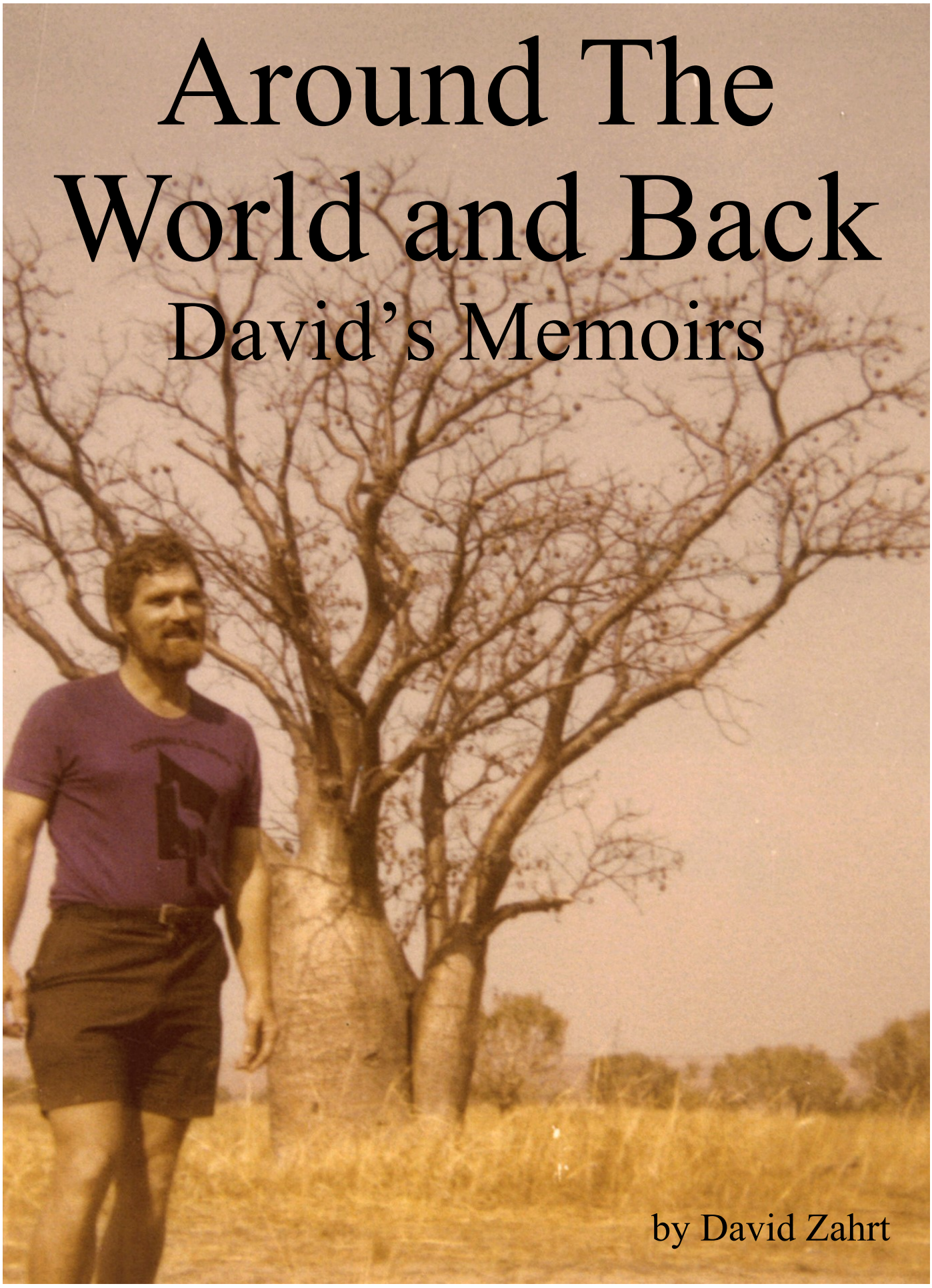
Around The World and Back

David's Memoirs



by David Zahrt

Written by David Zahrt
with some supplemental fill in by daughter, Heidi Zahrt

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FOREWORD

Over the years, my father, David Zahrt, spent countless hours reflecting on and writing about his life. It is a treasure for us that he has had the foresight and wisdom to record his experiences to share with his grandchildren and future generations. I am grateful that David and Linda Zahrt are Jay's and my parents and for the life we have been given.

Working with him to create this book and reading his recollections I see his life as a gift from a new perspective. This quote from one of Dad's files shows that an underlying theme in his belief system is gratitude.

> "I return to A GRATEFUL HEART. One of my favorite prayers is found on page 22. It is adapted from the Week of Prayer for World Peace, 1978.
>
> *We pray for the power to be gentle; the strength to be forgiving; the patience to be understanding; and the endurance to accept the consequences to holding to what we believe to be right.*
>
> *May we put our trust in the power of good to overcome evil and the power of love to overcome hatred. We pray for the vision to see and the faith to believe in a world emancipated from violence, a new world where fear shall no longer lead men to commit injustice, nor selfishness make them bring suffering to others.*
>
> *Help us to devote our whole life and thought and energy to the task of making peace, praying always for the inspiration and the power to fulfill the destiny for which we were created.*
>
> I find this prayer inspiring and foundational. DZ"

David has led an intentional life of service. His soul is nourished by his family, the bounty of the earth, protecting the environment, help for human potential, working toward world peace, working in community, and music. His strengths are creativity, energy, vision and reflection. He is a leader by example, teaching and living the changes he wishes to see in the world.

The chapters are organized in chronological order with the exception of two chapters that weave strong threads throughout his lifetime: Bicycles and Music. This book contains only a small compilation of the thoughts and writing my Dad has created. Someday, another edition may be printed!

With much love,
Heidi Zahrt

CHAPTER 1: MARENGO TO IOWA CITY

Early 1900's

Conrad Jay Zahrt and Elsie Gould were married and raised a family in Marengo, Iowa. They had three boys and a girl. Their daughter, Iona, died at age 15 of encephalitis. Given the way Grandma Elsie recalled it over and over again, I think it broke her heart to have lost her only girl, Iona. Irwin, the oldest was nicknamed Tony. Everett was next, and Norman the youngest. Norman was valedictorian of his high school class. He was attracted to the girl in the junior class who would later become the valedictorian of the next year's graduating class. She was Luella Sprague Rouse.

Once Norman graduated from high school he decided he would attend the State University of Iowa (SUI), in Iowa City. His parents were astounded. They did not know how he could afford it. He went to work and managed to assemble the needed resources. One of the ways Norman had afforded university was to live off campus in a boarding house. He managed to get a roommate from the city of Onawa, IA, a town in Western Iowa. His name was Dave West. Norman and Dave hit it off well together.

Luella Sprague Rouse was born into a family of 8 children in Fargo, SD, as the baby of the family. Her father died 2 months prior to her birth. Her mother died 3 years later. She stayed with her oldest brother and his wife until some neighbors, the Rouses, friends of the family, adopted her. Her adopted mother died within 2 years. Her adopted father took a series of housekeepers and finally married the third one. Eventually Mr. Rouse moved to Marengo, IA, and took a job in the Iowa County Courthouse.

Luella graduated from Marengo HS as valedictorian of her class in 1935, a year after Norman. She was too young to go into Normal School Training so the following school year she worked for her father in the Iowa County Courthouse, and then matriculated at Iowa Teachers College, in Cedar Falls, Iowa, in the fall of 1936.

By that time Norman and Luella had seen enough of each other to decide that they wanted to marry. They must have estimated that their families would not consent, for they eloped. They drove across the state and visited Luella's sister Gertrude and family in Sioux City, Iowa in December 1936. Over the weekend they arranged to drive to Elk Point, South Dakota, and have a Justice of the Peace marry them.

1937-1942, Iowa City

Norman and Luella's first child was a boy. Norman suggested that he be named after his favorite university roommate; David West. The suggestion stuck. I was given my uncle Ernest's name as a middle name. So David Ernest Zahrt was born September 4, 1937. I have never used my middle name. I do not even put down my middle initial as "E". My wife, Lin, says that my name ought to be Frank and Ernest, because I'm so preoccupied with being serious.

Pat and Jane DeSpain were high school classmates of Norman and Luella. They had enrolled in SUI also. So, Dave West and Pat and Jane DeSpain were in a group identified as SUI colleagues. Don Reese, one of Dave West's high school classmates was also attending SUI. Once Dave introduced him to Norman and Luella, Don was included in the SUI colleague group.

My last name, Zahrt, is German. That is concurring with popular opinion to follow paternal lineage. Certainly my mother's, grandmother's, great grandmother's, lineage is as important as my paternal lineage. My mother, Luella, had some German ancestry. My grandmother Elsie, on my father's side was English.

Many people have difficulty spelling the name, Zahrt. The spelling is no longer used in

Germany today. The "H" is silent and it rhymes with heart. In the process of explaining that, I have had people suggest to me that I get the "H" out! The word "zart" in German means "tender, affectionate". It is probably a good name for me. Perhaps the Frank and Ernest front, that I so often wear, is protection from the vulnerability that comes with being tender and affectionate

On January 1, 1940, Norman and Luella's second child, Christy, was born. She was the first child born in Iowa City in1940. They picked her name from the SUI Homecoming queen, Christy Brown. Coincidentally Christy Brown was from Western Iowa, near Onawa. Her parents lived near a small town called Turin, IA, in Monona County, that was Don Reese's home town. Because of an economic shortfall Norman and Luella had their newborn, Christy, placed in an experimental nutritional program being run by the SUI Hospital for the first six months of her life. The experiment measured intake and output of the infant. It had the net effect of simultaneously being a sensory deprivation experiment. That event has had life-long ramifications for Christy.

I have few lasting impressions of the early days in Iowa City. It was important for me to attend the University Pre-School. It was an all-day preschool that included lunch. The only lasting impression I retain comes from lunchtime. I despised cooked spinach. The staff insisted that the preschool children eat everything on their plate. One day when spinach was served I saw no other alternative but to hide myself under the lunch table. The ploy worked for a short period of time, but the teachers finally discovering my hiding place. Once found, I was required to eat my spinach. It was a requirement that nauseated me.

One of the early residences of the Zahrt family was directly across Dubuque Street from the First Methodist Church. On Sunday morning it was the custom to walk a block south to Market Street and purchase the Sunday paper. I enjoyed making the walk regularly with one of my parents. One Sunday morning I was given the money for the paper and sent off by myself to get the Sunday morning paper. Once I was in the store the impulse to spend the money on candy overcame me. I returned home with candy instead of the Sunday paper. It was a crisis because the nickel set aside for the Sunday paper was the only spare cash available until next week.

It was in this apartment that Norman accidently placed Christy on one of the steam heated radiators, when it was steaming hot, giving her a serious burn on the backside of her thigh.

In the deep recesses of my memory I recall one of the gatherings of Norman and Luella's college crowd. It was on Summit Street just off from Burlington. It was probably a New Year's Eve party for it went late into the night. I was tired and was ushered to a bedroom away from the noise of the party. Half asleep, half awake, I was aware that someone, probably Luella, was peeking in the room to check on me. I heard the voice of Jane DeSpain who had joined her. Then Jane observed and exclaimed, "Isn't he beautiful!"

Norman graduated with a BA in 1937 and to everyone's surprise announced that he was entering the School of Medicine. [webmaster@uiowa.edu]. It is possible that the combination of exercising competence in medical school and earning a living left little time for the family. Norman graduated from medicine in 1940. Soon after graduating from Medical School, he did his residency, then an internship in obstetrics. In 1942, while doing his internship, he was seconded into the Army Air Force. He was to serve as a flight surgeon. He was assigned to report to San Antonio, Texas for active duty.

1942-1944—Houston,Texas

He borrowed Uncle Tony's Chevy coupe and packed the whole family up to travel from Iowa City to San Antonio the summer of 42. I remember the back seat of the Coupe. It was less expensive to borrow a car than to own one. Why not get by with borrowing?

The first overnight stay that I remember was in a San Antonio motel. The trees in the courtyard had what looked like moss on them. It may have been mistletoe. I was fascinated. I had never seen moss on trees. From San Antonio we traveled to Houston where we established residence in a house on what was then the western edge of Houston. To the west of the house (which is now in University Park) there was no city, just open fields. We didn't have the Coupe forever, but it is not clear to me when Tony came to get it.

Before starting school I remember the pride of graduating from pull-up underpants to underpants that had a fly. I began my first year of school in Houston. I learned to sing *The Eyes of Texas Are Upon You***.** The song was sung every day at the beginning of class. There were a number of students who came to school shoeless. It seemed like the thing to do if you wanted to be a part of the class. Mother insisted that I wear shoes to school. One day I stopped at a street corner, removed my shoes, and left them by a signpost. When I returned to the signpost after school my shoes were missing. Needless to say, I was scolded for losing my shoes. Going to school barefoot was a one-time event!

The house in Houston had a lovely lawn. I was 5 and the job of mowing lawn was given to me. We had a push-type reel mower. The lawn had to be mowed at least once a week and sometimes more often. One day I became so tired of mowing that I sat down in the middle of the lawn. I immediately discovered that I was sitting on a honey bee and was stung on the bottom. The learning was that you have to be careful if you decide to sit down on the job!

For extra-curricular activities I was taken to the YMCA in downtown Houston. It was the time when they were constructing kites. One day I was left at the Y and instructed on how to get home by myself on the bus. I was probably 6 years old at the most. I found my way to the bus and got on. Part of the way home I discovered that I had to go to the toilet. I could have exited the bus but I knew the bus wasn't going to wait for me to find a place to pee. And I knew I wouldn't be able to find my way home once the bus left me. I stepped down into the front doorway exit and wet my pants. I thought, if you have to wet your pants its best to do it where nobody can see you doing it.

While playing with the neighbors I sat on the back porch railing only to discover that it had a rusty nail extending from the railing. I ended up with a rusty nail puncture through my scrotum and was taken to the hospital emergency room for treatment.

Norman was assigned to Ellsworth Air Force base near Houston during the week but was able to spend some time with family on the weekends. The family would go to Galveston to the beach. I have a very frightful memory of being caught in the undertow. It was clear to me that I was a goner. Suddenly I was rescued by my father, Norman. It was obvious that he was exercising care and concern for me. This is the only vivid memory I have of his demonstrating that care. And I learned that it is wise to avoid the undertow currents.

There were other memorable occasions while living in Houston. We lived through a Hurricane. The skies were dark for several days. The wind blew water under the door into the house. Mother put towels down but the wind blew under the door and scattered the towels all through the hallway.

Our health was affected. Both Christy and I contracted a case of Chicken pox. Our family had a pet dog that contracted Ringworm, and it spread to Christy and me.

1944-1946 -- Iowa City

When Norman was re-assigned to Biloxi, MS, Mother, Christy, and I packed up and returned to Iowa City. I remember taking a train for the first time in my life. I know it was an adventure, but have no memories of the trip. It is not clear how the family re-established housing in Iowa City, but we moved into a house on 617 Rundell Street, on the east side of the city.

Shortly after returning to Iowa City I had a tonsillectomy. I have a lasting image of being 'suffocated' under the ether mask, and the short-term hospital stay at UI Hospital. I remember that with fright.

I remember being cornered by the Sunday School teacher in front of a 1st or 2nd grade class. She insisted that I was named after David in the Old Testament. I protested for several reasons. First of all, I didn't want to be named after David in the Old Testament. He probably carried too many expectations that would give others an unfair advantage in demanding what I should do and be. Second, I knew for a fact that my namesake was my father Norman's college roommate, Dave West. As a child I am not certain how much I was aware of Dave's constitution. However, as I have grown older I have pondered whether or not there were some similarities. When I have discovered myself being morose, extremely cynical and, more often than not, depressed, I have wondered about the relationship between myself and my namesake.

Ralston Creek ran past our back yard. It was one of the neighborhood children's playgrounds. One of the neighbors 2 houses down had a son named Gayland. He was one of our steady playmates. We often played in the tunnel that took the Ralston Creek under the nearest street. We enjoyed wading in the creek and fishing for crawdads.

Rundell Street dead-ended two blocks southeast of the house. There was a railroad line that ran past Rundell. Neighborhood friends and I used to play on the railroad tracks. At the end of Rundell, near the tracks, the Kerns lived. Dr. Kern was a dentist at the University School of Dentistry. He was also a beekeeper. His son, George, was a teenager. Mother hired George to be my caretaker during the summer. I used to go with the Kerns to service their beehives, and sometimes to get to unwanted bees out of people's households. I remember being served a pound of comb honey in their dining room at the end of a beekeeping adventure.

George had a bicycle that he had outgrown and he arranged with Mother to sell the bike to me. Then he taught me how to ride. Once I learned to ride the bicycle I would ride down to Muscatine Avenue, where Rundell St. came to a dead end, turn and ride another block to the corner candy store where Muscatine came out of the city, down to the bottom of the hill, and made a sharp right turn. One day when I was on my way to the candy store and had made the turn onto Muscatine a police car apprehended me. I was questioned and asked for my bicycle registration. George Kern had never registered the bicycle nor had he informed me that I must register the bicycle. I was in violation of the law. I was taken to the Police Station, lectured about bicycle safety, and given a Booklet on Bicycle Regulations. It is likely that the Police Department had recently initiated a program of bicycle safety and was making every effort to spread the news of the program. I was arrested for riding without a license! I have a Police Record in Iowa City that dates back to the summer of 1945!

I also had to try out my riding skills. I rode from Rundell Street to downtown Iowa City, over the Iowa River Bridge and up the hill to the University Hospital where Mother was working. I paid a visit to her office. She had every reason to be surprised and frightened. I had made a three mile bicycle ride through

Iowa City traffic, had to cross the Iowa River bridge, and find her office in the University Hospital. It was an amazing feat for a seven year-old. I looked at it as one more adventure.

At one point Mother purchased some balloons on short sticks. Probably for Halloween. Once the balloons were gone I made a bow and arrow from the sticks. I demonstrated the new invention to Christy. By accident I shot her in the eye. She was taken to UI Hospital. Although it was a potentially dangerous accident, it apparently had no ill effects on Christy's eyesight.

It's not clear where or how the family got a piano, but Mother insisted that I begin taking piano lessons. We had to go across town weekly in order to take the lessons. Sometimes we took the bus; sometimes I rode my bicycle to lessons. We had a next-door neighbor who was a piano tuner. One day Mother secured him to tune the piano. He indicated that he would have to do it in the evening so Mother gave him a key to the front door. We had gone downtown, in the late afternoon, the evening he began tuning the piano. We returned after dark. There was no light on the front porch, and the lights in the house were out. To our surprise we heard someone inside playing the piano. It was Shirley Porter, the blind piano tuner, tuning our piano. [See Chapter 8; Music]

At school there seemed to be no way to avoid being bullied. I seemed to be the 'outsider' that needed to be picked on especially if I stayed around the playground after school. One afternoon I was wrestled to the ground by a fellow bigger than me. Then two other boys took turns sitting on me with my back and shoulders pinned to the ground. I learned to disappear by hiding behind the outside door on dismissal and not visit the playground after school. That way I could avoid being singled out and bullied.

Jock and Jill were playmates that lived across the street. I had no memory of snow while living in Texas. The first winter snow Jock invited me to help him shovel snow. I was delighted to receive such an invitation. Both Jock and Jill had snow shovels. They loaned me one. I got in behind Jock and they began shoveling. Jock threw the first shovel full back over his shoulder and hit me across the nose. Although it broke my nose it only cracked the skin. From then on I learned to choose my position carefully when snow shoveling.

We made periodic visits to the Grandpa and Grandma Jay and Elsie Zahrt's home in Marengo, IA. Grandma Rouse Simmons, Mother's step-mother, lived on a farm near Marengo. Grandpa Jay loved the out of doors. He gardened, raised chickens, hunted and fished. He had worked for the Iowa Highway Department and been injured while at work. He suffered a permanent disability. That meant he was always gardening, raising chickens, hunting, or fishing. Christy and I were always welcome in the garden; harvesting garden produce or weeding the garden.

I was invited to the chicken yard when it was time to harvest a chicken for the next meal. Grandpa caught the chicken, held it by the legs, put the head up on the chopping block. Then he grabbed a hatchet and beheaded it. Once it had been beheaded he held it upside down and let the blood flow out of the neck. Shortly after that he dipped the chicken in boiling water so that he could remove the feathers and give it to Grandma to cook. That evening we had chicken for dinner, but I found myself unable to eat any chicken.

Sometimes we would walk to the near-by river to fish. Often Grandpa would take us by car to his favorite fishing spots; usually ponds. At the ponds we occasionally would catch a turtle. On the way to or from a fishing spot we might find a fresh pheasant that had been hit by a car. We always stopped and picked it up. Once we got home Grandpa would dress it out for cooking.

Mother received a letter indicating that Norman had been reported Missing in Action for a year, and now declared dead. Don Reese had come back to Iowa City after he finished his tour of duty in the Navy.

He had known the Zahrt family while attending SUI before the War. When he discovered that Mother was widowed he proposed marriage. She accepted.

CHAPTER 2: TURIN AND ONAWA

Richard Thomas Reese, known as R.T., was a saddle, bridle, and harness maker who was migrating west from Ohio with the gold rush in the 1850's. When he reached Kanesville, IA (now named Council Bluffs) he discovered that his skills were much in demand. Covered wagon loads of pioneers were stopping off for repairs, supplies and waiting to be ferried across the wide Missouri River. So, rather than follow the gold rush, he stayed in Kanesville.

R.T. did some traveling by horseback north along the Iowa side of the Missouri River flood plain and the Loess Hills. About 65 miles north of Kanesville he found a spot near a small settlement named Bluff Point, bounded by the hills on the east and Missouri flood plain on the west to homestead. He arranged to have his fiancé, Henrietta, and her parents visit. They confirmed that there was ample farmland on the "bottom" and space near the hills for buildings and livestock paddocks. The young couple was soon married.

R.T. and his father-in-law built a sod house out on the flood plain near the Little Sioux River; one of the Missouri's tributaries. Since there were not yet any closer towns than Kanesville, where R.T. could open a saddle, bridle, and harness making business, he commuted to Kanesville on horseback, coming back to Henrietta on the weekend. Sometimes he was so tired that he slept while the horse found its way home.

The Little Sioux river meandered through the Missouri River flood plain. During the spring thaw or an occasional flash flood, the Little Sioux would escape its banks. It was not long before Henrietta insisted that the family build a homestead house off the flood plain along the edge of the hills. The homestead house was built in 1865.

In time R.T. found a way to become a merchant in Bluff Point, 1 mile south of the homestead. That enabled him to cease his commute to Kanesville. He and Henrietta had 8 children over a span of years.

Donald Reese's Parents

Howard Reese was born in the family homestead one mile north of Bluff Point, IA. Howard was the youngest of 8 children born to R.T. and Henrietta Reese. He inherited the homestead from his father and took responsibility for their care during their final years. Shortly after R.T.'s death Howard married Nellie Jo Leff. They took an adventurous trip to the west coast in an automobile in 1915. In some cases there were no road maps to mark the way. Sometimes the roads were so primitive that they ran the danger of getting stuck. When that occurred Nellie Jo would get out and push while Howard drove.

When they made it back to Iowa, Nellie Jo found herself expecting a child. Donald Reese was born in 1916. Donald was an only child and his teenage years were spent during the Depression. When the Depression hit Howard and Nellie Jo decided to move to the small town, Turin (renamed from Bluff Point at the turn of the century), and initiate some business enterprises that would allow them to earn some income and retain the homestead.

The town of Turin was in the Little Sioux River flood plain and the Little Sioux would periodically exceed its banks, flooding Turin. Howard and Nellie Jo had built a building that became Turin's main restaurant, appropriately named The Frog Pond. Howard opened a filling station and not only pumped gas but also delivered fuel and oil to local farmers. Turin had a telephone exchange, which was a step up from sending telegraphs. The neighborhood was serviced by hand-crank bell telephones. These telephones all needed a local exchange in order to place a call to the next town or beyond. Howard gave Don, at age 14, the responsibility of the evening and overnight shift at the Exchange.

Once Donald completed eighth grade in Turin's 4-room schoolhouse, he went to Onawa, for high school. He became buddies with Dave West, Elroy Maule, and Sewell Allen, all good debaters. The four of them formed the Debate Team that went to State competition and won 1st place. That entitled them to a scholarship at the State University of Iowa (SUI), in Iowa City. Don informed his parents about the scholarship. They had anticipated that he would follow in his father and grandfather's footsteps and become a merchant in Turin, or take over the farming of the family land. But on rethinking, his parents conceded

that he needed to use the scholarship to get an education. After serious consideration Donald decided to enroll at SUI.

The Cottage

The summer before Don and Luella's marriage Don suggested that I go to the family farm with him. His father and mother were living alone on the farm. In addition to the two-story, four bedroom, homestead house they lived in, there was a small one-story cottage in need of re-modeling with a tiny attic and no basement. The cottage was across the barnyard from the homestead house. Don, Luella, and family were eventually to live there. So the summer project was digging a basement under the cottage.

We used Grandpa's old Ferguson tractor to pull a drag-along-behind scoop to dig the basement one scoop-load at a time. I learned to do some shoveling and I was tutored on driving the tractor. I drove with the scoop full of dirt to drop it down over the road west of the cottage. We finished the basement by fall.

Don and Luella were married in Iowa City Oct 26, 1946 and we moved to the farm, one mile north of Turin. The move from Iowa City to Turin was unsettling for me, as all moves are. There were things we had to leave behind. Don borrowed his parent's 1942 Chevrolet sedan to help us move. On the last trip to Turin we stopped in Marengo. Mother and Don opened the trunk and prepared to leave something I valued in Marengo. I don't remember what it was but I remember being so disappointed that I staged a temper tantrum. I knew what a tantrum was but had never staged one before. I tried it and it worked! We left the item in the trunk and took it on to Turin. Among the items I recall that we brought was my Iowa City bicycle, and our small dog, named Amber.

Don initially made the decision to do farming as his source of income. Shortly after we returned Don and Grandpa went to Omaha and made the final payment on the homestead mortgage. It was reported that they celebrated by stopping at a bar to have a drink. Now the Homestead was free and clear of financial obligations. Don had much to learn about farming and making farming profitable.

Mother wanted to re-establish her connections with family now that she was newly married. Don and Luella planned a trip to Sioux City and South Dakota to see her Sprague relatives. Don borrowed the Reese Chevrolet. We packed up and headed west, and we stopped in Sioux City to see Gertrude and Cecil Moberg. Then we proceeded to Farmer, SD to see Mother's brother and sister. We continued to Faulkton to see her brother and family. Sometimes Christy and I would fall asleep in the back seat. When we got to Fargo our cousins evacuated their beds and gave us a warm place to sleep.

The evening we finally returned home, we got into Onawa late in the evening. Christy and I were both asleep in the back seat. Don stopped at the Raymar Bar on the north side of Onawa, and took Mother in for a late-night drink. Eventually I woke up and discovered we were parked outside the Raymar. I left the car and entered the bar and took a seat on one of the bar stools. That interrupted Don and Luella's stay at the bar. We went home immediately!

The move introduced a completely new set of Start-Ups for Christy and me. It was a mile walk on a gravel road to a four-room, eight-grade schoolhouse. I was in fourth grade. The year seemed to be a loss. I seemed to be ahead of the class so the assignments did not seem appropriate. After school I had to walk a mile back home. Several of the boys in my class used that as an excuse to bully me. Eddie Clayton was the gang leader. He recruited Cecil Rowland and Dick Thayer to join him. They would follow me up the road for at least a quarter of a mile picking on me and trying to start a fight. I had no alternative but to put up with it until they had decided they had gone too far from Turin and turned around to go home. That was just short of a quarter mile--somewhere between Turin and the Kline's farmhouse.

In addition to the house and the cottage, the Homestead had a number of buildings. The chicken house was up the hill past the garden. The fruit cellar was a 50-foot tunnel under the hill that was five foot wide. It was lined with brick and had shelves that kept all kinds of produce both summer and winter.

The ice house was built of concrete blocks. The Garage was attached to it. When you stepped into the lobby of the Ice House there were stairs. One set of stairs went down three steps into the basement. Once upon a time this basement stored ice in the winter which supplied the icebox in the kitchen. The time had

passed when the icebox was used, so the basement of the ice house was used for storage. There were 2 large safes that were used to secure valuable documents. The second set of stairs went up to a balcony above the basement, and continued to the second floor that was above the lobby and the garage. Grandma and Grandpa always kept the car in the garage.

Another building was referred to as the carriage house. It had been the original one-room school building in Turin. It had been remodeled to be used as a carriage house. The entrance had two sliding doors so that the opening would have been wide enough to drive a carriage into the building. The back of the building also had two sliding doors so the horse could drive the carriage into the building, be unhooked from the carriage, and depart the building. The sliding doors made it possible to protect the carriage from bad weather. When it was time to haul the carriage the back door was opened, the horse was backed into the building, hooked up to the carriage, and driven out the back doors.

There was also a barn. The first floor of the barn contained two grain processing rooms and a number of horse stalls. The floor was dirt. There was a gigantic haymow where the hay could be stored to supply winter feed. There was a corncrib that was designed to store corn that was picked by the ear. The first fall and early winter I was recruited to help pick corn. We did it by hand and had to wear corn hooks to get inside the husk and twist the ear off from the cornstalk. The crib was made of slats so that the corn could mature and dry out naturally. All of these buildings provided the Homestead with the possibility of maximizing self-sufficiency.

The first winter we stayed with Grandma & Grandpa in the Homestead house. By now there were three bedrooms and a bathroom upstairs. Grandma and Grandpa had the master bedroom, Mother and Dad had the second bedroom, and Christy and I shared the smallest bedroom. We had dug the basement in the cottage but it still needed a good deal of remodeling on first floor. So we lived with Grandma and Grandpa in the Homestead House the first winter while we continued the cottage remodeling. The weather was so nice over the Christmas Holiday that Grandpa and Dad finished laying the bricks for the chimney at the cottage on Christmas day.

The stairway had an antique banister that was crafted in the early 1900's. We were told that we were not to slide down the banister. I did not think it would hurt the banister to be slid on. So, one day while everyone was gone I slid down the banister. The one thing I overlooked was that I was wearing dungarees with back pockets that were fixed to the pants with rivets. The rivets scarred the banister from top to bottom. I never tried sliding down the banister ever again because Grandma was so angry with me.

We ate meals throughout the week in the kitchen. Grandma was the cook. There was extra space in the laundry room for refrigerators and storage of utensils. The dining room was reserved for hosting special guests and Sunday noon dinner. Otherwise it was kept immaculate. The tradition for the Sunday evening meal was popcorn, pistachio fudge, and apples.

By the next summer we moved to the Cottage. The basement, which was approximately 900 square feet of floor space. It had a furnace, a cob bin, and a fruit cellar. We added a kitchen, a bathroom, and a dining room. Dad still had enough room for his office and their bedroom.

Christy's and my bedrooms were upstairs on first floor. The upstairs was still in the process of being re-modeled. When winter came there was no insulation in the outside walls. I remember sleeping under piles of blankets and changing in and out of my pajamas to my daytime clothes behind the furnace downstairs. The floor design for the rooms was decided and the walls were to be finished in knotty pine.

Grandma and Grandpa labeled the 160 acres of hills east of (behind) their house as the pasture even though we had no livestock to pasture. The meadow just over the first ridge appeared to have been farmed. There was no native vegetation on it, and it was covered with a thick crop of weeds. There was a gully that was caused by erosion. It ran from the meadow to the south end of the pasture. The gully was at least 40-foot deep at the south property line of the pasture. Christy and I hiked the hills. We enjoyed exploring the 160 acres of pasture. We began digging a cave and explored the gully.

When I matriculated from fourth to fifth grade, I moved to the fifth and sixth grade room. Mrs. Rife was my teacher. By the end of the school year I had a crush on her. When it was time for math I was so far ahead of the rest of the class that she put me aside and gave me advanced problems to do all by myself.

During the winter months the school building was heated with steam registers. In order to maintain the proper humidity in the building there was a long tub, about 5 foot long, placed on the register in the hall that was kept full of water. When the water completely evaporated it was a tedious job filling the tub up one jug of water at a time. One day two of us put the tub on the sink and filled it from the faucet. When the tub was full we lifted it off the sink and started back to the radiator. The movement caused a wave of water to come toward me. I lifted the tub to prevent it from spilling on me. As soon as I did the wave of water started toward the other end. The boy holding the other end lifted his end. This went back and forth until we both had the tub held over our heads and were showered with the water spilling out of the tub. From then on we dutifully filled the tub with jugs of water.

By that time we had established a friendship with school friends that lived on farms. The neighbors to the south of us were Allan and Joanne Kline. Joanne was a grade ahead of me, and Allan was two grades behind me. We enjoyed hiking in the hills together. The gully that began in our pasture emptied into the Kline's barnyard. We enjoyed the landscape of the gully. Sometimes we would walk the bottom of the gully. At its deepest it was 40 feet deep. Other times we would find wild grape vines and use them to swing out over the edge of the gully like Tarzan. My mother, Luella, smoked cigarettes and Allan's dad, Raymond, smoked cigarettes. So one additional activity that was usually included in the hiking was sampling some of the cigarettes we had stolen from our parents. Raymond smoked Pall Malls and Luella smoked Camels. We tried both and compared them. We knew so little about smoking that none of us inhaled the smoke.

Dad was also a smoker. He consistently smoked a corncob pipe. I was intrigued with the corncob pipe. The hardware store in Turin had bamboo stems that were designed to be pipe stems. We had piles of corncobs that were left over when we shelled ear corn. One spring I was intrigued with the lilac blossoms that dried up on the bush. I purchased some pipe stems and made several corncob pipes, stripped the lilac bushes of dry blossoms and began smoking a corncob pipe with lilac blossoms as the tobacco. I managed to do it when I was working alone, or over the hill with Allan. I did it for taste only. I did not inhale. The dried lilac blossoms had a delightful smell and taste.

Another one of our friends was Harold Johnston. The Johnston family farm was on the west bank of the Little Sioux River. In order to visit Harold we would go a mile and one-half west of our house across the bottomland, cross the Little Sioux River, and go a mile south along the west bank of the Little Sioux.

Grandma and Grandpa had a small herd of hogs and some chickens. The chickens were kept in the chicken yard, and the hogs had pens in the barnyard. The hogs found places to wallow outside and kept warm inside the barn. They rooted up the barnyard fences so the fences were often in need of repair. The sows that were pregnant and anticipating the birth of a litter sometimes escaped the barnyard and sought a place in the hills to give birth to their litter of piglets. That was always in early spring when the daily temperature was at or below freezing. As soon as we discovered a sow was missing the whole family would go out into the hills to find the sow with her newborn piglets. It seemed that Mother's intuitions led her to the sow and her litter every time. Once we found the litter we would place all of the piglets but one in a bushel basket. One of us would carry the basket and one of us would rouse the sow and carry one piglet for her to follow. Then we would lead her home to the barn. We would confine the sow in a farrowing stall inside the barn and take the litter to the house to be warmed up to body temperature. Often the litter was so chilled that we put them in the oven to warm them up. Once their body heat was restored we took them back out to the barn and put them in the farrowing pen with the sow.

Grandma and Grandpa showed us the chicken yard, the chicken house, and their garden. The chicken yard was at least an eighth of an acre and had many fruit trees. I'm sure there were apple trees, but I don't remember how many. I do remember that there were thirteen cherry trees and we harvested them every year early in July. There were so many cherries that I quickly learned to hate pitting cherries. Once pitted we canned them. Grandma's cherry pies were delicious; they almost made it worth the effort.

Grandpa was an all-around outdoors person. He was a gardener. He was proud of his garden and regularly invited us to observe his garden and learn about gardening. He was also a beekeeper. He had several hives of bees north of the house behind the lilac hedges. Since I had worked with the Kerns managing bees in Iowa City, I was delighted to accompany Grandpa in his beekeeping. Each fall we would harvest comb honey to eat.

Once we moved to the cottage Mother requested that we have a garden. Dad started a garden in the open space just up the terrace south of the house. Christy and I were trained in gardening and had garden responsibilities.

The winters were cold and delivered periodic snowstorms. The road to Turin was gravel, and Monona County did not have plows that would clear the roads quickly. We had two winters that delivered snowstorms that dropped five-foot drifts and closed the road to Turin for at least four days. When they were finally opened there were some places where there were only single lanes through the huge drifts. One of the snowstorms was in early May so we had to re-plant the corn crop.

Within a year or two Mother and Dad decided that we were drinking too much milk, and that we would have to supply our own milk. So Dad bought a milking shorthorn cow that was with-calf. Shorthorn cattle are white with brown spots. She was nicely spotted so we named her Spotty. Grandpa immediately went to work and created a milking parlor in the barn complete with two stanchions, a calf pen, and a concrete floor. We kept her in the barnyard until she delivered her calf. Once she delivered the calf Christy and I had to learn how to take care of Spotty and the calf. Grandma and Grandpa tutored Christy and me in the task of keeping a milk-cow and a calf, and getting some milk for the farm. When we had successfully managed the care of Spotty and her calf I assumed responsibility for the morning milking, and Christy assumed responsibility for the evening milking.

We began letting Spotty out in the hill pasture so she would have grass to eat. We kept her calf in a stall next to the milking parlor. That allowed us to milk Spotty before she shared her milk with her calf. Then we let her out in the pasture so she would have food throughout the day, we discovered that cows are herd animals. Spotty was lonely and she went east over the first ridge, through the meadow full of tall weeds, around the gully, and over the second ridge until she reached the Mathison's farm yard. The Mathisons raised cattle and kept a small herd in their barnyard. Spotty went over the hill and grazed our pasture, staying on our side of the fence next to the Mathison's cattle. So every afternoon Christy and I would go over the hill to get Spotty. We always had to fight our way through the first meadow because the weeds were so thick and so tall. Once we got to Mathison's we would herd Spotty home; up over the first ridge, down to and around the gully, and through the meadow full of weeds. It was hard to see Spotty the weeds were so thick. She invariably took advantage of the fact and headed back to the Mathison's. We created a plan to outsmart Spotty. Christy posted herself on the hillside of the ridge next to the barnyard. From that vantage point she could observe Spotty's trail through the weeds. She would shout directions to me so I could head Spotty off and herd her on the way home.

We discovered much later that the tall weeds were hemp. We didn't know that we could have harvested our own marijuana! That might have gone into my corncob pipe!

Grandpa also decided that David and Christy should have a horse. He went to Sioux City and purchased a 3-year old mare. She was a horse that is labeled a Paint. She had a coat of hair that is brown and white. The brown was spread on the white as if someone had painted it on. We named her Pegasus, and nicknamed her Peggy. She was wild and had to be broken. We took her to Cleo Mann and left her for a month. When we got her back she was supposed to be broken to ride. I saddled her up with the Cavalry Saddle that Grandpa had purchased for us, and set out across the river bottom farmland to go visit Harold Johnston, one of our school friends. I would occasionally stay overnight. On those occasions Harold and I slept in the same bed.

Peggy and I no sooner got down the hill from the house onto the flood plain used for crops, than she decided she was going to throw me off. She started bucking. It was May and the fields had just been listed to corn. I pulled her off into the listed field. A listed field was soft and embroidered with regular furrows

and mounds of loose dirt. She was not able to get enough footing to do a good job of bucking. I rode her until she quit bucking and ever after she decided to let Christy and me ride her.

Moving into the cottage helped me to think of Turin as home. I was invited to join the Boy's 4-H Club. Billy and Howard Hathaway were our club leaders. I had garden, hog, and feeder calf projects. There were 4-H meetings throughout the County, so I became acquainted with the Monona County 4-Hers. One person that I wanted to get to know better was Dick Perrin. I rode my bicycle a 20-mile round trip on gravel to visit him. [See chapter on Bicycles].

Clint Ritter was a wartime acquaintance of Dad's. The Ritters lived in Evanston, Ill. One Christmas we made the trip from Turin to Chicago and visited the Ritters. We got a chance to ride the subway, see downtown Chicago, and visit the Ritters. The Ritters visited us the next summer. The Ritters had two sons that were younger than Christy and me. We all went climbing the hills. At one point along the east precipice the youngest of the two tripped and fell. He did summersaults down 100 feet of drop into the meadow below. We were astounded that he fell down the precipice. We immediately slid down the hill to attend to him. He was all right! I don't think we told the parents what had happened.

Once the new Reese family settled in to the cottage it was determined that Luella should become a schoolteacher. She did some substitute teaching in Turin, and was finally hired to be the teacher in Arcola, a mile and one-half north of the cottage on the gravel road along the west slope of the hills. Arcola was a one-room schoolhouse that taught all grades from Kindergarten to 8th Grade. When Mother was hired Dad bought her a bicycle. We retained possession of that bicycle until the Homestead dissolved in 2008.

Christy reports Mother not only had to ride the bicycle to Arcola, she had to learn to eat breakfast! This was something she wasn't in the habit of doing before coming to the farm. Her progress in developing stamina, strength and breakfast eating was measured by how far up the hill above Charlie Larsen's place (now the entrance to the Department of Natural Resources Turin Nature Preserve) she could ride before she had to get off and push the bike. We cheered her on until she progressed to riding the complete hill on the bike. It was not long before we learned that Mother was pregnant. Dad said, "Well, if she's going to get pregnant I guess she'll have to stop teaching."

When Mother and Don were married, I addressed Don as "Daddy". Our family expanded when Mother gave birth to Jo and Karen. "Daddy" seemed an appropriate way for them to address their father, Don. By the time I was eleven I realized that I felt uneasy in addressing him as "Daddy". It brought me to tears, but changing the way I addressed him also brought me to tears. I realized I was growing out of boyhood into adulthood. I finally had a conversation with him and he agreed with me that it was appropriate to make the change. I made the change.

While Dad was farming he decided to use 2-4-D to spray the corn crop. He brought the tractor with a 55-gallon drum on the back hydraulic system and parked it on the driveway next to the hydrant. Between the driveway and the row of grapevines there was a sidewalk that was two feet wide and six-foot strip of grass. Dad put the 2-4-D in the tank and then filled it with water with a hose from the faucet. The next day all of the grapevines died. They never came back. We learned, early on, that there are unanticipated dangers in using herbicides.

Dad must have been having difficulty making the farm profitable. He was also facing some disagreement with his father, Howard. One evening after dinner he went over to the Homestead house to discuss the future of the farm enterprise. The conversation took a great deal of time. Apparently he was distraught by the conversation he had with his parents. He returned late at night. We had left our wagon out in the back yard. It must have been directly in the pathway to the barnyard on the way to and from the Homestead House. It was pitch dark and Dad stumbled over the wagon. He was so angry that he completely demolished the wagon. Shortly after that he began looking for employment. He was hired as a Rural Mail Carrier, and worked out of the Post Office in Turin. The wagon was useful for a number of tasks. We got a new wagon. And once we got a new wagon we always checked to see where it was parked in the early evening.

Grandpa had a BB gun, a 22 rifle, and a 410 shotgun. Shortly after we arrived I was instructed on the use of the BB gun. I used it to hunt pigeons in the barn. Either I was not a good shot, or the BB gun was not very accurate, or both. I didn't get many pigeons. Once, when exiting the south end of the alleyway in the barn, while carrying the BB gun ready to fire, a barn swallow dropped out of its nest and flew out. I pulled the gun up, shot from the hip with one hand and used my intuitions to fire at the moving target the barn swallow presented. I hit the barn swallow. That is the first and last time I have ever used the BB gun to shoot from the hip. I was certain that it had been a use of my intuitions that I would never be able to repeat.

Once I was instructed on the use of the 22, I went hunting rabbits and squirrels. I got a few, but it was messy work to clean them and dress them, and the family was not fond of wild game at the dinner table. I gave up hunting with the 22.

When I learned to use the 410, I went to the ditch on the west edge of our bottomland. I had already flushed pheasants there when going after the cattle in the evening. I went to the south end of the ditch and proceeded north with the 410 loaded and cocked ready to fire. The first pheasant I flushed was a rooster. He flew directly away from me. I pulled the gun up and fired. Down went the rooster. I took him home and dressed him out. I learned that I had fired too soon. Even with a 410 the pheasant was full of shot that made it hard for me to dress him for cooking. It astounds me that I was given permission to hunt with these weapons, and that there was no supervision when I went hunting with some of my companions. Today youth must have appropriate instructions and pass tests to demonstrate that they are aware of the safety rules.

Grandpa decided Spotty should have some companions, so he and Dad purchased additional cattle. That made it easier to find Spotty and get her home. Sometimes the herd would come down for water in the afternoon. When that happened we would sort Spotty out and bring her into the barnyard in anticipation of the evening milking.

As we acquired more cattle we started raising alfalfa for hay in the 20-acre hill pasture adjoining the Mathison's. We also raised alfalfa in the pasture just below the road before the 100 acres of bottomland. We mowed, raked, and baled the hay. Once the hay was baled we loaded the bales on a hayrack and brought it home to store in the barn. One day I had spent a day throwing bales--on the rack and filling haymow. I had not worn a shirt and sweated profusely all day. When I arrived home I had heat stroke before dinner. I don't remember how I knew what to do. I sat on north side of the house in the shade. I drank as much salt water as I could, and recovered by dinnertime.

One day we mowed and raked the alfalfa field below the road in the morning and turned the cattle into the pasture in the afternoon. When they returned to the barnyard below the road many of them had bloated. The green alfalfa begins to give off gas in their stomachs faster than the gas can be released. The stomachs expand and cut off the lungs so the cow can no longer breathe. As soon as we discovered this we phoned the veterinarian. He told us he would come immediately but while waiting for him to arrive we should try to help the ones that had bloated. One remedy was to grab the tongue of a cow that had bloated and pull it until they belched up the gas and the alfalfa. If that didn't work the other procedure was to locate the place on the back where the gas had caused the biggest bubble and stab it with a knife so that the gas could be released. We did those two procedures, the veterinarian arrived, but we lost several of the cattle whose bloating had strangled them. After that event we never pastured cattle on alfalfa again.

Grandma and Grandpa had a cowbell that they hid in their house. Every Christmas Eve about bed time they would put stockings on the tree and ring the cowbell announcing that Santa had just come. We would all gather in the living room, take the stockings off the tree, and open our presents. We continued the tradition when we moved to the Cottage and Jo and Karen grew up celebrating the tradition. One Christmas as we were opening presents I had the sudden realization that we were perpetuating the Santa Claus mythology for Jo and Karen. I knew I no longer believed in Santa Claus.

Elroy Maule, and his wife, Vange, lived between Onawa and the Missouri River. Dave and Mary Ellen West who were also longtime friends of the family lived in Manteo, North Carolina. Dad and Elroy designed a trip to Manteo in August of 1951. We camped our way through southern US on the way out,

stayed in Manteo for a week. Then we camped back through northern US and Canada. I had graduated from 8th Grade in Turin that spring. When we returned from Manteo I entered 9th Grade at Onawa High School, I knew that I was expected to be in high school sports and football practice began the week before classes started. I went out for football and discovered that I was physically challenged because I had been sitting in a car during our three-week trip to Manteo, NC.

We visited the Maule family and they visited ours fairly often. Elroy liked to sing so we always did some singing when we were together.

Because I enjoyed singing I went out for Mixed Chorus when I graduated from 8th Grade in Turin and began High School in Onawa. I did a try-out and was assigned to the Tenor section. Within 3 weeks I was discouraged. I liked to sing but I didn't know how to sing parts, and that was all I was allowed to sing. So I went to the Principal, Miss Brenneman, and requested that I be able to drop Chorus. She asked why and I told her that it was because I was asked to sing parts, and I didn't know how to sing parts. She immediately asked me to wait a minute and went next door to the Superintendent, Doyle Carpenter. He was in and agreed to see me so she ushered me into the Superintendent's office. Dr. Carpenter asked what the problem was. Once again I told him that I wanted to drop Chorus. He asked why and I told him that it was because I was asked to sing parts, and I didn't know how to sing parts. He responded, "We don't have quitters here. Go back to Chorus." That was the end of the interview!

I did learn to sing parts. I also joined the Men's Chorus. And I sang in a number of small groups—mixed quartet, mixed double quartet, madrigal, and men's quartet.

I skipped Chorus the first year I went to University. I tried it the second year, but didn't find it satisfactory. The best guess I have is that I wasn't a music major, and there was no companionship around the edges.

Once in high school I decided to go out for sports. The only sport in Turin was softball. Softball before school, softball at recess, softball at lunchtime. There were some basketball hoops, but the weather seemed to compromise the game. Softball was the winner.

I went out for Football. I made the team. I played 2nd Team. My position was Tackle. When Football season was over I went out for Basketball. From 4th to 8th grades I had been going home after school and doing chores. The Onawa kids had been practicing basketball. Within three days, during practice, the Coach told me to go home. It was a slap in the face. I went to the locker room, showered, dressed and left the schoolhouse. As I departed I intuitively turned and walked over to the Band Room. Mr. Stash was there. I told him I wanted to play in the band. He asked me about my musical background. I told him that I had played piano to the 4th grade book, played the ukulele, and experimented with Grandma's guitar. He handed me a String Bass and a lesson book, and said, "Play this." So I began playing in the band. There was not always a need for a String Bass. Sometimes there was a need for another Tuba. So I began Tuba as well. There were some beginner's lessons, but for the most part I picked it up on my own.

My football coach insisted that I go out for Track in the spring. His rationale was that I needed to keep in shape for football. Since we lived a mile from Turin I had not only walked the mile, I had trotted and run the mile from our house to Turin. So I went out for the mile run. I practiced faithfully. When it came time for competition I ran a 6:15 minute mile. The coach remarked, "David, you're running too long in the same place!". Then I began working harder on the mile between our house and Turin. Eventually I got my time down to a 5-minute mile. There was no way to be competitive in high school with that time!

There was a Turin School Bus that provided travel 7 miles to and from school in Onawa. Any afterschool activities caused me to miss the return trip to Turin. All of the sports were after school. Sometimes music was after school. I became skilled at hitchhiking.

I'm not certain why I enrolled in Latin. Perhaps it was because mother had taken Latin in high school and recommended that I take it. Out of a class of 50 freshmen there were 5 students in the Latin Class; Betty Jo Alexander, Patricia Fountain, Margaret McClelland, Julia Myrland, and me. The four girls sat in the front row. I sat in the row behind them. 9th and 10th Grade English was taught by Miss Brown. She and Miss Foster lived together. There was never any mention made of their co-habitation. Miss Brown made

English fun. Miss Brenneman taught 11th and 12th grade English. She helped me excel in English. With her help I started getting A's and B's in English. She even encouraged me to enter Declamatory in my Senior year, and I got a One in my entry. I enjoyed four years of the sciences: General Science, Biology, Chemistry, and Physics.

In my Freshman year I sometimes packed a lunch and sometimes bought lunch at the Hot Lunch Program. I discovered that the program needed a Cleanup person: someone who would collect the plates and silverware from those leaving the lunchroom, and tidy up the lunchroom at the end of the lunch hour. I acquired the job in exchange for my lunch each day. So I quickly became acquainted with all those who ate lunch at the high school.

There was no Youth Fellowship group in the Turin Methodist Church. So I investigated to see what kind of youth programs were available in Onawa. I considered the Onawa Methodist Church but was not interested in their program. The First Christian Church had a program but they were more Fundamental than I was prepared to endure. The pastor of the Congregational Church was the leader of the Congregational Youth Fellowship. He met with the Youth Fellowship every Sunday evening. The group was made up of freshmen classmates. I joined the group. I got to know Cathleen Olson as a part of the Youth Fellowship Program of the Congregational Church in Onawa. Cathleen soon made it clear that she wanted to be my girlfriend. So I began dating her. We usually went to social occasions on weekends in the evenings; sometimes we went to movies, sometimes we went to dances. I discovered that my primary rationale for dating her was to maintain a connection with the 9th grade class to which I was a newcomer.

By the end of the school year a group of boys, who were members of DeMolay, decided that I could be a 'part of the crowd''; that I belonged to Onawa High School. They invited me to be initiated into DeMolay. I was delighted to be accepted and joined. DeMolay had a monthly meeting and some seasonal formal dances. Once I started attending DeMolay dances I started asking other girls in my class for dates. I was attracted to Julia Myrland and Patricia Fountain. They were both piano players and played instruments in band. Julia dated other boys. It wasn't long before Terry Ross asked Julia to be a Steady, so I no longer took her out. Shortly after that Patricia found a steady boyfriend. By the end of my sophomore year I was having difficulty finding dates. As a junior I dated Grace Moen. She was a year behind me and found herself more interested in her classmates than someone a year ahead of her.

At the beginning of my senior year Grace Hansen asked me to go on a Hayrack Ride. I knew Grace because she came to the Hot Lunch program. I was not acquainted with her and did not have anything in common with her. Nevertheless, I accepted. We hit it off well at the Hayride. I started dating Grace the fall of my senior year.

CHAPTER 3: STATE UNIVERSTIY OF IOWA

UNIVERSITY DORM 1955

After the conversation with Herb Johnston I enrolled in the State University of Iowa (SUI), in Iowa City. Because I remembered growing up in Iowa City I anticipated that I would be returning home. Mother and Dad escorted me to Iowa City. The University required residence in a dorm during freshman year. So I found my place in the Quadrangle dorm--a 3-person room. Don from Waterloo, Tex from Texas, and I all resided in the room. Mother and Dad left me in Iowa City and returned home. I went through a week of orientation. Dad wanted me to consider joining the Delta Chi fraternity. It was his fraternity and the place where he met Norman, my father to be, along with Dave West. I went to several meetings of various fraternities during orientation week. However, I didn't feel a part of any fraternity and decided to stay in the dormitory my freshman year. Even so the dormitory was a new lifestyle. I had to eat at the cafeteria. My roommate Tex left University soon after classes started. And Don went home every weekend to see his girlfriend in Waterloo. I had the room to myself on weekends. I used the study hall and library to get school work done. Right across from the Quadrangle was the University gymnasium. I took advantage of that and learned to play handball. I discovered that I was good at left-handed kill shots! There were other things that I learned. I was responsible for my wardrobe. I learned to wash my own clothes and store and select my wardrobe.

I inquired about employment and discovered that I could work at the place where Norman had worked. I obtained the job and worked in the shipping department: I wrapped and posted all of the orders for educational material. It was not an exciting job. I left it at the end of the school year.

In spring of the 1st school year I began to notice that there were a few people riding bicycles, so I brought my bicycle to campus. There were so few people riding bicycles that no one worried about locking the bike, and there were no bicycle racks. One day I struck up a conversation with a man outside of Schaffer Hall that was leaving class and getting on his bike. He was from England, and excited to find a Yankee that was riding a bicycle. He arranged for me to visit him and have dinner at his house.

The fall of my sophomore year I got 2 jobs at the Hospital. One was in food-service, the other was in Pharmacology Lab. The food service was boring. I quit it within a month. I continued to work in the Lab. From time to time I moved cadavers around. I was also the lab tech for an experiment on pain thresholds. The experiment used morphine on rabbits. I had to cannulate rabbit ears so they could have a daily injection of morphine. Their pain thresholds were measured at the beginning and end of the experiment. By the 3rd year of university I received a GI bill scholarship and I quit working for income.

When I worked at Pharmacology I went in and out of the Medical Building every day. One day I went down the hall from the Lab to the place where the Medical School graduating classes were posted. I saw a picture of my father in the 1940? graduating class posted on the wall.

In high school the youth fellowship at the Congregational Church had been an important connection—Jim Williams, Betty Jo Alexander, Pat Fountain, Cathleen Olson. Two of my high school classmates had registered at SUI; Jim Williams and Jack Alfredson. They resided in the Hillcrest Dormitory. I visited them several times but they were not interested in maintaining an on-going relationship. I looked for fellowship at the Wesley Foundation and found it. There was dancing on Saturday night, and I learned to Jitterbug. There was also a Sunday evening program. Since I didn't know any girls it took a long time to begin dating. I met Sheila Campbell at the dances. I began dating her. I was not excited by her and explored other dates from

time to time. By the end of the year I began to play ping-pong in the basement with Gary Lawson. I observed the Supper Club that used the recreation room and the kitchen in the basement.

UNIVERSITY PRE-MED

I regarded it an unspoken assumption that I would be the MD that Norman had not had a chance to be. I shared this with my University Advisor, Dr. Robert Yeager, who was in charge of the University High School Science Department, and he steered me to High School Science Education. At the same time I took all of the prerequisites for pre-med. In my junior year I applied for admission to the School of Med. I was rejected. I completed a BS in Science Education and got a teacher's certificate.

During the spring of 1956, my sophomore year, Wesley Foundation hosted Marlow Cowan, Director of the Des Moines YMCA Camp. He was recruiting counselors for the summer Y Camp at Boone, IA. I had no idea what I was going to do with my summer. This provided employment and a chance to be with, others who would be counselors, young boys who were camping, and to be exploring the out-of-doors. I was assigned responsibilty for a cabin with 8-10 boys, 10-12 yrs old, for a week to 10 days from early in June to the end of August. I worked with the cabin of boys to schedule camp-outs, in tents and sleeping bags, in the Camp's wilderness; day-long bicycle rides and canoe trips down the Des Moines River, which came right by the Camp. I was introduced to the trampoline. I learned to do a front and back flip (somersault), a branny (half twisting front flip), and a back ¾ flip, landing on my stomach.

1956 GYMNASIUM

I was so intrigued by my success on the trampoline during the summer that I went out for gymnastics when returning to SUI my sophomore year. I focused on the trampoline but also did some work tumbling on the mats. On the trampoline I learned the tricks while being held in a safety belt. One by one I learned the tricks--FRONT flip, 1/2 twist, 1 and ½ twist, double flip with ½ twist out, BACK ¾ flip, full flip, 1 ¾ flip, double flip, 2 ¾ flip. Then I put together two10-trick routines in order to get ready for competition. By spring I had become a serious gymnast. I had worked up two 10-trick routines on the trampoline A sample routine was:

1) Brannie out = forward double somersault with a half twist out of the second summersault
2) One-half twisting forward somersault
3) Back somersault
4) Back somersault
5) Full twisting back somersault
6) Double twisting back somersault
7) One and ½ twisting forward somersault
8) Back somersault
9) 2 ¾ back somersault opening up and landing on stomach
10) Cody = double back somersault taken from stomach landing on feet, balanced

Most of the gymnasts showed up at the gym in the middle of the afternoon. I found exercise a welcome break from the routine of studying. It was particularly helpful on Monday and Wednesday afternoons. I had Organic Chemistry lab from 1:30 to 4:30 pm. The air in the lab seemed to be full of volatile chemicals. I always felt under stress to come up with the right answer for a lab experiment. All of

this usually left me with a splitting headache by the end of class. Gymnastics provided a helpful release of tension. If I showed up at 5 pm and began practicing, by 6 pm my headache had completely disappeared.

I found there were two steps to being a trampolinist. The first was mastering a repertoire of tricks. The second was stringing those tricks together without pause or error. Once I had my repertoire and the first routine accomplished, the second routine was fairly simple. It was a variation on the first with a rearrangement of the sequence of tricks. It was amazing to me that I had become so accomplished in ¾ of a school year. By spring the coach had asked me if I would go to Gym Meets with the team and compete. Up until now I had been having fun in the gym and learning the trampoline. Now it would be work. I would have to spend more time polishing the rough edges of m routines. I would need to spend time away from classes during the week and weekends attending gym meets. I would be under pressure to excel in every performance. All of this had very limited appeal to me.

Being a gymnast would now be work. I was maintaining academic performance just above average, and was expecting to apply for admittance to the College of Medicine. It was not clear to me how I would do better academically if I was away at meets weekly during the spring. And the trampoline is a very dangerous piece of equipment. One mistake and a gymnast could end up with a fractured skull and concussion, a damaged spinal column, or compound fracture of a limb.

As I reflect back on it I suspect that this, in addition to all the other pleasures it gave me, was one of the special features that drew me to the trampoline. It was flirting with destruction. It was semi-suicidal. It was tempting and taunting death over and over again. I knew in the back of my mind that having to perform in a gym meet would put me in a position of pushing myself beyond my limits from time to time. I would be under social pressure to consistently deliver a competent routine for the team. That kind of pressure would put me at risk of making a serious mistake.

On the mats I learned to do a running front flip, a front flip with a half twist and a series of hand-over-feet rotations ending with a back flip. I broke my right hand while tumbling and it was put in a cast. I was enrolled in a literature course. The exams were hand written. I had to learn to write with my left hand in order to take the exams. I finally decided that I would have to decide between doing well in my studies or becoming a gymnast who could compete. I dropped gymnastics.

Fall 1956 SOPHMORE

I had not been pleased with the Quadrangle Dormitory. To begin with it was across the river from most of the classes. I looked for an alternative and found a room on the east side of the river that was nearer to classes: 321 N Gilbert. There were several other fellows staying in the house. One was a law student. I bought a record player and some 33 rpm records and studied to music. I had to eat all of my meals at a restaurant. I usually ate my meals at a small restaurant on N Linn St, right across from the house at 211 N Linn.

Spring 1957 WESLEY SUPPER CLUB

I was familiar with the Supper Club at Wesley House and the members of the Club. Since I was tired of eating out I inquired about joining the Club. I was accepted and received a variety of assignments—cook/shop/wash/ Mon-Sat. It was a wonderful fellowship. Gary Lawson was one of the Club members. He was better a ping-pong player than I, and I played him regularly thinking I could improve my game with superior competition.

Spring 1957 FIRST CHRISTIAN CHURCH

Sally Smith and Joyce Stoutameyer were assistants at the Student Ministry of their respective denominations. Sally worked for First Christian Church, and Joyce worked for Wesley Foundation. Sally was setting up a panel on summer employment opportunities. She asked Joyce if she had anyone that she would recommend to be on the panel. Joyce recommended me and gave my contact information to Sally. Sally and I talked and I put the panel on my calendar. The panel convened on a Sunday eve. Linda Marken was the president of First Christian Student Fellowship and convened the panel. She asked each person to present their summer opportunity. She took notes with a pencil that had a 4-H logo on it.

When the program was over I inquired about Linda's experience in 4-H. She responded and we struck up a conversation. I suggested that we have a study date. One thing led to another. When spring came I suggested that we go on a bike ride with Gary Lawson and his girlfriend. Linda said she would have to learn to ride a bike. I agreed to teach her. We went on the ride, she learned quickly to ride, and her bicycle got a flat tire. When the ROTC Ball came up I invited her to the Ball. She said she didn't know how to dance. I suggested that we go to the Ball and use it as an opportunity to learn to dance.

Christy had decided to spend her senior year in high school at the University of Chicago, in Chicago, IL. It seemed like an adventure that I wanted to learn about. I planned a trip to Chicago. I don't remember whether I took the train or the bus. I arranged lodging in the downtown YMCA hotel, and took the El train to and from the University. On one occasion, in the hotel hallway, I demonstrated that I could do a standing back summersault. Christy took me on tours through the educational facilities at the University. I returned to Iowa City with an appreciation for the University of Chicago and the many programs it was capable of offering. I believe Christy found it a worthwhile adventure and obtained her high school diploma at the end of the year.

Fall of 1957 JUNIOR

One of the members of the Supper Club was Davis Bernard. I had been shopping around for an alternative to 321 N Gilbert and found a room at 211 N Linn St. it was right around the corner from the Wesley House. I suggested that we investigate the possibility of getting a room there and being roommates. He agreed. We inquired of the owner, Paul Scanlon, and found it was possible to room together. So the fall of 1957 we moved into 211 N Linn. I also got permission to use the kitchen for breakfast and to use the basement for storage. Every Sunday evening all of the residents would gather in his living room to watch several TV programs. I remember that GUNSMOKE was one of them.

I was now getting around Iowa City on a bicycle. I saw a Whizzer Motor Bike for sale. I bought it. It was handy. When going long distances, I hopped on my Whizzer. Keep the combustion chamber open, pedal to get momentum up, close the combustion chamber and off the bike would go under motor power. At one point the motor gave me trouble. I dismounted the motor, took it down in the basement at 211 N Linn and took it apart. After an extended period of time I determined that I wasn't capable of fixing it. I simply put the motor back together, re-mounted it, and sold the Whizzer as is.

Summer 1957—END OF SOPHMORE

The first summer of camp was so exciting I returned for the summer of '57. Dad had purchased a 1952 Dodge sedan and gave it to me as my personal vehicle. I drove from Turin to Boone. Just east of Carroll I ran through a swarm of honeybees. I had to stop because I couldn't see through the windshield.

The collision with the honeybees left a host of dead bees and their honey smeared all over the windshield. I had to clean the windshield before I could continue my trip. The 2nd year at camp was even more exciting than the first. I was able to demonstrate the new tricks I had accomplished on the trampoline. I scheduled a bicycle trip that began in Spirit Lake and took several days to get to Dolliver State Park just south of Fort Dodge. We made an over-night campout at Dolliver. I phoned camp and requested that we be able to exchange the bicycles for canoes. The next day the truck arrived with a trailer load of canoes and took our bicycles. We canoed past the camp and did an over-night at Ledges State Park. The next day we stopped just north of Des Moines, and phoned the camp to schedule a pick up for us. There seemed to be no limit to the amount of creativity a group could put into a camping trip.

I decided to use my gymnastic skill to perform a Clown Diving trick on Family Day. Family Day was held on Sunday and was he only time the parents were allowed to visit their children. Traditionally there were exhibitions at the swimming pool. One of the acts that the staff put on was clown diving.

I practiced the trick on the trampoline and then transferred it to the diving board. I employed the use of some dependable spotters who stood on either side of the diving board. I placed a tractor inner tube out on the water in front of the 1-meter board. When it ceased drifting and rested easily in front of the board I ran to the end of the board, bounced and did a full back somersault coming back down on the diving board. I feigned surprise. From that point I took advantage of the lift from the board a second time and executed a one and one-half forward somersault, diving through the center of the inner tube in the water.

While at camp, Sheila Campbell invited me to a wedding in Oskaloosa one weekend; it was a Saturday afternoon. I got permission to be gone on Saturday afternoon, met Sheila, and attended the wedding and reception. I arrived back in camp late Sat evening. A new set of campers and their parents had arrived in the afternoon and most of the parking spaces were taken. I parked in an empty spot next to the small parking space over the creek that went down to the Des Moines River 100 yards away. That night there was a thunderstorm that dumped 12” of rain in a 2-hour period. The next morning we discovered that the creek had overflowed and the 3 cars parked in that parking lot were washed over the road. One of them was washed to the mouth of the river. The front end of my car was caught on a rock pile. The back end had gone down over the rock pile. It was lodged there. The flow of water and trash broke the windshield out. The water, silt, and trash rushed in. The rear window had been broken out and the silt and trash ran from the back of the bottom of the front seat out the back window. The car that Dad had given me was ruined. I arranged to have the car pulled out and hauled back to Turin. Dad took it to Junior Leff and asked him to see if it could be repaired. Junior had a boys club that needed automotive projects. This car was their next year’s project.

One of the new counselors at the Y Camp this year was Donn Modlin. He was attending Drake University. There was a summer event at Drake that Don suggested we go to. I told him that one of my high school classmates, Julia Myrland, was attending summer school at Drake. I would get a date with her and see if she could line up a blind date for him. He agreed. I had Julia set it up and Donn and I went to Des Moines one Sat afternoon. Much later on I learned that Donn had started dating Julia, and they were eventually married.

Fall 1957 ROTC JUNIOR

I had wanted to learn to fly when I first went to university. I investigated the cost of getting my pilot's license and asked the folks once when I came home on break if they would help me with the cost of

flying lessons. They said "No." I don't remember that mother said anything. I believe it was Dad that said "No." And he had been involved in a flying club working on his pilot's license in Turin. I don't know why it didn't occur to me that I could afford it myself or even deceive them about where the money was going and take flying lessons. By the time I was a junior I was receiving $110 per month from the Veteran's Administration. It was an entitlement for children of deceased war veterans. I was paying $35 per month for rent. I had a part-time job of my own. I only asked for help with tuition once in awhile. When I did so my parents never asked for an accounting. They simply gave me what I asked for.

In the fall of 1957 I was a junior. The way to avoid being drafted into the military service, which would terminate my university education, and send me to Korea, was to enroll in Air Force Reserve Officers Training Corps (AFROTC). I signed up for ROTC. Every one called it “Rotsie”. There was an hour of classroom work during the week, and an hour of drill on Fri morning. We learned to take orders and march as a squadron. In my junior year I was a cadet. All cadets were assigned to 4 weeks of Summer Camp. That squashed my hopes of returning to YMCA summer camp the summer of 1958.

Spring1957- LINDA

After I met Linda in the spring of 1957 I had a variety of dates and she was among the girls I dated. When the ROTC Ball came up I invited her to the Ball. She said she didn’t know how to dance. I suggested that we go to the Ball and use it as an opportunity to learn to dance. Over Christmas vacation I developed an infection in my sinus that affected my tooth. I returned to University for medical help just before the turn of the year. I went to Student Health and was subsequently put in the infirmary. I spent a week in the infirmary and didn’t contact Linda. In the beginning of 1958 I began to favor Linda and we were going out regularly by the Spring of my junior year in1958. When the spring semester was over I knew I would be away at ROTC summer camp. Linda was growing on me. I decided to let the relationship cool off over the summer and see if there was anything to it the next fall.

CHRISTMAS 1957

In December 1957 I attended the National Methodist Student Movement Quadrennial held in Lincoln, NE. I left SUI campus and went home to Western Iowa. In order to get to the retreat Mother and Dad drove me to Omaha and I caught a train to Lincoln. I first met Stan Long while attending the conference. Since I had taken the train to the conference I was looking for an alternative way home. I planned to leave a little early. I did not want to spend the time and the money on the return train trip. I wanted to avoid having the layover in Kansas City and did not want to impose upon my parents to make the trip to Omaha to pick me up. The Iowa delegation met. There was a student from Iowa State University, (ISU) who was leaving early and going to Fort Dodge. It was Stan Long. I arranged to ride home with him. He dropped me off at my front door. It was perfect.

There was little to cause State University of Iowa (SUI) students to relate to Iowa State University (ISU) students. Only once in the next two years did I look Stan up. I was on the ISU campus for a statewide Wesley Foundation Meeting. I made a point of looking for Stan. I not only found him. I also made the rounds and said "Hello.", to several fellow YMCA Camp counselors. Those were the only two times in my entire life that I had spent any time with Stan. The first was a 7 hour automobile ride in the middle of winter. The second was a 5-minute hello-and-goodbye visit in Ames.

From that point our paths seemed to cross and intertwine. Our families had much in common. All four of us had grown up on the farm in Iowa. Stan and Glenda were married in June of 1959, the year that Stan graduated from ISU. Glenda still had one year of school left to complete her BA. Lin and I were married the very same year. It was the year I graduated from SUI and Lin had one more year of school to complete before she received her BSN.

During the first year of our marriages we, Stan and I, applied for admission to Drew Theological School, in Madison, New Jersey. We had no knowledge of each others activities or intentions

Summer 1958 - JUNIOR

I had completed my junior year at SUI in June 1958, and come home to Turin for the summer. The ROTC program required us to choose a summer camp experience. I made my choices and I didn't even get my 3rd choice. It was made clear at the outset that I was to take what I got, so that it didn't make much sense requesting a choice in the first place. Bill, Jim, and I were assigned to Fairchild Air Force Base, near Spokane, WA. We agreed to go out together so that we could pool our travel allowance and save some money at the outset.

I had arranged to meet Jim and Bill at Jim's house in Orange City for the start of our trip. One Tuesday morning early in June I got a phone call from Jim. He asked, "Where are you?" Thinking it quite obvious where I was I answered, "Right here!" He said, "Well you were supposed to be here about an hour ago. We're leaving today you know." Apparently, my internal calendar was off by a week.

They were all in Orange City waiting to depart on the trip to Spokane. Luckily mother was home and we had 2 cars. Dad had his VW Beetle on the mail route. The 1955 Ford Station Wagon was in the yard. I packed up my belongings, Mother joined me, and we drove to Orange City, 70 miles away. I had never tested the Ford's top speed. It was a stick shift, 6 cylinder, with overdrive. I was in a hurry. I reached overdrive speed quickly and began to cruise at 90 mph.

The road was paved but US Highway 75 north from Onawa to Sioux City was essentially a two-lane farm-to-market road. There were tractors with implements traveling up and down the road. There were straight trucks taxiing seed and fertilizer from shed to field. I had a fleeting image of Joey Chitwood as I weaved my way northward through what seemed to be an obstacle course. Somewhere north of Whiting we began to overtake a straight truck that was lumbering from farm yard to field. I judged that it was going about 45 mph. I could see that there was no one ahead of us in the oncoming lane so I maintained my speed. It was now 95 mph. As we passed the truck mother remarked, "My, that truck was going slowly." Then I broke the news to her about the speed we were going. If we were going 95 mph and the truck was going 45 mph the relative speed with which we passed the truck was 50 mph, even if the truck was moving.

I remember nothing else about the trip to Orange City. I don't remember leaving Orange City but I do have recollections of entering Rapid City, SD very late in the afternoon, finding a motel at the edge of town, and then going out for a belated meal. Because of me we were behind our travel schedule. The others wanted to take in some night life, but by the time we finished supper it was time to go to bed.

Along the trip to Spokane we stopped at Mt. Rushmore, and the beginning of the Missouri River in Butte, MT The only recollection I have of the rest of the trip to Fairchild AFB is driving by miles and miles of lake near Coeur d' Alene, Idaho.

When we arrived at Fairchild AFB I have fuzzy pictures of going through the supply issue line. I found my barracks. Each barracks had two floors. Each floor housed one squad. My squad was on second

floor. I went upstairs, picked a bed and a locker, and started settling in. We all shared the same head (toilet) that was just inside the first floor entrance.

The head had to be cleaned and ready for inspection without fail at 7 AM. We decided that it should be completely done at 6:30 AM. That would give the cadets on head detail time to get back to their bunk, make their bed, straighten their locker, shine their shoes, and put on their uniform. There could not be a drop of water anywhere on the fixtures, the walls, or the floor. The squads in our barracks took turns cleaning the head. This schedule meant that every other activity had to start early enough to be finished with the head at 6:30 am. With all of the tasks involved in getting ready for inspection--mopping and waxing the floors, washing the windows, sweeping an mopping the stairway, polishing the banister, cleaning and polishing lockers inside and out, pressing uniforms, shining shoes, making beds so that they would bounce a quarter--all of these tasks needed to be done by 50 of us upstairs, and the 50 downstairs made it necessary to get up by at least 4:30 AM to get ready for the day.

The very next morning we were due for inspection. I remember the first day of inspection. It took place at 7 am, just before breakfast. Inspection seemed like a game created by the officers with rules that made it impossible for the cadets to win.

It seemed as if that should be plenty of time but inevitably 7 o'clock would come finding us still preparing for inspection. When the inspectors arrived they usually began with the squad downstairs and then came upstairs. When the inspectors entered the building the cadet on guard duty called the whole barracks, upstairs and downstairs, to attention. Even though we were not being inspected we were to remain at attention until we were told otherwise. Those of us upstairs finding our preparation incomplete would scurry to finalize preparations for inspection. We were warned not to do this. However, having failed to have our preparation done it seemed that the lesser of the two evils was to quietly finish preparation while inspection was going on downstairs. We got by with that for several days. However, someone must have been careless and made a noise that tipped the inspecting officers off.

On the fourth day we heard the cadet on guard duty called the barracks to attention. I had been on head duty. I was expecting to do some last minute preparation. My locker door was open, my covers and sheets were pulled up but exhibited numerous wrinkles, my shoes and boots looked as if they had been lined up by a snake, and my tie was dangling around my neck untied. As soon as the inspecting officer entered the building he hit the stairway on the run bounding up the stairs--boom, boom, boom, boom, boom. And there he stood at the top of the stairs on second floor. I came to attention with my locker door and shirt collar open, and my necktie carelessly dangling around my collar. The inspector strode down the aisle until he came to me. He pointed to my locker with his white pencil-thick stick that was about 2 and one-half feet long. He remarked that he didn't like to see lockers standing open. I responded with an explanation about how it had happened. He interrupted me with "The answer is 'No excuse sir'." Then he pointed to my footwear under my bed. I began another lame excuse and he interrupted me and shouted at the top of his voice, "The answer is no excuse sir.". Then he pointed with his little stick to my bed that was not completely made and indicated that he was dissatisfied with it. I responded at the top of my voice, "No excuse sir." He finally pointed to my necktie and said that's a pretty loose knot Mr. Zahrt. He was testing me to see if I had really learned my lesson. I responded, "No excuse sir." He relaxed, told the cadet at his side who carried a clipboard on which demerits were recorded how many demerits I should receive, turned on his heel and set off down the aisle to dispense demerits to others.

It seemed he had a daily dose of punishment that had to be meted out as a matter of principal. The more skilled we became in being ready on time and attending to every detail we thought they were looking for, the more skilled they seemed to become in finding smaller and smaller items on which to give demerits.

The first week of AFROTC camp was settling into the routines. At the end of the week we had a drill competition and a squadron inspection. We stood at attention for at least 30 minutes. It was a bright sunny day. There were occasional casualties. Now and then a cadet would faint and collapse to the asphalt. We were finally ordered to stand at ease for another hour or two.

The celebrative event on the first weekend was a Saturday night dance. The summer camp personnel had arranged with a school of nursing in Coeur d' Alene to bring a busload of student nurses to the base. When the bus arrived they were turned out of the bus like a truckload of heifers into the pasture. We stood around in crowds either gawking, or making blind approaches to the women as they got off the buses.

The hall was big. The music was canned. Soft drinks were on the house, beer and hard liquor were available at cost. The night was uneventful. I paired up with a girl almost because I bumped into her and it was time to dance. I wasn't particularly thrilled with her...her looks, her personality, her ability to carry on a conversation. I felt it was necessary to have a partner. Even though I felt awkward in choosing her, I was even more uneasy about abandoning her and looking for someone else. Besides, it seemed as if everyone else had been taken. One moment there were no pairs, and almost as if by magic now everyone had a partner and they were mysteriously fated to spend the rest of the evening with the partner whom they met by happenstance.

My partner was dark skinned, she had heavy cheeks, and was shapelessly plump. She had long straight black hair which she wore pulled back in a pony tail. I have the feeling that I'm making this up because the only recollection of the evening I have is the glimpses I catch of the busses arriving and unloading, the milling, the large, dim, spiritless room filled with pairs of people masquerading as partners. I know the evening came to an end but I have amnesia about the way the event came to a close.

During the week we were introduced to a variety of aircraft. I remember taking a ride in a T 33. It was used to train fighter pilots. We went up to 30 or 40 thousand feet. The instructor demonstrated barrel rolls and loops. Then he gave me a chance to handle the controls. I started a climb and felt the pull on my body long before the altimeter started to register a climb. And alternatively, I pushed the stick forward to execute a dive and felt the fright of falling--like an elevator dropping out from under me--long before the altimeter registered the fall.

The second week of Summer Camp seemed to be easier. Our squad had begun to function as a cohesive unit. We had mastered the techniques of preparing for morning inspection so that we didn't have to rise at 4:30 am in order to get everything done. The officers were beginning to let up their pressure on us.

In the third week we were scheduled on B 52 mock bombing missions. The flight to which I was assigned left Fairchild late one afternoon. We were assigned in groups to fly in a bomber. While at 40,000 ft of altitude I was instructed to remove my oxygen mask to demonstrate to the rest of the passengers what happens when you run out of oxygen at 40,000 ft. I took off my oxygen mask and found myself getting light headed. It was similar to being intoxicated. It was not long before the instructor replaced my oxygen mask over my face.

We flew to Seattle, practicing electronic bombing runs on a USSR city which resembled Seattle and surrounds. We turned and flew south along the Pacific coastline continuing the practice of bomb runs that were executed, monitored and evaluated electronically. Shortly after 10 pm I thought it ought to be dark but

it was still dusk. I asked one of the crew members why it wasn't dark. He told me that we were at 50,000 feet and from where we were the sun hadn't dropped below the horizon. We flew to San Diego, turned and flew north-northeast to Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, and then turned west on final approach back into Fairchild AFB. We made the trip in 10 hours. I had completed my flight assignment by 5 am in the morning. I was allowed to go to a special barracks and get some sleep. I was spared one morning of inspection.

The staff made plans for two hundred and fifty to three hundred people--officers and cadets--to make the trip from Fairchild AFB to Egland AFB, Florida, in the KC-135 tanker. The KC-135 was essentially the same frame and power plant as the Boeing 707. The Boeing 707 made its first flight as a jet airliner early in 1958 from New York to London. The notion of flying in a jet airliner was so unusual that complimentary tickets were issued in order to get the flight filled. There was still some public skepticism as to whether or not a jet plane could be trusted as an airliner. The KC-135 was Boeing's military counterpart.

We departed Fairchild in 4 KC-135 tankers early on a Friday morning. By now the officers had begun to be more collegial with us. The trip was relaxed. We were issued K-rations for meals in flight. There were from 60-70 military personnel on each plane. We left Fairchild in 3 minute intervals. At the speed each plane was flying that there was a 10 to 15 mile distance between planes. The KC-135, like the Boeing 707, was newly in service. It had not yet been used as a military transport plane. We were told that our Summer Camp was the first to use the KC-135 in mass transport.

We went to a day-long air show.at Egland AFB. When the show was over, in late afternoon, we boarded our planes and returned to Fairchild AFB in Spokane, Washington. We had just completed a 6000 mile round trip and done it in the course of a day's work.

We cadets were all sent on a 3-day survival hike. We were given a preliminary briefing on the hike. We were grouped into groups of 4 and issued a parachute, a shovel, sleeping bags, a cooking kettle, canteens, plates, cups, matches, a fish hook, some fish line, and paunchos. Then we were bussed into the mountains north of Spokane and dropped off. The staff there demonstrated how to put up a parachute tepee. It was labeled a survival hike, but here wasn't any hike to it. We were left on our own for three days to see what we would do. As soon as we pitched our tepee I went fishing. The streams running down the mountain were very small and very shallow. Still it was possible to see trout swimming about in the little pools that formed in the stream every so often. I grubbed around in the earth until I found several grubs and a small piece of earthworm. I baited the hook with a grub and returned to the edge of the pool. The trout was still hovering 20 feet downstream in the small pool that formed because of a rock formation and a fallen log that acted as a small dam. I threw my line in and let it float down the stream until it reached the trout. The trout showed no interest. I retrieved the line and threw it out again. Still no interest. I spent 2 to 3 hours casting out, and retrieving my line. The trout was not interested. I used up all my bait and all my patience. Before long it began to rain. I retreated to the tepee. No one else had had any better luck.

It was slowly becoming clear that the 3 day survival hike was going to be a 3 day fast. I could not recall a time in my life when I had to go hungry. There may have been times in my early childhood when I had to do so. I remember that my mother and relatives always remarked, at observing my appetite, that I had a hollow leg. We talked about how to catch trout and someone said that if the trout saw you they wouldn't bite. I put that piece of information away for another attempt at fishing the next day.

The afternoon rain left everything damp and soggy. Most of us were out in the woods making our way through underbrush when it rained. None of us had anticipated the afternoon showers and by the time we got back to the tepee our clothes, underclothes, shoes and socks were dripping wet. We attempted to

light a fire. It gave off lots of smoke but very little heat. We went to bed that night with dripping clothes hanging all around the tepee and dampish sleeping bags. We went to sleep having had nothing to eat since breakfast.

The next morning I put on my clothes so that I could get them dried out. There was nothing for breakfast. I went on a hike to see if I could find something for breakfast. I did find some wild berries, but they served only to whet my appetite and remind me that I was hungry. I found several more worms and returned to the pond where I had fished the previous day. I hid behind a bush and surveyed the pool. The trout was in the pool treading water against the current. I baited the hook and remaining hidden I threw the line upstream. It drifted back down the stream until it reached the trout. He bit, darted and snapped and I had a trout on the end of my line. I pulled him in. Apparently the pool had magnified his size. He was 2 and 1/2 inches long. A beautiful fish but small. I returned to the tepee to celebrate my catch. I decided to share. We started a fire, brought the pot to boiling. While the water was warming I cleaned the trout. as soon as it was boiling I added the trout and we had fish soup.

The Survival Hike was a part of the curriculum to test our ability to be on our own. We were to practice what we would do if we had a crash and had to live in wilderness. No one raised the question about whether or not we would survive if we crashed. I suppose the assumption was if you do survive a crash you have to be prepared to survive afterwards. I wandered through the brush and trees for another day.

I spent a little more time fishing but determined that the amount of food I got made it not worth the effort. I also didn't like to be outsmarted by a fish. The campsite was a permanent Survival Hike campground so I surmised that the streams had been fished on a regular basis and there were no more fish of any size left.

It seemed to rain every afternoon, so our clothes and our bedding were perpetually damp. The Survival Hike had turned into a 3-day fast. By the end of the second day I did little wandering. This was the first time in my life that I had gone without food for more than a meal or two at the most. I was unprepared for the ordeal. Spiritually I was an infant. I was attached to the notion that I had to have something to stuff in my face and fill my belly every 3 to 4 hours. If that condition could not be met I could not be a human being. My energy level declined. With it my desire to hike and explore also subsided. I spent my time sitting or laying on my sleeping gear. I did not consider that there was something to learn from the fast. I was not mature enough to reflect on it. There was no provision for reflection which leads me to assume that the staff thought there was nothing to learn from fasting.

On the third day of the Survival Hike we were engaged in the process of building a pit oven. The permanent camp staff had shot and frozen a bear during the course of the summer. We were going to have a feast to close the camp. As I look back on it I see that it was filled with religious symbolism. The Journey into Wilderness, the Fast, the Feast. It was a provided a perfect opportunity for serious self-conscious reflection on the significance of life. However the questions which might have provoked self-conscious reflection were never asked. As I look back on it now it was interesting to see how to build a pit oven. I think I could have learned the same thing if I had been a Boy Scout. I grew up on the farm and went to 4-H instead, so I never learned how to build a pit oven. It is not a complicated operation, and I'm sure I could replicate it to this day. It requires only common sense. But I have never had an occasion to use it.

Inspection during the last two weeks was not as drastic. It seemed as if we were being accepted as cadets who were going to successfully negotiate the rite of passage. There were little surprises from time to time. Once the inspection team came with white gloves and found all the dirt hiding on top of doorsills and

window frames. Once the inspection team didn't come at 7 am, just before breakfast, but instead they came right after breakfast. If a cadet was caught for an infraction he was given a demerit. There was a way to work off demerits. It was marching on the parade grounds. I don't remember how it was clear when one cadet finished working off his demerits and could leave. I don't even have a clear memory that I worked off my demerits this way.

Part of the relaxation existing in the last two weeks had to do with the complexity of the schedule. Each cadet was scheduled to take a flight on a T-33 fighter trainer, a B-58 strategic bomb run, and a KC-135 tanker refueling mission. The constant coming and going of cadets, the necessity to provide for sleep and meals at irregular hours made it harder to maintain rigid policing of activities. There were always exceptions.

Each weekend there were celebrative events. The second weekend we had a picnic at a Fort--an old army base just outside of Spokane. The base covered 50 to 100 acres. We were allowed to find our own transportation to the base if we desired to do so. Jim elected to take his car. We, Bill and myself, elected to ride with him. The nurses were bussed in and delivered to the base once again. We found our girlfriends, piled into the car and headed for the Fort. It was not designed for heavy traffic. The roadways at the Fort must have been adequate for traffic in the mid to late 30's. The roads were narrow and the parking was scarce. When we arrived we discovered a traffic jam. The Camp had provided a bus for those who couldn't, or didn't want to, drive. It seemed that every cadet had elected to come in his own personal transportation. As soon as we entered the gate we were in a traffic jam.

We did not know where the picnic was being held, and we were not familiar with the base road system or parking lots. But we came in right behind a beer truck. We began creeping 3 feet, and waiting 5 minutes. Then creeping 2 feet and waiting another 5 minutes. After a half an hour of sitting and creeping we realized that although the beer truck might lead us to the picnic, it might also provide us with another opportunity. I suggested that we off-load some beer for our own personal use. The rest of the guys were not enthusiastic. I asked Jim if he thought he could make a diversion. He said, "Yes". He would pull up close to the truck, then edge out into the oncoming lane hunching over the wheel, acting impatient. He would pretend to be looking for a way to get around the truck. All of this was nonsense because there would have been no place to go once we got around the truck. And wherever the truck was going we wanted to be. But it would provide a diversion. Jim agreed to play to role. He edged up to the truck, pulling out into the oncoming lane, feigning impatience. That gave me a perfect blind. The truck driver was preoccupied with Jim whom he could see in his left-hand rear-view mirror. The right-hand side of our car was directly behind his back door, and therefore hidden from view in his right-hand mirror. I stepped out of the car and went the back end of the beer truck. I grabbed the latch and carefully, quietly turned it. It was unlocked! I slowly swung the door open and viola, there was a truck load of beer. It was a refrigerated truck so there was no window from the cab back into the cargo. We were in luck. I grabbed a case and headed for the truck of our car. By this time I had made it clear that I was going through with the plan. Bill gathered his courage and assisted me. We off-loaded as many cases as we could get into the trunk. I have always wanted to think that the truck driver did not know that we took his beer. Perhaps he knew but did not care because the whole load was already paid for and he was simply delivering.

The graduation banquet at the end of the fourth week was a gala occasion. We were in full dress uniform. The nurses were brought over. By now we had gotten to know our 'favorite nurse'. The table was filled with food and wine. It took from 30 minutes to an hour before the meal was served. During that time

we found our partners, chose our seats, and get settled. I performed one additional act. I made it my business to get my share of the wine. It was placed on the table before the meal had its formal beginning.

Wine was never a favorite drink of mine. I had been to a beer parties at University, but never a wine party. There was so much of it on the table I felt obliged to drink it. I had three or four glasses before the meal was called to order. Shortly after I had eaten my salad I realized that the wine was having an effect on me. It was an experience similar to that of flying the T-33 fighter-trainer.

When in the T-33 trainer I had over-enthusiastically pushed the stick ahead. There was no indication on the altimeter that we were diving but the bottom fell out of my stomach worse than any roller coaster I had ever ridden. I had been drinking wine for about an hour, and I had felt none of the effects. Suddenly I discovered that I was inebriated. I have no recollection of what I looked or sounded like to others. I have since seen others in such condition, and I'm afraid I know what I was like. The next morning I was reminded why wine is not a favorite drink of mine.

When graduation was over we parted our ways. Jim was headed back to Iowa. Bill and I had wander lust. We wanted to take advantage of the fact that we were in the Pacific Northwest and see some of the country, meet some of the people, and take in some of the events. I had an Aunt and Uncle in Seattle, Washington. Dad had a cousin in Marysville, Washington, which was about 40 miles north of Seattle. We found a cadet who was headed back to Seattle and helped pay for his gas. It was a beautiful drive through the mountains on the way to Seattle.

To begin with we stayed with my Aunt and Uncle, Gertrude and Cecil, in Seattle. They lived just south of the Boeing plant. We did a little sight-seeing of downtown Seattle and a little touring of the University of Washington Campus. Bill had a connection with a young woman our age who belonged to a yacht club. We visited her and spent some time swimming and sitting around in the sun at the club. Being able to visit the yacht club seemed to put us in the position of being well connected, but we neither found nor developed friendships that made it a lasting experience. While relaxing and enjoying ourselves we were simultaneously looking for summer employment. We found none.

We borrowed a VW beetle from Gert and Cecil and went to visit Burdett and Lavonne Leff, in Marysville, WA. They took us on a tour of Weyerhauser Lumber Company. They took us water skiing. It was my first time. It was thrilling. We continued our search for work and finally found something--pea picking. I remember hearing the slang that I considered derogatory: "You pea-picker." All the time I didn't know what a pea picker was. Now I was one!.

Pea picking was tedious. It required a lot of bending. I used muscles that I hadn't used in a while. It was a minimum wage job. It wasn't satisfying. However, it was wage earning. That was quickly becoming the most important factor to consider. The return travel allowance that I had received at the end of Camp had dwindled to almost nothing.

One day I got a call from Aunt Gert that she had received a call from my mother; her sister. Mother had received a call from the Des Moines YMCA Camp inquiring of my whereabouts. I was to call the YMCA Camp director. I was puzzled. I had worked for the YMCA Camp for the past two summers. I had had a good time and was by now a seasoned Camp Counselor. But I had told the camp director that I had AFROTC summer camp this summer. I had not seriously considered employment at the Y Camp this summer. Nevertheless, it was work that I was familiar with. It would be steady work, and I would have to get back to Iowa some time or another.

I returned the call. Marlow, the Y-Camp Director, indicated that he needed a counselor for the rest of the season and that I should come back immediately; that he needed me in two days' time. I thought it over quickly. I realized that I had no real prospects for employment and that I was running out of money. I had no enduring relationships that bound or endeared me to the Northwest. I said "Yes, I'll take the job. I'll be there as soon as I can get back."

It looked as if my summer journey into unknown places and experiences was about to come to an end. I left Bill with Burdette and Lavonne and returned to Seattle. I picked up some maps and determined the best route to hitchhike. I let my parents know of my plans and then asked Gert and Cecil to drop me off on the road out of Seattle. I bid my good-byes and thanked them for hosting me.

I had a military duffel bag to put my clothes in. I hoped that would assist me in getting a ride. I was a seasoned short-run hitchhiker. It was 7 miles from high school to Turin. The bus left for its route directly after school. I played football and every fall football practice would begin immediately after school and end at 5:30 to 630 PM. That left me with the necessity of hitchhiking home after football practice. I had been so emboldened by my success as a high school student, that one fall I packed up and hitchhiked to the State Fair in Des Moines.

But I had never done any long-distance hitchhiking. My route took me south and east. The sky was filled with puffball clouds. The sun came and went as the clouds drifted past on their journey from west to east. By late afternoon I had reached Yakima, WA. By evening I was on the Washington/ Oregon border. I continued to hitchhike into the evening. The puffball clouds that seemed so innocuous during the day had been the harbinger of rain. This was mid July so daylight stretched on to 9 or 9:30 in the evening. Toward evening the sky became overcast and a steady rain began to fall. I had nothing to protect myself from the rain. I began to get cold and damp. I got a ride into the night with a military man. I remember the drive through Idaho. Mountain Home is a name that returns to me as I recall the event but there is nothing of experience to put with it.

My ride through the night dropped me on the edge of Salt Lake City early the next morning. In my haste to return home I had not stopped for sleep. I only stopped for food when my ride did so. I hadn't even stopped to shave so that I would look presentable to my would-be escort. By 10:30 that morning I began to despair of ever catching a ride. A Greyhound bus appeared. I flagged him down. He stopped and opened the door. He asked, "Where are you going?" I said, "East." He responded, "Get on; show me some green stuff." I got on and showed him a twenty-dollar bill. He closed the door and resumed his route.

When I got to Denver I phoned my parents and indicated that I was on the bus. I told them when I would arrive in Omaha and asked that they pick me up. They agreed.

I always find bus trips to be an exercise in solitude. I seldom find myself striking up a conversation. If I do initiate a conversation I seldom find anything of depth to justify continuing the conversation for any sustained length of time. Bus trips are interesting to me because of the opportunity I have to observe people. I think I slept for most of the ride to Denver. I know now that the ride from Salt Lake City to Denver has some spectacular mountain scenery, either the weather was so inclement or I was so exhausted that I have total amnesia of the remainder of the trip. Perhaps it is in part due to the fact that flagging down the bus was acquiescing; failing in my intention to successfully hitchhike from Seattle to Turin.

Mother and Dad greeted me when I arrived in Omaha and took me home. When I arrived home I quickly put together my wardrobe for YMCA Camp and drove to Boone in the Dodge sedan that had been repaired in the last year. I was eager to return to a place where I was sought after, where I had competency

and a reputation. However, when I arrived I found that I had brought with me a memory of the past two years of camp. One of my grandfather's favorite phrases was "The past always remembers better than it was." The camp of 1958 was unlike the camp of 1956 or 1957.

I was returning to 1958 YMCA Camp carrying many fond memories. The clown-diving trick was only one of the those memories. I was remembering the colleagueship among the staff members. I was remembering the marathon camp-outs that I had pioneered. I was remembering the song our cabin had created which gave us an enormous sense of pride and identity.

When I got to camp nothing was the way I remembered it. The camp was already half way through the summer. Some of my dearest comrades had chosen not to come back as counselors. The counselors who were on the staff had already established their friendship circles, and none of those circles included me. The entire staff had bonded and created the routines that would define the summer of 1958, and I was not a part of that process. I was an outsider.

I arrived in the middle of a camping session so I had no cabin assignment. I had to wait for an assignment to a cabin of boys when the next session started. I took advantage of this situation to visit the swimming pool as soon as Rest Hour was over in the early afternoon. I got to the pool before the campers arrived and went to the deep end of the pool to practice some of my dives. i mounted the 1-meter diving board. Before I could make a dive I saw that there a camper in the bottom of the pool. I immediately dove to the bottom of the pool, brought him to the surface, and placed him on the deck. By that time a counselor assigned to be a life guard had arrived. I helped him apply artificial respiration. I was pleased that the lifeguard had arrived because I learned that I was not fully prepared to apply artificial respiration. I was delighted that the boy had fully recovered by the time we finished giving him artificial respiration.

I took solace in doing my job. I was a good camp counselor. I enjoyed the boys who were in my cabin. I watched them carefully to anticipate their homesickness. I created diversions that would take their mind away from homesickness. Every cabin was expected to stand daily inspection. I involved them in developing the routines that we would use to demonstrate excellence when standing inspection. Every cabin was expected to take an outing. I solicited their participation in laying out the design of the camp-out event. I enjoyed being in the fresh air, being in the sunlight, getting regular and substantial large-muscle exercise. I brought my guitar and invited them to sing the camp songs with me when we were by ourselves in the cabin.

Marlow, the director, was convinced that the only way to insure a good camp experience for the campers was to have a monastic staff. We were expected to remain on the grounds at all times. We were given a two day break at mid-point in the summer. A camp period ended anywhere from 7 to 10 days. At that time we would be given an evening off. Since we were away from home, knew no one in Boone, and had had no time to develop any relationships with the counselors at the nearby girls camp, it was always hard to imagine what a monastic, who was a total stranger in the territory, would do with a night off.

The local anonymity was coupled with the fact that a camp counselor would be able to earn a grand total of $300 by the end of the summer. If a counselor had spent all of his money by the end of the academic year, he had little enough to go on during the summer, and most of us made some attempt to save some of the $300 for starters the next fall. The most expensive thing we usually did was board the camp truck en masse and go into the local ice cream shop for malts on evenings off. Otherwise, we usually spent the time alone, resting, reading, or catching up on correspondence.

One Saturday after the campers were sent home and we had finished dinner I had a sudden impulse to go to Iowa City. I knew that I had to be back the next morning because we had a fresh group of campers arriving. In the morning there would be a staff meeting. We would evaluate the last session, make any mid-course corrections needed to keep the camp running smoothly, and give the counselor-camper assignments for the upcoming session. Nevertheless I was compelled to make the trip to Iowa City. I have discovered over the years that compulsion is a recurrent force in my life. I seldom do something unless I am compelled by something within to do it. I that I have difficulty bringing any passion to bear on something repetitive and mundane.

The compulsion to go to Iowa City was undoubtedly prompted by my loneliness at YMCA Camp. Demonstrating competency can go only so far in creating solace. I was in need of companionship. I knew a woman, a student nurse, in Iowa City whose presence was calling me.

Fall and winter 1958 SUI CAMPUS

I knew Linda was spending the summer at SUI in her nursing classes and work shifts in the Hospital. The return to Y Camp was not planned. But I was closer to Iowa City now. So I suddenly decided to make a trip to Iowa City early one Saturday evening. I arrived at Currier Hall about 5 minutes before curfew. I asked the woman at the desk if she would phone Linda Marken. She did so and reported that she was not answering her phone.

As I stood there considering my options the proctor softly volunteered, "Maybe I could find her by calling around on her floor." Eagerly I leaned over the counter top, "Would you?", I asked. "Yes, I'll give it a try." she responded. I took a seat in the lounge knowing that it was my own stupidity and short sightedness that would be responsible for the fact that I had missed seeing Linda. I wondered why I had not done more planning ahead. Looking for the good news in this situation, I satisfied myself that I was glad I had made the trip even if I didn't get to see Linda, because I needed to get out of YMCA Camp. I was having something akin to cabin fever with the cabins and the Camp alike.

At approximately 5 minutes before curfew time the proctor announced to me that she had located Linda and that she would be down shortly. Linda had been down the hall at a gathering of some of her nursing classmates. She had no idea who would be calling. She also wondered why the caller would be coming so shortly before curfew. I asked the proctor if we could have permission to spend time together in the lobby even after curfew. She granted permission.

When Linda arrived she showed surprise. At that moment I realized that Linda was someone that I was very fond of. I was pleased, but painfully aware of my vulnerability. The curfew time came and went. The proctor conveniently overlooked the fact that we were in the lounge. It was around the corner from the front desk and out of eyesight. We sat and talked. I'm sure we did nothing more than hold hands, but I'm certain we did that. We talked for 30 to 45 minutes and finally I decided that I should not overstay my welcome. I departed. I think we kissed as we parted. That was a renewal of the relationship with Linda. I remember knowing at that point that I would be back to see Linda again and again.

THE END OF SUMMER 1958

I started dating Linda regularly. We usually went out in my car. I remember times we would neck in the car outside the Nurses Dormitory, and times we would neck in the car parked in back of the house at 211 N Linn St. We didn't talk about the future. We went home for Christmas vacation. I took Linda to her house, spent some time with her family, and she visited my house in Turin. Over Christmas vacation, the week before New Year's eve, I suddenly decided that I would get an engagement symbol—a diamond on a white gold chain—to give to Linda when I returned to SUI for New Year's Eve. I went to Sioux City and purchased the diamond. I went back to campus the day before New Years. As a student nurse Linda was required to work part of the Christmas vacation. I made a date with her on New Year's Eve. At that date I presented her with the diamond and asked her to marry me. I don't remember whether she answered me then, or waited for a while. I know she explains that she could see that I was ready to get married and if she said "No" then I'd probably find someone else. And she didn't think it would be wise to lose me that way. From today's vantage point we have celebrated wedding anniversary over 50 times. I see our marriage now as the most important event in my life.

In the spring of 1958 Dr. Carl Michaelson, from Drew Theological School, had been the keynote presenter at the Wesley Foundation's Religious Emphasis Week. He inspired me. I had already been informed that my application for admission to Medical School had been denied. Because of Dr. Michaelson I was motivated to apply for admission to Drew Theological School. I was accepted and given some course requirements to meet. Because of my admission to theological school I was given a deferment by ROTC. Once I completed a Divinity degree I would be taken into the Air Force as a chaplain.

Wesley Foundation's Religious Emphasis week in the spring of 1959 invited Joe Mathews from the Faith and Life Community in Austin, TX. Steve Smith had been attending Wesley Foundation ever since he had enrolled in SUI in the fall of 1956. At the beginning of 1959 he and Hilde Schneider were engaged. Hilde and Linda were classmates in the College of Nursing. The women joined Steve and I in attending Religious Emphasis Week. During the week Joe Mathews modeled a House Church and suggested that we initiate a weekly House Church at Wesley Foundation. We did so. David and Linda, Steve and Hilde, were regular attendants at House Church in the spring of 1959. At that point Steve decided to go to The Faith and Life Community once Hilde graduated at the end of the summer of 1960.

MARRIAGE COUNSELING

I wanted to be sure that we were doing the right thing so I requested of Linda that we have some marriage counseling. She agreed. We asked the Reverend Robert Sanks, Wesley Foundation's senior pastor, for counseling. He provided us with a series of sessions in preparation for our marriage. When we completed the counseling sessions we felt better prepared for marriage. About this time Dad tried to talk us out of getting married. When we asked him why he was trying to dissuade us from getting married he said it was simple. If you could talk a couple out of getting married, they shouldn't be married!

I looked around Iowa City for a place we could live once we were married. I wasn't satisfied with the apartments that I found. I decided we should try a trailer court, and wasn't satisfied with the accommodations we could rent. I searched for a trailer we could buy and found one in Marshalltown that met my requirements—a 2-bedroom 35 foot trailer. Once I had inspected it and arranged to purchase it I asked Linda's father, AJ, if he would help us by pulling the trailer to Iowa City. Since he was farming and had a pickup truck with a trailer hitch, he agreed to help. We met in Marshalltown, hooked the trailer to the

pickup, and pulled it to the trailer court in Iowa City. I got the trailer hooked up to utilities and prepared for fall and winter weather.

My graduation was held June 12, 1959. I graduated with Bachelor of Science in Education. Our wedding was held the Saturday of that week, June 13. We considered having the wedding in Linda's hometown church in Hampton, IA. Since we were squeezing the wedding into school events, and Linda had class responsibilities throughout the summer, we took advantage of the good relationship we had developed with Bob Sanks. We decided to have the wedding at the Wesley Foundation and asked Bob to be the pastor. We invited all of the family. Both sides of the family were present.

Immediately following the wedding, a reception dinner was held at the Ox Yoke Inn, in the Homestead part of Amana Colonies. I chose the Amanas because my Great Grandfather had settled there. I decided it was a way to affirm Grandma and Grandpa Zahrt's contribution to my life.

Mother and Dad left us the family1955 Ford Station Wagon for our honeymoon. We drove it to Spring Park near Jefferson and camped out there the first night. The second night we returned the Ford to Turin and picked up my Dodge sedan. We went on to Hampton and visited the Markens, and returned to Iowa City by way of Marengo, where we stopped and stayed with Grandma and Grandpa Zahrt. While in Marengo I discovered a used girls bike that was in need of recycling. It was very inexpensive so I bought it for Linda.

Once we returned to Iowa City we set up residence in our trailer. I made some minor repairs to Linda's bike and we began riding together around the neighborhoods on the east side of Iowa City. It didn't take long for Linda to start riding her bicycle the three miles to the hospital for her nursing classes and work shifts at the Hospital.

During the summer I obtained employment with Iowa City Parks and Recreation department. In the fall I took several courses required as pre-requisites for admission to Drew Theological School while working part-time at the University High School teaching eighth grade general science.

I don't remember how we decided what the meals should be and where we should shop for food. We took turns preparing meals depending on our work schedules. I do remember Linda indicating that she wanted to cook my favorite food. But one meal after another I ate it and said it was good. She was astounded and disappointed that there was not something special she could make for me.

Sometime in late fall the Dodge was beginning to indicate that it would not last much longer. Linda's Uncle Ralph, in Waterloo, was a car dealer. He sold automobiles manufactured by British Motor Works (BMW). We were intrigued with the product line that he displayed. We traded the Dodge in on a Morris Minor 1000 Station Wagon. It was a very dependable vehicle. It got 40 miles per gallon gas mileage, and had a hand crank that could be used to start the motor if the battery failed.

At Christmas vacation we decided to attend a national Student Christian Movement conference in Ohio. We registered for it and took a bus ride to Ohio and back to attend the conference. At the conference we made friends with Dave and Pat Hallett. They were from the New England area. We kept in touch with them because Dave would be enrolling in theological school in Boston, MA and we would be much closer to them when we got to Madison, NJ. Besides that, the only thing I remember about the conference is that we caught a case of the Asian flu, and once we returned to Iowa City it took us a week of bed-rest to recuperate.

Linda continued her nursing classes and work assignments through the summer of 1960. Her sister, Margie planned to take some summer school at SUI. We hosted her in our trailer. We had originally set up the second bedroom as an office. But for the summer we made it into Margie's bedroom.

In anticipation of our move to New Jersey I asked Dad to help me find a trailer that we could use to haul our belongings behind the Morris Minor. He did so and I had the blacksmith in Turin put a trailer hitch on the Morris Minor. We towed it back to Iowa City and began the process of packing for the move. Linda graduated August 10, 1960.

We had owned the house trailer for a year and one half and would vacate it when we moved to New Jersey. Rather than have someone manage a rental of the trailer I decided that we should sell the trailer. I had it listed and by the end of the year it had been sold.

We decided to make an itinerary that would take advantage of the opportunity to visit friends and relatives. The first stop was in Indiana. We visited some cousins of Linda's father.

We planned the trip to go through Philadelphia so we could visit Gertrude Dieken, a good friend of Linda's mother. On the way to Philadelphia we planned an overnight stay in a park in West Virginia. Lin was driving, the roads were narrow, and there were steep hills in the park. The trailer had been heavily loaded for the trip. As we started up a hill in the park the Morris Minor pulled down and was close to stalling. I knew that if it stalled we would be in an impossible situation. We would not have been able to back down the hill and there was no way to turn around. The trailer could not have been removed from the car until we had unloaded everything. In an instant I opened the passenger door, hopped out of the car and began pushing as we continued up the hill. Luckily we made it to the top of the hill. Soon after we found a camping spot and spent the night.

DREW CAMPUS

Once we visited Gertrude in Philadelphia we made a beeline for Madison, NJ. We drove through NJ countryside. When we went through Bernardsville we knew we were getting close to our destination. We went through some more countryside and came to Morristown. We fully expected to leave Morristown, drive through some more countryside, and come to Madison. It was the next town on the map.

We continued through suburbia for a period of time that seemed too long. We stopped and inquired and discovered that from Morristown on into New York City it is suburb. We were in Chatham and had driven right through Madison. We turned around and made our way back to Madison. This time we saw a sign for Drew University. We were exhausted and disoriented when we arrived on campus late one afternoon.

We drove into what appeared to be the main parking lot and got out to stretch our legs. We had no idea where we were, and no idea where we needed to go. We decided to stop at the first big building and inquire. We chose an apartment-looking building. I stopped in the road blocking my lane of traffic. It was a blacktop strip that seemed to be laid right over the grass. There was no curb and there was no way to park without driving on the grass. The atmosphere was tranquil. I did not anticipate getting a traffic ticket. There was no traffic rush. I reasoned that even if I did block traffic they could simply go around me with little difficulty. Behind our Morris Minor station wagon was a trailer almost as big as the car. We had wrestled it all the way from Iowa. I was tired or wrestling it any longer.

I made my way up the sidewalk to the archway in the middle of the building. I stopped a resident who was coming out of the building. I intended to ask him if he knew where Wendell Hall was, but I stopped in the middle of forming the question. This was Stan Long! I said, "I know you, you gave me a ride home from Lawrence, Kansas in winter of.'57'" He was startled, but he agreed that he had. Then we rehearsed that we had met on a later occasion at ISU. I told him that we were here because I had enrolled in

the Theological School for the fall. He indicated that he had done the same. We marveled at the coincidence and he asked where we were staying. I said, "That's what we came up here to find out. Where's Wendell Hall?" "This is it", he said. He directed us to Clarence, the caretaker, and he gave us a key and showed us to our room. We spent the rest of the evening settling in.

CHAPTER 4: DREW THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL

Fall 1960—Settling in

It was an enormous surprise to meet Stan. Once we settled in we met Glenda, his wife, and established an ongoing relationship with the two of them: some real live Iowans! We lived on first floor of Section D in Wendell Hall. We made acquaintance with the two other couples on our floor: Earl and Grace Stucke from South Dakota, and Tom and Ellen from Illinois. Stan and Glenda lived on second floor of Section C in Wendell Hall. As we visited Stan and Glenda we made acquaintance with Don and Pat Kline from Ohio. Their apartment was right across from Stan and Glenda's.

During the first year of theological school Stan decided to take an assignment as an associate minister. I wanted to become comfortable with the demands of Theological School before I assumed the added responsibility of church work. I also needed to gain more confidence in my ability to fulfill the responsibilities of student minister. I thought that a year of schooling might help me He and Glenda lived in Section C of Wendell Hall. He had a weekend job, so we were able to see a good deal of each other. I attempted to start a study group. Stan and Glenda were not ready to be in the study group. I attempted to recruit our next-door neighbors, Tom and Ellen., and Stan's neighbors Don and Pat Kline. The study group didn't last. Stan, Tom, and Don had weekend work in a local congregation. The weekend work seemed to take precedence. I took no outside work and focused on my classes.

I had enrolled in two prerequisites that I did not find interesting. It was difficult for me to understand how I would use what I learned in the class. By Christmas time I was extremely depressed. I was warned just before Christmas as the semester came to a close, that I had a D in both Philosophy, and Greek. I was not prepared to study these kinds of subjects. Over Christmas I spent extra time studying those 2 subjects and finished the semester with a C average in both classes.

During our last year in Iowa City Robert Sanks had taken a new assignment and Rev Van Valkenburg had replaced him. When he discovered I was headed for Drew Theological School he referred us to Bill and Dona Lou Imler. Bill was assistant to the Dean at Theological School and Dona Lou was his sister-in-law. Once we were settled in Wendell Hall, we made contact with the Imlers. They had a young family and occasionally they requested that we baby sit for them. We did so and enjoyed maintaining a relationship with their family.

All of the fellows I had become acquainted with had taken weekend positions at a church. I decided to wait so Lin and I attended the Madison Methodist Church that adjoined the Drew University campus. In the spring of 1961 I inquired about the jail chaplaincy in Morristown. I visited the jail with the current chaplain on Saturday afternoons, and Sunday mornings. I decided that it would be a ministry I would like to

pursue, so I began accompanying and assisting the chaplain. In June he graduated and departed. I was then the chaplain of the Morris County Jail.

Stan, on the other hand, decided to take a full-time parish assignment. He had established a relationship with the New Jersey Conference and was given an assignment to Tranquility. Tranquility was a parish in New Jersey, not a state of being. It was 11 miles north of Hackettstown, NJ, and 45 miles away from campus. Stan arranged his classes to fill the middle of the week. He maximized the number of classes he took when he made the trip in from Tranquility, and minimized the number of days he was on campus.

We saw less of Stan and Glenda than we had the first year. We did cooperate in the creation of a Cadre of theological students who were interested in the renewal of the church. The cadre served to keep us alive spiritually. It helped us maintain our sense of expectancy that something new could happen in the local congregation. Stan and Glenda were members in that cadre. We arranged to meet weekly for a 2-3 hour period of worship, study, and discipline. Our meeting place rotated so occasionally we would have our meeting at the parsonage in Tranquility.

I had also investigated summer employment in the camp named Hartley Farm. In the several trips from campus to the camp to be interviewed and accepted as a camp counselor I went by a motorcycle shop. In addition to motorcycles they sold Lambretta motor scooters. Lin used the car during the week, which meant I had no source of private transportation when she was at work. I decided to purchase a Lambretta 150cc scooter. I was employed at Hartley Farm during the week. On the weekends I performed my duties as chaplain, on Saturday afternoons and Sunday mornings, in Morristown.

One of the requirements for being accepted as a camp counselor was being certified as a lifeguard at the swimming pool. During the spring semester I registered at Drew swimming pool for course in Life Saving. I had never done much swimming when I grew up on the farm. The summers were full of daily chores. One of the requirements in the course was to swim a mile. I practiced and discovered that I could do it! The biggest difficulty I encountered came from the fact that I was very muscular and had very little body fat. I had a lot of weight to keep afloat when I was swimming. But I discovered that gave me a distinct advantage when a rescue effort was required. Here was a need for someone to play the victim and rest on the bottom of the pool. Then the person assigned to perform the rescue would swim to the bottom of the pool, grab the victim, and bring him/her to the top of the pool and get the victim on the deck. I found that I was capable of taking a lung full of air and sink to the bottom of the pool. If I exhaled slowly I could remain there for at least 2 minutes. That provided adequate time for the rescuer to perform a simulated rescue.

Another contact in New Jersey was Byrdice Tams. She and Linda's stepmother, Miriam, were good friends. They had made their friendship when they were in the School of Nursing in Iowa City in the late 1930's. Byrdice lived in Teaneck, NJ so we ventured out from Madison and found our way through New

Jersey to Teaneck. We always enjoyed our visits and Byrdice was genuinely pleased that we made contact with her. She wrote letters of recommendation for Linda when she applied for Visiting Nurse and Public Health positions.

September 1961

When we left Iowa there was not enough room in the trailer for our bicycles. Wendell Hall had 4 Sections; A, B, C, and D. Between B and C there was a breezeway. A man's bicycle, that no one used, was parked in the breezeway. I inquired of the building superintendent to find out to whom the bicycle belonged. He told me it had been abandoned and asked me to claim it. I did so and began riding it. The Imlers helped us find a woman's bike for Lin. Once we both had bicycles we were able to take rides around campus and over to visit the Imlers.

In the spring of the year I obtained permission to use some of the grounds at the edge of campus. The ground was planted to grass and served no function on campus. I tilled it and planted it to garden early in the year. We had radishes, peas, and lettuce.

August 1961

Hartley Farm closed camp before the school year resumed in the fall. We returned to the campus at Drew and were assigned an apartment in Section A; at the other end of the building. We had been able to put our belongings in our storage bin in the basement during the summer and move everything into our newly assigned apartment in the fall when we returned. During the month of October Lin realized that she had conceived.

Fall 1961 and Winter 1962

In the fall of 1961 Steve and Hilde Smith arrived on Campus. We had known Steve and Hilde for two reasons. To begin with, Linda and Hilde were both enrolled in the School of Nursing at State University of Iowa (SUI). Steve and Hilde made plans to marry the summer of 1959, as did we. We also participated in programs at the Wesley Foundation and we regarded them to be colleagues.

In the Religious Emphasis Week programs that the Wesley House on the SUI campus held, I was intrigued by Dr. Carl Michaelson, from Drew University, and Steve was intrigued by Joe Mathews from the Faith and Life Community in Austin, Texas. So the first year out of Iowa City the Zahrts went to Drew Theological School, and the Smiths went to Faith and Life Community. I didn't know that our paths would ever cross again.

Steve was full of energy and enthusiasm about his experience at the Faith and Life Community. He suggested that we start a House Church and meet as a group once a week. Within that year we joined together in a house-church. We canvassed the campus to find all those who would be willing to participate. The Zahrts, the Longs, the Davises, and the Flynns, joined the House Church. There were a few others who considered participating and after a short period dropped out.

During the summer of 1962 I spent 8 weeks at the state mental hospital in Trenton in a Clinical Pastoral Training program. I rode the Lambretta from Madison to Trenton every Monday morning. I had residence in the dormitory that adjoined the mental hospital, and stayed all week. On Friday after class, I rode the Lambretta back to Madison, and performed my chaplain duties Saturday and Sunday at the Morris County jail. We continued our House Church fellowship. When it was scheduled on campus the Longs traveled to Madison. When it was scheduled at the Long's residence we all commuted to Tranquility.

By the end of June we awaited our first child with great expectation. The hospital was in Morristown, 3 miles away. Lin was close to term and was eager to give birth. She was expecting a child but it became clear that we didn't know what to expect. Labor didn't seem to coming any time soon, so we went for a Saturday afternoon bicycle ride. We went to Imler's and picked some cherries. We came home, pitted cherries, and Lin baked a cherry pie. She also began to have contractions. She called the Dr. and gave him her symptoms, and he recommended that she come in to the hospital. So we packed up and drove to the hospital.

After the hospital staff settled Lin into her room and the doctor gave her a preliminary examination, I joined Lin in her room. I felt helpless when Lin was experiencing labor pain. All I could do was observe her in her pain. I finally decided that being there and holding her hand was all that I could do, and that would have to be enough—an exercise in humility and detachment.

Labor did not progress; the birth did not seem immanent, so the physician advised me to return home. I went home and spent a sleepless night wondering if I would receive a phone call at any moment. Lin spent the whole night getting ready to have our child. I returned to the hospital on Sunday morning. Lin had begun labor in earnest and was ready to deliver. I had arranged to be present in the delivery room and was able to witness the birth of our first child. We did not know whether it would be a girl or a boy. We had picked the name, Jay, for a boy, and Heidi, for a girl.

We learned that we had a boy. Jay was all there: as he arrived, he let out a cry. We were all satisfied that he was alive! Jay weighed 7 pounds and 9 ounces and was 19 inches long. His little head was pointed from being in the birth canal for so long, but he was beautiful. He looked at us with a solemn expression. It was not a look of surprise at being out of his warm place and into the world, as we had expected. Early on his facial features reminded us of Mr. McGoo.

Since Jay was born on Lin's Grandpa and Grandma Marken's 65th anniversary, I phoned them to say that we had a special gift for them. We asked if they would call Lin's parents and tell them about the baby and that we would call them when we got home from the hospital. Later, we learned that Grandpa, the jokester that he was, waited to tell her folks about their first grandchild until church that morning. Grandpa stood up and told the congregation during the announcement time. We were later told by church members that Linda's mother gasped from her seat in the choir loft and her Dad's shoulders started to shake from his place in the front pew. Since Jay arrived a week earlier than his due date, they were duly surprised.

I came down with a severe head cold the week following Jay's birth and reflected that it might have been the stress of realizing that I was now responsible for a new life.

When I finished the Clinical Pastoral Training for the summer we packed the Morris Minor 1000 Station wagon and made a trip to Iowa. Jay was a little over two months old. I found a box that would fit nicely into the back seat and become Jay's traveling bed. It was a heavy-duty cardboard beer box. We decided to see the countryside and stay with pastors or church families along the way. As a result we stopped and made newfound acquaintances along the way from New Jersey to Iowa.

The first night was Lewistown, PA where I visited an inmate who had been transferred from Morristown to the Federal Penitentiary. We stayed with a family whose husband had been long-time employee of the Penitentiary.

The second night we were in rural Pennsylvania where we stopped and inquired at a coffee shop to see if there was any one with whom we could stay. An older couple 'took us in'. They spoke of the 'liance' which sounded like 'the Lions'. But eventually we discovered that they were talking about their denomination; the Christian Alliance. The couple was wonderfully kind and prepared a big breakfast before letting us get on the way.

The third afternoon we discovered that we had mechanical trouble. So we limped into a small town. The Morris Minor is a British automobile, and there was no one in the immediate vicinity who could fix it. We took it to a filling station. The problem was diagnosed as a faulty fuel pump. We inquired at the station where we could stay, since we had no transportation. The filling station attendant took us home to stay overnight. Here too Jay was the fascination to the couple and their teenagers. During the following day the station was able to secure a new fuel pump and install it.

Once again we set out on our journey. The families with whom this young seminary couple stayed must have viewed us as the closest they would come to Mary and Joseph with their babe in swaddling clothes! For several years Christmas cards and writings of Jay's progress went back and forth.

By the fourth night we arrived home in Iowa to show Jay off to four sets of grandparents. We spent some time in both Hampton and Turin. Jay was comfortable in his beer box and enjoyed being held by all his new family admirers. We returned to our two-room apartment on campus..

Lin had taken a leave of absence from her public health employment and was focusing on care for Jay. Jay's bassinet was next to our bed. He was a contented baby who, for the first few months, would nurse, look around a bit and then return to sleep. We had Wendell Hall neighbors, the Mayos, who requested that Lin babysit with their son, Jeffrey. He was a little less than a year old, his mother had a full-time job and his father was a seminarian. Lin took the job. It supplemented our income and gave Jay company as he developed.

Jeffrey was very bright, loved to be read to, and spoke very early. He was an object of inspection for Jay who would sit in his little seat or on Lin's lap with Jeffery for story time.

As Jay grew and started to move around the two boys learned to watch each other and laugh when something surprised or tickled them. They were also concerned if the other one cried. Jeffery scooted on his bottom with one leg out in front to sort of steer him. He had no interest in crawling or standing up holding onto things. Jay was the opposite. He worked and worked on getting up on all fours and moving about the floor. He loved to have his parents hold his hands and let him stand on their laps or on the floor. At an early age Jay had a slight swelling near his cheekbone and below his right ear. It did not seem to bother him.

I put a child seat on my bicycle so that we could take Jay for bike rides in the park. As soon as he could sit up well we went on rides. Jay did not talk, but he could make his wishes known. Sometimes he would try to tell me that he wanted to go outside. If he saw the bikes, he would pat them with a look of "Can we go for a ride now?" (picture)

When Jay was about eight months old he made up a game from which he got a great deal of delight. It was the first time we realized that he was teasing us. He would crawl to my bookcase and take out a book, then turn around and look to see what one of us was going to do or say. If we did not pay attention, he would take out another book and look around for a reaction. If we came toward him to have him help put the books back, he would laugh and crawl away.

In order to be the chaplain at the Morris County jail I had to establish a relationship with the Northern New Jersey Methodist Conference. I continued to the end of the academic year as chaplain at the Morris County jail. I requested from the Methodist Conference in Iowa that I be able to transfer my membership to the Northern New Jersey Conference. Iowa's presiding bishop, Bishop Ensley, said "No". I continued my relationship with the Northern New Jersey Conference and requested an appointment to a local parish.

The time for parish assignments and the end of the academic school year coincided. In May we were assigned to a two-point charge; Johnsonburg-Walnut Valley. When we looked at the map to see

where we were to go we discovered that Johnsonburg was 5 miles beyond Tranquility and 10 miles from Hope. Not only was that it's geographical location, that's how it felt! Walnut Valley was approximately 12 miles from Johnsonburg, and we were 40 miles from Morristown where Jay was born.

The parsonage was a two story, square, house set on a hill next to a tiny old church that was not used any longer. The parsonage had not been lived in for 5 to 10 years. There was running water in the house, a room designated as the bathroom, but no septic tank or drain field for the toilet. There were a few windows to replace. That was simple enough. However, there was no heating system. That was not a problem in June. It would soon become a problem in the fall. We had a one-year old child, and were expecting a second by the end of October in '63.

What a quandary. The pastoral relations committee meeting was friendly and amenable. The committee all agreed that something ought to be done about the parsonage. They just couldn't agree on what should be done, how it should be done, who would do it, or how it would get paid for. Our lease for student housing on campus expired in June. We did not want to extend the lease. We wanted to take advantage of the parsonage which was rent free. So we were faced with a decision about how we should relate to Johnsonburg.

Some counseled that we maintain our dignity and insist that we would not move in until it was a respectable place to live. Others said that we should establish some minimal criteria that would have to be met before we moved in so that the congregation would respect us, and see that they had a responsibility to maintain the parsonage. Still others insisted that such a stance would be presenting a false sense of pride, and that we should take the congregation as it is. We should move in the way things are, pitch in to clean the place up, and entice them by example in the process of readying the parsonage. We did the latter, more as a matter of economic consideration than as a matter of equanimity toward the congregation.

The parishioners were extremely cooperative. They helped me to get the old house livable. We cleaned it out, fixed the plumbing, put in a furnace, and later winterized it by changing the windows and doors. The church building on the parsonage lot had been abandoned . It was no longer in use and was badly in need of repair. At the moment it was being used for storage. In surveying the contents of the building I discovered that there was an abandoned beehive in storage. The back yard was empty. I built Jay a lovely big sandbox. It provided a play center away from the road.

Pilot's License

I had actively pursued flying. It was an irrepressible URGE. I never asked the question when I was in High School, "Can I fly." One of my cousins had his pilot's license while he was in high school. The airstrip and the plane were in my home town. The opportunity was staring me in the face. Also I never asked the question, "May I fly." I was afraid. Afraid to ask the question for fear I would receive a, "No"?. Afraid that I might fail? Afraid that I wasn't ready? I don't know why I assumed that I had no right to ask the question.

One of the parishioners in the Walnut Valley church, George, owned and managed a lake-front and an airport. So flying lessons were available within the parish I served! They were convenient, and at a reasonable cost. George recommended an instructor named Tim, from Easton, Pa. Tim was a dentist whose hobby was flying. He liked to get out of Easton. He charged me $4/hour for instruction. I could rent a Piper J-3 Cub for $8/hour. Instruction for a total of $12 per hour.

I could not resist. I started flying lessons and for the next year and one-half in Johnsonburg I set out on the journey toward obtaining a pilot's license. It was a bargain for more than one reason. My instructor flew because he enjoyed flying. He had no children, and seemed to regard me as he might have regarded a son. He was not interested in the income he would make from giving instruction so the cost was minimal.

Tim liked to smoke a cigar when he flew. I'm sure it was against regulation, but he did so anyway. We met in the hangar. He was smoking his cigar. He stuffed in out and installed it in one side of his cheek. He picked the Piper J-3 up by the tail and pushed it out of the hangar like a wheelbarrow. I was astonished at how light and maneuverable it was. He indicated that the first lesson would be pre-flight inspection. Cigar in cheek, he modeled a checklist that I should use every time I flew the plane. He began by kicking the right front tire. Perhaps that was a necessary first step, just to see if the tire was solid. It was easy enough to tell whether or not the tire had enough air by simply observing the tire. He also looked at the landing gear strut to see that it was solid. He then started at the front of the plane, checking the fuel gauge. It had a small float in the tank on which a small wire was attached. The wire extended up through a sleeve in the gas cap. It bobbed up and down giving an indication of the level of fuel in the tank: the more fuel in the tank, the higher the wire ran. Even so he took the cap off and did a visual inspection. Next, a visual inspection of the engine, checking the oil level on the dip stick, and general condition of the engine, looking for loose nuts, or oil leaks. The engine was a Lycoming 4-cylinder 65 hp, air cooled engine. He walked around the front of the aircraft and checked the propeller blade for nicks or cracks, then did a visual inspection of the left-hand side of the engine. Then he continued down the left-hand side of the fuselage checking to see that the pitot tube was clear of obstruction. The pitot tube indicates airspeed using the vacuum created by the flow of air over the skin of the plane. After he kicked the left-hand tire he did a

visual inspection of the left hand surface covering of the craft, checking the lead edge of the wing, and the struts which brace the wing, as he made his way to the end of the wing. There were places where the frame of the craft was visible. It was made of tubular steel. It reminded me of a bicycle. The frame of the wing, tail, and fuselage was covered with canvas. He was inspecting to make certain that there were no tears in the canvas.

When he reached the wing tip he grabbed the end of the wing with both hands and gave it a twist and a shake. The movement rocked the entire plane. This was to make certain that the wing was firmly connected to the fuselage. On the way past the trailing edge of the wing he manually moved the aileron, to see that it was free of obstruction and checked the cable connections. On his way to the tail of the plane he once again did a visual inspection of the skin of the plane. At the tail assembly he manually moved the elevators and the rudder, and once again checked the cable connections. He inspected the tail wheel to see that it was secure. The check continued in a counter-clockwise direction around the plane performing an identical type of check for the right-hand side of the plane as had been conducted on the left hand side. At the completion of the check he once again kicked the tire. I suppose that was his sign that the check was satisfactorily completed.

He had me get in the plane. The door opening was about 48 inches square, but it was split in half horizontally. When opened the top half is a window hinged upward and latched on the wing. The bottom half hinged back against the fuselage of the plane. The door was wide enough to allow access to both seats which were installed in tandem. The front seat was just behind the dash panel with all the instruments. From left to right they were: a tachometer; an airspeed indicator, a magnetic compass and bank indicator, an altimeter, and an oil temperature and pressure gauge. There is a stick rising from the floor just in front of the seat. On the floor, next to the wall of the plane were foot pedals. The windows on left and right came at a line midway between elbow and shoulder line. On the left window sill is the throttle. On the right-hand side, below the door next to the wall of the plane is the carburetor heat lever.

He bid me get in the front seat. When attempting to enter the plane the strut or strut covering which supports the landing gear is inviting. However, there is No Step decal on the strut. I found it necessary to grab the tubular steel running across the top of the inside of the cockpit and lift myself into the cockpit. I did some gymnastics in order to get in. The front seat was crowded. I felt like a monkey hanging from the reinforcement bars and swinging into the seat. I dropped into the seat only to discover that my leg was wrapped around the stick. Try as I might I could not get my leg over the stick. The stick was planted in the floor directly in front of the seat, on the mid-line of the craft. I had to hang from the tubular steel bars on the roof once again. The stick is used for navigation, and for that reason pivots from the floor in a 360-

degree circle. Every time I moved my leg to untangle myself the stick followed me. I had to perform a kind of yoga maneuver to unravel my leg and seat myself squarely in the front seat.

Once I was in Tim gave me instructions for starting the craft. He put chocks in front of the wheels. Then he asked me to turn the fuel on and be sure that the ignition switch was off. Once I had done that he turned the propeller over twice. Then he had me turn the switch on, push the prime button one long stroke, and crack the throttle. Then he had me yell "Clear prop" so that anyone who might accidentally be in the way of the propeller would be warned. Once I did that he gave the propeller a strong pull downward. The engine coughed, sputtered, and began to purr. It was running!

I was in a craft whose skeleton resembled a bicycle frame, weighing 680 pounds, covered with canvas, powered by a 4-cylinder, air cooled engine not much bigger than a Volkswagen...and I was going to fly it! Tim got in the back seat. He seemed much more skilled at entering the craft than I had been. He pulled the bottom half-door up and latched it. He left the top door open while we taxied. There is only one set of instruments on the dash, but there are dual controls for the stick, the throttle, and the pedals. He explained that the stick was virtually useless when taxiing over the air strip. He held the stick in a vertical position. The small flaps on the trailing edge of the wings called ailerons act as if they are part of the wing. Then he pulled the stick to the left and the left aileron pulled up. It was easy enough to see that this would cause the air flow over the wing to push the wing down. And the opposite would be true when the stick was tilted to the right. When he pulled the stick straight back from a vertical position, the elevator, which is one half of the trailing edge of the horizontal piece of the tail assembly, rotated upward. This would cause the air going over the tail to push the tail down. When the tail was pushed down the nose would go up. So pulling the stick back while in flight would cause the plane to climb. Likewise pushing the stick forward moved the elevator down, which pushed the tail up, and the nose down. This would cause the plane to dive.

Then he turned my attention to the pedals on the floor. They performed two functions. He informed me that when pressing with my toes the pedals activated the brakes. The brakes were released when pressing with my heels. The pedals were coordinated. When pushing forward on the left pedal the right pedal came back. When pushing the left pedal, the rudder, which is the trailing edge of the stabilizer, the vertical piece of the tail section, swung to the left. When it swung out into the air-stream the tail was pushed to the right which forced the nose to the left. So pushing the left pedal had the effect of making a left turn. All of these controls depended on significant airflow and so were of minimal use while taxiing. There were two sources of significant airflow while taxiing. The first would be a strong wind. A wind strong enough to use for navigational purposes would indicate questionable flying weather for a Cub. The other source of wind was generated by accelerating the engine. But the air over the wing needs to be at 40 to 60 mph before there is any noticeable effect on the wing.

Tim revved the engine; the propeller bit the air and we gradually began to overcome inertia. As the Cub inched forward from its parking place he throttled down. We were on a grass field and it was bumpy. He checked the wind sock to determine the direction of the wind. It was early evening and there was a very slight west wind. The mouth of the wind sock was pointed west, but the sock itself was listless. He taxied to the east end of the field. As we taxied he pulled the stick back so that any air going over the tail would force the tail to the ground. When we reached the end of the field we stopped just short of the runway with our nose pointed toward the east so we could observe incoming traffic. There was none. Now we went through a last minute equipment check. Tim eased the throttle up until the plane had reached maximum rpm. He instructed me to switch the magneto which made the electricity used in the spark plugs from the BOTH position to LEFT and then back to BOTH. He had me do it once more. This time from BOTH to RIGHT and back. Each time the engine continued to run but the rpm dropped when only fired by one magneto. This system of two magnetos was a safety feature in case one of them malfunctioned in flight. Then he had me pull the carburetor heat on and once again the rpm of the engine declined slightly. He showed me how to turn it off and lock it down. Having done this last minute check-up we were ready to depart. He instructed me to check both approaches to the airstrip to make certain that all was clear. There was no traffic. We were all alone on a grass strip in Northern New Jersey. Once again he revved the engine up to get the plane to move. As soon as it got underway he throttled back and taxied into position on the end of the runway.

All this time Tim had asked me to put my hand and feet on the controls lightly. Since there were dual controls I was able to monitor the movements he was making, even though I had no idea precisely what they were accomplishing. He stopped the airplane dead still in the middle of the strip so that the plane was lined up straight down the runway. Then he pushed the throttle ahead from idle to wide open. The motor roared. The tachometer registered 2400 rpm. The plane seemed reluctant but began to move down the grass strip bouncing along as it gained speed. He kept the stick pushed forward so that any air flow over the tail would force the tail back down to the ground. It was like riding a bumper car. I could feel that he maintained our position in the middle of the strip by large motions of the pedals; sometimes to the left, and sometimes to the right. When the airspeed over the wings was about 40 mph he began to let up on the stick and bring it back to dead center. As he did so the tail section began to lift. Once the tail was off the ground the craft began to gather speed more rapidly. Now it seemed to be on a long rubber band and was being pulled along the ground by someone the size of the Jolly Green Giant, bounced along, half in the air, half on the ground. When the airspeed indicator reached 60 mph he began to slowly pull back on the stick. As he did so the Cub slowly left the airstrip and gradually became airborne.

He indicated that we were in one of the most dangerous times: this time between leaving the ground and gaining sufficient altitude and airspeed to land safely if necessary. Gradually the altimeter wound up until it reached 800 feet. Since the altimeter had registered 400 feet above sea level when we sat on the field, we had now climbed 400 feet into the air. At 800 feet Tim gave the plane a slight left rudder, and pulled the stick slightly to the left, making a gradual 90-degree turn. As he did so he looked back over his shoulder and invited me to do so likewise. There were two reasons for this. One was to survey the air for any traffic previously unnoticed, and also to assess how faithfully we had maintained a straight departure from the field. As soon as we had executed the turn he throttled the engine back to 2100 rpm. Normal protocol on this field called for a left turn on departure. Sometimes there are variations because of terrain, but this field observed normal protocol.

We climbed until the altimeter read 1200 feet above sea level and did another left turn. We were now traveling down wind. Although I did not know it we were on the downwind leg of a landing pattern. We were circling the airstrip. Tim began to mark the decision points that were needed when attempting a landing. We maintained straight and level flight at 1200 feet above the field on the downwind leg of the approach. He cut the engine when coming even with the end of the runway, and pulled on the carburetor heat so the carburetor would notice up while idling as the plane descended. We established a glide path that had a consistent rate of descent. At 800 feet above sea level he made an easy 90 degree turn to the left maintaining a constant rate of descent. We had now entered the crosswind or base leg of the landing pattern. We made a lazy descent on the base leg. When we reached 400 feet he made another 90-degree left turn and lined the plane up with the airstrip which stretched out ahead of us. From this perspective it seemed like a narrow piece of unkept lawn. We were now on final approach. The trees which had seemed like toys several minutes ago now loomed up from the ground. We floated down over them maintaining an airspeed of 60 mph. It all seemed easy. But Tim was doing it, I simply had my hands and feet on the controls. He was orchestrating their movement.

We were still traveling about 60 mph as we approached the end of the runway. Shortly after we cleared the end of the runway we had descended within 5 feet of the ground Tim began to pull back on the stick. That forced the plane's nose up. But because the engine was idling it was not able to climb. He pulled back on the stick harder and harder. The craft simply flared out on its descent and lost further airspeed. This is exactly what Tim wanted it to do. The plane stalled. A landing is a perfectly executed stall. In a stall the airplane falls out of the air. Tim had done it in such a way that he was one to two feet above the ground when the plane stalled and so it fell to the ground. That is a landing! Since it had substantial forward motion it continued to roll down the field. But as soon as the plane touched the ground Tim gave the plane full throttle. He also pulled the carburetor heat off and began another takeoff.

We executed another takeoff, this time doing a slow climb to 3000 feet. The Lake Club was put in perspective. It was surrounded by wooded Northern New Jersey hills. In the distance to the west the Delaware Water Gap was visible. After we had taken a good look around Tim informed me that we were going to do some stalls in order to get ready for landings. Once we had reached 3000 feet he established a straight and level attitude. Then he began to pull back on the stick. As he did so the plane began to nose up and climb. He continued to pull back on the stick, and the plane continued to climb. There seemed to be no limit to the amount of climb he wanted. The horizon was no longer visible. All I could see was stratosphere. He also kept his feet on the pedals; executing slight motions to the left, and sometimes the right, so that the plane continued to climb straight up. I wondered how much longer we could continue this when suddenly the pedals went soft. The plane gave a slight shudder, and turned its nose straight down to the earth. We had just ceased flying. The plane had dropped out of the air. This was at least as good as a Ferris wheel or a Roller Coaster. I was certain that this was the end. I had not realized that the plane would climb until it reached an attitude where the wind would cease coming over the wings, and therefore cease holding the plane in the air. And when that happened the plane would stall, in other words it began to fall out of the air.

While I was reviewing my entire life in a flash Tim simply eased the stick forward to go with the plane, build up some airspeed in the fall, and gradually resumed a straight and level attitude.

I was grateful that Tim had demonstrated a stall. Now that he had done so I was ready for him to go on to other things. He indicated that we were going to spend the rest of the lesson, approximately 35 to 40 minutes, doing stalls. Each time we did a stall I was not certain that we would recover. It seemed likely to me that the plane would fall out of the air and crash. We recovered from one stall only to go directly into another. After 3 or 4 stalls we had lost enough altitude to make it necessary to climb again to 3000 feet.

I had had my dinner just before the lesson. I found that it was unsettled in my stomach. It seemed to be in my throat. This time Tim asked me to do it. When the end of the first hour of instruction came near Tim coached me through my first practice landing. He rehearsed each step as we went. He had his hands firmly on the controls. When we reached cleared the end of the runway I began to execute the flare. As the plane flared the tail dropped. When the tail dropped there was no way to see out the front windshield. I began to panic. I wanted to extend straight and level flight so I could continue to see out of the windshield. Tim had to fight against my efforts. The Cub is a tail-dragger. It must land with the tail slightly before or simultaneously with the front wheels. The tail wheel acts as an anchor. If the front wheels touch down first the plane has no lateral stability and it bounces on the tires, even running the risk of tipping nose first into the air strip. Tim fought against my attempt to maintain straight and level flight, pulled back into a flare,

and landed the plane. We came to a stop, turned off the runway, and taxied to the hangar. I had completed my first hour of instruction. I was not certain that I really wanted to learn to fly.

I did continue lessons at the Lake Club. I was approximately half way to having all of the flying time needed for a license when the Conference asked us to move to a new assignment. That disrupted my plans to obtain a pilot's license.

During our stay on campus at Drew University we found ourselves developing some close friendships. The friendships grew into a group, which covenanted to share worship, study, and discussion each week. Stan and Glenda Long, from Iowa, Steve and Hilde Smith, from Iowa, and Jim and Elizabeth Flynn, from Texas, and the Zahrts, comprised the group. We called the group a Cadre, and took turns hosting its meetings. Jim was a student pastor, so the Flynns lived off campus in parsonage. The other 3 couples all lived in Wendell Hall. When the Smiths, the Longs or the Zahrts hosted the meeting we usually convened in the social room in the basement of Wendell Hall. During the second year the Longs took a parish. The Cadre remained in being, so we found ourselves traveling to both the Long's and the Flynn's parsonages.

We spent a year and one-half in Johnsonburg. Even though the members of the cadre were in dispersion we still maintained a monthly meeting. While we were in Johnsonburg we had a good many opportunities to spend time with the Longs. Bridge became the game of choice. We began to learn by playing. It was not unusual for 5 to 10 minutes to go by between the opening bid and the 2nd bid, or between the next to the last bid and the closing bid. We were not rabid bridge players. We used bridge as a vehicle to get us sitting down around the same table, and then played it when it suited us, and conversed when it better served our purpose.

The cadre's first trip to Long's parish, in Tranquility, New Jersey, was sometime late in the spring of 1963. In that summer Jay was one year old. We arrived at noon and began with lunch. We had a picnic on the lawn so the children could amuse themselves in whatever fashion they chose. Jay was the only child his age. As the adults became engaged in conversation, Jay discovered that the parsonage was next to an expansive alfalfa field. He had never seen so much open field in his life. He was 24 inches high and the alfalfa was probably 18 inches high. He was fascinated by the field and went to explore it. Once in the field he acted as if he were drawn by some mysterious power to get lost in the field. I divided his attention between the discussion the adults were having and watching Jay as he ventured further and further into the field. He exhibited no fear. He continued to wander throughout the field as if drawn by a magnet.

Glenda became alarmed. She feared that he might get lost or that he might harm himself. We marveled that he was so mesmerized by the expanse of the field. Finally on Glenda's request I ventured out into the field and took Jay by the hand. He showed no fear. He seemed to be content to have made his

exploration. Jay accompanied me back to the parsonage and the front lawn with no objection. Once back in the yard Jay seemed to have his curiosity satisfied. He made other kinds of explorations and found other playthings the rest of the afternoon.

In the summers of 1963 and 1964 I took advantage of the week-long Methodist Church Camp for high school students that was held in Blairstown, about 12 miles away. I commuted to and from camp for the week on my Lambretta. The second summer Lin and Jay came over for the lunch meal. It was an enjoyable family atmosphere. When the fruit bowl was passed to Jay he took a slice of lemon. All of the students were flabbergasted. They watched Jay. He seemed to know he was the center of attention and he began eating the lemon slice. He chewed it and made a face. The students laughed. Then he chewed it again and again in anticipation that he would continue to get laughter. He succeeded!

Grandpa and Grandma (Don and Luella) Reese came out for a camping vacation in the Northeast and invited us to go along with them. Jay was very intrigued with Grandpa, his glasses, his goatee and his pipe. We all kept warning Jay not to touch the pipe because it was hot. We told him the same thing when he got close to Grandpa while he was lighting the campfire. It was not long before Jay was calling Grandpa "Hot". We had a beautiful trip up through the White Mountains. At Bar Harbor, Maine, it was very cold and windy. The tents nearly blew off the place we had pitched them near the ocean. Lin and Jay went to the car to sleep that night.

Over Labor Day in 1963 the three of us journeyed to Rhode Island to visit the Halletts. They were friends we met during our last year in Iowa. Pat and Dave Hallett had a son, Richard, almost the same age as Jay. The one-year old boys played in the sand on the beach and slept well at night. Dave was a seminarian at Boston University, and serving as a pastor in Rhode Island at the time. Pat was a nurse, so our families had a much in common.

We had expected our first child with great anticipation. Now we were expecting our second child with great surprise. About a week before Linda's due date, her aunt, Esther Sherer, came from California to stay with us and get acquainted with Jay, who was 15 months old at the time. We all loved Aunt Esther because she was used to taking care of all sorts of people—cooking, washing, cleaning and especially enjoying the baby.

But the due date came and went and no sign of labor though we walked and worked to get the new baby on its way into the world. Finally, a week overdue, Lin woke up with a few mild contractions. I called the doctor and reported to him. Lin had spent 8 hours in the hospital before Jay was finally delivered. The doctor recalling Jay's arrival recommended waiting awhile. Lin was trying on her new high-topped leather boots when her water broke, splashing into them! But she didn't have time to clean them up (Aunt Esther did) because the contractions were now coming bang! Boom! I called the doctor once again. He indicated that we should come in to the hospital now and asked, "How long will it be before you arrive?" I indicated

that it would be about an hour. The doctor was shocked. He hadn't realized that we had moved from Madison to Johnsonburg! Aunt Esther checked Lin and said she was really dilated, so we rushed off in our little Morris Minor station wagon to Morristown with Lin lying down in the back.

On the way I noticed that we hardly had any gas. I pulled into a Mom and Pop gas station, banged on the door, and started filling the car. As the sleepy owner came to the door, I threw my credit card at him and said I'd put two gallons in the tank (the car got 40 mpg) and that I'd be back later. I went on to Morris Plains, but now it was rush hour. I flagged down the policeman who was directing traffic at an intersection and indicated that my wife was having a baby and we needed an escort. The policeman said, "Get in my car, I'll take you there". By this time Lin could not sit down or "I'll sit on my baby's head", she told him. He opened the back door of the patrol car and brushed a pile of shotguns off the seat onto the floor so that she could lie down. The policeman turned on his sirens. I followed behind in our car and we made it to the hospital.

In the delivery room the nurse or doctor said, "Now, don't push we aren't ready for this baby yet". Lin said, "I have to push, I can't wait! And, please someone take off my other loafer." It was dangling so that she could not get her foot properly into the stirrup. She did not mind that she still had on her dress. Nor did she wonder where the other shoe had landed. But she did ask for David. They said they were too busy to have him come into the delivery room. Just then Lin pushed and out popped the baby's head, then a shoulder or two and a great big cry. Our baby was alive and angry at being held back all this time. Lin was crying with joy and especially when they announced that we had a beautiful baby girl, 8 pounds and 9 ounces.

The nurse cleaned up this little girl and I came in while the placenta was being delivered. The obstetrician said the placenta was getting old and the baby could not have stayed in the womb much longer. I cried too at the sight of our little Heidi. I said that I was excited and overwhelmed that I had three mouths to feed and was not quite finished with theological school.

In those days, the 1960's, it was expected that the maternal patient would stay in the hospital about 5 days. This was to make certain she had no postpartum problems and could nurse the baby adequately, and get some rest if she had other children at home. We could have the baby in the room most of the time so Heidi and Lin got acquainted and the nursing business seemed 'old hat' to both of them. I visited before and after classes, but the hospital rules would not allow children to visit. By the second day Lin was pleading to go home to see her little boy. When the doctor saw her crying the third day, and was assured that there was good help at home, he let Lin and Heidi go home.

Heidi was a “perfect baby”, i.e.; she ate and slept, ate and slept, and seemed to fit into the family time design. In her crib, we covered her with a yellow receiving blanket that had kittens embroidered on it. When we asked him Jay, who wasn’t talking yet, who that was in the crib, he called Heidi, “Kee”, for Kitty,.

October 1963

Heidi came home from Morristown Memorial Hospital to the parsonage in Johnsonburg. During the day she slept in a bassinet between the kitchen and living room. We all slept upstairs at night. Heidi was one month old when Lin heard on the radio that there had been a shooting of President Kennedy in Dallas. She listened some more in total disbelief. She reported that she bundled up the children, put them in the stroller and walked down the hill to the post office. Millie, the post-mistress, was listening to the radio and trying to sort the mail. More people came into the Post Office and just stood there muttering to each other that this could not be; who would do such a thing as to shoot a president, etc. Jay just looked from one to the other of the odd assortment of people there and wondered what was the matter with everybody. Heidi slept until finally, Lin realized that she had to go home and feed the children.

Stan and I had another year of Theological School to complete. We managed to schedule our classes so that we could share rides to and from Madison. We were on our way home from Madison one afternoon, a month after Heidi was born, when John F. Kennedy was assassinated.

When Heidi outgrew the bassinet, she went into a wooden playpen on wheels. This kept her off of the cold floor and somewhat protected from her young brother. We put Jay’s blocks and other hard toys up until supervised play time because he loved to drop things over the top of the playpen for his sister to play with. Next, he learned to throw the soft animals in on top of her because she would laugh. It was quite a game between them until a parent came along and wanted them to do something else.

One day Lin was working in the kitchen while the children were in the living room. Heidi was in the playpen and Jay was looking at his books. Pretty soon there was a thud, and a squeal of laughter out of Heidi. Jay was in the playpen! He had pushed the playpen to the couch, climbed up on the couch and jumped in with her. Luckily, he landed on a clear space and not on Heidi. We had a discussion about the potential dangers of this new game, but it went right over the head of this 20 month-old. Every time he thought he could get away with it, he would try jumping into the playpen. He finally decided it wasn’t such a good game when Mama took Heidi out and left him in!

That winter both children caught cold so easily and we were always taking them to the pediatrician. We hated giving them antibiotics so we asked what the prevention methods were. The doctor said to fix up a couple of beds for them on the front porch, put their snow suits on, and let them take their afternoon naps

out there. Even though we were skeptical, we did as he suggested, and they did seem to build up their immunity. Somehow, the cold country air was better for them than the furnace heat in the house.

Two funny things happened in the spring of 1964. It was housecleaning time so Lin was busy opening the living room windows, carrying the blankets out to the clothesline, and locating the cleaning supplies. Heidi was sitting on the floor chewing on something. Lin gave a finger sweep of her mouth and out came a partially chewed black beetle. "Yuck", was the face Lin must have made because Heidi's big brown eyes opened wide. Jay was by the window looking outside. "Where did Heidi get the bug?" Lin asked him. He scooped up another one from the windowsill and started toward her. "Oh, no, did you eat a beetle too?" Lin asked. Jay shook his head no, and he probably didn't. Later, this would be found to be a pattern: Let Heidi try it first, then Jay might try it.

Grandpa and Grandma, AJ and Miriam, Marken had come to visit. Grandpa AJ liked to be busy so he helped me plaster the ceiling in the kitchen. While the plaster was drying, we showed the folks around the Johnsonburg area. On other days they had fun playing with their grandchildren. Shortly after they had returned to Iowa, Heidi was sitting in the high chair in the kitchen eating finger food. Jay had disappeared so Lin went looking for him. He had gone upstairs and was in the bathroom about to play in the toilet. As Lin came around the door, he dropped the lid of the toilet with a bang. Lin heard a crash down stairs and tore down the stairs to see what had happened. The ceiling that AJ had plastered had fallen and pieces of plaster were all over the kitchen. Heidi was sitting in her high chair with a very bewildered look on her face, but she was not crying. She had plaster dust on her head and shoulders and was picking up a piece of plaster off of her tray to examine it and probably eat it. What a mess to clean up with two children under two years of age and I was not home to help. I don't remember if we ever got the ceiling repaired again before we moved.

At birth one of Heidi's feet turned in, so at around six months the pediatrician put her in shoes attached to braces to straighten her foot and to rotate her hips a bit so that she would not have a problem with walking. The braces had a bow-shaped bar between the special shoes so that when she stood, she would hold onto something and rock back and forth. She learned to crawl in the braces and even made it up several steps before we caught her on the stairs with them. She did not complain when we put the braces on each morning as instructed, but she was eager to walk on her own, which she could do by 10 months.

Jay started annoying Heidi, mainly playing too rough, pulling her around or jumping over her, etc. Her method of announcing her displeasure was to cry a little and come to us. We would give Jay time outs, but before long he would be doing something else to annoy her. Finally, one day in exasperation, Lin said, "Heidi, some day you will be big enough to give it back to him". Lin knew she was too young to know what that meant. However, one day sometime after that Lin stepped into the living room to see what the children

were doing. Jay was rolling across the floor and landed sitting up against the couch, crying. Heidi had her fist doubled up and a joyful look on her face. She had just punched Jay so hard it knocked him over. His feelings were hurt, but he now had a new respect for his sister. That was about the last time Heidi came crying to us about something Jay did to her. He must have realized that they were on equal footing. Even before this incident, Jay would always hold out his hand for a second treat—candy or cookie, etc.—when someone gave him something. He always gave Heidi hers before he started to eat his treat.

In June of 1964 we said "Goodbye" to the Longs. Stan was re-assigned to an assistant ministerial position in Nutley, NJ. It was central suburban NJ. It was actually metropolitan New York City.

As a pastor and a member of the Northern New Jersey Methodist Conference I was expected to attend the Annual Conference every June. I did so and made some new acquaintances. One of them was Harold Smith. He sought me out and we engaged in serious conversation. He and his wife, Camilla, had several children. They also had a cabin on Lake George in upper New York State. They invited us to visit them when they were taking a summer vacation to the lake. We made a trip to visit them during the summer of 1964. On one of the trips I observed a used car lot that had several hearses for sale. I was intrigued.

I finally bought a hearse and remodeled the inside so that it would serve as a Camper. By summer of 1964 it served as a Camper, and we made a trip to Iowa and back in it. I outfitted it with closets and cubbyholes to store all of our camping gear. We put a double mattress in the back so the children had plenty of space to play. The windows in the back were tiny so there was no danger of them falling out. The only door was the big one at the back that had to be opened from the outside of the vehicle. This was the time before seat belts and car seats. There was a sliding glass window between the front seats and the back so we could keep an eye on the children. We learned, however, that the window was sound proof when it was closed. We made a trip to Iowa in the fall of 1964 and a trip to Lake George to visit Harold and Camilla Smith. This was probably the best traveling method we ever had with two small children!

I used it as a ‘service vehicle’ when I had a large number of youth to transport to Methodist Youth Fellowship meetings. One Sunday afternoon I went to the airport that adjoins the lake to pick up two of the youth. We already had three youth in the vehicle. When I pulled up to their house I was immediately directed to the other side of the lake. I discovered that there had been some skydiving activity in the late afternoon. One of the skydivers had fallen into the other side of the lake and drowned. The people who directed me to the other side of the lake mistakenly thought I had come to pick up the person who had drowned!

Johnsonburg was a small town and it reminded me of my hometown in Iowa: Turin. Everyone was friendly. We had to pick our mail up daily and I often chatted with Milli, the post-mistress. I must have mentioned my experience in beekeeping to the parishioners because one day I got a phone call from one of

them that lived in the country just outside of town. They had a swarm of bees and wanted me to collect them. I picked up the hive in the old church building, put it in the back of the Morris Minor, and collected the swarm.

Many times I put Jay in the child backpack and walked all over town and short distances out into the country to visit parishioners. Jay loved to be up on his daddy's shoulders or in the backpack. He also seemed to like watching the children in the houses we visited.

Lin took the children to the Sunday morning service at Johnsonburg and sat in the back row with them. Jay was usually quiet, but walked back and forth along the pew. Sometimes he touched his baby sister and she would either cry or coo at him depending on the pressure of the touch. One morning toward the end of the service Heidi became uncomfortable, so Lin laid her down on the pew to change her diaper. When Lin turned back to check on Jay, he was gone! He was nowhere to be seen—not walking up the outside isle, not at the back of the church, nor by the door. Then, she saw him crawling out from under the front pew and going for the altar. I came down and picked him up and finished the last hymn and benediction with Jay in my arms. The district superintendent later baptized Jay and Heidi in the Johnsonburg church.

Spring

In the late spring of 1964 we had a traveling photographer come to the house to take portraits of the children. The photographer probably did not know much about young children and that he needed to wait for just the right expression. He gyrated around making funny faces and gestures to try to get them to smile. Jay was especially curious about where the man's head went when he stepped behind the camera, which was on a tripod with a black hood over the top. Finally, the photos were taken, one of each child alone and one of them together. After Jay's nap he went out to play alone in his sandbox near the kitchen window. He spent at least 15 minutes imitating the photographer's strange gyrations.

Summer

Late in the summer of 1964 we decided we needed a larger vehicle. We traded the Morris Minor off for a 1956 Chevrolet sedan.

When Jay was seven months old we began to notice a slight swelling in his right parotid gland area. Our Morristown pediatrician thought he had the mumps virus so we were quarantined in our Wendall Hall apartment for two weeks. However, Jay never had a fever, pulled at his ear or any other symptoms of illness.

When we returned to the pediatrician, he said, "Well, that wasn't the mumps". He said there must be a little bacterial infection in one of Jay's lymph nodes so he gave us an antibiotic. That did not change the

swelling at all after two weeks on the medicine. So the pediatrician had Jay take Tetracycline for about six months. Years later we learned that Tetracycline could stunt growth.

When we moved to Johnsonburg in June of 1963 we found a pediatrician in Blairstown, not far away. Dr. Lamb seemed extremely knowledgeable and caring. He checked Jay over and helped us keep an eye on the lump on the right side of Jay's face. Whenever Jay got an upper respiratory disease, the lump would seem to swell more, and then recede a bit when he was well again, as lymph nodes do. At Jay's annual check up in the summer of 1964, Dr. Lamb and we felt the lymph node was more pronounced even though Jay was in good health. He suggested Jay return to his office in three months so that he could measure the area again.

At the next visit Dr. Lamb advised us to have a surgeon make a small incision and remove the troublesome lymph node. He said Jay would only be in the hospital a day or two. This seemed reasonable to us, so he scheduled the surgery with a surgeon in the Newton Hospital in October 1964.

October 1964

It was difficult to prepare a 2 and 1/2-year-old for surgery though we talked to Jay the best way we knew how. Luckily he was not a big eater and did not mind missing breakfast. Lin took him to the hospital. They arrived early and Jay was soon made drowsy and taken into the surgery room. It seemed like a very long wait for her, but actually he was back in the recovery room within an hour. Lin was allowed to go in the recovery room to be there when he awoke. He had a large bandage on the right side of his face. As he came out of the anesthesia he did not cry, just looked at her. Lin talked to him and eventually he responded, with an asymmetrical smile.

As the recovery room nurse prepared to transfer him to his room, Lin sought out the doctor. She asked what went on in surgery and he explained in complicated terms. The lump was actually a tumor on the parotid gland. He removed a portion of the tumor and sent it to the pathology lab. He said he thought that when the swelling caused by the surgery subsided, Jay's face would be fine. She stayed with Jay the rest of the day and prayed that the surgeon was right. When Jay went to sleep that night she drove home to join David and Heidi. Lin reports that tears rolled down her face so hard that she doesn't know how she kept the car on the road.

The next day we brought our little boy home. He was so good and like his old self, glad to play with his sister and get back into his sleep and wake routine. In a few days Lin took him to see Dr. Lamb, who said that the lab report showed no cancer. He agreed that it looked like the facial nerve had been cut in the process of removing the specimen. She pressed him for a referral to a specialist to see if the nerve could be repaired. He lined us up with a Dr. Bochetto of the Sloan Ketterling Clinic in New York City.

We made the long trip into the big city to see Dr. Bochetto and his colleagues. They sat us down and said how sorry they were, but they did not have the technology to get a hold of the tiny nerve endings and knit them together. We made several visits over the next year to see Dr. Bochetto because he told us Jay probably had von Recklinghausen's syndrome and we should watch for other tumors. Jay liked his doctor and looked forward to our visits to see him and other fascinating things in New York City. When we left the East we asked for a referral to a head and neck specialist in the Chicago area. Jay was under the care of Dr. Scanlon in the Chicago area for several years. Dr. Scanlon, like the other physicians from the Sloan Ketterling Clinic in New York City, advised us to keep surgeons away from Jay's tumor.

In June of 1964 we had said "Goodbye" to the Longs. Stan was re-assigned to an assistant ministerial position in Nutley, NJ. It was central suburban NJ. It was actually metropolitan New York City. We did not miss them for long. In January of 1965 we were re-assigned to Upper Saddle River, NJ. It was one hour's commuting distance from Manhattan Island. It was also 40 minutes from Nutley. Once again we continued the collegial friendship we had come to appreciate.

Stan and I had extended our 3-year seminary degree to 4 years. Steve Smith had finished his degree in 3 years. So we all graduated with a Bachelor of Divinity degree in June, 1964. Steve received an assignment to a church outside of Milwaukee. Stan received an assignment to a suburban church in New Jersey. And I was reassigned to Johnsonburg-Walnut Valley.

Late in November of 1964 I was notified that our family had a new parish assignment. I would be taking all that I had learned about being a pastor in Johnsonburg-Walnut Valley to the Upper Saddle River-Modale parish in northern New Jersey. That meant packing up and moving once again. We had stored our trailer on campus at Drew. We used it to move to Johnsonburg, and stored it in the parsonage lot. So when it was time to move we hooked up the trailer, packed it up, and moved once more. We used the hearse to carry some of our belongings. I even moved the beehive and the sandbox.

However, this did disrupt my pursuit of a pilot's license. I had two completely new congregations to get used to with a series of new responsibilities to which I must adapt. In addition to that I found that the nearest airport was 40 miles away. Teterboro, NJ, was the closest place where I could obtain instruction. It was not only more difficult to get to the airport, it was more costly to rent a plane-- $24/hour with instructor and access to and from the airport was radio controlled. That was something to which I was completely unaccustomed. I temporarily dropped the idea but eventually picked it up again. I had continued to maintain contact with a prisoner with whom I had established contact in Morristown, who was now assigned to the Federal Penitentiary in Lewisburg, PA. By the time I needed to log solo time I flew from Teterboro to Lewisburg and returned the same day.

Jan 1965-June 1966.

We moved much closer to the city in January 1965. Upper Saddle River was a bedroom community for New York City. Most of the men were junior executives who commuted to the city everyday, leaving their wives and children at home for long hours each weekday. For example, church board meetings started at 9:00 PM so the men could be present. There were enough children in the Upper Saddle River church to have Sunday school. This is the first place that Jay and Heidi learned to play and share with other children and have someone else beside their parents for teachers. Lin took turns with other mothers staying in the nursery with the children during church services.

The parsonage was a new ranch style, all furnished in Early American with a lot of browns, yellows and greens. We put a child gate up at the end of the hall to keep the children out of the living room and kitchen. Down the hall were the bathroom, study and two bedrooms across from each other. We fixed up the children's bedroom with their two cribs in one area and then lots of play space. However, they tended to drag their toys down the hall by the gate so that they could see Lin in the kitchen where the washer and dryer also were. Both children were still in cloth diapers so it was a daily routine to wash clothes.

One day Lin opened the gate to carry a big load of diapers down to their bedroom. Later she would fold them while she watched the children play. Lin left both the gate and the front loading dryer door open because she was coming right back. In just that short time Jay told Heidi to get in the dryer and he shut the door. The dryer still had time left on it, so it started running. Heidi made one full revolution before Lin stopped the dryer by opening the door. Heidi sat there with her "what just happened to me?" look. Needless to say, they never got the chance to try that again.

Jay had very good fine motor dexterity very early in his life. One time he took the alarm clock apart and had the pieces lying around our bedroom floor. We figured that the screws holding the back on the clock were loose so that he was able to get it off with his bare hands. Unfortunately he was not able to put it back together, neither were his parents! Later that year we gave him an old percolator (minus the cord) and a screwdriver. He had hours of fun taking the coffeepot apart and trying to reassemble it.

The parsonage was on two acres of land. We had a lovely swing and play set in the back yard and we could walk down to a tiny creek to skip rocks or wade in the water in the summer time. Jay played in the little ditch south of the house and got poison ivy. He was miserable for a while and kept asking us why there were bad weeds there. He just wanted to lie down and hide in his ditch.

There were no sidewalks at that time in Upper Saddle River so if I had the car, Lin would push the stroller along the road to get to the park or visit another family with young children. One of the parishioners, Marge Passaretti, was wonderful to us. She played the guitar and made up a song for the

children using their words. The one line I remember is "My daddy's a min'ster, my mommy's a nurt". Marge would keep the children from time to time if we needed a break.

I played the guitar in the evenings when I had no church duties. I would sit on the floor of the children's bedroom and sing to them until they went to sleep. When it was Lin's night to put them to bed, they each picked out a book to be read before lights out. Daddy sang and Mama read, they would tell Marge.

Heidi ate and slept the first six months of her life, but ever after that she had a hard time with naps and bedtime. She seemed to have more energy than her mother, who would sometimes fall asleep on the bed in the afternoon. Jay always enjoyed his nap, so Heidi would get up, if Mama fell asleep, and either bother Jay or get into things in the bathroom. Then, on days with no nap, about 6 PM Heidi would get sleepy and fall asleep in her high chair. We have a photo of her when she fell asleep and her head landed in her plate of spaghetti and sauce.

It was always a dilemma – let Heidi sleep through dinner, feed her when she awoke, and then have her up half the night when the rest of the family wanted to sleep, or keep jostling her to keep her awake enough to eat, and then put her to bed. Either way her parents seemed to lose! She would climb out of her crib many nights after we had all gone to bed. One of us would awake with this eerie feeling that someone was in the bedroom with us. It was Heidi, with her face close to ours, just looking at us as we slept. We would send her back to bed, reassuring her that we were right across the hall and that we would get her first thing in the morning. She would reluctantly return to her big cushion that we had placed on the floor so that if she fell getting out of her crib, she would not get hurt. Next morning there she would be, sometimes curled up on the cushion or sprawled out with just part of her body on it.

By this time Heidi was the same size as Jay so they wore the same corduroy or seersucker play suits depending on the weather. Every morning Heidi would decide for both of them what they were wearing for the day. "Here, Jay, you wear the blue one, I'll wear red today," she would seem to say. Jay never cared so there was no argument. The children got along real well together most of the time. Sometimes Jay was the decision-maker about what they would play and sometimes Heidi was.

Lin had never learned to cook much at home when she was growing up, so she was determined that her children would be able to enjoy cooking. We cut out food pictures and Lin found simple recipes so that we could make a children's recipe book, mostly with pictures because they were only 2 and 3 and a half years old at the time. She used different shades of fingernail polish to mark the temperature on the electric fry pan dial to match the temperature in their recipe book. Jay got pretty good at cooking an egg or French toast. Heidi loved to wash the dishes.

In Johnsonburg I had learned the many responsibilities of the pastor: conducting the Sunday service; writing and preaching the sermon; meeting with the Official Board and the Pastoral Committee; holding Holy Communion once a quarter, and; conducting weddings and funerals. I was able to transfer some of these learnings to Upper Saddle River. But there were some things I had yet to learn.

We invited the Longs to come up from Nutley, have dinner with us, and play some bridge. Bridge was another way of avoiding the pitfall of "shop talk". We allowed a certain amount of it, so that each of us would have a chance to communicate her/his own particular journey. We tried to bracket "shop talk". It had a tendency to work in the congregation. We were alert to times when cynicism, resentment, or bitterness began to dominate the mood of the conversation. When it did so, we made sure we changed the topic.

We had just seated ourselves and offered thanks. The meal had been served and we had begun passing the food around the table. Glenda initiated the conversation by asking, "Well, David, how are things going?". I often respond to those kinds of questions with real answers. I did so in this case, rehearsing my unfolding journey into managing the pastoral responsibilities of a local church.

"Well, I've been encouraged by the trend in Sunday morning worship. Maybe its just the honeymoon period. There were approximately 50 people coming to Sunday morning worship before we arrived. In the first 4 months the average attendance went up. It peaked somewhere between 85 and 95 about a month ago. I've created several sermon series and that had led to a sustained interest in returning the next Sunday. I've tried to make it a 'tune in again for the next exciting episode' experience."

"The youth group has been enjoyable. We started by singing some church camp songs. Our repertoire has expanded to include some folk songs, and even some of the popular social protest songs: Bob Dylan. It’s an enthusiastic youth group. I think that may be the reason why the confirmation class is bigger this year than its ever been."

"I've introduced the new communion service that the Methodist Church has come out with, and suggested that we have communion once a month. And I'm suggesting that we take a serious look at the Church School Curriculum that is published by our denomination."

"But there are some difficulties. The latest sermon-series on the parables. I made the point that these are secular stories used to emphasize a point that helps us search for the religious significance in life. These stories then ask us to make some decisions for ourselves about what is right and wrong. I've shown how the parables are metaphors and the 'fundies' are starting an uprising. There is a small group of people who are attached to what they regard to be fundamentals of their faith. They have even begun to boycott Sunday morning worship and suggest to others that they do the same.”

“And I have introduced a good deal of consternation with the suggestion that we have communion service every month. There has been resistance to the suggestion. The new denominational service is too

new. The basis for the reluctance is that we might 'wear it out' if we had it so often. So Sunday morning attendance has dropped lately."

"The same group of people are upset with the emphasis I am placing on Christian education. The confirmation class is allowing the youth to present the real questions they have. The fundamental group is insisting that I am putting doubts in the teen-agers heads. One of the families had us over to their house on what we thought was a social basis. They invited a group of people, all of whom would be good recruits for a witch hunt.

The Sunday School Superintendent, John, is a bachelor who has been the superintendent for the past 20 years. He is still ordering Moody Bible literature. I'm suggesting that we rotate the superintendency around and that we look at the new denominational curriculum. The system of rotation would give everyone a chance to take leadership in the Church School."

One of the things I always enjoyed about Glenda is that she had a way of being congenially candid, Her response was, "David, why do you always have your church in an uproar?" I had a long list of justifications and a change in the topic of conversation!

We maintained contact with Steve and Hilde Smith. Once they settled in Wisconsin, near Milwaukee, Steve had established contact with the Ecumenical Institute (EI) in Chicago. EI was headed by Joe Mathews. Steve let us know that Joe was making trips to Stony Point Missionary Orientation Center in New York state. It was a 3-hour drive from us in northern NJ. We took advantage of that and attended a number of his presentations. In due time the Ecumenical Institute offered their seminars at a Methodist Conference Center closer to home. The weekend seminar was Religious Studies I (RSI). The mid-week seminar was Parish Leadership Colloquy (PLC). Lin took a weekend and attended RS I. I attended a PLC. We were both pleased with the inspiration we received from the seminars.

One of the emphases in the EI was the common meal. It was an informal act of Holy Communion and was held at the end of every seminar. I found it extremely supportive. It was one of the reasons I had recommended to the Church Board that we have Holy Communion every month. The recommendation was rejected and I think it was one of the reasons the Board used to question my suitability in being their pastor.

There were a few parishioners that were pleased with the ministry I was providing. But the parishioners in charge of the major decision-making committees seemed to discourage the moves I had suggested. I began to realize that there are some that are not called to the parish ministry. It appeared to me that the pastor must wear golden handcuffs: the only way he could keep his job was to do what the congregation was comfortable with. I expected to lead the congregation in a direction that might be labeled “progressive” and I found it that it was not possible for me to do so.

The year passed and by April the District Superintendent informed me that I would have to move from Upper Saddle River. At the same time he indicated that he did not have a parish assignment for our family in the coming year. He told me to report to Annual Conference and wait to see what kind of assignment I would get. As time drew near the end of the appointment to Upper Saddle River-Montvale, I studied for and took the exam for my pilot's license. I passed the exam. The only thing left to do was to take the flight test.

Some time the fall of 1965 we decided that it was time to trade the 1956 Chevrolet sedan. We traded it for a 1961 Ford Station Wagon. We also sold the hearse.

June 1966

At that point it became clear to me that I needed to consider, in addition to the parish ministry, all vocational options that were open to me. By this time becoming an airline pilot was worth considering. The future in the Northern New Jersey Conference of the Methodist Church seemed questionable. Steve had already invited us to the summer program that EI was holding on the West Side of Chicago. Without knowing what we would do next, and after much discussion, we decided to move. We packed our trailer once again, loaded up the station wagon, and headed west for the EI Summer program.

The first stop was Lewisburg, PA where I visited the prisoner I had kept in touch with. We traveled on to State College, PA, where I had arranged to take my flight test. I had completed the needed flying time and had taken the written exam just as we were asked to leave USR. Once we decided to move to Chicago I asked for the results of my exam to be telegrammed to me. I received them the day before we left; I had passed! I planned our itinerary to pass by State College, Pa. because I found out that there was an Examiner there. We camped about 20 miles south of State College. I had to go into State College and find the Examiner, and make an appointment with him for the next day to take my practical flight examination. I studied the chart because this was completely unfamiliar territory to me. We did the test. At the end he put the hood on and got me lost, then asked me to take it off and identify our location. I found our location on the chart without much difficulty and he passed me; I had my pilots license. It had seemed as if all possible forces were converging on me to prevent me from getting my pilot's license. In spite of that I had systematically overcome every obstacle with which I had been confronted.

We drove to Iowa and unloaded the trailer at the family farm near Turin. We had arranged with Grandpa and Grandma, Don and Luella, Reese for Jay and Heidi to spend four weeks on the farm near Turin while we were at the EI Summer Program in Chicago. Once we dropped Jay and Heidi off, and visited the rest of the family in Iowa, we returned to Chicago and attended EI's Summer Program at 3444 West Congress Parkway. It was in the heart of the Negro ghetto on the West Side of Chicago. This kind of

neighborhood was a new setting to us. Some of the things we left in the station wagon overnight were gone the next morning.

Grandma Luella learned that having two children at the ages of two and a half and four years old at her house for four weeks had consequences. She fed them, chased them, bathed them, read to them, and put them to bed every day. She reported that she lost fifteen pounds in the course of 4 weeks!

CHAPTER 5: ECUMENICAL INSTITUTE

1966 - 1972

What we knew about the Ecumenical Institute (EI) came from Steve and Hilde Smith. We understood that it had first been established by the Greater Chicago Council of Churches in 1962, and located in Evanston, IL. When the original staff moved on, the Faith and Life Community, at Austin, TX, agreed to staff the Ecumenical Institute of Chicago. They immediately began their efforts in church renewal. In short order they had attracted a group of laity in northern Chicago who named themselves Guardians. They were inspired to guard the efforts of the Ecumenical Institute. During the next two years EI had established cadres of clergy that met regularly and helped oversee the church renewal efforts in the Greater Chicago area.

By 1964 the staff prepared to move from Evanston, IL to 3444 W Congress Parkway. That facility had formerly been the Church of the Brethren's theological school that encompassed one-half a block. It was originally a white neighborhood that gradually became a Negro ghetto. The Church of the Brethren eventually moved to western Chicago, where the neighborhood was white. One large building in the complex had a community kitchen, classrooms, offices, and residential rooms. Another had been used for the sanctuary. The EI staff re-designed the sanctuary building and used for pre-school. Still a third building had an auditorium upstairs and classrooms downstairs. The auditorium became the sanctuary, and the downstairs was used for pre-school classes. Directly across the street was a hospital. It had been a part of the seminary. There was even a tunnel under the street between the large building and the hospital.

At the outset we had been intrigued with EI's stance. It was promoting church renewal for clergy and laity with all of its weekend seminars. We found interest in their effort and anticipated the possibility of living and working with those committed to the renewal of the local church. While we were in Upper Saddle River we had found ourselves concerned with Martin Luther King Jr's effort in establishing the Civil Rights movement. Although we were concerned we were not able to see how we could go to the South and participate in the movement, with children Jay and Heidi's age. The fact that EI was situated in a Negro ghetto, had the capacity to house staff, and was actively working with the local neighborhood, made it possible for us to see how participating in EI would give us the opportunity to join the Civil Rights movement in Chicago. Both of these considerations made the EI very attractive to us.

The summer program schedule was rigorous. Wakeup was at 6:00 AM Monday through Saturday. There were assignments to wakeup responsibilities. The person responsible for wakeup had a bell that s/he rang and shouted "Praise the Lord, Christ has risen" as s/he walked up and down the hall. Daily Office was a half-hour worship service and began at 6:30. After worship there was a community breakfast with a scripture reading and corporate conversation/reflection on the scripture passage. Breakfast was from 7 to 8. During breakfast there was a scripture conversation and a news conversation.

The conversations were guided by someone who used a helpful conversation method. We quickly learned the conversation structure used at the breakfast table and discovered that it could be used in most group conversations.

After a half-hour break for the participants to complete their Obedience assignments, the classes began. We were introduced to the entire Religious Studies and Cultural Studies curricula. Each day was designed to stimulate church renewal at the local church level. We were instructed in such a way as to assume that we would promote church renewal once we returned to or worked with a local congregation.

When the Summer Program concluded we needed to decide what our family would do next. The Methodist Church indicated that I could not be assigned to the Ecumenical Institute, so I had no ministerial standing in the New Jersey Conference. I decided that being an airline pilot would be like being a glorified bus driver, so it was not an option. By the end of the summer we realized that the EI staff was actually committed to being a Religious Order; the Order Ecumenical (OE). It was not an Order that required celibacy or an Order that required a certain denominational affiliation. It was an Order of Families: some single; some couples, and; some families with children. So all the staff members, including the children, were members of the OE. There were Protestants and Roman Catholics in OE. Occasionally there were priests and sisters that came to be interns. When we considered becoming a part of the Order Ecumenical (OE) we were interviewed and given the specifications for being interns in the Order. We decided to become interns and spend the next year in Chicago.

Heidi and Jay were always together and with a lot of spirit so the Order folks called them, Bonnie and Clyde, after that old movie by the same name. No one really wanted to babysit with them so that we could go out as a couple once in a while. One time we convinced Barbara Allerding, who lived across the hall from us, to watch them one Sunday night. Barbara let them into her apartment and then she somehow got called away for a little while. That was enough time for Heidi to climb up on the counter, open a cupboard door, and eat red "candy", actually iron pills. Barbara was beside herself, not knowing how many Heidi had eaten. When we got home we called the hospital emergency room and were told what symptoms to watch for. Luckily, Heidi only had severe constipation for the next couple of days

EI used the OE to support itself financially. That made it necessary for one of us to be an income earner while the other one of us would promote the EI church renewal programs. Lin found employment in Chicago's Board of Public Health, and I took an assignment in the course recruitment section. In the office I spent my time developing prospect lists, mailing brochures, and phoning contacts on the prospect lists. Some of the week I would accompany a recruitment team and we would make visits to pastors and congregations who were prospects, handing out recruitment literature and securing commitments for attendance at mid-week and weekend courses held in the EI facility at 3444 W Congress Parkway.

In addition to her employment Lin participated in the neighborhood health program that EI promoted. 5th Avenue ran diagonally through the neighborhood. EI had done an assessment of the neighborhood and identified a segment that it began to focus its community development efforts in. The project was named 5th City and the geographical outline of the parish became a symbol for the community development effort. 5th City had 5 precepts: 1) Work in a delimited area; 2) Identify the depth human problem; 3) Work on all the problems; 4) Work with every age group, and; 5) Use the power of symbols. Identifying the neighborhood as 5th City became a powerful symbol. On Guild nights and sometimes on weekends, Lin and the other nurses on the EI staff helped identify health needs and set about helping the neighborhood meet those needs.

On Sundays our family often took trips to downtown Chicago to see the many sites. There were a variety of things to experience. I remember the Wrigley Building sitting next the Bridge over the Chicago River on Michigan Ave. And the way it was pure white and especially when it was lit up at night on an enormous bank of floodlights. During the summer we were inclined to take in the parks and the lakeshore. Sometimes we would swim in Lake Michigan. During the school year there were a number of museums and art galleries, skyscrapers, and more to visit and tour. Jay's favorite was the Science and Industry Building and he knew exactly how to get there by public transportation. We usually took public transportation. That

usually meant the EL train. We remembered hearing the song Take the A Train, and we could take either the A or B train to downtown Chicago. But on the way home the A train didn't stop at our station, so we had to make sure to take the B train.

Sunday evening seemed to be the only evening that didn't have one kind or another in the community's life together. It didn't take long for a group of us to find a bar close by that had music. On Sunday evening we would go out, have a drink, conversation, and dance. We called it our Dance Club.

When June of 1967 arrived we were at another decision point. What would our next step be? I had already decided against being an airline pilot. I found it difficult to imagine establishing a formal relationship with a denomination, and hard to understand how it would be any different than the parish ministry I had left in June of 1966. Since we had no viable alternatives we chose to graduate from internship and become members of the Order Ecumenical. I attended the EI Summer Program as a facilitator/instructor. During that summer Jay and Heidi participated in the children's program held on campus. When the summer program came to an end we made a trip to Iowa to visit the family.

When the school year began in 1967 we enrolled Jay in the neighborhood Kindergarten. He was the only white student in his class but knew several of the class members who had graduated from Pre School with him. Heidi continued on at Pre School on campus.

The second year was much like the first but we had become used to the routines. Len and Elaine Hockley had been interns during our first year. At the end of their internship they chose to go back to their hometown, Detroit, MI. Both families had children that related well to each other. We established a relationship with them so one of the times scheduled for vacation during the 3rd month of a quarter, we made a trip to Detroit and visited the Hockley's.

Because I had a year of internship behind me I began to receive more responsibility for recruiting and facilitating. I worked with the Cadre of Clergy that were actively promoting EI's seminars. I began to receive assignments to locations around the nation. Occasionally I would receive an assignment to a Parish Leadership Colloquy (PLC) midweek and weekend seminar. When that happened I was gone from campus for a week. Occasionally Lin and I were assigned to facilitate a weekend together. We received an assignment to teach the family seminar, CS IIIA, in Cleveland.

When spring rolled around we were fully engaged as staff of the OE. Early in April I was responsible to be first teacher in an RS I seminar. During the Thursday before the course was to begin Martin Luther King, Jr. was assassinated.

Racial tensions were high all over Chicago and throughout the nation. We were a group of mostly whites living on the Westside. We were surrounded by a small population of blacks in Fifth City with whom we were working to demonstrate community revitalization. Immediately outside of Fifth City were lots of people who did not know why we were there or they did not believe anything substantial could come out of the demonstration. By now our family was living in the Administration Building and our apartment looked east out on to the street. We were beginning the second quarter of the year: April to June. We had seminars scheduled beginning Friday evening on the first weekend in April.

There was a great deal of commotion in the neighborhood as we began the evening session. Our classroom was halfway below the ground level so the windows were adjacent to the sidewalk. Suddenly someone outside broke the window and threw something into the seminar. The riots had come to our doorstep. We immediately turned out the lights and evacuated the classroom. The participants returned to their residence. After checking with those assigned to Security I returned to the Zahrts' room. By that time

someone had broken into the front door and begun to vandalize the building. We were informed by Security staff that we were to vacate the building and go to the Hospital across the street. Just before we left, someone from the outside came down our hall and poured gasoline under the apartment doors. I carried the sleeping Heidi and our lockbox with valuable documents. Lin took Jay's hand and our blankets and some clothes as we trekked across the street in the middle of the night. It was very tense for the adults. The children congregated in the hospital basement and got into the big laundry carts made of aluminum and canvas that were on wheels. They pushed each other around until some adult stopped the fun.

We spent the night in the basement of the Hospital. Some of the Security staff returned to 3444 W Congress building and examined the consequences of the break-in. They discovered there had been a series of attempts to set the building on fire. They extinguished the fires and set up a Security force for the remainder of the night. We learned that many of the neighborhood businesses on the West Side of Chicago had been vandalized and subsequently burned.

When daylight came, the decision was made to get the children out of Fifth City into the homes of colleagues in the suburbs until the riot on the West Side of Chicago had ceased. My sister, Jo Reese, Jay and Heidi's aunt, was in Fifth City to take a course so we sent her with them to George and Georgiana McBurney's. We are ever grateful to Jo and our colleagues for assuming this care of our children.

The following week we returned to 3444 W. Congress but were housed in dormitory fashion to enable a rapid evacuation of the building if and when it was needed. We spent a week in dormitory arrangement and then returned to our individual apartments. We resumed normal operations until the end of the summer. The Summer '68 Program was held as planned but was shortened to 3 weeks instead of 4. During the end of the Summer Program the Zahrts and a few other families came down with Hepatitis A. It was serious enough for me to be hospitalized for two weeks. Jay, Heidi had a slight case of it but were not hospitalized. Lin's blood test allowed her to stay home with the children.

Hepatitis A is a liver disease that is usually mild in children. We are sure that the children brought the germs home from Preschool as other families fell ill also. The way we dealt with Hepatitis was to quarantine the sick ones to their apartment. Someone was assigned to bring meals on paper plates. I was first aware of the onset of Hepatitis when I lost my appetite and did not eat much. Slowly I became weaker and needed a lot of sleep. My blood count was higher than Lin's, so I was placed in the old TB hospital across town. Jay and Heidi had no symptoms but their blood tests showed they were still contagious. They had to stay in our tiny apartment with Lin. She reports that it was very difficult keeping them entertained. They would jump on her bed and want her to do something or read something, etc., when all she wanted to do was sleep.

Finally, Lin, Jay and Heidi's, blood counts came down and the physician declared them free of quarantine. Lin was so happy to get the children ready for school. Both went to the old gym where Heidi had preschool and Jay had summer playgroup. Since the gym was less than a block away and within the walled confines of the old seminary campus, they went by themselves in the mornings. Lin went about the tedious job of getting herself dressed and the apartment picked up a bit. Then, she called and talked to me in the hospital. I thought I might be able to come home that day or the next. Lin thought, "Yea, maybe we could go back to being a family again."

Later, that morning the preschool teacher called to say there was a problem with Heidi and some of the other children. Lin went right over and tried to piece together the story of the morning. She learned that on the way to the gym, Jay had crawled in an open window in the building where the single men stayed. He

took a bottle of aspirin and passed it out as candy to his sister, his friends, Cameron Grow and Stanley Green, and other children. Jay said, "I wanted to take something to the kids because I had not seen them in such a long time." Why hadn't he said this to Lin in the morning? She would have found something safe for him to take!

The teachers and Lin questioned all the children. Most of them said Jay tricked them because the candy was bad-tasting and they spit it out. Jay said he did not taste the aspirin himself. Heidi, Cameron and Stanley seemed to be the three that ingested a number of aspirin. Lin contacted the boys' parents, but none of them could go with Lin to Cook County Hospital's (CCH) emergency room.

What an experience CCH was! It was full of people waiting to be seen. Lin checked the children in and was told to sit down and wait her turn. Lin explained that it was an emergency because of aspirin ingestion and the children's stomachs needed to be pumped; the sooner the better. The receptionist looked her coldly in the eye and said everyone here had an emergency or they would not be here.

In the haste Lin had neglected to bring anything for the children to do. At first they sat quietly on the hard benches and looked around. Jay, Heidi and Cameron, the only white kids in the place, began to get restless, got off the bench and started exploring the big waiting room. Stanley, a neighborhood child, sat quietly in his seat looking at all the other people. Once, he started to get off the seat and go find the others, but he stopped when he looked at the disapproving eyes of the black women whose children sat like little angels on their benches.

After an hour and when Lin saw a nurse, she went up to the window again and told the nurse our plight. The RN explained she was "sorry but some of these people have been waiting longer than you have, and someone will get to you as soon as they can". Lin rounded up the children again and sat on the bench trying to tell them a story to keep her heart from going wild. She remembered working on Pediatrics in New Jersey and having a beautiful bubbly 4-year old girl admitted at the beginning of her shift with aspirin ingestion. By the end of her 8-hour shift the child died. And now, here was her own 4-year old, Heidi, curling up on her lap and wanting to go to sleep. This was the child that her parents and/or the preschool teacher tried everyday in vain to get to take an afternoon nap. Something was wrong.

It was possible to keep Heidi awake, but it was a struggle. When Lin could not stand it any longer, Lin went up to the window again and demanded to see a doctor <u>now</u>. The person there said, "Listen, Lady, some of these people have been here 6-8 hours and what makes you think you are more special than they are?" Lin thought, "Of course, she didn't know that I was living and working on the Westside to try to make a better life for people just like the ones she was pointing to, and that I too had been through the riots a few months ago." Lin's eyes got teary out of frustration and she said, "I do not think I am special or better than anyone in this room, but I have children here could be dead in 6-8 hours. I will take them somewhere else. May I see the phone book?" It was hard to read the phone book through tears. She was struggling to write down hospital addresses and phone numbers, when the children's names were called.

As Lin herded the children toward the nurse, she could feel the piercing eyes of many of the women in the room. In the examining room the doctor asked how long ago the children had eaten the aspirin. When he heard, he said, "Why weren't you here earlier? It is too late to pump their stomachs." At that Lin burst into tears. She thought, "Didn't he know of the ordeal I'd been through right here in his institution? Is this the way the others out there are treated every day?" She guessed the answers and came back to her immediate question, "What are the options now?" After questioning each child, he suggested that Heidi and Cameron be admitted for observation at CCH. Lin said thank you and left with all four children. She would

find another hospital if that was necessary. Back at Fifth City there was a message; "David was waiting to be picked up at the TB hospital across town". Lin talked to Nan Grow and she said she and Bill would take turns watching Cameron all night. She would also call and talk to Stanley's mother and have her come get him.

Lin shoved Jay and Heidi back in the car with some snacks and drove to get David. She decided that maybe he could think level headedly and make a decision what to do with Heidi. She knew that she could not stay up all night in her weakened condition and watch her daughter. And what if something did go wrong; we would not be able to get her to a hospital in time for help.

I was waiting outside the hospital for them. I had been ready to go in the afternoon while they were at CCH waiting to be seen. I drove home and decided that it would be safer to have professionals watch Heidi during the night. I called various hospitals to see who would take her. Finally, there was one way out west, so out we went. Heidi was not happy to have us leave, but it was now night-time and we were exhausted. Before we dropped off to sleep, we called the hospital and found that Heidi was still awake, bawling and climbing out of the crib so that they had to put a net over the crib. Any other time we would have been dismayed at this news, but we were happy that she was so alive and feisty. We drove out early the next morning to get her and, of course, she was sleeping. The nurses said she had finally given up the fight in the wee hours and gone to sleep. She had had good vital signs all night. We thanked them and went home.

Later that day Heidi was exclaiming that she hated that net over her and she was not a baby to be put in a crib in the first place. She was very angry at us for leaving her in that awful place. I tried to explain why that was the best place for her under the circumstances. She wasn't buying the explanation. By this time Lin's fear and tension had turned to anger and she said, "This is the second time in a year that you have eaten medicine like it was candy, and if you ever do that again, you will get the net again! And, I mean it!" It was not appropriate for a mother to threaten a child like that. But, Heidi never again took anything strange without questioning its purpose.

There were approximately 150 men, women, and children in the Order Ecumenical. Given the assassination of MLK and the subsequent riots in our neighborhood we began to make plans to disperse the community. Over the course of the next 2 quarters, April to June, and July to September we designed a plan to do so. We identified 4 locations where there were substantial supporters and proceeded to arrange the details for a Religious House. We arranged with colleagues to establish a Religious House in each of the locations: Boston, Atlanta, South Chicago, and San Francisco. The Zahrts were assigned with Gene and Ruth Marshall, and Lane and Barbara Erskine, to relocate in the Boston metropolitan area. We had gridded it so that it included the New England region—Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New Hampshire, Vermont, and Maine.

THE BOSTON RELIGIOUS HOUSE

Three couples—Gene and Ruth Marshall, David and Lin Zahrt, and Barbara and Lane Erskine, and our children—were sent out from Chicago in the fall of 1968 to be the priorship for the Boston Religious House. The entire group rented a truck to haul our goods in and the Zahrts pulled their trailer. EI had chosen Framingham, Massachusetts, because Bob Johnson, pastor of Framingham Congregational Church, was interested in having EI help him renew the life of the congregation he served. Before we established a residence in the Boston Religious House, the venue for our weekly House Church meetings and Common

Meal was the Congregational Church Hall. Bob and his wife, Carol, regularly participated in the Common Meal with us.

There were three couples with children who were prepared to join us in the Boston Religious House as interns: Larry and Shirley Henschen; Warren and Geri Tolman, Art & Sandy Leeker, and; one single fellow, Bill Norton. Bill was attending theological school at Andover Newton in Boston. We spent the better part of a month searching for the right house. When we found it, the Henschen's and the Tolman's purchased it. We could not find a better deal than that!

While the house search began the Zahrt family moved in with Geri and Warren Tolman and their two children, Greg and Bonnie, who were close in age to Jay and Heidi. These were folks we had not met before, but we liked them instantly. Greg showed Jay and Heidi around the house and yard (Bonnie was younger and a bit shy). Heidi looked around in all the nooks and crannies and finally looked up at Geri with her big brown eyes and asked, "But, where are your roaches?" Geri was shocked and Lin was chagrined! Coming from the ghetto to the suburbs was a big jump for us, and Heidi told it all right there. Lin wondered if Geri was going to suggest to us that we were going to be headed right back to Chicago!

The house that we found was on the edge of town with the railroad tracks beyond the backyard and the VFW Lounge as our next-door neighbors. It had been a rooming house. The owners lived downstairs and the roomers lived upstairs. At one time it was probably a three-story duplex and it may have been a house of ill repute.

The house had two front doors. The left door led in to the downstairs rooms. The right door led upstairs where there were numerous bedrooms. We found ample space for the six couples, one single fellow, and two children's dorms; girls and boys. The left-hand stairwell upstairs had been blocked. We opened it up so the upstairs was accessible from either stairway. On the downstairs one side of the house was the living room and the other side was the dining room where we had meals and collegiums. The kitchen and the children's dining room were at the back of the house. This was to be the Boston Religious House, in Framingham. Our family lived here two years. We all had very small rooms. Ours was so small I built a platform above the desk that was big enough to hold a double bed mattress. It gave us a bedroom, ample room for our 'office', and a little space to entertain Jay and Heidi when the occasion arose.
As one entered the front of the house the downstairs room on the right became the corporate dining room. On past the dining room at the back of the house was the kitchen. As one entered the front of the house the downstairs room on the left became the living room. On past it and adjoining the kitchen was the children's dining room.

The men built a long low table with benches on both sides for the children's dining room. Jay stored unwanted food on the ledge underneath the table. When the table was tipped up for housecleaning, mostly peas and hamburger bits would roll off, thanks to Jay.

We tried to hold our Daily Office (worship service) in the living room. It was too crowded and required daily set-up and take-down. So we cleaned up the basement and set up sanctuary there. That gave us plenty of space, and allowed it to be permanent.

Our daily schedule was identical to Chicago's: wakeup at 6 AM, Daily Office for the entire family at 6:30, breakfast at 7 with a scripture and news conversation, and a send-out to the day's work. Some of us were assigned to be income providers, some were assigned to manage the household, and some were assigned to promote EI's mission of church renewal.

We began our church renewal work by dividing the geography of the Boston Region into 6 Metropolitan Areas. We labeled them Metros: Boston; Portland; Worchester; Springfield; Hartford, and Providence. We used the Metro designation to help us focus our efforts to promote interest and participation in our workshops and seminars. We continued to recruit and offer the Religious and Cultural Studies curricula. It was much easier to do and more intensive because we were regionally based. We scheduled regular visits to the Metros and met with colleagues there. We used their referrals to expand our contact and recruitment database.

We anticipated starting a Local Church Experiment (LCE) that would have four congregations working together on the renewal of their congregational membership, and their neighborhoods. In Framingham Bob Johnson took the lead and enrolled his congregation. Larry and Shirley Henschen, from the Religious House, were members of his congregation. We spent the school year, 1968-69, building the foundation for the LCE. Warren and Geri Tolman were members of the Framingham Methodist Church. They expected to participate in the experiment but were not able to get any other representation from their congregation. There was a rural Congregational church west of Framingham that anticipated joining the experiment. Because of the distance from Framingham we met with them independently.

One of the things that the adults did to break into new consciousness about time and space was to hold an Odyssey. In the Spring of 1969 we offered our first Odyssey. We held it in the house. It was a Friday evening to Sunday noon event that opened and closed with a feast. In between the opening and closing feasts were scheduled 3 days of silence, each of which began with a fasting-type meal offering a Monk's Bowl—oatmeal, soup, and stew. Sleep was scheduled for 4 hours sessions. There were regular Obedience's focused on scrubbing your 'grave plot'—a section of floor—or carrying railroad ties, and regular lectures on Meditation, Contemplation, and Prayer, and Poverty, Chastity, and Obedience, with quiet time to spend individual solitary time on the subjects. Some of those whom we recruited to attend the Odyssey later decided to be interns in the Boston House for the school year 1969-70.

We extended the mission of the Boston Region to the neighboring upstate New York territory we labeled the Rochester Region. Once again we began with the contacts we had already established and through them extended the impact of Religious and Cultural Studies as a means of renewing the local church in upstate New York.

The women were eager to get the children settled in their new school that was about 5 blocks away. We were impressed with the principal and the teachers. Patty Henschen and Heidi, great pals, were in the same kindergarten room. One day, the first week of school, their teacher walked them home from school. We think it was Shirley Henschen who met them at the door. After the teacher looked around a bit, she wanted to know if the girls really had seven mothers and eight fathers as Heidi had told the class. Shirley had some fast explaining to do.

The winter of 1968 Heidi's favorite activity was to dress up. She especially loved clomping around in a pair of high heels and Lin's old crinoline slip that she pulled up under her arms. "Look, this is my strapless evening gown!" she would announce. We decided it was time to honor her request for ballet lessons.

Christmas Eve of 1968, at the Boston House, was a fun affair. We had a gift exchange and families had presents for their children, plus there were food and games. Each family prepared a specialty dish to share and then told how it was traditional for them. After the children went to bed the adults talked long into the night just enjoying each other's company.

As a group we were accustomed to getting up at 6:00 AM, having Daily Office at 6:30 AM from Monday through Saturday. This Christmas Celebration was a break in the routine. The adults were all sound asleep on Christmas morning. What we didn't know was that at Christmas time the VFW men collected and distributed toys to needy children in downtown Framingham. On Christmas morning, somehow the Boston House kids found out that the VFW had leftover toys. In ones and twos, the children trekked over in the snow to the VFW and pick out a toy. One of our adults checked and found out that the men at the VFW had invited the children. Heidi went over in her crinoline and heels, no coat, hat or boots. "Mama, I twirled for the men. Look what I got!" It was a more expensive toy than what she had received the night before. This was typical of all the toys the children received from the VFW. We helped our kids write thank you notes.

One day Jay came home with a picture he had colored in. In quizzing him about it, we learned that the teacher gave the same farm scene to all the children to color. Then she held up one of their pictures and asked questions about it. Jay said, "When no one was answering, I helped her by asking 'What is one object you see?' and 'What sounds do you hear?' and 'What would you name your picture?" Jay was helping the teacher learn the basic discussion model.

At parent-teacher conference, however, the teacher said, "Jay is a very good boy, plays well with other children, and is excellent in artwork. However, he is making no effort to learn to read." We explained that he loved being read to and that we had done that since his birth. We suggested that since he had a hearing loss in his right ear, perhaps moving him to the front of the room where she stood most of the time would help. Jay was not happy about this and grumbled about having to sit up front. And, he still made no effort to learn to read. We worked with him at home on his spelling words and reading, but it was a chore for all of us.

One of the activities in the Odyssey was to carry railroad ties from an old pile down by the railroad track to the backyard of our house. Once the Odyssey was over, the pile of railroad ties in the back yard seemed to be a nuisance. Finally the men used the ties to make a fort for the children. This became the favorite play place in the neighborhood.

Second grade for Jay was much the same as first grade at the same school. He liked his teacher and the science and math lessons, but not reading. We went to the library to let him pick out some books that sounded interesting to him. He always chose adventure books that were way past his reading level. We brought them home and read a chapter per night to him. The hope was he would see how much fun reading was and try it on his own. At Christmas Jay got toys to put together. Usually he could figure them out without having to have help reading the directions.

It wasn't until vacation time when Heidi and Jay were sleeping in the same room on our trip that we learned about a scheme of his. As usual each night one parent read a thrilling chapter of "Call of the Wild" or the Hardy Boys, etc., gave the children their good night hugs and kisses and turned out the light. After that Jay would pull out his flashlight and get Heidi to read the next chapter to him. He helped occasionally sound out a word. When we asked Jay again why he wasn't learning to read in school, he said, "I am not reading that boring stuff about Dick and Jane and their stupid dog, Spot!"

It probably was this same summer that, Jay and Heidi spent some time back on the family farm with the Reese Grandparents. One day, while roaming the hills on the Turin farm, Jay and Heidi found a cow stuck in the gully. They returned to the house and reported what they found to Grandpa Reese. He went over to survey the situation, came back and phoned his neighbor, Bill Hathaway, to come help him get the cow out. Bill came, got down in the gully, and tied a rope around the cow. Then, they all began to pull on the

rope. Finally the cow was able to get her footing out of the mire. As she came up out of the gully, she charged Bill who had a hold of the rope and was closest to her. Some thank you for saving her life!

In the spring of 1969 one of the things that the adults did to break into new consciousness about time and space was to hold an Odyssey. One of the activities in the Odyssey was to carry railroad ties from an old pile down by the railroad track to the backyard of our house. Once the Odyssey was over we had a pile of railroad ties in our back yard. The men used the ties to make a fort for the children. This became the favorite play place in the neighborhood.

It was New Year's Eve 1969 when the Boston House adults had a big party for themselves. We got the children off to sleep, then danced and partied the night away. We were so tired by the time New Year's rolled around, we decided to go to bed and clean up in the morning. It was late when the adults got up. The children, who were all elementary or junior high age, had gotten their own breakfast and gone about their play. All except for Jay who was snoring on the living room couch. His breath smelled like alcohol. Suddenly I realized that the spiked punch bowl that was not empty when I went to bed was now empty. Heidi had the answer, "Yes, Jay drank the rest of the punch, while the other children finished off the chips and other snacks left from the night before." Jay slept off his little binge and seemed to take it all in his stride.

THE IMPOSSIBLE MADE POSSIBLE

At the end of the school year of 1969 Gene and Ruth Marshall went to Chicago to assist in the facilitation of the summer program. At that point the Zahrts, Ken and Margaret Filipski, the Henschen's, and Bill Norton, were assigned to be the priorship of the Boston House. In May the staff of the Religious House met with 6 Metro Coordinators of the Boston Region. We entertained the question about what activities we would hold during the summer. We created a rationale for 3 major activities: the Odyssey, the Local Church Formulation Week, and the Local Church Lab.

In the Boston House we had invented and done two Odysseys already, so we had some notion of what it would take to do one more. The other two programs we would have to invent as we had once done with the Odyssey. I took the plan that the Metro Coordinators had suggested back to the Religious House (16 adults and 8 children living in intentional community). I was responsible to see that this team executed the plan for the summer, carrying the brunt of the workload involved in the plan.

The first thing we did was to overcome the sense of impossibility in having one more Odyssey. We created a story that the only reasonable time to have it was the 4th of July weekend, because it was a holiday which had, or for all practical purposes had lost its meaning. So we were offering people a genuine opportunity to celebrate. The Odyssey was a challenge. It was a Spiritual Retreat designed so that the participant was able to experience three days in two! It would examine Meditation, Contemplation, and Prayer, Poverty, Chastity, and Obedience and involve the participants experientially in those topics.

After we had a story of possibility for the Odyssey we created a recruitment list. We divided the Region up geographically and brainstormed prospects for each unit. We created a 3-ring notebook with the prospects arranged by geography. Each page had prospect information and a chart on which to write a compelling reason for them to want to come, and a place to record their response. We created a structured phone conversation that was designed with a presumptive close, and put that at the front of the notebook. Then we did some role-play practice phoning. We did not allow the person being called to say "No". We

registered their reservations, and told them we wanted them to think about what it would take for them to come and we would call them back. In the interim between the first and second call we figured out how their reluctance could be the basis for a good reason for them to come. Then we called them back for a second conversation. We rotated the calling on a time schedule. Each caller kept careful notes so that the next person calling would be able to pick up where the conversation left off.

When people said "Yes" we mailed them a confirmation letter with details about when they should arrive, what they should bring, when the Odyssey would be over, and how to get to the Religious House.

The next step was inventory. We inventoried all the materials needed in an Odyssey and compared it against the list of things we needed for the one upcoming: workbook inserts, montage workshop materials, pictures, glue, scissors, Poverty workshop materials, Obedience activity materials, decor for the main room and the three seminar rooms, participant garb, envelopes, postage, stationery, and music for the opening and closing feasts, and daily wakeup.

Then we made a list of the things that we would have to create, gather, and practice. To create: a menu, additional workshop materials, faculty procedures manual for the entire Odyssey, team assignments for the participants and the faculty, room assignments for the participants, Odyssey enablement and teaching assignments, House cleaning and preparation assignments.

- To gather: workshop materials, music, beds, groceries, printing of manuals, decor, garb, registration record.
- To practice: registration procedures, opening feast and ritual, wakeup procedures, workshops, obedience's, breakfast and dinner fasts, Brother Lawrence style of enablement (invisibility), closing feast and ritual, and presentations given as talks.

We successfully recruited 42 people, a number larger than any previous Odyssey. We had to find neighbors who would host some of the participants. Given the fact that we had already recruited our prime prospects through the first three Odysseys, and that we were scheduling this for the 4th of July, we were delighted with the turnout. The team worked superbly together and we began the summer with a tremendous victory.

We invited people to Sojourn with us in the month of July. The major summer program was Monk for a Month. We used the 4th of July Odyssey to launch the program. Jean Long and Maxine Manning were two of the participants I recall. The sojourn must have been inspiring because both of them decided to become interns in the Boston House in the fall of 1969. It was as we had hoped: the summer programs set the stage for the coming year. We used the summer to build the framework for the Local Church Formulation Week, and the Local Church Lab.

In the fall of 1969 the Zahrts, Fillipski's, Henschen's, and Norton continued to be the priorship. We had two teenagers whose parents were assigned to different locations in the Order Ecumenical: Joanne Slicker, and; Steve Moore.

We had the following people as interns. Some of them we had recruited, and some joined us because of their interest in our program: Barbara and Ralph Crawford and their children Stephen, Kenneth, Andrew, and Diana; Bruce and Pamela Macomber; John and Mary Blanchard and their three children; Tom and Connie Turley and their two children; Carrolle and Eleanor Kell, and their two children; Clayton and Dianne Sibley, their three children, and a teenage daughter, Thomasin. Needless to say, we had a house full. We made it work! We expanded into some of the rooms that had been closets. We built a 2-bedroom Suite

in the basement for Jean and Maxine. As the year progressed Bill Norton developed an interest in Maxine. By the end of the year he proposed marriage. Maxine accepted.

Occasionally we had people interested in our work who would become Sojourners, and stay with us for a short period; usually at least a month Lucille Tessier, a Roman Catholic Sister came to Sojourn with in the Spring of 1970. I had her accompany me in a Local Church Formulation Week that we had scheduled to be held in the Methodist Church in Hudson, MA. Don Johnson was pastor. He and his wife Marileen were eager to hold the week-long program. We introduced it on a Sunday after worship and had a representative group in attendance. On Monday morning the program was to be launched. Lucille and I arrived at the church and set up the meeting room. At the time the meeting was to start Don and Marileen were the only people present. I don't have recollection of my response. Lucille supplied a report many years later. Her report follows.

At Don and Marileen Johnson's church in Hudson, Mass. Easter Monday 1970, you exploded all my images of Impossibility. I have thought of it so often over these 30+ years. Not a single soul but us four showed up for the first work session of the Local Church Formulation Week. This is it, I figured. Dead in the water, despite the previous evening's turnout for the launching celebration. I can still see how unflappable and faith-filled you looked in that empty room. Not a word of complaint from you, the leader and convener. As though it was the most ordinary request, you simply asked Don and Marileen to think of x number of people whom they knew were not working and to call to invite them to join us: some to work with us, others to provide child-care for the former. They came, and we met all day, all week, and each evening with those who worked during the day. What a witness that Monday morning was A turning point in my consciousness that I have never forgotten. Thank you for that.

Love to you and Lin
Lucille Chagnon

One major event we hoped to accomplish by the summer of 1970 was the establishment of the Local Church Experiment. We planned to launch the experiment in June. There was no difficulty getting Bob Johnson and members of his congregation committed to attend the event. We were able to include the Hudson Methodist Church. We invited the Framingham Methodist Church, but by now the Tolman's had departed and the pastor of that congregation was not willing to participate. We invited the rural congregation that was west of Framingham. So we got three of the four hoped for congregations to participate. It turned out to be a gala weekend. Joe Mathews, head of EI, came from Chicago. After the launching of the Local Church Experiment on Saturday Bill Norton and Maxine Manning were married on Sunday morning.

Bill Norton and Maxine Manning planned their wedding for May 30, 1970 at the Framingham UCC Church. They asked Jay to be the ring bearer. We rented a little white suit for him to wear. He did fine with his part in the ceremony. But his mother followed him around while waiting for it to start. "Don't sit down, Jay; No, you can't climb on the railing like the other boys; Keep your hands clean too," etc. After the ceremony Jay ripped off that white suit and announced he wasn't getting married if you had to go through all that, especially wear a suit that you couldn't do anything in!

I had discussed my problem with ordination as a clergyman in the Methodist Church. Bob suggested that I pursue ordination in the Congregational church. So over the two years we worked in the Boston House

I prepared to be ordained as a Congregational minister. Before we left Framingham in August of 1970 I was ordained as a minister in the Congregational Church.

By June of 1970 the assignment commission had given the Zahrts an assignment to the Rochester Region. It was essentially upstate New York. The six metropolitan areas we chose to focus on were Albany, Binghamton, Syracuse, Watertown, Rochester, and Buffalo. During our tenure in the Boston House I had made regularly scheduled trips to the Rochester Region. We had colleagues in Albany, Binghamton, and Rochester that scheduled regular activity and requested our presence. Although Syracuse was more centrally located there were two pastors in Rochester who were ready to start the Local Church Experiment. So Rochester was the site chosen for the Religious House. Those assigned to be the priorship in the Rochester House were the Zahrts, Bill and Carol Schlessinger, and Sandra Conant. We had gathered in Chicago to receive our assignments and participate in a Send Out. The Zahrt's, Schlessinger's, and Sandra packed up a van or two and headed off to Rochester. We began a process similar to the one in Boston. The pastor families of the two churches hosted us wile we searched for the house that would be suitable to be the Rochester Religious house. Chuck Taylor was pastor of Dewey Avenue Presbyterian Church. He and his wife, Ann, hosted the Zahrts. Bob Booher was pastor of Christ Presbyterian Church. He and his wife, Jane, hosted the Schlessinger's. Sandy stayed with one of Bob's parishioners. Within a month we found an appropriate house. The Rochester Religious House was established.

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The first year of the Rochester House began the fall of 1970. We enrolled the children in school. They were able to walk to school. The house was spacious. We enjoyed our living quarters. We had the Wayne and Ruth Ellsworth and children, Wes and Judy Gage, and Bob and Judy White as interns.

We began work in Rochester by establishing the Local Church Experiment (LCE). Bob and Chuck enrolled their congregations in the program. The program was designed to host four congregations and to meet weekly for reporting, planning, and celebrating. We searched for two additional congregations and

found only one that would join the LCE. The congregation was not in the Rochester metropolitan area, and their attendance at our weekly meetings was marginal.

We also continued to recruit Religious and Cultural Studies courses. And we involved the Rochester colleagues in designing and scheduling an Odyssey. The Rochester location made it much easier to stay in touch with colleagues in Upper New York state. We scheduled regular visits to the Binghamton and Albany Metros. In Binghamton Dick and Amelia Kroger hosted regular gatherings and the Ulangca's were consistent participants. In Albany Ken and Dorcas Rose hosted regular gatherings. The Howie's usually attended. We were unable to find people interested in the kind of church renewal we were promoting in three of the metros: Watertown, Syracuse, and Buffalo. We made periodic attempts to explore these metros and discover possible participants. In the two years the Zahrts were in Rochester we were not successful at developing programs or colleagues in those metros.

Heidi showed her mothering and teaching instincts with Karen Ellsworth, who was a year or two younger and very shy. Karen, her brothers, David and Bruce, and their parents were interns the first year we were in Rochester. Heidi enjoyed helping Karen at play. teaching her colors and numbers, do chores, bathe and groom, etc. One day the two of them got into someone's fingernail polish and lipstick and had a fun time until it was time to clean up themselves and the bathroom.

One afternoon Lin came home from work and saw children on the second story roof that slanted down toward the ground and had no railing around it. She wanted to yell out "Get off that roof!" but she did not for fear they would scramble and tumble. She raced up the stairs to third floor and found the ballroom window open (the window that the adults thought was secured). Heidi and Karen were in their swimsuits sunbathing, they said. Jay and the boys were playing around. Needless to say, everyone got 'time-out' on their beds until suppertime.

The fall of 1970 the children learned to roller-skate on the wonderful sidewalk that went on even ground many blocks up and down the boulevard. They built another fort of railroad ties like the one in Framingham. The school where the children went to school was very good. Heidi was in the second grade and did very well. That Christmas vacation we drove to Iowa in our first and only new car, a Volkswagen square back.

Jay came with the request to build another fort of railroad ties like the one in Framingham. I helped him measure out what would be needed to build the fort he wanted. Then, I developed a list of phone numbers for railroads and scripted a telephone conversation for Jay to use and gave Jay the assignment to make the calls. Jay successfully made the calls and got the railroad ties! We used Bob Boohers pickup and brought the railroad ties to our back yard.

That Christmas vacation we drove to Iowa in our first and only new car, a Volkswagen square back. We played games like 'I Spy' and other games. At one point the subject of nicknames came up. Jay said, "I have a nickname. We asked, "What is it?" He replied, "Its 'Funny Face'". His best friend, William, called him that and he thought it was neat.

The following summer during children's structures, we spent a lot of time on the beach at Lake Ontario, north of Rochester. Jay and Heidi became fairly good swimmers, but they were cautious and did not venture far from shore. The first day of school in 1971 was traumatic for Heidi. She came home from school in tears, asking Lin, "When are we ever going to move again?" Lin could not believe it because she had a wonderful job at VNA Rochester, which was her first supervisory position, so she was pleased to be staying another year.

It seemed that Heidi was dismayed because she returned to the same school as last year and was no longer “the new girl in school”. We explored this problem a bit more and found that she liked being taken by the hand and shown the ins and outs of a new school. This had not happened this year. Lin asked. “Are there new children in your third grade?” She nodded, “Yes, a red head named Georgia and a boy named Brian.” So Lin asked, “Could you go and use her experience at being the new girl in school and help them get acquainted with all the ins and outs of the school?” Yes, she thought she could, and wiped her tears away. The next day she came home all smiles with Georgia in tow. Heidi said, “We checked with her mom and it is ok for her to stay ‘til 5:00 PM. We had lots of fun today at school.”

During our second winter, 1971, we took a Christmas vacation. Chuck Taylor arranged with his parishioners, Bev and Harry Wilder, for our family to go to their cabin on a lake. We left for the cabin after supper with Joan Wallace and Carol Roberts, the young teenagers for whom the Zahrts were guardians. The directions to the cabin from the road were a bit vague. We found the place we were to park and started walking across the frozen lake in the moonlight. It was a windy cold night and we all had something to carry. Finally we were across the lake. Now the question was, exactly, which of these cabins is ours? We read the directions again by flashlight and picked out a cabin that fairly well fit the description, and the key worked!

The cabin was well furnished and comfortable, but we could not get the heater lit, try as we may. David read and reread the directions for lighting it and tried and tried. Heidi realized that the doll blanket she had been carrying was missing. She wanted us to go look for it on the lake. But, we said that we would find it in the morning when we could see it.

The temperature was in the teens. It was as cold inside as it was outside. It seemed that I was unable to light the stove. Every time I lit it, the fire would burn for a short time, and then go out. Everyone bundled up and went to bed. We put the children together in one bed and the teens together in another. Everyone slept in his or her winter clothes and under many blankets. I stayed up for at least two hours attempting to light the heater one more time before coming to bed myself. Sometime around midnight I succeeded, and fell into bed exhausted from both the physical exertion of staying up, and the anxiety that we would be stranded in a freezing cabin! By morning the cabin was toasty and warm.

The next morning we took a hike. We found the doll blanket and another item one of us had dropped. Now we could see where we had walked across the lake the night before, either not in a straight line or else the car seemed closer to us in the daylight. We skated and slid on the ice and hiked around the area during the day, and told stories to each other in the evening with popcorn and S’mores.

Bill Schlessinger had obtained his Bachelor of Divinity degree. As a minister he began work in the church Bob Booher pastored; Christ Presbyterian. The Schlessingers were assigned to Rochester for two years. At the end of his second year Bill was ordained as a minster in the Presbyterian Church.

The second year in Rochester Art and Jean Smith and Jim Myers were assigned with us to be the priorship. Our interns were Marty and Edith Howell.

Heidi did get her wish to move again. This time we went to the Kemper Building at 4750 N. Sheridan. It was the northeast side of Chicago in the Uptown neighborhood where 57 languages were spoken. We had known Paul Noah from our work in the Rochester Region. We discovered that he had married Toni Noah and moved to the Uptown Chicago neighborhood. They were both artists. Jay and Heidi both were encouraged again to get into art. We spent a lot of time going to the art museums in Chicago. Heidi made some wonderful art projects that year.

4750 NORTH SHERIDAN ROAD

We were living and working in a Seminary building on the West Side of Chicago which the Church of the Brethern abandoned. We had out grown it and just inherited an office building on the North Side that the Kemper Insurance Company moved out of when they moved their headquarters to the suburbs. It was 1/4 of a block of floor space, and 8 stories high. It was all office building. We sent staff to camp out in it starting in March. In June we made the decision to have our month-long summer program for 1000 people in the Kemper Building. We mounted a campaign to be able to accomplish this feat. It would mean turning 6 floors of office space into residential space. My assignment was to head up a team of 6 people to begin cost-savings by in-kinding material that we needed for the summer program.

I began by conducting a brainstorm with the 150 staff who were gathered to prepare for the summer. From that list I created a list of materials that I presumed each task force would need. I then went to each task force and got their response to the list. I made revisions according to their assessment. I got from them an estimation of the amounts of materials they would be using and a cost figure if they could give it. With this data I then compiled a list of the most needed items and the most costly items that we would use in the summer program. From that point I divided the 6 team members into teams and assigned them to get in-kind the items which would help us realize the greatest cost reduction.

My assignment was to get 1000 single beds to put in the Kemper Building. I began by making a list of all the possible sources that I could find in my imagination. From there I found the phone numbers and addresses for all of my initial contacts. The Yellow Pages were very helpful. There I usually found new sources that I added to my list. I kept these names, addresses, and phone numbers in a notebook with a space in which to record the contact person and comments that were worth noting. I created a short concise story about who I represented, and what special need I was trying to fulfill. In each call I made sure to ask for additional suggestions about where I could find beds. This allowed me to continue to build my prospect list as I went. I also used as an operating principle the power of statistical probability. I relied upon the fact that 1 out of 10 tries would lead me to my goal.

The scrap metal and used furniture dealers were no help because they had an occasional odd assortment of beds for which they wanted exorbitant prices. But they did lead me to the Great Lakes Naval Training Base on the North Shore of Chicago. Initially I had uncovered the lead through the scrap metal dealers who would bid on the scrap metal once a week at the great Lakes scrap metal depot. The depot had rigorous policies about who was eligible to buy. In addition to that their beds came sporadically and in poor physical condition. In looking for another entre to the Base I discovered that we had conducted some coursework with the Navy Chaplains two or three years earlier. I called the Office of the Chaplaincy to investigate. It happened that the Greek Orthodox Chaplain had been in one of our courses. Through him I learned that they were in the process of bulldozing several barracks to the ground, and they were not bothering to remove the bunk beds.

When I discovered this, I arranged to enter the Base and collect the bunks from the barracks before they were razed. The Chaplain gave permission for me to pick up a truck load of bunks. I realized that one truck would only hold 1/5 of the bunks in the barracks, and by the time we loaded, traveled back to the Kemper Building, unloaded, and returned to the Base we would be lucky to get a second load. Furthermore, the Chaplain had only arranged for one entry. And the following day the barracks would be razed. So I requested 15 people and a requisition to rent 5 trucks. We arrived on schedule. When we were cleared

through the gates by an escort vehicle we drove 5 trucks through the gates and had the barracks empty before noon.

We only got 400 bunks, so in order to accomplish my objective I needed to find another 100 bunks. As soon as we returned to the Kemper Building I called the Chaplain, told him that we had gotten all of the bunks in the barracks, and asked him if he knew of any other place where we could get bunks! He was astounded. He could not believe we had gotten 400 bunks that morning, and that I was serious about getting another 100 bunks. He indicated that he had used up all his favors. However within another day or two he returned my call and said that he had found another 75 bunks. We got those, and by using some of the bunks we had in our current center we were able to provide bedding for 1000 people.

JAY'S EIGHTH HOME
1210 GAYLORD DENVER, CO. - 1973-74.

Our family drove the U-Haul truck from Chicago, stopping on the way to stay one night at the farm in Turin. We arrived on a Saturday afternoon. David backed the truck up in the drive of our new house and all four of us started carrying things inside. However, some of the first things we came to were bikes we had acquired from another family in Chicago. Jay and Heidi had not learned to ride bikes yet, though we had tried bikes a few times in the past.

The children seized the bikes and used the little incline of the driveway to get themselves started. Then, they quickly learned to turn left and go down the sidewalk. Just north of our house was a pharmacy. It sat on the corner and had a big parking lot. It was closed over the weekend. That gave the kids an empty parking lot in which to ride. Soon they were riding around and around in the empty parking lot.

Heidi fell off once early on, but she got right back on the bike and kept practicing. Jay seemed to know how to ride right from the start. (Later when we asked about that, Jay said he studied how to do it over and over in his mind first.) David and Lin continued to request that the children help carry things into the house. They would make a couple of trips into the house and then get on their bikes again.

The Denver House's best features were a beautiful double-wide staircase going to second floor from the foyer. It also had a collegium room with lovely windows and a sliding wooden door like the Rochester house. The kitchen was pleasant and there was a small pantry where we had the toaster set up, plus there was bread, peanut butter, jam, fruit and other snack items that the residents could fix for themselves.

Larry and Dianne Greenwald and their two little children lived with us. Darcy was about 3 years old and Joshua was a baby. David Yost who was 18 at the time was our only intern.

The neighborhood was a changing one in northeast Denver. Across a couple of very busy roadways there was a large wooded park with lots of bike and walking paths. The school was about 5-6 blocks away. Although we had walked to school and checked it out before it started, Jay was leery of starting another new school. We thought he was alright that first morning of school and sent he and Heidi off on their own. Upon checking later with the school we found that Jay did not arrive. David found him hiding in a culvert on the way to school. They worked things out about school and this did not occur again. However, when we let Jay ride his bike to school, one day it was stolen from the bike rack. This was another strike against the school as far as he was concerned. The positive thing was that Jay was finally enjoying reading in sixth grade.

This year a Dachshund pup showed up in our neighborhood and no one claimed him. He became Jay's dog and went with him a lot of places, especially to the nearby park. It was heartbreaking when Jay and the dog had to part.

On a Friday in early spring most of the adults had gone to a retreat center to set up and conduct a weekend course. There would be a bit of a lag time between after school and when the adult assigned to be with Jay and Heidi on the weekend would get home from work. Lin called the house at the time the children should be home from school, but there was no answer. She called again about every thirty minutes and they weren't home. Finally, the adult answered and verified that they weren't home, nor was there a note saying where they might be. David told him where to look for Jay's little black address book and to start calling his friends. About the second or third call yielded an answer that both children were at that house and the mother said they could stay overnight. We did not know these parents, however, so our colleague went out into the night to collect Jay and Heidi. Jay's story was that they had come home after school to find no one home so he thought they had better find a place to stay for the night! They had forgotten the arrangements we had spelled out in morning, or just didn't like them, who knows.

HEIDI'S SEVENTH HOME – GAYLORD PARKWAY, DENVER, CO. - 1972-73

Our family drove the U-Haul truck from Chicago, stopping on the way to stay one night at the farm in Turin. We arrived on a Saturday afternoon. David backed the truck up in the drive of our new house and all four of us started carrying things inside. However, some of the first things we came to were bikes we had acquired from another family in Chicago. Jay and Heidi had not learned to ride bikes yet, though we had tried bikes a few times in the past.

The children seized the bikes and used the little incline of the driveway to get themselves started. Then, they quickly learned to turn left and go down the sidewalk. Just north of our house was a pharmacy. It sat on the corner and had a big parking lot. It was closed over the weekend. That gave the kids an empty parking lot in which to ride. Soon they were riding around and around in the empty parking lot. Heidi fell off once early on, but she got right back on the bike and kept practicing. Her parents would request some help carrying things into the house. The children would make a couple of trips and then get on their bikes again.

The Denver House's best features were a beautiful double-wide staircase going to second floor from the foyer. It also had a collegium room with lovely windows and a sliding wooden door like the Rochester house. The kitchen was pleasant and there was a small pantry where we had the toaster set up, plus there was bread, peanut butter, jam, fruit and other snack items that the residents could fix for themselves. The neighborhood was a changing one in northeast Denver. The school was about 5-6 blocks away. And across a couple of very busy roadways there was a large wooded park with lots of bike and walking paths.

Larry and Dianne Greenwald and their two little children lived with us. Darcy was about 3 years old and Joshua was a baby. Heidi liked to talk to and play with Joshua. She would carry him around on her hip. When Lin mentioned that she was throwing her back out of line, she said, "That's the way you carry babies." Lin had not noticed that about herself, but Heidi was right.

This was the year that Heidi had a room all to herself. At a family meeting, it was decided that since Heidi was 10 years old she would take on more responsibility for her clothes and her room. Mother would wash and fold her clothes and delivered them to her room for her to put away. However, this must have been a unilateral decision on the part of the parents. Heidi and her mother had a running battle about putting her

clothes in their proper place and keeping her room picked up. It was a special problem because her bedroom was at the top of the stairs and if the door was open; the room was visible to residents and guests alike.

At times Heidi would say she had nothing decent to wear, i.e., there were no clothes in her closet because they were all on the floor with clean clothes mixed in with the dirty ones. She was told that she had to pick out something from the floor and wear it, but even this did not mean a change in behavior. Finally, the compromise was made that Heidi would keep her door shut at all times and Mother would not nag about the mess.

Just before Christmas vacation Heidi's teacher said someone needed to take the white mice home for the two weeks. Heidi volunteered to take the mice in their cage. However, she did not check with her parents. She quietly got the cage into the house when no one was looking and put the mice in her room. Well, you guessed it; the mice eventually got out of their cage. One evening Lin knocked and opened the door to deliver Heidi's clean clothes. A mouse ran and hid in the pile of papers on the floor. Another one dove into a pile of clothes, then another one scampered under the bed. Lin immediately found Heidi, and Jay to help, catch the critters. They did get them all as far as we knew. David threatened to set traps to catch any leftovers. Heidi cried, "Oh, no, these are pets, they aren't like farm mice!"

On a Friday in early spring most of the adults had gone to a retreat center to set up and conduct a weekend course. There would be a bit of a lag time between after school and when the adult assigned to be with Jay and Heidi on the weekend would get home from work. Lin called the house at the time the children should be home from school, but there was no answer. She called again about every thirty minutes and they weren't home. Finally, the adult answered and verified that they weren't home, nor was there a note saying where they might be. David told him where to look for Jay's little black address book and to start calling his friends. About the second or third call yielded an answer that both children were at that house and the mother said they could stay overnight. We did not know these parents, however, so our colleague went out into the night to collect Jay and Heidi. Jay's story was that they had come home after school to find no one home so he thought they had better find a place to stay for the night! They had forgotten the arrangements we had spelled out in morning, or just didn't like them, who knows.

The Zahrts and the Greenwalds were offered the opportunity to stay in a mountain cabin for a winter weekend vacation. We quickly jumped at the chance. We left Denver on Friday evening after work and headed for the mountains. We arrived at the parking lot for the cabin after dark. Although there was a pathway up the hill to the cabin, the ground was covered with snow and there was no clearly marked trail to follow. Because of the unknown factors of the climb we left all belongings in the car and headed up the trail in the dark. We followed a long winding trail at least 1/2 mile up the mountain that had a number of S curves to negotiate the climb. When we finally arrive we discovered an A-frame cabin with a fireplace. Some of us settled in, some scouted for wood for the fire, some made the trip back down the mountain to ferry up our sleeping bags, food, and other belongings. We spent a relaxing weekend playing games, hiking in the woods, and sitting in front of the fireplace. The children took their sleeping bags to the loft where they could look out at the treetops and see and hear the birds sing.

We were all reluctant to leave Denver, but there were new adventures ahead of us. We left the mountains behind at Pueblo. As we drove eastward David found himself in tears as he said, "Goodbye" to the Rocky Mountains.

13-JAY'S SEVENTH HOME – CHICAGO, THE KEMPER BUILDING
4750 N. SHERIDAN ROAD – 1972

February of 1972 it became public information that the Kemper Insurance Co. donated an 8-story 1/4 square block building to the Ecumenical Institute. The neighborhood was called Uptown. It was two blocks from the lakeshore and it was culturally diverse: 57 languages were spoken in Uptown. They moved their headquarters to suburbia. At that point the Ecumenical Institute began the process of relocating its headquarters to Uptown, leaving a team of staff members to remain and work with Fifth City.

We planned to hold the summer research assembly that all of our colleagues had come to expect. We determined that we would have it in the Kemper Building. The building was. The task of inhabiting an 8-story office building, which had been vacated. and making it a suitable environment in which to have a 4-week residential summer research assembly for 400 people was daunting! We managed to accomplish that. David has stories he can tell about the role he played in doing so.

In August we moved from Rochester to the northeast side of Chicago. We had know Paul Noah while working in the Rochester Region. He had recently married Toni and they moved to join our staff in Chicago. Both were artists. We again encouraged Jay and Heidi to get into art. They got to know and appreciate Paul and Toni. We spent a lot of time going to the art museums in Chicago. Jay made some wonderful art projects that year.

All of the EI children went off to school together in the morning with an adult and someone walked them home again in the afternoon. After school and on weekends there were Children's Structures, which Jay basically detested, but he and his friends made the best of them. Part of the summer Jay and the other children went off to camp. They had lots of stories to tell about camp life. We hope Heidi and Jay will write them down someday.

Because we lived near lovely bike paths, on nice Sundays we tried to get Jay and Heidi to learn to ride bikes. They really were not interested; especially Jay who preferred to poke among the rocks at the lakeshore or look at plants in the park.

This was the year that both of Jay's parents were on the In-kind team. The Kemper building needed all kinds of household items, plus food. Probably the most memorable for the children was the ton of grits that were stacked on second floor. Forts and tunnels were later made out of the bags of grits. David also received and in-kind donation of an Opal station wagon for the Institute of Cultural Affairs. Our family was able to use the car to drive to Iowa to see both sets of Jay's grandparents over the Christmas holidays.

CHAPTER 6: OOMBULGURRI, AUSTRALIA

Sydney

They were assigned to Australia. Once again they used the Kemper Building in Chicago as a staging area. They, and 18 others assigned to Australia lived for 4 months in suspense about when they would be able to get their temporary visas. They were the first to be sent. They were sent in December. They almost missed Christmas of 1974, but waited until the day after Christmas to fly, thereby losing the day after Christmas when they flew west over the International Date Line into Sydney, New South Wales, Australia. They spent the first year in a lovely old mansion on McMahons Point, Sydney's North Shore, with a scenic view of the Harbor Bridge and the Opera House. They also had a 10-minute ferry ride to the Quay in downtown Sydney. The mansion had given to the Institute rent free because it was no longer rentable to moneyed clientele, and it was slated to be demolished to make way for a set of condominiums as soon as the zoning could be approved. So the second year of their stay in Sydney they were house hunting again. They moved to a vacant house in Redfern. Redfern is the closest thing to a slum that can be found in Sydney. It is a new city as cities go, and the nation is a middle-class nation. The house had, however, been lived in by vagrants who were probably part Aborigine part white. During the winter these unbidden tenants had provided warmth and cooking heat by building a wood fire in the living room. It was surprising that it had not damaged the floor. This was accounted for by the fact that the tile had come off and it was a bare concrete floor. The house was rented as is, which meant that extensive work was required in order to make it habitable. The walls required an inordinate amount of washing in order to remove the grease and wood smoke.

From Redfern they were assigned to Oombulgurri, a community of full-blooded Aborigines, which was accessible by air taxi or tidal river. It was 40 miles up the Forrest River from Wyndham, West Australia, a port village of 1,500 on the Cambridge Gulf. The nearest town was Kununura, Western Australia, which had an airport at which it was possible to take a commercial flight to Darwin, Northern Territory. By road Darwin was 600 miles east northeast from Kununura. They stayed in the same open-air residence (corrugated iron roof, weld mesh windows, concrete floors) there in the for the two years we were in Oombulgurri, but during the end of their stay they were required to move out and move back into the community 2 times.

BARGE STORY - DADDAWAY

The people of the village had named the barge, “Daddaway.” The 17-ton barge was the lifeline to the village. The village was located 50 miles up the Forrest River. The Forrest River emptied into the Cambridge Gulf, at the northern edge of West Australia. Both the river and the gulf were tidal. At neap tide, the tide rose and fell approximately 25 to 30 feet.

The village was land-locked so the barge was the only major source of supply for transportation of people, foodstuffs, fuel, and all the equipment needed to keep a village alive and functioning. At the outset the inhabitants of the village had returned in a motor launch with ten to fifteen people. By now the village had grown to 200 people.

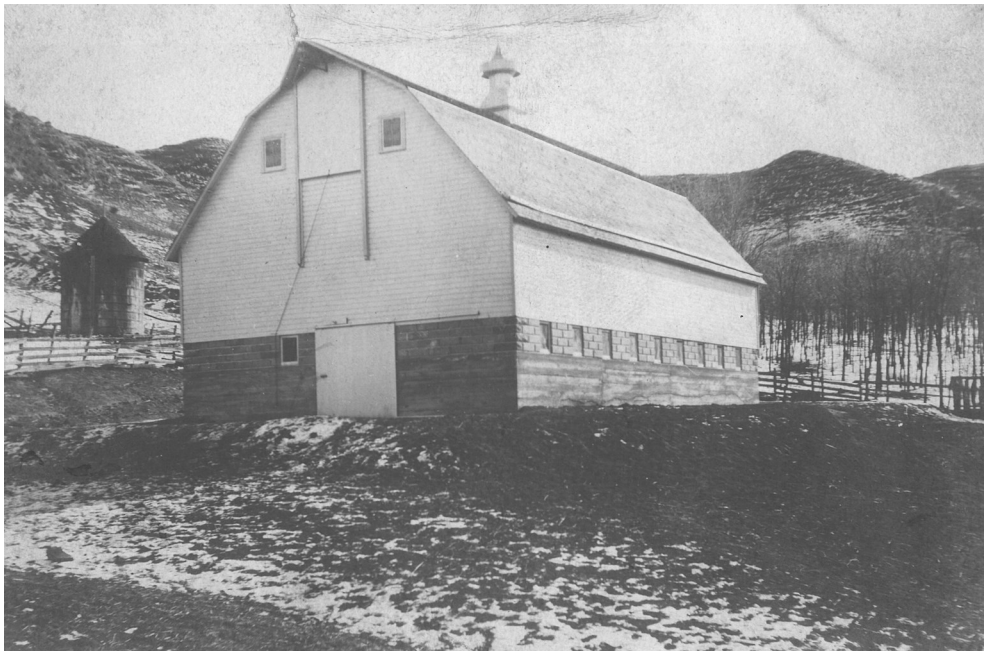
It was possible to have people and a limited amount of goods air-taxied into the village. However, that was only possible in the dry season, and it was very expensive to do so. The dry season began the end of March. There was no rain worth mentioning from the 1st of April to the middle of December. On the 1st of April the airstrip was still recovering from the effects of the wet season. It covered with water, and water fowl frequented it.

Left: David and Lin Zahrt, anticipating the beginning of the Great March for Climate Action
March 1, 2014 / Wilmington, California

Above:
David Zahrt on his recumbent bicycle at the Great March for Climate Action

Left: David and Lin walk the first miles together to send David on the Great March for Climate Action

Homestead House
1922



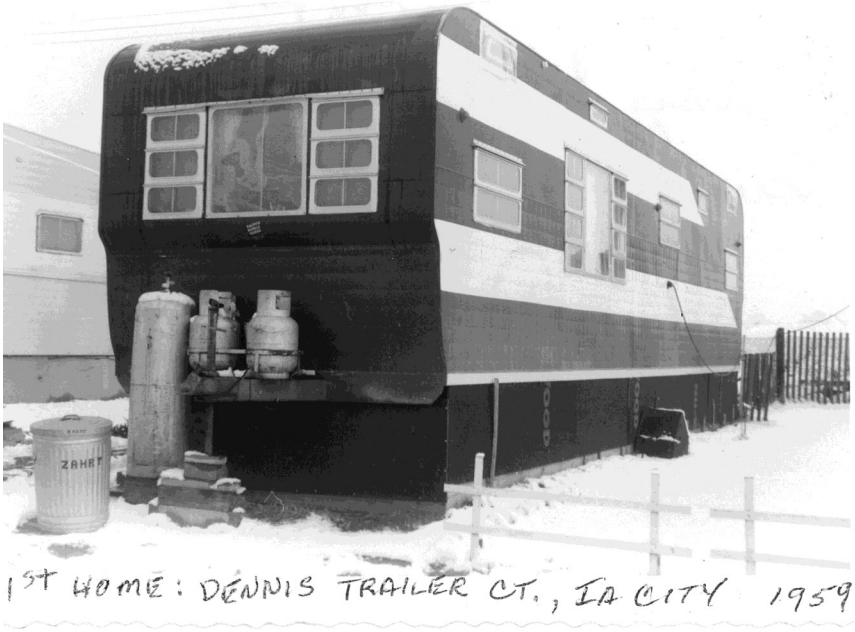
Barn on Homestead
early 1900s

Barn with Pigs
1968

Don and Luella Reese
at Reese Homestead
Loess Hills in background
1989

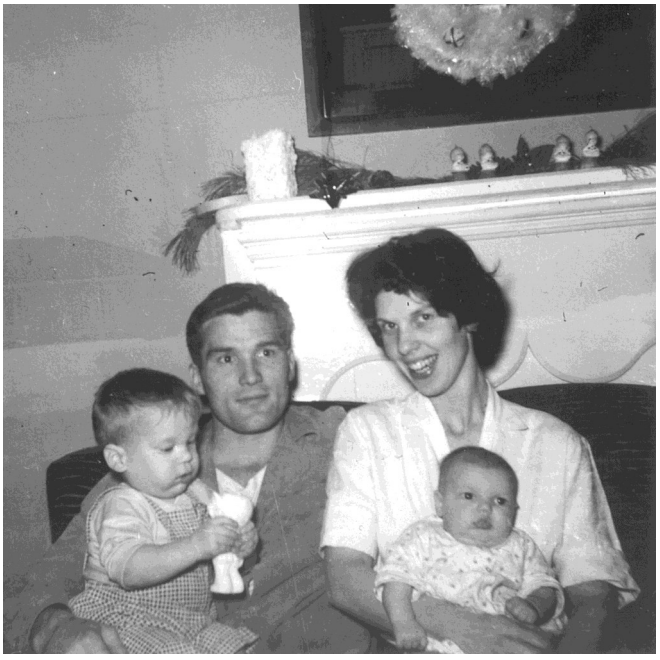
Don and Luella's house,
where four children were raised

"The Cabin" built by
Greatgrandpa Reese
for Jo and Karen's room



1st Home
Dennis Trailer Court
Iowa City
1959

Newly married
1959



David and Lin's family
Jay 20 mo, Heidi 4 mo
1964

< Taking the “Oombulgurri Lady”
up the Forrest River

Pig farm at Oombulgurri >

< Jay and Lin
caught barramundi in Forrest River

David Zahrt >
in Oombulgurria
Boab tree in background

Below:
1979 family gathering in Turin - L to R standing: Karen Reese, Lin & David Zahrt, Christy Z. Tews, Luella and Don Reese (missing photo of sister Jo (Reese) Nelson) - In front L to R: cousins Heidi, Gail and Jay

David showing off
back flip!
on trampoline
at Memphis house
1981

Turin, Iowa
population 86
Centennial
1887-1987
Monona County

1992
David, Linda (and Julang, dog)
4th Generation in 1865 home
(grass in front yard)

Grass converted to prairie
in front yard of
Turin's Bed and Breakfast
2005

In-transit Quartet
at ICA Reunion
2000

Mapleton Church
David singing
with Bob Fritzmeyer
CropWalk 2006

Loess Hills Prairie
Seminar Band
2007

Monona Country Band
at
Lewis and Clark Day
1998

David singing
"Where'd You Get That Hat?"

Sioux City
Barbershop Quartet
late 1990s

4th of July Parade
in Whiting, Iowa
2001

Barbershop Quartet
on double tandem

Trish and Jay
with David Zahrt
in 1996

(Trish and Jay Z. Freed
married in 1995)

David, dressed up
at Burning Man Festival
with Jay and Trish
2004

Jay Zahrt and Heidi Zahrt
Late 1990s

Yeshi Tenzin and Heidi Zahrt
2002
(married in 1993)

Kinley and Sonam Zahrt-Tenzin
2002

Apple cider center an alias briefly for Greenhouse Garden Center

BY JOHN BARRETTE
jbarrette@nevadaappeal.com

Apple cider, a traditional favorite this time of year, was the fall focus at the Greenhouse Garden Center Saturday.

The center, at 2450 S. Curry St., set up an apple slurry maker and an apple press for people with the fruit who were seeking to convert it into cider.

"Everybody seems to have more apples at this time of year than they know what to do with," said Dave Ruf, the center's owner.

So he rented a slurry-maker and press from Reno Home Brew and set them up outside his main building so people could bring in their apples. They did.

The event, which went on from noon to 3 p.m., had people lined up a dozen deep shortly after noon.

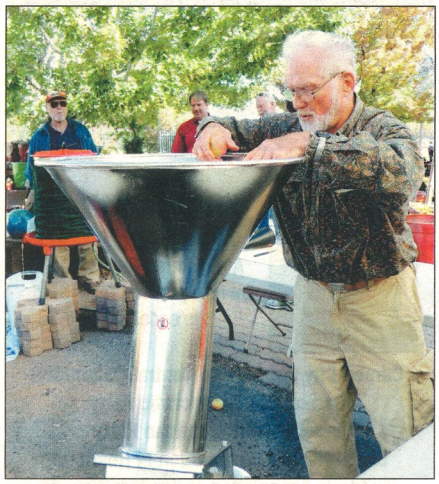
Bud and P.J. Elbrecht of Virginia City were first in line with 36 pounds of apples, so eager for the sweet juice they weren't even using their own fruit.

"I snatched 'em off my neighbor's trees yesterday because we'd already processed ours," said Bud, watching as P.J. waded in to get the slurry and cider process started.

Bud said he had agreed to share the bounty with his neighbor.

David Zahrt of Carson City, who makes his own apple cider at home, was working the slurry machine with its wide mouth; Ruf handled the cider press nearby.

Ruf showed how the press works. It has a bladder inside that expands after you put in the mush-like slurry, combining it with water and pushing the combination through a rounded strainer as the bladder expands. The cider then is captured in a large container and poured into bottles.



David Zahrt of Carson City tends the apple slurry maker Saturday at the Greenhouse Garden Center, tossing in apples to make the mush-like material that then goes into a press to make cider.

PHOTOS BY JOHN BARRETTE / NEVADA APPEAL

P.J. and Bud Elbrecht of Virginia City pour freshly-made apple cider into bottles at the Greenhouse Garden Center, which provided an apple slurry maker and cider press for the event Saturday.

The cider-making process was the center of attention, but the garden center had a couple of vendors nearby with food wares for people to browse while they waited.

The LA Bakery Cafe, which features European and Mediterranean bakery items, set up a table to offer various food items and provide free samples for folks to taste. The bakery, which is located at 220 W. John St., features breakfast and lunch as well as mocha drinks, smoothies and other non-alcoholic beverages.

Also on hand at a table filled with apple-oriented meat items was Butler Meats, which is located at 1909 N. Carson St. Items available at the garden center were chicken apple sausage, applewood smoked bacon, apple almond chicken breast, and apple cinnamon pork chops, said Andrew Theiss, son of Butler Meats owner David Theiss.

< Ciderfest at Lamb's Farm near Moorhead, Iowa 1994

David and Lin > with cider press at the homestead 2005

Above: Siblings singing - L to R: Karen R. Bird, Christy Z. Tews, David Zahrt, Jo R. Nelson - circa 2010 (?)

Below: Reese and Zahrt siblings with their spouses at Reese Homestead - L to R: Warren Bird, Karen (Reese) Bird, Ron Sutton, Christy Z. Tews, Lin Zahrt, David Zahrt, Jo (Reese) Nelson and Wayne Nelson

So, during the wet season the barge was the only main supply of transportation and supplies. It was also the most economical. Foodstuffs were purchased from Perth by the seatainer load. The goods arrived in port at Wyndham. The seatainers were offloaded and kept in storage until they could be delivered up the river to the village. When supplies were needed at KITCO, the village grocery store, the seatainers were loaded on the DADDAWAY and barged to the village.

There were times when the DADDAWAY was out of commission. When that happened, and the airstrip was a duck pond, there was another alternative. The alternative was finding a barge for hire. Joe was the only resident seaman in Wyndham for hire. He was a frontier entrepreneur. He had a barge which he used for fishing, for salvage work, and for cartage. If it could be arranged he was hired to bring goods and supplies to the village.

THE DREAM

The village with the barge named Daddaway was established because of a dream. It was a dream of the local Australian Aboriginal people. They had been twice misplaced. In the 1920's they had been the victims of a massacre. The massacre had created social havoc upon them. Most of the survivors of the massacre were children. Few of the adults survived. The Church of England collected them, and took them to a site on the Forrest River, where they had established a Mission Station. The Mission dissolved in 1968 when a massive change in Commonwealth policy toward the Aborigine took place. It created a social upheaval that the Forrest River Mission was unable to survive. The Mission was abandoned. All of the Aborigine residents left. Most drifted to the fringes of Wyndham. All of them lived in poverty. Some lived in poverty and squalor.

The dream originated with a small group of elders now living on the fringe of Wyndham. They knew the difference between living on the land and living at the fringe of a white settlement. They yearned for the opportunity to return to their land. They did not feel confident to make the move by themselves. With the help of the Social Welfare Department of West Australia, they were put in touch with a Non-governmental-organization (NGO) that might help them make their return to the land. The NGO was an international organization. Its staff members were volunteers. These volunteers were from all walks of life, but most represented service professions. There were teachers, ministers, nurses, social workers, with a sprinkling of medical doctors, farmers, and veterinarians on the staff, to name a few. The staff members of this NGO regularly accepted assignments to specific projects. Once assigned, the staff traveled to the project, and then sought out employment to support themselves while on location.

When the staff of the NGO arrived in Wyndham they immediately met with the Aborigines. It was clear that there were some major obstacles to returning to the land. The first obstacle was that there was no capital to launch it. The staff of the NGO suggested that those who wanted to return to the land could pool their Social Welfare income. This they did. With their initial capital they purchased a small motor launch and some foodstuffs. Then they set out for the site of the abandoned Forrest River Mission.
When they arrived they discovered that the infrastructure of the former Forrest River Mission had been gutted. The electrical generator and wiring had been stolen. The water system had been torn out: pump and pipe. Everything that had the slightest salvage value had been taken.

As soon as the project was underway, the staff of the NGO began to search for substantial sources of start-up funding from the Department of Aboriginal Affairs, and the Department of Social Welfare.

Simultaneously with the decision to return land, the Aborigine people made the decision to re-name their settlement. They were not returning to the Forrest River Mission. They chose to call themselves the OOMBULGURRI people, in keeping with Aboriginal mythology which described their origins as a people. So the village site was named Oombulgurri.

The Daddaway was one of the first pieces of equipment purchased as a result of a grant from outside funding of the project. Peter, a staff member of the NGO, was assigned to pilot the barge. He had no experience on the sea. He had grit! He took the readily took the assignment.

Peter's past was a mystery. He made no claim to a particular trade, vocation, or profession. He was normally quiet. He was a hard worker and he was inquisitive. When he accepted an assignment, he exhibited unlimited determination to succeed at his work.

There was rumor that Peter had 9 lives. It was never clear from where the stories that fed this rumor came. One rumor had it that Peter had been involved in a massive traffic accident while on assignment in Zambia. He was riding a Vespa motor scooter and driving closely behind a lorry (18 wheeler). Four to five automobiles and the lorry were involved in a traffic accident. The most popular version of the story was that Peter laid the Vespa down on its side and slid under the trailer of the 18-wheeler. By the time the dust cleared Peter had taken the motor scooter to the Vespa dealer nearby, and in-kinded its repair. By the time the police arrived on the scene to investigate the accident, the motor scooter was repaired, and he had gone.

FORREST RIVER

The 1st obstacle in returning to their land was that they had no transportation. They had no way to travel the 40 miles up and down the Forrest River to their village. Once they pooled their income and purchased a small motor launch they overcame the first obstacle. The eventual acquisition of the barge, Daddaway, was a further help. With the Daddaway they could ship in needed food and supplies.

Assistance seemed slow in coming. It was because to some, it seemed improbable that anyone could return to the site of the Forrest River Mission and survive. To still others, it seemed impossible. The chosen few who elected to return to the site and name it Oombulgurri, had neither taken counsel from those who those who thought it improbable, nor those who thought it impossible.

The impossibility of the project was one of the aspects which intrigued the NGO staff. They were dubious about any top-down approach to community assistance. They specialized in capitalizing on local initiative. They were intent on rolling up their sleeves and working shoulder to shoulder with a village that wanted to do something for itself. They were convinced that a community that wanted change, could make it happen far more effectively from the bottom up, than from the top down.

Nevertheless, there were some factors remaining which made the project seem impossible. The first of these was the climate. The climate in Northern Australia was harsh. There was a seven to eight-month dry season. It usually extended from early April to mid-December. There was no rainfall during The Dry. During this time of the year the temperatures in the daytime could reach into the 90's, but during June and July the evening temperature would drop into the 50's.

The Wet season normally began in earnest in January and subsided by late March. During “The Wet”, it was not uncommon for temperature to top out over 100 degrees F. during the daytime. And temperatures often remained in the 90's overnight. That, coupled with the fact that this kind of heat regularly developed a thundershower in the afternoon made the heat and humidity oppressive. Those who chose to re-inhabit Oombulgurri would, for all practical purposes, be living in the out-of-doors.

They would be able to find buildings which would provide a roof over their head. These buildings would protect from rain and the merciless rays of the daytime sun. However, there would be no protection from the heat, the cold, and the humidity.

All of Australia regarded the Northland as uninhabitable. Wyndham and Kunnunara, like other towns above 15 degrees latitude, were primarily government towns. Except in cases where there were mining operations, the State of West Australia, and the Commonwealth of Australia were the major employers.

A government employee working in Wyndham not only drew a regular salary, he or she also drew hardship pay. It was compensation for living in the frontier of the Northland. Public education was provided up to the 6th grade. Beyond that a parents were expected to send their children south, to school back in civilization

But the climate was only one of the aspects of the return to Oombulgurri that cause to be judged impossible. The village site, itself, presented some problems.

THE PILGRIMAGE

The Aborigines, emboldened by the assistance from the staff of the NGO, established a beachhead on the site of the old mission station. They named the settlement, Oombulgurri. It was a settlement that was, well and truly, out-bush. The isolation of the village was one of the reasons it was generally regarded as impossible to re-settle the village site.

Only those in the best of health were encouraged to make the pilgrimage. The primary access to the outside world was by by tidal river. The village was 40 miles upstream from the Cambridge Gulf. Initially all of the foodstuff, equipment, material, and supply, needed to maintain life support system was brought in and out by motor launch. If a need had been overlooked, or a tool was required, it was every bit of a week before the need could be met or the tool acquired. The same was true of a message that needed to be delivered.

Because the river was tidal, the launch only left on the receding tide. If it left on an incoming tide, one of two things would happen. At full throttle in a gentle tide, the launch would maintain its original position on the river. If it were neap tide the launch, headed downstream at full throttle, would gradually drift upstream. The tide came and went on a 12 hour and 5 minute cycle. And even with a full moon, it was not advisable to make the trip at night. The current was strong. There were crocodiles in the river. An accidental spill could be fatal. So the schedule for departure from the village was strictly regulated by mother nature.

Peter was assigned to river transportation. When a trip to Wyndham was needed, he took the motor launch in. If there was an outgoing tide, the trip to Wyndham took four to five hours. Once in Wyndham, he was the 'go-fer'. There was no guarantee that he could find the materials, supplies, or tools needed in Wyndham. Sometimes it was necessary to go shopping in Kununnara, 60 miles east of Wyndham. Often the item in demand would have to be ordered from Perth, 1,800 miles away. Even if the trip were successful, there was no returning for Oombulgurri in the same 24-hour period because that tide would be in darkness. The difficulty in procuring supplies, and the arbitrariness of the tide meant that a procurement trip meant at least one overnight stay.

There were constant changes that had to be dealt with. The shopping list had to be altered because of what was actually available in Wyndham. The needs occurring in the village changed. Often a shopping

trip would run into two or three days. By that time a completely new set of demands was placed on Peter. Even so, there was no place for Peter to stay overnight in Wyndham. He made an off-the-record arrangement with the Department of Aboriginal Affairs (DAA) to occupy a storage building on the outskirts of the Aboriginal fringe dwelling.

All the while Peter was making trips in and out of Oombulgurri, there were a number of tasks essential to long-term inhabitation of the village. Some needed to be dealt with immediately. Some could be handled later on. Communication and potable water and were the issues which needed immediate attention.

To establish communication with the outside world, Oombulgurri acquired a two-way radio. One radio was placed in the office in Oombulgurri. The other radio was placed in the storage shed which Peter used for overnight accommodation in Wyndham This was satisfactory in the evening, and first thing in the morning, because Peter was usually in residence. But he was usually incommunicado during the day because he was out shopping or doing errands.

NECESSITIES

There was no one among the Aborigines who was capable of taking charge of transportation and procurement. Peter was needed in Oombulgurri to help with restoration of the village infrastructure. But he was also needed as a 'go-fer'--he was needed to transport people, goods, and supplies in and out of Oombulgurri. When in Wyndham he was to round up all of the goods, supplies, get them to the dock, get them loaded, and return as quickly as possible.

It seemed as if the Department of Aboriginal Affairs was reluctant to provide any funding for the project. Perhaps it was simply that funding moved slowly through the bureaucracy. The Department of Social Welfare either had less bureaucracy, or a more sympathetic ear. Funds were quickly forthcoming for the initiation of the project.

The motor launch, for transportation in and out of the village, was one of the first items purchased with funding from the Department of Social Welfare. But in addition to a motor launch and a 2-way radio, much more was needed to make Oombulgurri inhabitable.

A water supply was high on the list of priorities. The only supply of potable water was a half day's journey on foot over the jump-up. The escarpment of the jump-up rose out of the flood plains immediately to the west of the village. It was a 100 foot climb from the flood plain to the jump-up plateau. It was 10 kilometers to a place called Camera Pool. The Forrest River wound its way through the jump-up to billabong called Camera Pool. Here the river was beyond the salt water influence of the Cambridge Gulf. The surface of the pool was motionless. The water was crystal-clear, and was full to overflowing year round. The Aborigines insisted that it was bottomless. Those who dared to swim in it found that three feet below the surface the temperature of the water was bone-chilling.

The old pipeline, through which water could be brought to the village, remained on the jump-up. There was also an old cistern at the top of the jump-up which supplied the village's water pressure. Although both the pipe and the cistern were in place, they were in need of repair.

By design, the migration back to Oombulgurri was initiated at the beginning of the Wet. For almost three months in the wet season, water could be collected from roof tops and kept in water-catchment tanks. This gave the village a chance to repair the water supply before the dry season arrived. But once the Dry set

in, Camera Pool was the only supply of potable water. The pipeline must be repaired or replaced. With a minimum amount of repair the water system could be put in place.

Ken and Marv estimated that they could have the water system working in a couple of weeks. It actually took them two and a half months. They had not accounted for the fact that every unforeseen tool or part would take a week to obtain. They had not reckoned on breakdowns that might require a week or more to get replacement parts.

THE WATER PUMP

Ken and Marv were assigned to get the water system in working order. The pipeline needed minor repair. There were ten kilometers of pipeline. They turned their attention to the pipeline first. After a week of work on repair of the pipe they realized their mistake. There was no way to test the pipe repair until there was water running through the pipeline. So they turned their attention to the pump. They decided against a stationary pump and power supply. The mounting would require equipment that they could not provide. Even if they had been able to provide it, it was doubtful that they could get it over the jump-up to Camera Pool. And eventually the pump or power supply would be in need of repair. A stationary unit would be difficult to retrieve.

So they chose a pump that could be mounted on a small 4-wheeled, Ferguson, 3-cylinder, diesel tractor. It was one thing to decide on the pump and power supply. It was yet another to navigate through the bureaucracy using a two-way radio as the main source of communication and find funding. The Department of Social Welfare provided the funding. When the funding had been secured, the tractor and pump were purchased. The unit was shipped from Perth a month before it arrived in Wyndham. Once in Wyndham Peter loaded it onto the Daddaway for transport to the village of Oombulgurri.

When the equipment finally arrived in Oombulgurri, it was yet another thing to put the Ferguson and pump in place. The road to the Camera pool was barely navigable. At the outset the road leaving the village was made of large boulders. It was difficult to negotiate by foot. It was treacherous and precipitous for any kind of machinery. The road consisted of large, uneven, rocks. It was a pathway of tire-bruising rocks. At the other end of the road the descent from the plateau of the jump-up down to the Camera Pool was every bit as dangerous as the ascent.

Once Ken and Marv got the equipment in place, and a fuel supply hooked up they started the pump. As soon as the system began to pump it was obvious where the pipeline needed repair. There were numerous leaky joints and pinholes in the pipeline. From the time the pump started until there was water in the village there was a 5-hour time lag. It was not entirely due to leaks in the pipeline. The pump did not supply water pressure to the village. It simply pumped water to a cistern at the top of the jump-up, overlooking the village. Only when there was a substantial amount of water in the cistern did the village begin to receive water. It had taken four and one-half months to repair the water system. It was not installed and running before the dry season began. However, it was operational before the tanks storing rainwater were finally empty.

RETURN TO OOMBULGURRI

It was common knowledge in Wyndham, Western Australia. that the return to Oombulgurri was impossible. The Aboriginal people were dispossessed and totally dependent. The NGO, in responding to the Aborigines' request for help, was responding to a social need. It was the need to establish an alternative

to the squalor of fringe dwelling in Wyndham. It was the need to establish a human environment for a people who were dispossessed and totally dependent.

This dispossession and dependence had taken place over a period of time. Originally, when the continent of Australia was theirs, they were dependent on the land. They managed this dependence carefully. They managed it so carefully that they were self-sufficient. They had no desire to live on the fringe of Wyndham. That was an accident of history. It was a result of a series of events that began when the white population overran the land and dispossessed the Aborigines. When the whites claimed the land there were violent confrontations. These confrontations resulted in massacres of Aboriginal people. In the pub, it was possible to overhear those who talked with nostalgia about the days when they used to go hunting Abo.

The Anglican Church established a Mission Station as a safe haven for the Aborigines. But this safe haven shifted their dependence on the land to dependence on the Mission Station. When the Mission Station closed the Aboriginal people were helplessly dependent on the Mission. Without the Mission they were helpless.

Five months had passed. The staff of the NGO had been decisive. They had uncovered the real name for the village site: Oombulgurri. They had convinced those who wanted to make the pilgrimage to pool their Social Security checks. With the resultant capital, they purchased a motor launch and ferried the pilgrims back to the village site. Once on site they began a daily community meal program. They had secured funding for some major supplies--a two-way radio, a 17 tonne barge, a water system. And they had upgraded the skeleton of the old water system so that it was, once again, operative. They had accomplished their short-range goal to re-establish residency in Oombulgurri.

However, up to now, they had done nothing to deal with the issue of dependence. In the long range the NGO expected to use residence in the village as a source of motivation to encourage a renewed sense of self-sufficiency. Those who inhabited the village ate breakfast together and spent some time each day creating a shared vision for the renovation of the village. Once the village site was inhabited each NGO staff member was assigned an Aboriginal who would shadow his or her activities. The staff of the NGO were described by the local Australians as 'do gooders'. Perhaps that was an accurate description. They were certainly doing some good. They were aware that they had done nothing to correct the underlying problem of helplessness and dependence. However, they had not planned to tackle that issue at the outset. They saw no way for that issue to be dealt with until the Oombulgurri people could escape the soul-destroying fringe dwelling in Wyndham. They had accomplished that goal. But, only a select few had returned to Oombulgurri. It was hoped that they could demonstrate self-sufficiency and become a magnet for those who, initially, lacked the courage to make the journey. The staff of the NGO were optimistic that their long range goal could be reached. Whether or not it could be done remained to be seen. But they evidenced no doubts. They acted as if it self-sufficiency was a realistic possibility.

PETER AND RUSSEL

Peter rolled out of his sleeping bag at sun up. The sleeping bag was on the floor. It took up floor space. In this one room hut every bit of floor space was valuable. As he rose he folded the bag twice and scooted it to the corner with his foot. He had just stored his bedroll under a two-foot counter that was waist high, and ran the length of the east wall of the hut. He automatically reached for the 2-way radio on the counter in the corner, and turned it on. His hut adjoined the building which was used as a Health Center for

the Aboriginal fringe dwellers of Wyndham, W.A. It was not suited for inhabitation. There was no running water in the building. There was an outside spigot and a privy nearby. The window openings were covered with hardware cloth.

Often he was the sole inhabitant of the hut. However, yesterday noon Russell had come in on the bus from Kununnura. He was on his way to join the other NGO staffers in Oombulgurri. Russell was stretched out on the floor not far from Peter. Peter began his morning routine. He did not plan to waken Russell. He had slept only in his undershorts. He reached under the counter and grabbed his T-shirt and stubbies (short work shorts with elastic waist band and no fly) and put them on. Then he slipped into his thongs and went to the kitchen area at the far end of the room. He checked the pan used for heating water. It had a small amount of water used in making last evening's tea. He removed the lid to the teapot and inspected. The pot was soggy with tea leaves. He emptied the pan in the teapot. Then he swirled the pot and pitched the contents through the window. The only covering for the window was hardware cloth. Most of the contents went through the window. Instantly there was a squawking and fluttering of wings. Chickens who had been busy cleaning up the scraps of last night's meal. He went to the Jerry can and poured water for morning tea. He put it on the camp stove and took a box of Redhead matches. He slid the box open, removed a match stick, struck it against the side of the box, and tried the camp stove. He was hoping that it had maintained enough pressure overnight to start this morning. The match burned itself out. He shut the valve, put the match box down and pumped the fuel tank full of pressure. When he opened the valve a small puddle of petrol dripped into the pan under the burner. When the pan was full he closed the valve. Once again he struck a match. This time the stove responded with a "whoof." The petrol in the heating pan ignited and began the process of vaporizing the fuel in the line. When the petrol was almost gone Peter opened the valve and the stove began to sputter with a combination of liquid petrol and vapor, until it finally generated enough heat to vaporize the fuel. Then it began a low roar. Peter returned the pan of water to the burner. While the water was heating he found 2 cups that were badly stained with tannic acid. One by one he swished them around and emptied them out the window. He opened the door of the cabinet beneath the counter where the stove sat. There sat a box of tea leaves, a can of whole milk powder, and a box of WheetaBix. He placed them all on the counter next to the stove. When the water began to boil he shut the fire off. He poured out a palm full of tea leaves and dropped them into the teapot, poured the pot full of boiling water, and set it aside to steep.

TRIP PREPARATION

While the tea was steeping, Peter rummaged around in the pots, pans, plates and cutlery on the counter top. He found a box of Wheet Bix and set it in a clear spot on the counter top. He continued his search and found two cups, two bowls, and two dessert spoons.

Peter's clothes were work-a-day. They were not always clean. They were never pressed. Sometimes they were torn or frayed. But he was fastidious in the kitchen. He didn't have any difficulty cleaning up after himself. He had more difficulty storing everything he used on a single counter top. He had only cold water. He believed that soap cleaned things. He regularly cleaned up after a meal. He washed his dishes in so much soap that his wash water was a mountain of soap bubbles. He was certain that it made the dishes cleaner. His rinse water quickly became as soapy as the wash water, but he never bothered to change it. As a result the dishes, pots, pans, and cutlery always tasted of soap.

While he was rummaging he also found an open tin of dried whole milk. He pried the lid off, let it fall to the counter with a clatter, and set it along side of the Wheet Bix. When the tea had steeped properly he poured a cupful through a strainer. As he laced the tea with sugar and stirred in some milk powder he announced to Russell, "Brekki if you want it."

Russell stirred. The aroma of freshly brewed tea was inviting. He sat up and pushed his sleeping bag back. He stood on his sleeping bag and recovered his clothes from a pile where he had left them the night before. Peter observed Russell as he put on his clothes. It was obvious that Russell was a newcomer to the Northland. He had long pants, a T-shirt, a long-sleeved shirt, and sneakers. When Russell had finished dressing Peter said, "Push your sleeping bag under the counter." Peter was short with words. It wasn't entirely clear to Russell why he should be doing that, but since he was a guest in the hut he promptly obeyed. "Where's the Biffy?", asked Russell. "Outside and around back." When Russell returned he joined Peter in breakfast. When they had finished breakfast Peter put all the dishes in the dish pan, soaked them with some water from the Gerry can, and added an enormous amount of soap.

The radio blared something that was not intelligible to Russell. Peter immediately left the dishes, picked up the mike and responded. It was a message from the staff in Oombulgurri. There was so little room in the hut, that there was no good place to sit down. Russell stepped out and sat down on the stairway. He had been slightly chilly when he had awakened a little less than an hour ago. Already there was a bead of sweat on his forehead. He had wanted to make the transition from Sydney, New South Wales, to Oombulgurri, West Australia an opportunity to leave his cigarettes behind. However he wasn't living easily with all of the stress of the move. He had purchased a packet of Winfield Greens the evening before. He was oblivious of the need to do the breakfast dishes. So, while Peter completed his communication on the radio with the staff in Oombulgurri, Russell lit up one of his cigarettes. He found it hard to believe that the temperature had changed so rapidly. He had been almost chilly when he woke. He hadn't even begun to exert himself, and now he was beginning to be uncomfortably warm.

SEATAINERS

Once Peter had completed his radio communication with Oombulgurri he finished washing the rest of the breakfast dishes and appeared on the front doorstep. "Ready?" asked Peter. "What's up?" replied Russell. "Oombulgurri wants the sea-tainers that came in this week. They need the supplies in the store, and there's a meeting in Darwin for most of the staff." "So what's next?" "We'll have to take the lorry, go down to the Port, and get them to off-load our sea-tainers. Then we'll have to find Joe and see if he can get his crane down to the dock and transfer them from the lorry to the barge. It'd be just our luck that Joe is out fishing. But, first we'd better check the tide to see if he can do it when the tide is receding. He won't do it at low tide."

Peter left a great deal unsaid. As they headed for the lorry, a 7 tonne Bedford flatbed straight truck, Peter began to mull the entire situation over in his mind. He was operating the barge without a Pilot's Ticket. That was equivalent to driving a motor vehicle without a license. He was doing it right under the Harbor Master's nose, and yet the Harbor Master had said nothing. Obviously, the Harbor Master had decided to look the other way. Peter felt he didn't have the time to study and sit for the examination. He had learned for himself how to operate the barge. He thought of the requirement to have a Pilot's Ticket as unnecessary red tape

That was beside the point at the moment. But he had recently undergone a survey of the barge. The barge had four air-tight compartments, and an engine compartment. For him, it was an enormous nuisance. He had to take the hatches off from all four of the compartments. Each hatch was 2 feet in diameter. It was fastened with thirty six studs. That meant he had to remove one hundred and forty four rusty nuts. Once he had removed the hatches the inspector found the barge was overdue for repair. The interior the hatches was rusting, scaling and blistering. In addition, the cover to the engine room had been temporarily removed for service of the engine and never replaced.

The findings of the inspector were an aggravation to Peter. First of all he had spent time opening the barge up for inspection when he should have been making a trip to Oombulgurri with supplies. Next, he would now have to spend time repairing the barge so that it would be in compliance. The report the inspector gave him indicated that he had 6 months to bring the barge up to standard. This would require extra work on his part, and he had his hands full being the liaison for Oombulgurri, in Wyndham. He could not see how he would be able to do both jobs at once.

This very moment he was faced with the decision about how to handle the conflicting demands that both of these issues were placing on him. Oombulgurri needed supplies now. By rights, all four of the hatches should be put back in place, with adequate seals, and all one hundred and forty four bolts tightened down before the barge was seaworthy. But he reckoned that he would not be able to get the supplies to Oombulgurri on the next tide if he spent the time required to tighten the hatches. He wouldn't worry about the engine compartment. There was no good way to service the motor when that hatch was in place.

JUDGING THE TIDE

Peter drove to the jetty without saying a word. When they arrived at the jetty he parked got out. Russell wasn't sure what to do. He started to get out and remembered that he had made his way into the cab up a series of carefully placed steps. He carefully retraced his steps. He was relieved to find that he had made it from the cab to the ground without mishap. From Peter's actions is appeared that they would spend a little time there. Peter had already gone over to the shoreline. He was looking at the waterline. After careful examination of the waterline he looked skyward. He searched the sky. "What are you looking for?", asked Russell. "The moon.", responded Peter.

Peter was short on explanations. He normally said as little as possible. It was clear to him that Russell was new to Wyndham; and to the sea. He probably didn't know that Peter was judging where the tide was, whether it was headed in or out, and when it would be high tide. But Peter didn't want to stop to explain it all to him. "Looks like it will be high tide about half past two this afternoon. Let’s go see if we can find Joe." He left unsaid that the tide would be just right. He could load this afternoon, anchor in the harbor overnight, leave port tomorrow morning and be at the mouth of the Forrest River when the tide starts coming in late tomorrow morning.

As he as was speaking Kit appeared, and greeted them, "Hoy.". It appeared as if he had been sleeping somewhere in the mangrove thicket along the shoreline, and had just wakened. Kit appeared shorter than he actually was because he was standing with rounded shoulders and bent neck. His clothes didn't fit him. He weighed 50 kilo (110 lb). His T shirt was so large that two of him could have fit into it. It needed to have been laundered several weeks ago. He had the tail of his shirt tucked in under his belt line. His belt was a piece of sisal which he had tied through two belt loops. The excess waistline bulged out to one side like an extra pocket. One of his pant legs was rolled half way up his shin. It revealed a spindly leg,

a shin that was full of scabs, and a foot that shod with a thong. The other pant leg had fallen down. His toes were all that shown from underneath the pant leg.

Peter replied, "Hoy." He did not bother to introduce Russell. Russell stood by and observed the interchange, and made no move to introduce himself. The sudden appearance of this man startled Russell. As he observed fright was replace with revulsion. Kit's face was wrinkled and sunburnt. He had three to four days growth of beard. In addition to being unshaven, every pore of his skin seemed to be filled with grime and grit.

By his own admission Kit was an alcoholic. He had lost everything because of alcohol. He had been a mechanic. He had recently received permission from the Oombulgurri Council to live in Oombulgurri in exchange for his work as a mechanic. Apparently he had sought refuge in Oombulgurri because it was a dry, land locked, community. However, in contradiction to his own resolve, he occasionally made a trip out of Oombulgurri. When he did he became a practicing alcoholic again. That meant a three to four day drinking binge. When the binge was over and he recovered consciousness, he eventually found his way back to Oombulgurri.

MEETING KIT

By default, Kit had temporarily stopped feeding his addiction to alcohol. His friends had spent everything they had. At the moment he felt a desperate need to feed another addiction. He needed a cigarette. Kit scratched around in his shirt pocket and found a roll-your-own cigarette butt. It was mostly yellow, and had saliva stains. He knew that Peter didn't smoke. Russell was a newcomer. He held his hand out to Russell. "Got a light?" Russell produced a box of Redheads from his pants pocket. He opened the box, placed the end of a match stick between his fore and middle fingers. Then he cupped his had, pressed his thumb against the match and struck it on the side of the box. The match burst into flame. Russell shielded the flame in the cup of his hand and extended it to Kit. Kit reached out and held Russell's hand. Presumably, he had done so to steady Russell's hand. Actually, Russell served to steady Kit's hand. The cigarette butt was short. Kit simply held charcoal end in the flame until it glowed. As he withdrew his hand, put it in his mouth and took a drag on it. The drag appeared to have caught in his throat. He suddenly stopped inhaling and began a fit of coughing. There was a rattle in his cough. When he finished coughing he tried another drag on his butt. It caught in his throat again. Again, he had a fit of coughing. This time he cleared his lungs of some phlegm, turned to one side and spit.

"Can I bum a smoke?", Kit asked Russell. Since Russell had matches Kit was counting on him having cigarettes. Russell had a packet of Winfield Greens. He took the cigarettes out of his shirt pocket and shook the packet until several cigarettes rose from the opening in the top. Kit reached out and held Russell's wrist with one hand while he took three cigarettes with the other. He stuffed two of them into his shirt pocket and put the third in his mouth. He held the butt to the cigarette and took several puffs on the cigarette. There was still an ember in the butt, and it transferred itself to the ready-made.

He did not have trouble smoking the ready-made. As he took a long drag he exhaled through his nose. When he had finished his drag on the cigarette he inhaled deeply and held his breath. As soon as he exhaled again, Kit asked Peter, "When you leaving for Oombulgurri?" Peter was deliberately vague. "Probably tomorrow morning.", said Peter. Russell observed that Kit was shaking. He interpreted this to mean that he was eager to get back to Oombulgurri. He didn't realize that Kit had the shakes from overconsumption of alcohol, and undernourishment.

Kit was fishing around for a way to be useful. He wanted to be able to help Peter load the Daddaway. He also wanted to be sure that he was on the Daddaway when it left for Oombulgurri. Peter knew that Kit had been vagrant and inebriated for at least two or three days. He also knew the recovery pattern. Kit would volunteer to help and expect to receive food and lodging, or both. Kit was so frail and exhausted that he was virtually no help. He was really a liability.

"We're going to see if Joe can load us this afternoon.", Peter volunteered. "If he can then we'll anchor the barge in the harbor and leave for Oombulgurri sometime in the morning.

DRIVING ON THE LEFT SIDE OF THE ROAD

Peter had told Kit all that he knew for the moment. He motioned to Russell and mounted the steps to the cab of the lorry. Russell scrambled to get in. Peter turned the key, hit the starter button, the starter whined, and engine the roared to life. He put the transmission into low gear, leaned out the window and bade Kit farewell, "Ta" he said. As he did so he dropped the clutch and the lorry lurched off. He had intended to leave without including Kit. He had done so. Kit stood for a moment in the dust, watched them depart, then he disappeared into the bush.

"Where are we headed?", asked Russell. "We'll go down to the port to check and see how much freight we have. Bob told me on the radio this morning that we have four seatainers that they need in Oombulgurri. I want to be sure that we can pick them up.

The road from the jetty back to the main road from Wyndham to the port was surfaced with crushed rock. There was no traffic on the road and Peter drove down the middle of the road. When they reached the main road Peter slowed, looked both ways, made a left turn and pulled out on to the main road. When he did so he guided the lorry to the left side of the road. Russell involuntarily sat forward in his seat. Before he said anything he realized that he was still having a hard time getting used to driving a vehicle on the left side of the road. He seemed to have the most difficulty just after turning a corner.

As they entered the port office, Peter went to the counter and announced their presence, "Gudday". The secretary responded in kind with, "Gudday mate". "Are you here to pick up your freight?", asked the secretary. "Yes thanks.", said Peter. "We want to pick up four seatainers. Do we have anything else on the dock?" "I'll check.", said the secretary, "Have a seat." They took a seat and waited while a secretary shuffled papers. After 15 minutes the secretary called them back to the counter. "The seatainers are all you have. Do you want to pick up all four of them?" "Yes.", replied Peter. "Sign here.", said the secretary. "You can pick them up at the dock anytime today."

Peter signed, took his copy of the papers, said, "Ta.", turned on his heel and left. Russell had said nothing the whole time. He simply followed Peter. As they left the office the secretary followed them to the door and locked the door. It was shortly after noon. Wyndham, WA was approximately 15 degrees from equator. It was the custom to close shops and businesses from 12 noon to 3 pm every day.

When they were in the cab of the lorry Russell asked again, "What now?" "We need to find Joe to see if he can load the seatainers on the barge this afternoon. "When do we eat?", asked Russell. "Well, we might as well get something to eat right now. Its going to be hard to find anyone for the next hour or so." Peter was driven by a work ethic that had no respect for tropical heat. He saw no reason to stop work during midday. But it was futile to try to do business when all of society was taking a siesta. They returned to the hut. Peter offered Russell the fixings for a peanut butter and vegemite sandwich, and made a pot of tea. Russell had come to enjoy vegemite. It was a dark paste that looked and spread like axle grease. It was

made from beef bouillon and yeast extracts. It was very salty. It went nicely with peanut butter. It also provided extra salt which was needed in the tropical heat. Russell also found it strange to be drinking hot tea during the middle of the day. He quizzed Peter, "Why hot tea when its so hot outside?" Peter response was curt, "Its your air-conditioning. It'll make you sweat. That's the only way you're going to keep cool around here."

ENGINES AT 1200 RPM

When they finished lunch Peter left the hut beckoning, “C’mon.” Russell had shed his long sleeved shirt long ago. He had been sitting still in the hut. When he stepped outside the sun momentarily blinded him. He felt himself being burned right through his T shirt. However, the movement of walking caused a slight breeze and gave him some relief from the heat. Peter mounted the cab and got in right hand door of the lorry. Russell paused. For a moment it looked to him as if Peter was intending for him to drive. He stood only for a moment, because the heat coming from the ground through his sneakers became uncomfortable. He circled around the cab and mounted the left-hand side of the cab. He lingered to long on the way up. The hand holds seemed as hot as the naked handle of a frying pan on the fire.

Once in the cab he realized that the steering wheel was on the right-hand side of the vehicle. The inside of the cab was sweltering. He was relieved when Peter drove off because the lorry created a breeze. Peter had been mute about the afternoon's plans. "What now?" Russell queried. "We probably need some petrol, so we'll stop at the filling station. We'll probably have to ask around to find out where Joe is. We'll start there and work our way down to his shop."

While the tank was filling with petrol, Peter inquired of Joe's whereabouts. No one at the filling station had seen him. Once they had filled up, Peter drove to the hardware store which also doubled as a bus stop. No sign of Joe. So he drove to the grocery store. Once again there was no report of Joe. Peter determined that Joe was either out fishing, or down at his shop. He drove straight to Joe's shop which was near the jetty.

They found Joe in his shop rebuilding a diesel engine. Peter introduced Russell. "This is Russell, Joe. He's an addition to our staff in Oombulgurri." As they shook hands Russell was aware of the heavy callouses on Joe' hands. He always took that as a sign of a man who was accustomed to heavy physical labor. Joe was quiet spoken. He observed Russell for a moment, and then said, "Gudday mate, how you runnin'?" Russell responded, "Gudday, Joe, good to meet you." Joe dropped Russell's and turned to Peter. Joe said as little as Peter so a conversation between Joe and Peter was usually short.

Joe was not more than 5' 8" tall. He wore his hair short. It was white. His skin was tanned far beneath the surface. His face, arms, and hands were wrinkled and leathery from years of exposure to the sun. When he moved he moved slowly. He never seemed to be in a hurry. Those who were acquainted with diesel engines knew that Joe never ran his engines at more than 1200 rpm. Not even in an emergency. His reasoning was simple. His engines lasted longer. It was rumored that his heart rate was probably no more that 55 beats per minute.

JOE THE ENTREPENEUR

As they stood in the entrance of Joe's shop, Russell recalled to mind Peter's description of Joe. Joe was an entrepreneur. He took advantage of every business opportunity he recognized. He knew that the price of goods and services in the outback was governed by supply and demand. And in a town the size of

Wyndham everything had a limited demand. When he saw a demand that he could fill, he proceeded to set up a corner on the supply so that he could name his price, and let the customer take it or leave it. He was a business opportunist. He seemed to know which markets he could corner. He did name his price. And he did let the customer take it or leave it.

Joe was a self-made machinist, mechanic, and handy man. He did welding and metal fabricating when it was called for. He rebuilt diesel engines. He had a huge trailer for dry docking vessels. He had pneumatic equipment for removing barnacles and rust from the outside shell of his vessels. He owned a barge and a boat. He used them for fishing almost year round. If he was not fishing himself, he hired someone to fish. Barramundi were plentiful in the coastal tidal rivers and streams. Some suspected that the fishing was a cover for finding and selling Aboriginal artifacts.

The whereabouts of artifacts was legendary. It was common to hear stories about caches of buried treasure. The stories flourished. Especially in the pub. It was indeed buried treasure. It represented no material wealth. Its value was in its cultural and archaeological significance. It was illegal to disturb a site and collect or sell the artifacts. But it was not uncommon to hear of fortune hunters who had come to the northwest to prospect in the outback. There were virtually no roads to the outback. The skein of tiny creeks and streams that flowed out of the jumpup into the Cambridge Gulf provided excellent access to an enormous amount of land area. This network of waterways also made it virtually impossible to police the area for illegal prospecting. There was no evidence that a prospector would be caught. It was doubtful that Joe engaged in such activity. But some of the help he hired occasionally boasted of their finds.

Joe's fishing boat doubled as a barge on which he could haul freight. There had been a time when the Daddaway's engine needed major repair. Joe was the only mechanic in town who would work on it. While it was being fixed Joe was the only source of freight transport to and from Oombulgurri. And when there were large items to be transferred from the flatbed lorry to the barge Joe was the only one in town with a portable crane that could transfer the freight from shoreline to barge. Now and then a vessel anchored in the harbor would break its mooring. When it set adrift it was public property. Anyone securing the vessel in tow was due a salvage charge. Joe always had his eye on the harbor so that he could take advantage of just such an occurrence.

Russell was still reviewing the story Peter had given him about Joe when Joe broke the silence. "Right you are now. What are you blokes on about?" Peter responded. "We need some seatainers lifted from the lorry to the Daddaway. Can you do it this afternoon?" Joe did not speak, but stepped from the shade of the shop and scanned the sky. The first quarter of the moon was in the four o'clock position. "Fair dinkum!", responded Joe. "We can do it this afternoon. But we'd better move right along. How long will it take you to get them?" "I can have them in half to three quarters of an hour.", replied Peter. "Right oh," said Joe, "I'll stand by, mate. You get back here as soon as you can.

PICK UP THE SEATAINERS

Peter and Russell left Joe's shop and sped to the harbor freight storage. Peter presented the papers and picked up 4 seatainers. He then returned immediately to Joe's shop to let him know that he had the seatainers, and went down to the jetty.

When they arrived at the jetty Peter went to the shoreline and got the line to the dingy. The jetty was a series of poured concrete slabs about 12 feet wide, linked together, that ran from a point shortly above the shoreline down into water. It was 50 to 60 feet long. There was a difference of 25 feet.between high tide

and low tide in Wyndham. The jetty was long enough so that it was accessible at the highest of tides, and was still usable at the lowest of tides. The dingy had been tied to the jetty so that it would not swamp at high tide. Since then, the tide had gone out. It was returning, but it had still not reached the dingy. The shoreline was wet, slimy mud. So Peter lifted it, turned it, and pulled it through the mud to the water line. Russell had gotten out of the lorry when they arrived at the jetty, but he had stood by and watched Peter at work.

Peter had reached the water line. He was bent over the dingy, pushing it backwards into the water. With both hands on the dingy he beckoned to Russell with his head, "Get in." "Where are we going?" asked Russell. "Out to get the barge." replied Peter. Russell was wearing sneakers and he didn't like the idea of getting them wet. Peter held the dingy so that he could step in without getting his feet wet. "Hang onto both sides of the boat," said Peter, "and get in the back seat.

Peter was wearing flip flops. He gathered up the line, walked into the water, pushed the dingy until it floated free of the jetty and jumped in. He grabbed the oars and made his way to the barge, which was anchored in the harbor.

Once they reached the barge they boarded and tied the dingy. Peter started the engine, engaged the propeller, and taxied the barge into the shoreline. He taxied over to the spot along the shoreline that Joe used as a dock. His fishing boat was out at the moment, so Peter eased the barge into the dock. "Grab that line and tie the barge to that piling." Peter yelled over the purr of the engine. Russell tied the bow of the barge to a piling. Peter then steered the stern into shore and left the engine idling while he fastened the stern to the dock.

Peter said nothing to Russell. He disappeared. The lorry was no more than 200 meters away. Shortly, Peter drove up with the lorry. And Joe arrived with his crane. Once Joe got the crane in position he noticed that Peter had all 4 hatch lids open. "You going to put those lids back on before you go?" asked Joe. "I dunno." replied Peter with a disinterested tone. "You better!" said Joe. He said no more, but simply loaded the seatainers. He placed them next to each other so that the four of them formed a rectangle in the center of the barge deck.

Once the barge was loaded Joe presented Peter with an invoice to sign. After Peter had signed, and taken his copy Joe departed. Peter jumped on the barge and motioned to Russell. "Get the bow untied and we'll take it back out to anchor.

GETTING READY TO DEPART

Once the seatainers were on the barge Peter said, "I'll move the truck, you get the stern untied and then mind the line at the bow. We'll cast off and put the barge out to anchor in the harbor until tomorrow." Peter moved the lorry and Russell made his way down to the dock and boarded the barge.

By the time Peter had returned Kit appeared from the bush. He didn't see Peter. "You taking the barge out?", he asked Russell. "I think so," replied Russell. "You need to talk to Peter.", he said, motioning in the direction from which Peter was coming. Anyone who observed Peter would have known that he was a 'Yank'. It was almost half past 3 in the afternoon, and he was walking at a brisk pace. As brisk as his thongs would allow. His thongs announced his arrival: fil-lip, fil-lop, fil-lip, fil-lop. No sensible Wyndham native would use so much energy so early in the afternoon.

When Peter arrived at the dock Kit repeated his question. He whined when he talked. His voice was thin and nasal. "The barge goin' out now?" "Right-oh!", said Peter. Kit continued, "I'm plannin' to go back

to Oombulgurri with you. It'd be alright if I could go out with you now?" It was half question, half statement. "I could stand guard on the barge overnight."

There was little need for someone to stand guard. The seatainers were sealed and locked. It was not likely that someone would steal the barge. If someone planned to steal the barge there would be little Kit could do about it. Peter knew that Kit was recovering from a severe hangover, was at the end of his cash, and was hoping to get back to Oombulgurri so he could go sober up again. He also knew that one more night spent on shore might find Kit's resolve to sober up weaken. And he might not be in any kind of shape to return to Oombulgurri when it was actually time for the barge to leave. Because of this Peter said, "Fair dinkum. Hop on."

Russell had untied the stern and was now standing at the bow. Peter boarded and went to the engine room. Kit said, "I'll get my swag," and disappeared into the bush and reappeared with a crumpled duffel bag. Peter had already started the engine and had turned the rudder so that stern was beginning to ease away from the dock. "You can untie the bow, but keep a loop of line around the pylon there," said Peter. The bow pivoted around the pylon as the stern gradually moved out into the harbor. Kit boarded the barge. Russell looked to Peter for an OK. Peter nodded his head and motioned with his arm for Russell to flip the loop of line over the pylon and set the barge free. Kit saw that Russell wasn't sure of himself. "Ere you go, mate," he said. He grabbed the line and freed it from the pylon. Peter slowly backed the barge into the harbor until it had gone ten meters and then spun the rudder so that the barge headed out into the bay. It turned slowly. As it came broadside to the waves headed for the shoreline the barge listed from side to side. Peter hurried to head the barge directly into the waves. Once he did so the barge seemed like a water-borne teeter-totter. The movement frightened Russell. It seemed to him that it would not take much more motion to capsize the barge. Since this was his first time on the barge he said nothing.

DEPARTING WYNDHAM

Peter had not throttled the engine up. It was still slightly above an idle. There was a breeze from the north. The bow of the barge was coming into the breeze. As it did so it bounced on the waves. The waves hit the bottom of the barge in rhythm: lop-pah, lop-pah, lop-pah.

Kit was already at the bow getting ready to drop anchor. As they left the shore Peter simultaneously kept an eye out ahead of the barge, and an eye for the distance they had traveled from the shore. When he judged they were far enough from shore he cut the throttle and motioned for Kit to drop anchor. Then he went to the corner of the stern and reeled in the dingy. To Russell, he said, "Let's go." To Kit, he said, "We'll see you in the morning. I reckon we ought to leave about half past 9 at the latest." Peter knew that Kit didn't have to stay on the barge. But he would sooner have him stay on the barge than have to put him up in the hut. To begin with there was no room for one more sleeping bag on the floor. In addition to that, Kit didn't have a sleeping bag. Peter judged there was just enough food for he and Russell, and if they invited Kit he would help himself to everything they had. But worst of all, Kit had a habit of taking a bath once a fortnight whether he needed it or not. The hut was close quarters for two people. It would be unbearable with Kit as a third.

Russell had boarded the dingy and was in the back seat. Peter untied the dingy from the barge, said, "Ta." to Kit, and boarded the dingy and manned the oars. He pulled the dingy around until it headed for shore. Looking across the harbor he picked up a clump of mangrove trees across the harbor as a reference point, and pulled for the shore. Kit replied, "Ta." grabbed his duffel, and went to the control room.

When they reached the shore Peter swung the bow of the dingy around so that Russell was near the jetty. Then he took an oar out of the lock and handed it to Russell. "Don't let the dingy hit the jetty." he said. "Use the oar to cushion the bow. Get in as close as you can, get out, and give me the oar. Then get the line. We'll lift it and carry it up about 10 foot. There'll be a high tide tonight. Want to keep it well above high tide."

After they had secured the dingy they got in the lorry and returned to the hut. While Peter opened a tin of canned meat he ask Russell to boil a pot of rice. As Russell was washing the rice he noticed little brown spots in the water. "Hey, what's this?" queried Russell. Peter glanced over from his preparation and said, "Oh, those are weevils. There's nothing you can do about them. There're always weevils in the food up here. They just add a little more protein to the food." Russell washed the rice several times, in spite of the fact that it would mean he would have to make another trip to the faucet outside to re-fill the water can.

EVENING ON THE RIVER

Peter warmed up the tin meat, turned the fire out and waited for the rice to boil. He didn't time it, he just guessed when it would be ready. He took the lid off, dipped a spoon in and took a small sample. "Tea time." he announced. There was no water left in the jerry can. He waited on boiling water for tea. The food was hot. He served himself on a plastic plate and motioned to Russell to do the same.

Peter ate in silence. It was the kind of silence that challenged any conversation. Russell did not know what to say, so he said nothing. When Peter finished what was on his plate he helped himself to seconds and offered the rest to Russell. "Clean it up." he said. "We ain't got no Frigidaire." He finished his plate before Russell, and took the lead in gathering up the dirty dishes. He made an attempt to empty the jerry can into the rice pan. There was nothing there but a drip or two. He gave Russell a dirty look. It seemed an unspoken rule that the last person to empty the water can was to refill it. Russell finished the last of his meal, stacked his plate on the counter with Peter's, grabbed the jerry can and went outside to the spigot. When he returned with the water Peter had re-lit the stove burners. He filled the rice pan with water and another small pan with water for tea.

When the water in the rice pan began to warm up Peter added a handful of soap powder to the pan. He stirred it until it made mountain of suds and began to wash the dishes in the rice pan. The dishes came out of the pan covered with a thin film of soap. "You don't need that much soap!" exclaimed Russell. "Soap doesn't get the dishes clean. In fact with that much soap it probably gets them dirty. The soap on the dishes may actually give us diarrhea. The soap just breaks the surface tension in the water so the water can get the dishes clean." "I've heard that before. I'm not sure its true." said Peter, as he continued to was the dishes in soap suds. No amount of explaining would convince Peter. Russell spread the dishes out so they could drain and dry.

By the time they had finished the dishes it was time to light the gas mantle lantern. As soon as it was lit moths, mosquitos, beetles, flying ants, and insects of all kinds swarmed to it. "I don't know which is worse." said Peter. "The bugs or the dark. When you get ready for bed we'll set it out on the porch for a minute before we turn it off. That may leave a few of the bugs out there."

Peter turned out the lamp. He had succeeded in luring all of the winged insects out on the porch except the mosquitos. And there were a few who had lost their wings that were crawling around on the floor. From time to time Russell identified what he suspected was the gnawing of either a large mouse or a small rat. Once the lights were out and they were in their sleeping bags, questions which Russell had been

holding in finally presented themselves. "Does the barge really need to be guarded tonight?" "No." said Peter. "But you wouldn't want Kit in here. Where would we put him? You know what he smells like. And he'd eat us out of house and home. And every time he opens his mouth he has to winge about something. Its better that he's out there."

"What was Joe talking about when he said you'd better put those covers on?" "Oh, those are hatch covers. I took them off so the barge could be inspected. They say the inside of the compartments are rusting and scaling. We're going to have to scrape and paint inside. I'd rather not go to all the work of putting the hatch covers on right now. I'll just have to take them off again when we get back from Oombulgurri. And that's a lot of work." Peter explained. "What are they for?" asked Russell. "It's a safety feature." replied Peter. "It keeps the barge afloat. Particularly if you were in high seas. It gives the barge four separate air tight compartments plus the engine room."

Russell's string of questions seemed endless. He had no difficulty staying awake. Peter, on the other hand, was annoyed by the questions. He was irritated by someone who couldn't, or wouldn't, just shut the light off and go to sleep. It was not long before Russell's questions fell on deaf ears. Shortly thereafter Peter began to snore.

THE TIDE IS RIGHT

Russell awoke to the sound of a flock of Gullahs overhead. They were on their way to an early morning feeding. He glanced over at Peter's sleeping bag. It was empty. He dozed off again. The next time he woke Peter was pumping up the camp stove and putting tea water on for breakfast. Peter had also turned on the short wave two way radio. It gave only static. The hum of the camp stove and the crackle of the radio static lulled Russell back into a light sleep.

"Breakky?", Peter queried. The question woke Russell. "Right-oh", replied Russell. His response was an indication that he was learning his Australian-isms. He climbed out of his sleeping bag, folded it, pushed it into the corner where it joined Peter's.

He joined Peter at the counter. Peter was already eating. He had a bowl of Weetbix, dusted with powdered milk, and drenched in water. He also had a cup of tea. Russell helped himself to the same.

"I talked with Oombulgurri on the two-way", Peter volunteered. "Oh", replied Russell. "Yes, they want you to stay here in Wyndham. I'll take the barge and make a trip in with the seatainers. If everything goes as it should I'll be back this evening." "What am I supposed to do?", asked Russell. "Well there isn't much to do. Don't you have a good book? You need a good book or two out here. You'll always find times when you have to wait for something or other". Russell continued with his line of questioning, "How do I get around?" "You'll have the lorry." replied Peter. "Do I have to drive that?" "Well, you don't have to drive it all the time. We have the Holden out there. But I would like to have you bring it back from the jetty.", was Peters response. "I'm not sure I know how to drive it.", Russell enjoined. "It won't take long for you to learn.", said Peter.

When they reached the jetty Eddie was there. Peter hadn't heard any news of Eddie in the two days he had been planning the trip out to Oombulgurri. Eddie was a middle aged Aborigine who had brothers and sisters in Oombulgurri, but he had no wife or children, and had not settled down anywhere. He was a good deck hand and Peter appreciated his company on the trips in and out of Oombulgurri. But he never knew when, or if, Eddie would appear. "You goin' to Oombulgurri?", asked Eddie. "Right you are.", responded Peter. Eddie said nothing but threw his swag in the dinghy, and untied it from the jetty, and

waited for Peter. Russell watched. Peter grabbed a sack full of food and threw it in the dinghy. Then he and Eddie carried the dinghy down to the waterline. "I may not be back tonight. It depends on how the unloading goes. Russell watched them row out to the barge. Kit met them when they reached the barge. Peter handed him the sack of food. He immediately helped himself to the food. Eddie tied the dinghy to the stern. Peter started the engine and Eddie hoisted anchor. They moved slowly off into the middle of the Cambridge Gulf heading for the mouth of the Forrest River. If Peter had timed it properly they would reach the mouth of the river with time to spare before the tide started coming in. There was no point in attempting the river before the tide turned. If the tide was receding while the barge was headed upstream, the barge would simply flow downstream with the tide.

PETER'S SURVIVAL

It was morning tea time in Oombulgurri. It was going on four days since the barge had capsized. Ken, Bob, Phil, Tanya, and Jo, Peter's wife, were having tea in the dining room-living room of the staff house. Four days with no word on Peter's whereabouts left them all doubtful that he was alive. Ken had just been speculating on the possibility that Peter was still alive. He would have had to survive four days of exposure to the outback. He doubted that it was likely that he could do so. It would be no difficulty for a blackfellow; an Aborigine. But it would be an enormous feat for Peter; a whitefellow.

The Harbor Master, in Wyndham, had received a report from an incoming vessel that the barge had overturned. He sent a search and rescue party out to the site of the accident. Kit had been found dead along the shoreline on the bank of the gulf, up away from the mangroves. That was an indication that he had survived the catastrophe and had made it to shore. Otherwise his body would have washed into the mangroves and remained along the water line. There was no sign of Peter or Eddie. If they had drowned and washed up against the mangroves there was no assurance that their remains would be found. Wyndham's largest industry was a meat packing plant. They routinely dumped offal into the gulf, and that attracted crocodiles, and carnivorous fish. Carnivores were bountiful in the gulf. It was not uncommon to spot crocodiles ten foot long. If they had made it to shore with Kit they would have had been marooned. South of the spot where Kit was found, was impassable marshland. To the north was the Forrest River. Their only chance for survival would be to cross the Forrest River and make their way overland 30 miles to Oombulgurri. Even so there were salt marshes that were altogether impassable at high tide that were quicksand at low tide.

The Aborigines in Oombulgurri always joked about the fact that a whitefella out bush would starve to death while standing on tucker (edible food). The Aborigine was skilled at the art of survival in this arid terrain. He could find both food and water as if by magic. He was able to live off from the land. If Peter had survived the capsizing of the barge and made it to shore, his only hope was that Eddie had done the same. Eddie would not only know the direction to Oombulgurri, he would enable them to survive while making the journey overland to Oombulgurri.

Peter and Eddie arrived at the outskirts of Oombulgurri on the morning of the fourth day. When they entered the village the villagers stood back as if they had just witnessed a pair of ghosts. Eddie went to the hut where his people lived. Peter went on through the village to the Institute staff residence. He arrived at morning tea time. When he entered the residence he startled them. Peter showed signs that Ken's estimations were accurate. He was wearing cut-off washpants. His legs below the knees were covered with sunburn that had long since blistered. The blisters had broken. They were matted with brush and grass. He

had thin blond hair and a hairline that had begun to recede. His scalp was an angry red. It too, had blistered and was beginning to peel. His face was burned through 5 days of unshaven beard. He had the remains of a pair of thongs on his feet. The rocks, roots, stumps, and stalks of canegrass had pulverized them to the point where they were barely recognizable. The tops of his feet were sunburned, the bottoms were bruised, blistered, and covered with lacerations.

Peter seemed to confirm suspicion that he was a ghost in the way he carried himself. In his eyes was a far-off look. He seemed to have arrived from another world. He said nothing, but went directly to the kitchen, got a cup, and returned to the dining room and poured himself a cup of tea.

OOMBULGURRI Second Year—Liza Footprint

Liza wakened. Even though the nighttime wind had ceased it was still chilly. She lay cuddled in among 3 other members of her family. At some point during the night 3 dogs had joined them. It had been a 3-dog night! The overnight temperature had been 50 degrees Fahrenheit.

The house in which the family slept was a pole shed 10 by 15 foot, 6 feet high. The walls and ceiling were made of sheets of corrugated iron. There were two window openings on the front of the building. The window openings were not covered. They were always open. The doorway was covered with a bedspread. The building provided protection from the rain and direct rays of the sun, but little relief from heat, cold, or the chill of the wind.

As she lay drifting in and out of sleep she heard the clanking of pots and pans and the rattling of silverware coming from the community kitchen 50 yards away.

Lisa was a teenager. She was an Australian Aborigine. She had recently come to Oombulgurri which was a land-locked Aborigine village. The village was meant to be a place of self-sufficiency. It was designed to be self-contained. It had a pre-school, an elementary school, a village nurse, a machine shop, a water system, an electrical system, a grocery store, an airstrip, a barge, a passenger boat, and some agricultural industries. By design at the initial settlement of the village there were Caucasians (white folks) invited to help establish and maintain the village as a place of self-sufficiency.

A radio telephone had recently been installed in the village office. Transportation access to the village was difficult. It was 30 miles by air to the nearest Australian town, Wyndham, West Australia. Wyndham was a port city with a population of 1800 people located at the southern end of the Cambridge Gulf. It was possible to travel to the village by air taxi. That was possible only during the dry season. From mid-March to mid-December there was no rain. The biggest hazard on the airstrip was dust.

The wet season was from mid-December to mid-March. During that period of time 29 inches of rain fell. The air strip suffered heavily from wind erosion during the dry season. During the wet season the air strip turned into a duck pond. Then the only access to the village was the Forrest River. The boat or barge ride was a 40-mile trip up a tidal river. The difference between high and low tide could be as much as 25 feet. It was only possible to make the trip up the river with the incoming tide and out with the ebb tide.

An elaborate and enormous amount of history had taken place to deliver Lisa to the village of Oombulgurri. Anthropologists differ about the number of years that the original people of Australia have had a culture. Their estimate ranges from 30 to 40,000 years. The original Australians have close kinship with the people from the Malay peninsula due north of the island of Australia. There are people on the Malay peninsula who bear close resemblance to the Australian Aborigine. So, even though the Aborigine

are black, it is more because of their constant exposure to the Australian sun than because of any relation to the people of Africa.

Anthropologists describe the Aborigine culture of the shoreline of Australia as the first "good life". It was different in the interior of Australia because it was a desert. This 'good life' required 2 to 3 hours of work a day to maintain the essential necessities for livelihood--foraging for food and water and maintaining shelter. The rest of the time was spent enjoying life. There was nothing equivalent to what a Northerner would call winter. Adequate food, water, and shelter was always available and always obtainable.

Although they did observe rigid territorial boundaries they never regarded the land as a personal possession. They were nomadic, or semi-nomadic. Rather than settle down and build a house, they adopted a lifestyle of hunter-gatherer. They expected to use the land but use it lightly. They did not confine their traffic and use to a specific locality. This prevented overuse of the environment--plants, animals, and water. Their words of wisdom were, "Take care of the land, and the land will take care of you." It worked for 40,000 years!

The Whites who first set foot on the island of Australia regarded the Blackfellow as less than human. The Aboriginal social structure and customs were different than those of the Whites. The Whites decided that the Aboriginal culture should be classified as 'primitive'. 'Primitive' might have simply been descriptive. In fact, it inferred a value judgement. It meant less-than-civilized--less-than-human. The derogatory slang word used to refer to the Aborigine was Abo.

The Whites adopted a series of ways to deal with the Aborigine. The first was disenfranchisement. They took the land which they wanted and dispossessed the Aborigine. This inevitably caused unrest on the part of the Aborigine. When the unrest became resistance the next method of dealing with the Aborigine was annihilation. There are Whites who speak with nostalgia about the days when they could go out on Sunday afternoon and hunt Abo.

The Aborigines were under the constant and militant pressure from the Whites. Once they were dispossessed of their land their society was endangered. They took their identity from their land. Their social customs revolved around their relationship to their land. The seizure of their land denied them of 40,000 years of tradition. With the loss of the land came the erosion of the social, economic, and political customs, and a loss of their language.

Eventually another method of dealing with the Aborigine was adopted; acculturation. This method assumed that the salvation of the Aborigine would be to make them be like Whites.

The night-time wind had ceased. Dawn brought a calm to the Forrest River flood plain. As Lisa lay there in the pole shed, she was torn between arising to face the chill of the early morning and remaining in the warmth of the cluster of bodies cuddled together and covered with one tattered blanket. Her resolve had not yet taken shape. She drifted back and forth from state of waking to a state of early morning dreaming.

As she drifted in and out of consciousness there were many things of which Lisa was not aware. She was not aware of the elegance of her people's adaptation to the climate of Australia.

She was not aware of the intricacy of the social and cultural structure her people had invented. She was not aware of the complex reservoir of mythology her people had created to describe the living link between themselves and all of the rest of creation.

She was not aware that these beautiful customs, stories, and practices, had all been compromised when the White settlers arrived on the island. She was not aware that the policy of annihilation had been successfully executed on the island of Tasmania.

She was not aware that annihilation was a failed policy on the island of Australia. She was not aware that the subsequent policy of acculturation of the Aborigine was also a failed policy.

At the moment she was not aware that her Aunt Judy had slipped out of the bundle of bodies and was gathering wood to put on the remnant of coals that had lasted the night. She was faintly aware of the chilly space Judy had left when she got up. But all three of the dogs quickly moved in to fill the gap she had left. The warmth was restored an Judy's absence went without notice.

Judy had been raised on this very spot. When she was growing up it was called the Forrest River Mission. The Church of England had established the Mission Station. They had done so in response to a massacre of Aborigines. It was established on a two and one-half million acre tract of land which the State of West Australia held in Trust. These people, now called the Oombulgurri people, were the remains of 5 small tribes which had been victims of a massacre. Her parents were children who survived a massacre.

The intent of the Mission Station was to acculturate the Aborigines. They were to be raised like White people so they could be like White people. Most of the surviving children were orphaned. The children were placed in dorms. Those who still had parents were separated from their parents during the week. They were given a formal English-style education. They were also given an Anglican religious heritage.

The Anglicans established a Mission Station infrastructure--roads, water and electrical systems, a commissary, a community dining hall, a church building, an elementary school, and agricultural industries. Since the Station was land locked they established boat and barge transportation linkage to the outside world.

Judy chose to leave the warmth of the bed-bundle to build a fire. She was preparing to heat water for tea. As soon as there were coals she would make some damper. Damper was a loaf-like bread made with self-rising flour. It was essentially a baking powder biscuit baked on the coals.

As she watched the twigs she had placed on the coals ignite and grow to become a fire she pondered. Her mind wandered to the past. She knew that her people were the victims of a policy of annihilation. Her mother was among the elders in the village. They told the massacre story over and over. It was as if it were recorded on a tape cassette. which had been branded into their spirit.

Even so it was hard for her to imagine. She had side of the story: her people's . There were millions of acres of land here for people to live on. How could something so violent erupt from a dispute over land and food. The story as she had received it had a lone Aborigine hunter coming upon a wild cow. The cow was a part of a herd of cattle grazing in the millions of acres . The Whites who had stations (ranches) in northern West Australia had cattle running on millions of acres. They learned how to find them by learning the growth and decline of seasonal grasses.

The cattle, wandering in something akin to wilderness, were wild. The Aborigine hunter in search of food killed the cow with a spear. When the Station Master tracked him down and threatened to do him harm he killed the Station Master. Subsequently a posse was formed. There was a drive in which all of the Aborigine men, women, and children nearby were herded together. The drive culminated when the posse became a firing squad and massacred the Aborigines.

They were not thorough. There were some survivors. The Anglican Church interceded and gathered the survivors of the five tribes that had been victims of the massacre. They chose a site on a river flood plain at the foot of the jump-up. The jump-up was a hill formation rising from the flood plain. It was the northern edge of a land form, stretching to the south, called The Kimberly.

These hills were the fresh-water source of the river. The river was fresh during the wet season from January to March. Once the wet season subsided so too did the fresh water. Then for the remainder of the year it took the qualities of the Cambridge Gulf into which it emptied. The river was salt water river.

The choice of village site was coincidentally the sacred site of the Aboriginal people. However, it was a site that they visited for special sacred occasions. It was not a place where they camped permanently. Even though, or perhaps because, it was a sacred site, they were not comfortable taking up residence on the spot. However, they were now being kept, cared for, protected, and educated by the Mission Station. They were required to be obedient to the demands of the Mission.

Judy had been crouched on her haunches. She balanced on the balls of her feet. She wrapped her arms around her shins and wove her fingers together. She had thrown a threadbare shawl over her shoulders to retain every bit of warmth she could generate or catch. Suddenly she came back from her reverie. She was shoeless. Her dress did not cover her shins. The fire had become so hot that her toes, shins, and fingers were uncomfortably hot.

She put a soot-covered #10 can with about 1 and one-half quarts of water on the fire. She had set a pint of water aside. From a tin of powdered whole milk she took a cup of milk powder and added it to the pint of water. She coaxed the whole milk into solution. It protested. Her pantry was a battered tin box. In it she found some tea leaves and some sugar. When the water came to a boil she tossed in a palm-full of tea leaves and set it off the fire next to the coals. Then she added what amounted to 1/4 cup of granulated sugar for each cup of water, poured in the milk, stirred it briefly and let it steep. She was making a syrup-like tea.

She did so because tea had to be laced with sugar and milk fat before it was acceptable. The Mission Station had dissolved in 1968. However, among the things she had retained from her Mission Station experience was the worst part of that diet. However detrimental that was for her long-term health, it was understandable why this kind of tea was demanded. For some in Oombulgurri this would be all there was for breakfast.

Judy was fortunate. There was still some self-rising flour in the tin box that served as a safety deposit box for everything of value in the household that might be chewed by rats, mice, dogs or cats. She poured an estimated amount of flour in another #10 can, added a glug or two from the water jug, and mixed it into a stiff dough. Then she took a stick and formed the coals into a smooth bed and placed the loaf of dough on the coals.

She returned to her reverie. Only recently had she begun to wonder why the Anglicans had separated the children from parents, why they had been punished for using their own language or observing their own customs. All of them, adults and children alike, had been treated as children. They had no responsibility for any of the maintenance functions of life. They had been kept people.

This all occurred in a nation where the Aborigine was not counted in the census. It was as if the Aborigine did not exist. The citizens of Australia were eligible for a guaranteed minimum wage, unemployment benefits, health care, the right to vote and purchase alcohol. The Aborigine was denied all of these rights or benefits.

In 1968 the Labor Party gained control of the government from the Liberal Party. The government suddenly reversed it's policy toward Aborigines. In one act of Parliament the Aborigine was regarded to be a citizen of the nation of Australia who would be counted in the census, given a minimum wage, unemployment and health benefits, the right to vote and to purchase alcohol.

This resulted in a massive social upheaval. Station (ranch) owners who had been employing Aborigine station hands, and providing for the worker's whole family, suddenly found themselves unable to afford their station hands. As a result many Aborigines who had previously been gainfully employed at a poverty wage level now had no income whatsoever, and had no place to reside.

The Aborigine people were victims of double displacement. When they had been displaced from their land, they were consistently trained to be subservient and dependent. The training worked. They were now people who expected to be taken care of. When displaced a second time, they migrated to the fringes of White settlements.

Fringe dwelling took many shapes. Sometimes it was the fringe of a town the size of Wyndham, West Australia. Wyndham had a population of 1000 people. There were fringe dwellers on the edge of towns the size of Wyndham. And there were fringe dwellers in towns of every other size including the inner cities of Perth, Adelaide, Melbourne, Sydney, and Brisbane.

While Judy had been making breakfast, Lisa had been gradually returning from a night's sleep to an awareness of the day. She had been sleeping with a portion of the household blanket over her head. It was not meant to keep the light out so much as it was meant to keep the warmth in. The whole family knew that much more heat was lost from the head than any other part of the body. So when there was a scarcity of blankets, the head was the first thing to cover. But the blanket had slipped and a ray of sun which shone through a crack in the corrugated iron siding shone directly in her eyes.

The temperature had warmed up several degrees. It was now 55 degrees F. She had been sleeping on her side. Opening her eyes momentarily she rolled over on her back and looked, without seeing, at the ceiling. Then she became aware of some movement. There were two small pinkish geckos playing tag on the joint between the wall and the ceiling. She glanced to either side and discovered that the warmth on her right was not Aunt Judy; it was Skid. Skid was a black dog. He was probably a cross between a Pit Bull and Short Haired Terrier. She sat up realizing that Judy had been gone for some time. Long enough to make breakfast. Involuntarily she began to shiver. There was a growl from her stomach. She was no longer able to take haven in the warmth of the bed. She got up on one knee, did a duck walk to the doorway, and crouched there, pushing the curtain aside.

Judy had essentially completed all of her responsibilities for breakfast. There was a small bed of coals. The tea and the damper sat next to the coals. Judy left the fireside for the outhouse to relieve herself. Then she returned to the hut and entered. She came to announce to the household that breakfast was ready. She brushed by Lisa at the doorway and made her way into the hut.

The household consisted of 5 members. Glenna was in her very late teens. Glenna was Judy's daughter by an earlier marriage. Trevor was Judy's current partner. Travis was approximately 14 months old. He was the child of Judy and Trevor's partnership. Lisa was visiting her Aunt Judy because school was in vacation.

Judy served notice that she had done her part. She was preparing to take Travis and go to the Community Kitchen for breakfast.

She was the only member of the household planning to go to the Community Kitchen for breakfast. Now that everyone was awake Lisa quickly made her way to the outhouse and relieved herself. Then she found the tin can which she had temporarily claimed as her own. It had been carefully hung over a stake along the outside of the hut. She crouched beside the fire, poured herself some tea, and broke a chunk off from the loaf of damper, She remained in a crouched position before the coals. The tea had a smooth

perfume-like taste. The tea leaves were aromatic. The sugar made it syrupy. The whole milk made it creamy. The damper was warm and chewy. The combination of the two left a warmth in the pit of her stomach which began to spread throughout her limbs.

Lisa was on vacation from school. By the time she finished her breakfast the temperature had already risen to 65 degrees F. That was still chilly for shorts and a short-sleeved T shirt. But the radiance of the sun seemed to add all the warmth she needed. She considered what she would do for the day. She was excited about being in Oombulgurri. In Wyndham the most entertaining thing to do was hang around main street which was 3 blocks long. She decided to check with Tony to see what they should do. She knew that if she were with Tony there would be something to do all day.

She crossed the road that passed north and south in front of Judy's house and headed west for Tony's house. She did not have to look for traffic. The road circling the perimeter of the village was slightly larger than a one-quarter mile track. There were huts inside the perimeter road, and huts on the outer edge of the road. There were only two passenger vehicles in the village. One was a Suzuki 4-wheel-drive 'jeep' vehicle. That was the property of the Community Health Department. The Nursing Sister was in charge of that vehicle and it was only used for official health needs. The other passenger vehicle was a banged up Toyota 4-wheel-drive pickup. It was not currently running. The machine shop yard was a graveyard of vehicles. The vehicles were a testimony that it had proven impossible to keep a community vehicle running.

She was barefoot. It was her normal attire. The ground which was usually hard from January to March during the wet season. Now the wet season had subsided and it was as if she was walking through a giant sand box. She like the feel of the sand between her toes. She passed the community shower house. In addition to several dogs that were getting a drink in the puddle around the water spigot there were already a swarm of flies sucking moisture from the edge of the puddle.

Headed west, she crossed the road at the western edge of the village and in ten or fifteen steps she stopped. She was approximately thirty feet due east of the one-room stone building in which Tony and his family made their home. She had reached the invisible boundary of his family's property. There she stood and shouted out, "Hoy". There seemed to be no one stirring. She stood with her head bowed, making intricate designs in the sand while she waited for a response.

There were some customs which seemed to be instinctual. One of them was respect for another's living domain. When the Aborigines were the only inhabitants of Australia they lived in clans and honored what they regarded to be the homeland of the neighboring clan. When one clan chose to travel across another's homeland it was a custom to wait at the designated boundary until invited across. Lisa was instinctually acting out this custom.

Lisa had no watch. She did not need one any more than she needed a calendar. She kept time during the day by the sun, and during the month by the moon. She waited, making sand-designs until Tony's mother appeared at the doorway. "Is Tony there?", Lisa asked. His mother nodded, and saying nothing disappeared from the doorway into the recesses of the building. Lisa returned to her sand-designs.

Lisa became thoroughly engrossed in her sand designs. She had drawn for several minutes when Tony appeared in the doorway. He was 14 years old and 6 foot tall. Both his parents had a mixed bloodline; Aborigine mother and White father. His skin color was a golden yellow. It was in sharp contrast to Lisa whose ancestry was full-blooded Aborigine. Her coloring was a deep black which in the sun seemed to reflect a purple hue. He had on a vest-like T-shirt. He had torn the sleeves out of the shirt. His pants were denim cut-offs. The raveled threads hung like cobwebs around his knees. He too was barefoot.

Shoes were not only an unneeded expense. They were an uncomfortable confinement. His toes lay flat on the ground. They did not have the unnatural curl to them that comes from wearing shoes. He probably couldn't squeeze his feet into a size.EE shoe. He had never tried to wear shoes. The soles of his feet were like shoe leather. It was necessary for them to be so. By 10:30 am the sun would be high in the sky, and it would be possible to fry an egg on the top of a 55-gallon drum sitting in the sun.

When Tony arrived at the doorway he gave a nod which would have been imperceptible to one who was not watching for it. Lisa saw it immediately and joined him at the front of the stone building. The wind had not yet come up. The stone building faced east. It caught the full blast of the early morning sun. The side of the building not only reflected the sun, it also acted as a heat sink. The spot next to the building was very cozy. Tony moved a few feet from the doorway to a spot along the side of the building and motioned for Liza to join him. He squatted, facing the sun, keeping one knee on the ground for balance. Lisa put her back to the building and leaned against the building as she slowly did a deep knee bend. She now squatted on the balls of her feet, resting an equal amount of weight on the stone wall of the building.

The nod had been greeting enough. No words had been spoken. Tony remained silent. He rubbed his eyes and surveyed the part of the village that was in view from his vantage point against the front of his building.

The Alberts family lived in a stone building directly north of Tony's. Stella was raking her front yard. The exercise was similar to that of raking a sand box. The village store, KITCO (short for Kimberly Import & Trading Company) was just opening. There three women already gathered outside of KITCO engaged in conversation. Two women and.three children were making their way north on Boab Avenue to KITCO.

"What's to do?", Lisa said, breaking the silence. Tony had not had breakfast. It was not clear to Lisa that he was completely awake. Tony's response was to stare straight ahead. It appeared that he was focusing on an object some distance away.

Liza Footprint - Forenoon

Lisa was right about Tony. He was waking up. He was motionless as he crouched on the balls of his feet. He leaned back, resting his back on the warmth of the rock wall of the house. His eyes were unfocused. He had a vacant stare on his face, he appeared to be absent--somewhere else.

He was simultaneously waking up and processing the question Lisa had asked, "What's to do?" She had been waiting in silence for a response now for at least 2 minutes. She waited patiently basking in the sun. As if in a dream Tony began to visualize the string of options which the day presented.

There were things to do out bush. Going out bush was always an adventure. It was usually a one-day expedition. They would leave for the bush mid-morning, with nothing more than the clothes on their back. They knew where to find water. They would spend the day spend the rest of the day hunting goanna (lizard), wallaby, sugar ants, wichity grubs. The bush-tucker would be bountiful. Now that wet season was over the cane grass was dry. It was 5 to 6 feet high. It completely obstructed line of sight in the bush. They would set some cane grass fires and watch them sweep across the land.

Maybe one of the elders with a net would be planning a trip out on the salt flats to net barramundi. Now that the dry season had begun it was possible to get out on the salt flats and set six inch gill nets across some of the narrow drainage channels. A small baramundi would weight 10 to 12 pounds and would

usually slip through the 6 inch squares of the net. Only a fish that weighted from 20 to 40 pounds would be caught. If the catch was good there would be more fish than the entire community of 200 people could eat.

From time to time the men would plan a trip out bush to muster wild cattle. It usually required horses and that limited the number of people who could go. But if they went and were successful there would be a village-wide feast on beef tomorrow.

Or perhaps he should take Liza to Jandungi. Jandungi was a pool that provides the water supply for the village. It would require hike 6 miles over the rocky hills west of the village. These hills are called the Jump-up. The pool was rumored to be bottomless. It was usually still; sometimes called the Mirror Pool. It was bordered on one side by a steep cliff. On the opposite side there were caves with paintings left there by unknown ancestors. The water shed for Jandungi was the Jump-up. The stream feeding Jandungi flowed higher during the wet season than the dry season. It cut its way through the jump-up and fed the Forrest River that passed by the village.

If Lisa was not up to the rigor bush exploration they could go out to Daddaway. Daddaway was a settling basin just north of the village at the edge of the Jump-up. They could harvest water lilly roots.

But it was not necessary to go out bush today. There were ample opportunities for adventure right here on the village site of Oombulgurri.

Tony continued to crouch motionless, leaning against his stone house. All of the possibilities of thing to do out bush had flashed through Tony's head as if in a day dream. He had been silent and motionless throughout the daydream which took 15 seconds at the most. He had still not responded to Lisa in any way. She too remained motionless. She was seated cross-legged in the sand at the base of the stone wall of his house. They luxuriated in the warmth of the morning sun. It would be pleasant for another half hour or so. After that it would begin to be so hot that it would be wise to find a place in the shade, out of the sun.

In his daydream Tony had completed a survey of the kinds of activities they could do if they were to go out bush. But he had not even begun to consider what could be done if they were to remain in the village. So his daydream continued as if it there were a second chapter.

Perhaps there would be a rubbish pick-up in the village today. The pick-up was conducted with a tractor and home-made trailer. It was intended to be a village service. Since there was no way to pay salaries for the job it depended on volunteers. There were no adult volunteers. The tractor and trailer were a kind of carousel ushering a group of teenagers around the village. The teenagers made certain that they had fun. And it seemed more by accident that by intent that the rubbish actually got collected.

There were white staff living in the village. They provided the determination needed to maintain regular rubbish pickup around the village. There had been a 5-year span between the closing of the Mission in 1968 and the return of the Aborigines to this village site. When the Mission closed the Aborigines were left with no alternative but to vacate the premises. They were totally dependent on the Mission staff. After 5 years of fringe dwelling in Wyndham, WA a small group of elders made a plan to return to the land; to the site of Mission Station. Since they identified themselves as the Oombulgurri people they chose to re-name the village site Oombulgurri.

As a part of the plan to return the Aborigines requested that the Whites accompany them to help in re-establishing the village. These Whites were prepared to work with the Oombulgurri people in their attempt to establish a self-sustaining community in Oombulgurri. At the moment, however, the

Oombulgurri people were dependent upon their new White staff to maintain the technology used to keep the village functioning.

When they finished the rubbish pick-up they could go by the office. Yesterday the welfare checks had come in. That meant that today would be payday. There was always excitement on payday. First of all there was excitement was at the office. There was aways disagreement about what was being paid out. The white staff were in charge of the bookkeeping. Those who overused the charge system at KITCO (the village store) were usually the ones to complain the most about how little paycheck they received. It was difficult to establish the connection between taking goods from the store two or three weeks earlier and deductions from a paycheck now. Tony and Lisa could hang around the office and watch the people getting the people getting their checks challenge the bookeepers.

The welfare check was a result of an Australian government decision in 1968 to include the Aborigine the census, and give them the benefits received by all other Australian citizens. This caused so much social upheaval that it resulted in the closing of the Mission.

The welfare check was essential to the survival of the Oombulgurri village. However, it also presented a good deal of difficulty. It was money not attached to any significant exchange. It came every fortnight without fail. It was a guaranteed source of income. There was no need to conserve it. Conserving, or saving resources was not something that came naturally to people who traditionally lived off from the land, who moved from one place to another,who did not carry or need refrigerators, who did not carry or need stoves, who did not carry or bother storing a water supply, who found food on the hoof or the stem, or in the root. The Mission Station had not trained them to conserve their resources. However they did not seemed constitutionally prepared to conserve resources. They had spent 40,000 years developing a life-style which had no need of hoarding supplies for a later date. They lived lightly on the land. Each day was sufficient unto itself. And each day required attention to make sure that resources were used carefully.

Tony continued his daydream. Lisa continued to wait patiently next to him in the morning sun. Tony remembered that in addition to the excitement around the office created by payday, there would be the cash flow. The adults in the village would have money in hand. It would be possible to talk someone into sharing money or some cool drinks (soda pop) and sweets (candy bars) at KITCO. Later on, by afternoon or early evening a series of scattered card games would start. The card games were the equivalent of the local lottery. In each card game the participants gambled their recent paycheck. Once the gambling started it went non-stop. Seldom did anyone stop for supper. The games went on into the night.

The electrical utilities in the village were run by a generator powered by a Perkins 3-cylinder diesel engine. It sat north of KITCO and back toward the Jumpup. It was usually started each morning when the Community Kitchen served breakfast, and turned off in the evening at 10 pm. Not only did it provide electricity for all of the village, the engine produced a constant rumble. It was a ever-present reminder that the otherwise wilderness environment had been invaded by 20th Century technology. For most of the village residents there was something ominous about the night. Once the lights went out no-one went out of their family shelter. Not until the light of dawn came did people venture out into the village again. So on a night when cash was flowing and the card games were reaching a crescendo the villagers made an exception to the rule to turn the electrical power off at 10 pm. The person assigned to turn the power off simply did not turn off the power. This allowed the games to continue uninterrupted.

The games did continue. The fortunes came and went like swells in the ocean. Eventually the fortune would crash like a giant breaker and fall into the hands of a winner who would essentially take all.

At that point the weary participants would crash into bed, leaving the generator running all night. Those whose residence was near the power house learned to sleep with the all-night rumble. It was not unusual for the engine to run out of fuel sometime in the night. When that happened it more difficult to get the power started in the morning.

Tony's daydream continued. He had skipped from payday and its associated activities, to the river. He remembered that the moon had set shortly after the sun rose yesterday morning. He knew that high tide comes in when the moon sets. So it was coming in some time this morning. It was likely that the village work boat *The Oombulgurri Lady* would be coming in on the tide this morning. It was always intriguing to find out what kind of visitors might arrive on the boat. And there could be supplies for KITCO. When supplies came in it was always fun to help move them. They had to come off from the boat and onto a trailer. Then they were hauled into the village and offloaded at KITCO. By the time the goods had been handled that many times it was likely that some of the cargo would be dropped and damaged. In fact, it seemed as if it was the practice to drop and damage selected cargo in hopes that it would be possible to glean the damage.

And if the boat didn't come the barge might be coming in. The barge had far fewer passengers and far more supplies. There was always a frenzy to get the barge unloaded because it depended on the tide. If the barge attempted to come up the river against an outgoing tide it would simply go down the river with the tide. If the barge was anchored at the Oombulgurri dock when the tide went down it sunk with the tide until it rested gently on the mud of the river bank. Since it was a flat-bottomed barge there was some danger of it being swamped when the incoming tide returned. Occasionally the bottom of the barge would stick to the mud, the water would not lift the barge, and then swamp the motor room with water. That would put the barge out of operation. In order to send the barge back on the outgoing tide it was necessary to unload the cargo within two to three hours. That was always a problem when the unloading depended on volunteer workers, who stood to profit from damaging the cargo. The frenzy contributed to the likelihood of cargo damage. The problem was compounded by the fact that between 11 am and 3 pm the temperature was 105 to 110 degrees F. The Aborigines were working in bare feet on a plate steel deck. Even for those of the White staff who wore shoes the deck of the barge was uncomfortable. Fatigue set in quickly and accidents seemed to happen frequently.

But payday at the Office and visitors and cargo from the river were not the only points of interest they could explore in the village today. It was time to harvest Boab nuts. The boab or bottle tree produced large egg-shaped nuts about the size of a human fist. The shells on these nuts were sometimes one-eight of an inch thick. The inside of the nut was filled with a spongy pith and seed the size of a pinto bean.

There were several things that could be done with the nuts. They could be collected for food. Tony wasn't sure why he liked them but when they were in season he always liked to harvest them and eat them. Actually, the pith and seeds were high in vitamin C. But in addition to being edible they were also an artifact of culture. The elders carved and rubbed designs into the furry covering of the shell. They were enacting a time-worn tradition of passing messages and meanings down through the generations by the use of pictures which captured the essence of the mythology they had created in an attempt to ascertain the meaning of their existence.

In his response to Lisa's question, "What's to do?" Tony had spent 25 seconds in a daydream visualizing all of the options available to them in Oombulgurri this day. He had explored all the possibilities he could imagine out bush and around the village. He had completed his reverie. He suddenly

came back to the place where he had been crouching for the last 25 seconds. He had not decided what they should do but that would come to him. At the moment he was operating out of immediacy. His older brother, Doggan, was just entering KITCO. That meant that there was a good chance that he could get his brother to buy him a cool drink (soda pop). Having returned from his reverie Tony spoke to Lisa, "Lets get a cool drink." "Right you are.", said Lisa.

They got up from the side of the building in unison and angled across Tony's front yard toward the front of KITCO, the village store. Tony took the lead. He swept under the awning grabbing a support pole with his left hand and spun around the pole, pivoting on his left hand. He entered the door of the store just as Doggan, his brother, was turning away from the cashier. Doggan popped his cool drink open. Tony was 5' 10" tall. He came up to Doggan and stopped directly in front of him. Doggan was 6' 2". Tony cocked his head and looked up at him with a quizzical smile. Slowly he extended his right hand at waist level and turned it out palm up.

Doggan was approximately 20 years old. He stared at Tony. The cornea of his eyes were cloudy. Perhaps he had spent too much time in the midday sun. If not that, he had faced the sand-filled winds of the dry season too often. Or, it was possible that he had succumbed to years of unsanitary household conditions and had contracted trachoma. It was difficult to tell exactly where Doggan was looking. Tony was not unnerved by his stare. He stood his ground.

Doggan's face was expressionless. He held his cool drink in his left hand. Without a word he lifted his right shoulder giving himself enough room at his waist to squeeze his right hand into the pocket of his jeans. He did not do so reluctantly. As his brother Tony had every right to make this claim on him. And Doggan was willing to honor this claim. In fact he gave Tony enough money to purchase a cool drink for himself and Lisa. Lisa was a guest in the community, and at the moment Tony was acting as her host. He retrieved from his pocket enough money for both Lisa and Tony to purchase a cool drink and put it in Tony's hand.

Tony said nothing. He turned immediately to the cashier. "Passionfruit", he said to the cashier. "What do you want?" he asked Lisa. "Passionfruit", was Lisa's response. Tony paid for the cool drinks. The cashier handed two cans of Passionfruit cool drink to Tony. Tony turned, handed a can to Lisa, and they exited to the patio of KITCO to sip their cool drink. In addition to a place in the shade the patio was also a nerve center for village gossip. In addition to that while catching up on village gossip it was possible to view most of the village: the Health Center; the Picture Garden; the Community Kitchen; the Office; the Chicken Yard; the Elementary School and Preschool; and the bulk of the huts in which the village residents lived.

Tony and Lisa stood on the patio of KITCO. The door to the store and the patio faced east. They took little sips of their cool drink and did a scan of the village. They looked south down Boab Avenue. The roadway which bounded the village on the western edge had been lined with Boab trees many years ago. The nickname for the Boab tree is the 'bottle tree'. The tree looks like a tired coke bottle that has sprouted limbs and leaves as an afterthought. The bottle tree's trunk is extremely succulent. It acts as a reservoir for water. It is one of the few trees that is able to survive the yearly 9-month dry season. The road continued south out of the village and ended at the dock on the river.

There were three children of elementary school age coming up the road toward KITCO. The three of them were pushing homemade push-toys. The push-toy was fastened to the end of a stick which had been found on a short weed-like bush. The stick was approximately 3 foot long. On the end of the stick had

been fixed an empty powdered milk tin. The tin was roughly as large in diameter as an oatmeal canister, but about one-third as long. The milk tin had a lid that had to be pried open with a knife. It was a useful container because the lid could be easily be replaced. The boys had made push-toys out of the milk tins.

First they had removed the lid. Then they punched a hole in the center of the lid and the bottom of the can. Then they found some wire--an old coat hanger. They threaded the wire through the lid and then through the bottom of the can. Then they replaced the lid and bent the wire so that it could be fixed to the stick they had torn off from the bush. And viola, they had a push-toy! Then they set out on a tour. They were pushing the toys up the road in formation. In their movement up the road they resembled a squadron of fighters. They were also accompanying sound effects. The boys were mimicking the sounds one would hear at a stock car race track.

The boys were of little interest to Tony and Lisa. However their push toys might be. Tony calculated that if they came to KITCO and left their push-toys outside he and Lisa would take two of them and continue on up Boab Avenue.

While they waited to see what the boys would do they glanced directly east. The road that exited the village to the east traveled past the public restroom and bathhouse, the confinement poultry yard, the elementary school, and the pre-school. It angled south after it reached the edge of the village and ended at the dock on the river.

They observed that Lionel had just finished his breakfast, had visited the public restroom, and was headed for the office. He had paused to roll one of his own cigarettes from a package of Drum cigarette tobacco. The tobacco was stringy and a small tuft of tobacco hung out of the front of his cigarette. He cupped his hand and lit it with a wooden match from a box of Redhead matches. When he touched the match to the end of the cigarette the tuft of tobacco went up in a flare flame before it reached the solid stump of the cigarette. That Lionel was headed for the office probably meant that the office would be open for payday soon. There were also several mothers and their children ambling in the direction of the office.

That sparked an interest in the Office. They shifted their attention to the left and focused on the footpath that led northeast to the Office. There was no activity in the Picture Garden directly north of the office. Likewise, the machine shop, which was ringed with a chain link fence, was unpopulated. But there was evidence that someone had entered the Office.

The 3 boys who were coming up Boab Avenue were headed for the store. They came right to the KITCO patio turned and headed for the front door of the store. They dropped their push-toys on the patio and went into the store.

Tony and Lisa acted immediately. There was no doubt about what should be done. They each took a push-toy and left the patio headed north on Boab Avenue for the Picture Garden. They made sound effects that mimicked a lorry (large truck).

The Picture Garden was an open space approximately 100 by 200 feet surrounded by trees and seeded with grass. It was located on the northern edge of the village. And it was where moving pictures were shown in the evening. In the wet season it was lush with vegetation. In the dry season it became very sandy. At the west end of the Picture Garden was a picture screen constructed of plywood. It was approximately 4 feet off the ground. It stood 10 foot wide and 5 foot high. The village owned a 16 mm projector. The Council had arranged to rent one film per week from Perth, West Australia. The film did not always arrive on time because the mail from Perth to Wyndham was not always dependable. Even if it arrived on time in Wyndham it was not always certain that it would get from Wyndham to Oombulgurri.

This was more true during the wet season when the only access to the village was up the river--by barge or passenger boat. The projector was kept in the house of the white staff members. It was the responsibility of one of the white staff to roll out projector, thread the film and show the movie. This was scheduled to take place at dusk on Thursday evening. The movie was a popular event. Most of the children attended. Many of the adults attended. If the movie was well liked there was usually a request to show it a second time.

Tony and Lisa headed for the Picture Garden because it shady. The sun had risen to the point that it was uncomfortable to be standing in the open. It was now possible to fry an egg on the top of a 55-gallon drum.

Just south of the Picture Garden was the building which served as the Office and Community Kitchen. They could spend some time playing with their push-toys in the Picture Garden. This would provide a comfortable vantage point from which to observe what was happening at the Office.

As they went north on Boab Avenue they took great delight in weaving back and forth feigning near crashes of the push-toys. They were totally engrossed in using the push-toys. They were probably replaying the movie Daktari their imagination. They seemed to be in a fantasy world of their own.

By the time they arrived at the picture garden a large group of people had gathered around the Office door. The Office was in the east end of the pole building. It was 15-foot square. The door of the Office was split so that the top half opened and the bottom half was closed with a small counter top. The walls of the office were wood siding to waist height. There was a combination of heavy metal screen and fly screen from the point where the wood left off to the ceiling. Lionel and a white staff member were setting up the payroll.

It would have been difficult for an onlooker to discern why Tony and Lisa had come to the Picture Garden. Ostensibly they had driven their push-toys to play in the park-like expanse of the Picture Garden. But payday was a fortnightly social occasion. There was something exciting in the air when money was being paid out. The excitement might come from some encounter between a community member and one of the white staff handling the payroll. There were many who ran out of money before the end of the fortnight. Those who did often opened a charge account at KITCO. Since KITCO was the village store and the checks were paid through the community office the deductions were made before the check was cashed and the balance was paid out. Or the excitement might come because cash began to exchange hands in the community, and they might get in on the cash flow.

Tony and Lisa eventually tired of driving their push-toys around the Picture Garden. They gravitated to the east end of the Picture Garden and dropped their toys in the grass. The entrance to the office which faced north, opened to the road around the Picture Garden. They found a place on the ground and seated themselves among many other community members who were gathering for their paycheck. Russell, a white staff member, and Lionel had been in the office for at least half an hour. They had been getting ready to do the payroll. Even before they opened the top half of the office door people were beginning to line up at the door.

The most recent news passing through the gathering was of a gudea (white person) who was coming to visit today. Lisa glanced upward. She saw the new moon in the 1 o'clock position in the sky. She knew that the tide was out when the moon was in the 12 o'clock position. And the tide would not be in until the moon reached the setting position. That would be another 5 or 6 hours. So gudea could not come on the Daddaway (barge), or the Oombulgurri Lady (passenger boat). That meant that the only possible way left for the visitor was to come by air taxi. She put this piece of information away for future reference. If the

tractor was started and hooked up to the trailer it would probably be going out to the airstrip to pick up gudea. She would be certain to be among those who rode the trailer out to the airstrip. She did so not so much to to welcome the visitor as to take a ride.

The office door opened. Charlie Djeela, an elder, and a warrior in his day, was first in line. Two weeks ago he lost his paycheck immediately by gambling it in a card game. He had charged his food at KITCO for the last 10 days. When he took his place at the office door the balance due him was small. Charlie flew into a rage.

"You gudea stealing my money", said Charlie. "No", said Russell, "you already spent your money at the store. Do you see all of these charge slips? You took food. In exchange for the food the store is taking your money." When Russell finished explaining Charlie said, "You gudea stealing my money". There seemed to be no way to make it clear to Charlie. When Russell had exhausted his attempts to explain Lionel took a turn. Lionel was full blooded Aborigine. His place in the community was secure. He had learned to do the bookkeeping and was working in the office with gudea. However, he was in his early 20's. The community was proud of him and his ability, but he could in no way command the respect which age would bring. He too was unable to give Charlie an explanation that would suffice. As the exchange grew in intensity it began to be clear to Russell that it was as much an issue of losing face as it was of losing money. Charlie judged he had been unjustly wronged. As a warrior he had to defend his honor. He left the office muttering that he would be back.

Charlie Djeela left the Office. He was convinced he was being robbed. Not only was he being robbed, he was being insulted. He must do something to save face. Because he had been a warrior for the tribe he went to get the tools of his trade.

The next person in line was Beryl Edwards. Her husband Edward had lost both of his legs to leprosy. She had Edward and 3 children to look after. She too had used the charge system at the store. She had done so in an attempt to keep her family alive. She too had little cash after her KITCO charge slips were deducted from the family's check. By contrast to Charlie, she was grateful for the little she received and returned quietly to her house.

By the time three more people had been paid their money Charlie Djeela returned. He came right up to the door brandishing a fighting stick that was about 4 foot long and heavier than a billy club. In a sheath slung over his shoulder he carried 4 to 5 spears. Each spear.resembled, but was a little bit longer than, an arrow.

He hit the bottom half of the door with his stick. "I want money. Gudea steal my money." Charlie said. Those who were in line to receive payment quickly stepped aside. Charlie had the Office entryway to himself. However he had failed to get Russell's attention.

It was difficult to keep an accurate count of the money being paid out when an emotional outbreak occurred. Inside the Office Russell appeared to be busy concentrating on his work. It was not entirely clear why Russell was not responding to Charlie. Perhaps he was too preoccupied with his work. He was at risk if Charlie knocked the door down with his fighting stick. And if Charlie decided to throw one or more of his spears Russell could be severely wounded. That Russell did not respond to Charlie may have been wisdom. It was interpreted by Charlie as cowardice. Russell was not responding to his challenge. He took 15 to 20 steps straight back and threatened to use his spears. If he had thrown them he probably would have been able to have sent them through the upper half of the Office door and hit Russell who was sitting 6 feet directly behind the doorway at the desk. Russell continued to work with Lionell on the payroll. He called

the next person in line. Payroll resumed. Charlie had made his point and saved face. He had challenged Russell to a fight and Russell had demonstrated to everyone gathered that he was too cowardly to take the challenge. Charlie left the vicinity feeling fully vindicated, and caused no more trouble.
The radio telephone rang. It temporarily interrupted the payroll. It was Neville. He was in Wyndham at the airport. He was planning to take an air taxi to Oombulgurri and requested that there be someone at the airport to meet him. The framing on the outside walls of the office was wainscotted with masonite to a height of 4 feet. Above that it was simply covered with hardware cloth and screen. So every conversation on the Office radiotelephone was a public conversation. In addition to that many of the residents of the village had their shortwave radios set to the exact frequency of the radio telephone. This made the radiotelephone similar to the early party telephone line. So now it was public information that Oombulgurri would be receiving gudea for a visitor. He would be coming in on air taxi soon.

Tony and Lisa had gotten what they came for: Charlie Djeela had put on a show. He had humiliated the gudea. The rest of the payroll continued without much excitement. There were a few more complaints about the amount of money being deducted from the check. But begrudgingly the idea that tucker from KITCO had to be paid for, was being accepted. It seemed that every fortnight the point had to be re-established.

Everyone hoped that payroll would be completed by 11 am. Today it had been done. If it could not be completed by then it would probably be resumed at 2:30 or 3 pm. The midday sun was relentless. It scorched everything. By 11 am there were few, if any, who were walking the village. By common wisdom life slowed to a halt during the middle of the day. The sand was blistering. The Aborigines customarily wore no shoes. They usually did not afford them for their children, and by the time a child was 7 or 8 years old their feet had spread naturally. The result was there was no shoe manufactured that would fit the foot. Those who did attempt to wear shoes found themselves with sore feet. So the bottom of their feet became calloused: thick like the sole of a shoe. But not calloused enough to consistently venture out in the midday sun. The temperature was at least 100 degrees F. in the shade, and more in the direct sunlight.

Since it was time to be in out of the sun Tony and Lisa headed for Judy's house, where Lisa was staying on her vacation in Oombulgurri. They angled south and east past the two chicken houses. The chicken houses were pole sheds made from galvanized pipe. The sheds were completely covered with chicken wire. The roof was covered with a tarp. The gudea were mainly responsible for the chickens. They had started the project. They kept it going.

It was one of the industries designed to promote Oombulgurri's financial self-sufficiency. At the outset help had been solicited from the Aboriginal population. However, Judy was the only Aborigine who helped with the chicken chores. There was something repulsive to the Aborigine about keeping animals in pens. Judy received a small salary that came from the sale of eggs and chicken meat. But the salary was not enough incentive to entice others to be involved.

They rounded the chicken sheds, passed Crispin Mitchell's shack, and stopped at the village ablution. As they paused for a drink they looked for fellow villagers. The road east past Crispin's shack went past the school building and out to the dock at the Forrest River. The road was abandoned. The road west came to a dead end when it met KITCO on Boab Avenue. It too was abandoned. Several of the Mitchell family were resting under a gum tree. After they had a drink they made their way on south to Judy's shack. Judy and Trevor were resting under a gum tree. Travis was lying in between them on a tattered, sandy blanket. Glenna was nowhere to be seen.

They did not enter the shack. At this time of the day a building made of corrugated iron was like a sauna. They found some damper left over from breakfast and a tin of canned meat. They found a spot under the gum tree and ate their lunch.

Liza Footprint - Neville

When they had finished lunch Tony went home. Lisa stretched out under the gum tree with her host family. The midday was hot. There was no breeze. It was the seriously dry part of the Dry Season. There had been absolutely no rain since the end of March and it was now July.

Lisa's rest was fitful. Not only because of the heat and the calm, but because of the flies. As the season became drier, the flies became a menace. It seemed as if they became more numerous. They certainly became thirstier. They gathered in swarms around her eyes and mouth. They were relentless. They could not be discouraged. There were too many to shoo away. She waved her hand to frighten them away. No sooner had she returned her hand to her side than the flies returned to her eyes and mouth. In a short time the flies were not even deterred by Lisa when she waved her hand. She found an old bandana a covered her face with it. This helped to keep the flies from her eyes and mouth. But it did not stop them from biting her on the rest of her body. And she was dressed in shorts and a tank top. Finally, she came to ignore the flies except for occasional moments of extreme discomfort when she would twitch or roll to gain a moments relief from the constant torment of the flies.

She gave up trying to rest when Tony returned. "Hoy", he called from the vantage point of the road that served as the boundary for her front yard. She sat up, discarded the bandana, and beckoned for him to join her under the gum tree. "Lets go to the Hall", Tony said. "What's there?", asked Lisa. "The card games are starting", said Tony. "We can watch them. That's where everyone is."

As they made their way from Lisa's house to the Hall they stopped once again at the village ablution and got a drink. The ablution was constructed for village health. It provided showers, pit toilets with lids, and a spigot for drinking water. The spigot was place on a concrete slab. This was in an effort to avoid the hazard of standing water around the village spigot. Standing water was a breeding ground for hookworm and other parasites. Since the villagers normally went barefoot they were vulnerable to the hookworm larva which were always present in the earth. The larva were far more active in locations where there was standing water. There was no standing water around the spigot. However, the constant use of the spigot had caused runoff that had not been absorbed or evaporated, and there standing water on the ground at the edge of the concrete slab. Tony and Lisa got a drink and jumped the puddle at the edge of the slab. Even so they landed in moisture laden earth at the edge of the puddle. This put them at risk of contracting hookworm. The larva would work its way into the bloodstream through tiny cuts or cracks in the skin. As teenagers, they ignored this risk. However, they were not alone. Most of the adults in the community ignored this risk. Because the hookworm posed no immediate life-threatening danger, the danger was dismissed.

After their short stop at the ablution they continued to the Hall. It did not take Tony and Lisa long to get to the Hall. It was 100 yards, at most from Lisa's shack to the Hall. The frame of the Hall was constructed of steel pipe. There were no wood-frame buildings in the village. Wood was not used for construction next to the ground because it was susceptable to termites. There had been a ceiling in the hall. The framework for the ceiling had been constructed of 2 x 4's fixed to the pipe. The ceiling itself, made early in the mission days, had been made of particle board. White ants (termites) had built mud tunnels up

the outside of the pipe to the ceiling and eaten the ceiling down. All that remained of the ceiling were skeletons of 2 x 4s hanging at random from fasteners. The outside walls of the building consisted of stock panels made of heavy wire. The panels kept people and large animals out. But the weather, small animals and insects were free to come and go at will. The floor of the Hall was a slab of concrete approximately 40' by 30'. The doorway to the hall was almost 10' wide and it opened to the west onto Boab Avenue.

Tony and Liza entered the hall and wandered at random from one cluster of people playing cards to another. They were not so much interested in the games as they were interested in where the fortunes were tending to accumulate. The card game appeared to be simple. Every face card was worth ten points. The winner had the most face cards or combinations of lower numbers that added up to ten. The game was a wonderful way to teach arithmetic and counting. However it had its shortcomings. Most of the adult Aborigines were able to count from one to ten. Any number over ten was referred to a 'big mobs'. The term 'mob' came from the kangaroo. A large group of cattle is referred to as a herd. A large group of kangaroo is referred to as a mob. Even though the game appeared to be simple Russel, the gudea who ran the office, had tried to play it once and had been beaten badly. The game may have appeared to be simple but it required skill that was developed over time.

Over the hum of the card games Lisa heard the tractor start. It was the only tractor that was working at the moment. It was the one the gudea owned and took care of. She nudged Tony. "Gudea coming." she said. Tony, realizing that the sound of the tractor meant that a trip to the airstrip was immanent, responded. "Let's go.". They left the hall and jogged to the machine shed north of the Office and the Picture Garden. They were not the only ones who had heard the tractor. It was as if the tractor and its driver were the Pied Piper. All of the children who had heard the tractor and could scurry to get on the trailer before it left had come. The trailer was full to overflowing. The visitor would have two choices. He could get on the trailer and be mobbed. Or he could perch precariously on the fender of the tractor.

The tractor and trailer left the Picture Garden and headed north out across the Forrest River flood plains. The tractor and trailer had beaten a path through the cane grass. Earlier in the wet season it had grown from dormant root clusters on the ground to 6 or 7 feet high. Now it totally obscured vision. Ken, the gudea who had primary responsibility for the tractor, was driving the road by habit, trusting that there was nothing directly in front of him.

The Jumpup stood 200 to 300 feet high to the west. They traveled north, parallel to the Jumpup through the cane grass. They passed the horse paddock. The gate stood ajar. The only way to have ready access to the horses for trips out bush was to keep them in the paddock. However, there seemed to be something in the Aborigine constitution which refused to keep anything in a pen. The horses were used most often when the people of the village wanted meat. Those who were assigned to kill a wild cow would walk out bush, round up the horses, bring them back to the paddock, catch them, saddle and bridle them, and then begin the expedition to bring meat back for the village. None of the villagers objected to this routine. For them, it was better than keeping the horses locked in the paddock.

After passing the horse paddock the tractor-trailer parade went past Daddaway. Daddaway was a settling basin at the foot of the Jumpup. During the wet season it was full of fresh water flowing out of the Jumpup. It was originally constructed during the mission days as a water catchment basin. At the beginning of the wet season it was not uncommon for the villagers to use it for swimming, bathing, and washing clothes. They even harvested and ate water lily roots from it. By now the water had been stagnant for two and one-half months. The water level was low and was unfit for any of these uses now. The name

Daddaway was originally given because it was a standard oral response to the question. "Where did Leo (or anyone else) go?" The oral answer was always, "Daddaway." But the answer was given in yet another way. The person volunteering the answer first twisted his or her lower lip to one side of the mouth. The twist was a substitute for pointing with the arm and finger which not only rude in Aboriginal culture, but was regarded to be lethal. After the lower lip was twisted the the eyes glanced in the direction which might otherwise have been pointed, and a slight nod of the head was given in the direction indicated.

After passing Daddaway the road veered off to the northeast, away from the Jumpup and toward the plains where the airstrip lay. There were several places where the grass had been burned. It was rich in flamable material. When it had dried sufficiently the Aborigines would burn large expanses of it. There was more than one reason for the burning. It was a kind of cleansing of the land from the excessive vegetation which the wet season had left to die in the dry season.

There was also something awesome about a cane grass fire. For the one setting the fire, there was a sense of power. There was also the sense of wonder at the tremendous power that the fire released. And as a practical matter it was much easier to see where you were going and identify game that could be hunted.

The tractor-trailer parade broke through the cane grass jungle onto the apron of the airstrip. A sign had been erected on the apron indicating that those landing had entered the Oombulgurri Community.

By the time the tractor and trailer arrived at the airstrip the plane had landed and taxied back to the apron and shut the engine off. The dust from the strip was a hazard. It was a hazard to people. But it was also a hazard to the airplane engine.

The airstrip was built on the Forrest River delta. The delta was a combination of salt flats and fine sand deposited from the runoff coming out of the jumpup over thousands of years. The strip was only usable in the dry season. There was no rain at all during the 8 months of dry season. For that reason the strip suffered much wind erosion. Then when the wet season came it turned into a pond. It was not uncommon to find waterfowl on the airstrip during the wet season.

Neville, the visitor, was standing on the apron with his belongings. He had a duffel bag, a brief case, and a backpack. He wore no hat. Even before the tractor came to a full stop the children clamored off the trailer and surrounded Neville. Neville reached out and gave them his hands. He moved from child to child until he had satisfied himself that he had greeted them all. The teenagers were more reserved. They remained on the trailer and observed the proceedings. Ken got off the tractor and strode to Neville. He shook hands and introduced himself. "I'm Ken", he said. "Let's get your bags in the trailer and we'll head back to the village".

Neville was on a pilgrimage back to what he remembered as Forrest River Mission. It was now named Oombulgurri. Here on this spot he had spent much time during the formative years of his adolescence. During the time he was in 6th to 9th grade his father was the Superintendent of the Forrest River Mission Station. He had taken his formal schooling in Perth during the school year. But he always returned to the Mission Station to be with his parents during the school vacations. During one of these vacations he had gone through the initiation rites for the young men of the village. In so doing a bond had been formed between himself and the Aboriginal people. It was a bond of which he was aware. It was also a bond of which the elder Aborigines were aware. The initiation rite was a community event which took place over the course of several days. It was the community's way of signifying that these adolescent boys were now to leave childish ways and assume responsibility for the duties of manhood. Because of total community involvement there was never any doubt after the initiation that the young men had the message.

Nor could there be any doubt on the part of the rest of the community that these young men were now expected to assume the responsibilities of manhood. It was the responsibility of every member of the community to help them along their journey to responsible manhood.

The invisible bond which he carried had been created almost 35 years ago. Shortly after the initiation a new Superintendent was appointed to the Mission and Neville's family left the Forrest River Mission Station. Because of that, nothing had been done to nurture of maintain that bond since then. Inside himself, Neville felt both fear and fascination. The fear was that he had lost the connection with these people: that the union he once felt was gone. The fascination was driven partly by nostalgia, and partly by wonder. He wanted to recover some of his past. He wanted to reminisce with some of the Aborigine men. The rite of initiation had been extremely important to him. He also wanted to confirm that the bond he had once know to be so strong was real and vital even in the face of the enmity which seemed to be prevalent between black and white Australians. He wanted to be assured that this mysterious bond was still alive. To a select few Neville was an honorary member of their family, their clan, their community. This was true for the elders who had presided over the initiation, and those, male or female, who had participated in those rites 35 years ago. To the rest he was a stranger; a gudea who had come into the village from the world of white people to look them over as if they were animals in a zoo.

During this brief greeting the children had given him, and he had in turn given the children, Neville had simultaneously done some reminiscing. The children seemed to confirm that he was welcome in Oombulgurri. He was almost too welcome. He was a little uncomfortable with the instant familiarity that the children had with him. He wondered if the familiarity bordered on blatant disrespect.

As soon as Ken suggested that he put his bags on the trailer the children fought for his baggage. It was carried to the trailer by myriad hands. "Why don't you get up on the tractor with me.", Ken suggested. Neville gladly mounted the tractor and sat to one side of the drivers seat, leaning on one of the fenders.

While they had been preparing to return to the village several of the men who had hopped the trailer on its way out to the airport had arranged with the pilot to make the return flight into Wyndham. Martin and Eric had won some extra money in one of the card games currently going on in the village. They were eager to spend it. They had broken out of the game early. The pilot was eager to book passage both ways. It made the air taxi business more profitable. He also offered the taxi at a reduced rate when he could get passengers on a return trip.

So, as the tractor and trailer returned to the village the first of the Oombulgurri residents had begun to make a pilgrimage to Wyndham. The Oombulgurri Council had decided that there would be no alcoholic beverages in the village. The rule was occasionally broken. But for the most part the residents abided by the Council's decision. Because of that, as soon as there were some fortunes amassed in a card game there was a decided winner, there was an exodus to Wyndham. The winners were usually male, and the the excursion was usually to purchase alcohol. This kind of behavior was suicidal. It was the end of the road for a culture that was at least 40,000 years old. As a people they had the fortitude to carve out a living in the harsh extremes of the Australian climate. As a people they had the wisdom to construct a social structure that gave everyone within the clan significant place in the society. And they created a network that gave every clan a significant relationship with all the other clans across the continent. This life-style was rich in spirit and grew out of a reverence for the earth. A cursory observation might lead an outside observer to conclude that the Aboriginal people were irresponsible alcoholics. There were a large number of the men who exhibited this behavior. A more serious appraisal of the situation might have concluded that when the

Aboriginal had been robbed of their land, they had been robbed of their spiritual foundations. Their fascination with man-made spirits was their last vain attempt to recover something of spirit: to fill the spiritual vacuum that had been left.

At this moment, on the airstrip, there were two pilgrimages taking place. Neville was making a pilgrimage back to Oombulgurri, to reminisce over his adolescence. Martin and Eric, the two men from Oombulgurri, were departing on the plane that had just landed. They were making a pilgrimage to Wyndham, West Australia, which was 30 miles away by air.

Ken mounted the tractor and checked to be certain that all of the passengers were safely on the trailer. It was never possible to be absolutely certain when so many children crowded onto the trailer. By now Neville was standing just behind him on the tractor. He was between the seat and the fender. Ken checked to see that Neville had firm footing and a good grip on the fender.

Ken hit the starter and the engine began to rumble. He dropped the tractor into gear, let out the clutch, and swung the tractor and trailer around on the apron to the airstrip. Then he headed back into Oombulgurri.

By now the passengers had climbed into the airplane. The pilot had closed the door and the engine of the plane sprung to life. He throttled up for a moment to gain to momentum. As he did so the plane spun around and began taxiing down the runway to prepare for takeoff.

During the journey in from the airstrip Tony and Lisa found their curiosity whetted. The luggage presented a mysterious challenge. They found themselves with a burning desire to discover what was in the bags. They sat down beside the bags in a sea of bodies standing on the floor of the trailer. The bodies were linked together in a web of arms. As the trailer lurched along the road back to Oombulgurri the sea of bodies undulated like waves breaking on the shoreline. This successfully camouflaged Tony and Lisa. They did a cursory investigation of the contents of Neville's luggage.

When the tractor entered the gate to the village Ken made an immediate left turn and swung by the Picture Garden on his right. The machine shed and yard was on his left. It had the appearance of a mechanical graveyard surrounded by a chain link fence. At the far end of the Picture Garden the road swung to the right. There at the west edge of the Picture Garden was the house in which the white staff were housed. He stopped the tractor and trailer. "This is where you will be staying," Ken said as he pointed to the caravan (camping trailer). The caravan sat between the staff house and the machine shed. It was difficult to see it because the wet season had produced a lush growth of vegetation which had surrounded the caravan. It appeared to be floating in a sea of grass. Neville dismounted and went for his luggage. As Neville dismounted the tractor the children, once again, fought over his luggage. They tugged and pulled at it. Each child was hoping to get exclusive right to the piece of luggage. He chose not to contradict the children. He kept his eye on the luggage and followed Ken through the grass to the entrance of the caravan. When he arrived at the caravan door he managed to get the luggage from them. Then he bade them goodbye, disappeared into the caravan, and closed the screen door.

Liza Footprint – The Theft

Once Neville was inside the caravan he dropped his luggage, sat down on the couch and was overcome with relief. He was suddenly aware that this homecoming was not as pleasant as he had originally anticipated. He was not prepared to be swarmed upon by the children. He could see no way to prevent them from mobbing him.

However that was behind him for the moment. As he sat in the caravan he became keenly aware of the irony of his situation. The Anglican Church was forced to give up the Mission in 1968. It had been entirely abandoned. Once abandoned, it had been pillaged. Neville was still stinging from the fact the the Mission had closed. He also deeply resented the group which had assisted the Aborigines in re-opening the village site. He was hyper-critical of the efforts they had made in assisting the Aborigines re-settle the village. And yet, he was now being hosted by the very group he resented.

The Mission closed the year that the nation of Australia gave the Aborigine the rights of citizenship. Those rights--the right to be counted in the census, the right to vote, the right to receive a minimum wage and unemployment, the right to health care, and the right to purchase alcohol--had been issued instantaneously by legislation. The rights caused a social upheaval and the Forrest River Mission was unable to withstand that upheaval.

All of the Aborigines from the Mission found themselves needing to function in an adult world, but with very little capacity to do so. They had been kept as children. The Mission staff had managed their life for them. They were, in fact, childlike. That, coupled with the fact that the majority of white Australians still regarded them to be sub-human, meant that they were victims of vicious segregation practices. It was a self-perpetuating cycle.

When the Mission closed the Aborigine community migrated. Some chose to live on the outskirts of white settlements. They moved to the outskirts of Wyndham, West Australia, the nearest town. As fringe dwellers they were hardly competent to manage their own health and welfare. Others migrated to smaller out-back settlements on the way to Derby, W.A., where they had extended family. The shanty town on the edge of Wyndham was squalor.

Once the Mission site was abandoned scavengers from the white population pillaged the village. Every bit of infrastructure--electrical power plant, wiring, water pump, pipe, boat dock--that could be pried loose was carried off. Neville still felt the sting of the loss. His church had lost the community of people, and subsequently the surrounding population had stolen the village infrastructure.

In the four years following the close of the Mission a few of the elders, in the group which had migrated to Wyndham, sought a way to return to the Mission site. With the help of the Department of Social Welfare they found an organization that would help them. The organization, the Institute of Cultural Affairs, provided a group of 8 to 10 staff members to assist the elders of the community in returning to the village site.

In conjunction with the Institute staff a small group of the Aborigine population made the decision to pool their Social Security benefits and use the capital to make their return. They also received some financial assistance from the Department of of Social Welfare and the Department of Aboriginal Affairs.

One of the first things they did was to recover their Aboriginal identity by naming the returning community, Oombulgurri. Over the course of the four years that followed that small group had re-established a viable village life in Oombulgurri. Because of that it was now possible for Neville to make his pilgrimage.

While Neville sat in the caravan considering the irony of his situation Tony and Lisa had returned to the Hall. They resumed their observation of the multiple card games that were in progress.

As Neville sat considering his next move there came a knock on the door. It was Jo. She was a member of the Institute staff. A preschool teacher, she was in charge of the preschool. Her blond hair was cut short. Her weathered skin shown a deep tan. There was no attempt on her part to nurture a tan. It was

caused by the brief but perpetual exposures to the equatorial sun. She wore her preschool uniform. It was a sleeveless,. ocher colored, denim dress. Her husband, Peter was in Wyndham loading the barge with freight for a trip from Wyndham to Oombulgurri. "Welcome to Oombulgurri" she said. "Thank you. It's good to be here. I was just getting ready to take a tour." Neville replied. Jo queried, "Will you take tea (the evening meal) with us?" "Yes, thanks", Neville responded. Jo continued, "Would you like to have me give you a tour?"

Neville flinched. He thought it presumptuous of her to think she could give him a tour. His church originally started this community 70 years ago. He had been familiar with this community since his childhood. She had come to live and work here in the last 3 years. Still, she was familiar with the current workings of the community. And he would have the opportunity to hear her account of the community as it had re-established itself.

Having thought it through quickly, he consented. "Sure thing," he replied. "Are you ready to go?", Jo asked. "Yes", he said. "Then let's go", she said. "Right you are.", was Neville's response. Jo turned and retraced her steps on the path to the caravan. When she reached the roadway she paused and waited for Neville. He glanced around the inside of the caravan, pushed his luggage out of the way, and departed the caravan. He stopped long enough to latch the screen door and shut the small screen-window which allowed access to the door latch.

When he joined her she began the tour. On her right she pointed to the Machinery Compound. "You can see that this is our machine shop now. The small building on the right has been there for a long time. What did it use to be?" "Neville was quick to respond. "That used to be a part of the elementary school." "Well, then it's changed a good deal." "Right-o", replied Neville.

She began walking west along the road bordering the chain-link fence which surrounded the Machinery Compound. On her left she pointed out the Picture Garden. It was surrounded by a rail fence about knee high with a single wooden railing. At the far end stood a 6' x 12' foot movie screen made of a plywood and painted white. "Here is the Picture Garden", she continued. "We have a standing order for a new movie every week". We're lucky if we get it. The mail is very erratic. Thursday evening is reserved for movies." She continued walking as she talked. When she reached the end of the Picture Garden she turned left and began walking down Boab Avenue.

Jo knew that she did not have to acquaint Neville with the village. The walk she had invited him to take was simply a way of formally welcoming him. She was acting as a representative of the Institute staff. And there had been substantial changes since Neville had concluded his last tour in the village as a school teacher. So the tour was a combination of a welcome and an update on the state of the village. As they walked south through the archway of the elephantine boab trees she pointed to a bunkhouse-like structure. It had cement walls and a corrugated iron roof and few windows. As she pointed it out she said, "Hilton Gore and his clan live there." At the south end of the Picture Garden a road turned and went west.. She pointed to the building adjacent to the Picture Garden. "That building serves as the Community Kitchen and the Office", she said. On the east edge of the village about 100 yards from Boab Avenue the jump-up loomed. It stood abruptly 250 to 300 feet high. It was where the Forrest River flood plain gave way to the Kimberly terrain. It provided a backdrop for, and dwarfed, a small stone and masonry building. Pointing to the building Jo said, "This is the Health Clinic. The Sister (nurse) who runs the clinic is on the Institute Staff. Regular clinic hours are a minor part of her work. She does a good deal of home visitation, and she

had a group of 10 to 12 women who have agreed to become health caretakers. She spends much of her time promoting preventive health practices.", Jo continued.

They continued down the avenue and passed a substantial building set up on cement foundation and fitted with numerous windows. Neville volunteered, "That used to be the Superintendent's house. What is it used for now?" Jo replied, "The elders live there; Frank and Barbara; Robert and Clara. They were the ones who initiated the effort to return to this site. They also know the language, the traditional arts and crafts, the customs and the skills for surviving in the bush country. Many of the next generation can understand but cannot speak the language. So, with the loss of the language goes the loss of the culture." Neville responded, "The Mission attempted to civilize the Aborigine. We used to keep the children in dorms away from their parents so that they wouldn't learn the culture and the language."

Jo did not respond to Neville's last comment. She pointed to the next building on the left. "That's the village store. Joanne, who's on the Institute staff, manages the store. She works with three women from the village. They work together as a team to do all the shelving, clerking, inventory control, and purchasing. They do their purchasing directly from Perth. They order it by the Seatainer. It is brought over by the village barge, The Daddaway. It is likely that the store will show a profit of $30,000 this year. That means that the village has become its own wholesaler and retailer. The profits will be used by the village for future projects. The first project will probably be improving the store building and expanding its inventory."

Jo turned to her left and surveyed the gathering in the Community Hall. "I suppose you know this used to be the girls dormitory?" "Yes," Neville admitted. "Well, it now serves a combination of purposes. There are some who claim this as their abode. They live here even though there is no personal space.

Jo was doing two things at once. She was exercising the Institute's role as host to all who visited Oombulgurri. She was also stalling for time before evening tea. So she decided to take Neville through the Hall and introduce him to the members of the village council who were scattered throughout the hall like jacks. She stopped at random near one card game and another.

More often than not the men were playing cards. Sometimes the women played. More often than not the women and children simply watched. There was an air of tension over the hall. Even though the stakes were building there was an overwhelming sense that it was only money. The money was a commodity that made this gala social event possible. It was a kind lottery dressed up in a social event. There would be several big winners and then the event would be over. And all would wait until the next unemployment check.so that the next lottery could be held.

Jo wove her way among the card games picking out one council member after another and formally announced the arrival of the distinguished visitor. It was ironic that this honored guest took second place to a village-wide card game. One by one she made the rounds. "Sam, Neville has arrived. "Hmmmn", was Sam's response as he continued concentrating on his card game. "John Selwyn, you know Neville don't you". "Mmhumm", was John Selwyn's rejoinder as he took his turn in adjoining card game. Thus it went until Jo had taken Neville past nine of the council members.

Tony and Lisa were in the hall observing the card games. They couldn't help but notice the casual reception the new visitor was getting. As far as Tony and Lisa knew he was a gudia like every other gudia. He had taken the land and the culture from the Aboriginal people. He had accumulated a wealth of objects with which he surrounded himself. Any gudia who set foot on the Oombulgurri village with his wealth of objects was fair game. They were entitled to any of the objects of wealth that they could relieve him of.

Jo wove her way out of the Hall and chose the path west past the ablution and the chicken house. "This ablution has been built for several reasons. It will surely cut down on the flies. The make shift outhouses that the individual families make are dilapidated, and the opening to the pit is seldom covered. It also provides concrete surface from which to access the water spigot. In the past the water spigots have not been well drained. Anyone wanting to get water had to stand in the mud to get it. You know that most of the villagers go barefoot. Since the hookworm larvae can only survive in moist soil, that means the villagers were perpetually at risk of getting hookworm. Hookworm usually doesn't kill anyone. It just gives them the appearance of being malnourished, and saps their energy."

She continued talking as they passed the chicken house. "We were told that it's too hot to raise chickens up here. We started with one chicken house and 100 chickens, and then expanded to another house and 200 chickens. The chickens provide both eggs and meat. So we've demonstrated that it is possible to raise chickens. The biggest task is finding a way to involve the villagers in the project. They are inveterate hunter-gatherers. They hate to see an animal of any kind in a pen. They also have an aversion to something as regular as chicken chores. So we've succeeded in doing the impossible, but we haven't succeeded in getting the villagers to come along." Neville's response was simple. "Things haven't changed. I'm beginning to suspect that these people are constitutionally hunter-gatherers. And that no amount of manipulation will change that.

Jo led Neville on east past the chicken yard. The road went past the elementary school and out of the village. The elementary school sat off the road on the right. The vegetation from the wet season towered over the boundaries of the yard. It had turned brown since the waning of the wet season.

A flagpole was clearly visible in the front yard. The building was built of stone and mortar. It had windows facing the road at waist level. There were two large classrooms separated by a breezeway, all covered with a corrugated iron roof. Each classroom served 3 classes. One room was grades 1-3 and the other grades 4-6. Neville remarked,"It looks much the same as it did when I taught here 10 years ago". Jo's response was, "Well, its a serviceable building."

Since Neville was thoroughly familiar with the school she chose to go on down the road to the pre-school. It was at the edge of the village. It seemed to disappear into the bush that surrounded the village. The building which housed the preschool was a 10 x 40 house trailer. Jo was the lead teacher for the preschool. "Here's the preschool", Jo said. "What ages do you have in preschool?" Neville asked? "We encourage every mother who would like break from constant child care to come." "Even infants?" queried Neville. "Yes, even infants", Jo responded. "That's jolly well too soon for preschool!", Neville exclaimed.

"We have the preschool for a number of reasons. To begin with I think that giving mothers a break in constant child care improves the quality of their care. In addition to that there are are at least 10 teenage mothers here. So the preschool involves the mothers in learning the basic elements of sound child care. We also have the Sister (nurse) visit the preschool regularly. She monitors the health of the children. She also has a curriculum that involves the mothers in practicing preventive health measures. We structure the overall curriculum so that every child practices basic motor skills and social skills every day. The curriculum also builds on a positive self image and a meaningful place in the world at large."

Jo glanced at her watch. "Let's head back to the house. It's getting close to tea time. "Right-o", said Neville. They turned and followed the road back into the village. Walking down the road was like walking in a giant sandbox. Jo was wearing thongs. The thongs sunk in the sand. The sand sifted in around the

edges of her thongs. Sometimes it cascaded over the front of her feet and down between her toes. Neville was wearing lace-up shoes. As he walked he inevitably kicked sand into his shoes.

When they reached the chicken house they took a fork in the road that angled north and west back to the office and the house where the Institute staff resided. In several minutes they had reached the office and the Institute house.

The building that the Institute staff lived in was similar in construction to the health clinic and the school. It was made of stone and mortar. The entrance way was protected by an overhang on the roof. It provided protection from wind, rain, and sun. There was a bottle tree (boab) next to the entrance which provided shade. Two well-made wooden doors without windows hung on the entrance. In the protection of the overhang was a bench. Neville sat down on the bench and emptied his shoes.

Jo had accomplished her mission. She had taken up the slack between Neville's arrival and tea time. Neville joined the Institute staff for tea (the evening meal).

It was 6 pm. Tony and Lisa were in the Hall witnessing the roulette of card games that had been taking place since noon. There was only so much card-game watching they could do. They had become disinterested in watching. They were also hungry. They drifted to Lisa's house and when they arrived they found some lukewarm tea in a billy sitting on a fire that had gone out. Lisa went inside the hut to see if there was anything more available to eat. Tony found two cups hanging on the side of the hut. Lisa grubbed around in the pantry and found a can of tin meat and a blunt knife. By the time she came back out Tony had poured them each a cup of tea. She handed the can and the knife to Tony and indicated with a nod that he was to open it. He stabbed the top of the can over and over again until he was able to pry the lid up. He took care not to cut himself on the ragged edges. Using the knife he scooped half of the tinned meat into Lisa's hand, and half into his own hand.

They ate in silence. When they had finished their tea and tin meat Lisa said, "Let's go to the gudia house." Tony nodded agreement and they instantly set off When they arrived they heard voices coming from within. There were no windows at the entrance of the house. They tip-toed around the edge of the building until they reached the point where they could see inside. Immediately visible was the 25 foot by 30 foot space that served as the dining room-living room-library. They peered around the corner over a stone and masonry wall about 30 inches high. From the wall to the ceiling there was a lattice of stock paneling. The paneling was meant to provide security within the building. However, it did nothing to stop the insects.

Dusk was setting in. There was still ample light outside. No one had started the village electrical generator. But it was beginning to grow dark inside. A storm lamp hung from one of the bare rafters. Ken got up from the table, lifted the glass, and lit the mantle. The light cast everything in sharp relief. Every object facing the lamp was bathed in white light. Everything else sat in an eclipse. As if from nowhere insects began to gravitate to the lamp. The circled round and round the lamp and often ended their flight on the table. Someone joked about the added protein for the meal. They continued oblivious to Tony and Lisa who were silently observing from just outside the window.

In the same way that the insects were involuntarily drawn to the light, Tony and Lisa found themselves involuntarily drawn to Neville's caravan, and the contents in his luggage. They left the gudia to their mealtime conversation. They retraced their steps to the entrance of the building and then made their way past the entrance to the caravan. The outside door had not been closed. There was no reason for it to be so. This was the dry season. There was no danger of rain. Only the screen door was closed. Lisa pulled the latch and the door swung open.

Lisa and Tony entered the caravan immediately. Their curiosity was burning. They wanted to know what the gudia had packed in his luggage. They came first to his brief case which was sitting on the small kitchen table just inside the door. Lisa released both snaps and opened the lid. An airline ticket lay on top of a pile of papers. Lisa was not sure how or why she would use an airline ticket, but she took it and stuck it in her back pocket. She rifled through the stack of papers and found it uninteresting.

Tony was standing behind her looking over her shoulder. She stepped to her left and simultaneously pushed the brief case to her right across the table top. She said nothing but her actions indicated that it was Tony's turn to inspect the brief case. He made a brief inspection of the pile of papers and concurred that there nothing of interest there. He then noticed the small folder that hung from the lid of the briefcase. Reaching into the pocket he pulled out a small battery-operated calculator. Electronic equipment intrigued Tony. He didn't know how to operate the calculator. But he knew that someone in the village would be able to teach him. He stuck the calculator in his shirt pocket. Then he carefully closed the briefcase and returned it to the spot where it had been when they entered the caravan.

Lisa turned and stooped to the duffel bag sitting directly in the hallway to the bedroom. She lifted it up to the seat in the kitchen booth. She unzipped the bag and plunged her hand into the contents. It was filled with clothes. However, her hand happened to touch something firm which had square corner. She grasped it and extracted it from within the clothes. A careful examination revealed that it was a transistor radio. It had 3 short wave bands and a conventional AM band. That was a prize worth finding. The radio was covered with a leather case which had a small wrist strap fixed to it. She slipped the loop of the strap over her wrist and stepped back. That was Tony's cue to conduct his own search of the duffel. He was not interested in clothes so he did not bother to pull any of the clothes from the bag. He simply ran his hand through the contents of the bag, feeling for anything solid that might be of interest. He found nothing. He stuffed the clothes which had been displaced back down into the bag. Then he zipped the bag shut and dropped it back in the hallway where they had found it.

They had been oblivious to their surroundings while they were carefully at work in the caravan. When they turned to exit the caravan they were aware that dusk had turned to darkness. They were slightly uncomfortable about being out after dark. But the village generator had just been started, and it provided light at regular intervals throughout the village. Even so, they desired to conduct their activity under the cover of darkness. As they departed they skirted the street lights, and stayed clear of the yard lights. They made their way back to Lisa's hut. When they arrived, they found that there was still no one home. They circled the hut and made their way to a boab tree that had a crevice in it. They stored their new-found treasures, one by one, in the safety of the boab tree.

Liza Footprint - Search

At precisely the same moment that Tony and Lisa were stashing their newly found acquisitions Neville had excused himself from the table and returned to the caravan. He entered the caravan and sat at the kitchenette table. He leaned over and pulled the duffel bag across the floor to him. He reached in to get his radio. He spent several minutes searching the bag and finally concluded that he had put it somewhere else. He scooted around the booth-like seat and pulled the briefcase toward him. He opened it and began a search for his airplane ticket. He wanted to confirm where he was putting it so that he would be able to find it immediately when he was ready to leave. It was nowhere to be found. He reached for his calculator in

the pocket on the briefcase lid found it missing. Three things in a row that had all gone missing since he went to tea. He thought it over carefully and decided that he had not misplaced them.

As far as he could tell there were no clues to indicate that he had been robbed. Only that three of his possessions were gone. He searched his mind once more to eliminate any possible miscalculation. It seemed unlikely to him that he would have been robbed. If he had thought there was danger of that he would have locked the caravan. However, once he was convinced that he had been robbed, he immediately returned to the Institute staff house. He found Russell at the kitchen sink doing the dishes. "I've been robbed, mate." he said in disbelief. "My transistor radio, airline ticket, and my calculator have all gone missing. I had them before I came to tea. And now they're gone. They want to be found!"

Russell stopped what he was doing. He turned from the sink, dried his hands. "I think we need to speak to the Council. And we'd better do it tonight while the issue is still fresh. I'll be with you as soon as I get my shirt and my flashlight" Russell pulled on a long sleeve shirt and grabbed his 6 volt flashlight. During the day the temperature had been 90 to 95 degrees Fahrenheit. As soon as the sun set the evening chilled to 60 degrees. He was fully capable of finding his way in the dark but there were dogs throughout the village that were fiercely territorial. One of the best ways to challenge a territorial dog was to shine a strong beam of light it's eyes.

As Russell and Neville left the Staff House Ken joined them. "Mind if I come along?" he asked. "No worries, mate" replied Neville. As soon as they made their exit they were surrounded by darkness. When inside the building, the constant drone of the diesel engine which was generating the villages electrical power seemed to fade into the background. But as soon as they entered the darkness it seemed to grow louder. As they passed the Office they heard the chatter of the flying foxes that were foraging for food in the evening. There were several hanging upside down from the radio-telephone antenna 35 feet above them. The Hall, where the roulette of card games was being played, was a distant island of light. Russell turned on his flashlight and they made their way for the Hall.

As they traveled the distance Russell heard a murmur travel through the Hall. "Gudia coming, Gudia coming." That made it clear that even though all the attention in the Hall seemed to be focused on the card games, someone was vigilant to what was happening in the village at large.

By the time Russell, Neville, and Ken reached the outskirts of the Hall the murmur, "Gudia coming, Gudia coming", had ceased. The Hall was constructed of metal poles with a corrugated iron roof. It had stock panel siding on three sides. So it was possible to observe everyone in the Hall as they approached. There was no evidence that the inhabitants of the Hall were aware of that they were about to have visitors. But there was no doubt on Russell's part that everyone in the Hall was aware that their arrival was eminent.

When the three of them entered the Hall there was no recognition of their arrival. The card games continued without interruption. Russell scanned the Hall and located Sam. Sam was the chairman of the village Council. He wove his way toward Sam, among the card games that were scattered at random across the Hall. Neville and Ken followed him. When they reached the spot where Sam sat they discovered that they had arrived in the middle of a game. They stopped and watched in silence. After a series of hands Hilda lay down her cards and announced that she had won. Sam and Eric objected that she had not played her cards properly. The argument was slowly resolved, the group acknowledged that Hilda had one, and she collected the kitty.

Sam was sitting cross-legged on a blanket on the cement floor of the Hall. He turned to Russell and asked, "What now?" Russell was brief. "Neville took tea with us. While we were having tea someone stole

his calculator, his radio, and his airplane ticket. I wonder if you can help us find out who did it and get his things returned?"

Sam looked up. His eyes sparkled. He looked from Russell to John Selwyn and gave an ever-so-slight twist of the chin. Sam was in a bind. Normally he would have shrugged the incident off. He would have said there was no way to find out who did it and let it go at that. Secretly he believed that the Gudia had more possessions than they needed. If someone in the village could relieve the Gudia of some of their excess, more power to them. It would usually pass unchallenged by the elders in the village.

But this was different. Neville was an honored guest. He had been through an initiation rite with some of the villagers. He was essentially a blood brother even though he was white. He had also been a school teacher here for several years just before the Forrest River Mission closed. So Sam had to find a way to recover Neville's possessions. Whoever had stolen the calculator, radio, and airplane ticket had miscalculated. The Council was obliged to see that these things were returned to Neville.

Russell had calculated that there were several things in Neville's favor. The first was that the village was land locked. In the daytime a journey out of the village on foot would take several days of hiking across rugged terrain. It certainly was impossible to escape at night time. The second was that all of the villagers feared the dark. Surely no one would try to leave the village in the dark of the night. Everyone would be looking for a way to stay within the light of the Hall, or the safety of a family shelter. No one would dare to go into the night without going in a group and carrying a large light. He also hoped that Neville's status as an honored guest would make it necessary for the Council to recover his property.

It took several minutes for Sam to finish the hand of cards he was playing. Norman won the hand and scooped up the pile of bills in the center of the circle. Sam attributed his losing to the fact that he lost his train of concentration due to the unwanted attention he was now getting. He turned and looked up at his visitors. As he did so every game in the hall came to a halt. Everyone wanted to know what could be important enough to warrant a nighttime visit of the gudea to the Hall. Except for the hum of the diesel engine generating electricity there was complete silence throughout the Hall.

"What now?", he queried. Russell explained, "Neville had tea with us. While he was visiting us someone entered his caravan and took his airplane ticket, his calculator and his radio. Without an airplane ticket he can't get out of here. And he would like to have his calculator and his radio back. How can we get them back?"

Sam grimaced but said nothing. He stroked his chin and glanced across the Hall to the place where his brother John Selwyn was seated at another card game. Sam gave an ever-so-imperceptable twist of his head, and slightly curled the left corner of his mouth. John Selwyn understood the request. He got to his feet slowly. His left leg had gone to sleep after sitting through a long series of card games. He hobbled toward Sam and the visiting gudea shaking the sleep out of his leg as he walked.

As John Selwyn approached, Sam got to his feet. He reached for a cigarette in his shirt pocket. He took out an empty cigarette packet, examined it to confirm that it was empty, screwed it up, and tossed it on the floor. Then he bent over and tapped Norman on the shoulder. Without a word Norman handed him a cigarette.

By the time Selwyn arrived Sam had lit his cigarette and was taking a reflective draw on it. As Sam exhaled he concentrated his gaze on Selwyn. The look seemed to communicate something, however it was not obvious to the visiting gudea what was being communicated.

Nodding his head at Neville, Sam reported "Gudea's things gone missing". Now it was Selwyn's turn to gaze. He concentrated his gaze on Neville as if to draw from Neville's countenance the rest of the story. After what seemed like an embarrassing length of silence, Selwyn looked at Sam. He jutted his chin out and pointed it toward the doorway of the Hall. Selwyn and Sam threaded their way through the Hall to the doorway. As they departed Russell, Neville, and Ken followed. It was not clear to them exactly what would happen next, but they assumed that they were welcome participants in the drama. The party of 5, Selwyn, Sam, Russell, Neville, and Ken acted like a Pied Piper. By the time they reached the Hall entrance another 25-30 people had fallen in behind them to join the expedition. Selwyn stopped near the doorway. He approached a card game and held his hand out. Instantly a woman in the circle of the players handed him a 6 volt flashlight. Sam waited while Selwyn tucked his shirt in and hitched up his pants. Then glancing over his shoulder and beckoning with his chin, Selwyn disappeared into the darkness. From the Hall the only thing visible was a beam of light which seemed to bounce and float along the path to the gudea house.

The procession down the path from the Hall to the Office took place in pitch darkness. The moon had been up briefly that evening but had gone down by 9:00 pm. Sam and Selwyn set out at a leisurely pace. They were in the lead and had the only flashlight. They were the only people who could see where they were going. The rest of the procession shuffled down the path through the sand in the dark. As the crowd processed it began to fan out around Sam and Selwyn so that they could see where they were going.

When they reached to location of the Office Selwyn stopped and spread his arms wide. Instantly the procession stopped. He said nothing but his message was clear. Everyone in the party was to remain behind him and Sam. He waited for a moment to be certain that everyone had the message. When he resumed his walk, he did so one deliberate step at a time with head bent and the flashlight focused on the ground directly in front of him. Slowly, he swept the ground with the beam of his flashlight. Before he took each step he had examined every inch of the ground within a four to 6 foot sweep in front of him. His search was rewarded. By the time he had reached the roadway which separated the Gudia House from the Office he found something. Once again he came to a complete halt and stretched his arms out to indicate to those behind him that they were to halt also. He carefully examined the sand directly in front of him.

Ken was curious. He crowded up behind Sam and peered over his shoulder at the sand in front of Selwyn. It looked as it always looked: like an endless sand pile. Ken saw nothing unusual. He was astonished when Selwyn pointed to a spot in front of him and said, **"There's a proper Lisa footprint."**

Up to now it had been unclear to Ken how Neville would ever recover his calculator, his radio, and his airplane ticket. The theft had been conducted with expertise. It had happened at dusk, while the rest of the village was preoccupied with the marathon card game in the Hall. There was an unspoken rule among the villagers that anything that could be lifted from a gudea was fair game. In the past this would have meant that there would be little or no attempt to identify the culprits. The only thing Neville had in his favor was that he was an honored guest. But that simply put the Council of the village in an awkward position. How could the culprits be found in the dead of night when the moon was in its first quarter? And if they were not identified immediately, how would there any chance of identifying them the next day? But suddenly it became clear to Ken how this drama would unfold.

Although the final outcome was not clear to Ken, it became clear that there would be a reckoning. In Western societies positive identification of a person is made by examining his or her fingerprints. In

Aboriginal society positive identification of a person is made by the footprint he or she leaves in the sand. Selwyn had announced undeniable proof-positive of one culprit.

The village of Oombulgurri was land locked. There were no roads public or private which led out of the village. In broad daylight the villagers frequently made forays on foot into the bush. Sometimes they stayed overnight but always with a blazing campfire. There was no one in the village who would attempt to leave the settlement and head cross country. Wyndham, the nearest town was 80 to 100 miles by foot because of the salt marsh that extended from the Cambridge Gulf. It was so treacherous that no one ever attempted it. And, as far as the villagers were concerned, the night was filled with spirits: some friendly and some not so friendly. Because of the difficulty of the journey, and the pitch black of the night, it was not likely that anyone would try to escape under the cover of darkness.

So there was no way for Liza to escape. All was known. It was public knowledge that she was the culprit. So now she was accountable for her actions before the whole village. Now it was just a matter of cornering her and retrieving the stolen objects. And precisely because all was known, Liza herself must have been realizing that she had been identified and the hunt was on.

The whole troop had become immobilized. They stood transfixed at the information they had just received. As they stood random conversation sprang up. There were so many conversations that Ken could not catch the drift of any one of them. He noted to himself how much it resembled the chicken house when the hens start to lay eggs. Ken was a man who got things done. When he was assigned to keep the village water pump working he did what he had to do to keep it going. At the moment he was full of curiosity. Now that Liza was identified she would have to be given a way to save face. How could they do that? He was eager to see what strategy the Council Members would employ. But for the time being he would have to wait.

Neville had been walking next to Ken. He nudged Ken and asked, "What's happening? Why aren't they doing something?" "I don't know. I can't tell what's going on", replied Ken. But at the same time he wondered about Neville's sensitivity. Apparently Neville didn't realize that however the rest of the evening unfolded, Lisa would have to be given the chance to save face. Neville continued with his line of questioning, "Now that they know it's Lisa why they don't find her and get my things? She surely isn't going to leave the village tonight."

Before Ken had a chance to answer Neville's question Selwyn and Sam pressed on toward the caravan. They resumed their slow methodical step-by-step investigation of the sand. Within three more steps Sam came to a halt and spread his arms to indicate to the procession behind that they were to stop. He pointed to the ground and said, "There's a Tony footprint."

Ken pressed up over Sam's shoulder to see what Sam was looking at. Ken saw nothing conclusive in the sand. This time there was little hesitation. Sam and Selwyn proceeded directly to the caravan.

6 THE TOURS

When Sam and Selwyn reached the caravan they found the outside door open and latched to the outside. The screen door was pulled shut. They examined the ground around the doorway. Then they pushed the screen door opened and swept the interior of the caravan with the beam of the flashlight. The cursory investigation yielded nothing. They retreated to the roadway, pushing the crowd which had gathered behind them back ahead of them. Once on the roadway, they crossed, stepped over the rail fence which was knee-high, and entered the Picture Garden.

Then a series of apparently unrelated conversations spontaneously began. Sam and Selwyn were not talking with each other. Each was in a small group of his own. There were other groups of three to five people carrying on subdued conversation.

Ken, Russell, and Neville had followed Sam and Selwyn into the Picture Garden. They observed what they would have described as "time out". They were not entirely certain what was happening. And they did not know if it would be proper for them to join one of the groups of villagers. As a result of their indecision they stood together. Once again Neville opened the conversation. "What do you think they're going to do?" "I think its best to wait here and find out what happens next." replied Russell. "How can they find them this way?" queried Neville. "I don't know", replied Ken, but they don't have to worry about them going anywhere. I wouldn't want to be in their shoes. Well, that's only a manner of speaking. They don't wear shoes. But what I mean is its the dark of night, the Council had committed itself to finding them, the hunt is on, and they're trapped in the village. There isn't any way they can escape."

Briefly Sam and Selwyn left their respective groups and joined each other. The continued on across the Picture Garden to Gores' camp. It was a rock and mortar building with four large rooms adjoining each other and all opening on a common veranda which faced south. When the reached the roadway adjoining Gore's camp they turned and headed north on Boab Avenue. They trudged through the loose sand of the roadway past the electrical generator and KITCO, the village store. Once past KITCO they veered off Boab Avenue to their right. When they reached the outskirts of Tony's building they stopped and shouted, "Hoy". After a moment there was a response from one of the rooms in the building. Sam called out, "Is Tony there?" The diesel engine running the electrical generator was still running. The generator stood behind KITCO and slightly north of Tony's house. What might have been silence was filled with the steady hum of the diesel engine generating electricity. The crowd waited, mute. There seemed to be a length of time which a visitor was expected to wait. After that time had expired there was a voice from the building. "No, he's not here."

Without hesitation Sam and Selwyn set off down Boab Avenue until they found a footpath across the village to Trevor and Judy's camp, where Lisa was staying. There was no hesitation on the part of the crowd. They followed faithfully. This was a drama which all present wanted to see to a conclusion. When they reached the outskirts of Trevor and Judy's camp they paused. Once again Sam shouted, "Hoy". Once again he waited for a response from the camp. In due time there was a response and Sam returned with the question, "Is Lisa there?" After an appropriate pause the response came back, "No".

Apparently thwarted in their first attempt to find the culprits Sam and Selwyn followed the road full circle around the village and returned to the Picture Garden. The crowd followed like sheep. When they reached the Picture Garden the group dissolved into small groups and began conversing.

Russell, Ken, and Neville were bewildered. The Sam and Selwyn had identified the culprits. They had conducted a tour around the village and failed to find them. When the returned full circle to the Picture Garden they did not seem to be worried. They did not even seem to be concerned about finding the culprits. Now the entire group was standing in small clusters of two or three people. Some were talking. Some were silent. There was no rhyme or reason to what was now happening in the Picture Garden. Neville approached Sam, "What now?" he asked.

Sam fumbled in his shirt pocket for a cigarette. He remembered that he had run out and tapped Selwyn on the shoulder. Selwyn, who was wearing a T-shirt reached up and unfolded his left sleeve. From his sleeve he took a crumpled packet of Drum smoking tobacco. He handed the packet to Sam. Sam

deliberately took his time. He opened the packet and took out a cigarette paper. With his thumb, index finger and middle finger he held one end of the paper making a cradle out of the paper. He carefully transferred some pencil-shaped strands of tobacco from the packet to the cradle. When he had filled the cradle he held the paper and tobacco with one hand and folded up the packet and returned it to Selwyn with the other. By now he had apparently considered what to say. "Tony and Lisa gone missing," he responded. Then he promptly took the other end of the paper with the other hand. He began rolling the paper back and forth in his fingers, shaping the tobacco into a cigarette. When he was satisfied with its shape he lifted the paper to his mouth, gave it a lick with his tongue, and sealed it. He chose one end to put in his mouth, and pinched off the tobacco that was hanging out of the end of the cigarette. Then he promptly put it in his mouth and produced a Bic lighter from his pants pocket. When he lit the cigarette, the loose strands which had been hanging out the end flared and fell to the ground like a shooting star.

Russell and Ken had been assessing their situation. It became clear to them that they would discover nothing further if they remained in a group by themselves. When that realization came to them they went in different directions. Each one joined another group. In each case as soon as a gudia joined the group it became silent. Both Ken and Russell were accustomed to this kind of environment. They too adopted a stance of quietude and waited.

Neville remained with Sam and Selwyn. After Sam had taken several drags on his cigarette he indicated that he wanted to look at the caravan once again. He and Selwyn made their way across the Picture Garden, stepped over the log-rail fence, crossed the road and followed the short path to the caravan. When they reached the caravan they opened the screen door and beamed the flashlight into the kitchen area. The spotlight rested on the table. There, in plain sight on the table, was the pocket calculator which had gone missing earlier in the evening.

Neville had followed Sam and Selwyn back to the caravan. When they shone their flashlight into the caravan and discovered the calculator Sam said, "There, that one his!" Neville was directly behind Sam, but he could not see into the caravan. He crowded up behind and pushed himself between Sam and Selwyn so that he could see in through the doorway. Once he saw the calculator he pushed on through, opened the screen door and entered the caravan. He examined it carefully. Then he turned to Sam and Selwyn who were waiting for confirmation. "Yes," he said, "its mine."

Sam and Selwyn turned and made their way to the Picture Garden, leaving Neville in the dark. He put the calculator in his shirt pocket and quickly exited the caravan following them back across the road. When he reached the Picture Garden he discovered that the news had traveled quickly. A hum distinct from the hum of the diesel generator was discernable. It came from the clusters of people standing in the Picture Garden who were now sharing the news that the calculator had appeared. Neville lost Sam and Selwyn. He strode to the middle of the Picture Garden and stood searching for Sam and Selwyn. He discovered them and the far edge of the Picture Garden near the picture screen. He wove his way through the groups until he reached Sam and Selwyn. "What now?" he asked when he reached them.

He had interrupted a conversation Sam was having with Selwyn. Sam broke off the conversation and faced Neville. One half a minute went by as Sam stood examining Neville. Selwyn was still facing off toward the Gore's camp. Finally Selwyn broke the silence. He swung his left arm in the direction of the rest of the village. "We find him." Sam nodded and motioned to Neville. Then he turned on his heel and joined Selwyn who had already begun to repeat the journey which they had made at the outset of the search.

As soon as Sam and Selwyn set out Neville followed. And soon as the rest of the group saw them set out, they fell in behind and began to repeat procession around the village. When they reached Tony's house they repeated the ritual they had enacted on the first trip. They stopped at the perimeter of the yard, announced their presence. "Hoy." said Sam. There was a customary period of waiting. Finally there was a response from within the hut. "Hoy". Sam then repeated the question which he had asked the first time they had visited earlier in the evening. "Tony there?" Once again there was a period of waiting. Eventually there was a response from the hut. "No, he gone."

Sam and Selwyn exchanged a look. Then Sam pointed with his chin in the direction of Lisa's hut. Sam and Selwyn set out for Liza's hut. Neville and the rest of the group continued the procession.

When Sam and Selwyn reached the outskirts of the camp where Liza was staying they stopped. Sam gave the customary announcement that he was visiting, "Hoy". There was no indication of impatience. They waited silently in the darkness until they heard a response from the hut, "Hoy". Sam then put the question, "Liza there?" There was a period of silence and once again there was a response from the hut, "No, he gone."

Sam and Selwyn exchanged another look. Then Sam pointed with his chin in the direction of the Picture Garden. Sam and Selwyn began the journey full circle which brought the group back to the Picture Garden. They went directly to the caravan. Neville had been following Sam and Selwyn and had given up carrying on conversation. He simply observed and made what he regarded to be appropriate responses. When he saw Sam and Selwyn head for the caravan he quickened his step. He reached the door to the caravan on the heels of Sam and Selwyn. They had already opened the door and shown the flashlight into the kitchen. Neville peered over Sam's shoulder. There on the table was the portable radio!

It was now 10:45 pm. Since the theft at dusk the elders had succeeded in identifying the culprits and recovering two of the three items that had been stolen. The culprits however, remained at bay. Sam and Selwyn waited for Neville to enter the caravan and confirm that the radio was his. Neville entered the caravan, picked up the radio, and turned it on. With a tinny crackle the ABC came over the tiny speaker. He nodded, turned it off, and placed it on the table.

Sam and Selwyn turned and made their way back to the Picture Garden. Already the news of the recovery of the radio had reached the crowd which had gathered there. Once again there were a random scattering of small groups throughout the Picture Garden. Sam and Selwyn joined one of them which had two other members of the Village Council. They began consulting with each other

By the time Neville returned to the Picture Garden he saw Sam and Selwyn engrossed in conversation. He chose to join Ken and Russell who were standing by themselves at the edge of the Picture Garden near the Office. "Well, we've found two of the three things that have been stolen.", reported Neville. Ken nodded. Russell added,

"M-humm. What now?"

Neville surveyed the Picture Garden to see what Sam and Selwyn were doing. They were still engrossed in a conversation. "Good question. I guess we wait and see." "Yes," said Ken, "that's what we normally do!" "I would like to see them find Tony and Lisa.", said Neville. "Yes," Ken responded, "but that is almost impossible at night. There's no way to tell where they are. Besides, I think the people of the village know exactly where they are. They don't want to find them. They simply want to recover your belongings and save face with you." "Well, that's what it looks like.", said Neville.

Russell had been listening to the conversation. But he had also been watching the rest of the people in the Picture Garden. He noticed that Sam and Selwyn were headed back to the caravan. "You see what Sam and Selwyn are doing?", queried Russell. "They're headed back to the caravan. Maybe they think something else has re-appeared." Neville left Ken and Russell and headed across the Picture Garden for the caravan. Sam and Selwyn reached the caravan before Neville. They opened the screen door and did an thorough examination of the entry way. Then they scanned the kitchenette area. They discovered that nothing else had re-appeared. By that time Neville arrived at the caravan. "Nothing." said Sam. "Nothing more tonight. We look in the morning." "But my airline ticket.", protested Neville. "That's the most important thing I lost." Sam shrugged and extended his lower lip slightly. He repeated, "We look in the morning."

He and Selwyn made their way back to the Picture Garden and spread the word that the search was off for the evening. The crowd broke up. Small groups of people returned to the Hall. When they gathered back at the Hall the card games renewed in earnest. There was a village consensus that the electrical generator be left on because of the card game. That meant that the diesel engine would run out of fuel some time during the night and the engine would have to be primed again before it would start. Some time after midnight the engine sputtered. That was a sign that the lights would go out soon. The card games broke up. People scattered and hurried for their huts. The diesel engine increased in RPM briefly and then quit. Except for the occasional flashlight beam cutting through the night, there was total darkness.

No one announced that the search for the culprits was called off for the evening. The crowd simply dissolved. When that happened Ken and Russell made their way across the Picture Garden toward their house. Neville followed them to the rail fence. They reached the knee-high split rail fence simultaneously. Each took a scissor step over the fence and paused in the roadway. Ken felt the need to fill the silence. "You're welcome to join us for breakfast, you know." "Right you are.", replied Neville. "When do you have breakfast?" "We'll have breakfast at 7 am. Some of the staff will be over at the community kitchen serving breakfast, but I you'll probably want to join us at our house." "Jolly good!" exclaimed Neville. "See you in the morning."

Neville turned and groped his way to the caravan. He had no flashlight. Once, he got off from the path and found himself in cane grass that was above his head. He backed up until he re-discovered the trail and carefully made his way to the caravan. Once in the caravan he turned on the lights, went to his luggage and got out his flashlight. He quickly prepared for bed and was sound asleep before the generator ran out of fuel.

Ken and Russell knew their way back to the house with their eyes closed. And there were lights on in the building so they were able to make their way toward the front door by guessing its relationship to the beam of light stretching out the south window of the house into the night. Once inside they were quick to prepare for bed. It had been 85 degrees F in the late afternoon. It was cloudless. As soon as the sun had gone down a gentle breeze began blowing from the south. By now the breeze was brisk. The temperature had dropped to 55 degrees F. The combination of the 35-degree temperature drop and the breeze made the environment bone-chilling. To add to the chill, the 5' by 12' picture window on the south side of the house consisted of a single cattle panel. So it was as chilly inside the house as it was outside. Someone on the staff had brought in a burner and placed in the middle of the dining room floor. The burner consisted of a 55- gallon drum split in half from top to bottom. There was a fire which had turned to coals. Russell said "Good night." and went right to his room. Everyone else on the staff had gone to bed. Ken went to the

center of the room and examined the fire. There were several bricks wedged under the edge of the barrel to keep it from rocking back and forth. He grabbed a chair from the dining room area and sat down next to the fire. He stretched his hands out over the coals and warmed his hands. He gazed into the fire but his eyes did not focus. He looked through the fire. For a period of 5 minutes or so he was transported to some place in another world. He tried to process the experience he had just had this evening. There was nothing in his experience which matched it. The fire was nearly out. The chill of the wind finally brought him back to the immediacy of the dining-room/living-room area of the staff house. Suddenly he realized that he needed to get to bed. It was cold. And soon the lights would go out.

7 NEXT MORNING

The following morning Neville joined the rest of the gudia in the staff house for breakfast. The sun was breaking the bonds of the horizon when he arrived. Ken, Judy, Russell and Barbara had gone before dawn to prepare breakfast at the Community Kitchen. By prior agreement everyone who resided in the village of Oombulgurri contributed to the community breakfast fund. The fund made it possible to provide hot porridge and milk every morning at the Community Kitchen. The men and teenagers almost never frequented the Kitchen. It was designed to be for everyone but the women and children were those who attended most regularly. There were some who were virtually indigent. There were some who had husbands or partners who suffered the double addiction to gambling and alcoholism. In either case the women and children were made victims of innocent suffering. And the Community Kitchen was designed in order to anticipate and alleviate this suffering. Among those who attended there was little ownership of the institution. It was difficult to keep the floors and the tables clean. The room was 25 feet long and 15 feet wide. The ceiling was 9 foot high. The wall from the 4 foot level to the ceiling was covered with a combination of hardware cloth and fly screen. But there were invariably cracks in the wall, the doorways and the screen so flies were omnipresent.

Aside from Neville, there was no one at the table in the staff house who had witnessed the drama of the previous evening. The topic of conversation was quickly established. All of those around the table wanted to know what had happened the evening before. So Neville rehearsed the events of the previous evening--He had visited them for tea (supper) the evening before. While he was lingering at the staff house someone had stolen his pocket calculator, his transistor radio, and his airline ticket. Russell had decided that it would be best to confront Sam, the Chairman of the Oombulgurri Council, with the fact immediately. They found Sam in the Hall and related the incident to him. Sam and his brother Selwyn made a trip to the caravan to investigate the scene of the crime. Even before they reached the caravan they had identified the culprits by their footprints. The two identified were Tony and Lisa, both teenagers. After examining the caravan, from which the articles had been stolen they congregated nearby in the Picture Garden. Eventually what seemed like a spontaneous a village-wide search began. The tour circled the village. It stopped at the outskirts of the residences where Tony and Lisa might have been hiding. From the outskirts of the residence Sam had announced his presence. When he was acknowledged he inquired through the darkness if Tony or Lisa were there. He consistently received a negative answer. The tour continued around the village full circle to the Picture Garden. Sam and Selwyn went to the caravan once again to examine the scene of the crime. After the first tour of the village the calculator had reappeared. The tour was repeated. After the second tour the transistor radio appeared. After another gathering in the Picture Garden Sam and Selwyn returned to the caravan but found nothing. The search was then called off for the evening.

As Neville was finishing breakfast Barbara came back from the Community Kitchen. Neville inquired, "Is Russell around?". "He's finishing up at the Community Kitchen.", responded Barbara. Neville had seen no trace of his airplane ticket since the theft last night. At the moment he was not very concerned about the pocket calculator or the transistor radio that had been returned last night. If he had had to choose he would have sacrifice both of them for the airplane ticket. It was a long walk from Wyndham, West Australia to Perth, West Australia: approximately 1800 miles. And he wasn't prepared to purchase another ticket. He thought it best to check with Russell and together the two of them would check again with Sam and Selwyn.

Neville left the staff house and headed for the Community Kitchen to find Russell. He paused as he crossed the pathway from the Community Hall to his caravan and examined the sand. There were myriad impressions of footsteps in the sand. Neville was able to discern that some were wearing thongs, some were wearing sneakers, and some were barefoot. However, he was not able to fathom the possibility of making positive identification of any one person by examining the story left in the sand. He comforted himself with the thought that his inability to make positive identification of any one track was probably due to the fact that there had been so many people walking over this particular path the night before. He continued his way to the Community Kitchen. When he arrived he found Russell in the dining area wiping down the tables and Ken washing. pots and bowls in the kitchen. As he entered he offered, "Cheerio". "Good morning", responded Russell. Ken had not heard Neville's greeting over the banging of pots and bowls, but he waved a acknowledgement from the kitchen.

Neville began, "My plane ticket hasn't turned up yet. What do we do next?" "I reckon we go down and talk to Sam.", responded Russell. "Give me a little time to finish up here and we'll go down and find him. He's probably in bed sleeping off his all-night stand at the card games."

Neville waited while Russell finished wiping down the tables and swept the floor. While he was sweeping the floor, Ken finished banging around in the kitchen. He had washed all of the utensils, and drained and washed the sink. He entered the dining area. "Good morning," Ken offered. "Right you are.", responded Neville. Neville volunteered, "My ticket still hasn't turned up. Russell and I are going down to talk with Sam about it as soon Russell finishes up here. "Yup", said Ken. "I hope you find it." "I do too.", was Neville's response "Well, I'll check with you later. I'd probably better get another barrel of diesel hooked up to the generator and bleed the fuel lines so it will start again this evening. And today is my day to take a trip over the jump-up to Jandungi. I need to take another barrel of fuel to the water pump over there and do routine maintenance. As Ken left Russell stashed the broom and said, "Let's go." The exited the Community Kitchen. Russell slipped the padlock through the hasp and they headed down Boab Avenue to Sam's hut.

Neville and Russell left the Community Kitchen. The 20 steps it took them to reach Boab Avenue were hard work. The sand was soft. Once on Boab Avenue they went directly to Sam's hut. The roadway was firmer. On their right they passed the house which was long since the residence of the Superintendent of the Forrest River Mission. It was different from any other edifice in the village. It was a house and not a hut of some kind. In place of stock paneling it had openings of normal size for window lights . The window glass had long since been broken. The frames were gone. They had probably been used for firewood.

Robert Roberts (obviously his Anglicized name) was sitting cross legged in front of the coals of a fire that had once boiled a billy of tea. Clara, his wife, was rinsing the billy. Frank was sitting cross legged

also. He had finished several cups of sugar-sweet-powdered-whole-milk tea, and was resuming the job of carving a design on the outer shell of a Boab nut. His wife was nowhere in sight. Robert smiled and waved. Frank did not bother to look up. He was totally engrossed in his work. These four and three to four others in the village were the only people who were fluent in their own language. The next generation understood the language when it was spoken, but they did not enough of a command of the language to use it conversationally.

Robert and his wife and Frank and his wife were elders in the village and commanded special respect. The house could have accommodated far more than four people, but it was reserved for the elders. The village consensus that they reside in the house was evidence that the all showed special respect for them.

Robert had been the prime mover in the migration from fringe dwelling in Wyndham back to their land: the village of Oombulgurri. He had been a minority and brought only a few of his people at the outset. Originally those who chose to return to the land agreed to pool their social security benefits and use that pool as the economic leverage they needed to re-establish the village. Within a year the idea caught on and the village grew to a size of approximately 200 people. In its growing pains the village lost sight of the Robert's original vision. As the village grew in size a Council was formed. It was comprised by the next generation. They quickly agreed to dissolve the cooperative use of their financial resources. Now every individual received his or her benefits with no consideration for the overall well being of the village.

Neville and Russell returned the smile, waved and offered a "Goodday mate." in unison. The continued their journey down Boab Avenue past KITCO. It was too early for the store to open. But there were several children hanging on the poles that held up the store awning. They stopped their play on the poles long

enough to smile and wave a greeting. Once again Neville and Russel offered a "Goooday mate". and continued on their way. On the other side of the store they left Boab Avenue and made their way to Sam's hut.

Stella was working over a campfire making breakfast. She did not stop what she was doing until the two visitors halted at the outskirts of their camp and shouted, "Hoy." She acknowledged their presence by returning the greeting, "Hoy."

In a very short time Stella left what she was doing at the campfire and disappeared through the doorway of the hut. As they stood in wait, Russell drew scrolls in the sand with his toe. Neville began observing what was going on around him in the village. Across the way in the Morgan camp Doris was throwing what appeared to be the morning dishwater out the front door. When she saw Neville looking her way she smiled a toothless grin and waved. Neville waved in return. The Morgans were elders also, but they had chosen to reside in a stone building rather than live with Robert and Frank in the house of the former Superintendent. The Morgan's house was made of stone and mortar. The roof was covered with corrugated iron. It was basically sound, but it did have some leaks. The building had openings for window lights, but there was no trace of glass or window frame.

Neville's attention was drawn to KITCO. The porch patio and doorway was behind him. He made a 180 degree turn. Five or six additional children had joined the children who had been playing on the porch. Enid was opening the front door. There was a loosely build line of adults directly behind her. Enid surveyed the line and apparently re-thought her intention to open the store. She removed the key from the lock before she had opened it and walked across the porch to Stella's house. When she reached the

boundary of Stella's yard she stopped. Stella, as if had been aware that Enid was waiting, emerged from the door and beckoned Enid to approach the fire. Stella announced to Neville and Russell, "He's coming." Enid and Stella exchanged some communication but it was not audible to.Neville and Russell. Stella disappeared once again into the hut and Enid stood next to the fireplace, stretching her hands out to warm them on the remains of the coals. When Stella returned she and Enid went to KITCO. Once again Enid put the key in the lock. She opened it, returned the lock to the hasp, and locked it once more. She and Stella entered the store,followed by a line of 5 adults and 8 children.

By now Russell had surrounded himself with scrolls in the sand, and Neville had observed everything that was in motion around him. Finally Sam appeared in the doorway.. "Gooday", he croaked. His hair was dishevelled. His clothes were rumpled. He appeared to have slept in them. Neville and Russell returned the greeting. He excused himself and disappeared behind the hut. Within a minute and one-half he returned. He approached Russell and Neville. Sam knew that Russell smoked an occasional cigarette. He put his right hand to his mouth with his fingers spread and a look of questioning on his face. "Nope", said Russell. Russell had not been able to quit entirely, but at the moment he was without tobacco. Sam was certain that Neville didn't smoke. So he walked right on past them beckoning them to follow as he went. He went to the store. He had not had an opportunity to purchase cigarettes since he ran out last night. He did not mind smoking other people's cigarettes, but it would take too long to find someone else with cigarettes right now. So he was going to purchase a packett at KITCO.

Sam strode past Russell and Neville with his head down and his shoulders bent.as if he were pulling load on the ground behind him from a shoulder harness. As if to accentuate the gravity of the load his head bobbed from side to side as he walked. There, however, was no such load visible. Sam crossed the patio and disappeared into the store. Neville was not interested in shopping. But after a short pause he followed Sam to the doorway, where he stopped and looked in. Seven feet in front of him, partially blocking access to the doorway was the cashier's counter. Enid was at the counter. Sam had purchased two packets of readymade cigarettes and two boxes of Redhead matches. Enid was busy writing up his charge slip. Sam had already opened the packet, lighted a cigarette, and was taking a long drag on it. He paused long enough to watch Enid fill out the charge and then turned and exited the store. By now Russell had abandoned his sandscrolls and was standing on the patio surveying the traffic that was going up and down Boab Avenue. As he came out of the store Neville stepped back. Sam stopped, took another drag on his cigarette and inhaled deeply. "What now?" he rasped, exhaling smoke through his vocal cords as he spoke. Russell turned and joined Sam and Neville. "Well mate", replied Neville, "my airline ticket is still missing. Sam stood silent. He looked into Neville's eyes while he took still another drag on his cigarette. In a moment he shifted his gaze to Russell, exhaling as he did so. "Let's look." said Sam. He motioned to the Hall which was diagonally across Boab Avenue from the store. As he began walking in that direction he continued, "We'll get Selwyn to go with us."

The Hall had been the scene of the non-stop village-wide card game late into the night. The rubbish that was strewn at random over the floor was testimony to last night's event. Sam led them to the back of the Hall over empty soft drink cans, candy bar wrappers, small plastic bags, Styrofoam cups, empty cans, brown paper bags, and several large garbage bags. There, in a corner at the back of the Hall, Selwyn, his wife Sheila and their son Reggie made their home. Each had a suitcase nearby for his or her personal belongings. Sheila and Reggie had not decided that there was anything worth getting up for. They were still in their bedrolls. Selwyn had risen when he heard Neville and Russell arrive at Sam's hut. He had

rolled his bedroll and stuffed it in the corner next to his suitcase. It appeared that the first act of the morning was identical to that of Sam's. He, however, had rolled his own cigarette.

Selwyn was dressed in jeans and a singlet. He looked steadily at them when they arrived. However, only one of his eyes looked straight at them. The other eye looked up and out to his right. With it, he appeared to be looking out over Neville's left shoulder. It unnerved Neville. And for that reason it took him some time to regain his composure.

"What now?" queried Selwyn, with his roll-your-own cigarette hanging out of the left side of his mouth. The cigarette stuck to his lips and did a little dance as he spoke.

Neville repeated the information which he had given to Sam earlier, "Well mate, my airline ticket is still missing." Selwyn and Sam were both smoking cigarettes. The only movement that Neville was aware of was associated with smoking cigarettes.

Both Selwyn and Sam stood like statues. Except, they were statues that were smoking. They exchanged glances, and in that exchange something was communicated at a non-verbal level. It would have been imperceptible to a newcomer, but Russell had discovered that there was an enormous amount of information encoded in those silent glances. He had become accustomed to wait out the silence to discover what had been decided as a result of the communication.

After a long pause Selwyn offered, "Let's see." He gestured toward the Picture Garden and the caravan where Neville was staying. "Right-o", responded Neville. When they exited the Hall they made a right turn and headed down the path from KITCO to the Office and Picture Garden. It was the same path they had followed the night before when they first set out to investigate the theft.

Neville was the first to break the silence. He was not only interested to see that his belongings were returned. He was also interested in seeing what he regarded as "justice" be done in this case. "Do you have any word about the whereabouts of Tony and Lisa?" Both Sam and Selwyn plead ignorance. They grunted "Uhnnn", and shook their head, "No." "What can you do to find them?", Neville queried. "I dunno", Sam volunteered. "Don't you think you should find them, and punish them?" Neville continued. Selwyn remained silent. Sam grunted what seemed like a begrudging, "Uh-huh."

By the time they had arrived at the caravan Neville began to realize that it was doubtful that he would receive anything that he regarded as "justice". Sam and Selwyn had no resolve to find the culprits. They followed the road to the path to the caravan. When they reached the path Neville led the way to the caravan door. They followed in single file. Russell waited at the roadside. Neville reached the door of the caravan, opened it, and stepped aside. Sam and Selwyn stepped up into the caravan and examined the inside of the caravan once again. There on the dinette table was the transistor radio and the pocket calculator. They scanned the remainder of the inside of the caravan. Seeing nothing of importance, they turned to make their exit. As Sam came through the doorway his eye rested on the brush which bordered the path to the caravan. There, perched in the brush opposite the caravan doorway, was a ticket folder with a TRANSAIR title on it

Sam directed everyone's attention to the bush with a nod of his head. Neville, who had been watching Sam and Selwyn conduct their inspection turned and looked in the direction Sam had motioned. Immediately he saw the folder. He plucked it out of the bushes. He opened it. There in the ticket folder was his complete return fare ticket.

The ticket was the last of the three items that had been stolen. The first two items had mysteriously re-appeared in the caravan during the search last night. This morning the third item, the airline ticket had mysteriously re-appeared on the bushes.

It was clear that Sam and Selwyn regarded the matter settled. "Goodday mate", they offered as they turned and ambled down the path back to the KITCO patio. There, on the patio, they would join an informal village gathering which already in session. They would relay to those gathered that the village of Oombulgurri had saved face with its honored visitor. His belongings had been returned

CHAPTER 7: MILL SHOALS, PACE, MEMPHIS

Mill Shoals, Illinois – 1979

When we returned from Australia we visited our families and readjusted ourselves to life in the United States. Soon we moved to Mill Shoals to help close that Human Development Project. This small country town had accomplished the goals they earlier had set out for themselves, so planning a big celebration was in order. I joined the voluntary fire department to quickly become part of the town. The trouble was I accidently started the only fire in town that year. Jay and Heidi spent the summer with us and helped tear down an old barn near town. Our pay was to collect all of the barn wood we wanted. Jay was especially delighted to be able to make picture frames to sell. As I cleaned up the waste wood pile and set it alit, the surrounding grass and weeds quickly caught fire. I was the first one of my fire-fighting crew on the scene!

Pace, Mississippi – 1980

I guess that my colleagues in Chicago thought our team did a good job of closing the Mill Shoals project because they sent us to the Delta Pace project to do the same thing. A community park had been built in the middle of town and the Delta Pace Preschool was established. Since Lin and I had never lived in the Deep South, this was a whole new learning experience for us. However, the tried and true community development skills I had learned pulled me through when meeting with community leaders to plan the celebration.

BIKE RIDE FROM ST. LOUIS TO MEMPHIS

It was presumed that Academy staff would not have time for physical exercise, but I packed my bike so I could take it with me when I left Memphis for 8 weeks I put it on the train in Memphis, and got a taxi to stuff it in the trunk when I got to Chicago. The Academy was mostly sitting at tables and discussing. I scheduled every block of discontinuous time for riding. I could ride up and down the lake shore which was 4 blocks away from the Academy. I rode for two hours the first chance I had to ride. That was enough to get some sore muscles.

Because I had some muscles that were sore from bike riding, I discovered that the muscles that I used to climb the stairs and to ride are the same muscles. The Academy was being held on the 4th floor of an 8-story building. So I began a routine of daily training just before I went to bed every evening. I began to walk from the 1st to the 8th floors. I started with 4 times a day and scheduled an increase every week until I got up to 20 times a day. I maintained that exercise daily and went on longer and longer rides up and down the lake shore. I left the Academy early for a U.C.C. Annual Conference near St Louis. I packed all of my luggage and the bike and took the bus. When I reached St. Louis, I discovered that the bike had been shipped onto the next stop. I filed for it, but I feared that I would never get it back. The conference was 40 miles outside of St. Louis in a small college town.

I continued my daily stair climbing exercise while attending the conference. The bike arrived. On Saturday I arranged to get a ride to Washington, Mo. which was on my way. I stayed overnight with the people who had given me a ride, and began my bicycle trip about 8am Sunday morning. It was overcast and before long began showering. I stopped and put on my rain suit. It was plastic and so it was very hot. I took it off and put it on all morning. The countryside was the foot of the Ozark Mountains, so it was very hilly. By 4 pm I found myself exhausted. I pulled into Delogue, Mo. and asked a man on a bicycle where I could camp out. He looked me over, and said, "Follow me". I followed him and he led me to his home. He invited me in and asked me to stay. It was Sunday night and they apparently had the practice of having no

Sunday evening meal. I was starving. They were also going to Sunday evening prayer meeting and invited me to come along. I declined on the basis that I was tired. Shortly they asked again if I wouldn't like to go; this time more urgently. I finally realized that they were definitely going to Sunday night prayer service, and they couldn't bring themselves to leave a total stranger in the house. I volunteered to go. I considered it my payment for a night's lodging. Later on in the evening he asked me a number of questions about touring. He had gone on an 80-mile bike ride the summer before, and was interested in knowing what it would take for him to do a longer ride.

I arose early the next morning. He cooked me breakfast and took me to the edge of town. It was a cool, clear day with cotton-ball clouds in the sky. The hills were far more rolling than the day before. I made good time and had no rain to contend with. The sun was fast becoming my enemy. I was getting a little sunburn and found myself very dry in the mouth. At the end of the day I had traveled 90 miles. I looked for a place to stay in and around Oran, Mo. but I found nothing until I happened upon an abandoned Cat Litter Manufacturing Plant along the road. I stayed in the manager's office which has a concrete floor, and a solid roof; the floor was covered with clay dust.

I woke at 5 am the next morning to rain. I quickly packed and began to ride. I rode for an hour in heavy rain. I was very cold at first, but by the time I had ridden 12 miles to Sikeston, I had worked up a sweat. It took me 15 minutes of riding to find a cafe for breakfast. When I went in I discovered that the cafe had the air conditioning on, and I immediately began to shiver because my clothes were completely wet from the rain and the sweat. I ordered a huge stack of pancakes, drowned them in syrup, drank 6 cups of hot coffee and shaved in the restroom. I was ready to continue riding, but the rain had only slackened. I discovered that I had a wind advantage. I was traveling southeast, and the wind was blowing out of the northeast. It gave me a slight push, but it also filled my right tennis shoe full of water. I found the rain presented me with only two alternatives: ride or shiver. I chose to ride. By noon-time the rain had lessened to thundershowers, and they came intermittently all the rest of the afternoon. By evening I had ridden 140 miles. I was elated.

My search for a camping spot was fruitless again, but at dusk I found an abandoned tenant shanty in a wheat field on the outskirts of Osceola, Ar. I was on the road early the next morning because I had only 40 miles left to ride. The sun was out, there was a strong north wind, and I made it home to Memphis by 10:30 am, in time for morning coffee. The people who had brought the balance of my luggage from the Conference back to Memphis said, "You don't look exhausted, you look glowing!"

PRE-KENYAN CAPERS

It was a time when they left their entire past behind. They had been in Memphis for 4 years. That doesn't seem like much to traditional mid-westerners. But it was astounding and almost sedentary to them.

When they returned to the US they were assigned for 9 months to Mill Shoals, Illinois, 3 months in Pace, Mississippi, 2 months in Jackson, and then returned to Pace for a year. When they left Pace they closed the 'house'. There had been 10 to 12 adult staff members living there for 3 years. After selling $1,500 worth of household furnishings there were still 7 trailer loads of household items to bring to Memphis. And when they moved to Memphis they brought them. They were assigned to Memphis for 4 years. So when they started their preparations for moving to Kenya, they discovered they were, comparatively speaking, quite rooted.

They were closing the Memphis 'House'. It had been decided at a 6-week Global Council held at the Kemper Building. The number of people who volunteered to be staff members had crested at about 2,000 in 1973 and had begun to diminish each year after that. Through substantial village development work in India and Kenya a large number of sub-continental Indian and Kenyan citizens had joined the Institute staff. Both the perceived need for resident staff and the composition of Institute staff seemed to be shifting. There was a growing number of staff from nations other than the US. Initially the staff composition had been white, and primarily protestant. Now approximately 30% of the Institute's staff came from other nations. And there was a mixture of religious persuasion that ranged from Buddhist, to Hindu, to Shinto, to Moslem, to Jewish, to Humanist, and probably agnostic.

Since all things are interconnected, the Memphis 'house' participated in this shift from US, to developing nations, from white Anglo-Saxon protestants to people of other races, cultures, and religions of the world. The two factors--shrinking size in the number of staff, and change in the complexion from those from developed (or overdeveloped) countries (white) to those from developing countries (other colors) led the staff to decide to phase the Memphis house out and place staff in developing countries.

It was a large 3 story house which was a part of the Peabody Estate held in Trust at the local bank. It was a grand old house with no insulation in the walls and 10-foot ceilings complete with full basement, sunporches, a servants quarters, an attic with a 3' in diameter exhaust fan, and tile roof. The Institute staff had occupied the residence continuously since 1973. During that time the 'community' of people who lived there varied from 6-8 adults, 3-4 teenagers, and 2-6 children elementary school age and younger. Those people were usually and mostly as mobile as the Zahrts had been. From the attic to the basement the house was filled with barnacular keepsakes and hand-me-downs or pass-me-ons that come the accumulation of time in a consumption- oriented throwaway society. Not all that needed to be thrown away had been thrown away. Some in the 'community' had been pack rats. So the house was an archeological find of 10 years of accumulation of 35 different adults, 17 different teenagers, and 20 different children. Closing the Memphis 'house' meant getting the contents of the building ready for sale.

Closing the 'house' was a large order. The Zahrts found themselves attached to Memphis. After all they had been there for 4 years, longer than any other time in their 25 years of married life. There was some grieving to be done over this loss. Then there were personal belongings which were going to have to be jettisoned. Invariably this happened every 1 and one half to two years. This kind of nomadic existence assisted them in limiting the number of things which they deemed to be essential possessions. Nevertheless, every move revealed that they had expanded the number of possessions defined as essential to the point where they must re-decide and par down, in order to be able to make the move. Add to that the accretion present in the ‘house’ that must be disposed of.

The job would take a month of 12 hour days. The campaign began with a giant attic and basement cleaning maneuver. They counted on curbside scavengers to carry away an enormous amount of nondescript hardware and houseware that was not likely to sell or would cause the garbage men to baulk. Beginning the third week of this month they spent $93 on an advertisement. The house was swarmed in the early days of the sale. The sale gave them extensive experience in bartering which probably would serve them well in preparation for their assignment to Kenya. By the time the second week of the sale was completed they netted slightly over $3,500.

While the sale was in progress they also started through their things. It was amazing to them how many non-essential possessions they had accumulated in 4 years. It’s even more amazing how many of

these possessions they had begun to think they had to have to be a human being. All of the old clothing not suitable for Kenya went out. Each saved a small wardrobe with which s/he could start they returned to the US. Tools which he had accumulated I gave to his son Jay. It was a move symbolic of radical detachment for him to surrender tools.

It may have required even more detachment of Lin because she was leaving a job at which she had worked for 4 years. That was the longest she had remained at one job in her career, and it was a job she loved.

CHAPTER 8: OUR KENYAN STORY

It was a time when they found new ways to take care of themselves. They had just marked the passing of their 25th wedding anniversary, in June, but had not celebrated it because Lin's work had her in Wichita and David's had him in Chicago. Lin managed to accumulate enough coupons to qualify for a Holiday Inn Holiday. When we had properly settled the closing of the Memphis 'house' we went to Barbados for a week before we went on to Kenya.

We took virtually everything we needed with us. We knew what to take because we had been campers, because we had spent two years in Oombulgurri, and because we had talked to a several of our colleagues who had spent a two or three years in Kenya already. A list of the things we packed might be helpful to others who are anticipating such a trip. A short list of clothing would include jumper (heavy wool pullover), rain proof poncho, hiking shoes (water resistant), heavy socks, sneakers, jeans, a safari suit, a summer dress suit, a sweat suit, a lined cotton jacket and handkerchiefs. Additional equipment which was more bulky included 2 heavy duty foot lockers sleeping bag, hanging (clothes) bag, small back pack, clip board, ruler, stapler and staples, graph paper, favorite pens and pencils, a transparent ruler, a cassette recorder/player/radio (110/220), and cassettes. Tools and equipment included heavy duty nylon cord, pliers, leather work gloves, can opener, vice grip, screwdrivers, pop rivet gun and rivets, crescent wrenches, thin nosed pliers, a metric socket set, a leather punch, a medium sized kitchen knife, deluxe can opener, a Swiss Army knife, epoxy glue, Elmer’s glue, Super glue, and padlocks. We also took a 3 to 6 month supply of most of our personal toilet articles, knowing that once we got there we would be getting a stipend of 360 Ksh, or roughly $25 per month: and that if there was money in excess of our food budget, operating costs, and program budget, in that order.

Since the Memphis 'house' had a small portable computer, and the Nairobi 'house' had no computer at all, they decided to hand carry the Kaypro and a dot matrix printer into Kenya. They had heard that there was a 200 % duty on such items so it was clear that they were going to need to be careful. He designed a pattern for a carrying case. When he was satisfied that the cover would fit he cut the pattern out of some vinyl covering that had accumulated around the house. It worked, and it looked like a small carrying case. It also just fit within the airline regulations for under-seat carryon luggage. So he carried it with him from the time they left Memphis, until the time they walked through customs. They arranged their footlockers so that one of them could contain the printer. Then in order to look fairly bizarre, he chose to wear a home-made leather hat. He hoped it would make him look like and ugly American tourist rather than someone who was bringing a computer into the country.

Apparently, it did make him appear so. The customs official asked him to remove the cover to the computer, and pointed to the footlocker that had the printer inside it and told him "Open that one." He described the Kaypro as a "typewriter," and the printer as "the other part of the typewriter," and they were let through customs.

ARRIVAL IN KENYA

I was angry at Lin for getting tied up inside of Immigration changing money when it was possible to change money outside. I was looking for a phone to phone Bill, and I didn't have any money. Finally I managed to borrow a phone from a taxi company. I resisted for a long time because I was sure that they would want me to feel obligated to them after that. In every developing country I feel surrounded by the expectancy that I owe those giving services my business.

It was bright and dry, although there was greenery. Everything looked dusty-dirty. I felt a little odd bringing all of my luggage into the Hilton. We had 2 footlockers, 2 large suitcases, 2 large carry-ons, 2 small backpacks, and a briefcase and we weren't going to stay there.

We had coffee and conversation with Bill and Maxine, and then went back to Kawangware. I thought it was a luxury to go there in a taxi, but Bill must have known that the assault of public transportation could wait. The ride took us through the downtown through streets crowded with people and vehicles, past storefronts which appeared to be designed to attract commerce from western shoppers. In addition to the wall of human traffic on the sidewalks there were also myriad shops, craftsmen, or salespersons and paralyzed, maimed, malformed, or blind beggars. As we passed through the downtown area we approached the area in which there were the hotels and institutions surrounded by much more greenery. Finally we found ourselves driving through residential area where there were a never ending series of heavy mortar walls and tall fences hidden behind shrubbery sheltering housing which appeared to be luxurious. The further out of town the more shrubbery, and green space we saw. I noticed that the streetlights stopped and so I assumed that we were about to enter the countryside. Just then we found ourselves in Kawangware, a western slum suburb of Nairobi. Shortly we drove up to the market square in front of building that appeared to be a bar and hotel. We had arrived at our destination.

The Institute of Cultural Affairs' (ICA's) East African office and residence is on the west side of Nairobi; Kawangware. A substantial amount of property which is owned is overrun with squatters who have come to the city in hopes of making a living. The office overlooks a 3 acre open-air market place where the colors, the sounds, and the smells mesmerize us every time we go there.

Since it was Sunday the schedule was loose. We were shown to a room at the end of the mezzanine. It had a sink which served primarily as a drain because there was no water running through the pipes. There were a set of windows opening into the courtyard, and a set of windows opening to the outside of the building overlooking the market. It was furnished with 2 bunk beds and had approximately 15 square foot of floor space. We were not alarmed at the accommodations. We always kept the windows to the mezzanine closed because of the noise, smoke, and smell. We did not realize then that we were experiencing a luxury that we would never again have in the Nairobi facility.

The week in Kawangware seemed unreal. Settling into the facility was difficult to begin with. We knew what it was going to be like but it was hard to imagine that other people had settled into the facility as a way of life. On first floor there was a Bar with 2 bars and a snack shop. The 2 story building was open in the middle making a lovely courtyard into which the sun shone. The first floor courtyard was well used. It was designed to attract overflow crowds by virtue of the pleasant atmosphere. There was a mezzanine type balcony on 2nd floor around which our room was nested. The main access to the ICA living facility on 2nd and 3rd floors is through the bar, into the courtyard, up a set of stairs to the second floor mezzanine. There is a door on the front of the building which seems like a 'back hallway' entrance to the second floor, which is always kept locked. That hallway tends to be a storage area. Through the courtyard, up into our facility comes the noise of the Juke Boxes, beginning at 8 am. When standing on the mezzanine during business hours it is not possible to talk with someone in a normal tone of voice and make yourself heard. The beer served was brewed in the bar. It was made from sugarcane. It had a very dry bitter taste and smelled of vinegar and yeast gone sour. There was a small crack in the floor which seemed to run uphill to a drain of sorts. It collected the refuse of the day's traffic and was cleaned once a day in the morning. The smell of the Sugar cane beer and the refuse trench caused me to simply close my nose and breathe through my mouth and I entered and exited the residence. Each evening charcoal burners were stoked in the courtyard to start a new batch of sugarcane beer. The smoke hung in the courtyard. Some who lived on second floor had chronic bronchitis and sinusitis and were not able to shake it whether it was the wet or the dry season.

In addition to the noise and the stench of the bar, there was a meager water supply. The water pressure would come up between 2am and 6am in the morning. It was not always enough pressure to fill the 100-gallon tank on the roof that serviced the kitchen. It was very seldom enough to fill the tank for the toilet and showers. When the pressure was enough to fill the kitchen, we would draw a pail of hot water out of the kitchen and take it to the shower stall to bathe. When the water pressure did not reach the kitchen storage tank, we would carry water from the courtyard where a large wooden cask was there to act as a reservoir and catch water whenever it ran. It had an open top. It was next to the door to the men's urinal.

By the smell of the men's urinal I judged the room was never cleaned. I never entered the room to inspect it. Employees of the bar and the chip shop dipped water from the barrel whenever they needed it. There was no way to be sure where the dipping vessel had been sitting before they dipped with it. I got the impression that water pressure was usually down during the dry season, but later on during the wet season it became clear to me that it was a perennial problem, which was less aggravated during the wet season when people had a way of trapping and using rain water. If the water pressure was down, it normally dropped to nothing by 6 am in the morning which was peak usage time, and didn't recover again until 2 to 3 am in the morning. So we always mounted a bucket brigade or two or three people at 3 in the morning to assure that the kitchen reservoir was full for the day, even if there was no water for bathing and washing clothes.

The facility was deluged with pollution, but it was probably the safest place in the city for us. We did not go out after dark. Our residence was not liable to be robbed because of the work we had done and were doing in the neighborhood, and the only thievery we suffered was at the hands of our own staff.

The week in Kawangware was an introduction to another world and another life. We got a cursory briefing from Larry on the program overview. My head was swimming with terms: terms that described the Kenyan political units, and terms that we had invented to do the Replication Scheme.

The exposure to the public transportation came the next day. Bill was going downtown and we arranged to have the computer converted to 220 volt current. We went down to the 46 route and found a matatu ready to leave. He left before we were very full which I discovered later is not characteristic. He was in a hurry to get on the road before the city bus. He stopped frequently and soon I could see nothing. When we arrived at the outskirts of downtown Nairobi there was a heavy traffic jam. He sped around a corner onto a divided street, did a U turn over a traffic divider curb, went the wrong way down a one-way street, bluffed his way into oncoming traffic and stopped at the downtown Nairobi bus stop. I came close to vowing to never riding a matatu again. It was amazing how Western the downtown Nairobi looked.

On Wednesday I went with Dick and Linda to visit Harrison Mule (Moo' lay), a Permanent Minister. He was one of our Patrons and Dick and Linda were making a routine authorization call on him. I ended up going in my tennis shoes because I misplaced my dress shoes somewhere on the trip to Kenya.

On Thursday we discovered that David Lindblad and George Hawley had arrived at the Airport at midnight and had been detained there because they were unaccompanied by adults. I was sent by myself on public transportation to get them. I could tell that I was graduating quickly. Immigration put me through some detailed interrogation before they would let the boys come with me. It was aimed at trying to find out just what I was doing in Kenya. My story didn't seem to be very persuasive to them. They had a hard time believing I had come to do village development. They asked in a number of ways, "What are you getting out of Kenya: that is, what are you really getting out of Kenya?" They finally cleared me and showed me to the boys. Before they were released into my custody, one of the men responsible for holding them asked me why I had come to Kenya. I told him to help people work in their villages. He said he knew what kind of help I could give him; I could help him shine his shoes.

On the days when I was not downtown in Nairobi, or getting some orientation on the program in which we were currently engaged, I worked with Daniel (who was preparing to return to Zambia with his wife and children). We cleaned up the stairwell and stacked the bunks so it was possible to get up and down the front stairs. Sometime during that week I found a biscuit tin and satisfied myself that it was possible to make yogurt by putting milk with some yogurt culture inside the biscuit tin in the sun.

Over the course of the next three months I found myself adjusting to a very different lifestyle. I also began to learn more about Kenya. It is about the size of Texas but 90% of the 18 million people live in the southern 1/3 of the nation. The north is bordered by Ethiopia so that 2/3 of the nation is desert, inhabited by nomads, some of which have Arab descent. The southern 1/3 of the nation can be divided into: 1)the West which borders Uganda & Lake Victoria (said to be the largest lake in the world), the Rift Valley north of there is Kenya's bread basket--it has large plantations of wheat, corn, sugar & other staples which are less susceptible to the drought; 2)the East borders on Somalia & the Indian Ocean, Mombasa, the major coastal city was once the capitol, & is now a resort town--it is near sea level & just below the equator so it is full of

tropical fruits; 3)the middle section is in the mountains, Nairobi, the capitol, is 3 degrees below the equator & about a mile above sea level, & is a bustling metropolis. It will host the UN Decade of Women Conference to be held in July 1985.

MOVING TO MUGUMOINI

We made plans to go to Mugumoini (pronounced Moo-goo-mo-eeney) Friday. Steven Dzombo was coming into Nairobi to pick up the Mugumoini house budget. The house budgets were sent out once a week. We packed up so that we would have to carry no more than one each of our two big trunks. As it was it was almost too much. We had to catch a country bus, and then walk 6-8 blocks to the bus station. We were in a hurry to get to the station so we could get to Mugumoini before dark. The street was crowded so we had to make our way through throngs of people with all our luggage. I took one of the trunks on my head (70-80 lbs.), Steven and another staff member took the second trunk, and Lin took the backpacks, brief case, and her shoulder bag all of which was easily 50 pounds. When we arrived at the station mnumbas surrounded us, all of them were trying to convince us that we wanted to go where they were going. Steven picked a bus and we put our luggage in the boot. We got in and barely found a place to sit. We were split up and I couldn't tell where Steven had gone. I could not recognize his face in the sea of black faces that stared at me from the back of the bus. When the conductor came I indicated that Steven was paying for our ticket. I'm not sure that he understood English, and I am sure that he didn't know who Steven was. It seemed to have been taken care of.

There were a series of stops which I discovered were police checks. They were checking for license, insurance and overcrowding. It was clear to me that we were certainly in violation of overcrowding. Sometimes the conductors would motion for everyone in the aisles to get down. That seemed futile to me. First of all it was so crowded that there was no room to get down. Then if everyone did succeed in getting down it was necessary to do contortions to get back up. When the bus stopped the mnumba and driver usually got out to talk with the police. I could not tell what transpired on one of these routine safety checks. Sometimes the police would talk with the conductor and sometimes the driver. Sometimes they could be seen to be shaking hands. Much seemed to be settled with the exchange of a handshake. The bus driver usually put his hand in his pocket just before he shook hands, and the policeman usually put his hand in his pocket after he had shaken hands.

In Thika, 15 kilometers north of Nairobi, we stopped in the bus station long enough to fill the vacancy that had been created by our Thika-bound passengers. Vendors of all kinds plagued the busses. Pineapples, pineapple slices, boiled eggs, candies, biscuits (cookies), batteries, jewelry, wrist watches, transistor radios, belts, beads... all of these were pressed under my nose as if placing them in my face would somehow make them irresistible. While we were parked there was respite from the music. But as soon as we were underway the music was turned on again. There were 2 to 4 speakers and the radio was turned up loud enough to make sure that no one could hear the conductor when he asked you where you were going, and that the conductor would necessarily read your lips when you told him the answer. All of this meant that the public transportation was a 'total immersion' in humanity. I experienced myself as totally immersed in bodies and sound (music played so loud that it must be classified as noise). There must be no word for claustrophobia in Kiswahili. If there were such a thing in Kenya, there would be massive traffic fatalities resulting from it on the Public Transportation system.

We got to Saba Saba with a little bit of day light left. The matatu was a Toyota 4 cylinder, 1/2 ton pickup truck, with a covered top giving about 4 and 1/2 foot of clearance inside the topper. I glanced in and saw that it was full but when Steven talked with the mnumba he agreed to take us. I discovered later that that is normal operations for a matatu. It usually leaves after it is full and has added 10-15 more people to its number of passengers. We were grateful because there wouldn't be another until morning, and we had no expense money to stay in Saba Saba, and no colleagues with whom we could stay, and Mugumoini was a 10 kilometer walk through the hills with approximately 130 pounds of luggage. Even though it was full ...fuller now since Steven, Lin, and I had embarked with all our luggage...the driver still waited for some

more passengers. We pushed into the aisle and the conductor shouted "Yuma" at us. No one seemed very responsive. Finally he squirmed his way to the front of the matatu and physically turned us around one at a time with our backs to the front of the vehicle. Then he began nesting one of us in another as he pushed us toward the front, making room for about 8 more people. Each of us was in a crouched position and had to hang onto a bar that ran the length of the midline. It was essential to hang onto the bar in order to keep from loosing our balance. When it was demonstrated to the satisfaction of the driver that the matatu was full (full being 25 people plus luggage), we slowly edged down the hill to the tarmac. There was a great deal of commotion. The conductor jogged over the hill and came back to confirm that there was still a police check just over the crest of the hill. Nine of us disembarked and walked a footpath over the hill and up the dirt road leading to Mugumoini. The matatu departed and drove up the road just out of sight of the police check. Soon we were all crowded back into the matatu and on our way down a dirt road that had not been graded since the last wet season (3 or 4 months ago). It was bumpy and dusty. We were wrapped in a blanket of dust which added to the claustrophobia of the cabin. The matatu lurched, leaned, creaked and groaned along the ungraded road. Once again I began a physical workout. Keeping my balance while bent over in an enclosure with a 4 and 1/2 foot ceiling, while being forced by nature of the crowd to keep my feet next to each other meant that I was using the handrail like a trapeze. I would swing back and forth depending on which way the matatu negotiated the bumps in the road. The dust seeped up through the floorboards, in through the windows, through every crack of the topper. As soon as we stopped to pick someone up, or let someone off, the dust would completely envelop us. The exertion was enough to cause me to begin to sweat. It did not seem to bother anyone else. I began to sweat profusely, dripping on others who were crowded in beneath me on the seats.

By the time we had gone 6 kilometers toward Mugumoini there was a seat for everyone. I sat down relieved that I no longer found myself sweating on someone. I also spent less energy keeping my balance so my sweating subsided. I did flex my knees and use them as shock absorbers for my back, as there were times when the matatu would hit bottom and those sitting directly on the seat were forced to absorb the full impact of the bump through their spinal column. As we approached the turnoff to Githembi, Steven and the conductor began a heated discussion. He was negotiating a price for delivering us to the Mugumoini Training Center, which was out of his normal route. I was uncomfortable that we were the cause of such a discussion, but grateful that we were taken to the training center. It was dusk, and the turnoff was about 0.6 of a kilometer from the turnoff.

When we arrived the sun had actually set. We could see that the Training Center was a single story building made of stone. The older section was roofed with mabati (galvanized iron) and the newer section with cement and sisal tile. We found the staff cooking dinner. Some were seated around the jiko (charcoal burner) tending to or watching the fire, and some were preparing the food to be cooked for dinner. I found this strange to discover that it was dark, there was no artificial source of light other than the fire and some tiny kerosene wick lamps, and the meal was just beginning to be cooked. As I encountered this phenomenon over and over I began to find the source of this custom. Normally people work outside to use every possible amount of daylight because the day is a 12 hour day. It is virtually a 12 hour day year round because it is so close to the equator. The language reflects this understanding. In Swahili Saa moja means the hour number one. Hour number one comes at 7 am in the morning and 7 pm in the evening. That happens to be just before the sun rises and just after the sun sets (with little variation throughout the year). It is hour number one because sunrise marks the beginning of a first day within a 24 hour period, and sunset begins the second day of that 24 hour period. Preparation for dinner doesn't begin until the second day of the 24 hour period. This makes it hard to see what you're doing and where you're going. Most of the activity is centered around the fire for that reason. It also makes it difficult to see well enough to wash dishes, and so there is a tendency to leave them until the next morning. I was always amazed at how much the fire builders had overestimated the amount of charcoal needed to cook the food. It seemed as if there was always a fire that lasted long after the meal. It became clear as time went on that this was not unintentional, even though it may have not been consciously. The time after the meal was often spent

contemplating the fire as one after another of the staff told or retold episodes from their past, tending to some kind of body of oral memory as if it were a flock of sheep, and they were shepherds.

We were shown to our room. It was in the newer part of the Training Center. The room we entered was 10'x 12' wide with a 9' rise to the rafters with no ceiling, and a clear view of the light grey cement and sisal tile roofing. The walls were the same on the inside as the outside--stone and mortar. Space was at a premium so the room was divided approximately in half by a reed mat wall reaching 6' high. On the other side of this reed mat wall, in the same room, was space for another couple, Daniel and Jane Daywa. After their space and the hallway had been taken out we had a 7' by 6' space. It was simply a bedroom! It had a stationary wooden bedframe which was 4' x 6', just slightly larger than a twin size bed. On it were two sisal mattresses which overlapped each other and left a lumpy midline. We were grateful for the room: our room. We brought our luggage in and collapsed into the bed for a short rest before we tried to figure out how to design some 'living room' in this personal space of ours.

Feelings--Exhaustion, anger, fear, adrenalin fight or flight

Emotion--detachment/engagement, sensory overload

RECRUITING THE VLC

The weekend we arrived in Mugumoini I was given an assignment to go out as team members in the effort to recruit an upcoming Village Leaders Conference (VLC). There was very little planning involved in the weekend which was contrary to what we had been given to expect in Nairobi. The wet season began that weekend. It rained Sunday night and was still raining Monday morning. Jane Daywa and I were assigned to go to a village just beyond Kangare. We left mid morning with Daniel Daywa and his team member during one of the letups in the showering. We slogged and slipped down the hill, crossed the Saba Saba River by hopping across several stones, and scaled the opposite wall of the river valley, sometimes hanging onto tree limbs, sometimes on all fours. It took us about 45 minutes from the time we left until the time we got to the tarmac. We stuffed ourselves into a matatu and began the ascent up the highlands through Kigumo toward the Abadair Mountains to Kangare. It was interesting to see the coffee plantations and banana trees give way to tea plantations, and the dry parched vegetation be replaced with short green vegetation everywhere. When we arrived at Kangare it was still raining. We went to a Hotel and ordered chai and a mandazi (bread dough made from self-rising wheat flour deep fried in fat and rolled in sugar). We spent what I regarded to be a long time there. I was glad to have some nourishment and be out of the rain, but I was beginning to wonder about our job. There was no public transportation to the village where we were going, so Jane was waiting for the rain to subside before we set out on foot. We finally began and no sooner had we started than it began to rain again. Jane had placed her wool jumper around her waist because it was too warm to wear when walking. When it began to rain she put it over her head to keep the rain from soaking her. It was apparently to suffice as a raincoat or else rain was not something about which one needed worry. It continued to rain and we continued to walk. The walking was easy because the road was tarmac. I found it hard to understand how a village so small that it had no public transportation system had tarmac roads. Within 2 kilometers we were picked up. There was room for Jane in the cab and I hopped in the back of the pickup. We were taken to the village. After we alighted we inquired at a small hotel of the man whose name we had and were supposed to contact. Since I knew no Swahili other than Asante sana, (Thank you very much) I had no idea what the conversations were disclosing. We had another round of chai. There were some who came in and had chai with us because they wanted to see and talk with a white man. We waited there for another hour and Jane finally decided that we should go to the house of the man whom we were to see and wait for him. When we arrived we were greeted by the woman of the household and showed to a guest hut. It continued to rain, we waited. I pulled out a book that I had brought along. When I got tired of that I studied Swahili. I learned Ngoja kidogo! (Wait a little). It seemed to me that that is all we had done this morning. I wanted to get to work and do something! When lunch time came (usually about 1-2 pm) we were fed. Before the man of the house arrived, his eldest son, a primary school teacher, arrived and had lunch with us. He was interested in the US and its school system. He was

interested in President Reagan and his policies, and he was interested in how I could help him build his house which was partially built but incomplete. I told him that I did not know how I could help him. He exhibited total disbelief which may have been an act, but may have been genuine disbelief at my initial inability to understand and be sympathetic with his situation, and over my subsequent inability or unwillingness to mobilize substantial assurances that I would help

With the situation since it was obviously deserving of special assistance. Later on in the afternoon it cleared. I inquired of Jane if I could go out and chop wood, since I saw the woman of the house chopping wood, and I realized that we were requiring extra wood. She told me that men did not chop wood and therefore they would think it very strange for me to do so. Eventually the man of the house arrived and talked with Jane. He understood no English, and little Swahili. He was a Kikuyu. His youngest son (20-22 years old) attended him and translated Jane's conversation in Swahili into Kikuyu. He indicated that no one from this village would be interested in attending the VLC because it was tea harvesting time, and everyone had to work. When we were through talking he took us out to show us his shamba (acreage). We went to one field of tea trees that had been pruned to the ground during the drought. The trees were beginning to come back, but the dead branches were a nuisance lying directly in the rows where people were to walk. He walked one row and showed us what we were to do: place the branches in the tree line at the base of the existing trees so that they would not obstruct the path of the tea picker. We returned to our hut and spent the night because it began to rain again. When we were served dinner the youngest son returned to eat with us. He brought a charcoal burner and placed it in our hut. Because it was higher than Mugumoini here, it was about 10 degrees colder at night. During the early evening I talked with the younger son. He noticed that I was reading Petals of Blood by Ngugi Wathiongo. He asked if I had read The River Between. I said that I hadn't but I would like to. He left and returned shortly with the book, offering to loan it to me to me to read.

At bedtime I was shown a bed in another building. That he had this many buildings was evidence to me that this man was well to do. We arose, had breakfast the next morning, and waited for a break in the rain so we could return home. Our trip had been abbreviated because the headman insisted that no one from the village would be willing to go to the VLC. He said that everyone was busy harvesting tea. No one was available for village development and therefore no one was interested. Perhaps that's the way it should be. Yet I suspect the people there were tyrannized by the plantation owners, and by the constant necessity to be working for someone else because there was work to do, and because the price of labor was set to ensure that people needed to work all the time to stay alive. During those two sunless bone-chilling days when it was raining intermittently there were people picking tea in the fields. There may be men who pick tea, but I didn't see them. I saw women and teenagers in the fields picking regardless of the weather. It dawned on my why this seemingly insignificant, underpopulated village, which had no public transportation to it, had a tarmac road. It had a tarmac road because the tea plantations had seen to it that the government surfaced the road. We left about mid-morning and began the walk back to Kangare. We received a ride once more, and once in Kangare stopped to have some lunch. We continued our trip back down the mountain to Mugumoini. When we reached Kigumo Daniel Daywa and Wendy boarded. We went through Muthithi and alighted at Karuri. We took a shortcut down to the bridge since we suspected that the crossing at the stepping stones would be underwater. After crossing the bridge we cut through some shambas and returned home. According to the assignment we were home early. Many teams were. Because we were home so early we were reassigned to other locations. I was sent with Daniel Daywa to Maragua Ridge village.

Feelings--innocence, helplessness, failure,

Emotion--long journey, much to learn, the end of an era

THE WATER TANK IDEA

We had been given a grant to construct water tanks made of a skeleton woven from local weed-like trees, and cement. The sticks are harvested and woven into a cage 8' in diameter and 6' high, the cage is placed on a foundation (rock and cement), the cage is plastered inside and out with a cement and waterproofing mixture, the pipes are installed, a roof is put on top and you have an 1800-gallon water tank

that cost about 3000 Sh and lasts for 20 years. Comparable galvanized tanks cost 5000 Sh and lasts about 4 years.

In Maragua Ridge there is a Women's group (led by a man) that has been constructing these tanks from a grant that we were instrumental in helping them get last year. Daniel Daywa and I were assigned to go to Maragua Ridge, contact the group, and enlist their support in helping us conduct a Village Leaders Conference that would focus on building a Demonstration Water Catchment Tank.

Daniel and I set out in the rain, this time much earlier because we despaired of it ever quitting. We took the path from the dukas (shops much like a small general store) which descended abruptly into the Saba Saba River valley. It had been raining so consistently that the clay began to collect on our shoes. I was constantly shaking the clay twice the weight of my shoes loose from my feet as I walked. When we reached the tarmac we caught a matatu to Kaharati (a junction north of Saba Saba) and then changed for one to Maragua. There we had a short stop. I needed to have the soles sewn to my shoes because the clay was beginning to pull the old stitching loose, and I was constantly stumbling over a flap of sole that opened wide like the mouth of Bert or Ernie on Sesame Street every time I took a step. The fundi (fundi means craftsman so technically it must be specified what kind of craftsman: fundi ya viatu, or craftsman of shoes) stitched it up, looking in amazement at the size of the shoe, and we were on our way. It was a short bus ride to the junction which led us to Maragua Ridge. We alighted and began to walk again. The clay on the road was just as sticky, and the rain continued to be intermittent. We walked the rest of the morning. By 11:30 am we had reached Veronica's. It occurred to us to stop for two reasons. The first was that we were looking for Joseph Karoki, the leader of the Women's Group, and didn't know where he lived. The second was that we were tired and thirsty and we needed a drink. Veronica asked us to come in and sit down. She gave us some chai and biscuits (cookies). We told her we were looking for Karoki to see if he would come to the VLC and assist in building a demonstration water tank. She showed us the water tank which had been built in her back yard and then accompanied us on our search for Karoki, because she was in the women's group which had built the other tanks in Maragua Ridge. We found him at lunch time and talked about the proposed water tank at the upcoming VLC. He agreed and we began to make a list of materials needed. When we asked if the women from Maragua Ridge could cut and bring the sticks, he insisted that they would need to be paid for the effort. That was a shock to me but I included in the budgeted necessary expenses.

Karoki, 6'2" tall, weighing about 220 pounds, about 62 years old, was a retired Agricultural Extension Agent. He spoke fluent English and decided to groom me for future service. He took us on a tour of his shamba, the village center where we were treated to goat soup and sliced bread, a tour of the school system where we had an opportunity to talk to the headmaster, and then he accompanied us back to Veronica's place. I had not done this much walking since I was in Oombulgurri in 1978 and my right knee was beginning to pain me like it had when I had done too much jogging on concrete after a long lapse in exercise. This was not jogging, but I had certainly had a long lapse in exercise when I compared walking in this wet clay with anything I had done within the last 5 months. Since Karoki was 62, I didn't see how I could say anything about it, nor did I see how it would make any difference if I did. By then it was 4:30 in the afternoon and we were due back in Mugumoini for the evening meal. We had already walked 15 kilometers, and had another 8 to 10 to go before we got home. The pain did not go away. It did not make it impossible to walk, just extremely painful.

We set out from Veronica's for the tarmac. The road was not as bad as it had been in the morning because it had stopped raining, the weather had cleared, and the sun had begun to shine. As we left the clouds cleared and Mt. Kenya became visible. It seemed like a mountain of no appreciable size, although it was majestic. I didn't realize what made it look so unimpressive. It was shrouded in a mantle of clouds, and I was offered a glance at it topmost peak without being able to see the relationship of the mountain to the surrounding terrain. Even so I took every opportunity the clouds afforded me to peer at the peak. I also used it to establish my geographical bearings. We had come in on a road which had meandered down the side of a hill into the Maragua River water shed on a day which was overcast. I needed some frame of

reference in order to establish a sense of north-south direction. I found out later that even if the sun had been shining I would likely not have had as much help as I am accustomed to from having grown up in a temperate climate. Since the sun is so consistently near the equator, and appears to be almost directly overhead all the time, it is difficult by midmorning to use the sun to determine directions until later on in the afternoon when it begins to set.

Within a period of 30 minutes the clouds obscured the mountain and we began to walk in rain again. We reached the tarmac and caught a bus for Saba Saba. We arrived in Saba Saba at dusk. There were no matatus running to Mugumoini because the road was impassable. Usually matatu traffic stopped at dark because very few people went out after dark. We met the Catholic Priest at the Post Office and talked him into taking us out to the tarmac where we could cross the Saba Saba River which would leave us about 2 kilometers from the Training Center. He agreed and by the time he had dropped us off it was pitch dark. Not so much because it was night time, but because of the heavy cloud cover which was dropping a good deal of rain. Neither of us had torches (flashlights), so we began the descent to the stepping stone crossing in the dark. Within 100 yards of our descent we stopped and listened for the river. It sounded like a torrent and we assumed that it was not passable. Daniel then began to lead us cross country to the bridge which we had crossed several days before. I had absolutely no sense of direction but could judge my distance from the river by the sound. I think Daniel did not know where we were going either. At least he had never before been this way. My first real clue was when we began to cross fences. There seems to be an unspoken rule that no one crosses a shamba property line fence. We finally reached the road and I began to fear that we might run into some night-time thugs. When we saw the torches of another party approaching and I buried my face in my poncho hood, and hung my head, my arms at my side under my poncho, as we passed each other. I was attempting to mask my white face which would obviously stand out in the dark, in comparison with a black face. The party of three or four went by and then did a double take. They immediately retraced their steps and asked us to stop. This confirmed my fear that we had met someone who understood themselves to be in charge of the night. It is common knowledge that it is dangerous to be out at night I was never sure how much of the danger was from thugs, and how much was from the spirits of the darkness. Every time the night was a topic of conversation I drew the conclusion that the spirits of the darkness were far more dangerous that the thugs. As we stopped I shook my head and the poncho hood dropped back around my face. They looked me over very carefully and somewhat suspiciously. It occurred to me that the passing shadow of a faceless poncho could have appeared to be some kind of night-time ghost. They gave us permission to go on our way and I was much relieved. We continued in the darkness. Once I have grown accustomed to it, I am more comfortable finding my way in the darkness than walking with a torch. In the darkness I am forced to look over the horizon and see the whole terrain. With a torch I am limited to the scope that the light will reveal, and I am constantly forced to look at a piece of the terrain rather than the whole. And when I look 10 degrees above the horizon I find that I have a way of seeing the outline of what is in front of me.

We crossed the bridge and wove in and out of shambas until we reached the road from Mugumoini to Githembi. Then we set out for Mugumoini, fortunately enough we set out in the right direction. The pain I had been experiencing had been accentuated by having to walk downhill. It had maintained a constant threshold as we climbed the other side of the river valley and made our way on home in the dark. I could not afford to lag behind, and neither one of us was prepared to stop. It was dangerous and cold out at night, and we had not yet eaten dinner. I finally began to imagine a phantom leg alongside of the one that was paining me and walked the rest of the way home on a phantom leg. 5 kilometers and 2 hours after we had been dropped off at the tarmac we came slogging into the Training Center, mission accomplished! Lin had saved me some ugali and sukuma. I was so hungry that I ate it cold.

No sooner did we get Karoki to agree to build the tank than we discovered, in checking with the Nairobi office, that we didn't have enough money to purchase the materials needed to build the tank. Nor did we see a time in the immediate future when we would have the money. I knew that we might eventually have money for materials, but we wouldn't have money for the transportation. Suddenly it appeared that the

Water Tank Project was clearly my responsibility. I did not want to inform Karoki that we had changed our mind and wanted him to do a water tank some other time. But I also had no conception of how we would manage the logistics of shopping for all the material by public transportation and getting it all to Mugumoini in time for the VLC. No one else volunteered any helpful advice about how it might be accomplished. Since I couldn't even imagine what it would take to accomplish that task even if we had our own transportation, and I was severely intimidated by the first week of the wet season which was constant rain, I complied with the decision to ask Karoki to take a raincheck. But I had to go back over to Maragua Ridge and tell him so. And that's another story.

Feelings-- futility, intrigue, fatigue, adventure, powerlessness, claustrophobia

Imagery-- dark brown necktie with green and orange treelike images

VILLAGE LEADERS CONFERENCE

Hamilton Munga and I went back to Maragua Ridge on Saturday of the same week and told Karoki that we would have to take a rain check on the water tank. We had to go no farther than Veronicas this time to find him, because the women were hard at work harvesting small sticks from local weed-like trees which would be used to weave the skeletal structure for the tank. Women would arrive intermittently with bundles of sticks, 6 to 7 foot long, approximately 2 feet in diameter, weighting 75 to 100 pounds. When a woman had harvested a sufficient number of sticks in the field, she tied them together in a bundle. Then she took one piece of sturdy rope and tied it firmly to each end, leaving enough slack in the middle to be able to put the rope over the crown of her head and rest the bundle of sticks lengthwise across her back. Then she had someone else assist her in getting it to her back and positioning the rope on her head so that she could transport the bundle of sticks from the field to Veronica's yard.

Karoki was disappointed and showed me the pile of stick bundles which his women's group had already collected with which to build the tank. He said the sticks were wasted effort because they can only be woven into a basket when they are green, and by the time we have the next VLC they will have dried out. By his disappointment I took it he implied that I owed him something. He was always sociable, and more than that, a good public relations man. As soon as he had made it clear (in my estimation) that I owed him, he took the opportunity to lead us on another tour of Maragua Ridge. This time we went to all the sites where the design of the water tank in question had been built. It was an impressive tour.

I was looking for an opportunity to depart earlier than I had on the previous occasion. It was not raining so it would be easier to get home. I was prepared to insist that we should leave immediately for home as soon as we got back to Veronica's. But when we got back her husband Elisha had just come back to the house looking for help. He had caught a large boa constrictor that was in the process of killing a jackal in its lair. He had killed the snake, but it was so large that he and one other person could not get it skinned and he asked us to help. We followed him to the snake. He had slit the snake from head to tail but couldn't get the skin started. I grabbed the carcass of the snake and began to pull. The others pulled on the skin. Karoki and Hamilton watched. As soon as the skin began to pull away from the carcass and the skin came off smoothly. We left the carcass and returned to the house. Elisha went into the house to find a tape measure. When he came out we had the skin stretched out and were holding it down. It measured 13' 6". As they staked the skin out to dry we bad them goodbye and began our journey home. As our luck ran we were able to catch a ride that took us 8 kilometers out to the tarmac. We had an uneventful trip back to Kaharati and took a matatu up to the Chiefs camp.

It was the first sunny day that I had alighted at the Chief's camp. I was able to see the big stone house which is both residence and Training Center. Our house is on a hill from which we can see for miles. It is absolutely breath-taking. The hills and valleys were beginning to turn green now, dotted here and there with little settlements of brick, wood, or mud houses with tin or thatched roofs. Red dirt roads & pathways wander back & forth across the countryside. The Saba Saba River is the same burnt red color as it snakes through the bottom of our nearest valley taking the precious soil with it. There are low mountain ranges of mauve & dusty purple in the background. Mt. Kenya, 17000 ft, is usually covered with clouds. It doesn't

seem so high because the village is about 6000 ft above sea level. The temperature is usually a constant 65 at night & 80 in the daytime. Since the soil is fairly good, people in the central part have little farms of 1-10 acres. They plant a variety of crops on every inch of land.

Feelings--sinking in quicksand

Emotion--Futility, despair

To what aspect of my life is this calling my attention?

Where else might I go to explore this further?

VILLAGE LEADERS TRAINING

We had a well-attended Village Leaders Conference (VLC). The format was celebrative. People began arriving Friday at noon. It was never clear to me whether they arrived early because they misunderstood just when it was to begin, or whether they expected to meet old friends that they hadn't seen for a while, or whether they didn't have anything to do at home and it seemed like as good a thing to do as any other thing, or whether they thought if they came early they might be able to get a meal--more of a meal than they would be able to get at home. It may have been any one or all of the above. We lived on what I regarded to be an austere food budget. We were allotted 70 Ksh per person per week. That is approximately $4.00 US. With that we bought all of our food, charcoal, dishwashing soap, and kitchen utilities. That meant that we ate a substantial amount of ugali sukuma. Ugali is corn meal poured into boiling water until it is so stiff that it cannot be stirred any longer. It is allowed to steam briefly, then dumped out on the pan lid and sliced like a cake; it might be called moist, unleavened cornbread. Sukuma is kale. From what I observed many of the villagers I knew lived on less food than we did. Even if they didn't they did far more physical labor than we did, which I suppose made their appetite bigger.

I was somewhat embarrassed because after I had greeted the people, shaken hands and said "Habari ya Safari?" (What's the news of the journey?), there was not much else I could say. There were a few of the men who came who were fluent in English. Those who were not fluent in English were, as a rule, not fluent in Kiswahili either. This was Kikuyu country. So there were even some of our Kenyan staff who were not able to converse with those who were illiterate in Kiswahili.

I found myself gravitating to those who spoke English. I didn't have any preparation to do for the Village Leaders Conference because I had just been in Kenya 2 weeks, and in the Village one week. I was going to have the opportunity to be a participant observer. After some enthusiastic greetings and some awkward silences, I retreated to meal preparation. Since meal preparation is not regarded to be a respectable job for a male, the Kenyan staff did not want me doing that, especially when we were having guests. I finally ended up retreating to my room.

By dusk everyone had arrived, and the hum of excitement hung over the training center. Since we had the whole evening (in Kenya as in the Southern United States the time of day after the sun reaches its zenith and 'evens out' is called 'evening'; thus, the afternoon is evening...the evening out of the sun's rising) to prepare the meal I assumed that we would undoubtedly have the meal on time. What I had in mind by 'on time' was 6 pm.

We didn't begin at 6 pm. It wasn't ready then. It wasn't ready because people don't eat until sundown; not before the beginning of the second day. When the meal was ready we gathered in the Great Hall of the Training Center. It was approximately 20' x 40' so we had people crowded in around tables. Our Kenyan began the VLC with singing. The singing must have carried throughout the village, because it was full of vitality. After some singing the food was brought in. It had been served outside so that everyone would be ensured an equal plate full of food. Passing the food family style, which is normally our custom in the United States didn't work. The group was too big, there were not enough family-like bonds established in the group. Those who got the bowl first would be overcome with so much plenty and heap their plates. They might even take more than they could eat and then carry it with them from the meal to feed on later. If it would happen that the food had run out and a request was made to start the bowl around and return some of the individual surplus to the serving bowl, it was done so reluctantly as to hardly be worthwhile. There

was a sense that if you had managed to get the food, you were justly entitled to keep it. It was either assumed that everyone had had plenty of practice going without a meal, and therefore would be able to do it again this time, or there was an unspoken assumption that there would be more in our kitchen, and that those who got none, would be taken care of from the abundance in the kitchen. To my astonishment I discovered that there were actually times when the staff had kept an unduly large amount of the food back for themselves before serving it. I thought it was an important symbol to serve food family style. But I thought it was a far more important symbol to see that everyone was afforded equal portions.

The VLC was an overnight on Friday and a half day on Saturday. In addition to sharing reports on the village development plans which each group of villagers brought, there was a workshop where information about successful local village projects was brokered. Those who wanted to know how a project was done had an opportunity to talk with those who had reported success. The last session of Saturday morning was a presentation describing the Village Leadership Training School (VLTS). Once the presentation was made, and questions were answered the group was divided into Sub locations so that they could build a recruitment plan to get members of their villages there. Just before lunch there was a Plenary Session in which they all shared their plans and celebrated their work. After lunch the group was sent out, and we began readying ourselves to spend the next week visiting the villages to go with the village leaders to recruit the VLTS.

The effort was successful. We held a 2-week Village Leaders Training School (VLTS) in Mugumoini, (10/11-25) with 4l participants from 3 of the 5 Locations (a Location similar to a township) in the Kigumo Division. Most of the villagers were middle aged men, but 7 young men (18-21) and 9 older women were at every session. The VLTS is taught in Swahili. The English speakers on our staff are translated. It was scheduled in mid November, which was time enough for everyone to have gotten their crops in and have cultivated them once or twice. I was amazed that the VLTS was so well attended when it was competing for work time in the shamba. There were times when I wondered if the prospect of 3 solid meals a day made it more attractive than being at home. Up to this time all of our training events had been free. This time we found it necessary to insist on a 15 Ksh registration fee. The Kenyan staff said that if we tied the fee to the issuance of the diploma everyone would be sure to pay it because the graduation diploma was a cherished item.

The school curriculum was designed to give them a global perspective within which to consider the lifelong task of being a catalyst for development in their own village. They received training in planning and leadership methods. They were given perceptual screens through which to see the village as a dynamic social entity. They were given a chance to practice the leadership and training methods on each other. They were introduced to methods of sustaining spirit vitality and motivation for the long haul.

We discovered that we had l5 illiterate people so during the workshops we separated them into the Symbol Group & assigned our Kikuyu-speaking staff to them. The first thing they did was to choose a symbol for themselves in lieu of writing their names. One was the sun, another key, another torch, etc. By the end of the first day they could identify each other's symbol on the board. Then they figured out symbols to represent work projects they wanted to accomplish. One man got up and talked about the 9 Keys of Community Development with symbols. His literate colleagues were astonished. Another woman got up & led a simulated village meeting: she drew pictures of a shovel, hoe, etc. to indicate what tools people needed to bring to the Saturday workday (Saturday was before church day). People were to come when the sun was directly overhead (noon)!

Since village development plans involve corporate work days, we scheduled into the VLTS curriculum a work day. I was assigned with Daniel Daywa to research the work day. We made plans to do the work day on the Training Center. This gave me a perfect opportunity to introduce one of my inspirations. I stepped the Training Center Ground off, and made a scale map of it. Then I projected some terraces, some citrus trees, some mangos, and a possible fence. This was because everyone was observing the practice of zero grazing. In principle that meant that livestock were kept tied or penned up and food was brought to them. But it also meant that the boys were given responsibility to herd the cattle along the

roadsides and public properties so that they could feed on what grass was growing there. Our yard being public property, had a constant assortment of animals and boys in it. That meant that any gardening was subject to the slip of a greedy cow and an inattentive boy. It also meant that there was the danger of stepping on an occasional cow pie. The manure must have been harvested however, for there was seldom any cow manure in our yard.

Then I presented the plan to the Training School with the suggestion that we begin with a bench terrace. It was agreed. Then we had to design the practical means to accomplish it. We visited Robert Ndungu, the village leader in Mugumoini. He had not been attending the VLTS. The only person attending the VLTS from Mugumoini was Elizabeth Njeri. We wanted to involve the village in the work day since the Training Center was actually government property in the village of Mugumoini. He willingly gave his consent for us to do the project. He was not so enthusiastic about ensuring that there be a Mugumoini representation at the work day. We executed the work day, and dug a bench terrace 3 foot deep, 3 foot wide, and 50 feet long.

One evening later on that week Rati Shah, a friend of ours, and a successful merchant in Saba Saba, had been entertaining Doug and Wendy at his shop/residence in Saba Saba. He ran his business in Saba Saba and had his residence where his family lived in Thiks 20 kilometers away. He stayed in Saba Saba 5-6 nights a week and entertained us as often as we would allow ourselves the time to get away. There was something about us that fascinated him. Perhaps it had something to do with the fact that we were US citizens, and he assumed that we all had US dollars that we would slip to him when we wanted money changed. That was illegal, but seldom if ever caught. He was either selling the dollars on the black market, or depositing them in his bank in London. Perhaps he hoped that he would be the recipient of additional cash flow if he could establish himself as our merchant. Perhaps he enjoyed making a show of his affluence to us: US citizens who enjoy the epitome of affluence. Perhaps he was intrigued with the constant procession of young female volunteers who came through Mugumoini. Perhaps he was intrigued by our attempt to be of service to others, and wanted to use his resources to help. He did a great deal to help us accomplish our projects. He had been doing some heavy drinking and was driving Doug and Wendy back to the training center because there was no public transportation after dark. He did not realize that we had a new trench in our front yard, and that the driveway went up one side of the slope. Wendy had advised him as he approached the training center but he did not comprehend what she had told him. He was on 'automatic pilot' as he drove up the old road. He finally stopped short of the terrace ditch because Wendy screamed and shook him. Once he had stopped and let Doug and Wendy out, he returned to 'automatic pilot' and began to turn around. He promptly backed up and dropped the back wheel of his vehicle in the ditch. He could not get the vehicle out no matter how much he revved the motor and spun the back wheel. I'm sure he was frightened of the prospect of staying all night in Mugumoini. To begin with he probably feared that his vehicle would have been cannibalized by morning. It was also a tremendous loss of face to him: both to the villagers and to his brother who helped him run the store. He was a desperate man. It was midnight and it was pitch black. It was midnight and I was sound asleep. As if in a dream I sensed what seemed like a disturbance outside. It took me some time to wake from my sleep and begin to grasp what was happening. He was whining as he knocked on my door and pleaded with me to help him extract his vehicle from the ditch. I finally stumbled out of bed, put some clothing on, and went outside. By that time Karoki and several other VLTS participants had gotten up. Our initial examination of the situation led us to suggest that he wait until morning when we could see what we were doing. He continued to whine and plead with us to get him out. It was obvious that he deathly afraid of having to stay in the village overnight. Karoki found some large timbers, wedged them in as levers and pried. I insisted that I drive the truck as the rest lifted and pried. I was afraid that Rati would injure one of us with the truck if he were in the driver's seat when we were next to the truck lifting and pushing. In the last analysis Karoki did more by lifting the back of the vehicle than most of the rest of us did with levers. We did get it out. Once we had the vehicle on solid ground we tried to persuade him to remain the night. Only then did it become apparent to me how much terror the prospect of staying in the training center cause in him. I then suggested that I would drive

him back home and arrange to get back home myself the next day. It all seemed too complicated and he finally drove off weaving down the road, making his way home.

Feelings--extreme fatigue, inadequacy, deprivation

Emotions--tenacious concern for little things like favorite foods, warm bath, clean clothes

Imagery--

To what aspect of my life is this calling my attention?

Where else might I go to explore this further?

BECOMING ENCULTURATED

The HDTS was exhilarating because of the intense contact with the village leaders. But it was also exhausting. It was exhausting because of the large number of people in such a small space. There were 12-15 ICA staff assigned to the Training Center for circuiting. In addition to them there were 4 more staff assigned to teach the HDTS. There was one pit toilet, and 4-5 basins which people could use for bathing, and 4-5 basins designated for washing clothes. These facilities were normally adequate for 15-20 staff. With the 41 village leaders, that made a total of 60 people housed in the Center. So everything was intensified: staying together under one roof because of the wet weather; moving the charcoal burner under the entranceway niche which caused the exhaust to rise right into our room; listening to conversation conducted in another language (Swahili or Kikuyu); shopping for food for 60 people; cooking three meals a day for 60 people and washing up after them; and getting water for those people

Large numbers of people--We had no idea how many people would come for VLTS. We made a trip to Nairobi in an in-kinded truck and picked up some extra tables, mattresses, and bunks from our headquarters in Nairobi. We created a dormitory in the back end of the Great Hall using cardboard, bunkbeds, staples and sisal. We were pleased with 41 registrants, but the Training Center was overflowing. In the men's dorm some of the young men slept two to a bed. Some of women on the staff and some of the women participants did the same thing. I thought that that was terrible to be asking our guests to do that, but out staff assured me that people oft times were accustomed to that. We finally rented an empty room down at the village storefront to accommodate 6 men.

We had 3 staff assigned to cooking full time. There was little possibility of shopping for that kind of an event in one or two big trips. First of all there was a limited amount of storage space that was rodent free. In addition none of the storage space was refrigerated, and there was not enough cash flow to purchase large amounts (90 kilo bags) of grain. So it was important to know what was on the menu for the next day, because it probably had to be shopped for today. The staff was responsible for managing the menu and seeing that the food was there to be prepared, and cooked on time, but the participants were rostered in teams and regularly rotated responsibility for food preparation and dish washing. I had been a part of programs similar to this in North America with all the benefits of modern conveniences. It was exciting to me to be a part of a group this size that was able to live together so congenially without the help of modern conveniences, and taking care of themselves quite well.

Because we were hosting so many villagers we did two things with the menu. The first is we kept it as traditional as we could so that those attending would not be offended by the food. And the second thing we did was to make it as inexpensive as we could so that we could stay within our budget. The breakfast menu was not even discussed. It was always chai (strong tea with milk and sugar added) and a very thick slice of cold white bread. The lunch meal was seldom varied either. It was ugali and sukuma day after day. Any variation from this brought a great deal of discontent. Variety was not welcomed.

I wondered if it were an attachment to maize (corn). In that vein I purchased a small cake pan and created a reflector oven out of a 5 gallon biscuit tin. I would use the coals that were left over after the meal had been cooked. I made a point of sharing it with as many as possible trying to promote it as an alternative to ugali. I was eager to see if it would be accepted. It wasn't. It was regarded as a desert. I also began to realize that it would be extremely difficult to make a sufficient amount of cornbread for 60 people on the kind of cooking apparatus we had. Of course it would be possible to acquire a better kind of an oven, but it

would not be readily available for every villager. I finally admitted that the reason ugali and sukuma is so popular is because it is so simple, so efficient, and so substantial a meal.

When potatoes were cooked as a part of the meal they were always skinned. We did not have something as fragile and sophisticated as a potato peeler. So when the potatoes were peeled with a large dull butcher knife, it was usual to find that there was approximately 16 per cent shrinkage after the potatoes were peeled. The peel, with many vitamins, was thrown in the garbage. I found no way to be taken seriously when I suggested that the potatoes be cooked with the peels. The next time I got to Saba Saba I purchased a wok. It is a common utensil and is apparently beaten out of a 55 gallon drum lid. Then when we had potatoes I would save the peels, wash them, and make French fried potatoes. I had to do that after the cooking was over, because the entire meal was cooked on two charcoal burners, so there was never the luxury of cooking during the time the meal was being prepared. The French fried potatoes were popular, so popular that there were seldom any left for me once I had offered them around. In spite of the fact they were popular; no one else saved them or fixed them. They were happy to eat them if someone fixed them, never interested enough to fix them for themselves.

Fortunately the Health Clinic had a water catchment tank that was not being used. It was unfortunate for Mugumoini, because the village had completed the center, but the government had not been able to supply a Nurse practitioner. So the clinic remained closed. Between that tank and the Training Center tank we had clean water for drinking and cooking. We did have to carry water about 150 yards up from the Clinic, but compared with the alternative of paying someone to bring all of our water from the river, and then be faced with the problem of purifying it, that was a minor consideration.

We did hire village women to bring water from the river daily which we used for bathing. In principle the water should be allowed to stand for 48 hours so that any schistozomes in the water die. We were never logistically astute enough to be able to manage that. There is a sense of immediacy in the tropics, in a subsistence economy that obviates any waiting. Everything is needed now, and whatever is there to fill the need is used. I noticed this especially with tomatoes. As soon as tomatoes were big enough to eat (or sell) they were picked. Being red of color was not a criterion for tomatoes. As soon as they could be eaten they were eaten. In fact, once they became red, their value at the market place went down. They were priced to sell quickly once they turned red. I could not tell whether this was because they were more likely to spoil and therefore must be sold, or because they were undesirable because they were red. In either case, I was delighted.

I never recall getting any complaints from the neighbors because we only had one toilet, but I know one of the ways the overflow was handled. The men would simply step out into an adjoining field or around a tree, turn their back on everything and urinate. I could never get up my courage to do that. From time to time I would go down to the Health Clinic which had two. It may have been that some of the participants visited the neighbor's toilet at times of peak usage.

The shock of bathing is not the first bath, although that is a shock. The shock is that there is so little water available. You appear extravagant if you use more than a gallon of water. I discovered that my old bathing habits had to be redone. Bathing at night before you go to bed is a good idea because you may have picked up some dirt from the days work; you may have chiggers on your feet. But bathing at night is a logistical feat complicated by the fact that it will be done in the dark, which is alright if you have no necessity to see what you're doing. The bathhouse is out near the pit toilet. You can carry the water, your soap, shampoo, towel and washcloth, your change of clothes and a torch but it is not likely that you'll be able to do it in one trip. There's also a good chance whether you do it in one or two trips that you're likely to either drop your towel or your change-of-clothes in the water. When you finally get everything in place and strip down in the night air you realize that there may be more comfortable times to take a bath. Although 70 degrees Fahrenheit is thought of as room temperature, that is with clothes on. Bathing outside in water that is no warmer than 70 degrees, in an air temperature that is similar, is an exhilarating sensation. It is even more exhilarating to take your bath the first thing in the morning. Midafternoon is usually the most popular time of the day to take a bath. When you do so, you usually leave your water out in a basin in the sun for an

hour or so. The difficulty with that is you have to be able to plan your time to be able to take a bath in the middle of the afternoon. There was seldom any time at the HDTS when it was possible to do so.

I found the training sessions tiring because they were conducted in Swahili. I would try to understand what was being said but succumbed to the mental fatigue that sets in when I find myself an outsider. I would sit in session and study my Swahili. Sometimes I would write letters, but I thought that was discourteous to the rest who were expected to be attentive. I expected of myself that I be present, experiencing what they were experiencing so that I would have some way of identifying positively with them on future occasions. I noticed that our Kenyan staff took the opportunity to leave the class session as soon as they had done their leadership presentation. I thought of this as antithetical to the result which we were trying to obtain; creating a common sense of expectation about the development of the village in Kenya. The Dean of our HDTS was Danaraj Darlington, an Indian from Malaysia. Since he did not speak Swahili either I began to confide some of my reservations about the HDTS in him. His assessment of this situation was that they were following perfectly the role-models that had been established for them in school. The teacher is someone who makes a presentation to the class, leaves an assignment with the class, and then takes his or her leave to do as s/he pleases. I did not understand their presentation in Swahili, so I had no way to judge their preparedness, but I had grave doubts about the effectiveness of a staff that has neither anxiety over nor need to spend time on their upcoming preparation. When the fatigue from all this would overcome me, I would go to my room and take a nap.

Feelings-- deprivation, fear, desperation

Emotion-- detachment, withdrawal

To what aspect of my life is this calling my attention?

Where else might I go to explore this further?

DECEMBER COUNCIL

It seems to me that I had been stuck in Mugumoini for a lifetime and I had

only arrived there October 21. I remember distinctly the evening when I had in-kinded the pickup to make an overnight trip to Nairobi to pick up the material in preparation for the HDTS. As I pulled out of Saba Saba I gritted my teeth and drove over the hill to Nairobi on the left-hand side of the road. I knew this was the right thing to be doing for several reasons. First of all I could see that the driver's side of the pickup was on the right, and I knew that the driver always sits on the side of the vehicle closest to the middle. And as if to confirm that the left-hand side was the proper side, a large Isuzu passenger bus crested the hill on the right-hand side of the road, slowing from 100 kph to make the bus stop at Saba Saba. It was approaching on the right-hand side of the highway. All of these factors combined to dispel all rational doubts, but it did not handle the uneasy feeling I had as I drove over the hill on the left-hand side of the highway not convinced that another bus would be coming at me on my side of the highway just over the crest of the hill. When I got over the hill and discovered to my amazement that everyone was driving on the wrong side of the road, actually their own left side of the road, I was not much relieved, but was willing to abide by the rules of the road in a relational universe. As I headed for Nairobi I felt a strange sensation come over me. I discovered that living and working in the village, waiting for public transportation that had no schedule, catching a ride whenever a bus arrived, needing to be covertly violent to make my way onto the bus or matatu, and suffering covert violence from all who are packed in against me as we lurched and bumped along the narrow potted tarmac at speeds in excess of 100 kph, combined with finding my way in a strange geography, becoming accustomed to a strange language and strange customs, walking substantial distances either because the matatu didn't go there, or because I would rather walk than wait and be crowded into the vehicle...in retrospect all of this had caused in me an overwhelming sense of macro-claustrophobia. I was beginning to have the sense that I was surrounded. No more severe than that; trapped. And the sense of being trapped was breeding a quiet sense of terror in me. I was losing all touch with things familiar to me, things in which I was accustomed to take pleasure, or simply things which, because of their familiarity, and of their absence, seemed to leave a gaping hole in my sense of well-being.

It was good to be in the front seat of a vehicle again. I noticed that some men make a point of insisting on riding in the cab of the vehicle. They appeared to be people of stature, or people who thought they were of stature, in society. They would insist in riding in the front to the point of crowding everyone else to the point that the driver had a hard time driving, or by simply insisting that someone else, younger woman or younger man in that order, get out and get in the back. I never insisted on that kind of privilege. I was granted it from time to time. I always took the privilege when it was offered.

But it was more than being in the front seat. It was being able to go where I wanted to go on my own schedule at my own speed. It must be something akin to the experience a bird has when it is released from a cage. The sense of release was exhilarating. Doug, Wendy, Hans and I left at 4 pm and the sun was still high in the sky. Since we had no other agenda than getting to Nairobi, and we could accomplish that in half the time and stress that would have been required by public transportation, we stopped at the New Blue Post Hotel which sat on the edge of Chana Falls in Thika. It was a curious sensation anticipating that the job we had to complete by sundown could be accomplished at our leisure which therefore gave us a great deal of flexibility with the rest of the time we had to spend that afternoon and evening. To add to that I was anticipating being able to continue doing what I needed to do after sundown, because there was electricity in Nairobi. I began to realize that the normal schedule is much different than that, and that it is a source of some of the pressure. In the village without either my personal source of vehicular transportation or electricity, every task I have to do it is bounded with a far more limits than when I have my own vehicle and a way of artificially extending the day. There are a number of different relationships one can take to the experience of being bound by these limits.

I had not been aware until this moment of the relationship to the village until that moment but driving to Nairobi suddenly awakened my awareness. I had experienced some the detachment in facing the logistical impossibility of contacting someone in another village about a change of plans by simply picking up the phone and calling. Or some physical relaxation in having to spend a half day walking to and from Saba Saba to get the mail and phone Nairobi. But my primary relationship to these constraints was one of feeling trapped.

Being on the road was like being out of the trap. I had coffee at the Hotel expecting to savor some of Kenya's finest coffee. What I got was some flat tasting instant coffee. I was disappointed. I later discovered that few Hotels in Kenya actually brew their coffee. They employ the convenience of the instant world.

I mention that it seems like a long time since my arrival in Kenya because I was, once again, anticipating a chance to get away from the Training Center, away from Mugumoini, away from Kigumo Division and all its villages and village leaders, and visit the city: Nairobi. We went by public transportation this time.

First to the mid-quarter check-signals meeting. There were project directors from every Program Office and there were 10 Offices. The early part of the agenda called for reporting. We got a 1st hand description of the program throughout Kenya. It didn't leave a lasting impression on me. While we were there I began looking for a 2nd hand motorcycle. I went downtown during lunch breaks and made the rounds to every dealer. I had hoped to find a bike for $400 US. That much money would get a dependable bike in the US. I discovered that the price of the bikes I was considerably higher in Kenya. Kenya has a very high import duty placed on most things that come from anything electronic, or from the highly industrialized and technological manufacturers, or needed to maintain products imported from highly industrialized and technological manufacturers.

I had been aggravated by the fact that the hallway in our bedroom took up one-fourth of our space, but not the neighbor’s space. By the time we left for council I had claimed the hallway as ours. It gave us storage space and subsequently more living space in our bed, or bedroom if it can be called that. I had installed a clothes line, and some places to store tools and odds and ends. I found myself becoming a packrat. I began to save everything that looked like it could be used. I saved the bread wrappers which were made out of waxed paper. They got the jiko going promptly in the morning if things were damp. I

saved cardboard boxes which could be used for storage of food or personal objects. I saved nylon cord which was tied to the bunk beds and was serving no appreciable function. I saved tidbits of sisal rope, I saved green sisal. I saved pieces of scratch paper which was multi-purpose toilet paper, firelighter, and notepad. *I saved...* *And used it/them for:*

Cellophane	light fire
tin cans	cups, coffee percolator, bread pan
planks of wood	hang from ceiling, nail to wall
nail	shelves, ladder
yogurt containers	make yogurt, drinking glass/cup
motor oil containers	water bottle
black plastic	carry 100 pound bag of charcoal (on my back)
burlap bags	carry produce
biscuit tins	water reservoir
printer ribbon	repleted with gestetner and reused
plastic bags	muddy thongs in backpack
rubber bands	
paper clips	
empty ball point pens	plastic straw
car tires	children's swing, door hinge
inner tubes	tie-down straps
cardboard boxes	carrying containers
paper bags	storage containers
envelopes	in house memos or communication

Part of this 'chipmonking' was due to the fact that our budget allowed for necessities only. All of the things listed in the "made into..." column would have been done without if they had not been converted. It was not only a 'chipmonk' syndrome, it was a realization that any special thing you wanted you needed to plan ahead for in time and in money so that it could be gotten on the way out to or back from town. It was also a recognition that living in a consumption-oriented throw-away society was not an option for everyone in the world. It was a practical, natural, conservation and recycling of resources.

It was interesting when we got to Kamweleni. The facilities and the people did not match my manufactured, idealized picture. One half of the buildings lay vacant. We were occupying considerably less than half of the facility, but spread out so that we could use one-half of the facility all the time. The great hall felt like it was half full even when it was filled with 100 people seated UN style. The kitchen was connected to the great hall on the windward side of the prevailing winds. That insured that anytime cooking was going on in the kitchen the smoke from the charcoal burners was filling the great hall. Since it is practically necessary to have two charcoal burners going all day, in order to cook and was for 100 people, we were usually sitting in charcoal smoke for the daytime meetings.

The most unusual part of the council was a pilgrimage. Since Kamweleni was a strong symbol to us of successful rural development it was significant that Kawangware be a part of the pilgrimage symbolism. We walked 12 kilometers in to Machakos and began a retreat at the Sisters Retreat House. I began to realize how much of an elder I was there. When we retraced the timeline of our work as a group it went back into the 1950's. Lin and I had begun work in 1966, and had been the duration. Some of the Kenyans on our staff were born in the mid 1960's. I also began to realize that participation in the Retreat was structured in English. I think it is universally difficult to express thoughts and feelings that have profound significance in a second language. If this is true, the retreat had a built in bias which made it extremely difficult for the Kenyan staff to express their profoundest thoughts and feelings.

After the Retreat we returned to Nairobi. We were fortunate to be able to stay in an in-kinded room at the New Stanley Hotel. When we arrived we felt awkward walking in in our bush clothes on and asking to take our room. If remain in the lobby for a short period of time you will see sufficient number of clients come dressed in all kinds of bizarre ways, but it is assumed that they came in dressed quite fashionably with all the proper luggage when they checked in. We had our village clothes...dusty jeans and cotton shirt with woolen jumper over it. Not only that, we had not pulled up in a taxi, we had just squeezed off the number 46 matatu in from Kawangware with our backpacks over our shoulders.

Our stay was pleasant, when we first arrived Lin and I rostered the soaking in the bathtub. I have a dim distant memory of being a whale once. When you come in from the village you can be one of two things: dry and dusty, or wet and muddy. In either case I feel the need to recover some of my ancestry and soak for long periods of time in water that is warmer than body temperature.

We had a Christmas dinner in Kawangare. All of our Kenyan staff had gone home on Holidays, so it was an expatriate Christmas, with expatriate food. I baked a green tomato mincemeat pie. I had plenty of green tomatoes, but had to use mangos in place of apples, but it may have improved the recipe a little. I had found the motorcycle I was going to buy. I had waited until Council and the Retreat were completed before I purchased it. I walked into the bank with 10 100-dollar bills and exchanged it for 15,000 shillings. Since the largest denomination is a 100 Ksh note, I had quite a stack of bills when I left the bank. I had planned the walk. I kept the money safely in my pocket, watched as I left the bank to see if anyone was following me, and made an angular path for the garage where the motorcycle was parked. I exchanged the money for the motorcycle and was mobile. I designed a luggage rack and had a Kawangware fundi build it. Within several days we had had all of the lounging we could take, loaded the motorcycle with some of our goods that we had yet to take to Mugumoini, and made our first trip to Mugumoini on our own mode of transportation.

WATERTANK VLC

When we decided to take a rain-check on the building of the Demonstration Water Catchment Tank in October, we tentatively decided to schedule the Village Leaders Conference (VLC) focused on Water Tank construction just after the New Year.

I was a newcomer to village development in October, and I had not fully grasp how we would use the grant which we had received for building water catchment tanks. The grant called for the construction of 7 tanks. We had not been delivering 'inputs' to the villages where we worked. Our 'input' was training: training the village leaders in methods which would make their problem solving and leadership more effective. I did not want to break our precedent. I was worried about how to decide where the 7 tanks should go, and what would happen to ICA's image if we suddenly started delivering water tanks to villages. It was more than an image question. I was sure that giving water tanks to a village would not help them build self-sufficiency. No additional thinking had been done since the scheduling and postponing of the Water Tank Construction. That meant that I had to do some serious brooding over the Christmas Holidays. My brooding gradually evolved to the point where I had clarity on the course of action we should take. I shared my brooding with our staff over the breakfast table shortly after the New Year began. They responded favorably to it and helped to refine it so that we had a plan with which to work.

The final edition of the plan had us building a demonstration tank at the Mugumoini Training Center. We would use the Demonstration Water Catchment Tank as the focus of a Village Leaders Conference. That would enable us to monitor closely the construction of the first tank. It would also give a maximum number of our staff the opportunity to observe the construction of the tank. That would be valuable to us in the future. Not only did there need to be a structural requirement for village participation in the building of the first tank, but it would also be necessary to create a rationale that would maximize the possibility that these tanks would continue to be built after the initial 7 were built. In order to accomplish the first objective, I established criteria by which a village could decide whether or not it wanted a tank. The

criteria divided the components of the tank into materials and support that the village would supply, and materials and support that ICA would supply. When charted it looked as follows:

ICA Supplies

- All hardware; pipes and taps
- roofing, cement, water-benefit, the ballast (gravel), roofing
- technical supervision to see to successful completion
- and transportation of the materials to site

The Village

- A site which is for the public
- people from the village to work
- sticks gathered for weaving material
- sand gathered for cement
- weaving of the basket of the tank
- provide the Harambe (let us work together) to complete the tank
- the Fundi to supervise completion.

In addition, they agree to initiate a Water Tank Guild which will train people and cooperate together so that they can continue to build water tanks for individuals in the village.

By requiring the village to come up with some of the raw material needed to construct the tank we then spread the cost of the tank so that the village was covering some of the cost. This not only gave the village an investment in the tank, it allowed us to project the construction of twice as many tanks. With this kind of model for Demonstration Water Catchment Tank construction I felt prepared to manage the VLC. We scheduled it for the Monday the 13th of January.

There is no such thing as sending out a mailing to the village leaders. There is no such thing as a phone-calling blitz to get in touch with all of the prospective participants. There is only circuiting, which means plenty of walking and traveling by public transportation. So we set the VLC for the middle of January. That gave us enough time to get out and visit everyone, estimate how many would come, shop for the food, prepare the facilities, write the curriculum, and get the materials on site. It was essential to have all these things thought through and accomplished. If there happened to be an oversight and we found it necessary to have someone to go out shopping we could count on them taking one-half to three quarters of a day to do the errand. Thirty two Village Leaders showed up on Monday afternoon for the VLC.

We had been working steadily to get ready for the event all weekend. We borrowed Rati's truck on Friday and gone to Thika to purchase all of the materials we would need for the construction of the water tank. Sunday we borrowed the truck again and went to Maragua Ridge where Karoki had arranged for us to get sand near the Maragua River. We made three trips for sand. Each of them we filled the 1/2 ton Datsun truck beyond the limit, but it seemed to hold up under the strain. The rainy season is over by the end of December, but the ruts in the road still made the road negotiable only at slow speeds, and then with much lurching and swaying as we were thrown arbitrarily by the road from one rut to the next as if we had been place on a railroad track designed in a house of mirrors. We filled with sand to what I estimated was the limit that the truck would take without breaking an spring or an axle, and be able to pull the hills on the route back to the Training Center. Every trip so far had proven me a good judge. The last trip had every bit as much sand on, but I had forgotten that we had an added cargo. We needed to take Karoki, the fundi, and six women who were coming from Maragua Ridge. They were coming with us so that they would not have to pay for transportation, and so that they would be there to begin weaving the basket of sticks in the morning. The truck creaked and groaned, but made it out to the tarmac. We left the tarmac again when we crossed the Saba Saba River valley. There we discovered that we had reached the limit. I had always taken the bridge over the river very carefully, because the approach was so abrupt it might blow a tire on the truck, and there were no railings on the bridge. As soon as we crossed the Saba Saba River and were safely on the other side I pushed the accelerator to the floorboard. As we climbed the far side of the valley the truck slowly began to wind down. Midway up the hill I stopped the truck before the motor stalled out. I asked everyone to get off and to push. With their help and some slipping of the clutch we reached the top of the hill and continued on to Mugumoini.

On Monday morning Karoki went into action. He had the fundi beginning to level out the site of the foundation, and he staked out an area in the front yard where he and the women began to construct the basket. This is a technology which is quite often used to make granaries, chicken coops, and heavy duty market baskets. The activity in the front yard of the Training Center began to attract some of the women of Mugumoini. There were two women's groups in Mugumoini. It was almost impossible to get them to cooperate with each other because of an altercation in the past. Each group asked of the Demonstration Water Tank, "Is this something that the other women are going to be involved in (meaning the other women's group)?" Since we were interested in community activity, something that was inclusive, for everyone's benefit, our answer was "Yes." That immediately excluded both groups, because neither of them would be involved in a project that the other was in.

The VLC opened on Monday evening with an opening feast and reports. Most of the participants had been involved in the VLTS. There were 32 village leaders present. They reported what had happened in their respective villages since we were last together at the Village Leaders Training School (VLTS). At Tuesday morning breakfast I gave the context for the VLC, passed the booklet out, asked the group to read,

and then asked for questions. As they responded with questions I listed the questions on the board. When we had all their questions I told them that their job was to be a detective for the remainder of the VLC. As a detective they would find the answer to these questions as the Water tank was built. We assigned the participants to teams and then rostered the teams. Some were to complete the weaving of the skeleton; some to carry ballast (gravel); some to sift the sand (we got it from the river so it needed cleaning); some to dig the foundation and prepare it with rocks; some to some to run the wheelbarrows back and forth from mixing to the tank. There was no cement mixer. The mixing team put 6 wheel-barrows of sand on the ground, added three bags of cement, turned it over with a shovel until it was well mixed, added water and mixed it thoroughly. Throughout the morning there was a buzz of excitement. From time to time a team would break out with a work song and others would join in measuring their work to the rhythm of the song. By the end of the morning and had the foundation laid, the cylindrical cage of woven sticks completed and placed on the foundation, and the inside of the cage plastered so that it was impossible to see in through the cracks.

Lunch was festive because of the tremendous sense of accomplishment that the group had experienced a tremendous sense of accomplishment. Margaret Masala led a reflective conversation using questions to prompt the groups participation: 1) What events do you remember (sights, sounds, characters, happenings)?; 2) What was most satisfying/unsatisfactory experience of the morning?; 3) What other associations did this event remind you of (feelings)?; 4) What was the significance of this event for you (meaning)?; 5) Where do we go from here/what next (decision)?. Then she reviewed the list of questions from the morning. The group volunteered the answers that they had obtained from participating in the morning session. She then asked the fundi (craftsman; in this case a mason) to answer all the questions for which the group we had not found the answers.

In the afternoon the remainder of the tank was finished by the fundi and a few helpers. The rest of the group spent the afternoon acquainting themselves with the rationale for placement of water tanks, and choosing the 12 remaining sites where these water tanks would be constructed and placing their construction date on a timeline.

Wednesday morning was a three-ring circus. The VLC spent Wednesday morning developing timelines for the creation and completion of the tanks. A small group continued to assist the fundi in putting the finishing touches on the tank. And a Dental team had arrived and set up a clinic in the front yard of the training center. In the course of the morning they examined 300 people. Some they referred for dental care elsewhere. It was likely that the people whom they were seeing would never again have access to professional dental care, unless in case of an emergency close to death. I think it was the awareness of this fact that prompted the dental staff to perform curative work on the spot when they saw work that needed doing. The clinic served to be good advertisement for the Demonstration Water Tank. Some of those waiting to be seen in the Mobil Dental Clinic came and took a close look at the tank. After lunch the VLC was over, and the Mobil Dental Clinic packed up and continued its tour through the Murang'a District.

In early February Ngugi Munyoike arrived at the Training Center to tell us that his group at the Itchagaki B Primary School was ready to build a water tank. We scheduled a day when we would meet with his group, give a context for the tank, and confirm their consensus. John Ochieng and I went to the meeting. It was held in an empty room in the primary school. By the time the meeting was concluded there were 50 to 75 parents in the room. John was introduced. He rehearsed our work in village development, and told of the demonstration water tank recently constructed in Mugumoini. He indicated that N'gugi had been at the VLC where the tank was built. And that he had indicated that this village wanted a tank for their school. We were ready to help them with such a tank. It would require something from us and something from them. When we described the requirements they indicated that they were ready to meet them and so they picked a date. John and I made all the preparations necessary to deliver their materials on the proscribed date, but we visited the day of foundation digging and skeleton weaving to be sure that the tank site was ready. They were well underway. Every child in school had brought a can full of sand for several days in a row. There was a large pile of sand to use in mixing the cement. One and one-half weeks after the meeting the tank was erected. John and I returned on Saturday to see the fundi giving the finishing touches to the

tank. He had volunteered his labor to build it at the Primary School in Itchagaki. I said, "This is a lot of work. You should be paid for the next one." He agreed, and told me that already 2 people in the community had approached him and asked him if he would build one for them. It looks like the scheme will replicate itself!

Feelings--brilliance-the scheme to use funds and get participation, confidence in success, satisfaction in the definite accomplishment

Emotions--

Imagery--a forest of evergreens woven together like a jigsaw puzzle, the Lone Ranger (masked man), the Newcastle Industrial Area, Barry McKinzie and Frog Airlines, Joel Wright going to get me a light (for a cigarette) taking a brand new pack of Springs, or Salem Lights, opening the packet and taking 5 as he departs to find a light, showing me as he goes that he plans to take 5.

To what aspect of my life is this calling my attention?

Where else might I go to explore this further?

THIKA FUND RAISING

Just after we had launched the Water Tank program we encountered a severe cutback in our funding. When we had arrived in October Kenya was experiencing its first rain for several years. So we were experiencing a recovery from the drought. But in January we began to experience a financial drought. We discovered that our major sources of funding were channeling their monies to famine relief. It is an obvious need but it seems tragic that the programs for famine prevention be penalized. Since we live on cash flow that meant that there was little if any money to complete the tanks to which we had committed ourselves in the VLC. There was from time to time enough money to circuit to the Village and conduct an initial meeting with the group who would build the first tank. But the squeeze came in getting enough money to purchase the materials which we promised we would deliver to the village and the petrol to fill the tank of the truck we borrowed to pick them up and deliver them.

We found that the villages were a little slower in getting a village consensus than we had originally hoped they would be. Now we were hiding behind the time delay, hoping that they did not push us for the first meeting or the materials. Karoki came out of the VLC with two more tanks scheduled to be built in and around Maragua Ridge. Most of the staff resented or feared Karoki. I think it was because he had a way of making things happen. I felt he was a little greedy asking for two more tanks when we had already helped him get 10 in his village area. We did finally put a hold on placing those two tanks until we were able to raise some matching money later in the quarter. There were times when there was no money for programme and only a percentage of the allotted amount for food. That caused us to tighten our belts.

In mid-quarter we are accustomed to having a check signals meeting in Nairobi, and at the end of the quarter, a larger conciliar meeting at Kamweleni. So in mid-February we anticipated needing to create a new style of operation. And in late March we began to build our plans around the fact that we barely had money to feed ourselves, and seldom had money to do more than do severely restricted circuiting. Organizationally we had divided Kenya into Sections A, B, C, and Nairobi. Section A was Western Kenya from Nakuru west to Kisumu. Section B was Mid Kenya from Nakuru to Nairobi, but not including Nairobi, and Section C was Machakos, where we originally began work in village development, on to Mombasa on the Eastern coast. In these sections we worked exclusively in the 90% population belt, which meant that we did not work in the desert or nomadic portions of the Nation.

Up to this time the staff in Nairobi had been assigned to raise funds, and they worked almost entirely in Nairobi. In our planning brainstorm I proposed that each Section begin to assume responsibility for fundraising, and that we broaden the base of our income by having some of our staff secure income producing jobs. Almost everyone was skeptical, but no one had a better idea so it became a part of our plan. Everyone was skeptical about that for several reasons. I think it was a silent consensus that it couldn't be done, so no one opposed the plan.

We finally came to consensus on a threefold strategy for this situation. First, we would increase our financial development staff. We formerly had 6 persons working in the Nairobi Office. Now we would field a team in each of 3 sections across the Nation.

Second, we decided to send our staff out to find jobs for self-support. It has been our policy to not send professional extra-national staff out to work; for two reasons. First the Kenyan government is chary about work permits. They don't want an extra-national taking a Kenyan's job. In the second instance, we would create a dependence upon the extra-national earning power. Our Kenyan staff began working with the ICA by taking an 8-week Human Development Training School (HDTS). Most of them had a High School education (equivalent of our 10th grade) and no job. We were offering housing, food, and 300 ksh / month stipend. If you use a rough estimate of 15 ksh/$ 1 US the stipend is roughly equivalent to $20 US. This was funded by grants. When the grant income ceased, the first thing we did not get was our stipends. The next thing we didn't get was program money, and the last thing which was cut was the food allotment. There were occasions when we were living on 50% of the food budget (100% is 70 ksh per week which includes, food, charcoal 7 supplies like soap) and don't have money to keep our programs going. They see the need to bring in self-support but it is more symbolic than substantial, since their starting salary is 48 ksh/day compared to at least 1200 ksh/day for an extra-national.

In the third instance we would intensify the marketing of our Strategic Planning process--LENS. Swedish International Development (SIDA) has funded us to do a series of 9 LENS' with the Kenyan Cooperatives. The plan included expanding and developing our clientele in the private sector. On the first week of April we initiated the plan to raise funds in Section B. We traveled from Mugumoini to Thika and spent the week developing funding for our program. John Mulwa and I made a call on Leyland Kenya Ltd. We managed to accomplish all three objectives. When we told him our story he said, "Your organization is on shaky ground financially!" We agreed and said that financial contributions were only one of our strategies. We told him about securing employment and he immediately offered us jobs for three of our staff. Then we told him about LENS and he had us make an appointment with his Personnel Manager to consider using the LENS process.

I have begun to see that the times are calling for something different from us. Originally we saw the need to demonstrate that village development could be done by the people, and we looked for people who agreed with our commitment and would fund us. Now the thing that needs to be demonstrated has changed. What needs to be demonstrated now is rural development that is self-supporting.

Feelings--despair, failure, defeat,
Emotions--dispirited, numb, listless
To what aspect of my life is this calling my attention?
Where else might I go to explore this further?

MOVING TO NAIROBI

In spite of the fact that we had won in Section B, the rest of the Sections had not won, and we were in desperate financial straits from week to week. That we raised the money only served to create hard feelings because we expected to be able to use it to complete the rest of the water tanks, but it was obvious that if we did we would be building tanks instead of eating.

At our mid quarter check signals meeting in mid May it became obvious that we were going to have to reconfigure our staff. Those of us residing in the villages had either scheduled programme with the chiefs, sub chiefs and villagers who were within walking distance and then had to cancel it, or waited until we had the money to travel and gone out to schedule program that we were doubtful would happen because we could not count on subsequent money to keep us operational.

Some of the staff became very creative. Kamweleni was continuing to schedule and hold large Village Leaders Training (VLT) courses. These were 4-day conferences. They managed to do it by sending as many staff as possible out on circuit using their food money to travel. They then recruited from 80 to 100 people, requiring a registration fee from every participant. Since they were staff their meals were provided

by the training school, and there was a balance from the registration money which allowed them to get home.

We were not all as fortunate as Kamweleni. We had had a long history there and were well known in the Machakos District. Those who were not able to must such imagination, or get the villages to respond so expansively, found themselves sitting at home in the village with nothing to do, and very little to eat. They were hard put to answer for themselves what they were doing there, and found it difficult to explain to the villagers that they were not able to do their work because they had no money. It did not fit the villager's image of the ICA organization. It was after all a white man's organization so it therefore must be very rich. It would not be possible for this organization to have no money.

The reconfiguration emphasized three areas. The first focused on program that was paying for itself. This included the Cooperative Lens which were a part of a year-long funding package, the water tanks in Section B, the Sub location Development Training Schools in Section C, which were being held in the Machakos District at the Kamweleni Training Center, the Visit a Village scheme which the women were readying for the UN Women's conference which would come in June, and a Consultation with the Netherlands Child Welfare Agency to assist them in choosing the placement of one of their projects. The second was a major focus on fund raising which required a concentration of staff in Nairobi. The third was an effort to radically increase the employment of our staff.

As we did workshopping and spent time discussing this issue the realization that we must take this fell over us like a net. When we finally realized that this was not simply a good idea, it was what was necessary we fell into a state of shock. There were perhaps 30 of us in the room making deliberations for perhaps 120 of us. Nothing of this kind had ever happened to us. It was impossible to conceive what would happen to village development programs that we had begun and would now have to be suspended indefinitely. We printed up the proceeds of the meeting, knowing full well that the receivers of this information would be in more shock than we, for they would not have had the opportunity to wrestle with the issues and finally come to a conclusion. They would discover it by having it suddenly dropped on them. We arranged for a team of 2 people who had been at the check-signals meeting to visit every house within the next two weeks. Lin and I were assigned to Nairobi.

This was a major shift for us; from the village to the city. I was ambivalent about it. There was no room for a couple in the Nairobi office so Lin and I went to the Annex which was about two kilometers away. It was a nicely furnished 2-bedroom apartment with spacious living room, small dining room, and nice sized kitchen. There was also a room which was designed to be used as servant's quarters out behind the apartment. Bill and Maxine Norton and their daughter Therese were living there. We were delighted because we had been together with the Nortons before they were married, played a major part of their marriage festivities, and were godparents to their children. Felicia was in the United States in school. We were the only candidates likely for the assignment to live in the Annex because we had transportation to and from the Nairobi House. We rode the motorcycle over to the office before dawn for breakfast, and after dark when the evening meetings were over. It would not have been safe to have made the trip any other way but by personal vehicle.

I began work on the campaign to raise funds from within the nation of Kenya. Lin began work on the campaign to employ our Kenyan staff.

Feelings--hopelessness, retreat,

Emotions--resignation, determination

To what aspect of my life is this calling my attention?

Where else might I go to explore this further?

THE INDUSTRIAL BLITZ

We decided that our major contradiction was shrinking funding sources. In order to mobilize all 10 of the staff assigned to fund raising, begin to generate some enthusiasm, and get everyone in Nairobi involved initially in breaking the back of our major contradiction Charles Lingo suggested that we execute door-to-door fund raising drive in the Industrial area of Nairobi. Everyone else was paralyzed by the

enormity of the task, and since no one suggested an alternative we began an Industrial Blitz. We got a map of the area and divided it into 5 distinct areas. Within each of these 5 areas we subdivided the area into 10 divisions. On Sunday of the week the Industrial Blitz was to begin we created ten two-person teams, convened them to create the objectives and the practical steps for the Blitz. This involved creating an overview of the week's objectives, writing, testing and editing the story, practicing the pitch for money, and creating an assignment for the first day. Each team was sent to a well defined piece of geography and was to visit from door to door using the common story.

Story:
ICA non profit, world wide,
Kenyan village development, 27 districts
120 staff, volunteers, 90 % Kenyan
Stipend 300 Ksh / month, when we get it!
Funding recession because of Famine relief
Sponsor 1 staff @ 300 Ksh /mo. for one year = 4200 Ksh

It was a major logistical feat to get everyone up, the morning breakfast cooked eaten and washed up, all of the days expense money distributed to the teams, and get the teams out of the door and on the road. It was 15 kilometers across Nairobi to the west of Kawangware to the Industrial area. Everyone went there by public transportation which took approximately an hour and one-half during the 7 am to 9 am rush hour. Some mornings when the police were running a tight check on overloading the busses and matatus headed for Nairobi would be full when they reached Kawangware and would not stop. I stood waiting for 45 minutes before I realized that I needed to walk into town far enough to catch a bus coming out to Kawangware, so that I would be on one of the full ones when it turned and headed for Nairobi. The Industrial Blitz was simultaneously wearying and exhilarating. It was a matter of walking from door to door in the Industrial Area and asking over and over again for funds to help us with our work. On the first day I wore leather dress shoes. By the end of the day I vowed to never again do so. From then on I wore sneakers. That was still dressed up in the Industrial Area. Some businessmen were sympathetic. Some were tentative and would ask us to come back later. They usually meant "No" but couldn't bear to hear themselves say it. Some were able to say a "No" with conviction. We depended on statistical probability. We counted on getting something from every 10th call. So our integrity lay in making the calls so we would get the funding. It seemed like a hard way to do village development. It was. We weren't doing village development. We were telling our story. But the very fact that we were in the Industrial area, instead of in the village meant that we were not doing what we said we needed to be doing. We did begin to acquire some cash flow immediately. With 10 teams visiting each day we would bring from 2,000 to 5,000 Ksh in contributions. That, combined with the sense of power in knowing that we were covering the area like a swarm of ants boosted our morale. Even so, we were making just enough weekly to see that everyone was fed and not enough to send them out to the villages to do program. The initial Blitz was scheduled to last for one week. It actually strung out into two. Betty had taken it upon herself to create a form thank you letter on the computer and began to turn out thank you letters for anyone who needed them. That meant that it was possible to follow up immediately with a thank you and receipt. That in turn gave us more confidence in the integrity of our campaign. By the end of the second week our forces were diminished. Those who were responsible to work on major funding sources from agencies like CIDA, SIDA, NORAD, and others had to return to their long-range work of proposal writing and follow-up correspondence. Those who were responsible to set up the Village Tour program for the Non Governmental Organizations (NGOs), and the UN Decade of Women Conferences, had critical last minute preparations to which they must attend.

There were others who were responsible to search for and secure gainful employment. Still others who were setting up the consultation with the Netherlands Child Welfare Agency, and others who were fulfilling the requirements of a one year grant with SIDA to train the Cooperatives to do their own Strategic Planning.

Even though the purpose of the Industrial Blitz was immediate survival, I did continue to seek funding from sources that had given us grants to build water tanks. I did get some additional funding to build water tanks. That began to be a problem. The money designated for additional tanks began to be used for immediate survival.

When it came to building water tanks, raising the money for them was not quite half the job. It was difficult to get the money that had been raised to be spent on water tanks. At our weekly budget meeting it was constantly a trade off between eating and building water tanks. The staff in Section B kept pressure on Nairobi to release the money. That helped. It also helped that I was able to take a day and visit them, getting a progress report, taking pictures of tanks in progress or having been completed. Having the motorcycle made this quite feasible. I was able to leave Nairobi early in the morning before rush hour, get to Mugumoini, and Ngutu, or N'gararia, get a report, take some pictures, create a plan of next steps, visit Saba Saba or Thika to make payment, or arrangements for material or if necessary, and return to Nairobi by evening. To have done that on public transportation would have taken at least 2 and perhaps part of a third day. There were multiple rewards from the Motorcycle. I completely enjoyed riding it. It gave me the flexibility to move about and get work done efficiently, so that I could maintain the work in Nairobi and the work in Section B.

The move to bring staff into Nairobi shifted some of our most competent and dependable staff from the villages to the Nairobi facility. These staff were brought in because our financial situation left us with no way to be actively engaged in village development. It was not only economically impossible to travel to the village and do program, since there was no way to do program, there was no sense of purpose in residing in the ICA village staff center. That meant that some of the staff residences in the village were at risk. There was not only a perceived loss of purposeful activity which could engage people, but there was also a loss of some of the staff who had the maturity to handle the problems of poor staff morale that can arise in this setting. It also split some husband and wife teams. There were some disagreements which had to be handled by sending some staff out from Nairobi. Some of these agreements appeared to be provoked by tribal prejudice. When it appeared, it was every bit as demonic and insidious as racial prejudice. The abuse could come out in physical violence; if not the threat of physical violence. The much more frequent abuse was the mismanagement of money. It began with the food money an internal house matter, and to program money, an external task related matter.

Feelings--shame, embarrassment, futility

Emotions--how much longer before it folds, desertion

Imagery-- red clay hillside eroded away beyond hope of tilling,

a blank white wall with light purple stripes, a gerbil in a squirrel cage, walking out Lunga Lunga Road, my favorite noon-time hotel

To what aspect of my life is this calling my attention?

Where else might I go to explore this further?

CREATION OF A DATABASE

After the first two weeks of the Industrial Blitz the enchantment and enthusiasm of the new campaign had worn off. It was no longer as clear as it had originally been. There were assorted people to check back on. These people were in a variety of locations and needed to be seen at different hours. This meant that the odds of making 20 contacts in a day diminished, and with the odds, so with the money. We had accumulated over 250 contacts. Some of them had given money, some of them had promised money, and some of them told us to come back later. The data for these 250 contacts resided in the heads of, and on the log sheets of the 10 teams that did the calling. Some of the teams no longer existed because they were now involved in other things. There seemed to be no way to sort the chaos out of all the data we'd collected.

This seemed like an ideal moment for me to introduce a data base system of managing the funding development.

I'd brought the Kaypro in and Bill had helped me convert it but no one had seriously learned how to make it work for us.

When no one was posing a question that was 'pure problem' there was no way to suggest a use for the computer that was 'pure solution' and I refrained from trying to push the use of the computer in the in theory, in principle, or in the abstract

I created the structure of a database with two different pieces of software. Even Bill who had some background in computer science had not acquainted himself with the Kaypro software. Once I had created the alternative structures, I presented them to Bill. His intrigue was whetted because he had been on the Industrial Blitz and knew the complexion of the data we had, how unwieldy it was, and the catastrophe that would befall us if we failed to manage the data at this point. After some discussions which prompted Bill to experiment with the software, we selected a piece of software, and did a redesign of the data base so that it would hold all the information we anticipated we would need.

Up until this time all the records had been kept by hand on 5 x 8 cards. There were currently over 2000 cards on the funding prospects in the Nairobi area. This meant several things about the records. First it meant that the data might be on a card, but that the card might not be in the file if someone else had worked on it and failed to put it back. Or someone could have it and be working on it at the moment, or had simply lost it somewhere. Any one of the above reasons was good enough to increase the importance of having the card and its data as you began preparation to contact a possible previous supporter or prospective donor. The filing system was alphabetical. This was also an issue of much consternation to the extra national staff. In time I discovered that my inability to find a card was not evidence that is was missing from the file system. It was quite possible for it to be in the system and be out of alphabetical order. Alphabetizing, a task which required a thorough familiarity with the English alphabet, seemed to be a task was too tedious for the Kenyan staff. It seemed to them more important to file the card that to file it alphabetically. It was also possible to find the prospects card and discover that it was accessible for the wrong reason: because it had not been used by anyone contacting, visiting, or receiving money from the prospect. For all of the above reasons no one had passion about keeping up the filing card system on the work that was done during the Industrial Blitz. We were fortunate enough to have emphasized them adequately that the teams had either pulled the card of the contact, or had created a card for that contact as they had done their work. All of these cards were now sitting in piles outside of the filing card system. That meant that the filing card system was useless to anyone who wanted random information in a moment's notice, but it also meant that we had access to most of the recent contact data even though there was no way to sort it.

The issue became more and more pressing as the teams were reassigned, the need to continue follow-up and bring in money continued to press, and the data we had obtained over the 2-3 weeks of Industrial Blitz and its subsequent follow-up became more and more inaccessible. When the scream came, "How will we keep track of all these contacts?" I circulated a copy of the structure of the data base and got a consensus on the structure that would be adequate to manage the data. It closely resembled the baseline data on the 5 x 8 card. Then I began the marathon of entering the data. Since I was the only one who knew how to use the software I took it upon myself to do it without making an issue. Before it was completed both Maxine and Bill volunteered to help. Both of them entered data that they had obtained during their work on the Industrial Blitz. That sharpened their interest in the process. They were able to familiarize themselves with the software rapidly. Over the course of a weekend we entered all the data, chose a new configuration of teams, and printed the data out alphabetically by teams. This meant that each team had from 30 to 70 prospects to work on for the week with all of the data pertinent to the teams needed to raise money from the prospect. This system snatched order out of the chaos in which the Industrial Blitz had left us, and gave us a way to meaningfully continue to make a weekly schedule of visitation which built on the momentum of the Industrial Blitz.

This system lasted until the end of September when we created a new program which we called the Annual Appeal. When Annual Appeal approached Bill and I designed a letter communicating the force of our work over the last year and a form which suggested a variety of different levels of financial commitment. We presented the letter and the form for the critical review of our colleagues. We quickly put

it in final form. Throughout July, August, and September the Fund-raising team had reviewed the entire file of 2000 + contacts. Hopeful prospects were identified and the cards were pulled.

I had been supervising the volunteers who took the cards that had been pulled, checked them against the master printout, and then added them to the computerized data base. By the time of Annual Appeal I created a printout of everyone in the data base. I then circulated it so that it was common knowledge who we had on the computerized database. I asked everyone to check it for accuracy, and to make sure that anyone who had been a contributor, but was not on the list be identified. Once that was done the volunteers went back to the card file, pulled the additional contacts named, and added them to the database.

There remained one final stage. I created a list format which allowed us to spread this data out on an 11 x 17 sheet of paper and printed the list out alphabetically. We posted that on the wall, convened the whole fundraising team, and went through the prospects one at a time. We recorded pertinent information about size, frequency, of gift, and how recently the last gift had been given. We then decided how much we would ask them for this time, who would be assigned to go see them, and whether or not they wanted an Annual Appeal Letter and Pledge form to take with them. Once we had collected that data in our workshop, I entered it back into the database and reprinted it. This time I reprinted it alphabetically by size of prospective gift, in worksheet form so that it could be used to keep track of our progress throughout the Appeal.

Feelings--elation, jubilation,
Emotion--vindication, satisfaction
Imagery--wrists in shackles, a bicycle luggage rack,
To what aspect of my life is this calling my attention?
Where else might I go to explore this further?

THE WOMEN'S CONFERENCE

In our search for a corporate context in which to earn income we approached the women's groups in Mugumoini village and Kabiro neighborhood (western slum of Nairobi). Our women proposed that the village women host lunches for the participants of the NGO Forum and the UN Decade for Women Conferences which were being held in Nairobi in July. Our women agreed to work with the village women to design the format of the luncheon--menu, tour and script, traditional song, dance and handicrafts. They also agreed to take responsibility for publicizing the event at the NGO Forum and UN Decade for Women. In both instances the village women agreed to the arrangement.

After the first week of the Industrial Blitz the women began to work full time on the Luncheon preparations. Some of them worked with the women of the respective villages, others of them handled the authorization, publicity, transportation, and other administrative details required to make the program successful.

It was a great occasion for the women on the ICA staff. It was a program for which they were responsible, and about which they had to make decisions. There was no way they could stand in the shadow of the male staff, and no way could a male staff member induce them to stand in some male's shadow. They had to meet the public, tell their story, and interpret the work of ICA and village development to women of all nationalities, in all walks of life. One of our staff remarked with astonishment (and pride) after a luncheon, “I speak better English than the Japanese ladies that came today!" Each of the women's groups earned over 10,000 /= for themselves, and we earned enough to pay ourselves a stipend. It was our first success in a corporate self-support venture.

The momentum in fund raising slackened when the women went to work on their project. It came close to a standstill during the NGO Forum, because part of the agreement during the two and one-half weeks of the conferences was that the men would do the bulk of the work that kept the ICA household running. This was a matter of practical necessity. The women were gone from 7:30 in the morning until 6 in the evening. The women were able to cook the breakfast meals, and wash the dinner dishes, but all of the rest of the duties that must be done in order to maintain the household fell on the men of the staff. We cleared and washed the breakfast dishes. We did all the shopping. We cooked and washed up after the

lunch meal, we supervised the 5 elementary children, and we cooked the evening meal. There were some who grumbled at the hardship that we had to undergo, although many seemed quietly proud that their women were responsible for a program which seemed so important. Sensing the disconcert one day I put the question, "What would happen if tomorrow President Moi issued a decree that no woman in the Nation of Kenya should carry water for a week?" There were looks of astonishment and disbelief. I did not get an answer to the question because it was incomprehensible that such an occasion would ever happen. If the women didn't carry water, society would die of thirst!

Feelings-- delight, respect, envy
Emotion-- release, she ain't heavy she's my sister
Imagery-- the patio of the Kawangware house overlooking the marketplace
To what aspect of my life is this calling my attention?
Where else might I go to explore this further?

THE PDL'S

Dick had been in Kenya as the ICA director for 4 years going on 5. During that period of time he had come to know most of the major funding agencies and their personnel. The Ford Foundation had given us a major grant which allowed us to do our initial Village Replication Scheme across Kenya in 1980-82. They had also funded the Kenyan participation in the Sharing Approaches That Work (SATW) program which had as its central event the International Exposition of Rural Development in Delhi, India, in February of 1984. By 1985 they had begun to alter their policies for funding. The grants we had submitted to them and were currently hoping to receive were granted to the Kenya National Council for Social Services (KNCSS). We had been working with the KNCSS in preparation for the IERD. It was probably good for the KNCSS to have the money for administering the grant, but it was hard on us.

The program we were currently working on was a continuation of SATW. Initially the ICA had acted as a catalyst to encourage successful local self-help projects to share their successes with each other. This resulted in a number of regional or national conferences. From these conferences were selected a number of exemplary projects from which were selected national representatives to the central event: the IERD in Delhi. From this central even a world wide directory of successful projects was published, a data base of the projects was created, and a SATW book was edited and published.

Kenya participated in the process and chose three projects to represent their nation at the IERD. The Ford Foundation had helped with the funding for that program, and was therefore interested in maintaining the continuity of the program through the KNCSS.

We worked with the KNCSS to establish an advisory board. This board would select 19 projects, document their successes, and present them at the Kenya Show to be held during the 1st week of October. In order to accomplish this board then created a questionnaire which was sent out to those who were working with self-help development projects. They asked for nominations on projects that were being successful. A deadline was set and when the deadline arrived the board reviewed the questionnaires and performed a tentative selection process. The next step was a site visit to confirm or deny the projects selection. This site visitation process was assigned out to representatives on the board. When some of the site visitation did not get done, and there was no indication that it would be completed, we borrowed a vehicle from a UN Department completed the remaining visitations ourselves. Having a vehicle expedited the visitation process. Andrew Knutsen, who had been assigned to Western Province in Seremi, which is 40 kilometers north of Kisumu, said, "Kenya's not nearly as big as I thought it was. When you can get in a car and drive around it's no bigger than one of the states in the US (it is approximately the size of Texas).

When the selection confirmation was complete 19 projects had been chosen. Once the Board acted on that we scheduled the Project Description Laboratories (PDL). This Laboratory would be a week-long, in-residence, information gathering period after which we would write a brochure describing the project, its claim to fame, and what had gone into making it a successful project. We built a tentative schedule and sent several teams out to the projects with which we hoped to meet the following week, reported that they had been selected as a finalist, and made the practical arrangements for them to host a PDL. During that week

we created the curriculum and the procedures for a PDL. Once we had created them we assigned 35 of our staff to facilitate the PDL's. They were configured in 7 teams of 5 each. We made the assignments with care so that whenever possible we had staff who spoke the tribal language of the section of the nation we were visiting.

We spent that weekend together getting an orientation to the PDL procedures, and roleplaying some of the workshops so we were confident of our ability to conduct a proper PDL.

In most cases our advance people returned in time to tell us that they had confirmed the group's acceptance of the honor of being chosen. They had at the same time informed the group that a team of 5 would be arriving on Monday to stay with them until Friday. The village people were responsible for telling PDL team what they had succeeded in doing, and how they had managed to do it. By the end of the time the team was to have the prose for a brochure which the villagers would have approved. They also had practical information about when we could arrive, and where we should expect to be met. If the advance team was not able to get back to Nairobi in time to communicate their information to the outbound team. The outbound team had to pioneer all those practical details for themselves.

The PDL's were scheduled over the course of three weeks and arranged in geographical clusters in order to minimize transportation costs. The first week we scheduled 7 PDL's in the East Central and Eastern part of Kenya. The team I was in went to Taveta which borders Tanzania and is at the base of Mt. Kilimanjaro. In order to arrive in Taveta on Monday we had to begin traveling from Nairobi on Sunday night. It was not continuous travel. There were some poor connections. All of the teams found it necessary to leave on Sunday in order to arrive at their destination by midday Monday.

By now I was a veteran at packing for these kinds of trips. We would be away from home for 7 days, on the road approximately 2 and one-half to 3 of them. We needed to carry everything we needed--an entire wardrobe for cold, and warm weather, change of clothes, bedding, toilet articles, workshop materials like tape, magic markers and newsprint, office materials such as paper or notebook and pencil, be able to keep track of it all, and snatch it up and move with agility at the snap of the fingers, be able to enter a crowd of 100 people moving through the 4' x 6' doorway of a bus as rapidly as 100 people can move through such a doorway, be pressed down the aisle hitting people and seats with your luggage, and emerge at the end of aisle with all of your luggage intact and in your possession. It was a two way test. First, can you pack everything you need and carry it? Second, can you manage to hang onto it when crushed into a crowd that is getting on or off a bus?

Since everyone had to travel Sunday night, we arranged to leave Kawangware en masse at dusk. It is unwise to regularly be out after dark in Kawangware. I suppose both because this was an exception rather than a rule, and because we were going all together it was regarded as a minor risk.

We alighted at the downtown bus stop and walked 6 blocks to the OTC bus station. Unlike the bus to Muran'ga which we took when we went to Mugumoini, the OTC busses were scheduled. We were early. There were many who had done just as we had done. The bus station was crowded and there were no seats anywhere. Although it would have been possible to find a place to wait inside the station, we did not dare to do so. As soon as our bus arrived it would be boarded. If it was full before we got there we would be standing all night long. We chose to wait outside although there were no seats vacant. I sat down on my bedroll. The scheduled time for our bus' departure came and went. It was not to be found. An inquiry at the desk indicated that the bus scheduled for this run had been overbooked and they were bringing a bigger bus. It turned into a long wait. In anticipation of a sleepless night it seemed wise to get some relaxation in while waiting. You could wish that you had no need of a public toilet during that wait. The toilets were used daily by all of the bus traffic and everyone else, who lived on the streets, was violently ill or simply overindulged at the local pub. The public toilet was a place behind a wall where you could relieve yourself. There was seldom a place to stand without soiling your shoes, there was no place to wash your hands, and the stench was nauseating. The nearest tap or water faucet/sink outside seldom if ever had soap. Each time a bus entered the depot we would join the swarm of hundreds of people that we might have a favorable vantage point to board if perchance it happened to be our bus. Bus after bus we discovered to our

disappointment was not ours. When it did arrive it was as if by surprise. In disbelief we merged toward the door. It was a point of no return. There was only one way to go and that was onto the bus.

Once we were on the bus the driver made up for lost time. That was easy to do because there was almost no traffic on the Mombasa Highway at 10:30 at night. The traffic was composed of trucks, other busses, and an occasional automobile. The seats on the Kenyan busses are usually bench type, in a fixed position, and designed to seat 3 across. Occasionally it is possible to find a bus that has two on one side and three on the other.

We arrived at Voy at 4:30 am in the morning. We had a cup of chai and then attempted to rest until our next bus at 8:30 or 9:00 am. I looked for a suitable place to sleep. The porch-way of the hotel was the only place that had both cement floor and a roof. Judging from the dew that had already settled on the ground I did not want to be in the open. It would not only be wet, it would be cold. Everyone else had the same idea. The sidewalk was a human jigsaw puzzle. I finally found a place to roll out my sleeping bag, and went to sleep. It was a fitful sleep; I left the sleeping bag doubled for maximum padding. That made it 12 "wide, so I either had difficulty staying on the sleeping bag, or became stiff from immobility borne of the fear of straying from my narrow gauge bed. When the sun rose there was no longer permission to remain spread out on the sidewalk. We got up and had chai na mandazi for breakfast.

Two people, assigned to be on our team, joined us from Vwevwesi. They arrived at 8:30 am. We all got on the bus to Taveta at 9:30 am. The road was tarmac for 40 kilometers, through the National Forest Reserve. Without warning the road became dirt. September is the end of the dry season, so the roads were extremely dusty. A fine dust sifted up through the floorboards and settled on everything. It was extremely dry.

It seemed that it was more than the fact that it was the height of the dry season. It was not possible to find the kind of foliage anywhere within sight that was evident throughout Nairobi. I judged that this was semiarid land. I took my judgement to be correct from the number of Masaii who were traveling on the bus. The closer we came to Mt. Kilimanjaro, the more heavily populated the countryside became. Although the countryside was dusty, and the bus was filled with a fine mist of dust, the people getting on and off clean. It seemed that they must have access to water. We drove toward some immense clouds ahead of us. Eventually there was a parting of the clouds. Nested in the center of the cloud formation, towering 19,000 feet above sea level stood Mt. Kilimanjaro. Then I began to realize that although the yearly rainfall was scant there was a constant supply of water delivered to the surrounding area by the peaks of Mt. Kilimanjaro.

During our stay in Taveta we workshopped and walked, listened and talked, visited and exchanged, wrote and read, and rewrote. We were kept in guest house, fed best of village cuisine which usually included freshly ground cocoanut. Mt Kilimanjaro was visible that Monday afternoon when we arrived, and then overcast the rest of the time.

When left on Friday saw same overcast until we got from 15 to 20 kilometers away from Taveta and saw Kilimanjaro once again towering over the clouds in disconnected majesty, dwarfing everything, as if it were a separate reality which had condescended to register its impact on the imagination of the puny.

On return trip I bought some murrah (tree twigs the bark of which give the body a reaction described as similar to speed) I bought some bubble gum and began to chew the tender leaves and the bark of the twigs and incorporate it into the gum. I kept chewing until my mouth was dried out from the caustic twig. Eventually I began to lose control of my tongue so as I chewed the bark I began to bite my tongue and the inside of my mouth. I sat in the front seat on the side opposite of the driver and observed the road all the way from Voy to Nairobi, about 6 hours of riding. I began to understand why people chewed murrah. It was far more exciting than trying to rest or get a stiff neck or back from having been twisted out of shape while fitfully dozing all night.

We returned with a copy-ready document. One of 19 PDL documents to be printed.

Feelings--worthwhile, satisfaction, joy of inner peace

Emotion--excitement that other people are determined to do their own development and are simply doing it

Imagery----disembodied Mt. Kilimanjaro, in but not of this world, jungle and desert juxtaposed

To what aspect of my life is this calling my attention?

Where else might I go to explore this further?

After Council there was a drop in morale. The number of ICA village offices had been reduced from 10 to 5. That meant closing some of the offices, consolidating and relocating. Because there was still no funding in sight it also meant that the first and only activity that the staff could engage in would be to upgrade the training center facilities. With no program in sight, it seemed rather futile to upgrade the facility. It meant doing an assessment of the facility needs, making a list of the things needed to acquire, and then making a trip to the nearest large regional city to get in-kind goods with which to perform the upgrading. It was possible to anticipate that there would be hard times in the coming months because of the loss of program momentum, the reduction of programm houses, and the uprooting of staff and their families relocating of staff placing them in new configurations.

The Council had approved a plan for a leadership meeting once a month, which would approve a house finance release once every two weeks. It was Thursday and the Nairobi staff needed to meet Friday in preparation for the monthly meeting. Nairobi got a call from Evans Luvanda. He was calling for the Mugumoini Office but he was calling from Saba Saba which was the town nearest Mugumoini with a phone. He was registering his concern about a disagreement between two women which had turned into a confrontation of physical violence, for which there seemed to be no amelioration. Later in the day a second person called indicating that the disagreement had escalated. Dick knew that soothing must be done, but he did not want to pull any of the leadership in Nairobi needed to plan the monthly meeting. He told me everything he knew about the situation and asked me to go to Mugumoini.

It was the middle of October. By this time I had sold the motorcycle. The pre-wet season rains were beginning to threaten. The morning was overcast. I rose early and caught a city bus downtown. I caught a Muran'ga shuttle through Thika past Saba Saba to the Kaharati junction and soon found a matatu going toward Kigumo which would drop me off at the Chief's camp. I alighted at the Chief's camp, descended into the Saba Saba River valley, crossed the river and climbed to the Mugumoini Training Center. I arrived exactly as I had intended at about 8:30 am, which is likely to be a time of quiet contentment just after breakfast. I had guessed right. Almost everyone was sitting around the jiko warming themselves in the chill of the early morning dew. We greeted. I sat down and they offered me chai and a piece of bread. We passed the time of day briefly and I began talking about the purpose of my visit. I had decided to couch as much of this conversation in metaphor as possible. I began by telling them that I didn't know what had happened here but that someone had told me that there had been several phone calls from people in Mugumoini indicating that there was a good deal of smoke and something very hot here. Something like the beginning of a fire, and it was very dangerous because many people could be burned. They acknowledged that there was cause for concern. I indicated that since I knew nothing about it I would like to hear from those who were directly involved about what happened. I wanted to be able to clear the air and cool down a situation that everyone agreed was too hot for comfort.

Those involved were Lucy and Jennifer. The resentment fostered between them had been the result of disagreements between their children, and disagreements about how the children should be handled. Jennifer was Akamba, and Lucy was Meru. There were some difference of opinion about when a child should be caned, (physical punishment with a cane) and who should be designated to do it. There was no disagreement about whether or not a child should be caned. In addition to the fact that Jennifer had just moved here with her husband and family, and Lucy had for all practical purposes been here the last year, there were 10 other staff that were new to the setting, and there may have been different tribal expectations what is expected of children and how they should be raised.

The staff were grateful for my coming. They knew the situation needed a disinterested third party. Evans, Lucy's husband had called Nairobi first. Joshua, Jennifer's husband was designated the Director of

the Training Center. Both of the men knew that there needed to be more objectivity than they could provide.

I made no indication that anyone should leave or stay. In so doing I wanted to indicate that it was a community (staff family) concern. I assumed that everyone who was concerned would stay, and everyone who needed to leave would do so. I asked for one of them to begin and tell the story as they remembered it. I also asked everyone else to remain silent and let the narrative stand on its own. Jennifer began with her story. When she was finished I thanked her and asked Lucy to tell her story. When Lucy was finished I thanked her. I then indicated that I was not going to ask anyone else for his or her point of view. To do so would only begin the process of dividing the staff and drawing up sides. I said that I could not remember a disagreement that I had had with my wife where one of us was to blame and one was blameless. Always in our disagreements, we were both completely responsible for the disagreement. I said that I believed that this was true for Lucy and Jennifer.

I asked what would have to happen in order to heal this situation. There was a prolonged silence which led me to believe that my question had been a bit direct. I began another direction by asking "When you begin to feel the heat (friction between the children) what can you do to cool the situation down?

That turned into a workshop by the whole staff intent on beginning to establish some parental consensus about how the children needed to be handled individually and corporately. As the talk continued Jennifer volunteered that she was angry and that as a human being she would not apologize for being angry, however, she would apologize for the hurt that she had caused to Lucy and to the staff-family. Lucy also offered an apology to Jennifer and the staff-family.

I continued to use the metaphor of heat and asked, "How can you recognize this heat the next time it starts to arise, and use that as an opportunity to start talking to each other about what you are feeling so you will understand what you need to do to accommodate each other?"

Lucy said she could see that this could be worked out another way in the future. The rest of the staff-family could come to some agreements on how the children should be handled. In fact it gives the whole staff permission to take responsibility for staff-family disagreements. To get them out in the open, to air them, talk about them and let them cool off before they become too hot to handle.

This process had taken approximately 2 and one-half hours. By now the charcoal in the jiko had completely died out. I then likened this gathering to the course of the jiko: It was hot when we sat down together, over the course of time and conversation it had burnt itself out and it was now cool. I put my hand in the jiko to illustrate that it was now a comfortable temperature. Then I said that I had had no experience in being a Witch Doctor but that I was going to try something. I was going to cast a spell of healing on the Training Center with these ashes. I rose, gathered a handful of ashes from the jiko and circled the staff who were still gathered in circular fashion around the jiko. I said "Let the fire which was smoldering become cool. Let all situations which threaten to heat up be cooled by the ashes of this fire".

I announced that I was through, and needed to leave. I said goodbye to the staff because I would soon be leaving Kenya for the US.

Feelings--power through, wisdom, strength, trust, intense affection

Emotion--Nostalgia for the people, the land, the lifestyle

Imagery----a brick wall with no end or top, the Saba Saba River valley, the collegium table in the annex where I reported the outcome to Dick and the rest

To what aspect of my life is this calling my attention?

Where else might I go to explore this further?

POST SCRIPT

SELLING THE MOTORCYCLE

On one of my trips to Mugumoini I had hitchhiked and caught a ride with a Briton who had come to work as a British Overseas Volunteer, and when he finished his volunteer service he became the Director of a Technical School. He enjoyed Kenya, and he liked the money he was making. He had been working on the north side of Mt. Kenya at one of the 'Falls' towns. So he had taken several opportunities to climb Mt. Kenya. As we drove north out of Nairobi I first ask it he would let me off at Solel Boneh. He asked me how long I would be. I indicated that I didn't know. I was attempting to catch the manager, and if he was there I would stay, if he was not I would continue on to Saba Saba. He indicated that he would wait. My stay was brief. No manager of a plant that size would be in the office at 2 in the afternoon. He was out in the field making sure that construction of the limited access 4 lane highway between Thika and Nairobi was being done satisfactorily. I found out what his name and phone number were, and when to catch him in, and left. As we drove north again I shared with him the fact that I had a motorcycle but that it was in the shop. I was amazed that he too had an older Honda dirt bike, a year older than mine so it was a 175 XL instead of a 185 XL. His job had finally made it unnecessary to have the motorcycle and he had sold it to a friend for one-third of what I had paid for mine. It had had approximately the same number of kilometers on it (9,000 original). We talked further and I told him that I was hoping to climb Mt. Kenya. Then he recalled the several trips that he had made. The first stop needed to be a small cabin beside a trout stream on the side of Mt. Kenya, just inside the National Forest boundary. It was the cheapest lodging to be found in Kenya. You had to have wood for warmth and for cooking. You could collect your own wood, or pay for some. You can fish for trout, or give the grounds keeper some shillings and he will return with some. Then you have fresh trout and a quiet evening in a cozy cabin. From there he recommended the amount of climbing to schedule each day, and what cabins to make your overnight stay at. He went over the whole trip rapidly and I finally asked him if he could go over it again. I was getting the kind of information that I wanted to launch my Mt. Kenya safari. When we came to Makuyu he pulled off the side of the road and drew me a map starting with directions on how to get to the Cabin the first night, and from there the trip to the Lodge where I could reserve the cabins for the rest of the climb on up the mountain.

I was delighted. With this kind of first hand information the logistics of climbing Mt. Kenya would be relatively simple. I had only to worry about being in physical shape to make the climb. I brought the information back and showed Lin. She didn't seem to be very excited. I was extremely excited. It had just helped me see the Mt. Kenya climb as a realistic possibility. When Lin left in July I then began my attempt to create some enthusiasm in others for the project. My first prospects were the volunteers who had recently come to Kenya. The volunteers were supposed to do what was needed but they seemed to be able to do what they wanted to do. I was working with two of them every day on the computer. I fed the information out little by little in order to interest them in the trip. One of them, Joke Von St'burg had climbed Mt. Kilimanjaro several years ago and was interested in climbing Mt. Kenya. They mentioned it to Linda Alton and she discouraged them from doing it. So then I tried to generate some interest by talking to Terry Bergdall. He had originally scheduled a climb of Mt. Kilimanjaro. There seemed to be no way of talking him out of it. As the year progressed the PDLs were scheduled later and later until they finally crowded out his climb of Mt. Kilimanjaro. He had been taking small climbs, each of which was designed to be a little more strenuous that the last. He climbed Ngong Hills first. Later it was Mt. Longenot all within the course of one day. By September Council I decided it was time to tempt him to go for Mt. Kenya. The day before I went out to Council at Kamweleni, I stopped in at a Tour Center and picked up a map of Mt. Kenya and surrounds. I was armed with the map, showing the Lodge, the Chalets (overnight cabins) and the boundaries of the Mt. Kenya National Forest. There was a list of the equipment which we could rent at the Lodge. I had itemized the material that I figured we needed, and made a menu and costed it. I then made a schedule which showed us spending the first night at the cabin by the trout stream in order to acclimate ourselves, and then making our way progressively up the Mountain and back in another 3 days. Since he

had no one to accompany him to Mt. Kilimanjaro, he decided to try it and we scheduled it. I spent every afternoon at the council walking from 2 to 4 hours away from the center at Kamweleni and back.

After council Terry was assigned to a conference in Cairo at precisely the week that we had picked for our Mt. Kenya trip. The motorcycle had been a significant part of the climb plan. We were going to take it to the cabin the first day. We would go first to the Lodge and reserve our cabins and any equipment that we needed. Then go over to the cabin for the rest of the day. That would enable us to settle in and spend a comfortable night. The cabin was at approximately 13,000 feet so that would begin our acclimation. Then we would get up early the next morning, and drive over to the Lodge. We would find a suitable parking place for the motorcycle and begin our hike to the gate of the National Forest. By midafternoon we would have made it to the first cabin which is just inside the gate. That would give us the rest of the afternoon to unpack, cook, and get ready to set out early in the morning. The next days walk was planned to be no more than 6 hours of hiking. It would put us in position to summit on the third day. We would rise and have breakfast done by 4:30 am. The summit trek would begin that early so that by 7:30 to 8:00 we would be on the summit. It was necessary to summit at this time in order to see anything from the Mountain. Soon after that the sun heats the earth, and warm air rises shrouding the peak in clouds for the rest of the day. After having reached the summit it would be an easy walk downhill and we would be able to reach the Lodge by the middle of the afternoon. That kind of trip allowed for acclimation, and incorporated a leisurely climbing schedule. Any more leisure would have bored us. I was counting on Terry to share the cost of the motorcycle trip up and back. I was counting on Terry to be my partner on the climb. I did not intend to make the climb by myself. Now Terry's absence radically altered my plans. Assuming the cost of transportation by myself was not a big issue. The biggest issue was finding a partner. I knew I could gamble and go to the Lodge looking for someone or some party that was making the climb. I knew that that would also make my plans need to be a little more flexible, and I had calculated that I would be able to get away 4-5 days without ingratiating myself, but I was not sure how much longer after that I could get by with. I finally decided that the unknown factors were greater than I wanted to risk. I called the climb off.

I immediately decided that I would advertise the motorcycle for sale so that I would have that done well before I needed to leave Kenya, and would not be caught in the awkward situation of being scheduled to fly out while not having sold the motorcycle. I knew that I didn't want to be selling the motorcycle out of the front yard of the apartment complex. I had heard too many stories of people using the excuse to buy as an opportunity to size up the location, subsequently stealing the cycle. There was also a guard at the gate to the entry to apartments and yard. The guard was not to let strangers in. I did not want to be forever waiting at the gate to let people in. It finally occurred to me that I could ask Vic Preston if I could tell those who wished to see the cycle that it could be seen at his garage. He had a Honda Cycle dealership along with two or three car dealerships. He had originally sold the motorcycle I now owned to a friend of his with whom he used to ride for recreation. His friend finally tired of the bike and brought it back to Vic Preston's to sell it. That's where I first looked at it, that's where I bought it. Now I was selling it here. That was a major step ahead for me. He assured me that it would be safe there, that Muli, one of his employees, would show it, and that I should probably pay him something for showing it when it had been sold.

Next, I carefully examined the newspapers; first "the Nation", and then "the Standard", to appraise the 'image' of each newspaper. I decided that the person who would be most likely to buy the motorcycle would be more inclined to read the Nation than the Standard. It is not possible to call an advertisement in in Nairobi. Either you mail it in with the correct payment, or you go to the office and place the advertisement and pay for it on the spot. I went in on Friday morning and paid for an ad which would run a week beginning Saturday morning. Then I began to field the calls. The bike could be seen at Vic Preston's on Monday. I also left the details about the bike on a pad by the telephone so that any time I was out and someone else answered the phone they would be able to give the pertinent details.

I was up early Monday morning, got my Annual Appeal material together, took the cycle down to Vic Preston's, left it to be shown, and began doing Annual Appeal on foot. I hated to give up the motorcycle one moment before I left Kenya, but I had to know for certain that I could turn it into something

negotiable, rather than forfeit its value because it was not sold. That was the morning I got 20,000Ksh from Caltex.

At the end of the day several people had looked at it. I picked it up and rode it home. One Kenyan called me up and started to pick the cycle to pieces informing me about all the things that were wrong with it and insisting that I couldn't sell it for more that 10,000Ksh, and that he was willing to pay me that for the cycle right now. I told him that he couldn't pay 10,000 Ksh because I wasn't selling it for 10,000 Ksh. I began to see that if I had wanted to sell it for 15,000 Ksh to a Kenyan; I should have begun with a price of 18,000 Ksh. On Tuesday I dropped the cycle off a Vic Preston's and went about my business on foot. I came back around noon time and happened to be there when a 16 year old boy, Ian Gilmore, who was Kenyan born and of British extraction came by to look at the cycle. He looked it over carefully. He started it and listened to it. I expected him to ride it but he didn't press to do so. He had a delighted look in his eye. He said when he left that he thought the cycle was worth 15,000 Ksh. He said he would get in touch with me. Once again I picked the cycle up at the end of the day and went home with it. That evening Ian called and made an appointment to see the cycle the next day. He said he would be coming with his mother. We set the time and I gave him the directions.

When they arrived the next day he was in no hurry to ride the cycle. He and his mother came in and we talked for a while. His mother found it hard to believe that the cycle was a 1979 model and only had 20,000 kilometers on it. I explained that I had purchased it a little less than a year ago with only 9,000 kilometers on it, that I had planned to stay for 4 years, and I was convinced that this cycle would last me during those 4 years. But that my plans had been abbreviated when my wife's father was discovered to have terminal cancer. She had returned to the US in July and I was planning to return in November. After she had satisfied herself that my story held together he asked if he could ride the cycle. I gave him the key and he took a ride. While he was gone she and I talked. When he returned he was convinced that he wanted it. She wrote out the check, I handed over the owner's manual, two helmets, a maintenance schedule checklist, and a repair manual which Bob White had sent me from US. He was very pleased and so was I.

Feelings- satisfaction, reward, competence

Emotion-- ecstasy, delight, joy

Imagery-- day of the Jackal precision

To what aspect of my life is this calling my attention?

Where else might I go to explore this further?

Written by David Zahrt

CHAPTER 9: RETURN TO THE HOMESTEAD

My wife, Linda, and I were married in 1959. We bought a car that got 40 mpg. In the mid 60's we joined an Ecumenical Institute, an Interfaith, Religious Order of Families. We decided that population balance was an issue that needed to be taken seriously for the future of the planet. We chose to have 2 children. As a family in the Order we lived on a stipend and engaged in church renewal and local community development worldwide. We spent 20 years in the Order and lived in many cultures: rural and city in US; inner-city Chicago; with Aborigines in Australia, and villagers in Kenya.

When we returned to Iowa I found that Mother and Dad were living by themselves on the Homestead Farm in the Loess Hills of Western Iowa. They were the age that someone needed to be there with them. Lin and I returned to be with them. I discovered that the grazing practices of the last 35 years had grazed the Loess Hills prairie down to nubbins and then grazed the nubbins down until the Juniper (Red Cedar) had succeeded the prairie. The prairie's root system is 5 foot deep. The Juniper has a knot of root 9 to 12 inches deep. I immediately began the process of restoring the native prairie.

1. Managed grazing with our cattle herd Practical Farmers of Iowa (PFI)
2. Cutting the junipers (red cedars)
3. Using prescribed fire
4. Harvesting prairie seed and replanting prairie
5. Yearly hosting week-long Sierra Club Outings in September to work on the prairie

We opened the Homestead House as a Bed & Breakfast so we could introduce people to the Loess Hills Prairie. Mother and Dad passed on as we spent 20 years on the Homestead Farm. The prairie was essentially restored.

HOMESTEAD- IOWA PRAIRIE NETWORK

I had been away from Iowa since 1960. I returned to Iowa City, Iowa in 1985. During that time Mother & Dad had made a name for themselves. In the 70's they had participated in the establishment of the Iowa Chapter of the Sierra Club, and served initially on the State Executive Committee (Ex-Com) for the Club. They also were instrumental in establishing the NW Iowa Group of the Sierra Club that convened in Sioux City. While in Iowa City I discovered they had retired from Ex-Com. I stepped up and volunteered to take a seat on the state Ex-Com.

In the 80's Iowans discovered that there was a treasure in Western Iowa; the Loess Hills rivaled only by the Loess Hills in China. Once discovered, Iowa's Public TV station included in their series of programs entitled LAND BETWEEN TWO RIVERS (the Mississippi and the Missouri Rivers), a program called LOOK TO THE HILLS in which Mother and Dad were featured.

The Western Hills Area Education Agency, part of the State's educational system, used Mother and Dad's interest in the Hills to establish the annual Loess Hills Prairie Seminar. It was a weekend scheduled in early June, just after school had been dismissed for the summer. The seminar was simultaneously an educational and a celebrative weekend that encouraged families to camp out, enjoy the out of doors, and learn about the uniqueness of the Loess Hills and its prairie. The seminar regularly attracted 250-300 people. School teachers used it to gain continuing credits needed to maintain their teaching certificates. After attending the Loess Hills Prairie Seminar I decided to be a facilitator and regularly offered a breakout

session: i.e. Writing the Natural Way—Gabriel Rico; or Council of All Beings—Joanna Macy, to name a few.

I moved from Iowa City and returned to the family farm in 1989: 4 years later: Once I returned it didn't take long to get out into the Loess Hills and discover that we had native prairie on our hills. But I could see that the conventional grazing practice was destroying the prairie and ensuing in an encroachment of red cedar trees so I made plans to initiate a program of Managed Grazing. In short order I took over the cattle herd from our retiring tenant. That meant clearing 3 and one half miles of fence line through cedar thickets, stringing an electric fence to make small paddocks, and creating a system that would pump water to the top of the hill and gravity feed it to each of the 12 paddocks. Next I secured a grant from Sustainable Agriculture Research and Education (SARE), a government grant program, to help fund the new system. Once I received the grant and installed the system, I began to manage the grazing of the herd. That required me to be in the Hills every day to check the fence, the grass, the water and the cattle. I soon became acquainted with the yearly procession of blooming that took place on the prairie. It began each Vernal Equinox with the Pasque flower.

One of my first observations upon returning to the farm was that the agricultural practices being used were mining the soil, poisoning the environment, and mortgaging the future. I was not able to share that insight with any of my neighbors but found that the State had an organization of those who were committed to practice Sustainable Agriculture: Practical Farmers of Iowa (PFI). I joined the organization. I was not surprised to find that I was the only PFI member in Monona County, Iowa, a county of 10,000 people on the 'West Coast' of Iowa.

Another group of people, statewide, were concerned about protecting, maintaining, and restoring native prairie; Iowa Prairie Network (IPN). Their motto was **"Prairies Are Our Rainforest".** As I recall I attended several of their quarterly meetings and at least one of their annual meetings. By this time I'd been back on the farm about 5 years and we'd opened the Homestead House—the original part of which was 150 years old—as a Bed and Breakfast. We found ourselves catering to guests that wanted to stay in a house over a century old, learn about the Loess Hills, and/or hike in native prairie.

I knew Tim Orwig, from Sioux City, because I'd met him at numerous gatherings of the Sierra Club and the Loess Hills Prairie Seminar. He happened to be on the board of the IPN, and was making plans to move to New England. In an attempt to secure a replacement for his position on the Board he suggested my name to the Board. He emailed me a cryptic note suggesting that I be Western Iowa's representative on the IPN Board. His rationale: "David, you should consider being on the IPN Board; you're a legend".

I immediately answered him that I would be honored to serve on the Board. However I included, ***"Tim, I don't think I'm a legend, but I may be a Son-of-a-Legend!"***

CONVENTIONAL GRAZING PRACTICE: MINING THE PRINCIPAL OF YOUR ASSET

Over the last 50 years the Eastern Red Cedar, a juniper, has been in the process of superseding the prairie of the Loess Hills. There are undoubtedly a number of factors contributing to this succession. One of them is the conventional grazing practice: continuous grazing from April or May to September or October. Another factor is the cessation of fire as a management tool.

Within the last 20 years there has been a move to reclaim the grassland of the hills. It has resulted in a huge effort in cedar removal. Some have even initiated forms of rotational or managed grazing. Because of that David created a monologue about, and a picture of, the Cedar.

SHRINE OF THE CEDAR

The humble Juniper, known as the Red Cedar, is indigenous to Iowa. Long ago this modest species took its place in the prairie biome. The Cedar lived and grew with the remainder of the prairie, cooperating to produce fertile topsoil that was held in place with the prairie's deep and fibrous root system. Never once did the Cedar consider attempted aggrandizement at the expense of the remainder of the prairie. Sometimes it took its place in miniature ecosystems on the south and west slopes of terrain where other species found it difficult to survive. The Cedar understood itself to be a member of an inclusive community of plants that comprised the prairie biome—the result of a divine economy.

Then the environment began to change. Human settlement began to suppress fire and harvest the grasses of the prairie. Opportunists initiated the harvest without regard to the long-term effects on the prairie of the Loess Hills. The Cedar stood by and observed what was taking place. Fire, which had previously and simultaneously exercised itself as a sporadic leveling and invigorating agent, was suppressed. The prairie that covered for itself by providing multiple species, which alternatively flourished or waned, depending upon the season, was decimated. Mother Nature was left with a 'bare hind-end'.

Some insist that the Cedar, observing this travesty made a decision to imitate the opportunism and stage a takeover of its own. Others believe that the Cedar, humble as it was, simply saw that its duty was to cover for Mother Nature.

In either case, with the systematic 'mining' of the ecosystem of the native prairie of the Loess Hills, slowly but surely the Cedar took its responsibility seriously.

Some perceive the Cedar as an enemy. In its attempt to cover for Mother Nature it has substituted its bows, which completely mask the soil from sunlight. The bows shed their needles on the ground creating an allopathic carpet. In place of a fibrous prairie root system, which is 5 to 10 feet deep, the Cedar supplies a root system, which is shallow and compact.

So the Cedar has offered itself up as a Shrine: by some it is cursed; for others it represents a sacrificial offering.

Transformation

We were remodeling the kitchen in the family Homestead early January of 2005. The original house was 150 years old. There had been periodic remodeling of the house over the years! Our son, Jay, who lived in Washoe Valley with his wife Trish, was a craftsman when it comes to remodeling. He loved to help us remodel our old house and made plans to visit us in Western Iowa to help us complete the kitchen remodel.

My sister, Christy, had already arrived from Franktown Road, Washoe Valley, with a trailer load of re-cycled kitchen cabinets and appliances. Jay took two weeks of vacation from his job with Reno Housing Authority and flew to Omaha, NE, the first weekend after New Year's Eve. My wife, Lin, picked him up at Eppley airport Saturday afternoon.

When he arrived at the Homestead he looked my work over and made a few suggestions about additional materials needed. We made plans to go to Sioux City on Sunday morning and get those materials. During the dinner-time conversation I said "I'm going to finish the underlayment on the kitchen floor. That will mean driving a nail every six inches." He responded, "Don't make too much noise I'm tired and I'm going to bed." There had been a lot of snowfall early January and he had been working overtime at the Housing Authority to get all of his work done before he came to Iowa.

We woke up early Sunday morning to prepare for the trip to Sioux City to get the additional equipment. I went to his room and knocked on the door. There was no answer. I knocked again and still no

answer. I slowly opened the door announcing my presence only to find him flat on the floor, on his back, with his arms in outspread position. I immediately checked his pulse. There was none. I hurried downstairs and told Lin what I had found. She phoned #911. He was dead! The autopsy described it as a subarachnoid hemorrhage.

We immediately phoned Christy's husband, Ron, and Trish's parents and arranged for them to visit her as soon as possible and convey the information about Jay. We also phoned our daughter, Heidi, in Camarillo, CA so that she knew what had happened. Jay and Heidi were 15 months apart, and related to each other as twins. Heidi and Trish related to each other as sisters.

By Sunday evening Trish and Heidi had flown to Omaha. They booked a motel overnight and I drove to the Eppley airport on Monday morning to pick them up. Trish had indicated that Jay was to be cremated. We arranged with the nearby funeral home to have his body sent to Sioux City where the cremation could take place.

We went to Sioux City on Monday afternoon and observed Jay's body (all dressed up the way funeral homes do) and then had it taken to the crematory. Some dear friends had invited us out to dinner, so we enjoyed dinner and their company while Jay was being cremated, picked up his ashes, and returned home. We conducted a short Memorial Service for Jay when we returned to the Homestead.

When I meet those whom I know and know we have lost our son, Jay, they invariably ask, "How are you doing?" I know it's the best way they have of asking how I am managing the death of our son. I am writing this to let you know how I am doing.

Mother had been in Pleasant View Nursing Home for two years. She was not able to participate in the celebration of Jay's completed life. Those who are literal minded might not describe it this way, but to me the ensuing event is clearly an example of death and resurrection, here and now!

Mother refrained from hugging or kissing me as a youngster, and even after I grew up, left home and would return periodically. Because of that habit I had refrained from kissing Mother goodbye when I departed after visiting her at Pleasant View. I have often pondered the act and wondered how to explain it. In my work I found that I had dear colleagues that I hugged on occasion and even gave a peck on the cheek now and then.

I do not recollect Mother making an outward show of affection to me. I considered that it might have something to do with having internalized the cultural message that men are not supposed to show emotion. I suspected that it had to do with her series of tragic losses when she was very young: the loss of her father before she was born; her mother within 2 years after she was born, and; her adoptive-mother after she was adopted. All of these were major losses and I suspected she did not have assistance in grieving them.

In addition I continued to harbor resentment that she shielded my sister Christy and me from learning about our father, Norman. The fact that he had asked for a divorce in the early '40's was not revealed until the mid '90's. It was obvious then why she had refused to speak of Norman. It was the capstone of tragic losses that was unspeakable. She had no way to deal with it and subsequently could not assist us in dealing with it.

Since we had no explanation of his disappearance from our lives I had the experience of being abandoned. And since we were not present at his funeral service and burial I had no closure on the loss.

When we lost Jay I decided that I would not only have to process my grief about his loss, but would also have to revisit the loss of my father, Norman, which undoubtedly influenced my relationship with my son, Jay. I did some work with a counselor. I did some work listing all of the losses I have sustained. I

charted out the journey from the initial shock to the resolution. I have seven steps to go through (no doubt a Zahrt-chart!). I noted where the 'holes' in the process were.

Then I began journaling. I had a conversation with Norman. I let him know how much I resented him for what he had done. Eventually I reversed roles and heard his point of view. I responded and said, "Goodbye." It may or may not be a completed process. At least it has been a substantial help to me.

On Tuesday, February 15, I spent some time with Katie, the Pleasant View administrator, exploring the Karaoke machine she has acquired. When Christy and I were visiting Mother in early January Katie noted that she had acquired the machine and suggested that I might do a program with her. After Katie and I tried it out I joined Mother. She was finishing dinner. When she finished I took her back to the foyer, told her of my plans, said "Goodbye." and gave her a kiss on the cheek. She replied immediately, (which is unusual at this point in her journey) in a voice, which was audible (also unusual), "Do you want me to kiss you?" I replied, "Yes." and kissed her on the lips. I then said, "You didn't do that very often when I was little, did you?" Once again her response was immediate and audible, "No."

I shared this story with Pleasant View staff at Mother's Care Conference on Thursday, February 17, 2005 (Neta, the Activities Director, Gail, the Dietary Director, and Mary, Director of Nurses). When I finished the story we were all in tears. Every one reached for a tissue. I was last to reach and there were no more tissues in the box. Gail went for another box of tissues.

At the close of the conference Mary reminded me that I need to continue to give Mother a kiss. She went into a coma 3 weeks later and died during the week following. I have wanted to believe that the kiss gave her the closure she needed to live a completed life.

LOOKING AHEAD

After twenty years on the homestead, Lin and I were the age Mother and Dad were when we returned to the farm. We canvassed the family and we found that no one in the family was coming back. So we put a Conservation Easement on the Homestead and sold the farmland to Iowa Department of Natural Resources, and the housing facilities/barnyard to the Monona County Conservation Board. Since that time two other families have added another 500 acres to conservation adjoining ours. So we've set a precedent. We arranged to move closer to family. We moved to Carson City, Nevada.

CHAPTER 10: CARSON CITY

I have experienced the 'lostness' that comes from moving more than once. In moving it seems that I leave my entire past and self-identity behind and become anonymous! One kind of 'lostness' is having no 'work' outside of getting settled in a new home. Another is having no colleagues with whom to mingle and exchange ideas. Looking back is easier now than looking forward. Maybe I should write a book! The challenge, of course, is surrendering all previous forms of identity, and engaging afresh in the task of creating a completely new identity. It's an enormous task, but I am up to the task!

New Roads after Homestead

Here, in Carson City, we began getting settled again in a new home! We bought the house in anticipation of our move to be closer to family. We decided to cohabitate with my sister, Christy, and her husband, Ron. Ron refers to it as Assisted Living! Our daughter, Heidi, and family are 10 hours' drive to Camarillo, CA. A long drive but not as far as it would be from Iowa! We spent last Thanksgiving with them. They came up for Christmas. Our son Jay's widow lives 5 miles away in Washoe Valley. We regularly spend time with her. We're the best of friends with her parents, who live in Reno.

Since there are 2 families in the house we've cut the expense in half. Our house faces south. We installed solar panels installed on the roof in December 2010. The electric meter has a hard time running forward. In the summer the meter runs backwards. We finished the initial remodel so we have 2 suites each with bath, bedroom and office. Next to do was to remodel the kitchen and later raise the living room floor to make the house one level.

We share the kitchen, laundry, family room and living room. We transformed the yard from grass-that has-to-be-watered-so-it-can-be-mowed-and-thrown-away, to garden that produces food and flowers.

We have been exploring the city and making connections with many groups and programs that are ongoing in Carson City. One of the reasons we chose Carson City is that so many necessary places are all within walking or bicycling distance. Christy has been a long time member of a Sangha [Buddhist Congregation] here in Carson City and I've been attending their weekly meetings. The local United Methodist Church is pastored by Rob and Dixie Jennings-Teats, whom we've known since the late 1970's. We've been attending the 8 AM worship service there. A small group from this church UMC Stands for Peace in front of the Legislature Building on Carson Street every Monday for one and a half hours. We stand with them.

In September 2010 I went to Western Nevada College (WNC), a 15 min bicycle ride uphill, and enrolled in a Memoirs class. Much of this file was written in response to the assignment to write about losses.

While I was wandering around campus I discovered that they have a Tutoring program. I signed up and got a job tutoring English in the morning before the Memoirs class.

Lin and I decided to take Dance lessons in Carson City. We miss the dance crowd of friends we had back in Anthon/Sioux City, Iowa. It seems like they dance to different music and use different dance steps out here.

In the past I have enjoyed Song Circle events. They have one monthly in Reno, but not in Carson City. I did a little advertising and initiated one in Carson City to meet once a month using RISE UP SINGING as its song book. We've had 15-18 people at the last 3 meetings. It looks like it will go.

In 2012 I auditioned for a production called Senior Follies and I was assigned several roles. One is singing the song YESTERDAY [with the lyrics "Yesterday, all our bodies worked OK…"] with a couple of other guys. The other was singing DON'T FENCE ME IN [but they didn't believe and don't want to hear my story about the Loess Hills].

I put my name on the beekeepers list at the local garden center and collected 4 swarms to add to the hives in our back yard. The city ordinance requires an acre before beehives are allowed. I gambled that we didn't have any neighbors that object and raise the issue. My sister has a good friend Anne, who wanted to learn about beekeeping so I mentored her. She also has a good friend, Marsha who was beginning beekeeping so the 3 of us got together. We collected a hand-me-down swarm for Anne, ordered some beekeeping equipment, and got together in Anne's garage to assemble things.

While frequenting Western Nevada College I discovered that there was a Mentoring program for High School students through the Boys and Girls Clubs of Western Nevada. I mentored a sophomore named Caleb. I continued to mentor and communicate with him through high school and the first year after high school. We usually met once a week. During summer when he was out of school we spent a little more time together. I hoped to find him a bee bonnet and get him involved in beekeeping.

Every year we progress with tearing up grass and transform it into garden with flowers, trees and vegetables. The 30 tomato plants are about 5 ft high. We have basil, peas, lettuce, chard, bush beans, squash, beets, kale, collards, broccoli, cauliflower, and strawberries.

Unfolding Cider Fest

I used to have an Autumnal Equinox Cider Fest back at the Homestead in Iowa. When we moved to Carson City in the fall of 2010 I tried to get Greenhouse Garden Center to sponsor a Cider Festival two years in a row. They wouldn't do it but Tom Henderson of HEALTHY TREES agreed to hold one in his warehouse in 2010 and 2011. In 2012 there was an abundance of apples and I decided to have the Cider Fest in our neighborhood. I calculate that we made 15 gallons of cider and had a potluck lunch with a few Carson City neighbors. Finally, in 2013, Greenhouse Garden Center decided to have a Cider Fest. I volunteered to help. At 11:50 a.m. the first customer arrived. I put the apples through the chopper, and someone else put the apple pulp in the squeezer. I couldn't keep track of how many apples we chopped or how many gallons of cider we squeezed out. There were people in line from 11:50 AM to 3 PM. It was an enormous crowd. And Greenhouse Garden Center was delighted with the turnout and planned to do it again next year. HOORAY!! I brought people together in a resourceful event and provided a healthy demonstration where community works together! Would you believe someone from Nevada Appeal was there taking pictures, and they put me in Sunday's paper?

SETTLING IN TO CARSON CITY

David and Lin joined Muscle Powered, in support of a Walkable and Bikable Carson City. They helped at the Farmers Market to serve as a bike valet to encourage people to travel on their bikes, knowing there is a place and care for their bikes. Muscle Powered also led group walks and hikes in the Carson City recreation areas.

We arranged to move closer to family. We moved to Carson City, NV. My sister and her husband and our son and his wife lived in the vicinity, and our daughter and family lived in Camarillo, CA, which is much closer, and began co-habitation with my sister and her husband. This immediately cut the resources used for habitation in half. Within 4 months we had solar panels on our roof. Our electric bill, for two for 2 families,

is often just $9/month. Coming from Iowa we assumed that we had to mow the lawn. In NV you have to water to have a lawn. Then you mow it and throw away the clippings. We turned 2,000 sq. ft. of lawn into garden. We grow more produce than we can consume. We're always giving food away. Our back porch faces north and has become our winter 'fruit cellar'. We brought our bicycles. The first year in Carson City we drove our car 2,900 miles. Our car is a 4-cylinder/5-speed stick shift. Our chosen top speed on the highway is 60 mph. We get 35 mpg on the highway. We bicycle to the dentist, the doctor, the grocery store, bank, local college, church, senior center, and NV legislature, etc. In June 2014 Lin and I celebrated 55 years of living together and conserving the Earth.

And as of the date of this printing, we have celebrated 58 years of marriage!

THE GREAT MARCH FOR CLIMATE ACTION

In 2013 I discovered the opportunity to join the Great March for Climate Action. The MARCH (www.climatemarch.org) was scheduled to leave Los Angeles on March 1st 2014, and arrive in Washington, D.C. on November 1st 2014. Each marcher had to raise $5,000 to go on the March. I raised it from donations!

If you need more information on the Climate Crisis go to the internet and search for Climate Change. It is clear to me that we, in the USA particularly, have adopted a Consume-and-Throw-Away Lifestyle. And much of the rest of the world is adopting that Lifestyle. The mining and extensive use of Fossil Fuels is one of the major contributors to Climate Change. The Fossil Fuel industry is promoting continued use of Fossil Fuels even though it is creating a massive buildup of CO2 in the atmosphere that is contributing to, and will continue to contribute to, Global Warming resulting in Climate Change.

On March 1, we attended a rally in Wilmington, and began the March through Los Angeles. My wife and our daughter Heidi joined us for ½ day on March 1. California had been experiencing a drought. They must have been delighted that the March brought two or three days of rain!

What was the Great March for Climate Action like? It was one day at a time: 15 to 25 miles. There was a person assigned to select the route each day. We planned to camp out overnight. So we had the Gear Truck that carried all of our camping equipment. It pulled a solar trailer that provided our electricity. We provided our own meals. So we had a Kitchen Truck with a refrigerator, groceries, stoves, and water tanks. Every morning, at breakfast, we had to pack our lunch. Dinnertime was the biggest meal. We had a portable Commode trailer that traveled the route every day. Milan & Linda Hamilton, OE/ICA colleagues, helped the March secure stays along the CA Route and a Rest-Day at the UMC in Redlands, CA. Lin visited the March on the first Rest-Day.

On March 23 we crossed the state border from CA to AZ. We had a police escort when we marched across the bridge of the Colorado River.

On Apr 3 we arrived at a park near Morristown, AZ for a Rest-Day. Lin was visiting Kristin Lein who lived nearby. Lin and Kristin visited the park, picked me up and took me to Kristen' house. I did some laundry, got a haircut, and took a bath. Next day they took me back to the park and left me on the March. On Apr 6 we arrived at ASU West Campus. Jim and Judy Wiegel, OE/ICA colleagues from the Phoenix area, visited and learned about the March. On April 27 we crossed the AZ border into NM.

On May 9, in Albuquerque, NM I had lunch with Tim and Martha Karpoff, EI/ICA colleagues. On May 17-18 I had a Rest-Day in Santa Fe, NM, with the George and Elise Packard, EI/ICA colleagues.

After several community meetings we eventually created a purpose statement:

"The mission of the Great March for Climate Action is to change the hearts and minds of the American people, our elected leaders, and people around the globe, to inspire action on the climate crisis."

On May 30 we crossed the NM border into CO. On June 16 we arrived in Denver, CO. Diane Greenwald, Jim and Oliveann Slotta, OE/ICA colleagues, joined us at the Capitol Rally. Ever since Denver I rode my bike across the nation.

On June 30 we crossed the CO border into NE. On July 24 we arrived in Lincoln, the Capitol of NE. Bob Fritzmeier, a Sierra Club colleague, from Sioux City, IA, joined us. We had a rally on the Capitol steps and a Home-stay. On July 28 we arrived in Omaha, NE. After the Home-stay with Joan Wallace, an OE/ICA colleague, and a rally, we marched across the Missouri River into Iowa. Don and Jane McClain, OE/ICA colleagues joined us for the rally. On August 3 I arrived in Atlantic, IA. I phoned Denise O'Brien. She and her husband, Larry Harris were colleagues of ours when we lived in IA. They offered me a Home-stay and referred me to a welder who fixed the back seat on my bike. On Aug 9 we arrived in Winterset, IA. I had a Home-stay with Nancy Trask, an OE/ICA colleague. She had her Library host a potluck and collegial gathering. On August 11 we arrived in Des Moines, the capitol city of IA. We had a rally on the capitol steps that afternoon. Margaret and Jerry Weiner, former Iowa B&B guests, offered me a Home-stay. On Aug 19, we arrived in Iowa City, IA. It is the town I where I was born, went to University, met Linda, and was married. I had a Home-stay. We marched past the University Hospital across the Iowa River. There was a rally in the downtown square across from the Old Capitol. On Aug 24 we arrived in Davenport, IA. I had a Home-stay with Doug and Pat Druckenmiller, OE/ICA colleagues. Doug attended the rally at the City Park. Aug 26 we marched across the Mississippi River into Illinois. On Sep 4, I celebrated my 77th birthday. On Sep 5 we arrived in Oak Park, a suburb of Chicago. The next day my friends Sally Stovall, Dick Alton, and Paul Noah, EI/ICA colleagues, and my wife, Lin, joined us for the March into Chicago. We marched through 5th City, a part of the West Side of Chicago, where OE/ICA did community development. Lin and I lived there from 1966 to 1968. Terry Bergdall joined us on his bike. I rode with him to the rally in downtown Chicago. When the rally concluded we rode our bikes up the Lakeshore to 4750 N Sheridan, where the ICA was offering a Rest-Day. On September 9 we crossed the Illinois state line into Indiana. Indiana is not very wide. On September 18 we reached Angola, IN. I had a Home-stay with Bill and Donalou Imler, Drew University acquaintances. The local paper published an article about the March, and I was featured in it. On September 19 the March crossed the Indiana border and arrived in Montpelier, OH. That evening we caught the bus to NYC. We left the route in Ohio as The Longest Climate March, caught a bus to New York City, and joined the Largest Climate March in NYC. There were an estimated 400,000 people at the March in NYC. After three days in NYC we caught the bus and returned to Ohio to complete the March to Washington, D.C.

On October 10 we crossed from Ohio into Pennsylvania. We stayed at Maggie's Family Farm that has been devastated by local fracking. When we reached Pittsburg on October 16 we learned that it is the first US city to ban Fracking. We had a Home-stay and a rally. On October 26 we crossed the PA border into Maryland. On Oct 30-31 we stayed at the Unitarian Universalist Church, in Bethesda, MD and prepared for the March into Washington, DC. On the last day of the Great March for Climate Action, Nov 1, 2014, we Marched into Washington, DC with an additional 40 to 50 Marchers.

On the Climate March we had guests representing local action groups who made presentations at our evening meals. We met and were hosted by many along the way. Sometimes they provided a potluck dinner; sometimes they offered overnight home-stays. It was amazing that there was so much support at the grassroots level. And I was delighted to make connections with friends and colleagues all the way across the nation.

Native Americans in New Mexico said that individual action won't make a difference: that what we need is a Movement. In addition to that it seems that things won't change until we can sit at the table and have a personal conversation with those who we hope to impact: speak one-on-one with the Fossil Fuel Industry.

The founder of the Great March for Climate Action, Ed Fallon, hoped to have 1000 people. There were consistently 20 to 30 core Marchers. Seven of the Marchers Marched Every Step of the Way! There were local people who joined for a day, a week, or a month. Although it was a March I usually rode my

bicycle. There were several fellows over 70 years of age. I was the oldest person on the March, at 77. We labeled ourselves the Elders Bike Brigade.

All the tasks of getting the March up and running, and keeping it 'running' had to be identified, created, and assigned. Assignments usually rotated twice each week. There was no administration until we elected a Mayor, three administrators, and a judicial council. When we had meetings they were held in the Circle of 20 to 30 people, before or after dinner. There were no chalkboards or printouts so there was nothing objective to refer back to. Sometimes there was no agreement on an issue. It was difficult to identify the consensus. Some chose to be silent to symbolize those in the world who have no voice.

CHAPTER 11: MUSICAL JOURNEY

We had family friends with whom we spent celebrative time; around cultural celebrative occasions, and periodic gatherings. One of the family friends, Elroy, played the tenor guitar and sang. We all joined in. I always sang melody. I didn't know there was anything else to sing.

Mother insisted that I take piano lessons and I did until the Fall of my 9th grade year, when football took precedence. I liked the tenor guitar. I discovered an Arthur Godfrey promotional ukulele at the local hardware store that never sold. I made a deal with the store owner and brought the ukulele home. I learned to play chords to melodies. I discovered that the chord patterns transferred to the tenor guitar, and the top 4 strings of the 6-string guitar. I borrowed my Grandmother's 6-string guitar. I bought a Lesson Book for the 6-string guitar from Sears & Roebuck. It set out to teach one to play notes rather than chords. I dropped it and looked for a book that would teach me 6-string chords.

In ninth grade I went out for Chorus and Football. I did fine in football. Within 4 weeks I requested from the Principal that I be allowed to drop Chorus. She asked why. I told her that I was required to sing parts, and I didn't know how to do that. She immediately referred me to the Superintendent. He in turn, asked why I was asking to drop Chorus. When I explained, his response was, "We don't have quitters here. Go back to Chorus!" Thank goodness for his response. A Superintendent would not be able to do that today!

I did learn to sing parts. I sang in mixed chorus, men's chorus, and every possible ensemble. For laughs in the tenor section, when the chorus would sing an a cappella song, I secretly coached the tenor section to deliberately raise the pitch on the song by continuously edging the tenor part up throughout the course of the song. We delighted in being able to do it without saying a thing to anyone else. The mixed quartet in which I sang went to Allstate Chorus two years in a row.

After football season of my ninth grade year I went out for basketball. Since I lived on the farm, had attended a 4-room school in Turin, and gone home to do chores after school I had no basketball skills. I did not know how to dribble, do a layup, nor was I aware of what constituted a foul or a charge. Within 3 days the coach took me aside in the middle of practice and said, "David, go home." What a shock! I showered, dressed and left the school building. When I exited the front door, I would have normally turned left, gone a block to Iowa Avenue, and hitchhiked home.

Instead I involuntarily turned right and went over to the band room which was in a separate building. I went to the band instructor and said, "I want to play in the band." He quizzed me about my musical background. After I had given my story he handed me a book and a string Bass and said, "Play this." I did so, although I had very little instruction. As time went on I was invited into the Sousaphone section. The instructor arranged music for a Sousaphone quartet. We went to State contest one year and received a One-rating. From time to time there was a small dance band ensemble, but no one pushed it and it died a quiet death.

Once I graduated from high school music seemed to take a back seat. I went out for chorus at University of Iowa the second semester of my first year. I dropped it ever after. I left music behind. It did not seem something I would pursue as a profession.

When I attended Theological School at Drew University I went out for the Theological School Chorus: it was an all male chorus. There was singing at regularly scheduled church services, but nothing more.

I determined that I was not suited for the parish ministry and we migrated to a church renewal group, the Ecumenical Institute. This group lived and worked as a religious community. In our life together we shared meals, household tasks, income earning responsibilities, and external mission assignments. We sang morning, noon and night. We lived and worked in this organization for 20 years. I didn't realize until we retired (retired from 20 years of volunteer service) from the organization how essential to my spiritual well-being singing had been.

We returned from Kenya and took up residence in Iowa City. I attended a University Jazz Ensemble class and picked up a Jazz ensemble every semester, for two years. We finally moved to Turin--the farm

which my Great Grandfather homesteaded. I began playing in Hansen Brothers' band that played 30's—50's dance music. It ran out of steam within two years. I picked up with a country/gospel band. I have described myself as a prostitute here, because my assessment was that it was the worst of country, and the worst of gospel, but it was a place to play and it was musical companionship.

I heard a local male quartet at the Loess Hills Hospitality Association annual meeting. I asked them if I could join them. They were offended! "We already have a quartet", they said. My father became frail and we finally took him to the local nursing home. I began going to the nursing home on Friday mornings to contribute to the leadership of the Singalong. The Bass of that quartet also attended. One morning in February 1998 he said to me, "Do you want to sing in a quartet?" I said, "Yes, I'll bet I've already had my audition!" He acknowledged that I had done so.

The quartet sang with accompaniment. They named themselves 4-Hims and a Her. We sang for approximately 9 months. We were getting ready to do a nursing home Christmas tour when the Bass developed COPD and was hospitalized. Before he could recover the Lead went off to Phoenix. I discovered that I was addicted to music.

I searched for the Barbershop organization in Sioux City. There was no trace of it. I finally inquired of a good friend of mine who sang in Master Chorale. She referred me to a lead which gave me information about how to attend the Siouxland Barbershop Chorus.

I didn't realize how much in demand tenors are. I was delighted. I did not pick up with the Valentines program the first year (1999). I did begin to sing with a quartet: Sound Assortment. We performed at the 1999 Annual Show. The next year we went to South Dakota's winter get together. We went on Friday night and got a little coaching. We sang one number as a quartet on the final program. In June we went to Mini-HEP at St. Jo. It became clear that we had very little future as a quartet because the Lead either didn't understand what was required of him, or because he didn't want to do what was required of him. After the 2000 Annual Show the Baritone resigned from the quartet.

I had no quartet until the I was approached by Sharon Ocker, a Baritone turned Lead, who has been a Barbershopper for 23 years. Sharon had gathered an attorney, a Baritone, who was a charter member, had dropped out for the sake of his career, and was approaching retirement and anticipating returning to Barbershop, the Bass from Sound Assortment, and myself. We sang from Feb 2001 to Aug 2002. I am a firm believer that a quartet needs to gather to polish what they have practiced.

VISION FOR SINGING

I believe singing is an essential ingredient in community life. In search of meaningful singing I had tried Barbershop singing in Sioux City. Finally I had to admit that it was too much 'old-mood'. The Chorus even sang a lot of theological pablum.

Four voices in careful harmony with each other create 5 to 6 tones—the whole is greater than the sum of the parts. In an attempt to share this kind of harmony I have a vision of a quartet that is singing 20th Century metaphors about the demand to adopt a lifestyle in concert with our environment and our society; a lifestyle that is futuristically sustainable. The name I have in mind for the quartet is The Meta-Fours. Because of the possibility of creating musical learning tapes the members of the quartet could do their practicing in 4 separate geographical locations. Once they had an engagement, they could meet in advance on-site and polish up their presentation.

My strong suit is singing. I have a recording of my own quartet. When I was 63 I asked the quartet with whom I was singing to learn the Beatles' song <u>When I'm 64,</u> so I could sing it when I'm 64. They did not work at it, so I learned all four parts, went to a local recording studio, and put all four parts on a tape. The studio made me a tape of my quartet. There isn't much market for a one-man quartet, but my kids were impressed! My weak suit is poetry. I've been intrigued by Wayne's and Tim's capacity to wax poetic. Part of my problem may be the need to focus on specific issue or issues. Of late I've begun to realize that a topic very worthy of pursuit would be promoting peace—beginning with neighborhoods, moving to states, nations and the globe.

I remember Len Hockley requesting help to establish a Federal Cabinet post labeled Department of Peace. Maybe poeticizing this message is one of many ways to develop the foundation for this Department. Perhaps I should find out what part he sings.

Dick and Amelia Kroeger visited us several years ago. I shared our B&B alternative table blessing with them. 2 weeks later we received a book in the mail from them: A GRATEFUL HEART: Daily Blessings for the Evening Meal from Buddha to the Beatles. One of my favorite prayers is found on page 22. It is adapted from the Week of Prayer for World Peace, 1978.

> *We pray for the power to be gentle; the strength to be forgiving; the patience to be understanding; and the endurance to accept the consequences to holding to what we believe to be right.*
> *May we put our trust in the power of good to overcome evil and the power of love to overcome hatred. We pray for the vision to see and the faith to believe in a world emancipated from violence, a new world where fear shall no longer lead men to commit injustice, nor selfishness make them bring suffering to others.*
> *Help us to devote our whole life and thought and energy to the task of making peace, praying always for the inspiration and the power to fulfill the destiny for which we were created.*

I find this prayer inspiring and foundational. The gist of this is to put the message into poetry, put it to popular and/or folk music, and start circulating the message. Then be prepared to sing wherever we can get engagements: climate change meetings; Blessed Unrest Assemblies; etc.

IN TRANSIT ESCAPADES

Kathy sat at her dining room table in Sparks, Nevada, a suburb of Reno. In the living room, on the other side of a waist-high room divider, was her husband, John and 3 other men. One of these men, Charles, had arrived yesterday from the Bay Area and stayed overnight with them. Another of them, David from Iowa, had been visiting family in the Reno area for the last week. Still a third, Douglas, had flown in from Seattle the evening before and stayed with David. These fellows had known each other for at least 30 years or more. They had worked together in one capacity or another in a non-governmental organization (NGO) doing what they called "Grass Roots Community Development". The organization had dispersed within the last 15 years, but was having a Reunion in Vail, Colorado in two days. This was the first time in the last 25 years they had all been together in the same room. The moment of truth had arrived. David and Douglas had come over this morning to join John and Charles. They expected to create something that in two days' time would be worthy of presentation at the Reunion in Vail.

David, from Iowa, had solicited volunteers for a Barbershop Quartet. He had done so over an informal List-serve which the NGO had created to maintain a link of longstanding collegiality. He proposed to create a Barbershop Quartet which would make a presentation at the Reunion. John, Charles, and Douglas had all responded to the solicitation. Once four volunteers were confirmed, David suggested that they perform classic Barbershop pieces, and made certain that they had the scores and learning tapes.

This quartet-in-the making was scheduled to make its presentation in two days' time at Vail. Kathy was doubtful that they could present anything worth listening to in such short notice. Nevertheless, she had been supportive of John. She sat with a pile of scores in front of her--the 14 pieces of music that David proposed to have the quartet sing. The look on her face communicated to the discerning observer that she expected to play the role of cheer leader. The quartet began to assemble in the living room, across the room divider from where Kathy sat. David surmised that Kathy was prepared to comment on their first number with something like, "You guys sound good." He suggested they start out with an old Barbershop standard, MY WILD IRISH ROSE. He blew the pitch pipe. In one instant there was the lone sound of a pitch pipe sounding a B flat, and in the next instant there was the harmony of four voices, each singing a different part,

yet each yielding, allowing the voices to become one. This was the first number they had ever sung together. David had been singing tenor in a Barbershop Chorus back in Iowa. Charles had sung bass in a Barbershop Chorus in the Bay Area. Douglas, the baritone, and John, the lead, were both musical, and loved to sing, but had not sung in a quartet since high school.

It worked! At one moment in time there was nothing, and in the next moment the four voices had formed something from nothing. When they finished the final note, Kathy exclaimed in astonishment. "You guys really do sound good!" It was a victory. For three months they had been poring over their scores and listening to their learning tapes in hopes that they could create something which they could bring to the Reunion as an offering; a gift, a moment, a tribute to the role singing had played in the life of their organization; a community of life-long colleagues.

The quartet practiced a total of 3 hours that morning. That evening they went out to supper with Kathy, Lin, David's wife, and their son Jay, and his wife, Trish. David suggested that the quartet sing a song from Jay to Trish. He asked the restaurant proprietor if he could turn off the music. He agreed to do so. They sang two of the Barbershop Classics: HEART OF MY HEART, and LET ME CALL YOU SWEETHEART. Trish learned that the quartet had been practicing AMAZING GRACE, and requested it be sung. When the party left that evening, and David thanked the proprietor for turning off the music. he responded, “That sounded good. Could you guys come back tomorrow night?”

The quartet, still unnamed, left for Vail Friday morning. They sang to a waitress that evening in Provo, Utah. They sang to a waitress the next morning in Green River, Utah. They practiced several times in the car along the way. The name for the quartet emerged: IN-TRANSIT!

On Saturday evening the Reunion convened. Monday evening featured a variety of Troubadours. IN-TRANSIT made its debut. As one of their encores they sang a request which was recorded to be taken to a 90-year-old colleague from Australia, who was celebrating the Reunion, in absentia. It was a victory. For 3 months they had been poring over their scores and listening to their learning tapes individually in hopes that they could create something which they could bring to the Reunion as an offering; a gift, a moment, a tribute to the role singing had played in the life of their organization; a community of life-long colleagues. Those gathered were amazed at the way IN-TRANSIT sounded that evening. So were the members of the quartet! Some are still basking in the afterglow of the event.

CHAPTER 12: THE BICYCLE
1944-2011

GEORGE KERN'S BICYCLE 1944

George Kern was my 1944 summertime caretaker. George had a bicycle that he had outgrown and he arranged with Mother to sell the bike to me. Then he taught me how to ride.

Shortly after I learned to ride I was arrested for riding without a license! I have a Police Record in Iowa City that dates back to the summer of 1944. Once I learned to ride the bicycle I would ride down to Muscatine Avenue, where Rundell St. came to a dead end, turn and ride another block to the corner candy store where Muscatine came out of the city, down to the bottom of the hill, and made a sharp right turn. One day when I was on my way to the candy store and had made the turn onto Muscatine a Police car apprehended me. I was questioned and asked for my bicycle registration. George Kern had never registered the bicycle. George had not informed me that I must register the bicycle. I was in violation of the rules. I was taken to the Police Station, lectured about bicycle safety, and given a Booklet on Bicycle Regulations. It is likely that the Police Department had recently initiated a program of bicycle safety and was making every effort to spread the news of the program.

I also wanted to try out my riding skills and rode from Rundell Street to downtown Iowa City, over the Iowa River Bridge and up the hill to the University Hospital where Mother was working. I paid a visit to her office. She was surprised and frightened because I had ridden through town and across the river to the University Hospital. She sent me home with strict instructions to watch the traffic.

Ride to Dick Perrin's, 1948

The first year after I moved to Turin I joined the local 4-H club. While attending a county-wide event I met Dick Perrin. Dick and I were in the same grade and he was a member that seemed to have interests similar to mine. He lived between Castana and Mapleton. All of the county roads were gravel.

I decided to go see Dick one day and set off in the morning on my 24", balloon tired, single speed bicycle. I rode the mile south from our house to Turin—gravel. I rode a half mile on pavement east to the

gravel road going northeast to Castana and on to Mapleton. It was 6 miles to Castana, and another 3 miles to Dick's house. I spent the day with Dick. He showed me his 4-H projects. I had lunch with his family. In the afternoon I returned home over the 10 miles of gravel. I had always ridden my bicycle to school and back—a 2 mile round trip—on gravel. But this time I had the feeling that I had pioneered the county riding my bicycle on gravel roads.

1953—3 speed hub round-trip ride to Onawa

By the time I got to high school dad had retrofitted his old 28" narrow tired bicycle for me. It had tubeless tires, and a New Departure brake. New Departure began manufacturing a 3-speed axle. I invested in one and replaced the 1-speed hub with a 3-speed hub. Once I had done that I thought it would be important to demonstrate that I had a 3-speed bicycle.

I picked a lovely summer day and rode to Onawa, 7 miles away. I had a plan to show off to Betty Rutledge, one of the girls in my class that was attractive to me. Once I reached Onawa I rode to her house. She was not at home. She and Roger Stender, another classmate, were out together. So I discovered that she had a boyfriend, and it was Roger Stender. I returned home. I was pleased to have made the 16 mile ride on my new 3-speed bicycle, but disappointed that I was not able to establish a future relationship with Betty. I was also disappointed that I had found no one to share my pride and excitement in having successfully remodeled a single-speed New Departure to a 3-speed New Departure.

State University of Iowa (SUI) Campus, 1956

In spring of the first school year at SUI I began to notice that there were a few people riding bicycles, so I brought my bicycle to campus. There were so few people riding bicycles that there were no bike racks, and no one worried about locking the bike, and there were no bicycle racks. One day, as I was leaving class, I struck up a conversation with a man outside of Schaffer Hall who was also leaving class and getting on his bike. He was from England and excited to find a Yankee on two wheels. I remember him as Peter. He arranged for me to visit him and have dinner at his house.

SUI TRAILER PARK, 1959-60

When we married and moved to the trailer park on the east edge of Iowa City, I took my bicycle with me. One weekend while visiting Marengo, IA, to see my grandparents, I discovered a used girls bicycle. I bought it for Lin. That enabled us to make the trip from the east side of Iowa City to the downtown campus. It also provided Lin additional exercise when she had to get to the College of Nursing that was up the hill on the west side of the Iowa River.

DREW UNIVERSITY 1960s

I took my bicycle to Madison, NJ. There was a convenient place to park it in a covered walkway between the east and west side of Wendell Hall. We made friends with Bill and Dona Lou Imler. He was employed in administration for the Theological School. Her brother had been the pastor at the Wesley Foundation in Iowa City while we were attending SUI during the school year of 1959-60.

We used to ride our bicycles from campus to visit the Imlers. In June of 1962 the Imlers were away. They asked us to come by and check their property on a daily basis. The last Saturday in June 1962 we went to do our routine check on their property. We knew their neighbors had a cherry tree that was ripe, and got

permission to harvest the cherries. We did our check on the Imler's property and then went across the street and picked cherries.

Lin was 9 months pregnant. Once we returned to our apartment at Wendell Hall we began to pit cherries and make a cherry pie. While we were doing so she began to have labor pains. We were able to bake the pie, but then took a trip to the hospital in Morristown. They admitted her. I spent a short period of time with her and it was clear that the birth was not imminent. I went home and tried to sleep. I returned to the hospital the next morning and Lin was ready to give birth. I was able to witness the birth of our first child; a boy we named Jay, born July 1, 1962. Wanting Jay to be a bike rider when he grew up, I got a child seat and installed it behind the seat over the back wheel. By the time Jay was 8 months old I gave him bicycle rides. He loved it.

Des Moines <u>Register's Annual Great Bike Ride Across Iowa</u> (RAGBRAI), 1975

Our family has a RAGBRAI history. Mother and Dad started RAGBRAI the year after it began, 1973, and rode it the next 4 years: 1974-77. Jay went with them summer of 1975. Grandma and Grandpa reported that he wasn't in shape for the ride, but was great company for his grandparents.

Jay & Heidi: RAGBRAI - 1979

In summer of 79 all the Zahrts did the first day from Rock Rapids to Spencer. Heidi's bicycle gave up half way through the ride. Jay stayed with her. They caught the Sag Wagon into Spencer Fairgrounds, and waited for us. Lin and I got into Spencer about 7:30 pm. We found the only campsite space available and set up camp. At midnight we were rained out—a 2-4" rain in 30 minutes. We were drenched. Our tents were sitting in 2 inches of water! We spent the rest of the night in a Display Building trying to sleep on concrete floor. The next morning I phoned Turin and asked my Mother and Dad to pick us up. Jay and Heidi and I returned to Turin. Lin phoned her folks. They picked her up and went to Hampton. I was not aware that I had cousins in Spencer so we made no contacts with relatives at that time.

ST. LOUIS TO MEMPHIS, 1982

I made plans to attend the Academy that was to be held in Chicago at the Kemper Building, in North Chicago. It was presumed that Academy staff would not have time for physical exercise, so I took my bike. I put it on the train in Memphis. When I reached Chicago I got a taxi to stuff it in the trunk and take me to 4750 N Sheridan; the Kemper Building.

A day in the Academy was mostly sitting at tables, studying, and discussing. I scheduled every block of break time for riding. I could ride up and down the Lake Shore that was 4 blocks away from the

Academy. I rode for two hours the first chance I had to ride. That was enough to give me some sore muscles.

Because I had some muscles that were sore from bike riding, I discovered that the muscles that I used to climb the stairs and to ride are the same muscles. The Academy was being held on the 4th floor of an 8-story building. So I began with a routine of daily training just before I went to bed. I began to walk from the 1st to the 8th floor. I started with 4 times a day and scheduled an increase every week until I got up to 20 times a day. I maintained that exercise daily and went on longer and longer rides up and down the Lake Shore.

I left the Academy early for a Congregational United Church of Christ Annual Conference near St Louis. I packed all of my luggage and the bike and took the bus. When I reached St. Louis I discovered that the bike had been shipped onto the next stop. I filed for it, but I feared that I would never get it back. The conference was 40 miles outside of St. Louis in a small college town.

I continued my daily stair climbing exercise while attending the conference. The bike arrived on Saturday and I was elated! I arranged to get a ride from the conference to Washington, Mo. That was on my way through Missouri to Memphis. I stayed overnight with the people who had given me a ride, and began my bicycle trip about 8 AM Sunday morning.

The morning was overcast and before long it began to shower. I stopped and put on my rain suit. It was plastic and so it was very hot. I took it off and put it on all morning. The countryside was at the foot of the Ozark Mountains, so it was very hilly. By 4 pm I found myself exhausted. I pulled into Delogue, Mo. and asked a man on a bicycle where I could camp out. He looked me over, and said, "Follow me". I followed him and he led me to his home. He invited me in and asked me to stay. It was Sunday night and they apparently had the practice of having no Sunday evening meal. I was starving. They were also going to Sunday evening prayer meeting and invited me to come along. I declined on the basis that I was tired. Shortly they asked again if I wouldn't like to go; this time more urgently. I finally realized that they were definitely going to Sunday night prayer service, and they couldn't bring themselves to leave a total stranger in the house. I volunteered to go. I considered it my payment for a night's lodging.

When we returned from the Prayer Meeting they had a small snack later on in the evening. My host asked me a number of questions about touring. He had gone on an 80 mile bike ride the summer before, and was interested in knowing what it would take for him to do a longer ride.

I arose early the next morning. He cooked me breakfast and took me to the edge of town. It was a cool, clear day with cotton-ball clouds in the sky. The hills were far more rolling than the day before. I made good time and had no rain to contend with. The sun was fast becoming my enemy. I was getting a little sunburn and found myself very dry in the mouth. At the end of the day I had traveled 90 miles. I looked for a place to stay in and around Oran, Mo. but I found nothing until I happened upon an abandoned Cat Litter Manufacturing Plant along the road. I stayed in the manager’s office that had a concrete floor, and a solid roof. The floor was covered with clay dust. I spread my bedroll out and had a night’s rest.

I woke at 5 AM the next morning to rain. I quickly packed and began to ride. I rode for an hour in heavy rain. It was very cold at first, but by the time I had ridden 12 miles to Sikeston, I had worked up a sweat. It took me 15 minutes of riding to find a cafe for breakfast. When I went in I discovered that the cafe had the air conditioning on, and I immediately began to shiver because my clothes were completely wet from the rain and the sweat. I ordered a huge stack of pancakes, drowned them in syrup, drank 6 cups of hot coffee and shaved in the restroom.

I was ready to continue riding, but the rain had only slackened. I discovered that I had a wind advantage because I was traveling southeast and the wind was blowing out of the northeast. It gave me a slight push. But I also discovered that it filled my right tennis shoe full of water. I found the rain presented me with only two alternatives: ride or shiver. I chose to ride. By noontime the rain had lessened to thundershowers, and they came intermittently all the rest of the afternoon. By evening I counted up the miles and discovered that I had ridden another 100 miles. I was elated!

My search for a camping spot was fruitless again, but at dusk I found an abandoned tenant shanty in a wheat field on the outskirts of Osceola, AR. I was on the road early the next morning because I had only 40 miles left to ride. The sun was out, there was a strong north wind, and I made it home to Memphis by 10:30 AM, in time for morning coffee. The people who had brought the balance of my luggage from the Conference back to Memphis said, "You don't look exhausted, you look glowing!"

IOWA CITY: BIKING WITH KRISTIN LEIN 1986-1988

Kristin Lein had biked across the United States and had stayed with Don and Luella Reese before. When I returned to Iowa City in 1986, I found that Kristin was in Iowa City and she had a regular biking schedule. We began riding together weekly, at least 15 miles north and south of Iowa City for exercise and fitness.

RAGBRAI: Glenwood to Cedar Falls—Iowa City, 1989

We had been in Iowa City since 1985. I had been anticipating the RAGBRAI ride all winter of 1988 while Lin and I were in Iowa City. I created a schedule of miles to be ridden weekly. It began in January with 10 to 20 miles per week. By May I had made my transition in residence from Iowa City to the family farm north of Turin. Once Lin finished her Masters' in Nursing she would move to the farm.

I gradually worked my way up to 60-80 miles per week in May and June. I did some bike riding south of Turin and out across the Brown Grade. One Saturday morning late in June I rode to Dunlap and had lunch. Then I turned around and rode home. There were more hills than I was ready for. I pulled a muscle just below the right knee on the outside of the leg and down the calf. I could hardly walk it was so painful. It was the same muscle I pulled in Kenya in 1984. In Kenya I was visiting villages, on foot, and walking through the mountains north of Nairobi.

One weekend at the end of May I went to the 1954 Onawa High School class reunion. That night I danced a little. It hurt me less when I kept my leg limbered and moving. When I left it in disuse it tightened up. The next morning I was headed back for the Reunion luncheon and I saw a bicyclist riding through Turin. I stopped him. It was Scott Schneider, a veterinarian doing his intern year in Mapleton, about 16 miles from Turin. I asked him if he was going on RAGBRAI. He said, "Yes". We considered doing some riding together but never were able to schedule it. I kept in touch with him and asked if I could ride down to the starting point in Clarinda with him. He said, "Yes".

By mid-June I was employed as a truck driver for King Transfer in Onawa. I requested a week's vacation in JuIy to take the RAGBRAI ride. Connie King granted it.

I considered going to Cherokee one weekend for an 80-mile bike ride. I decided that I didn't need to drive somewhere to ride my bike. I discovered that there were two movies that I wanted to see in Sioux City so my alternative was to ride to Sioux City; 45 miles of riding. I arranged to stay overnight with the Pattersons and rode my bike to Sioux City one Saturday early in July.

The ride up was beautiful. The temperature was 99 degrees but there was an 8-10 mph wind from the south. That kept me cool as I traveled west on the way to Onawa. It pushed me as I rode north on the way to Whiting. However, about two miles out of Onawa I heard a sharp report as if someone close by had fired a shotgun. I looked down and discovered that it was my front tire. Because of the wind I was able to keep my speed up. It felt as if I was skimming over the highway. When I got to Whiting I stopped at the corner convenience store and asked where I could get a bicycle tire repaired. They gave me directions to Lorne Parish's house. Luckily he was home and had a tire and tube. I bought it and put it on. Then I continued on my ride.

It was probably a good break. Once I got back on the road I found that I needed to stop in Sloan just to cool off and get something to drink. I went through Salix hoping to be able to make it to Sergeant's Bluff but on the outskirts of Salix I saw a tandem bike for sale. I stopped and inquired. It was a single speed Schwinn and the owner wanted $100 for it. I decided that I wanted it and put some money down on it. I continued to Sioux City but had to stop in Sergeant's Bluff for another break. I finally got to Sioux City but the matinee had ended. I called Emily Chiarillo and asked if she could come over and get me. She did. I don't know just why I did that but I figured it was better than bumming around the shopping center for the rest of the afternoon. She brought me back in time for the evening feature. I called Tom Patterson, let him know when I would be coming out, and asked directions to his house. I fully intended to ride out to his house after the movie. When the movie was over I came out into the lobby and bumped into Tom Patterson. He gave me a ride to his house. It was probably good for two reasons. One is that I would have had difficulty finding the place, and two is that I was worn out from the day's ride and would have been in pain getting out to his house. We talked for a long time and then Tom and I went out and took a dip in the pool.

The next morning the Pattersons headed for Clarinda to a horse riding show that Sarah, their daughter, was competing in. They offered to take me to Onawa. I took them up on the offer but got off at Whiting. I wanted to ask Lorne Parish if he had ideas on how to retrofit my ‘new’ tandem. He wasn't home so I rode the rest of the way to Turin. It was far enough to get a good workout and not so far that I got tired out.

I made several more bike rides during the last couple of weeks before RAGBRAI. I did some short rides south of Turin and used intervals to keep in shape. I felt ready for the ride.

Scott Schneider picked me up and we went to Glenwood on Saturday, July __. Somewhere just north of Council Bluffs his alternator fell apart. After we looked it over he decided that the thing to do was to drive it to Clarinda. It would not do to pay for getting it fixed away from home. And he could probably make it back to Mapleton before it had to be fixed. When we got to Clarinda he let me out at the Information booth and we parted.

I pitched camp, and found a booth where I got some dinner. I walked around the campground and looked at all the vendors. I found a back road out of the campground and made a note of it for the morning. Then I went to bed.

In the morning I established a routine that served me well. I awoke about 5:00 AM. By that time there was plenty of stirring and it was light. I got some milk and coffee and ate some of the granola I had packed along. Then while breakfast was digesting I broke camp and put my duffle bag in the RAGBRAI truck. By 6:00 AM, or shortly after, I was ready to ride. The route was __ miles from Clarinda to Atlanta. I arrived in Atlanta for lunch. It was hilly and I was not very excited about riding much more after I got there. I did ride up to the City Park where there were a number of booths and watched the bicycle races that evening.

I broke camp the same way the next day and made it to Jefferson by early afternoon. I had arranged through RAGBRAI to stay with Linda Bortz, whose son was an avid bicyclist. She hosted 8 or 10 other people who also stayed with her that evening. Some stayed and ate with her, some went out. It was a little bit like a family night in the Order Ecumenical. The nice thing was that there was a shower and a bathroom, and hot water.

The next morning I set out for Story City. I was there by noon and went to the Lutheran Church for Lasagna Lunch. Anna Overland had been on the faculty at the College of Nursing in Iowa City when Lin was a student there. She had retired and lived in Story City. She was at the Lutheran Church serving lunch. I had arranged to stay with her that evening. She took served me dinner and then took me on a tour through the streets of Story City. We took a ride on the Calliope in the city park. While we were having our stroll I met Linda from the Central Iowa Sierra Club. I asked her if she wanted to do the century ride the next day. She agreed to make the ride and we set a rendezvous place and time. The route from Story City to Cedar Falls was 85 miles. A 15-mile loop was added to the route for those who wanted to do a Century Ride.

I was a little concerned about my back wheel. I had purchased a new one in Sioux City before RAGBRAI and by Story City it had broken 4 or 5 spokes. I did not want to pay someone to restring them so I tried to take delicate care of the bike and ride it the way it was. So we did the century ride together all the way through the 15 mile loop. Up to the point of the 15-mile loop it was beautiful because we had a 10 mph tail wind. The 15-mile loop was deadly. I lost track of Linda at the end of that loop and was not able to find her again.

I went on to Cedar Falls. I set up tent and went to take a shower. All the facilities were inside of the Unidome. The water was cold. I looked for a place to have dinner. There was a place selling lasagna. They told me they were out. I bought a ticket for something else but when I got to the place in the serving line where I had a choice they still had several servings of lasagna left, so I took the lasagna. People were lounging all over the Unidome. One of the main reasons was because it was air-conditioned and it was miserably hot and humid outside. I went to bed early.

I was awakened at 3:30 AM by teenagers who had been drinking all night. I got up, packed all 30 pounds of my belongings on my bike. At this point I was leaving the RAGBRAI route and heading for Iowa City to be with Lin. It was another 100-mile ride, and this time I had an additional 30 lb. of luggage.

Cedar Falls is directly west of Waterloo. I headed east into Waterloo. I had worked in Waterloo in 1987 and 1988 so I had gotten to know the Waterloo-Cedar Falls area. I had ridden through Waterloo to the Cedar Valley Nature Trailhead (CVNT). So I wound my way through Cedar Falls to Waterloo, and then to the CVNT. I stopped for breakfast after I had ridden 25 miles. Riding all the way to Iowa City with 30 lb of luggage and a back wheel with 4 broken spokes was a good trick. I did manage to make it all the way.

I had to wind my way through Cedar Rapids and found a route that would take me through the countryside past Kirkwood Community College where I had worked in 1986. I continued through North Liberty. The day's ride was a long one. I took me about 14 hours to our residence in Iowa City.

I was exhausted. Lin welcomed me. I ate, drank, and went to bed and slept soundly. On Saturday Lin took me in the car to Turin. We spent Saturday and part of Sunday with Mother and Dad. Then Lin headed back to Iowa City to continue her work and finish her schooling.

During the remainder of 1989 and the spring of 1990 I upgraded the tandem. I used spare parts from two 12-speed bicycles. I removed the 1-speed coaster brake rear hub and replaced it with a 6-speed hub. I used the two front crank hangars to replace the existing cranks. Since I removed the coaster brake system I

had to install caliper brakes on front and back rims. It was now a 6-speed tandem! On the 4th of July we rode it in the Parade at Whiting.

RAGBRAI: HEIDI and LIN WITH TANDEM TO SPENCER, 1990

Summer of 90 Heidi went with Lin and I from Sioux Center to Spencer. By 1990 I had discovered that I had relatives in Spencer. We had not known that in 1978, so we were not able to connect with them.
I rode the tandem all the way. Lin and Heidi split the ride on the tandem. They traded off riding with me and driving our truck. Once we arrived we stopped to see the Zahrt relatives on Sunday afternoon.

RAGBRAI, 1991

Heidi may recall the RAGBRAI she, Lin and I attended that started in Missouri Valley. On Friday afternoon Heidi and I paid our respects to Electa Strub, our B&B mentor, and stayed overnight with her. Lin joined us on Saturday morning and we toured Missouri Valley and the RAGBRAI setup. I made the entire ride to Atlantic. Heidi and Lin split the Sunday ride to Atlantic. They traded off riding the bike and driving the pickup.

1992-1995 WITH SONKSENS

ONABIKE RECOMMENDATIONS TO B&B GUESTS, 1993

The Onawa Chamber of Commerce initiated an annual August bike ride. The named it ONABIKE. By 1993 we had a B&B and I advertised to bike riders who might consider staying at our B&B because the route went right by our B&B. Here's the information I sent out to prospective guests.

For bicycling routes I can suggest the Classic Onabike routes
Short Ride (29 miles mostly level)

- Our house south on Larpenteur along the west edge of the hills
- the Brown Grade (E 54) west to K 45 (just north of Blencoe)
- north on K 45 to Onawa
- Hwy 175 E out of Onawa to L 12
- L12 north out of Onawa to Larpenteur
- Larpenteur south along the west edge of the hills to our place

Medium Ride (52 miles combination hills and level)

- Our house south on Larpenteur to Turin
- Hwy 175 east to Hwy 37
- Hwy 37 east to L 16
- L 16 over the hills southeast to Moorhead
- Hwy 183 south to Pisgah down the Soldier River valley
- F 20 west out of Pisgah up to Murray Hill
- down Murray Hill (40 mph!) across Larpenteur into Little Sioux
- K 45 north out of Little Sioux along the river valley to Onawa
- Hwy 175 E out of Onawa to L 12

- L12 north out of Onawa to Larpenteur
- Larpenteur south along the west edge of the hills to our place

Long Ride (62 miles combination hills and level)

- Our house south on Larpenteur to Turin
- Hwy 175 east to Hwy 37
- Hwy 37 east to Soldier
- Hwy 183 south along the Soldier river valley to Moorhead and Pisgah
- F 20 west out of Pisgah up to Murray Hill
- down Murray Hill (40 mph!) across Larpenteur into Little Sioux
- K 45 north out of Little Sioux along the river valley to Onawa
- Hwy 175 E out of Onawa to L 12
- L12 north out of Onawa to Larpenteur
- Larpenteur south along the west edge of the hills to our place

RAGBRAI - Onawa to Fort Dodge, 1995

David, Lin, and Marvin Sonksen made a 2-day ride to Fort Dodge. The first night, Sunday, we arranged to stay in a B&B outside of Wall Lake. Dorothy had to work the weekend so we arranged to rendezvous in Fort Dodge at Lin's cousins. We had a good time getting acquainted. Dorothy arrived with their pickup. We stopped at Denny's on the way home for the evening meal and made the trip back home.

ONABIKE – with Cindy Gorter, 1996

In August of 1996 we hosted an intern, Cindy Gorter, from Holland. Her job as an intern was to help us build our customer base for the B&B business. During August we were in training to be sure we would be in shape for Onabike. Soon after she arrived we asked Cindy if she rode a bicycle, and if she would like to ride with us. She said, "Yes." We fixed one of our extra bicycles for her and departed on our trip to Moorhead. Moorhead was a 24 mile round trip with approximately 1000 feet of climb. We took the afternoon ride. When we returned we asked Cindy how she liked the bike ride. She said, "It was OK, but we don't have any hills in Holland!" Cindy accompanied us on the 62 mile Onabike ride. She returned to Onawa a half hour before the rest of us made it back.

WABASH TRACE CENTURY RIDES, 1997

We had been making the Onabike ride since its inception. I made an attempt to get the sponsors to promote a Century Ride. They were not ready to do so. I was walking over the hill to manage the grazing of our cattle every day. I probably hiked at least 500 ft of climb a day. I decided that I would ride my own Onabike Century.

I rose early in the morning the day of the Onabike Ride. I rode from home to the start of the Onabike Ride in Onawa; a 10 mile ride. From there I proceeded to do the 'short' ride: through Arcola, back past our house, through Turin, to the Brown Grade, to the highway coming north out of Blencoe, and back to Onawa. That was rated as a 29 mile ride. So I had already ridden 39 miles. I went to the registration center and met Lin who had come over to register about 8:30 AM. We then proceeded to ride the 'long' ride. It was rated as a 62 mile ride. I completed it. At the end of the day I had done my Century Ride.

INITIATION OF THE RECUMBENT BICYCLE, 2005

I decided to get a recumbent bicycle. My urologist approved of the difference in the seat. I found that I used different lower back muscles to pump and it relieved the lower back pain I had developed since high school football. I went to Scheels in Sioux City and purchased one.

One day in June of 2005 a guest walked in and signed in from Viborg, Denmark. Since I was acquainted with the town of Viborg, SD, I asked him if he knew there was a Viborg, SD. He was excited by that. He indicated he was not aware that there was a Viborg, SD. He was touring Western Iowa and was interested in the Bi-Centennial celebration of the Lewis and Clark expedition. We were 45 miles south of Sioux City, and Sioux City had a wealth of Lewis and Clark memorabilia. The next day he made the trip to Sioux City, toured the Lewis and Clark displays. Viborg, SD was close to Sioux City so he spent the rest of the day in Viborg. They claimed they were the first all-Danish community in South Dakota.

He returned late in the day and met me out on my recumbent bike getting in shape for Iowa's RAGBRAI in July. As a Dane he was fluent in the English language. Yet he was thinking in two languages. He had never seen a bike like mine and inquired, "What do you call that bike?" I answered, "I call it a recumbent." His response was, "Oh-h-h-h. In Denmark we would call that a Sofa Bike."

RAGBRAI: Sergeant Bluff to Ida Grove, 2006

It was an easy ride. I began on Saturday and rode to Sioux City. I planned to stay with Elaine Knutson, who lived just outside of Sergeant Bluff. I arranged to rendezvous with her at the RAGBRAI display booths in Sergeant Bluff. Once we had dinner we went out to her house. She had a spare bedroom that she used to accommodate me. She informed me what she had available for breakfast, and that I could get breakfast on my own. I was up before she arose. I ate breakfast. As I departed I was able to thank her and say "Goodbye". It was a short ride south from her house to the RAGBRAI route. I stopped and had lunch in Battle Creek. I made it to Ida Grove by 1:30 in the afternoon. Then I called Lin and arranged to have her pick me up.

RAGBRAI: ROCK RAPIDS, AN OVERNIGHT WITH CHERYL BUNTSMA IN ORANGE CITY, 2007

Cheryl was a participant in the Loess Hills Prairie Seminar. She had also stayed at our B&B. I discovered that RAGBRAI was starting in Rock Rapids in 2007. Cheryl's home was in Orange City, and it was in the route I would have to take to Rock Rapids.

So I departed our house on Friday and rode to Orange City. Once I got there I stopped at Cheryl's house to say "Hello." I had planned to see if there was any chance that I could stay with her. Her husband was the only one home. He indicated that she would be back later in the afternoon.

I toured the town and found the City Park. There were provisions for camping there. I made a note of the information so that I would be able to use it if necessary.

When I returned to Cheryl's house she had arrived home. She greeted me at the door. She could see I was on my bicycle and I told her I was riding to Rock Rapids to ride RAGBRAI. She said, "Great, I get a chance to have you stay at my bed and breakfast." So I stayed overnight with her. Her husband cooked a delicious dinner. She gave me the living room hide-a-bed for my sleeping accommodations, and cooked scramble eggs and hash browns for breakfast.

Once we had breakfast she informed me that she was going on RAGBRAI and would join me on part of my ride to Rock Rapids so she could do her last minute keeping in shape. We rode together part of

the way to Rock Rapids. I made it there by lunch time. After lunch I toured the RAGBRAI booths. There was a woman singing songs on a hay wagon that she used for her platform. I suggested that I could join her and we could sing together. She agreed and we sang a duet.

I had arranged to stay with a Sierra Club member in Rock Rapids. Later in the afternoon I went to their house. They had a spot in the back yard where I could put my tent. I was surprised to discover that Ed Fallon and Lynn arrived later and pitched their tent. At evening we went downtown to the concession stands for dinner. In the morning we once again went to the concession stands for breakfast.

I rode the day and made it to Spencer by mid-afternoon. I phoned Lin as I approached Spencer so she would have an idea of when to come and get me. I stopped at Frank and Susanne Edington's. We spent some time together and then went over to visit Ann and Darwin Zahrt. After dinner we stuffed the bike in the car and drove back to Turin.

WABASH TRACE CENTURY RIDE with CHERYL BUNTSMA, 1997

I rode the Wabash Trace on my bicycle last weekend. It is 50 miles from trailhead in Council Bluffs to Shenandoah. I invited a number of people to the ride and got one taker, Cheryl Buntsma. She was from Orange City, 75 miles north of here. I stayed at the Buntsma's July 20, on my way to Rock Rapids where RAGBRAI started on July 22.

She had to work until 9 PM in the evening at a County Fair north of Orange City, on Friday Aug 10. We arranged for her to come to our house after work and stay here overnight on Friday. On Saturday we had an early breakfast and headed for Council Bluffs where the Trail Head is located. We hit the trail a little after 9 AM. We rode most of the day. Got to Shenandoah about 3:45 PM and stopped at the swimming pool. The Ike's lodge is another 5 miles south of Shenandoah. Pedaled on down and set up camp.

There was a buffet supper. The evening entertainment was put on by two individuals each of whom had their own repertoire and played guitar and sang.

Cheryl and I rode together until someone overtook us. Cheryl struck up a conversation with him. He continued at his pace and she sped up to continue talking with him. I would catch up to them at rest stops. They stayed in the rest stops longer than I. I started out before they did and arrived at the next rest stop later than they did.

There were only 25 people signed up for the ride. That means that there wasn't much traffic on the trail. There was occasional traffic that was a result of someone using the trail from one little town to the next. So I found myself doing a lot of riding all alone.

REFLECTION

That caused me to reflect. It seems as if I have been 'riding all alone' my whole life! I was an Iowan in a Texas preschool. I was an 'outsider' in Turin elementary school (to 8th grade). I was the only Turin graduate that made it through high school in Onawa. They looked me over. I was recruited into DeMolay (a fraternal organization that is affiliated with Masons) the end of my freshman year in High School. The DeMolay crowd and the football team made me marginally socially acceptable.

I went off to University in fall of 1955 by myself. I was all alone the first year in University. Two of my high school classmates attended University of Iowa, but they lived in a different dormitory and eventually dropped out of university. Dad wanted me to join the fraternity of which he was an alumni: Delta Chi. The University recommended that I be in a dorm rather than a fraternity the first year. I complied. I

attended fraternity events sporadically. It was hard to participate in the fraternity events and live in the dorm. I was not impressed with what the fraternity had to offer. I decided against fraternities altogether.

I had two dorm roommates. One dropped out during the first semester. The other was from Waterloo and had a girlfriend at home that he had to visit every weekend. He dropped out after the first semester. I had the room to myself for the rest of the year!

I did find a place for myself at the Wesley Foundation. I attended Sunday afternoon/evening programs. I was introduced to the Des Moines YMCA Camp and took a summer job with them the summer of 1956. That was a wonderful fraternity.

Somewhere in the first year I made the decision to bring my bicycle to campus. There were no bike racks. There was no one riding bikes. Actually I was invited out to dinner by an Englishman who was riding his bike around campus. He was intrigued by a Yank that was riding a bicycle!

By the second year I had enough of the dorm. I roomed off campus at 311 N Gilbert. I had a room to myself. It was also 2 and one-half blocks from Wesley Foundation. I think I spent some of my time studying there.

I had been introduced to the trampoline at YMCA camp the summer of 1956. In the fall of I went out for the University Gymnastics team. I became proficient on the trampoline. I attempted to learn tumbling on the mat. I broke my right hand doing a flip, losing my balance, and trying to catch myself with my right hand. By that time I realized that I would have to focus on studying or gymnastics. It was clear that I was not capable of doing satisfactory work in both at once. I decided to focus on the books. Meals were lonely occasions. I usually ate dinner at a little café on Lin Street, about a block and one-half from 311 N Gilbert.

Somewhere that year I joined the Wesley Supper Club. It was a cooperative in which everyone had responsibility to grocery shop, cook, and cleanup. It was a wonderful fellowship. I met Davis Bernard, and by the end of the year he and I rented a double room at 221 N Linn St, a block away from the Wesley Foundation.

I could continue, and perhaps I should pick a time to do so, but I digress…

While I was riding alone I once again had the impression that Jay was along. He didn't say anything, he didn't do anything, he simply remained present to me. I began to realize that the two of us were together—alone! And then I began to reflect on the kinds of things that I might have hoped for in my relationship with Jay. And I realized that the very thing I had gone through—being all alone—may have either been genetically passed on, communicated to Jay subliminally, or overtly: that there is a way to go through life all alone and some of us do it that way!

I remember 'waking up' at about 30 years of age realizing that I was still holding grudges against my parents for the way in which they had conducted my upbringing. When I came to that realization I decided that it was time to express my forgiveness to them and thank them for the effort they had made to bring me up through life. I wrote them a letter. I don't have a copy of it. I haven't come across it in any of the archives we rummaged through as we've sorted out Mother & Dad's stuff. I also have no recollection of their response, or even whether or not they responded.

I know that we were not a 'hugging' family. After we had the kids I found myself giving Mother a hug when we returned home. Dad didn't seem to want a hug.

I suspect that once I realized the kinds of hurt that I may have unwittingly inflicted on Jay, I wrote him to seek his forgiveness. Apparently he was not able to communicate; in a way that I felt I needed, that he would grant that forgiveness.

That has been one of the 'if-only's' that I have continued to grieve over. Trish, Jay's widow sent a sheaf of material indicating how much of an attempt I made to establish and maintain some on-going bond once we returned to Iowa. It has helped me tremendously. And the bicycle rides I've done recently, that have given me a sense of Jay's presence and highlighted the sense of aloneness I experience, have helped me put that issue to rest. But I still miss him!

RAGBRAI: MEMORIAL RIDE, 2008

The 2008 ride started in Missouri Valley on Sun, Jul 19. On Sat, Jul 18, I rode the 50 miles from Turin to Missouri Valley. I have one of Dad's old backpacks on the back of the Recumbent's sit-up seat. I carried a tent (I'm guessing it was the one Jay slept in Summer of 75) and all the gear needed for an overnight. When I got to Mo Valley my back tire blew out! I found a hardware store, bought a tire & tube for $15, and fixed it.

I found the campground: the High School grounds. I pitched tent and toured the RAGBRAI amenities. I inquired of a repair stand what it would cost to replace a tire and a tube on my bike. The answer was $45. On Sun I rode 58 miles & 3,797 feet of climb to Harlan. By pre-arrangement I had Lin come and pick me up.

As I rode I determined the purpose of the ride. It is a memorial to Mother, Dad, and Jay.

RAGBRAI: COUNCIL BLUFFS TO GREENFIELD, 2009

Since RAGBRAI always starts on the 'West Coast' of Iowa I feel obliged to join the beginning of the ride. In 2009 the ride started in Council Bluffs. I arranged an overnight stay with a Sierra Club member and rode to Council Bluffs on Saturday. I stopped in to see Vivian Ravnsborg who was staying in an Assisted Living site near my overnight accommodations. Once I had spent some time with Vivian I went up the hill to my overnight accommodations. The host had arranged a party so I made many new acquaintances. I pitched my tent in the back yard with many others and got a good night's sleep.

I woke early the next morning, packed my tent and had the bike ready to go. We were invited to make our own breakfast in the kitchen. I had my own granola and yogurt. Once I had breakfast I thanked the hosts and hit the road. We were on the north end of Council Bluffs, so I had to find my way south through the city. Once I got to the south end of the city I knew where to go. There was an option for the first 15 miles of the ride to follow the Wabash Trace to Mineola. We had ridden the Wabash Trace so I knew my way. Once I arrived at Silver City the route was on the highway. I knew the Wabash Trace could be followed further so I took the Trace to the next town. The day's ride ended in Red Oak. I found the campground and pitched my tent.

The next day the route continued to Creston. We had colleagues who managed a B&B there. I had never been to their residence. So I rode to their house, received a tour, phoned Lin and had her come to pick me up.

LAKE TAHOE RIDE, 2011

We moved from rural western Iowa to western Nevada—Carson City. Since we live in the city and are close to all of the amenities—banking, medical and dental care, Senior Center, grocery, thrift, and hardware stores, to name a few—in the first year of our move we drove 2,900 miles on our car. Our major mode of transportation was bicycle. There were a number of bicycle rides offered. Lake Tahoe: I was told

that the early June Lake Tahoe ride sometimes had snow on the highway. Then there was the Death Ride. At least a century of bike riding with 4-5,000 feet of climb. I stayed away from those kinds of rides.

By mid-summer I determined that I would ride the 9/11 Lake Tahoe Ride. There were 2 options. The first was a 72 mile ride around the entire lake. It had about 4,000 feet of climb. The second was a 34 mile ride. It began at the south end of the lake, took a ferry boat to the north end of the lake, and continued clockwise around the remaining 34 miles. It had a little more than 1,000 feet of climb. I labeled it 'The Wimp's Ride' and registered for it.

Once I registered I began my training. Every Tuesday morning I went to the UMC Men's Prayer Breakfast at the Grandma Hattie's Restaurant. It commenced at 7 AM. I rode my bicycle 2 miles to Grandma Hattie's and after breakfast I continued south along Highway 395. Every ride had an element of climb in it. I didn't measure the amount of climb that I rode but I estimated that I was riding about 15 miles round trip and back to my house. Every Tuesday morning after breakfast I would ride past the McDonalds and iHOP restaurants. One morning I came riding back past iHop at 9:30. At 9:45 there was a shooting that killed about 5 people. One of the injured was a motorcycle rider in the parking lot. What good luck to have passed iHop at 9:30 instead of 9:45! I inevitably made at least 2 or 3 other rides around town so that my weekly amount of rides totaled about 50 miles.

We had made acquaintance with a family in S Lake Tahoe and visited them once for a bicycle tour around the south end of the Lake. The Lake Tahoe ride began on Sunday morning so I arranged to be their guest on Saturday afternoon and stayed overnight with them.

The next morning I had a quick breakfast and was off to register for the ride. The most difficult part of the ride was sitting in the ferry boat from 8:00 to 11. I was ready to ride, not to sit.

Once we arrived at the north end of the lake I took off. Within 30 minutes we went by the lunch stop. I stopped, picked up lunch and packed it away. I was back on the road again. I waited until I needed a rest stop before I stopped to have lunch. From lunchtime on there were occasional thunder storms. They would spit a bit of rain and then stop.

By the time I reached the junction with Spooner Lake I had probably done my 1000 feet of climb. I stopped at the rest stop next to the junction with Highway 50 which comes over the mountain from Carson City to Lake Tahoe. Just as I began the steep and curvy descent down Highway 50 to the Lake a thunder shower broke loose. It pelted the highway. So I was traveling between 30-40 mph down a wet, asphalt highway. I wanted to avoid spinning out because I was taking the corner too fast. And I wanted to avoid skidding and falling because my brakes locked. Luckily I made it to the bottom of the hill and the lake. Even after reaching the lake there were some climbs that seemed like too much. I did make it back to the starting place, a casino on the Nevada side of the state line, had my meal, and returned home by 5 PM.