

period in Michigan, and then in Florida where he lived in our apartment in Pompano Beach. However, he was dissatisfied with this kind of work, and eventually, decided to give it up and with our moral support and encouragement took training as an inhalation therapist at a large hospital in Canton, Ohio. There he met and married Diane Moore, moved South with her to Mississippi where Mark Gordon was born in 1978, and then after another vocational change to insurance adjuster came back to Ohio where is still working at this writing, 1983.

Andrea's life during this period lacked the excitement and the pace of Byron's. After the usual adolescent rebellions, Andrea married the boy of her choice, Patrick L. Gorman, a Birmingham boy, in 1972. She had graduated from Seaholm High School in 1970 (or thereabouts), having left the Kingswood School for girls after her sophomore year because of the lack of boys!

She attended business school for a year and a half while awaiting her marriage. At 18, we set her up in her own home, bought her a trailer in a trailer court about 5 miles from home. She and Pat set up housekeeping there for a year or two after their marriage before moving into a home in Birmingham, about 10 blocks from our house on Lake Park.

Her first child, Paul was born in 1976, a fine young boy, and she became a full time mother and wife. Her avocation was raising first one, and then two Siberian Husky thoroughbred dogs which she entered successfully in many dog shows. Her fine competitive spirit let her win many ribbons and trophies with her dogs, just as she had done with her horse.

My mother had been well until 1968, then she (up in her 80's) began to fail, so Bunny in 1969 flew to New York to check on her nearly every month. In the Spring of 1970, my brother and his wife June were visiting her. They went out for a Chinese dinner at an Ossining restaurant. On returning from dinner, Mother said she felt tired and went up to go to bed. Roy and June heard a thud, went up to see the source of the noise and found her collapsed and unconscious on the floor of her bedroom. They called the ambulance and followed it to the Phelps Memorial Hospital in Tarrytown. But Mother was dead on arrival, her heart had given out.

Roy called me and Bunny and I caught the early morning plane from Detroit to New York. I stayed through Mother's funeral and burial next to Dad in the Sleepy Hollow Cemetery near Tarrytown, a few miles from Two Knolls, her home for more than 30 years. Mother had outlasted Dad by 28 years, a long widowhood.

Bunny remained with my brother and June to close up Two Knolls. Roy and June took Mother's effects given to them while Bunny arranged for packing the things given to us, and their shipment. She did a fabulous job, my brother and sister-in-law leaving the full responsibility on her. She had the help of George, the colored man who had acted as Mother's chauffeur and handy man in her later years.

I returned to Two Knolls, helped Bunny load up Mother's Cadillac with many things. We left the place to George for two more months while it was being put on the market and the estate settled.

Bunny and I returned later to see the lawyer, sign papers and say goodbye to George, but Roy and June never went back. So ended a third of a century of Gordon family in Ossining, a port of refuge during the War, difficult times for all of us in one way or another.

And we all, especially Bunny who had become very close to Mother in her final years, missed Mother. Our only consolation was knowledge that she had been well and happy for most of her final years.

Bunny's family had changed too. Her Mother died in the early 1960's while being operated on for an aorta, at age 86, and Bunny's father followed my mother into the grave in the fall of 1970, after several years in a nursing home near Louisville, Ky. But Bunny's sisters remained well. Albert Hoefflin, husband of Bunny's older sister Marguerite, had died shortly after retirement at the end of the 1960's. Bess, whose first husband had died in the 1950's had remarried and has lived happily as Bess Head since the mid 1950's, for many years spending her winters in Florida or Hawaii, but in recent years staying at her home in Anchorage, Kentucky, a suburb of Louisville.

Bunny and I lived through these periods of illness, Roy's

divorce and remarriage, marriage, childbirth with varying degrees of tension, but firm in our love for each other, and blessed by a stable job, ever deeper roots in the community and in our home on Lake Park.

Neighbors changed, some died, others moved away, until finally we have reached the position of the oldest resident on the block. This stability of roots, church and job enabled us to get through the various ~~ch~~ses of life with our own health and love for each other intact.

CHAPTER XIII

AFRICA AND SPAIN AND FLORIDA

With Mother's death came a change in our financial circumstances. She left a considerable estate, so that, even after ^{Federal} estate and New York inheritance taxes, real estate and lawyers fees, Roy and I were each left, in addition to paintings, rugs, furniture, glassware, etc. a substantial amount of stocks, bonds and cash. In 1971, with the estate finally settled through probate, a distribution of assets was made.

With my portion, I sought advice from a New York brokerage firm, and made my own studies. I was convinced that with approaching retirement, I should concentrate on income from my investments rather than speculative gains. Also, I decided on a program of diversification.

Based on this analysis, I totally reorganized the investment portfolio I inherited, putting my money into high quality bonds with good yields, into high yield, high return ~~corporate~~ preferred stocks, and into real estate. I bought a 3 apt. building in Pompano Beach, Fla. just off Route A-1-A, and within sight of the beach and the ocean. It was renamed Gull Cottage and Bunny and I had much fun furnishing the three apartments which had been made out of what had been a 1 story home. We visited Gull Cottage several times during the next two years, rented it out during the winter season, and allowed Byron to live there in 1974 for 6 months. But in 1974, the lovely little cottage next door was replaced by a large condominium that pressed up against our property, cutting off air and view.

On the other side, the Schmidt's a retired couple from Birmingham, Michigan, believe it or not, moved out of their cottage into a larger home leaving their property vacant. Suddenly our friends and the charm of the place were gone, and Byron decided to move back North.

So we decided to sell our property and perhaps, after retirement, invest elsewhere in Florida. The market for property in Florida suddenly turned down in 1974-1975, so we lost money on the sale but finally disposed of the property.

After our Florida experience, I invested in a real estate

venture in Spain. On the Costa del Sol (sun coast) of Spain along the Mediterranean, and only a few miles from Gibraltar, were thousands of new hotels and apartment complexes to meet the needs of hordes of tourists from Europe, the United States and Canada who enjoyed the sunny warm weather and good beaches of southern Spain. We advanced money to a company, Sofico by name, to buy an apartment overlooking the Mediterranean in a large new complex in Torremolinos, the main city of the Costa del Sol. We had the right to lease this apartment back to Sofico for a "guaranteed" return of 12% plus the right to use the apartment ourselves for up to 4 weeks a year. Sofico in turn rented out the apartments to tourists and paid for all the upkeep.

In 1974 we journeyed to Spain, saw our apartment under construction and congratulated ourselves on our good fortune. Then the roof fell in, Sofico went into receivership, the building was not finished and we wound up a general creditors of an insolvent company.

Over the years, we have contacted the receivers of Sofico through the American Embassy in Madrid. Hopefully, we may get some of our money back through liquidation of the remaining assets of Sofico. The President, Vice President and Treasurer of the company went to prison for fraud; it was this, not economics, that brought on the receivership. So at least those responsible have been punished. I will deal with our trip to Spain after describing our prior trip in 1972 to Africa and Europe.

CHAPTER XIV

AFRICA - HERE WE COME

Bunny had always been fascinated by the thought of visiting Africa, and I shared her enthusiasm as the financial possibility of making the trip became apparent in 1972. So I asked, and received permission to take a 5 week vacation in October 1972 for a trip to Europe and Africa.

As we planned it, we would take the ocean liner France, pride of the French Line fleet, to Le Havre, then drive by car to Paris, by train to Madrid, by air to Lisbon, to Casablanca, Morocco, by air to Algiers, to Cairo, to Nairobi, Kenya, by car to the game country of Kenya and Tanzania and Uganda by plane to London and home, a trip of 25,000 miles.

Andrea was living on her own in her trailer which she shared with another girl her own age, Byron was in Ohio, so the home front was covered.

Andrea drove us to the airport with her friend (daughter II). We hugged each other, then we boarded a plane for New York. We spent the night at the Plaza Hotel, shopped 5th ave. the next morning for a few items, and in the early afternoon taxied to the pier where we boarded the huge liner, France. It was 1,000 feet long and 110 feet wide, a regular floating city. We had an outside stateroom with two portholes and a private bath in First Class. Nearby was the fabulous Cafe Chambord, the first class dining room, said to be the best restaurant in the world.

Since we were going 1st class on the boat we took evening clothes, long dresses for Bunny and a tuxedo for me. So dinners were an occasion. Ladies floated in jewels and evening dresses escorted by men in tuxedo or tails down the broad staircase leading into the dining room with a modern decor and a plentitude of waiters, wine stewards to look after us. The food was exceptional. One night, the chief steward who had persisted in calling us Mr. and Mrs. Blaine, to rectify his mistake, insisted on preparing a special dinner served by himself. We had a full chicken each surrounded by vegetables cut into animal figures. He topped it off with flaming crepes suzettes, using 4 different kinds of liquor to heat the pancakes. Some dinner.

We dined, danced, shopped and enjoyed our crossing. The sea was fair, the air bracing and the sun shone every day. A perfect crossing. In mid-ocean we passed the British liner, the Queen Elizabeth II, and both ships exchanged whistle signals. At the time, we didn't know the next crossing for us would be on the Queen Elizabeth II.

Our ship docked briefly at Southampton to discharge passengers, then we crossed the channel to Le Havre, docking in late afternoon. Our car, a French Peugeot, was waiting for us right on the dock. So we loaded in our bags and set off on the road to Paris, arriving there at about 10 P.M. We enjoyed our ride through the French countryside, the Paris suburbs and then up the Champs Elysees, past the Arc de Triomphe to the Place de la Concorde, then into the Rue de Rivoli to our hotel, the Meurice. The Meurice was a fashionable hotel on the Rue de Rivoli overlooking the Tuileries Gardens. We had a delightful room with a huge bath and mirrors that reflected our bodies over and over, a multiplication of breasts and bottoms! We loved it, as well as breakfast in bed in the mornings.

We ~~rented a car,~~ drove out to Fontainbleau where Napoleon and Josephine had lived in a large palace. Then we bought French bread, soft drinks and picniced in the Forest of Fontainbleau, a hunting preserve for the Kings of France. As we quietly sat by ourselves under the trees, we could just imagine Louis XIV and his retinue surrounding us for a picnic too.

After revisiting our favorite haunts of 1964, Montmartre, Isle St. Louis, Versailles, we dropped our car, caught a taxi to the rail station and boarded the Madrid express. We had a sleeping compartment on the train. At 8 p.m., we were called into the dining car for our dinner, a real feast as we hustled through the dark at 90 miles an hour, through Bordeaux toward Hendaye and the Spanish frontier. When we awoke the next morning we were in Spain, passing dry, dusty plains with mountains in the distance. It looked like a scene out of Don Quixote.

Shortly after a breakfast of fruit and coffee in the dining car, our train pulled in to Madrid. We taxied along fine wide boulevards lined with apartment houses and shops and offices to our hotel, the Madrid Hilton.

We had a beautiful room at the hotel which was ^{also} beautiful. So we stayed in the hotel that day, resting up from our travels, eating drinking and making love. Viva Espagna!

The next day we took a long walk through the center of Madrid. The City was crowded as they were celebrating the 35th Anniversary of General Franco's take over of Spain. People had come from all over Spain to Madrid to celebrate. However, we avoided the marches and ceremonies, opting instead to visit the Prado Art Museum, one of the greats of the World, seeing the famous Naked Maja by Goya, as well as many by such other artists as Velasquez, El Greco, and other masters. However, the Museum was dirty and dusty, obviously needing better maintenance.

The next day we taxied to the airport and boarded an Air Iberia for a plane to Lisbon. We flew over range after range of mountains into the Capital of Portugal. From the Lisbon Airport, we taxied to the Ritz Hotel, a fabulous structure on top of a hill overlooking the whole city and the harbor and the Tagus River. Our hotel room was enormous, beautifully furnished with an all marble bath and a balcony with a fabulous view. Aha, we said, let's stay here forever.

We rented a car and drove to the Atlantic Ocean resort of Estoril. The Coast was rugged, but beautiful, and the town had many beautiful hotels and mansions. It was a favorite resort of European royalty.

Back in Lisbon, we took a long walk through the narrow streets of the old city, with buildings obviously centuries old. In the squares were old ladies selling flowers. Most of the women wore black dresses, and some looked askance at Bunny in a colorful jump suit! my mistress, I'll bet they thought. But she was, as always, very beautiful.

Having seen the City, we drove into the countryside into little villages where people were roasting chickens in the public squares surrounded by whitewashed homes and shops. The hills were covered with cork and olive trees making a beautiful scene. However, the people looked poor, unlike the people in Lisbon with its broad boulevards, palm trees, and fine shops and hotels and harbour.

We boarded a Belgian Sabena airlines plane to Casablanca from Lisbon. Soon we were over the blue Atlantic, and then the

Coast of Africa! We had started taking anti-malarial pills in Madrid because of the danger of this tropical disease. In Lisbon, we had called a doctor since we had both developed "Spanish tummy", a form of Montezumas revenge and were on anti-diarrhea medicine too.

We landed at Casablanca Airport, about 20 miles outside the City. It had been an American Air Base during the Korean War. The Air Force barracks and hangars were still in use by the Moroccan authorities.

Emerging from the small airport passenger terminal we engaged a taxi into Casablanca. Outside the airport we saw a camel! A man in flowing robes was plowing behind the camel! Suddenly we were back in biblical times. We found Casablanca and all of Morocco living on two levels. A small upper strata lived like 20th Century Europeans, the great mass of people lived like they did in the first century A.D. Christ would have felt at home in much of Morocco.

Casablanca itself turned out to be a small version of Paris with African overtones. All married women wore long caftans to the ground and their faces were veiled. Single women on the other hand wore mini skirts and rode motorcycles. Some contrast.

We drove along boulevards lined with fine buildings and shops, most with signs in both French and Arabic. As a former colony of France, the commercial and industrial language was French. A large French population still lives in Morocco, and our hotels in Casablanca and Marrakech were French-owned, staffed and operated.

Our hotel near the port was modern in all its facilities and services, but the decor was "Moroccan" with hassocks, brass and leather ornamentation like a palace from the Arabian nights. We sat in the lobby and were served drinks by boys in long robes. Outside on the streets little boys followed tourists begging for "dirhans", the Moroccan currency.

We went to the Hertz office in Casablanca near our hotel and rented a French Peugeot. We drove around Casablanca, out to the beaches on the Atlantic with its many resort hotels and villas.

We drove past housing projects with wash hanging from the balcony and goats feeding in the barren, garbage strewn grounds. In town, we parked and window shopped the fine, French-owned stores, with beautiful china, glassware, jewelry and other signs of affluence. Casablanca was the main shipping port for all of West Africa, and there were large marine insurance, ship chandler, and other offices to handle the business of the many freighters and tankers in the port.

After dinner at our hotel, we went shopping in a large bazaar where Bunny haggled with an open air vendor of caftans. She bought 3, at a price of about \$12 each; they were as fine as those selling for \$100 in the hotel lobby shop!

We decided to drive East to ~~Marrakech~~^{Marrakech}, a city about 125 miles from Casablanca on the edge of the Sahara and at the foot of the Atlas Mountains. We were to stay at the luxury hotel, the Mamounian, where President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Winston Churchill had stayed in World War II.

Our drive through the Moroccan country^{side} was over fine French-built roads lined with poplar trees. The farm houses were low buildings built like compounds out of mud and mortar. We saw men and women working in the fields in long robes. Or they followed the highway on donkeys, with the man riding, and the wife and children following behind on foot. Morocco, in fact all of Africa, is Man's country. Women literally take the back seat.

We arrived in ~~Marrakech~~^{Marrakech} in late afternoon and found our hotel on a wide palm-lined boulevard. The hotel was surrounded by a high wall. Once through the gate, you were in a subtropical oasis. The hotel was surrounded by palm trees, beautiful flowers, paths through the garden and in the center a huge swimming pool with its own island with palm trees on it. In the pool were flower blossoms and buffet tables were set up along the poolside for the guests.

We hurried into our swim suits and were soon escorted by the pool in chaises. We ate a late snack by the pool, and then turned in.

The next morning, like all our weather in Morocco was bright, warm and sunny, delightful October weather.

From the hotel windows, over the palms of the hotel oasis

we could see the Atlas Mountains stretching into the distance. On the other side was the Sahara for 2,000 miles of desert. We hired a young boy to be our guide and he showed us around the town, spoke amazingly good English, about 14 years old and bright as he could be.

We drove through palm and olive groves, through the town square and into the Casbah, or native quarter where people, donkeys, cars, were all mixed up together. At every stall or shop, people were hawkking baskets, food, leather or brass ornaments and dozens of other things. The street narrowed so I had to back the car up and turn onto a broader thoroughfare. But it was exciting, like a return to Biblical days.

In the evening we dined on an open air terrace, looked in on another dining room, where the guests sat on cushions around low tables eating lamb and other Moroccan delicacies. But we stuck to European foods because we were still recovering from Spanish tummy.

The next morning we got an early start and headed back to Casablanca. At the village of Ben Guerir, it was market day and, villagers and farmers and their families had come in with their camels and donkeys to trade and gossip, a real oriental bazaar with dust, noise and flies everywhere. I told Bunny I was going to leave her in Ben Guerir with one of the Sheiks; she said no thanks.

We arrived back in Casablanca in the early afternoon, stopping at another French owned hotel on the Boulevard of the Grande Armée; with windows overlooking most of the City. We ordered sandwiches and beer sent up to our room. Within an hour, it started.

We both got Spanish tummy again, only this time it was much worse, very severe diarrhea that dehydrated both of us. Fortunately, we had a modern bathroom and twin beds. But it was often a fight to get to the toilet which we both needed.

By late evening, Bunny was so ill I became alarmed, called the hotel concierge and told him we needed a doctor. About 11 p.m., a knock on the door came and there, in a flower covered sport shirt was a middle aged man who said, in French, he was Dr. Casanova. I pulled out all stops on my college French and explained our joint problem which he grasped. He gave Bunny a shot and ordered medicine for both of us. The concierge sent a

boy to an all night pharmacy with a prescription written in Arabic! But we took it and settled in for a rest. This was Saturday and we were scheduled to leave Morocco on Monday on Air Alg  re for Algeria and on to Egypt.

I knew that neither of us were in shape to go anywhere. So I walked to the Pan American Airways office near our hotel and asked them to cancel our reservations, leaving our departure time open. A bright young English speaking girl did all these things for us with a smile.

We stayed in our hotel room Saturday and Sunday just resting and living on meals of rice, peas and mashed potatoes, and drinking only bottled water, and taking our medicine. By Monday the worst was over, and on Tuesday we ventured out for a drive to Rabat, the capital of Morocco, a distance of about 75 miles. We found Rabat beautiful with gorgeous white marble and granite government buildings from the days of the French occupation, lots of flowers, palm trees and yet, overall an African, Arabic flavor that gave the place charm. We took a coastal road back to Casablanca and saw many resort hotels under construction for Europeans attracted by the warm, dry, climate and good swimming.

On Wednesday, we were ready to leave for Egypt.

As noted earlier, we were scheduled to fly on Air Alg  re to Algiers, then on to Cairo. However, the Pan Am office in Casablanca said Air Alg  re was not the best of airlines, conditions in Algiers were not too safe for Americans and Europeans. So they routed us on an Alitalia (Italian airline) flight to Rome to connect with another Alitalia flight to Athens and then Cairo.

We arrived early at the Casablanca Airport, checked our bags through, then sat down to wait. However, I didn't hear our plane being announced in Arabic and French. Suddenly I saw a red light on the board saying our plane was about to leave.

So we jumped up and ran to the exit to find the bus carrying passengers out to the plane parked half a mile away on the runway. So we started to run across the field, arriving at plane side breathless and exhausted. So much for my French!

We flew over the Sahara desert, over barren mountains of Algeria, over winding roads built by the French and many villages constructed of white or gray stucco, all buildings clustered closely together. Then we turned out over the Mediterranean, across Sardinia to Rome Airport.

We spent about three hours in the modern airport there, and welcomed the chance to rest, eat and freshen up. Then we boarded an Alitalia 727 for Athens and Cairo. Our plane crossed the Apennines and then we were over the Adriatic following the coast of Yugoslavia and Albania. The terrain was mountainous right down to the water, and with the coming of the dark, lights from mountain villages winked at us. Then, again over water, islands and into Athens Airport.

We were ordered off the plane, which was searched by authorities as were all planes going to Egypt at this time just before the Israel, Egyptian War of 1973. Our flight from Athens to Cairo was relatively short, and then we were at the airport. Coming in we flew up the Nile and over the city whose lights stretched endlessly, we hadn't realized Cairo was a city of 5 million people.

The airport was bedlam, Bunny sat waiting for our luggage to be taken off the plane while I went to passport control and the exchange booth to buy Egyptian pounds with my leftover Moroccan and Italian money. Peasants carrying or dragging huge bundles filled the room. Long yellow strings were attached to these bundles which dragged the floor, to ward off evil spirits! The noise level was terrible.

After finally getting our luggage together, we went out to the taxi entrance. Five Egyptians descended on us screaming and shouting for our business. We hardly had time to open our mouths before they started shouting and screaming at each other. Finally one man detached himself from the mob, drove up in a car, grabbed our bags and said get in. So we did, and were off for the long ride into Cairo through darkened streets, finally arriving at our hotel, Shep^hards, at about midnight. What a day, four countries covered and about 3,000 miles of flying. We were exhausted. And dry! The Egyptian Air was desert, dry and our lips were soon parched. So we ordered mineral water sent up to our room as soon as we settled in. Our room had a balcony overlooking the broad Nile which flowed just below us, boats were tied up along the bank under our balcony.

The room service was carried out by two men wearing long caftans

and slippers. I overtipped them because of fatigue and lack of familiarity with the currency, but at least it set a good mood for our stay.

After sleeping the exhausted sleep of the very weary, we woke up to find the sun shining through the French doors leading to the balcony. A haze covered the river and practically blotted out the other shore. I stood on the balcony while Bunny washed up. Suddenly the haze parted and I saw something very familiar. I shouted for her to come on the balcony and, see the Pyramids. The three great triangles arose out of the morning mist on the far shore. It was the realization of a long dream. We stood there silent and watching in awe as the sun burned ~~away~~^{away} the Nile mist to a sight over 3,000 years old.

On the river the triangular sails of feluccas were passing by. In the Nile was a large island almost across from us with tall buildings and palm trees, the setting for the Sheraton Hotel and some government buildings.

When we went down for breakfast, it was apparent that Egyptians ran our hotel, not the French owners. It was a new hotel replacing the original British Shepherds that Nasser had burned down in the British - Egyptian fight over the Suez Canal in 1956. It had beautiful high ceilings and parquet floors, and a luminous lobby. But we were afraid of Arab cooking. So, we walked along the Nile for two blocks to the imposing Nile Hilton which had a fine coffee shop. (Our hotel had only a slow moving main dining room.) So we had an American-British breakfast at the coffee shop. The food was good, service clean with girl waitresses instead of Arabs in not too clean robes, so we ate all our meals in Cairo at the Hilton rather than our own hotel.

Returning to our hotel, I inquired about the possibility of a guide for a tour of the city and the Pyramids. They nodded and an Egyptian in European dress came across the lobby. We went over and sat down, he spoke good English, said his name was Hassan. He offered to show me the sights of Cairo for \$20, including taxi. A colleague drove the cab which we would have exclusive use of for the day, he said.

I said fine, and a few minutes later we started our tour. We crossed the Nile bridge and drove through suburbs out to the Pyramids. As we approached, we could see how large they were, and how they sat on the edge of a sand desert with no vegetation. Near the pyramids was a small group of camels. Hassan said we should take a ride. So, we donned robes to look like real desert warriors, and each of us mounted a camel. There was a camel boy (man) for each camel. They made them kneel down so we could get in our saddles. Then we rocked back as the camels front legs rose, then pitched forward as they leveled off. Each camel leader started off and soon Bunny and I were several hundred feet apart. We started out toward the desert, moving slowly and very comfortably along. The camels padded feet guaranteed a smooth and quite level ride. It was great.

Bunny's driver called her Mother! He said he would greatly appreciate a little money, and she said I was mean and gave her no money! What an idea. After about a 5 - 10 minute ride we turned back to Hassan waiting for us with my camera. He took pictures of us both on our camels with the pyramids as background.

Near the pyramids were the mud houses of a small village. While we were standing looking at the pyramids we saw a procession on foot, on donkeys and on bicycles coming down the road. Several carts were piled high with luggage and furniture. Hassan said it was a wedding procession, with the bride moving with her furniture into the grooms house. What fun!

A short ride took us to the base of the Sphinx, the great head on a lion's body. It was huge but still overshadowed by the pyramids. Also, we visited the ruins of a temple over 5,000 years old where the Pharaoh's remains had rested before being taken for burial in the pyramid. The stones were alabaster-huge blocks weighing tons that had been floated down the Nile from quarries and then hauled ashore to be at the foot of the pyramids. We took ~~pic~~ pictures of ourselves and Hassan in one of the oldest religious structures in the world.

After declining a chance to go into the pyramids, we drove back to Cairo city center where Hassan took us to a little gift shop. The proprietor invited us to sit down and drink some tea out of glasses, then brought out perfumes and ornaments for us to see.

Bunny bought some perfume and I purchased some inlaid boxes. Thus satisfied, our storekeeper with profuse thanks escorted us to our car where we headed back to our hotel to rest and then walk to the Hilton for dinner.

After dinner Hassan and his driver picked us up again and drove us through the busy streets of Cairo, jammed with people, carts, donkeys, cars, buses crammed to the gills, and lots of dust and noise.

As it was still daylight (we had an early dinner) Hassan took us up the heights on the west bank of the Nile to a great Moslem mosque overlooking the city. We left our shoes at the door of the mosque (we were Christians, hence infidels), donned slippers provided by the doorkeeper and went into the great cathedral like structure. Under its huge dome was a very large oriental rug where the faithful sat while listening to the priest talk from a high pulpit. However, beautiful though it was, the mosque was dusty and dirty, needed a good housecleaning Bunny said. However, all of Cairo is dusty and dirty from the sand laden winds and blowing off the desert.

We stood with Hassan for a moment on the parapet of the mosque watching the sun set over the city. We could see the top of the pyramids gleaming in the sunlight while the shadows hid their bases. In Cairo City we saw the spires of the many mosques from which the faithful were summoned by criers to prayer.

As we watched lights came on along the boulevards and streets and on the bridges crossing the Nile. Behind us were the ramparts where Napoleon had placed his cannon while holding the City. A pedlar came up to us and sold us a small alabaster head of Nefertiti, the ancient Pharaoh's wife, beautiful to see. It's on Bunny's desk now.

From the mosque we drove through the city of the Dead, a huge cemetery to a native quarter with narrow dark winding streets. Our car stopped and we started walking down dark unlighted streets whose shops were shuttered and no light came from the house windows — a spooky place. We came to a small building where Hassan pounded on a large locked door. No one answered. He said it was one of the oldest synagogues in the world, dating from about 400 A.D. When no one answered, he crossed the street and knocked on a door where a man answered and emerged. It was the "sexton" of the

synagogue.

For a small fee, he agreed to show us inside, unlocked the padlocked door and turned on the lights. (Remember, in 1972 Israel and Egypt were enemies about to go to war, Jews were keeping a low profile, hence, the synagogue locks and the absence of outside lights and signs.) Inside we saw the altar and scrolls on goatskin that contained old testament writings. These scrolls were said to be over 1,000 years old, the dry Egyptian climate allowed their preservation as there was no mold or fungus.

From the synagogue, we walked through dark and now deserted streets to a Coptic Christian Church. (Coptics are the third branch of Christianity, Catholics and Greek Orthodox make up one branch, Protestants another, and Coptic Christians in Africa (Ethiopia principally) the third branch. They split off from Catholics about 300 - 400 A.D.)

The church supposedly was built on the spot where Mary and Joseph and the infant Jesus lived during the flight from Egypt. It was a small church but had very old and very beautiful murals of the last supper. A step led to a basement which became flooded when the Nile rose during the Central African rainy season.

Finally Hassan took us back to our hotel. He wanted to take us to the Cairo Museum of Egyptian antiquities the next day but we declined. Instead, we settled for his car and driver taking us to the airport the next afternoon. Hassan asked if I could pay him in dollars. Egypt badly lacked hard exchange, so dollars were at a premium on the black market. However, payment in dollars was strictly forbidden. Only hotels and airlines could be paid in dollars.

I compromised by giving him two American Express travelers checks signed by me but with the recipient not spelled out, wrapped in several Egyptian pound notes. He was very happy and said I had really paid him 3 times as much as the nominal amount!

The next day we walked two blocks from our hotel to the Cairo Museum, a huge block, square structure containing fine examples taken from the tombs of the Pharaohs of ancient Egypt. The amount of mummies, statues, tomb furniture and jewelry was astounding. However, it was badly organized and the museum like the Prado in

Madrid needed a "cleaning" very badly. ^{Nevertheless} However, it was an impressive collection far outnumbering the Egyptian collections of any museum in Europe or the United States.

Almost by chance we saw a piece of the Rosetta Stone, the other half was in England. This stone, a mile marker on the Nile contained inscriptions in three languages, Greek, Latin and ~~the~~ Egyptian *hieroglyphics*. *This was the* key to translating the Egyptian language which had eluded prior periods. So now, most inscriptions on Egyptian tombs are translated with relative ease. But ^{this} piece of stone was set in a little alcove of the museum with relatively little attention, surrounded by other less important finds.

After lunch it was time to check out of our hotel and go to the airport. This was a story in and of itself. When we first arrived in Cairo, I had gone to the airline office of Air Egypt in the Hilton Hotel to verify our reservations. They had been made by our travel agency in Detroit. However, the girl at the Hilton said there was no such direct flight from Cairo to Nairobi Kenya as provided on our ticket. So she arranged for us to be put on an Air Egypt flight to Dar Es Salaam in Tanzania, with a further flight inland to Nairobi, Kenya. This flight was scheduled to leave Cairo at 5 P.M., arriving in Dar Es Salaam six hours later at 1 A.M. and at Nairobi at 3 A.M.!! Since it was our only alternative, all European flights to Nairobi at this time of year ~~by~~ passed Cairo, we accepted the change.

Hassan had arranged for his driver and car to pick us up at the hotel at 1 p.m., even though our flight did not leave until 5 p.m. (The hotel check out was 1 p.m.) I went down and settled my account and our bags were taken to the lobby. There a tall Arab in long robes grabbed my arm and insisted on taking me to the cashier, to be sure I wasn't skipping out. My receipt was not enough, he had to be assured that I was not a dead beat. This little bit of Egyptian hospitality did not please me. But then, we had been warned that European and American tourists in Cairo in the Fall of 1972 were looked upon as Israeli spies. Also, we had been warned not to speak to strangers on the street and to walk quickly to and fro from the Hilton to our hotel, cautions we had carefully observed.

At the airport we gave a good tip to our driver who had done a good job for us both days. Inside, we had to go through

customs men ^{who} gave Bunny's good blonde looks the well known "eye", and let us through without opening our bags or verifying our money declarations. (In countries like Egypt with inconvertible currencies, recording funds is required both on entering and leaving the country.)

At this point, I will digress to say that all Arab men seemed to like good looking European and American women even though requiring their own women to be covered up. (In Egypt, women were freer than in Morocco in that they did not wear veils.) They are also very bold about their interest, staring and if possible touching these women.

In Morocco, at the Mamoumian Hotel in Marrakech, while standing in a corridor with a good view of the Atlas Mountains, an Arab servant pointing out the view to us, slipped his arm around Bunny's waist while I was using my field glasses. Horrified, she said nothing, and when I turned around to talk to her, the Arab had released her and excused himself! I only learned of this after we got to our room! Similarly, the officials in Cairo and Casablanca had stared, smirked and undoubtedly made remarks in Arabic about poor Bunny. Short of creating a riot, something you avoid in a foreign country, there was little I could do about the Arab male's rudeness. But American women be warned, you'll get stared at, pinched or embraced if you aren't careful in Arab countries!

Back to Cairo, we had a long hot wait in the Airport exit lounge. A tall Egyptian in robes, fez and slippers kept pushing a tea cart around for drinks, but our Casablanca experience had taught us to drink only French "vichy" water in bottles, not even cocoa cola or pepsi cola made locally. So we were both thirsty, hot and hungry when 5 o'clock came.

As we left for the plane gate, we were searched, I cursory, Bunny thoroughly at separate male-female exits. They were afraid of Israeli "terrorists", they said. Even little girls were searched before being allowed on the plane.

We were taken by bus out to a Boeing 727 of Air Egyptienne where we boarded a half empty plane for the long six hour flight to Dar Es Salaam on the Indian Ocean south of the Equator, a

journey of nearly 4,000 miles, or further than from New York to London. To my surprise, we took off on time and, as in all of Africa, day turned quickly into night (there is virtually no twilight near the Equator.) So there was little to see except the tropical African night with myriads of stars.

We traveled six miles up at over 600 miles per hour, across lower Egypt, the Sudan, Ethiopia, Kenya, and then finally into Tanzania, the old German colony of Tanzanyika. At about 1 a.m. we began descending into Dar Es Salaam. Our fellow passengers were largely Hindus and Pakistanis, the merchant class of East Africa. We did meet an American, a supervisor of 7th Day Adventist missionaries on his way to Madagascar to help the failing morale of the church missions there.

Everyone but ourselves left the plane at Dar Es Salaam, we had to get out of our seats for a cleaning crew that came on board. However, we were not allowed to leave the plane, so stood on the ramp steps and looked out over the "tarmac" at the African night around us. It was very hot and humid, we were at sea level, only a mile from the Indian Ocean we had seen as our plane descended.

For a time we thought we might have the 727 to ourselves on the 1000 mile flight northwest to Nairobi. However, soon a crowd of Hindus appeared with women and girls in Saris (the Indian costume), and half full, we flew on to Nairobi arriving at 3 a.m. There, we were the only people leaving, the balance of the plane load going on to Kampala, the capital of Uganda on the shores of Lake Victoria. (This was only a month before the uprising which brought the notorious Idi Amin to power and the resulting driving out of all Hindus from Uganda, along with all whites.)

A large bus drove across the tarmac to the plane and we climbed aboard with our luggage and were driven to the airport building, a one story structure barely visible in the overall blackness. In the airport were a few customs officials. After clearing customs and passport, we saw a large black man in Western dress carrying a sign, Gordon Party. Our driver had waited patiently for us.

He introduced himself as Abdullah and he said he would be our driver for the next week on our camera safari through Kenya and

Tanzania. Abdullah spoke good English, Arabic, German, and 6 or 7 native dialects. He was invaluable! Always cheerful, not too talkative but always a good sport and a fine driver of the large Ford Sedan he had. We had arranged for his services through an East African safari company.

Abdullah had been driver and companion to the Aga Khan's sons when they were little, hence, he had acquired a veneer of Western civilization that helped us immensely. Also, he had taken many parties like ourselves on independent tours of the game parks and reservations of East Africa.

We drove 10 miles over very dark roads through the African countryside into a dark and deserted Nairobi, a city of about 100-150,000 people. We had thought we would be staying at the Hotel Stanley, but he said our reservation had been changed to the Hilton, a 10 story edifice in the center of town. We didn't argue, he seemed to know what he was doing.

When we pulled up at the dark entrance to the hotel, we saw that the doors were chained shut and locked with huge padlocks! After knocking, a figure emerged and unlocked the door, admitted us and then locked the door again.

We told Abdullah to pick us up the next afternoon for a tour of Nairobi, we needed a morning to sleep and rest and eat!

In the lobby were several soldiers with rifles and huge clubs, lounging on the lobby chairs, our protectors, but they looked vicious! So we locked the door of our room and tumbled wearily into bed.

The next morning, I awoke and found Bunny still in a ^{deep} dugged sleep. I looked out the window and saw our hotel overlooked a small park full of jacaranda trees in blossom with purplish blossoms, a beautiful sight. I dressed, left her a note, and descended to the street. I walked several blocks through the busy streets and loved every minute.

Nairobi had been a British town and its shops carried British goods and those from India, Pakistan and the Far East. The street crowds were a blend of Europeans, Hindus, blacks, and mixed bloods.

The town looked very modern, with lovely parks and lots of flowers. The air was brisk, the temperature a comfortable 70 degrees

in mid October, and the sun very bright as we were near the Equator. Nairobi, I love you, I said, It was an exciting place. There was a frontier flavor as no other city was within hundreds of miles from it.

Upon returning to the hotel, I found Bunny up and dressed and waiting. Both hungry, we went down to the hotel dining room for a British breakfast. Did we eat!

In the afternoon Abdullah took us for a tour of the city and its very posh European suburbs with beautiful English style houses, gardens that looked more like England than Africa. I said, we could sure enjoy living here with cheap servants and a wonderful year round climate. The altitude of about 5,000' above sea level saved us from the fact we were at the Equator and its tropical heat. But flowers and vegetation thrived in this climate.

The next morning we began our camera safari which took us nearly 3,000 miles by car to some of the principal wild life areas of East Africa, to the Aberdare Forest in North Kenya, and to another game park a few miles from Lake Victoria, south to the Serengeti Plain and the N'gorongoro Crater, then to Amboseli and Mt. Kilimanjaro, the snow capped highest peak in Africa.

We followed roads, left roads, slept in game lodges, tent villages, hotels, picniced overlooking the great African rift, and at the diggings where Dr. Leakey found the bones of human ancestors over 3 1/2 million years old.

We saw lion, cheetah, leopard, rhino (white and black), wild elephant, giraffes, ostrich, wildebeest, zebra, hippopotamus, Thompson gazelles, impala, hartebeest, ~~snailies~~, cape buffalo, wart hogs, monkeys, baboons, every variety of African wildlife. We crossed plains covered with wildebeest, zebra, lions, maribou storks, We were in jungle, spent a night in a treetop lodge watching a waterhole where elephant, rhino, ¹cape buffalo grunted and shoved beneath us. We walked a jungle trail and saw the freshly killed remains of antelope.

We watched native dancers doing wild ritualistic dances on the lawn of a game lodge at the foot of 19,000 feet high Mt. Kenya, the home of the Mau Mau killers of the 1950's. We sat before a log fire in a game lodge to keep off the chill of a night in the African highlands, huddled on cots in a tent while a herd of dangerous ¹cape buffalo slept a few yards away, and heard the screams of a lioness bothered by the herd.

We sat by a log fire under the stars of an African night and sipped whiskey brought by African boys in shorts and wearing turbans. We woke in the morning in our tent to find the natives brewing black tea for us outside our tent.

We drove mile after mile watching Africa pass before our eyes, from the great English estates in the fertile highlands of Northern Kenya, across the endless game dotted green plains of the Serengeti; I hired a British landrover with game spotter and driver and went down into Ngorongoro Crater, a great dead volcano, to the greatest collection of wild game in the world plus a yellow-fever infested forest and the mud huts of Masaii tribesmen. I watched while my guide placed sugar on a rock and a few minutes later saw a Masaii warrior clad only in leopard skin and carrying a long shield and spear come to get it.

My guide spoke to the warrior who smiled his thanks, came over to the car and shook my hand. I posed for my picture with my guide with hippos splashing in the lake behind us.

I watched thousands of flamingos eating along the shore of the lake in the Crater. I saw a black rhino guarding her baby feeding by a stream feeding the lake. I listened to tales of the crater by my guide, a former Masaii warrior who had left the tribe to take up western ways.

I held on for dear life as our landrover lurched over rough trails that passed for roads, rutted by the feet of thousands of wildebeest, zebra and elephant. In the afternoon, Bunny and I stood by the 20' high windows of the government owned lodge perched on the edge of the crater, and watched large birds soar and dive on the wind drafts from the bottom of the crater. At night after eating in the dining hall, we watched the fires burning in the Masaii Villages below, while overhead a million stars filled the black African sky.

We listened to Abdullah talking to natives in half a dozen dialects. Saw him bargain for a whole "bunch" of bananas for \$1 at a native market.

We drove into Arusha at the foot of Mt. Kilimanjaro, the head quarters for many big game safaris in the old days. ^{Arusha} ~~Arusha~~, a town of perhaps 5,000, had one hotel in the city center surrounded by beautiful gardens, flowering jacaranda trees in

full bloom and lawn chairs. We sat down to dinner in a beautiful large dining room with white linen tablecloths, a large buffet table, and plenty of Vichy water, coffee and tea to drink.

The East African game lodges range from simple tent villages with a bucket for a toilet and cots for beds, to the beautiful game lodge at Mt. Kenya where we dressed for dinner, I in tuxedo and Bunny in a long dress, with a small American flag placed on our table by the host.

Our best quarters were at the Mt. Kenya lodge, ^{where} we had a large living-bedroom with fireplace, the walls decorated with Spears and shields, a huge bathroom and a large dressing room.

Memories come flooding back of highlights of our safari, for example driving through the Great Rift Valley, a valley that runs from Egypt to Capetown and is miles wide. We drove for miles through ~~barren~~ country, no villages, no telephone poles, no game, except ostriches, dry, frightening landscapes. Suddenly we stopped for a flat tire. Bunny stood watch for wild animals while Abdullah and I worked on the car. We had to hurry as it was late afternoon and we had to reach our camp before dark, the roads are not open after 7 p.m., too dangerous. If a party does not clear a check point by curfew, then a police vehicle goes looking for them.

Then there were picnics, once in a park overlooking the Great Rift Valley, we ate a lunch of hard boiled eggs, tea and sandwiches prepared for us at the game lodge. Abdullah tactfully sat apart at another picnic table so we could talk in private. Moreover, he always kept ~~a~~ respectful arms, length relationship, never familiar which made our safari easy without strain. His sense of time was interesting, we would arrive at "about tea time", a vague period anywhere between 3 p.m. and 6 p.m., never more precise.

Then, there was the morning when Abdullah obtained a game pointer at the lodge and the three of us set out across country, off the road, to find game for viewing and picture taking. We had great luck, soon saw lions crouched eating a waterbuck they had recently killed, while flocks of ~~mapou~~ storks (the vultures of Africa) stood by waiting for a turn at the carcass. Then we drove by a Cheetah with her cubs, they loped away, almost invisible against the Savannah.

By accident we stumbled on a pride of lions in bushes near a stream; luckily our car did not stall, a dozen lions were all around us. Fortunately the gasoline smell of the car blocked out our human smell so they didn't bother us, but to be in the middle of a pack "pride" of lions in the wild is a mite scary. We often saw big males sitting alone on the veldt while their females were hunting ^{or} overlooking after the cubs.

Up in a thorn tree we saw a leopard with his kill dangling from a branch. Leopards use the trees as refrigerators and hiding places for their meals. Unlike lions, they are usually alone, or in pairs, not in packs.

We drove into a pack of hyenas munching on bones, they are ugly, even as cubs, with a slouching walk that resembles a "skulk", and there were wild dogs with big ears. And finally, we saw giraffes feeding from the tops of thorn trees, and a pack of mean looking baboons, with vicious huge yellow teeth.

It was a glorious morning, and our game spotter did a great job which I rewarded him well for. He said the trick is to look for trees along a stream, that is where the game will be found.

We encountered other tourist parties in some places, traveling in Volkswagen buses carrying 8-10 passengers and a tour guide. However, they usually stuck to the main roads and many tourists never saw any lion, cheetah, elephants or other big game despite their long trip. By tracking alone, by going cross country off the roads, and by visiting the more remote parks, and by hiring game spotters, we and I saw more than most.

In South Kenya at the "Olduvai Gorge", a deep valley cut by a stream, we saw the diggings of Dr. Leakey and his wife, anthropologists for the National Geographic Magazine. We did not go down into the gorge but sat in a little picnic pavilion on the rim from which we could see where excavations had been made. (No work was going on at the time.) After our picnic lunch, I entered a small hut nearby and found it a miniature museum with bones and copies of bones found at the diggings. There was evidence of pre-humans back about 3 1/2 million years A.D. I left the key to the hut on the hook where I found it, how informal! We were the only people around except for two Masai girls with bare breasts, lots of wire around their necks and arms and legs who came up and wanted some of Bunny's gold jewelry. They were

especially attracted by the Phi Beta Kappa key on a gold chain around her neck! No sale!

I wanted my picture with the girls but Bunny said no, Abdullah would be embarrassed!

At Amboseli Game Park, we were at the foot of Mt. Kilimanjaro. We had modern cottages built around a central dining hall and lounge. But 10 feet from our cottage were warning signs about the dangers of going out at night with stiff fines for venturing more than 20' from your hut. And they meant it. The night before our arrival, an elephant had kept those in the cottages from returning to them from the dining hall!

Off the main lodge was a terrace from which could be viewed mighty Kilimanjaro, the volcano rising to over 20,000 feet out of the African plain. The top was white with snow and ice fields. As we watched the setting suns rays turned the snow into pink then purple mantles on the mountain whose flanks were solid jungle.

Inside the lodge there was a great stone fireplace. We sat in front of a crackling fire, drinking whiskey and soda, and were glad we had come to Africa. After dinner, we started back toward our hut. Suddenly Bunny halted, she had almost run into a thorn tree with huge spikes 2 " long, could have put her eyes out. Luckily she stopped in time.

We finally started back for Nairobi on the road from ~~Ay~~sha, drove through many villages and finally reached the Hilton and went exhausted but happy to bed. The next day we paid off Abdullah, gave him a very generous tip and were sad, as he also seemed to be, to see him go. That night we took a taxi to the airport and boarded the plane to London. At the gate, they said we had overweight luggage, cost me nearly \$50 to get past the barrier. The official had a huge club lying beside him so I didn't quarrel. At 1:30 A.M. we took off, leaving behind indelible memories.

One I have not related concerns our crossing into Tanzania near Lake Victoria. Our travel agency said no visas were necessary. At the border, on a country road in wilderness country were several thatched huts and several ugly looking soldiers. I was ordered out of the car and told to go into one of the huts. Sitting behind a desk was a formidable black man who asked curtly why we had no papers. I showed him our passports and

said I was unaware of the necessity for a visa. He said I was wrong, and would have to pay both a fine and fee. At this point, it seemed unwise to argue, so I paid, he stamped our passports and I was allowed to go back to the car. Bunny was sitting in the car looking frightened. While Abdullah and I had gone to the customs office, one of the black soldiers had tried to get into the car with her. She had managed to keep him out by pretending not to understand. The soldier was still standing there sullenly when we got back, Abdullah addressed him in his dialect and he finally left and we drove away. Moral, no European or American woman should ever ever travel alone in Africa.

Once airborne out of Nairobi we fell into exhausted sleep. Our British Airways plane was coming into Cairo Airport when we awoke, it was another beautiful morning. After refueling, we took off, bade farewell again to Cairo and the pyramids, followed the Nile down to the Delta then out over the Mediterranean, up over the boot of Italy, across the snow capped Alps, then over France and into Heathrow Airport, London. A journey of about 6,000 miles, nearly 12 hours in the air.

We spent two days resting up at our favorite airport hotel, the Ariel, where we have stopped since then several more times. It was a small but excellent hotel with friendly staff, good dining room and only 5 minutes to Heathrow. We loved it.

Finally we boarded our British Airways plane to Detroit, cleared customs at Boston, and were home, a marvelous trip. Andrea and Byron were fine, the house was fine, no disasters greeted us, and the next day General Motors reasserted its claim on my time and energy. But we were glad, as always, to have a home to come home to.

CHAPTER XV

THE YEARS 1972-1982

We had always wanted an opportunity to see Florida. At Christmas time in 1970 and 1971, we had gone to North Palm Beach on Singer Island to a motel on the beach. General Motors had made cars available to us so we flew to Florida for these trips.

Early in 1972, I decided that some Florida real estate might be nice to own. So I took a day off and flew to Ft. Lauderdale where I looked at several apartment buildings for sale. However, all were too high priced to give a satisfactory return on investment from rents. So I did not act.

Later, Bunny and I flew down together to see an apartment house for sale in Pompano Beach, a resort community on the coast north of Ft. Lauderdale but south of Boca Raton and Palm Beach. We did not like the apartment house. However, the owner said he had a small 3 apt. building near the beach he wanted us to see. It was a one story house with patio and roof deck in view of the ocean and just off A-1-A, the coastal highway, only 300' from the beach. Somewhat undecided, we drove over to see it and fell in love with this building which had a beautiful coconut palm in front and a variety of palm trees in back, with a large covered patio. On one side was a lovely small home with beautiful tropical plantings, on the other a smaller home nicely kept. Across the street was a well built modern motel. From the roof deck, you could see the ocean.

To make a long story short, we bought the place and named it Gull Cottage. Then Bunny and I set out to furnish it. We visited every furniture store between Palm Beach and Ft. Lauderdale. When finished, we had a very charming 3 apartments, a small efficiency fronting on the street, a large apartment in the center with living-dining room, kitchen and bedroom and full bath. A third efficiency was located at the rear.

Gull Cottage became the center of our vacation activity in 1973. We had Bunny's sister and her husband over to visit from Naples. Andrea came down and spent time there with Bunny while I slaved away in Detroit. In early 1974 Byron got a job with the Pompano Beach branch of his finance company and moved in, staying for 6 months, before going back up north to start a new career.

We loved our Gull Cottage, walks to the beach with beach chairs, swimming in ocean waters heated by a Gulf Stream which came nearly on shore at Pompano. We loved the restaurants, shopping centers and friendliness of Pompano. Byron and I went deep sea fishing on a chartered cabin cruiser and caught 11 dolphin (fish) weighing over 100 pounds total in one morning off the Coast.

But then, in the fall of 1974, the house next door facing A-1-A was sold to condominium builders who started to build a 10 story building next to us with the swimming pool practically on the doorstep. And the lovely couple, the Schmidt's, next door on the other side moved into a larger home a mile away. So our neighbors were gone, Byron was gone, a condominium blocked our air and view. Moreover we found it harder and harder to get satisfactory rentals for the time we were not there. And the taxes suddenly doubled. So late in 1974 we decided to sell it and early in 1975 sold it to a speculator. Gull Cottage lay in our past, but a fun filled past. We took some of the furniture back with us and incorporated it into our Lake Park home.

In the meantime we had also invested in a condominium project in Spain on the Costa Del Sol near Malaga, *Torremolinos*, a ~~the~~ principal European vacation spot. Between Malaga and Gibraltar, along the sunny Mediterranean beaches, the 1960's and 1970's had seen an explosive growth of hotels and apartments catering to tourists and sun worshipers from around the world.

An organization called "Sofico" had built thousands of apartments in projects up and down the Coast using funds from investors who leased the apartments back to Sofico which rented them out on a daily or weekly basis to tourists. A return of 12 percent after taxes was "guaranteed" by Sofico.

I was attracted by the return and looking for a tax sheltered real estate investment. So I purchased an apartment in a new building under construction in a large resort complex on the outskirts of **Torremolinos** the largest resort town. We decided in the early fall of 1974 to go over and look at our apartment under construction. We, under the agreement, were to have the use of the apartment for 2 weeks, ~~one~~ one month each year. How nice, we said.

So early in October 1974, we set sail on the Queen Elizabeth II from New York to Cherbourg, France, on our way to Spain. We splurged on a suite with a private deck on the top of the World's largest liner. We had a large bathroom, living-bedroom, huge closet and a private deck, about 20' long looking over lifeboats down below out over the sea.

We dined in the Queen's ~~Gall~~, the 1st class dining room. It was just a walk down one short flight of stairs from our suite.

The voyage was easy, weather brisk but clear and the ocean smooth. We took tea in the main lounge in the afternoon, dressed for cocktails and dinner, then danced away the evening or watched the floor show.

I spent hours in a deck chair on my private deck. Bunny thought it too cold but looked out, not a porthole, but the very large glass windows of our suite, over the rolling blue sea. After the first day we saw few ships.

The food and service were good, but not up to the standards of the France. The water in the ship pool was too cold for comfort whereas the pool on the France was sheer luxury. Also, many of the crew were rude and surly, practically rebellious, as though too far from home for too long. The crew on the France had bent over double to be obliging. Perhaps the difference between Englishmen and Frenchmen.

We arrived off the Coast of France in fog and rain which delayed our arrival at the Cherbourg dock until 9 p.m. We went through customs, claimed our rented car on the dock, and drove two blocks in a pouring rain to the hotel we had providentially made reservations at.

When we awoke in the morning, the sun was shining, we could look out and see sea gulls flying over the harbor of a calm sea. A maid brought us a continental breakfast which we ate in our room. By 9 a.m. we were driving through the streets of Cherbourg toward Paris.

Our first objective, however, ^{was} ~~were~~ the Normandy beaches where American troops had landed on the D-day invasion of June 6, 1944 in World War II. We drove down to Omaha Beach where there was virtually no sign that a war had taken place there 30 years earlier.

The sea was empty of ships, the beach sands contained no land or rubble of the battle and on the bluff above the beach, there were only undamaged summer homes.

However, after turning inland a short distance we came to the entrance to the American Cemetery where the bodies of American Soldiers and Sailors killed during the invasion and subsequent fighting lay. It was a beautiful place on a bluff overlooking the Channel. Rows and rows of white marble crosses marked the beautifully manicured lawns. At one end was a huge statue and pool in honor of the dead. As we were all alone that morning, it made an even more deep impression on us. We both remembered D-Day so well, Bunny had graduated from college on that day and all the church bells were ringing and most churches held prayer services for the boys in the battle.

The nearest cross we came to marked the body of a corporal from Michigan. This hit us very hard.

We drove on through Normandy, passing through the village where the first American paratroops had landed on the night of June 5 before dawn. Then through the hedgerow lined roads and apple orchards of Normandy, still green and beautiful. It was lovely countryside. Bunny's ancestors had come from Normandy, and many of the older men had facial and bone structures that reminded her of her father.

On the horizon we could see the "flak towers" built by the Germans during the War to discourage British and American fliers from bombing and strafing attacks. They were gray concrete structures about 100 feet high with gun ports for machine guns out of the round room on the top. The towers had been put to use as radio towers in some cases by the French.

We arrived in Paris in the afternoon and checked in at the Hotel Intercontinental, across the street from the Meurice where we had stayed on our African trip in 1972.

We took a day of rest and did a little sightseeing, went to the Folie Bergere and saw a lot of beautiful and nearly naked young girls doing incredible dances. Fun!

We drove out to Orly Airport early one morning to fly to Malaga, Spain. We were the only 1st class passengers on the twin engine French Caravelle jet, had 2 stewardesses and a beautiful lunch with champagne. We flew over the Pyrenees and then range

after range of mountains in Spain until suddenly there was the blue Mediterranean, and we were descending into the Malaga Airport.

A funny thing happened at the airport in Malaga. The customs official opened Bunny's suitcase, and slammed it shut. She had placed sanitary pads on the top layer! We learned how to stop customs inspections. . . .

Sofico, since our apartment building was under construction, made available to us an apartment in another building right on the beach in **Torremolinos**. We had rented a French Renault at the airport and followed the broad coastal boulevard into **Torremolinos**, bustling with tall new apartment towers, tourist arcades, and crowds of people. But our hotel, the El Remo, was on a quiet side street and fronted right on a long sandy beach stretching for a mile, bordered with beautiful 2 story attached villas and a broad "board walk".

Our apartment was magnificent, and virtually free of charge for 2 weeks. It had a huge 40-50' two story living room with a raised area at one end serving as a dining alcove. Looking down on the living room was a balconied bedroom. Facing the beach and the blue sea were windows from floor to ceiling two stories high so we could see from our bed in the balconied bedroom out over the sea. There was a full bath upstairs off the bedroom, a smaller bath downstairs and a fully equipped kitchen. The apartment was fully furnished with kitchen and dining room necessities, so we decided to cook some of our own meals, others to have sent in from the beautiful restaurant in one wing of the building.

Between our apartment and the beach was a plaza with tropical plantings, a swimming pool 10 steps from our door and benches to rest on. The whole thing was almost too good to be true, but we loved it.

We stayed 10 wonderful days, shopping for food at a "supermercado" about one half mile away, watching our favorite t.v. ads and soap operas in Spanish!, driving along the coastal boulevard to Malaga, an ancient city with a beautiful tropical park, and quaint old time 18th century streets mingling with modern 20th century apartments and office buildings.

Another day we drove to Marbella, a super rich resort town, and then on to the coastal city of Estepona with dozens of beautiful

hotels, a beach park and boulevard with tropical plantings and a medley of English, Dutch, German, Swedish, Belgian, French tourists, and a few Americans. A few miles beyond Estepona, we could see Gibraltar from the coast road. We stopped and took a picture of the "Rock" from the car and then turned back.

Another day we drove up into the mountains that press upon the coastal towns; we climbed past beautiful estates, past towers erected by the Moors of Medieval Spain, up through pine forests. The air was sparkling clear, the quiet unbelievable - we actually heard the growls of a mountain lion in the distance.

Our road wound up and up in pine forests with sharp curves and steep drop-offs from the road pressing on our nerves. We planned to go to the town of Ronda at the top of the mountain, but we finally tired of the twisting and turning and ^{decided} went to ^{go to} Mijas ^{the next day} instead. So, we found a wide place in the road and turned back to the Coast. We had spectacular views of the Mediterranean on our descent, but we were glad to get back in time to walk the boardwalk and buy a copy of the London Times. Bunny had become a fan of this paper which is available all over Europe; she especially liked reading about the weddings of the English aristocracy:

"Lady and Lord Plimpton of Upper
Tiratory on the Thames announce
the engagement of their daughter
Pamela to the Rt. Hon. Sir Percy Pinkface,
OBE, Baronet of Lower ^{Twickenham} ~~Pirchombam~~

Another excursion was to Mijas, a small Spanish town about half way up the mountains behind Torremolinos. It was a quaint, white washed town of narrow streets, curio shops, donkeys for hire and old ladies in black and old men in berets sitting on their white washed stoops looking at the tourists going by. Never mind what they were thinking!

Of course, the main job was to visit our apartment in Benalmedina, a suburb of Torremolinos, slightly west and on the coast. We followed a steeply inclined street through a residential area of palm trimmed homes, beautiful and expensive. At the top, the road opened onto a wide plateau from which arose about 8 large apartment buildings surrounded by gardens, swimming pools, palm trees, tennis courts and flower bedecked balconies. A

charming "Sofico Village". It was called Zodiaco and the various buildings were named for signs of the Zodiac.

Our building was there too, still under construction, about half way to 2/3 completed. Since it was not finished, we went into the building next door. The Manager there took us to a furnished apartment like the one we had on order. The rooms were small but beautifully and completely furnished. The views were magnificent. So we could hardly wait to come back another year and stay in our own building.

We took pictures of the complex and of our building under construction. All seemed well, but it wasn't, we had not been home more than a month before Sofico went into receivership, all building stopped, we became general creditors of Sofico at the end of a long line of creditors, and, as of January 1983, have neither received interest on or return of principal on an investment of nearly \$20,000. So much for appearances. However, we learned fraud was at work, and the heads of Sofico are now in jail! At least, we have this much satisfaction. However, the American Embassy in Madrid says we may get our money back eventually, but nearly 10 years have gone by. The mills of justice turn very slowly in Spain!

We flew from Malaga to London, stopped over to rest at the Hotel Ariel again, and then flew home on British Airways.

CHAPTER XVI
OUR GRANDCHILDREN

The most important happening of the 1970's were the births of our first two grandchildren. Paul was born to our daughter Andrea in 1976 on a cold March day. He has been a joy ever since. Like proud grandparents, we bought a beautiful English pram and gained much pleasure from taking Master Gorman for walks around the Lake Park neighborhood. Paul has grown, as of this writing from a baby into a fine young boy, busy in first grade at school.

In 1978, right after Thanksgiving, Mark Richard Gordon was delivered by our daughter-in-law as a fine bouncing boy. Byron and Diane were living in a cute little house in Gulfport, Mississippi, just a block from the Gulf of Mexico.

We had anticipated Mark's arrival, so spent Thanksgiving with them. To give them breathing room, we stayed at a Holiday Inn overlooking the Gulf. In the middle of the night, the day after Thanksgiving, we were awakened by Byron who said he was about to take Diane to Biloxi, Mississippi to her doctor's hospital. Mark waited until afternoon to be born however.

I was allowed to hold Mark, even though he was in the hospital crib nursery, as I had to return North to Detroit. Bunny stayed on for a week to help Diane get settled in with the new baby. Since then, Mark has visited us many times, always to our pleasure.

We love both our grandsons and look forward to their growing into fine young men like their fathers (with much help from their Mothers!)

CHAPTER XVII
MORE TRAVEL

In 1979, we decided it was time to try Europe again; Bunny and I both wanted to see more of Paris in particular. We flew over by British Airways to London. At London, after resting again at the Ariel Hotel and an obligatory visit to our old haunts at Windsor and Eton College, we were scheduled to fly by Sabena Airlines to Antwerp, Belgium where General Motors had an Opel car waiting for me.

Oh, I almost forgot, we did take time in England for a one day drive to Bath where we visited the Roman spa, the 18th century pump room and the beautiful 18th century houses of the city. We had a delightful lunch in a fine hotel near the baths and took time to visit the old church in Bath with many plaques for Britain's dead in World War I and W.W. II.

Back to Heathrow, well, they had the first airport employee strike in history, the day we were to fly to Antwerp! We spent most of the day with hundreds of other stranded travelers waiting for a chance to get out. Eventually Sabena succeeded in getting one flight out, and we were on it! We helped a young Belgian girl get on the plane who looked lost and lonely. She turned to Bunny for help, as have so many people in our lives.

Our car was waiting for us at the Antwerp airport, an Opel Rekord 5 passenger sedan, and we drove off to Brussels, 20 miles away along practically a boulevard. In Brussels, we were looking for the Hilton Hotel. Three young boys in a convertible offered to lead us to the hotel so we climbed the hilly streets of Brussels to Waterloo Boulevard where our fine modern 20 story hotel was located.

We decided to drive out to Waterloo to see the place of Napoleon's last battle in 1815. Remember, he was defeated by the British under Wellington, and the Prussians under Blucher.

Waterloo is about 12-15 miles outside Brussels. On the way we drove through beautiful parks and suburbs that looked like Birmingham, Michigan. At the battleground we found a huge earth mound about 200' high topped by a statue of the British lion. At the foot of the mound were restaurants and a museum with a huge mural in the round showing the battle at its peak of intensity, very dramatic.

We lunched at one of the cafes and watched a wedding party that had come for a wedding breakfast at one of the restaurants. Also, we saw a bicycle club go by, about 300-400 strong, ranging from 15-60 years of age, followed by an ambulance! All the riders wore the club costume and colors. Exciting!

In the afternoon, we drove into the center of the city to the famous square surrounded by medieval guild halls, now all restaurants and bars. We walked among the flower stalls in the square through which the German armies had marched in two world wars. A summer festival was also being held with a large bandstand erected for singers, dancers and bands. A month after our visit, a radical group exploded a bomb in the bandstand killing and wounding a large number of people. Luckily it didn't happen during our visit!

We enjoyed the Hilton Hotel, located on the fashionable Avenue Waterloo with many fine dress shops (too expensive for Bunny), banks, hotels, antique shops and restaurants. In the rear of the hotel was a lovely park with giant oak trees. The dining room looked out over the park and we enjoyed delicious food there amid beautiful surroundings. We especially enjoyed the *fruits-de-bois* (strawberries) which they served with thick cream, giant sweet strawberries!

On a fine sunny morning we left our hotel for Paris. We took one of the so-called E highways, part of a network of superhighways all over Europe, broad, two way with several lanes in each direction, like the American Interstate System. Driving is very easy on these well marked roads, so we were soon rolling through the beautiful fields and by-passing villages famous for battles in World War I. We crossed the River Somme near a battlefield that cost the British and German Armies nearly a million men in that war. What a tragedy! We saw poppies growing in the fields and thought of Joyce Kilmer's famous poem about poppies growing in Flanders (Belgium) fields.

Owing to the use of modern machinery and the growing of crops needing little hand labor, the countryside looked deserted though Belgium is one of the most densely populated areas in Europe.

Our crossing into France was routine; we only slowed down. Since there are no customs barriers among countries in the

European Common Market, frontiers within the Market have practically vanished, and the highway looked the same in France as in Belgium.

We lunched at a highway rest-stop, had great bread and cheese sandwiches, Pepsi Cola and German potato chips, delicious. Then on to Paris.

In early afternoon we drove by Charles de Gaulle Airport, and soon were riding on the boulevards to the Place de la Concorde, onto the Rue de Rivoli and to the door of our hotel, the Meurice again.

Our room on the second floor faced the Tuileries Gardens and looked down on the Rue de Rivoli. From our window we could see the towers of Notre Dame Cathedral, the Louvre, the Eiffel Tower and the Arc de Triomphe, tout Paris. It was decorated and furnished in the Empire style of the Napoleonic Era. There were pictures of Napoleon on the wall, and a bouquet of roses on the table. We had a huge bath and enormous shower stall. This was comfort!

In World War II, the Meurice was the residence of the German Military Governor of Paris. We wondered what General had stayed in our room. Before the War, the Meurice had been a popular place for royalty to stay, at one time 5 kings had been staying there.

The hotel lobby was beautiful with Louis XV furniture, huge marble statues, oriental rugs etc. However, the main dining room was closed, and meals were only served in a coffee shop. We guessed that rich, oil rich, Middle East Arabs had taken over the hotel. One large Arab in long robes sat in the lobby all the time we were there. Also, one evening a Rolls Royce pulled up and a man that looked like Sheik Yamani, the Oil Minister of Saudi Arabia got out with a large retinue of well dressed men, none in Arab robes however.

We spent a week in Paris, shopping the department stores, window shopping the fashionable shops on the Rue Royale, the Place Vendome, the Rue de Rivoli and other areas. Across the Rue de Rivoli were the beautiful Tuileries Gardens where French nobility used to walk and ride in the 16, 17, 18th century^{ies}. Now, there were pony rides and Punch and Judy shows for children. Little boys sailed little sail boats in the fountains and pools

of the well tended park. We strolled under the trees and through the gardens feeling young and happy.

Another day we drove out to Versailles for another look at Louis XIV's mammoth palace (chateau he called it) with fabulous gardens extending for literally miles. We strolled through the gardens, watched groups of children trying to draw pictures of marble sculptures in the gardens under the eye of a teacher.

Near the Grand Trianon ~~in summer~~ ^{at a place} under a grove of trees we found a little soft drink stand where we sat and rested. We watched a young mother sitting knitting while her little boy and girl played together around her, a charming sight. We imagined Louis XIV and the ladies and gentlemen of the court walking around us!

I took pictures of Bunny looking over the so called Orangerie of the palace, a large area of subtropical plants set out in huge tubs in summer, including orange trees, palms, etc. It was an interesting sight. One thought about poor Marie Antoinette and Louis XVI being dragged out of the palace by the revolutionary mobs during the French Revolution. Tough!

In the City of Versailles, with broad avenues lined with shops and apartment houses, we stopped ^{at a brasserie} (restaurant with liquor license) for a lunch of cheese sandwiches and biere (beer).

We followed the Seine back to Paris Center, and parked in the park at the foot of the Eiffel Tower. We strolled through a lovely garden at one side of the tower, somewhat hidden by trees, and so overlooked by most visitors to the tower. Bunny took some really unique shots of the tower from the garden, ~~unique~~ views that gave dramatic emphasis to its size and the colossal engineering feat it represented. As we had gone up to the top before, we did not get in line to visit the tower again.

Time ran out and we headed back to Brussels and Antwerp again. We left our car at the airport, and flew back to London. After another night at the Airl, we boarded the plane for Detroit and home. Another fine trip.

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CHAPTER XVIII

1979 - 1982

All good things come to an end. The auto industry's unparalleled 30 years of prosperity from 1949 ended in 1979. General Motors suddenly found its sales falling off precipitously. Management responded by changes in personnel. Other factors were also at work to cause changes in management.

My boss for 10 years had been a man John B. Cook, a C.P.A. and lawyer, who often said we made a good team. In 1979, however, he was "kicked upstairs" to be Secretary to the Corporation's Executive and Administration Committees. And I had a new boss. It was obvious, however, that he was only temporarily in charge until a new young man brought in from Washington was moved in.

The guard was changing, pressure was on for all those over 60 to step down in favor of younger men, a force corporation wide. The Chairman of the Board, Tom Murphy, turned 65 and was replaced by a man in his early 50's, Roger Smith. The handwriting was on the wall for all men over 55 in fact, hard times merely accelerated a trend toward younger management throughout the auto industry and industry in general. Times were tough and tough young men were needed to deal with them.

I realized that at 63 years of age, and in a post largely of an analyst rather than administrator or "doer", I was vulnerable. Thus, I was not surprised when in the Spring of 1980, I was asked if I wished to retire. Benefit programs were being adjusted to encourage early retirements and the penalties for leaving before age 65 were withdrawn. After thinking it over for several weeks, I decided it was useless to "fight city hall", and agreed to retire on July 1, 1980. So on the 23rd of May, I worked my last day. Since I had 6 weeks annual vacation due to my rank and seniority, my retirement became official on June 30, the end of my vacation.

After 43 years (I graduated from Princeton at age 20), I was finally free of daily toil. Some are fearful of the loss of their daily work. Although I found my work most enjoyable, fascinating, enjoyed the companionship of the office, the travel to New York and Washington, the camaraderie of the Executive Dining Room, the use of a new car every three months, despite all this I found retirement to be a good thing. More and more

of my contemporaries had retired or died, leaving me much senior to most of those in my own section of the Financial Staff.

I had loss and loss in common with many of the younger generation. Moreover, with the recession, the fun had gone out of the business; it became a grim battle to save money and survive. About 28,000 white collar employees were retired or laid off by General Motors in 1980, so it was a period of "blood on the moon".

On June 16, 1980, they had a retirement party for me at the Recess Club, a fine luncheon club in the Fisher Bldg. across the street from the G.M. Bldg. There I was presented with a check for \$200 to buy a painting. I had earlier received a gold watch for 25 years service with the Corporation.

When I walked out of the Recess Club after the party, it was with mingled joy and tears. But all good things come to an end.

Shortly after, Bunny and I drove down to Ohio where Byron, Diane and Mark lived in a large English style home in the country. Over the garage they had put up a sign, Happy Retirement, to celebrate my retirement. So we had a good visit with the three of them.

I joined the Vic Tanny Health Club in Bloomfield Michigan and for two years, used its gym, pool and running track. It was a good device to unwind. However, it was not a place for friendship, mostly young people exercising hard but not socializing. So, after two years, I resigned. Instead, I ride a bike and walk for exercise.

To help fill in the time, I belong to the Economic Club of Detroit and the Financial Analysts Society of Detroit. Both of these organizations have luncheons and speakers in downtown Detroit. I know many people in these organizations so we enjoy each others company at the weekly or bi-weekly get togethers. Also, I have joined the ^{Senior} Men's Club at the Birmingham Community House with weekly luncheons and programs. Finally, I am active in church work, in 1982 as President of Tandems, the middle-aged social group that have monthly get togethers in the church social hall.

What do I do with my time? I read, write, answer letters, keep up the check book, shop for groceries, walk the dog, go to

shows, talk to my wife, shop the shopping malls for Christmas gifts, clothing, birthday cards, etc. Up to now, age 66, I have been blessed with good health, sleep and eat well-watch my weight, and am generally a happy person. So, I am signing off for a while. Before I go, I should say in the Spring of 1982, we took a week's trip to Pompano Beach and stayed at a Holiday Inn with a room overlooking the ocean, a pool and a good restaurant. We revisited old haunts and thawed out from a tough winter, 1981-1982, and then returned home satisfied.

In May, we flew to England to see Bunny's cousin Arthur. We drove north from London to Peterboro where we saw the cathedral dedicated to Mary and Catherine. Mary Queen of Scots and Catherine of Aragon (Henry VIII's wife) had been buried there. Then on to the English Lake Country and Windermere where Arthur and his wife Betty lived in a 17th Century cottage overlooking Lake Windermere.

We stayed at the old England Hotel on the shore of the Lake, took a boat trip up the Lake, entertained Arthur and Betty and Betty's mother and Stepfather at dinner there, visited their lovely cottage and its beautiful flower gardens, then headed back to London through the Cotswolds. We overnighed in a Victorian hotel (The Queen's Hotel) in ^{Cheltenham}~~Chatterham~~, a famous 19th century spa, on to ~~Gloucester~~ and Oxford, a quick tour through Blenheim Palace, Winston Churchill's birthplace, and back to London. *(We also visited Churchill's own estate "Chartwell" in Kent. Beautiful.)*

We flew by Swissair to Geneva, Switzerland, staying at the Hotel President on the ~~Quai~~ ^{Quai} Wilson overlooking Lake Geneva, a beautiful, beautiful spot. We took a boat trip up the Lake past the estates of famous people for several centuries, even Lenin had a cottage by the Lake, not far from a palace of the Rothschilds. Then, by rented car down into France and the French Alps to the winter resort town of Chamopix at the foot of Mont Blanc, Europe's highest mountain, topped with snow and a huge glacier running down its flanks. We window shopped, ate lunch in an outdoor cafe looking up at Mt. Blanc and then drove back to cosmopolitan Geneva. We flew back to London, visited

Windsor Castle again and then flew home, our wanderlust once more satisfied.

This year 1983, we will probably stay home, next year, who knows.

Oh yes, since retiring I have worked for the Republican Party, for Ronald Reagan's election in 1980, a happy result, and for Phil Ruppe for U.S. Senator in 1982, an unhappy result. But I enjoyed working in the campaigns.

Well, as I said earlier, here I am, 66 years old, settled and retired but happy and busy, but not too busy. I'm glad to leave the "rat race" to a younger generation that, for the first time in 40 years, is experiencing real adversity.

So I will cut this off for now. Maybe I'll take it up when I take another trip - maybe.

At any rate, for anyone who cares, I have covered most of my 20th Century life. It has been a good one, blessed with a lovely perceptive wife and companion of 38 years, two fine children and now, 2 fine grandchildren. I have never been out of a job, always had some income and never been seriously ill. God has truly blessed me, and I am thankful to Him for all my blessings.

So, God speed you, my dear reader.

For the time - over and out!


Blaine M. Gordon

(the M. is for Morton!)

P. S. Attached is a special Anniversary issue of Time Magazine covering most of the historic events in the period 1923-1983 - the main years of my life. This provides background to understand some of the events described above.

BMG

Here are Officer Nominees for 1990

BLAINE M. GORDON PROPOSED AS PRESIDENT FOR NEW YEAR

Nominees for 1990 officers of the Senior Men's Club have been announced by the Nominating Committee.

The election will take place at the meeting of Nov. 10 at which time all members present will be asked to vote on the proposed slate of officers.

To succeed President Bert Henderson, the Committee has proposed the name of Blaine M. Gordon, who has been First Vice President during the past year. Other nominees:

1st V.P. - Charles W. Williams

2nd V.P. - Henry E. Dawkins

Rec. Sec'y - Robert W. Lotz
Corres. Sec'y - Clifford I. Lundgren

Treas. - Robert P. Beaubien
Asst. Treas. - Ira Jos. Steele

Officers-at-Large - Cyril D. Duffy and Eugene E. Hess

As most members realize, many of the nominees have "moved up" from a post of previous service. The current Treasurer, James J. Reeves, asked to retire so we send along a vote of thanks for his previous work; the same should be said for several others.

The Nominating Committee is comprised of five members, at least three of whom are past presidents.

* * * *

Maybe business should take a lesson from Noah. He knew how to keep his company afloat when the rest of the world was in liquidation.



Flack Given Outstanding Service Award

The Outstanding Service Award was given to member James W. Flack at the Oct. 6 meeting, with President Bert Henderson making the presentation.

Few people have been more active in the Club than Jim Flack during his 17 years as a member. "He has been one of our outstanding speakers at least once a year, and has always been ready to step in as a last-minute replacement if needed", Henderson declared. In addition, Jim has been helpful to many members

as a supporting friend, and has been a goodwill ambassador representing the Club to the community.

On joining the Club in 1972, Flack immediately became active. In 1976 he served as President. He has served on the Policy Committee, the History Committee, the Legislative Committee, the Chaplain Committee, and has been very active in the Discussion Group program. Often he worked as Chairman of the committees just named.





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June 25, 1942

Mr. L. L. Baxter, Secretary
Southern Gas Association
Fayetteville, Arkansas

Dear Mr. Baxter:

At the suggestion of Mr. Carl Wolf I am sending you herewith a copy of an article which appeared in the New York Times regarding the death of Mr. LeRoy O. Gordon. I believe this article contains all of the essential information concerning Mr. Gordon.

Mr. Gordon was President of Peoples Water and Gas Company which owns the gas distribution systems in Columbus and Meridian, Mississippi and Miami Beach, Florida. The Company also owns the water distribution system which serves Marshfield and North Bend, Oregon. Mr. Gordon was also Vice President of the Chattanooga Gas Company which owns the gas distribution system in Chattanooga, Tennessee. He was a director of both Companies.

Yours very truly,

C. van der Berg, Jr.

CvdB:IM

CC: H. Carl Wolf.

LERROY O. GORDON

Utility Executive, Formerly a New Yorker, Dies in South

Birmingham, Alabama, June 17 (U. P.) LeRoy O. Gordon, utility executive died here today at his apartment after a lengthy illness at the age of 59. He underwent an operation recently at Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore.

Mr. Gordon came here from New York last year to direct Southeastern operations of the Peoples Water and Gas Company, of which he was president. He leaves a widow and two sons, LeRoy T. of Cleveland, Ohio and Blaine M. of Washington, D. C.

Mr. Gordon, who was born in Louisville, Ky., was a sales engineer for the General Electric Company, 1906-12; manager for the Valparaiso, Ind. Lighting Company, 1912-16; general manager of the Jackson, Miss., Lighting and Traction Company, 1916-20; vice president and general manager of the Southern Minnesota Gas and Electric Company, 1920-26; vice president of the Peoples Light and Power Corporation, New York, 1926-36; and president of the Peoples Water and Gas Company, 1936-42.

NOTE: Mr. Gordon transferred his offices to Chattanooga, Tennessee in the early part of 1940 and later to Birmingham in October of 1940.