

Was born in a little log cabin,
we know that is a crock....
born on the Eastern Shore of Maryland in Preston October 15 1937 on a farm 288
acres(more or less).
My mother had me in the field and then she continues to work. I was able to wait a
week before I had to work.
There I go with a crock...

Had a little creek(Hunting Creek) in back of the other farm A little explanation of
the farm.

The farm was actually originally two farms and the back piece was called the other
farm(surprise ..surprise).

My father had a boat in those days but had to give it up because of WWII.
It was like a work boat and I can still remember having chili on the boat.
Use to bring the boat up the creek and pull it on land to scrape and paint the
bottom. We kept the boat at a near by marina at Choptank.
The creek entered into the Choptank River and the Choptank River into the
Chesapeake Bay.
In days gone by the river was quite deep (up to 90 ft.)

Life on the farm was not that hard.

We first raised truck crops(tomatoes,peppers,cucumbers.

Even when we were young kids we were expected to pull our weight on the farm.
I remember taking water to the fields for the workers and planting(planting was
done by hand).

You must remember that in those days the farmers helped each other.

Later, we raised other crops (corn,wheat,soybeans).

I remember thrashers coming to the farm and doing the wheat.

The women would have a big lunch dinner for the workers in the field which was set
up on long tables.

My mother would bring milk and sandwiches to us on the tractors every mid morning
and mid afternoon. (incidentally we called meals breakfast, lunch and supper).

Of course if my father and I were near the river we would go fishing for a while .

We

had stashed fishing poles by the creek and got worms out of the fields. If my
mother

would have known there would be two more dead people.

Switched from milk cows to beef cattle. The cows had to be milk every morning
and evening. If they weren't, there was a problem. They were milked by hand to
start with and later we had milking machines. The milk was put in a milk house to
keep cold. Then we raised beef cattle. we had to get about 3000 plus bales of hay
for the cows in the winter. (

for you non-farmers straw in for bedding and hay is for eating). These bails were
put in the loft of the barn and it was hot. Loaded them up from the fields on
wagons and used a conveyor to put them in the loft. When we
used the bales in the winter, we would take the bales from the center so that there
were forts on both sides. These were for great for Sunday corn cob battles. At the
end when tempers got high, we used corn cobs soak in cow you know what.

My mother always though that we would have fun after we had supper by hoeing weeds
out of some crops. Sometimes we pulled weeds out of "stuff" for fun.

When there was less to do on the farm I could go out in the community and earn
money,

I worked in a pickle factory and a canning house (mainly for tomatoes}.

Of course I picked tomatoes and cucumbers in the fields.

Loved picking tomatoes and cucumbers (sure !!!).

We use to raise these our self but later I picked them with other farmers. A big 10 cents a basket for tomatoes (big bucks} . Hot job. When things are ripe you pick no matter how hot. I remember the hands were always green from the tomato plants and took months to get it off.

We(my brother and I) would trap the marsh for muskrats. We would sell the pelts(hides) and sell the meat in town. Would have to skin the muskrats and dry the pelts for sale. We never got rich.

Pop raised beef cattle at one time and sometime they would get out of the pasture and go into town a couple miles away and we would have to go round them up and bring them home (several hundred). We had several bulls (to service the cows) and one was not nice. He was called Snake. These were Black Angus and his neck was real big plus he had torn the nose ring out of his nose so he missing part of his nose. Mean looking bull. Later we keep one cow for milking. Her name was Bossy and had a wicked tale that she hit you when you milking her. She had a bad habit of putting her foot in the milk pale (her foot wasn't exactly clean). We still took the milk up to tthe house (it was better to drink the milk than say what happened). This milk was used for cream,butter,cottage cheese,butter and skin milk. WE had to separate the cream from the milk and turn the cream in a turner to make butter. This was a Saturday job. We were lucky because we had indoor plumbing later in life (general that meant a bath room)later. Outhouses were stinky and also seemed to have a Sears catalog in it (was used for you know!!!!).

We also had one of the first TV sets. Of course programs were only televised for a couple of hours a day. Captain Video,Ed Sullivan,Kukla Fran and Ollie,and The honeymooners etc..... Color was a red,green and blue (thing that you put over screen.) WOW

We had a horse called Donna Lee. She didn't like me. Had a mind of her own and would only go there she wanted unless you keep making her circle to the left many times. Remember one time when my brother picked me up at the end of the lane with onna Lee and got on horse. (I had a lunch box with a thermos in it). Big mistake. The lunch box rattled and scared the horse The horse took of and tried to get us off by dragging under trees and jumping conveyor . The whole time my brother yelled " drop the damn lunchbox ". The horses stopped when she reached the barn and her stall (two kids and a horse were scared). My brother could ride her, but I think she didn't like me. Reared up a couple of times with me and almost rolled on top of me. The worst thing about the damn horse is Pop sold him to a friend and the persons little girl rode him with no problem. I though the funniest time was when my parents were gone and my brother rode the horse bareback in the field. We had a big water trough between the two fields and the was mud all around the trough. The horse came running to the trough and made a quick right turn throwing my brother in the mud. Oh, he cleaned himself up except when we had supper my mother asked "why is the mud in you ears?". Oops forgot them.

I remember the old rule of not eating ice cream when you have crabs or you would die(I think that was so that we didn't have ice cream). We had to make our own ice cream (I can still hear "one hundred more turns"). You see my mother made the stuff that went into the ice cream and my brother and I turner the handle to the ice cream maker. We had to always add salt and ice. I remember putting ice in a burlap feed bag and beating the bag with an axe to make small pieces of ice.

Saturdays were cook days for my (bread pastries and stuff) mother. My mother was a good cook. People use to wait for her pastries at sales. I remember her brother use to come around on Saturdays and make all sorts of excuses as to why he was there but it was the pastries.

When we had supper { dinner was for Sundays } we ate what was made. No choices. If you didn't eat you went to bed with no food. Learned to eat everything quickly.

Sundays were for Sunday school, church and play time. Sunday school at 9:00 church was at 11:00 always (Lutheran of course). Play time was for playing in the woods and with neighbors. Sundays were church, and big Sunday dinner, and a walk in the woods with the dog.

Sundays was also for playing around with neighbors (which were several miles away. We weren't very close to other people.) and generally played with the dogs in the woods or went fishing down at the creek. oh, by the way there was a creek at the edge of the farm. Was deep at one time and it was said that Washington sailed up it (George that is).

Holidays were for visiting friends and playing cards. It was from Christmas eve to New Years. Christmas Eve was at church for the children's program (this gave Pop time to go home, decorate the tree, eat the cookies and drink the milk and get back to church). Oh, something I wanted to know-how did we always find a wild rabbit on Easter morning?-.

Now for something stupid. I cried when my father sold our old tractor for a new one. It was an old tractor and we got a new one but I didn't care. I liked the old tractor.

A band was started at our school. I think it was like "Music Man". They had given lessons on different instruments. The band wasn't that great but we did form a dance band.

I played trumpet and led the band. We were called the "Swing Kings" 8 piece band. First song was "In the Mood". Practice a lot at different peoples house. Use to play at different places and we got \$5 per person.

Ice Cream was big chore. My mother had to make the mixture (cream, fruit, sugar, ???) and we had to turn the damn stuff. It required a lot of ice and rock salt and elbow grease. We had to turn the arm until the ice cream got hard and then it was a hundred more turns. The ice cream was good (no place to buy the ice cream). There was an old wise tale that if you had crabs and ice cream you would die (I think this was said We wouldn't have ice cream).

Meals were called breakfast, lunch(at noon), and supper(in the evening).

Graduated from Preston High School 1955, This school was Elementary and High school. I had a big class(17).

Went to University of Maryland and studied engineering. That was a joke. I think I passed physical ed and ROTC. Then went into music. Did better but no Rhodes Scholar. Flunked college in 1957 and left them alone. Bummed around a little.

Joined then Navy in 1957. Well I was a Navy musician and (I say I was attached to the Navy) went to the Navy School of Music at Anacostia MD. Since a lot of us had been to college studying music we didn't take theory of music. I didn't practice much but still got through and wasn't that good but survived. There was at glut of trumpet players at the school and we didn't ship out for awhile. Then in 1958 was sent to the Westpac pool bands in San Diego Ca.. The band was No. 197 I think. After a while attached to the ships band on the Midway CVA41 for 8 month tour. It

was a carrier for you non Navy people. Rough life- some watches, practice, eat and sleep. Of course we were the Admirals band and went on and off the ship whenever. We went to Hawaii, Guam, Philippines, Okinawa, Japan and Hong Kong. We went thru Hawaii when it was a territory and came back when it was a state. Our chief (band director) was a real piece of work. When we went aboard the ship the chief became friends with the Master of Arms, Dental and others so that we would be safe aboard ship. Safe meant that we could get away with anything.

Since we were newly organized (according to the chief) we had to practice off the ship for two weeks in Hawaii at Ford Island officers club. Rough practicing with a drink in your hand.

We even ate with normal plates and used their swimming pool. Of course Hawaii was not as developed as it is now.

After San Diego, went to Charleston SC. Another tough job. Worked (practice) 8:00 AM to 11:00 AM for 4 days a week. Then to the beach. Of course the trumpet players had to play for the raising and lowering of the flag at the Admirals house (colors). We also played dead gigs (funerals).

Went back to University of Maryland after the Navy. I did learn how to play chess.

Work at clothing store (Steins) part time, dining room, and library while I was in school. The people at Steins were great in teaching me the ropes and I used their methods through out my work. During the summer Steins sent me to New York to replace normal employees. Didn't make big bucks but I lived. Well you have to work to pay the bills and get money to stay in school. Again wasn't a great student. I think I was in Music. Then I work at Webster Cloths who laid me off at Christmas (thank you).

After that I went to one of those programming schools. What a waste but it did get me in the door of National Savings and Trust bank in Washington DC as a computer operator (on night shift).

Then got a job at Goddard Flight Space Center Greenbelt MD as a computer operator (natural night shift, 4pm to 12pm Tues-Sat). For a single guy this wasn't great but it was a job. Ah those Bologna sandwiches (one slice of thin bologna with mayonnaise. That was lunch for a year)

After hard work (image me and hard work) moved up to manager of keypunch, bursting and binding, tape library and dispatch.

Don't ask what these are cause I'm not telling and it's not that interesting. Also went back to UofM and finally got a degree in Business Administration (Maryland also gave me a degree in music- they screwed up). I got my degree from night school (which I think is better. The instructors seem to have work experience) While I got my finished degree, the last year, I didn't work. One must have some benefits.

The UofM screwed up my credits. (they added credits from somebody else and I had over four hundred credits. They added by name instead of social security number, Like a fool I told them which credits weren't mine. They also let me go without taking statistics if I left in one year.

Then went back to Goddard Flight Space Center at a big cut in salary (no thanks to degree). Half the pay. But it was a job. Worked in a different group called Quality Assurance (it really was pencil pushing) Kept recorders of data captured on certain satellites. After hard work (ha) became a supervisor of a group quality assurance personnel. After a few years became a Mission Manager (If I tell you too much I have to kill youanother croak, trouble shooter and organizer) of several satellites. Then was a Mission Manager of Networks. Work with groups like JPL and Wallops Island. The good thing of this job was that you were independent of management and worked on your own. Went to JPL or Wallops when I thought was necessary. Worked with the interface document between JPL and Goddard Flight Space Center. This was mainly for the capture of certain satellite data. (the reason for

this was that NASA had closed down the NASA site and were using JPL's or others

I'm currently retired and loving it. Never get bored. Matter of fact, I have to much to do. No money and a lot of doctor visits. I guess it's no fun getting old. I guess I should quit complaining . I have my health and am getting around OK. Basic knowledge computers(PC). Like taking pictures and touching them up. Some people call this "photoshopping", but there are a lot of other programs that do it cheaper. I use a program called Photoimpact (its been around a long time) and Zoner Photo Studio (free). I'm trying to learn html with a text editor. Lost my good program.

It is now 10 years later. Still broke, but have lots of time to play with computer. Into movies and sound editing. Big deal!!