

ARVID'S ODD-ESSAY

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Not an odyssey, hardly an essay, I'll call it an Odd-essay, a collection of odd, funny, coincidental, sometimes unbelievable and weird things that have happened to me and my loved ones down through the years of my long, happy life. As Red Buttons always said at the start of his radio and television shows: "Straaaange things are happening". I'll buy that, with gusto.

Introduction

Marcia and Tom have always seemed to get a kick out of my reminiscences of unusual and funny things that have happened to me. They finally suggested that I put them down on paper, probably so that they and their progeny will have something to remember me by after I shuffle off this mortal coil. The more I thought about it, the more the idea appealed to me, so I started jotting down reminders every time I happened to think of something odd. Memory is a peculiar thing, for without warning it many times recalls happenings long since forgotten. Maybe there is a "memory chip" in the human brain, a forerunner of the present day computer. I have now filled approximately twelve pages of reminders, so here goes. Some are personal happenings, some family connected, some strange names, and others are business happenings, so I will divide them roughly into these four categories.

This treatise is dedicated to all those people, relatives, friends, business acquaintances, etc., who took part in the following incidents. Without them my life certainly would not have been so highly seasoned. Also I must include my beloved Evelyn for bearing with me during all my sessions at the typewriter while she was trying to concentrate on other things.

PERSONAL HAPPENINGS

Odd things began happening the very minute I was born. All of them are hearsay, as I was just a newborn baby, but they have been verified. I couldn't be born in our own home because Father had rented it out for the period when he and Mother and the kids (except me of course, although I was "on the way") went to Norway. Apparently their finger count had been wrong for, as Mother's (and my) time approached, they came back to Chicago. However, they couldn't wait until the renter's lease expired, so I was born in Ravenswood. Upon my birth Father told Mother "It's a boy". Mother: "What does he look like?" Father: "He's the homliest baby I've ever seen". Mother: "Let me see him", whereupon she added "Yes, he certainly is!". This was verified many years later when Mother came to Erling's for the celebration of her 85th birthday.

I was born with a hernia and whooping cough, and for a while they didn't think I would make it, but as you can see I did. The oddity in this connection is that I had whooping cough again at the age of 12, despite the fact that whooping cough is a once-in-the-lifetime sickness.

As for the other peculiarities surrounding my debut into this world, may I quote a few excerpts from a letter which Father wrote to Mother's sister Augusta in Norway two days after the big event: "I am pleased to announce the birth of a 10 lb. "Indian", arriving May 2nd in the evening. The boy, in physique and facial features bearing a strong resemblance to Sitting Bull. Meantime he is known as the "Indian". You may submit suggestions for a name, but do not feel offended if no attention is paid to it. The main object is to get a nomen befitting his manly bearing (for he has one, having from birth full control of his head), a nose commanding respect, the frown of an "Imperator" with an "I WILL" expression diffused over his entire countenance. - A few more of the same type and we will have a family of Invincibles." (Editor's note - How about that? I guess Father sooner or later gave up the Invincibles proposition, as I was the last addition to the family.)

My two brothers, Barney and Erling, must have had a somewhat warped sense of humor. When I was quite small, probably five or six years old, Dad and Mother had a lot of company one Sunday afternoon, and all were out on the lawn enjoying the beautiful summer day. I wandered off to the prairie which surrounded our home, and caught myself a garter snake. When I got back and showed it to my brothers, they suggested that we play a joke on the gathering. The snake was dead, as I had snapped its neck when I caught it, so they stuffed its body into my mouth with just the head hanging out, and told me to go and show Mother and the guests. I almost started a riot, the women starting to scream to high heaven. I disappeared quickly, realizing that I was extremely unwanted. Father didn't forget it, and later called me upon the carpet, a pretty deep piled carpet I can tell you, and told me off. However, Barney and Erling came to my rescue and admitted that it was their idea, so my life was saved. I can't remember whether this happened before or after dinner, but if it was before, I'll bet there were plenty of leftovers!

How well I remember my first haircut. I was about four years old, and my hair hung down to my shoulders in curls. I hated them, for it set me apart from my peers, who teased me unmercifully. I finally prevailed on Mother to have them removed; and while the barber cut, Mother and Sis burst into tears. I, however, sat real still with a big smile on my face.

In early childhood I had a goodly supply of warts. They didn't especially bother me, but the family didn't think they improved my appearance. One Sunday we entertained a good friend of Father's, Dr. Race, whom we saw very seldom, as he lived in Evanston and cars were very uncommon in those days. Upon seeing my warts Dr. Race asked if I would like to get rid of them. My family answered for me, and a few days later we received a bottle of medication which I dutifully applied to each wart. Lo and behold, they disappeared, never to return. A year or so later Dr. Race again visited us, and asked me if his wart remover had worked. When I told him yes he carefully inspected my former bumpy areas and remarked, "Isn't that strange - it has never worked for any other of my patients!".

Another childhood problem faced me on my first day of school. My parents and siblings had neglected to cover me on this point. After a few hours of the first session, I felt a strong urge to go to the bathroom, but had no idea how to get excused. Reaching the point where I could stand it no longer, I got up and walked up and down the aisle between the desks. At that point Miss Nichols, our teacher, diagnosed my problem, and everything turned out O.K.

Oh yes, I had only one fight in grammar school that I can remember. I hit Eddie Crofoot with a right cross to the head (the only good blow I threw), and my arm hurt so from that point on that I took an awful beating. They carried me home in someone's little red wagon. After the doctor examined me he said that I had what was called a greenstick fracture which, I think, is a partial shattering of the bone. It cleared up in a few weeks, but I can assure you, from that time on I was diplomatic rather than pugnacious.

When I was six or seven years old my best friend, Fritz Ball and I each carried a small red notebook around with us, and whenever a freight train passed we would write down the numbers of the freight cars and engines. We had quite a list. I have no idea what we ever intended to do with these lists, but we had a lot of fun doing it. The whole thing was simplified by the fact that we both lived on a street running along the tracks, so we could stay in our own yards, usually mine, to check the trains as they went by. There was quite a bit of switching going on in front of my house, and freight cars carrying lumber, coal, gravel, etc., etc. were switched onto the siding going into the lumber yard across the tracks and down a half block or so from my home. The switch engines were numbered 282 and 263, and the same engineer and fireman manned both of these engines intermittently. One day the engineer, who had probably seen us watching them every day, finally called to us, wanting to know what we were writing in the books. We went over to the tracks and explained to him. Then came the bombshell! He asked if we would like to ride to Norwood Park in the engine cab. Would we ever!!!! How wonderful that ride was, even though we had to walk the mile back home from Norwood Park. From that time on every time we saw 282 or 263, we waved and received a friendly smile and wave in return. Both of us decided that we were going to be engineers or firemen when we grew up. However, neither of us attained our goal. Fritz became involved in working at a private airfield; and I turned out to be a salesman.

The family homestead in Edison Park was kitty-cornered across the street from the Weldons, who had two boys and two girls. Evelyn, the youngest, was my playmate and a very sweet girl, as I am sure all Evelyns are. Her brother Carleton was quite a bit older, and somewhat on the rough side. One evening he was down in the basement chopping wood for the stove (no gas stoves in those days) when his mother called down that he should come up as his father was home. Carl kept on chopping, and again his mother called, this time in sterner tones. "All right, Ma - just one more chop", with which he chopped off the thumb of his left hand. Wrapping a cloth around his stub of a thumb, he ran out the back

door and flipped a freight train going toward Park Ridge, where he jumped off and went to old Doc Woodworth, the only doctor in the whole area. The doctor's first question was, "Where is the thumb?". "Home on the chopping block", said Carl. "Why didn't you bring it with you, we just might have put it back on the stub, and they just might have grown together again". By that time it was too late, so Carleton spent the rest of his life with half a thumb. He should have obeyed his mother. I don't know what happened to the severed appendage, but if Barney had gotten hold of it he would have pickled it and added it to his weird collection, about which you will hear more later on.

When I was about nine years old I was sick in bed, with what I can't remember. When I was just about recovered Father came home one evening and, coming to my bedroom, slipped the cutest little puppy you ever saw into my arms. It was a beautifully marked Dalmatian and I was the happiest kid in the world, for I wanted a dog so much. I named him "Beans" because he was so spotted. Several years later I spent two or three weeks at the Boy Scout camp near Whitehall, Michigan. They allowed me to take Beans along, and he was the hit of the camp, everyone making quite a fuss over him. Months later I received a letter from Ringling Brothers Circus asking if I would sell Beans to them as he was such a beautifully marked dog. They had seen him on the Pathe News, which at that time was a weekly newsreel shown at various movie theaters. They had traced me through the Boy Scouts. Of course I refused, although their offer was mighty tempting. Shortly thereafter I acquired another puppy, this time a Brindle Bull. I immediately named him "Pork", and we had a great combination - Pork and Beans. Pork's greatest distinction was that, as a puppy, he had a tremendous appetite. As soon as we put a dish of food before him he tore at it with great gusto, eventually lifting one hind leg and then both hind legs in order to get his jaws closer to the dish, and finally toppling over into the food. This went on for some time, much to everyone's amusement, but he finally learned the niceties of life and ate like a well-mannered pooch.

When I was a kid in grammar school I loved to build miniature boats. The trouble was I had no place to sail them. So Dad had several men from his factory come out and, following the plans that Dad had drawn, dug up a section of our back yard about 40' x 40', poured concrete, and I ended up with a lake, complete with islands, harbors, a lighting system, and a majestic looking lighthouse standing in the center. It was simply beautiful, especially at night when it was lighted. People came from all over the surrounding territory to view it. It was a gathering place for all the kids in Edison Park, and for a number of years we sailed boats we had made, and swam, although the water was only about three feet deep. We had some great times, I can tell you.

One day Dad brought home two baby ducks, and they grew up in what they considered their pond. However, after reaching maturity, they suddenly disappeared - and on the day before Thanksgiving. Some family had a good duck dinner! I always thought it was the family across the street!

When I was twelve years old Father took me on a trip to Europe. We sailed on the maiden voyage of the largest ship in the world, the *Imperator*, owned by the Hamburg American line. It happened that a large shipment of silver bullion was being sent from the U.S. to England. The silver bars were stacked in neat piles and guarded by three or four armed men in uniform (I never thought until now that they probably were U.S. Marines). Anyway, I was quite intrigued by these stacks of silver, and one day asked one of the guards if they were very heavy. He answered that they were, and said that if I could lift one of them I could keep it. I was rather short and slight for my age, as I have mentioned before. I struggled and heaved and panted, and finally was able to lift one about a foot from the top of the pile. End of story - I was not allowed to keep it! For the time being, at least, I lost my faith in humanity.

Father could be awfully tough when the proper occasion arose, and it did when we were in Norway. We kids were playing some sort of game and I was being chased. I dashed into my bedroom and was in the process of hooking the door, when one of the kids slammed into the door with the middle finger of my right hand between the hook and the door. The fingernail was pulled out by the roots, and quite a bit of blood spurting from the wound. Dad took me to a doctor who, after examining it, started making preparations for doing something to the finger. Dad wanted to know what he was planning to do, and the doctor replied that he was going to amputate the finger at the middle joint. "Oh no", said Dad, "I came to you to have the finger fixed, not cut off". So the doctor splinted and bandaged the finger and we went on our way. Dad inquired as to who was Christiana's (now Oslo's) leading surgeon, and was told Dr. Nickoliason. The trouble was that he was away for the weekend, and the accident had happened on Saturday morning. "We'll wait", said Dad, and we did. Dr. Nickoliason was horror-stricken when told of the first doctor's desire to chop off part of my finger. He went to work on it, and everything turned out alright, except for the fact that since my fingernail had been pulled out by the roots, it would never grow in again. So I am without a fingernail, but I do have my whole finger, thanks to Dad. I've often wondered whether or not I would get a 10% discount if I had a manicure, but I never took the trouble to find out.

One summer, probably when I was just about out of grammar school, Uncle James and Aunt Viva rented a cottage at Paw Paw Lake about a mile from Watervliet, Michigan. Cousin Jimmy and I were playing catch in the back yard when I let loose a wild pitch which demolished a window. It was a relatively small window, so I cleaned out the glass from the casing, measured the opening, and walked to Watervliet for a replacement. I must note that Uncle James was a musician, definitely not a handyman, so it was up to me. Just as I was putting the glass in place it slipped out of my hands. Back to Watervliet, back to the same hardware store, back to the road for the mile-long hike back to the cottage. This time I got it in without accident or incident, and there it stayed.

I had lost my taste for playing catch, so the rest of the week I concentrated on swimming and fishing. The swimming was fine, but the fishing was no bargain, although I did snag the biggest fish I've

ever had on a line. But in the end the fish caught me, and if he's still alive he may still be swimming around with my hook, line, reel and fishpole dragging behind him. He did the tugging, not I, and I ended up in the water while he ended up in a safer portion of the lake. He must have been a whopper!

And speaking of windows, here's another case of my innocent vandalism. One summer I was spending a couple of weeks in St. Paul visiting Mother. She lived in a beautiful four apartment building - two apartments on each side of the main entrance which was beautified by four white Doric columns. The entrance faced a side street, and between the building and the adjoining cross street was a large, carefully kept lawn. The couple who lived on the same floor and shared a back porch with Mother, had a grandson my age. We spent quite a bit of time together. One afternoon he and I were playing catch on this side lawn when Art let loose a wild pitch, shattering a large plate glass window in the dining room of Brown's (they lived below Art's grandparents). The Browns were away for several weeks vacation, so Art and I hired a glazier and had the broken window replaced. Well, we had made restitution for our sins. Mother wrote me a few days later and told me that Mrs. Brown was completely mystified when she returned to find quantities of broken glass on the floor of her dining room. Everything else was in order, nothing had been stolen - but she was stumped. Mother explained and everything turned out alright. Naturally, it was impossible for Art and me to get into the apartment to pick up the glass. I can certainly understand Mrs. Brown's dilemma.

Brother Erling and I got along fine. He was in college while I was still in grammar school, and he had a girl friend named Eunice, who had been a guest at our house several times. Christmas time came around, as it always does, thank goodness, and Erling was quite concerned about what he should give Eunice for Christmas. He didn't ask my advice, but I gave it anyway: "Why don't you give her a Gillette razor." Eunice had quite a pronounced mustache, so I thought the suggestion very appropriate. I didn't care much for Eunice, so that probably had some influence on me. Well - Erling definitely did not care for my suggestion, nor did he have much of his usual sense of humor. I never, before or after, have seen him so mad. Boy, did I scramble out of range!

High school meant that we Edison Parkers had to take the train to Irving Park. We fellows always rode in the baggage car going home after school. This car was the repository for the Chicago evening papers, all tied in bundles labelled with the station names at which they were to be thrown off. We conceived the idea of getting one free ride each day, so in his turn, one of us would lie on the floor which was not too clean, and the others would pile the bundles of newspapers on him. As soon as the conductor had punched our tickets and left the baggage area, we repiled the papers and the freeloader got up and dusted his clothes. Free ride! The "connie" never did get wise!

During my senior year of high school I went to Cubs Park whenever the opportunity presented itself. One day I had my camera along and during the pre-game practice, called down to several of the players,

asking if I could take their pictures. They all agreed and the pictures turned out fine, except for the fact that in those days the box seats were even higher from the playing field than they are now, so I was considerably higher up than the players, and the pictures were all foreshortened. The next time I went to the park I brought each of the players I had photographed a couple of prints. They were very pleased and told me to come down on the field and take more pictures. One thing led to another and I took several pictures of each of the players on the roster, including the manager and, believe it or not, the owner of the Cubs, Charley Weeghman. Two of the players, pitcher Speed Martin and outfielder Turner Barber said that whenever I came to the park in the future I should go to the pass gate and ask for one of them. I did this, and for the rest of the season, and also for the entire 1919 season, I never paid to get into the park. And to make my life complete, I sat on the Cubs bench for all of the games which I attended. The Cubs won the pennant in 1918 (no, I'm not kidding, they actually did!) and when World Series time came, there I was, sitting on the bench. However, the umpire took a dim view of the idea, and stopped the game to inform Fred Mitchel, Cubs manager, that no one in civvies was ever allowed on the bench during the game. I guess he overlooked the fact that Connie Mack, who managed the Philadelphia Athletics for years and years, had never worn a uniform. So I was kicked off of the bench, whereupon the players put a couple of Cubs jackets on the grass a foot or so off of the bench, and from that vantage point viewed the Series games played in Chicago. I was within the letter of the law, though not in its spirit, I guess, for there was no further objection from the umpires.

An interesting sidelight from this period of intimacy with my beloved Cubs - one day Grover Cleveland Alexander, of which there was no whomer, said he had a camera exactly like mine but couldn't get a decent picture with it, and asked if I would look it over the next time I came to the park. I said "yes" lustily, although the only thing I knew about cameras was how to put in the film and snap the shutter lever. So Alex brought his camera to me, and in the very business-like manner I pulled out the bellows and, looking through from the back, found a tiny hole in the top of the bellows which was causing a light streak, thereby damaging every snapshot. Fortunately I had a package of court plaster, if anyone can remember what court plaster was. I cut a small square of black court plaster and covered the tiny hole with it. The next time at the ballpark Alex told me I was a genius, and that he has now getting perfect pictures. How lucky can a guy get, especially when dealing with one of the Hall of Fame's all-time greats!

Another amusing incident I remember from high school days involved a substitute teacher, Miss Stodola. Shortly before she appeared our regular English teacher, Miss Bendix, had disciplined me by re-seating me in the front row, right under her watchful eye. However this back-fired for her, as she seated me right in front of my beloved Evelyn. That was actually the start of our great romance. That's the last we saw of Miss Stodola until our senior year was almost over, about a year and a half later, when she substituted for another English teacher, Mrs. Flanagan. One of the first things she said when she looked over the class was: "I see that Mrs. Flanagan has made the same seating mistake that Miss Bendix made last year". Sure enough, there we were, my beloved Evelyn and I sitting side by side. Stodola certainly must have had a remarkable memory!

At this point I must tabulate the unbelievable events leading up to my everlasting love affair with Evelyn. IF Edison Park had not been annexed by the city of Chicago when I was nine years old, I would have gone to Maine Township High School in Des Plaines, as did my brothers and sister. Instead, I went to Carl Schurz High School in Irving Park. IF I had not played football and baseball at Schurz I wouldn't have made friends with so many of the other athletes. IF several of them had not enrolled in the same English class our third year, and IF we athletes had not congregated in seats in the back corner of the room and spent most of our time talking sports; and IF Miss Bendix had not gotten sick and tired of it and separated our clique to scattered locations in the room; and IF Miss Bendix hadn't considered me a ring leader and therefore re-seated me at a desk in the very front row where she could keep an eye on me; and IF the girl of my dreams hadn't been sitting at the desk right behind mine; and IF she hadn't whispered to me, "Oh, don't take it so hard", and IF I hadn't turned around to see who had uttered those comforting words; and IF my eyes hadn't come to rest on the most beautiful girl in the world; then my entire life wouldn't have been so wonderfully changed and this paragraph could never have been written. There certainly is a big IF in life!

I had a rather unique experience when I entered the University of Chicago. Lo and behold, when my high school credentials were examined, it was discovered that I was one grade point short of entrance requirements. Apparently my high school principal, Mr. Slocum, who was such a nice guy, decided to give me a break and okayed my graduating. Or possibly the matter came to his assistant's attention and he okayed it just to get rid of me. Anyway, the Dean at U of C who caught it didn't take too long to decide what to do, and took a chance with me. It was during World War I and there was a lack of "paying" students, which may have accounted for his stretching the rules slightly in my case. The Dean, Teddy Linn (whom you will find mentioned elsewhere) said "work like sixty the first quarter and get good grades, and I'm sure you won't have any trouble". I did work hard and did get good grades, so they never again brought up the subject of the missing grade point, and I was accepted as one of the boys.

I had a lot of odd experiences at college. My freshman year I went out for the football team. Because of the war freshmen were allowed to play on the varsity team, as there was a paucity of players, since most of them were in the Army, I was kept on the squad. I weighed 134 pounds, and was a head shorter than I am now - by comparison the rest of the players were behemoths. I didn't get into any games as the season progressed, but at least I served some purpose, which was to be on the team against which the behemoths scrimmaged every day. However, wherever the team went I went - I kept the bench nice and warm. My big day came when we played Northwestern. We were losing, and in the fourth quarter Amos Alonzo Stagg must have been really desperate, for he told me to warm up. I put on my helmet and ran back and forth behind the bench to work up a sweat. After a few minutes Stagg turned to me. Oh joy, I was going to go in. But he merely said, "Lunde, sit down!" That was my great moment in football at the U of C.

Barney and Erling had impressed upon me that I must take a course in anthropology from Freddy Starr, who had a world-wide reputation.

The first day in his class, Freddy called the roll and when he came to my name I dutifully responded "here". He stopped and asked me to rise, which I did. "Do you by any chance happen to be a brother of Bjarne, Erling and Solveig Lunde?" I responded in the affirmative. His response: "It is a great compliment to a professor when the second member of a family enrolls in his class; it is very unusual when a third members enrolls; but when a fourth comes along it is the greatest satisfaction possible!" I felt kind of silly standing there while all this was going on and with everyone looking at me, as you can well imagine. Another time Freddy called the roll and when I answered he wanted to know why I wasn't in class the preceeding Friday. I told him that I was in Iowa City with the U of C baseball team. "Did you win?" - "Yes" - "No matter, no matter", he said with a far away look in his eyes. He was quite a guy, and there were never any dull moments in his classes.

Another professor, Dean Chester Wright, after I had been in his economics class for a month or two, asked me to stay after class. He inquired if I happened to be Erling Lunde's brother, which I owned up to. He spent the next five or ten minutes extolling the fine qualities of my brother, - Erling was a great student, one of his best; he took his education very seriously; was active in extra-curricular work; and was an all-around jewel. He closed with the statement: "You're not a bit like Erling, are you?" How I scratched that guy off of my list, never to sign up for another course of his.

This sequence of family activities brings to mind that we had five Lundes who belonged to Alpha Tau Omega Fraternity. Brother Barney started it all, followed two years later by Erling, followed ten years later by me. Years later, Jim, Barney's son, went A.T.O. at DePauw University, and still later Lon went A.T.O. at Northwestern. Needless to say, the name Lunde is well known in A.T.O. history.

Speaking of the fraternity, we had a couple of queer members when I was there. Well, maybe I shouldn't say "queer", rather, two of them did some strange things. Brockway Roberts came to the U of C with his pet raccoon, and when he moved into the fraternity house the raccoon came with him. But not for long. The poor beast couldn't adapt himself to having so many people around, so he had to go.

The other was Dave Goodrich, who was a year ahead of me. One day, when he was a senior and I a junior, he asked me: "Arvid, what does the word 'sweborus' mean?" He had me stumped, as I had never heard the word before. I asked him in what connection it had been used. His reply: "You know, in our fraternity song 'and through life bitter storms sweborus'". He had been singing that song for almost four years and pondering over the meaning of "sweep o'er us!"

At the start of the second year I enrolled in a composition course under Edith Foster Flint. Faithfully I submitted my compositions, as I loved to write. One day Mrs. Flint asked me to stay after class, at which time she requested that I drop her course. When I asked why she replied: "You have a one-track mind - all you write about is athletics". End of conversation. Teddy Linn, whose composition course I had tried to get into in the first place, was my next stop. I asked him if I could possibly get into his class. He said it was already full and

asked why I had waited so long to enroll. When I told him my story and mentioned that Mrs. Flint had objected to my one track mind concerning athletics, Teddy said: "See you in class tomorrow." He was an athletics buff himself. In fact, he and I formed a close friendship, and when I was Athletics Editor of the Daily Maroon, our campus newspaper and, in my senior year Athletics Editor of Cap & Gown, our yearbook, Teddy wrote some wonderful stories and articles for me to publish.

I took a course in the Philosophy of Religion under professor "Daddy" Ames. One day while walking across the campus, I met his daughter Damaris, who, with a wide grin on her face said: "Have I got something on you!" She could hardly wait to explain: "This morning at breakfast Daddy said, "I have a most peculiar situation in my 8 o'clock class. There is a young man who sits in the back row and every morning after I have called the roll, he rests his head back on the wall and goes to sleep." Of course Damaris asked who it was. The answer: "A fellow named Arvid Lunde!" From that day on I stayed awake, and did get a good grade in the course. But Damaris never let me forget it.

We had a freshman at the fraternity house named Wayne Ingram. For some reason which I cannot remember, he and I did not eat breakfast at the house one morning, but instead went to "Commons" (a fancy name for the University cafeteria). I was in line behind Wayne, and I never have seen anyone put as much food on a tray as he did. In fact, he had taken a bowl of oatmeal for which there was just no room on the tray, so he balanced the tray on one hand and the bowl of oatmeal on the other. Everything went fine until we had passed the cashier's post and started hunting for table space. Suddenly Wayne's tray lost its balance and crashed to the floor, creating a heap of food on the floor. Wayne stood there looking with contempt at the mess and then, much to the delight of everyone, he looked at the bowl of oatmeal and, shaking his head, tossed it onto the pile of food on the floor, and walked away in disgust!

At Carl Shurz High School we had a wonderfully likeable principal named Walter F. Slocum. Everyone loved him, and I really think that he really loved all of us students. During my second year at U of C, my fraternity moved into a house much closer to the campus than the one we had vacated. One day, after school had been in session a month or two, I came back from classes and found a note on the bulletin board with my name on it. It was from Mr. Slocum and read about as follows: "Dear Arvid, since I have seen you going in and out of this house, which is next to my home, I assume that you live here. Mother and I will be having tea at five on Sunday and would like you to join us. The kids will be home." They had a son and daughter, neither of whom I had met, and we had such a good time. Mrs. Slocum was a dear and made me feel right at home. I was amazed that Mr. Slocum had remembered me from my high school days, for at that time Schurz was the largest high school in the country, - some said the largest in the world, and I had been just another student. But what amazed me more than his remembering even my first name was that somewhere in the conversation he asked me, "Do you still go around with that beautiful Evelyn Anda?" Not that anyone who had ever seen Evelyn could forget her, but how did Mr. Slocum know that Evelyn and I went together!? Life is certainly full of surprises.

I took a course in psychology in my junior year and, at the end of the first quarter, had my first opportunity to attempt applied psychology. In order to be eligible for baseball, I had to know my grades for the courses which I had taken during the quarter just ended. I asked Professor Kantor what my grade was. He countered with "What do you think it is?" I replied "A minus". "That's what it is", he replied. I have often wondered if he would have given me the same answer if I had said "B".

One of my fraternity brothers had a job as usher at the Auditorium Theater where the spectacular "Mecca" was playing. For some reason, I suppose because he wasn't feeling well, he asked me to substitute for him at a Saturday matinee. He instructed me as to my duties, etc., one of which was that no one, absolutely no one was permitted to stand either in the aisles or at the tops of the stair wells. Sure enough, I spotted a man standing at the top of one of the stair wells, watching the performance. I very politely advised him that he was not allowed to stand there, and suggested that he take his seat. He, a quite small man, drew himself up to his full height, probably about 5'1" and very forcefully said: "I am Mr. Shubert". Of course that knocked the pins out from under me, as he was the producer of the show! (This is the story which prompted Marcia and Tom to insist that I put all of my oddities on paper for posterity.)

I had suffered from a hernia since birth and Ev, at that time my brother-in-law, a doctor serving his internship at Washington Park Hospital on Chicago's south side, insisted that I have it taken care of during vacation between my first and second years at U of C. So I checked in at the hospital late in the afternoon, but left shortly after, as I had a date with my beloved Evelyn. We had dinner, went to Ringling Bros. Circus at the old Coliseum, and then danced awhile afterwards. I finally took her home to Irving Park and then took the long street car and elevated line trip back to the south side. However, I was denied entrance to the hospital at 2 AM. "But I'm a patient here", I explained. The guard finally checked this out and let me in. The operation went off as scheduled at 8 AM, but I didn't awaken from the anesthetic, probably aided by my sleepiness, until 5 in the afternoon, at which time everyone concerned was relieved, especially when I asked for food!

One night during vacation from college I had a date with Evelyn. Quite late, while waiting for a Milwaukee Avenue street car to take me to the end of the line, from where I had to walk the four miles to Edison Park, I had an unusual experience. It was quite a long wait and I was alone on the corner when two men approached me and one, having his hand in his pocket as if holding a hand gun, told me to give them my watch and my money. At that point, and before I had time to comply with the demand, the lights of an approaching automobile came into view. The two men stepped back a little to make it appear that the three of us were together. However, the car stopped just a few feet from us and the driver called and asked how to get to such and such a place (I can't remember where). I walked over to the car and just as I got there the door swung open and he yelled, "Get in fast!", which I did and he sped away, leaving my two "pals" on their own. The driver asked me "Were they holding you up?" As we passed Carl Schurz High School the driver said: "I'll never forget this place - I played the toughest football game I've ever been in right here." I asked him his school and he replied

"Bowen High". I also remembered the game, as I also had played in it. He was Mush O'Lawson, Bowen's star running back. Now isn't that something? I was rescued by an apparent stranger who just happened to be a fellow I had played against in high school!

Amos Alonzo Stagg was the greatest man with whom I have ever come into contact. While I just "played" on his team when I was a freshman (see my greatest day in football previously mentioned here), I did play baseball, and got to know him real well because of being Athletics Editor of both the Daily Maroon and the Cap & Gown, and also because of having been in charge of the publicity for one of his pet projects, the Interscholastic High School Track Meet. Everyone respected Stagg for his ethical conduct at all times, and no one who had ever played on one of his teams would think of letting himself be seen either smoking or drinking by "The Old Man", as Stagg was so lovingly called by everyone, friend and foe alike. A year or so after I had graduated I went out to the fraternity house for some reason or other. It was on a Sunday, and another fellow and I were walking along Woodlawn Avenue and passed a church just as the service was letting out. Lo and behold! Just coming down the steps was Stagg and his wonderful wife, Stella. I was smoking a cigarette, and while there was no reason why I should not be, I still didn't want Stagg to see it. So I crushed the lighted cigarette in my left hand, and shook hands with Stagg and Stella. After a few words of conversation we parted. You should have seen the hole that cigarette burned in the palm of my hand!

While we are on the subject of sports and my baseball career at U of C, I must tell you about one game. It was the 9th inning against Illinois and we were losing, but had a couple of men on base with two out. Nels Norgren, a wonderful guy and a good friend of my two brothers, was our coach and sent me up to pinch hit. The Illinois pitcher struck me out on three pitches, all of them sharply breaking curves. I expected Norgren to give me a bawling out, which I deserved. His only comment: "I know where you'd be a great hitter - in Denver. They can't throw a good curve there because the air is so rarified up in the mountains!"

I must mention that my all-time high and all-time low were set in successive games in an Inter-fraternity bowling league, 239 and then in the next, 100! How's that for consistency?

Very often, after football games at the U of C, Evelyn and I would stop in at the College Inn of the Sherman House for dinner. It was more or less a gathering place for the football minded, and good times were had by all. On one such occasion we were there with two of our dearest friends, when a man at an adjoining table, apparently three sheets to the wind, came to our table and introduced himself: "My name is O.P. Smith. There are three O.P. Smiths in the phone book, and I'm all three of them!" He was a quite jolly person and not a bit offensive, so we rather enjoyed his visit. When I got home I checked the phone book, and sure enough, three O.P. Smiths were listed! But that's not the end of the story. One day the following spring or summer, I was walking down Michigan Avenue when I saw O.P. coming in the opposite direction. I said a warm hello, but received only a blank stare in return. However, that fall we were again dining at the College Inn when O.P. again appeared at our table, greeting us as long lost friends. I guess John Barleycorn must have sharpened his memory.

One Saturday Evelyn and I went to a football game at U of C, and rather early in the game I happened to see a fraternity brother of mine in the next section. We waved to one another, after which I told Evelyn: "Cap Lusk is sitting in the next section. Just watch - when the first half is over he will leave his seat, come over to greet us and then will say, "Have you got a cigarette on you, Arvid?" Sure enough, it happened as though it had been rehearsed. He was the world's champion moocher!

When I was in my senior year I received a letter from the Ripon Publishing Co. at Ripon, Wisconsin, undoubtedly because I was Athletics Editor of the Daily Maroon, asking me to write an article about the U of C football team. I was glad to do so and sent it off within a few days, and then completely forgot about it. When Christmas time rolled around I was broke. What to do about a present for the girl of my dreams? About a week before Christmas, a letter was waiting for me when I returned to the A.T.O. house for lunch. Glory be - it was a check from Ripon Publishing for \$100! No payment for my article had been mentioned when they requested the article. In fact, I never did see my article in print, nor do I know if it was ever used. But I got the hundred smackers and was about to get a pearl necklace for my darling's Christmas. Help often comes from the strangest sources.

One day I was walking east on Adams Street and happened to look up at the marquee of the Schubert Theater. Pygmalion was playing there and they had spelled it wrong. So, helpful Henry that I was, I went in to the box office and told the man inside it about the mistake. He was quite unfriendly and practically told me to mind my own business. However, the next time I passed the theater the name was corrected. How ungracious can one get?

Two unusual but quite similar experiences happened to Evelyn and me, although several years apart from one another. One evening Evelyn was returning home from work on an Elston Avenue street car, when a woman came up to her and said: "I just must ask if by any chance you happen to be Minnie Lawson's daughter. When Evelyn replied in the affirmative, the woman was so happy. She hadn't been in touch with Evelyn's mother for many years, but when she saw Evelyn, who so strikingly resembled her mother, she couldn't refrain from asking. She said that it was Evelyn's mother who had made a Christian of her.

One day during college vacation I asked Laura Evans, a dear friend of the family who was staying with us at the time, if she would mail a letter for me as she was going uptown. When she came back she asked me the same question as that above: "Could Evelyn possibly be Minnie Anda's daughter?" The Evans' and the Andas had been very close friends years before! The reason I was writing to Evelyn instead of picking up the phone and calling her was that she was attending summer school at the University of Wisconsin at Madison. Strange things do happen, don't they?

And speaking of the Evans family. One day Dr. William Evans, Laura's husband and recognized as one of the greatest Bible authorities in the world, was to speak at the Coliseum. He invited Evelyn and me to have lunch with him at the Victorian Room of the Palmer House. During the conversation we mentioned that we would be in his audience that evening.

He gave us one of his calling cards on which he had written a few words to enable us to get V.I.P. attention. We have never seen such a madhouse as was Wabash Avenue when we arrived. People were packed together all the way from the entrances out into the street with just enough room for the street cars to get by. There wasn't a chance of our getting in so we went around to the alley, figuring there must be some sort of a doorway there. Sure enough there was, but the young usher wouldn't let us in. However, when we showed him Dr. Evan's card, he changed his tune and took us to front row center seats in exchange for the card to be added to his autograph collection. What a great evening that was.

Before I abandon the subject of college I must mention a few unusuals: 1- Barney was awarded a scholarship for having translated Caesar's Gallic Wars from Latin to English by sight reading, without a mistake. Needless to say he wasn't thrilled by my high school marks in Latin, which subject I detested. 2- Erling went to the U of C. probably because Barney did, and so did Sis, because her two brothers preceeded her. 3- Then I came along quite a few years later, and I never gave any other university a second thought, for by that time I had built up a terrific respect for the Maroon's athletics prowess. However, when I matriculated it was discovered that I didn't have quite enough high school grade points to satisfy the requirements. But they let me in anyway, probably because it was during World War I and they needed paying students. I ended up with a PhB degree, and found that if I said it real fast it might sound like PhD. 4- Marcia went to Northwestern on a speech scholarship and the following year transferred to the School of Journalism where she was elected to Theta Sigma Phi, the Journalism Phi Beta Kappa. She also was president of her sorority, president of Pan Hellenic, was tapped Mortar Board, the goal of all women students, and was chosen Woman of the Year. Lon also chose Northwestern, was a member of the "family" fraternity, A.T.O., in which he organized a band; was connected with the musical end of the campus radio station, and had one of his compositions for piano and saxophone played at a N.U. concert. He was awarded a scholarship at the Chicago Musical College to study composition under Vittorio Rieti. Lon was chosen from a field of 250 piano students to play a Beethoven Concerto (No. 1 in C major) with the world famous Chicago Symphony Orchestra. 5- Our grandchild Gary graduated from Yale summa cum laude, was awarded a Rhodes Scholarship to Oxford University in jolly old England, and finished his brilliant academic career at Harvard Law School; another, Kathy, whose S.A.T. and A.C.T. college entrance exam scores did not warrant entry into the university of her choice, Purdue, was nevertheless admitted and graduated, with honors, with a B.A. in French and Spanish; another, David, graduated from the "College of Hard Knox"; and another, Eric, turned the unusual feat of graduating with two degrees in four years at Augustana. We still have April and Alan coming along who will, I am sure, add to this list of accomplishments.

After graduation at U of C I took the train (no airlines in those days) to Los Angeles, as my sister lived there and her husband had lined up a good job for me. However, by the time I arrived the company had gone out of business! When the Santa Fe train reached New Mexico a strike was called and all trains were stopped. I finally ran out of money and wired my Dad: "Please send money or sandwiches". Fortunately he sent money, but that vanished pretty quickly. I finally arrived at L.A. with a grand

total of 28¢ in my pocket. I used a nickel to call Sis to come and get me, spent 3¢ for a newspaper to read while I waited, and greeted my sister with exactly 20¢ left!

I had met a very nice family on the train. Their son was about my age and we spent a lot of time together. He told me that they were moving to California because his dad, who had owned a large orange grove in Florida, had retired and wanted to get away from the oranges. I happened to meet this fellow a couple of months later and asked how his father was enjoying his retirement. "He bought himself another orange grove!"

Sis and Ev had an orange tree growing in their front yard. It was just bearing fruit for the first time, and an exceptionally large, as compared with the others on the tree, orange developed. Sis and Ev decided to leave it to see how large it would eventually get. It kept on growing and, as I remember it, it was the largest orange I have ever seen. So we left it hanging there till it reached its full growth. One Sunday we went to the beach for a swim, and when we got back the orange was missing. There it was on the front porch, holding down a note which read: "I picked this orange for you because I was afraid it would fall off the tree and be bruised!" Why don't people mind their own business?

I must mention an experience that really tickled my funny bone. I was driving home to Eagle Rock City, and saw a crowd gathered around a big Mack truck. It was either late November or early December, and snow had just fallen on the mountain tops adjacent to Los Angeles. A real entrepreneur was at work. He had driven his big truck up to the snow line, filled it with snow, and was selling snowballs for 25¢ each. And believe me, business was brisk. Plenty of snowballs were thrown and everyone seemed very happy. Shades of old time winters in other parts of the country.

There were a number of unusual happenings that year I spent in California. I was driving Ev's car for some reason or other, when the light turned red at an intersection. A beautiful cream colored Dusenbergh Straight Eight pulled up alongside me, and I sat there admiring the car which, at that time, was the real luxury car. I finally happened to look up at the driver and found myself looking into the eyes of Beebe Daniels, my very favorite movie star! Too bad the light turned green, for she was a block ahead of me before I got my car into second gear!

In those days, despite the fact that all intersections in downtown L.A. had stop and go lights, there was always a policeman in the center standing on a little platform which raised him about six inches from the street. One day I had my arm out to signal a left turn (no directional signals in those days), but I cut my turn a bit too closely and nudged the officer off of his box. He looked at me and I looked at him and finally said: "Good morning judge". He smiled and said: "Case dismissed", and I went merrily on my way.

Sis and Ev had friends who had a son a little older than I. One day he and I and another friend were driving along in their old Model T Ford, when Art made a very sharp turn. Over went the Ford on its side. Fortunately nobody was hurt so we all got out, and Art directing us, stationed ourselves along the down side of the Ford and at Art's "Heave Ho" lifted it back into an upright position. Art cranked the motor and we again went rolling along. Having a "tin Lizzie" did have its advantages.

One day Ev went to the hospital to remove a goiter from one of his patients, and asked if I would like to come along and witness his surgical skill. I of course agreed, and was fitted with a hospital gown, face mask, etc. Goiter removal is a very bloody operation, and I passed out cold. Everyone, nurses, doctors, interns, whoever was concerned with the operation, were so busy that they just ignored me. There I lay, stretched out on the floor right next to the operating table, where they all had to step over my inert body each time they went from here to there. I finally came to, despite their having completely ignored me, and moved myself out of the "traffic lane". From that day on, whenever I accompanied Ev to the hospital (not to witness any more operations, you can bet), I was greeted by "How's 'nose-dive Lunde' today?"

It was an often stated fact (or fiction) that if one stood at the corner of 6th and Broadway in downtown L.A. for half an hour, someone you knew would walk by. Of course everyone took this with a grain of salt. However, one day while waiting for the traffic lights to change at that corner, who should appear but Bill Hatch, with whom I had gone to the U of C. We had a nice visit and then went our respective ways. Bill was quite a musician, and composed and handled all of the music that was used, particularly the "I Love Lucy" theme song, for DesiLu Productions.

Evelyn's sister Bee was just a little girl of five or six when Evelyn and I started dating, and I always had the feeling that she was on my side. That certainty became a reality by the following. Evelyn had a date with some "guy" she had seen once or twice before. This particular evening he brought along two photographs of himself, and asked Evelyn to choose the one she wanted to keep. They left shortly after Evelyn had made her choice, and she asked Bee to put the rejected picture back in the envelope so that he (I never did know his name) could pick it up when they returned. Everything went along fine, and he took the envelope with him when he left. Praise be to Bee - she had put both photos in the envelope! He probably never called Evelyn again, but I really knew that Bee was on my side.

Before Marcia was born Evelyn and I discussed at length what the baby was to be named. Evelyn was strong for Valerie; I can't remember what boy's name we chose, if any. However, when the baby arrived we called her Marcia. The strange thing is that mother wrote to us when she heard the news, saying: "I knew you would name her Marcia - that was the name you used so frequently for the heroines of the stories you wrote". I couldn't remember that, but the name must have lingered somewhere in my mind, and came to the surface after one look at our brand new little girl. We both feel now that Marcia's name and her personality are ideally suited.

When Marcia was real young, she loved going through our Christmas cards. She couldn't read, of course, but she would ask who had sent each one, and before long she knew them all by heart. Although Evelyn and I tried many times to stump her, we never could. We belonged to a small group of young people in Edison Park and Park Ridge, one couple of which was Leora and Homer Davis. When we were going through the cards one day, I showed her the Davis' card, and her immediate answer "Leora and Homely Davis". Strangely enough, Lon had the same love for going through the Christmas cards. We couldn't stump him either.

Marcia was very timid when young, no extrovert she. One day as we passed Engblom's drug store, she wanted an ice cream cone. We gave her the necessary nickel and told her to go in and get one. Not Marcia - one of us would have to get it for her. We were adamant (weren't we cruel?), wanting to get her to stand on her own feet. But Marcia was just as adamant. Evelyn and I felt terrible about depriving her of the cone, but Marcia said no more as we walked home. She eventually got over her shyness. Look at her now, engaged in so many church and other activities that it makes our heads swim. Maybe our cruelty paid off in the long run!

I'll never forget Marcia's first ice cream soda. We were downtown and went into Julia King's, long since gone. They served delicious sodas there and we talked Marcia into trying one, which she did. The trouble was that she had never before drunk through a straw, and instead of sucking she gave a good stiff blow, with disastrous results. The waitress got quite a kick out of it, and smilingly wiped up the mess.

Nor will I ever forget the first time we took Marcia to Wrigley Field. I was sitting next to a stranger, Marcia was at my right, and Evelyn at her right. In one of the early innings one of the Cubs, I can't remember who, hit a towering home run into the bleachers. As always, the fans let out a yell, and just about scared Marcia out of her wits. She started to cry, but dried her tears when we explained that the outburst was a normal reaction to anything favoring the Cubs. Thereafter Marcia kept up a steady line of conversation about the Cubs and about the game, asking such questions as: "Who is warming up in the bullpen?"; "Who is that in the on-deck circle?"; "Who is the third base coach?", and a lot of other pertinent questions. The man sitting next to me finally could stand it no longer and asked: "How long have you been taking that kid of yours to the ball game?" When I told him that this was her first game he couldn't believe it as she was so knowledgeable about baseball. On the way home I asked Marcia if there were any difference between the game and the way she had imagined it after having heard it on radio. Her answer: "I always thought that the batter stood at home plate, and that the bases were all stretched out in a straight line, not in a diamond shape."

When she was about eight years old, Marcia came down sick and the doctor, a Park Ridge pediatrician, diagnosed it as Chicken Pox and gave her a shot in the arm to counteract it. However, she became very, very sick after the shot, and the doc came again. He couldn't determine what was wrong, and told Evelyn: "It is cases like this that makes a doctor's life so interesting!" That's the last time we called that doctor, you can bet! Shortly before Marcia had been stricken, Evelyn had been to a church circle meeting, and several of the women had talked about a new doctor in Edison Park. Evelyn remembered that one of them had said: "The best part about Dr. Breck is that if he's not sure of his diagnosis he is quick to call in an expert for consultation. Evelyn immediately got on the phone and called Dr. Breck, who came right over and found that Marcia was suffering from Cow-pox, which resulted from the shot she had been given. I don't know what he did to counteract this, but said it would shortly be under control. He stood at the door ready to leave, when the door opened, and there I stood, just coming home from work. Dr. Breck and I stood just looking at one another for a second or two,

whereupon both of us said in unison, "What are you doing here?" Merrick Breck and I had gone to U of C together and knew one another rather well. We belonged to different fraternities, but somehow got to know one another. Imagine our surprise and happiness at seeing one another again. Marcia got well quickly, and he had not had to call in a specialist!

That was the start of a very close relationship which lasted as long as he lived. He had married a U of C girl, whom I also knew, and the four of us spent many happy times together. Merrick's life was cut short during World War II. He was a Lt. Colonel in the Army Medical Corps, and was put in charge of a complete hospital unit which was sent overseas to set up operations on a South Pacific island. About a month or so later the ship which had carried the unit to that island, again returned, this time with a batch of soldiers. The ship lay in the harbor, and the captain invited Merrick to come to his ship for dinner and a good visit. Afterwards, as Merrick was stepping from the ladder to get into the small tender which was to return him to shore, an unusually large swell hit the tender. He was thrown into the water, and was apparently knocked senseless as his head hit the hull of the big ship. It was an extremely unusual accident. His death was one of the greatest tragedies Evelyn and I have ever suffered, for we had been such wonderful friends. In fact, Evelyn wouldn't be here today but for Merrick.

In 1938 Evelyn came down with a severe attack of pneumonia. Merrick was called off of the golf course at Park Ridge Country Club, and rushed to our home. Evelyn was too ill to be transferred to a hospital (there were none in the immediate vicinity as there are now), but he gave her some preliminary treatment and then drove way over to Rogers Park to pick up a trained nurse he considered to be the best in the profession - one whom he could trust to carry out his orders explicitly. Mrs. Merrill was a gem and handled the night shift, which was the most important as you will see. Several nights later Evelyn started to sink fast, and Mrs. Merrill called Merrick and, believe it or not, he came over in his pajamas, robe, and slippers! He spent the rest of that night (it was a Friday); cancelled all of his office calls for the next day, staying right with us (although he did go home for a few minutes Saturday afternoon to get some clothes on), and spent Saturday night and all day Sunday watching Evelyn like a hawk. And glory be, Sunday evening he said: "Arvid, what little I know about medicine, plus your prayers - WE DID IT!" That was sweet music. What a guy he was. Money could never pay for such loving, dedicated service.

One day I was walking down Dearborn Street when suddenly the rain started coming down full force on the other side of the street. My side remained perfectly dry. This has undoubtedly happened to many other people, but I have never again had that experience in all of my eighty-one years. It is a peculiar sensation, I can tell you.

We had two rather rugged experiences the three months we lived in Indianapolis. I was working for a Louisville paint company, waiting patiently for the job at Detroit Graphite to materialize. We rented a nice, but rather old house in the north part of town, on Broadway, if you please. We were so dog tired after we had moved in and arranged the furniture,

that we went to bed early, leaving whatever groceries we had bought on a dining room chair, because we still hadn't gotten a refrigerator. The bedrooms were both on one side of the house with the bathroom in between them. Some time during the night we were awakened by some strange sounds, and Evelyn and I were convinced that someone was in the house. All we could think of was Marcia's safety, so we crawled out the window, which was just a few feet off of the ground and, in our nightclothes and robes, walked quietly over to Marcia's window and climbed in. We pushed the chifferobe against the door to make entry to that room rather difficult. However, we heard no more of the "robber". The next morning when we finally ventured out we found that some rats had enjoyed the menu offered by our large bag of groceries, and what we had heard was their gnawing at the paper and other containers. There was a vacant lot about fifty feet wide next to our house. A few days after the burglary took place we were talking with our next door neighbor who advised us not to let our daughter play in that vacant lot as it was full of poison ivy. And Evelyn and I had walked through part of it in our bare feet when going to Marcia's room. Maybe the poison ivy was allergic to us - at least neither of us suffered from the experience.

The other occurrence took place one evening when I was away on a business trip. Evelyn and Marcia were listening to the radio, and the news report said that Dillinger, most wanted criminal at that time, had been seen on College Avenue, which was one short block from where we lived. Evelyn was in a tizzie! However, although the rats previously mentioned had no trouble getting in, Dillinger didn't even try, thank goodness.

We were moved to Indianapolis by an old friend and neighbor who owned a moving company in Des Plaines. The reason for the move was that Craftex Company had so soured me by its manipulation of my World's Fair business, about which I have written separately, that I took what I considered to be just an interim job while waiting for the Detroit Graphite job to open. However, I was told that I should move to Indianapolis to be better situated in relation to my territory. Three months later the Western Manager of Detroit Graphite phoned and asked if I still was available for the job. Was I ever! What with rats, Dillinger, and a job that barely paid me a poor subsistence, I sure was. He said he'd see me at the office ready for work. I immediately called my friend the mover and told him to come down and move me back. "What do you mean, move you back? We just moved you down there!" But we did move back on July 26th, with the temperature in excess of 100°, and six days later I started on the job which became my business home until I retired at 79, 46 years later! You'll never believe this in view of today's prices, but we paid \$40 to be moved to Indianapolis and our furniture included a grand piano! Times have certainly changed.

When we returned to Chicago we rented a small apartment in Edison Park from a character named B.B. Anderson. One day I met him in the alley and we got to talking, and he mentioned that he was born and brought up in Norway. He said he was a silversmith by trade, but couldn't follow this vocation in America, as he couldn't find a job. He mentioned that he had served his apprenticeship in Oslo with one of Norway's leading silversmiths, a man named Torgerson. That man happened to be my great uncle on my father's side, believe it or not! Small world, eh?

Another time B.B. and I were talking and he was complaining that he was "too laxative with his tenants!".

We occupied a first floor apartment, and B.B. had rigged up some sort of living quarters in the basement right under us for a couple of pretty disreputable painters. All they cared about was painting during the day and drinking from quitting time until the early hours of the morning, with accompanied loud talk and attempts at singing. I finally complained to B.B., and his answer: "If you don't like it you can move - the painters stay". B.B. certainly wasn't too laxative with me!

About 1936 I was walking northward on LaSalle Street when I happened to meet a friend from U of C and we stopped for a minute or two to exchange greetings. As we parted and I continued my walk, a great chunk of limestone, about five feet long and two feet high and wide came hurdling down from an upper story of the One North LaSalle Building which was under construction just across the street. That stone bounced, and I do mean bounced, after it hit the sidewalk, and came down again on my side of the street, instantly killing a man walking about ten or fifteen feet ahead of me. From the evening paper I learned that it was a Cook County Commissioner named Berger. If I hadn't stopped to say hello to my friend, it might just as well have been me. That was much too close for comfort.

I must mention Mike Brennan who worked in Father's factory. He was a big fat likeable Irishman who apparently had had very little, if any, schooling as he really butchered the King's English. One day he told me about his son having been to the hospital to have his "tonsils and egg nogs removed".

We rented a house on Ibsen Street in 1938, and our dear friends Merrick and Elizabeth Breck, Ruth and Ole Vangnes, and Doris and George Lawrence decided we should have a house warming. They showed up at eight in the evening looking like a disaster had hit Edison Park. They were all bandaged to the hilt, some with splints on arms and legs, one on crutches, etc., etc. Apparently Merrick Breck, our doctor, had spent an hour or so bandaging everyone. It didn't stop there, however. The word got around Edison Park that there must have been a terrible accident, as six people came out of Dr. Breck's house in very bad shape! How's that for a house warming? But we did get our rugs laid and the furniture placed.

When Evelyn came home from Ravenswood Hospital after delivering Lon, I was driving to the hospital to pick them up. At the last main intersection, about three or four blocks from the hospital, the traffic cop pulled me over to the curb with the usual question: "What's your hurry?" I told him that I was on my way to Ravenswood Hospital to pick up my wife and new baby. That seemed to satisfy him, although I'm sure he must have heard that same excuse many times before, and he let me go without giving me a ticket. After we left the hospital I detoured a few blocks, pulled over to the same curb and beckoned the officer to come over, and proudly showed him my new son, much to his apparent delight. At least I had let him know that I wasn't lying to him - he seemed to enjoy my action very much.

One more happening. When Lon was about two years old he got the shock of his life when he stuck a bobby pin into a wall socket. It was years before he would put a light plug into a socket. In fact, I'm not sure that he will do it even now!

Way back, about 1936, Evelyn went to a church circle meeting. One of the women said that she had had the strangest experience the night before. She was a telephone operator at the Newcastle exchange and was working the night shift. She said that about 2 AM a light on the board went on and she plugged in, but all she could hear was the babbling of what seemed to be a baby. This kept on for some time, and when she went off duty the light was still shining brightly. Back in those days before dial or button phones, all calls were handled by operators who started things moving with their pleasant "number please". When she was telling this story Evelyn remembered that we had awakened that morning and found the telephone handset in Lon's crib. We were living in a very small apartment with only two bedrooms, and Lon's crib was in our room until we went to bed, at which time we would roll it out to the dining room. Apparently he had awakened, reached out through the slats of his crib, picked up the handset and manipulated it into his crib, and then carried on a brilliant conversation with the operator. Mystery solved!

Another amusing episode was church connected. When I was a member of the Board of Trustees, we met monthly at the home of a member (rotating, of course), and the loving wife of the host always served refreshments to end the evening. One meeting was held at the place of business of one of the members. His wife had prepared a simply wonderful meal of lobster, and we all attacked it with gusto, except for one man. I was sitting next to him and noticed that he hadn't touched the lobster. I asked him if he didn't like lobster, to which he answered that he didn't know, as he had never tasted it, whereupon I suggested that he try it, as it was delicious. "Oh no", he said, "I never eat anything that I haven't tasted"; at which I asked him how he ever got off of mother's milk. He took a very dim view of this question, although the other members of the board thought it both relevant and very amusing.

We drove to California when Lon was just one year old, in order to spend Christmas with Mother and Sis. It was quite a chore as Lon was a lively, loving bundle and we had to watch our travel timing closely so that we could feed him, etc. (emphasis on the etc.) at the proper times. We arrived at Abilene, Texas on a Sunday about noon and stopped at the hotel for dinner. I asked the hostess if she would please have Lon's bottle heated. When she came back with the bottle she swooped Lon out of his high chair, and that's the last we saw of him until we were completely finished with our meal. It was the first really relaxed meal we had had since leaving Chicago, and how we enjoyed it. What an observing and compassionate woman that hostess was.

On the above-mentioned trip the weather was fine when we left home, but by the time we got a little past Effingham it started to snow. We drove on for about another five miles - it became a blizzard, so we turned back to stay in Effingham that night. The only hotel had one room left, which we took. Marcia, Evelyn and I slept in one double bed, crosswise; and Lon slept in a crib which the hotel thoughtfully furnished. The next

morning was a bright, sunny day, and we found out that at a highway bridge about a mile from where we had turned back, cars had been lined up for half a mile and were stalled there all night. However, by the time we got going the snow plows had done their work and the jam had been dissipated, so we drove merrily on our way. But we shudder every time we think of what might have happened to us with a year-old baby in the car.

When Lon was just three years old we took him to a Christmas concert given by the church choir. It was cold and snowing. When we came home Lon walked across the living room without removing either his galoshes or his coat, started picking at the piano keys and before long was playing with one finger the hymns and anthems he had heard at the concert. Prior to that time the only attention he had ever paid to our grand piano was to try to move it. Soon he was playing with both hands, in perfect harmony. We, of course, were very excited and thrilled to have another musician in the family. We already had one, as Marcia had been taking piano lessons for a couple of years and was doing real well. Her teacher said that Marcia was her very best pupil. But when she heard Lon! I don't think Marcia has ever touched the piano since, except to dust it, of course. She had been taking lessons and practicing faithfully; while Lon only took a look at the keyboard and started to play.

Some time after Lon had started playing the piano a friend of the Anda family heard him play at some get together. She was a musician who sang with the Chicago Sunday Evening Club Chorale, and studied singing at a musical college whose president also conducted the Chorale. She arranged for him, Edgar Nelson, to audition Lon. He was amazed that a three-year old could play so well, but suggested that we wait until he was six before having him take lessons. He said that he had never before seen a child that young have absolute pitch and, more amazing, to instinctively use the pedals properly. Quite a different attitude from that of a concert pianist named Boguslowski who, when he heard Lon play, said: "Take him out of school. Don't let him waste his time in school when he should be only concerned with his music". We are thankful that we took Edgar Nelson's advice rather than Boguslowski's.

Lon studied piano under a Miss Mendelsohn at the Chicago Musical College. However, he was much more interested in sports as he felt he could play the piano without practicing - which he could. However, this teacher recognized his talent, so each lesson period was extended to have him practice under her supervision. She entered him in the competition for piano students which was to culminate with the winner playing a concerto for piano and orchestra with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra which, as everyone should know, is one of the world's very finest. Lon won the competition from a field of 250 students.

Several weeks were to elapse before his appearance with the Symphony Orchestra. One of my very best friends at the U of C, himself a gifted musician, was conductor of the U of C symphony orchestra. When he heard that Lon was to play with the Chicago Symphony he invited him to appear with his orchestra so that he could get the feel of actually playing with such a group in advance of the Chicago Symphony date, and thereby build his confidence for the great event. This was a very wonderful gesture, and I'm sure that it helped Lon a lot.

The above friend, Clarke Kessler, was a struggling musician without much money. He came to me one day and said that he was to audition with the Chicago Symphony playing the bassoon, which he had started to study at U of C. Knowing I had a full dress suit, Clarke asked if he could borrow it for a short time. Of course I was glad to help him, but that's the last I ever saw of my dress suit! He got the job and kept on using my dress suit. He finally paid me for it, saying that he had had to have it altered as it wasn't a good fit. I never played with the great Chicago Symphony Orchestra, but my son and my dress suit did!

When Lon was about five or six years old he started getting mailings from Charles Atlas the "Body Builder". I couldn't understand how Lon got on the mailing list, but he said, when questioned, that he had sent in a coupon he saw with a Charles Atlas ad in the newspaper. I wish Atlas could have seen him - just a kid. However, they finally gave up when Lon didn't sign up for the course.

When Lon was a little shaver, in grammar school, he brought home a note from his teacher one day, suggesting that we have Lon's eyes examined. We did this, which resulted in his being fitted for glasses. From that time on he was able to see, for the first time, what was written on the blackboard at school. Shortly thereafter we took him to a Cubs game, and sat in the upper deck. "Look - there's a lake over there", he exclaimed. With his glasses he had seen it for the first time, although we had been to the ball park a number of times, and sitting in the upper deck. Bless his teacher.

On one of our trips to California Sis told me that an old friend, Bob Presnell, was a producer at Universal Studios in Hollywood. Bob was an A.T.O. at the U of C when Barney and Erling were there, and was a frequent weekend visitor at our home. So I called Bob and he invited us to come out and see how movies are made. We had a grand time, meeting Boris Karloff and several other stars. Marcia was walking on air. Bob invited us to stay for lunch at the studio restaurant. Just as we were starting to eat Virginia Bruce came by and stopped at our table to greet Bob. Marcia was all eyes. She had a glass of milk in her hand and was just starting to drink it when this occurred. She poured the whole glass of milk right down the front of her dress, a brand new "best" taffeta dress, if you please! Talk about being star struck!

When she started school Marcia lost some of her extreme shyness, and in high school she did very well for herself - no introvert she! She was salutatorian of her graduating class, and made a speech before the assembled parents and friends. The prospect and the delivery of the speech didn't faze her at all. She was awarded a scholarship to Northwestern U's School of Speech, but the following year switched to journalism, and in her senior year was elected to the School of Journalism's equivalent to Phi Beta Kappa. She was tapped Mortar Board, the highest women's honorary group, was president of her sorority, Alpha Omicron Pi, was president of the Pan Hellenic Society, and was chosen Woman of the Year her senior year.

Marcia had her birthday, graduated from college, and was married all within two weeks. No lost time there. She married Tom, with whom she

had gone through high school and part of college without their paying any attention to one another. But when they finally did, at Northwestern, it really took! Tom is such a fine man, and Evelyn and I love him as though he were our very own.

I must insert this which concerns both Lon and Marcia. When Marcia was in her first year of high school we decided to move to Park Ridge in order that she and Lon could take advantage of a superior school system (Lon hadn't yet started kindergarten). We were renting a house on Lunt Ave. at that time, but it was sold, and as we had to move anyway, we figured that that was the time to settle in Park Ridge. What a commotion we started! Marcia, who was always so sweet tempered and easy to get along with, was so teed off that she would hardly speak to us. We were taking her away from all of her friends. This anger lasted for two days. The second day at Maine she returned home with four girls, happy as a lark.

We rented a little house at Crescent and Clifton Avenues. I had been doing business with Western Electric Co. for some years, and was well acquainted with the crew of painters there, as they were using my paint most of the time. So I asked Jim Maly, their head painter, to do a little moonlighting and do some decorating for us on weekends. He brought with him another painter named Chum. They were painting like mad one day when Jim called to me, "Where's the music coming from?" All the furniture, including the piano, in our living room was covered with drop cloths, and Lon had sneaked in under them, and was furnishing the music. Five years old, and he was playing in the dark, and playing well, I must add.

I had my appendix removed about 1940, and I asked the surgeon to please save the appendix, put it in a bottle, and give it to me when I regained consciousness. He did this, although I'm sure he must have thought me somewhat flakey. I explained: "When my brother Barney comes to see me, the first thing he'll say after 'hello' will be, 'what did they do with your appendix'?", at which point I will reach into the drawer of the bed table and hand it to him. Everything happened exactly, and I mean word perfect, as written above. My appendix is probably still on display in his curio cabinet. Barney was quite a guy, and I sure miss him.

I was in Omaha on business one time and, wanting to get to the other side of the street, cut across in the middle of the block. A loud bellow from the corner cop was heard by all in the vicinity: "Where do you think you are - in Chicago?" Another time (you'd think I would learn), I cut across an intersection diagonally. An officer came up to me, took me by the arm, walked me back to the corner from which I had started, conducted me across the street and released me at my original destination with the words: "That's how we do it here!"

Omaha had a large department store which was a block long. One rainy day I entered at one end and walked its entire length in order to be out of the rain for that block. However, there was no exit at the other end. I asked a clerk where the exit was and was told that I would have to either walk a flight up on the stairs or take the elevator. I then realized that the store was built on a pretty steep hill and that I had entered the basement.

Lon's Quiz Kid career certainly got off to a peculiar start. One day a call came to me at the office. The man said that he was the producer of the Quiz Kids program, and asked if I was the father of Lonny Lunde, which I confirmed. He then asked if I would bring Lonny down to his office for an interview - which I agreed to do. That evening when I arrived home I told Evelyn that some fine friend, I didn't know who, had phoned and asked me to bring Lonny down for an interview with the producer of the Quiz Kids. We both passed it off as a practical joke, but couldn't figure out who the caller might have been. So business and housekeeping and fathering and mothering went on as usual. Several months later I again received a call from the same man, asking why I hadn't brought Lonny in for the interview. This time he set a date and time, and I began to realize that it was not a prank.

So Evelyn and I brought Lonny, as he was called at that time, downtown to the Quiz Kids' office. They left us twiddling our thumbs in the reception room, while they took Lon inside for about an hour interview. They thanked us for bringing him down, and we went home. Lon said they asked him a lot of questions, which he answered as best he could. He was almost eight years old at the time.

Then one Sunday a month or two later, as we were leaving our church, Clara Olson, a very good friend said: "Isn't it wonderful that Lonny is to be on the program next Sunday". Evelyn: "What program - is the church having a special program that we don't know about?" Clara: "No, no - the Quiz Kids. Lonny is to be on the program next week." That was news to us, as we hadn't listened to the program. But sure enough, in the next day's mail was a letter telling us that he would be on the program and enclosing four tickets for friends or relatives.

Finally Evelyn and I were able to put the pieces together. About six months previous to all of the above, we had gone to dinner at the apartment of a customer of mine, Fred Kalthoff of Acme Steel Co., about whom you will hear more later. The Kalthoffs had a son about fifteen years of age, and when we had finished dinner and wanted to sit around talking for awhile, Fred suggested that Bob take Lonny out in the back somewhere and read him a story. Bob came back about fifteen minutes later: "What do you mean read him a story? He's reading me a story!" The Kalthoffs had a piano, and were amazed when Lon gave them a concert.

It happened that Fred had a man working for him who was the father of VanDyke Tiers, one of the original Quiz Kids. Fred told Tiers about Lon, Tiers told John Llewelyn, producer of the show, and John Llewelyn called me. Now the pieces were all in place and Lon appeared on the Quiz Kids until he was sixteen, which was "graduation" time. Shortly before Lon turned sixteen John Llewelyn said to me that he was convinced that when Lonny "graduated" from the show the Quiz Kids would go to pot. It did, and was discontinued shortly thereafter.

When Lon made his first appearance with the Quiz Kids John gave him a Quiz Kids pin to wear on his lapel. But on the way home, Lon took it off and said: "I can't wear this - it would look as though I was bragging about being a Q.K." The programs were on Sunday evenings, and one afternoon one of Lon's buddies came to the door and wanted him to come

out for something or other. Lon merely said: "We're going away". No mention of where he was going. He certainly was very modest about the whole matter.

Shortly after he had started with the Q.K.'s, John Llewelyn phoned and said that the Esquire All-American high school baseball teams, one East and one West, were to play at Wrigley Field. Honus Wagner was to manage the East team, and Ty Cobb the West. The Quiz Kids were to furnish the bat boys and were asking Lon to be one of them because of his intense interest in sports. Of course he accepted and chose to be the bat boy for Ty Cobb's team. What a week that was, not only for Lon but for me also, as I had to be with eight year old Lon each day the team practiced. So I got to know both Ty Cobb and Honus Wagner pretty well myself. During the succeeding years Lon always received a Christmas card from Ty Cobb. I would imagine that those cards would be collectors' items.

After Lon had graduated from Northwestern, he was drafted into the U.S. Army and was stationed at the induction center at Phoenix, Arizona as a test proctor for the Armed Services Center. Evelyn and I drove out to see him, and it so happened that the Cubs were training at Mesa, more or less a suburb of Phoenix. Lon was able to get an afternoon off so he and I went to see the Cubs at their training camp. Lo and behold, after we had been there a while, who should come over to where we were sitting and ask: "Aren't you Lonny Lunde the Quiz Kid - and my bat boy?" It was Ty Cobb and we had such a nice visit. All of this happened after about ten years of Cobb's having seen him!

The Quiz Kids were invited to appear on the Fred Allen TV show in New York. What an experience that was! Fred Allen was one of the most gracious and entertaining men I have ever met. In fact, the whole Allen cast was so friendly. We spent a week in preparation for the show which was rehearsed, whereas the Q.K. show was not. The first day was a get-acquainted session; but the second day they really got to work. Each of the kids was given a script, and the entire cast made several run-throughs. At the end of this session Fred Allen asked the kids if there were any questions. Whereupon Lon raised his hand and said: "My name is spelled wrong". Was I ever embarrassed! Fred Allen said that it would be taken care of; and, believe it or not, when the scripts were passed out the next day they had been completely rewritten with Lon's name corrected. Inasmuch as there were about fifteen members in the cast, that required a bit of doing - but it was done!

A very unusual happening took place when Evelyn, Lon and I were driving back from California. We stopped at Steamboat Springs, Colorado for the night. However, the only hotel was completely sold out, and at that time there were no motels. We were desperate, and decided to have dinner at the hotel and then push on to Denver. However, the desk clerk advised us not to try it, as the driving was through rugged mountains and extremely dangerous for anyone who wasn't familiar with the road. That left us faced with sleeping in the car. Just as we turned to leave the hotel lobby a bell-boy came up and said: "Aren't you Lonny Lunde of the Quiz Kids?" He recognized Lon from having seen him week after week on TV. He said: "Don't worry, I'll get you a place to stay. My grandmother is a Quiz Kids fan, and she will be thrilled to death to put you up". Sure enough she was, and we had wonderful accommodations. She was a dear, and very excited

to have a real live Quiz Kid as her guest. The next morning as we drove through the mountains and over the Continental Divide we realized how good the clerk's advice had been - it was a tough drive.

Another incident when Lon was on the Quiz Kids was one I'll never forget. Every once in awhile Joe Kelly would say, "Let's play Stinky Pinky", a game in which one QK at a time would ask a question which must be answered by two words of two syllables each which rhyme. Lon's hand went up first so he was called upon and asked "A highly embarrassed citizen of Moscow". No hands went up to answer it, so finally when time was up Lon was told to give the answer, which was "Blushin' Russian". Lon was very good at that game and another called Stink Pink, which was limited to two words of one syllable each which rhymed. In fact, he excelled at all games requiring quick thinking. He was very competitive.

When Lon was in college he bought a new Plymouth. Several times it just conked out, and no one seemed to be able to find out why. Once when it happened in Evanston, I drove over and, with my car pushed his to a nearby Plymouth dealer. After raising the hood and surveying the engine the mechanic found that whoever had assembled the motor at the Plymouth factory had put one of the parts in backwards. How about that? He was able to fix it quite easily, and Lon's troubles were over.

When Marcia was married and Lon was at Northwestern, living on campus, I was finally able to take Evelyn with me on business trips, something we had been looking forward to for a long time. One afternoon we stopped at the only motel at Corbin, Kentucky. I asked the desk clerk where we could find a good restaurant, and he directed us to one just a block or so away. When we were almost there we could detect the French fry odor. As we walked through the door, we were greeted by the owner, who seated us. He was a rather elderly man with white hair and goatee, immaculately dressed in a white suit. Guess who? It was Colonel Sanders! He wasn't yet famous at that time, but several years later became quite a celebrity when Kentucky Fried Chicken places blanketed the whole country.

On another trip Evelyn and I stopped at the same motel at Corbin, Kentucky, and then settled down for a relaxed evening of reading in bed before going to sleep. I was reading an article about the ill-fated trip of the Titanic, when Evelyn said: "The room is shaking!" Unconscious me had not noticed it, as I was too engrossed in my reading. However, a few minutes later it happened again, and the room really shook. We didn't know what was going on, thinking it might possibly be an earthquake, so we dressed and went over to the office and told them about it. They said they didn't have any idea what it could be, and a man came back with us to investigate. Sure enough, the room got the shakes again, and the proprietor had us moved to another unit. We found out the next day that the pump for the motel's water system was right under the floor of our unit, and when it automatically switched on the shaking started. Any old day they didn't know!

On a vacation trip to Gatlinburg, Tennessee we decided to "put on the dog" one night and have dinner at the Graystone Hotel, which was ultra-ultra. While waiting in the lobby a man and his wife came over to greet us. We didn't know them from Adam's off ox, but we didn't let on. They lived on the corner of Elmore Avenue and Sibley, a half block from us in Park Ridge. Thank goodness they were with another couple so we didn't have to suggest that we dine together.

Janie and Lon were living in an apartment just west of Mount Prospect Road, and one day April got her foot tangled in the spokes of the wheel of her tricycle. As a result she was hobbling around with a big cast on her leg. Shortly afterwards Evelyn fell down the stairs of our house and tore the ligaments in her leg. She also wore a big cast. When April saw her for the first time after her accident she explained: "Look mamma, Grandma's got an owie too".

Evelyn and I were in New Orleans and just had to go to Antoine's for dinner, as that was the place to go. After having placed our order and while waiting to be served Evelyn said: "Don't look now, but I believe Bob Flanagan is at a table across the aisle". Bob Flanagan was the son of one of my dearest friends, a salesman with Detroit Graphite Co. with whom I shared an office for years. Luke Flanagan was a devout Catholic, he and his family going to mass every morning before Luke went to work. His oldest sons were priests. Sure enough, when the waiter brought our food and I had a chance to look around without being observed, I saw that it was Bob - and with a good-looking blonde - both of them apparently wrapped up in one another. So Evelyn and I faced a dilemma. What should we do? Pretend that we didn't see them and let it go at that, or make ourselves known? Bob settled the matter when we were enjoying (?) our dessert by coming over and greeting us and introducing his "date" as being one of the participants in a seminar that was being held at Diocese headquarters. So far so good. However, I was then faced with the problem regarding what I should say when I returned to Chicago and saw his father. But Bob took care of that also. When I arrived at the office and greeted Luke, his first words were: "Bob called and said he had seen you and Evelyn when you were in New Orleans!" So I was off the hook.

A year or so ago two unusual things happened to Evelyn and me within a week or so of one another. "Bo" Sorenson, who had been assistant pastor at our church, and whom we had liked very much, as did everyone else, came back to preach one Sunday after having been gone for twenty-nine years. As Evelyn and I walked down the corridor before church and passed the pastor's study, Bo called to us, using our first names mind you, and we had a few words with him before going into the church proper. After the service we again shook hands with him, and he said, "Arvid, I see you're still sticking to bow ties." It isn't only elephants who never forget!

When Lon was baptized he was joined by two other babies, Kermit Kremer and baby Benson. Both families were good friends of ours. Now let's get back to the week or so after the episode mentioned above. Evelyn and I were at home talking about how nice it had been to see Bo Sorenson again. We got to reminiscing about the church, when Evelyn wondered what had ever happened to the Bensons. We knew they had been divorced, but that's all we knew. Two days later we were leaving the church, going down the same corridor mentioned above, when we passed two men. We had gone about ten feet beyond them when we heard: "Aren't you Arvid and Evelyn Lunde?" You're right, it was Clarence Benson! It had been more than twenty-nine years since we had seen him or, probably, even talked about him, until a couple of days previously.

When our grandson Gary was born, Tom, after a visit to Marcia, went out to the hospital nursery to view his new boy, through a glass window to which the nurses brought the babies for viewing. A man was standing next to Tom waiting for his turn and when Gary was shown, said to Tom: "Is that your baby? You should see the monster I got!"

Alan was about three years old when I phoned their house and he answered. I asked if his mother was home and he said: "Yes", and hung up. Janie called back in a few minutes laughing so hard she could hardly talk. She had asked Alan who had called and he told her: "Grandpa". "What did he want?", asked she. "He wanted to know if you were here and I told him 'yes'". End of conversation!

The 60th reunion of my graduating class at U of C took place on May 7th of this year, and they asked me to serve on the Committee as I had done for the 50th reunion. However, I had to beg off because Evelyn wasn't feeling too well, and I didn't want to commit myself to a lot of meetings, etc. I assured the organizer that we would attend the reunion if Evelyn was able to go. Well, thankfully, she was well enough, and we did attend, and had a very enjoyable time. It was good to see old classmates again. All of them had to be eighty or over, and 41 attended. I would say that was quite a turnout. Some five or six of them came from other states, believe it or not.

FAMILY CONNECTED HAPPENINGS

Before we were married Evelyn and I were invited to Grand Rapids by my Aunt Julia and Uncle Alfred to visit with them and to look for furniture for the new home we would establish after we were wedded. They didn't know how broke we were! Uncle Alfred had started a small knitting business in Chicago, some years previously. Incidentally, he was the "inventor" of drop seat underwear, which revolutionized the underwear business. He later moved his business to Grand Rapids, where it grew and grew, as did Uncle Alfred's bank account. In fact, he was such a prominent businessman that he was begged several times to run for mayor of Grand Rapids. But he was strictly business; not a politician. Aunt Julia had started working for him in Chicago, operating one of the sewing machines in the factory. I don't believe she had too much of an education, but you'd never know it. She and Uncle A fell in love and were married, and Aunt Julia ended up being one of the leaders of Grand Rapids society. It sounds like a Horatio Alger story.

One evening they took us downtown to theater, Evelyn in the back seat with Aunt Julia, and Uncle A driving their beautiful big Jordan limousine (it was Korsberg, their chauffeur's day off). Suddenly Aunt Julia called out: "Alfred, you should have turned there". "You're right, Julia", he answered, after which he leaned over and whispered to me: "After you're married, Arvid, always admit that your wife is right, and then go ahead and do as you darned please!"

But the greatest story of these two much-loved relatives was when they lived in one of the most imposing homes in Grand Rapids, on Fountain Street, which was very ultra-ultra. On the stair landing going to the second floor was a beautiful large, round stained-glass window facing Fountain Street. It was Uncle Alfred's pride and joy, but Aunt Julia hated it. One day Uncle A didn't feel well and left his office quite early in the afternoon. What to his wondering eyes should appear when he arrived home, but a clear plate glass window replacing his pride and joy. He stormed into the house and I can imagine what he told Aunt Julia. However, she was able to calm him down by showing him that, some months previously, she had had some workers build a contraption that would permit her to raise the clear window after Uncle A had gone to work and, shortly before it was time for him to return in the evening, push it down and, with the aid of a fine pulley system, automatically pull up the good old stained-glass window. Uncle Alfred had to admire her ingenuity, as did everyone who shared her little secret.

Through all of my tenure with Detroit Graphite Co., Harlan Richards, a painting contractor, was a great customer, and he and I became very close friends. One day we took a mutual customer to lunch in the Loop, and on the way to pick up my car at the parking lot afterwards, Harlan asked if I would stop with him to pick up his violin bow which was being restrung by a repair shop in the Steger Building. It was apparently a one-man operation in a small office. While Harlan and the proprietor were talking I sat down to rest my weary feet and had nothing to do but listen to their conversation. At one point the violin man asked Harlan who his teacher had been. The answer: "A delightful old gentleman by the name of James Pinedo". "My Uncle James!", I practically shouted as I came to my feet to enter into the conversation. Uncle James had from my childhood been one of my favorite uncles. He was born and brought up in the Netherlands and, some time after

coming to the United States had married Mother's sister, Elvira (Aunt Viva). He was quite a musician and apparently a very good teacher, as a number of his pupils went on to play in symphony orchestras, one even becoming concert meister of the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra. Uncle James spoke with a very decided accent, and I'll never forget the night we made a recording of all the relatives at one of our birthdays. After the recording session we played the record back (there were no tape recorders in those days), so that everyone could hear his or her voice. When we got to Uncle James' he muttered, "Och, och, do I speak like dot?"

We did the same thing at another family gathering, but that time no one knew that we were recording it. All the relatives at that gathering were on Evelyn's side of our combined families. When we played it back Russell, who was Evelyn's oldest sister's husband, couldn't believe that he dominated the conversation so much, as he always did at such gatherings. However, it didn't change him!

Recently Evelyn and I watched a TV show "Bing Crosby - His Life and Legend". It was wonderful and very nostalgic, as we heard songs we had long since forgotten. One section showed some film clips from "Going My Way", which was quite a picture. It reminded me of what my brother Barney's reaction was when he and Dot saw the picture originally. When the scene was reached where the older priest took down a book from his library shelf and opened it, revealing that it was in reality not a book at all, but a beautiful replica in which was hidden a bottle of Irish whiskey, at that point Barney said quite loudly: "Oh my gosh!", much to the wonderment of the surrounding people in the theater. As soon as they got home Barney went right to his library and found a similar book entitled "The History of Ireland", and, sure enough, it was a duplicate of the book in the picture. The bottle of Irish whiskey was intact, but Barney had completely forgotten its existence until the movie reminded him of it, years later.

When I told Lon that I was writing this masterpiece (?), he told me not to forget the story about the truck driver. At first I couldn't remember the incident, but as he started to tell it to me I recalled it, so here goes. One day at lunch, it must have been in a diner or some such place, I happened to be sitting next to a man, who told me that he had had a most unusual experience that morning. He was a truck driver and had arrived in Chicago with a load of onions, shipped from wherever they grow onions, to a produce firm at Chicago's South Water Market. He said that when he arrived the area was so loaded with other trucks that he couldn't get in. After waiting awhile for an opening to appear he finally gave up and, leaving his truck, went into the madhouse and found the office of the man to whom the onions were to be delivered. He told him that he didn't know what to do, especially since he had to pick up a load to carry back to his original location. The man told him that he would take care of it, and both went down to the dock area. Then things began to happen! "This man", the truck driver said, "took over the whole show, shouting at the top of his voice to this trucker here, and that trucker there, until within minutes a space was cleared so that I could get my truck in". I said that that sounded like my brother-in-law, and asked his name. The answer: "A guy named Lutz". Sure enough, it was my brother-in-law, Russell Lutz!

And speaking of in-laws, Evelyn's oldest sister worked for a company in Mayfair (one of the railroad stations on the way to the Loop from Edison Park).

Late one afternoon I was on the train going downtown. When the train stopped at Mayfair, Ed Kerwin, a man I had known for a number of years, being a close friend of both of my brothers, got on the train and, seeing me, came over and sat with me. In the course of the conversation he told me that his secretary had somehow mentioned to him that her sister was going around with an Arvid Lunde. Believe it or not, that secretary was Evelyn's sister, Irene. This happened real early in my courtship of my beloved Evelyn, but it certainly was a strange coincidence.

This, about my brother Barney, must be included. Barney was a tremendous eater, but you'd never know it to look at him, as he never gained a pound. He should have opened an "Eat and Stay Skinny" salon. I envied him before he was married to Dot, for he would eat big turkey dinners at home on Thanksgiving and Christmas, and then go to Park Ridge to have repeats at Dot's! But the payoff took place on one of his visits to Grand Rapids. He and Erling went somewhere one afternoon with cousins Earl and Roy, and came back shortly before dinner time. Aunt Julia served and, fascinated by Barney's appetite, piled his plate so full that she couldn't get another speck of food on it, and then settled back in her chair to await developments. Barney didn't bat an eyelash, but ate it all. When his plate was clean Aunt Julia asked if she could give him more, and he replied: "Oh, no thanks, Aunt Julia, I've been eating peanuts all afternoon!"

And speaking of Barney, here's another. Evelyn and I drove Dot and Barney to New York one summer. They were going to visit some old friends from Park Ridge who lived in Connecticut. After a few days we again joined forces when they unknowingly checked into the same hotel as ours. Edith and Bill were going to Europe on the Queen Mary but wouldn't get to New York till after we had left. So we brought a bottle of champagne to the ship and gave it to the steward to ice and present to them when the ship was under way. While aboard, we decided to look over the beautiful ship, as did many people each day it was there. We gave it a pretty good going over, when suddenly Dot said: "Where's Barney?" He was nowhere in sight and though we looked and looked we couldn't find him. Dot was getting panicky, but he finally showed up, and when asked where he had been, told us that he was curious to see what kind of accommodations the Steerage Class had!

In the old Edison Park days, we had a neighbor named Burley, and Walter Burley was a great friend of both of my brothers. The Burleys had a horse and carriage, and would daily tether Jewel, the horse, someplace on the lawn of their house. It was a good idea, as Jewel had an insatiable appetite and kept the lawn cut very nicely. One day Walter and Barney were on the front porch and Mrs. Burley asked them to put Jewel in the barn and get ready for dinner. Jewel happened to be cutting the front lawn at the time, so the boys freed him from his stake, led him up onto the front porch, through the living room, dining room and kitchen, and out the back door, and put him in his stall in the barn. Mrs. Burley almost had a hemorrhage!

Walter Burley was married on his birthday, which also happened to be his bride's birthday. So that gave them three events to celebrate on the same date. But they weren't through yet. Their first child was born on the same date. Four of a kind - a pretty good poker hand, I'd say!

In those days Bjarne's nickname was Buno, and Walter Burley honored his close friend by giving the same name to his dog.

Roy Lunde, a second cousin, told me of an unusual experience. He was quite a businessman, and very successful. In Atlanta on a business trip, he stopped in at the Coca Cola offices and asked to see the president. Back in those days presidents were not nearly as inaccessible as they are now. He was shown in and, after the amenities, placed an envelope on the president's desk, saying: "I have an idea for merchandizing Coca Cola that I feel confident will greatly increase your sales. If you will agree to pay me \$10,000 if you adopt the idea and put it into effect, you may open the envelope." On the sheet of paper inside were written just two words: "Bottle it." Needless to say Coca Cola adopted the idea. For those of you who came in late, Coca Cola Co. originally sold only the Coke syrup; the dispensers, ice cream parlors, drug store, restaurants, etc. brewed the Coke by putting a squirt of the syrup into the glass and then filling it with charged water. Roy was ten thousand smackers richer, and Coca Cola's sales mounted fantastically. Why can't I think of something as elementary as that!

Oh yes, I must tell this one. Roy Lunde was married to a woman named Sue, having been divorced some years previously. One day when Evelyn was downtown, she saw Sue waiting on State St. for a bus. How come she wasn't in their chauffeur-driven Cadillac I'll never know. During the conversation Sue said: "It's wonderful that you are married to Arvid. You know, the Lunde's are one girl men". Quite a statement for Roy's second wife to utter.

About a year ago David was walking to work from the train station, and as he crossed the street a piece of lumber hit him on the head and knocked him down. The corner cop rushed over to him, but by that time David has regained his equilibrium and said that he was all right. However, the policeman insisted upon calling an ambulance and having him taken to the hospital for further examination. All they found was a cut on David's head, and he was released from the hospital soon after. It seems that work was going on at a building across the street from where David was walking, and someone on a scaffold ten stories up had lost control of the board, and down it came on David. What a close call that was.

UNUSUAL NAMES

I'll start with my own. I was christened Arvid Hjorthoj Lunde. The Lunde was fine, the Arvid was barely acceptable, but the Hjorthoj! That I couldn't stomach. But I was stuck with it. When World War II started, I was doing business with many companies having military contracts. I had to carry the proper credentials in order to make my calls on these concerns, one requirement being my birth certificate, which I didn't have and had never even seen. So I went to City Hall to get a copy. When I told the clerk that I was born in 1901 he said my chances were slim, as most of the records for that year had been destroyed by fire. However, he looked, and found it. During our conversation I mentioned what an awful middle name I had, whereupon he said: "Do you want to change it?" I did, and he did, and I've been Arvid Clements, my mother's maiden name, Lunde ever since.

One of the girls at high school was Ruth Alenius. We all called her Miss Alenius.

At U of C we had a girl named Buggy. Behind her back we all called her Miss Carriage. However, one day one of the fellows introduced her to a newcomer as Miss Carriage, much to everyone's embarrassment!

One of the fellows in my class at U of C was Ed Waful. His sister came to U of C a couple of years later. A double order of Wafuls!

Two doctors had offices on the corner of 55th St. and Woodlawn Ave. - Dr. Stork and Dr. Fee. Ev Lambertson, later to become my brother-in-law, went to medical school with a woman named Slaughter. What a name for a surgeon!

Marcia will remember Paul Barrer. Can you imagine any sane parents named Barrer naming their son Paul?

I worked with a fellow named Al Hole. He told me that whenever he called on a customer and the receptionist asked for his card, he handed her a Life Saver. She invariably said: "No - I want your calling card". "That is my calling card". A. Hole! Apparently it worked fine, as he was a good salesman and ingenious too, I might add. People certainly remembered him by his unique calling card.

Two lulus, both of whom I did business with: Looney and Malarky. And that's not a lot of malarky.

Jim Thunder, who appears elsewhere, should have searched for a guy named "Lightning" and formed a partnership, preferably in the electronics field.

I called on Wesson Oil Co. - their Purchasing Agent a man named Weston. Pretty close, eh?

Down through the many years of my dealings with Sargent & Lundy I'm sure that many competing paint salesmen thought that I must be a close relative of the Lundy in the organization. However, I spelled my name differently, so that gave both Sargent & Lundy and me a clean bill - no favoritism. The funny part of it is that Lundy, one of the original partners and long since deceased, lived in Park Ridge. How about that!

Sargent & Lundy had a man named Warton working in the specification department. I had very little direct dealings with him, but got to know him very well. Everyone called him Warton, which I thought very strange, as they always called one another by their first names. So I asked one of the men at S & L what Warton's first name was, and was told "Warton". I later found out that his full name was Warton W. Warton, but could never get up the courage to ask him what his middle name was!

And how about one of Bee's closest friends, who married a man named Jack Frost?

One of my A.T.O. brothers was Harry Bird. I thought that all birds were feathered, not hairy!

Boyd - a Brooklynese Bird?

Reckless - Walter definitely was.

Daisey - his parents fortunately did not name him Upsa.

Boquet - the man with the sweet smelling name.

Little - Earl was.

Husband - Dorothy never could be a --.

Treat - I wonder if he ever did.

Worthless - but Matty wasn't.

Nicely - he did.

Crisler - Herbert, definitely not Fritz, although that's what everyone called him.

Comfort - a very reassuring gentleman to be with.

Fake - Effie wasn't a --.

Bloom - in full.

Branch - twiggy for short.

Kneebone - he reminded me of a small settlement whose name Evelyn and I ran across in Indiana - Gnawbone. How would you like to give your address as Gnawbone, Indiana?

Bright - a school principal, so he must have been.

BUSINESS HAPPENINGS

I spent a year in California after graduating from the U of C. Jobs were very scarce in L.A. in 1922-23 and in desperation I took a job driving a big Mack truck for a construction outfit. Everything went fine until about the second day. I was going down a long slope when the railroad gates at the bottom of the slope went down. Upon applying my brakes, nothing happened, and I just kept rolling. I switched off the ignition but couldn't get the truck stopped before crashing through the gates. There I was right in the middle of the tracks. Fortunately, the train was going very slowly and the engineer had time to bring it to a stop about ten feet from me! I had complained to the contractor the day before that the brakes weren't good and he said he'd have them fixed by the next morning - but he didn't and I had a mighty close call. I quit the job on the spot and he refused to pay me because I had damaged his truck. But when I threatened him with the State of California's possible interest in his case, he paid me off.

Finally, the letter of my life arrived from Evelyn saying that if I would come back to Chicago she would marry me. Oh boy, oh joy! But I was still broke and without a job. I saw an ad in the Los Angeles Times wanting a draftsman. Well, I had had a year of mechanical drawing in high school - so why not? I applied, and the man in charge of the drafting department asked me a few questions and then asked to see a sample of my printing. Fortunately, I remembered seeing his name on the door when I had entered. It was a rather unusual name, and I used it for a sample of my printing. He hired me. I guess he enjoyed seeing his name in print.

I was assigned to a drawing board next to a man old enough to be my father. My job was to go through the blueprint files and study the various intersections. (I was working for the L.A. streetcar company) and then draw in the exact locations of all of the culverts at each intersection. This required going out and accurately measuring them, and then coming back and plotting them on the blueprints, after which I was to make the revised plans on tracing cloth. As I was tacking down the first piece of tracing cloth over the revised drawing and was inking my pen to start, the man at the next board came over to me and very softly said: "Out here we use the other side of the tracing cloth". 'Nuff said. I immediately turned the cloth over and went to work. What a good man my neighbor was. He could see at a glance that I didn't know what I was doing, so he said a few kind words to take me off the hook. What a guy!

I stayed at that job until I had earned enough for a ticket back to Chicago and my beloved Evelyn; and a new suit of clothes so that she wouldn't see my poverty sticking out all over. What a Godsend that job was.

I had a very tough time finding a job in Chicago, and finally gave up and went to work in my father's business, manufacturing piano hardware. However, the advent of radio had just about ruined the many piano companies, and father's business was terrible. It was a very unhappy time for me as I didn't get a fixed salary, but Evelyn and I scratched along on whatever Dad was able to give me each week.

Evelyn's sister Dorothy was private secretary to Frank Brewer, an account executive with one of the largest advertising companies. Knowing my situation, she mentioned it to her boss, who suggested that Dorothy arrange for me to

come down for an interview, which she did. Frank Brewer and I had a long talk, and he finally suggested that I should consider going into sales work. He set up an appointment for me to see Charley Spencer, a good friend of his, who owned the Casement Hardware Company. I was honest with Mr. Spencer and told him I hadn't any sales experience; but I guess he must have thought well of me, as he offered me a job as salesman.

When I came home and told Evelyn about my new job, a look of horror came to her face as she exclaimed: "We'll starve!" But we didn't, although we came awfully close those first few years of my selling career. Father's reaction was quite different, and even less flattering. When I told him that I was leaving because I had taken another job paying \$50 a week, he said: "Who would possibly pay you \$50 a week?"

A great portion of my time was spent with architects trying to sell them on the quality of our products, and getting them to specify their use on buildings they were planning. One home in particular comes to mind. One of Chicago's outstanding home architects, whose name is better not mentioned, designed a beautiful home on the North Shore, and I was thrilled when he specified my casement operators. However, when the house was completed and just about ready for the owner to take possession, the architect made a final inspection, and guess what? He had designed overhanging eaves which came down so far that the second floor casements could not be opened. Was his face red!

When making my calls I had to lug around two very heavy sample cases and, since I didn't have a car, had to use public transportation, which required carrying the cases much more than if I had been able to park in front of my prospective customers' offices. One day, in Milwaukee, I went into the dining room of the Schroeder Hotel for lunch. The place was crowded and the hostess asked if I would mind sharing a table with another man. I was seated across from a man quite a bit older than I, and we both ate our food without a word being spoken. Somehow or other, we finally loosened up a bit when the coffee was served, and we left at the same time. We stopped to put on our coats, and as I picked up my two sample cases he asked to feel them. He said: "Do you mean to say that you carry these two dead weights around all day and every day?" I answered in the affirmative, whereupon he told me that I was out of my mind, and reached into his pocket and showed me what he carried around - a couple of color cards for the paints he was selling, which weighed no more than an ounce or two. Jim Thunder (that was the name on the card he gave me) said I should drop in and see him the next time I was in Chicago. He was Western Manager for Craftex Company.

I didn't think much about it until my next trip to Milwaukee when, after retiring for the night, I was seized with pains in my lower abdomen. I was sure it was appendicitis and phoned the hotel desk and asked if they had a resident doctor, which they did, and said they would get in touch with him right away. The doctor gave me a good going over and could find nothing wrong with me. He was convinced it wasn't my appendix. Then he spied my sample cases and lifted them, after which he diagnosed my trouble as severely strained abdominal muscles. He suggested that I either quit carrying cases or, if that was not possible, to quit my job. That settled it, so when I returned to Chicago I went to see Jim Thunder, and he hired me on the spot. So that's how I got into the paint business and started a fifty year career in that field, first with Craftex Company (Jim Thunder was fired shortly after I started), then one year with Peaslee Gaulbert Paint Co. of Louisville, Kentucky (the

worst year I have ever spent in business), and then 46 years with Detroit Graphite, which were the best years I could have ever spent in business. They were great people to work for.

When I first started with Craftex I had a dealer in the Loop, Wallbrunn Kling & Co., and they had a salesman, Al Hawkinson, working for them. He was many years older than I, and whenever I came in to the store and he was there, he always suggested that we go next door to the Triangle Restaurant and have a cup of coffee. On one of those coffee breaks Al gave me some advice which was probably the best I have ever received. He said: "Arvid, don't go around trying to sell paint - go around making friends. Other companies make paint as good as yours and their prices are always competitive. Taking this into consideration, who do you think the buyers are going to buy from? The fellow they like the best, of course." I have never forgotten Al's sound advice. It really works!

My job with Craftex certainly had its ups and downs, particularly down. Dave Murray, president and owner, seemed like a very nice guy. I worked hard and was getting good results. I was working on a salary and everything went along swimmingly until the depression of the 30's hit. Out of the clear blue sky I was switched to a commission basis, which reduced my income considerably as everyone, including my customers, were tightening their belts. It was at this time that the plans were being finalized for the Chicago World's Fair, "A Century of Progress". I was offered the paint for all of the buildings to be built by the Fair itself. This did not include the buildings which the private firms like Firestone, Chrysler, Ford, and others were to build for themselves, but it still amounted to a whale of a lot of business. They would give me all of the business on the basis of one-half cash and one-half in bonds issued by the Fair. Dave Murray said: "No dice - those bonds will never be paid off". As it turned out they paid off well before maturity as the Fair was a great success financially. So from that point on I directed all of my energies to the buildings for the private exhibitors, and did extremely well for myself (on paper, that is) for a goodly number of them agreed to use my paint. But Dave Murray must have had a sixth sense, if he had any sense at all, and just as the orders started rolling in he switched me back to a straight salary! I still drool when I think of how much I would have made in commissions had Dave not looked out for number one rather than for his salesmen. Then and there I decided to leave Craftex - it was just not my kind of an outfit.

I had a rather touchy encounter while with Craftex. An architect had specified my paint for a large new YWCA building to be built on Ashland Avenue just south of Madison Street. When the job was nearing completion, the architect asked me to get in touch with the interior designer to have the colors chosen. It happened to be a woman, and we spent quite a while together before she chose the four colors that were to be used in the various rooms. Inasmuch as she was making her choice from small color chips, I volunteered to make up 8" x 10" panels of each color for her final approval. When I brought the panels to her she was very pleased. I called to her attention that these were pretty strong colors, and since sleeping rooms at the YW were quite small, the strong colors would tend to make them look even smaller. Very haughtily she drew herself up to her full height, and, looking down at me from above, told me in no uncertain terms that she, not I, was the expert on interior decoration. So I shut up and muttered some sort of an apology, and had her okay each panel with her initials. I left a set with her and departed with my set, which she had initialed. Came the dawn! When the building was painted I was called to

the phone, and an irate interior decorator was shouting at me from the other end. I had ruined her beautiful YWCA interiors by furnishing the wrong colors. She told me to meet her at the building, which I did. I held my okayed panels up to the various walls, and in every case the matching was exactly on the button. The poor woman didn't have a leg to stand on - in fact, she had even lost the marble pedestal she thought she had been standing on. She had to agree that she was wrong because the architect had joined our merry little group, and there was no way she could wiggle her way out of it except by admitting that the error was hers. That was the first time I had ever asked for a customer to O.K. a color sample, but I can assure you it wasn't the last from that point on.

Speaking of architects, I came into the office one day and the boss, Hadley Cole, said he had a good one to tell me. It seems an architect had phoned, and wanted the salesman who called on him, but couldn't remember my name. So Hadley asked him to describe me. All the architect could contribute was "the fellow who always wears a derby hat pulled down over his ears!" Some description. Well, at least I had made some sort of an impression on him, hadn't I?

I had caught the interest of the Western Manager of Detroit Graphite Company because I had been fortunate enough to sell the paint for the entire interior painting of two skyscrapers, Carew Tower in Cincinnati and Ramsey Tower in Oklahoma City, both of which Harry Miller had thought were safely in his pocket. He phoned me one day and asked me to lunch, as he wanted to get acquainted with me. After lunch he told me that he was very interested in adding me to the sales force of D.G. Co., but that there just weren't any openings right at that time. This was in 1933, at the depth of the depression, shortly after I had definitely made up my mind to leave Craftex just as soon as I could find another job. Miller asked me to keep an open mind on the subject, and promised me that as soon as there was an opening I would have a job. Craftex was a subscriber to Dun & Bradstreet, and I had gotten to know their Chicago representative, Ted Darville, very well. I told Ted about Miller's offer, and asked if he knew anything about Detroit Graphite Company that might help me in making my decision when the opportunity presented itself. Ted said that he would investigate. A few weeks later he came to see me and told me that he had asked D&B's vice president in charge of investigating and rating the various companies in the U.S. The report he sent Ted was that Detroit Graphite was a subsidiary of The Valspar Corp., which was in receivership. That didn't sound too good to me, as I was almost in receivership myself, due to Craftex's machinations. But, Ted continued, the V.P. had then said that it looked as though Valspar was going to work its way out of its troubles; and that if his friend (speaking of me) was a gambler he should take the chance, as Detroit Graphite had a wonderful reputation.

I had to get away from Craftex, so I took a job with Peaslee Gaulbert, a paint company located in Louisville. I took this more or less on an interim basis, as I really wanted to go with Detroit Graphite. My territory was Illinois and Indiana, and things went fairly well, although I was never completely happy with the job. They finally talked me into moving to Indianapolis, which was more centrally located in relation to my territory, and the D.G. Co. job still hadn't materialized. We moved there on May 1, 1934, found an old house which we were able to rent on the meager salary I was making, and put Marcia in the grammar school not far from where we lived.

I had several strange hotel experiences while on this job. One night I left Louisville to start for home. About 2 A.M. I reached Paoli, Indiana. The streets were deserted and, after driving around the "square" which was the center of town, I finally found the hotel. However, the lobby, though lighted, was completely deserted. I waited for what I thought was a reasonable period of time for the night clerk to return to his post, and then became a little impatient, and rang the bell which was standing on the desk. Finally a head appeared around the corner of the stairway, and the following conversation took place: Head: "What do you want?" Me: "I want a room for the night." Head: "Well, look on the key rack and pick a key and go to your room and let the rest of us get back to sleep." Which I did, and everyone was happy.

Another time I arrived in a small town near the Indiana border - Casey, Illinois. I checked into the only hotel in town and, after getting settled in my room, decided to take a walk to see the town and pin point where my calls would be the next morning. I couldn't find the key to my room, so before leaving I stopped at the desk with the following exchange of words: Me: "I somehow didn't get my key when I checked in." Clerk: "What do you want a key for?" Me: "I'm going out for a walk and want to lock my room." Clerk: "What do you want to lock your room for? We're all honest people in this town." I didn't get a key, believe it or not!

We had been residents of Indianapolis just short of three months when the telephone rang, and the voice said: "This is Harry Miller. I have an opening in Chicago. Do you still want the job?" Did I! So I called the mover who had taken us to Indianapolis and told him to come and bring us back to Chicago. His comment: "I just brought you there!" But he came, and we moved back with the temperature standing at 107°, as I remember it.

By that time Valspar was out of receivership, and for 46 years I found Detroit Graphite a wonderful company to work for.

When I started with Detroit Graphite, Harry Miller asked me which of the two Chicago territories I would like - either from Lake Street north or from Lake Street south. I lived in Edison Park, which is way north, so I suppose that would have been the easiest for me to cover. However, I chose the south territory as it had so many more industrial firms. All I could think of was that great big Western Electric plant, sprawling square block after square block of land, part in Chicago, and part in Cicero. I had made one call there while with Craftex.

So, one of the first calls I made when with D.G. was at Western Electric Co. The only name I could remember was Doubler, whom I had only met once. So I told the guard at Gate 8 that I wished to see Mr. Doubler. When he hung up the phone the guard told me to wait in the lobby, as Mr. Doubler would be right down. I couldn't quite figure that out, as on my one previous visit I had been directed to a room on the sixth floor, in which room Western Electric personnel met with salesmen. I waited, of course, in the entrance lobby and when the elevator door opened, out came Doubler with a cigarette in his mouth and a lighter poised to light it. I really believe that when he saw me he remembered me, but the important thing from his point of view was that I gave him the opportunity to come down to the lobby where smoking was permitted. After a couple of smokes, he invited me to come upstairs with him. There he introduced me to his assistant who in turn introduced me to his assistant who, again in turn,

introduced me to the man who handled all of the analysis and requisitioning for any painting to be done in the plant. Each of these three men mistakenly surmised that I was a good friend of Charley Doubler, the boss, and from that point on the going was very, very good. Within six months they had channelled all of their paint requirements to me. And all because Charley Doubler wanted a smoke! What a break! Western Electric was my meal ticket for many, many years.

Shortly after starting to work for D.G. I called on Acme Steel Company's offices on Archer Avenue. A man named Fred Kalthoff was in charge of all plant maintenance, but every time I called, which was about every two or three weeks, the receptionist called him and received a rubber stamp answer - he couldn't see me that day. This went on for months and months, but I must have been a persistent cuss for I kept coming. One day I appeared again and Dorothy (we were on a first names basis by then) made the usual call to Fred Kalthoff. Lo and behold - Dorothy hung up the phone and with a big grin on her face said: "He'll see you right away!"

As I walked into his office Fred was standing behind his desk with his hand out to welcome me. The first thing he said was: "How long will it take you to get a gallon of Machinery Enamel Primer and a gallon of Gray Machinery Enamel to me?" I looked at my watch and told him that I could do it in an hour at the latest. All he said was "go get it". Which I did, and returned to his office in just 50 minutes. He sent one of his men to bring the paint downstairs to the painter, and then asked me to sit down and get acquainted, after which he told me the whole story.

Fred had been buying all of his paint requirements from the Martin Senour Co., a division of Sherwin Williams Co., for quite a number of years. Their factory was just a few blocks away, so it was very convenient to deal with them. This particular morning Fred had called them and said he was sending a man right over for some paint. The answer was: "Mr. Kalthoff, you know that we can't process an order in less than 24 hours, so send your man over tomorrow at this time". Fred slammed down the phone, as he had to have a special machine painted for an inspection of some sort the following day. And while he was still fuming, Dorothy called and said that I was in the lobby and would like to see him. That's when the "send him in" was spoken. From that date on I sold all of the paint to that plant. A few months later Fred took me down to Riverdale where Acme's BIG plant, and I do mean BIG, was located. He introduced me to Roy Hynes who was in charge of all the maintenance for that plant. They were in the process of building a new building, and Roy told me to come out the following day and paint a sample of the aluminum paint which I would recommend, on a portion of the inside wall. The following morning the temperature had fallen below zero and the new building had not yet been enclosed, so I had to apply that sample and at the same time try to keep from freezing to death. Roy helped somewhat by bringing me a cup of steaming coffee several times, and when it was all over took me to his office to thaw out. It was worth the deep freeze, for from that time on I got all of the business at that plant also. Who said that a salesman's job is nothing but a paid vacation? Acme Steel used an awful lot of paint, particularly at the Riverdale Plant, and quickly became my second best meal ticket!

At Acme Steel's Archer Avenue plant a lot of the fellows, many of whom I had gotten to know, usually congregated around the front entrance at noon time, just visiting until it was time to go back to work. One day I had a late lunch

appointment with Fred Kalthoff and drove up in my brand new Mercury. The boys all gathered around and admired it, inspecting it from bumper to bumper. Finally one of them said, "This car has everything but running water". I turned on the ignition and snapped on my windshield washer. They all got quite a kick out of such an answer to the above statement.

I don't lose my temper very often, but I remember vividly the only time I did in my business dealings. I called at the Loop offices of Standard Forgings Company, as I had seen the size of their plant at East Chicago, and wanted a crack at it. I asked for Mr. Bassett, the Director of Purchases, and after the receptionist had announced me, sat down and perused a magazine while waiting. Well, I waited, and waited. Finally, after cooling my heels for three quarters of an hour, the receptionist said that Mr. Bassett would see me, and directed me to an office across the corridor. Mr. Bassett was standing behind his desk and as I approached I introduced myself and held out my hand for a good shake. He ignored the hand, didn't ask me to have a chair, and greeted me as follows: "The only reason I permitted you to come in here is to tell you that I find you paint people the lowest, most irresponsible, fraudulent bunch of high binders in the world." My fuse had been getting shorter and shorter while his diatribe had been going on, and when he paused I asked him: "Have you ever had dealings with Detroit Graphite Co.?" He admitted he hadn't, and I popped off: "Then you don't know what you're talking about!" Whereupon I turned my back on him, stalked out of the door and slammed it with all my might. I cannot remember ever having been that mad. I was about half way down the corridor when I heard my name called. Turning around I saw Mr. Bassett out in the hall yelling at me to come back to his office, which I did, but still mad as a hornet. Believe it or not, he apologized for his behavior and asked me to sit down, after which we talked things over for about half an hour and became good friends. In fact, we became such good friends that when the painting of his large plant, it was about two blocks long, was authorized, I sold all of the paints, several thousand gallons, and he even asked me to recommend a good painter, which I did.

Jerry Bassett had a sideline which his son ran for him - a chicken farm near Lombard. He asked us to visit it, and Evelyn and I did, and our eyes were certainly opened. We toured a great big barn of a building in which there were tiers and tiers of chickens, each in her individual small cage. When the chickens reached a certain age they started laying eggs, which rolled down a gentle slope and were gathered into a chute which deposited them on a conveyor belt, at the end of which they were candled and sorted into the various sizes, after which they were boxed and ready for shipment. All the while they were laying eggs, the chickens were scientifically fed and their ages carefully watched. When reaching the desired age they were removed from their cages and taken to another section of the building where they were killed, defeathered, cleaned and sent to market. Talk about mass production! Henry Ford would have been jealous!

I called on an architect, Andy Rebori, quite early in my D.G. days, and became fairly well acquainted with his specification writer, John Behrends. Shortly thereafter Rebori closed his office and I completely lost touch with him and John Behrends. Years later I happened to be in the office when the phone rang. The caller asked if we still had a fellow named Arvid Lunde working for us. It was John Behrends! I've forgotten what he told me had happened in the interim since we had last seen each other. The important thing was that he asked me to come down to his office as he wanted help in writing some painting specifications. What he was working on were the plans for a complex of warehouse buildings for the new Calumet Harbor port of Chicago. He specified D.G.

materials, which certainly added to my sales total for the year, as there were a number of quite large buildings painted. But there is a sad ending to the story. Before the job finished John again disappeared, this time forever, as he died.

Henry Bobbe, who was one of the larger painting contractors in the Chicago area, was a real fire buff. Every time the fire trucks went by he would hop in his car and follow them. One evening he and his wife were driving downtown to have dinner and go to theater. The scream of sirens stopped him until the fire trucks had gone by, after which Henry turned and followed them. This is hard to believe, but he followed them right to his own office and shop, which were completely destroyed! I wonder if that cured him of his obsession.

Another believe it or not - when I started with D.G. Co., we had a salesman in Tulsa who was color blind! What a help he must have been when customers needed guidance in selecting colors. In those days stop and go lights were just coming into use, and sometimes the red lights were at the top of the racks, and sometimes at the bottom. So each time he entered a town he had to stop and inquire how they were placed. But with all his troubles Dave was a very successful salesman.

We had a fellow named Ted Golden working for D.G. Co. in New York. He related the following story which I am sure is true, although it seems pretty weird. One morning he was driving to the airport for an out of town trip, and left his brand new Cadillac at a parking garage across the street from the airport. He called his office while waiting for boarding orders, and something had come up that required his cancelling his trip. Upon returning to the garage to pick up his car, he was told that he couldn't have it since he had told them that he would be gone until the following Saturday and, as a consequence, they had parked other cars in front of it. They were adamant, so Ted left and told his story to a nearby policeman. The cop accompanied Ted to the garage and told them to get busy and give Ted his car. He then became suspicious and he and Ted climbed to the second floor where Ted's car was parked, and found out why they wouldn't give Ted his car. Two men were in the process of hoisting the engine of Ted's new Caddy out of its moorings, its replacement, an obviously used similar engine, was standing by. How's that for a switch!

The head man at D.G. was a character named Ed Roberts. I could write a book about him, but I'll just relate a few experiences. Ed was a fine sales manager, having a terrific knowledge of paint - its uses and limitations. He had started as a male stenographer many years before I knew him, and was later made vice president in charge of sales. His great love was golf, which he played whenever possible, and belonged to a very exclusive club. Our company was having a sales meeting in Detroit and it happened that a big tournament to raise money for the Red Cross (it was during the war) was starting the day that our meeting was to end. Ed saw that our meeting ended in time for him to go out and watch the big-shots of golfing perform. He invited three of us to accompany him and watch the masters in action and then have dinner. It was quite an afternoon watching the stars at work and even though I was not a golfer, I enjoyed it very much. We had a fine dinner, and just as we were in the lobby picking up hats to leave, I noticed Walter Hagen across the room. I excused myself and walked over to Hagen, shook hands with him and talked with him for a few minutes, and then returned to my own group. Roberts was just about going crazy by that time. "How come you, who don't play golf, know Walter Hagen?", he blurted out.

I didn't, of course, but had played a hunch. Hagen was noted for his love of bottled spirits, so I took a chance and greeted him while he, I'm sure, not wanting to hurt his image by ignoring me, welcomed me as an old friend, even though he didn't know where we could possibly have known one another. I never let Roberts in on my secret and, if he's still alive, he is probably wondering how I could possibly have known Walter Hagen. Business can be fun.

Just to show you what kind of an operator Roberts was, this happened during the very first months of the war. We did a big business with Ford Motor Company, furnishing practically all of their maintenance paints. We were strapped for titanium, which was impossible to buy on the open market as the government had restricted its sale for anything except military contract work. However, we needed it very much. Ford had a goodly supply of titanium while we had a big inventory of glycerine which Ford Motor needed very badly and couldn't buy because of government restrictions. So Roberts arranged a trade - we got Ford's titanium and Ford got our glycerine. The supply of titanium enabled us to make scads of white paint while most of our competitors had to use substitutes which weren't nearly as good. It permitted us to keep Western Electric supplied with white paint, which they used extensively, all through the war.

Roberts had quite a sense of humor. During the war I called on a customer who manufactured bathtubs. Steel was out, as the government took all of the output of the steel industry. So the bathtub people were in trouble. They decided to make bathtubs out of cement and asked if we could furnish a paint with a very high gloss which would be nice and smooth so that the bathers would not be discomforted as they would certainly have been if they had to sit on bare cement. This was long before epoxies were developed for use in paints - they would have solved the problem beautifully. I wrote Roberts the whole story, asking if there were anything he could recommend. Back came his telegram: "Regarding the bathtubs - no soap!"

However, there were times when his sense of humor failed him badly. He was to come over to Chicago and asked me to make hotel reservations. I was always called upon to do this, as a childhood friend of mine was Managing Director of the Morrison Hotel. He always gave Roberts the very best of accommodations. This time, however, there happened to be some big convention in Chicago and the Morrison was completely sold out. My friend tried other hotels, but to no avail. I finally gave up and wrote the facts to Roberts, ending my letter with: "Luke and Johnson and I rolled dice to determine who would put you up. Johnson lost, so you will stay at his house!" Boy, was Roberts mad. He called off his trip and stayed away from Chicago for quite a while nursing his hurt ego.

My all-time very best customer came about in a rather peculiar way. I called on quite a few architects and engineers. One of them, Sargent & Lundy, specialized in designing and building power stations all over the country, and even in some foreign countries. When I started with Detroit Graphite we and Sargent & Lundy both had offices in the Civic Opera Building. We were in the depths of the depression and there was practically no construction going on, particularly in the power plant field, so I kept going up to visit their chief engineer every once in a while. He was a very delightful person named J.C. Sanderson. However, every time I called on him he talked, and talked, and talked. I believe the reason he saw me was because he was lonesome. Their large suite of beautiful offices was practically empty, and I'm sure he welcomed anyone just to have someone to talk to. So we got to be very good friends, and

when they started getting business, so did I. However, we had to furnish a paint for structural steel made in strict conformance to their own specifications. It really wasn't a particularly good paint and I tried hard to switch them over to one of our standards which had set quite a few longevity records, but I just wasn't able to put it across.

Finally, J. C. Sanderson retired, and business started to boom for me. The man in charge of specifications did see the light, and S&L started using our #501 Prime-Rite on all structural steel, which is by far the largest paint requirement for the entire power station. They were so pleased with #501 that from then on it was a standard specification with them, and remained so for the 46 years I remained with D.G. Co.

But there was still all of the other interior and exterior painting, of which I got very little. Then they put a man named Marion Pierce in charge of all painting specifications, and I got more and more of the business in these categories.

One day I had a luncheon date with one of the S&L partners, and asked Marion Pierce to join us. During the conversation the partner mentioned that he had gone to Cornell University. I commented that I had for a long time wanted to visit Cornell, partly because all reports were that it was such a beautiful campus "High Above Cayuga's Waters", and partly because my fraternity's house there had been recognized as the outstanding fraternity house in the whole country. Marion asked what fraternity I belonged to, and I told him "A.T.O.". He leaned across the table - "shake hands, brother!" He was an A.T.O. from Indiana U. From then on things really began to happen. We compiled a booklet entitled "Sargent & Lundy Paint Identification Manual", which listed every paint and color they ordinarily used, each designated by its own S&L number. The beautiful part was that no one, except I, knew what S&L wanted. My competitors tried repeatedly to break into this closed relationship of S&L and D.G. Co., but to no avail. Some time later Marion Pierce found himself with a new "boss", who headed the entire structural department. When he was introduced as LeRoy Anda, I was almost floored, for when I pursued this further I found that he and my beloved Evelyn were second cousins!

Lucky Lunde, I called myself, and still do!

Dick Bergstrom, with whom I had had some dealings, was later chosen to be one of the S&L partners, and was assistant to the manager of the structural department (Anda had retired because of his health). One day Dick and the manager of the structural department had lunch with me at good old Binyan's Restaurant, and Dick mentioned that he would be on a skiing vacation for the next three weeks. As we parted after lunch, I said goodbye and added, "Don't break a leg". He did!

When I was just getting a real good start with Sargent & Lundy I was called for Grand Jury duty. Bill Millard, also a higher-up in the structural department at S&L, was also chosen to be on the same Grand Jury. We became very close friends as we were together every day for the term (one month), after which the term was extended for another two months (just one day a week during the extension) because we had discovered something hot and had to wait until a complete investigation was terminated. Getting to know Bill so well didn't hurt!

S&L were building a new power station for Northern Indiana Public Service Co. and my old reliable #501 was specified and used for all structural steel.

After the steel had been erected Joe VanSickle, Nipsco's chief engineer, asked me to meet him at the site for an inspection of the steel. And I do mean inspection! Joe had a camera with him and I had a film thickness gauge. Whenever I found a spot, under Joe's direction of course, where the film thickness of the paint was less than specified, he took a picture of the area and painstakingly noted the exact location, the film thickness, etc. There were about 50 places that he photographed. He then called a meeting with Bethlehem Steel Co., who had furnished the steel, and asked me to attend also. When Van and I arrived, the Bethlehem delegation had arrived before us, ten strong. Van took one look at them and said, "Arvid, we're certainly outnumbered!" We were, but Van showed them the photos and the list of faultily painted steel members. We won our case, and Bethlehem had to paint the whole thing over. Fortunately, Bethlehem wasn't my customer, so I didn't have to suffer through future dealings with them. At least, that's what I thought at the time. You'll see later on that they had their chance to put me on the spot. This particular job worked in my favor, however, for on the next job we both were concerned with, the new high-rise Federal Building, Bethlehem, to avoid any possible trouble, put on just about twice as much paint as was called for!

One time I visited a power station being built at Victoria, Texas, on which my paint was being used. We were in the engineer's trailer going over some blueprints, etc., when there was a loud explosion. We all dashed out of the trailer, as did everyone in town, I guess. However, we couldn't see any smoke or any other evidence of an explosion, so we finally all went back to work. I wondered about that explosion for months. When next I went to Victoria the man who had accompanied me the first time met me at the airport and his first words were: "You remember that explosion when you were here some months ago? Well, we later found out that it was a plane right over the power station breaking the sound barrier." I'll never forget that explosion!

Previously I have mentioned Marion Pierce, who handled the painting specifications for Sargent & Lundy. One day he asked me to accompany him to Illinois Institute of Technology, where S&L were remodelling the boiler building. For some reason Marion and I became separated, he at one end of the building and I at the other. I noticed him talking to someone unknown to me, and he called for me to come over to where they were. He introduced me to Meis van der Rohe, the architect for all of the ITT buildings. Meis (I didn't call him Meis then) asked me what paint was used on the original building, which S&L were doing over. When I told him, Meis asked me to come to his office with all the data needed for specifying, as it was just exactly the flat black finish he was looking for to use on the exterior surfaces of two high-rise apartments that he was in the process of building on Lake Shore Drive. In fact, they were the first of the steel and glass high-rises that made Meis famous, the design of which has been copied by many other architects. Just to be polite, I asked him if I could drive him back to his office and, believe it or not, he accepted, as he had come there by cab. So he and I really got well acquainted that first meeting.

From that point on it was a breeze, except for one bad moment. When the two Lake Shore buildings were completed, Meis phoned my office and asked for me. He was so mad that he wouldn't have had to phone - he only needed to open his window and I would have heard him three miles away. "You have ruined my buildings - that's not the paint I specified." It then dawned on me that the paint he had seen at ITT had been weathered for years. I told him this, and said that if he would wait four months and then inspect the job, he would find it to be exactly as desired. He agreed to this, and I'll give him credit - he phoned

and apologized for chewing me out, and said that the buildings now looked exactly as he wanted them to. From that point on he used D.G. paints exclusively, the Federal Building complex at Jackson Blvd. and Dearborn St. being two lasting reminders of this.

That complex brings another couple of incidents, or should I say emergencies, to mind. The government has for as long as I remember, insisted upon the use of Federal Specification materials, including paints, on all of its projects. So when the Feds saw that Meis had specified D.G. paints for the Federal Building they emphatically said "NO!" Equally emphatically, Meis asked them whether or not he was building the building for them, the answer, of course, being in the affirmative. Whereupon Meis told them to butt out, because he was going to use what he considered the best paints on the market. And butt out they did, and I got the business.

The other emergency occurred several years later when they were to build the second Federal Building across the street from the first. Bruno Conterato, Meis' right-hand man, was handling the supervision of the job. The general contractor called a meeting of the architect, the steel supplier (again Bethlehem Steel Co.), and the paint supplier (me again). When the meeting convened Bruno was not there, but they went ahead anyway, and it looked to me as though everything had been discussed and decided upon in a pre-meeting session to which I had not been invited. Bethlehem made its pitch, wanting to use Federal Specification paints rather than mine which were specified, and the general contractor was in complete agreement. It looked as though it had been decided that Bethlehem might even buy the paint elsewhere, as any paint company could furnish specification paints. At this point Bruno walked into the room and, three cheers for him, he ignored everyone in the room and came right over to me, shaking hands warmly and saying a few words to me before even recognizing the rest of the people. Everything went smoothly for me from that point on, and the firm decisions which had been made earlier, were not even mentioned. Once again Bethlehem finished second! Bruno's was a very gracious and productive gesture. I firmly believe that he summed up the whole situation at a glance when he walked in and, by his actions, let them know where I stood.

One day I had to deliver a rush order to a power station being built just across the Illinois-Wisconsin state line. Way out in the middle of nowhere I had a flat tire. I had never had to change a tire on that particular car, and was standing behind the car with the trunk open, trying to get at the jack and spare tire without having to unload all of the heavy 5-gallon containers. When I straightened up, I had a feeling something was behind me and when I looked around, the radiator of a mammoth truck was about two inches from me. The driver was just climbing down from his cab, saying that it looked like I was in need of help. Was I ever! That fellow shooed me aside saying that he was dressed for that kind of work while I was all dressed up for the calls I was going to make. He unloaded all of the paint, jacked up the car, changed the tire, loaded the paint drums back into the car, and started to get back into the cab of his truck. I thanked him profusely and tried to give him a ten spot for his generous help. He refused, and then I said that I would follow him into Dubuque and my wife and I would insist upon his having a good lunch with us. His only answer: "If I did that I wouldn't be able to sleep tonight." What a good Christian he was - all he would take was "thanks"! When we were on our way again, Evelyn and I talked it over, and just about decided that I would write to the trucking company and tell them what had happened and compliment them on having such a compassionate driver. But finally our better judgment told us that such a letter

would probably do the driver more harm than good, as he would probably be criticized for having spent his valuable time on someone else, rather than minding his own, and the company's, business.

I had a very interesting and satisfying experience when the Board of Trade Building was being constructed. The building stands at the foot of LaSalle Street, and there is a huge clock on the front side, visible to everyone walking south on LaSalle Street. I sold the paint for this building and one day the architect and I were discussing things in general, when he told me that he was stumped trying to figure out what to do about that clock. He said that the mechanism was in a small room behind the face of the clock and they had tried several positions of the lights behind the face of the clock, as it was to be lighted at night. However, every time they positioned the lights, regardless of where they were located, they showed up as blotches of light on the clock face, which would detract seriously when viewed during the dark hours. In desperation he asked if I had any suggestions. For once in my life I did! I said, "Why not turn the lights around, placing them around the clock face, paint the room white, and let the reflected light illuminate the clock?" He looked at me with a joyous smile on his face and said, "Why didn't I think of a simple solution like that? How can a guy be so stupid?"

Since they were using my paint, I offered to have the painting of the small room done, as a favor for what advertising we might gain. So, on the following Saturday, I talked a good friend and customer into helping me. We worked hard and fast and my helper was putting one of the last brush strokes on the surface above the face of the clock when something slipped, and his bucket of paint slopped all over the inner face of the clock! What a mess. I think it took us longer to do the clean up than it had taken to do the painting. We finally finished, and everything was put in order, and the clock is still shining its diffused rays over the darkness of LaSalle Street. Every time I see that clock, or a picture of it, I remember my one, and probably my only, brainstorm!

Putting all of these happenings on paper has been a really joyous experience, for it has recalled so many things that had faded into oblivion, but somehow came to life as a chain reaction, one incident reminding me of another, and so on ad infinitum. I suppose that now that I have put this treatise to bed, as the old slogan goes when the make-up of a newspaper is completed and the presses are started, I will recall many things that should have been included. Well, for the time being at least, they will just have to stay tucked away in my memory until such time as I may have accumulated enough to try it again. However, I do feel that those included here are highlights of my long and very interesting existence. I must admit that life has never been boring!

So I say: "So long, and may you have a laugh or two at my expense". I've had quite a few chuckles in retrospect myself.