

A MESSAGE FROM THE EDITOR:



“Extra, Extra! Read all about it!” That’s what the Writers’ Group hopes you’ll do with the second, official issue of this new paper by and for the Residents of our Campus. The first issue launched as a pilot or “trial balloon” in December proved popular beyond our wildest dreams. So we have decided to go forward with this new design. To be printed at intervals monthly, it will contain regular columns as in the first issue. However, this month, the “Reporter at Large” features a guest reporter, Sanford (“Sandy”) Kravitz, with Gene Decker returning in the February issue. The series, “What Do You Remember?” continues with the current topic, “Memories of the Home Front During World War II”. Then, “Wartime and Other Tales” presents the second installment of our six-part serial from the memoir of test pilot Harry (“Ray”) White. The “Poet’s Corner” is occupied again by our favorite British poet, and there is another one of those “short takes.” All categories are open to contributors and we will consider “Letters to the Editor.” Please drop off written contributions to our volunteer projects coordinator, Jack Farrell, located at the office next to the Oasis Market, or send to his e-mail: jfarrell@beatitudescampus.org

If you have any questions, you can reach Jack at ext. 8526.

Thank You!

Mary Louise King

Mary Louise King,
Plaza View

Points of interest:

◆ *KRAVITZ reflects on BOBBY KENNEDY and his son, Joseph in a private moment. Page 2.*

◆ *“PEARL HARBOR was a wake-up call and change of life...Bisbee lost its share of young men...” ELLEN MCMINN remembers the early years of the Home Front. Page 4.*

◆ *“Gott Strafe England” the German slogan, translated “God punish England,” from the First World War, became a reality in 1942. AMY TAYLOR revisits the terror as the “bullets danced a jig of death”. Page 4.*

◆ *The lady—that is, the nudist nun, vanishes—and the artist, H.R. White, joins the U.S. Army in the continuing story of his life. There’s nothing like FORT RENO, OKLAHOMA! Read all about it! Page 8.*



SHORT TAKES

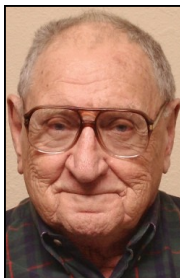
“My first serious job was with a bank in Culver City located about two blocks from MGM and Selznick Studios. One day I opened a \$500 savings account for a gentleman. I would usually take the person’s signature card and type the name in the upper left-hand corner for filing. This time, though, I came back to the customer and said, “I’m sorry sir—But I can’t read your signature.” With a smile that lit up the world, he replied “It’s Clark Gable, Ma’am!”

—Coral Emerick, Plaza View

EDITOR’S NOTE: During her years in Culver City working at the bank, Coral also met Lionel Barrymore—and Judy Garland, whom she adored. “I handled the loan for the mansion [Miss Garland] built for her mother—contract price \$12,500—the largest we ever had!”

Reporter at Large

By Sanford Kravitz, South Plaza



In early January 1963, I was working in the U.S. Department of Justice as Program Director of The President’s Committee on Juvenile Delinquency. Attorney General Robert Kennedy was Chairman of the Committee. My immediate boss was David Hackett who was Special Assistant to the Attorney General for Juvenile Delinquency.

One evening I received a phone call at home from David who said the Attorney General was going to Syracuse, New York, in the morning to deliver a speech and to open a new Youth Employment Center, and he would like the both of us to go with him.

The following morning, David and I drove out to McLean, Virginia, to the Kennedy home to pick up Mr. Kennedy. The children were all coming down for breakfast and then Mr. Kennedy came down. The oldest of the Kennedy brood was Joseph (I believe he was about twelve years old). His father asked him whether he would like to go with us and he eagerly agreed. The four of us then drove to Dulles Airport where we boarded an Air Force Lear Jet for Syracuse.

When we arrived in Syracuse, members of the host committee told us that they had arranged for Mr. Kennedy to visit two different high schools to address student assemblies. At each school, when Mr. Kennedy went up on the stage to deliver his remarks, he brought Joe up

SHORT TAKES

...continued

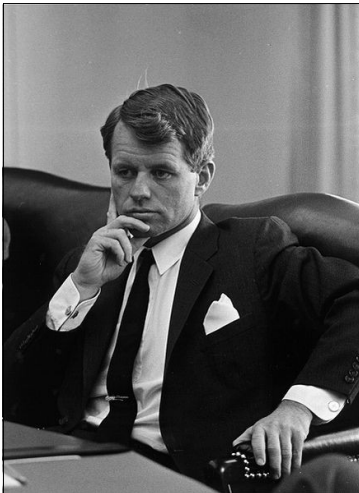
with him to stand by him, and he made the point of introducing Joe to the students.

Following the high school presentations, the four of us went to the Syracuse Hotel, where the luncheon was being held. We went up to a hotel room to freshen up and Mr. Kennedy went into the bathroom, asking Joe to join him. The door was half-open and I was sitting on the bed, so I could see the following:

Robert Kennedy said to young Joe, “Joe, remember when you walk up on a stage, remember to make sure that your fly is zipped”.

The picture that immediately flashed through my mind was from the classic photo book, “The Family of Man”: there can father in Desert son how to and become

Joseph er, went on terms as a from Massa-



Robert “Bobby” Kennedy at the White House, 1964

was the Afri-the Kalahari teaching his throw a spear a hunter.

Kennedy, lat-to serve two Congressman chusetts.

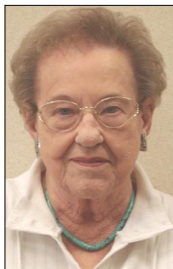


Coral Emerick around the age when she met “Rhett” (below)



Clark Gable, who is remembered for playing Rhett Butler in “Gone With The Wind”

TIMES PAST, BUT NOT FORGOTTEN



What Do You Remember?

By Mildred Bulpitt,
Central Park North

Introduction

The purpose of this column is to gather the collective memories of Beatitudes residents on a variety of subjects. Last month, I introduced our first topic, “Memories of the Home Front during World War II” and wrote about my own experiences. It turns out they were very different from the story told by this month’s contributor, **Ellen McMinn of Central Park North.**

MEMORIES OF THE HOME FRONT DURING WORLD WAR II.

“Pearl Harbor was a wake-up call and change of life for all of us. I was accustomed to not a life of privilege but definitely a carefree place in a secure family. I did not know adversity or even challenge and that was about to change.”

Poet's Corner

Introduction

By Jack Farrell, Volunteer

Amy’s poem of recollect was originally titled “A Conversation With Mother,” a communication of the humanity she felt those two years prior to her writing: the images of the low-flying German bombers and her contradictory feelings of being wing-footed, yet being as small and in descript as an ant, confirm the terror of the images—images that were so significant to the history of World War II, both in London and here, at home.



St. Paul's Cathedral engulfed in smoke from German bombers

Remembering London, 1942

By Amy Taylor, Central Park West

Mother, do you remember how we ran?
The night they bombed the city, near St. Paul's
We rode the underground to Stonebridge Park
Heard the roar of bombers as we stepped outside
Searchlights picked the planes up in their beams
While anti-aircraft guns were booming across the
sewage beds.
Behind an evil shadow roared and swung evading
gunfire
Strafing the roadway as we ran
Bullets danced a jig of death
Upon the road ahead.
You held my hand, I was your small child again
We ran to Mitchell Way
Our feet had wings
Yet felt like ants crawling the face of earth
Small insignificant and weak
While giants raged and thundered in the night.

BACK STORY

This poem was written when the war in Europe was drawing to a close, and Amy was 20 years old, in 1944. At the time of the scene described, she was only 18 years old and living at home (where she would remain until marrying in 1945).

TIMES PAST, BUT NOT FORGOTTEN ...continued

"I was raised in Bisbee, Arizona several miles from the Mexico border. The border was merely a sleepy outpost with no visible security and many people came and went daily without inspection. We often went across the line for jewelry, glassware and shoes (huaraches)."

"This was changed quickly after the Japanese attack. All sorts of rationed things were available. I don't remember canned goods but I remember my mother buying coffee, sugar, and the above mentioned shoes. The sugar was cut with something and my mother had to use about twice as much as the recipe called for. My father was a doctor and wouldn't let us purchase meat as he thought it wasn't safe. Since it was hanging outside shops with flies all over it, I think he was correct."

"Gasoline was no problem as this was also sold in Mexico with no limits. The teenagers all took great advantage of this. Driving early was popular in the small less urban towns."

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**TIMES PAST, BUT NOT
FORGOTTEN ...continued**

“The troop trains came through Bisbee Junction and we all went down to cheer the young soldiers on their way to camps. Bisbee lost its share of young men and in a small town it was particularly devastating.”

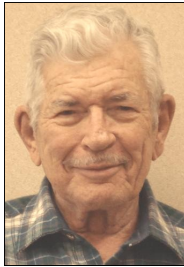
“Life changed greatly in the second half of the war as my father decided to go to Philadelphia and return to school and specialize in ophthalmology. This made many changes in our life not only from a small town to a huge one, but wartime conditions were much more apparent there.”

“We had trouble finding housing for a family of six and moved several times in the two years we were there. New schools became a given then, no questions on my parents part, just do it.”

“I had never played field hockey and it scared me to death. I had never worn snow boots and finding them was almost impossible. We lost our Mexico connection and rationing really began to hurt. When a store had Jello, toilet paper, razor blades,

Continued on page 10

Wartime & Other Tales



By Ole Griffith, South Apartments

Previously in our serial, a mysterious ballet student named Sue appeared at the High School and became Harry’s favorite model. Like his school teacher friends and models—Lu and Miss Lee—she is older, but closer to the age of a graduate student. She claims to be a postulate nun in hiding because her father—a night-club owner in an unnamed city—has witnessed a gang-land killing. She is wealthy, traveled and worldly with no qualms about being sketched as the classic nude (Aphrodite) rising from a sea shell, as published in the December issue. Now, the story resumes.

Excerpts from the Life of an Artist/ Aviator

By Harry “Ray” White

**Condensed and Edited by Mary Louise
King**



PIEDMONT AND PRIVATE “H.R.” WHITE

ON ONE OCCASION toward the end of Sue’s stay, when I was seventeen, she offered to take Lu and me in her brand new Oldsmobile—a birthday gift from her mother, she said—for a trip to Black River. She wanted to test fire a pistol her father had given her for protection, and I knew the perfect place. It was a moss-agate cliff site supporting a magnificent pool of clear river water. Back when my father farmed the adjacent valley, my brothers and I used to go with him to hunt squirrels behind the cliff and fish the pool. (Some nights, in my new

life at the theater, I had taken Lu there for a moonlight swim.) We settled on a picnic lunch from Doney's Restaurant (his nickname "Donkey" was spelled with a "K") and headed out of town. I was driving the car with Lu by my side, and Sue, in the back, hiding her face behind a road map. Earlier in the day, there had been two strangers driving up and down Main Street in a big black Packard, the kind you see in 1920s gangster movies. Sue was afraid of being recognized by them—so scared of being kidnapped that, before the afternoon was over, she promised to rent a room at the boarding house for me if I would be her body guard. I accepted, with Lu's agreement that a decent place for me to live would be a good idea.



*Sue and a Hummingbird
in colors*

THE BLACK PACKARD left town as mysteriously as it had appeared. The car and the men riding in it probably had nothing to do with Sue's fear, but there was no way of telling. I did guard her until the end of the fall semester. She and her mother wouldn't communicate on the telephone on account of eavesdropping operators; they wrote to each other. (Her mother sent letters to Sue addressed to Lu.) When it came time for them to meet, Sue and I drove North at night after closing the theater. Her mother was at the Ironton, Missouri, depot waiting for us when we arrived. Sue's goodbye embrace was like

(Continued on page 8)

WINDOWS



By Mildred Bulpitt,
Central Park North

For a grand total of two cents, our grandparents might have sent postcard greetings much like this one. In 1909-10, the beautiful embossed card would have sold for a penny and been mailed with a one-cent stamp.

Postcards wishing friends a Happy New Year were particularly popular up until about 1915. This card shows a common theme of a young child representing the new year.

Many things have changed since 1910. A card such as this would cost at least 35 cents (more like a dollar) and mailing it would cost 28 cents. A few things remain the same though—little kids in their PJs are cute, and we all wish you a HAPPY 2010!

FUNNIES

By Ellen McMinn, Central Park North

Since the publishing of the first Roadrunner Extra (December 2009), I've been thinking about funny old phrases we used to say from my childhood, and one thing led to another and I kept remembering these comic strips I had read and now miss. Some of them were meant to be funny, some were serious, and some were episodes, like a soap opera. There were spin-offs, like the Schmo and Sadie Hawkin's Day from 'Lil Abner. Dick Tracy's watch-radio was so far-fetched back then; now it is a reality! Some became full fledged comic books, like Archie and His Friends. Some of them were used in many different ways as Bettie Boop was.



My favorites were Rex Morgan, M.D., Mary Worth, 'Lil Abner, and of course...

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Wartime & Other Tales ...continued

being kissed by an angel, and I had a feeling that I would see the girl who had been my Muse again in person or in Dream.

HAVING DRIVEN SUE TO IRONTON in her own car, I railroaded back to Piedmont. Sue had made an advance payment on my room and meals at the boarding house, but I returned to the theater dressing room in the hope of getting her out of my mind. The ballet student and artist's model was at heart a nun, and would certainly return to her order. In any event, my life was not the same without her. I quit my theater job, dropped out of school, stored my art work with Lu, and spent the rest of the winter hunting and trapping wild game in a wilderness county where my Aunt Lulu Botkins lived.

ON MY RETURN TO PIEDMONT, Lu was still there



Mercury and Virgo (Sue), painted from a dream, by Private H.R. White

and the theater owner re-employed me. But I had no desire to go back to school at summer's end. I just wasn't satisfied with the way things were going. My math instructor at the local Hobo Jungle had moved to a more suitable climate, and according to my previous classmates, I was a maverick with no future. Thus, one sweltering Ozark day, some boyhood chums and I were sitting on a store front curb discussing the terrible Depression, and counting unemployed citizens walking the streets, when someone suggested joining the U.S. Army.

MY FRIEND EDWARD WAITES AND I were old enough to sign up with a parent's consent. We railroaded out of Piedmont for Fort Sill, Oklahoma, the only place where there were openings, on account of the economy.

BACK THEN THERE WAS NO BASIC TRAINING; just recruit drill. However, before I learned to step off on the left foot, a notice appeared on the bulletin board for a motion picture projectionist at the Liberty Theater. Thus I pulled the notice and volunteered for the position. I was immediately transferred to the Education and Recreation Department; was provided a room on the second fly-floor of the theater; was paid extra money, and given a new Model "A" Ford Pick-up to drive. A few months later, the Army sent me to Fort Reno, Oklahoma to assist a civilian with the installation of sound movie equipment in the post's theater. By then I was nineteen with about ten months of military service under my belt.

IN ADDITION TO THE GREAT DEPRESSION, the world was in the midst of a cycle in which one could stand ankle deep in Oklahoma and have sand blown in his face. Every other day the top soil of Kansas passed over Oklahoma on its way to visit Texas and the next day the shifting winds blew it back. In other words, the muddy-oil producing land of Oklahoma was in the midst of a



Man on a horse riding hell-bent for leather

feud between two sand-blowing states, bearing cause for folks to "Sooner" set out for California than stay there. That was the climactic condition when I arrived in the Sooner State's Fort Reno at sundown. The only identifiable object I could see through the dust was a man on a horse riding hell-bent for leather, apparently going nowhere. Nevertheless, I followed the phantom rider to a corral, where I saw him dismount and turn his steed over to an attendant to curry and rub down. The bronc rider seemed surprised to see a rather new Ford truck without military paint at the gate.

"WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?" he asked in a drawl that seemed further West than the length of his Oklahoma stride—a drawl more fitting to New Mexico or Grand Canyon country. I explained my mission and asked for a place to eat and spend the night. "Scoot over," he said. "I'll drive you to the mess hall." Those were the only words he spoke until

(Continued on page 10)

FUNNIES ...continued

Maggie and Jiggs and the dog who was nothing but a line drawing.

I have listed a few but I imagine there are many more. Can you add to our list?



What were some of your favorite comic strips?

TIMES PAST, BUT NOT FORGOTTEN ...continued

etc. we all went one by one to try to stock up."

"My brother went into the army and that really brought it all home. Luckily, he returned safely and we moved back to Arizona to live in Phoenix. That was 1946 and a much different life than both Bisbee and Philadelphia."

What Do You Remember?

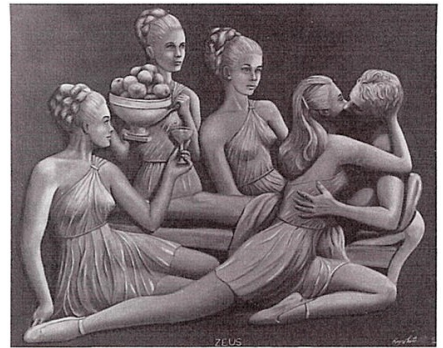
If you would like to contribute your valuable memories, all you have to do is write your memories of the topic posted in *Times Past, But Not Forgotten*, send them to jfarrell@beatitudescampus.org. Your contributions will be posted in future issues.

Wartime & Other Tales ...continued

the Ford was parked in a space reserved for the Adjutant, which established his primary duty and officer status. Yet there wasn't anything military about his duds—not even the spurs he was wearing.

SEATED IN THE MESS HALL were about twenty men at two tables. They were keeping their poker senses honed until payday with match sticks and a pack of worn cards. They also looked as if they had just driven a herd of stock from the range. Judging from the toothpicks between parched lips, they had already been fed. The lean bronc rider introduced me to a stouter man, who was dressed Western from his boots to his clean-shaven chin. "Captain Joe," he said, addressing the card-shuffler, "We have here a deserter with wheels or a boy genius from Sill. Says he's come to install sound movie machines in the theater. Yet he doesn't look old enough to install a handle in a stable broom!"

"LIEUTENANT, I KNOW ABOUT HIM," the Captain replied. "According to advice from Fort Sill, the boy is qualified! And Smith, tell the Mess Sergeant to bring the kitchen in here. We have a V.I.P. who needs to be fed!" "What is a V.I.P.?" I inquired, not having been in the military long enough to know the terminology. "A 'Very Important Person,'" the Captain replied. "I'm a Private; my C.O. at Sill should have told you," I said. Like



Metis and Zeus mural, painted by Private H.R. White for his friend Captain Joe and wife Mary

everyone at Fort Reno, apparently, I wasn't wearing a uniform to designate rank. In my case, there was no time to be fitted for one before being assigned to the theater job. "It doesn't matter," Captain Joe replied. "Anyone qualified to install sound movie equipment is V.I.P. here."

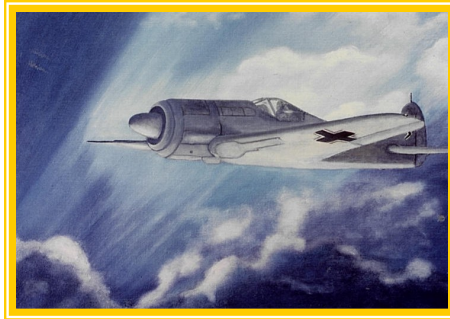
JUST ABOUT THEN, mess personnel began piling food on the table: turkey, ham, dressing, cranberries, mashed potatoes and gravy, vegetables, a pitcher of milk and three kinds of pie. "Who is going to eat all of this?" I asked. "What you can't eat will be fed to the hogs," the Captain answered. "What kind of an Army post is this?" I marveled. "It's a remount station," said Captain Joe. "We break wild horses for the tender butts." Then he went on to explain why the food was so different from Fort Sill's. "The Army is on an allowance. In addition to the regular allowance, we raise almost everything put on the table. These cowboys like to grow things and shoot things between card games and horse-breaking times. It keeps them in shape for rodeo competition." And then I thought of the rodeo money. They could pool the profits for purchasing what they otherwise would have to do without.

IT TURNED OUT that the acoustics in the theater also needed fixing with something applied to the walls called Celetex. It was stocked by any good lumber yard, but it might take an Act of Congress to purchase it. "If it can be found, I can get it," Captain Joe told me. "Rodeo money," I guessed, "No," he countered. "Bartered stock. Those bronc busters have too many hogs." From Fort Reno I learned that there are more ways than one to get a job done in the Army.

I MADE FRIENDS THERE who were interested in my art. Captain Joe offered to try and get me transferred to teach figurative drawing, but I declined, having already enrolled in classes at Fort Sill that would make me eligible for a reserve commission. Before leaving, I did paint a mythological scene for Joe and his wife, Mary—for their fireplace mantel. The theme was Zeus and Metis with a certain Army nurse named May posing as a maid serving wine. They wanted to pay me, but I protested that my government salary was enough. Their pleasure—and the ladies' hugs and kisses at the unveiling—were my reward.

WHAT'S UP WITH HARRY NEXT? HIS ENLISTMENT OVER, IT'S "MY FIRST AIR-PLANE", A FLIGHT TO CALIFORNIA TO PAINT A MERMAID MURAL, AN AERIAL DETOUR TO INDIAN COUNTRY, A HITCHHIKING MODEL, AN ENCOUNTER WITH CHARLES LINDBERG AND MORE—ALL IN OUR FEBRUARY ISSUE!

In Memoriam
Harry “Ray” White
(September 6, 1911-January 5, 2010)



“Heaven Knew Hobo Harry”

We will all miss our friend and member of the Beatitudes Writer’s Group. He had “the right stuff” to be an outstanding test pilot, a fine artist and photographer—and a darn good writer too. But there was something else about Ray that served him well. He had a great sense of humor about life and the telling of it!

Some months ago, I asked to borrow the manuscript of his life story that he always kept with him in a 3-ring leather binder that zipped. It was neatly typed and handsomely illustrated. He thumbed the pages every day, reliving the contents. Would he, or could he part with it, I wondered? Finally, he agreed—I thought, rather reluctantly. “In case of fire,” he instructed, handing it over, “Be sure to save this!”

About three weeks later, having read and edited the manuscript down to size for our newspaper serial, I looked for Ray to return it. There he was, dozing in a chair in the sun outside the Assisted Living entrance, on the Town Plaza side. I was sure that I had tried his patience by taking so long. “Here it is at last!” I said. He stirred, sat up and looked me straight in the eyes. “You might as well keep it,” he answered—rather warily, I thought. “I’m not going to live forever!” (Of course, I didn’t keep it).

Thanks for sharing your memories, Ray—or Harry, as you will!

Mary Louise King