

July 31, 1994

Dear Myrna Sloam;

Enclosed is the first section of my life story.

As I continue to write, I will send additional install-
ments.

This endeavor has turned out to be much more than
I expected. However, I hope this meets your approval.

very truly yours,

E. Arvell Pearshall

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Rt 2, Box 121 J

Deming, NM 88030

THIS IS MY LIFE

I am E. Arrell Pearsall, born September 15, 1908 in Roslyn Village, Long Island on Landing Road to Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Pearsall, the last of eight children.

My father was born in Roslyn January 1, 1865, grew up in Port Washington and moved back to Roslyn when he married. He worked for Conklin, Tubby and Conklin lumber yard for 42 years as fireman and engineer. He had to get on the job early to start the fire to get up enough steam to run the machines, oil them and check the belts and other parts. After they converted to electricity, he began filing saws, repairing and sharpening lawn mowers and many skates during the winter. The winters were long and cold then and Silver Lake, which was twice as large as it is now would freeze to a thickness of a foot to 18 inches. I was about seven or eight when my feet got frost bitten just walking about $\frac{1}{4}$ mile to school.

On East Broadway, The Dessons had a butcher store, and an ice house on the shore of Silver Lake. They used to take a team of large horses on the lake to cut the ice, store the ice in the ice house and then use it in the store to keep the meat cold. They would cut the ice in the morning and that afternoon you could skate over the area the ice would be so thick. We would start skating around Thanksgiving time and the lake would be filled with people from the surrounding towns.

About 1930 the mill burnt down putting eight or nine men out of work including my father. In those days there was no Social Security which started in 1936. There were no pensions or vacations. He got a job with the county and worked in the Roslyn park for about a year. He decided to go into business for himself, sharpening tools, skates, repairing lawnmowers and filing saws.

We moved into our own home in 1921 which was on Power House Road near Willis Avenue, Roslyn Heights. Now, there is a large seven story office building there. My father's shop was in the back yard. He did this until his death in February 1952 at the age of 87 after celebrating the 65th wedding anniversary in January. He was sick for only 20 hours from a clot to his heart.

My mother was born in Brooklyn, n.y. and moved to Roslyn when she was ten. She did days work for about four families including Mrs. Moger, the mother of Roy Moger who wrote the book, ROSLYN, THEN AND NOW.

When we lived in the village our yard was back to back with Bryant Hall on Bryant Avenue. Different organizations had dances at the Hall and my mother and father took care of the cloak room. The dances lasted until 3 or 5 in the morning. They always had cake and ice cream and soda for sale; any that was not sold was given to my parents. We kids used to be awake when they came home to enjoy the refreshments.

There was a lot next to the Bryant Hall and Mr. Rinas put up a large tent for movies while his theater was being built. We had a barn in our back yard and we used to climb upon the roof and watch the people go in. When they opened the flap we would get a glimpse of the movies. When the theater opened, the colored people had to sit in the balcony. When I grew older and could drive, I would go out of town to the movies.

Roslyn was a very prejudice town. I think it was the last place in the State to desegregate the schools. The school for colored children was one small room and one teacher to teach from 1st through 8th grade. It was located across from the clock tower where the Rinas home is. My father, Reverend Pierce and a third person went before the school board to ask for desegregation. This happened in 1917 I had six sisters and one brother who went through this school into high school. Three of them graduated and my brother had six months to finish when he left. I went to the colored school through the third grade, then into regular school through second year high.

I had many interests and activities in my life which I will try to uncover. Since living near the water, I learned to swim at a young age. I loved long distance swimming; when you got your second breath it seemed you could swim forever. When I was 11 or 12, I played one game of basketball with the Roslyn Fan Tans, a team of colored men. This night they were short one man and asked me to play with them. I made one basket.

Around the same time I made up a baseball team of colored boys, nine in all. That was all that were available in Roslyn. Some couldn't play at all but they filled a position. I named the team "The King of the Diamond"

When I was eleven, a neighbor gave me two baby chicks for Easter; they both turned out to be hens. When they began laying eggs, I sold the eggs and this started me in about eighteen years of raising poultry. When we moved to Power House Road I built a larger chicken house, bought a brooder stove and one hundred white leghorn chicks. Half of them were roosters, so I sold most for broilers and fryers. The hens I kept for egg production. I subscribed to three poultry magazines and bought books on poultry husbandry. In 1928, I began showing at the Nassau and Queens County Fairs , also Suffolk County.

I was very successful in showing against many Long Island millionaires including the Mackeys, Morgans, Pratts, Guggenheims and others, winning most of the blue and special ribbons. I was the only one of color showing poultry. I spent many hours training the ones I was going to show, twenty-eight in all each showing. The judge was Arthur Shillings who judged poultry all over the country.

When I got out of the business around 1935, I had 500 laying hens plus broilers, fryers and roasters. I also had a few turkeys. At the time there were poultrymen coming up

from Jersey and Virginia peddling door to door selling chickens cheaper than the local stores. One of my best customers in Roslyn was the Rosenbaum's just off Warner Avenue. For years they would order ten to fifteen dressed broilers, fryers, or roasters and three to six dozen eggs.

When I was in the eighth grade, I played varsity baseball, I played third base and was the lead off batter. I was the only one that I know of that played varsity baseball from the eighth grade. I also practiced basketball with the high school team at the Roslyn War Memorial Building. It was built and dedicated for the men of Roslyn who served in World War I. There were eight to twelve men of color in Roslyn who served in that war, yet they could only use the Hall once a year and only then if they went through the colored church.

The winter of 1927-28 we formed a colored basketball team in Roslyn. We used to practice in the pavilion on the playgrounds at the end of Skillman Street. In the meantime, we made arrangements with the Lincoln House in Glen Cove to practice and play there. There was no place in Roslyn to go. In the mid thirties, two different years we were permitted to hire the Roslyn War Memorial Building through the church to have a basket ball game and dance. One year we played a team from Hempstead and the other year a team from Roslyn.

In 1922 my nephew from Flushing sold candy for a radio. I don't remember how many boxes he had to sell. He could not put up an antenna in Flushing where he lived so he brought the radio out to our house on Power House Road. We put up a 100' antenna and started listening to programs. My brother-in-law

from Corona built a crystal set for himself and one for me. I spent hours listening to this set and some time in the Radio Store on the Mill dam. Here I found a diagram of how to change this crystal set into a tube set. I bought the necessary parts including a 6 volt battery for the tube. After enjoying this set for awhile, I decided to build a 3 tube set which would require a storage battery. This took some time because I had to buy the parts when I could make some money. After completing it, the family could listen. I had to take the battery down to the power House to get it charged until I could buy a charger. After a year or so, I began building a five tube set which lasted until the family bought a factory set which used electricity.

In the summer of 1926, I got a job with Lincoln Motors of Roslyn and decided not to go back to school. This job did not last very long because the big depression began rearing its ugly head. I was treated very well there and was layed off with others two weeks before Christmas with the promise that when things got better I would be recalled. Early in February, I was approached by a Ford salesman from Port Washington. He told me about a development called Manhasset Isle between Port Washington and Sands Point. We talked a few times and he took me to the job where I was promised work if I had a truck. I bought a Ford Model T truck and started working there in March. I worked ~~steadily for eleven~~ for eleven months until the job was complete. Only Model T Ford trucks and horse teams could work there. Dodges and Chevrolets came

there but just couldn't make it. After that job I worked on another development between Roslyn Heights and Albertson for a few months. I stayed in the trucking business until about 1931 when I sold the truck. In between times, I hired my truck and myself out to R.B. Hamilton. Sometimes I drove his trucks and sometimes driving for two other truckers.

I remember making deliveries to C. Mackay's ~~estate~~ Estate for R.B. Hamilton. The book, "Roslyn, Then and Now" mentioned a lot about the C. Mackay's but never mentioned how he became a multimillionaire. His father and others laid two postal telegraph cables across the Atlantic Ocean. His father was also one of the owners of the Big Bonanza Gold and Silver mines, the richest in the country. The stock shares shot up from 15 cents to \$1,850. Clarence succeeded his father. I was told that he had nearly 100 employees on his Estate, but never any of color.

In 1933, I started working for William Peters, the only all around builder in Roslyn. He would hire a horse and scoop, dig the cellar, build the forms, mix and pour the cement, build the house, do the brick work, plaster the walls, do the tiling, painting, papering, make the stairs and cabinets. He did everything except the electric and plumbing. That is why the Roslyn Savings Bank called him in for advice concerning all the homes they had to foreclose. He advised them to repair and paint them, then try to rent or sell them. A closed house will deteriorate faster than an occupied one. They took his advice, hired him and that's when he hired me to help him.

I worked for him from 1933 to 1941. If you only had some money at that time, you could buy some homes for \$1500 to \$5000 and after WWII, you could sell them for many times what you paid for them.

In 1940, I had to sign up for the draft. The woman who filled out my form took it upon herself, without consideration, to register me as Negro. I consider myself an American because my grandparents and parents were Negro, white, Spanish and Indian. I could have requested her to register me as Indian. This would have put me in with the white draftees which would have its' advantages and disadvantages. The other mistake she made was my color. The form had at least twelve colors from white to black; she marked me black. On the way out I was looking over the card and came upon this mistake. I turned around, walked up to her desk and said, "You have made a mistake." She said, "Where?" I pointed to it and said, "Right there." Her face turned red and she changed it to light brown which is my color.

On September 21, 1941, I married Marian Peters, the daughter of William and Margaret Peters. She graduated from Roslyn High School in 1937, played the piano in the orchestra for all occasions for four years. She entered Lincoln School for Nursing in New York in 1939 and graduated in 1941. To my knowledge, only Lincoln and Harlem Hospitals accepted people of color. By 1947, we had three children. From 1941 to 1957, Marian worked at various hospitals and nursing homes.

In January 1958, she became a staff nurse at North Shore Hospital. In 1961, she became day supervisor in the Nursing office and Administrative Assistant until July 1966. At this time she bought out Professional Placement Service and Employment Agency. She operated this business until poor health forced her to retire in 1976.

In September 1941, a cousin and I went to Roslyn High School to take a test to qualify for training to work for Grumman Aircraft. A few days after taking the test, we received cards stating we had passed but couldn't come to this school; this does not stop you from going to some other school. We could not understand this, so we took our cards to a NAACP office in Hempstead. NAACP stands for the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. The man in charge said that this sounds like discrimination which we agreed to. He said he would get in touch with a colored lawyer in New York from Washington War Man Power Commissions Office. The Lawyer, the man from NAACP, my cousin and I went to Roslyn High School to see the Director of the training course who wasn't there when we took the test. He also brought in the Principal. We talked for quite a while. They wanted to know our background and also our parents. The Director said we were boistrous, asked for special privileges, and had a chip on our shoulder and that Grumman wouldn't hire us. All these accusations were untrue. I asked him who had told him these things. He said his secretary had told him. I asked him if he would bring her in to face us and he refused. The Lawyer had not spoken, so now it was his turn. He told the Director we had passed the test, the Government was paying for the training, and we were coming to this school for the training. Regardless if Grumman or EDO didn't hire us, he would see that we got a job. The Director's face

turned red and he told us to come back Monday night to take the test just for the records. We did; on Tuesday we received cards telling us when to come for the training.

I believe the training lasted three months, part-time for blue print reading and the rest of the time in the shop. New years Day we got a call to come to school and sign up for Grumman the next day. We started out working on their amphibian which they were phasing out. It was a dirty job, because where the skins overlapped there was a piece of tape-like material soaked on soybean oil and then riveted. Your hands clothes and tools got gummed up with it.. We worked 10 hours per day, five days a week. Eight hours was regular pay and two hours was time and a half. We could also work three hours more per day overtime, and eight hours Saturday and Sunday at time and a half. We started working three hours more right away some nights. During this overtime, we worked on the TBF (Torpedo Bomber Fighter). It wasn't long before they found out that we were hard-working honest workers, and within three months had the name of the best workers in the plant.

When Marian and I got married, we lived with my parents on Power House Road. She was working at Lincoln Hospital. She caught the train around noon out of Roslyn and arrived back in Roslyn on the 1:10 am train. I was working with her father going to school nights and meeting her at the station. One Saturday night it was raining very hard when I went to meet her.

When I got to Jefferson Avenue and Garden Street there is a full stop sign. I slowed, shifted into second, looked to my left, saw nothing, then I made a right turn. There was a policeman up Garden Street with his lights out. He followed me to the station and gave me a ticket for not making a full stop. I was working at Grumman's and didn't want to waste a whole or half day in court. Since I was guilty, I asked my brother-in-law from the city who was staying out because he was going to Roslyn school for Grumman, to take my ticket and pay the fine. The court was held in Great Neck, and the Judge was a well-known lawyer from Roslyn. When my name was called my brother-in-law went up to plead guilty and pay the fine for me. The Judge asked where I was and my brother-in-law told him I was working at Grumman. The judge wanted to know what time I got home which my brother-in-law told him. The Judge then wrote his home address, a time and date on a piece of paper, gave it to him to give to me. He wanted to try me personally. The policeman was there and I guess he didn't like or know what was going on. I went to the Judge's house at the appointed time, had the trial and paid my fine.

That policeman followed me home from the train quite a few nights. Marian was learning to drive and had a permit. This night she was driving and unbeknownst to us, he was following us with his lights out. When we reached the foot of Jefferson Avenue and making a right turn on Power House Road, he dashed up beside us, turned on his spot light and siren.

It scared us both and Marian stalled the car. He shone his spot light on us and asked if she had a license to drive. I told him she had a permit; with that he said "Well, don't let me catch you with your pants down ."

In February 1943, Marian became pregnant. After five months she stopped working and then wanted to be in her own home when the child was born. We looked all over Roslyn but, of course, there was nothing available. We went to Hempstead and there found a home to buy. I always remember my father talking about renting. He would say after years of renting you have a stack of receipts and the owner could ask you to move any time. With that in mind I decided never to rent. So this was the first home of three I bought. In July we moved into our new home. In September, I was notified to report to my draft Board for induction. I immediately went to the Board in Port Washington and explained my situation. I was asked when the child was expected and I told them early October. So my time as a civilian was extended to December the 6th.

Months before leaving Grumman I remember some of the boys that were inducted earlier came back to visit after their basic training. They said they had gone to our Plant NO.2 Superintendent and Plant NO 1 President of Grumman for certificates of recommendation which they got. These they showed their interviewer at Camp Upton and were immediately approved for the air force. After basic training and testing they were assigned to schools or air force bases for training.

So before leaving, I too, went and got these certificates of recommendation for the Air Force.

My father-in law drove me to Port Washington and there I boarded the train to Penn. station for Camp Upton. There was twenty-two from our draft board, twenty whites and two of color, Sammy Colinda and I both from Roslyn and married. I knew some of the boys from Roslyn. They were single and much younger than I and Sammy. At that time, the ratio of population was ten whites to one colored. That is the way you were drafted, whether you were used or not. At Penn Station we were separated, whites in one car and colored in another. They came from different draft boards on Long Island, New York and New Jersey. In Camp Upton, the whites were on high ground and the colored on lower ground. The next day I met some of the whites from Roslyn getting their supplies. They were being shipped out the next day.

When I went for my interview the white officers would not even look at my recommendation. During the interview, I never mentioned my trucking experience because, most likely they would put me down as a truck driver and send me to a trucking school to run supplies, so I was registered as a painter. When I got to my area, I went to the Negro head quarters to complain. The head non-com said he would go back to the interviewing office with me, but he didn't believe it would do any good. I tried to explain to the interviewer

that I believed in the two years at Grumman with no days lost and all the overtime, I knew more about what I was doing than as a carpenter, Painter helper for eight years with time lost for bad weather. The interviewers would make no changes.

I was there from December 6th to January 2nd.

Each day after breakfast and lunch, the non-coms would be outside of the mess hall to round up groups of men to take them on some detail. One day some fellows I knew were taken up in the white soldiers area to clean and straighten up their barracks. This upset me very much, so I went up to the service club and got a job evenings washing dishes. This saved me from being picked up and sent on other details. I knew if I was taken up to clean the white boys barracks I would be in trouble because I would refuse to do it. They were drafted in the service just like I was.

On January 2, 1944, I was put on a shipment to Jefferson barracks, St. Louis, Missouri. This was a large air force training center and air field. Well, the same thing. Whites on high ground and Colored on low. We had white officers and colored instructors. Prior to our group all the other colored basic training was eight weeks; then they were shipped to another camp to learn how to make and maintain air strips. Our group was to have six weeks basic training, then go to school and learn how to maintain and arm airplanes. After taking the test and being told what schools and what kind of training we would be getting, we were all so happy. Just before

we got our orders for a 13 day delaying route to Daniel Air Field , Augusta, Georgia, we were told we wouldn't be going to school. They had enough technicians and they were closing up the schools. There was only three who were going to school, one for pilot training and two to radio school.

Before leaving Jefferson barracks, we had different activities and contests. Our group consisted of two double story barracks which housed at least two hundred men. One contest was the Indian wrestling where two men stood with one foot along side of the others foot. We grasp each others hand and then try to push or pull one another off balance. I won in my barrack and when my barrack chief took me in front of our commanding officer to meet the winner of the other barrack, he couldn't believe I won over men weighing 220 or 230 pounds and I weighed only 170. This soldier , the winner of the other barrack, weighed 230 pounds. He beat me three out of five. Some of the men in my barrack were so elated they put me on their shoulders and marched me around.

After arriving at Daniel Field, it was some of the same only worse. The whites on high ground and the colored on low ground. We had one small PX ; the whites had two large ones. If the colored went up there to get something our PX'S didn't have, they wouldn't be served. They had two theaters in the white section, one for colored and one for white. They had a library in the white section and one in the colored, but there was a sign on the colored library-For White Only; they didn't even want us to read. The food was very skimpy, there was no

seconds, so you had to go to the PX if you were hungry. The worst of all was a hangsmans noose hanging over the desk just as you entered the orderly room. There was bus services that went to town; it started in the white section. Some white soldiers would come down in the colored section to board the bus and they were allowed to board the bus before the colored soldiers.

Someone wrote to the Inspecting General's office in Washington complaining about the condition. They sent six white generals and one colored general down to investigate. They took down the sign at the library and the hangsmans noose in the orderly room. They were in the mess hall every meal, walking up and down asking the men if they had enough to eat. If you said no, they told you to go get more. They stayed three or four days and when they left they left the colored general there to see that things were run right.

I was there about a month and then shipped out with 250 men; we didn't know where we were going. We went through 14 states north, south, east and west. I sat at a window all the way watching the scenery and trying to figure out where we were going. After riding seven days and nights, the train pulled up near a dock in Oakland, Ca. Our hearts sank when we saw the ships there. We were marched along the boardwalk and made a right turn where we saw buses waiting to take us to our camp, what a relief!

We arrived at camp on Saturday ; the camp consisted of four barracks, an orderly room, kitchen and mess hall, a day room and toilets and showers and a telephone. When arriving in camp our first lieutenant who was white, in fact, every officer I came in contact with during my two years in service was white. He came out on the steps of the orderly room and introduced himself. He said with a smile on his face, " I understand most of you men are from the south." The reply was "no", the north. With that he said with a change on his face, "I am a rebel". Our camp was small and right in the middle of all kinds of industry. I heard it was formerly a prison of war camp. The next day, Sunday, was Palm sunday or Easter, I don't remember which; but I took a walk around the area and away from the industrial section. It was a beautiful day and in the residential section the flowers were in full bloom.

The next day, Monday, I was taken to the motor pool and assigned to a car painter to paint government cars and trucks. When returning to camp that evening, I explained to the duty Sergeant that I wasn't a car painter, I was a house painter and carpenter. So the next day I was assigned to the base carpenter detail., which consisted of three men. We were there about ten months and during that time we built a guard house, barber shop and PX, among many repair and improvement jobs. Our unit was a AAF service unit. About 230 men worked off the base. There would be ten or twenty in a unit with a Corporal or buck sergeant in charge. They would march or be taken by

trucks to their jobs, most of them menial jobs. We had a first, master and three staff sergeants with permanent status. There was quite a few made acting buck sergeants and corporals. They got their stripes but not the pay. Then someone wrote a letter to the Inspecting General's Office in Washington D.C. They sent three or four generals down but to no avail; the cards were stacked against us. There were too many southern officers and we believed the Inspecting Generals were southerners. So instead of making the non-coms permanent, so they would get paid for their rank, they sent a few non-coms from Stockton where they had too many paid non-coms. This action filled our quota for paid non-coms. So they were still acting non-coms when the camp was broken up in February. Most of our men were sent to Florida for further training. The rest were sent to Patterson Field, Dayton, Ohio.

There was a lot of work around Oakland and we could work if it didn't interfere with our camp duties. I went out to Del Monte's cannery which was about a mile and a half from camp. I would work from six to twelve and Saturdays from six to five Sunday morning. After working a week, the manager saw I was a steady worker so he made me a checker. After a few weeks I was made a head checker; I worked there for three months. I left camp September 11th for 30 days furlough plus 8 days traveling to Long Island. When I returned to camp in mid-October, the Del Monte Plant had closed and moved further up the coast to another plant where the fruit was ripening.

Shortly after returning, I found a steel warehouse about three blocks from camp. Steel would come in on freight cars, and was unloaded and put on racks. I would take off one day a week and work there. Around Christmas another soldier and I was given 10 days off for being good soldiers. During those days I went to a freight station about two blocks away. I worked there during the day and at night I worked in a machine shop.

Once a year we have a physical fitness test consisting of running the fifty yard dash and as many push ups and sit ups you can do. Perhaps the younger fellows didn't try hard enough, but I had the highest score. (To this day I do 100 sit ups every morning).

On September 10, I boarded a train in Oakland for New York on my furlough. This would get me home one day before my 36th birthday. My car was filled with white service men coming home from the Pacific. There was a white officer sitting in back of me; most had been drinking to celebrate their return home. Nights when it was time to sleep you would let the back of your seat back a few notches. The first night when I was just falling asleep, the officer in back of me would put his feet up on the back of my seat and upon my shoulder. Twice I pushed them down but the third time I got up , took his feet and swung them around and said, " Will you please keep your feet off of me". I guess he was half asleep; this action made him slip out of his seat between his and mine. There he slept all night. I was somewhat frightened, I didn't sleep well that night.

Most of these service men were southerners and I didn't know what might happen. Well, the next morning when the officer got up off the floor, he apologized for his action and everything was alright the rest of the trip. What a relief!

About a month after returning to camp, acting Corporal Bentley , in charge of carpentry detail, left for his furlough to Detroit. I was put in charge in his place. One day I was given four or five men to paint the day room floor. Two of the men were on extra duty because of negligence on their regular job. I am particular in my work and these two weren't painting the way they should. I asked them to just not paint any more and to just to go sit somewhere out of the way. This they did willingly. The next day when it was time to put on the second coat of paint I told the First Sergeant I didn't want any help. I said they were more of a hindrance than a help. He told me I would never make a non-com; you have to make them do as you say. Well, I got my paint and brushes, went into the day room, locked the door and did the job myself.

Our Commander, Lieutenant Davis, was very lenient . To begin with, anyone who did wrong got camp punishment instead of court martial. This gave him a good record, so after about 8 months, he made captian. Then he really showed his colors. Then anyone who did wrong got court martialed. After a month or so, he was promoted to a higher position. When he left, an officer who worked under him was put in charge; he was from upstate New York. My friend Corporal Bently, who had 2 years of college filled out an application for offers training school.

Our new officer informed him that his papers never left the office; Lieutenant Davis destroyed them. Davis didn't mean us any good. He used us for a stepping stone for his own good.

We had a young soldier named Carl Hollifield from Seattle, Washington . He was a graduate of University of Southern California and spoke seven or eight languages. He was acting buck sergeant over detail. Quite often on Sunday morning some officer would call up and wanted seven or eight men to meet him at the motor pool. This was the soldiers' day off. Most would leave camp for the day but some would stay. Carl would have to round up the amount needed and send them off. When they came back they would complain to Carl that they were moving the officers' civilian friends. After a while, Carl began telling the officers that this was their day off and no soldiers were available. They would insist that he send the KP's but Carl would tell them that he couldn't do that. Well, I guess they thought it was time to get rid of Carl, so they made up a shipment of two -Carl and an officer to be sent to Greensboro, North Carolina for ninety days training as interpreters for overseas duty. They could have made him a permanent buck Sergeant when they shipped him out instead of a PFC. When they got him down south he was told so far, they did not have any negro interpreters. This was quite disheartening for Carl, but it didn't discourage him. Later on he became provost marshal at Selfridge air force base in Michigan and he retired as a captain.

One day in California, Carl got a call from an Officer requesting seven or eight men to come over to a certain warehouse ; It sounded very urgent. All the men were on their details so Carl had to take the men who worked on the base. He came to me and said, " Pearsall, I am sorry but I will have to send you out on this detail, which sounds very important." When we got to the warehouse, an officer was there with push brooms and told us to sweep out the warehouse. I took a broom and started walking. This warehouse was very large and was stacked from floor to ceiling. I got between some sacks of supplies and there I stayed. At noon, when we got back to camp for lunch I told Carl what happened. I told him I didn't push the broom once and if I go back I was going to do the same thing. If I was caught I would be in trouble. There was nothing urgent about sweeping out a warehouse. Carl told me I did not have to go back. These officers would do anything they wanted in order to show their authority over us.

That fall a woman special service officer wanted us to form a basketball team . She got a place for us to practise and play in, also suits and balls. I went out for the team and made it. Although I was 36 and the others were 19, 20, 22, and 24. I was also elected captain. The very first practise my left knee swelled up which I expected. I hurt it in the mid thirties on a job and ever since then when I started a different activity like swimming, basketball and baseball It would swell up and after that it would be normal. The next day I went on sick call. I told the doctor how it happened and how it reacted.

He sent me to the hospital to have xrays. The next day he told me I had arthritis and I was disqualified for overseas duty and all activities. Well, I played basketball just the same because I knew my knee would be alright.

One day a special order came in for two plumbers, two electricians and two carpenters. We had no plumbers, one electrician, but he was over age. Corporal Bentley was called in the office as a carpenter. He was rejected because he wore glasses. Bentley wanted to sign an affidavit. If anything happened to him because of his glasses, the government wouldn't be responsible. That was unacceptable. Lieutenant Davis then called for my papers to be taken out and called me into his office. The non-com in charge told him that he couldn't send me because I was over age and disqualified.

After the bulge in Germany, when many American soldiers were lost and trapped, our camp was getting ready to close down. Some time in late February all eligible soldiers were shipped to Florida for training for the Pacific conflict. All over age and disqualified were shipped to Patterson Field, Dayton, Ohio. The second day after arriving at Patterson Field we were all given details. My MO as a carpenter detailed me to a large carpenter shop where civilian carpenters worked. My job was to keep putting scrap wood in a wood burning stove. In a few days a new shipment was being made up to go to Mitchell Field, Long Island which a few miles from Roslyn and about one mile from Hempstead.

My name was on that shipment. After going over the records, the officer in charge of camp maintenance, including the carpenter shop decided to take me off the shipment and put the carpenter he had on it. After a few weeks my officer asked me how come I wasn't made a non-com since I have been in service over a year. I told him what the situation was out in California. He said they had too many non-coms and all he could do for me was to make me a PFC and give me a good conduct medal. I also told him I heard I was on the shipment to Mitchell Field and how close it was to my home. He said he was sorry but he didn't think I wanted to be on that shipment.

Patterson Field was very large and our camp had everything. I went to the gym a few nights with a couple of the basketball players. They asked me why I don't come out for the team. I told them I was disqualified for all activities and this might interfere with my discharge.

When Spring finally came, Captain Druker , in charge of special services, was looking for life guards for the swimming pool. Howard Prettyman , a photographer, who came from California with me and was in the group that went swimming in the YMCA in Oakland told Captain Druker that I was a swimmer. Captain Druker approached me about coming out for a life guard and taking lessons. I asked him, when the season was over then what was I going to do. He said "don't worry, I will find something for you." I told him I would think about it and let him know. Captain Druker was a very nice man. I got to know him quite well.

I did quite a few projects in the Orderly room and he often visited me in my carpenter shop. He was from Michigan and was interested in designing furniture. After the war he wanted to open a furniture factory and wanted me to move to Michigan and work for him.

He approached me about coming out to be a life guard and taking lessons. I asked him when the season was over then what was I going to do. He replied, "Don't worry, I will find something for you to do". I told him I would think about it and let him know. My Officer (I can't remember his name) was just a warrant officer and I know he didn't like Captain Drucker very much. If I went out for life saving I would have to give up my carpenter shop and also lose a private room my helper and a sargeant who took care of baggage belonging to any soldier who went to the hospital or on furlough. We weren't on any barracks roster , so we didn't have to appear at any formations. I told Captain Drucker that I decided to stay with my carpenter shop detail.

Our first Sargeant was named J.P.Morgan. Before getting in the service, he was a director and instructor at a large public playground and swimming pool in Cleveland, Ohio. When the swimming pool opened, I used to walk by and watch Sargeant Morgan teaching the life guards the art of life saving. I was amazed to see all the tricks used to break away from a drowning person you were trying to save.

I took and passed the junior life saving course when I was between thirteen and fourteen years old at the YMCA's camp at Stony Brook, Long Island.

Things were normal at Patterson Field. I saw a large number of soldiers who were stationed there after their basic training shipped out. I had one soldier look me up after I arrived there. He worked in the mail room at Jefferson Barracks. when I was there. We never saw each other but I got so much mail at J.B. from my wife , a letter or two every day and from family and friends. He worked in the orderly room at Patterson Field and he saw my name on the shipment when I arrived there. He said he couldn't forget my name because he handled so much mail for me. In our talk together, He said he was a teacher and came from Wilmington, North Carolina. I told him I went to Wilmington on vacation with my brother and his wife in 1933. I mentioned two or three families I met while there and he knew them very well.

My friend, Corporal Bently in Oakland, California, was allergic to bananas. It was on his record but he never told anyone. One day he got caught in the mess hall when they had bananas. Before he could get out, his face began to swell up. He had to go to the hospital for shots and medication. Guess what! From Florida, they sent him to one of the Pacific Islands where there was bananas in abundance. We corresponded two or three times and he was in the hospital a few times, but it wasn't long before he became staff sargeant.

My wife came out to visit me twice over a week-end in Dayton, once in March and again in May.

At Patterson, they had a few hundred new bombers which had never been used. They had a crew of soldiers going out every day jacking up the wheels and turning them a little so the plane wouldn't be sitting on the same spot of the tires. When the war was over, civilians went out on the field with acetylene torches and cut up all of those planes for scrap; What a waste of money!

The war in Europe ended May 9th, 1945 V.E. Day, so things were very relaxed in camp after that. I got a three day pass once in July and August and went home. In September, I put in for my furlough. When I returned back to camp, we were in the process of moving to Wright Air Field which was just a few miles from Patterson. Patterson was being converted into a discharge center. I went home once more and drove my car back. I would be discharged December 6th. On that day I drove to Patterson Field to get my discharge. In the process, I met a soldier just back from overseas and lived somewhere in Pennsylvania somewhere. He asked me if I would give him a ride to Pittsburg Railroad station. Well, about three o'clock that afternoon it began sleeting and freezing. My car skidded a couple of times. I knew I needed new tires and I could have bought them out there without any problem, but I didn't want to waste any time; I wanted to get home.

After a while I caught up with a truck sanding the road, so I followed him. Later on the sleet changed to rain and it stopped freezing. I think it was about midnight when I let my passenger off at the Pittsburg railroad station. It was still raining. I was anxious to get hom so I planned to drive straight through. A few hours later, I had a flat tire; there was no place to change it on the road but there was a farm implement store right across the street with a cement apron.. I pulled up there; it was dark and still icy. I proceded to change the tire but the jack kept slipping on the ice. So I put the tools in the trunk, got into the car, started up the motor and turned on the heater. When the car got warm, I turned off the motor and went to sleep. I awoke at dawn; it was just light enough for me to see what I was doing. I got the tire changed and was on the road again. I arrived home sometime the next day after driving through rain, snow, sleet and slush. I think that was the happiest day of my life after serving two years in a United States segregated army.

After being home a couple of days, I went to the rationing office to get an application to buy tires. I told them I had just got out of service and I needed tires for my car. I was asked whether or not I had a job. I told them "no", I need tires so that I can go looking for one. I was told I had to have a job to get tires. Then I was asked where did I work before going into service. I told them Grumman's.They told

me to go and see if they would hire you. I drove out to Grumman's office and they offered me a job. I told them I would have to decide. On the way back, I decided I would go into business for myself. When I got back to the rationing office I told them my decision. They gave me an application without any question.

My sister-in-law worked for an architect and Real estate broker in East Williston. He asked her what I was going to do; she said she didn't know. He told her there was a building company in Mineola named Paul Brothers who was going to build a lot of houses. He said they were hiring and for me to go see them. The next morning, I went to their office and the clerk informed me that they weren't hiring. I reported back to Mr. Rickenbacker (sister-in-law's boss) .He told me to go back the next day; they were hiring. After reporting to Mr. Rickenbacker,he visited the Paul Brothers. He asked them do you remember when you arrived in New York from Germany, who was the first to give you a job. He replied "yes", it was a negro. He told them that he had sent a young man of color over yesterday and he was told they were not hiring. Well, I went back the next day and was hired. They had a large shop where during the war they made crates for bomb sites. Now that the war was over, they would start making stairs and cabinets for the houses they were going to build. They also made night tables and other small furniture for a mirror factory

in Brooklyn. They had nine men in the shop and nine outside carpenters. When the weather was too bad to work outside we would work in the shop. The first group of houses we built was off Willis Avenue, Roslyn Heights just two blocks from my homestead on Power House Road. The Foreman was a nice, friendly outgoing man who was a carpenter and builder for years and really knew the business. He was a United States veteran of WWI. He and a couple of German carpenter veterans would get into a discussion about who were the better soldiers. Art, the Foreman's name, took a liking to me and he made sure I got every opportunity to learn and experience every aspect of the trade. Sometimes when he was sent out on a job where he only needed one man, he would take me. I worked for Paul Brothers for two years. After about a year and a half, the wheels began to fall off. First of all, the brother who was the brains of the company had a heart attack and died. The remaining brother was a nervous, high-strung man who couldn't handle the business. This put more pressure and responsibility on Art. He started to crack. Every morning on the way to our job, he would buy a bottle of cheap wine. Eventually, the business was sold to the Brooklyn company whose owner didn't know a thing about building. None of the Real Estates or architects Paul Brothers did work for liked the new owner. They told us if five or six of us got together and formed a company, they would give us all their work. It all depended on Art. He was the key. This would

be a wonderful opportunity for us. Poor Art couldn't stop drinking. None of the men would speak to him about it although they knew him for years. He was a man about 6'2" and old enough to be my father. I liked him very much and I know he liked me, so I took the liberty to talk to him. I told him how he was ruining his life, worrying his wife and ruining the opportunity of us forming a company. He would stand there with his head down, just like a big kid and wouldn't say a word. This talking didn't help, so I would empty or break his bottles in front of him. He still wouldn't say a word but get in the truck and go get another bottle. With all this he remained calm and we remained good friends. He became sick; I and another carpenter went to visit him and he would go over the blueprints with us for the next steps to take on the big house we were building. One day his wife went shopping, he sealed off the kitchen, turned on the gas oven and put his head in it, killing himself. The company sent out a man to take Art's place but he didn't know the business, so finally the business folded. Of the eighteen carpenters in the company, I was the only one of color.

It was in the winter; one of the men from the company was hired by Pete Blank and Son, Realtors and Builders of East Williston. I started for myself and things were a little slow. One night I got a call. He wanted to know if I would come and work for them. A carpenter from Paul Brothers company who the Blanks hired had recommended me to them. I told him I had just started for myself. He said one of his men had an appendix

operation . They had just started a big house and would I come and help out until this man returned. I agreed because I did not have have any sizable job yet. The Blank's carried six carpenters; I went there as a finished carpenter.

Two of the men were not pleased because they had worked for Blank for years and they were just rough carpenters. After a few months, the carpenter's place I took came back. His name was Bill. The Blanks were pleased with my work and asked me if I would continue working for them. I told them I would if I was guaranteed steady work. Mr. Blank said they always have work ahead, so I would work steady. I don't think the Forman was too happy about that because I was a man of color and I think he never worked with any before.

Mr. Latham, of Latham Lumber Company of Mineola, bought this old house on Willis Avenue between East Williston and Albertson Square. He bought an acre of land in Old Westbury where he wanted this house moved and restored. It was a good-sized two story house with a big attic. We had to take off the roof, trim and rafters, mark each piece so they would go back in the same place. One night, we had an ice storm. We showed up for work but couldn't work because of all the ice. Mr. Blank was there and said we probably couldn't work today. Some of the fellows left immediately for home. I went over to Mr. Blank and said, "What about me"; He said, "come by the office". They had an office in a large storeroom where they

kept supplies. When we got to the office, Mr. Blank told me they had a house ready for trimming. This meant putting trim and molding around windows and door frames. We were in the storeroom picking out the materials when in walked George, an old rough carpenter. He came in one door whistling and out the other. I put in my day trimming this house.

The weather had cleared and the next day we were all on the old job. George jumped all over me in front of the gang. He said. "I saw you hanging around Mr. Blank yesterday. When he finished , I said, "I didn't ask for this job. Mr. Blank came after me." I also said, " I don't know what agreement you have but I have a guaranteed steady work agreement." George felt kind of foolish and said, "I'm sorry, I didn't know that." After that, we got along fine. Finally, the house was moved during the night. Mr. Blank arranged for the telephone and Light company , working ahead , taking their lines down and then putting the lines back up after the house was moved. One day, Bill and I were working on a scaffold over the front door porch roof putting on shingles. We were talking and along came the Forman. He didn't say anything to Bill but hollered at me. I hollered back. He said, "Who do you think you're hollering at?". I said, "You. Who do you think you're hollering at?" He said, "Pick up your tools and get down off the scaffold. You're fired!" I said, "You didn't hire me, so you're not going to fire me." So I continued to work. Shortly after, young Pete came. The Forman lost no time telling him what happened. Peter got in his car and drove to the office to tell his father. Mr. Blank came right over and the Forman told him

the story; then I went and told him my version. Mr. Blank asked the Forman who was he talking to and the Forman said "Bill". Mr. Blank said " Well, if you fire one, you have to fire both". Then the Forman said reluctantly, "Alright, fire them both. " He didn't want to fire Bill because Bill would go out of his way to pick him up and bring him to work every day. The Forman would pay him one dollar a week and leave his car home in the garage. Mr Blank said to the Forman "this is the middle of the week; why not let them finish the week out," which the Forman agreed to. Afterward, Mr. Blank came to me and said,"I think this will blow over before the week is out." He knew the Forman was cheap and didn't want to use his car. Well, sometime Friday the Forman came to me, put his hand on my shoulder and said," Forget about what happened the other day". I said, "Thank you"and that was the end of that.

The Blanks were nice to work for. They would come and hang around the job but not to get more work out of you. Mr. Blank would stop to talk to you or tell you a joke. When the weather was cold they would bring a large jug of hot soup and crackers. When it was hot, it would be a jug of cold drinks. They built superior homes of brick, stone, slate roofs, hardwood floors and plasted walls. Lots of times they were put in heavier beams or rafters than the blueprints called for.

Mr. Blank bought a large summer home at, I believe, Mastic beach. It was a large waterfront property. We went down there to build him a new summer home. We would go down there Monday

morning , stay in the big house and come home Friday evening. After finishing that house, we went to Orient Point to build a summer home for the Lathams. They owned a large piece of waterfront property with a large house on it. Mr. Blank saw a sign on a lawn in Greenport advertising homemade bread and pies. He went in and met a Mrs Barret whom he made a deal with. She would put up lunches for us which Peter would pick up and we would have dinner every evening at her house. That woman could really cook. We had fresh bay scollops, fresh vegetables and most evenings for dessert, we had lemon meringue pie which stood up about four or five inches. Mr. Blank bought a big piece of property in East Marion which he planned to build houses on.

We had finished all the jobs and was ready to start a house in East Williston for a customer on his lot. Mr. Blank found out the buying of the lot was not finalized. He gave us a weeks vacation with pay. He said it would take a week to ten days to get the cellar in and property graded before we could start building. In the meantime, while working for the Blanks I was picking up small jobs I could do Saturdays and evenings. When my vacation started, I had a house to paint. While on this job, a man stopped by and wanted me to paint the trim on his brick house. It was over ten days when one evening Mr. Blank called and said they were ready to start the next morning. I told him I couldn't come right away because during my vacation I had picked up some jobs. He asked me when I could come.

I told him I didn't know. In the meantime, the man I was painting for told some of his relatives in North Roslyn about me. Mr. Blank called again and I told him I didn't know when I could return to work. So he said, "You know where the house is, so you can come to it when you're finished." I went to North Roslyn and I was up there for months. I did work in many homes. Months later, I met Peter in the lumber yard. He asked me when I was coming back and I told him I was getting lots of work and was making more money than they were paying. He said he knew some of us should be getting more money and he was sorry to lose me.

It was in 1949 I started out for myself and retired in September at the age of 67. During that time I built three complete houses, a string of five stores, many additions and alterations.

Marian and I had three children, Sharon, born in 1943, graduated from Hempstead High school and went to Bovia College of Boston for one year. She met Frank Leath from Harvard University, married and had one child, Michelle. They lived in Connecticut for approximately three years, divorced and Sharon came back to Long Island. She later married Steven Johnson a veteran of the Viet Nam war and is a welder for Long Island Light. Sharon works for the TPS Abstract Corporation in Garden City; she has been there for approximately 12 years. Bryan was born in 1946 and graduated from Hemstead High and immediately

went to work for Long Island Light. He worked there for twenty years and qualified as a overhead linesman, splicer and Forman. He retired from there and went to California and was hired by the Los Angeles Power Company. After working there a few months he didn't like it and came back to Long Island. He went into the City and joined the Electrical Union and went to work for a large Company. He worked there for six years and one day on Long Island he met one of his old supervisors. He asked Bryan why he didn't come back to Long Island Light, which he did and at this writing, he is still there. He married Betty Bain. They live on Alicia Drive in Westbury, L.I. Betty is the Child's Care Director at Queens College. Richard graduated from Hempstead High school. He went to a technical school and became a copy machine technician. He, as well as Bryan, were Viet Nam veterans. After several trips and obtaining transfers from the east coast to the west coast because of his wife's desires, he decided not to ask for another transfer. So he settled in California. He filed many applications for various jobs. The first job to come through was a driving job for Greyhound Bus Company. Richard and his wife Anita had one son, Richard Jr. After 10 years, of driving for Greyhound, the drivers went on strike and the Company was failing. Richard went to work for various touring companies, in the meantime. For the last four years he has been working for the California Coast Coach Company. He has taken two tours from Los Angeles to New York and back. Most of the groups he takes are tourists from Japan, Germany and France. He has a perfect driving record.

Richard and Anita divorced and ten years ago Richard married Christine Mabry who had two sons by a previous marriage. Now, Richard and Christine have an eight year old son named Bryan. They purchased a home in Rowland Heights, California. Christine worked for a large bank in Los Angeles for many years and about two years ago, she lost her position because of cut backs. She decided to go into her own business, CRAFT CREATIONS by CHRIS.

Since I was too old after the 2nd world war to play baseball and basket ball and living too far from the water, I didn't do much swimming. I played golf once in a while and hunted. I hunted small game on Long Island and deer up-state in the Catskill and Adirondack mountains. I loved being in the fields and mountains even if I didn't get anything.

In 1959, I heard about an adult rifle class at the Westbury high school. At that time, many schools and colleges had rifle teams just like any other sport. I joined the class and learned to shoot paper targets at fifty feet under the instructions of Mr. Backus. From this group a club, The Inter-Island Rifle and Pistol Club, was formed. We had a few tournaments among ourselves and other clubs. Two from this group joined the Roslyn Rifle and Pistol Club. As a child, I remember hearing about the Roslyn Club which was formed after WW1. It was in the basement of the Episcopal Church in Roslyn that the Rifle club made a range. In later years, they bought a piece of property at the end of Grand Blvd. in Westbury. Here they built an indoor eight point firing range, a kitchen and a

large lounge. Harold J. Vanderhyde of Merrick was the architect and one of the founding members as was Peter Johner of Carle Place. Johner was the Secretary/Treasurer until his death about 1974 or 1975. Francis O'Brien of Whitestone was president for years, three fine men. The Roslyn club also bought twenty-seven acres of land in Calverton, L.I. Here they built a small bore, large bore and pistol ranges; they also built a club house. Nat Amcher from Carle Place, a very good friend of mine even today, was one of the two who joined Roslyn. After he established himself in the club, he began taking me as a guest. As Nat's guest for about a year, I became acquainted with many of the shooters and the board members. When I applied for admission, I was readily accepted. I was the 3rd person of color in the forty years or more of the clubs' existence. After I was in, two more and a junior joined. The two before me were policemen acquaintances of O'Brien who was a policeman for years and a pistol instructor at the Police Academy. One resigned before I joined and the other came once a year to the board members' election. Roslyn has a membership of 350, the largest club around. Every member has a key to the indoor range at Westbury and the outdoor range at Calverton. You can come and go at any time. I became a very intense practitioner; I wanted to be good and I had a lot of catching up to do. Most of the good shooters had shot in school, in college or in service. I was 52 years old when I joined Roslyn. I had to

catch up with shooters from 18 to 50, most of them with years of experience and coaching.

Roslyn shot in two leagues. The South Shore Rifle League and the Greater Long Island League. The course of fire was in four positions at fifty feet. Five shots in each, Prone, which is lying down, sitting, kneeling and off-hand which is standing; a perfect score is two hundred. There was three sections, A, B and C. Section A consisted of the Masters and High Expert teams, B some expert and sharp shooter teams, C, some sharp shooter and marksmen teams. To be a master you had to shoot 195 or better in a certain number of matches. An expert, a lesser score and so on down to marksman. Any number could shoot on a team no matter what their qualifications, but only the top five scores counted. Sometimes, we would have fifteen or twenty shooters and ten to fifteen would be masters. You had to shoot in a certain number of matches to qualify for awards at the end of the season. Then there was individual clubs that would have a open tournament. The National Rifle and Pistol Association had regional and sectional throughout the country. These matches consisted of a variation of the four positions at more targets with different sights, metallic and scope. The scores from these matches would be from 1000 to 2400. I believe I was the next to the oldest shooter in the League and positive the oldest in the open and national, regional or sectional matches.

Connecticut held the largest small bore, four position team and individual matches in the country.

They were held in New Haven at the Winchester ranges for over 45 years and up to 1,200 shooters attended. The Roslyn No.1 team won this match in 1968 and 1969, then coming in second in 1970. In 1971, Roslyn's second team took first place winning the Hearst trophy, twenty-five dollars and four gold medals. The team consisted of C.Hasse, age 22 and a score of 192, F. Eichler, age 41, his score, 196, F. Willing, age 55, his score 198 and yours truly, age 63, score 196. I don't remember what happened in 1972 or 1973, but in 1974 the Roslyn First team took first again and the second team which I was on took fourth. I had the seventh highest score of the match, a 197.

The outdoor four-position matches, local and state are shot at fifty yards; a perfect score for two days is 1600. The outdoor prone matches, local and state are shot at 50 yards, fifty meters, a Dewar course which is half of that matches score is shot at fifty yards and the other half at 100 yards. Then the last match is shot at 100 yards. The total or perfect score for these two days is 3200. At these prone matches at the end of each day they would have team matches which consisted of two men.

The national matches are held at Camp Perry, Fort Clinton in Ohio on Lake Erie. These matches are held in part of July and August. They consist of the small bore rifle which is the 22 caliber bullet, the large bore matches which is the 3006 caliber and the pistol matches. Shooters from every state plus Puerto Rico, Virgin Islands and sometimes Canada and

England. Shooting out-doors is a lot different than in-doors. You have to figure out the wind which changes directions often, and effects the flight of your bullet. When it's hot you have to study the mirage which is heat waves. These waves makes the bullseye look out of shape. The first day you shoot with metallic sights, two matches in the morning at fifty yards and fifty meters. In the afternoon, we shoot two matches, the Dewar and 100 yards. The second day , the same as the first, so the metallic matches total 3200. The next two days you shoot the same format only with scope or metallic sights if you care to, but the first two days must be shot with metallic sights. So the perfect score for four days of individual shooting would be 6400. The fifth day consists of four-man team matches. It is the same format as the individual matches, only each shooters score is 400. So the teams perfect score would be 1600. In the morning we shoot the metallic sight matches and the scope in the afternoon. The sixth day we shoot the four-position, metallic sight individual matches, the seventh day the scope matches, the total score 3200. The eighth day we shoot the four-man position matches, metallic in the morning and scope in the afternoon, total score 3200.

It was in 1960 that I joined the Roslyn Rifle and Pistol Club. I went to all practices, league matches and other club matches. From 1960 to the summer of 1976 I shot in tournaments on Long Island, Brooklyn, upstate as far as Albany, New Jersey, Staten Island, Connecticut, Pennsylvania and Port Clinton, Ohio where the nationals were held. Some of these tournaments was one day and some two days, always on week ends. Some of these tournaments I would go to by myself, like Albany, Roseland, N.J. Wilkes-Barre, Pa. and Wallingford, Ct. The Amchers, Nat and Dorothy and I always traveled together going to the nationals in Ohio. Sometimes, my wife was able to go. Besides Roslyn, I belonged to the New York State Rifle and Pistol Association, The Connecticut State Rifle and Pistol Association, The Roosevelt Club of Brooklyn, the PALS or Police Athletic League of Stratford Ct. and the Craters, a national club made up mostly of college students.

By practicing and shooting in many matches and tournaments I was improving steadily and surpassed many fellows with years of shooting. Years ago there was a smallbore shooter of the Roslyn club who was a chauffer for the Rathborn family of Old Westbury. The Rathborns donated a sterling silver trophy about twelve inches tall to the Roslyn smallbore shooters. Each year the club would hold an outdoor prone smallbore match at Calverton for any and all Roslyn members. The winner would have the year, his name and score engraved on the trophy and have possession of

it for the year. If he or someone else had the highest score the next year, the same procedure followed. In the seventies. I was fortunate enough to win it three or four times. In the mid-seventies there was a program on TV every Saturday morning called the Big Blue Marble. They traveled all over the country taking TV tapes of young exceptionally talented children. One of our members had a very young talented shooting daughter. The Big Blue Marble heard about her and sent out their crew to Calverton in 1975 to our Rathborn match. They took TV movies of her and also of me since I was the match winner. They took pictures of me shooting and scoring the targets. I saw it a couple of times on TV; some friends on Long Island and Ct. called me up to inform me that I was on TV.

In 1976 a few months before moving to New Mexico, I went to a tournament in Wilkes-Barre, Pa. The last match of the tournament, a 100 yard match, was for a trophy for one year possession or as many years as you were the winner. I was shooting against some of the best prone shooters in the country (from Pa. and New Jersey). I was in the last relay and those who had finished and the one who was in position to win was watching my target through their scopes. Somehow, I won the trophy for the year.

I shot for the Roosevelt Club in an Armory in Brooklyn. They shot six tournaments a year in the winter., two matches each tournament at 100 yards, perfect score-400 each match. There would be shooters from New Jersey, Ct., Pa. New York and

Long Island. Then in the summer, I shot in the New Jersey League at Roseland for the Roosevelt club. In the spring and summer, I shot for the Stratford PALS in the Night-Owl League. We shot every Wednesday night for twenty-two weeks. In 1969, I was their best shooter (story in paper). In 1973 I had the honor and pleasure to win the national senior 4-position championship at Camp Perry. After all the years Roslyn Rifle and Pistol club was in existence, since around 1920, I was the first member to win a national title. At that time the membership was about 350.

I believe it was in 1974 that I was at Roseland shooting a two day prone match. After the individual matches are over, they have a two-man team match. Saturday it's the metallic sight matches. I had the honor and pleasure of having Rans Triggs, one of the top prone shooters in the country, asked me to shoot the team match with him. This was like having one of the top golf or tennis stars asking you to be their partner in a big match.

In 1973, the New York State Rifle and Pistol Association decided to send a team of five rifle and five pistol shooters to Germany for updating in olympic shooting. This was done once before in 1873. New York state is the only state that has ever done this. The tryouts were held at West Point. Any N.Y. state resident who was a member of the Rifle and Pistol Association could participate. Smallbore rifle and pistol shooters went for

the tryouts. I had the ninth highest score among the rifle shooters. Two of the top shooters were teachers, so they couldn't go because we left on September 6th, and returned September 28th. I don't remember why the 8th man couldn't go, so that left a spot open for me.

After I was selected to go to Germany the secretary, Dave Williams, of the New York State Rifle and Pistol Association took me to Nassau's County Executive, Ralph Caso's office. He presented me with a Nassau county flag and two letters, one in English and one in German to be presented to the president of the German Shooting Association. I was the only one from Nassau County. There were two pistol shooters from Suffolk County. The rest were from Up-state. Beside the ten shooters was our director Col. William C. Economas, Dr. Charles and Dolly Fletcher as recorder and official secretary.

On September 6th, we assembled at Kennedy Airport. Our wives, children, friends and many dignitaries from the NYSPA were there to wish us bon voyage, au revoir and auf wiedersehen. We were dressed in gray trousers, blue blazers, embellished with the New York State bullion patches, blue shooting caps with distinctive insignias and name plates on our breast pockets.

We flew out of Kennedy Airport at 7:45 p.m. September 6, on two 747's. Approximately nine hours later, we landed at Frankfurt, Germany. There we were met by representatives of the Deucher Schutzenbund. We were driven in two VW buses to

Wiesbadener Schutzen Gesellschaft. This building consists of Rifle and Pistol ranges, a kitchen, dining room, sitting room, TV room, bedrooms and baths. We were there a week and received instructions from German government paid coaches. Such shooting complexes are common throughout Germany. After resting, inspecting facilities and eating dinner, we took a short tour of Wiesbaden. September 8th, we practised most of the day and socialized with the German shooters. Saturday, September 9th we had a match with the Wiesbaden club from nine o'clock to three. That evening, we were hosted to an outdoor barbeque at the W. S. C. club house and range about ten minutes away.

We left Wiesbaden the morning of the fifteenth, my 65th birthday. The team bought me a birthday cake and card. While at Wiesbaden, we were entertained by the shooters and wives and taken on sight-seeing tours. After leaving Wiesbaden, we visited quite a few cities and shooting clubs which I will mention but not go into detail. Our first stop was Heidelberg, then Heilbronn, Ulm, Oberdichingen, Pforzheim, Struttgart, Black Forest, Bad Wildbad, then to Munich in Hochbruck, the 1972 Olympic shooting range. We visited the Anschutz and Walther's gun factories where the best target rifle and pistols in the world are made.

Each club we visited had a big dinner and entertainment for us. The public relations representatives from the two gun factories took us out to lunch. We were also taken to the Prime Minister's office in the state house of Bavaria, Dr. Goppel.

We were toasted with champagne and each man was presented with an autographed copy of the history of Bavaria.

We also went to the Big Tent to shoot air rifles and air pistols against 16,000 shooting masters who had eliminated 160,000 shooters. We went to the Oktoberfest parade which was $7\frac{1}{2}$ kilometers long. We also visited Dachau, a prison camp during the war.

At 5:30 a.m., September 28, we left Munich Olympic range for the airport. From there we flew to Frankfurt where we boarded our plane, at 9:00 a.m., arriving at JFK, N.Y. at 7:30 p.m. Our families were there to meet us. We said "good-bye" and headed for home. We all had a wonderful time, a great experience never to be forgotten, but glad to get home.

In February 1964 Marian and I drove out to Tucson, Arizona to visit her brother and his family. He left Long Island in 1957 for Tucson because of his asthma. At that time Tucson was the best place for asthma, so he moved there under the advise of Dr. Jessup, a long time doctor of Roslyn. Now, I understand Tucson is the worse place to go. People move there from all over the country for their allergies. They planted their lawns, flowers, bushes and trees just like they had at their homes they moved away from.

We were supposed to leave Long Island on the 15th, but the day before, we had a big snow storm. On the morning of the 18th we pulled out; the roads had all been cleared.

That night we stayed in a motel at Somerset, Pa. The next morning, we got up early to get on the road. When looking out the window we saw that it had snowed a little during the night. Everything went along fine the next two days. The third evening we stayed in Texas at a cordial motel. The next day was Sunday; we got up early again and got on the road. At about eight o'clock we began looking for a restaurant to have breakfast. We were out in the country on a lonely road and soon we saw a small restaurant on the right hand side. We stopped in front and went in. There was quite a number of people there. We saw one empty table and we sat down. We noticed that most of the people were looking us over. It took quite a while for the waitress to come and take our order and it seemed forever for her to serve us. One table back and across from us was four middle-aged men talking about "niggers". Shortly after two young men left; they had on their big hats, boots and pistols on their sides. The window was high so we couldn't see out front, so I told Marion let's hurry and get out of here. I didn't know if those two fellows were going to do anything to our car. We finished our breakfast, paid our bill and went out. The car looked alright. I unlocked Marion's door then walked around the other side to unlock my door. I was facing the restaurant when I was unlocking my door. I looked up and everyone in the restaurant was at the window looking. That afternoon, we stopped in Deming. New Mexico. We registered at the Best Western Hotel and then visited the town. It was a small town and everyone seemed to be friendly and helpful. The next day we drove into Tucson.

After spending a few days we headed for home. Marion was on vacation so we had to get back on Long Island. We stopped in Deming again and we both said It reminded us somewhat of Roslyn when it was small. The trip was uneventful coming back but we enjoyed the scenery of each State we traveled through. We were glad to get back home and back to work. Marion's mother stayed at the house and took care of the children.

In 1965, Bryan was drafted into the Army. At this time the Services were integrated. After his basic training, he was sent to school and trained to be a water specialist, then to Vietnam. He and another soldier would drive their tanker truck to a river, test the water, fill the tanker and add chemicals to make it suitable for drinking. While Bryan was in Vietnam, Marion's brother, Lester Peters of Tucson, youngest son Greg was drafted and sent to Vietnam as a second lieutenant. He was there three weeks when he was hit in the stomach. The bullet lodged in his spine. He has been in a wheel chair ever since.

Richard was drafted in 1966 and when Bryan was on his way home Richard was on his way to Vietnam. He worked in and around head quarters. They both came home safe and sound, but Marian and I had two years of worrying.

In 1966 Marian bought out Professional Placement Service and employment Agency. She supplied 12 hospitals with private-duty nurses and also homes with nursing services.

In 1976 she went to a Dr. Manson to check her blood pressure. The doctor told her it was so high that he didn't know why the top of her head didn't blow off. He also told her not to go back in the office and if she did, not to come back to him. Marian had a nurse working in the office with her who was going to buy the business within two years. She called Ann and told her she would have to take over right away. The doctor put Marian in the hospital for 35 days so he could work out her medications. During this time, Ann took over and eventually bought the business.

In 1971 we saw an ad in the New York Times for $\frac{1}{2}$ acres of land for sale in Deming, New Mexico. We said that's the town we stopped in going to Tucson. It was inexpensive so we bought one acre, sight unseen. While the children were growing, we often told them that when they got married and we retired, we were moving west.

In 1975, Lester and Savada Peters was going to celebrate their 50th wedding anniversary by remarrying in their church. The reception was at home. I had bought a travel trailer in 1974, so we packed up the trailer, hitched it to the station wagon and headed west. Their friends came from Long Island, Jersey, Maryland, Virginia, South Carolina, Louisiana, California and Arizona. Everyone had a wonderful time. While there, we took some side trips, Nogales, Mexico, Grand Canyon, Flagstaff and other places of interest.

On the way home we stopped in Deming. Here we went to the land office. The salesman took us out to our property which was

about 25 miles from town on the east side of the Florida Mountains. Everything was available but the telephone and the company couldn't tell when they would be available. We had to have a phone, so the salesman brought us into town and showed us homes and properties available. He took us to Pecan Park which consisted of three streets running off route 377. These lots were $\frac{1}{4}$ and $\frac{1}{3}$ acres only enough for 40 mobile homes. This property is surrounded by farms and only 5 miles from town. At that time there was only 19 homes there. We both liked the park, so we bought a $\frac{1}{3}$ acre plot. The next day we left for home. A few weeks later, we received an envelope from the salesman with a lot of pictures and a letter. The pictures were of a double-wide mobile home, inside and out and also of the landscaped yard. It was one year and three months old. The husband of the couple who owned it had cancer of the throat. He had to go to El Paso which is 100 miles away three or four times a week for treatments. They didn't know how long this treatment would last so they decided to move to Las Cruces and sell this home. In the letter the salesman said this home was well worth coming and looking at. So we packed some clothes, got in Marian's car and headed for Deming again.

When we arrived the salesman took us out to the mobile home. The owners had spent a lot of money on landscaping, the lawn, trees, shrubbery, flowers, a fountain fish pool, a storage shed, a six-foot fence in the back and a 10 by 24ft. patio, one third of which was screened in. The home had a large living room

a dining area, a fully equipped kitchen, a family room, a wet bar, washer and dryer, two bedrooms and two full bathrooms. Marian and I both fell in love with this house, so we made a down payment on it. We left the car in Deming, then took the bus to El Paso, then a taxi to the airport which is 100 miles from Deming.

After arriving home, we began preparing for the big move. The first thing was to put our home on the market. Before that we offered it to our children. Our daughter Sharon, and husband Steve, was interested in it, so we sold it to them. Then there was the problem of what to take and what not to take. We gave lots of winter clothes to the Salvation Army. Since the home was being sold in the family, we did not have to worry about taking everything. I hired a 24 ft. U-HAUL van and began loading it. My cousin, Wm. Bryant, who lived four or five blocks away, and Yorkie Wise helped me load the van. Yorkie also wanted to drive the van out to Deming for me since I had to drive my station wagon pulling my travel-trailer. Our son, Richie, wanted to drive the van, so he did and his wife rode with him for company.

I had a CB in my station wagon which the children gave me and Richie had one that he installed in the van so we kept in touch all the way.

Many friends came to visit to wish us happiness in our move to the west. We pulled out of Hempstead 5:00 am. on October 9th, heading for Deming and our new home. The trip was pleasant and uneventful. About 11:00 am. October 12th, we stopped

west of Las Cruces and called the office. They said the woman Mrs. Cox, across the street had the key. An hour later we pulled up in the yard of our new home. Mrs. Cox brought the key over, welcomed us to the Park and offered us coffee. The gas, electric and water was on, the refrigerator was running and only the telephone was turned off. Richie and I unloaded the van, cleaned it up, filled it with gas and turned it in to a U-HAUL agency in town. After a few days, we took Richie and Anita to the bus station to catch the bus to El Paso to get the plane back to New York. We lived in the house for 5 days before we had a closing. About half the families in the Park came to visit and welcome us.

We found most of the people in Deming friendly and helpful. We began looking around to see what was available. Marian found an Episcopal church which she joined. Deming had a population of around 8,000 and had about 32 churches. I went to the Rio Mimbres country club and joined the golf club. Now, that I am retired, I can play golf often year round out here. I was disappointed that they didn't have a Rifle Club but about a year or two, one was started.

Marion's Dr. Manison back east recommended her to Drs. Bell and Dye in Silver City. One day we drove up to Silver City which is 60 miles north and saw Dr. Bell. He examined her and was in agreement with her medications.

After we got settled in, we began exploring the country-side. The Florida Mts. which are about 8 miles away, could be seen from our kitchen window. The altitude here in Deming is 4,331 ft.

above sea level. The Florida Mts. are about 6,000 ft. high and 25 miles long running north and south. There are two parks in the Floridas. One, the Rock Hound State Park, which has gem stones in it which are hard to come by. This is the only State Park where you can dig and take stones out. There is a variety of wild life in the mountain. The largest are deer and Ibex. The Ibex was given to the United States by the Shah of Iran and planted only in the Florida Mts. in the early seventies. It is rugged and much like the mountains in Iran. The other Park is Spring Canyon State Park which is just for picnics; it's like being in the bottom of a deep bowl. The mountains in the southern part of the state are unlike the ones in New York State where you can't see the mountains for the trees. Here the mountains have mostly shrubbery and small trees; this took a while to get used to. Then there is the City of Rocks State Park which is about 30 miles northwest of Deming. Coming into the Park, it looks like a big city with its tall buildings. At times, you will see antelope in this area. Going northwest, there is Bill Evans Lake about 75 miles from Deming. Then northwest by north about the same distance, is Lake Roberts. Then 95 miles north is Elephant Butte Reservoir which is 40 miles long. These waters are stocked with all kinds of fish.

There are so many interesting things to see in New Mexico, which is the fifth largest state in the country with only about one and a half million people, so there is a lot of open land.

There is the White Sands with its thousands of acres of sand which looks like snow. Then there is the Carlsbad Caverns and a dozen or more Indian Reservations, open-pit copper mines and I could go on and on.

I joined the American Legion and we joined a CB club which stands for Citizens Band Radio. We had over fifty members and we monitored channel 22. There was a half dozen who kept their CBs on day and night so you could always get a member to talk to. Most of us had a base station and a large antennas sixty-two feet tall which was the limit by the Federal Communications Commission. The Truckers made CBs popular. Most of them traveled all over the country by themselves and away from home weeks and sometimes months at a time. With their CBs they could talk with other truckers and warn others if they saw a policeman hiding to catch speedsters. Then people began putting them in their cars. They were very handy. If you were in a unfamiliar area you would call for a local. Most times, a local would answer your call. You would tell him where you were and where you wanted to go. Most likely he could tell you. Your base station was a larger forty channel, single side band radio. This meant that you had forty AM stations, forty on the low side band and forty on the upper side band which gave you 120 stations in all. I have talked to people in every state including Alaska and Hawaii, Central and South America, Goose Bay, Nova Scotia, most Canadian provinces and most of the Caribbean Islands. My greatest thrill was when I talked to a man in Roslyn, L.I,. I told him where I used to live on Power House Road and he knew the place, but

before I could find out his name and where he lived his station faded out and I couldn't get him back. I have talked to and received cards from six or more CBs on Long Island.

After about ten years the CB fad had decreased drastically. The clubs disbanded, the locals have all but quit, and I very seldom turn my set on. The truckers don't use theirs as much. We all had a handle which was a name we wanted to go by and a number. We also had cards made up, some were very elaborate, enclosed are a few. When you turn on your set you announce your station number and whoever picks it up calls back and it could be one or a dozen. You then give your handle and number; he will do the same. You exchange addresses and then have a conversation before you or he fades out which is caused by the air waves changing direction. He will send you his card and you will send him yours.

I had a neighbor who lived two empty lots and two homes down from me. He belonged to the CB club, the American Legion and the disabled American veterans. We became very good friends; his name was Alex. The DAV was having some carpenter work done in their building and Alex knew I was a carpenter. He asked me if I would give them a hand which I did. After that any time they had an affair Marian and I was always invited. At that time the DAV was mostly made up of local veterans. As new veterans moved here and joined the DAV they soon outnumbered the locals who were voted out of office and the DAV policies changed. Eventually Alex and his wife moved back to Ohio which was not of his

choice. He loved Deming and its people. He was back in Ohio for about five years when he passed away.

I was somewhat disappointed that after moving here that there was no gun club. There was some good shooters here, one a world class moving target champion. After about a year or two a club was formed and shooters began coming out of the woodwork. The Armory here had an indoor range and we went to see if we could use it. We had to get permission from high army officials outside of Deming. We finally got the okay, but when we went to the Armory it had to have some repairs. After all excuses and run around we gave up on its use. We began practising at the old police outdoor range south of the Fairgrounds and at the National Guard outdoor range out by the Black Mountains.

The only shooting I knew about was at Bulls Eye on paper targets. Many schools and colleges had rifle teams just like any other sport. There were private and public shooting facilities all over the country. A new kind of shooting was introduced to our club which was very popular in the southwest. It is metallic silhouette target shooting which came from Mexico. It started many years ago at the Mexican fiestas. They would stake out birds and animals at different distances and have a shooting contest. After the animals were killed, they were prepared, cooked and eaten. Some Americans had been to some of these fiestas and liked the sport, but not shooting at live animals and birds. So they started making chickens, turkeys,

javelins, (wild pigs) and rams. They started making them out of steel the size of the real animals and birds. These were set on pedestals, chickens 200 meters, javelin 300 meters, turkeys 385 meters and rams 500 meters. You shot at these targets with high power hunting rifles. These silhouettes had to be knocked off of their pedestals. You shot in the off-hand (standing position). You had 40 silhouettes to shoot at, ten of each animal or bird, one shot at each. You had 2½ minutes to shoot at the first five, the same at the next five etc.. They also made silhouettes for 22 caliber rifles. These silhouettes were one fifth the size and shot at one fifth the distance.

We received permission to set up the outdoor range for this kind of shooting. We would have one match one Sunday a month open to the public. Tyrone, up past Silver City, had a range and they would have a match one Sunday a month, Las Cruces and El Paso had the same. So every Sunday there was a match somewhere. Inclosed is a picture of 31 trophies I won between 1980 and 1985. We had a slight recession and many people were laid off or lost their jobs, so this cut deeply into the shooting sport. Eventually, our club and Tyrone's disbanded and I think Las Cruces did for a few years. Silhouette has fell off drastically and a new sport is taking over. About 1990, and at this writing 1995, Archery has taken over and is growing by leaps and bounds. I have about given up shooting and have sold most of my guns and equipment.

We moved here in the middle of October 1976. For the next two years we visited many interesting places in New Mexico and Arizona in our travel trailer. April 4, 1978 we left home at 4:00am with our trailer heading east. We took the southern route because we had three families to visit who moved from Long Island. Our first stop was San Antonio, Texas 677 miles from Deming. After spending the night in a trailer park we headed for New Orleans the next morning. After 531 miles, and eleven and a half hours on the road, we pulled into a trailer park. After resting a while we unhooked the station wagon from the trailer and left for some sight-seeing. We went to the Bourbon Street area. The streets were filled with cars and people. A policeman was directing us to a parking area; we asked him what was going on. He said it was the inauguration of the first man of color as Mayor of New Orleans, his name was Morales. At this writing, Morales' son is Mayor. We parked, walked around, found a restaurant and had a dinner of New Orleans gumbo. People were everywhere and you could hear the bands playing in all the show houses. After finding our station wagon, we drove back to the trailer park for a much needed rest. When I got up early the next morning, I noticed I had a flat tire on the trailer. It was no big deal to change the tire but when I got finished it was like someone had poured a pail of water over me, it was so humid. I don't see how people can live there. It's lowest area is 5 feet below sea

level and highest point 535 feet. They have from 40 to 80 inches of rain and they have many rivers, lakes, marshes and bayous. Many of the highways are built over these marshes and bayous, Compared to Deming we are 4,331 feet above sea level and average 7-9 inches of rain a year.

After hooking the trailer to the station wagon, and having breakfast, we headed out for Atlanta, Georgia at 7:40. We went through the southern parts of Mississippi and Alabama, just touching Florida and into Georgia to Atlanta. We arrived at a camp ground at 6:40 pm. We left the camp ground in Atlanta 6:40 am. the next morning. At 11:30 am. we pulled into the yard of Osceola and Lilia Delamar in Columbia, South Carolina. They were from Westbury, Long Island and when retired moved to Columbia in the late 60's. The next morning we were up and ready to go. They were very disappointed that we didn't stay longer with them. At 9:15 am. we left the Delamars for Chapel Hill, North Carolina to visit the Alexanders. At 2:10 we arrived at their condominium. They were our next door neighbors in Hempstead; when he retired they moved to Chapel Hill one month before we left. Mr. Alexander was in the hospital when we arrived. Nothing serious, so that evening we went to visit him with Mrs. Alexander. The next morning at 10:30 am. we departed Chapel Hill for Bedford, Virginia. At 2:30 we arrived at Bedford to visit the Stantons who moved from the Farmingdale area. Mr. Stanton and son, James, belonged to the Roslyn Rifle and Pistol

Club. They bought a 125 acre home in the mountains. We had to leave the trailer at a camp ground because the road up in the mountains wasn't too good for trailers. We stayed overnight with them and at 7:00 am. we were headed for Long Island. We passed through parts of West Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania and New Jersey. At 7:10 pm. we arrived at our old homestead 170 Bennett Avenue, Hempstead. We left Deming April 30th, 7 days later, May 6th and 2,937 miles. We were back where we left 8 months ago.

We stayed in Hempstead for 23 days, visiting many friends and relatives. At 4:05 am. May 29th, we were on the road heading west to Deming New Mexico. It was a little foggy on Long Island but clear in Pennsylvania. The day passed uneventful and at 4:30 pm. we arrived at a campground in Columbus, Ohio, 550 miles from Hempstead. The next day at 4:05 am., we left Columbus and at 6:20 pm. we arrived in Joplin, Missouri. On our way we passed through Indiana and Illinois. We had about the same sort of day, foggy early in the morning and clear the rest of the day. We traveled 753 miles that day. Up and at 'em at 4:05 am. the next morning , it was a fair day all the way to Santa Rosa, New Mexico. We passed through Oklahoma and the Pan Handle of Texas. This part is in the northwest part of Texas, about 70 miles across and very flat.

There are a lot of large farms here and you can see for miles. It is a place where they have bad wind, rain, hail and snow storms. We arrived in Santa Rosa at 4:15 p.m. after traveling 642 miles. A campground was found where we spent the night. Again, we left at 4:05 a.m. the next morning. 4:00 a.m. was my target time, but somehow we were always five minutes late. Between Vaughn and Corona on Route 54 in New Mexico we saw a number of deer killed by cars and trucks. The same in Pa. on route 80. Many deer are killed. I have heard there are more deer killed by cars and trucks in Pa. than there are by hunters. I don't know why they run across the road in front of vehicles. Are they playing Russian Roulette?

Well, at 10:30 a.m. we pulled into our yard in Pecan Park, Deming New Mexico-glad to get home. We had traveled 2,153 miles from Hempstead to Deming, round trip-5,090 miles. I suppose you are wondering how I know exactly how many miles traveled each day and what time we left and arrived each day. We have a camper's daily log book which has about thirty items listed on each page. All you have to do is fill in.

In August 1983 we bought a used 14 ft. outboard motor boat. Quite often we would go up to Elephant Butte to ride around and fish. We weren't very good fishermen, so we did more cruising than fishing. We couldn't pull the trailer and boat, so we sold the trailer and bought a slide-in camper for the truck.

About the middle of June, 1984, Sharon, our daughter, Michelle, her daughter and Steve Johnson, our son-in-law flew out to El Paso where we picked them up. They came out to visit and attend Richie's, our youngest son's wedding. On June 21, we all got into the camper and drove out to Roland Heights, Ca. to attend the wedding. Brian, our oldest son, flew out directly from New York. A couple of days after the wedding we all went to the Universal Studio in Hollywood. On June 29, they all left for Las Vegas and Marien and I headed for home.

August 3, 1984, we headed east in our camper. After four days and 2,472 miles we arrived at my sister, Myrtle Archer and her son, Lloyd's home in Plattsburg, N.Y. Lloyd has a large machine shop and Myrtle bought a large home on 1½ acres right on Lake Champlain. We stayed there four days and then headed for Hempstead, Long Island, 359 miles away. We stayed at Sharon and Steve's for 20 days visiting friends and relatives. On Sept. 1, we left Hempstead for Deming and three and a half days later, we arrived home.

In mid-April 1987 we traded our 14-ft. boat for a new 1750 Bayliner Capri Bowrider. This boat is a five passenger with two custom contour sleeper seats, an inboard 120 horsepower motor, convertible top and side-curtains, AM/FM cassette stereo radio, ice chest and many other features. We made about 4 trips up to Elephante Butte with it and on June 22, we headed for Lake Powell and Glen Canyon National Recreation area.

There is a huge dam here which controls the Colorado River. This lake is in north central Arizona and Utah; it is 188 miles long and has branches like a Christmas tree. July 7, we arrived home after spending 13 wonderful days at Lake Powell 490 miles away. During July, August and September, we took four or five trips to Elephant Butte with the boat. Marian loved the boat trips on the lake.

October 5, 1987, Sharon and Steve flew out to El Paso where we picked them up and drove them home to Deming. On October 7, we went up to Elephant Butte for a boat ride. We all took turns running the boat and Sharon and Steve really enjoyed it. Steve had his movie camera and took lots of pictures. On October 8, which was Sharon's birthday, we drove them to El Paso to catch their plane back home.

Since moving here, Marian had been under the care of Dr. Belle in Silver City. In early April 1979, he recommended that she see a heart specialist in El Paso. After tests and xrays, the Dr. told us she needed heart surgery. Marian agreed and arrangements were made at Sierra Medical Center. The day she was to be admitted, we drove to Anthony, Texas, 23 miles from the hospital. I left the trailer at a campground here and drove to the hospital. She was admitted, assigned to a room and we had a consultation with the Doctors Bruno and Kidd, who were going to perform the operation. The next morning, the day of the operation, bright and early Mary Harrell a dear friend from Deming was there. She spent the whole day and

evening with me. The operation was a success, a quadruple by-pass. After the operation, Marian was taken to the recovery room. After she was strong enough, I was told I could go into see her for a short time. Mary went with me and when we got to the door, the nurse said only family members were allowed. Mary took hold of my arm and said, I am their daughter, and we walked in. (She is caucasian). That night Mary stayed in El Paso with relatives and I drove back to Anthony to my trailer.

After Marian was strong enough she was put into her room. I believe it was the next morning something very strange happened to me. When I was getting ready to drive to the hospital I couldn't tell, if I was asked, the name of the hospital or how to get there. My mind was completely blank. I started out and drove directly to the hospital still not able to remember the names of the roads or the hospital. I parked the station wagon, went into the hospital up to the second floor and was walking down the hall towards Marian's room. I met two nurses with Marian in a wheel chair with tubes and wires attached. The monitor in her room had showed the nurse at the desk that something was going wrong with her heart, so they rushed her to Intensive Care, to stabilize her heart. This was happening to her when my mind was going blank. I would never believed it if I hadn't experienced it.

I stayed in Anthony the whole time Marian was in the hospital. I was at the hospital first thing in the morning and the last

thing at night. I fed her three meals a day and walked her around the halls until she was able to go home. Some of our neighbors came to visit her in the hospital. Marian was a strong person and she recovered rapidly.

In mid-November 1983 Marian was admitted to Serria Medical Center with a swollen disc in her lower back. The Doctors recommended a new procedure. They would inject papaya enzyme into the swollen disc. If it wasn't better in six weeks, they'd have to operate. Well, within the time limit the disc returned to normal., and she had no more problems. She was in the hospital a week and at this time I had a truck camper which I drove to the hospital parking area and stayed until she was discharged.

In about mid 1985 Marian was back in the Sierria Medical hospital, this time to have her left and right carotid arteries cleaned. These are the big arteries in your neck that run up to your brain. Two weeks later, she had a craniotomy for a pinning of a cerebal aneurysn. I was there again all the time feeding and walking her until she came home. Savada, her sister-in-law from Tucson came and stayed a week with her. As I said before, she was a strong person; when the doctors told her what was wrong and should be done she decided right then to do what was necessary.

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August 3, 1984 we headed east in our camper. After 4 days and 2,472 miles, we arrived at my sister Myrtle's and her son Lloyd in Plattsburg, N.Y. Lloyd has a large machine shop there and Myrtle bought a large home on 1½ acres right on Lake Champlain. We stayed there four days and then headed for Hempstead, L.I. 359 miles away. We stayed at Sharon and Steve's and stayed for 20 days visiting friends and relatives. On September 1, we left Hempstead for Deming and 3½ days later we arrived home.

In mid April, 1987 we traded our 14½' boat in for a new 1750 Bayliner Capri Bowrider. This boat is a 5 passenger with two custom contour sleeper seats, an inboard 120 horse power motor, convertible top and side curtains, am/fm cassette stereo radio, ice chest and many other features. We made about four

trips up to Elephant Butte with the boat and on 6/22/87 we headed for Lake Powell and Glen Canyon National Recreation area. There is a huge dam which controls the Colorado River. This lake is in North Central Arizona and Utah. It is 188 miles long and has branches like a Christmas tree. July the 7th we arrived home after spending thirteen wonderful days at Lake Powell, 490 miles away from Deming. During July, August and September we took four or five trips to Elephant Butte with the boat. Marian loved the boat trips on the lake.

October the 5th Sharon and Steve flew but to

Repeat
El Paso where we picked them up and drove home to Deming. On October the 7th, we all went up to Elephant Butte for a boat ride. We all took turns running the boat and Sharon and Steve really enjoyed it. Steve had his Camcorder and took lots of pictures. On October 8th, which was Sharon's birthday, we drove them to El Paso to catch their plane back home.

ok | Saturday, October 17, 1987, Marian walked up to the mail box for the mail. On her way she stopped to talk to a couple of our neighbors. She seemed to be fine all day, but that night between 2 and 4 a.m. she told me she didn't feel good. I asked her if she wanted to go to the hospital and she said yes. I put on her slippers and robe and walked her out to the car. She got in and I drove her to the emergency room; the hospital in about 6 miles away. I went in and got a wheel chair for her, took her in and the nurses put her in bed, called the

doctor on call and started working on her. The doctor got there in about ten minutes and about that time Marian passed out. After working on her awhile, they revived her. She seemed to be alright, so the doctor left. She was sitting up talking and was about to fill out the papers when she slumped over. The nurse called the other nurses, called the doctor and started working on her again. They worked on her for quite a while. I was in and out of the room and things didn't look too good to me. I told them I would be back shortly so I drove home and called our children to alert them of the possibilities. I was back to the hospital within a half hour. They were still working on her with no results. About 5:30 the doctor told me she had passed with heart failure.

I was in semi-shock; I couldn't believe it. We had been married for 46 years looking forward to our 50th. I drove home, called the children, relatives, friends and neighbors. Some friends and neighbors came in and stayed with me until the children arrived. The children from the east got the first flight out and arranged for a hired car at El Paso and arrived that afternoon. Richie and Christine drove from Rowland Hgts, Ca. which took them about 12 hours. The next day, Monday, the children and I went to the funeral home to make arrangements. Marian was cremated which was her wish. After a few days the children left and I was left alone.

After receiving Marian's death certificate, I noticed for her occupation she was listed as a domestic. I don't why some

interviewers take it upon themselves to fill in some spots without asking. But, I do know why! If you are a minority or a person of color you had to be a domestic or a laborer. Marian had been a New York State registered nurse for 46 years. Her last position at North Shore Hospital in Manhasset, L.I. was Administrative Assistant in the Nursing office. In 1966 she left this position and bought out a nursing employment Agency. She supplied twelve hospitals, nursing homes plus private homes with private duty, registered and licensed practical nurses. She ran this agency until 1976 when she had to sell and retire because of health reasons.

This interviewer had also marked her down as negro for race. How can someone put you down as one race when your parents and grandparents were negro, Indian and white who were all born in the U.S.A? I would call this person an American.

When I received her death certificate, I went down to the funeral Home. I told the woman at the desk I would like to see the man who filled out Marian's death certificate. She said he wasn't there now, but perhaps she could help me. I showed her the certificate and told her Marian was not a domestic. She was a Licensed Registered Nurse. She said it would have to be sent to Santa Fe. I told her I didn't care what it takes, I want it to be corrected.

Now that everyone has gone home and I am left alone, reality set in. During the day, I kept busy around the yard, Some neighbors would come by almost every day and chat.

The nights, I spent answering the sympathy cards and phone calls. Since I don't require much sleep, the nights were long and lonely.

For a number of years we spent Thanksgiving with Marian's brother's family in Tucson, AZ. We would always supply the turkey. For two years, I won a turkey at the Deming Rifle and Pistol Club's Turkey Shoot. Lester, Marian's brother, died in 1979. Their daughter, Geraldine Penn, died a few years later leaving two children, Pam and Mike. Lester's wife, the children's grandmother, took them in and they both finished their education high school and college under Savada's guidance. Pam is a teacher in Riverside, CA. and Mike works in the office of Arizona State University.

November 28, 1987, I drove to Tucson, the lonliest drive of my life to have Thanksgiving dinner with Savada and do some repair work for her. December 3rd I went to Greg's house, Savada's youngest son, who lives seven miles from his mothers. I worked there 5½ days painting and doing repair work. After finishing all the work, Savada, Greg and I drove out to the Pima Air Museum. They had about 700 planes there. Some were on loan and some gifts. They had a number of wrecks which were restored by volunteers. Alfred Penn, Gwendolyn's husband, was a volunteer there and a veteran of the all Negro Air Force. He was killed in an auto accident before our visit. While working there, he noticed there was nothing about the Tuskegee

airmen. He spoke to some officials and they didn't know there was a Negro Air Force of about 1000 pilots trained and fought in WWII. He told them that he was a bombardier and had many pictures and information. So they gave him a nice-sized space for his display, which I know has benefited many people who didn't know and still many who don't know. There is a nice plaque there in honor of Al Peen's work. I knew about seven colored pilots and was surprised to see a large picture of a Hempstead neighbor, Lt. Col. Bob Ashby. He was a bomber pilot in the Korean War. After the war, he became a pilot for Frontier Air lines, and then an instructor for American Airlines in Denver.

I left Tucson December 11 at 9:00 am.m and arrived home at 12:40. It took me just three hours and forty minutes, the fastest time I ever made. I just had to get home. I don't know why. There wouldn't be anyone there.

December 22, I left for Roland Hgts, CA. where my youngest son, Richard and his family live. I arrived mid-afternoon 676 miles from Deming. Chris and Richard was having their Christmas dinner and about about twelve to fourteen family members were there. They had just started painting the outside of their house. I told them to leave it for me and any other repairs to be made. I stayed there about a month. I did all the painting and repair work and decided it was time to go home. I told them I would be leaving in the morning for home. That night and the morning they were having wind storms from the west up to 70

miles per hour. They wanted me to stay and wait out the storm, but again, I just had to get home. Richard led me to a wider road to the highway. For the first hour or two I had some pretty scary moments. I could only drive five to ten miles per hour and sometimes I thought I would be blown off the road. Sixteen-wheeler trucks were lined up double on the right-hand side of the highway. I did see a couple blown over. On the left side, you couldn't see the fence for the trash that had blown up against it. After resting overnight in my camper at a rest area, I arrived home safely the next day.

For the next three months I found enough around home to keep me busy. Then one day I received a belated sympathy card and letter from Marjorie Peters Nell. She, her two sisters and brother were all born and grew up in Roslyn and graduated from Roslyn High school. They were first cousins to Marian. Their fathers were brothers. They moved to Bayside about 1940 and Marjorie was living in Corona when Marian passed.

On May 1, 1988, I headed east in my camper. At 5:10 p.m. 563 miles from Deming, I pulled into Erick, Oklahoma's rest area. The next day I drove to Dixie Caverns, Virginia 522 miles, next to Bedford, Virginia to visit friends. From Bedford to Carlise, Pa. 292 miles to visit friends. After leaving Carlise, I drove to Hemstead, L.I. 261 miles. I stayed a 170 Bennett Ave. , my old home with Sharon and Steve Johnson, my daughter and son-in-law. While there I visited relatives, friends and old customers. July 21st. I left Hemstead and stopped in Lewisburg, PA. , from there to Minooka, Ill. from Illinois to Cedar

Rapids, Iowa , arriving 11:30 July 23rd, to visit with the Unashes. I stayed with them, Orvil and Marcie ,until 6:35 a.m. July 28th. Orvil was a part-time volunteer at the golf course. He liked to pland flowers and shubbery around. Each morning we go play nine holes of golf. During the day and evening, they would take me to many interesting places nearby. They came to Deming 13 years to spend part of the winter and we met at the golf course here in Deming. While here, the four of us,Orvil, Marcie, Marian and myself used to visit different places of interest. He would always bring down a lot of golf balls he found at his golf course. They haven't been down since 1990 or 1991 ad they both have been hampered with arthritis, but we keep in touch.

After leaving the Unashes at 6:35 a.m. I arrived in Kingman Kansas at 7:00p.m. 553 miles away. I asked some locals where there was a rest area or campground. The only place would be at the Fairgrounds, I was told. A policeman might check me out and charge me three dollars, but none ever showed up. Some people had horses there which they came to feed and exercise , otherwise it was a very quiet night. I left Kingman July 29, at 6:35 a.m. and at 8:10 P.M. 696 miles and thirteen hours and twenty-five minutes later, I pulled into my yard in Deming., and was glad to be home.

I will attempt to write what I know and what I heard about my six sisters and one brother..

Ethel, my oldest sister, was born January 25, 1888, I believe, on Skillman Street across from the Henessey home. I don't know how far in school she went. She married London Holmes from Flushing. When she was ten ~~I have heard that she~~ loved to sew and at times when our mother was out, she would making doll clothes on the sewing machine. Ethel and London lived in Flushing. They had one child, a boy. London was a musician, a drummer and had a band. For years, Bertanzal, who had a large Nursery on the southeast corner of Glen Cove Road & Northern Blvd., would have a large party and would hire London and his band.

London's piano player's name was Hudnel. They had three children. They used to come out to visit once in a while. The last time I saw them was on a fourth of July. I just don't remember the year, but I think it must have been about 1914. They brought out fireworks with them and we kids had a great time. Some time later, they moved to Los Angeles. I presume the Hudnells moved to Los Angeles because he could get more work playing the piano.

Some years later, Ethel and London divorced and a few years after that, London died. Ethel went to work in service in Great Neck. She soon opened a beauty salon in Great Neck

and had two operators from New York City run it. This didn't work out very well because she still had her job and was at the salon only frequently.

In the early thirties, she bought a lot north of our parents' home.. She bought it from our uncle, Louis Hicks who owned up to the corner of Power House Road and Willis Avenue. She bought an office building that was down on Willis Avenue a short ways. She had it moved. She set up house keeping and began doing what she loved best, dress making. She soon had a clientele of rich women from the Old Westbury Brookville area. In 1935, she married Ernest Birch. They then had the building built into a full two-story house.

Ethel could sit down and write page after page to a half dozen people with something different in each letter. She died July 4, 1959 in Los Angeles in one of our sister's apartments. Ethel was 71when she died.

Eugenie was born May 28, 1890 in the same house on Skillman Street. She graduated from Roslyn High School about 1907. I believe she was the first person of color to graduate from Roslyn. She was small of stature like our mother. She was a very quiet person, also neat and tidy. My first remembrance of her was running every morning to catch the trolley at the clock tower. She worked in a tailor shop in Port Washington. Here she learned to sew. and she became a seamstress. Everything had to be just right, every hair in place. I never heard her raise her voice or get upset or excited. Some of the family used to kid her about being late; they would say, " You will be late at your own wedding." We had a piano and she played it very well!.

About 1919 she was going up to Saratoga to visit one of George Washington's sisters. I believe they went to school together. Eugenie took the Hudson Day Liner out of New York. She met a young man named Samuel Butler who worked of the liner for the Summer months. He was from Troy and was studying to be a pharmacist. It was love at first sight. It wasn't many weeks Sammy was knocking at our door. They were married 1/6/20. I believe Eugenie was late at her wedding as was predicted. Eugenie moved up to Troy in the Butler's old homestead. Sammy's father was living but his mother had died. Sammy drove down, picked up Dad, Mom and I and drove us up to his home.. We met his father and I don't think it was long after that his father died. Sammy had taken the test for the Post Office; they moved down to Corona and Sammy worked in Brooklyn.

My sister, Ethel and brother Arnold moved in with Eugenie and Sammy. Arnold worked in the General Post Office in New York so Corona was nearer his job. He would come home to Roslyn on week-ends. I think Eugenie pursued her seamstress skills.

One time when Eugenie and Sammy were out visiting, somehow the conversation turned to school and teachers. Miss Cockroft's name came up and Sammy said she was one of his teachers in high school up in Troy. She had taught Latin, became principle of Roslyn High School and retired. She had a big house built on the corner of Elm Street and Jefferson Avenue less than a half mile from our home. Sammy wanted to visit her, so I drove him there. They were both glad to see each other.

Eugenie became sick about 1929 and on July 9, 1931, she passed. She was 41.

Gertrude was the next Pearsall child. She was born in 1893. I believe she was born in the first house on Landing Road just behind the Hennessy home which was on the corner of Skillman Street and Landing Road. She graduated from Roslyn High about 1910. Two other girls of color graduated the same year. Vergie Morris, who became a teacher. She had to go to Maryland to a Negro teachers' college because she could not get her education in the north. She taught in Maryland for years and became the principle of the school. The last time I saw Vergie was in 1975. I believe she passed a few years after.

Olivia Townsend married a man from Brooklyn where they lived; she died at a young age.

Gertrude took a position at the Bronxville Orphanage school in Bronxville, New York. After a few years, she got a position as governess for a rich family by the name of Breck who lived in Garden City and Maine. She had complete charge of their three children, Manley, the boy and oldest child, Sidney and Susan.

Every now and then they might ask their parents could they do this or that; and the response would be "What did Gertrude say"? Quite often Gertrude would have me over to spend the day playing with the children and having lunch with them. In the Spring they would go up to Maine for the Summer. This home was called a cottage but it was an enormous house. When Manley outgrew his 24" wheel bike, they gave it to Gertrude for me.

One year in Maine, Gertrude bought a large fish, had it packed and shipped home. This was before dry ice and it's a long way from Maine to Roslyn, Long Island on a train in the summer. When it arrived at the Roslyn Post Office, which was on the corner of Bryant Avenue and Skillman Street, it was quite ripe. Someone from the post office came down to our house and said there was a package there for us which was quite ripe. and for someone to go right up and get it. My brother was home so he took a rope with him, tied it to the crate and drug it home. You could smell the fish from quite a distance. Arnold opened the crate, dug a hole and buried the fish.

Gertrude did many things to better her life, the family's or help other people. Any clothing she bought had to be washed or dry cleaned before she wore them.. She washed and ironed money. When she was around home she saw that we kids were dressed warmly before going out. She would buy us school supplies, encouraged us to study and write stories or poetry. She was quite an artist. On her day off, if there was anyone she knew was sick, she would visit them. I know two people that had tuberculosis that she visited several times.

I believe Mr. Breck worked or had a seat on Wall Street. I also believe I heard around 1918 or 1919, he lost a lot of money on Wall Street and he was so depressed he committed suicide. The family had to move into a smaller place. At that time Gertrude had caught a cold and went to a doctor for a check-up. They found she had tuberculosis. She was advised to go to Denver, Colorado.

The only thing to do in those days was to go to a high dry country, eat eggs and drink a lot of milk. The thing was.. who was going to take care of Gertrude in Denver? My sister, Marjorie who was working in the general Post Office in New York volunteered to go with Gertrude. So, my father sent them off to Denver. They were there about a year and on April 20, 1921 Gertrude died at the age of 28. I was 12½ years old at that time and I am sure I would have finished high school if Gertrude had lived. I often wondered what vocation I would have ended up in. Gertrude was one of my favorite sisters.

Arnold, my only brother, was born in Roslyn in 1895. He finished his 8 years of education in the Roslyn colored school. He then entered the Roslyn white school to finish his high school education. He had six more months to graduate, but he couldn't take it any longer. One of his teachers, who was the principle of the Roslyn school did everything he could to discourage colored students from graduating. His name was Mr. Muller. I also remember hearing what he said about a colored boy who worked at Pickards Drug Store after school and week-ends serving sodas...that he should be at Remsen's garage greasing cars.

As a young boy Arnold used to attend the Presbyterian Sunday School. I think they had a scout troop which he joined. Mrs. Clarence Mackey did a lot for Roslyn. I believe she built the Presbyterian church. I believe Mrs. Mackey had something for the scouts on their estate. I don't know what they did but Arnold was awarded a beautiful chest of carpenter tools. I remember he still had it when he married in 1931.

When World War One broke out, Arnold went to New Jersey to work in an ammunition Plant. He lived with our uncle Louis and Aunt Eila Hicks in Newark. Working there seemed to be the beginning of Arnolds ill health. He was drafted into the U.S. Army. While in camp, he became ill and was in the hospital when his outfit shipped out on their way to Europe. Before his outfit reached Europe, peace was declared and the ships turned around and headed home.

After Arnold recovered from his sickness, he was discharged.

He took the test for the Postal Service, passed and worked in the general Post office in New York City for over 35 years. During these years, he had many bouts with ill health. First, there was appendicitis, then meningitis and many bouts with colds. His last sickness was with kidney problems which took his life on May 26, 1960.

Marjorie was born in 1898 in the same house as Gertrude and Arnold was born on Landing Road behind the Hennessy homestead. She finished her education through eighth grade in the colored school. She then went to the white school and graduated in 1916. Marjorie had such a wonderful, friendly and happy disposition, everybody loved her. She loved me most of all. I remember when even after I was walking, she loved to put me in the carriage and push me around Landing Road and Skillman Street. I remember one day when I was in the colored school and she in high school, she hurried around to meet me at lunch time. We used to cut through Conklin, Tubby and Conklin Lumber yard because that was a shorter way home. She would meet me and walk me around through the village and past the high school to show off her little brother. I remember one Sunday she was wheeling me down Landing Road when she found a belt. We had just passed Louise Hennessey, her cousin and another girl. They had taken a walk down to the town dock. Marjorie turned me around and hurried to catch the three girls. One of them had lost the belt and didn't know it.

Marjorie gave me the nickname of "Feather". I don't know why or what it meant. She made up this little song she sang to me often. "Marjorie loves a Feather..and Feather loves a Marjorie" She had a beautiful singing voice.

After graduating, she worked at Oscar Seaman's Motel. In the meantime, she had taken a test for the U.S. Postal Service.

She passed and went to work in New York City.

When Gertrude was told she had tuberculosis and was advised to go to Denver, Colorado, our father said he would send her, but someone should go with her. Our father was hard working and a saver. He did many odd jobs on the side and was able to have a savings account while raising eight children. Being the loving and caring person Marjorie was, she volunteered to go...giving up her future and eventually her life for the love for her sister. After being in Denver about a year Gertrude died April 20, 1921.

Marjorie accompanied Gertrude's body on the train from Denver. After the funeral, my father decided with Marjorie being home, it was time to move into our own home on Power House Road near Willis Avenue.

In the meantime, Marjorie was examined and found to have contracted tuberculosis and was advised to go to Asheville, North Carolina. We had a family Doctor friend there who would look out for Marjorie and the house where she stayed, the lady took care of her. That July we moved into our own home and the following April 1, 1922, Marjorie succumbed to the dreaded disease. I missed her very much. She was only 24.

My father took a job in New York City. He moved his family and that's where Hilda was born in 1902. I believe, after a year he moved back to Roslyn on Landing Road. He worked at Conklin, Tubby and Conklin. The Northern Boulevard Bridge passes right over where the house they moved in stood. Myrtle and I were born in this house.

Hilda went through eighth grade in the colored school and two years in the white high school, She worked in town for a while and later met and married George Beaubian, a young colored lawyer from Hempstead. After a number of years they divorced and Hilda went into the city to work. In 1937 she married Bryan Clunie who was a mail carrier. Bryan went into the service in 1943 and Hilda went into a flower shop business with a partner. In the early 50's Hilda and Bryan bought a house in Springfield Gardens, Queens.

Hilda took up sewing and went to Columbia University to study tailoring. Later on in life she studied upholstering.

In 1960 after Arnold died, Hilda and I shared taking care of mother. She would be with Hilda one month and then with me one month. This worked out very well and Mother enjoyed the change every month and looked forward to it.

Mother died in 1964 at the age of 98. Hilda became ill in late 1966 and June of 1967, she passed.

Myrtle was born in June of 1905 on Landing Road. She attended the colored school through the eighth grade and then completed two years in the Roslyn white High School.

During World War One when thousands were dying with the flu, Hilda, Myrtle and I got it. At that time I don't think there was any cure for the flu. The nurse from the Roslyn Neighborhood Association came to visit us quite often.. Since we were to be in bed for quite some time, she taught us to knit. She brought brown yarn and needles. The first thing we made was scarfs for the soldiers. After making them successively, she taught us to make wristlets. After that we knitted helmets. Myrtle took to knitting like ducks take to water. She knitted for years making sweaters and skirts for customers. Anywhere Myrtle went, her knitting went with her.

There was a large store or warehouse in Chicago which carried almost everything. I think it was called Larking House. You could send for their catalog, go around to your friends and neighbors and take orders from them out of the catalog. They would pay for their order and when you got a good size amount of orders, you would send them and the money in to the Larking Company. They would fill the orders, ship them to you and you would receive a certain percentage of the money. When the shipment came in, you then had to start delivering. My sister, Marjorie did it a couple of years and I think Myrtle

was about 13 or 14 when she did it a couple of years.

January 28, 1924, Myrtle married Lloyd Archer. from Long Island City. They lived at our parents home for about two years. Their first son, named Lloyd, was born 3/4/25 in Nassau Hospital, Mineola. Lloyd had many jobs while in Roslyn, He had a problem holding a job. In 1926 they moved to Corona and Lloyd found employment in Long Island City. On October 16, 1926, their second and last son, Donald was born. Sometime within the next year, Myrtle and Lloyd separated. He just couldn't hold a job. Lloyd came and lived with his grandparents and Donald with a family in Corona. Myrtle took a job in service with an Anderson family in Garden City. Mr. Anderson worked on Wall Street. He saw Myrtle was interested in many things and wanted to get ahead. So he got her a couple of good stocks to invest in. After a couple of years the Andersons broke up, so Myrtle lost her job. It didn't take her long before she found another in Great Neck.

One year she put her two boys in a Catholic school in Cornwall, Pa. I drove her down to see them quite often; they were there for only a year.

I think it was in the mid thirties she had saved enough money to make a down payment on a house in Jamaica. She took her children, took in two boarders and started housekeeping. She soon opened a little knitting shop in her sun porch. She had a group of young girls coming in to learn how to knit. She soon began coming to Roslyn once a week. She had got together a group of girls whom she began teaching knitting. Somewhere along the line she took a job at Creedmore Hospital in Jamaica. She

worked nights so she could do other things during the day. I believe she put in 20 years and retired from there.

In 1941 or 1942, the Amsterdam News, a New York negro paper, wanted to increase its circulation. They decided to have a contest in the entire State. Whoever sold the most subscriptions would win a 1942 Buick Sedan. Myrtle decided she would get into the contest. and, guess what, she sold the most subscriptions and won the Buick. She sold it to our brother, Arnold, so now she had some money to work with.

She became interested in Real Estate. She began going to tax sales and buying lots and stores. The stores she rented out and the apartments over them. The lots she held until after after World War two when builders were looking for property to build on. She even bought a four-family apartment building in Los Angeles, Ca. Myrtle was living in Great Neck in a large house she owned. She lived upstairs and it had three small rental apartments on the first floor. Myrtle went into collecting antiques. She eventually opened an antique shop in one of her Great Neck stores.

Both of her boys served in World War II. Lloyd was in a trade school learning to become a machinist. He was drafted out of school into the Army. On D-Day, June 6, 1944, he was running a small landing craft back and forth from ship to Normandy beach taking soldiers and equipment in. Donald was drafted into the Navy. They both returned home after the war safe and sound.

Lloyd opened up his own machine shop on Long Island and

in the mid 1960's he moved up to Plattsburg, N.Y. and opened up a large shop.

About 1980, Myrtle began losing her eyesight which was caused by a tumor on the brain. Lloyd came down from Plattsburg with a van and moved her up to his home. It wasn't long before Myrtle bought her own home. It was a large house with an indoor swimming pool on two acres on Lake Champlain. They found a wonderful nurse named Eva who took care of Myrtle.

Donald, married, bought a home in Huntington, had two daughters and worked in Queens. He was terribly crippled with arthritis for years and died in 1985. Myrtle died a year later, 1986.

Gift
E. Arrell Pearsall
May 2000

In Marjorie's belated sympathy letter she said if and when I ever come east to look her up. I answered her letter and said I would be driving east. I don't remember if I told her when. When I returned home on July 29, there was a letter from Marjorie. She had misplaced my letter to her, so she didn't know if or when I was coming east. I called her one evening and told her I had already been east and back home again. I told her she goofed, so it was her turn to come west.

We talked to each other quite often on the phone and eventually, she decided to come out and visit for a week. It was November. I met her at the El Paso Airport. I had only seen her twice since they left Roslyn in 1940 and she looked the same. I took her to many interesting places. She fell in love with the west, the town, people, the weather and me, I believe. We seemed to have so much in common, I fell in love with her. I hated to see her go and I was late getting her to the Airport. She almost missed her plane.

When she arrived home, she called to let me know she arrived safely. That was when I proposed to her. She said there was a lot to talk over, so shortly I flew into New York. I spent a week at Marjorie's and we seemed to be in accord with the most important things. In late January I flew back to Marjorie's. We had to get the marriage license and make arrangements. To Marjorie's surprise, her daughter, Diane flew in from East Africa where she was a Director for Save the Children. We

were married January 28, 1989 at Marjorie's church. Marjorie's friend, Novella Howell was her bridesmaid. Bryan, my son, was my best man. Marjorie had made arrangements at a hotel for our dinner which included Marjorie, Novella, Diane, Bryan and wife Betty, Sharon, my daughter, Steven, her husband and myself. After that we went back to Marjorie's apartment where we had the wedding cake and refreshments for her neighbors.

A few days after our wedding, Diane flew back to Africa. Now began the job of sorting out what goes to Deming, what to sell, what to give away and what to go in storage for Diane. About the middle of February, Marjorie began having a tag sale. Everything to be sold had a price tag on it. Near the end of the month, we went to see about hiring a U-Haul van. We told the clerk we wanted to hire a van to drive to New Mexico. The clerk said, "We don't hire vans to go out of the country". She had to go to the Manager to find out that New Mexico was a United States State. We made arrangements to hire a small van and also a small storage room for Diane's things. One day we picked up a brand new van. It had about 1500 miles on it. I drove it back to the apartment and loaded the things going into storage. The next day, Bill Bryant, my cousin, from Hempstead and Yorkie Wise, my hunting buddy from Roslyn drove to Corona to help load the van. Marjorie's piano and living-room set were the largest items. When we finished the van was fully loaded. Marjorie put the apartment up for sale in the

hands of a broker. That night we stayed in the apartment of a neighbor of hers. The next morning we were up early and ready to get started on the road. We had about 2200 miles ahead of us.

We crossed Throgs Neck Bridge, George Washington Bridge into New Jersey, then west on 80 over Delaware Water Gap into Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois. From there we went southwest through Missouri, Oklahoma, into Amarillo, Texas. We picked up Rt.54 in Tucumcari, N.M. going south. Here we ran into snow and sleet all the way to Las Cruces. I told Marjorie the sun would be shining in Deming and sure enough it was out bright and the ground was dry.

We started to unload the van and when we got to the big stuff like the couch and piano, two of my neighbors, Chuck and Stan came over to give me a hand. I sold our couch and made arrangements with Richard, my son from Rowling Heights, Ca. to meet us half way between Deming and Rowling Heights, about 330 miles. We loaded Marian's organ into the camper, met him and family at the appointed rest stop. I gave him the organ hoping perhaps someone would be interested in learning to play it.

In the next few months we got settled in, Marjorie met all of our neighbors and some friends in town. In between we took in some local sight seeing.

I hadn't mentioned much about my golf.

I took up golf late in life like I did target shooting. There was a group of us, perhaps 8 or 10, who would try and get together in late Spring to play golf on Sunday. We would get down to Bethpage, Long Island at 3:00 A.M. Sunday morning. We get in line and about 5:00 A.M. they would start handing out numbers. Many men would get there early. They would bring their lounge chairs and blankets. I remember one time my number was 99. There were six eighteen hole courses there. They would start about 5:45 or 6:00 as soon as it was light enough. Although our group might have high numbers, we generally played the black course because it was the toughest and many players wouldn't play it, so we would get out early.

They were rebuilding the black course in 1999. I understand one of the Pro tournaments is going to be played there in 2002. By getting an early start, we would be finished about 10:00 o'clock. Most of us lived in Hempstead and on the way home we would stop by Eisenhower Park and play another 18 holes. Eisenhower Park also had 5 or 6 eighteen hole courses. Many times when we left Hempstead early Sunday morning it would be raining. We would drive down to Bethpage anyway hoping it would stop raining. Sometimes it would and then again sometimes it wouldn't. So I promised myself when I retired I would play more golf.

When I retired and moved to Deming, N.M. there were two things I was looking for, a rifle club and a golf course.

A rifle club they did not have but there was a golf course about 4 miles from my home. We moved out here in October 1967. There wasn't too many golfers, so you could go to the course most any time and go right out. Some of the fellows I started playing golf with moved away and the rest have passed away. Now there are many younger retirees here plus the snowbirds. I am the oldest golfer here.

In the spring of 1989, the Rio Mimbres Country Club had a tournament for senior citizens 55 and over to qualify for the senior olympic games in Portales, N.M. I was the only one in Deming in the 80 and over group, so I automatically qualified. Six of us qualified to go to Portales for the state championship. Three of us won gold and one won bronze. We were sponsored by the Deming Senior Citizen Center. We gold medal winners qualified to represent New Mexico at the National Senior Olympics in 1991 at St. Louis, Mo. Later, it was changed to Syracuse, N.Y. None of us went to the Nationals because no one offered to sponsor us. (enclosed are pictures). On August 20, 1992, I shot my age of 83. I received a certificate and a golf ball marked Age Shooter from Golf Digest Magazine, picture enclosed....also a picture and write-up in the local paper 1996.

For the last couple of years almost all of the fellows were riding in their carts. Now, I ride with one in my group. I still try to get in some walking.

Most of the fellows play 4 or 5 times a week. I am only playing once a week and once in a while twice. I know it would help my score if I played more, but I have other things to do. In the winter they start at 9 o'clock which is alright, but in the summer they start at 8:30. I would like to start at 7 or 7:30. Last summer I didn't play much because we had a lot of days in the 90's and above. My doctor told me I shouldn't be playing in 90 degree temperatures.

Marjorie used to bowl on Wednesday and on Friday, her, I and some friends would bowl. About 2 years ago, Jacksons Ford bought the building. It was right next to theirs and they wanted to expand. About a year ago they closed the bowling ally and sold all the equipment. This ended the bowling in Deming.

In JULY, we decided to take the boat up to Elephant Butte. We put food and other necessary articles in the camper, hooked up the boat and headed for Elephant Butte 95 miles away. After arriving we put the boat in the water, started the motor and began sailing. The Butte runs from north to south and is about 40 miles long. Elephant Butte is a reservoir which controls the Rio Grande River which starts up north. We took time out for lunch, rested and watched other boats on the water. Late that afternoon we went out again, tried some fishing but was unsuccessful. We camped overnight and the next morning we were on

the water after breakfast. After sailing around awhile we loaded the boat on its trailer and headed home.

In September we decided to drive back east. On September 16, 1989, the day after my 81st birthday at 5:45 a.m. we were on our way. Our first stop for the night was Erick, Oklahoma, 549 miles from home. The next morning at 5:30 we were on our way. The weather was excellent; it was Sunday and the traffic was light. At 6:00 p.m. we stopped at a rest stop at Effingham, Ill. 681 miles from Erick. Monday morning at 5:30, we were again on the road headed east. Another nice day and at 6:p.m. we stopped at a rest stop in Clinton County, Pa., 655 miles for the day. Tuesday was cloudy, dreary and no sun. We left the rest stop at 5:30 and arrived at 170 Bennett Avenue, Hempstead, Sharon and Steven's home at 10:30 a.m.

After spending a month with family, relatives, friends and old customers, we thought it was time to head west. We had a wonderful time, but Deming, N.M. was calling us. We left Hempstead Sunday at 6a.m. October 15th. The traffic was light and the trees began to show their Fall colors. We counted 8 deer in Pa. that had been hit and killed by vehicles. At 6:00p.m. we pulled into a rest area in Summerford, Ohio for the night, 581 miles for the day. Monday morning at 5:30 we left Ohio; our target was Joplin Missouri which we reached at 6:00p.m., 632 miles from Ohio.

Every time I go through St. Louis, Missouri, I think of the six weeks I spent in basic training at Jefferson Barricks, St. Louis during World War II. On Tuesday morning at 5:50 we left Joplin. The weather was fairly good all morning. In the late afternoon the weather began to get bad. At 6:10 we arrived at the rest area in Tumcumari N.M. The night turned cold and the temperature went down to 30 degrees, the heater in the camper ran all night. It started to rain and it turned to snow, but the next day it melted. Tuesday we traveled 574 miles. Wednesday morning we left Tumcumari at 6:30 and at noon we pulled into our yard 329 miles from our start that morning. We traveled 4227 miles round trip. The sun was shining brightly to greet us like it always does in Deming.

May 26, 1990 we left home 7:50 a.m. for Snow Lake which is 147 miles NW by N from Deming and 9000' above sea level. We took Rte 180 out of Deming, passed through Silver City and up to Glenwood. Here, there is a large fish hatchery and the Cat Walk. You drive to Alma and turn right on Road 159. Now you begin coming into rugged country. Soon you will come to Magollon, a ghost town nestled between high mountain ranges. There is only one road about 1/8 mile running through town. Many old buildings are still standing and about six or eight families live there.

When you get to the end there is a sharp turn left on a narrow gravel road which starts climbing up into the mountain. This road has many curves, high mountains on your right and deep forest gullies on your left. Every now and then you will come to a spot where two cars can pass. If you meet a vehicle in-between these spots, someone will have to back up. When you get to the top of the mountain the road opens up to two lanes, straight and pretty level. There is forest on both sides of the road with large Pine and Fir trees. There is supposed to be a lot of elk in this area but we didn't see any. Later on you will come to an area with lots of streams and a camp ground. Eventually we came to a large opening in the forest. There was a large green meadow with Snow Lake ahead and the camp grounds to the right. We set up camp near the lake; there was a dock and ramp there. We tried fishing, but no luck so later we just loafed around and enjoyed the scenery. That night it got real cold, down to 20 degrees in the camper. What a difference from Deming's 90 degrees that morning when we left.

May 27th Sunday morning about 9:00 o'clock we left Snow Lake and headed for home. We didn't know what disaster lay ahead for us. Coming down the mountain with its many curves and switchbacks was too much for one of the rear tires which went flat. We just happened to be near a pull off area. I

parked here and began preparing to replace the flat tire with the spare. During this operation there was seven vehicles came out and each one offered help. It wasn't long before we were back on the road and we were very happy when we reached Rte 180. Well about 10 miles from Silver City, the other rear tire went flat. Both tires had plenty of tread but the breaking, twisting, turning and downward pressure was too much for the tire's side walls. Now, what was I going to do, two flats and one spare. I hardly got the jack out when a man in a pick-up truck going the other way, stopped and asked if I needed any help. I told him I certainly did and I told him what happened. He helped me remove the wheel and said he would take me to Silver City to see if we could find a tire. It was Sunday and all the tire stores were closed. Eventually, we found a gas station that had some used tires. The attendant mounted one on my wheel and I paid him \$10.00. We drove back to my camper and this kind man helped me install the wheel and remove the jack. I offered to pay him, but he wouldn't take a cent. We thanked him for his kindness, and he was glad he could have helped. He got into his truck and headed wherever he was going. We got into our camper and headed home about 70 miles away. After dinner I went outside and would you believe it--the tire I bought was flat. I have been driving since 1922 and never have I had three flats in one day nor ever two

in one day. Monday morning I went to town and bought two new light truck tires.

On June 18th, we hooked up the boat to the camper and drove to Las Cruces to the American R.V. and Marine Sales and Services. Here they replaced a defective part in the steering paid for by Bayliner.

In August 1989, we took a trip into Arizona. We visited the Petrified Forest National Park and the Painted Desert.