

Elam Kratz Hertzler Autobiography

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Part 1: Reflections – The Early years

Special Note: This material has been lifted from my autobiography called “Reflections”, intended for my descendants. Students who graduated from GCM and Langley High Schools more than fifty years ago changed my plans. So far I have had the pleasure of being in touch with graduates from the class of 1966 from GCM - the first class to have spent all four years at GCM. In addition, I’ve had the pleasure of being in touch with graduates from the class of 1967 at Langley as they planned a fifty-year reunion in San Francisco. Each of those graduates wrote personal notes on one of the programs. That program is a prize possession.

A 101 year old friend of mine says “I never forget anything, I just don’t always remember”. How true it is for me. Even though this material was written in the last few months, I have added to it many times. Chuck Rieger, GCM’s class of 1966, has edited this for me. And Marsha Oldham of Langley’s class of ‘67 has doubly edited the Langley section. Thank you Marsha and Chuck. Michael Murphy and Steve Ristow have been my primary contacts from Langley

Requests from graduates included the request for knowledge of my life prior to Fairfax County, which is now included. Feel free either to read it, or go directly to the Fairfax county portion. By doing it this way I hope you don’t have to put up with too many redundancies!

Prologue

Would you like to hear the multiple part story of a pet skunk that had its full potential and was involved in our wedding? Perhaps it might be best if I were to tell you who I am before telling the story so that you can see it in context. I am Elam Kratz Hertzler, born the fifth of seven children (Emanuel, Sally, Aldus, Paul, me, Naomi, and Ruth) to Aldus and Ellen Kratz Hertzler on Nov 9, 1926. This autobiography is being written in my 94th year. There have been other attempts for the biography which fizzled in my mind. Since I am legally blind, I have been reading quite a bit using electronic readers and have found that novels written with flashbacks are fascinating. It makes sense that an autobiography could be considerably less boring and yet informative, and perhaps more interesting, than one written chronologically.

With good reason, my oldest son-in-law, Dr. Gene Stutsman was afraid that if I use a video it could drag out too long. He was correct for an additional reason, in my mind: Editing a video at my age and with my eyesight would be very difficult and much more time consuming than having this edited. It may be that if it turns out as well as I hope there could be a small video included so you can see my face and hear my voice.

Originally I had planned to write this in three parts, the first being personal, the second professional and the third spiritual. The more I thought about it, these are all so intertwined that they need to be written together. Since I have no diary to use, automatic flow of my recollections, tempered by my thinking, will be employed hopefully to enhance the quality of what you are about to read.

About 4 o'clock on many mornings, I had ideas that I needed to pursue. Early morning ideas were not new to me, I've had them off and on all my adult life. I've taken many classes on meditation and realize that perhaps my best preparation for meditation is sleep since I have a self-diagnosis of ADHD. Sleep relaxes me to the point that I can hear the Holy Spirit ("intuition" might be a better word here) speaking to me if I don't jump to conclusions and blame all those ideas on spiritual urges. It is my task to apply the best and/or usable ideas to my life. (It just occurred to me, but the word "contemplation" might describe this better.)

Throughout this autobiography you will hear me refer to my father's advice, which goes like this: "Don't believe anything a preacher says and don't believe anything the church says UNTIL you've studied the idea." For me, this idea applies to more than religion. It is not wise to add "me too" to what others say unless I've already considered the topic. I need to take ownership of what I say. I don't want to come off as a fanatic, and so will not push anything as dogma. Further, I need to say that the execution of my ideas is mine in spite of consulting with others. In addition, my father was definitely not racist. In our early years he told us to always have a Jewish friend as well as a Black friend. Finally, as you read this autobiography, please remember that it is written not so much for detail as it is to give you the flavor of the life and times of your ancestor. Please don't expect it to be a tell-all story! (When telling of mistakes, it is much too easy to rationalize and not really tell it all anyway!) My ideas about Faith have been changing considerably over the years. I will attempt to point out those changes as I go.

Getting Acquainted

It was a cold blustery day in Broadway Virginia early November 1945 when I arrived to begin a new assignment under Civilian Public Service (CPS). About 20 women and young girls were standing by the fireplace to warm their hands. As we were being introduced, I noticed a beautiful blonde. When we went to work, it turned out that she was working at the table which held the quarters of beef that were to be cut into small cubes to be processed in tin cans and shipped overseas under the label saying "In the Name of Christ" to feed the starving of Europe and Japan since World War II was now over.

Her name was Lois Shank. She was three weeks away from her 18th birthday, which was the earliest her preacher father would permit her to date. A relative of hers went home to tell his wife that he saw some sparks flying and that there would soon be a wedding, which indeed happened two years and a month later.

I had spent the summer of 1945 fighting 35 forest fires ranging in size from a half acre to almost 8,000-10,000 acres in the Sierra Nevada Mountains of California, as a part of the CPS program. Prior to this assignment, I had spent three months in soil conservation in Virginia where my oldest brother Manny was the director. From there he went to Mississippi to work on a ringworm project because of his expertise in biology and zoology. (Since we were still fighting the Japanese at that time, there were concerns that some of the fires had been set by aerial balloons launched by the Japanese – something that was never actually proven.) I was the assistant cook for ten fellows for a month or so until we were divided into two equal groups, at which time I became the cook for five, as well as the one to receive calls from the lookout towers and then plot the location of the fires. I learned the rudiments of cooking by watching

and asking my mother many questions on my frequent trips through the kitchen. She mailed me a copy of "The Joy of Cooking" and a few of my favorite recipes.

We were called a "suppression crew" who hit the fires first, trying to put them out. Calls for help were radioed back to headquarters. At times it involved up to 500 guys to complete the task. We were stationed five miles from the Redwoods of Yosemite National Park.

As we were settling into our first assignment at Mariposa Ranger Station, it was so beautiful and warm that we asked the Ranger for permission to move our beds out under the trees. Permission was granted. Sleeping under the beautiful star filled sky was invigorating. After several weeks the Ranger told us to move back into the station. There was evidence, which only he could spot, that a lion or lions were beginning to call the trees above us their abode.

If trapped by the fire we were taught to run through the thinnest part of the fire and then roll on the ground to extinguish any flames, should it be necessary. The reason for that was that fires often travel up the mountain at 60 miles per hour and there's no way to outrun one. We were on duty 24/7 and as long as 12 to 18 hours per shift - no complaints.

I had only two small incidents. One was my pants legs catching on fire, which was relatively easy to handle; the second required surgery to remove a cyst on the inner side of my eyelid due to smoke irritation.

Somehow CPS leadership knew that I was a journeyman meat cutter and knew how to slaughter beef - hence the invitation to join this cannery as its butcher. I was to slaughter the beef on the farm of the donor and then help with cutting it up with my remaining available time.

I was amazed at the quality of the beef being donated by members of the church. I can't recall killing any cattle that would grade less than "choice". It took only a short time to process them and send them to the cooler for seasoning. I was able to get back to the cannery to bone out what was killed four or five days prior.

Rather than using the traditional jail time used in World War I, Civilian Public Service was a program instituted by President Roosevelt to accommodate conscientious objectors in World War II, and provide free labor for the Federal Government on programs of national importance such as forest fires, working in mental hospitals, guinea pig projects, starvation projects, post-war recovery projects, etc. (It was interesting to find out later that former president Hoover had been helpful to the nation after World War I and World War II. It was discovered that defeated enemies need to have some help getting back on their feet or they'll be enemies again.) My draft time in CPS was 19 months, with no pay except for \$15 per month from the church to cover necessities. It was a privilege to serve in this way.

An explanation of my reasoning for joining CPS is in order. Well before I was 18 and well before World War II, as I have mentioned, my father told me never to believe anything a preacher or the church says until I have studied it for myself. The Mennonite Church was one of several instrumental in persuading President Roosevelt to set up CPS. It was my choice, and my choice alone, to go into CPS. As I studied the life of Jesus I accepted his idea that there are only two major commandments in life, "Love God" and "Love your neighbor as yourself". I was willing to lose my life for my country but I did not want to take somebody else's life to protect my own.

Because I was the only one in high school not to buy war bonds, it was not uncommon for fellow students to snicker and call me a "yellow belly". In a worst-case scenario, if a gunman were

holding my family at gunpoint, I would try to use persuasion and then attempt to disarm the person even if it meant losing my life to do so.

The volunteers had been hacking away at the corners of beef to get chunks to cut into cubes, leaving much meat on the bones to be trimmed later. With the skills I had learned before leaving for CPS, I was able to bone a quarter of beef in 5 to 7 minutes, with the bones being clean and ready to be cooked for broth to be used in the cans of meat. This explains how I was able to work close to Lois and get to know her. She continued to be a volunteer every day the cannery was in her area and worked at the same place, making our acquaintanceship possible.

Several days later I hid her gloves in my pocket so that I would have a chance to take her where we could speak without being overheard. I wanted to find out if she had a boyfriend and if she would be interested in dating me if I could find transportation. Her answer was yes to the idea of dating and now I had to find transportation, since I did not own a car.

Several years later, in 1949, I learned that a local wealthy chicken hatchery owner, Jacob Shenk, had been donating 90% of his income to charity and had also been paying for all of my living expenses. Back in 1945, he had learned of my interest in dating, and so provided his company car for Sunday dates. In trade, I washed his personal and company cars every Saturday the cannery was in his area. What a great friend to have for that particular need! Sad information came after his unfortunate death in his own plane, which broke apart in mid-air for some inexplicable reason. My logic tells me he hit an air pocket and was knocked unconscious, perhaps because he was tall or his seatbelt was not tight. In an unconscious state he then went out of control. The plane was a Bonanza and required great skill to fly.

The cannery traveled through most of the Mennonite communities of Virginia, and several in Maryland and Ohio. When the weather was hot, we canned fruit and vegetables as well as chicken, never having a day without something to process. We also had labeling parties on Saturday evenings for the young people of the church.

Nearly a year later, on August 4, 1946 to be precise, Lois and I were on a date in Luray, Virginia, parked under a tree listening to a bell tower concert at the Luray Caverns. I chose to ask her if she would be willing to marry me. She said yes and we decided to keep it a secret until we could carry it out. At the time, wedding jewelry was not permitted in the Mennonite Church. Using my father's advice, after we were married for 10 years we felt the freedom to finally get wedding rings!

It appeared that my release time from CPS would come in October 1946. Since I had been working long hours every day and six days a week on the project, I asked if it might be possible for me to get some furlough time to be able to start college in September. Permission was granted. Lois also enrolled in college and commuted, since it was only 8 miles from her home.

Eastern Mennonite College was a very conservative church college that had a "no touching" policy. We were able to find a couple of out-of-the-way places where we could steal an occasional kiss and hug. I can hear your question now, so here goes: On the main floor of the administration building at one end was the library. Just outside the library there was an enclosed stairway to the lower floor. The stairway turned midway down and thus provided privacy. A careful glance from either floor for oncoming people made it possible to step into the stairwell without being seen.

An amazingly brilliant M.T. Brackbill, professor of math, astronomy, and physics, recognized my skills in math and asked me to tutor some of the men coming out of CPS who did not have a sufficient background to be successful in college math.

Interestingly, I was now tutoring in and attending a college at which, as a teenager, I had said I would never be caught dead. To add insult to injury, I became a faculty member there several years later. My thought process was something like this: "I am in love and want to go to Goshen College in Indiana 600 miles away, but want to be with my intended." The only way to do that would be to attend a college closer to her home and be content with the fact that bachelor degrees were a dime a dozen. In my naïveté I did not realize that colleges had to be doubly accredited in order to be recognized. This college had only a single accreditation at the state level. (In 1954, along with our two children, Ann and Carol, we wanted to teach in an Indian reservation but found it impossible because I had not graduated from a college with double accreditation.)

The college had few students in academics, since previously it had been Bible-study oriented. In my upper-level studies, I was often the only student, since Professor Brackbill had convinced the college that it was necessary to do so if the college ever wanted to gain more students. There were only five of us in the largest math or science class that I took. Professor Brackbill felt that I had the skills to teach high school math as well as college freshman math. After the president of the college encouraged me to wear the plain suit without a neck tie "for the sake of usefulness" I agreed to do so. The teaching income helped to pay my tuition.

Oops, I'm getting a bit ahead of myself! Lois grew up on a cattle and poultry farm in the heart of the Shenandoah Valley near Broadway. She had two older brothers (Joseph and Stuart) and one sister (Kathryn) along with a cousin (Pauline) whose parents had died one hour apart in the 1918 flu epidemic. She had one other older brother (Robert) who had died the year prior to her birth and who would have been two years older than she.

Since the car was only available on Sunday, our dates were often to attend Sunday evening church service, followed by some goodies that Lois had made herself. Back when she was twelve years old she began baking bread and pastries for the entire family. Her baking skills were the best. Gradually our dates started earlier on Sunday and we did some sightseeing in the beautiful Shenandoah Valley with the Blue Ridge Mountains west and the Massanutten Range on the east. It was also not far to Skyline Drive.

We were well enough acquainted that by August of 1946 I was confident that we were meant to be together for life. It was more than that - it was divine leading. As you now know, I popped the question at the Luray Caverns.

During that first year in college I was in the dormitory and Lois commuted from home. We spent as much time as possible sitting out on the beautiful campus, or in the library in bad weather. The summer after the first year of college I spent in Norristown, Pennsylvania, some 300 miles away. I was living at home, painting houses and barns while making two trips to the valley to see Lois. We were painting a farm with a 40 foot high silo, which required the use of a 40 foot ladder. The curved surface of the silo made it very difficult to set the ladder securely to be able to climb to paint. The solution was to set the ladder as carefully as possible and then climb it with nothing other than a rope to tie it fast to the superstructure. It was then safe to go back down the ladder to get the paint and paint the part that could be reached.

During one of my trips to tie the ladder, it slipped and started to fall. I was in the middle of the ladder and had mechanical advantage to jerk it back in place. After my heart slowed down I continued the job.

During my next weekend trip to the valley, I discovered that Lois had found an abandoned baby skunk in the barn, which she took to the house and fed with a baby bottle. It soon became a pet. It also learned to love chocolate cake and roll over on its back to have its tummy scratched.

It was so friendly we decided to use it later that fall to announce our engagement to our friends. It had its full potential with the famous spray that only skunks can provide.

At the party, Lois's brother Stuart and I brought our new pet into the living room in a woven bag with streamers around its neck, which Lois had prepared with wedding bells and our names. I called it out of the bag and had it follow me across the room. (Sorry but I can't remember our name for him.) Needless to say, everybody froze, our pet performed well, and the stunt was accomplished without any serious problem and a sense of relief on our part. (This is only part of the skunk story – stay tuned!)

The president of the college, J. L. Stauffer, was also Lois's bishop, as well as the one to marry us. We wanted to be married before Christmas and planned with the bishop to hold it before our fellow students went home for Christmas holidays. The president said I could take two days off prior to Christmas break so that we could be married on Saturday before school broke for vacation on Wednesday. The planning went well until the dean, C. K. Lehman, decided he would not exempt me from those two days, and that I would get double demerits for leaving campus early. The president apologized but would not face the dean down, so we were married and stayed for the weekend at a motel. I went to College for two days before we could leave on our honeymoon.

December 13, 1947 was a beautiful clear day. The rules of the church for weddings made it impossible for Lois to carry flowers or anything else. To have music for the processional, we used a male quartet of friends from college, who sang from the balcony. There was a reception at Lois's home for about 150. We had a beautiful wedding cake and all went smoothly. My brother Paul was our photographer. We had waited until I was 21 before having the wedding so that it would not be necessary for my dad to make a special trip to the valley to sign his approval for the wedding. My oldest sister, Sally, thought I should wait to be married using birth order as the method. I ignored her thoughts and nobody else attempted to change them.

And, as for the rest of the skunk story: The skunk was nowhere to be found on our wedding day. We discovered that Lois's mother was so intimidated that Lois's father had put him in the car and taken him three or four miles away. Later, in January 1948 when washing the breakfast dishes, Lois saw the skunk and we both went out quickly to see him. Lois was closest and stooped to welcome him, but he had been in the wild and let fire with full force! We didn't know about the tomato juice remedy and left for Pennsylvania that afternoon with some other people in the car. We drove the full distance with the windows open. (After our critter friend found us he took up residence in the basement, which had a drive-in garage, and stayed close to the furnace, intimidating Lois's father each morning. We were not told the details, but believe her father eventually solved the problem!)

The destination for our honeymoon was Key West, Florida because we also wanted to see Lois's Cousin Pauline (whom Lois always thought of as a sister), and her family in Tampa. (By that time, Pauline had four children and had been unable to come to our wedding.) When we got there, they wanted to take us to Key West in their car, and we agreed. So the last part of our trip to Key West was with six of them and two of us. It was great to see them and we did not want to spoil things by insisting that we go alone. All had a great time. The honeymoon was financed by a one hundred dollar wedding gift from Lois's grandmother.

After the honeymoon, we settled into Lois's home because her mother said she could not handle the house by herself. Within several months, tension developed that was too great for Lois. In today's terminology it was a "fight or flight" time. To save the emotional stress, we selected flight!

I was able to find a job in eastern Pennsylvania at a Mennonite school about 20 miles from where I grew up teaching all subjects to 45 seventh and eighth graders. There was also a new female teacher for ninth and tenth grades who did not feel comfortable teaching math, science, and music. I traded teaching assignments with her, enjoying the opportunity to teach older students in subjects in which I felt very confident.

I discovered, much to my delight, 12 girls capable of singing four-part acapella music. The chorus was well liked, with invitations to sing in many churches on Sunday evenings. I gladly drove 30 miles to Pressers Music Store in Philadelphia to find four-part choral music for women's voices, and find it I did. One of the parents paid for us to have professional recordings of the music and to produce 12-inch vinyl records, which we sold.

Back to the first day of school: I made a beginning teacher's mistake by waiting until the students reached their seats to enter the classroom. My seventh and eighth graders responded quite well after some well-chosen words from me. Prior to moving to Pennsylvania for this job, I had broken the metatarsal bone in my right foot, and so entered the classroom for the first time on crutches. The biggest boy in the class said "Here Comes Hop-along". I responded immediately by saying "You and the rest of your classmates know my name and you will use it from here on." The message was heard and followed.

We had no gymnasium, and so I called around and found some used mattresses that we could use in the front of the classroom for wrestling and tumbling. Several of the boys were strong and very interested in trying to pin me in wrestling. I had enough stamina to hold them still and outlast their strengths.

In an open discussion with the students I was asked why the church would not let them bowl. I said I would answer the question if they would promise to quote me accurately. I went on to explain that there was nothing wrong with bowling except the location. It was a smoke-filled area serving a lot of beer, not a fit atmosphere for teenagers. The Board President came to me to tell me to cease and desist. I was upset that a rule, unexplained, was their way of dealing with it. In my opinion the students were savvy enough to understand my explanation. This demonstrates very pointedly that the church, or at least some church leaders, were tied to keeping people in the disciplinary stages of life. More about that later.

I had planned a class trip to Philadelphia for several weeks before the end of school. On the morning of that trip we discovered that it was time for Lois to go to the hospital for the birth of our first daughter. That was an emotional day because I had developed good rapport with the students and wanted to go on the trip with them, but the birth of my first daughter, Ann, was way ahead of all else. We found substitutes and the trip proceeded.

Lois had had a lot of nausea the first three months of her pregnancy, but recovered nicely and came through the delivery very well. This was May 20th of 1949. Recently, I found the receipt from the hospital, which was for \$35 for five days in a semi-private room and the use of the delivery room. The doctor's bill for the nine months' care was \$125, which included the delivery and finding out that Lois was Rh negative. That's one for the "Believe It or Not" book.

We were living in a small trailer until we moved into Uncle Elmer's home for the summer. Then one of my student's parents built an apartment above his establishment for us. The rent was reasonable and I worked in his meat market when I could, to help to pay for that apartment. My teaching salary was only \$100 per month for 10 months; hence my continued meat cutting and/or painting houses allowed me to be able to afford to teach. In today's economy, one could easily think of that as hardship times, but we were happy and did what was necessary to have a decent quality-of-life.

This reminds me of a big unsolved question in my life. My dad went bankrupt in the Great Depression of 1929. Somehow I never thought that we were poor, perhaps because mother and dad's faith was such that they maintained a positive attitude throughout. I never missed a meal, but I did go to bed hungry sometimes. We all jumped in to help as best we could and did it cheerfully, with no complaining.

In spite of having seven children, mother took in washing and ironing from a local doctor, ironing many white shirts every week. What energy! And dedication!

The strange part is that Mother and Dad wanted me to save what I was earning. I do remember I was so proud when I had saved five dollars and was able to buy a knicker suit in fifth grade. I earned the money by taking grocery orders home for people with my wagon and was paid by the grocer. In 1938 when child labor laws came into existence, he was no longer permitted to pay me, but asked the people to tip me. That was the beginning. I loved covering whichever of my expenses I could, including all of my clothes and college expenses.

A Mennonite farmer, who sold butter, eggs, and produce around our town, hired me to help him every Thursday after school. On Friday, he had a stall in the local farmers market. There was a butcher shop in that market, and I was hired to work there Friday morning before school, after school, and on Saturday morning. I learned the basics of meat cutting from him, including how to slaughter cattle during summer vacations from school.

I graduated from high school in June 1944 as a member of the National Honor Society, and was not yet 18 and hence not allowed to volunteer for CPS. I found a job with Armour and Company as a meat fabricator, which added to my meat cutting skills.

The custom in those days for rural Mennonite families was for boys to turn over their incomes to the family and stay at home until age 21, at which time they were given a new car to pursue their dreams. We lived in town and my parents did not subscribe to that, but rather told my oldest brother when he was a high school senior that, if he could figure out how to pay for it, he was free to go to college. Five of my siblings followed him to Goshen College and two of us took different routes. All seven of us got to college on our own.

Hence another big question: What did mother and dad do to inspire us to accomplish this and never feel put upon?

Now back to my teaching in eastern Pennsylvania. After two years there we decided it was safe to go back to the valley to complete my education in one more year. Before moving, we made a trip to visit my folks. As we were passing an establishment that Ann recognized, she said, "Daddy gat Annie iceeee ceam)." Needless to say, I made a U-turn and we bought her some ice cream. This was just a few weeks after her first birthday. When she had been almost eight months old, she had decided she was finished with diapers and indeed she was. Friends told us we were making a mistake but Ann had completed her training with never a problem. We had decided not to use baby words with our children, so they would not have to relearn those words later. Following the ice cream experience, she began talking in full sentences.

After that first year back, I was awarded a teaching fellowship at the University of Delaware, which included an opportunity to work on a masters in math. My assignment was to teach college algebra and trig to freshman. There were eight sections of each course with PhD's also teaching. We all used the same syllabus. There were eight questions in each test, and each of us graded the same question for every student, thus avoiding any problems that might come up from the students' reactions to having Fellows teach.

During that year, Lois became pregnant and was so sick the first three months with nausea that the doctor sent her to the hospital for a week to get things under control. We lived across the street from the Volunteer Fire Department, which had just gotten a brand new ambulance and wanted to break it in on a longer trip. They volunteered to take Lois to the Shenandoah Valley, and her sisters to home, free of charge. I made several trips to the valley on weekends to see Lois and brought Ann back with me on one of those trips. There was a preschool on campus for which she was eligible because of my fellowship.

After the initial three months, Lois did well and our second daughter, Carol, was born on June 1 of 1953. The doctor, because of the concerning report on Lois's Rh negative standing, decided to induce labor one week early.

After a year in the program, I was called back for a full-time teaching assignment at the college. Actually, it also had a high school campus, over which the President had control. My assignment was now in both high school and college. As a full-time faculty member, I gradually became concerned about his administration. A new president had arrived and had a disturbing habit of making some decisions and then coming to the faculty for a rubber stamp of his actions. In one case - a disciplinary action he had taken on some high school students and about which I had considerable knowledge - I spoke up and continued talking as two older professors spurred me on by saying "sic him". The longer I talked the more red faced he became. He did not get his usual vote of confidence. I made an appointment to see him the next day and was greeted with the message that perhaps I should have been on the disciplinary committee. I retorted with "If that's the way you feel, I've wasted my time to come in here." We talked further but got nowhere.

I went to Professor Brackbill and explained the situation to him. I said I would like to be relieved of my promise to be his successor. His comment was "I avoid faculty meetings for that reason", saying "I'm the old buck around here and can get by with it", meaning that he too felt that there were problems. After a conversation with Lois, I resigned, effective the end of the school year. The resignation was not accepted because the deadline for commitment to next year had passed.

Close to the end of August, my resignation was accepted. I was convinced that I wanted nothing further to do with Church schools. Upon checking with local public school districts, their vacancies were all filled with temporaries. Perhaps, this late action was punishment.

My oldest brother, who was a professor at Kent State University, found a lead for me in Ohio, which we followed up on immediately, leaving our girls at home with their grandparents. After being turned down twice again because of last-minute filling of jobs with unqualified people, I found an opening in Flat Rock Michigan and asked if they would do me the honor of waiting to fill the position until I could get there. They did, and I found a great position teaching upper-level math.

We had one week to get home, pack our things, and get back for the opening of school. Lois's father and brother took care of finding a moving company and we lived in a motel for one week until our things arrived. It wasn't until an hour before the movers arrived that we could find a suitable house.

This was our first experience living on our own, away from family and church. We thoroughly enjoyed it! We found about six couples from the faculty who quickly became friends. One of the couples lived on the Huron River. During the winter, the fellas played ice hockey while the girls did their thing. We went to church with them and thoroughly enjoyed the freedom we were finding.

Our second year in Michigan was a very happy but also a busy one. Lois was again pregnant and had her usual first three months of nausea. My usual routine was to get breakfast for the family, try to get Carol settled for the morning, walk Ann to elementary school, which was next door to the high school, and then begin my teaching day. At noon I went home, which was only a block away, to do whatever I could to help. Returning to school to finish teaching, going to graduate school, and getting dinner for the family occupied the rest of my day.

Because Lois was Rh negative, we chose to enter a special program at the University of Michigan hospital, which met our needs very well. After those three months, Lois was up on her feet and doing everything again. My mother and sister Sally drove from Pennsylvania to care for our girls when it was time for delivery. On Monday morning we rushed almost 40 miles to the University hospital only to find that as we arrived the labor pains stopped. They suggested – no, insisted - that we not return to Flat Rock. I was not to leave until after the delivery. Ironically, I had to stay in the Labor room for five days but was not allowed to see the delivery. It was Friday before Kevin was born, more than one week post-mature. Midweek Sally ran out of vacation time and had to return to Pennsylvania, dropping our girls off in Ohio at my brother Manny's home. After Kevin was a week or so old we drove two hours one way to pick up the girls. Our family was complete, and we were very happy. I had been content with the idea of having three girls. It wasn't until after Kevin's arrival that I realized how much I had actually wanted children of both sexes! Being post-mature, Kevin was 10 pounds at birth. Wow! Ann was 7 lbs. 8 oz. and Carol was 7 lbs. 10 oz. His birthday was August 23, 1956. It was time for me to start teaching again and return to graduate school for one more semester.

During this time, we saw the beginnings of Carol's overactive imagination. It was her nap time and she was curious about what was happening downstairs. She came down the steps quietly and walked into the living room with her hands over her eyes with her fingers parted enough for her to see what was going on. We decided that she thought that as long as she could not see us, we could not see her. Several months later, when it was time to be going to sleep, Carol was convinced there was a tiger under her bed. I went over and chased it out of the room for at least two nights - maybe three. The next night I got her out of bed and held her in one arm and said "Where is this tiger? I want to pinch his tail and get him out of here." I made several attempts to grab hold of his tail and Carol said that I had him on the last try. Taking her with me, I led the tiger to the door and told him to get out and never bother Carol again. That worked and we never heard anything further about the tiger. At first, we thought Carol just wanted attention from her Dad. After this final episode, we decided that she really thought she saw a tiger and was not simply interested in just getting a hug.

In August 1957, we moved to a house with three bedrooms at #10 Providence Terrace in McLean, VA for me to start teaching on Tuesday after Labor Day. Kevin had just celebrated his first birthday. We found the house with help from the PTA of McLean High School. In the spring of that first year a house four doors up the street (#6) came up for sale. We made a down-payment on it thanks to a \$1000 gift from Lois' Father and we assumed the mortgage on the \$10,000 house, which was identical to the one we were renting and also had a floating slab floor, which was great for the kids since it had radiant heat in the floor.

The kids had no illnesses while we lived there. The floor was always warm and dry no matter how much rain or snow they brought in. Lois's brother, Stuart, came over and built a picket fence which was decorative to us but which enforced the "law" for the kids until they could convince us that they could leave the yard safely.

In 1962 we found a split-level house about a half mile away. We bought it and moved in after selling our home for more than double what we had paid, and so could afford the down-payment. Our new home had three bedrooms and two baths on the upper level, living room dining room and kitchen on the entry level, a bedroom, large rec room, and bath on the next level, with a basement on the bottom level. We were very happy and content, and finally had the space we thought we needed.

There were only two Mennonite churches in the area, one of which was very conservative and the second of which was made up of young people, and which appeared to meet our needs. It was located diagonally across Washington DC in Maryland in Hyattsville. I got involved directing congregational singing and directing the choir that sang once or twice a month. The preacher was a seminary student who traveled 120 miles to be able to preach on Sundays. Two years later they hired a preacher, who moved into the area and served as pastor. When he talked of things in math or science, it was obvious that he had no expertise in those areas, often making it difficult to decide when he knew what he was talking about. When his daughter got married, I was the photographer and made a wedding album for them free of charge.

Soon after that, Lois had very severe abdominal pains, which the surgeon thought might be appendicitis. The blood test did not verify that conclusion and so surgery was scheduled for the next day to discover what the problem might be.

About noon the next day, the surgeon, whom we knew, said he would remove her appendix and then see me in about 45 minutes. Two and half hours later, he sent a nurse to tell me he was being delayed, but offered no other details. It was a total of seven and a half hours before I saw him. During the delay, I called the new pastor three or four times and received no help. He apparently considered himself as a minister and not a pastor.

When Lois got back from the surgery it was obvious she would not be able to ring a bell for any of her needs. I called some friends who lived two doors from us to ask if they would stay with our kids at night and they did. It was obvious to me that Lois needed me more than my children, so I stayed at the hospital several days until she was able to fend for herself. The choice was good for me and for Lois but I'm afraid not for the children, for which I am very sorry.

The surgeon had found a major blockage at the point where the small intestine joins the large one. He waited for lab reports to be returned to be sure it was safe for him to continue. There was no cancer but Lois was then without 18 inches of her intestinal tract after the surgery had been completed.

When Lois was well enough to go to church, we found little, if any, support. On the way home, Lois indicated she did not think she could return to the church. I agreed and we all subsequently visited 19 different churches until we found one that we all wanted to go back to the next Sunday. After several weeks of worship services, we decided to try Sunday school and were happy. We joined Foundry united Methodist church at 16th and P St. NW in Washington DC. In non-rush-hour it was about a 20 minute drive from home.

Beginnings

I was born at home, which was a row house in Norristown, Pennsylvania containing only 785 square feet; and yet, with seven of us children, we were very happy and content with a minimum of fussing and fighting. One of the biggest problems was when numbers two and three of our

siblings decided to take on the role of parents and tell us what to do. It is possible that they misunderstood our parents' intent when asking them to look after us, I'd like to think.

Norristown is 17 miles northwest of Philadelphia and several miles from Valley Forge. Dad had grown up in Philadelphia, which he enjoyed very much. He made sure we got to the Philadelphia Zoo, Academy of Music, and Franklin Institute, as well as the Art Museum, on a regular basis.

There were two double beds in the upstairs front bedroom where four of us boys slept. Naomi and Ruth slept in the middle bedroom with Mother and Dad, and Sally slept in the back room, which was divided in half to make room for a bathroom. We had running water and a bath tub, but did not get a commode installed until I was six years old; this was the case for almost everybody because the sewer line was not installed until 1932. Interestingly, when Mother and Dad had bought the house it was considered middle-class.

Fortunately I've been able to pin down my earliest memories. On September 8, 1929, two months and one day before my third birthday, Uncle Elmer and Aunt Sally picked me up for a trip to Lancaster. When we got to Mount Joy I remember saying I wanted to go home - that I was homesick. Their story was that I made a big enough fuss that they had to bring me home. When we arrived I had a new sister, Naomi, who was born at home, which explains the need to get me away. Interestingly, I don't remember seeing my little sister, but I had to get to my bed by walking through the room in which she was born. I can still envision the street in Mount Joy where I had said I wanted to go home.

In early childhood, our playtime included moving from Old Maids to Monopoly. Play outdoors almost always included our neighbors. Hide and seek as well as "Burner's Base" occupied our free time.

We had ice boxes rather than refrigerators. Mother would place a sign in our front window saying the size block of ice wanted for the day. The person delivering the ice would use an ice pick to cut out whatever size block was requested. Our size was about 25 pounds. The truck delivering the ice was chain driven and had solid rubber tires.

Our milk came in glass bottles of 1 quart. Mother would put a note in an empty bottle saying how many she wanted. The milk was delivered by horse and wagon. Then, too, the milk was not homogenized, and so had a cream section on the top. During the winter the cream would freeze and stick out the top of the bottle until we picked it up on the front porch. The person getting the milk would have the privilege of eating the frozen portion of cream protruding from the top.

Our public transportation was a trolley to the downtown area. In the 1930s it was replaced by what was known as a stub nose bus. When that happened we all sat on the curb down at the corner watching for this new contraption.

Paul was two years older than I, but happy to have his younger brother as his buddy most of the time. We had roller skates, which were strapped to our shoes. We learned to skate on the sidewalks by broad-jumping porch steps. From there we started playing hockey on roller skates in the street in front of the house.

We were finally able to afford a second bike from the police lost and found. We really enjoyed a three or four mile bike ride to Six Boy Woods at Valley Forge. There we found figure-8 trails to ride, as well as areas where we could go airborne with the bikes. This proved to be helpful for staying safe on our bikes at home.

We bought an enlarger and Agfa Memo camera which used bulk film in a cassette. After the family went to bed, we were able to load the film and make enlargements, which we did with great delight.

Early in his career, Paul had a professional photography business. In 1955, I started taking wedding candids for a portrait studio. The timing was such that I could do two Catholic weddings and one Protestant wedding on any given Saturday.

As we grew, we played football in the street, using telephone poles for our goal posts. Paul threw the passes, knowing instinctively which way I was going to cut, and threw the ball there for me to catch. We usually had about four or five fellows on each team. With the same group of fellows, we played baseball and softball on several vacant lots about three blocks from home. So far as I can remember, we broke only one window in that neighborhood!

When I was 13 or 14, Paul and I were a bit restless and thought it would be fun to go to Philadelphia to see a baseball game. We could pretty much do what we wanted to do, but knew that if we went that far we should at least tell mother where we were going. Instead of doing that, we walked about a mile to get a high-speed trolley to take us into 69th Street, Philadelphia. From there we took the elevated train to see the Phillies in a doubleheader. Between games Paul suggested that we move up a couple seats in left field where we were located. During the game a homer was hit that came directly to Paul, which he caught in his bare hands. When we arrived back home we decided to hide the ball since Mother did not know where we had been for the afternoon. The next day we decided to retrieve the ball but found it missing. Nice try but no trophy!

I would not want any youngster to do that today. In those days, namely the 1930s, things were quite different and there was no real danger in making such a trip, so long as we didn't do anything crazy.

As you can see from the stories, we did have a childhood and lots of fun even if we worked to help family finances. One afternoon a week, we walked a mile to our business district to sell magazines in the offices. Those were the days when Liberty, Colliers, Saturday Evening Post, etc., could be bought for anywhere from five to fifteen cents apiece.

We walked to all three levels of school. Elementary school was two and a half blocks away, junior high one mile, and senior high just short of three miles.

Only two incidents of note occurred during those walks. In six grade, as I was with others who were waiting to cross the street, a car went zipping by us. As we started to cross, the driver slammed on his brakes about two or three stores down the street and shoved his car into reverse. We did our best to get out of his way, but his fender brushed my leg and tossed me around without injury - or so I thought. As it turned out, he thought he had seen his girlfriend and was backing up to her. Later in the morning he came to school looking for the person that was hit and I kept quiet.

The other thing of note was that I did get a frostbitten ear on one cold morning while walking to junior high school. No school buses in those days!

There was a dairy close to home, which fed the neighborhood children chocolate milk retrieved from grocery stores when the date of goodness had passed. This milk was fed to us in whatever amounts we wanted. I drank it in great amounts and got an ulcerated mouth, and could not eat. Mother fed me with a glass straw using broths or whatever she could get through the straw.

Healing took place. Later it meant quite a dental bill to repair tooth decay from the effects of the chocolate milk.

We lived in the West end of town with a variety of churches close to home. Prior to our teenage years, we went to Presbyterian, Methodist, and Mennonite Summer Bible schools every year.

My mother's only two sisters were married to farmers who lived within five miles of town. Paul and I spent a couple of weeks at Uncle Elmer's farm each year learning a bit about the farm equipment of the 20's and 30's. We watched milking each morning and gathered eggs at the chicken house. We followed the tractor and uncovered the corn smothered by dirt in the cultivation process. We also helped with threshing wheat and oats. We guided the horse and wagon used to move the grain from the field to the thresher. As we grew older, we learned to load the sheeves of grain for the ride to the thrasher. We also had the fun of being in the grain bin to be sure the grain was pushed to the wall, assuring a full bin.

Threshing was labor-intensive. Farmers worked cooperatively. For noon meals there were as many as six or eight men to be fed, not counting us kids.

From my earliest memories, Dad was teaching the congregation acapella singing every Wednesday night for an hour before prayer meeting - chromatic scales gradually moving us to harmony, similar to the way it was taught in the movie "Sound of Music". As we progressed through learning to harmonize, I had a keen desire to have a deep bass voice and worked at it. Success was mine and by the time I was 18 I was able to sing two octaves below middle C.

In eighth grade, I took trombone lessons from the high school band director. By the time I reached senior high school and 10th grade I had earned enough money to buy my own trombone, which was in very good shape, for \$35. I joined the marching band and played and marched at all football games. Band met during school time every day and returned to concert music. After football season, we were good enough to win a district concert contest and qualified to go to the State Championship meet. Before we left for the state competition we had to memorize all our music, and at the event we warmed up fifteen minutes every hour for four hours. Fifteen minutes after finishing playing we were declared state champs for Class A schools.

Bloomsburg State College, where the contest was held, had limited hotel space available and so we had to stay in private homes. I and my buddy, Scott (who was black and played much better than I did), roomed together.

Our minister approached me to say that I would not be able to take communion on the following Sunday because I was playing in the high school band. I had enough gumption to say to him that, since he was not the one giving communion, I thought the word should come from the bishop. Fortunately, he agreed. In the ensuing 3-way conference, he told the pastor that he saw nothing wrong with my playing in the high school band, which was part of my educational pursuit.

On an earlier occasion the same minister had wanted me to go to high school without wearing a tie. (Wearing a tie seemed to be worldly to the church.) Once again I was able to tell him that I did not need his help, since there was a shirt and tie regulation at the high school and I wanted to keep to that regulation. As I look back, I believe the words from my father that I recorded earlier gave me the strength to face a man who was a staunch conservative.

In a discussion with my parents, I suggested that, to keep peace with the minister, it might be best if I were to drop out of the band, and that I would be willing to do so if I could get their

permission to go by trolley Monday nights to sing in a boy's chorus led by Warren Swartley. My parents agreed this would be a good solution.

The sixteen-voice boy's chorus I joined was singing acapella men's quartet music of very high caliber. I joined the low bass section gladly. The church position on special music was such that we were not allowed to sing at regular services. We used a remodeled building close to the church to sing for the public on Saturday evenings, when announced. We were popular, and sang in other communities. One of the fellas in the chorus picked me up at the trolley station and took me about a mile to the home of the director, Warren Swartley. Warren and my dad were good friends and they both taught acapella music to their congregations. When we sang for the public on Saturday nights, I often stayed overnight with Warren and Florence Swartley, returning home the next day after attending church with them.

In high school, I was on the yearbook staff for three years. In my senior year I was asked to be the photography editor. Toward the end of the year the editor seemed unable to finish her task. Miss Berger, our sponsor asked me to take over. She trusted me enough to let me drive her car downtown to the photographers to pick up some material we needed to mail to the printer. I was very pleased to have that vote of confidence.

As teenagers we discovered that the Philadelphia Orchestra had a balcony for standing room only. Eugene Ormandy came to lead the orchestra in 1938. In the early 40s, we could afford the 50 cent fee, and attended whenever we could. From that top balcony, one could see the beauty of the entire orchestra in motion accompanied by absolutely gorgeous sound. With all the choices we have in music today, I'm still very partial to classical music and men's choirs.

Sometime in the early 1940s, the Serge Zaraff Don Cossack Men's Choir started coming to Philadelphia. Their sound was great. It was full and capable at every volume. They were a Russian group who had immigrated and become citizens. The fascinating thing was that they put the Constitution into chant form and gradually memorized it to be able to qualify for citizenship.

On Sunday afternoon, December 7, 1941, Paul and I were lying on the living room floor listening to the New York Philharmonic on the radio. The shocking announcement about Pearl Harbor interrupted that concert. He was a senior and I was a sophomore in high school at the time.

Part 2: From Teacher to High School Administration

Special note: This material has been lifted from Chapter 3 of my autobiography called Reflections. I have to admit that Chapter 3 is as far as I have gotten. So far I have had the pleasure of being in touch with graduates from the class of 1966 from GCM - the first class to have spent all four years at GCM. In addition, I've had the pleasure of being in touch with graduates from the class of 1967 at Langley. Each of those graduates wrote personal notes on one of the programs. That program is a prize possession.

A friend of mine says "I never forget anything, I just don't always remember". How true it is for me. Even though this material was written in the last few months, I now remember a number things that would've been nice to include. Try to remember and enjoy. Chuck Rieger, GCM's class of 1966, has edited this for me. Thank you Chuck.

Early Years in Fairfax County

"Have you ever considered administration?" This question was posed by Jack Barnes, Superintendent of Schools in Flat Rock Michigan as I was completing my first year of teaching in a public school setting. Previous teaching experience was in private schools and a Graduate Teaching Fellowship at the University of Delaware teaching college freshman math. My response was "No, why should I - I'm very happy in the classroom." He retorted with "Why don't you think about it". This occurred in the spring of 1955.

As Lois and I discussed it, the idea had merit. School administrators had one job, but I had many to be able to afford to teach. Among them were taking wedding candid shots for a portrait studio, driving school buses, cutting meat in grocery stores, painting houses, barns, and schools, and raising chickens and turkeys.

My satisfaction with teaching was confirmed 25 years later when I was Chief of Staff for the United States Secretary of Education, Dr. T. H. Bell. I received a request for a meeting from a professor in Georgia. I recognized his name as that of a student I taught in Flat Rock. In our conversation, he was pleased that I remembered him, but also said he wanted me to know something else. When he had come into my class, it was his intention to drop out of school. However, he fell in love with mathematics and is now a full professor in Georgia who has a PhD in mathematics. Wow, good for him! The purpose of his trip was to say thank you. I was overwhelmed. He had traveled from Georgia to Washington DC just to say thank you.

I had already planned to take a graduate course called "Instruction" at James Madison College in Harrisonburg Virginia that summer to complete requirements for a teaching license in Michigan. The course would also count toward a degree in administration which came through Eastern Michigan University in February 1957. The dean there was very receptive to my attendance and enrollment in that program. Apparently he had some connection with my previous education and knew the dean at the University of Delaware where I was working on a masters in math, and also had some knowledge of my major professor at Eastern Mennonite College where I received my bachelor's degree in math. In the next two years, the masters in administration was earned with credits that I was able to gain from transferring some graduate math courses all the while teaching full-time in Flat Rock.

While taking the "Instruction" course at James Madison under Dr. Ray Poindexter, I got to know him and admired what he was doing placing practice teachers in various school districts around the state. With an offer for the next administrative position in Flat Rock and after completing my masters, I called him to say I wanted to leave Michigan and live somewhere midway between eastern Pennsylvania and the Shenandoah Valley. He suggested I consider Fairfax County Virginia. In his mind it was an up-and-coming county that had much to offer. It turned out to be just that.

During spring break 1957, we drove to Fairfax. It was lush and beautiful with springtime flowers, dogwoods in bloom and blooming cherry trees at Tidal Basin, while Michigan was still frost bound.

My meeting was with the superintendent of schools, WT Woodson, who spent a long time talking to me about the possibility of hiring Dr. Poindexter to take a position as an Assistant Superintendent for Personnel. During that time I wondered if he remembered that I was applying for job and was not really there to help him hire an assistant superintendent. At the end of a long discussion he leaned over to his secretary and said show this man all the vacancies we have in Fairfax County and let him take his pick. On second thought he said he would recommend teaching at McLean High School. I said "Oh, I thought I was here interviewing for an administrative position". He indicated that they had a policy that one had to teach in the county for two years prior to being considered for administration. I accepted the teaching position. We moved to McLean that summer so I could start.

While teaching, I also applied at George Washington University and was accepted to be a part-time professor in their school of general studies, teaching night classes in various locations around the Washington DC area.

During my first year teaching at McLean, I learned that James Madison High School, just 6 or 7 miles from my home, was being built. In the fall of 1958 I applied for the position of assistant principal for administration and was promised an interview.

During the spring of 1959, I didn't hear anything about an interview and so called to set up an appointment. The new assistant superintendent for personnel was out of town and would not be back for quite a long time, as he was on a recruiting trip.

In panic mode, I called Elton Bonner, the designated principal and explained my situation. He set up an interview and said he would check to make sure I was eligible. He liked me and went to bat to get me appointed even though the county had pre-selected someone else for the position. Some years later I learned from Elton that there had been discussions about whether a Mennonite could handle such a position. Elton spoke up for me and I was selected and announced by April 1 of 1959. The position was an 11 month position and I would not go on payroll until August 1 of '59, with the school scheduled to open after Labor Day '59.

I volunteered to help with the planning after my teaching days at McLean High. Decisions had to be made concerning school colors, school nickname, the ordering of athletic uniforms as well as band uniforms, etc.

Elton asked for two or three thoughtful students from each of the feeder high schools in order to get student input on such matters. There were lengthy and imaginative sessions which led us to the answers we needed.

It was a county policy that new high schools did not have a senior class so that all students would have the privilege of being in the same school at least for the last two years of their school experience in the county. Another way to say it is that rising seniors did not transfer but stayed at their home high school for graduation.

The county was to grow as a bedroom community for our nation's capital. In 1957 when we arrived there were five high schools, and in 1971 when I left to be a career government employee there were 18 high schools. This amounted to opening on average one high school for up to 3,000, one intermediate school, and five elementary schools each year.

Guidance departments in the feeder high schools provided pre-registration information so that we could begin building a master schedule. Developing a master schedule was quite challenging. For the academic classes there were three ability groupings, upper-level courses that met only once a day known as singletons, and teachers who were more effective with particular levels. The mathematical challenge was to develop a conflict matrix that would make it possible for students to take all singleton courses when there might be only seven or eight from which to choose.

Southern Association of Schools and Colleges accreditation standards influenced the development of the master schedule. Unfortunately, the standards all spoke to inputs and not to outcomes.

The county budget provided for the two assistant principals, guidance director, and athletic director and one faculty member for each 21 students. All classes needed to be under the supervision of a certified teacher. Academic teachers could not have more than 150 students per day. Other teachers were limited to 175 students. Additional considerations included assigning teachers where they could be most successful, the time of day the more difficult classes would be scheduled, and the size for each course.

English teachers' loads were to be limited to 100 students if it all possible, because we expected English teachers to demand a lot of writing. Other academic classes were to be held to 30. It was indeed a huge mathematical problem.

We were provided with one IBM keypunch, one card sorter, and an IBM 407 accounting machine for printing, with one operator for the three.

To avoid opening day chaos students were permitted to come to school one week in advance to pick up schedules.

That summer I met with Elton and learned a lot from him about what was necessary to be done with the opening of a brand new school.

After August 1, the other assistant principal for instruction and I began meeting with Elton to make plans for the first year that voluntary desegregation was to take place. Those meetings often lasted until 9 or 10:00 PM.

My mid-western MA gave me no background for what I was currently doing.

On the opening day, as I drove into the school there was a police car sitting in the parking lot. Without consulting anyone, I asked what he was doing here. He said "With integration today I'm here to help in case you have any problems." My response was "Would you please leave the

school grounds immediately and not come back until I call you. If you stay here I'm sure we will have trouble; if you leave I'm sure we will not." Fortunately he complied and I did not need to call him.

I discovered that, while Elton was full of ideas about opening a new school, it was difficult for him to make decisions. I quickly realized that I would have to move ahead by the seat of my pants and not wait for advice. The tutorials over the summer had to be enough.

Soon after school was underway we had a student who skipped school on many occasions but I could always find him at the same place along the railroad tracks. I spent a lot of time trying to discover his reasons for skipping, but to no avail. Conversations with his parents, truant officer, and juvenile court were not helpful. Finally, after many sessions with him, he apparently decided to trust me and said you know that I hate school, but you need to know that I hate home worse. When I get home from school my mother gets home from work and starts drinking and then she starts shouting at me. Then about dinner time my father gets home and he starts drinking. They start yelling at each other and I can't relax. The fighting continues through the night and I can't sleep. When I get to school the teachers are yakking all the time. I go out to the railroad tracks to have some peace and quiet. I told him the next time he felt the need for quiet he should come to my office and I will give him a pass to sit there quietly until he was ready to go back to class. The idea, which came on the spur of the moment, worked and he never skipped school again and never came to my office. It was a great experience for me and a bonus for him. All he needed was a friend and he now had one.

My administrative responsibilities made it possible for me to work with students on a one-to-one basis, which I did gladly. There were many opportunities, but I'll mention only two more.

A junior girl came to my office saying she was considering running away from home. In conversation with her I discovered that her mother had a common-law relationship and the man in that case was in jail but promised to get this girl pregnant as soon as he got out. Needless to say she was very fearful. I indicated the possibility of putting her in a foster home situation with help from the courts. She indicated that she was concerned about her younger siblings because when she got home from school her mother was out in the gutter or somewhere else unable to care for her younger siblings. I suggested that she keep my phone number in her purse or at least on her body so that she could call me at any time and she would be picked up with no questions asked. She did well for a month or so and then called. Taking my children, I picked her up. She had all her earthly possessions in one shopping bag. After dinner we asked our children to go to their rooms and not bother us so we could talk with her. I told her if she agreed I would call the courts and get permission for her to stay with us until her court appointed date. She agreed.

Court permission was granted and the court date set. This court appearance included her siblings. She was placed in a foster home within our school district. After graduation she joined the Waves. Five years later Lois and I had an invitation to her wedding in Texas.

In another situation, one of the bus drivers for the school and her husband had adopted and were raising five teenagers, scrimping to make it work. She and her husband took them on a trip in which a terrible head-on accident occurred. He was killed and she and the children were injured, through no fault of the driver who was her husband. In discussion I learned that the insurance company was withholding payment because they were hit by an uninsured driver. Bills were coming in with no funds available to pay. I discovered the insurance company was very close to the area where I grew up and found I had some connections with the

hierarchy of the company. Lois and I drove to Pennsylvania to investigate the problem. Payment was made right away. The agent working on their behalf claimed half of the fee even while admitting he had nothing to do with the payment. He was quite unimpressed with their need and insisted he get his share (\$50,000).

After things settled for the family a bit, they came to me with a present of a movie camera insisting that I had gotten nothing from my efforts. Lois and I felt they needed the money, but their heart was in the right place and so we reluctantly accepted the gift. A number of years later, while principal at Langley, one of the daughters came to me, having finished a degree and certification for teaching physical education. I hired her because she was a capable teacher who met the criteria I was using at the time and was pleased to have her.

Along with many others, these three cases gave me great satisfaction that I could make a difference in the lives of some of my students. What an opportunity I had. I thought of myself as a fair but kind surrogate parent while the students were my responsibility.

During girls' hockey season when I thought I could take a break, I pulled off my coat and tie and went to the hockey field. When I was 10 or 11 years old, my brother and I played hockey in front of our home on roller skates. Then, in high school at the end of the girl's season, our physical education teacher would borrow the sticks and the practice balls from the girls' department. With a twinkle in his eyes he would say "The best men come back alive".

When I was teaching at Flat Rock high school, there were four or five couples of us among the faculty who got together every Thursday night. The guys played hockey on the river while the gals did whatever they wanted. At the same time, I had a Canadian friend who was an ice hockey addict. We often went into Detroit to watch the Red Wings with Gordie Howell.

With this background, I enjoyed practicing with the girls' team and teaching them some of the tricks I had learned.

At the varsity basketball games, I was the official scorekeeper. Hockey, tennis, and basketball were my favorites if I were to participate.

A candid picture somebody took was in the yearbook, identifying me as E. Lamb.

In case you're wondering, my responsibilities included everything except for classroom instruction supervision. However, the job also included disciplinary problems that occurred in the classroom.

One morning a Truant Officer stopped in to see me. He liked to be sure which school was involved before he picked somebody up. The area was very close to our border so I went with him. Indeed it was one of our students who was very drunk. With the truant officer on one side and me on the other side, he was slouching back that we had to hold his shoulders forward. During that time, with very much of a slur, he looked at me and said "I like you Mr. Hirschler".

At age 93, I now have a different take on what I've just been talking about. In the 1880s, a study concerning the need for determining personality differences was begun and it was not until the 1980s that nine different personality descriptions were complete. And it is now known as the Enneagram Types. Generally speaking, we all have one type in which we dominate while using the other types to round out our personality. I feel that I am a Type One due to my extreme desire to have fairness at every turn of the road. In my teenage years, I challenged

a conservative preacher concerning what he expected me to do in public school and won both cases. While teaching in two private church schools, consecutively, I resigned and left due to what I consider to be unfair treatment of students. I now feel that the question posed to me by Jack Barnes was the means to get me where I should be, even though I did not recognize it at the time.

Not all student problems were as easy to solve as the ones I already described. We had a male student who was more than 7 feet tall and did not participate in athletics but rather was a loner. A student passed his desk while going to the pencil sharpener, only to find that he had been stabbed in the knee by a pocket knife. It was necessary to exclude him from school for the safety of other students. I understand that when he was older he joined one of the most rowdy motorcycle gangs.

A most amusing incident occurred as follows. While in my office working, I heard a loud bang similar to an explosion. Upon investigation I discovered that a smoke bomb was set off in the boys' restroom farthest from my office. After assessing the damage, closing the restroom and giving instructions to the custodian that appeared, I looked into classrooms as I walked back to the office looking for one student who would either know what went on or who was the culprit. I spotted him and asked the teacher for permission to speak with him. When he came out he said "how did you find me so quickly?" Here was a confession without an interrogation!

Prior to the opening of the school, custodians were instructed to clean up any graffiti found immediately unless on some other emergency. We did not want students to be able to brag about their shenanigans.

In my third year at James Madison, George C Marshall high school was to open its doors in the fall of 1962. My application for the principalship was approved and I was relieved of my responsibilities April 1 of 1962 to be ready to open after Labor Day of that same year. Years later, I discovered that the conversation at county level was a concern that pulling me out might cause too large a gap in the administration at James Madison. The superintendent jumped in to say that if I was ready, I should be appointed and they better do their homework since the problem they described was of their doing. Several years later, Elton was transferred to the county personnel staff, where he succeeded very well.

George C Marshall High School

After April 1, I began doing all the things I described in the opening of James Madison High School.

Jumping ahead many years:

In 2016, it was my pleasure to hear from Chuck and Linda Rieger about a 50-year reunion for the first class that spent all four years at GCM. Included below are the remarks I wrote for them since I was unable to attend. Sometime later, I was able to get to Northern Virginia and have a delightful meal with the committee. That led to a friendship with Chuck and Linda which resulted in a picnic at their beautiful home involving 20 or so of those who had attended the reunion. In addition, we visit with each other when they come to Florida to see Linda's mother. The remarks, written for

the reunion and now with a few edits, represent a good history of what happened in the opening of the school.

* * *

As you know we did open, although with a double shift (7am - 12 noon) at McLean High. Double shifting was double shifting and we were all very glad when we could move to our own brand new building. It was a cold and blustery day as you probably remember. The Army Band was there to cheer us on for a good flag raising, and as a prelude to entering the building. Soon after I finished writing this piece, I received an email from Richard May that brought tears to my eyes. Richard's career involved working with teenagers in the court system of Virginia Beach. It was a sad day when Chuck called me last year to tell me of Richard's death.

Hear it in Richard's words:

"Elam,

Way back in 1962 when you gathered everyone by the flagpoles on a cold December morning to dedicate the school, your words had an impact that has lasted to this very day (as evidenced in the way the reunion was phrased). You told us we were not Marshall High School! I'm sure those words got the attention of everyone. You proceeded to tell us that we were George C. Marshall High School, and that we should not consider ourselves like the run of the mill high school named for a person. We were named for a man who was a cut above the rest, soldier, General of the Army, Secretary of Defense and Secretary of State. That he was the first soldier to wear five stars and one of only five Generals of the Army (a number that shall never change as the rank has been eliminated) was an impressive achievement.

To this day, I refer to my alma mater as George C. Marshall High School (if I am feeling especially erudite, I will include his middle name, Catlett). I do not like to hear my school referred to simply as Marshall High School and I have corrected many people who have misspoken, including a few at GCM itself.

So, in October, when we lift a glass to the class of 1966 of George C. Marshall High School, you will be a part of that toast.

Thank you"

* * *

Thank you, Richard, I hope that everybody heard it the way you did.

Not too long after we were in the new building I decided I wanted a photo from the air and found it was possible to get a one passenger helicopter ride at a reasonable price and so paid for it out of my pocket. The pictures should be somewhere in the school files. It was a scary thrill to hang out of the helicopter with only my seatbelt holding me.

Attempting to develop George C Marshall High School in ways that would honor its namesake occupied much of my thought. I approached General Marshall's historian for help. He indicated that naming a large high school for the general was a first. Chuck and Linda Rieger did the research telling me that GCM appears to be the only school named for the General in the United States. The historian, whose name I can't recall, told me that Mrs. Marshall was still alive and very interested in this high school. It was the only project named for the general that really grabbed

her interest. (If Joe Hills is able to be at the reunion ask him for that historian's name, because I'm sure he'll remember.)

I called Mrs. Marshall and made an appointment to meet her at her home in Leesburg. I asked my Assistant Principal for Administration, T. Paige Johnson, to join me for that visit. It was a delight to meet her. She talked with great ease about the royalty including Queen Elizabeth she met as the wife of a diplomat. It was an enjoyable and rewarding visit.

After the conversation, Mrs. Marshall wanted to drink a toast to the school. I hesitated, but could see no point in refusing her offer. Her daughter had left on some errands after we arrived, so Mrs. Marshall went to find some sherry for the occasion. I should mention she had very poor eyesight. I had great difficulty drinking the sherry and asked Paige on the way home what he thought she had served. It turned out, we decided, that it was cooking sherry and, wow, what a salty drink it was.

It was such an honor to get to know her. One of the stories she shared was that in the few days that Gen. Marshall had time to come home for dinner they often took a canoe ride on the Potomac near Roosevelt Island for a picnic so that he could be out in nature as the setting for clear thinking and dinner with his wife.

It was also very heartwarming to hear Mrs. Marshall take such an interest and show enthusiasm for GCM. She suggested she would like me to have the folding handheld world map that the general carried with him at all times for any inspirations he may have in the conduct of World War II.

Gen. Marshall's historian felt that the map was much too valuable to be in a high school and offered instead a bust of the general. It is the only copy of the original bust, which the artist traveled with around the world. The original bust is at Virginia Military Institute in the Shenandoah Valley. Chuck and Linda told me the copy rests in the new main showcase at the newly renovated GCM where I had placed it.

My wife Lois and I were invited to attend the installation of the original bust at VMI - a who's who list to be sure. I then asked Mrs. Marshall if she might be interested in being the first graduate from George C Marshall High School and she jumped at the chance. You may remember she marched in to the first graduation on my arm and sat with me on stage. What an honor for GCM to have her show such interest!

I did not want GCM to be just Marshall High and be confused with John Marshall high school in Richmond. I insisted and personally used the full name George C Marshall for my entire tenure there. I felt the name was enough by itself and did not have to be followed by high school each time.

For the actual organization of the school, the time was short, very short. I asked the feeder high schools (McLean, Herndon, James Madison, and Falls Church) for four or five students who were thoughtful and able to represent their peers. We talked about our hopes and dreams for GCM including looking at Gen. George C Marshall's life, resume and other things that could be helpful as we built a framework from which to work.

At the same time, Clint DeBusk (Assistant Principal for Instruction) and I began preliminary interviews with applicant teachers and reviewed the many requests for transfers from teachers already teaching in the county. Decisions had to be made quickly so the schools from which they

came had time to make their plans for the coming school year. We interviewed as many as necessary for each position until we thought we had the best available faculty.

I had much to learn in selecting teachers. But learn I did. There was nothing in my graduate studies concerning opening new schools, assembling and developing a good faculty, or a master schedule, etc. Nothing prepared me to select a staff of 120 teachers including department chairs and compatible team members. Clinton DeBusk, in my opinion "Mr. Instruction" of Fairfax County, who was a tremendous person and wanted to transfer with me, helped evaluate the prospective faculty. Requests from teachers already employed in Fairfax wanting to transfer to GCM were the most difficult to choose. Fellow principals were not necessarily forthcoming in their evaluations of those teachers wanting to transfer.

In spite of this, some of our best and most productive faculty members were transfers who added very much to the program. In my opinion we had a really fine faculty. At our first meeting as a whole I was able to introduce each teacher by name and teaching responsibilities without notes. It was a pleasure to have them on staff. During my time at GCM it was necessary to ask for only one resignation, and I received it quickly.

Ah yes - my "after-midnight" experience. One Friday in early April 1962, Lois and I were out for the evening when our kids received a telephone call from a gentleman visiting in the area who was interested in teaching at GCM. They told him to feel free to call back later that evening and that they knew I would be glad to speak with him. Smart kids! We got back about 11 PM and I had already undressed when the phone rang. It was the call. The gentleman was adjudicating music competitions at the University of Maryland, lived in Boston, and was interested in being the band director at GCM. A friend of mine, Joe Adgate, Music Supervisor in Alexandria and former band director at McLean High, had told him about GCM. He would gladly wait until Saturday morning to see me before returning home to Boston. Long story short, I met him at the Greyhound Bus station in DC after midnight and we talked for several hours. I told him that if his credentials came through in good order I would hire him. It was an after-midnight trip to DC that really paid big dividends. George Horan was coming to GCM - a teacher par excellence.

One more faculty story and then I'll quit. Lois and I went to Williamsburg to attend a performance at William and Mary in which John Reese was performing in an outdoor setting. We met and talked with him after the event and ultimately hired him to come to teach at George C Marshall. Clint DeBusk was the impetus for that trip. A great venture completed.

To expand a bit more on organization, it was my experience that the graduate schools of education with which I worked and was acquainted were not prepared to talk about the rapid student population growth experienced in Fairfax County that started in the 50s. School budgeting, general supervision and the like dominated that curriculum. More than once I had to fly by the seat of my pants so to speak, which made those early-morning times of reflection so meaningful and helpful.

Starting in the late 50s, Fairfax County built an average of 5 elementary schools, 1 intermediate school, and 1 high school each year - unprecedented growth. When we moved to Fairfax in 1957 there were only 5 high schools; in 1971 there were 18 with more to come.

Back to the student planning group. The school colors came from those early conversations as well as Statesmen. The idea of Statesmen came from General Marshall's role as U. S. Secretary of State. He was certainly a statesman, scholar, and excellent planner, among many other things.

Extracurricular activities were also discussed as part of the necessary planning for a new high school. I was looking for innovative ideas, but the planning committee wanted the traditional clubs that other high schools had, such as French Club and Future Teachers of America. I challenged them with the notion that there is room to be unique and be the first as well as the best. It worked.

Among other things, those conversations made it possible to order athletic and band uniforms for use our first year. I was so determined to tie school traditions into the life of George Marshall that I gave athletic director Herb Yost a hard time. He was trying to find exciting nicknames and colors for athletic teams. In desperation, I think he suggested Columbian blue instead of navy blue and the steering committee gladly accepted. He had the shade of blue he could work with and we had what we all wanted.

School spirit often comes in part through a good athletic program. I wanted good school spirit but I wanted also to be careful that the tail did not wag the dog, so to speak.

Do you remember our first home football game? Ask Roger Cole. I'm sure he remembers with great detail the undefeated season and the numerous long runs of up to 100 yards each.

Athletic schedules for new high schools in Fairfax County were called B schedules. The games were played on Saturday. The rules were that a player could not play in more than one game a week. The competition would use varsity players who had not participated in their game, as well as JV players who had not played.

Eligibility was determined by using the file cabinets in guidance. GCM had moved them to McLean high for the double shift.

Permanent records are normally on card-file and slide more easily than paper. File cabinets apparently were tilted, causing cards to leave folders and then settle back in other folders after the file was returned to its normal stance. Whoever checked eligibility was in a hurry and looked at the permanent record folder without referring to the name on the card inside. One student was ruled eligible who was actually ineligible. The mistake was not found until the second semester, when preregistration for our second year was underway. We forfeited the season immediately. All, save one, wrote back saying that we won fair and square and refused to accept the forfeit. What a welcome to the league for GCM!

As the school year progressed, I got involved in meetings with fellow principles of Fairfax County. I was surprised and shocked to see that conversation about athletics flowed much more easily and longer than those about instruction.

Here are two other memories from my days at GCM:

I was on my way to a meeting in western Pennsylvania when I heard on the radio about President Kennedy's assassination. I pulled off the road quickly to call GCM and found that everything was being handled very well. No cell phones then.

And the second story: A senior prank just days before graduation of the first class in 1964 turned out to be a dirty trick. I was with the senior class officers at Arlington National cemetery to arrange for placing flowers on General Marshall's grave as part of our first graduation. A senior or group of seniors called an undertaker saying that I had died and he should go to my home to pick up the body. The undertaker was cautious and called my wife to see if I were okay. She wanted to know right away and so called the school and I was nowhere to be found because of the trip I was

on. Paige Johnson went over to my home immediately to be with Lois until I returned. As I drove into the school parking lot I was greeted and told to go home immediately. Needless to say my wife was very happy to see me.

Over the years I learned that experience doesn't always tell me what to do. It simply advises me what not to do. Has that been your experience? There are many right ways to do something and when possible take your pick.

In order for this to be a stand-alone document, I think it necessary to repeat bit of what motivated me to gladly work those sixty or seventy hour weeks.

I wanted to be a surrogate father so to speak. I wanted to help each of you individually and collectively to grow into mature adults that would make the world a better place for all people while enjoying every minute of whatever you would choose to do with your life. I wanted to create an academic atmosphere that would make learning a doable challenge for you by making the best selections possible in staff and faculty. I wanted to be kind and friendly in my treatment of you but also to be fair, firm, consistent, approachable, and open to making changes to the program as needed. I wanted to leave no stone unturned in doing so.

My inspiration and best ideas (intuition) took place about three or four AM after a good night's rest and my mind was clear to think and plan.

In closing, I offer a rhetorical question: As you read these value statements of the last several paragraphs, were you able to recognize them as a teenager at George C Marshall and/or can you now look back and make sense of what was going on at that time?

My best wishes to you and to the faculty members you've been able to find. As you move into your retirement years be content with who you are, be happy and contribute your best to all you do. Have a great life.

P.S. Write or call if you would like. No question is unfair if you don't already know the answer. (loel@comcast.net or 941-321-2778)

* * *

With the opening of GCM in the northern part of the county, WT Woodson High in mid-county, and Thomas Edison in the south, all in the fall of 1962, the county curriculum would take a huge step. These schools all had vocational wings that would serve the entire county. At GCM we had an auto mechanics area with three car bays, additional workspace, classroom space etc. A second area for cosmetology was equally furnished. The third space was for drafting. Finding teachers was difficult but not impossible. Students spent half the day at their home high school and the other half in the area vocational center. Bus transportation was provided but students had the option of driving if they could show good reason.

To the best of my memory and prior to this time, the only vocational offerings were distributive education which was retail oriented and therefore needed no special facilities, and agriculture which was offered at the most rural of the high schools, Herndon and possibly Mount Vernon. Oh yes, we had one other course for those interested in secretarial employment. Vocational education provided opportunity for those students not wanting to go to college.

Team teaching was introduced in the academic curriculum several years earlier. The first course was American Civilization, which included art, music, drama, American history, literature, and grammar. In the early years, the teams were divided, with half being certified in American history and the other half in English. American civilization was offered at GCM. Team teaching courses were set up in two period blocks.

We were intimately associated with the development of World Civilization that was to be offered over two years. The freshman year would cover art, music, drama, world geography, literature and grammar. The sophomore year would cover art, music, drama, world history, literature and grammar. Enrollment required teacher approval. With approximately 100 students in each group it was possible for one teacher to lecture to half the group while the other three held discussions in small groups.

These courses were popular and soon became a must for those going to college.

Traditionally, after expenses were paid for the football season and boys' basketball, profits were used to enhance the program. I shared that income with girls' athletics much to the objections of the boys' department and the Athletic Director. It seemed only fair not to ask the girls to have cookie sales or wash cars to have that income.

Teachers of lab courses were constantly concerned that their classes were not long enough. Clint and I developed a time schedule so that each class would have a double period once a week. This frustrated the other teachers since they were used to working in one hour blocks. After one year the idea was abandoned.

The County had contracted with a firm to provide the schools with computer-generated schedules. Some outputs were not provided and the company was not willing to provide them. I assured them that absent that information, I would do my best to be sure the contract would not be renewed. It was not. We limped along and dug out the information.

It wasn't long until the State Department of Education decided to develop a computer program for scheduling, which would be available to the schools. I was asked to be on the committee along with others around the state.

We gave the developers all the details involved in scheduling several thousand students per school. When the developers had a program to try, my data from GCM was used. In the process, the program broke down and the developers were searching for answers. After asking for the data I told them where to look. Finding the problem, they asked how I knew. My response was we have been doing this for years by hand and the data you presented would have led me to the same place. The computer could only do it faster. The program was finalized and offered to school districts around the state to be used on IBM 1401 computers.

Accreditation by the state and Southern Association of Schools and colleges was granted to each new school in the county. This came because all students had been attending accredited schools. However it was necessary for each new high school to have an accreditation visit during the first year of operation.

Since the team came from a variety of places, we had a welcoming dinner the evening before they began so they could meet the faculty and administrative staff. It provided a good opportunity for us to consult with top-notch educators.

I don't recall the year but I was invited to be on Southern Association's state committee, which consisted of seven members to review the high school reports each year. We were tasked to report our findings at the annual meeting of the association.

At GCM, we had students with 20 different native languages. Fortunately, they were fluent in English.

For example, a father from Ecuador had a number of daughters that he brought to the United States to be educated while working at the World Bank. Two daughters graduated from GCM, one of them being in the class of '66. She learned that my reason for not being able to be at the reunion was that my wife was taking me to the Galapagos for my 90th birthday. She emailed me and invited me to stop in to see her kids while in Ecuador. She had formed a foundation and bought a 19 century mansion which she rebuilt with great accuracy. She then invited up to 60 inner-city students to come there every day after school. She uses hired help as well as volunteers to care for these kids after the school day with tutoring, play time and sessions on values and then provides dinner for them before sending them home. Wow, what vision! She learned first-hand of the needs when her father was president of Ecuador from 1992 to 1996 and she worked with him in his office. My wife Janet and I donate to the program every year. (My first wife, Lois, died in 2004.)

Langley High School

In three very short years, Langley High School was ready for students. Langley's service area was carved from Herndon, McLean, and GCM.

School colors of green and gold came from the research of the Student Advisory Council during the spring of 1965. "Langley" was a long open meadow belonging to the king back in colonial days. This research also led the students to recommend Saxons as a school mascot.

Langley parents were thoughtful, successful, and expected nothing but the best for their teenagers. Two Supreme Court Justices (Rehnquist and White, whose sons attended Langley), Robert F. Kennedy at Hickory Hill, members of Congress, White House staff, diplomats and a variety of other top level people formed the Langley community. In addition, there were 26 different native languages involved.

It seemed that the central office was afraid or intimidated by them. They were only too happy to accept the request for appointment from Clint and myself as a team. We were appointed and I left GCM on April 1, 1965. I proposed to the central office that, since I was crazy enough to open the third high school, I should be given absolute control over the selection of staff. That request was honored and in the second year of Langley's operation a friend accused me of having the only private high school run with public funds. The faculty was that good. From previous experience, I knew that references for teachers wanting to transfer were not dependable. Principals gave glowing recommendations for teachers they were happy to have leave. We interviewed up to 10 people for each of several positions.

In the spring of 1965, I received a call from Sen. Richard Schweiker from Pennsylvania. We had been high school buddies for three years, taking all the same classes except foreign language. In the 1950s when we first arrived, Dick and I had our photos taken on the Capitol steps and sent them back to our hometown newspaper. He had spent a number of years in the

House and was now in the Senate. He wanted to build a home in northern Virginia and wanted his children to go to my high school. He told me the addresses of the lots he was looking at and I told him which were in the Langley area. It was good to have him nearby.

Total integration was to take place in the fall of 1965. The principal of the black high school was a good friend and helped me pick some of his best staff. The county limited my choice to four people so that they could have black teachers in every high school. ("Black" was the word used in 1965.) I decided to live dangerously and have a black head football coach, a woman counselor, a teacher in Industrial Arts, and one in the English department. Then too, I selected a black woman to be head custodian.

My friend had taken much time to prepare his students for integration. He told them they would feel like they were in unknown territory and should hold their heads high. This is a brief, inadequate description of the good he did. I was upset that the county rewarded him by making him principal of an intermediate school rather than a high school.

I felt sure that Langley parents would accept the choices I made and would support me. Support me they did, with the exception of one or two fathers whose sons were football players. Within several weeks of the opening, I was hung in effigy on the flagpole of the bank on the main thoroughfare for having a black head football coach. Some weeks after that Lois and I were awakened by breaking glass. We found that rocks had come through the windows where our nine-year-old son was sleeping. He was sharp enough to stay quiet until the glass was removed from his bed. In conversation with the police the next day, it was suggested that we move out of the area and get an unlisted phone number, all the while keeping it a secret where we were living. My response was immediate. We would not move because I was a public servant and needed to be close to my school. It would be necessary for them to figure out how to protect my family. Not too long after that I heard some heavy running in my yard and called. Within several minutes three police cars closed in on our house from different directions. With flashlights they scanned the surrounding areas and that stopped the vandalism. The police speculated the man was hiding in one of the bushes and was not found. I was sure I knew who he was and knew that he was in danger of losing his very good paying job if he were discovered. However, his snide comments continued about one of my staff whom he was sure was gay. Totally out of character, I threatened to take him to court if he did not stop the harassment.

We decided to build a two car garage on our property with no windows so that potential vandals would not know if I were home or not.

After the football field was completed a Grasstex track was installed. Horse hoof damage was discovered and quickly repaired without any comments or publicity. A fence followed quickly.

The county had outlawed student fraternities. Nevertheless, one of the fraternities had an initiation requirement to drive through my lawn by digging through the grass making as many ruts as possible. Key club was a service oriented group at Langley which learned of the problem and asked for permission to repair the ruts. They represented the true Langley spirit.

During our first year, a Japanese man owning a garden center just down the road came to see me. He had trees to donate to Langley. He would trim them so they could be moved bare-rooted and need only water. As I recall, they were more than 20 feet tall and had quite thick trunks. Langley dads came to the rescue and planted them. On my last visit to Langley just several years ago, they were bigger and more beautiful as they stood in front of the building.

One evening I had a call about 11 PM. It was from a very concerned mother whose daughter had not come home from school. She had called and called everybody she knew, but could find out nothing except one thing: it was reported that her daughter had been talking with someone by the name of Mary in her third period class. She knew nothing about a Mary in her daughter's life. I dressed and drove over to school and got the information she needed. This is but one reason I wanted to live close to the school.

Just one more reason: More often than not I went to Langley between 5 and 6 AM to do my office work. About 7 AM, as the custodians arrived, I would go home to shave, change clothes and return to school as the busses arrived. In that hour or so I could take care of the urgent items and have more time to be available for the activities of the day.

Mrs. Louise Stoy, my secretary, was fantastic. Several times, I was afraid I was talking too fast for her to take the dictation. I glanced over to see if she were swamped, only to find her hand in the air waiting for more dictation. It took her only seconds to find things in the file that I needed.

Each year prior to the end of the year, Clint Debusk would suggest a good professional book for teachers to read over the summer. Discussing the book would be a routine part of his visits with teachers the next year.

Faculty meetings were always very brief. I would outline the issues we were facing. I would be in my conference room the next day with coffee. They should feel free to weigh in on any issues during their conference period with me. At the same time, I pointed out that if they chose not to weigh in on a topic, I wanted no complaints about how it was handled.

It seems appropriate that I jump to the second semester of the school year to continue. The state Department of Education called a meeting with high school principals concerning experiences we had with integration. One of the principals from the southern part of the state complained over and over that the students are not using "yes sir" and "no sir". After listening to that several times, I said my children apparently would not be welcome in your school because I have never taught them to use those words. He looked at me in surprise and never brought the topic up again.

I left that meeting feeling good about Langley and how we were handling integration in spite of the problems just described.

About the same time several students were selected from each of the county high schools to attend a discussion about their experiences with integration. I was invited to observe the meeting. There was a circle for about 12 to 15 students. Rules were that, once you had spoken and did not need to answer any other comments, you were to leave the circle and let somebody else fill in. A good discussion followed.

I treated the black students the same as all other students and did not talk publicly about what was going on. My children had been coached to say nothing at school, should they accidentally overhear anything at home. To the best of my knowledge they did well in that regard.

While on this topic, it might be good to talk about the assassination of Dr. Martin Luther King. Black students from Langley had gone to the inner-city of DC to be able to empathize with other blacks. Instead of that occurring, they were called "whitey", with objects being thrown at their new cars and told to get out. They were still hurting or maybe even more so and decided to do

a sit-in at school. I learned about it just as they were starting to congregate in the lobby and invited them to sit in my conference room until they were ready to go back to class. I stopped in to see them every couple of hours should they want to talk. They voluntarily returned to class in a day or so with no punishment, no fanfare, and no publicity in the newspapers.

Langley opened with about 2200 students, no seniors, and about 30 black students.

On another occasion I learned of the possibility of a car coming from inner-city DC to cause problems. I watched for them, greeted them and encouraged them to leave without coming into the school. They left.

Langley teachers were under contract. Two arrived several days early to become familiar with the building and the environment in which they would be working. At the first teachers' meeting I introduced all 120 or so teachers without notes and included their assignments. I did stumble on one teacher whom I knew very well but was concentrating on the person next to her since I had met that teacher only once. The faculty had a good laugh.

A retired Colonel, my assistant for administration (APA), had been an excellent teacher at GCM. With a funny smirk he suggested that I had a small group of students to get to know. The way he said it gave me the impression he wanted my job. He probably hoped I would show favoritism that would get me in trouble. He gave up in a couple of years, resigned and moved on to my silent delight. This gave me the opportunity to hire our head football coach to replace him. He was a great teacher and took time to teach football rather than demand execution of his ideas.

The suggestions from my new APA triggered a lot of early morning thoughts. Meeting with team teaching and English classes would give me the opportunity to meet with all of the students in classroom size groups. The appropriate teachers were asked to give up one class in the year to make this possible. My schedule was modified to allow time for at least 100 classroom visits.

My wife offered to prepare invitations and then be hostess for coffees for parents in groups of 30 or so. It seemed to me that the best way to approach things was to be very open with parents, students and teachers.

For the parent coffees, we used the Home Economics living room. I asked the administrative staff to be present. I told the parents that it was my desire to have open and free flowing conversations and for them to keep me informed of how they felt about the school and what we were doing. If I can't justify what we were doing, it has to be changed and, be assured, that change will occur so long as it's within the guidelines for accreditation.

The first few coffees were attended by mothers, with very few dads. I had a request for a smoker with the dads at a time when they were not at work. One was set up in the Library for a 7 PM meeting. The Library was jammed with dads. Somehow it was not satisfactory to me because it seemed more like I was giving a lecture than having a conversation. It was conveyed to the parents in this way. I wanted parents to be in the school when their sons and daughters were there so they could see firsthand what was going on. As each of the coffees concluded, parents were invited to walk around the building and also to have lunch with their youngsters if they would like. It wasn't long until dads started taking annual leave and the coffees were almost 50-50 with mothers and dads. I was very pleased that they responded in that way.

My approach to students was quite different, telling them I was the old man sitting in the corner office and wanted the chance to get to know them. There would be no lectures. This hour is for you to ask me any questions you might like about what is going on here at Langley. If you're not sure of what you want to talk about, feel free to tell me what is best about the school or what is in need of improvement.

In one of those sessions I said that Langley is great but not the school of my dreams. The response was immediate with "what do you mean, you are in charge!" I said that I need to respond to your needs, comments from parents, school board regulations and accrediting standards. They asked what I would like. I said that I would like to see you out from under the pressure of getting good grades for college, and have you see and experience the joy of learning. They asked how I would do it. I suggested that classes are 10 minutes longer than accrediting standards required. Time would then be available to create a curriculum to cover areas of our curiosity and ask qualified people to teach them. Accreditation standards will be set aside. This means if you, your parent, or a friend knew more about it, that person would be asked to teach.

They said I should go ahead with it. I said no I will not do it because it came from me; but if you like the idea and can talk to your fellow classmates into doing it on your own and come with a proposal, it will be approved. In about six weeks or so, a proposal came to my office from student government. They were tasked to select courses and have pre-registration to see which courses had enough enrollment to justify offering them. We set it up and proceeded with great enthusiasm from all. Somehow word got out and a TV station came to cover the unusual offerings. The curriculum was varied and included the occult. A few students decided to skip, but since it was the last period of the day we ignored it. Parents and students were pleased. Mission accomplished!

Perhaps, one more example is in order. Before entering the classroom I noticed a sign behind the teacher's desk which said "Give a damn". The beginning teacher indicated she wanted the sign behind her desk so she would not need to look at it. She continued by saying that as a teenager she would have been in great trouble for using "damn". By all means, she would like me to discuss it with the class.

During the first lull in conversation I asked them to tell me about the sign and what it meant. They gave great answers about the need for people to care about and be kind to each other. I told them I was pleased with what they said and felt they were very correct. I asked "who is your target audience?" They were silent for quite a while and finally decided on their teacher. Was your message received and understood? They responded with "no, we guess not". This gave me a great opportunity to talk to them about communication with a different generation.

Eventually, they came to realize it was their responsibility to learn and use the language of the people with whom they wanted to communicate. They then asked if they should take the sign down. I told them they put it up and they should decide when it comes down. Out of curiosity I walked by the classroom the next day. The sign was missing. A great time was had by all.

In my classroom visits, I promised students an open-door policy to my office if they needed it. The same thing had been told to parents during the coffees.

In order to keep graduation to one hour in length, it was decided to have an evening awards assembly close to the end of school making it possible for parents to attend.

It was my desire to have all students on an equal level at graduation with one exception. As the faculty looked at those five or 600 students graduating, they were to pick just one student for whatever reason to be honored. It could be scholarship, leadership or whatever. It was quite amazing, within two or three votes the selection was made I was told.

Anne Morten disinvited me for that faculty meeting. Much to my surprise, my oldest daughter Ann was selected and I found out on stage at graduation. What a proud and embarrassing moment for me!

It was distressing to take diplomas to seniors in the hospital from accidents involving horseback riding and other outdoor activities. More than once I called the seniors together after Easter to tell them they were facing an accident prone time between now and graduation. Enjoy this time but please be careful. It worked.

One year, two or three graduates were denied attendance at the graduation ceremony but still received their diplomas. They were involved in nearly doing great damage to Langley because of a fire they had started. They realized what they had done and accepted their punishment.

We had monthly meetings for the high school principals. The year I was chair of the group I tried to get them to talk about what I was doing at Langley. They listened, but could not warm up to the idea. After the meeting, a good friend, Ralph Buckley, the principal of the high school that had a football team that was always hard to beat (and often state champs), pulled me aside after the meeting and asked me if I was crazy. He would never open himself to either parents or students to give them any grounds to criticize what he was doing. I smiled and continued. This was not the evaluation that was to come a few years later. Stay tuned.

I now realize that may have been a form of leadership that was unique to me. It was a style that I developed in early morning thinking in response to the fear that I felt County Administration had when thinking about Langley parents. It was a style with which I felt very comfortable. I had been left on my own and had nothing to lose but to go ahead. It worked and am very grateful. I'd like to think that it was intuition which was my guide.

All the high schools in the county had either cookie or candy sales, with students going door-to-door in their neighborhoods in order to raise funds for various activities not covered in the budget. I talked with the leadership of the PTA and suggested that I did not like to see students on the streets going door to door when there were no sidewalks. Perhaps they would like to have membership fees in the neighborhood of what they would spend to buy cookies or candy. That way we would get all the money and they would not have to consume all that sugar and it would not be necessary for Langley to have any kind of door-to-door solicitation. In fact I promised that that would happen if they could cover the loss. They responded quickly by asking how much and then proceeded to provide more than \$5000 per year for my activities fund.

One of the many teachers who wanted to transfer with me from GCM to Langley was George Horan, my band director. He wanted to not have a marching band but rather have the band play all the usual music at football games from a sitting position. What normally happened in most high schools was that the band did little but practice marching during football season. With the approval he had gained he could now start teaching music at the beginning of the year and not in November. A drill team entertained the crowd while the band played.

He also obtained my approval to add jazz to the curriculum. He had good communication skills with his band parents and was able to arrange for parental transportation for weekend trips up

and down the coast for a small jazz ensemble. With his connections, he was able to get Buddy Rich to work with the students and then have a public concert featuring Buddy Rich on Friday evening. The auditorium was jammed. Instead of getting band uniforms, we bought blazers and contrasting trousers. This was a first among 18 high schools where football was typically king. It wasn't long until other high schools added jazz to their curriculum, but kept their marching bands.

With no warning, one day I stopped in to talk to George. Out of the blue, during that brief conversation, he handed me his baton and said go ahead. I lifted my arm and every instrument went into position. On the downbeat everyone followed my lead. I had had experience directing choirs in both school and church for over 15 years, but this was different and very thrilling. It was obvious George had them well-trained!

Some students interested in soccer came to my office one day, saying that one of our custodians was teaching them some soccer. Upon checking, it was an immigrant man from Peru who was denied a teaching license in the US. He was so interested in teaching, but settled for just being involved at the school. The students discovered he had a wife and daughter in Peru and, with his current job, was unable to bring them here with him. They wanted to do a fundraiser to help him. It was approved.

They started by selling paper rings for a nickel apiece and then making a chain around the cafeteria. It wasn't long until they felt it would take too long to do it that way. Their decision was to drop whatever change they got when they bought their meals in the cafeteria into a collection pot. It wasn't long until they had enough money to bring his family to the US.

They asked "What now?" after having money left over. I suggested they pay the first month's rent on his apartment and have a party to welcome the family.

Jumping ahead to the day I left Langley in 1971, the man brought me a package wrapped in newspaper and said the gift was for me. I said "You mean for the school". He said "No for you!" It was a beautiful hand carved wooden copy of the Gate of the Gods in Peru. To this day it sits to the right of my computer where I can view it every day.

This story reminds me of the classroom visit in which we talked about the sign "give a damn". More than just that one classroom I talked to understood the meaning.

Anne Morton, business department chair, asked for permission to teach Footnoting in Typing One, rather than Business Forms, since more than 90% of our students were interested in going to college. Permission was granted. The students would be typing term papers, not business letters. Later in the year the business supervisor for the County objected and said the curriculum required business forms to be taught. In a three-way meeting the supervisor was told by me that we would not conform to her request but would be sure to cover that material with second-year typing students. There was no further challenge on this topic.

We had World Civilization I for freshman, World Civilization II for sophomores, and American Civilization for juniors. Clint DeBusk wanted to add another team-teaching feature for seniors, which would include American government. We had hired a teacher with a specialty in this area who clearly was capable of being a college professor. The course was developed.

I am not sure of the date but probably sometime in 1968 the Ehrlichmans moved into Great Falls and their children enrolled at Langley. Both John and Jeanne became involved with our

instructional program. John lectured to government students and invited senior class officers to the White House for a look around and lunch. Jeanne went to the DC public schools and arranged for our American Civilization students to tutor students in the Northwest DC schools once a week.

They were all-American parents. At graduation John was there with his camera to capture it all, including a picture of his graduate and the graduate's mother and grandmother with the principal.

County curriculum had already added Algebra I and beginning languages to the intermediate school curriculum. This gave us the opportunity to offer another year of math and fifth year in our language department.

We added advanced placement courses for students and soon realized that advanced placement requirements were too tedious for some of our better students. On a limited basis we offered independent study, which required a teacher to meet with one student individually and outline material to be covered. The student was on his or her own to study and report to the teacher involved once a week. We had one student who qualified to take five independent study courses with no requirement to attend school other than to report weekly to her sponsoring teachers. She spent a lot of time at the library of Congress and took five advanced placement tests and got five fives and went to Radcliffe as a sophomore. The teachers were happy to supervise independent study with no additional pay. It was a delight to work with students of that level.

When the Kennedys were planning for a number of guests at their Hickory Hill home, they would check our calendar to see if our parking lot might be available. We welcomed them. They provided a shuttle from our parking lot to their home for their guests.

When we had Saturday evening events at the school, Bobby Kennedy would arrive just as the doors were closing so that he could sit in the back row unnoticed. He left promptly with no fanfare.

It was not unusual on a Sunday morning to see him taking his huge St. Bernard's for a walk.

In the spring of 1967, student unrest over Vietnam was growing at an alarming rate. We asked our neighbor Supreme Court Associate Justice Byron White to be the speaker, hoping he could bring things back into focus a bit better. His speech was great. He was known as Whizzer White, who was the only justice to play in the NFL. He had had an outstanding career in football at the University of Michigan.

For the 1969-70 school year, Fairfax County had a new school superintendent, Dr. Larry Watts, who came from Syracuse, New York. We were not invited to meet him and curiosity led me to ask questions from my friends at the county office. They were silent and had nothing to say, which was very curious.

In February, I was called to our area office to meet with the superintendent with no announced agenda. Upon arriving I found the area superintendent, the assistant superintendent for personnel, and Dr. Watts. His opening statement was, "Your assignment for next year is Groveton High school. What do you think of that?" My response was, "Are you asking me or telling me?" I'm telling you. Then I don't think much of it. I have helped to open three high schools for Fairfax County and each time we talked about the pros and cons for me to move.

Groveton might be a good assignment but I have no idea what you want me to do there. His response was you may not tell anybody about this transfer until it is announced publicly.

I was devastated. How could I possibly travel one hour each way and do a good job? Langley would have to be my last principalship. I realize now that my friends at the central office were putting up with this kind of attitude very quietly. It was very difficult to say nothing, except to my wife. When the announcement came in April, there were headlines in the local newspaper starting with the word "Hertzler" in bold print. It was only then that I learned that Clint DeBusk was also to be transferred. Whether he was given the courtesy of finding out in advance or not, I never found out. Within 24 hours, possibly 48, students and parents were signing a petition for me to stay. The student body president came to me and said "We want to do some things and would appreciate if you would not interfere with it in any way. We don't want Dr. Watts to accuse you of not doing your job." I was too devastated to even think to do anything on my behalf.

My friend John Ehrlichman called me to say that the President needed an advisor on staff to deal with the student unrest that was developing in connection with Vietnam. He said I could thumb my nose at Dr. Watts any time, since my next job was only as far away as my telephone. I thanked him and said I would like to wait to see what's going to come from the student activity that is underway. They were having a lesson in democracy. He agreed and said to remember my next job is but a phone call away.

A week or so before the hearing, I had a surprise visit from Dr. Watts, his first. He wanted to tour the building. The first stop was with Business Education, at which time he asked whether the county was repairing typewriters quickly. He visited with me in about six more classrooms, asking the same kinds of questions about services from the County. When we returned to my office, he said "I fail to see what's so wonderful about Langley" and left. I realized that he knew nothing about instruction. He had not asked any significant questions about the school, indicating to me that he apparently thought a robot could do the job. He certainly did not realize that it took a team to operate Langley at the level it had become.

The week the hearing was to take place was designated for our annual Arts Festival, which involved the display of student art throughout the school, a music program, and a play on Saturday night.

The student body president came to me, saying that the usual PTA meeting space in the lobby would not be large enough. I offered him the library. In another day he said we need more space and wanted the auditorium. I told him that the night of the hearing was the same night as a dress rehearsal for the program that would be taking place on Saturday night and told him the only other large area would be the main gymnasium. He accepted. Without saying it, I was confident he was asking for too large a space.

On the evening of the hearing we decided to arrive 15 to 20 minutes early only to find our large parking lot full and overflowing with cars also parked on Georgetown Pike. As I entered the gym it was filled with several thousand students and parents. My family and I took seats close to the microphone that was set up.

The meeting was called to order by Dr. Watts. The first parent to speak said "I think we're here to talk about the wrong person's transfer. We think it should be yours." There was a hearty yes and great applause from the rest of the audience.

The first time my name was mentioned a standing ovation broke out. I was frozen in my seat and did not acknowledge the applause until Dr. Watts nudged me to do so. The meeting continued in much the same way. Just five or six years ago, I learned that my daughter, Carol, had approached Dr. Watts after the meeting and said with tears in her eyes "How can you do this to my father?"

Overwhelmed is too little to describe my feelings.

Transfers were canceled for both Clint DeBusk and myself.

It seemed obvious that Dr. Watts had sold the school board on the idea that he could improve the county by switching administrators. He would move the best principals to the weakest schools. This would mean growth for the weak schools and stability for the good schools. We had a school board member for our part of the county that I thought was very sharp but now I wondered. Langley parents saw to it that he was replaced at the earliest opportunity.

Dr. Watts was only 42 but died very suddenly from a massive hemorrhage that summer.

A fellow high school principal was appointed to his job. In September I went to the new administrator's office to talk about some ideas that I had for Langley. His response was "I better give it to you or you'll call your dogs out on me." My response was "Jack you don't understand - there is no way I could've asked, nor did I ask for that kind of support. Langley parents have minds of their own and know what they want." He said "You better be prepared because your turn is coming." Jack Davis was clearly a politician and said what the school board wanted to hear. Several years later he moved on to be State Superintendent.

Toward the end of the first semester I realized that developing a working relationship with Jack would be impossible. After talking it over with Lois, I decided I had to leave Langley or have it suffer. I now wonder if I was fair to Langley by not saying anything.

I called John Ehrlichman and told him I did not want to work at the White House since I was not a politician, but would be glad if he could give a good word for me at HEW. I resigned without explaining the situation to anyone and started at HEW in April 1971.

New and exciting experiences awaited me.

Recent scholarship can summarize what I've been saying very quickly. There are three stages or four stages in life depending on your scholar. They are disciplinary, thoughtful, and maturity. The disciplinary part of life begins at birth with everything given to children in great detail. Hopefully, in teenage years students start thinking for themselves. If nurtured properly the thinking years can move to maturity. What I was trying to do was to have students begin to think for themselves rather than accept the simple one answer to each question which has dominated their lives in both school and church. In my teaching years, I quickly recognized that plane geometry and algebra two were the dividing line between students who memorized and students that were thoughtful. The thank-you that came from the professor who made the trip from Georgia to Washington DC to say thanks is a good example of the transition from rote answers to thoughtful ones. Unfortunately, we have people who make it to retirement but are still in the disciplinary stage, and usually have a simple answer for everything, and "know" that they are right.

Wouldn't it be great if all educators and administrators from preschool to graduate school would "give a damn"!

Epilog

After spending 12 years in administration of education programs at the national level, three years as a local superintendent in Oklahoma, and five years as assistant state superintendent in Illinois, I was back in Washington working for the US Secretary of labor, Elizabeth Dole.

In 1990 I received a call from Anne Morton, whom I had hired at Langley high school in 1965 as the chair of the business education department. She told me she was successful in naming the business education wing at Langley in my honor as well as the lecture hall used by the team teaching programs.

Wow! What a surprise. I was to select the main speaker and agree to the date which was a Sunday afternoon. An aide to Pres. George HW Bush who lived in the Langley area became involved.

In 1981 I got to know the President, who was then Vice President while I was Chief of Staff to the United States Secretary of Education Ted Bell. Ted and I were invited to his official residence whenever he entertained educators. When he was going to be traveling he wanted briefings concerning education issues that might greet him during that travel. Memos were gladly prepared and sent to him.

President Bush wanted to come to Langley that Sunday and make a presentation but was unable to extract himself from his schedule. I then asked Elizabeth Dole and she was happy to accept.

President Bush invited me to have lunch in his private dining room several weeks later to make up for not making the speech. When I arrived, his schedule had suddenly become complicated but I was still invited into his private dining room to eat with his aide. After his luncheon was completed he walked over toward me and I jumped up to greet him. His staff backed away and left me with him uninterrupted. One of his comments was "Isn't it great that you could find out about this while you're still alive." Our conversation was warm and friendly and he never took his eyes off me. President Bush had given me his full attention for five minutes.

Getting back to the program at Langley: Secretary Dole, with whom I had gone to church and been friends for the past 20+ years, gave a great speech. She handed me her notes when she finished. She had made some corrections to the speech.

In 2016, I heard from the planning group for a reunion for the class of 1966 from GCM. This was the first class that spent all four years at GCM. I was unable to attend their reunion because Janet was taking me to the Galapagos to celebrate my 90th birthday. I did write something for them and sent them some flowers as well. That led to a nice warm relationship which I've mentioned previously.

I have also had contact with Langley's first graduating class in 1967. It has been a warm relationship and continues to this day, as does the contact from GCM graduates.

Part 3: HEW and U.S. Office of Education

My first day as a fed in 1971 was marked with many delays on M Street in Georgetown. Student demonstrations concerning Vietnam had the attention of the police. Tear gas poured into the bus. I arrived at the office several hours late for orientation – with sore eyes.

Dr. Ted Bell was acting U.S. Commissioner of Education when John Ehrlichman invited him to the White House to tell him to hire me. Later, Ted told me he was living near Langley, and knew my reputation. He would have hired me without any orders from John.

I was assigned to the office of technology as a career employee. One of my first assignments was to be the federal monitor for Children's Television Workshop (CTW). Senator Ted Kennedy was their benefactor, thereby making my role basically non-existent. On one of my few trips to New York, I observed the shooting of the Electric Company. The cameras broke down and a 30 minute delay followed. Bill Cosby and I had a great conversation. He was working on his PhD at UMass Amherst.

Towards the end of the year, the University of Rome set up an international conference dealing with the question "Can TV teach adults?". My role was to speak to the topic with reference to Sesame Street and the Electric Company. The conference was held in Perugia, a mountaintop community just outside Rome. I visited the Telecollege in Munich, Germany on the way to Rome. It was necessary to provide my speech in writing prior to leaving on the trip. The speech was simultaneously translated in Latin, French and German as I spoke. Two large books were printed with all the speeches in at least two, if not three, languages.

I had arrived about dusk the day before the conference opened and walked around that evening and found the Trevi Fountain and many of the sites in Rome. Early the next morning I visited the Sistene Chapel and Saint Peters, leaving in time for the conference which started at noon. When the four or five day conference was over, I drove to Assisi and Florence on the way to the airport. The Cathedral at Assisi was much more enjoyable for me than Saint Peters, which to me was very gaudy.

I was tasked with the responsibility to develop the regulations to advertise a competitive \$26 million program using TV. A brainstorming trip followed in both the East and the West.

One of the winners in that competition was for a Hispanic TV series to match Sesame Street. This program was based in Oakland California. A number of flights to San Francisco followed. I discovered that a \$5000 desk had been purchased. After much conversation, we decided to locate a federal employee in Oakland with responsibility to check each purchase and sign off before it could be made. In contrast to this, there was also a Chinese program being developed, called "Transfer Please" to help Chinese immigrants in the San Francisco area. As I visited them, their desks were on orange crates so that they would have more money to film their program. Wow!

In speaking with the Inspector General, the project contractor in Oakland accused me of accepting a meal. In my conversation with the IG I pointed out that I had had this gentleman and four of his associates to my home for steaks, only to find that he had brought more than four more and it was necessary for me to go out and buy more steaks. The IG told me to forget the incident.

It wasn't long until Dr. Bell returned to Utah to become state superintendent of education. My friendship with John Ehrlichman continued.

No U.S. Commissioner of Education had been selected from west of the Mississippi, thanks to Harvard influence at the White House. Yet somehow at the beginning of President Nixon's second term, Ted was appointed as U.S. Commissioner of Education.

Ted invited me to come to his office to serve as his Ombudsman to the Chief State School Officers, which included the seven territories then owned by United States. My first trip was to join other members of HEW to visit Hawaii and then to Guam, eventually visiting all of the territories in the Pacific. At Truk I saw that beautiful harbor where the United States did to the Japanese fleet what they had done to us in Pearl Harbor.

In Saipan, I met the Polynesian men who traveled across the ocean using stone maps set in star configurations to guide their outrigger canoe. Their story was fascinating and the maps worked. All the territories were visited that trip except American Samoa.

My role as Ombudsman was to improve federal state relationships. I visited many of the state offices as well as territories.

American Samoa was probably my favorite. It is due South of Hawaii, 4° south of the equator. It is the only territory in the southern hemisphere for the U.S. Mere Betham, director of education, invited me to dedicate an early childhood center they had created to teach parents. That trip was one that my wife Lois gladly made with me. They had a welcoming ceremony which involved the talking chiefs of the island. Samoan women came dancing down the hill to the pavilion and presented us with many handmade quilts. Then while the chiefs talked, one of the Chief's virgin daughters was rubbing a taro root in a beautiful hand-carved large wooden bowl, gradually adding water. My instructions were to accept the cup, pour a bit of it on the ground in front of me for the gods, touch my lips to it but do not drink, and then pour the balance behind me, returning the cup to the bearer.

With just a touch of the cup to my lips, my mouth was anesthetized. Only the Governor was served before me. A huge meal was laid in front of us with enough food for at least 10 people. Again, instruction said nibble and then let it go because it would be fed to the poor. The earlier gifts were returned so that they could be passed on to the needy.

The next day, we visited the early childhood center as the children were arriving. They sat in a circle and one was asked to count how many were present. The second child was asked to walk around the group, point to each person and count. A third child was asked to select from a bowl of flowers or stones the number the other two had given as their answer. Then one item from the bowl was to be placed in front of each child, thus verifying the number.

The program was designed to teach mothers of the villages how to prepare their children for school and life. It was very impressive. American Samoa was teaching the rudiments of early childhood education.

On another trip, I was invited to witness a local Senator's daughter's wedding. There were 26 bridesmaids and a wedding cake for both the bride and the groom. There were fruit cakes with many layers. It was quite a ceremony!

The Secretary of Defense called Ted to consider setting up a Section-6 school on Guam. It was our responsibility to provide for the education of military children overseas. I was dispatched to Guam to check it out. After digging around, I discovered that the general's son had been harassing the Guamanian boys so much that they finally gave him a dose of his own medicine. He in turn ran to his mother who in turn talked to the general, her husband, about how mean the boys were to their son. We finally figured out what to say at the Pentagon. The message was heard, the general was transferred and everything settled down.

In conversation with the Air Force general involved, I suggested that we were integrating schools stateside and we needed to find a solution that would not mean segregation on Guam.

Puerto Rico had a reverse English-as-a-second-language situation. Parents who had lived in New York for number of years decided to move back to Puerto Rico. Their younger children had learned to speak English fluently and could no longer communicate in Spanish. Bilingual education with the purpose of teaching Spanish was introduced.

At the time President Nixon's potential impeachment was underway, I could not understand how he could throw John Ehrlichman under the wheels of the bus. My experience with John had been as an All-American father at Langley high. I tried to be in touch with John but he was so embarrassed that he could not respond to my notes or calls. In 2012 or 2013 I was planning a trip to Montana, which made it possible for me to stop in Seattle. I contacted Jeanne Ehrlichman and arranged a visit. After reminiscing with her, I brought up the topic of John and what had happened to him. I told her that Bob Woodward's explanation did not make sense to me. The book "Silent Coup" was much more believable. She told me that it wasn't until that book that John could even lift up his head. In that book he read of things he never heard before. I still believe President Nixon had no grounds for treating him as he had, other than self-preservation.

As President Ford was being installed, Ted resigned and went back to Utah as Commissioner of Higher Education for the state.

President Ford wanted a Hispanic in the Commissioner's position, and selected one from our San Francisco regional office. I was designated to fly to San Francisco and drive Ed Aguirre's car to Washington so Ed would have time to pack and arrive for the ceremony at the White House in less than one week. Essentially, I drove straight through, stopping for one hour to take a small plane ride over the Grand Canyon. After that I stopped only for short periods of time to sleep, thus making it possible to be at the ceremony in the White House. I met the new President and congratulated him.

Ed kept me in the position of Ombudsman but moved his Hispanic friend to work more closely with him.

President Carter's choice of a U.S. Commissioner of Education was a man I knew. He apparently looked at me as a Republican, which I was not, and decided to move somebody else in close to him. (I was registered as an independent, which I felt was necessary due to my position in the high schools.) My office was moved to another building two blocks away. I understand that the person working closely with him had my memos copied with her name as the one who prepared them. Essentially my workload reduced considerably.

When the transition from office of education to Department of Education took place, President Carter invited the Chief State School Officers to the White House. I was the only one that knew each chief by name. It was a pleasure to get to know each of them personally through a 10 day

Institute we had for them each summer in August. At the White House reception I introduced each chief to Commissioner Boyer who in turn introduced them to the Secretary of HEW, Joe Califano, who in turn introduced them to the President. As the last chief was being introduced, Commissioner Boyer stepped up to meet the President. Joe Califano jumped between the two with arms stretched open wide and instructed Ernie Boyer to use another entrance to the dining room. I have never witnessed anything to match it. The President said nothing at the time.

As the new Secretary of Education took over, I settled back into my role as Ombudsman. It was reported to me that the new Secretary held court with staff and the most persuasive argument won.

After the Republican convention ended, the campaign committee was divided into two parts. The first had to do with the campaign. The second was a transition group that assumed Ronald Reagan would be elected, and planned for what needed to be done at the White House following the inauguration.

Ted Bell, in Utah, was called by this committee to prepare an issues paper concerning what might come to the President's attention as he entered the White House following the inauguration. Ted called me, and I sent him a stack of material with potential for such a memo.

After reminding Ted that he was "Mr. Education" in the eyes of many and might well be approached for a cabinet position, Ted said "No they won't want me". He said further that the department could not be saved by political means, and then outlined what actually later took place after Ronald Reagan was elected and in office.

Life went on until President-elect Reagan arrived. After turning down six people as the U.S. Secretary of Education, Ted Bell was invited for an interview. He wanted to stay with me but Ed Meese said "No, we need to keep you under wraps". Ted called and I went over to the hotel to meet with him both before and after the President-elect had offered him the position. He told me I could have whatever position I wanted. I said Chief of Staff so that we can work closely together. He agreed. There was a dinner meeting for the Cabinet that evening at Blair House. I told Ted I would call and get a limo for him. He said "No, just drop me off". As I drove my VW Rabbit up to the site, the Secret Service did not want to let me in. I finally opened the door and said I do have a Cabinet member in here. I was given a sweeping apologetic gesture to go ahead.

When the cabinet was invited to take seats for dinner, it was discovered that there was no place designation for Ted. Ted quickly said "I knew you were going to get rid of me but I didn't know it would be this soon!" This relieved the embarrassment that had developed. When things were reset, Ted was seated at the table of the President elect.

We worked in Ted's hotel room the next few days making plans. A gentleman from LA arrived and seemed to want to take over. Among other things, he asked me what position I wanted. I told him that was already worked out. He reluctantly accepted the idea. I suspected that he wanted the position for himself. He and a few others from LA wanted to take credit for Ted's appointment.

Ted went home with me for the weekend. On Monday morning, there was another meeting for him at the State Department. For the second time, the Secret Service did the same as before. We had to get a limo and we did.

The inauguration was only about two weeks away and Ted returned to Utah to close out his office there. I was given an office close to the current Secretary's office with access to whatever I needed.

As Ted and I planned, we realized political appointments from the White House would be the last to be made. I was asked to go ahead and appoint the acting positions that were necessary prior to political appointees arriving.

Instead of calling the people to my new office, I walked around the department and talked to them personally. One by one, the new staff was built. We had much to do before the political appointees arrived. All this amounted to setting up the department for the first time.

Elizabeth Dole was working at the White House at this time. She called to see if I needed any assistance she could offer. I told her "Thank you, but no." Continuing, I asked if I could do anything to help her. "Yes I need several staff members that would be paid by the department." Such was permitted, and Elizabeth picked the people she wanted.

Later I would realize she might have been a great help if I had known my position had to be approved at the White House.

I had a woman I knew and trusted transferred to my office as a special assistant. She was a good friend, as well as very sharp, whose husband worked with Black and company, the political operatives who had handled the President elect's campaign. He was very helpful to me as I learned to deal with the White House.

With such a short time period involved, Ted did not have time to get a topcoat suitable for the inauguration. I asked my new assistant, Mary Jean, among many other things to buy the coat - giving her the measurements. Mission accomplished!

Lois and I were offered a second-floor office along the parade route from which to observe the parade.

There were a number of venues for the inaugural party. We were assigned to one of them with the expectation the new President would make an appearance.

Ted lived with us until Betty was able to move to Arlington with their young son Peter. One evening while we were having dinner with Ted prior to Betty's arrival, Lois said I can't believe I have the pleasure of having a Cabinet member in our home. Ted responded with "I can't believe this boy from Idaho is in the Cabinet!"

Ted and Betty leased a home two blocks from our town house, which we had recently purchased in Arlington. Ted's chauffeur would pick me up first and then get him. We would work in the limo to and from the office. In spite of that, the rules were such that I paid to ride with him as well as paying for my lunch in his dining room.

My routine was to work on the correspondence book after dinner. About 10 PM Lois and I would head for bed and I would awaken about 2 AM to finish the book before going back to bed.

I wanted to do all of the tasks before delegating anything. This meant 16 hour days and continued until Labor Day weekend.

Ted, Betty, and Peter joined us on our 32 foot cabin cruiser for a hundred mile trip down the Potomac to Cobb Island. Ted loved to waterski so we decided to see if our boat could bring him up. He had Peter on his skis in front of him. The two of them popped out of the water quickly and we had a great weekend.

We tried to limit Ted's travel to a round-trip that could be accomplished the same day, so that he could be home with his son in the evenings. Ted was eligible for first class flights but traveled tourist class so we could work together during the flight. The press discovered this and wanted to get photos of him in the back of the plane.

Ted asked me to make the trips west of the Mississippi so long as we could do it without embarrassment - not every week, but I was often in the air several times a week.

When we were not traveling, our routine was to leave home about 7 AM. About 6 PM, we would head for home. I would be carrying a signature book with about 30 letters needing to be signed or edited. In order to give Ted more time with his son, I took on the task of reviewing and initialing the letters to approve them, thereby giving the correspondence staff permission to use the auto pen. Ted gave me signatory authority so that those letters became my concern. If I were not satisfied with a letter, I discussed it with Ted on the way to work and then had it edited. On average I would not discuss more than one or two out of the 30 or so letters each day. The routine was that incoming mail would be opened by the correspondence staff and assigned to the office concerned for a draft reply. The draft had as many as five or six signatures of approval before coming to my desk.

After Labor Day we brought in Al Alford from our congressional liaison staff to help me with the signature book, since he was one of the best qualified persons to do so. It was a great choice.

On the campaign trail, the President had advocated getting rid of the Department in spite of the fact that it was only two years old.

I was at the sub-Cabinet level. Our task was to review and approve material going to the Cabinet. It was my job to drag feet and prevent the writing of any action steps to remove the department until we could get the plan under way.

Ted and I felt deeply that there needed to be a departmental presence in the Cabinet. Part of our reasoning follows. In the HEW setting, health and welfare were such large concerns that chances were that the Secretary did not have time to consider the needs of education. Where federal policy impinged on education, we felt the feds should pay the cost. As an example, the cost of the sudden rush of Cubans to Miami should not have to be covered by either Miami or Florida. Likewise the movement of the poor to urban areas should be covered by the feds. The feds should not be in charge of schools but rather play a supportive role. Another way to say it was that education should be the responsibility of the state and local school systems. The feds could do much more research in greater depth and share with the states, rather than for the states to pay for that research 50 times when it could be done once, in more depth.

We wanted the President to form a Presidential Commission to study the condition of education. When that failed, Ted appointed a Secretarial Commission charged with holding hearings around the country so that everybody could be represented. They were to discover the condition of education and report back to the Secretary. Ted negotiated the membership on the committee with White House approval.

The plan to save the department without political involvement was simple but also ingenious. A very open and public research project would replace and be more effective than any political action, since President Reagan had a lot of political power. The original plan was to have the President do the research project but since that failed it was up to Ted to do it at the departmental level.

Many of the states had Washington reps who were to keep tab of what was going on both on Capitol Hill and at the Department of Education or its predecessors. Many of them were good friends of mine who met with me on a regular basis.

I met with the rep from Illinois looking for a quiet place for Ted to meet with Senator Simon. The senator invited Ted to his home one evening. Ted talked with him concerning our plan. The purpose was to let the Democrats know our plan so that they would not work in opposition. We made the trip in my car rather than have it logged with his chauffeur.

Among many other things, one Monday morning I had an urgent call from Mere Betham, Director of Education in American Samoa. She said that we owed them six or seven million dollars which had not arrived, and that she did not have enough money to meet payroll on the upcoming Friday. After checking on it, I discovered the procedure was for us to notify Mere's office that the request for the flow of funds depended on a form from the Governor. In my usual routine, I walked to talk with the offices involved and was able to get the money to American Samoa in time to meet Friday's payroll. I was proud that we could move the bureaucracy that quickly.

Not too many people realize that government employees are two varieties, career and political appointees. The political appointees' jobs are considered plum jobs because they are handed out from the White House as thanks for loyalty and hard work on the campaign. Hopefully, the undersecretary and the assistant secretaries are selected because of their expertise in the relevant area. We had at least 30 people who were not in leadership roles. As they were assigned to us, I interview them. One such appointee, a daughter of a former New England governor, asked me if the second door to my office led to the Secretary's office. After telling her "Yes", she told me not to get too comfortable in my office because the Secretary would want her to be very close. On another occasion, she said "Elam, you do not understand - not only do we not want federal intervention in education, we also do not want state involvement." I reminded her that public education made this nation great and that my parents could not afford to send their children to private schools. She knew better than the President what he wanted!

Clarence Thomas, a current Associate Justice on the Supreme Court, was a political appointee in civil rights. It was a privilege to have him on staff and consider him as one of my best friends. Later, when his fitness for the Supreme Court was questioned, I should have been consulted but was not. The accusation concerned his actions while employed at the Department of Education where the female accuser was also employed. If she made any legitimate complaints, they should have come to my desk and did not. The press never bothered to ask me even though Ted told them he was unaware of any problems, but that I would be the one to answer the questions.

Since Ted was in the line of succession to the presidency, it was my responsibility to keep the Secret Service informed concerning his whereabouts out of office hours. I learned that the presidential box at Kennedy Center was available to the cabinet when the president was not using it. We took advantage of that several times and thoroughly enjoyed it.

Ted was invited by Senator Simon to visit Illinois. On the morning of that visit, Ted was not feeling well and asked me to take the trip alone. I flew to St. Louis, where the Senator picked me up in the Governor's helicopter. In the press briefings that followed, the Senator backed out of the picture to not embarrass Ted because of his party. In one of those interviews, I almost started laughing. I thought I was sounding like Ted.

At my sub-cabinet level meetings, I was under pressure to come up with a plan for getting rid of the department. I carefully pointed out why it could not logically be a part of HHS, Labor, Interior, Commerce, or any of the other departments.

We had a second car and driver available for use by upper level staff. It was great to have that service so that I could do some last minute planning for the meetings and not worry about traffic or finding a parking spot. On occasion, if the car were not available, I would use Ted's limo driver if not needed by Ted.

On the day President Reagan was shot, we received a call from the White House and were told to stay in our office and not leave for the White House or anywhere else until it could be discovered whether the shooter was a person acting alone, or was part of a larger concern. We had a TV on but learned very little from it. The White House called us regularly to bring us up to date. It was amazing that we had all the information well ahead of the press. The Secret Service did a great job that day and gave us clearance to go home sometime after 6 PM.

It was not long after the shooting that we had a bodyguard designed to protect Ted. He traveled with us everywhere, including plane trips. However, he was released until morning after Ted was safely at home each evening. During the day, he was posted outside the entrance to Ted's office.

In the SAT testing for college entrance, the top category was Presidential Scholar. While we were waiting for the scholars to arrive at the White House, I was asked to brief Nancy Reagan on the program. On the spur of the moment, either I wasn't inspiring or she wasn't interested. It was difficult to hold her attention.

In April 1981, Mary Jean said that my official appointment had not yet come from the White House. Ted got involved and, without my knowledge, went to the White House to say that we were a team and the President would not want to be embarrassed with a cabinet resignation this early in his tenure. The bluff worked and I was appointed. My job was a plum job and intended for somebody who had done outstanding work on the campaign. I joined the party and started paying dues.

In the spring of 1981, I was invited to be the graduation speaker for Lincoln University in San Francisco. I used much of the material I often heard when traveling with Ted talking about the characteristics of an educated person. At the ceremony I was presented with an honorary PhD. On my return to the office, one of our political appointees pulled together a quick reception in which I was presented with a number of small gifts, among which was a name plate saying "Dr. Elam K. Hertzler".

I was invited to speak to an International Conference in Switzerland. A good friend, a sociology professor at Catholic University, was also at that conference. After the conference, he scolded me good-naturedly "We're not using the big fancy words used by philosophers." I smiled and did not take the bait for an expanded conversation.

Also, in 1982, Ted was scheduled to go to South Korea to sign a memo of understanding between the countries concerning educational exchange. He turned the trip down and sent me instead. I flew to New York to get an international flight to Tokyo where I would change planes. We were flying with such heavy headwinds that the plane had to stop in Anchorage to be refueled.

The Ambassador to South Korea outranked me and chose to be involved, so I was a spectator. I was provided the car and driver to show me around South Korea to see all the advancements they were making in the country, and there were many. Their shipbuilding was really impressive. They were taking big oil tankers, cutting them in half and inserting a large central storage area to increase the capacity of the tanker by more than twice. On another front, they were harvesting their crops and had declared a federal holiday for federal workers so that they could participate in the harvest. It was impressive to see the land use for the crops with crops growing right up to the edge of railroads. Because of this, it was necessary to harvest a lot of the crop by hand rather than with equipment.

Olympic stadium was under construction at the time.

On the way to Panmunjom it was shocking to see soldiers standing at the entrances to all bridges holding rifles in very obvious ways.

The President of Dongguk University in Seoul invited me to lunch with his Deans and other university officials. Along with a very delicious lunch was great conversation that covered the waterfront in education and lasted almost 5 hours. At the end, the President asked me to return in several days to receive an honorary degree. I agreed and the ceremony was overwhelming. The auditorium was filled with PhD gowns among the observers. I too was wearing a beautiful PhD gown for the occasion, which they had presented to me that day.

I thought this might have been a “visiting fireman” occasion but learned the coding on the diploma and discovered in the several hundred or more years of the university I was only number 36 to receive such an honor.

I also felt that I had a tutorial PhD while working with Ted Bell. In spite of that, I still don't use the title “Doctor”.

I had a member of our higher education staff who traveled with me because he was very familiar with the area. We were gone long enough for a day of rest and so we spent the day in Hong Kong. From Hong Kong we flew to New Delhi to visit the Fulbright program. It was quite a shock to see the airport full of people in prone positions. It was necessary to take a very circuitous route to leave the airport. The food there was delicious. Unfortunately I wasn't able to share it with the needy that I saw at the airport.

I learned that the stop in India was necessary because of a policy of the U.S. When countries were ready to pay back loans, we spent that money within the country. I was delighted that we were that generous.

The Fulbright people were able to bump us to first class for the rest of the trip. The flight plan was such that we flew over the oil fields of the Middle East and I was able to see the large tankers at the filling locations. We changed planes in London and flew on to New York, thus ending my first trip around the world. Jet leg was always better flying west and so I had no hangover when I got back.

In the latter part of 1981, we had a request from the minister of education in the Netherlands for help with regard to bilingual education. They generally did very well teaching foreign languages, but could not deal with the situation that developed with Molukkers from the far-East, who came as construction workers and chose to stay.

A group of about eight specialists in bilingual education were delegated to make the trip with me. I gave the opening speech and turned it over to them. The assistant minister of education arranged for car to take Lois and me for a tour of the Netherlands. They took us to the city where Lois thought her ancestors had lived. We thought we had found it, and so purchased four beautiful wall-hanging grandfather clocks - one for us and one for each of our three children. Later in the year, the Assistant Minister of Education visited the U.S. and we spent some very nice time with him.

Toward the end of 1982, Ted confided in me that he was afraid the President would not give him the budget he wanted, and so was considering resigning and leaving. I told him I thought I needed to leave just a bit ahead of him because moving from my political appointment back to a career position would not be accepted. (Career people have great difficulty respecting political appointees that move into career positions.) He suggested that I start looking. After speaking to several Chief State School Officers, I found a position in Oklahoma that I thought would work out.

Shortly after I accepted that position, Ted said the President would come through with the budget and he was going to stay for now. Since I had not resigned yet, I told him I would be happy to resign the position in Oklahoma and stay with him. He said "No just take it, I won't be here long."

Lois and I moved to Shawnee, Oklahoma in early 1983.

When word got out that I was leaving, a number of the people representing state Departments of Education planned a farewell party for me. They were from California, Arizona, Texas, Florida, Georgia, North Carolina, Maryland, New York, and Illinois. (There may have been others but I just don't remember them at the moment since I'm working from memory and not from notes.) Several hundred people attended with great interest in saying "Thank you." When the reception was underway, there were a number of speeches thanking me. After the reception I was told by several good friends that I had turned it in to a "Thank-you" to Ted by my comments, which were more of a salute to Ted than to accepting the tribute to myself.

Ted and I stayed in touch. He visited us in Oklahoma, staying in our new home while his bodyguard went to a hotel nearby. A month or so before the Commission's report was due the chair called Ted and told him he was unable to get a unanimous report. Ted said is it not possible to get a unanimous report. To do so would mean taking more time. Ted told him he could have another month or so but really no more time than that. The chair, a university president, set aside the time to meet personally with each member of the commission and come up with a unanimous report. The time was arranged to present the report to President Reagan, and Ted invited me to Washington for that report.

We received a copy of President Reagan's opening statement and saw some problems. Jim Baker, who was our friend at the White House, had his speech changed that afternoon. When the President opened the meeting, the speech was back to the way we first saw it. From the platform, Ted saw Ed Meese put his thumb and finger together to a buddy. It was ultimately

clear proof that he was more conservative than the President. The report, "A Nation at Risk", convinced the President not to get rid of the department. Mission accomplished! President Reagan was a moderate when it came to education, much to our delight.

Ted left the cabinet and returned to Utah at the end of President Reagan's first term.

Superintendent of Schools, Shawnee Oklahoma

Shawnee is about 40 miles east of Oklahoma City, had one high school, one junior high and about five elementary schools in 1983. There was no orientation - only sink or swim time.

City leadership was very welcoming and helpful. A representative from the local bank took me to Oklahoma City to meet the governor. It was obvious that he was good friends with the governor. He was very helpful to me, doing whatever he could to help.

It was not long until I met the president of the teachers' union. It was in the evening after something went on at the high school. It was quickly obvious that he needed to visit AA. With a slurred voice, he told me that I could get nothing done in Shawnee without his permission and support. That statement offered me a great challenge. I had a flashback to 1971 when the NEA decided to turn union and try to give AFT (American Federation of teachers) a run for their money. Because I was an administrator, I was kicked out of the NEA. The NEA had been a tremendous professional organization but changed radically. While in Washington I would rather have dealt with the AFT than the NEA.

I learned that the union was able to control the election process for selecting the School Board because there was very low turnout for the voting. To compensate for this, I prepared briefings for the board each Friday and hand-delivered them, just giving me a brief one-on-one time with the board.

A principal of an elementary school was very interested in early childhood development. Age level was the only prerequisite for entering school. Working with this principal, we devised a plan for using one elementary school as an early childhood center. Students were tested for their developmental level and assigned to classes accordingly. The testing involved students from kindergarten to third grade level. Readiness for fourth grade determined when they moved on.

You are probably familiar with the statement "There will be a shootout at OK corral at sundown." The union did not want to wait for sundown. I was the victor at that shootout!

There were Native Americans attending the schools. I started meeting with their parents, and Lois and I went to their Pow Wows on weekends. We were taken into honorary membership with a dancing ceremony. I was told that I was the first superintendent to pay any attention to the Indian population.

A physician interested in classical music, who was the father of one of my teachers, invited me to receptions he had following concerts by the Oklahoma Orchestra. In one of those receptions I had the pleasure of meeting Pavarotti. It was so good to hear him live.

After three years of the up-and-down nature of my job, I started looking. A good friend of mine who was the Chief State School Officer in Nevada was resigning in order to be the Chief in Illinois. He recommended me, thereby helping me to be one of three top candidates. When my wife and I arrived in Carson City we had to walk past many slot machines to check in. We looked at each other and said "Do we really want to have my salary come from the poor people that were addicted to gambling?" Unconsciously or maybe consciously, I blew the interview the next day and was not offered the job.

We then flew to Sitka Alaska, which is an island off the Canadian coast. I was finalist for the presidency of a College on the island. This time we looked at each other and said "Do you want to have to fly every time we wanted to leave the island?" Once again I blew the interview.

Assistant to the State Superintendent and later Assistant Superintendent, Illinois State Department of Education, Springfield Illinois

The new State Superintendent of Education, Ted Sanders, invited me to move to Springfield Illinois to do the things for him that I had done to help Ted Bell in Washington. That turned out to be very difficult. A second new person on staff threatened several key people. After a year of trying to make it work, I moved to the position of Assistant State Superintendent for Technology, turning down a higher-level position in finance. The state department had been using mainframe computers and depending on the central administration to operate the computers. Personal computers were just really coming onto the market at the time. At first, we used them for data entry into the mainframe computers. Gradually we transitioned to using the PCs for all of our work. I had two tech-savvy employees who were very helpful. The transition went quite smoothly.

We gradually came to realize that one employee who spent a lot of overtime on weekends was actually developing some ideas he had for winning at Las Vegas. He was doing this in the middle of the programs he was running for the state. It was too dangerous to tolerate and so we had to let him go.

We had a blind attorney and his wife who were both working for the department. He came to work by himself on the bus. He loved to put a stocking cap over his face in cold weather and ride the bus that way with brought much attention from the other commuters. I took both of them to Chicago to the lighthouse for the blind to see how we might help them. We found a braille printer which worked with his desktop PC does making life easier for him.

Ted Sanders was offered a position in the Department of Education in Washington DC as Deputy Under-Secretary.

Not much later, Lois was offered the position of CEO in a nonprofit organization with which she had been working for many years. The offer required her to move back to Northern Virginia. I encouraged her to take the position, telling her she had moved for me many times and now it was my turn to move for her. I wrote a letter to my good friend Elizabeth Dole, who was the U.S. Secretary of Labor, asking her if she might have any room for a renegade educator on her staff. Upon reading my letter she picked up the phone and called, saying "How soon can you be here?" Wow!

We sold our home in Springfield and moved to a high-rise in Tysons Corner, Virginia. It turns out that I actually started work before Lois.

Secretary Dole asked me to work with a Commission studying the skills that high school graduates needed to succeed in life.

When she left to be president of the Red Cross, she asked if I would like to go along. I said "Thank you" but mentioned that Ted Bell wanted me to join him in a consulting operation he was starting. That choice may not have been my best. I've often wondered what life might have been like at the Red Cross.

If she had been successful in getting the nomination to run to be the President of the United States, I would have been pleased to knock on doors on her behalf. I think she could have done a great job in that position.

Lois and I "retired" and moved to Sarasota Florida. That meant commuting rather than moving to Utah, which worked well with what I was doing.

I had a separate contract to go to Washington DC once a month to visit with Senator Robert Dole on behalf of a publishing firm. As a senior member of Bill and Associates I traveled to Boise Idaho once a month to consult with the state Department of Education in Idaho. When the consulting business fizzled I settled into full retirement.

Several years later, I was invited to be the main speaker at a funeral for secretary Bell at the Department of Education in Washington. The primary funeral was in Salt Lake City.