan, April 1980

wanted to follow this same itinerary last year, but were too late with our reservations. We found cruising to be marvelously restful: no driving to contend with, always something to do (movies, shows, games-both physical and mental, parties, etc.), fabulous meals and snacks, and nice people. It was a bit expensive, but next time we intend to find out if they have a cheaper cabin with a door wide enough for a wheelchair. We were disappointed to be seated by ourselves in the dining room. We had hoped for a chance to meet others at dinner.

From Acapulco we drove to Mexico City in a Hertz car. That was a mistake. The car was a Chrysler Le Baron 2 door, several years old, and proved to be a real lemon. Among other things, it died while we were driving and refused to restart. Vic went to a nearby service station to phone for help, but the phone was out of order. An hour and a half later he returned with no help, but, fortunately, a tourist service truck had already stopped at the car to help. Since I couldn't speak either English or Spanish, my head shaking had to suffice and the man was working on the car when Vic arrived. It was getting pretty hot out there, so we really appreciated the help. That is about the only thing in Mexico that we were not charged for.

On the way from Acapulco to Mexico City we took in Taxco and spent one night in a lovely old Spanish hotel near the top of the hill. We found it expedient to take the non-powered wheelchair downhill only over the narrow cobblestone streets. Vic then walked uphill to the hotel, got the car, picked me up, and drove us back to the hotel.

Then the police in Mexico City shook us down, threatening to take us to the police station if we didn't provide 'mordida'. They claimed we'd gone through a red light a block away from them; it was yellow! I'm sure they could recognize a Hertz car. Driving in Mexico City is a nightmare. In a hurry, we turned the car in. Also smog is very bad and there is no apparent pollution control. Black smoke belches from many large buildings.

Mexico City does have a terrific anthropological museum, a fabulous Ballet Folklorico and a marvelous park. We saw a wonderful children's park, but no children were using it. We took some of the sightseeing tours and saw great wealth, old pyramids, old and new churches and other tourists. A day trip to Teotihuacan was a highlight.

Our hotel was old, but was obviously one of the best in its time. Tile and wrought iron abounded. The elevators still had human operators. Mirrors, marvelous carved wooden ceilings, and just plain high ceilings were everywhere. The hotel was right off the most historic part of old Mexico City, near a large cathedral and historic government buildings.

It was all very interesting, but we were happy to fly back to safe tap water and good restaurants. Yes, we avoided fresh foods in most places and managed to come away without Monte-



Figure 63. June wrapped up during Sound & Light show at Teotihuacan

zuma's revenge. I contend that Vic gained 10 pounds on the cruise, and lost 13 pounds on the rest of the trip. We needed to work off that cruise food. Near the end of the trip Vic's kidney stone descended part way to his bladder. Fortunately, his physician had provided pain medicine. Immediately after our return home his urologist extracted it.

In July 1981 we combined a professional society meeting in Seattle with an Alaska cruise out of Vancouver. On the drive to Seattle we surveyed the damage produced by the eruption of Mt. St. Helens the previous year. On the cruise we used a battery and controller adaption that converted June's portable wheelchair into an electrically powered unit. That gave June the ability to move around the ship independently, at least on a particular deck. June described the trip: *In July, we drove to Seattle for a weeklong IEEE meeting. Then we drove and ferried to Vancouver Island. After seeing Victoria, Butchart Gardens, and other parts of the island, we ferried and drove to Vancouver, BC. There we stumbled onto a motel with a special room for the disabled. It was so large that we decided to make it our headquarters for the remainder of the week.*

Early on a Saturday in August we boarded the Statendam for a cruise up the inland waterway of the Alaskan panhandle. It proved to be a pretty good ship for me. The promenade deck was completely accessible, inside and out, and I discovered an entrance to the outdoors that I could manipulate. This left Vic free to run around with his camera; he could always find me somewhere on that deck. I still needed his help for most things, but was afforded a sense of independence.

The dining room was formal, but not stuffy. No one seemed to mind when Vic pureed my food in our Happy Baby grinder at our table for eight. Nearly everyone had to pass our seats on the way to their table. That not only gave me a convenient spot, but one that was a choice location. I could see and be seen by many people. I could even enter the room without a crash. (I can live without sunken dining rooms!)

We were given the so-called handicapped cabin, which left much room for improvement. There was a grip handle in the shower and one by the toilet, but so far as I could tell, that was the extent of the difference from a regular cabin. The cabin was a double, all right, but the mirror image of what we had selected. That proved to be only a minor inconvenience. Much more serious were the narrow hallway (just past a wider entrance cubicle) and the bulkhead at the doorway. On roaming the ship, we found a few cabins with wider hallways. (Since they were on upper decks, I assume they were for the very rich.) The bathroom was arranged so that even one person had a tight squeeze to get through the door; it was impossible for me. The stateroom was sized so that the bed had to be raised in order for my wheelchair to reach the bathroom. If the bed was in the down position, I could enter the room very carefully, leaving a half-inch clearance for the door to close. The cabin steward kindly removed the bathroom door and obtained permission for me to use the electrically powered pump for my circulating air mattress. For the other problem, the best we could do was following a careful sequence to rearrange me and the furniture before and after lowering the bed. It took real ingenuity to solve that one. Just another one of the crazy situations we seem to encounter!

There was one other person aboard using a wheelchair, but I saw him only when boarding and disembarking. Any special arrangements he had are a mystery to me!

As had been the custom on our other cruise, we assumed the first dinner would be open seating, so, we were about twenty-five minutes late. On the bulletin board outside the dining room, it states that you must not be more than fifteen minutes late. Vic told me, "You can get away with anything." Also at the first dinner many people, Vic included, were not aware of proper dining room dress code, at least until they read the bulletin board, but too late! Yet, while feeling foolish, they ate! We did not receive the extra service, such as the table captains preparing an extra dish (mainly for show), and that, among other niceties, was probably responsible for a lower cost. Yet, there was much splendor! As usual, the food was never ending, and attractively displayed and served. The cruise director took pride in saying, "If you really work at it, you can fit in seven meals a day." Anyone with a high rate of metabolism would do all right on the Statendam.

The entertainment was very good. One of the nights they had a show with professional talent based on Rogers and Hammerstein musicals. The powers that be ask you not to attend both shows, but, since I provided my own chair, I did anyway!

The crew on this ship had no qualms about helping Vic put me aboard the tenders. Good thing, since we didn't dock very often. The steps to the tender were a bit narrow! At one port Vic carried me up the steps hanging over his shoulder. When those were built, it's quite clear that they did not plan on disabled people traveling. When we docked at high tide I had to come down many steps.

It seems to me that Holland-America Lines has a more effective way of handling crowds than Princess Lines. We didn't even encounter a long line on boarding.

We had pretty dismal weather after leaving Vancouver, but the rain is what produces all that gorgeous green scenery. Glacier Bay is especially spectacular and proved to be fascinating, even in the rain! Naturalists with the US Forest Service boarded the ship that morning and shared their knowledge from the bridge over the loudspeaker. Despite the bad weather, Vic took pictures. The fog lifted just enough to see the glaciers. Most people stayed indoors and tried to look through windows. Not being able to lean forward, I couldn't see a thing through them. Despite the weather, I finally went out on deck and got the most fantastic 360-degree view. After that I just couldn't go inside, so I hunted for a sheltered spot. The underside of a stairway landing provided a dry spot, and even had the warm exhaust from a fan. There were slots between treads that were perfect for viewing. I had the best spot on the ship, and there was no competition for it! It must have been pretty wet for the crew to break out their slickers. They were quite amused at my choice of location!



Figure 64. Statendam waiters and June at Glacier Bay, Aug. 1981

In May 1982 we started a new adventure: I took leave of absence from my employer,

MRC, (and probably from good sense) to work as a temporary civil servant in Washington, DC. Our travels across country and in the northeast USA are described in the Chapter on Washington, DC Odyssey. We returned to San Diego in October 1983.

Our next trip, surprisingly, was again to Washington, DC in Aug. 1984, where I participated in a lengthy experiment at the army's Harry Diamond Laboratory in Adelphi, MD. By this time our son, Kenny, was working with me and also participated. As June described it, *We spent four weeks in August at the Holiday Inn in Silver Spring while Vic ran experiments at the Harry Diamond Labs. I had never before been to Silver Spring. I'm glad it's on the Metro line, which we used to go sightseeing around the DC area. Most of the time I just sat in the lab and read a big book while three men worked. My son, Kenny, was one of the three. He was there for three weeks as the electronics technician (really the jack-of-all-trades). Joe Chervenak was the other one; he is another experimental physicist who works for MRC but lives in the Boston area. Those crazy men don't know when to quit: some days they work twelve or thirteen hours. Vic also worked a lot during the first weekend analyzing data.*

Some time during the second and third weekends we managed tennis and dinner with a couple with whom I used to play regularly when we lived in the area. Also on the second Sunday we took a trip to Gettysburg, seeing the electric map, tower, diorama and guided tour of the battlefield. On the third Sunday we had breakfast at IHOP and went to the inner harbor area at Baltimore. Kenny and I toured a World War II submarine; all three of us saw the Baltimore Aquarium and had dinner overlooking the harbor.

We also managed several special events. At the Kennedy Center we experienced a musical called Quilters, the John Curry Skaters ballet, an English ballet company, and Beethoven's 9th Symphony performed by the National Symphony with the University of Maryland chorus. At the newly rebuilt Filene Center at Wolf Trap Farm Park we enjoyed the musical Oklahoma. That's quite a lot for a work trip!

In April 1985 it was time to cruise again, this time to the western Caribbean. As June described it, *Our western Caribbean cruise on Sitmar Lines ship, the Fairwind, was a fantastic vacation. All one thousand of us had ten days of living in a dream world. Everything is done for you and yet you are kept very busy with activities and entertainment. The ship is registered in Italy and has a Portuguese and Italian crew who must work day and night. The cabins and the public areas are kept spotless; and yet you never see the work in progress. Food, whether served informally on deck or in the formal dining room, is attractive, delicious and plentiful; dirty dishes are removed promptly. Once in a while the service is too good; on one occasion a bowl of my gravy was removed before we were finished with it.*

Activities abound: there is something for every interest and age group. A few of the activities that come to my mind are card games, trivia games, Name that Tune, bingo, dancing, swimming, church services, ping-pong, basic Italian lessons, travel talks, skeet shooting, walks, aerobics, movies and visits to the bridge and galley. Some of the staff even put on condensed versions of two Broadway plays: Barefoot in the Park and Any Wednesday. And that only includes a partial listing of adult activities; there is a special program for children and teens. Someone has racked their brains to think of every possible shipboard activity. All these activities take

place while the ship is at sea.

We experienced some moderately rough seas, but we didn't feel at all sick. A few people did; they felt fine within twenty-four hours after a shot.

About every second day you visit a port. There you can visit the beaches, shop and/or take one of the guided tours. We anchored off Playa del Carmen on the Yucatan peninsula near the island of Cozumel. We visited Mayan ruins at Tulum and stopped near a beautiful lagoon for a box lunch. We saw Grand Cayman with its early British type town, and in that vicinity, the town of Hell and nearby turtle farm. The ship went up through three locks of the Panama Canal to Gatun Lake in the daylight and came back down at night under lights. Nearby we visited the San Blas Islands, which are inhabited by the Cuna Indians of Colombia, a matriarchic society specializing in mola embroidery. We visited a working plantation in Jamaica in the West Indies, took a garden tour of the city of Nassau in the Bahamas and watched their marching flamingoes.



Figure 65. June with Mayan arch at Tulum
the city of Nassau in the Bahamas and watched their marching flamingoes.

On tour days we took the formal breakfast in the dining room; at sea the rocking ship would keep us asleep until mid-morning. If we slept through the buffet breakfast that was served on deck we could always wait for lunch; we normally skipped breakfast or had a continental breakfast in the pizzeria. Every evening we had a formal dinner at our assigned table for six. The two other couples at our table were fun and interesting companions, which made for lively conversation, insuring that dinner was one of the highlights of the day. The after-dinner shows were thoroughly entertaining and had a variety of professional entertainers, dancers, a magician, a comedian, a male vocalist, a Russian entertainer who plays many instruments, a female vocalist, and even a female vocalist who starred in the original Broadway musical West Side story (Carol somebody). At this point we normally went to bed, but the festivities went on into the wee hours of the morning.

This was paradise for the ten days; but, by the end of the cruise I was ready to go on our own for the last two days of our vacation. Apparently most people also had enough; when we docked at Fort Lauderdale, FL everyone was anxious to debark and continue on with their normal life. Landlubbers again, we rented a car and drove to part of the Everglades. The plant life and wild life there is fascinating, but it is a good place to stay only briefly; the mosquitoes were there first and do not intend to give it up. Alligators need their protective skin!

So, we drove north for about four hours and spent the night near Disney World. Most of the next day was spent at the futuristic Epcot Center. One could spend several days there, but my being in a wheelchair helped avoid some lines and we covered most of it, including several pavilions representing different countries. Then it was time to head for the airport.

A couple of years after this cruise we were subpoenaed in a lawsuit filed against Sitmar Cruise Lines. During the cruise a conga line had been formed wending its way around the lounge, including a pass in front of June's wheelchair. We remembered that an elderly lady had fallen at a slight step in the aisle about 10 ft. after she passed in front of June. The lawsuit claimed that her accident was Sitmar's fault because they had placed June's wheelchair where the lady tripped over it. I testified by video camera that the lady had fallen some distance from the wheelchair, and that I had emplaced the wheelchair. June testified by answering questions with me translating and her head nods to confirm my lip reading. The plaintiff's lawyer challenged June's testimony on the grounds that I was not a court-certified interpreter. The lawyers agreed to let the judge decide whether to accept it. We never heard of the results or received the small fee we were promised.

In March 1986 we spent three weeks in Europe. I was an invited speaker at a three-day conference held in Munich, so we had over two weeks to do as we pleased. It was often overcast or wet, but what could we expect for that time of the year? Encouraged by the dreary weather we activated our Eurail passes and took a fast trip to many places: Vienna, Zurich, Milan, Pescara and Rome, where we finally found some sunshine. Then it was back by way of Brig, Switzerland to the Netherlands, where we visited many of my relatives.

All this happened before we realized another trip was forthcoming. At the end of July, I organized and helped teach a short course for a conference that was held in Providence, RI. After the meetings we spent a few days visiting June's relatives. This was a year for becoming re-acquainted with aunts, uncles and cousins on both sides of our family.

July 1987 saw us heading for Washington, DC, again, this time for three-and-a-half months of experiments. June and her excellent aide, A45, came along. At the start June wrote, *A two-bedroom apartment was not yet available when Vic brought A45 and me to the Guest Quarters in Bethesda, MD for a working holiday. We lived out of suitcases for a week in two one-bedroom apartments, hoping each day to move and be able to unpack and settle in. We also needed to know the size of the bathroom we would occupy, so that Vic could size and install the framework for the block and tackle lifting arrangement. That would end the folly of bed baths and the Hoyer lift holding me over the bathroom sink while we flooded the room during a shampoo. Fortunately the maids mop and bring fresh towels. Sunday morning we were able to move into a larger apartment on the same floor. Then Vic hurriedly put away our belongings so that the next day A45 and I could spend a little time rearranging clothing and necessities used for my care.*

A45 and I have already successfully explored the local Giant super market, the local Dart Drug and the Metro system. We have been doing so much exploring that little time is left for me to learn to operate our latest gadget, a Toshiba laptop computer. I am having quite a time learning how to use it. All kinds of strange things happen; I am lost without being able to read an instruction manual. When my instructor shows up hours later I can remember only a few of my questions, so the learning is slow. I imagine I had this much difficulty with the Apple, but learning a new system seems twice as frustrating. The Toshiba has some advantages, and eventually I will appreciate them, but the Apple has some handy features that I sorely miss. Of

course, it is partly due to the fact that I am using the people-powered version of the wheelchair. We do not stay home very much since we have to shop for groceries often, plus the fact that A45 and I do so well on the Metro.

By the end of August June wrote, Vic is 'still making environmental measurements', but he does have permission from the safety people 'to go to higher power' (whatever that means). So the main part of the experiment is yet to come; the estimated finish date is still September 25th. Vic is talking about taking some vacation time in New England when he finishes. He'll be ready for it. He works even longer hours here than he does at home. And, so far, he hasn't found a tennis game; the first few weekends were spent entertaining family and now Vic's tennis-playing friends are out of town. We have taken full advantage of the half-price tickets for the disabled at the Kennedy Center. Linda and Richard visited us on a number of weekends, since their home in Portage, PA is only a little over three hours away by car.

Then it was time for a restful change. First we visited Linda and Richard at their home in Loreto, PA. Then we took three-days worth of casual clothing and boarded a train for Richmond, VA, leaving most of our belongings with two colleagues who packed up the lab. They left three suitcases and a large briefcase in a station wagon at their motel on a stormy night. Yes, you guessed it: some thief had incredible luck! We spent the next couple of vacation days shopping, not a restful change. Some of the stolen items are irreplaceable; others are merely difficult to replace or reconstruct, such as a Toshiba laptop computer, reports in progress, personal check records, some old jewelry and our return airline tickets. The balance of our two weeks was quite enjoyable: mild to cold weather, but sunny. In our rental car we visited Assateague Island in its past-the-season stark loveliness and the historic areas of Hampton/Newport News, Yorktown, Jamestown, and colonial Williamsburg. The change refreshed us!

The Washington, DC area still beckoned, but after another week of work, meetings and another meeting cancelled due to an early snowstorm we returned to San Diego on November 13th. Home territory felt marvelous after being away over three-and-a-half months.

In August 1988 we were back to cruising, this time from London to Norway. June's description was, *The trip was marvelous; it was pure vacation, not even one combined with business. That felt strange but not hard to take. Vic had saved up enough miles with United Air Lines for the two of us to fly to London. United doesn't fly to London, but has an agreement with British Airways. So that was a new experience. We were immediately immersed in the British sights and sounds: the lilting accents and the people that go with them. We may speak the same language but the terminology is different. Some examples are: lift for elevator, holiday for vacation, footpath for sidewalk, biscuit for cookie; the list goes on and on. It was a good indoctrination to understanding the strange, to us, accents. Two leisurely meals, some sleep, watching sights, and two movies later we put down at Gatwick Airport. The weather was so cool that is was difficult to believe it was still the middle of July. Fortunately, I was somewhat prepared.*

After a couple of days of walking and traveling by 'the underground', we boarded the Pacific Princess for an eleven-day cruise to the fjords of Norway. The sights were everything they are advertised to be; steep green mountains meet deep seawater on both sides of the ship, farms are on any available ground (which is seldom level and often halfway up the hillside), and

numerous waterfalls cascade off steep mountains into fjords.

Like the T.V. program, The Love Boat, we encountered a couple of problems that were resolved before too long. Problem #1 had to do with the weather. Cruising around the tip of Norway we encountered a North Sea storm; it started at about first sitting dinnertime and gradually worsened. We saw the after-dinner show and went to our cabin; by then it was rough enough that Vic had a hard time lifting me from the wheelchair into the bed. During the night we often, though not regularly, heard a loud impact that made our cabin reverberate. After some thought, Vic figured out that it was a wave breaking over the foredeck and hitting a steel bulkhead a few feet in front of us. The foredeck is about thirty feet above the water line. That night, Vic was sick once; though I managed to hold out, I was glad to be horizontal. Rough weather continued the next day. Eventually, the ship was able to duck behind some islands. By evening we were again in open sea but the waves had begun to peter out. We missed a half day of sightseeing, but it was an unforgettable experience! From then on the weather slowly cleared up. We got caught in the rain during one land-sightseeing day but, by the time we reached the Arctic Circle, the sun shone through the clouds off and on day and night, and it was pretty warm!

The other disappointment was with dinner seating arrangements. This was our second cruise with the Princess Line. On our previous cruise with them we had been unhappy to be seated by ourselves, around a corner from others in the dining room. This time we had specifically requested a large table. After boarding we found a note in our cabin asking us to see the Maitre D'. He wanted to put us again at a table for two, across from each other. We assured him that wouldn't work, since Vic has to feed me and we wanted company. So on the first evening we were assigned to a table for six, and had quite a nice time. On the second evening we were placed at our so-called 'permanent seating arrangement'. We had been moved from the congenial group to a different table for six. It was clearly a set-up to protect other cruisers from our strangeness. Normally people are seated with a group with similar interests (travel agents ask people to fill out a survey for the cruise line.) At this table there was a behind-the-scenes staff person, two of her young friends, and an elderly widow who cruised three or four times a year and had become a friend of the staff person. Lori, the staff person, asked to be excused from dinner the following evening because she needed to catch up with her work; none of the others said anything. None of the four ever showed up again, so we were left as the only occupants of the table.

Teatime was held in the dining room with open seating. Every day the waiters directed us to a table for two; Vic ignored them and headed for a large table. That way we met many congenial people. Unfortunately, teatime only lasted precisely thirty minutes; after that they started setting up for dinner.

At each dinner the Maitre D, making his rounds, asked if we "enjoyed the food" or some other pleasantry. This went on for a few days. Finally he slipped and asked if we "enjoyed the evening". Vic said, "We would enjoy it more with some company". That led to a long discussion while our food cooled. Vic reminded him that we had requested dinner companions. The Maitre D' claimed he could do nothing at this time. Obviously, it was not going to be resolved. A group of six jolly middle-aged ladies at the next table overheard the exchange. They suggested that we all move to a nearby table for eight, which was empty. For the balance of the cruise we

had dinner companions, in spite of Princess Cruises; Vic had quite a harem! We've never cruised with Princess again and have never had this problem with any other cruise line.

Aboard ship I bought a car coat with hood made in Iceland; it is pure wool and the fibers shed rain. It is huge, because it is intended to be worn over cold weather clothes, such as another jacket. I don't wear it that way so I bought a size small. One day was particularly cold so I wore it with the suede jacket over my lap. That afternoon we got caught quite a distance from the ship, in the rain; we got slightly lost and took the long way back. Vic was wearing a long-sleeved wool sweater and got thoroughly soaked while I remained cozy and dry.

On our return to London, we took a day's train ride to Glasgow, Scotland. Trains in Europe are far superior to those in the USA; they have smoother track, larger windows and, after they pass an industrial area, they traverse picturesque land. This time we saw small towns, green countryside, dairy cows, sheep, hedges and many low stone walls. I needed to use a toilet during the daylong train ride. This time the door was not wide enough for one person to enter without turning sideways, so it was very difficult for two of us to enter together with Vic holding me up. During our first attempt to get in, I hit the bone above my right eye on the outside corner of the little room. The train lurched during the second attempt; we both went down and I hit the back of my head. A man helped Vic get me back into the wheelchair. Our third attempt was successful. The next day I had a gorgeous shiner.

We had reservations for three nights in Glasgow. One day was spent around the area where John Knox had lived, at the cathedral where he worshiped and at the flower festival. Another day was spent traveling to and from Edinburgh, taking a walking tour with a delightfully knowledgeable Scottish guide, complete with kilt and other frou-frou, and walking around the castle grounds. On our way back to London we visited for a day in Derby with the Bruckshaw family (our daughter-in-law's); they are all delightfully humorous. After another day in London it was time to fly home and resume our regular routine.

In July 1989 we managed to combine some business meetings in Washington, DC with attendance at Linda's graduation as a Physician's Assistant. In August June wrote, *Lately life has been rather hectic. We recently returned from a three-week trip. The trip was a mixture of business and pleasure, mostly pleasure. On July 26th we flew to Washington, DC for Vic to attend a meeting. Vic had a discount ticket for a rental car, but the trunk was too small for a wheelchair. For an additional fee we upgraded to a Cadillac! Then we drove to Niagara Falls and spent a couple of days taking in many of the attractions. From there we drove on to Old Fort Niagara, then on to a famous old estate and restored garden, Sonnenberg Gardens, and to Corning, N. Y., where they have a fascinating glass museum and the Corning summer theater. The next day we drove on to the Finger Lakes area. On August 6th we attended, at St. Francis College in Loretto, PA, an informal department graduation for the nineteen Physician's Assistants of the class of '89, including Linda. Afterwards there was a reception and later a party at the beautiful home of a graduate who is married to a doctor.*

After graduation there was another two-day classified meeting in Washington, DC (Thank heaven for portable computers). Then we went a little bit southeast, to some wildlife refuges in Virginia, Maryland and Delaware. We ran into so much rain that we headed back to-

ward Philadelphia. There we spent some time in museums and took in two of the local plays. At the end of the trip Vic had yet another two-day classified (as usual) meeting; then, on August 14th, we flew home.

May 1990 seemed like a good time to take another cruise. As June described it, *In 1990 Vic and I celebrated our 40th wedding anniversary. That seemed to call for a treat. Our pre-anniversary celebration was a month-long trip to parts of Southern Europe including a two-week cruise in the Adriatic Sea and the eastern half of the Mediterranean. It all began on April 28 with a flight from San Diego to Zurich with a stop in Chicago. (Vic's frequent-flyer credits do come in handy!)*

We had one week before the cruise to do our own exploring. Zurich didn't seem to have that Swiss charm, and we were turned off by the obvious drug users in the park, so after one night there we broke in our Eurail passes and headed for Luzerne. Luzerne has great charm and a large lake, with a sidewalk and flowers in bloom at lake's edge. There are flowers everywhere. We took a passenger ferry trip on Lake Luzerne and saw many towns along the shore with houses small and large, quaint and picturesque. More train trips took us to Kleine Scheidegg, the access terminal for the Jungfrau, and along the valley between Chur and Brig, behind the mountain range that includes the Jungfrau. Switzerland has spectacular scenery: snow-covered alps, trains on cog railways traversing steep slopes, green valleys, quaint villages hanging on the hillsides, cable cars, glaciers, etc.

Next we went to Venice, an unbelievable city. There are no paved streets; all traffic (taxi, produce, etc.) is by various kinds of small boats on the waterways. Water comes right up to the buildings. In the squares there are lots of small shops, plenty of pizza 'ristorantes', both in obvious places and in the back neighborhoods. The facade of St. Marks was undergoing repair, but its beauty was obvious.

Then we embarked onto our floating resort, the Cunard Princess. The first port of call was Dubrovnik, a well-preserved old walled city with buildings all made from stone. There are some wide flat streets, some narrow steep walkways, a large wall around the city, and small shops in narrow back streets. We walked around the old town, re-visiting some of the scenes from our previous visit 14 years earlier. Not much had changed; of course, this was before the Serbia/Bosnia conflict, during which this historic site was bombed.

The next port of call was Heraklion, Crete, where we took a bus tour to the ancient site of Knossos. There we saw the ruins of King Minos' palace, including the world's oldest flush toilet. It is amazing for us modern Americans to see the art and architecture of a civilization that thrived around the 20th century B.C. It is thought to have been extinguished by a tidal wave from the volcanic eruption at Santorini around 1600 B.C. We saw many ancient artifacts at the museum in Heraklion.

The next stop was at Haifa, Israel with a bus tour to Jerusalem, an old crowded city with narrow walkways. We saw devout worshipers at the Western Wall, followed Stations of the Cross, passed the Mount of Olives and visited Bethlehem. There the Church of the Nativity is located above a grotto where, according to some, Jesus was born. During the trip back to Jeru-

salem some locals welcomed the tourists by throwing rocks at the bus. I bought an anniversary ring and a medium-sized Protestant creche. The ring is fine, but the shop wrapped a small-sized Catholic creche instead. I am much too trusting, because in the USA, when you buy from a reputable store, you get what you pay for. It was a long day by the time we returned to the ship, but well worthwhile.

We moved from ancient Israel to the 13th century Crusaders by visiting the isle of Cyprus with the city of Limassol and nearby Kolossi Castle. Nearby were the Kourion ruins, which date back to Hellenistic times. They have beautifully artistic patterns of inlaid tiles and, nearby, the remaining walls and columns of the Temple of Apollo.

The ship then moved on to Alexandria, Egypt, where we took another very long bus trip through the desert to Cairo. Our guide's knowledge was obviously superior to a typical tourist guide; he reluctantly admitted that he was a professor of Egyptology at Cairo University. The long trip was worthwhile to see the Pyramids of Giza and the Sphinx, but the Arab nomads with their camels were pesky. At the Museum of Egyptian Antiquities we saw that some of King Tut's memorabilia are still in Egypt. At the Papyrus Institute we learned the process of making and writing on papyrus and bought a sample with hieroglyphics.

The next stop was at Antalya, Turkey with a bus trip to the site of Termessos. Again ancient architecture abounded. My wheelchair could not go up the trail to Termessos, so Vic brought back pictures. It's an ancient site so secluded in the mountains that Alexander the Great was unable to conquer it in 333 B.C. It was eventually destroyed in an earthquake and now looks much like a Hollywood rendition, with huge carved stones in disarray.

The ship moved on to the island of Rhodes. We took a bus tour to the Temple of Pythios Apollo at the Hill of Monte Smith, dating back to the 3rd century B.C. In the city of Rhodes we toured the Palace of the Grandmaster, built by Crusaders in the 7th century A.D. Of course, we walked around the city and took pictures of old walls and modern shops attracting tourists.

The cruise had scheduled a visit to Mykonos, but the weather persuaded the ship's captain to anchor at Santorini instead. We took the tender to the black-sand shore, where Vic lifted me into the little cable car for the ride to the town of Thira, up on the crater rim. The alternative was a steep donkey trail. Most of the buildings are white with light blue trim. We walked around on narrow cobblestone streets and walkways with tall steps. We took a bus tour to the ancient ruins of Akrotiri, which was presumably destroyed by the enormous volcanic eruption that occurred around 1600 B.C. Remarkably, no human remains were found there, suggesting that the residents evacuated before the gigantic explosion.



Figure 66. Vic in sarcophagus at Termessos, May 1990

Returning to the ship was exciting. By afternoon the wind had increased, so the tender bobbed vigorously next to the ship's platform. Vic and a couple of crewmembers timed their wheelchair lifting just right.

Next we returned to Turkey at the port of Kusadasi. A highlight of the trip was the bus tour to Ephesus, a huge city that was a seaport in pre-Christian times, now located along the rise at the head of a silted valley. The remains of buildings and statuary are astounding, including a library, public baths, monstrous amphitheater and chariot lanes. It must have been a thriving business and cultural center. One can imagine the Apostle Paul preaching at the amphitheater.

Our return to Piraeus, the port of Athens, brought the cruise to its end. We stayed in Athens for three days, doing a lot of walking. Vic pushed the wheelchair up to the Acropolis entrance. The stone steps were inaccessible from there, so I sat while he went up to take pictures of the Parthenon and other historic structures. At lower levels we passed through the old Roman Agora (market place) built around the 1st century B.C., saw the Temple of Olympian Zeus, and marveled at the number of ancient statues and architectural decorations strewn all around Athens.

We had planned to use our Eurail pass for a train to Patras on the Ionian Sea and an overnight ferry ride to Brindisi, Italy. We had also planned to mail the wheelchair power adaptor and batteries home after the cruise, since they weigh about 150 lbs. A general strike in Greece foiled those plans. We ended up sharing a taxi ride to Patras with a man and taking the wheelchair power equipment with us to Italy on the ferry.

Once we arrived in Italy we shipped the excess baggage home and took the train to Florence, where we spent two days sightseeing. The architecture and art were marvelous, from the Ponte Vecchio bridge and the Palazzo Vecchio to Michelangelo's Pieta and David. Then we returned to Switzerland for another look at the Alps, including a spectacular view down onto the Aletsch glacier from a ridge reached by two cable-car rides. Nearby hang-glider enthusiasts were jumping off a cliff thousands of feet above the valley floor. Finally, we returned to Zurich and the flight home.

Later Years

In July 1991 I resigned from Mission Research Corp and started a role as a private consultant. I was called upon to travel frequently, many times to the east coast. At least, the business travel earned frequent-flyer miles that we used for vacations. In the summer of 1992 I was invited to attend a conference in Europe, so we turned it into a vacation trip. As June said in our annual letter, *We intended to stay close to home this year, but Vic received an invitation to attend a conference at Lake Como, Italy. Between June 16 and July 8, except for a few days at the con-*



Figure 67. June & Vic at Ephesus, May 1990

ference, we traveled by Eurail pass between Milan, Italy and the Netherlands, with side trips to Genoa and Verona. The sight of us on the way between hotel and train is something to behold. Vic carried a large camping backpack. With one hand he carried a suitcase; with the other hand he pushed bundled-up June. I had a small case on my lap and two small bags hanging on the handles of my portable wheelchair. We were the recipients of many strange looks.

Since we had not previously spent time in Basel, Switzerland or Germany, a large chunk of vacation time was used visiting Basel, Freiberg, Heidelberg, Nurnberg and Berlin. We marveled at churches, cathedrals, castles, old architecture, museums, tankers traveling on large rivers under old bridges, etc. We saw the stark distinction between pre-World-War-II and modern architecture and the contrast between the former East and West Germany's maintenance, building codes and architectural character.

Our last few days were spent visiting Vic's relatives in the Netherlands. It is remarkable what improvements the Netherlands has made in their facilities for the disabled: wider train doors, higher platforms, wider steps, loading ramps, a fold-up train seat to make room for a wheelchair, etc. Not so many years ago travel for me in the Netherlands was extremely difficult; now it is a pleasure. The whole trip was a delight.

In June 1993 I took a four-day course in Monterey, CA. Since it had been a particularly wet winter, we looked forward to visiting Yosemite National Park and seeing the falls in their full splendor. Near the park we met Karen and Andy with their boys, Kenny and Christopher, and Maricar, Andy's mother. The many falls were spectacular with an abundance of water. Andy and I took a five-hour hike from Glacier Point to the valley floor and saw Illilouette, Nevada and Vernal Falls up close. After the Mendezonas left we drove out of the park over the newly opened, snow-covered Tioga Pass. Forty-three years earlier, on our honeymoon in June 1950, it was a muddy dirt road through a lush, green, high valley. Now it is a major paved highway. The next attraction was definitely a contrast, bone-dry Virginia City, NV, once a rich gold mining area. After a visit to snow-covered volcanic Mt. Lassen we turned south. Driving through coastal redwood trees on Pacific Highway, the Avenue of the Giants, also brought back memories of good times in earlier years.

In April 1994 our major vacation took us to Hawaii, where we drove around Kauai for a few days before boarding the SS Independence for a cruise that also visited Oahu, Hawaii, and Maui Islands. Fortunately, we had mostly good weather, so the pictures we took are very colorful.

In mid 1995 we bought a new car, so we had to give it a good spin. As June reported in our not-quite-annual newsletter, *Our vacation was used to get accustomed to our new car (our first in fifteen years). Indulging ourselves somewhat, we had bought a Buick Riviera and we re-*



Figure 68. June at Il Duomo, Milan, Italy, June 1992

ally liked it. So in July we drove to Yellowstone, with a side trip to the Tetons, and to Glacier National Park in Montana. We saw these parks last more than twenty years ago. Of course, Yellowstone is different after the recent fires, but we found it equally beautiful. After all, such fires are part of the natural history, albeit at long intervals. We think the National Park Service did all they could to protect the park without causing more serious ecological damage (e.g. by massive bulldozing).

In April 1996 we tried a different kind of cruise: a riverboat. June reported, We took a cruise in April, or, as they call it, 'went steam-boating', on the Mississippi River from New Orleans to St. Louis on a paddle steamer, the American Queen. It was the most luxurious cruise we've ever experienced. The boat is new and decorated in a rich Victorian style, with many antique books, photographs and other accents. As on most cruises there were day trips, excellent meals in a formal dining room, buffets, afternoon tea, soft ice cream, hot dogs and many activities such as shows, games, contests, movies, swimming, tales of the river, boat tours, galley tours, engine-room tours, deck house tours, maid service, etc. We enjoyed the quiet of the river and the visits to historic southern homes and other sites. At the beginning we spent a few days in New Orleans, especially enjoying the historic houses in the Garden District. At the end we visited St. Louis, including the Missouri Botanical Gardens, a beautiful place.

February 1997 saw us on another big trip, a six-weeks-long vacation in Australia and New Zealand. June wrote about it, Yes, we got back on March 9. Except for my ankles still being slow to respond, I am now back in shape. We had a great time. In Australia we visited Sydney, Brisbane, Rockhampton, Cairns, Canberra and Melbourne. We saw kangaroos, wallabies, koalas, strange birds, a rain forest, tidal rivers, falls, regular rivers, parks, botanical gardens, museums, a cultural center, harbors, many varieties of Eucalyptus trees, Australian train stations, countryside (long distances between cities), the Melbourne zoo, part of the Great Barrier Reef, and much more.

Then we flew to New Zealand and spent two weeks negotiating the narrow, crooked roads, starting and ending in Auckland. It was Vic's first experience with left-side driving. He avoided any accidents, but it was not restful. At the end he was still hitting the windshield-wiper control instead of the turn signal. We spent a week around the north part of North Island and a week around the south part of South Island. On the North Island we drove around in a red Toyota Corona hatchback. Stuffing me into a compact car is quite amusing. We saw the Bay of Islands, steaming pools and a couple of small geysers (nothing like Yellowstone), a pioneer village museum, huge and strange trees called kauri, a Maori cultural center, and more.

We took a New Zealand Airlines flight to Dunedin in the South Island, where we drove around in a blue Toyota lift-back (not much bigger than the hatchback). We saw a very Scottish town (Dunedin), fields of sheep, fjords, glaciers, more rain forests, bungee jumping and sheep-



Figure 69. June enjoying first-class seating on flight home from New Zealand, Feb. 1997

herding and sheep-shearing demonstrations. We were especially impressed by the sheep-dog demonstration, how the skilled animal herded the sheep gently, without exciting them. Our return flight to Auckland was from a city called Christchurch (very English).

Shopping with Vic is very difficult unless you are looking for a specific item. In Australia we had to buy Vic some leather casual walking shoes with thick soles, like treads. We bought me a sweater in New Zealand because the South Island was cold and we apparently left the sweater we brought on the United Airlines flight. Now I have a warm New Zealand wool sweater. Everything in Australia and New Zealand is terribly expensive.

The frequent-flyer-award first-class United round-trip flight really made the fourteen and eleven hour flights endurable. (We flew into Sydney, Australia and left for Los Angeles from Auckland, New Zealand.) First Class on the Boeing model 747 plane has wide seats with leg rests that nearly flatten out. These fancy seats make sleep on an airplane close to comfortable. Despite the free tickets, the trip was expensive, but worthwhile. We had a great trip and came home tired but happy.

In August we took another vacation by auto, driving north from San Diego to Washington State, where we viewed the recovery of the land 17 years after the Mt. St. Helens eruption. Then we drove to Seattle, followed by a delightful ferry trip through the San Juan islands to Vancouver Island. We had to see the Butchart Gardens again before taking a very large ferry to Vancouver. The car then brought us through British Columbia to Banff and Jasper National Parks. This time the tour on the Athabasca Glacier used a very large van equipped with a wheelchair lift, so June was able to accompany me.

1998 was another year for an Alaska cruise. In June's words, *In the beginning of July, Vic and I took a cruise to Alaska and then inland on a special land tour for disabled people. We were their only customers that week so we had a private tour. We saw lots of glaciers and feel privileged that our trip included a rare clear view of Mount McKinley, both from the road and from the return airplane. Then there was a little time for touring on our own. Our last stop was Fairbanks; then we flew home. All in all we were away nearly three weeks.*

The summer of 1999 was time for another really big trip, one to the Far East. In June's words, *For six weeks during the early summer of '99 we saw a good part of southeast Asia, most of the trip with Karen and her boys. Andy, who is from the Philippines, was with us for two of the weeks. His parents hosted us for a week in Cebu, his sister hosted us in Manila, and his other sister guided us in Singapore and Bangkok. All in all we visited many places, including also Hong Kong, Corregidor, and Kuala Lumpur.*



Figure 70. June on lift at Athabasca Glacier, Aug. 1997

In December 1999 we accepted Karen's invitation to celebrate the millennium with her family in Mission, TX. Karen and Andy hosted a neighborhood party that lasted into the wee hours of 2000. June and I only lasted until midnight.

We continued cruising, but June stopped writing about it, because it became increasingly difficult for her to reach across the keyboard. The year 2000 was also our 50th wedding anniversary, so June selected a Baltic cruise to celebrate. It started in Stockholm and visited St. Petersburg and other Baltic ports on the way to Copenhagen. We had seen St. Petersburg 24 years earlier (then it was called Leningrad) during our Soviet Union trip. This time it seemed

badly in need of repair. It was a shock to see the sad state of the Russian navy at its naval base west of the city. At the end of the cruise in Copenhagen our most important suitcase stayed aboard ship and went on to Oslo. After frantic telephone calls it arrived at our hotel on the evening of the second day. One night without air mattress and bedpan was enough! After walking around Copenhagen we activated our Eurail passes to visit Elsinor, Malmo, Kristianstand, Hamburg, Hanover, and my relatives in the Netherlands.

Our next cruise was around South America, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, to Valparaiso, Chile, in Dec. 2001. Our sailing friends are jealous that we landlubbers can now say, "We've been around the Horn." We visited Buenos Aires, Argentina, just before the political unpleasantness, but encountered our own challenge. While pushing the wheelchair I suddenly felt one of the handles loosen. Before finding the cause I noticed a smelly liquid on my trousers and a woman, about 10 ft. away, coming toward us, offering to help clean up what presumably some bird had wrought. Fortunately, we had been warned of this pickpocket ploy by the cruise's shore-excursion lecturer. I also noticed a man converging on us from the opposite direction. I yelled, "No" and ran away from them, pulling the broken wheelchair with me. Fortunately, they gave up on us. One of the wheelchair's vertical support tubes had buckled. We managed to get to a nearby hotel to inquire where to find a welder. Their maintenance man was able to weld the break, and didn't even want to be paid. Within a half-hour period we had encountered a couple of the worst and one of the best humans.

A storm prevented us from going ashore at the Falklands, but the weather was clear during passage around the Horn, followed by the Beagle Channel and Straights of Magellan. The glaciers were stupendous. We saw more scenic inland passages, glaciers and Andes Mountains



Figure 71. We're with Andy & Karen in Manila, June 1999



Figure 72. June on tour boat in Copenhagen, Denmark, Aug. 2000

on the west coast of Chile cruising up to Valparaiso.

In July 2002 we used almost our last frequent-flier miles for first-class tickets to London (to visit Larry's family) via North Carolina (where Karen lived at the time). In England we traveled by train, enjoyed Larry's company by car, and survived a few days of my left-side driving in Cornwall.

Cruising has become an almost annual affair. In September 2003 we sailed from San Diego to Philadelphia, not as the crow flies, but via the Panama Canal. While cruise ships provide good wheelchair access aboard ships, they rarely offer wheelchair accommodation on shore excursions. We were informed by another couple of an organization in Costa Rica, www.gowithwheelchairs.com, which provides a daylong tour in a wheelchair-equipped van. Three disabled passengers with two companions spent a wonderful day seeing the local attractions. The tour operator took our picture and includes it in his advertising poster. It cost us less than the equivalent shore excursion offered by the cruise line.

The transit of the Panama Canal was the highlight of the trip. Another large cruise ship, one with only inches of clearance at the locks, passed through the second set of locks just ahead and to the right of us, providing excellent opportunities for photographing. I am amazed at the engineering achievement of constructing the canal and locks in the early 1900's.

In July 2004 we visited with Larry's family in England before embarking on a cruise. We flew to Dublin, packed June, Larry, three grandchildren and me into a station wagon, and thoroughly enjoyed ourselves in Ireland for almost a week. I made a deal with Larry: I'd pay expenses if he'd do the left-side driving. It made a very relaxing, enjoyable visit to Irish scenes. We were impressed with the green countryside and the well-kept nicely painted houses. Afterwards, June and I cruised from England to Greece via the eastern Mediterranean. As reported in our newsletter, *Then we took a cruise from Harwich, England to Piraeus, Greece. Highlights included windmills in Holland, a tour to the WWII D-day landing beaches, visits to four ports in Spain and Portugal and stops in Sardinia, Sicily and Malta. Vic had to argue with the ship's tour director who didn't want to let us go to the landing beaches for fear that my incapacity would inconvenience other tourists. Since his knees are no longer strong enough to lift me up the steps into a tour bus, we travel with an airline-style aisle wheelchair. It takes a few minutes to transfer me into it, carry me aboard and then move me to a seat, but we usually do all that while others are walking around. Anyway, the tour director finally relented and we had a fine tour. We walked up and down hills in Lisbon, Malaga, Cagliari and Palermo. The narrow streets of Cadiz reeked of history, as did a tour to the old city of Mdina on Malta. We arrived in Greece and left the day before the Olympics began. Our cruise ship stayed to house athletes. We returned with a week's layover in North Carolina to visit with Karen's family. While there*



Figure 73. On Prinsendam, Sept. 2003

we drove to New Salem to see the colonial houses and to Asheville to visit the Biltmore Mansion.

We still take one or two driving trips every year. In March 2005 we had a very wet winter, so we took a driving trip north along the eastern side of the snow-covered Sierras to Reno, then east to Ely, NV. There we had a problem: June's gastrostomy tube came out and had to be replaced. The local hospital had to ask an operating-room technician to come in after hours to open the supply closet where the tubes were stored. After the emergency-room physician inserted the replacement tube we continued our trip along southern Idaho. As the weather degraded we headed south through a snowstorm in Utah to the Desert Museum in Tucson, AZ. We ended up with the wildflowers at the Anza-Borrego Desert in California.

By December 2005 Karen's family had moved to Keller, TX, so we spent the holidays with them. We visited them again in May 2007 when our grandson, Kenny, graduated from high school.

Our March 2006 cruise was in the eastern Caribbean. We visited San Juan, Puerto Rico. This time we avoided the tour bus by taking a taxi to El Morro, joined the tour group there, and walked with them back to the ship. Not much had changed since our previous visit thirty-two years earlier. New stops for us were at St. Thomas, Barbados, Grenada, Isla de Margarita and Bonaire. We had taken a bus tour in Aruba previously during the Panama Canal cruise so, with intermittently raining weather, we walked briefly around Oranjestadt and returned to the ship.

We had hoped to take a cruise across the north Atlantic in 2007, but all staterooms with disabled facilities had already been reserved. So we settled for a cruise from Athens to Athens via the Black Sea and eastern Mediterranean. We took a bus tour in Istanbul, using the aisle chair to load and unload June. In Varna, Bulgaria and Odessa, Ukraine we just walked around the cities and took pictures. The captain did not allow us to board the ship's tenders at Sevastopol, presumably due to some slight wave action. Then we went ashore at Kusadasi, Turkey, at Rhodes and at Limassol, Cyprus. We had been to these places on our 40th anniversary cruise, but it was interesting to revisit and walk around different scenes. At Kusadasi we had previously taken the tour to Ephesus, an incredible ancient city ruin, so this time we only walked around the city. At Rhodes we walked around the old city and visited the Master's Palace instead of going to the ruins at Kourium. At Limassol we took a long walk to the city center with its old crusader's palace. Finally, we stopped at Alexandria and visited the modern library and ancient Roman ruins instead of taking the long bus tour to Cairo. By this time we had accumulated more than 100 days aboard Holland America cruise ships.

The cruise across the north Atlantic finally came about in July 2008. First we visited



Figure 74. June with friend at viewpoint, Charlotte Amelie, Virgin Islands, March 2006

with Cheryl and the grandchildren in Dorking, England. Then we spent a few days scanning old van Lint family pictures in Eindhoven, Netherlands with my cousin Jack's wife, Betty, and my cousin Anneke. Regrettably, Jack had died of cancer in Sept. 2004. He had been a world-renowned mathematician. A special issue of the Journal of Combinatorial Theory was dedicated to him in Nov. 2006.

Then we embarked on the Maasdam at Rotterdam. We took no bus tours on this cruise, but mostly walked around the seaports. We docked and walked around in Cherbourg, France. Shuttle buses with wheelchair access were furnished in Dublin and Belfast. We walked around Dublin, took a tour of Trinity College and viewed the Book of Kells in the library, an incredibly beautifully illustrated ancient manuscript. In Belfast we signed up for a walking tour to learn the historical background, including the recent period of 'the troubles'. Both cities are vigorously engaged in technology-based growth. In Liverpool many interesting buildings were within walking distance of the dock. We sought out a place to buy a new spare inner tube for the wheelchair tires to replace the one we brought, which was already in service. We docked at Torshavn, Faeroe Islands in a fog on the day of their annual celebration, described as a combination of our Mardi Gras and 4th of July. It was impressive. Many residents were dressed in traditional costume and a large *a capella* choral group sang folk songs at the town square.

At Reykjavik, Iceland, we took a long walk from the dock to downtown. We found a unique round elevator to take us down to an archeological excavation of a Viking settlement dating from before 871 A.D. The ship provided a daylong cruise of the Prince Christian Sound in Greenland. The weather was cloudy, but the glaciers leading into the sound were spectacular. No trees were to be seen on land, only green lichens on the exposed rock, with lots of ice chunks floating in the water. Then we stopped at Nanortalik, Greenland, a small picturesque village. The ship provided a new, to us, method of transferring June to the tender: they hoisted the tender to the Lower Promenade deck, where passengers would board lifeboats in an emergency. Moving the wheelchair into the tender is easy there, since the tender is held firmly to the ship's side.

In our earliest days of cruising I lowered June's chair along the staircase from the ship's deck to the tender boarding platform. A crewmember and I then lifted the chair into the tender over its railing. The main difficulty with this method was the narrowness of the platform and the steepness of the stairs. Later, during our South America cruise we saw a modern provision. The ship had a special tender with a compartment just for wheelchairs. The wheelchair was loaded into the compartment by a hydraulically controlled ramp from the deck. I saw it used only once, and then to get June back on board after the wind speed increased while we were ashore. It seems like a lot of trouble, so I can understand the crew's reluctance to accommodate wheelchairs on tenders. The Promenade-deck transfer also used a lot of crew support, but at least it required no expensive ship modifications and didn't inconvenience other passengers.

The final stops on the north Atlantic cruise were at St. John's, Newfoundland, St. Pierre et Miquelon and Bar Harbor, Maine. St. John's is built on the side of a hill; we only went part way up to the lowest of three large cathedrals. We had not known before that there exists a piece of French territory in North America, e.g., St. Pierre et Miquelon. It seems very French. We had visited Bar Harbor and nearby Acadia National Park in 1983 when living in Washington, DC. So, this time we walked around town to admire the 'summer homes' built by rich folks, now

mostly bed-and-breakfast accommodations. The cruise ended at Boston. We took a taxi to the airport, albeit with a surly driver who wanted us to use a van instead. It is now difficult for me to lift June onto a van seat, so we prefer sedans. He complained all the way, and then gave me a dirty look and comment when I didn't give him a tip. The flight home was uneventful, although the upgrade I requested only came through on the shorter hop from Denver to San Diego.

Most recently we celebrated our 60th wedding anniversary aboard a cruise from Montreal to Boston and back. We spent a few days in Montreal at the start, enjoying the scenery, history and Botanical Gardens. We rode the busses and admired their wheelchair access. The low floor was even lower when the bus 'kneeled'. We didn't even need the ramp to roll the wheelchair into the bus. Inside the bus the wheelchair is backed up to a reinforced padded barricade. It protects the rider in case of sudden stops, but the configuration depends on the wheelchair brakes during accelerations, which are inherently modest. We consider this a far superior system to the usual USA requirement to tie down the wheelchair, a time-consuming nuisance. I've often said that the biggest impediments to the disabled in the USA are the lawyers (personal injury type, that is). On the other hand the modern Montreal subway is almost useless for wheelchairs: only the central station and one far-out station are accessible.



Figure 75. At dinner on Maasdam, June 2010

The Holland-America cruise was very enjoyable, including the opportunity to visit each port twice. Quebec City is fantastic. We'd visited by car once in July 1983 during our Washington, DC odyssey, but remembered little more than the Chateau Frontenac. During the first stop-over we rode the funicular to the Chateau and walked toward the southwest, including the Citadelle and Parliament. During the second stopover we walked gradually downhill from the Chateau toward the northeast and the train station. The ship's tour people tried to discourage me with, "The cobblestone streets are not safe for a wheelchair". They didn't even know that the funicular is accessible to wheelchairs and that the sidewalk along Rue St. Louis is smooth and a slow incline. I had a long talk with the tour representative afterwards. They are so worried about someone being injured that they routinely discourage the disabled; the effect of lawyers again.

Our other ports included Charlottetown on Prince Edward Island; Sydney on Cape Breton; Halifax in Nova Scotia; and Bar Harbor, ME. The first two were small towns, with well-kept picturesque houses and churches. All have strong sea-going traditions, especially Halifax. Our history books had not included the huge 1918 ammunition-ship explosion in Halifax harbor, the largest man-made explosion before Hiroshima. Acadia National Park at Bar Harbor is a unique national asset. The tour by wheelchair-lift equipped bus was much too short, especially when my digital camera malfunctioned. Yet, we enjoyed ourselves thoroughly.

We're still traveling, but June is not writing about it as much. She now concentrates on Internet shopping and creating personalized greeting cards for family and friends.

Reflections

June and I have thoroughly enjoyed traveling in the U.S.A. and throughout much of the world during our sixty-two-year marriage, including the forty-six years that June has been confined to a wheelchair. Looking forward to a trip is for June a welcome relief from the repetition of regular daily exercises and care. Now that I have scanned many of our photos into a digital format, we enjoy reliving our experiences through computer slide shows.

With practice we were able to overcome many barriers during our early travels. I'm confident that if we encounter a serious problem anywhere in the world someone will gladly help us. Many of the barriers have now been reduced. I don't have the strength of youth anymore, especially in my knees; but we're still able to travel and enjoy it. We're less likely to take local tours, unless they provide wheelchair access. Perhaps, someday we'll invite a strong young man to accompany us to transfer June, possibly our 6'4" grandson. We intend to keep traveling as long as our minds are able to appreciate the experience.

WASHINGTON, DC ODYSSEY

In 1982 I had an opportunity to work for the U.S. government in Washington, DC as a temporary Senior Executive Service (SES-04) civil servant. Since the late 1950's I had been a contractor for the Defense Nuclear Agency (DNA). I hoped to encourage more effective translation of research results into engineering tools, a task I was more likely to accomplish as a civil servant than as a contractor competing for contract awards. So I took leave of absence from Mission Research Corporation and signed up as a government employee from June 1982 through July 1983. We then stayed in the Washington, DC area until October 1983.

June accepted the plan as long as we were sure to return to California. Her reaction, as written to her sister, was: *We are about to embark on a new adventure now that our children are grown or away at school,. For a long time Vic has wanted to improve scientific standards, while cutting costs at the Defense Nuclear Agency in Washington, D. C. So, now he is taking a year's leave of absence from Mission Research to take a position as Visiting Scientist in Washington. I'm afraid he has lofty ideas, but then it won't hurt to try. Someone needs to! It's a real idealist who will give up a fun, well-paying job in a good climate for a thankless, less-paying job in a poor climate. It sounds goofy!*

Our son, Kenny, who is still in Electronic Technician school, and his girlfriend, Janice, are going to live in our house while we are away. A few years previously such an arrangement would have been unthinkable, but our kids have gradually educated us. Also, Mynne, our roomer is still living here. Our housekeeper was married last February 20th. Linda and Ricky recently went back to Denver.

We have an apartment starting June 1, 1982 at Buchanan House, 2301 S. Jefferson Davis Highway, Arlington, Virginia 22202, apt. # 1026. It is 1500 sq. ft. (just enough for me to maneuver the electric wheelchair), has two bedrooms, and overlooks a courtyard. The brochures say "Only a short walk to Crystal City Underground and the Metro Station", and there is a "shopping mall on the ground level" of the building. We'll take some essential furniture and some disposable items. The government job pays moving expenses one way. We are taking our Oldsmobile Club Coupe Tee Top. Only Vic can put me in that car. We're leaving the Dodge van with the wheelchair lift in San Diego, so my aide won't be able to drive me anywhere. We will ship the heavy-duty electric wheelchair and Hoyer lift with the furniture. You guessed it, the California cast-offs will eventually be Washington, D. C. Salvation Army stuff.

We plan to leave in the evening May 21st, drive to Albuquerque for a weeklong professional meeting, then take some vacation time with a leisurely drive across country, and start the Washington job on June 15th.

The Trip

Starting May 21st we drove to Albuquerque, NM, to spend the rest of the week at a professional meeting. June spent her time reading and moving around the University of New Mexico campus in her lightweight wheelchair with the battery-and-motor convertor. A cable-car ride up to Sandia Crest provided a little relief from work. Then we drove leisurely east into Texas,

Oklahoma and Arkansas, looking for interesting places to visit, such as the historic houses at the Prairie Grove Battlefield. Then we headed north into Missouri to view Fantastic Caverns and drove east to St. Louis. The view of the arch from our hotel room was spectacular, but I was distracted by a case of nausea and diarrhea. At least June could watch the activity outside while I shuttled between bed and bathroom.

Luckily, my discomfort passed after an extra day in St. Louis, so we drove south along the Mississippi River to Memphis, east to Nashville and then visited the World's Fair in Knoxville. The displays included the Gossamer Penguin, the historic man-powered aircraft. The next stop had to be Gatlinburg and the nearby Smoky Mountains National Park. The tourist attractions included the Tommy Bartlett Water Show, featuring water sports and sitters on incredibly high poles. Finally, we turned north along the Shenandoah Valley toward Washington, encountering a cloudburst so severe I could barely see the truck we followed a car length ahead of us.

When we arrived in Crystal City our furniture was already scattered around the apartment, so we spent a few days assembling and organizing. The Hoyer lift could be used to move June between bed and wheelchair but not into the bathtub, because the supporting wheels have to extend beyond the lifting hook. At home we had a second Hoyer lift mounted in a hole in the bathroom floor to transfer June into her Jacuzzi tub. I developed a solution with a few trips to the hardware store and a visit to a welding shop. Four lengths of pipe with rubber feet at their bottom supported an H-shaped structure fitted against the bathroom ceiling. The center bar of the 'H' was a track in which rolled a trolley supporting a block and tackle with a hook for the Hoyer sling spreader bar. Standard Hoyer straps and hooks supported the sling placed under June. She could be lifted from her wheelchair by the block and tackle, rolled over the bathtub along the track, and lowered into the tub. Later, after we returned home, this assembly inspired us to install a track along the bedroom ceiling reaching from the bed into the bathroom, extending over June's tilt board and over the Jacuzzi tub. We also bought an electric hoist to make the lifting eas-



Figure 76. St. Louis arch at night and June at base of arch, May 1982



Figure 77. View from our apartment, Feb. 1983

ier for her aide.

Arriving in the D.C. area at the beginning of summer immersed us immediately in heat and humidity. June described one effect: *In the power wheelchair I am accustomed to just releasing the joystick to stop. When I do that around here my fingers stick to the joystick; when moving my hand away it activates the left motor. The sudden jerk makes me pull my hand away and leaves me with a weird, scary sensation. I consciously have to make sure I lift my hand when releasing the joystick. Otherwise my driving looks insane!*

Soon we explored the area near our apartment. We could easily walk to the Metro underground station and some stores and restaurants. As June said, *On my birthday we went to a very nice Italian restaurant within a few blocks of our apartment. The food was terrific, as were the prices. For decor it had musical instruments and giant kitchen gadgets adorning the walls and ceilings in an otherwise homey atmosphere.*

June wrote, *Muggy ol' Washington is not too bad so far. Of course I am in a temperature-controlled apartment all day. If I emerge at all it is at 5:00 or 5:30 p.m. when things have begun to cool off. It's still pretty warm, but it feels great to me! In fact, I need to keep a sweater handy for air-conditioned places. We keep our apartment a bit warmer than most public buildings.*

Vic has constructed an arrangement in the bathroom that can pick me up off the toilet and put me into the tub. He also put a hose and a spray attachment on the shower: that sure beats a bed bath. In fact it's great! Now I can pamper my fetish for clean hair. It's amazing how washing it thickens it!

For days now I thought, "I must be hearing things." Buchanan House has a 'no children under sixteen and no pets' policy, but several times during the week I could swear I heard a "meow" from a real live kitty. Well, yesterday I saw a boy of about fourteen come up the service elevator (near our apartment), go into a nearby apartment, put some hockey equipment away, and reappear shoving a cat back inside. I haven't thought about it before, but I wouldn't be surprised if a lot of that goes on here.

Between the trip and surviving on frozen foods, Vic lost quite a bit of weight. He looks quite handsome. He could still lose more and is trying to not eat too much. The food commercials on T.V. are very painful to him!

Aides & Housekeepers

Instead of advertising and interviewing for an aide, we tried using health-care agencies. June described our first try, *I had an aide, A32, who was very nice. Unfortunately, she couldn't read well. Often she didn't recognize the word after she wrote it down while spelling. Consequently, teaching was really exhausting and progress in learning the job was restricted to a snail's pace. A32 also exhibited many of the disgruntled minority tendencies, including grumbling for her employer's benefit, constantly repeating herself, interrupting, and deliberately forgetting what she would prefer not to know. I tried to be fair and reasonable with her, but Vic was fed up with some of her peculiar habits and suggested I try someone else. I was quite will-*

ing despite the misery of another first day with a new aide. We tried another agency and found someone with more intelligence.

Three weeks later June wrote: A33 started on July 5th. I got a bath and shampoo and made it up to the computer on her first day. Both aides had a two-hour training session, but A33 can read and spell. That helps considerably and things go remarkably faster! The first day misery syndrome was worthwhile! She will stay overnight only when Vic needs to travel overnight. It seems wonderfully strange here with only the two of us in the evenings!

Since we no longer had live-in help, I became the family cook, after a fashion. June described our situation graciously: *With the help of frozen foods, Vic is rapidly learning his way around the kitchen.*

June also had to make arrangements for housekeeping. At first, *Our cleaning and laundry is done by two Spanish-English speaking gals who work together. They work for Buchanan House and clean the executive suites. They are pretty good but not terribly thorough. I guess I am spoiled!*

On her third try June hit pay dirt. *We have finally found satisfactory household help. It's marvelous to have that problem solved! Maria is the housekeeper for Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett, who live on the twelfth floor. Maria lives with them, but every Wednesday she comes down and does cleaning, laundry, a little ironing, and a little hand mending for us. Maria speaks Spanish, but seems to understand a little English. If necessary, Mrs. Bartlett translates by telephone. We feel very fortunate to have such reliable, hard-working household help! Right now Maria is on a trip to El Salvador. A friend of hers is doing the job. We'll be relieved when she returns!*

June wrote an essay about Maria while taking a correspondence course in English Composition at Northern Virginia Community College .

MARIA

Last summer, my husband and I first arrived in the Washington, D. C. area. I'm a quadriplegic, so I was in desperate need of household help. Through usual channels, newspaper want ads, apartment manager inquiry, etc., I found and tried several different people. Each proved to be either unreliable or unsatisfactory. One day, while waiting for my husband, I was reading the advertisements on the apartment building bulletin board and found a notice that Maria was seeking a day per week of household work. I thought to myself, "At least she won't have transportation problems. It's worth a try". That turned out to be a lucky find! Maria thrives on helping people in need. She has been helping me ever since.

Maria looks like an average person, but she is far from average. She is about 40-50 years of age, somewhere around 5'2 in height, if that much. She is not really stocky; there is very little unnecessary fat on her wide frame. Her robust, squarish face, with its average size, flat features, and olive skin can be described as sturdy. Her long, thick, black, very curly hair cascades down her back until it gets in her way. Then she twists

her beautiful tresses into a vertical knot behind her head and really goes to work. !

Communication with Maria is mainly visual. Spanish and a few words of English are Maria's form of oral expression. I understand English and a few words of Spanish, but have a severe speech impediment. Therefore, our communication is necessarily extremely limited. However, Maria's eyes talk as they light-up and dance during her weekly early morning greeting. As I try to pronounce a few Spanish words, Maria's eyes sparkle with understanding. If really necessary, we pass information through her regular employers.

Maria really watches over me. After our ritual greetings, Maria immediately changes the bed linen, collects dirty towels, starts laundry and, after a sigh, plunges right in to the tedious job of cleaning the bathroom. All this is accomplished in time for my bath. If the heat lamp turns off while I am in the bathroom, Maria is working nearby and quickly turns it back on. During a period when I was having aide difficulties, Maria wanted to be of more help and asked her female employer to enquire for instructions. Many times Maria tried to be of help to the substitutes by showing them the location of needed articles, or by demonstrating how to move the Hoyer Lift (hydraulic person mover) in order to put me on the bed. Due to the language barrier, there were many misunderstandings. One substitute invited Maria out of the room and told me, "Maria is nosy!" On the contrary, Maria is my guardian angel!

Maria takes great pride in her work. She moves at a constant speed and, when she thinks no one is listening, sings to herself. Without being told, she goes right ahead and does the obvious, such as mending, cleaning cupboards, washing windows, etc. She never eats or drinks anything and is completely loyal, reliable and trustworthy.

Maria is the live-in housekeeper for an older couple in the apartment building. She is completely and instantaneously responsive to their needs, with no thought of herself, immediately answering a message. On outings, short, square Maria looks confidently radiant while she helps her tall, thin male employer to stand and brace himself against a wall by holding on to a stair-rail. Maria glows with self-assurance as she and the small employer's wife help the tall, elderly gentleman come down a couple of steps and get back into his waiting wheelchair. Maria acts like a close family member.

Maria glows with happiness; her joy is contagious. She feels good about herself because she knows her work is important, even housekeeping and laundry!

By the summer of 1983 A33 was no longer available, so June had to change aides. I have a different aide, again. A34 has worked with me for about three months. She is a very intelligent person. I'm sure she would learn everything if I wanted to expend the effort to teach her. However, I figured, "For four months it's not worth it." And I needed extra computer time and her help with mailing, so some things are slighted. For instance, some of the exercise techniques could be improved. I am paying the price! When I do get a permanent aide we will have our work cut out for us: there will be much limbering up to do. Fortunately we will have the proper equipment back in La Jolla.

Holidays and Travel

We learned to enjoy an enhanced sense of history in the northeast U.S.A., as compared to southern California. Soon after our arrival in 1982 we celebrated the 4th of July at the mall in Washington, DC. June wrote: *Independence Day is really a big deal around this part of the country. All day long they have special events around the White House: a parade, special musical events, re-enactment of revolutionary history, an evening concert, fireworks, etc. The mall area (sort of a park between the White House and the Washington Monument and between the Lincoln Memorial and the Capitol) was crawling with thousands of people all day Sunday - picnickers, people just relaxing, and a couple of carnival-type events. The National Symphony Orchestra gave a free concert on Capitol grounds. People come from far away, both to be in the parade and to see the whole spectacle. I remember some pretty special Fourth of July celebrations in Rhode Island as a child, but nothing like this. It's nice to know that they are not a thing of the past!*

We also took many one-day trips, as June reported. *One Sunday afternoon we drove to the beaches in Virginia and Delaware. There are about eighty miles of solid resort-type beach towns with a mixture of older beach cottages, modern high-rises, and many small businesses. And the dunes hide the ocean! Also, it seemed so peculiar to see roadside produce stands right at the beach. On the other side of the land one can get glimpses of Chesapeake Bay. In some places there are small channels that come right up to the road and provide access to some houses. Was it ever hot! Thank goodness for an air-conditioned car. There was no cool ocean air around there.*

Another time we visited Shenandoah National Park. Vic went to a meeting in Las Vegas the third week in July. He came back on a Saturday morning after an overnight flight, so he was a bit sleepy. But it was the first nice weather we had seen on a weekend. After some coffee we drove to Shenandoah National Park, located in the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia. Nothing spectacular - just beauty everywhere!

On the way home we heeded the freeway sign about a place to eat, and stumbled into a very interesting site: The Edinburgh Mill, 1848. It is a gigantic wooden structure; we counted six floors, each of a pretty good size. Apparently they still make flour, but part of the mill has been turned into a restaurant, gift shop, and quarters for the young people (college students - I presume) who work there. Outside there is a placid stream complete with ducks, and there are a few picnic tables in the ever-present green landscape. It turned out to be great food in a living museum!

Of course, we had to visit especially historic sites. *One sunny Sunday afternoon we drove to Gettysburg, PA. We arrived just after closing time, so we just drove through and took a few pictures. Another weekend we drove to Williamsburg, VA. I could not enter any of the buildings, but had a great time driving my power wheelchair down the middle of the streets to view the colonial architecture. Another time found us at the Jamestown exhibit. I am about up to my ears in Revolutionary and Civil War history. The Russian people have nothing on eastern Americans with all their talk of the wars they have endured. Or maybe they sensitized me!*

We spent one Saturday afternoon during the summer around Fredericksburg, Va. and Woodbridge, Va. At Fredericksburg there is a park with displays describing all about the Civil War battlefields. They seem quite proud of the Confederate victory. Woodbridge looks like a super Rancho Santa Fe. That night we went to a dinner theatre for their production of *The King and I*, a good stand-in for the Starlight musicals that we were missing in San Diego!

The long Columbus Day weekend seemed like the best time to capture the fall colors in New England. When we left DC, the weather was cloudy. Saturday along the Merritt Parkway was cold and rainy. However, starting mid-morning on Sunday the sun shone brightly and continued through Monday in New Hampshire, Massachusetts and Connecticut. As we drove north, the colors appeared brighter. Vic's slides prove this to be true. He used seven rolls of film with twelve pictures each! A cold, clear fall is really spectacular! Our idea, "Fall color would only be novel to westerners", proved to be false; this was the busiest weekend of the year! Triumphant, we found a place to stay two nights at a Howard Johnson's that had saved a handicap room! Back in the DC area on Tuesday the gloomy sky made going to work easier.

In April 1983 I had to attend a meeting in California, so June came along and wrote: *In April we flew to our San Diego home. We had two week-ends there and in between there were three days of business meetings in L.A. plus a little vacation time. Vic and Kenny chopped up the big, old Halepensis pine that blew down last Christmas. We even went around taking pictures of San Diego, acting as if we were tourists.*

Before we came to Washington, Vic had saved up some miles on the American Airlines Advantage Program, so they upgraded his ticket and flew me free. The direct flight to California on a DC-10 was exciting. We were served a beautiful four-course breakfast on small Melmac type airline dishes; even more elegant was the many-course dinner served on china. The return trip on 727's via Chicago was also nice. Unlike the DC-10 non-stop flight, there was no movie or choice from the sound system. However, first class still included small tablecloths, cloth napkins, an extra tray of snacks and superb service. On the way to Chicago we had spectacular



Figure 78. June cruising down the main street in Williamsburg, VA, Aug. 1982

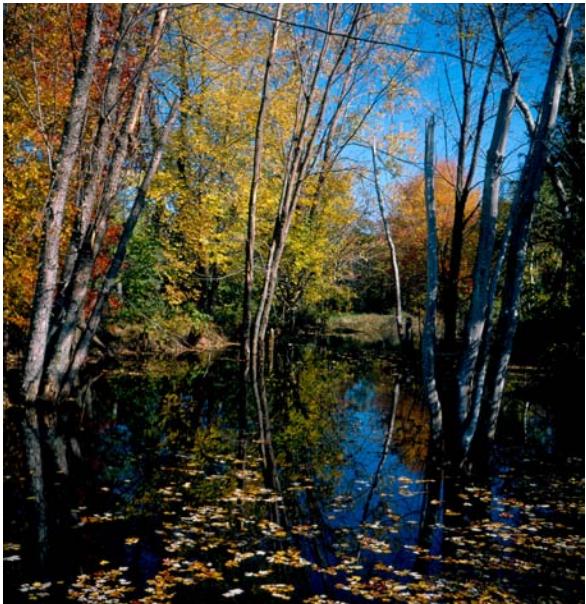


Figure 79. Fall colors in New Hampshire, Oct. 1982

scenery, including the desert, white snow-covered Rockies, farmlands, rivers, lakes and the big hole in the ground known as the Grand Canyon. Mother Nature provided the entertainment! From Chicago we flew to Wash., D.C. while we were plied with sandwiches and liquid (hard, if you wanted it). As we got close to Washington, we flew through clouds, surrounded by exactly the rainy weather we had left.

At the end of June 1983 I had some vacation time saved up. After the vacation trip June reported: We just came back from ten days of vacationing. Trying to get back to work is most difficult. Mentally, I'm still in one of those far-away spots. The two weekends were spent in and around Connecticut and Rhode Island, laughing and talking with relatives from both sides of my family. In between we saw Portsmouth, Maine, where we cruised by the Isles of Shoal, went to Acadia National Park at Bar Harbor, saw a sailing ship staffed with an apprentice program that also served as a museum, and toured old Quebec City in Canada. Quebec was established in something like 1754 so the atmosphere is very European. We spent the 4th of July at the national park in Philadelphia where they have a big celebration, more than it's possible to observe in one day. We saw a program that included a 50-flag ceremony, a half-hour play that covered eighty years of Benjamin Franklin's life, Constitution Hall, the Liberty Bell, an old sailing vessel and other important buildings. Some of the streets were blocked off and all kinds of things went on, musical programs, food stands, etc. A real National Birthday celebration!

Having rejoined MRC after my DNA service, I needed to visit Santa Barbara and Monterey in mid-August, so June came along. Since our car was still in Virginia, we used the Dodge van to travel in California. June reported, We just came back from two weeks in California. We flew in 727s and were packed in like sardines. This time it was purely a business trip except for the weekends. The poor old van got a workout between San Diego, Santa Barbara, Monterey and San Francisco. Oh yes, there was one day of vacation time: we went to San Francisco and saw Maria (Vic's stepmother). She certainly is a young sixty-nine. Larry is now working out of Oakland for FM Productions (technical stage production). He is now on tour with the rock star, David Bowie. They will be gone until next May. He is traveling all over: Australia, New Zealand, Japan and who knows where! He called La Jolla from Houston last Saturday. He is supposed to be in Washington next Friday. I hope so. We haven't seen him for almost two years.

As our stay in the East approached its end, we took another trip through American history. Last Saturday, after morning tennis, we drove to 'Monticello' (Jefferson's house), near Charlottesville, VA, about two hours' drive from here. What a fascinating place that is. Thomas Jefferson was, among other things, quite an architect, experimental farmer, nail maker and inventor. He was close to sheer genius. Whatever happened to politicians of his caliber?

Entertainment

Living in the Washington, DC area enabled us to attend many cultural events. We have attended many events at the Kennedy Center, including some symphonies put on by the National Symphony Orchestra (for Vic) and some plays, ballets, and musicals (for me.) They have half-price tickets for disabled people and their attendants. The disabled box in the main auditorium is next to the President's box. About a month ago we saw Annie: it wasn't memorable, just cute and corny enough to be funny. The revival of the original Rodger and Hart's On Your Toes was terrific. We saw the last full performance given Natalia Makarova (the Russian Ballet dancer

who defected) before she was injured by falling scenery.

Sunday, we saw the original version of Showboat put on by the Houston Opera Co. What voices. Wow! The original version was recently discovered in an attic. The way we know it three songs and Captain Andy's soft-shoe dance are usually left out. Donald O'Connor played Captain Andy and got a hand for his dance. The sets are different, too. Showboat was quite an innovation for Broadway in 1927. As well as being musically different, it addressed racial issues that we face today, far ahead of its time!

Another Friday night we saw a program called The Best of Broadway: Broadway music sounds wonderful when performed by a symphony orchestra and sung by outstanding voices. More nice things are coming up, including a show on our anniversary, Gershwin's Porgy and Bess, and an evening of Rogers and Hammerstein on the 17th.

The outdoor theater at Wolf Trap Farm Park had burned, but performances were presented at a temporary facility. One Saturday evening, about the middle of September, we went to the temporary Meadow Center at Wolf Trap to see a production of The Sound of Music starring Roberta Peters. I always thought Starlight was quite good, and it is, for amateurs! I hope I am not too spoiled now after seeing a really professional production. The outstanding voices plus the tremendous acting talent made every second thrilling. It became quite cold being outside, and not too many people were prepared for fall weather. Fortunately, I had a sweater in the car. The performance kept our hearts warm.

There is also place called The Barns at Wolf Trap that presents informal musical events. They are really one-hundred year old barns with a modern exterior that have been remodeled in the interior. We have a once-a-month series there. The first one was twenty love songs by Cole Porter sung by a former opera star who is now the director of a performing arts school in Boston. The evening and Phyllis Curtain were both delightful!

The second in the series was a program called "A Birthday Party for George Gershwin, Ira too"! Men at two Baldwin Grand pianos performed some of the Gershwin works, including Rhapsody in Blue. A gal with a rather low, thin voice sang some of IRA's lyrics. Fortunately, she had only a small part in the whole affair. One of the piano players was quite a technician. The other one was good, and also a terrific narrator.

The third event in the series was cancelled. We substituted a family Christmas Carol program. Four very good soloists sang both familiar and not-well-known carols. Oh yes, some old time instruments were played, too! The fourth was a program called The Fourth B: Music by Irving Berlin, sung by a girl with a mediocre voice but good acting ability. Her husband was her accompanist and, once in a while, put on a show of his own.

Of course, one of the unique opportunities in Washington, DC, is to visit the many Smithsonian exhibits. One Saturday in January, despite the cold weather, we took the metro to many buildings of the Smithsonian. First we saw the Industrial Arts building. They were featuring an exhibition from 1876. They had stored the whole thing and are now displaying it again. All the old stuff is in A-1 condition! I was amazed at the engines with fine machining on all their

surfaces, whether it was needed for function or not.

Then we went to the building containing the Natural History Museum. We covered only about one-tenth of it. It's huge! That building is being remodeled. While they are at it, things are being made super convenient for wheelchair people. The second floor is finished. They're still working on the first floor, but the automatic doors at the entrance are finished, as are the outdoor ramps. All the display cases have a downwards slope. Normally, display cases are just at the height of my eye level, so I can only see flat glass. This was wonderful! We spent a lot of time in the gem and mineral section. The size of many of the mineral specimens is overwhelming. The jewelry and huge cut gems are unbelievable. I'm afraid we are now spoiled for less impressive museums.



Figure 80. June at National Arboretum, May 1983

On Sunday, we saw the space shuttle Columbia resting on the back of an in-flight 747. It was on its way back to Florida after an air show in France. After that, we spent the day at the aerospace museum and saw some pretty impressive flight and space movies: one about movie stunt flying, one about the space shuttle and one that touched on the history of flight. All of them had fantastic photography.

Church

Wherever we move we seek a church home. We both are moved by the music, feel stimulated by a thoughtful sermon and enjoy talking with other people with similar outlooks. Since we had previously been members at Presbyterian churches we visited the nearest one. *One Sunday morning we visited The Mount Vernon Presbyterian Church, a very modern, classy, friendly place, with easy access for wheelchairs and special parking for handicapped. Unfortunately, I had moments of feeling "everything is too formal for me!"*

We are now members of Heritage Presbyterian Church located in a suburb of Alexandria. It is about ten miles away, but has all the handicap conveniences and the people are very friendly, folksy and middle class. They seem sincere without appearing hoity-toity. They have a terrific youth program: junior high through college. The minister's wife was a speech and drama ma-



Figure 81. Heritage Presbyterian Church, Oct. 1982

jor and does a lot of theatrical work with the young people. That seems to be a real drawing card.

Too bad some defects show up in the music program. The little Community Church in Pacific Beach satisfied Vic's choral needs, so it isn't just that his being in the La Jolla Presbyterian Church choir spoiled him. He sang in the choir here several times, but it was frustrating for him because they do nothing with dynamics. Fortunately, they have a sufficient number of male voices so he plans to sing only when there is a particular need. Oh well, at least something in San Diego besides the weather (and the pay) surpasses what we find here.

During the time the choir forms there is a good discussion groups on various issues, so we attend that. This church has a high percentage of intellectual people, including a chemist turned politician, a woman studying for her M.D., and another young woman doing graduate work, and more with whom I am not familiar. I have to do some tall concentrating to keep up with the class discussion.

On May 1, 1983 we went to the National Presbyterian Church. We got a little lost on the way there, so came scooting in at the last minute. We thought all the traffic and the many limousines were normal. Fortunately, they had lots of handicapped parking and were directed into the church way down front. Dr. Evans, the pastor, was in California, so a young female Navy chaplain and one of the assistant ministers conducted the service. They both appeared to be very cool, calm and collected. The young lady was especially poised. After the last hymn the minister asked, "In accordance with presidential policy, the congregation will please be seated while the presidential party leaves." From somewhere in the congregation, a large number of people filed out. We didn't catch on in time to see anything, but indeed, Mr. Ronald Reagan had been there. As we were leaving I heard someone ask, "How often does he come, all the time?" The answer was, "He has been here about three times." We left a note for Dr. Louis Evans, whom we had met when he was formerly pastor at the La Jolla Presbyterian Church. The president didn't!

Activities

Our apartment was connected to the nearest Washington Metro subway station by about two blocks of underground shopping malls, which made it very convenient for us to travel around the DC area. All the stations were equipped with elevators. On rare occasions an elevator was out of service, so I had to push June's wheelchair onto the escalator. The transit policeman didn't like it, but couldn't offer any alternative.

Soon after our arrival we had to find places to shop. June wrote, *There is a Safeway in the underground shopping area connected to our apartment house. It's good for small shopping; for larger shopping Vic must get involved*



Figure 82. June in Metro station, Aug. 1982

because we need the car. There is a Memco, which is a giant Gemco. The buildings even look alike, and they are laid out almost the same. However, we have been shopping mostly in a huge Giant super market. It is in a shopping center and has terrific variety.

We brought a bunch of furniture, some of which we plan to leave, but we were without a coffee table and end tables. We found some with glass and walnut or dark oak (contemporary) on sale. They will eventually find their way to La Jolla. We also bought three carpet remnants to put on the parquet floors. The apartment comes with stove, refrigerator, dishwasher, telephone and drapes.

We also bought a memory telephone with a speaker feature. The apartment has phone jacks in every room, so we didn't need to have any installed. The micro modem on the computer is even hooked up to a phone plug. If I am left alone I have either the memory telephone or the computer for communication.

I had to get exercise, so finding a place to play tennis was high on my priorities. My good friend and tennis-playing buddy, Eligius Wolicki, was a member at a tennis club. June wrote, *Vic now has a one-year guest membership at a tennis and swim club where his friend is well known. It's a small friendly place. He is rapidly getting acquainted. In fact they often ask El and Vic to join a few others to represent the club in tournaments at other clubs.* I remember well one hot, humid Saturday; they were desperate for a singles player, so I agreed to fill in. Fortunately, my young opponent was a much-better player, so I wasn't tempted to overdo it. I was glad when I lost and could get relief in an air-conditioned building.

Now that cold weather is with us, Vic plays tennis doubles with an indoor Monday-night group. They play hard and fast, often getting in four sets during their hour and a half.

Christmas day we had dinner with El and Wilma Wolicki. They are about our age and have four grown children, a boy, Karl (now a doctor) and three girls, Stacia (a kindergarten teacher), Ann (almost a veterinarian,), and Stephanie (in college). The three girls were home for Christmas. Actually, Stacia lives there. It's a very nice family!

Santa came a bit early this year; Vic has a new tennis racquet, a Wilson Sting. Now, he is quite a threat on the tennis court. Also, we now have two disk drives on the computer. I can be twice as dangerous, or store twice as much stuff!

Winter was definitely with us in Washington, DC. Right now it is rather grey and cold outside.

Vic discovered that they have a Friday night social at the Mt. Vernon Racquet Club. It's a pretty good deal. During a whole evening of tennis you play with many different people. There are six rounds of about thirty-five minutes each. You play at least every other round, depending on the number of people there. Yes, indoors is great but it's still pretty cool. I've been happy to keep on my heavy jacket. The bad news is that I have to use the portable chair, so I can't move around; the good news is I sit way up above the courts, on a huge, long and wide platform, where people waiting for courts socialize.

On Saturday, June 11th we had a FANCY dinner at the Marriot Hotel. I finally found some duck. My, it was good! After that, I wasn't hungry for breakfast or dinner the next day.

Yes, we are purposely doing a lot of things because we know our time is limited. Vic loses MRC benefits if he is on leave of absence more than two years. He is making some headway with his objective at DNA. He has an official task asking for some of the things he has been promoting (whatever they are). Most of the stuff is classified and I don't hear about the specifics. Vic still manages to get in plenty of tennis, sometimes on Saturday and sometimes on weekday nights.

This week he will be out of town for only the second time since the IEEE meeting in July. I'm getting very spoiled! He went to Albuquerque with business papers and tennis racquet!

Since my job took not much more than a 40-hr. week and our children were elsewhere, we had time for extra-curricular activities. Vic is now working on a computer program to catalog and select our slides. We have about thirty years worth; that will keep him busy and me entertained all winter! Each slide is listed by number, date, title, location, subject(s) and my rating. One night Vic showed a picture of us when we were twenty-eight years old and lived in Albuquerque. It's hard to imagine we were that skinny. I thought then that I was huge! Vic has pictures of Debby (my twenty-five year old niece) as a fat baby, Dot (my younger sister) as a young skinny thing, my Mother and Father, my ninety year old Grandmother in Massachusetts (all three now dead), pictures of where we lived in Princeton and Albuquerque, and pictures of us moving across country with our big loaded utility trailer. A couple of the pictures have Frisky the First as a kitten. (He was an old cat by the time we moved to San Diego.) One of Vic's earliest pictures is of us and another couple (who are still on our Christmas list) when we were twenty-six years old at the High Altitude Lab in Colorado. We look like teen-agers, although we had been married for four years. There will no doubt be more interesting pictures to come! Pictures of young children and vacation trips brought back many fond memories, although reminiscing interrupted cataloguing.

We tried various gadgets to help June communicate. We bought A Voice Synthesizer package for the Apple computer and I played around with it a little. It's a marvelous toy, but it doesn't have a means to use it in conjunction with the Applewriter word processor. Often I need to stop in the middle of writing to answer questions. So Vic has been trying to figure out a way to 'jimmy' the works. Vic has a couple of the main programs fixed up so that I have them on the disk I use most often. I use them to answer people while I am writing. I really need to learn more about it. One is more accurate and the other is easier to learn. So far I have little time for playing around!

In January, 1983 June took on a new challenge, a correspondence course in English Composition at Northern Virginia Community College. Now I'm a student! I am taking a course in writing (Comp. I). I do not go to class so we will see if I can learn from the text book, study guide, and tapes the teacher will provide commenting on my completed assignments. Right now, I am playing hooky from studying and writing for the composition course. It's a lot more complicated than I anticipated, so I find myself spending a great deal of time on it. I guess I'm

still too much of a perfectionist! I got a "B/S" on the first lesson, which means satisfactory for the lesson and whatever we are supposed to know and a "B" for the paper, including subjects we have not yet studied. We have a chance to send each lesson in a second time after correcting it to try to improve the grade. My goodness, this class can consume time! I have finished lesson number two the first time through and have started lesson three.

By May, 1983 she was struggling a little. No, I haven't finished the composition course yet. I haven't been doing anything lately during computer time but writing for the course. All of a sudden I realize that there are only two months left and I still have six assignments to go.

About a week later she had made some progress. I have it down to four-and-a-half lessons now with one and two-thirds months to go. So now the printer is acting up. Hopefully, it is something wrong with the program. Vic has been changing it around, tailoring it to my special needs. He probably can figure out why it prints only pages full of '~~~'s. I need to do lots of work before summer activities crowd the calendar.

After returning from a trip to New England and Canada June wrote, I received your nice letter but have not answered because writing letters was temporarily put on the back burner. I've been attempting to finish that composition course. I detest being a quitter, however, after agonizing for a long time I finally admitted to myself that the last two assignments are just not my meat. Since I was taking the class for personal improvement, rather than for a grade, I've convinced myself that to knock myself out trying to finish it is a waste of time and effort. Now I can try to catch up with the pile of correspondence that has accumulated in the past six months.

A little later she wrote, The time limit on my writing course ends July 31st! I just got a lesson back on which I finally got an 'A' before the rewrite. UNBELIEVABLE! At least it has seemed that way since January 31st.

At the end of July there was more word on the composition course, Something new has been added: the college has waived the last two lessons and they want me to take the final exam for 3 units of credit. Apparently, that will make it possible for me to take an advanced course at UCLA Extension. Life is still full of surprises!

Because of June's disability the teacher allowed her to use as much time as she needed to complete the final exam. Despite my struggles, I received an "A+" on the final and an "A" for the course. There were times when I thought, "I can't do what the lesson requires." In fact, I had that feeling after reading each assignment. I took seven-and-a-half-hours for a two-hour final. They must have really needed to fill their disabled quota!

Winter Blizzard

On a Friday in February I drove to work, as usual, but it was snowing lightly. By 10 a.m. the snow was accumulating and I decided to leave, somewhat before the government officially released its employees. Cars were already getting stuck. I was able to get back to our apartment house only because I had chains and was able to push a Volkswagen up a slight hill and out of my path. June described the experience. On Friday, February the eleventh, the predicted bad weather finally caught up with us. They are calling it THE BIG BLIZZARD OF 83. It's a bit

weird to see hundreds of cars stuck under big piles of snow. It is fortunate that we park in basement two - under the building. Vic started home at 10:30 a.m. and arrived at 1:00 p.m. That was before things got too bad! He was one of the few with chains.

The next day the highway in front of the apartment building had been cleared, so we decided to go sightseeing. Washington was deserted except for cars stuck in snow banks!

Sunday about half of the people were in church. Among the missing was the organist/choir-director: he was snowed in. Someone else played the piano and the choir conjured up an easy number. It seems to be taking a long time to get some of the side streets plowed. Some schools are still running late or staying closed. We seem to be more used to snow than some of the long-time residents.

Things are just beginning to get back to normal, and this is Tuesday. Fortunately, the bus line and the part of the subway that my aide uses were running by Monday morning.

Family

While living in the D.C. area we sought opportunities for our kids to visit us. Linda and Ricky drove down from Loreto, PA in July 1983. The prospect of having a very young child in the apartment concerned June a bit. She wrote to Linda, *I am ready for your little mischief-maker, but I wonder if our place will ever be ready. Our apartment looks like heaven for a two-year old. Dad has little piles of papers and tools with stuff he has taken apart all over the place. There is one open bookcase with all kinds of office-type stuff. He has cleaned up a lot of stuff; there is time for more. He should remember about two-year-olds. Time couldn't dull that memory! I'm sure he remembers the zinc oxide and cornstarch.* The last comment refers to some things Larry got into as a baby.

After their visit June wrote, Linda and Ricky were here July 21st for a week. Linda had seen a lot of this area when she was stationed near here, so for the most part she just shopped and rested. We did drive to Annapolis, MD and she took Ricky to the zoo. Ricky, a typical two-year old, was into everything! He surely likes his grandpa and his grandpa's tennis balls. He is fearless in a swimming pool. We all decided, "That boy needs swimming lessons."

Larry's tour with David Bowie included a performance in August at the National Guard Arena near Washington, DC. This was a good time for Kenny, Janice and Karen to visit also. They arrived a few days before Larry. *Yesterday Vic took a day off and the five of us went to see where currency is printed and then took a riverboat to Mt. Vernon. We ended up at Hogate's Restaurant, which specializes in seafood. Now Kenny, Janice and Karen are shopping in*



Figure 83. Lincoln Memorial in snow, Feb. 1983

Georgetown. They are really covering things that are accessible by subway. Today they went to the Smithsonian Air and Space Museum and the Industrial Arts Building. That will keep them occupied for a little while.

Larry was able to spend most of the day on Sunday with us before working at the evening concert and preparing for the next move the following day. We saw Larry on Sunday, yesterday. He has grown, and is now as tall as Kenny. He has quite a job, doing technical stage production. He is coming back for a visit on September 20th just before he leaves for the overseas tour. Kenny, Janice and Karen are here now. They all went to the David Bowie concert Sunday night. Today, after we had breakfast in the apartment, all six of us spent the day at the Smithsonian. Right now the three of them are out sightseeing.

The Last Part

I finished my government service at the end of July, 1983, and resumed my job at MRC. However, we stayed in the Washington, DC area until October. As June wrote to her sister, We are coming home sometime in October. Friday will be Vic's last day of government service. He hopes he has planted a seed of his philosophy. His aims were pretty lofty, but any small change is an accomplishment. Monday he will work for Mission Research again. We are staying here until the end of September and Vic will work out of their Washington office (which is really in Alexandria). He has some digging around to do in the various government agencies to see what kinds of problems need solutions. He wants to drum up a new type of business to tackle. The way he has learned so much about computers, I won't be surprised if it has some connection. He took a HeathKit course and learned to program in machine language. He changed my TextWriter program so that I can jump into the speech synthesizer, and when I am finished, jump immediately back to where I left off. Pretty fancy! Knowing him, he will undoubtedly figure out some way to incorporate his new knowledge into his new position! We'll see you mid-October.

Later in August June joined me when I flew to California for business meetings. We just came back from two weeks in California. We flew in 727's and were packed in like sardines. This time, except for the weekends, it was purely a business trip. The poor old van got a workout between San Diego, Santa Barbara, and Monterey. Oh yes, there was one day of vacation time: we went to San Francisco and saw Maria (Vic's stepmother). She certainly is a young sixty-nine.

One final important task remained: I played in the finals of a mixed-doubles tournament at the swim and tennis club on our last day in the D.C. area. My partner was great, but the opponents were better.

Our furniture went on its way back to San Diego. We started on a leisurely two-week trip across the USA, this time on a more northerly route starting at Niagara Falls. We stopped at Fermi Lab and visited with our friends from Army days near Chicago. We passed through Minneapolis with special attention to the Mississippi



Figure 84. June ready for Maid of the Mist cruise at Niagara Falls, Oct. 1983

River. It was interesting to compare Park City, UT, in its summer scenery with what we'd encountered during our ski trips. We spent quite a bit of time in Utah, sightseeing in Salt Lake City, Arches National Park and taking a long gravel drive to the Colorado River overlook in Canyonlands National Park.

JUNE'S HEALTH and FUNCTIONS

June came home from Rancho Los Amigos rehabilitation hospital in June 1967. She was able to operate an electric wheelchair and, with a mobile arm support, could type with one finger on an electric typewriter. She spent most of the mornings and early afternoons with her aide for personal hygiene and range-of-motion exercises to keep her joints flexible. In the later afternoons, after the aide left, she devoted most of her time to typing her experiences. That material produced her book, **My New Life.**

At the end of 1967 June had been home for almost 7 months. We brought our friends up to date on her status with our annual newsletter.

"June's improvement since early summer has been slow but steady. Her voice and speech are slowly getting better. People outside the family are beginning to pick up words, and she has to spell out fewer words for the family.

On an average week day June spends 8 hours with her nurse, getting lots of exercises, taking a shower (on a newly enclosed patio), and having breakfast and lunch (ground or mashed table foods). Then she'll usually spend 2 to 4 hours reading or typing. Our church's married couples group bought June a wonderful IBM electric typewriter on which she can type with one finger (her speed is about one letter per second). The family usually has its evening meal all together and we relax a while. Each day June spends about 6 hours in a wheelchair, the rest of the time in a hospital bed. On weekends we do a variety of things around the house and away from it. We have gone with the whole family to visit friends, to the movies (drive-in and indoor), to the zoo, shopping, etc. The children and I can transfer June in and out of the front seat of the car or any other place to which we can bring the wheelchair. We're doing almost everything we would do with June on her feet; it only goes a little slower now.

June's big project now is her typing. She is writing a book about her experiences and impressions since her accident. It includes some fantastic dreams in the earliest days, communication problems, and her reactions to new experiences, such as being moved. It makes fascinating reading, and we hope it will be published after she finishes."

In January 1974 June wrote about an upcoming hospital encounter. She was a little apprehensive, because this was her first trip back into the nurses' world since her eleven-month hospitalization seven years previously. *Well, my fibroids have started growing through the wall of the uterus and causing me to bleed very often, despite a double dosage of 'the pill'. Dr.*



Figure 85. June at her electric typewriter, Oct. 1975 (Photo by DeWayne Tappe)

Brown, my conservative Catholic doctor says, "It's time to do a sub-total hysterectomy". I'm going to have surgery at 7:30 Thursday morning. I thought I had done enough time in hospitals, but apparently not. A14 and Vic will be there to translate for me a good part of the time but I expect part of it will be a repeat of some of my former frustrating hospital experiences. Hopefully, I'll weigh a little less with my grapefruit-sized fibroid growth and uterus removed. The doctor was talking about my being in the hospital for five days. Hopefully he will shorten it. A14 used to work for Dr. Brown and he knows her very well. I went to my internist for blood tests, X-rays, and a complete physical.

Actually, June stayed in the hospital only two days and everything went well. She made all her friends envious by sitting up cheerful and relaxed twenty-four hours after coming out of the anesthetic. The surgeon and anesthetist did a marvelous job. In April she wrote, Yes, I seem to be fully recovered from the surgery. I got two operations in one. Dr. Brown took out my appendix while he was at it. It was apparently wrapped around my colon in such a way that it would be difficult to get to if it became inflamed, and it was constricting the colon. I have just completed all my post-operative check-ups; everything's fine.

June wrote about an interesting experience. The other night at a party a gal about my age was telling how she thought she had some terrible disease because she felt so hot in the middle of the night, although her temperature registered normal. Her doctor laughed when she told him, explained the facts of life to her, and gave her some hormones. Now she is all right. What a laugh! This woman has six kids.

June reviewed one of the chronic difficulties encountered by a disabled person. Due to a lack of activity quadriplegics are prone to a low-grade urine infection. Most paraplegics and quadriplegics have spinal damage, so they lack the ability to feel and have to be catheterized. Since I have very little spinal damage I have a lot of feeling and regained a good deal of bladder control. Because catheterization introduces foreign matter into the body, there is always a risk of infection; besides that, judging from past experience, it's terribly uncomfortable to have a Foley catheter inserted. After my experience in a coma I wore a Foley for several months; it gave me the uncomfortable sensation that I was constantly about to urinate. Urination is spontaneous with a catheter and cannot be stopped. What a helpless feeling! So, to me the choice was clear. Rather than having no control at all, I risk poor control.

Intuitively, I feel that there is a direct correlation between emotional control and bladder control; although they occur at different times during a day, any day that I have difficulty controlling my bladder I also have more than the usual lack of emotional control. This is something I didn't ponder during the early years following surgery, but I had very little control of either.

Many years ago at Rancho Los Amigos, a test indicated that a small area between my right thumb and right forefinger was completely without sensation. Time has made me wonder whether I might have more spinal damage than was discovered. My body does have feeling since the damaging surgery for spinal fusion of my neck, but for some time I have realized that my body is no longer extremely sensitive. For instance my torso is no longer ticklish. Yet I continue to be driven out of my mind by any hair, piece of lint, cat hair or drop of water that lands on my face and just sits there - annoying me. My neck and ears also remain extremely sensitive,

sometimes even ticklish.

In the mid 1980's June described progress in using her left hand. Over the last eighteen years, since being liberated from various hospitals, I gradually made improvements: the few muscles that can move have become stronger and more skilful. I regained a weak left grasp. At first even an empty tumbler seemed too heavy, even top-heavy; I couldn't keep it upright. Gradually, over many months, the muscles became strong enough to hold a narrow tumbler half full of liquid without spilling. Slowly the level was increased; eventually I could hold a full 10-oz tumbler. A full tumbler was difficult to grasp and seemed to me to weigh fifty pounds. Sometimes I would spasm. Even if I thought about the mess I might create, I could feel a spasm slowly building up, but, once it starts, there is no way to stop it. Many disasters were cleaned up before the person who poured the liquid realized that with an overly full tumbler it's wise for them to first give me a few sips. After about eighteen years of strengthening muscles, holding a full tumbler seems commonplace, but an overly full tumbler still provokes a spasm.

Unfortunately, during the last few years June has been losing strength and control in her left arm and hand. We don't know if it's due to increased spasticity or just plain age. She's gone to a few sessions with a professional occupational therapist and with a physiatrist, who tried Botox injections to weaken the over-tense flexor muscles. She takes some Baclofen, a medicine to relieve spasticity, but a higher dosage makes her sleepy and unable to function mentally. The physiatrist suggested an implanted Baclofen pump that delivers the medicine continuously into the spinal canal. She visited one physician, a pain specialist, who performs such surgery. He was 'cautiously optimistic' about its potential success, because this treatment is usually more effective for lower-limb paralysis. We tried to make an appointment with another physician, an anesthesiologist who performs this surgery, but his scheduler put us off for weeks and now his office phone is not answered. Anyway, June is actively unenthusiastic about this approach. She's still able to operate a smaller computer keyboard, but it is much slower, so she is unable to accomplish much. We're also looking into a sensor that controls the computer mouse with head motion.

When June first came home I worried about complications if she caught cold or influenza, since she cannot consciously cough or breathe deeply. Fortunately, she stayed healthy most of the time, but, in January 1985, After almost twenty years, the flu bug finally caught up with me: fever, chills, temperature, and congestion - the whole bit, ending up with bronchitis. The medication was awful stuff. Now I think I know how it feels to be drunk. Over the weekend the fever and congestion broke and I'm much better today. To be disabled is bad enough, but to be sick also is a terribly frustrating experience. Nothing gets done! And several months ago I turned down a chance for a flu shot! That bug is 'making hay while the sun shines' around here, in some form or other. First Richard, then Linda, then me, like it tried to make up for lost time, and now it is hitting Vic - he sounds like a frog - and my aide, who is getting some of my symptoms. I believe Mynne had her turn with it earlier. That bug will have to leave soon!

Toward the end of 2000 June encountered something more serious: breast cancer. During her annual physical exam the doctor told her to get a mammogram and referred her to a surgeon, Dr. Paul Hyde. The X-ray showed some dense tissue that might be hiding a cancer, so the radiologist prescribed an ultra-sound exam. On reviewing the results Dr. Hyde suggested an ultra-

sonically guided biopsy on the right breast, and then departed to treat his next patient. After a few minutes he returned and said, "Let's do a biopsy on the left breast, also". The tests were performed and a few days later he reported the results: a rapidly growing cancer in the left breast. His recommendation was seconded by our primary physician as a 'no brainer': a modified radical mastectomy of the left breast followed by radiation treatment, but probably not requiring chemotherapy. The surgery was successful: the cancer was nine centimeters in size but had sharp margins with no spread to lymph nodes. A small lump removed from the right breast was benign. Twenty-seven trips to the radiation facility later the treatment was complete. There has been no sign of recurrence. Thank heaven for the surgeon's instincts!

In the spring of 2002, June had a gradually increasing problem with fluid leaking into her lungs while eating or drinking. Apparently, the muscles in her throat were slowly weakening. After being hospitalized twice in April with aspiration pneumonia she resigned herself to getting a PEG (percutaneous endoscopic gastrostomy) tube. She now gets all nourishment through a funnel and plastic tube directly into her stomach. She is very happy with it, because she no longer has to undergo so much coughing and she can use the time formerly devoted to eating and drinking for other tasks. Otherwise, she is in excellent health.

The plastic in the gastrostomy tube is gradually degraded by stomach fluids. The end of the tube inside the stomach is surrounded by a thin-walled water-filled balloon that keeps it in place. After a few months the water leaks out and the tube pops out the next time it is pulled. We have to re-insert it soon so that the hole will not close before a surgeon can insert a new tube. The first time it happened was uneventful; June's aide re-inserted the tube and her regular physician replaced it the same day. The next time was different: it occurred at 6 p.m. in Ely, NV, where we were on a vacation trip. A visit to the local emergency room turned into a long wait for a surgical technician to come from home and open the supply closet where the replacement tubes were kept. A tube was eventually inserted, but turned out to be wrong type. It irritated June's abdomen during the rest of our vacation. We rushed home a few days early so that her regular physician could replace the tube with the correct type. Since then we travel with a spare gastrostomy tube and associated supplies, e.g., syringe and water to fill the balloon. I've replaced it myself on two occasions: once late on a Saturday night, the other during a vacation trip in England.

Nevertheless, June remains in remarkably good health with excellent body chemistry. She fights her ongoing battle with bladder infections with a daily antibiotic. Each time she feels it failing we deliver a urine specimen to her urologist, who prescribes a temporary treatment with an appropriate countermeasure. Her bladder control has weakened so she now wears absorbing pads as an alternative to urgent calls for a bedpan or toilet. For each week of vacation we travel with one box or suitcase full of Jevity (liquid nourishment to be poured into the gastrostomy tube) and absorbent pads.

Hair

Considering the degree of June's disabilities, I was surprised at how seriously she took not being able to style and comb her own hair. As a typical husband I'm not very good at it. Prior to her injury she had straight hair; ever since it has been naturally curly. Now we know that some experiences can 'curl your hair'.

In 1970 she tried a wig, but it had problems, as she wrote, *I recently got a real-hair strawberry blonde wig. So far I have worn it each Sunday. The idea was that I would look good even though no one knows how to set or comb my hair. The idea has its drawbacks, however. One is trying to get in and out of the car without flipping my wig. Another is having Vic put it on. When it looks right to him it feels crooked to me and I'm too conscious of it. It feels low on one eye and feels as if my Woolhouse [June's maiden name] ears are too prominent. One time some girls put it on and it felt much better. So it hasn't solved all the problems, as I had hoped. At least it can be sent out for styling. Getting my real hair fixed and keeping it neat is still a problem.*

She finally provided a description for styling her, one that wouldn't tax my skills with a comb on weekends. *My hair should be short on top and not too short on the back of my neck. On the sides, leave it just long enough so that when it curls up (or when Vic does his quick and dirty comb job) it will still cover my elephant ears and yet not blow in my mouth. Let it taper down slightly toward the back, long enough on my neck so that my hair defends my neck from the sun while I'm reading, looking down. My neck needs to be protected on the tennis court. Feather it a little in the back, two or three inches from the ends; or do whatever gets done to make it turn up. My head is flat from many years of lying on my back, so, please DO NOT shape my hair to my flat head. On top, cut it pretty short from the forehead to nearly the crown (easy to comb - difficult for Vic to mess up). Cut it to comb loosely away from the forehead, but short enough so that it won't blow in my eyes when it grows.*

When possible our daughter, Linda, cuts June's hair. During cruises she usually gets a few professional washing and combings, with some hair-set thrown in. At least she can enjoy the pictures of her hair set correctly during cruises.

Even this didn't always work. June described a failed experiment during our Washington, DC stay. *Thursday I didn't want to walk the three outside blocks to have a haircut, so I tried a place under our apartment building. What a mistake! Despite my descriptive note, my hair was almost shaped to my flat head. My ears are fully exposed, and in January, too! Outside or inside, my neck is constantly chilly. My hair surely won't be in my face now!*

ACTIVITIES

Church

June and I have always been active in church functions. We met at a young people's group at the Pasadena Presbyterian Church. At the time of her injury we attended the Mt. Sole-dad Presbyterian Church, a small congregation.

June enjoys participating in church Women's Association activities. In December 1971 she wrote, *yesterday Sandra Cumming took me to a Women's Association luncheon at the church. She brought two women with her and they lifted me, wheelchair-and-all, into our van and away we went. It was fun to hear about the inner workings of the church. Even the polite squabbles were interesting to listen to. They had a very good speaker from a neighboring church.*

In our annual newsletter for 1973 we reported a shake-up, *Our church has been a real challenge, too. For a few years our small church (about 100 members) has had two worship services: one traditional, one in contemporary style. Just as we decided to bring everyone together in a single worship service combining the best features of both, our minister was hospitalized. He will probably return in about six months. Meanwhile, we have survived most of the upsets from the change and found an interim minister who fits in very well with our style.*

Since I was a member of the church Session I was involved in meetings with the representative of the Presbytery's Ministerial Relations Committee to get their approval for our selection of interim pastor, who happened to be a United Church of Christ minister. I had heard that the Committee had been unsympathetic when our minister underwent a divorce. I felt they showed more concern about 'decently and in order' than for the morale of a suffering human being. While it was understood that any interim minister could not be a candidate for the permanent pastor position, I objected when the Committee representative insisted that our choice for interim pastor sign a document to that effect. I thought our candidate's response was precious, "It's OK with me. After all I'm not promising not to convert you to the UCC!" June commented, *Again it seems to me a pity that the governing bodies in the church sometimes appear to be more pre-occupied with form and order than people and mission. Actually, such events seem to bring out the dominant features in people: some truly project a primary concern with people and a desire to help; others react by first looking at the Book of Order. It goes to show that the church government is made up of people just like the rest of us.*

Eventually our minister decided he would not return, so we had to seek a replacement. In September 1975, *We finally have a full-time minister again. He has been a missionary in Brazil for many years and wanted a church that would be a real challenge. Boy, did he find one. He is supposed to be installed Sunday evening. He is really taking advantage of all this free publicity for the church and has the few members that are left working hard. His name is Jim Buyers. He is married to Nora. They have one child left at home, a girl named Noreen who is a year younger than Karen. They have two boys in prep school. I don't know their ages. He is in his fifties but acts much younger, although gray hair makes him look his age.*

Things were still not settled in May 1976, *I think the new minister is having a real struggle. He is a bit of a disappointment. It's kind of odd to put a missionary from Brazil into this situation. Our choir is now down to about seven women. Vic does amazing things directing whoever is available. They sound like 14 or more.*

And in January 1977, *Mt. Soledad Pres. is working on a merger with La Jolla Pres. I hope it goes through. We have valuable property and they have lots of people. At this stage of the game it's the only thing left to do. We have lost those members who liked contemporary worship and are left with the people who like the conventional style of our minister, which fits in very well with a big, traditional full-program church. La Jolla is looking for facilities for an expanding program and we cannot afford our place, so..... Personally, we do not know what we will do. Small churches have some advantages, but maybe we're ready for a big church again. Karen has been going to the La Jolla junior high fellowship, and the music program is very attractive. Both churches want to get on with it, but Presbytery is being very cautious. Services will be in downtown La Jolla for now. It is possible that a large sanctuary may someday be built at Mt. Soledad.*

The merger fell through, but we moved on. As of the end of 1977, *We are now members of the large, traditional La Jolla Presbyterian Church. We have come full circle from our first years in Pasadena. Karen enjoys the junior high fellowship and Vic is learning under a great choir director. Gradually we're all becoming acquainted.*

In January 1978 we hosted at our house the La Jolla Clippers, a church group for married couples. *We are going to have the La Jolla Clippers here for a meeting. My, I have a 'who cares' attitude about the whole thing. It is almost necessary when you compare our dull and worn furnishings with the contents of some of the houses I've seen. I thought they would have a thriving couples club but it seems to be quite small by comparison with the large size of the church.*

Upon returning from Washington, DC, we reported in the 1983 annual newsletter, *Our Washington, D.C. sojourn confirmed that we are small-church people; so, we've now transferred our church membership to the Pacific Beach Community Church, where we continue to worship in a small-neighborhood atmosphere.*

In May 1984 June wrote about our church to a friend, *Let me fill you in on some of the details about the Pacific Beach Community Church. It is under the United Church of Christ and seems to be quite independent. One of the things we really enjoy is the 9:00 a.m. forum, a discussion group with a Christian emphasis that covers many subjects. Worship services are at 10:30 a.m. Membership is about eighty, many of whom are fun and dedicated. The facilities are much smaller than Mt. Soledad. We do have a very attractive, tiny sanctuary. A small kitchen and a curved room with several dividers are downstairs. The facilities are wheelchair accessible except for the kitchen, bathrooms and church office. Ken is a young, pleasant, intelligent, interesting minister. We also have a couple of Presbyterian ministers as members; when Ken is sick (not very often) one of them leads the service. The organist/choir-director is Janie Prim. She was the teen-age organist when Vic directed the choir at Northminster Presbyterian Church. The choir*

has about fourteen members. For special occasions Janie brings in some of her soloist friends. Recently the choir did a Bach cantata. For that she asked Vic to direct, since she could not both play and lead the choir. Mostly he is more valuable in the bass section. We almost always spend Sunday mornings at our little church.

June also accepted election as a church officer. Believe-it-or-not I am now the Treasurer of our little Pacific Beach Community Church. Vic has modified his computer program so that whole category names will magically appear when I enter certain code letters; other codes do other things, such as typing an often-repeated name; this way I can operate the program with few keystrokes. The church is under the United Church of Christ so the office is held in one name; however, in good Presbyterian Mariner tradition, Vic and I both do the work. I make most of the computer entries and he does the rest. It seems like he does a lot more than I do, checking our mail box, filling out a form for me to follow, making a monthly report to the Trustees (Of course the computer can spit out all kinds of written reports!), signing checks, sealing envelopes, etc. Actually I am a glorified secretary, but even churches like to have a disabled person as an office holder. Actually, the last treasurer computerized the records and I am one of the few people with time, an Apple computer and a willing, available programmer. Vic prefers writing programs, I prefer using them. We make a great team.

Then a new challenge arrived. On January 1st our pastor went on to bigger and better things, or in his words, 'A different kind of challenge'. Vic is now chairman of the pastor seeking committee. What a long affair that is. I had no idea there were so many ministers - let alone ministers seeking a church. Vic has the computer fixed up so that I can do his repetitive secretarial work; he can type a letter and a list of addresses and I can print the many letters, without anyone having to roll the printer. I have a little program that makes it possible for the computer to figure out how many lines to skip to start at the top of the next page. Pretty tricky!

Pacific Beach Community Church is such a small church and yet we have as members at least three ministers who I know of; there may be more! We are very lucky to have as our interim pastor a young family man, Steve Meineke, who is a fairly recent member of our church; he works in family therapy. Another of the three is Jim Ollis, who used to be pastor of Northminster Presbyterian Church. He apparently went through quite an upset when his wife divorced him and he's taking some time off from the ministry as a manager of a Handyman. I don't believe you know the third one, Chuck Hansen. His wife is our Sunday school superintendent. I don't know much about him. We have all these ministers and still we are looking for another. Well there are many searching for a church!

In November 1985 we found our new pastor, Our little church is finally going to get a full-time pastor. The pastor seeking committee has been working for a year now and has nominated Jerry Lawritson, currently in Martinez, California. We still have to go through the formal presentation to our congregation, a congregational vote to approve him, and a waiting period after he gives notice to his current church. It will probably be about February 1st before he starts. Steve Meineke will again become just a member of the congregation.

In February 1986 June wrote to her sister, I have been spending so much time on church stuff and on other programs that I haven't been doing much writing of any kind. Oh well, it is

quite a change to be needed, and to be considered a church officer!

Vic has served his three years as a Trustee, so now they have asked him to be the Moderator! We only joined this church in December of 1983. Well, it is an extremely small place! We were at La Jolla Pres. for four years, and then in Virginia for over a year. It was a year after we returned from Virginia before we were officially missed at La Jolla Pres.! That really convinced me of the value of small congregations.

In June 1987 our church was engaged in a building project in Tijuana, Mexico. June wrote, *On June 6th and 13th a group of people from the Community Church of Pacific Beach, twenty-three one Saturday and eighteen the following week, donated materials and their time to build a small two-room house on an existing 10' x 20' cement slab at the site of the old dump in Tijuana. A young family of four - mother, father, girl (age 3) and boy (age 1) - now call this home in place of their cardboard and plastic shelter. The house was complete with three small windows, a door, three-tiered padded rope bunk beds and a counter-top table, and was primed and painted. One couple even donated a propane stove. We also collected dried foods, other food that does not require refrigeration, clothing, bedding, etc. and had so much stuff that the family was able to share it with many of its neighbors. A number of families, adding up to about 300 people, inhabit this area. Poverty is common in Tijuana and this is certainly one of the poorest areas in the city. There is no electricity, gas or running water. Water is trucked in every week; each family carries it to its home. The land is infertile, completely barren and imbedded with tiny bits of broken glass. Not even weeds will grow there. Some of the children don't have shoes. Twenty-five years ago a site like this would have only cardboard shacks. Now a Christian organization called Esperanza arranges for churches and other groups to build small houses. While incredible poverty is still evident, the people have a school, a small clinic and the area is dotted with tiny, brightly colored wooden structures. Our efforts do not do much to alleviate the poverty, but they do develop fellowship between our church families, develop a bit of good will between us and our neighbors to the south and serve to make us aware of our own good fortune.*

June reported other church activities in a letter, *On the afternoon of June 7th, a fund raising auction was held on the church patio to benefit our sickly church finances. A small group of people, mostly all friends and acquaintances, had a wonderful time while raising \$3600. Quite a number of the items up for bid were services. For instance, Vic offered three hours of his time. The people who bought it plan to use it to have their daughter tutored in math. We bought a few odds and ends, but mainly a framed pastel drawing, that I still have to sit for. (I was reluctant, but Vic was persistent. Hopefully this will be better than a photograph.) The person who ran the auction got advertising offers from several places; some company donated a limousine ride; there was also a raffle for a donated weekend stay at a Marriot hotel.*

As Moderator it seemed important that I attend the annual meeting of the U.C.C. Conference. June came along and reported, *On Friday night, June 12th, we went to a weekend conference for all the Southern California U.C.C. churches, which was held at the University of Redlands. Needless to say, the weather was nice and warm. Vic is Moderator (sort of lay leader) this year and was one of three lay delegates from CCPB. Other attendees from our church were our pastor, two 'in-care' ministerial students, and two spouses.*

The church repeated its Tijuana work project in June 1988. *For two Saturdays we had work parties with church people for the Tijuana project. We met at the church at 7:00 a.m. and started work at 8:30 a.m. We traveled there in two motor homes, one monster and one average sized. We used their generators for power and their conveniences. I cut way back on liquids and still needed to use the bathroom once each time. Getting both Vic and me into such a small space was no small feat! I wrote the following piece for the church newspaper.*

COMMUNITY CHURCH OF PACIFIC BEACH COMPLETES TWO MORE HOUSES

Last year our Tijuana house-building project at the old dump was a learning experience. This year, in the same amount of time and with a comparable amount of people - twenty on March 5 and twenty-four on March 12 - we completed two houses. A big THANK YOU and WELL DONE goes to all those who in any way contributed to its success.

Two brothers Cruz, each with many small children, were selected by Esperanza to receive the 10' by 20' houses. The greenish grey one is for a family of eight and has, along the width of one end, three-tier foam-covered plywood bunk beds. A reddish brown house is for a slightly smaller family; it has similar double bunk beds and a dividing partition. The related families will be neighbors at 26 and 28 Avenida Hidalgo, Loma Bonita, Tijuana.

Loma Bonita, located on a knoll just south of Tijuana, is a community of 100 young families who live and work mainly at the new, active dump. To most Americans it looks like a terribly depressing place: tiny houses constructed of bits of wood, pieces of sheet metal, whatever could be utilized. Junk is all around: stacks of plastic bags full of empty glass bottles, old tires in a heap, an old abandoned washing machine, an old toilet, a car that looks beyond hope, old bed springs used as fencing, piles of things of unknown origin and litter everywhere. A number of dirty, friendly dogs and a few free, crowing roosters add to the general clutter. There is no water or electricity; sanitation is in the form of outhouses. Just across a dirt lane a small clinic is under construction, a man is preparing ground for a cement slab for another Esperanza house and there is a fairly good-sized run-down building that could be a church. It is in various stages of construction, as if it began to be remodeled and something intervened. Some improvement is within sight.

Esperanza is a non-profit organization which started as an offshoot of a group called Mission Circle from St. Paul's Episcopal Church in Pacific Beach; each month it provides food to the people in this area at a nominal cost.

In many ways the people of Loma Bonita are better off than the community at the old dump. The land is very rocky but is without the heavy concentration of broken glass bits. There is some vegetation: a few small trees, a cactus growing inside the circle of an old tire, green hills from the recent rains, and healthy looking weeds. The hilly terrain

does provide good drainage. However, there is one big drawback: as yet, there is no school. The children run free and don't learn to read or write. It may be a while before that can be rectified.

Our next house building project is planned for early fall. Plan to join the activity. Just imagine how many families can be helped.

In January 1989 June responded to a friend's comment about the commercialization of Christmas. *I seem to remember that your research was quite extensive; it must have been very important to you and taken a great deal of time and effort. To me, it doesn't matter so much whether the history of Christmas, including the date, is factually correct, only that we have much to commemorate. The date that was chosen seems sensible since people were in the habit of celebrating at that time of year. It is true that the Christmas festivity has become too commercial and that some people have lost the true meaning of the occasion, if they ever truly understood it. However, think of all the good things that happen. People become benevolent; families spend merry time together, etc. Not the least of these is that it reminds us to communicate with distant friends and family. True, these good things should happen automatically all year - but here we have an opportunity to educate. Maybe, if we successfully maximize this chance, some day people will not need a reminder, but in the meantime - if it takes a Christmas commemoration to jar us out of our complacency - let it be so.*

The letter at the end of 1992 offered, *Starting in September Vic was appointed to be the Choir Director for our tiny 11 - 13 voice choir. Having a superb accompanist, Connie Almond, and cooperative singers makes this a very enjoyable experience.*

After a few terms as Treasurer, June accepted nomination as a member of the Board of Deacons. While unable to speak she could vote with her head and accepted responsibility for sending notes and cards, encouraging the choir, and informing others of prayer needs.

At the end of 1994 we wrote, *Vic completed a three-year term on the Board of Trustees at church and continues to direct our tiny church choir. Occasionally there are not enough people to sing. Then Vic brings out his flute; a solo covers the deficit.*

My choir directing did not last. In mid 1996 June wrote, *Vic reluctantly gave up directing our church choir, although he is still singing. Some members of the choir objected to being challenged by some of the music he wanted to present, even though they performed it well. He couldn't enjoy a situation in which only simpler anthems were used. The church wisely asked the organist to take over as director, and she is doing an excellent job, pushing for quality, albeit on less-challenging selections.*

The incompatibility between my need for good music and our choir's attitude led to our changing churches in 1997. At the end of 1997 we reported, *Last Easter we switched to the La Jolla Congregational Church. This church, although larger than the Congregational Church in Pacific Beach, is still very small. They have a marvelous music program complete with a superb, well-maintained pipe organ, a terrific organist and four professional soloists. The choir, although small (ordinarily eight to ten highly talented persons), produces a gorgeous choral*

sound. Vic is now singing with this group and is happy with this musical challenge.

Our new church relationship has worked out well, as reported at the end of 2004, Vic sings in the church choir, and was elected Moderator of the Congregational Church of La Jolla. That implies coordinating the activities of the Boards and Committees that do most of the work. It's especially challenging because our pastor retired early this year. We have an interim pastor while the Search Committee is seeking a new permanent pastor. In the meanwhile the church leadership has to maintain stability.

The pastor search committee did its job well, so we found a permanent pastor. In July 2005, With our house full, on Sunday afternoon we hosted a reception for our church's new minister, Sam Greening, after he had delivered his candidate sermon. He was accepted unanimously and has turned out to be great.

Cultural Activities

June likes Broadway musicals. I like classical music. We both like plays. For many years we bought four season tickets to the San Diego summer Starlight Theatre musicals and invited various friends to join us. It's a fine opportunity to enjoy a brief dinner and conversation together before the performance of stimulating entertainment. Regular seating for disabled patrons was at the top and back of the outdoor arena, but we've gotten seating near the front. I roll June's wheelchair down a steep road next to the arena and enter at a door next to the stage. At first I had to transfer her into a seat along the lateral aisle. Later the seating arrangements were modified to provide wheelchair spaces near the front, among the VIP seats. We're thoroughly grateful for that. Unfortunately, the economy killed Starlight a few years ago. We're hoping it will come back

For my benefit we've had season tickets to the San Diego Symphony. Originally, wheelchair seating was provided only at the rear of the main floor, so I transferred June into a seat along the aisle. Recently, additional wheelchair spaces have been added near the front and side.

For many years we bought season tickets at the Old Globe Theatre. A few years ago June has switched us to the San Diego Repertory Theatre and now to the North Coast Repertory Theatre. Again, they provide good spaces for wheelchairs and companions.

During our Washington, DC, odyssey we enjoyed the Kennedy Center, the Filene Center at Wolf Trap Farm Park, and other theatres. Even in 1982 they all seemed well equipped for wheelchair patrons, and the Kennedy Center even provided disabled patrons with two tickets for the price of one.

Gardening

June is an enthusiastic gardener, and we have almost a half acre of land for her to exploit. When we moved into our present house the lot was bare. From our living room we viewed barren hillsides with a few houses at their tops. The soil was hard enough to bounce a pick when I tried to anchor the children's swing set. We hired a tractor to tear up the soil with its 18" teeth and added a truckload of manure and a truckload of soil from a former lettuce farm. Gradually the garden has developed. June has an area on the patio to grow potted plants cared for by her

aide. A few weeks ago it provided orchids for our church service. It's also started a number of trees that were subsequently planted and have grown to impressive heights.

The rest of the area near and behind our house includes a number of elm trees, a small spruce, an oleander hedge, and a variety of perennial flowers. What used to be our swimming pool is now a flowerbed with regular and giant Birds of Paradise, Beard Tongue, Campanula and Lantana. Beyond this area is the 'canyon', which, by now, has been filled almost to the level of our patio. It hosts a number of Brazilian pepper trees, a few pine trees, periwinkle ground cover and red-apple ground cover. It is traversed by a ditch that drains the canyon behind it during heavy rains. A brick path enables June to drive her motorized wheelchair to the rear of the property and receive inspiration for more tasks she wants me to perform.

After we first moved in, each Christmas we bought a live pine tree to decorate, and planted it after the holidays. June's brother in law, Paul, also gave us five one-gallon pots with Monterey Pine seedlings, which we planted in our canyon area. The boys watered them for a few years until their roots reached the water table. They grew to heights of over one-hundred feet. One fell over during a wet winter, two died of unknown causes, but two have survived. We also bought a local favorite, a Torrey Pine, as a small tree and watched it grow impressively. The neighbor overlooking our lot once said that she enjoys the view of our treetops more than her clear view of the ocean.

In March 1987 June's wrote to her sister about flowers. *The carnation is now a part of A45's garden. It was doing great in a pot, but I planted it so it could layer (its method of reproduction); the only available spot was too shady. The sun does hit the old dog run. A45 has weeded the whole area, removed one of the smaller stumps and started a path to the back woodpile, which divides the area between vegetables and flowers. That area is hers to do with as she likes.* Eventually, June would develop this back area.

June's sister arranged for some bulbs and plants to be sent to us, so June wrote her, *The majority of the bulbs are doing great. The hyacinths are planted in a five-gallon nursery pot and are three or four inches out of the potting soil. The others are coming up in that little square of dirt next to the gate by the diving board. The big bulb that you gave me earlier is still green, but not doing anything.*

In March 1990 she had more concerns about flowers. *Quite a while ago the grape ivy and the dieffenbachia were being over-watered and were dying back. I had them moved to the bathroom and only sprayed them; they started growing. When A45 left the new aides continued to only spray them. Recently, I had too much on my mind to recognize that they were again dying back. When I did notice, I made a point of watching them. I observe that they are again objecting to being watered too much. It may be too late to save the grape ivy, but there is hope for the dieffenbachia.*

In May 2003 I came home from a business trip to Albuquerque, went to my study to catch up on e-mails, looked out the glass door at our back yard, and noticed a stump sitting about six feet above the ground! June described the cause. *A water leak developed at the house on a hill above us, which was up for sale and unoccupied at the time. The hillside became sufficiently*

soaked that suddenly about 150 cubic yards of soil slid down into our back yard, right onto my camellia garden. It reached up to five feet high against a large pine tree. One camellia and a flowering peach survived where the flow parted. It took until February 2004 to negotiate with the insurance company, move the excess soil to our canyon, restore the hillside, and hydro-seed the new soil. The rains in March 2004 came soon after the seed had started growth, but they only caused slight soil slumping.

Naturally, the restored hillside grew weeds that overcame the hydro-seeded plants. I called them native California foliage, but June insisted on my planting ivy instead. It's taken a lot of work, but so far we are winning the battle against grass, oxalis and other weeds. We are still trying to restore June's camellia garden. After the landslide material was removed we planted a new set of camellias, which thrived for three years and then died. We checked the drainage; it's excellent. We changed the watering schedule; the plants still died. We tried to get the soil tested; that service is no longer provided by nurseries. Then we learned that camellias don't tolerate lactic acid from the roots and needles of a nearby tall pine tree. So we moved the survivors farther away from the tree, inserted a root barrier, added soil conditioner and now hope for the best. They seem to be improving.

Lawsuit

We were reluctant to file a lawsuit over June's injury, but discovered that we couldn't learn what caused it otherwise. We asked the hospital in Bend, OR for a report. They provided a one-page summary in medicalese language. I could have prepared it in plain English, since it said essentially that June arrived with a dislocated cervical spine, was operated on, and departed comatose. We engaged a lawyer in Portland, OR, where a trial might be held, through a trusted lawyer in San Diego. June was examined by two neurologists chosen by the lawyer, ones who might be willing to testify. Four years after her accident a trial was held in Portland. Finally we learned what might have occurred. A neurologist testified that a blood clot could have formed at the site of June's injury in one of the two vertebral arteries. Since blood could flow in the parallel artery there would be no obvious symptoms. The surgery record reported that at the end of the procedure June coughed and bucked, apparently on recovering from the anesthetic while the airway was still in her throat. Soon thereafter she was moved to the recovery room, but never awakened. Inspection of recovery room records indicated that she was injured prior to arriving there. The neurologist concluded that the bucking dislodged the blood clot, allowing it move up into the basilar artery, where it blocked the blood supply to the brain's motor control centers.

There was an interesting by-play during the trial. Prior to the trial the judge had issued rulings to prevent both sides from exploiting what he believed were unfair issues. He prevented our lawyer from emotionally exploiting June's disability, and promised to declare a mistrial if the jury observed any of June's involuntary outcries. As a result I placed June's wheelchair next to the door at the rear of the courtroom and was prepared to pull it out at her first sign of distress. On the defense side he ruled that any differences in medical practice between the states of Oregon and California were irrelevant. This was important to us because our lawyer had engaged two California doctors to testify.

The legal issue at the trial was whether the doctor and hospital had followed normal medical practice in dealing with June's injury. Specifically, had they waited a sufficient time be-

tween the injury and surgery, should the surgery have been performed by a neurosurgeon rather than an orthopedist, and should the hospital have provided a Striker Frame bed to avoid rolling June over before and after surgery? The sub-rosa issue for us was, "Shouldn't this poor woman get some money to compensate for her misery", and for the defense it was, "Californians are coming up here to take Oregon money". As it turned out, one of our (California) doctors testified for our side and was being cross-examined when one of the three defense lawyers asked whether the doctor was familiar with Oregon medical practice. The judge raised his gavel simultaneously with the lead defense lawyer leaping to his feet, knocking over his chair, and apologizing for not informing his colleague of the judge's restrictions. The judge declared a recess to allow things to calm down before proceeding. During the recess the lawyers reached a settlement. After costs and lawyers' fees were subtracted we received about two years' worth of medical expenses.

MEDICAL EQUIPMENT

Wheelchairs

A wheelchair is essential for a quadriplegic's mobility. June has always had two: a battery-powered chair for use around our home and a lightweight chair for travel. The joystick control on the battery chair had to be modified for June. Normally it's positioned along the edge of the armrest, but June can't reach there with her slightly functional left hand. Instead, it is mounted in the middle on an arm that swings out of the way for June to enter or leave the chair. We also had to reverse the controls: normally, pushing forward on the control moves the chair forward. In June's case, when the chair starts to move forward her torso and hand recoil backwards, stopping the chair, causing her to lurch forward, pushing the control forward, etc. We rewired the control so that pulling the joystick back moves the chair forward, yet left and right remain normal. We also added to the joystick a knob with a big dimple in the middle that enables June's finger to steer it.

For many years we used an Instigator Power Pack to convert our lightweight wheelchair to battery-powered use on long trips and cruises. The conversion consists of two sealed batteries on a platform, two motorized wheels that replace the large rear wheelchair wheels and a control box that mounts in front of the user. It enabled June to wander around a cruise ship, at least as far as the doorways allow. It was also used during long visits for my experiments in the Washington, DC area, and once at home when our battery-powered chair failed and we had to wait a few months for a new one.

Wheelchairs have improved during June's years of use. The initial pair lasted about ten years. In our annual newsletter for 1977 June reported, *Our big purchase this year was two new wheelchairs. They proved to be liberating for everyone. The new battery-operated chair has a short turning radius, sealed batteries that stay level in spite of inclines, and a proportional control. The chair can go places with us where we know there are no architectural barriers. Now, my aide and I can shop during school hours, and Vic has the world's only electrically portable tennis bag on weekends.*

The new battery-powered chair lasted about 15 years, but in April 1992 June wrote, *It all started with me burning out the motors on my wheelchair by getting the control stick stuck at the computer table. That was the final straw for the old relic; there are too many other problems with it, many welds, a weak frame, etc., for replacing motors to be worthwhile. We will investigate the wheelchair field as soon as we recover from paying the IRS a big chunk due to the sale of our MRC stock.*

Meanwhile, I am using the motorized version of the travel wheelchair, but it has a different type of fitting for the mobile arm support. I used it for a while and decided how it needed to be set. Vic set it and then left town for five days. When I tried to use it, there was a problem; it would not stay in place. No one could figure out how to correct it; I couldn't see it from the chair, not that I would have figured out a solution. It turned out to be a spring-loaded pin that gets stuck when set from a particular direction. The problem was very simple to correct, but all week I was unable to use the computer. This week the fitting works. Now I seem to be having

wheelchair clutch and weak battery problems. I can get set up to the computer. I just can't move when I need help. More frustration!

By December 1992, when we wrote our newsletter, We ordered a new wheelchair. Modern wheelchairs have many improvements, such as automatic braking when the joystick is in neutral. That will come in handy on hills. It took months to choose the right model. The Everest & Jennings factory has moved and there was a long delay in obtaining necessary information, such as a drawing of the reclining back. My new chariot was scheduled for delivery in early December. The factory is behind schedule; the chair has yet to arrive. An electric wheelchair is similar in price to a small automobile, but purchasing it is a lot more trouble.

The new wheelchair finally arrived in March 1993. It lasted until 2003, when plastic gears in a motor housing stripped. Everest & Jennings would not provide replacement gears, only new motors. So we bought a Quickie battery-powered chair with an adjustable tilt. It has served June well, although her hand appears to be weakening and she has increasing difficulties controlling it.

Mobile Arm Support

The orthotics specialists at Rancho Los Amigos provided June with a mobile arm support. It consists of a pair of rods with rotating bearings to support her left arm. Rubber bands are attached and adjusted until they cancel gravity, so that June can move her arm laterally and slightly up and down. This provided just enough control for her to reach the keys on a typewriter keyboard, later a computer keyboard.

By the summer of 1993 June was having difficulties reaching important keys on her computer keyboard, so we invested in a new mobile arm support at a local orthotics shop. June wrote, *The new arm support has difficulties. The lever is very heavy, takes time and lots of energy to make it swing around. Sometimes I catch it on a shelf, which keeps it from swinging. I thought I could get used to the weight; I was wrong. I have to sit with my hips tilted up to the right to use it. Even in that position I have difficulty reaching the function keys on the left of the keyboard. There are some benefits: no rubber bands to wear out and a side plate to provide a place to put an empty cup.*

In May 1996, I'm at last getting somewhere with the arm problem. It got so bad that I could hardly move at all. The newer arm-support had never worked as well as my old Rancho gadget. I went back to using my twenty-nine year old mobile-arm-support. It worked well, so I made an appointment with an orthotics outfit. They are refurbishing and putting some new parts on it, and, meanwhile, I'm using it. By just slightly changing a couple of attachment points, it already works better than ever. I can't describe the feeling of relief! I was afraid I was getting too old to have enough mobility in my arm to use the computer. Those people at Rancho Los Amigos really know their business.

The newer model has a problem because it attaches to the chair too far away from my shoulder joint. It's beyond me why the man who fitted it didn't realize that! He went to school and was certified for that work. My hindsight tells me 'bend near the pivot point' is only logical. At least now, at long last, the mystery is solved! My arm once again moves freely.

Transfers

While wheelchairs are great for moving June around, it's still necessary to transfer her into and out of them. Since she has no control over her legs, she cannot stand. Her left arm has very little strength, so she cannot help lift herself. At first we used a standard medical device: a Hoyer lift to transfer her. It consists of a hydraulically raised boom supported on a U-shaped tubular frame on casters. The frame can pass under a bed or around a chair. A heavy canvass sling is placed under the patient by rolling her side to side. The boom supports a spreader bar with chains hooked into the sling. The lift raises the patient off the bed, moves her over to the chair and lowers her into the chair, all while sitting on the sling. We used the same system to move June onto a tilt board mounted in our bathroom. A second Hoyer lift rotating around a mounting hole in the bathroom floor was used to move June into the Jacuzzi tub.

While the Hoyer lift enables anyone to transfer June, it is bulky and inconvenient to transport, so I learned to move her by myself using the bear-hug transfer described in the section on Travel.

During our Washington, DC, odyssey we had to improvise an overhead hoist and track to move June into and out of the apartment-house bathtub, so we expanded on the idea when we returned home. As June said, *I've had some good fortune! One of Vic's brilliant ideas grew out of the system we used in the apartment bathroom in Virginia. We now do not have to use the hydraulic Hoyer lift at all. Vic mounted a track along the ceiling over the hospital bed in the bedroom extending into the bathroom over the tilt-table and Jacuzzi. An electric hoist can be pulled along the track and lifts the Hoyer spreader bar. To do this, he had to tear out a doorway and a small amount of false ceiling and install a ceiling-height bathroom door. All the re-plastering is finished and the track is laid and in operation.*

Comfort

June is unable to move her torso, even a little to relieve pressure points. Sitting or lying for hours in one position produces painful sensations and skin damage called decubitus (pressure sores). In her bed we provide an alternating-pressure air mattress under the bottom sheet. It has two sets of interlaced cells that are alternately inflated by an air pump. When she was first injured she also needed to be turned from side to side every few hours, but now she's developed tolerance to spending the whole night on her back. Her heels are protected by soft liners, her feet are supported off the bed by a foam pillow and another pillow keeps her knees separated.

We also have a small alternating-pressure pad that can be used in a wheelchair, which we also use in the auto passenger seat during long drives. In the wheelchair we use a Roho pad, an air-filled pad with an egg-crate structure to distribute pressure evenly. Sometimes June feels uncomfortable after a while and requests a 'hip-up'.

Communication

The earliest method by which June could communicate her thoughts and desires was spelling. One of us (family or nurse) would ask if she wanted to say something. Her affirmative head nod prompted the question, "Is the first letter before M?" We then spelled out the indicated part of the alphabet for her selection. The next letter usually had fewer options, and so forth, until we could guess the word.

By the time June came home permanently the spelling method had been replaced by lip reading, at least most of the time. Sometimes June will try to speak a short phrase, which we try to guess. If that doesn't work, she'll try one word at a time, then one letter at a time. In desperation we'll resort to, "before M?" The process is slow but effective.

June typed her thoughts on this subject. *For other than short comments, circumstances work out much better if I do not join in on discussions. In one-on-one conversations my thoughts do not always cooperate by slowing down to stay in pace with my words. In informal group discussions it is terribly time consuming when I chime in. All other conversation stops if I try to speak. Suddenly, the surrounding territory is deathly quiet and I am the focus of all attention. The loud silence paralyzes my brain and I cannot recall the correct wording for my thoughts. I hear myself uttering nonsense. Therefore, even if we are talking with a small group of close friends, I share my opinion only when a word or two will suffice.*

After meeting June's immediate physical requirements she needed to have a means to communicate beyond our lip reading. The mobile arm support and an IBM electric typewriter was the answer. Her typing with one finger is slow, only a few words a minute, but she was persistent enough over a period of four years to compose a book, **My New Life**, which was subsequently edited and published. While she was typing it she wrote to her sister, *If I don't write many letters it's because I only have two hours a day to type and it takes me that long to type a page. My endurance for sitting up is only two hours at the end of the day, which is after the nurse leaves, so I can type without her breathing down my neck. I like to use those two hours to type my recollections. I have typed quite a pile, one-day, one-page at a time. I have to be very careful not to push the return button accidentally, because I can't roll the typewriter back. Nor do I know how much room is left on the page, so my letters may look peculiar at the bottom.*

By 1971 June's skill had actually improved sufficiently for her to try writing a letter to her sister by hand. The result is shown in Figure 86. It required a lot of effort and time, so she decided it was not worthwhile. Typing was much faster and did not require as much help. She can sign her name on papers held closely in her lap, barely fitting her name into signature blocks.

In November 1973 June's typewriter broke down, so when it was finally repaired she said, *I nearly went out of my mind without the typewriter, so toward the end my aide found one I could use, only its type was pica. It was very difficult for me to read what I had typed, especial-*

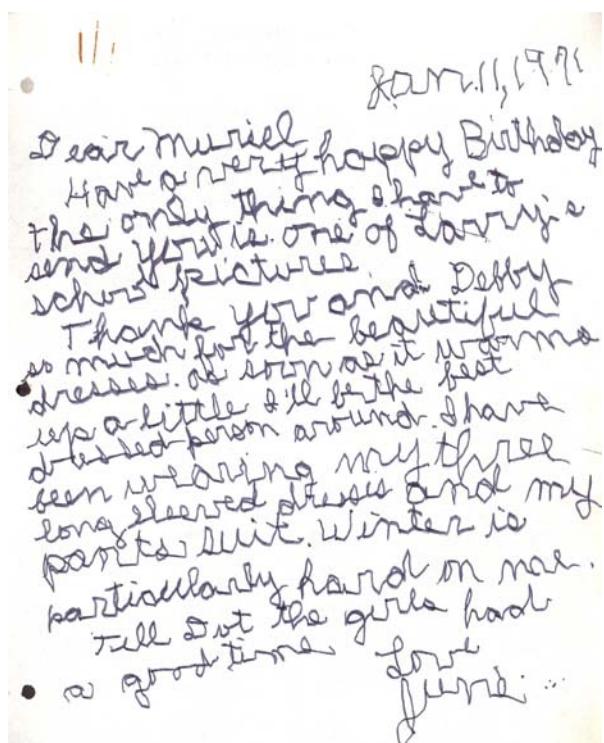


Figure 86. June's handwritten letter to her sister.

ly the last line, and I couldn't tell what space I was on. One good thing came out of it. I now find my own typewriter very easy to read and my eyes don't seem to have so much difficulty changing lines. Now I can single-space, so I don't have to wait and bother someone to change the paper as often. Sometimes it's hard to fill the page all in one evening. Kenny is glad I have the typewriter back. [He was in Denver at this time.] I think he appreciates my letters more now. Maybe going without it was worth it.

We tried a variety of other communication aids with marginal success. The University of Wisconsin developed a device they call Autocom, a tabletop board on which you can move a magnet over printed letters and words. The chosen material then appears on a thermal printer tape. It helped June communicate with people who were unfamiliar with reading her lips, but was still very slow. June reported, *The Autocom is working perfectly on two levels. A lot of bugs had to be eliminated. Now they have the list of words that I want on the third and fourth levels, so soon it will be complete. It puts out messages on a tape, but the typewriter is still preferable for letter writing. The Autocom is like a lapboard and can go with me and I don't need the mobile arm support to use it. It's lots of fun to be able to communicate with strangers. Right now I am limited by my own ability to remember where all the words, letters, and symbols are, and by the fact that my arm sometimes gets stage fright and refuses to obey. I hope to improve with time.*

We also bought a gadget with a small keyboard and an artificial voice. June described it in November 1978, *My latest project is learning to operate my new electronic gadget, a Phonic Mirror Handivoice. It looks like an adding machine except, when you put in numbers out comes a male voice. It has some 991 choices of words, phrases, and sounds (phonemes). Strung together properly, it can say anything. It's quite a project trying to memorize all the numbers. I have had it since June, but between my course, the headaches and general summer events, I started working with it seriously about the middle of September. It turned out to be just too much effort and time to memorize the number codes for the many words and phonemes.*

Toward the end of 1980 we invested in a major communication tool for June: an Apple II+ computer with AppleWriter word-processor software. As June said in January 1981, *I guess you gather from our Christmas letter that I have a new plaything. Yes, I need some advantages if I want to try to keep up with this fast-moving world. The AppleWriter program is fabulous for anyone, but especially for me. It solves so many of the problems of the electric typewriter that I described in my book. For instance, I can move back to the start of my typing, I can correct errors anywhere, I can delete text, insert text, move text, etc., and do all this fussing around while the result is displayed on a monitor. Then when I have everything to my satisfaction, I can make a print. If I find errors while proof reading, I just correct the computer and print again; no big deal. It used to be terribly time consuming when something had to be typed over. I sent out many X'd out letters. Now, I feel badly if I send out mail that contains typographical errors. Another advantage is, if I do not finish a letter in one sitting, I can save it on a diskette and call it up and continue at another sitting. Now, if need be, I can have several projects going at once. Like now, I have many different letters stored in the computer's disk and I can work on all of them.*

I must admit I was a bit hesitant about spending so much money for something I was un-

sure of, but now I am a firm believer. And I have yet to learn other aspects of this electronic marvel. We bought this thing the day after Thanksgiving, and I was sure I would not learn to use it in time for the Christmas letter, but I almost made it. Something had to be done! The poor old IBM typewriter was developing more and more problems, and I do most of my typing when Vic is out of town, like now. And I'm rapidly running out of steam, so I can save the text and continue tomorrow.

Later she commented, *Apparently a lot of paraplegics are finding that the computer is something they can use conveniently. Of course it's slow with my one-finger technique. It is necessary to hold two keys down at the same time for some functions. I can manage this by using the thumb and forefinger on my left hand. Vic sent for up-to-date circuit diagrams and modified the keyboard so that both the control key and the shift key lock for one character, enabling them to be pushed sequentially rather than simultaneously. They now work very similarly to the escape key in the AppleWriter program, which allows one to type capital letters using the one-finger method. Now I can do, albeit at a slower pace, what others can do with two hands and I can go back to learn the two-handed tricks. Later versions of operating systems include a "sticky key" option that accomplishes this function without having to modify the keyboard.*

And by October June was going strong, This is going to be a long letter, not only because you are my older sister, but because I am using you as a guinea pig to try out some new techniques I've learned using the AppleWriter program. Don't you feel honored?

Now I feel much freer to write everybody. I even use the computer text writer instead of asking other people to make telephone calls for me. This way I can say exactly what I want without involving a middleman. Now the frustration comes in waiting for an answer.

This does mean I do a lot more writing. But I have learned some tricks recently. Here are the pertinent parts of letters to several different people. That is part of the beauty of a computer. Just combine pieces, change around sections, add a little, and you have a whole new letter. I'm just beginning to learn to utilize the infinite possibilities of this gadget.

In July 1982 we had problems with the printer, but June carried on. The good part about the printer situation is that it has forced me to learn a great deal more about the AppleWriter program. It can do so many astounding things. I'm beginning to wonder if there is an end!

Thank goodness I have the computer! For many months before the move to Washington, DC, I made a list of what to bring. Every day I thought of a few more things and added them to the list. When the time came to print, the list was about three pages long. I fear a lot of the nursing-care supplies would have been left behind without Apple II. Also, we need an amazing amount of household items.

By 1986 June commented, *There are so many uses for the computer. It's a great time-saver, but it also opens up so many possibilities (more than I have time for), such as treasury records for the church. Now Vic has written a program that will print a telephone directory, mailing labels for several different categories and keep track of church member and visitor attendance. So I seem to be spending a great deal of time on church work. That seems to be a*

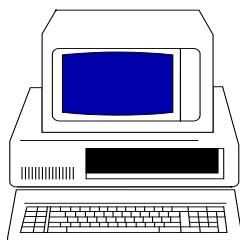
great excuse for not doing personal writing.

In January 1987 there were more computer developments. June wrote, Vic and I bought a laptop Toshiba computer to be used by both of us. Vic uses it on trips: on the plane, in his hotel room, etc. I will use it when I go with him and have to sit around during a meeting in his office or wherever. I tried it once in the office and it's a neat little gadget, but there is much that I need to learn. It is IBM compatible so Vic can print its files using his office computer. He wrote an Apple machine language program that allows him to transfer and translate my files from their IBM version to the AppleWriter version.

In 1988 we upgraded June's computer . June wrote, As of October 1st the eight-year old APPLE II+ computer has moved to the church office. In its place sits the IBM Personal Computer XT that Vic had at his office. He now has an even faster IBM Model 40. Transferring programs and files was quite a challenge. Fortunately Vic is fairly proficient in this area. This computer has many more features, for example, a Thesaurus and a speller. It also uses a completely different and more efficient system. Vic likes having the same system at both the office and at home. The IBM seems much more complicated than the Apple; however, it is also more convenient and does so much more, even when you don't know all the things it can do or even when you are not sure how to make it perform common tasks. I'm still quite slow and a bit perplexed, but gradually the light dawns!

In March 1991 June was using a genealogy program. She wrote, I have not written lately because, besides being a bit short on computer time, I'm trying to learn a program called Family Reunion. It is a family-tree program with many ways of presenting family information. Vic bought an updated version, easier to understand. I have finally learned how to enter information and print various charts, but a lot of the program is still Greek to me! I still haven't entered much of the information I have, not even a third. I'm sure I don't have all the information about our first, second and third cousins, but I have a tremendous amount. After I enter everything I have I'll send you and Debbie descendant charts and a copy of your pedigree charts. After I get everything entered, running off charts will be a breeze!

In May 1995 we had another change of computers. June wrote, Thanks for your letters. I haven't answered because Vic got a new computer and I've inherited his old one. It's new to me, but it's much faster than my old one. Vic transferred all my files and programs. At first my one-finger program seemed to lock it up; so we had to send for an updated version. Meanwhile I've been playing around trying to acquaint myself with the updated WordPerfect (text editor) program that was already loaded. Now that my computer is faster and has more memory, Vic also loaded a few more programs. One of them, Clip Art, is full of pictures (graphics); I can insert them into whatever I am doing.



Here is a sample. This program has about two thousand graphics from which to choose. Another new program is a full-length college dictionary. This program also operates within WordPerfect. I also now have a list of quotations that can be imported into my writing. For instance, here is a sample: "Occasionally in life there are those moments of unutterable fulfillment which cannot be completely explained by those symbols called

words. Their meanings can only be articulated by the inaudible language of the heart.” – Martin Luther King, Jr.

Now I just need to become familiar with all the new features and the new formats for performing familiar tasks. Right now that seems impossible, but that's the way I felt when I inherited Vic's other computer. Although it seemed like it took forever to figure out what I was doing, I soon became friendly with it. Hopefully, something similar will happen this time. At least, instead of needing to learn a whole new writing program, I've already been using a simpler version of WordPerfect. Now I can attempt to answer you, but I probably forgot most of the things that I intended to write.

She followed up in October, Amid all that confusion was an ongoing computer story. Linda got a program that prints greeting cards. I saw what it can do and wanted it. This meant that I also needed a color printer. I didn't realize that this program requires the use of a ‘mouse’. I cannot operate one. Fortunately when I got Vic's computer, I also got a keyboard with a tiny joystick that acts as a mouse. It worked great. Then we discovered that the computer didn't have enough memory to save the large files from the new program, so Vic ordered a better computer. After a week it arrived. Now we find that the keyboard-mouse will not work with it. The help line for disabled users at the computer company did not help. So Vic went looking for something that I can operate. Two tries later he came up with something I can manage, but it's not easy. I'm using it until we find a better solution. The new computer has a gadget called a CD ROM reader from which you can load all kinds of fancy programs. Now I have all kinds of new programs to learn; and I am still not too familiar with the stuff I wrote about last time. To top it off, my arm is starting to show its age; it tires much too quickly. The brain races while the arm says, "I'm getting old. I deserve to slow down." And it does. So far nothing speeds it up.

We eventually found a combination of computer and keyboard with tiny joystick that worked within June's range of motion.

In December 1996 June wrote to her sister, Your long-lost sister is really still around. The computer went into the shop and, due to their backlog, they kept it for four weeks. I was terribly frustrated, as was Vic, since the family check-writing program is on my computer. This turned my backlog into a logjam. I now have so many programs to explore that I may never get caught up.

In June 1997 the Print Shop program for making greeting cards had June's attention. She wrote to her sister, In my mind I made a card for you and Paul. About that time I got the upgraded Print Shop program. It has many new features and the old ones are fancier: so I was learning how to use it. I have some other new programs too, an interactive encyclopedia, which includes another atlas, and a Time magazine anthology. So I have much to do during my computer time.

A sample of June's cards is shown in Figure 87. She included a photo of us with friends in Colorado taken in 1954 and another one of us in Spain taken during a cruise in 2004.

Answering the telephone is an ongoing frustration, because it's natural for others to pick it up and put it to their ear. June said, *If the telephone rings and I am within earshot of the phone, I insist that the aide use the speaker to answer it. This*

used to be a major bone of contention between us and is still a minor problem. If the phone is for the aide, she can pick up the receiver and, if necessary, answer on the extension. If she happens to be cooking, she can remove the pan from the heat and answer by speaker. This may seem unreasonable until it is analyzed from my point of view. When a person calls, they state their name and their purpose in the opening few seconds of conversation. For the balance of the call they assume that's known. If I haven't heard the beginning, all too often I get a completely different meaning from the rest of the caller's message. Most calls are something unimportant: Am-vets, salespeople or calls for a volunteer. The one important call invariably comes when breakfast is being prepared! From my standpoint, my ruling takes care of the problem.

Initiating a phone call was difficult also. In January 1982 June discussed the difficulties, *I have, often enough, lived through the frustration of making a telephone call. First, someone needs to understand that I need to make a phone call. Then they reluctantly agree to take time away from their own personal schedule to help. (By this time I already feel like a heel for daring to ask!). So they find the proper address file card, remove it and try to call. To their great satisfaction, no one is home! They put the card aside, with good intentions to call later. Unless they are reminded, there the card sits! Lately, I have circumvented this difficulty by writing letters. I don't get an instant answer, but that is less frustrating because I can convey my meaning using my own words. So suffice it to say. I really appreciate the convenience afforded by the computer!*

Emotions

One of the complications of June's injury is a lack of control over her emotions. In the mid 1980's she described the combined effects of communication problems and her uncontrolled reactions. *Years ago, when my speech was regularly misinterpreted, I felt terribly hurt that people would even think that I would say the terrible things they were sure I had said. I think that in the early years a few people tried to tease me about it, but the attempt was lost on me! Their*

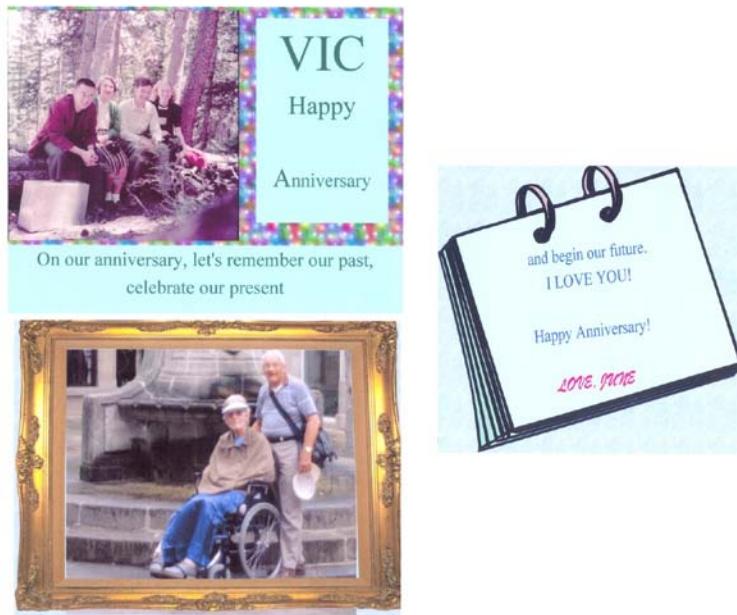


Figure 87. 2008 Anniversary card from June to Vic

false translations and resulting comments were terribly upsetting to my fragile emotions. I would be so upset that I cried uncontrollably and was unable to make myself understood to correct the false interpretations. At the time this was doubly frustrating, because I believed this uncontrollable behavior only tended to reinforce the notion on the part of others that their translations were correct.

After a few years, the misinterpretations became tragically funny to me and I would laugh hysterically at the ridiculous translations. My tragic laugh is very close to the sound I make when I am crying; therefore, others assumed that I was crying. This would make people audibly impatient. To have my hysteria mistaken for crying made me angry, which, in turn, would make me frustrated and I would cry because I couldn't control my emotions; this had the same effect as if I had been crying from the start. I suppose being able to see some humor in my situation was a little progress, but who, except me, knew the difference!?

Now, after fifteen and more years, I can, most of the time, keep a lid on my emotions, act like I am ignoring the comments that come as a consequence of false translation, and move on to correct the translation. Sometimes I lose what little control I have gained when it matters most to me. Comments following false translations from casual friends are easily ignored, because they are not expected to know my personality. Deep, sensitive feelings that go with more personal relationships make it nearly impossible to ignore false comments. Once emotion wells up and overflows, be it laughing or crying, I am beyond control and my meaning is lost forever.

Some of my aides were dead serious. Aides didn't usually have the training to keep in mind that the center of emotion in my brain had been damaged; after all, most of the time I act rationally! Many didn't last long because they incorrectly interpreted my reactions. One aide, who quit without notice, must have felt guilty about her actions and didn't comprehend mine, because for several years she sent me notes to tell me that she still believed her action was correct and 'for the best'. She was the most serious of them all! Now, if something sad happens, or if I even think of something sad, I eventually laugh at my lack of control; good aides laugh with me!

Even more recently, after nearly eighteen years of being home, people sometimes deliberately translate my words incorrectly in order to tease with a play on words. For instance the word "be" could be "bee", "pea", "me" or many other possibilities that offer opportunity for humor. Discerning mistranslation from teasing can be frustrating. So much depends on the moods of two different individuals.

Reading

Reading came next after typing in the list of important things for June to be able to do. We could prop one sheet of paper on a stand, but June needed to be more self-sufficient and wanted to read books. We tried Talking Books recorded on tape, but the tape recorder was not available when June accompanied me to my tennis games. For large books we bought a commercial electrically powered page-turner. It's tricky to set up, since the pages are grabbed by a sticky, rubbery material. She used it successfully to read the assignments for her writing course in Washington, DC.

The first Christmas after coming home, as usual, lots of mail arrived; it would be read to and shown to me for a brief period. Then the stack of mail, minus the envelopes, would be dumped in my lap and I was, purposely, left to figure out how to read it at my leisure. This seems mean, but Rancho Los Amigos people had taught the family that, with enough motivation, a person could figure out a way to manage.

So, if I wanted to read mail for myself I had to figure out a way to hold and unfold letters and cards. There the mail sat, on edge, between my stomach and the electric wheelchair control box in my lap while I stared at it; so near and yet so inaccessible. For several days I just sat and felt helpless; then with my partially active and extremely weak left forearm and hand, I reached and tried to flip through the uneven pages. After several flips, one large card was caught between my thumb and forefinger. With extraordinary effort, I tightened the grip and managed to pick it up. Now I could see the back and, by using the little ability to supinate that had come back, turn my wrist and get a glimpse of the front. But who it was from remained a mystery. After I put the card back in its vertical position, I tried, for more than an hour, to catch one edge of the thick, folded paper by using the edge of my thumb. Finally I became skilful enough and managed to work my thumb in between the heavy folded paper. I now had to pull the card up and away from the vertical stack. By pressing my weak forefinger on the cover, the card, very slowly gave way. Each time the smooth, heavy paper slipped out of my grip. Several times, I stopped my hand just before the thumb was pulled out from its precious place. Now it was possible to maneuver the card, by pressing it against the otherwise useless flabby stomach muscles, so I could see who it was from and read the personal note.

However, the majority of greeting cards are printed on thinner paper and have a double fold. The difficulty incurred in catching thin paper was nearly offset by the fact that I had a fairly good chance of catching two layers.

After many days, a workable scheme evolved. If I picked up the last card (the one closest to my stomach), by bracing it against me, I could open it, read it and slip it between the first card and the wheelchair control box; in this manner I eventually made my way through the stack and could slowly digest the many handwritten notes. This new scheme, though terribly slow, allowed me to hold the cards for myself; this was clearly superior to a quick glimpse and listening to an often fast and unclear reading.

Now I was confronted by a new challenge. Some of the cards would have separately folded notes and letters. I had figured out a way to read the cards; this spurred me on to the next step. To unfold letters, I started by using the technique I use for cards; that of working my thumb between the first thick fold. Then I am able to hold the letter between my thumb and forefinger, twist my wrist toward me and press out the fold between my hand and my stomach. Again I work my thumb under the paper, grasp the letter between thumb and fingertip and turn my wrist away from me. At this point it becomes frustrating. The challenge is then to turn the letter on my stomach by ninety degrees and repeat the process. Hopefully the letter only has two folds, as it becomes increasingly difficult to unfold as the paper becomes larger and thinner. This frenzy came only at Christmas time. On many other afternoons, if I wanted to read I must stay set-up, complete with mobile arm support, to the electric page turner. Actually I could move, but the

arm support makes the chair too wide to go through doorways. I wanted to move around at will and be able to read.

At first I tried thin pocket-size paperback books. Compared to a lap full of cards and letters, this turned out to be quite easily managed. I discovered I could turn a page, lightly crease the center with my fist, pick up the center bottom of the book between my thumb and forefinger and, in order to get the book in a comfortable position, push it against the armrest. I did have difficulty holding the book for more than a few minutes. A book of several ounces felt like many pounds. By the time I finished a book, I found it seemed much lighter than when I began. The next book could be a little thicker. In this way I developed the ability to hold a lengthy paperback. When a book was too thick to fit comfortably between my thumb and forefinger it was also too heavy. Then Vic would cut it in half and make it into two volumes. Toward the halfway point, it is necessary to have someone with normal strength crease the seam or you find yourself filling in the word endings and wondering why the story doesn't make sense. I find it is more difficult to read toward the end of any book as all the weight has shifted and the book becomes increasingly unbalanced; it seems a bit unusual, while following a plot, to consciously be aware of what grasp will keep a balance. Before I was injured I found little time to read; by this slow method, I read several books a year.

Recently electronic book readers have become available. She now can change pages by pushing a button. June can read a book in less than half the time it used to take her.

Transportation

Another challenge was moving June into and out of an automobile. The first method started with June sitting on a heavy-duty rubberized sheet in her wheelchair. On June's left I lifted the sheet with my left hand while supporting her back with my right arm. Another adult, or our two boys, lifted the sheet on her right side. After clearing the wheelchair I backed into the car's passenger seat while pulling June after me. A reversal of this procedure moved her back into the wheelchair.

We were challenged in 1969, as June described later, We went to a picnic where the kids and adults played baseball. Vic hurt his foot by jumping and landing on another player's foot; on the way home it was still hurting so he decided to stop by the emergency room at Scripps Hospital. I sat in the car and got painfully bottom-sore while I watched people coming and going from the entrance that should have been familiar to me (gurneys used that route), but looked strange from a sitting-up position. After some time, Vic came back - with his foot in a cast! He could drive with one foot, so we got home. But now there was the problem of how to get me out of the car and into the house! Vic had the boys get the Hoyer lift out of our bedroom by taking it through the sliding door to the patio, bringing it around the side of the house, down the front sidewalk and into the garage. He got the sling under me O.K., but the lift had to be poked through the door and hooked up at an odd angle. After quite some miraculous maneuvering I was out of the car and supported in the sling. All the time I was expecting the lift to tip too much; my equilibrium problems were worse than they are now; the sensation of falling was very real. Vic held on to the lift for support while he hopped along and helped the boys push me up the incline in front, around the house to the back and up the little ramp at the sliding door. I spent the rest of that weekend and several more weekends to come in the hospital bed.

After we bought the Dodge Maxiwagon we installed in it a commercial wheelchair lift made by the Maxon Company. It has a platform that can be rotated about a post at the rear edge of the side door, lowered to the ground, hydraulically lifted up and rotated into the van. Since June is long waisted we had to lower the van floor to provide her enough headroom. Anyone capable of driving a van can now accompany June on shopping or other local trips. I heard from a repair agent that this lift was no longer available because someone had injured themselves and sued Maxon. Just another example of how our legal system manages to impede services for the disabled.

June described an event, a luncheon with her good friend, Sandra Cumming. *I attended a luncheon the other day at a house on the Miramar Naval Air Station, complete with two stewards. Can you imagine Sandra mashing up my food at an affair like that? Quiche Lorraine, avocado salad, and lemon chiffon dessert surely tasted good to me!*

Then, in 1980 it was time to buy a new car, June reported, *It has been an eventful year for us, starting with the delivery of our new car. We discovered tee-tops, and with that came the realization that we could have a regular car, just like other people. With a tee-top, a piece of the roof is removable dark glass, and Vic can transfer me from wheelchair to the front seat without bumping either of our heads. We also prefer the larger door on a two-door car. So, we now have a 1980 Oldsmobile Cutlass Supreme Club Coupe with a six-cylinder engine and a tee roof. The 1971 Dodge MaxiWagon gasoline eater with the hydraulic lift has been retired for service with my aide, or for short hops around town when the heavy-duty electric wheelchair goes with me.* After all our station wagons and the MaxiWagon, our kids were shocked when we bought a simple two-door sedan. We explained that our needs changed after they left home.

I have been thoroughly spoiled by being able to control my own chair on outings, so means were found to continue that progress, even without the Dodge van. The travel wheelchair now converts between portable and motorized with a new product called an Instigator. We are still prepared for any architectural conditions, and I have not been forced to give up mobility for greater visibility. I'm still marveling at being able to see everything in the passing landscape, including the tops of trees, tall buildings, and SKY.

Our annual letter of 1980 also reported a problem with the van. *In September, I experienced a bit of excitement. The Dodge van engine started to smoke and caught on fire just as it was turned off in a parking lot several miles away from home. My young aide kept her cool and got me out while some passersby extinguished the blaze. A fire truck showed up just as the drama was over. Vic was out of town, so getting home proved to be a problem. We had to wait nearly two hours for a medical van. Very expensive! The Dodge got all new wiring and is only a little the worse for wear. What a way to celebrate semi-retirement!*

By 1995 we had accumulated enough miles on the Oldsmobile to consider buying a new car. As June wrote, *Our Oldsmobile is now fifteen years old. Whether we needed it or not the time had come for a new car. After visiting an auto show, we ordered just what we wanted. In early June we took delivery of a metallic platinum beige Buick Riviera with leatherette seats and a moon roof. Some of our grandsons call it the space ship.* By this time I had learned to transfer

June into the car without opening the tee-top roof, so we settled for a moon roof to provide June with overhead visibility.

Our Home

Our house had been planned with three bedrooms for our family of six. Just before the trip on which June was injured we added to the living room, providing space for a dining room. Upon our return June's sister, Dot, who was caring for our children, used our bedroom. So, when I returned, I slept in the dining room on a sofa bed we moved from the family room. We added a large Pella door to separate it from the living room.

Dot returned to her job before June came home, so we needed to hire a live-in house-keeper. The dining room served as her bedroom until we made a major addition to the house in 1971.

We decided that hydrotherapy would be very good for June, so started planning to install a swimming pool. In January 1968 June wrote, *After about March we can start saving for a pool so I can have hydrotherapy. Let me know if you hear of anyone with a spare million dollars; I have a million dollars worth of ideas to spend it on. As Vic says, "Leave it to a woman". I think "Leave it to a Woolhouse" is what he had in mind.* [June's maiden name is Woolhouse.]

By February 1969 June had more ideas. *Vic says if I sell the book I can spend the money any way I like. I doubt that it will be enough to cover my wants and needs. I would like to excavate the driveway and have a split-level garage with a room on top for the nurse. This would be one big room with closet and bathroom. Then I would buy new living-room furniture, have the old stuff re-upholstered and move it up to the new room making it into an L shape that would divide the room. Then I would buy a tilt-a-bed for our room and move our bed and the girls' old furniture to the other half of the room above the garage. This room would connect to the kitchen via a stairway over the door into the garage. I would have a dining room again and, last, but not least, I would build a cupboard in the kitchen expressly for cans. This dream room once was a playroom but somehow it was converted in my mind. Vic claims I spend too much time dreaming about things that cost too much. He calls it a Woolhouse trait. Can't you give him one of your sharp comebacks?* In 1971 we actually made most of the additions June wanted.

By August 1969 we had committed to building a swimming pool. *The pool is still under construction. It still needs decking and plaster. Also gates have to be added on the fence before we can fill the pool. Then comes landscaping. Vic says, "You will have more flower beds than you know what to do with." I am trying to figure out some low-maintenance planting.*

And by October it was finished. *The pool has been finished for several weeks now. We've finally solved the problem of entertaining without having cocktail parties, which seem to be so prevalent around here. We are having a wonderful time inviting someone different over every Sunday afternoon for a swim and barbecue. The weather is turning quite cold now, though. We heat the pool only on weekends to 78 degrees. We are hoping the shock of the gas bill won't be too great. For food we've had sort of a standard menu that Vic and Linda can handle: potato chips, beans, Jello and round tenderized steaks. Quite often our guests insist on bringing a green salad or a cake. We've been inviting about 6 or 8 people in addition to our*

own 6.

Next weekend we've invited a bunch of General Atomic people. [I was employed there at the time]. The number will be considerably more than usual, so I suppose we will eat around the pool. We had a Mariners meeting with children here in September and things seemed to work out well.

By the summer of 1971 we had made a major renovation, including the split-level garage June wanted with two rooms and a bath above it, a small study for me next to our bedroom and, especially, an indoor Jacuzzi for June. We could only keep the outdoor pool warm enough for June a small part of the year, but she really enjoyed getting exercised in the warm water. Now she was concerned about carpeting. Now about the gold carpeting: I don't know if it is June logic or women's logic but here is how I came up with that color. Vic's favorite color is blue so I wanted to have some blue in his new study. Blue walls were not an option. I also wanted the carpeting to carry through both the study and bedroom and go with the bathroom. In our travels I saw royal blue, light turquoise and gold used together many times in very attractive places. So I decided a gold carpet would tie the two rooms together. Then we found the draperies for the study with a map pattern in all the colors but gold, but the light brown has a gold tone. I would like to have our old green chair that was in the family room recovered in royal blue. We put up some chalkboard and bulletin board cut to fit in between shelves. It almost looks like a study now and not a junk room. Of course, Vic likes it better when it is all messy (comfortable, he calls it) with papers and junk, so it will probably never be cleaned up. We're afraid to dust, yet, Vic is allergic to house dust.

We are being sued by Elliot Construction Co, because we did not pay them their entire fee. We had previously consulted a lawyer and he wanted them to sue us so we could file a cross complaint. Now we should have some fun. The construction cost a lot more than was estimated. We have pretty good evidence that the contractor padded the job. Extra expenses will have to await the outcome of the trial. I have some money, but it is in what is called a 'living trust fund' and I would like to keep it there since I'm not able to earn a salary.

The lawsuit with the remodeling contractor finally came to a head in November 1973. After two years we finally went through an arbitration court about the remodeling job. We do not have the decision yet, so we don't know whether we'll get a judgment or have to pay more. If we get a judgment it will be an empty victory, because Elliot Construction is now out of business. I had hoped to prevent them from treating others as they did us, but they are now doing business under a new name. If we get a judgment our lawyer thinks we might be able to get to them through the bonding agency. The arbitration took two and a half days. One day it was held at our house so the arbitrator could view the premises. We turned our dining room/living room into a conference room, complete with smoke and coffee. The first day of a smoke-filled room almost made me sick, especially when the opposition's lawyer lit a cigar.

The end result was not what either side wanted, but it cost us only the lawyer's fee. At least now each child had their own room and their choice of color. In October 1974 June wrote, Larry and Kenny painted both Ken's and Linda's rooms just before school started. Kenny now has a medium blue room. It looks very attractive. Linda's is apple green. Larry is still sticking

with his deep purple. Karen has the guest room, which has yellow drapes and a yellow-flowered bedspread. She has orange shelves ready to put up.

Kids started moving away to school soon after we had enough space for everyone,. June reported in our annual letter at the end of 1977, *With the family shrinking, Vic started talking about a smaller house. Moving would mean leaving the Jacuzzi. So I had the girls take over the downstairs boys' rooms and quickly rented the upstairs to college girls. So far we are delighted with them. With Vic still doing lots of travel for business during the week, the house often seems like a girls' dormitory. This is just a slight change in plans from our long-ago daydreams of having foster children at this point in our life.*

One college girl, Francey Blaugrund, accompanied by her big dog, became a special friend. We still exchange Christmas greetings with her. After she graduated and left June accepted a male college student, but it turned out to be a bad choice. In spite of our 'No Smoking' rule he had the house smelling of marijuana when we returned from a vacation trip. It gave June headaches, so she said, "Good Bye" to him.

Then we had a lucky break. While waiting for a tennis court we were conversing with an elderly English player, Mynne Evans. She mentioned that she had to move out of her employer's house because she no longer wanted to work full time as a housekeeper. So June offered her an upstairs room at a reasonable rent. She accepted and spent most of the rest of her life with us, as described in the section on Mynne. This produced a fine arrangement: downstairs for us, our kids and guests; upstairs for Mynne and the live-in housekeeper.

In October 1998, June reported on major renovations to the house. *We had the kitchen tiled, counter and floor; we also got a new cooktop, new stainless steel sink, fluorescent lighting and the kitchen chairs recovered. The outside wood on our house was long overdue for paint. The guys did such a good job that a little later we had them paint the master bedroom and bath. Then came all the holidays. I finally got last year's letter off not too long before we were due to have family visitors. Then I shopped like crazy for sheets, towels and other household items.*

Before and during this time, the city was maintaining a pumping operation on a manhole in our back yard, which serviced some houses above the canyon behind our house. Apparently, the sewer, which was located about 40 ft. deep under our street, had plugged up. After three months, they decided to install a new sewer instead of repairing the old one. After much negotiation with our neighbor and us they moved equipment over a twenty-foot wide strip along the length of the property line, put in a new sewer line and left the land denuded. Of course they paid (partly) for its restoration, but we had to deal with the mess. June commented, *It will be many years before everything looks well established. We are incorporating a number of improvements, long retaining wall on the property line, nicer fence, more sidewalk, etc.; it will be really nice if and when it is ever finished.* Our wonderful neighbor, Neal Buckley, now retired as a captain in the fire department, built a unique and attractive wooden fence between our properties.

Shortly after we returned from our Alaska trip in 1998, we had a flood in the house. *When the house was built a plumber used a steel nipple to connect a copper pipe to the toilet; it*

took thirty-six years of electro-chemical action to corrode enough for the pipe to burst. Vic caught it within a few minutes, but it still flooded the hall, a small part of three bedrooms and a corner of the living room. I have been putting off getting new carpeting, partly because of the inconvenience of finding it and the mess it creates to have it installed. The flood made me do something about it. It took several weeks; I finally found almost what I was searching for, a multi-level loop (wheelchair friendly) carpet in a light aqua with a hint of gray, with a subtle pattern (subtle sculpturing). Last Monday it was installed in the living room, dining room, hall and master bedroom. Now that the nuisance, which included lack of access to my bathroom is over, it feels luxurious. We also had new vinyl installed in the hall bathroom and modern low-flush toilets installed in the three bathrooms. There is still more painting to come. It has been an eventful year.

In 2002 we finally resigned ourselves to abandoning the swimming pool. It had leaked for years, causing the ground under our house to move, which created cracks in our walls and ceilings. We had the pool repaired, but the leaks returned. We concluded that the original pool contractor had not provided enough concrete-filled space between the reinforcing iron and the outside. Moisture reached the iron, causing it to rust, swell and crack the concrete. So we gave up and converted the pool into a flowerbed, as June reported at the end of 2002, *Our home underwent a major project last spring. The cracked concrete patio was broken up and dumped into the leaky swimming pool (after draining). Dirt and topsoil converted the pool into a flower garden; concrete and bricks created an attractive patio. The contractor had to dig down eight feet in one place to find dry enough soil, even though the pool had been emptied four months earlier. Hopefully, our house will now stop creeping toward the street and cracking.*

The house appears to have stabilized. We replaced two sliding glass doors and patched cracked plaster. The former pool is now host to three giant Bird of Paradise plants, one about twenty feet tall, and many smaller flowers, including regular Birds of Paradise, Campanula and Lantana.

REFLECTIONS and ADVICE

Writing Assignments

While we lived in the Washington, DC area June signed up for a home-study course in English Composition at the Northern Virginia Community College. She used her unique experiences in her lessons, which became reflections on various aspects of a quadriplegic's life. The first lesson was particularly touchy: visions of old age.

THE BEST OF EITHER WORLD

In my thoughts, I have briefly previously considered the subject of OLD AGE, especially as it applies to a quadriplegic, and then have quickly and deliberately put that delicate topic out of mind. Being totally physically dependent on other people, this subject could be either too depressing or too wonderful to dwell on.

If I outlive my husband I could find myself in one of those nursing homes that has been described by many of my aides. There, the necessary round-the-clock care would be shared by an experienced team. The pleasant part of that thought is that I could probably afford a really nice one. Perhaps the best geriatric health care personnel are attracted by good nursing homes!

On the other hand, in my case, old age could be one of the best stages of life. My husband, Vic, a competent physicist, would be able to work as much or as little as he chose. Our material needs would be much less than when bringing up four active children. On a limited basis, I could write. Longer leisure hours would mean we would be found more often on the tennis court. If Vic is still strong, we could travel. In either case, he would devise some ingenious scheme for putting me in the car. For at-home transfers, the Hoyer lift already exists. We both have families with a history of surviving to old age. Hopefully, we will both live a long time.

Another essay dealt with a pet peeve: non-disabled people using disabled parking places.

DECISIONS

Imagine yourself in this situation: in mid-afternoon, as you arrive home from your part-time school library job, the telephone rings. Your husband, a college instructor, is calling to ask if he might bring a visiting dignitary home for dinner. You have planned a substantial evening meal. However, you need a few more ingredients to make the evening an especially nice occasion. A supermarket with good variety is not too far away. If you pop into the car for a quick grocery shopping trip and hurry straight home, you'll have just enough time to make the dinner additions, quickly straighten up the rooms to be used, shower, dress, and appear organized when the guest arrives.

Friday is payday for many people. Traffic is generally heavy from early to late afternoon. Today is no exception. Everyone on the road is rushing to the bank, grocery

market, and home for the weekend. Even the polite drivers have turned into monsters, testing the laws quite a little! Frustrated by Friday afternoon traffic, you pull into a jammed parking lot. No one is pulling out immediately. One space way up in front looks empty. As you approach slowly, a sign comes into view:

**HANDICAPPED
PARKING
ONLY**

Under ordinary circumstances you wouldn't use this spot. However, your time is so limited and you'll only be a few minutes. Just this one time you succumb to temptation!

Now look at this scene from a different point of view. A few cars behind you is a specially equipped, hand-controlled car driven by a young man in his early thirties, a paraplegic. Strong and independent, he also is on his way home from his employment. After stopping by the drive-in bank window, he now has money in his checking account for the weekly shopping trip. A Friday evening appointment with an old friend, who planned to be in town for the evening, has been postponed due to flight conditions until the following day. The change of plans will divert him from his normal Saturday shopping time.

The difficult technique, getting his wheelchair out of the car and placing the chair beside him for a sliding board transfer, is an old friend of his. He uses this transfer method at least four times a day on his way to and from work. This routine requires a wide parking space. However, people at his company know him and save a particular space.

He often shops at the supermarket during slower hours and has used one of the several handicapped parking spaces. A few cars are pulling out. Possibly a wide space will be free! As he drives by, he notes that all the special places are occupied, and yet only one vehicle has the identifying license. Well, he will have to make time tomorrow!

At the end of a hectic week, after frustration comes resignation. So despite higher prices at the convenience store, he decides not do without a few immediately needed items. There is such a store a few blocks away. It's not too far out of the way! Unfortunately, he encounters the same conditions there. Perhaps he was too optimistic to assume otherwise. Fortunately, improvising is one of his strengths!

Should any handicapped person be denied the opportunity to have access to specially adapted, convenient parking? In my opinion, a fair, reasonable, justified solution to this problem would be to have the following sign posted in each space where handicapped parking is available.

**HANDICAPPED PARKING ONLY
SPECIAL LICENSE REQUIRED**

**\$50.00 FINE
STRICTLY ENFORCED**

Strict enforcement should be followed through by issuing costly parking violations to those who choose to ignore the warning.

On a recent cross-country drive, it was extremely gratifying to note that many states have adopted some form of this solution. The fact that this plan is effective is evidenced by the availability of special handicapped parking where it has been enforced.

Abuse of disabled parking was common when June wrote the foregoing essay. Nowadays it is rare to see a disabled parking place occupied by a vehicle without a disabled placard, but often we see an able person using a vehicle with a disabled placard. Since we have a placard I've been tempted many times to use a disabled spot when June is not with me, but have resisted except in a few cases where many disabled parking spots were empty.

Communication is a major challenge for someone who, like June, cannot speak. She wrote about the first gadgets she used.

A MODERN MIRACLE

With some use of an arm, the Echo II Speech Synthesizer will allow vocally impaired people to talk with any person within hearing distance of an adapted computer.

In 1981 Visek, Maggs, Street & Kory were granted a copyright for the Echo II Speech Synthesizer. It is marketed containing a small circuit board and a speaker to be added to the Apple II+ home computer. Also, there is a disc containing the Echo programs. These include two programs for making sounds and several programs for putting words, phrases and sentences into memory. TexTalker works well using a modified version of phonetic spelling. SpeakEasy uses word sounds (phonemes) and is a bit more difficult to learn, but is a little more precise. In both methods, it is possible to easily change the pitch, volume and inflection from the keyboard. The speech synthesizer programs are loaded into a special piece of the computer memory and can be used in conjunction with other programs.

For a large number of people, talking computers are an extremely useful tool for any number of reasons. For example, many people having had an accident or having medical problems are left with little or no voice. Often this handicap goes hand in hand with other physical difficulties. If the upper extremities are involved, one need have only a little motion in one arm to make use of this modern miracle.

With a mechanical arm (mobile-arm-support) rendered workable by the use of rubber bands assisting weak muscles and with the proper electronic equipment, one can learn to talk using one finger to control an adapted computer. The keyboard circuit can be modified so that both the control key and the shift key have a lock for one character. This enables them to be pushed sequentially rather than together. They work very simi-

larly to the escape key which, in the Apple TextWriter program, allows one to type a capitol letter using only one finger. A modified keyboard and a little arm motion make it possible for a quadriplegic to do, with one finger, what others can do with two hands.

As a quadriplegic with a severe speech impediment, up to the present time I have been using the editor program to communicate. Very often, I stop in the middle of using the AppleWriter editing program to chat or answer questions. Although this system is much faster than my oral speech, my own words sound different to me when read with other than the intended inflection. While my message is being silently digested, I have no way of telling if my intent is being understood correctly.

I was informed about the Echo programs because my husband is interested in developing a portable speech synthesizer that uses existing programs. The TexTalker and SpeakEasy programs solve many practical problems. For instance: I have used an early version of another development called the Autocom. That device resembles a lap tray and requires my arm to slide across its full width. Friction rapidly tires my muscles. This system was not very portable and the output, a paper tape with tiny print, was difficult to read. I have also used a device called the HandiVoice, of which there are two models. To use the model requiring little arm motion was like trying to learn another language. Hundreds of three digit numbers had to be committed to memory. Flat intonation made it difficult to understand. It was helpful in that I learned quite a little about forming words from sounds.

With this relatively new innovation I now have the ability to converse with, and be fairly rapidly understood by, people who do not read, such as young children, blind people or those requiring reading glasses. This makes it possible to voice my opinion to an uncooperative listener. (When my four children were teen-agers, I really missed that advantage.) I can join or comment on any conversation within hearing. All people are freed from reading the computer monitor!

Now, I am looking forward to learning modified phonetic spelling and the keyboard symbols for phonemes in order that I might take advantage of this newest development. Imagine what new inventions the future will bring!

Of course, the challenge of finding and training an aide is always in June's mind, so she prepared a very brief overview of their duties. Later she expanded this into a 33-page manual.

AIDE TO A QUADRIPLEGIC

An aide to a quadriplegic needs to possess patience. A quadriplegic is generally a healthy person with muscles that do not receive messages from nerves. Their aide must act as a useful extension of themselves.

As a quadriplegic with many months of hospital experience, I know that a medical aide or nurse's aide makes beds, gives bed baths or showers, gives and empties bedpans, takes temperatures and blood pressures, feeds and dresses some patients. He or she does

whatever the patient needs short of drawing blood, starting intravenous feedings, catheterizing, administering medication or performing other functions that require a registered nurse or a specially trained technician.

Although it is not essential, it is helpful for an aide to a quadriplegic to have a medical background, because that person is completely responsible for all the needs of their charge: nursing care, therapy and helping them with the physical assistance needed to attain their personal goals. This type of aide also learns to operate a Hoyer Lift (hydraulic device for lifting people) and other special equipment. The day starts off with the quadriplegic in a hospital bed. The aide must first give the quadriplegic some water and get them ready for breakfast. Then he or she makes breakfast, feeds the physically handicapped person and takes care of their oral hygiene. If special bathing equipment is available, the aide now gets the person into the tub, only to return them to bed, dry them off, administer needed physical therapy and dress them. By this time it is early afternoon and time to take care of the quadriplegic's various personal desires. The afternoon may be different each day depending on what is planned. It could be anything from household chores, reading or writing to gallivanting.

An extremely important feature for an aide to a quadriplegic to possess is the ability to give assistance only when it is needed. A recently handicapped person needs to be encouraged to do things for themselves. Despite slow movements, others prefer to do as much as possible. Among other special qualities, an aide to a quadriplegic must develop great patience.

The following essay was composed after a trip to New York City. Who would expect it to reveal the best in people?

PEOPLE

A travel wheelchair, with an occupant who needs to be pushed, brings out the best in people everywhere! This happens very often. On a recent holiday weekend jaunt to New York City this fact really came into focus. I expected this trip to be fabulous sightseeing. Unconsciously, I, as the occupant, also expected people to be cold and unfeeling.

All weekend, the thoughtless people were overshadowed by the many acts of kindness and consideration. Early Saturday morning a cab brought my husband and me right up to the front of Union Station in Washington, D. C. As we drove to the station entrance past some construction , the driver said, "We're not supposed to do this but we're gonna' do it anyway." Later that morning, due to a low platform, the train conductor was assisting while we were boarding. A passerby rushed up to help.

That afternoon in New York, the hotel clerk looked as if she wanted to do something. The best she could think of was to offer us a room that was away from the street with a king-size bed. Later on, in the tour office at the Radio Corporation of America Building in Rockefeller Center, a woman looked sorrowful when she informed us that there were steps on the tour. After a brief pause, she brightened up considerably as she

offered us a trip to the observation deck on the fifty-ninth floor. Clearing a wide path, she showed us to the proper elevator.

Other similar events occurred during the next two days. For instance, The New York Experience, a show which attracts tourists, is held in the McGraw-Hill building several floors below ground level. An escalator provides the only obvious access. On the lowest floor, it becomes too narrow for the wheelchair. At this point we sought help; a young man took us to a freight elevator and through some catacombs to another service elevator which eventually brought us nearly to the line-up at the box office. In a few minutes the man returned and said, "Follow me", and led us directly into the presentation.

Another time, we were at the tip of Manhattan, near Battery Park. As the result of a long walk, one tire on the wheelchair was badly in need of air. The nearest service station was many blocks away. A line-up of cabs was waiting for the nearly docked Staten Island Ferry. A simpler and more profitable fare assured, the first driver demurred our query. As another cabbie offered his vehicle, he muttered, "What do I need money for? I used to have it and lost it." On our return, we arranged to share a cab with another train passenger. As she was talking with a taxi driver, other people wanted to share the ride. She gave up that cab and found another. This kind of pleasant surprise occurred nearly continuously.

My instinct, in this case, proved to be false. As always, a wheelchair created unexpected opportunities.

Frustrations

Sometimes June used her writing to vent frustrations. The following are some examples.

DRINKING from a CUP

Often, while people carry out some other activity in the house, I'm left in a room by myself, holding a tumbler full of liquid with a straw. After a few sips, my nose starts to run, starting a chain reaction. At first only one small drop hangs on the edge of my nostril. Oh, the trouble that one drop can cause! It sets the nose to itching, which makes me wiggle it bunny-rabbit style. As soon as I stop trying to alleviate the annoyance, it becomes stronger than ever. The droplet has grown and is ready to fall. Even the inevitable muscle spasm has little effect on my discomfort. Violent shaking proves the drop is not quite big enough; there it hangs! The spasm does start a wave action in the liquid. In the house, I do not use my covered commuter cup; so, to avoid spills, I make like a flight attendant and hold my drink in mid air. Too late! Despite my precautions, I slosh the cup. The drop runs. In the nick of time, I move the tumbler out of the way. Behind the one drop comes a full-fledged runny nose.

Slowly, the mucous runs toward my mouth, over closed lips and down toward my chin. At this point the tumbler is still partly full. I overcome the automatic response that tells my busy, partially useful hand to reach to my lap for a waiting napkin. Despite what my mind tells me, I force my lips to open slightly to insert the straw. While attempting to ignore the nose drip I

quickly finish the drink. Then I try to use the straw to relieve the itch. A touch of the straw on the right spot causes another dramatic reaction similar to a spasm.

With the liquid gone, it is now safe to put the tumbler down. I can, with great concentration and effort, relax the muscles enough to just barely reach in front of me. But my wheelchair does not fit under any flat surface. What can I do about that? I can put the tumbler in my lap, but there are a few drops left that will go up the straw, but not into my mouth. In order to avoid soiled clothes, it must be put down with the cup heading uphill. If the flexible straw is angled, a siphon-like action occurs and I get wet anyway. If I'm lucky, I've been drinking non-staining apple juice!

To put a cup in my lap, I must partially stretch an arm out; this, again, requires relaxed muscles. Of course, this is contrary to natural inclination; an itch that cannot be relieved causes muscles throughout my body to tighten. But, many seconds later, after intense concentration, my arm extremely slowly falls toward my lap. As it lowers it gets hung up on the joystick that is perched on the wheelchair control box above the middle of my lap. Fortunately, I can push against the metal control box and use it as a guide to insure that the tumbler finds the valley between my legs. Despite a more or less relaxed arm, my fingers are clinging tightly to the cup. Concentration shifts! After a few more seconds, my hand begins to relax its death grip and can free itself to pull the napkin out from under the cup.

I am now holding the napkin between my thumb and forefinger. In order for my hand to reach my nose, I must lift my elbow and brace it against the arm of the wheelchair. All the while it wants to slip back into my lap. My slightly slumped position in the wheelchair assures that my arm just barely reaches and a soft wipe is produced. Another time I'll be back far enough for a firm stroke. Either way, to find a dry spot, I force myself to ignore the nauseating wet part, put the napkin in my lap, let loose and turn it over. For a hand that only partially works, this in itself is an involved operation. Rather than accomplishing this all in one motion, the hand makes several attempts and each time manages a turn of several degrees. With enough time, I can manage several gentle, or firm, wipes on the left nostril, but the hand is not flexible enough to get the correct angle on the right. No matter how much I wipe, my nose stays wet.

Eventually, the napkin is thoroughly saturated and sticks to my fingers. Since I have only limited muscular control and shake my hand in slow motion, I obtain release by brushing my hand against the control box.

At long last my workable left hand is free to drive the wheelchair to another room for help. And for this tumbler full of liquid gold, only twenty to thirty minutes have elapsed!

MORE RUNNY NOSES

In another situation, hot liquid or a coughing spell will cause my nose to run. Fortunately, hot liquid is most often given to me in a plastic thermal tumbler with a lid; so, in this situation, the coughing spell will not cause a spill. However, hot liquid consistently causes my nose to run. Before someone sees it, the mucous is past my lips and dripping down my chin. Chin, lips and nose are wiped; however, I am left with a wet space between the nose and upper

lip and a wet valley between the lower lip and chin. Not terribly noticeable, it is not seen until it dries and becomes milky white. Now an attempt is made to scrape it off. "Oh well, tomorrow or Monday the aide will wash it." Several hours later, the caked white glop is scraped off while I hear the comment, "What in the world is on your face."

Some aides and some family members, when asked to wipe my nose, will pull a clean tissue from the box, wad it up into a small thick layer and wipe furiously; they are wiping the left nostril and the dry center membrane. Meanwhile, the mucous is slowly dripping out my right nostril. There are times when my nose will be wiped dry, but I can feel lots more wet stuff inside the nostrils. Since I am unable to blow, I request that my nose be pinched with a tissue. Instead of receiving a squeezing on the sides of the nostril to force the mucous out, like toothpaste from a tube, the top of the nose is pinched. This has no useful effect and a few seconds later drips run out.

At other times the drippy nose is obvious because of thick mucus. My husband will use his cloth handkerchief, since the obvious gets first attention; then a wet, gooey, messy face becomes obvious; it is taken care of with a smear. Spread out over a greater area, the 'ick' cannot be seen.

A PIECE OF BAGGAGE

I have grown somewhat immune to peculiar reactions from strangers. To be treated like a child with no opportunity for choice is no great surprise. For instance, some waitresses will not give me a menu, expecting my husband to choose my food. Even when he puts his menu in front of me, he often needs to ask for another for himself.

Sometimes strangers treat me like a piece of baggage. On one memorable occasion our airline pilot announced, after everyone was already boarded, that there was to be a 30 to 45 minute delay due to a minor mechanical failure. Then he followed up with a longer delay, so we were required to change planes. Vic lifted me onto the narrow aisle chair. Two strange airport employees strapped me in and proceeded down the narrow aisle to the aircraft door while Vic went back to collect our carry-on baggage. The strangers consulted each other and decided to simply put me on the other plane. I had other ideas, because this seemed like a good opportunity to use the airport bathroom. With Vic still in the airplane, the two men started to cart me off. My yell only provoked from them a reassurance that they wouldn't let me fall. Vic arrived just after the narrow chair started to move. Not at all pleased, his normally loud voice boomed, "Hey, wait a minute? Where are you taking her." Their reply, logical to them, angered Vic. "Did you bother to ask her?" was the beginning of an angry, short lecture on how one should allow a disabled person their right to choose. In the tense atmosphere two things seem clear: even the uninvolved wanted to run and hide, and whatever lesson was learned by those two men, it will last throughout their lives!

Another time I was standing next to June's wheelchair at an airport baggage claim area. A porter came by and unceremoniously pulled June's wheelchair back so he could approach the bags. I asked him if he would have done that to a standing person. He didn't seem to understand the message. So I said, "You should ask the person in the wheelchair if they agree to be moved".

Answers to Common Questions

Dealing with Disablement

In February 1990 June wrote a letter to a couple we had met during a cruise, whose grandson had been severely injured in an accident.

Dear Mae and Frank,

To hear from you was quite a treat. When I saw the envelope I felt thrilled. Then I read your letter and learned that you had a dreadful year. I guess the saying, 'No news is good news' is sometimes correct. In answer to your bad fortune last year, there is one consolation: as time progresses your luck can only improve.

About your grandson: Do I have any words of wisdom for the people that this tragedy affects? Not really. I can only describe some of my emotions and tell a little of how I was handled. I did go through the typical grieving process, the same as when a loved one dies. After all, the person does lose important functions. Off hand, I don't recall all the various stages. A few of them are: denial, . . . anger, . . . acceptance. I believe there are a total of seven. Some of the names of stages escape me, but I remember confused emotions only too well! It is true that the stages can last for long periods of time, a person can be in several stages at one time and that regression is common. Regression can happen many times and at any time; this really tries the patience of the family, but hanging in there proves to be of great benefit to all involved.

Early communication with the victim is very important to rehabilitation. The feeling of having even a small amount of control over your own destiny is crucial. With me, as soon as I had some control of a muscle, which happened to be my eyelids, Vic devised a system of communication using my eyelids to answer 'yes' or 'no' in response to either his questions or spelling. For some time we communicated that way; later, after I had some speech therapy, we were able to gradually devise the present system. This and other things are described in my book, My New Life, written many years ago. Although much of it is outdated, some of it is still apropos. I have copies and would be happy to send some if you think it might help you with understanding his reactions.

Humor is also important! It really helps the victim, but also helps maintain some sanity in those who must deal with the situation. To be able to laugh at yourself is mentally healthy in any situation; in this situation, the person needs consistent help for a long time before any humor is apparent. Laughter has a physical benefit too; it helps clear out congestion, thus avoiding pneumonia.

Challenge is another important point; people should avoid doing every little thing for him, even though your reflexes tell you to. Small things that are tempting to do for him, but that he can eventually learn to do for himself, will not be learned unless he is left to his own devices. For example, cards with notes were read to me once; if I wanted to read them again I had to figure out how to pick them up and open them, all with one partially useful hand and arm. I remember sitting and staring at the Christmas cards that

were put in my lap. I stared for hours before I even tried to pick one up. Eventually I learned to hold a pocketsize paperback book and to turn pages. Even though it's painfully slow it is great to be able to do this when the computer set-up is not available. After a method for accomplishing small goals is devised, it is really important to you that you can do something for yourself. That concept will probably be explained by the rehabilitation people. It seems like cruelty, but it's important for the future.

I was put in an electric wheelchair as soon as possible. Even though learning to drive it was terribly difficult, I wanted to propel myself. Of course, some things that rehabilitation teaches you are eventually more important for other purposes. For example, I was taught to feed myself using a mobile arm support, special plate and special spoon. Set-up was terribly time consuming and eating was messy and not particularly important to me. We soon decided that it was far better for me to wear out my arm by typing. Once the computer came out and I discovered its convenience, I had no guilt feelings about not feeding myself; instead I gradually worked up to being able to stay at the computer for three to three and a half hours. Even in that amount of time I cannot accomplish as much as I would like. Computers are miraculous devices for anyone of any age, but particularly for the severely handicapped. Not only can you accomplish a great deal, but you can do it without help; it's marvelous therapy, physical and mental. It's a great way to work off frustration.

Of course, a lot of what I've said depends upon just where the brain is damaged. Most of this is applicable only if the thought process is intact. I have a mid-brain injury: it damaged the center for emotional control and wiped out the motor control. Fortunately, the involuntary respiratory system took over. From what I read, it sounds like Johnny has a similar condition. Remember that I have had this condition for 23½ years; much of the physical re-learning came in the early years. However, looking back I realize that painfully slow improvement in learning to better use what I have, with occasional setbacks, is constant. Advantage in this situation is hard to find but is hiding somewhere; for me personally, one is: my hair literally turned naturally curly, and another one is: when Vic has to feed me it slows him down. I do hope some of this will be useful information!

Adopting Children

In 1992 June answered a questionnaire about adopting children. She said,

Our four children were adopted between 1957 and 1963. We were married in 1950. The first four years Vic was in graduate school. On the third year he got a scholarship from the National Science Foundation, so we started trying for a family. That was the beginning of years of disappointment. We wanted children soon and had long ago decided that adoption was a good second choice. After four years of graduate school Vic earned a Ph. D. and accepted a teaching position at Princeton University. We were there for six months when he was drafted. He spent two years as a private in the U. S. Army in peacetime. While we lived in New Mexico we applied for adoption, but nothing happened.

When we came to San Diego in January of 1957, we immediately applied to adopt a child. Originally we were told that there was a limit of two children per couple. Later, when we were offered a boy for the second child, we accepted on condition that we could apply for a girl later. When we applied for the fourth child they couldn't believe that we meant it. I guess they considered us as good candidates for adoptive parents because, although we were told it took an average of nine months, our first three children were placed with us within four to five months. For the fourth child we were kept waiting for an extra year.

Qualifications were not too stringent. It was necessary to be married for a minimum of three years, have an average income and have consulted a doctor when a natural pregnancy did not occur. Contrary to popular belief, it was not necessary to own your home or have a separate room for the child.

As I recall, the paperwork was not overwhelming. There was just a two-page application and a requirement that the reason for applying be in writing. The hard part was the nerve-wracking in-depth personal interviews, men and women separately and together, and the home study, which consisted of four visits, none of them a surprise.

We adopted through the county welfare department, because it was safer and less expensive. The natural mothers were thoroughly counseled and encouraged to make up their own minds. An agency adoption was not finalized for a year, during which time the social worker made four more visits to the home. A private adoption could be finalized in six months, however the natural mother could know the names of the adoptive parents. Without proper counseling she was more likely to change her mind.

At that time it cost between \$400 and \$500 for a welfare department adoption; private agencies were a little higher. The fees covered only the state agency costs. I imagine that would compare today to \$1200 and \$1500. Even though private adoption through a lawyer cost several times that amount, the agency fee seemed like a goodly amount to a young couple.

The children's ages were respectively three weeks, six weeks, five months and two months at time of placement. The children were cared for by foster mothers until they were cleared for adoption and matched by coloring, family background and education to an adoptive family. When a child was offered to you, you were told about the child and returned a day later to receive it. This was probably another way to assure that you were both intent on this child.

We were advised by the agency to talk about their adoption with relatives, friends and neighbors in the presence of the children right from the time we brought them home, so that being adopted was a natural part of growing-up. We were also given a pair of books, one for the parents and one for the children, which talked about the meaning of adoption and how to handle it. The children seemed proud to tell others that they were adopted.

The agency acts as a middleman between the natural mother and the adoptive family. They reveal all the information they can, health, family background, nationality, occupation, etc. concerning both natural parents without disclosing their identity. At the time of final adoption, about one year from the time the child is placed in your home, the original birth certificate is sealed; it takes a court order to reopen it. A new one is issued with the child's adoptive name, showing the adoptive parents. There is no mention of the child being adopted. When the child reaches the age of eighteen he/she can ask for the agency file. The natural mother's name is not revealed in order to respect her privacy.

It might have given me a twinge of jealousy if I had met the natural parents when the children were young. Now, it wouldn't bother me. I am more the parent.

Our children were all products of girls with unwanted pregnancies. In those times (late 1950's to early 1960's) abortion was illegal and an unpleasant stigma was placed on unwed mothers. On one side, I do believe in a woman's right to choose what to do with her own body; on the other hand, it is difficult for me to be objective, because I know that I would not have been granted four children if the situation were as it is today.

I still have serious doubts about private adoption. All the cases I have heard of where adoption was not a success were private adoptions. I believe that agency adoption is a great system for placing children in deserving homes.

All three of our surviving children identified at least one birth parent. Larry's birth mother has since died. Linda's birth parents are also dead, but she has become close with the brother she found. Karen found her birth father and has become close with her stepbrother. We've enjoyed meeting both brothers. We're glad that Linda and Karen have been able to broaden their family contacts.

Faith Healing

In a 1982 letter to a close friend June wrote, *I surely wouldn't complain if by some miracle I was healed. However, I'm not expecting it to happen. Sometimes I think my mission in life is to knock the chip off various aides' shoulders and try to dispel the insane notions that aides get about their patients. Believe me, it's not easy! I must have had about twenty different aides. If they stay around long enough to understand me, when they do leave they are much happier people.*

I do enjoy writing, because in that medium I'm not cut off, nor are other people's words attributed to me. Right now I'm just enjoying writing to friends and close relatives about our various adventures. I do keep a copy of some of the writing on a spare disk. Someday there will be enough to fill a book.

This is it.

Conclusion

June has been quadriplegic now for 46 years. We're both older, maybe not wiser, but we're still enjoying our lives, our extended family and occasional trips (especially on cruise

ships). We're still regular participants in our church and season-ticket attendees at the San Diego Symphony and North Shore Playhouse. June now uses a wheelchair space at these functions, so I don't have to lift her into a seat. We regret the demise of the summer performances at Starlight Musical Theater and hope they return when the economy improves. I can still transfer June between wheelchair and auto when needed, but around San Diego we use mostly our wheelchair-equipped van. We're planning a brief auto vacation later this year, and maybe a four-week cruise to the South Pacific next winter.



Figure 88. June & Vic aboard Maasdam celebrating our 60th anniversary in June 2010.

Summer 2012

Postscript

During November 2012 June survived a serious threat. One morning in late October she vomited as I transferred her from our double bed to the hospital bed. Since she cannot close the muscles in her throat, some of the bile leaked into her lungs, inducing a serious case of aspiration pneumonia. So her aide and I took her to the Emergency Room (ER) at Scripps Memorial Hospital, where they started treatment and placed her into an Intensive Care Unit (ICU). I was shocked when the ER physician told me she was going to be "very sick" and asked about her Advanced Directive, but I assured him that June wanted to survive if her condition was reversible.

The next surprise was to find that she was placed in Room 516, the same room she occupied for five months in 1966, which was now part of an ER suite. The nurses and doctors were all amazed that she had survived 46 years as a quadriplegic and became impressed by her determination. Since June can't communicate unless her aide or one of her family members is present to translate her lip motions, her aide and I divided up the 24-hr. day to be with June, the aide mostly at night and me mostly in the daytime. Our kids also came to visit; Larry and Linda relieved me during some days, Karen covered a few night shifts.

I reported to the doctors my surprise that she had vomited even though she had not received any nourishment or water for the previous twelve hours. They brushed it off as possibly due to some chest congestion she was suffering. Anyway, she seemed to be doing well until three days later, when the pneumonia hit hard. They immediately intubated her to provide sufficient oxygen and facilitate suctioning fluid out of her lungs. She gradually improved until one morning she vomited again and the nurse suctioned a lot of fluid out of her stomach using the gastrostomy tube. This time the breathing tube prevented leakage into her lungs, but the event raised again the question, why was her stomach retaining its contents for many hours? An X-ray revealed the cause: an obstruction near the joint between the small intestine and colon. That led to a CT scan of the area and a colonoscopy, which showed that the bowel was being constrained by a surrounding mass.

The next step was surgery, performed by the same surgeon who performed the successful mastectomy on June in 2001. It was colon cancer, the size of an orange, but the surgeon is confident that he removed it totally. The 29 lymph nodes that were removed all tested clear. So, again, June dodged the bullet! Meanwhile, the breathing tube was removed and replaced by a tracheostomy. After a full month in the hospital, June returned home again. We don't know yet how long the trach will have to remain, but it's not a severe impediment and provides easy access for suctioning her lungs. She seems to have lost most of the movement in her left arm and hand, but we're hoping it will return with practice. After all, she had no exercise or physical therapy for a month.

June is a survivor, and is blessed by an angel who helps us identify potential health problems early enough to be fixed. She is delighted to be home, once more in control of her surroundings, and, hopefully, will gradually regain her normal strength.

December 2012

The Final Chapter

The months of December and January passed without adverse incidents. June received regular physical therapy and worked at regaining some of the use of her left arm and hand with only a small improvement. Linda tells us that the powerful antibiotics needed to treat pneumonia in November may have adversely affected her brain. For most people the effect would not be noticeable, but June has so little to spare. She started working with the head-controlled computer mouse, but it was still difficult to keep her head stationary enough.

February 2013 was a highlight: June and I vacationed on a 28-day cruise from San Diego to San Diego via Hawaii, Bora Bora, Tahiti and other French Polynesian islands. We created quite a picture with our arrival at the departure terminal: three suitcases and four large boxes. In addition to normal vacation clothing we carried an alternating-pressure air mattress, an air pump to alternately inflate its two sets of cells, a pump to suck liquid out of June's lungs via her tracheostomy (trake), and enough incontinence supplies to last four weeks. I was glad I didn't have to argue with airline agents about excess baggage.

We rested during days at sea and experienced different sites ashore. We had visited Honolulu and Hilo before, but there were still many new things to see. A short visit with Larry added to the experience. We followed his recommendation to visit Waimea Valley on our second day. Its archeological and botanical exhibits were superb. We walked all the way to Waimea Falls and back over a paved trail with a pretty good climb on the way back.

We were disappointed that the Statendam's staff captain did not allow June to go ashore by tender except at Bora Bora, citing "safety" due to adverse wind or water swell. I disagree, because wheelchairs board a tender while it is suspended at deck six. Only if the entire 50,000-ton ship were swaying would a swell or wind affect the transfer. In my opinion the real reason was crew inconvenience: three extra crewmen had to be devoted to the tender during the transfer. I get upset whenever "safety" is used as an excuse to deny some experience to a disabled person.

Nevertheless, June had two wonderful days ashore at Bora Bora, the second one touring in a rental car, and one rainy day at Papeete, Tahiti, where the ship was at dock. Rain and wind dissuaded us from trying to tour Raiatea, even though the ship was docked. Our transfer to shore was delayed twice and then cancelled at Moorea. I went ashore by myself at Rangiroa and Nuku Hiva, nominally to take pictures for June.

June's lungs remained in good shape throughout the cruise. We kept a cap on her trachea almost all the time and needed to suction out fluid only once a day. On our return I started thinking about asking the doctor when the trachea could be removed. But a few days later I cancelled that thought when she developed a mild chest infection. A few doses of antibiotic and more frequent suctioning seemed to be curing it. Meanwhile, June presented a new symptom: occasionally while lying down she complained of dizziness. Sitting up seemed to overcome it.

At 3 p.m. on Saturday, March 16, 2013 while sitting in bed June and I were editing our cruise pictures using a remote computer keyboard and a projector display. She was resting temporarily when she suddenly said she was dizzy and wanted to sit up. I raised the head of the bed to its maximum degree, but she said, "More". So I asked her if she wanted to move into the wheelchair to sit up straight, but she didn't answer. Since she was obviously in distress I applied the blood-oxygen test device to her finger. It read an alarmingly low 72% to 75%, so I ran for the portable oxygen tank I had recently purchased. Gradually her oxygen level increased into a satisfactory level around 95%. Still she didn't respond to my questions, so I quickly dressed her and prepared to take her in our van to the hospital emergency room. My wonderful neighbor, Colin Young, happened to be working in his front yard and agreed to drive the van while I ministered to June.

The usual tests, questions and procedures followed our arrival at the Scripps Memorial Hospital emergency room. Again a number of failed attempts to draw blood ended with the physician inserting a "Central Line". A CT scan of June's head showed only the very old damage. Some secretions in her lungs led the physician to conclude that she again had pneumonia, probably from aspiration, although there had been no external sign of vomiting. She was transferred to the Intensive Care Unit for treatment, where I spent the night so that she would see a familiar face when she recovered cognition.

Linda arrived early Sunday morning so I could go home to sleep. June still showed no response when I returned in the afternoon, so Linda and I spent a few hours talking about the situation. We concluded that June should be evaluated by a neurologist, so the very capable RN on duty, Adriana, passed our message to the responsible doctor. The neurologist visited later that night and prescribed a MRI and EEG to be performed ASAP Monday.

Mid-afternoon Monday the neurologist told me the result of the MRI: June had a stroke. It had disabled the center in her brain that interprets information (e.g., translates received sounds into words, pictures into images). The answer to my question about any chance of recovery: NO.

I had expected the neurological results to be ambiguous, and had planned to ask for a meeting of our children and me with the doctors to decide whether to move June home into a

Hospice situation. These results were not ambiguous, so I called Larry, Linda and Karen and they all agreed immediately. On Monday evening I asked the doctor to discharge June to our home with Hospice support. He agreed. June arrived home around noon on Tuesday.

I understand from what the neurologist told me that June sees and hears, but can't make any sense out of the information and, obviously, she can't respond or construct language. Therefore, I've set a goal of providing June, as far as possible, with an environment that calls up familiar patterns in her brain, doesn't require analysis and produces a pleasurable response. I remember how June described in **My New Life** the nightmares she experienced in a coma during the first six weeks of her injury in 1966, how she weaved real experiences together with horror fantasies. I'm praying that we can provide her sufficient pleasing and familiar stimulation that she doesn't have to fabricate anything.

As I write this we have no idea how long it will be before nature takes its course and June is relieved of her frustrations. Some experts think it will only take days. I hope they are right. I fear that she may survive until she encounters another of her occasional lung infections, which could be a number of months. Some of the kids and grandkids are here now. Friends are planning to visit during the next few days.

March 20, 2013

The Last Word

June died at 10 a.m. on March 30. During the previous night she lay in bed with Karen or Linda on one side and me on the other. Her breathing was gradually becoming more difficult, in spite of the morphine that kept her comfortable. As the end approached Larry, Linda, Karen and I were holding her hands. She paused in her breathing, breathed again a few times and then her heart stopped. Then we saw her mouth move, felt a brief spurt of heart beats, one more breath and then all was quiet. It seemed as if she was making one last effort to communicate with us.

Many express amazement at how well she managed to overcome disability and live a life of quality, while influencing many people. To the end she battled to have a good life. She is a memorable lady and I'm honored that she accepted me to share our lives. I love her.