



W. H. H.

Here is a gift for you - just a few of Daddy's stories. He recorded them. I typed them. I hope you'll enjoy them.

mom

Christmas, 1997





I grew up in a small town in southwest Indiana - down in the toe of the boot of the state of Indiana. Center Township, Indiana. The little town was named Wadesville. Wasn't big. I don't know what the population was but it had to be just a few hundred. My father was a practicing veterinarian, had a country practice. And did right well I guess, considering he got started in his profession late in life. I used to tell the children as they were growing up that in this town, I believe I said it was a mile and a half to school from the house, and boy, I'd have to walk to school in snow that was up to my waist or something like that. Many years later we were in Wadesville and drove from the house to where the school building had been, We measured it and I want to remember that it was 3/10s of a mile but it seemed longer when I was growing up.



I had a tendency, as a child, to walk in my sleep. I did walk in my sleep one night and went into the living room. We had an upright piano and it was backed up against the wall of course. It was dark. I got into the corner of the piano and the wall and I was trying to push - I don't know what I was trying to do -but my parents heard me and Mother called "What's the matter Ernest?" and I said "Well I'm caught in the furniture." I guess I really was.



I remember an early Christmas, I must have been seven or eight maybe nine, ten years old, at any rate it was the first Christmas that I had asked for a bicycle. And I had a good campaign on and really thought that I had been successful in getting across to my parents that I really needed a bicycle. I awakened early Christmas morning and I got up and went in and looked at the Christmas tree and oh no there wasn't any bicycle there. With great disappointment, I went back to bed. Later on I heard my parents arise and they were doing things. I

looked out the window of my bedroom and I saw them coming across from the building next door, pushing a bicycle and here were, to me, two old folks giggling and rolling that bicycle in the front door so they could put it by the tree. I waited until a whole lot later until I got up and showed my great surprise that I had received a bicycle for Christmas.



We had a lot of interesting characters in this little ol' town I grew up in. There were two men, old men, one was an old bachelor - Pluggy Stallings and the other Butch Ramsey was, I guess, my parents age because he had a son that was close to my age. They got there names because as young men they had got into a fight apparently. Pluggy Stallings had pulled a gun. So they called him Pluggy, he'd plug people, shoot them with a gun. And Butch pulled a knife so that's were he got the nick name Butch. I don't remember much about Butch Stallings as an adult but he had a son who was called Butch II, Little Butch. They lived out on a farm out from town a little ways. And the next door neighbor was Sam Wade. They were different ages but they played together. You know how boys would do and talk. One time they were talking about what they liked to eat. And Butch was very adamant, the one thing he didn't like was navy beans, old dried beans, cooked, He just didn't like them. A short time after that discussion, (they would take their lunches to school, take them down in the basement, you know, sit on the floor with their backs up against the wall, put their lunch box between their legs) Sam look over and here Butch had a little jar of navy beans with a spoon in it just feeding his face like everything. Sam said "Well Butch, I thought you told me you didn't like dried beans." And old Butch paused and said "Well by God Sam, its beans or nothing".



Another story I've told many times on old Sam and Butch. They were playing one weekend. Butch's mother was named June but Butch called her Junie. They asked Junie if they could ride the horse and apparently Mrs. Ramsey didn't think it would be the right thing to do. She thought it

was going to be too dangerous, I guess. She told them not to ride the horse. But boys like, they sneaked the horse out into the field and Butch got on and the horse did something and Butch fell off, knocked the wind out of him. Sam came running and said "Butch, Butch are you hurt?" Butch finally got his breath and he said, "I'm kilt deader than hell, but don't tell Junie".



Another character in Wadesville was a Mr. Huck, I think his name was Henry Huck but I'm not sure. He had a jewelry shop but it wasn't much more than a watch repair shop. He had a reputation of being awful unsanitary. Didn't ever take a bath and had a severe body odor. The story goes, one year he bought him a new pair of long handle underwear, fleece lined ones. He is said to have said, he put them on in the fall and when he took them off next spring, he was *SOOO cleeeaan*.



Pluggy Stallings had a big black and tan hound. I don't know what his breeding was but he was a big black dog with some tan markings around his head. Old Pluggy would brag about what a good fighter the dog was. As a kid I'd had a bunch of rabbits. You know, raised 'em and all. Some kind of a disease got into them and all the does had died and finally all I had left was a great big buck rabbit. I couldn't keep him so I turned him out. He was a big rascal. One time a bunch of boys had been out in the country and we were coming back into town. Pluggy's dog had gone with us. We got up close to our house, back of the church there, up in the corner and there was that old buck rabbit, Belgium rabbit, big rascal. And Pluggy's dog had corned him in the corner of the fence there. We were watching we didn't think the dog was going to hurt the rabbit but the dog got too close to the rabbit and that rabbit turned around and with both feet kicked that dog, rolled him over and the dog got up yipping and yelling and running up the street. Well you can imagine, the young boys how much pleasure they had in telling the adults in town what a fighter Pluggy's dog was.



In that big town of Wadesville, Indiana where I spent my youth, there lived out in the country a character named Jim Gibson. Now, Jim Gibson, I don't think was well educated. He had kinda of a "poor white trash" family situation. During prohibition it was thought that Jim Gibson was a bootlegger. I can't vouch for any of that. He had a bunch of children in his family and I don't remember how many but there was one who I think maybe was a little younger than me, a year or two, named Wattie. That wasn't really his name but that was what he went by. Wattie had a head that was just too big for the rest of his body. He was a funny looking fella. Wattie wasn't too bright. But he was also kind of a bully. He wore big heavy shoes and when they had some kind of a game in the school yard, he like to run into people, you know run over them and be brutal that way. He had to show how good he was. He liked to demonstrate how much he could take pain. He'd take a safety pin and pin that loose skin on the front of his neck and fasten that just to show off. But the main thing about Wattie was he had a head that didn't fit the rest of his body. His father is suppose to have said, "you know that Wattie was an ugly little sumbitch when he was born, but hot dom he don growded out of it now".



There was a stream that, I don't know where it originated, but it came around east of Wadesville and ran around south of it. Big Creek. And one year for some reason, Big Creek was dredged, maybe to get better drainage for the farms. Along Easter Sunday, a couple other fellows and I took some bacon, ham and eggs and went out. We were going to cook our breakfast out on the creek bank. Now it was too early to go swimming. And it had rained. The stream was bank full, swift water running down it. But later on we decided we'd have our first swim. I remember the water being so furious and none of us could swim well - we were just dog paddlers. But we were going to swim it. You'd dive into that thing and the current would take you down the stream and, I don't know how far but it would be what we'd call many blocks here in city parlance. And then you'd have to walk

back up the stream so you could jump in, swim back and get out about where your clothes were. I told that story to the children as they were growing up. The first time we came back after they were eight, six and three, when we were living in Yuma, Arizona. I'd told them as we were driving back, I was alerting them that we were coming up to Big Creek in a little while. This was along in the summer time, in June as I recall. We got to Big Creek and they'd had a drought, I mean Big Creek - you could have stepped across that thing. The children, and Mother too, had a lot of fun razing me about the size of Big Creek, where I had learned to swim.



We read a lot in our house. We didn't have electricity but we did have good Aladdin lamps, they gave good light. One night we were sitting up reading, my father and I, I think everyone else had gone to bed. I called him Dad, I never called him father. But Dad and I were sitting up reading and he put his book down and got my attention and told me that since he smoked, he didn't think he had a right to tell me not to smoke but he knew it was going to be bad for my health and he wished I would quit smoking. I didn't even know that he knew that I was hiding out and smoking. But we talked about it and he promised that if I would quit smoking, I was about 14 then I guess, that if I would quit smoking, by the time I was eighteen, he would promise me a car if I didn't smoke anymore. So I made my promise and I kept it for some time but I had a birthday, I was with some other kids and we went over to Evansville. We were at a pleasure park and were throwing at milk bottles or something and I won a cheap little ol' cigarette case. Someone who had cigarettes put some cigarettes in it and the first thing you know, I smoked 'em and the first think you know I was hiding out smoking again. I don't know how long that had carried on but one night we were both setting up reading again like we had been - I might have had my book upside down, I was trying to build up enough nerve to confess to my father that I was smoking again. Finally I blurted it out, "Dad, I'm smoking again." I'll never forget it, he put his book down, he had piercing eyes, he looked over his book at me and said, "Son, I wondered when you were going to tell me".



The first time I drove for my father - my friends had taught me how to drive a car but I had never driven the car with my Father in it - he had to go to Mt. Vernon one time and I was going with him and he let me drive. I was being very careful to demonstrate to him what a good driver I was and what a careful driver I was. We were poking along down there and finally my Father spoke up and said "son do you have to drive this slow".



By the time I got into high school, one day we'd heard some people in town talk about going duck hunting down along the Wabash River. It wasn't but nine miles over to the river in New Harmony. But one morning, the Ramsey boy and a classmate of mine, got to school and we got to talking about it and we decided we better sneak off and go hunting. So I sneaked in and got Dad's shotgun out and I guess Ramsey did the same thing. And I don't remember how we got down there, I guess Ramsey must of had a car. Anyway, we got down to the river and didn't know just what to do. We found a boat tied up down there. A little old wooden boat, had a paddle in it. We got in it, and we were looking for ducks. We came around a point and here was a whole lot of ducks sitting on the water. We were real quiet. We 'llowd as how, we weren't good enough shots to scare 'em up and try to get them on the fly, which was the gentlemanly thing to do, so we just up and leveled down on 'em and shot them sitting on the water. And about that time, boy, people came up on the blinds back of it. What had happened was, we had shot into some live decoys, which you were allowed to have in those days. We got some of them I guess. We recognized some of the folks but they didn't recognize us, thank goodness, they were people from around Wadesville. We paddled back around that thing, put the boat where we got it, and we were in school mid morning. We didn't tell this story for years. I think we did one time and almost got killed even after a whole lot of years.



My father was an avid baseball fan. Wadesville had a reputation for always having a real good semi-pro baseball team. Well, sir, if no one else would manage it, my father would manage the team and see that you had games scheduled. You'd have a lot of local boys on the team but you'd have maybe a pitcher and a catcher that had some better capabilities that they'd employ, they'd pay them. Mother held up one corner of the church. She did a little bit of everything at the local church. Wadesville General Baptist Church, was the one we went to which was almost next door to our house. We didn't have a live in preacher. I forgot how often we'd have services but the preachers, they would come in for the Sunday, and usually they'd go home with us for Sunday dinner. Well on baseball Sundays, Dad couldn't go to church, he had too many chores to get the baseball game going if it was going to be a home game or if it was away from there, he had to leave early. But all the preachers knew that when they came during baseball season, Doc Saulmon wouldn't be at church, he'd be baseballing.



When I got old enough that I was wanting a car every now and then, Dad would let me, if he'd let me have a car at all, have his practice car. It smelled like disinfectant and whatnot, but it was at least wheels. One spring, I remember I was out mowing the grass in front like I'd been told to do. Dad had been out on a call. He came in and pulled in the driveway-side of the house. Here came Dick Snarr driving a little old Model T Ford. It had a little pick up truck, you know, a little bed on the back of it. This vehicle had been a one seater and the farmer had taken whatever the thing on the back of it was called and put a truck bed on it and he had him a little truck. Of course I was pretty much amazed, what was this all about. I walked out and I can still remember Dad saying "son don't you ever ask me for my car again". And there it was. Well with my own wheels like that, I became more popular in school and whatnot. We'd named this thing. We'd painted across under the windshield " Napoleon Bones Apart", that was the name of the car. Well, along in the spring, we were doing spring house cleaning. We heated our homes with coal stoves. We had a place were we dumped the ashes and then in the spring,

trash was burned on that pile and what not. Well, I was to load up and haul the ashes away from there and clean up the back yard. We'd had the fire and Mother told me that by golly I'd better make sure that the fire was all out. But I knew too much. I knew more than she did. I assured her it was all out. I had the top laid back on the car. And we started out of town. Somebody was with me. I want you to know that driving fanned some ashes into flames. The isinglass that was in the top I had laid down on the back got on fire and the first thing we had a roaring fire in the back of the truck. We pulled off the side of the road and ran into a ditch so it would be sure and stop cause I don't think the emergency brake worked. We got the top off and it burned the back of the seat and what not. Never did get another top for it.



One summer when I had Napoleon Bones Apart, my cousin Chester Wallace was visiting us and had been there for a week or so. We decided, I don't know, we were going to do something to Napoleon. We had it parked up under the shade trees back of the church. We had the whole motor apart. Chester's parents come down to get him and take him home and we put up a clammer and first thing you know my parents said that I could go home with him. It was not until after we'd left that they realized that Napoleon was scattered all over the back of the churchyard. My father had to get a mechanic to put the Ford together so they could move it out before church on Sunday. I was reminded that I shouldn't have done that many times after.



We had a cow and it was my duty to bring the cow home from the pasture and milk it. I think my older sisters might say they did some milking too. One time the cow was in the barn, I was bouncing a ball off the wall in the back of the barn. My father came along and asked me if I'd watered the cow. (I had to take her out of the stable and bring her down to a pump where I'd pump up water so she could get a drink of water.) I said no but I'd do it in a minute. I kept bouncing the ball off the barn. About the third time when he came along and I still hadn't done it my Father grabbed me by the arm on my left side and

he started spanking my behind because he had told me at least three or four times and I hadn't done it yet. At the time he grabbed me, I had been whistling some church hymn, I don't remember which one. So smart aleck like I was, I thought well I'm just gonna keep on whistling this tune. I did. My Father kept hitting me on the behind. I mean he was hitting me so hard he was bouncing me around, holding on to me. I finally, said, you know I don't think he's gonna quit until I quit whistling. So I quit whistling. He hit me one more time. I learned a lesson there and I watered the cow. That is the only time I can remember my Father ever spanking me. When we needed a spanking, it was Mother who would do that. Her favorite stunt was to send you out to a bush or a tree and you were to get a branch or limb she would use to switch you with. It wouldn't bruise or anything but it sure would sting. If you came back with a switch that was too small she'd send you back for one that was bigger. You learned to bring a big one the first time you made the trip. She was fair minded. She didn't use that switch unless you really had it coming. We had a loving family relationship. It was closely knit and we all took care of each other as a family.



When I got into high school, I was playing on the baseball team. I still had to milk the cow when I got home from a baseball game. We'd have the cow out in the pasture and I'd have to drive her right back through town. And I always felt that was a little embarrassing, not that I was a hero on that baseball team, but I thought it was degrading for me to have to lead that cow through town. Wasn't unusual, after a game, I'd still have my baseball uniform on, to see me riding that black cow right down Princeton Street across Main Street heading for home.



I was fifteen years old when my father died, along in March before my sixteenth birthday. I don't know what my life would have been like if my father had lived. He wasn't but forty-nine years old when he died.



We did not have electricity until after Father's death. I know that. Of course we didn't have running water, we had outhouses. A friend of mine, Bob Anderson, lived right in the heart of town. There was a restaurant dance hall that was next to where he lived. This restaurant dance hall had an outhouse but some of the people, when the crowd was big, would go over and use the Anderson's outhouse which the Anderson didn't care too much for. They just as soon they wouldn't get in their place. Bob and I took some old batteries that were dead, they still had some juice in them. We'd hook them up. Make a string of them so they'd have a little juice. Since the Anderson outhouse was a one-holer, we took some copper and kinda lined the seat so it was connected and then wired from the batteries through something, I think a condenser. Anyway we demonstrated to our satisfaction that you could get a mild shock out of it. It wasn't going to hurt you but it would set your rear end on fire. If they had a dance, well we'd watch from their house and when females would come out and get in the Anderson outhouse, we would slip up and give them plenty of time to get seated and then we'd put the wires together which would shock them. We thought it was awfully funny watching the girls come out in a hurry and sometimes not completely redressed.



At the corner of Princeton Street and Main Street in the big city of Wadesville, was a service station - garage and service station. There weren't too many of those in those days. Halloween, we stole a buggy out of someone's yard, barnyard I guess. About three or four of us spent an awful lot of time and an awful lot of energy getting that thing up and across the roof. It was a pitched roof and we had two wheels on either side. There it was, balanced right on top of the service station building when people got up the next morning. No one took credit for getting it up there and no one was willing to get it down and it stayed there for a few days before some of the adults spent time getting it down without damaging the buggy.



One time we went up to Poseville, a little town, three or four miles north of Wadesville. That was the town where Main Street dead ended, a T end, didn't go straight through town. We loaded up as many empty barrels as we could in Napoleon Bones Apart. The truck was just wide enough for a barrel to sit in it. We could get five or six barrels in it. We started at the end of Main Street at the Catholic Church and came right down through town driving fast as we could and they'd kick off a barrel about every block or two. It's a wonder one of them didn't run off and cause some damage or something but they didn't. Of course they caused a lot of noise and we just kept driving out of town before anyone could stop us. We thought we were being awfully cute doing stunts like that.



Our Wadesville High School uniforms didn't match, we were pretty nondescript. We were going to play Ritz, a big catholic boy's school in Evansville. We went over and got there early. We were out on the field practicing. Another fellow on our team and I needed a drink of water and we went back towards the school where there was a fountain and were getting a drink of water when a priest came out of the school and, with good imagination, recognized us as the opponents for the day and inquired if we were. He looked at us and said "Now boys, play hard and do a good job and make this game interesting". We promised we would. Later on during the game, we were at bat and I was coaching at third base. This priest came up and recognized me and asked me what the score was, how was it going. I think at that time it was about ten or twelve to one or two. And I gave him the score. He said "Well son, I thought I told you to play hard so it would be an interesting game". You can image my pleasure to say "Well father, we're ahead". In that game I was fortunate in getting a ball sometime, knocked it over the outfielder. There were not fences or anything but it rolled and rolled and rolled. Slow as I ran, I went all the way around and got a home run. Next day in the Evansville Courier there was a write-up of the game. In there they said Slim Saulmon got a homerun.



One time when I was in college, we were in an anatomy lab and were dissecting the carcass of a equine. That's what was taking place but we got started talking. There were about four of us on this same carcass. I started the "story" about how I played a clarinet in high school and got pretty good and first thing you know, three or four of us formed our own little band and I was the leader and soloist and played the clarinet. And we called it "King Saulmon and his Court Jesters" and we just got playing so dang many gigs - we didn't call them gigs then but you would now. We'd play for dances around and boy we'd come back to school and sleep about half the time and finally the principal called us in and said look, you're going to have to give up the band or give up school. Well that's no problem with us, we could give up school. He said no, you talk it over with your parents. Well the parents said no and they made us give up the band. That was the "story" I told around the cadaver horse we were working on. I just continued that story and told it to the children with a straight face. And insisting that it was a true story. We went back to Wadesville one time and they were having an Oktoberfest there at the ball park and we went down to it. I ran into an old boy, Pete Becker, who had been in the band and I knew we'd see him later on so I told him what I'd been telling the children. I said "Now, when you come by there, I'll introduce you to my family and one of them is going to ask you, because I told them you played trumpet in the band, they'll ask you now". And so sure enough, I think it was Susan who asked for verification of the "King Saulmon and his Court Jesters". Pete did a good job with a straight face of saying everything I told him to say. And it was a long time before they really found out that I had lied to them.



Back when I was at Ohio State University School of Veterinary Medicine, could well have been my freshman year, Navy came to Columbus for a football game. Navy brought their mascot, a white goat with horns and it was left at the veterinary clinic on campus until they would bring it out on Saturday for the game that afternoon. Ohio State's colors are scarlet and gray. The reason I think it might of been freshman year is because I roomed in

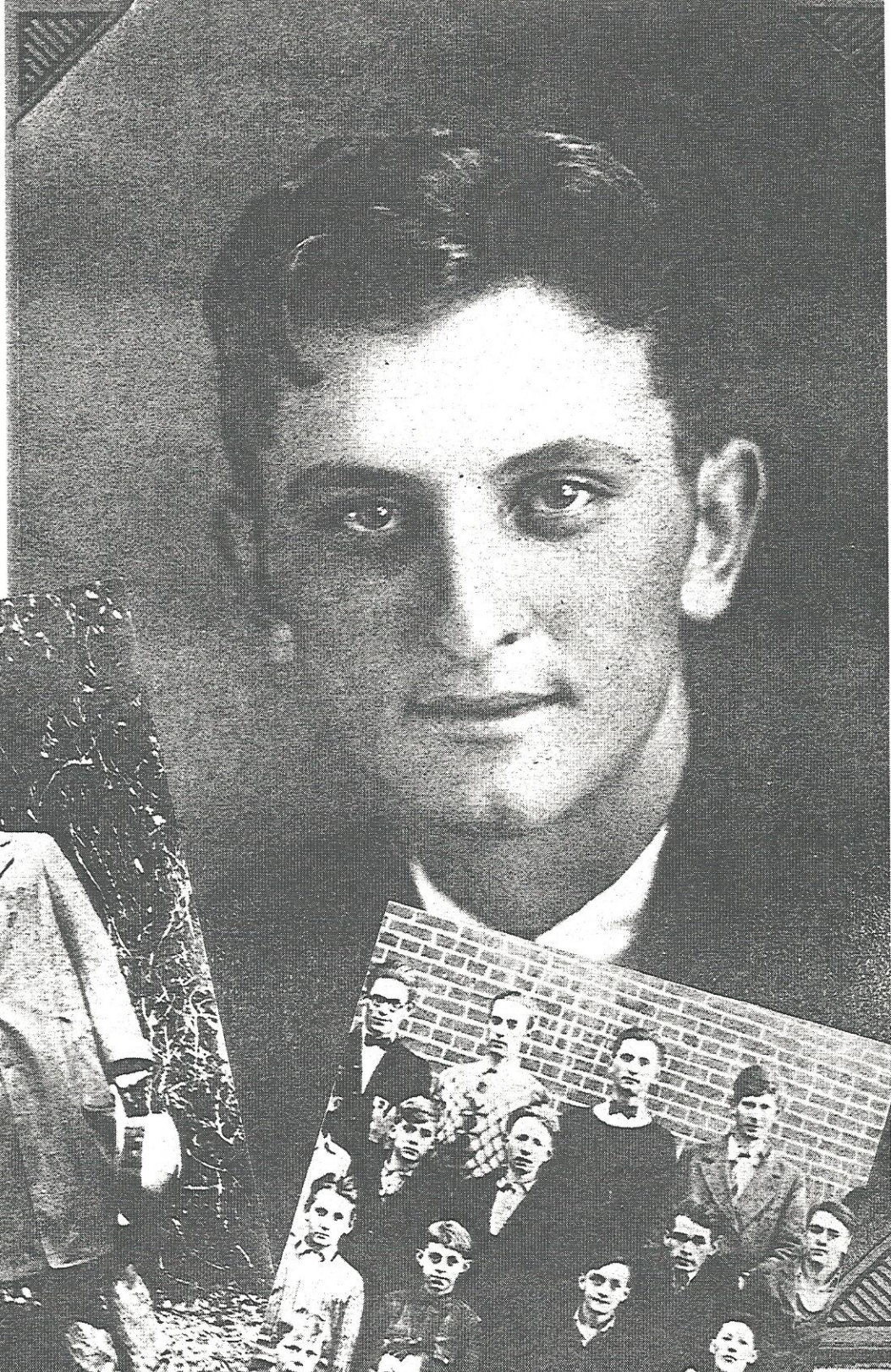
the home of a senior student who knew the interns at the clinic. When Navy came to pick up the goat, kind of early Saturday morning in time to get it down to the stadium to display it, they found a great big block "O" painted on each side of it with mercurochrome. Now I don't know who in the world did that but it caused a whole lot of trouble because the interns at the clinic had to get whatever they could to get rid of the red block "O". They had a Navy blanket they put on the goat that covered most of it but if you looked around the fringes, it looked like a pink goat. I don't know who accomplished that but it sure caused some consternation around the school of Veterinary Medicine.

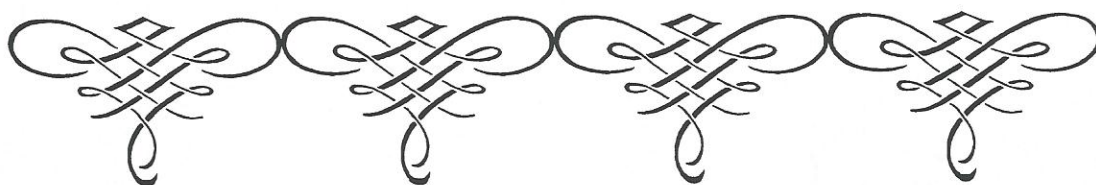


One summer I came home from college and a large firm was paving the state road that ran through the great town of Wadesville. There were very limited facilities for eating out in the town. My mother had made arrangements where by she fed the officers of the firm lunch, the noon meal, in the home. I was looking forward to getting employment on the job. The superintendent, Mr. White, and six or eight others showed up for lunch the first day I was home. The superintendent turned out to be a college football fan. After lunch he stayed on and talked Big Ten and Ohio State football with me. I was willing to impress him with my knowledge of OSU's football but more interested in getting around to talking employment. When I was still wondering how I could accomplish that, he said "can you drive a truck"? Even though the only truck I had ever driven was Napoleon Bones Apart, I answered yes. He took me right up to the truck yard. The foreman there (who had been at lunch) said the only truck left wasn't running right then but that the fellow on the batcher plant had to leave in a few days to go to a job in Kentucky. So, we went to the batcher plant. The sand and gravel was weighted from big hoppers above and dumped into a truck that backed underneath. The fellow I was to replace spent the afternoon teaching me how to operate the batcher plant. This job was considered a semiprofessional one. It paid 25% more than the labor out on the road. They got twenty cents an hour, I got twenty-five cents.

Later that summer the superintendent, his wife, two of my sisters, a nephew of the super and I went swimming in the Wabash River. There was a big sand bar just upstream from New Harmony. I was walking around in the shallow water and found where they had dredged a barge of sand a short while before. You could walk along with the water at about waist level and then there was a deep drop off to well over your head. I called it to everyone's attention. The super's wife couldn't swim but if someone helped her get up, she could float forever. Sure enough, someone got her floating up river from us. She came down to the deep hole and decided to stand up. I had been watching and managed to get to her before she swallowed very much water. Everyone insisted I had saved her life.

The next Friday night when Mr. White brought my pay envelope to me, I noted that it was more than I had been getting. Mr. White said "we gave you a little raise this week". It was a five cents an hour raise. I tried the rest of the summer but I couldn't talk Mrs. White into going swimming again.





KENTUCKY

When I first went to Kentucky, I was stationed at Bowling Green which was about thirty miles from Russellville where Teddy was living. The first of May in 1939, I was transferred from Bowling Green to Danville, Kentucky. Now Danville, instead of being thirty miles from Russellville, was just a little under two hundred miles from Russellville. After I got up to Danville, every weekend until we were married the last of September, I would drive from Danville to Russellville. In those days I was expected to put in a half a day on Saturday. I always got started early so I would be through with my half days work by ten or eleven o'clock and I'd take off from Danville. I had the same route every time. Of course in those days you didn't have any interstate roads. They were all two lane roads, crooked and you couldn't really drive fast. So it was a long, long drive down there. When I first started it, on Sunday I would wait and leave about nine or ten o'clock. I remember it was a good three or four hour drive. Maybe more. Those were crooked roads. I'd leave out but invariably I'd get sleepy and I'd have to pull off the road and take a nap. I'd have Monday morning early appointments. Well, I told the children when they were small that later I would, instead of trying to leave out at nine or ten o'clock, I'd go to bed about ten o'clock and get up around two o'clock and drive back into Danville. I told 'em that one night Mrs. Townsend locked me in my room and by jove she wasn't gonna let me out. She wanted to know when I was gonna marry her daughter. I wasn't sure about all this. Finally, to make me make up my mind (she knew how fond I was of Kentucky aged ham, fried) she fried a bunch of Kentucky ham and she waved the odor of the frying ham under the door until I finally said, I'll marry your daughter.



One of those trips I remember well. I got up at the Townsend household at two o'clock, dressed and slipped out of the house. Out about eight or ten miles from Bowling Green, there was a large country school. As I went by that morning, I noticed there was a car sitting out in front of this school, which was a little unusual. And sure enough when I went by, it came out and was following me. I knew it was following me because I would speed up and it would speed up. I would slow down and it would slow down. It just kept a distance behind me. I decided it was someone gonna run me off the road at a given place down there and rob me. I don't know what they thought I had. But when I decided that, man I put the pedal to the metal, I floor boarded it. I was driving fast. As we got into Bowling Green, I'll be daggone if this car following me didn't turn on a siren and light. Well, that was encouraging to me because it was a policeman not someone trying to rob me. So I pulled over and the car pulled up back of me with its headlights still shining on my car. A man got out of the passenger side and came up with a great big pistol in his hand, nervous as anything, the pistol was shaking like everything. He had a flashlight and wanted to see what was in my car. He looked in the back seat and all that and then asked for keys to get into the trunk. When he asked for my keys, I told him, "I really think you need to have a search warrant to get into my trunk". But since I had nothing to hide, I handed him my keys. He opened the trunk, of course there wasn't anything in there. He came back and tossed the keys in. They got in the car and they drove off. I couldn't do anything about it that morning cause I had to get on up to Danville for early morning appointments. The next weekend, I left Russellville early and went into Bowling Green. Now I had recognized that the driver of the car was a policeman on the Bowling Green force. After four years living in Bowling Green, I'd gotten to know most people in Bowling Green. So that next Sunday night I came into the police station about nine or ten o'clock. And the sergeant on the floor was someone I knew, we visited and all. Then I asked him, what was that all about last Sunday night, I explained what I was talking about. Well this sergeant said, "was that you"? They had gotten a tip that there was a rum runner coming through. He had a route and came through every Monday morning early.

This was a dry county. The policeman didn't have any authority to stop me until he got into the limits of Bowling Green. It was a relief to find out what it was all about.

I made that trip regularly every weekend. I did find out that they had anticipated this blue Oldsmobile was a liquor runner. Later on I was going down one Saturday midday and outside of Lebanon, Kentucky I noticed a car following me. A friend of mine from Danville, Dee Dee Simms was riding with me down to Hodgenville where he had a girlfriend. I was going to drop him off and pick him up on my way home. We watched this car following us. Finally, to see what it was all about, we pulled off at a country store there. It pulled up in the back of us. I just went back and asked what it was all about. He'd been in the sheriff's office and heard some talk that they were looking for a blue Oldsmobile that was running liquor. He had gotten out to the side of the road waiting for it to come by hoping he'd be able to help in some way if I got stopped. He was already intoxicated.



The first summer after Teddy and I married, Marilyn Jean and her brother George Heckman came to visit us. Now I'm guessing that they must have been about six and five. I don't think there's but about a year's difference in their ages. But they came and we enjoyed them very much. I guess it must have been the first Sunday they were there we went to Sunday school and then stayed for church which we always did. On our way home from church, Marilyn couldn't understand. See, we went to a Christian Church and they had communion in the church every Sunday. Marilyn couldn't understand. She was asking Aunt Teddy what it was all about. So Aunt Teddy gave her the full description and was telling her all the symbols of the communion service and whatnot and Marilyn listened very carefully. When Teddy got through, Marilyn couldn't be out done, she said "Well we have something like that in our church too, we do it once a year, but we have fried chicken".



When they arrived, they had a tendency to put too much food on their plates and they wouldn't eat but half of it. Uncle Doc knowing just how to raise children, since we didn't have any, put the law down, "if you put it on your plate, you got to eat it". We had a lot of conversation about that but we finally got around to where before they left they didn't take too much food. One time, Teddy read in the newspaper that you could take the juice from a watermelon and freeze it in your ice trays you had in your refrigerators in those days and you'd have watermelon ice. So she made some. We'd had it for our dessert after Sunday lunch. It wasn't very good but, we had it. Later that day our neighbor downstairs came up, Tad Knox, and Teddy was telling her all about her watermelon ice and asked her if she wanted to try some. She said she would. Teddy gave her a pretty good bowl. Set her down at the dining room table and George was standing across the table. His head was just above table top height and he was watching Tad. She took a taste of watermelon ice and "mmm" she said, "that's good, I like it". Old George mumbled under his breath, "You better like it". He knew she was going to have to eat it whether she did or not.



When we were still living in Danville, Kentucky - Chico must have been three years old - we had a dear friend Sam Hollins, lived down in Auburn, Kentucky. Sam and Lula Hollins. They were dear friends and we enjoyed them very much. They had a son who developed polio. He had polio and his mother exercised him, she saved him. Winter time was coming and the doctor said Roger, we called him Dodger, shouldn't try to live the winter where they lived, out in the country with no central heat and whatnot. Lula had a sister living in Florida so they were going to go down there. These were the war years and you couldn't get new cars. Sam had an old Chevrolet that he was holding together with bailing wire. I was down through there and asked how he was going to go to Florida. He said "I'm going to drive if I can keep that thing running". Well we had a substantial automobile. We didn't have many miles on it because you didn't get enough gasoline to go far. So I said why don't you take that and go. He said Teddy will need wheels, she couldn't

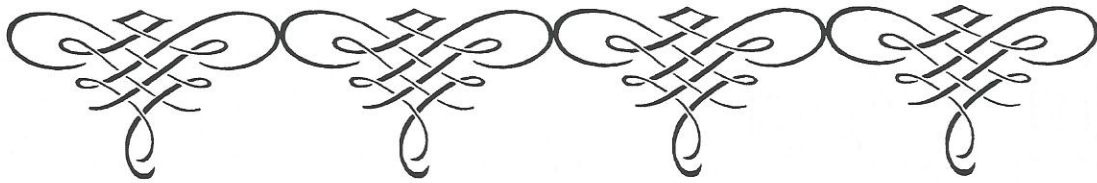
drive that old Chevrolet. I said that was quite all right. He could have the car. She'd get by without a car. Well just before this all came about, as a farmer he was able to buy one of those early civilian jeeps. This one was a bright yellow one. So when he came up for the Oldsmobile to take the family to Florida, he drove in that yellow jeep and that was Teddy's wheels while he was gone. Of course it was just ideal. Chico would get up from his nap. Teddy would load him up. They'd go pick up some of Chico's little friends and drive around showing off the yellow jeep. My goodness, did they ever have a good time, burning up our gasoline rations.



Sam Hollins and I were going to go fishing down at Kentucky Lake one time. We both originated in dry counties in Kentucky at that time so we stopped in Hopkinsville and got us a jug of booze to take with us on the fishing trip and stopped off down at Gracie to visit the Sanfords. J.C. was out in the field so we drove back where he was. He was a big cut up anyway but he assumed that we would be supplied with some booze for a fishing trip. He asked, and sure enough we proudly showed our purchase to him. We handed it to him and he took the cork out of it and threw the cork over into the weeds and said, "Well we won't need that any more will we"? Man, we had to take that jug away from him and make him help us find that cork so we'd have something to go fishing with.



Sam Hollins had a sister about our age. They called her Kay. Teddy's cousin Dudley Flowers and Kay were gonna get married in Auburn, Kentucky. Teddy couldn't go to the wedding, she was pregnant with Susan. But, I was bestman for Dudley so I had to be down there for the wedding. The night before the wedding they were going to have the rehearsal in the Baptist Church. So Sam and I took one of Sam's shotguns and got a great big white ribbon and tied a big bow on. We set the shotgun with the bow on it, festive looking bow, in the corner of the vestibule of the church. It caused a whole lot of giggles and chuckles and whatnot. We were surprised that Kay and Dudley didn't think it was funny.



MEXICO

In 1947, I was transferred from Danville, Kentucky to Mexico City. Couldn't take the family with me until I was down there for ninety days. I guess that was to see if I had the staying power. Anyway, I went down there and I got all homesick many times. I had written Teddy and told her that I would telephone her on my birthday in July. I was out in the boonies so I had to go back into Mexico City to be sure and get a connection through. You've got to remember that in 1947 international calls weren't too plentiful. I got in and arranged with the hotel operator that I was going to put a call through. I waited until after they came home from church. Teddy answered the phone and we visited a little while and told each other how much we loved each other and then she said, "Do you want to talk to Pete" (we didn't call him Chico then we called him Pete) and I said "well I sure do" and Pete came on and about all we said was "hello, how are you son", "I'm fine" and "hello Daddy, how are you", "I'm fine". We didn't say much more than that. He gave the phone back to Teddy and she said "What did you say to him"? I said " what are you talking about". She said "well he's got tears in his eyes". I said "hell, you oughta see his Pap".



When I was ordered to go into Mexico, I had a bird dog, "Lady". A beautiful white pointer that was one of the best dogs I ever had. I would hunt with Sam Hollins, but his bird dogs were wild and he would whistle and yell at them all the time. Lady was accustomed to being handled with a whistle like a referee's whistle and hand signals. So Sam would have Lady so confused in twenty minutes, she didn't know what she was doing out in the field. I quit taking her down to Sam's and Sam didn't really think she was a very good bird dog. When I was getting ready to go to Mexico, I went down and asked Sam if he'd keep Lady for me while I was gone. I could have been asking him to keep an elephant and he would

have said "why sure Doc". That fall, when the quail season opened in Kentucky, I was in Mexico and I got a letter from Sam. He told me about the first day of hunting. When I left Lady with Sam, I told him how to hunt her, you know use a whistle and hand signals. I made him promise the first day he took her out, not to take any of his dogs, just Lady and let her really operate. I had been gone long enough that I was homesick for Kentucky. I knew when the opening day of the season came. In his letter he described the first day of the season. He had gone hunting with two brothers who were suppose to have some of the best bird dogs in that part of the country. They got, I want to remember, eight coveys of birds up. Lady had made point on seven of them and was working and would have made the eighth one but one of the other dogs stumbled on them, so Sam wrote. You can image how homesick I really was after I read that letter.



Later on, I'm gonna say early August, Teddy and Susan and Pete were coming down to Mexico finally. I had written her to get me a gun, an automatic, on a big frame, with a holster cause I realized those Indians out in the boonies didn't recognize any other authority. I wanted to carry it on my hip. I told her though, she wasn't suppose to bring a gun into Mexico, to be sure and hide it in her luggage. Well, they got in on a Sunday night and Alfanzo, my driver and I met them at the airport. With Alfanzo's help we talked our way into customs with Teddy and the kids. We carried on with the children. Moma was nervous as everything. We got through and out of there but she fussed at me later for carrying on so when she was so nervous. I reminded her that she didn't get too much of an inspection and that was why we were doing all that. We got the gun in. I took that gun back to the boonies with me when I went out a week later. I wore it for two days and then got instructions that American personnel were not allowed to wear guns in the fields. So, we had to smuggle it back in the United States when we left Mexico.



I was in charge of the district head quarters in Zamora in the state of Michoacan. Teddy and the children came out and visited me one week. I was staying in a hotel, more like a motel, it was two story. You had to come up some steps on the outside but it was enclosed. I was up in a room doing some work and boy, we had an earthquake. The chandelier was swinging back and forth to beat the band. It subsided naturally. In a little while, Teddy and the children came in and I said "where were you when we had the earthquake?" She'd been bringing the children up the steps and she didn't even know we'd had an earthquake.



I was over in Zamora, Michoacan where the headquarters for that district was. We had received a report that back in the hills, out of my territory really, there were some symptoms back in an Indian village that they might have aftosa there. I reported it to that district office to see if they could get someone down to look into it. They said they didn't have anyone to send and asked if I could take care of it. So my counterpart, the Mexican veterinarian, and I got up early one morning. We left Zamora about four o'clock in the morning to drive back up into the hills where this village was. My counterpart and I and the rancher who had reported this to us took off in a civilian jeep with my interpreter driver driving us. We were followed by an army carryall with about six or eight soldiers, the officer in charge of them and the driver of the vehicle. We stopped at the ranchers home and had lunch and then drove on into where this village was. It was back in the hills. We could get within about a mile of it and then we had to walk in. The village was just over the crest of a hill next to the active volcano, Paricutin.

Normally when you entered an Indian village like that, the little kiddies would be looking in awe and the people would be looking out of their doorways. Well, we went into this one and it was a ghost town. There wasn't a soul in sight. Up ahead of us at one stage, an old Indian women who was intoxicated was shouting things back at us. I asked Alfanzo what she was saying and he said he couldn't understand it, it was in the Indian dialect. But a hand reached out and pulled her back in and she wasn't

there when we went by. We got into the heart of the village and there was a committee waiting for us - four or five people. They told us that the head of the village, presidente they called him, was not there but they were delegated to meet with us. And they were intoxicated. They told us that they did not have aftosa in their village and if we acted like we wanted to touch their animals, there would be difficulties. In fact later on as we were still insisting that we should investigate, they threatened us that there would be another Zinque incident. That was where a Mexican veterinarian and six soldiers had been massacred in the town of Zinque in the state of Michorcan. We were in this village, more persuasion and we weren't getting anywhere. The Indians were inclined to blame everything on the gringos and since I was the only gringo present, I knew they were talking about me. Unfortunately, I had put a pair of white coveralls on that pretty well distinguished me. Their disgust for the gringos was great. One of these guys came up talking right in my face and tried to spit on me but his mouth was dry and he didn't do a very good job of it. My counterpart was eloquent. He told them that if they harmed the gringo, that I came from the greatest nation in the world, the United States. They would send airplanes down to bomb their village. They would drop so many bombs on their village that it would make Paricutin look as though it were a candle. I had told my interpreter, Alfanzo to interpret to me, keep me abreast of what was going on, knowing that we all were going to get killed. They all had a pistol, a rifle or a machete, or all three of those things. A whole lot of Indians had come in around us. I estimated two to three hundred, later on. I was convincing myself that they were going to kill us but I was going to show them that the gringo knew how to die. You know, you're kind of honest with yourself in a situation like that. I thought well, I can do that if they come at me with a rifle or a pistol, but if they come at me with those machetes, I don't know if my feet will stay hitched or not. After a lot of talking and whatnot, things became peaceful. The presidente showed up. Believe it or not, we were up in this village where you couldn't get anything in the village except on the back of a burro, sitting on the porch of their one municipal building, just a little old wooden shack with two rooms - one was their

presidente's office, the other was their school - we were setting there drinking coke colas.



When living in Mexico City, there was a small park in front of our apartment building. Very often we would spend some time there on Sunday afternoons. I would stretch out on my back and Chico and Susan would run at me and I would hoist them on my leg up over my head and flip them so they would land on their feet. Their enjoyment of this procedure extended beyond my stamina. A young man had stretched out on the grass near us watching the children have fun. One time Susan got slightly over enthusiastic and ran back to be hoisted or flipped and jumped atop the stranger by mistake. Was she ever surprised and embarrassed.



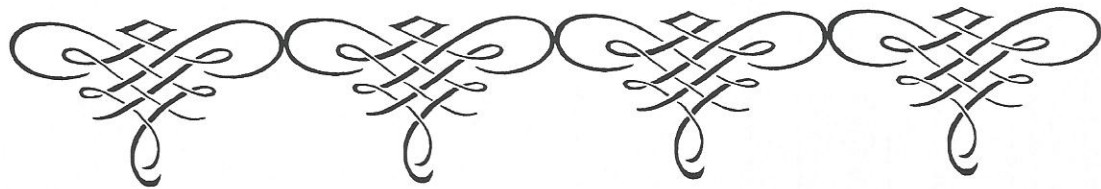
Later on I was transferred back into the Mexico City office. One day Dr. Noyes, one of the high muckity mucks in the organization, came into my office and wanted to know if I didn't want to take a transfer back to El Paso, Texas. They were needing an assistant in charge there. Well, we were expecting our baby to be born just anytime. I told him I couldn't do that to my family. Much as I'd like to go back to El Paso, I just couldn't do it. I turned it down. Well, I went home for lunch that day. The children already had their lunch, we were doing it Mexican style, it was after 2:00 when I went to lunch. I was sitting in the kitchen and I was telling Teddy about the offer of a chance to move to El Paso. Chico, I guess we were calling him Chico by then, came into the room and was listening and heard me tell her about the chance to move to El Paso and I turned and said "Son, how would you like to live in El Paso?" He look up at me and said "Daddy is that English?" I said yes it is. He said, "Okay lets go". I felt bad cause I turned it down.

Two or three weeks later, Dr. Noyes came back and asked when I was going to make up my mind to go to El Paso. And I said "Well haven't you filled that?" and he said "no, we've kind of of been holding it open for you". And I told him that the

stork was hovering but he wouldn't land. If he would hold it open another six weeks, I thought we could have that baby and be ready to move. So that was agreed to. And sure enough on February the 14th of 1948 a baby girl joined the Saulmon household.

We knew we were going to name the baby girl Martha after my two grandmothers. But we needed another name to go with it so I talked to my secretary and asked her to give me a bunch of Mexican female names to go with Martha. Just give me the names and I'd work it out. She and another girl gave me a long list of names. I put Martha in front and Martha in back I didn't find anything I liked. I still wasn't satisfied and I said to my secretary "Concha, you didn't even put your name down there". Well she was a little embarrassed by doing that. Well, "what about Martha Concha". She said "no Concha means shell, why don't you make it little shell - Martha Conchita" and that's how our daughter got her name.

Teddy and Martha Conchita came home from the hospital and we were trying to get her birth registered so we could register her with the embassy so she would have U.S. citizenship. Finally, by jove, they said I had to bring Mama and baby into a dirty public office for some reason. I bribed the guy for not too many pesos to go to our apartment to get all the information. In the right amount of time, Alfanzo went to where ever you were suppose to go and came back with the birth certificate for our daughter. He was proud of it. Here was a legal looking piece of paper, all in Spanish. But by then I could read Spanish pretty well and I looked at it and instead of Martha Conchita, the birth certificate was for Marta Concepcion. Man, I hit the ceiling and I was talking, telling everybody who would listen to me how lousy Mexico was and all that stuff. Finally, Alfanzo calmed me down and said "no, no the church wouldn't let them use the Conchita, Concepcion was the right name." Well, we registered her in the American Embassy as Martha Conchita.



TEXAS, ARIZONA, TEXAS,

Conchita was six weeks old when Teddy and the children moved from Mexico City to El Paso. I was having difficulty finding housing. In 1948, housing was at a premium in El Paso, Texas - not like it had been in Mexico City. The day before they arrived, I managed to find a house. Our furniture was in Kentucky. I talked the owner into leaving a bed that was on a screened-in porch. I went out and bought a bunk bed from a used army facility, made two single beds out of it. I talked him into leaving a kitchen table and chairs in the kitchen. It had a stove and that sought of stuff so we had a place to live when they arrived. They flew into Juarez from Mexico City. I arranged for a taxi from one of the hotels to come over and meet the airplane. When we got to customs, we had no problems with Mexican customs when we came out, but we got to U.S. customs, Teddy had left her keys in Mexico City and we couldn't get the luggage open - new rawhide luggage, we bought just for the purpose, expensive, they were about to cut the lock off, Finally the young taxi driver had a stiff wire, that car keys were on. He picked the lock and we got out. And all the time, Miss Martha Conchita Saulmon was crying, raising cane, and I mean wasn't a bit happy with what was going on. Well, we finally got into the house and I don't know if it was that afternoon or night, Teddy was bathing the baby and she was all broken out with the chicken pox. No wonder she cried when we were wasting all that time in customs inspections.



Soon after we moved in and got acquainted with our neighbors, one day Susan was playing with the children outside and Teddy heard her say to one of the children "You want to come in the house and feel my baby sister, she's so soft".



From March, 1948 to February, 1949 we lived in El Paso and then we moved to San Antonio. We lived there for a little over a year. From February to April the next year. About the summer of 1949 they had quite a polio scare in San Antonio so Teddy and the children went up to Kentucky to visit family during that period and I stayed on and "bached" in San Antonio. We had had no car the whole short year we lived in El Paso. After all, we didn't know anyone and taxis weren't very expensive and we used taxis. And friends hauled us around. The same thing had happened in San Antonio. Chico was going to start school that year and we realized we were going to need a vehicle so when I went to Kentucky to join the family and have a little vacation, we borrowed Sam Hollins car and drove up to Danville to see friends and to buy a car. We had been on the list of the Buick dealership, Rollie Crook's outfit. (Rollie Crook who married a Miss Cheatem. That's the truth, they made Rippley's Believe It or Not.) I had called the Ford people but they were trying to rob me because they thought they had me across the barrel. I went to see Rollie, we had been on the list, like I say, when we went to Mexico and he was going to let us have a new car when Teddy came to join me. When I road by taxi from the airport to the hotel on my arrival in Mexico City, I wrote Teddy that night that when she came down, sell the car we had cause I didn't think I wanted to drive in Mexico City and I sure didn't want her to. But I went around to see Rollie to buy a car. He had one. In those days they'd give him one, he'd sell it and they'd give him another. He had this one promised to a fella but I convinced him that the fella didn't want that car. He wanted a four door instead of a two door. He wanted a blue car instead of a tan car. So that was our first Buick, we got a Buick in the summer of 1949 and we've owned a Buick ever since.



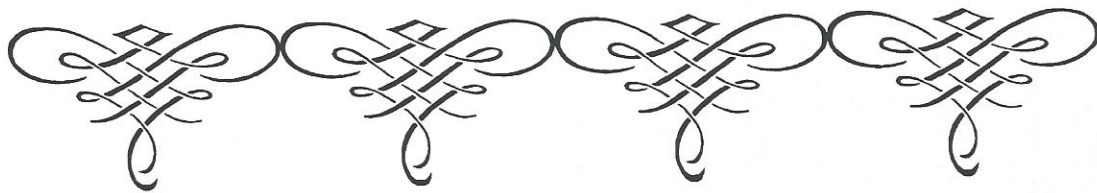
The Saulmons as a family thoroughly enjoyed the two years, '52 - '54, that we lived in Yuma, Arizona. The climate and all, we thoroughly enjoyed it. But there were sometimes we had some tough spots. One summer time, you know they would irrigate the football fields at the school grounds -

open the irrigation canals, run about five inches of water and let it soak in and of course that would keep the grass growing. One day Chico and Susan got down there and played in that mud and I mean they had themselves a wonderful time. When they came back to the house they looked horrible. I mean they were mud all over. Their Mother could envision all the stuff that might have been on the playing field - people walking dogs, she had all kinds of ideas - so she turned the hose on them. And I mean she made 'em stand out in the yard and hosed 'em down good. They said that she was preaching to them all the time. When she got them cleaned off, they say she took the hose and beat them. I don't know if that's true or not.



When we were living there in Yuma, kind of in keeping with when I wanted my first bicycle, Chico had a campaign on for a bicycle for Christmas. And he could give us many arguments why he should have a bicycle and all. Of course we got the bicycle early and hid it out in a supply room at the office so he wouldn't know we had it. It so happened that early the morning of Christmas Eve, I got a call informing me that about one hundred cattle had strayed across the border into Arizona a couple of hundred miles east of Yuma which violated our quarantine program. The whole thing was, we didn't send them back, we destroyed them right there and buried them. So I got a hold of our pilot who flew our patrol plane along the border normally. I was going to fly out there and I took Chico with me. He was, seven or eight years old. We had, for him, a glorious day. The cowboys who patrolled the border had come up and herded the cattle up. We took an old road tender, dug a trench out in the desert where we could bury the cattle and during the day drove them in there and shot them and were covering them up. We started back home as it was getting dusk. They still had work to do out there but we had to get back before dark because there were no lights at the airport in Yuma. The boys had taught me how to fly the airplane. The pilot took us off the desert floor. We had a couple of guys who were hitching a ride with us, five of us in the plane. Chico was in the back with two cowboys. The pilot had told me earlier that he wasn't going to work on Christmas Day and was going to call in sick if an emergency came up.

After we took off, he turned to me and making a funny, said "Boy, I'm getting sick" and he told me to take over the plane and I was flying it. After a while he realized that was the first time Chico had been with us when I was flying the plane so he turned around and said, "Who do you think is flying this buggy, Chico?". And Chico with big eyes said "you are". He held his hand up and I rocked the wings and let him know somebody else was flying. He looked up and saw his Daddy was flying the plane. Woo - that was big stuff. We went a little farther and the pilot turned to me and said "do you think he'd like to fly?". I said "it's your airplane". So we got Chico up and set him in my lap. And he took the controls. I had to, of course, use the rudder pedals and whatnot. But we told him, pointed out a mountain down the road there, and told him, head for that mountain. He did all right. Dropped his left wing a little bit but finally got it up where he'd go level. He flew that thing until we got in sight of Yuma. The pilot took it over then. We put him back in the back seat and we landed the airplane. By the time we put the plane to bed and got in town and whatnot, it was dark. Teddy had been real worried about us. We pulled up in front of the house and she came up to the car and Chico got out and he said "Moma, I've changed my mind, I don't want a bicycle for Christmas". Her reaction was "well, well, what do you want?" He said " I want an airplane".



LOUISIANA

After a year in San Antonio, we went to Yuma and spent two years in Yuma - a short two years. From there we went to Baton Rouge, Louisiana. We acquired a white dog while we were in Yuma. As usual, I went ahead and Teddy had to drive through from Yuma to Baton Rouge. It was a long, long drive. Teddy's Mother had joined us while we were living in Yuma so she made the trip, as she said, from Yuma to Baton Rouge with three children, an older woman and a white dog. And the best passenger of the bunch was the white dog.



After we had been in Baton Rouge for two years, they reminded me at the office that it was two years ago that date that the family had joined me in Baton Rouge. So I mentioned that at dinner that night. A day or two later, one of the children, I think it was Susan, said "Daddy, where we gonna live next?" After all, we'd been moving around pretty fast in that period of time in her life.



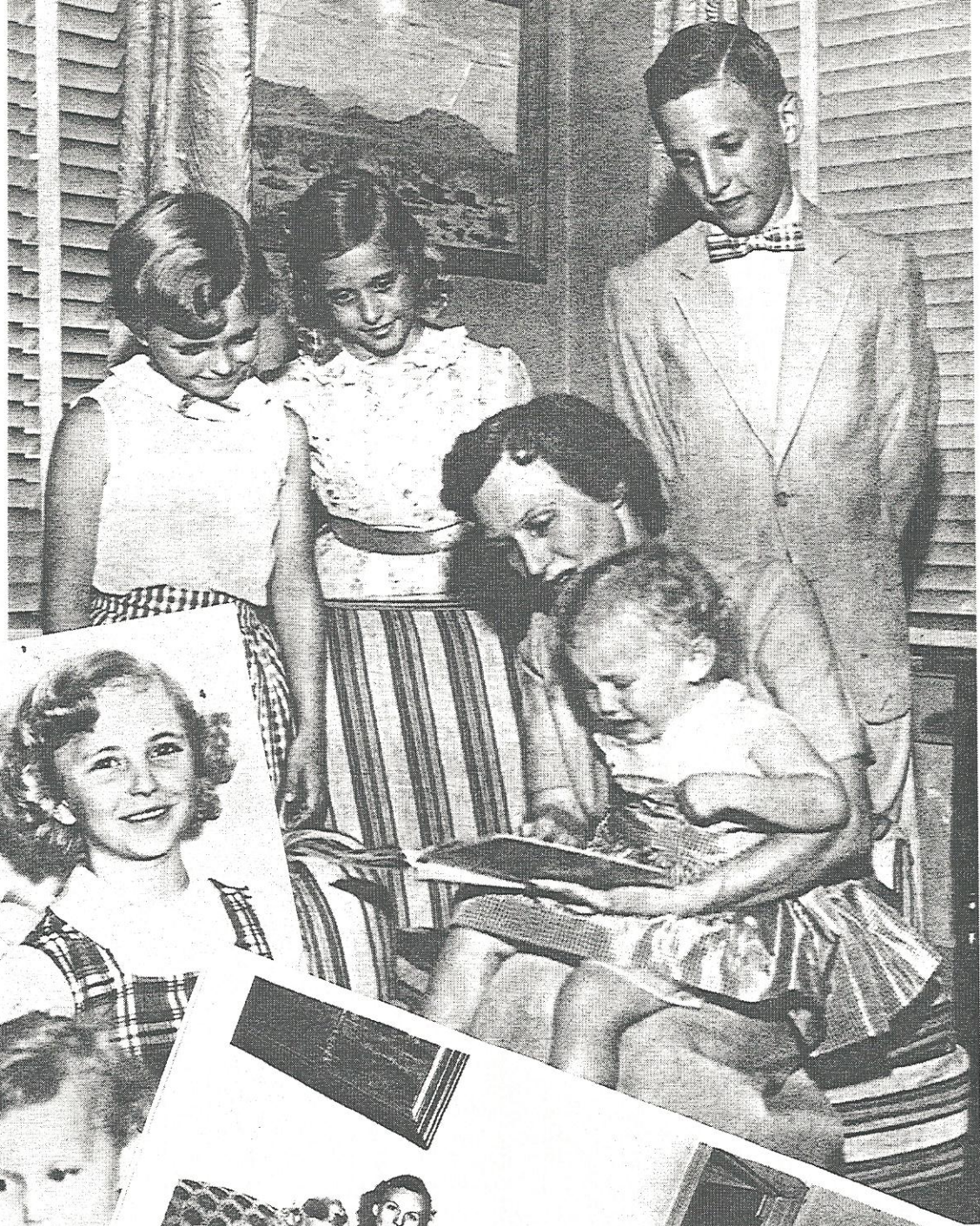
My counterpart in Baton Rouge was a state veterinarian, Dr. Frank Wheeler. A gentleman and a scholar and a man that I learned to love very much. Intelligent man, a good state veterinarian. When I arrived there, the States program for brucellosis eradication, which was the primary activity, was different from what the Federal was recommending. I spent a lot of time trying to convince Dr. Wheeler that instead of vaccinating adult animals, they should confine their activity to calf vaccination, and used some other points and all. We went to a meeting down, west of New Orleans in Cajun country. And at this meeting, Dr. Wheeler talked first as we always did and by golly he started quoting this imminent authority on brucellosis. He was convincing these cattlemen that they should not

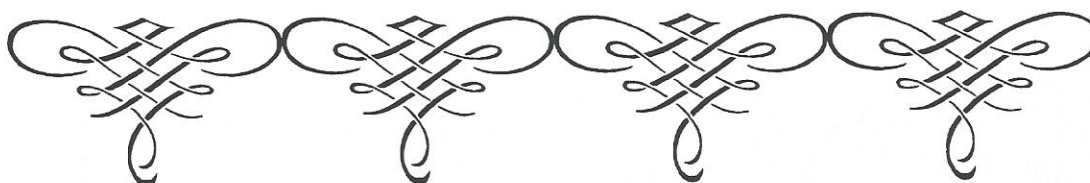
vaccinate adults anymore. I was proud of him because he was saying what I wanted him too. But I was cautious. When we were driving back to Baton Rouge after the meeting, finally I broached the subject and said "you know you were quoting an eminent authority on brucellosis, who was that authority?" He said "Hell, Saulmon, aint that what you been telling me?"

One other time, we were meeting with all the State Department health inspectors, from all over the State. Dr. Wheeler was talking first, he was extolling the virtues of calfhood vaccination versus adulthood vaccination. When he got through there was time for questions and the supervisor of all these state health inspectors was there and he got his attention and he said "Dr. Wheeler, you're not talking the same way you did when you were over in one of the northern parishes two or three years ago. How come"? And old Wheeler, I was sitting there nervous, said "you remember when Dr. Saulmon was talking a while ago, he said there were two schools of thought about adult vaccination, hell I transferred".



Dr. Frank Wheeler was the most flat footed person I ever knew. Dr. Wheeler and I were scheduled to go to Alexandria, Louisiana to a night meeting with a group of livestock owners. Mrs. Wheeler, Jean, was expecting and started showing signs of delivering so Wheeler stayed home. The next morning I drove back to Baton Rouge and stopped by the house to leave my suitcase and to learn about the Wheeler situation. Teddy told me that Jean had been in the hospital all night but having talked to Jean's mother a few minutes before, nothing had happened. So, instead of going to the office, I went up to the hospital. I found Frank in the expectant father waiting room. He had been there all night and was a nervous wreck. We went down for a cup of coffee, came back and shortly afterward a nurse stuck her head in the door. "Mr. Wheeler, just want to tell you, you have a healthy boy and both boy and mother are doing fine". After the nurse left, he walked around the room with a great big silly grin on his face, turned to me and said, "Saulmon, I feel like I have arches".





VIRGINIA

We came to Washington the first of June, 1956. We didn't know where we wanted to live except we wanted to live in Northern Virginia and we decided we'd rent until we decided where to buy. So we rented a house in answer to an ad we put in the morning and afternoon papers - "wanted to rent", and we described what we wanted. And believe it or not, it took me two days to look at all the responses to the ad and I ended up renting the first house I looked at. About a year and a half after we moved in, our landlord called and told Teddy he wanted to see me. I asked her "what did he want"? Well, she didn't know. He came by the next day. We set out in the yard under a tree. It turned out he was wanting to sell the house. I hadn't had a chance to talk to Teddy, didn't know whether she wanted that house or not. But I didn't want to turn him down so I offered him exactly what he'd paid for it. See, I'd been shown the house by the people he bought it from a year and a half before. So that's what I offered him for the house. It kind of insulted him but I wouldn't go up. He left in a little bit of a huff. I came in the house and told Teddy about it and she wasn't sure this was the kind of house we wanted but started thinking about moving and it started looking better. Anyway she wanted to know why I didn't raise the bid on him. I said well he'll be back and sure enough, he came back the next day. And I did raise it a little bit and I ended up buying the house so we've been here ever since. We've had a good life. The children feel this is home to them. One time along in the late sixties, Teddy and I found a house down on the Maryland side below town. Whoever was in college was home that weekend and we started talking about it and they cried "ooh you can't move, that wouldn't be home" so we didn't move, still stayed here. Even when I retired, I told Teddy "we can live wherever we want to, where do you want to live"? She didn't know. I didn't know. But at that time I was going hunting down in South Georgia. So I said "there are some nice little towns in

South Georgia, beautiful towns. If you want we could move into one of them. Move in and in a few years we could be running it, if we wanted to". She studied for a moment and said "I haven't lost anything in South Georgia". So I said, "you find us a place". She said she'd think about it. A few weeks later she told me she had decided where she wanted to live in our retirement. "Where is that"? "202 North Edgewood Street Arlington, Virginia". And we're still here.



One time after being in Arlington for several years, I was invited to be on the program at the Louisiana State Veterinary Medical Association. It so happened I had to go out to Las Vegas. They wanted me on the program out there. I told 'em I was so busy, they'd have to put me on Saturday. I flew out Friday night, got into Vegas late, near midnight. Got up the next day and we had the meeting and all that and then I caught a plane out of Vegas and flew to Baton Rouge. I got in there Sunday morning, nine thirty, ten o'clock. Dr. Pass, who had succeeded me in Louisiana, met me at the airport and assumed I wanted to go to church out at University Methodist where we had attended the four years we were there. I dropped him off at his church and used his car and went on out to our church. I went into the preacher's study, and he wasn't in. So I sat down. I was tired. I had had very little sleep since I had gotten up Friday morning. Finally he came in and was glad to see me and "my goodness what are you doing here?" I told him how little sleep I'd had since I got up Friday morning and I said "I'm just here to see if you can keep me awake during church". Bill thought a minute and said "Ernie, I didn't know you were coming but the old Master must of known it". He reached over and got a bulletin and opened it up and showed the title of his sermon for that day. It was entitled "Do the wages of sin pay?". He had me.



The summer before we moved up here. I was brought into the Washington office for a six week detail. Knowing I was never going to accept an offer in the Washington office, I brought the family along so they could see our nation's capital and get acquainted with it. We rented a furnished

apartment down in Arlandria. It wasn't air conditioned unfortunately but we had a good six weeks here. Marilyn was working here at the time and we just had a good time here. Something came up in Louisiana during that six weeks and Frank Wheeler came into town so we could work on it. Dr. Anderson, who lived out in Annandale, invited us out to his house for a cookout. He gave me directions how to go from Arlandria, up to Duke Street and all, of course it was new territory and it seemed an awful long way. We were driving along and ol' Wheeler, said "I knew Anderson was from Texas, but I didn't think he commuted to work".



One night we were sitting at the table. There was some little dispute between Susan and Conchita, they were sitting across the table from each other. We happened to be having brussel sprouts for dinner that night and Conchita took a brussel sprout in a spoon and I mean she flipped it and hit Susan right in the middle of her forehead. I mean it went splat. Butter was just running down her face. It was one of the funniest sights I've ever seen. But being a good Father, as I was, I couldn't tolerate a daughter smacking her sister in the face with a brussel sprout so, we sent Conchita upstairs to her room. To this day she thinks I was unfair.



Soon after Chico had gotten his driver's license, the family had all been down to Western Kentucky, everybody was staying down except Chico and I. He had a job at the sporting goods store and of course I had to get back. So we were driving through on a Sunday night. He wanted to drive and I was glad to let him - I wanted to sleep. Some place in there before we got to Knoxville that night, he slowed down and it awakened me. He was pulling off to the side of the road. I said "what's the matter Son". He said "the fuzz got me". He'd been speeding and sure enough, the highway patrolman was flagging him down and he got a ticket for driving too fast.



One time, I had to go up to Canada on business. I was out at a research facility in the St. Lawrence River. Susan, Conchita, Sally and Moma went with me. We drove up. They stayed in Quebec City while I was busy that week. They picked me up and brought me back in from the research lab. We wandered on down to Halifax. It turned out there was a big convention in town and we had trouble finding accommodations. But we finally found a room that had two beds in it and they put another cot in. The girls went swimming after we checked in. I went down and made reservations for the ferry back to Maine. When we finally got back, Conchita didn't want to go to dinner with us. She was tired and wanted to wash her hair and go to bed. We came in about nine-thirty or ten and she had been asleep and we tried to be quiet but we awakened her. We finally got in bed and we were still kind of talking and bothering Conchita and Teddy said "Oh, I'm tired. I'm bone tired". And Conchita, who had been quiet, spoke up and said "Moma, why don't you rest your jawbone".



When Sally graduated from Drew University, the Mitchells and Mother and I went up for the commencement exercise. The commencement program took place on the campus of Drew and it was a beautiful campus. After the ceremony was all over, we were standing in the shade under a tree. Sally came down with us with her scroll rolled up in her hand, still had her gown on. I asked her, are you graduated now honey. She said yes. I said are you sure. And she held up her scroll. I said well, your Mother and I thank you for the \$10,000 a year raise you just gave us.



Sally decided she wanted to go to work in New York City in a law office as a paralegal. Where she got the list I don't know, but she wrote the firms that used paralegals, sent whatever resume she had at that time and left a New Jersey phone number of a friend. If they responded to her letter, this friend would call her. Sure enough in a due amount of time, she did get a call and she called back and made a date to go to New York for an interview. And

was nervous about it. Her sister Susan told her, in all sincerity, "don't be nervous, whoever it is who's interviewing you, if you get nervous, just look him in the eye and say to yourself, well he's had diarrhea too".



GRAND CHILDREN

In our senior years here, we feel like we've been most fortunate. The Lord has been good to us. Nine grandchildren, we love them all. We have a lot of interesting stories about our grandchildren and we're proud of all of them.



When Robby was about three years old, they were living in a suburb of Chicago and he and his mother came down to visit us. When I came home from the office, he would always greet me at the back door and I was teaching him to shake hands. I would come in and we would shake hands and I'd say "How do you do?". They went back to Chicago and Susan reported that he had a tricycle and there was a circle he could ride in the apartment. He went through their bedroom and there was a picture of me setting on the dresser or something. As he'd go by, he'd stop and look at that picture and say "Hi, Howdo". And I've been Howdo to my grandchildren ever since. I like it better than grandpa or whatever it might be.



When Samantha was, I forget how many weeks old, they were living in Wisconsin at the time and Bob was invited to participate in a course in Colorado. He wanted Susan to go and she wanted to go with him. They brought the children by and left them with us. Now when they left them, Rob was three or so years old, and his little sister was about eight months old. When the Trices returned six week later, she had gained I don't know how many pounds and had learned to walk. She was no longer saying Moma Moma, but Nana Nana. She had eight new teeth. When the Trices arrived, Teddy and children went out to meet them. Boy I mean, Samantha was holding on to Teddy's leg thinking, who is this crazy

women coming down the hill trying to pick me up. We enjoyed them for those six weeks.



One summer, after we had been living here a whole lot of years, we had a Saulmon family reunion out in Southern Indiana, out in Wadesville. Mike who must have been about nine and Stephanie who must have been about seven, came home with Teddy and I. We were driving through on a Sunday night. We had stopped and had dinner and then took a vote if we should drive through or stop for the night. The children said lets drive on threw. We were driving a little Chevrolet that they could stretch out in the back of. We were driving along up eighty-one and Mike and Stephanie were trying to sleep in the back. Mike was trying to sleep. Stephanie was yakkety yakking. She was just talking and everything. Mike was not giving her a very good answer and finally she said "Mike, I don't believe you love me". And he said "Stephanie, if you'd just keep your mouth shut, I'd love you a whole lot more".



The kids spent a couple of weeks with us. They were here over the fourth of July. There was a big celebration, fireworks and everything downtown. We had planned on going to watch the fireworks on this side of the river but there was some band the kids were interested in. So I took the two kiddies on the metro down to see the entertainment in the afternoon. There was already a crowd there and it was wet. We got as close as we could get. It was too wet to sit. A fellow had a bunch of plastic trash bags and we got a couple to sit on. Mike said to me "Howdo, how far are we from the bandstand down there". Mike had learned to play a little golf at that time. I looked down and said "Well, Mike it's about a seven iron". That satisfied him.



They went back home and later, I think Stephanie was in high school, and she wrote an essay. Her essay was about her visit here at our house. It was surprising to me how much she remembered about the

house. Where she lived she had no basement and we had one. She admitted in the essay that she was frightened by the basement but she did go down there when she had too. She also remembered a hydrangea bush in our backyard. She talked about how nice it smelled and of course there is no odor to a hydrangea. But we were proud of her. It was a well written essay. We were proud of her.



One time when Jason was about three, maybe four, he and his father came by one Saturday afternoon. We were sitting out there in the breakfast room and I asked David if he'd like a beer and he said he would so I said well Jason if you go downstairs and get a couple of beers out of the refrigerator, you can have a Coke Cola. He was gone a long time but finally he came up and he told his father "I had a problem, I couldn't carry three drinks and hold onto the handrail when I came up the steps. But there was a carton of empty coke bottles down there so I took the bottles out and I put the two beers and the coke in it so I could hold that in one hand and hold on to the rail". Boy were we proud of him. He had figured it all out. We told that story all weekend. The next week one of us went down to the basement. With all his trouble getting the drinks upstairs, he forgot to close the refrigerator door and boy, it had defrosted.



We went over one summer to France to visit Sally and family and drove over to Switzerland where we had rented an apartment in a chalet. It was nice, three bedrooms, two baths, living room, full kitchen and dining area. When we pulled into the basement garage area, Nana, Sally and the boys went on up to our apartment. J.C. and I loaded up stuff and came up on the elevator later. We were met on our floor by Max, about five years old, with "Come Howdo and see where I get to sleep. I can sleep dangerously". He was getting the top bunk of a double deck bunk bed.



When Lyda was seven or eight years old, that was the time they had cabbage patch dolls. She wanted the preemie. Boy, you couldn't find them anywhere. Teddy was in a store and they had all the stuff so you could make your own doll. They had plastic heads and the materials to make the body. You could go to Toys R Us and buy the clothes for it. So Teddy did that, named it Annaphilada Watson and gave it to Lyda for her birthday. Lyda had a sleep-over, six or seven little girls spent the night, and the next day she called and told me about it. I got Teddy on the phone and asked her to repeat what she had told me. She told her grandmother, it was awful, they had played with Annaphilada and golly, Annaphilada had been decaffeinated. Of course she meant decapitated. So they changed the name of the doll to Annaphilada Folger.



Lyda was at our house once. Everyone was here. The kiddies were drinking and eating potato chips or something. She said "the only reason we come here is to eat and drink".



One time Nana and I were coming home from somewhere. We got into Roanoke late in the afternoon and checked into a motel. Seth was in college just east of Roanoke so we called and made a date to take him to dinner. We got down there and drove back to a little town just before you got to the school. There was a restaurant there that had been recommended to us. It was sort of a steak place. They had one steak, a thirty-two ounce steak. I knew I couldn't handle one that big, but I 'llowd as how Seth could, I was sure. We ordered it. It was thirty-two ounces before broiled. It was a big steak. Ol' Seth's eyes got kind of big, and he said he'd tackle that. And he did. He kept eating it and finally we told him he really don't have to eat all of it. He could take the rest of it home with him. He said "no if I take it back, my roommate will eat it". He kept eating it and consumed that steak, by golly, and seemed to enjoy it all the way.



Not long ago Nana and I took William and a little friend of his to lunch. William couldn't decide what he wanted. Finally he said, "well the only thing I want is the baby back ribs". I thought it was going to be too much for him. I said "we'll split one. I'll have half and you'll have half". When they brought it and put it in front of us, William said, "that's not so big, I could have eaten that". Well, we pitched in. After a while I looked over and ol' William was licking his fingers. I said "William, didn't you get a napkin?" He said "yes but that's just wasting a lot of good barbecue sauce".

Ah shaw
By God Sam, its beans or nothing
Come in this house
Now Maude Catharine
Your feet don't match
Hot dom, he dun growd out of it
'lowd as how
Boy howdy
Now what you tink
Kilt deader than Hell
Teddy, are the biscuits ready?
Damn it woman
Them radishes belch the bestest belches