

**LIFE IN THE MARGIN:
The Making of an Activist**

A Memoir

By

Morton Gladstone

CHAPTERS

PROLOGUE - Cracks in the facade - discovering activism

1. MOTHER

2. FATHER

3. BROTHER

4. GRAND CHILDREN

5. SCHOOLING OF AN ACTIVIST - The Teenage Years

6. THE FACADE CRUMBLES - Disbarment

7. CRYSTALLIZATION - Summing up a life's journey

8. MILITARY YEARS: The Army beckons - Draft Board -I'm Available! - Selma Field, Louisiana - Pope Field, , Fort Bragg

9. CBS TV - COAST TO COAST - Operation Overlord - the invasion of Normandy - Breaking radio silence

**10. THE TRIP TO ENGLAND - Capitalism & Piranhas, The Whorehouse in the Sahara
Stars shine. Rivers flow. Men lust - and a 22-year-old captain shall lead**

11. ENGLAND BEFORE THE MISSION - The Air Force hunt for the elusive Snipe

12. MISPLACING THE ROCK OF GIBRALTAR - Right Again.

13. AXIS SALLY'S WARM WELCOME AT WESEL - Paratroopers Turn Pale

14. THE MOVE TO DREUX - Home in France

15. LUNCH WITH GERTRUDE STEIN AND ALICE B. TOKLAS – A rose is a rose

16. THE LIBERATION OF HOLLAND - Patton Runs Out of Gas

17. A CHAPLAIN AT PASSOVER - The First Passover in Free-France - in English, French and Hebrew

18. THE TRIP BACK TO USA - Change of Fortune

19. JACKIE MY LOVE

20. LAW SCHOOL

21. START OF A FAMILY

22. EARLY FATHERHOOD

23. PERSONAL LIFE

24. THE DAILY RAT-RACE

25. ACTIVISM AFTER THE WAR YEARS – Nuremberg, The Humphrey Campaign

26. MY WORLD FEDERALIST YEARS

27. LEXINGTON DEMOCRATIC CLUB - The International Criminal Court

28. LAW OF THE SEA

29. A MARRIAGE MADE IN HEAVEN

30. REGRETS

31. I AM CONTENT

Prologue

Cracks in the Facade: Becoming an Activist

Disillusionment is not necessarily the losing of one's ideals; sometimes the loss of illusions results in the re-framing of a new set of ideals, as well as providing one with the skills and tools to reach these ideals. I have found that this has been the course of my life, and this book captures the journey as I have become an activist working to do what I can to create a better world.

This is the story of some of my Don Quixote activist forays.

Each of my experiences has confronted me with cracks in the facades in areas I had taken as cornerstones of my existence: my family, the military, business, and starting a family of my own. From the cracks I found a new way of envisioning life, both my own life and that of others. Although it may sound grandiose, I have learned to enjoy the task of helping to right wrongs as I see challenges around me.

My experiences as a World Federalist have convinced me that activists will increasingly determine the course of human destiny. The perils, pitfalls and possibilities for citizen action are great and growing. So in addition to reflections on my own personal life experiences in "Life in the Margin," I have also ventured to gather the wisdom of other activists in a World Activist Handbook now online as a service to other activists of all ages everywhere.

Chapter 1

MOTHER

Mother was a proud, elegant woman who lived her later years as a grand dame, as the epitome of what a grand dame is supposed to be. But the exception was basic – most ‘Grand Dames; were born to that position by wealth, by title, by inheritance – but what made Mother different was that she earned the title.

She was born in Rumania and brought to this country at seven. She lived in an overcrowded tenement building one block from Grand Street on the Lower East Side of New York. Her Mother spoke very stilted, awkward English – she spoke mostly Yiddish. At the age of eleven Mom was enrolled in the local sweat-shop manufacturing women’s clothing.

Later, Mom’s mother married again. She married a food converter, who steamed and cured meat and sent the resulting product – pastrami and corned beef to restaurants such as Katz’ Delicatessen.

Sweatshops were exactly what the word connotes. Manufacturers of dresses and other clothing employed underage workers to sew in sub-human conditions and terrible surroundings. My Mom, Rhoda, was under the legal age for such work. Consequently she was hidden when inspectors came to enforce the codes that were supposed to apply to sweatshop labor.

On one occasion when the Triangle Shirtwaist owners were tipped off (for a price) regarding an impending visit by an inspector, Rhoda was locked in a closet because a fifteen year old might raise questions. Many rules were not observed and the safety of the workers was not well respected. A year later the building where Rhoda had been locked in a closet caught fire. It started on the fourth floor. The windows to the fire escapes were kept locked to prevent workers from taking extended breaks on the landings out of the sight of the line supervisors. There were no fire alarms; only when the acrid smoke seeped from the fourth floor onto the other floors did panic strike. The flames, fueled by bolts of material and the wood floors spread almost as fast as the smoke. Women rushed to the windows and finding them locked, headed for the center stairwell already black with deadly smoke. Rhoda, working on the second floor, heard the terrible screams, the sound of

breaking glass and pounding feet before the smoke reached her. She started down the stairs before the bodies of the larger women trampled her to the floor. Somehow, half crawling and half running, she reached the street and fresh air. One hundred and ninety-six died that day. The dreadful event was a political opportunity for Smith and Wagner to spearhead the first legislation upgrading safety laws and working conditions of the sweatshops. In actuality, few changes were made to conform to the new laws – Too costly.

The fire sped Rhoda's decision to move on – she felt she had learned enough about garment manufacturing. At seventeen, she had become very much a woman. She was now five foot seven with a well proportioned body hidden under the loose fitting fashions of the day. She was not likely to become rotund with age as did so many who were somewhat deprived in their youth and later had everything they wanted. Her eyes were hazel, her hair blond, and her lips full, accentuating a pleasant wide smile. Mentally, she had become an exceptionally determined and tough young lady – only her steel gaze, that seemed to go right through a person, gave any hint of her sense of purpose.

I do not know how she fought her way out of her early environment. I remember one story was that she was so competent she was made the assistant manager of the store where she was working. Later, she became the seamstress and model for a small dress shop on Broadway and then when she was twenty she used her savings to open her own dress store nearby. It was an instant success and she moved it from the lower Broadway to 58th and Madison. She eventually married my Father, Milton, a lawyer.

My Mother selected all of the dresses she sold, and modeled them for her important customers who soon included Cobina Wright, Lady Duff Gordon Frazier, Gloria Vanderbilt (mother and daughter) and many other socialites of the time. Those were exciting years. On Saturday I would visit the shop, and while Lady Frazier would be shopping I would take her daughter Brenda or Gloria Vanderbilt, Jr. to Schraffts for their famous chocolate sundaes.

As is normal with upward mobility we moved out of 473 West End Avenue, and moved to the Majestic Apartments at Seventy-Second Street and Central Park West opposite the famous Dakota apartment house – famous for the locale of the film *Rosemary's Baby* and Nuriyev living there. It had so much history and notoriety when you were living there, and prior to these events.

Many, including Madonna, have been turned down in their bid to call it home. This was all of the grandeur and splendor of Riverside Drive, in an era when most of the East Side was thought of as a slum.

I was enrolled in Columbia Grammar and Prep School, the oldest Grammar School in the country, other than Boston Latin, and made friendships there I have kept all these years. This type of school stressed the classics. I had four years of Latin through High School, six years of French. They also had an all day athletic program, starting at 3:00 a.m. and ending at 5:00 p.m.

I did not see my Mother much at all. She had her chauffeur take her to business early in the morning and back home late at night. Of course she worried about me. She would call the school and ask the head of the athletics program to make sure I was wearing a sweater. Of course, he made me stand up in front of the whole school and relayed the message to my embarrassment and the enjoyment of my peer group, who teased me mercilessly. Perhaps this was a turning point for me. Subconsciously I probably felt I had to prove something to myself – and also I wanted my parents' respect and affection.

My Mother was a huge financial success and she worked very hard – six days a week, but I do not remember ever cuddling with her. Until I started third grade I always had a nanny. Even when we went on vacation to Europe the nanny, Miss Mack went with us.

Chapter 2

FATHER

Milton Gladstone was far and away the brightest of the children in his family. At an early age he was able to get a job at the law offices of a judge, who was a friend of Boss Murphy of Tammany Hall. From there he went to work for another lawyer, and completed his studies at Columbia, where he passed the bar exams later, in 1912.

When World War I came about, Milton was given an officer's job to coordinate the expediting of railroad and ship traffic on the East Coast.

He had married a woman named Olga, and found that he was not compatible with her, and perhaps he sensed a future with Rhoda, who was one of his clients. She had opened a store at 605 Madison Avenue at 58th Street.

Milton was an attractive young man, who was gregarious in his approach to people and made friends very easily. He was 5'10" tall, slightly rotund and appeared a bit like Charles Laughton or Milton Berle. He had a pleasant way of looking at you with his grey-blue eyes as if you were a friend of long standing.

His work in the army was so satisfactory that the army later appointed him in 1920 as Chief of Surveys for the army traffic railway service, making him accountable for all goods shipped by the army to New York harbor. He then formed an organization called the Department Surveys for the Port of New York, and landed himself the title of Counsel and Vice President of Condit Transportation, which was the major barge scow company in the harbor. He became successful quickly and had very important clients.

My father had a pattern of doing things in an intelligent, organized manner, which included buying a 16 grave plot in a cemetery called Mount Hebron, which overlooked New York City and the Grand Central Parkway, and later, the World's Fair (in 1964).

Somewhere along the line he acquired a taste for fine art and started building up a collection, which included some Raeburns, a Gainsborough, a Rubens,

and one picture we always thought might be a Vermeer. These were, of course, given to his wife, Rhoda, while he continued to spend his income on expensive apartments, which eventually included our apartment at the Majestic with eight rooms and a solarium overlooking Central Park.

He dressed beautifully, as if to the manner born. He found a custom tailor who had a franchise at the very fine Saks men's store. The name was Wetzel and it was the Wetzel store, which really consisted of a couple of rooms. Mr. Wetzel would bring rolls of cloth in from England and his customers would select the fabrics they wanted for their suits. Mr. Wetzel would then tailor top quality suits for his clients. My father always looked very much the gentleman; he lived the part, or tried to.

He was known in the best restaurants in New York as a very good tipper, and would always get a table when he wanted one or when he wanted his friends to have one. He liked to go to good restaurants and it was an event when he arrived; even the top sommeliers would rush out. To say that all of this was a façade would not be true; he earned his money and the respect he was shown by his abilities. (For example, on one deal in Florida, he earned a million dollar commission for putting a \$25 million project together.)

In 1933 the National Industrial Recovery Act (NIRA) declared that workers had the right to organize without interference from their employers and the US government asked Milton, without compensation, to oversee some of the industries covered. Although a year later the Supreme Court declared major aspects of the Act unconstitutional, some of its provisions were preserved and the unions already formed became the basis of the industrial union movement.

At the request of New York State, my father became the New York State Chairman of Service Industries. As he became busier and busier, he couldn't continue to take pro bono work, and he founded a five man law firm to handle his clients. For example, the Keystone Rubber Company, which is a chain operation of bumper and tire shops became one of his clients, and he took a firm called Straus du Parquet, one of the largest kitchen equipment companies, as another client.

On the side, as pro bono work, he became President of the Grant Street Boys and a member of the Forty and Eight army honor group, which represented officers and worked to help meet army requirements and needs. Over 500

politicians, judges, and lawyers, attended the dinner held to celebrate his election. Another sideline was participating in the formation, with Adolf Berle and Nathan Straus, of the Liberal Party of the City of New York.

My father was an outstanding person who made an impression every time he walked into a room. People would turn and comment, especially when he was accompanied by his beautiful wife. However, the charm and grace displayed did not include being totally faithful to his wife. This became apparent when my mother found out that his trips to Germany for a heart cure always ended up in Paris. More than medical treatment was involved. To say that he was a playboy, or that he loved the good life, is true – and often my mother was able to live with these facts. However when my brother followed my father to the Madison Hotel from his office, for what reason or suspicion I don't know, and confronted my father as he left the hotel and later told my mother and me about the situation, it was clear that my mother would not accept such behavior. She was a very proud woman. After that they broke up and moved apart. This was at the time they sold the house due to an unfair, but serious legal scandal which prevented my father from practicing law. Eventually my parents got together again, but by that time, the legal scandal had had its toll on my life and on the family.

About the same time as the house was sold, my mother was diagnosed with tuberculosis and moved to a sanitarium at Lake Placid, New York, for the cure. Part of the cure was a treatment called pneumothorax, where they collapse one of the lungs. During this time, they lived on whatever income my mother had from her business, and they barely made a go of it. .

The case against my father kept him from his law practice even though it was eventually judged to have been a miss-trial. At the time my father was disbarred in a federal court. This was very upsetting to the life of our family. Years later, when he was 79, the courts determined that he should not have been disbarred. The charge that he had made a deal with another lawyer to settle a case without client approval was eventually deemed to be untrue. The case involved a large hotel, the Governor Clinton, and a very large barbershop on the premises. The presiding judge was Robert Patterson, who referred the case to a referee, Philip Wolsey, who was the judge in the famous Ulysses case. Judge Patterson, who later became Secretary of War, felt that there was definitely a kickback arrangement where my dad would be getting some of proceeds. However, this was somewhat unbelievable in that my father's legal fee in the case was much more lucrative than the

alleged illegal kickback.

I remember that the lawyers on both sides went up to Framingham, Mass, to an abandoned primary school to try the case. The text of the case contained many pages of testimony, perhaps three hundred. Judge Patterson reversed his own referee in 24 hours, which indicated that he either had not read the material or that he had predetermined the decision before reading the material. The case was extensively covered in the press, but probably not fairly covered; the coverage was more about the personalities involved than about justice. Walter Winchell noted in a column, "Only Postmaster Jim Farley knows more people by their first names than the attorney Milton Gladstone."

Be that as it may, at a critical period of my life and our family life Dad was not permitted to practice law. And at the same time Mother had to go to a sanitarium to be treated for tuberculosis. This was very upsetting and I determined not to finish law school primarily because my fiancé's mother, who was a judge, said that such a disgrace would affect my career, even though I had nothing to do with the case itself..

Dad had friends who helped him with business matters that he could help negotiate ... not practicing law, but giving business advice. He kept doing that for a while, and was able to make a small income.

He kept going in that way until when he was 79 it was found that one of the judges in the case had known that an offer had not in fact been made to my father, who therefore was not guilty of anything unethical. He came to my father and said, "You were badly represented," and suggested that he should start an effort for reinstatement. That effort went on for a couple of years.

During this period my father was involved with making a moving picture, a revival of a famous movie called "M," originally written and directed by Fritz Lang. This did not turn out to be a success, but he did get a little income from it, as he put it together. Then, at 79, my father was reinstated, and returned to working as a lawyer.

Our art collection had gone very quickly when dad and mom had to sell it, picture by picture, in order to keep solvent and able to live. The pictures were sold to a lot of his clients, one at a time, and I, in some cases, ended up delivering them.

Milton Gladstone was an exciting person, who lived an exciting life. He was the father of whom I should have been proud, but given some of the personal things he did, and the legal disgrace he suffered unfairly, it is difficult to say that I respected him very much, or as much as I probably should have done. However, one can say that clearly he did not have a boring life. He was an exciting person, from his very beginnings to the end, and those who knew him found it difficult to forget him.

.

Chapter 3

BROTHER

I am proud of my brother, Julian, who is 15-minutes and three-years younger.

He was a navigator and pilot in the Air-force for 16 years.

He graduated Wharton School and went into motion picture production in Mexico and Hollywood and finished up with Columbia Pictures.

From Columbia he joined his uncle in the millinery manufacturing business in Canada and then helped create the largest wholesale hardware business in the country.

He returned to the US to manage Lewis and Conger, the outstanding international house-ware firm - then joined Montgomery Ward. From there he used his managerial experience in the retail field as manager of various large chains.

He started a management consultancy and wrote an autobiography about his experience, "Never Climbed His Mountain."

For many years he bred Boxers, some winning international championships.

Chapter Four

GRAND CHILDREN

I am sorry that I did not spend more time with my grand children as they grew up.

But I am proud of them.

Sarah is 15 and attends Sacred Hearts in NYC. Her brother Matthew is 19 and attended Browning and Regis and is now at Columbia, and the other grand children - Jessica (13) is a good student, as is her brother, Solomon who is 16.

Chapter Five

The Teen-Age Years

As is normal with upward mobility we moved out of 473 West End Avenue, and moved to the Majestic Apartments at Seventy-Second Street and Central Park West opposite the famous Dakota apartment house – famous as the locale of the film *Rosemary's Baby* and for the fact that Rudolf Nureyev was living there. It had a great deal of history and notoriety when we were living there, and also prior to these events. Many, including Madonna, have been turned down in their bid to call it home. It had all of the grandeur and splendor of Riverside Drive in an era when the East Side was mostly considered a slum.

I was enrolled in Columbia Grammar and Prep School, the oldest Grammar School in the country, other than Boston Latin, and made friendships there I have kept all these years. This type of school stressed the classics. I had four years of Latin through High School and six years of French. They also had an all day athletic program, starting at 3:00 a.m. and ending at 5:00 p.m.

I did not see my Mother much at all. She had her chauffeur take her to business early in the morning, and came home late at night. Of course she worried about me. She would call the school and ask the head of the athletics program to make sure I was wearing a sweater. Of course, he made me stand up in front of the whole school and relayed the message to my embarrassment and the enjoyment of my peer group, who teased me mercilessly. Perhaps this was a turning point for me – subconsciously I had to prove something to myself – and also I wanted my parents' respect and affection.

My Mother was a huge financial success and she worked very hard – six days a week, but I do not remember ever cuddling with her. Until I started third grade I always had a nanny. Even when we went on vacation to Europe the nanny, Miss Mack came with us.

Across 72nd Street loomed the fortress-like Dakota built years before. To visit a tenant in the Dakota a visitor was first directed under the building into a circular driveway to the entrance of the appropriate elevator where a doorman called up to verify that the visitor was expected. The exterior walls were six feet thick and the ceilings in the apartments averaged twelve feet in height, some apartments occupying two floors. Milton, naturally, had friends living there – including Mike Merkin, a successful paint manufacturer. Many years

later, John and Yoko Lennon made it their home, and it was where John was gunned down. The Majestic was also the home of Frank Costello, the Mafia Don. Milton didn't learn of that fact until a would-be assassin tried to pick off Costello as he was entering his stretch limousine, but shot a doorman in error.) .

My Mother bought most of the furnishings in the apartment and the opulence seemed to be less a reflection of my father's taste than of his checkbook.

By 1935 they possessed a Gainsborough, a Rembrandt, a Reynolds, a Raeburn, a Shee, a Romney and other paintings including a Vermeer, a Rubens, and a de Grebber as well as many lesser artists. Furnishings included original furniture pieces from the Louis XV and Louis XVI periods; jades, screens and porcelains from China plus a few Chippendale pieces. For the dining room exquisite Gorham and Sheffield sterling pieces were used, while carpets were Barak and Royal Sarouk. A home fit for nobility.

I remember on one occasion Sir Charles Mendl was invited to our apartment on a day that there was an elevator strike. Instead of canceling he walked up the twelve flights of stairs. Sir Charles was a good friend of my Father and was married to the illustrious decorator of the time, Elsie De Wolfe who had helped with the furnishing of our apartment.

Chapter Six

THE FAÇADE CRUMBLES

Disbarment

From 1937 to 1951 we lived in Larchmont – an affluent town, in reality a village, in Westchester County, built by Mr. Moody, known for his English Tudor authentic touches, simulated dowels in the exposed beams, rough stucco finish. The house, itself, dominates a terraced hill. From the street below a stone stairway leads upwards, between rock gardens, to the first landing where one encounters a road emanating from a four-car garage situated at the side and at a lower level than the house, looping around to the front of the house before terminating on a public road. From the private-road landing another set of stone stairs ends at the main entrance, while four tall Blue Spruces act as sentries below and above the road's landing. The first ten feet of the building's walls are of three-foot-thick fitted stone; above redwood beams in the Tudor style diagonally intersect a brick façade; the roof is of slate, the windows leaded. On the first floor to the right of the large foyer a huge sunken living room dwarfs the William Knabe Ampico grand piano; the living room leads into a large window-enclosed solarium. On the left of the foyer is the dining room adjacent to a study with built-in bookshelves and another fireplace – there were four in all. Also next to the dining are an oval breakfast-nook and a pantry complete with a dumbwaiter that descends to the basement rumpus room. The pantry connects to the kitchen and to a pottery room- whose sole purpose is preparing flower displays from the garden. A rear stairway for the servants leads to the second and third floors and to the basement. The second floor consists of five bedrooms including a large master bedroom, and three bathrooms. The top floor has two bedrooms for the servants and a storage room for steamer trunks and whatever. The basement, leading to the garage, includes two laundry rooms and a large rumpus room with a fireplace for entertaining. Facing the rumpus room is a built-in bar, behind which, a door leads to the wine cellar.

The gardens had won the Herald Tribune Small Estates Award for

outstanding garden design, the year before we moved in. The Oberlanders had built it about the time of the Great Depression, and being childless had lavished their love and creativity on settings of various colored azaleas set around benches among the trees, on rock gardens, and on formal gardens. The hillside, along Rockland as it went down the hill, had many trees and was basically uncultivated and wild – yet here there was Mountain Laurel and Tiger Lilies. We had found a file of bills for the construction of the house – it had cost \$1,200,000. to build, we had paid \$300,000. Almost two years later we sold it for \$60,000.

My Father had quite a collection of Fine Art. Some of the artwork came from his work as Attorney for the Art Dealers Association of America – some he bought. A Gainsborough graced the dining room, the large foyer had a Romney, Martin Shee, Pedrini, the living room a Raeburn and a Romney. The playroom/porch a Maclet, and a self-portrait by Joshua Reynolds. One dinner in this showcase is especially vivid in my memory these many years later. Our guests included Carlos Novoa, the President of the Bank of Mexico and his wife, Pepe Gomez, Secretary of Commerce and his Austrian wife, Sebastian Armaniaris, the so called silver king and his wife. My Father's entrée to this group was Michael Cardenas, a lawyer who had recently been widowed, with his date Maria Jeritza, the famous Lieder singer who was also present.

My Mother sat at one end of the room next to the butler's pantry, and I to her right. My Father held forth at the other end of the table with his inimitable charm. He was a handsome man, with clean cut features, slightly paunchy, but always dressed carefully, exquisitely and expensively. His blue/grey eyes seemed to bore into yours when he talked – his ability to impress was based on his ability to listen, and weigh with importance your words; to seem to care. He was a marvelous raconteur in good taste with his humor. He was always a presence, no matter the company.

As far as I was concerned some of our ego conflict was his effort (perhaps unwittingly) to take over my life. For example: I had an exciting Army life. He would say "Son, tell us the story of ... you know... when you..." and proceed to tell my story perhaps better than I could.

Dinner was served by our Finnish butler – his wife was the cook. They lived in their own separate apartment on the third floor. Dinner that night was prepared exquisitely and imaginatively.

The men seemed to take over the conversation which was stimulating and interesting. As they talked I noticed the butler whispering to my mother, who apologized and left the table, and went to the back door, where I saw our gardener speaking and gesturing wildly to her. Ten minutes later she returned and sat down quietly. I watched a tear run down her cheek. My Father's check for the gardener's monthly salary had bounced – for the second time.

The Gainsborough was pawned to Serge Rubinstein, the financier, for six months' mortgage costs. John Kadel, a lawyer friend of my Father also loaned us mortgage money six months after that. I personally drove the Romney to his house as collateral. We never saw the painting again. The house is still there. I drive by it occasionally. I have even driven into the driveway and parked for ten minutes.

I later quite Columbia Law School. This was perhaps the single most serious mistake in my life. Dean Smith of Columbia Law had told us that the law profession was so crowded, that unless we had a law firm to join upon graduation, we could end up in the FBI.

Chapter Seven

Crystallization - *Summing Up a Life's Journey*

How does one understand the fragments of a life as a coherent whole? I know that under certain conditions formless material can suddenly turn into crystals, suddenly taking on shape and clarity. For me, that moment arrived when I participated in a coast to coast television program focusing on the Normandy invasion.

At that moment, the various aspects of my life, which had sometimes felt like a disjointed jumble of events, suddenly lined up. I could see how all the pieces had brought me to where I was, and more importantly, where I could, and should be going.

Developing a purposeful life is the work of many years—in fact it takes a lifetime. Activism to bring ones life work to bear on issues that can affect the lives of millions of people by inspiring myself and colleagues into vigorous advocacy regarding some major concern of our time has become my deepest focus and orientation, as well as a major source of satisfaction in my life.

However my path arriving at this clear focus has been circuitous and sometimes tortured. Born with a silver spoon in my mouth, the spoon later melted and left me scorched. As a result, love came and disappeared before I had a chance to savor its fruition. This and other experiences challenged me and taught me sufficient patience and compassion to understand the difficulties of others, and gave me some of the skills needed to be a successful activist.

I was located at the very center of the Normandy invasion during World War II. Seeing battle up close gave me a fuller realization of the importance of individuals in determining outcomes. The capacity and willingness of individuals to take responsibility could make a real difference. This awareness led me to notice that it is possible for people to find alternative approaches to problems in ways that might help people, individually and collectively, without causing any significant harm in the process. Because I was concerned about my

experiences from the Second World War, I was especially interested in finding solutions to tensions without the violence of war. I was especially attracted to ideas that suggested that it might be possible to address international tensions and conflict without war.

My experience in business gave me additional understanding of the role of ambition and greed in moving people forward; it also gave me an appreciation for the skills necessary to make an enterprise or a project succeed.

I have been blessed and cursed, blessed by the accident of being thrown into some of the major historical events and arenas of my time, and cursed by other experiences that led to personal failures followed by personal growth.

What I have learned has given me an ambition and an ability to persevere, tackling tasks that many would view as hopeless, and at least some ability to apply my vision and energy to promote ideas that can help create preconditions for a world without war. This I came to believe can be done by transforming some of the world institutions that exist into institutions that would be more respected and more fully adequate for a peaceful and relatively just and prosperous world.

This book reports my journey with its many obstacles, and it celebrates the possibilities of a life of purposeful activism designed to serve the common good.

Chapter Eight

The Military Years:

I'm Available!

Selma Field, Louisiana - Pope Field, Fort Bragg

After I had the very stringent required psychological testing at Nashville, we went to Selma Field, Louisiana which was a cadet training center. We were all at the same level, all being air cadets. We were trained by officers who were experts in their field, taught details of meteorology and weather reporting. We were given a course in celestial navigation. In effect we were trained in a six-week period to be navigators in the U.S. Air Force. One feature of cadet school which I was not accustomed to was the demanding athletic program. We would run for miles each day and end up at a soccer field where we played soccer for an hour and half. An episode that I remember distinctly early in my training was running in formation to the athletic fields. Very frankly, I just felt I couldn't keep up. The minute I saw the officer who was bringing up the rear of the formation look the other way, I ducked behind a building and went back to bed, where I showered and decided to take a nap. At this point the officer of the day walked in and told me that I was out of uniform, and being a wise guy New Yorker, I replied, "Sir, I am wearing the uniform of the activity in which I am involved, namely sleeping". He laughed and said "Well, that is funny but I am going to have to give you two weeks of kitchen police, I hope you enjoy it, so keep up the humor". For two weeks I peeled potatoes, cut onions, cleaned up the latrines and other tortures, which I was not used to. Nonetheless it was one way to become acclimated to military life. I certainly did not step over that line again.

One of the training missions we took was to Dallas Texas, I had a lot of trouble with celestial navigation because I wore glasses at the time and I found that the eye piece of the sextant with which we took our star shots

kept bouncing against the round glass astrodome so that my aerial shots of the stars did not come true. In the midst of my check up flight I realized that I wasn't doing very well and just hoped that some break would come my way. About forty minutes later peering out of the astrodome I saw a lot of lights to the left and front, which had to be Dallas. I guessed at my air speed and came out with a mathematical equation that we would be entering Dallas Airport in fifteen minutes, and that we were flying about forty degrees to the right. To my pure happiness it turned out I was correct, and I was able to graduate navigation school.

After we graduated as air cadets we went with the squadron to Poke Field, Fort Bragg, where we were trained for both night and day operations as well as how to work with gliders and paratroopers. Our 100th Airborne division trained all the time with the 101st Airborne Division, which was stationed nearby at Camp Mackall. Training days were so long and combined with night missions that sometimes I just slept in a plane and didn't even return to the barracks. In August 1943 the squadron was assigned to participate on temporary duty in the final week of training for a class a paratroopers going through the Fort Benning School. Ten planes and crews from the squadron were sent over to Fort Benning for the second week of August. During the Monday to Friday period the entire class of 1200 paratroop students completed their qualifications, making nearly 6,000 jumps from the aircraft of the 100th squadron. This training was continuous including athletics, exercising, practice with carbines, pistols, machine guns and work on a course of hazards - jumping over fences, climbing over rocks and doing a lot of things I had certainly never experienced before. As luck would have it I never had to use any of this after my training. But the Air Force in its wisdom prepared us in the most extensive and the most exhausting way.

It was after that that we were ordered overseas. We took the flight to England. Due to the fact that our planes did not have very much gasoline capacity, the trip was taken in short stages and we sometimes used the gas tanks that were in our cabin to refuel.

Chapter Nine

CBS TV - Coast to Coast

Operation Overlord on The Invasion of Normandy

In 1994 I was asked by CBS TV News to go on a program called 'Operation Overlord', which was a commemoration of the 50th anniversary of the Allied landing in Normandy of 1944.

The plan of the invasion was to drop two divisions of paratroopers behind German lines to start to soften the fortifications and the resistance of the Germans who were primarily on the beaches facing an invasion of landing craft from the sea. In fact these landings were scheduled to follow the paratroop drops by several hours. The idea was to deliver a two-part set of attacks: one surprise attack from the air with paratroopers, followed by the expected attack from the sea.

The next day we flew gliders in. Our mission that night was to fly from England carrying the 101st Airborne and the 82nd Airborne divisions. This group was called the First Airborne Army. We flew from England across the English Channel between the Jersey and Guernsey Islands off the coast of Normandy, moving eastward between the islands and heading toward a famous landmark, called Omaha Beach, to drop our paratroops.

As the lead navigator of 800 aircraft, I had been trained for a particular job—to push a red button four minutes out, signaling my paratroopers to stand and hook onto a cable that ran the length of the cabin and to then stand up in the plane and get inside the astrodome and wave a red lantern signaling to the other 8 planes in our squadron that we were four minutes away from our destination.

At the very moment I started to execute this procedure, the Colonel began screaming at me. I noticed that he was flying co-pilot, not pilot so he was on the right side of the plane hiding under the dashboard. He was screaming at me “Get down from there you fool, can’t you see that they’re shooting at you”. I replied “Colonel, this is what I’ve been trained to do”. “Get down from there or I will court martial you” he yelled, and in fact he had the right to take out his gun and shoot me, because I then disobeyed his order. I knew I was right; I couldn’t understand his order; I knew I had to do what I was trained to do. Some have said there was a very important difference between the German and the American soldier during World War II: the American soldier had the ability to not blindly follow orders.

Four minutes after pushing the red button and waving the red lantern I pushed a green button and the first paratroopers dropped over France. We then flew north; it was still quite dark. As we flew over the coasts of the Channel we saw phosphorescence as far as the eye could see and as we went north there were lines of boats and landing craft, and further north we saw large US and British battle ships with pink flames coming from the muzzles of their big guns as they shot over the landing craft on to the beaches. We turned west and went back to England for breakfast. Upon landing I learned that my best friend, flying off my left wing had been shot down. Obviously the German guns were aiming at my plane which was the lead plane, but not one bullet had hit us.

The following day we flew gliders into Normandy very slowly, repeating our journey of the day before. Machine gun bullets went through our wing. I got into the open doorway of our transport plane, which didn’t have machine guns, tarots or positions. I sat in the open doorway with a machine gun and shot back. I said to myself “This is ridiculous, I am trying to kill someone I don’t know, and he is trying to kill me”. No further shots came to the plane and we got back home to England. This is the story I told on CBS-TV, just a part, because there is more to it. The Colonel later received the Distinguished Flying Cross for Leading the Invasion of Normandy and I received the Air Medal. The story didn’t end there. Fifteen years later I met Dr. Tony Siska who I’d learned was dying of leukemia at Portchester Hospital. I asked if there was anything I could do, or would he like to talk a little. He said no. I asked him about what happened to me on D-Day and began to explain, but he cut me off. “Don’t tell me – I’ve been living with that for fifteen years and almost had a nervous breakdown because of it”. I said to him, “Dr. Siska you don’t know what I am talking about. It was a

direct order from the Colonel which I disobeyed and I would like to know what happened that night. He explained “The real story was the Colonel had a 104½ fever. I should have grounded him and instructed him “Mr. Colonel, pick yourself a substitute because in no way can I allow a flying officer with a 104½ fever to fly an aircraft let alone lead the invasion. Dr. Siska went on “He begged me to let him fly saying that these were his boys going into combat for the first time and would I please make an exception. I can never forgive myself for this”.

And so the Invasion of Normandy was lead by someone with a 104½ fever and a navigator who had had trouble at navigation school due to his glasses. As I sat in the tall chair at the CBS-TV studio in New York and we listened to five hours of speeches, including one by President Clinton and a marvelous speech by Walter Cronkite, I said to myself “How did I get to this position? Why was I explaining my D Day experiences in a TV studio talking coast to coast on national TV?”

A month or so before the invasion, we were practicing take off and landing and flying in formation. There are many airfields all over England and we (the US Air Force) had planes in each one of these fields. The idea of having 800 planes form in formation was often a very difficult maneuver because we were practicing for night time action. It took a lot of work and training and we were able to do it. At one time I noticed a strange new plane arriving in our midst and a young man from another Squadron was assigned to it. This was to be a path finding plane with Radar equipment, which was a new British invention used first in WW II. It was in the belly extending down from the plane. We were to form a formation to follow him toward the east coast. At this time the German Airforce had airplanes and pursuit planes and bombers and I noticed our pathfinder was leading us over the coast, further and further over the channel. Then it dawned on me that he didn't know what he was doing as he was not looking out of the window but doing it all via instrument and radar. I asked my pilot to break radio silence, which he did. Our entire group then turned around and headed for home. This was not our assigned program. We just had to help the pathfinder and its pilot find the edge of the space in which we could practice.

Chapter Ten

THE TRIP TO ENGLAND

Capitalism and Piranhas - The Whorehouse in the Sahara - Stars shine. Rivers flow. Men lust - and a 22-year-old captain shall lead them...

On October 6, 1943 my flight Group received a special order to prepare for deployment to the England. We were given the following schedule for the trip:

23 October Morrison Field, Florida to Borinquen Field Puerto Rico

23 October Borinquen Field to Atkinson Field, Trinidad

26 October Atkinson Field to Zandrey Field, Dutch Guyana

27 October Zandrey Field to Belem Field, Brazil

28 October Belem, Brazil to Natal, Brazil

30 October Natal, Brazil to Ascension Island

31 October Ascension Island to Roberts Field, Liberia

1 November Roberts Field to Eknes Field, French Senegal

2 November Tindout to Marrakech, Morocco

3 November Marrakech to St. Mawgan, England

(Two parts of the schedule were adjusted due to weather conditions.)

.

I remember Roberts Field, Liberia as a welcome way-stop after an extended exposure to aeronautical geography.

We had left Fort Wayne, Indiana with our full squadron of thirteen planes, supply personnel and officers, mechanics, cooks, glider pilots, and our flying officers. Henry Osner, an ex Eastern Airlines Command pilot was our Commanding Officer. The first stop was an air base in Puerto Rico, then overnight to Belem, Brazil, and then a boring flight to the Ascension Island—boring particularly for me as squadron navigator since the only celestial fix I could make was a Sun line, which I found uncertain. Amelia Earhart had tried to find the same island, and, it is assumed, was navigating by a Sun line when she lost her bearings and turning beyond the island. In our case, thanks to the radio directional signals which our pilot, Major Henry Osner, used exclusively, we got there..

Ascension Island was bleak, stony faced, forbidding, and craggy. For the air-base crew who lived there the isolation of living on a dot in the middle of the Atlantic must have been duty beyond the call of duty. From there we flew to Roberts Field, on the west coast of Africa. The French Caravels could fly to England from the United States in six hours, but the Douglas DC-3 had a very short range, even though we had extra gas tanks in the cabin, so we had to make all the stops on our schedule to refuel..

We never did see the city of Monrovia, which is near the airport, but at the suggestion of a local Liberian, eight of us undertook to visit a nearby small town, crossing a fast moving, narrow stream that separated the Army Airfield from the town. We crossed in a canoe and after a short tour of the village, we decided to leave our friendly escorts who then insisted on \$10.00 from each American for the trip back. We demurred vehemently and said we might swim back, at which suggestion one of our guides threw a piece of rar meat into the stream, which was instantly decimated by piranha. Later Liberia became one of the more prosperous African countries—perhaps their practice of capitalism started on the banks of this little stream..

From Roberts Field, our next step, going north, was to be Marrakech in French Morocco, requiring a flight over the Sahara, and then the Atlas Mountains. Major Henry was in touch with the weather department in Morocco and half way on our flight he came back to my navigator's desk and said "There is a storm over the Atlas Mountains." He said "You've got to find an alternate landing field." "Yes sir!" I replied. The only one I could find was Tindouf, an oasis in the middle of the Sahara Desert whose center consisted of barracks and native houses. It was the home of the Camel Corp of the French Foreign Legion. It was also the locale of the WW1 classic war story "Beau Geste: a favorite Gary Cooper film that replays at the Museum of Modern Art in New York..

The airfield was managed by three army/air force personnel who had a jeep, a command car and a truck and a radio. The French soldiers were off on maneuvers. When we landed Major Osmer, the commanding officer, severely warned us not to get involved with the brothel in the town..

Two other officers and I decided to explore the town and as we walked we met a French officer who turned out to be the local doctor and the only officer on the base. His name was Jean Luc. He represented the U.S. Army

as well as the Free French Government.

My high school French proved to be some help, but I was not able to make him understand that my navigator emblem was not a sign of Caduceus and that I was not a doctor. Assuming that I was, he took us into the clinic and I stood by while he examined vaginally ten local young women for disease while offering me a forceps in case I wanted to join him in his work. I demurred graciously. Jean Luc then invited us to join him and the young women for tea. This was served in a small courtyard guarded by iron gates and a tall native gendarme armed with a long scimitar. The women offered us mint tea. The doctor said it was a courtesy for each of us to sip from the cup as it was poured and passed around. The young women were dressed in colorful long costumes, and sang to the beat of a small drum and did native dances representing a moth and a bird. It was very refined and dignified until the doctor said we could take any of the women into the nearby house, and there would be no charge, in that we should consider ourselves the guests of the French Government. When his information was translated to the other officers, all cups of tea held by them were carefully returned to their saucers and we politely took our leave, not forgetting as we left to invite the doctor to an old Laura and Hardy movie that was to be shown that evening in the open near the airstrip and the U.S. Army Air Force Building. When the movie was shown the local Arab population attended as did Dr. Jean Luc..

That night the sky was dark blue—I've heard it described as Sahara Blue—and one could see for miles. To the west I could see a building. I found out later that this was the mosque of the Dead. Vultures circled above it. While the movie played, Jean Luc came over and I introduced him to Major Osmer. He invited the Major and me to go gazelle hunting the next day in our jeep. The Major declined and told him we would be leaving. He then asked the Major if he would like to go to a dance. I translated this as a dance in our honor given by the French Government. Without too much hesitation Major Henry put Jean Luc, the operations officer and the communications officer and me into the command car and off we went..

The building we arrived at had two stories and no outside windows. As we entered we noticed a large central courtyard, surrounded by a balcony, and many doors facing in on both levels. We were ushered into a large room in the corner of the building. There were no chairs, but there were numerous carpets, built up and layered to different heights at the walls so we could sit and lounge in comfort. An elderly woman greeted us "Please sit." Then the

young women who had been at the tea part came in and proceeded with erotic dances, which became more explicit as the room seemed to warm up. Suddenly I realized that we were in the local whorehouse that Major Osmer had specifically told us to avoid after we disembarked, and he had also warned us that he would court marshal anyone of his men found in it.

Major Osmer was silent, but gave me and the other officers quizzical looks when the young women sought us out and tried to sit in our laps and fondle us. Finally, I felt Major Osmer was in the spirit of the surroundings when the girls singled out Wily Troy, our communications officer, and tried to undress him. However they were having trouble undoing his Sam Brown belt when the First Sergeant and quite a few enlisted men entered. They had taken the truck and ended up in the same spot. The First Sergeant came to a rigid position of attention on seeing the Major and saluted him. The Major returned the salute. I made a small speech in French thanking Jean Luc and the Arab Madam, and passed my hat around for contributions.

At the briefing in Marrakech for our last non-stop flight to England we were told that each plane would fly separately, not in a group of thirteen planes again because there was noticeable action by German night fighters, FW 190s. Since our planes were unarmed transport (Douglas DC-3) planes, they would have had a field day if they had found the thirteen of us flying in formation.

The trip was mapped as a 45 degree left turn from Morocco to a right turn due north passing the coast of Spain and France, then a right turn into England. All of this be celestial navigation, at night and without radios. In navigation school at Monroe , Louisiana I had trouble with the celestial reading as my glasses kept the sextant bouncing against the glass navigation bubble. In my final test trip to Dallas, my celestial fix of three stars went awry. I had glimpsed the lights of Dallas off our left wing in the distance, so I worked my calculations backward to achieve the final result, which I had guessed correctly. So I was able to reach Dallas on the estimated time of arrival I projected and on course. And they graduated me. At the briefing the meteorological officers analyzed our course, projecting the winds aloft. Projection is the key word, because the accuracy was based on current information from balloons aloft, other aircraft, from the pressure system and other scientific tools. They projected a westerly wind blowing from the east to the west, and they were very, very wrong, with resultant loss of life.

I noticed that Major Henry had copied down the projected flight plan when I did so, and I felt sure he believed I hadn't seen him do it. The flight plan merely suggested the first heading, and when to turn, and then the next due north heading and the next time of turn. My first 3-star celestial fix was a disaster. The three position lines are supposed to cross to form a small triangle on the navigation map. The center of my first fix put me one hundred miles into the European mainland, over central Spain instead of the sea. I almost panicked a little while later when the Major called to me asking "When do we turn?" How the hell did I know: But on the other hand he didn't know either. He, the experienced command pilot, having flown thousands of hours with Eastern Airline, was relying not on a radio's beam, but on a twenty-one year old 2nd Lieutenant four months out of school. I he didn't know, I was safe to bluff a little.

We were supposed to turn on a heading of 356 degrees at 3:05 a.m. and I knew he had a copy of the plan. So I told him to turn to a heading of 354 degrees at 3:08 a.m. figuring that if I had called back exactly the figures he had written down, he would be alerted to the fact that I did not know where we were. A short while after the turn he came back to my little cabin and asked if he could watch my next fix. Cold shivers of fear coursed down my back. I was sure I would mess up the next one also. So rather than having him look down my neck I asked him to help. I handed him my Hamilton watch, and asked him to time for three minutes each of my shots. Then I carefully checked some simple little math equations two to three times. The information we used was in reference books about azimuths and positions of the stars according to Greenwich Mean Time. We carried those books with us on celestial trips in foot lockers with adjustable sky maps to identify the stars which we would use to obtain our navigational position.

Each computation which usually took me two minutes I extended to check three times, carefully checking and checking. When I finally entered the position the small triangle was almost exactly on course and so it went on for seven hours with the positions very close to course. We crossed into England almost exactly on target, with just a few minutes off my estimated time of arrival.

We found out several hours later after being settled down at our new air base that one of our planes had crash landed in the Welsh mountains killing all on board, and another aircraft had force landed out of fuel in Southern Ireland—a change in winds aloft, which I had picked up. Instead of westerly

winds there were tail winds which forced two our planes to overshoot.

My commanding officer Major Henry Osmer promoted me immediately to First Lieutenant, which is most probably why, perhaps how, I became the lead navigator in the Allied Invasion on June 6, 1943 with six hundred plus aircraft behind me. And from that prideful, lofty statement comes the great leveler, the truth of my career as it started as balanced against what really happened.

After my tour of duty ended I was sent home in a C-46 with other officers, and on the way, our confidential personnel files were entrusted to our own protection. By some act of providence or fate mine had faulty scotch tape and opened in my curious hands. The only thing I remember was my evaluation from Cadet School:

Question: Does candidate have the ability to be squadron or group navigator?

Answer: No

Question: Comment on Cadet

Answer: Cadet has lots of poise and self assurance

The moral is that thinking fast and reacting is more important than knowledge.

Chapter Eleven

England before the Mission *The Hunt for the Elusive Snipe*

After training we were ordered overseas. We took an air transport flight to England. Because these planes did not have very much gasoline capacity, the trip was in short stages and we had to refill using the gas tanks that were in our cabin. The transport planes were designed to carry supplies and troops to the front and to take German prisoners to prison camps. They were also designed to carry wounded soldiers. Every few feet there was a loops hanging down into which stretcher handles could be placed.

Our first stop as a squadron was the air base at Newbury near Salisbury Plain in the south of England. Our days were filled with training flights, during which the pilots practiced either landings or take-offs. Landings often were just ‘touch downs’ and then we’d take-off without ever stopping.

One day, we were told to go to another field, located to the north and then onto a complicated field to field journey in England. Since my pilot knew the first checkpoint because he used that field for landings, I just gave him a general heading, and then sat down to lay out the headings for the rest of the trip. A little while later he called me up (front) to show me that a tremendous fog bank had moved in and he had missed the airfield. We decided to go back to the home base, using the English ‘G’ electric homing system to get back. When we arrived over what I thought was our home base although we could barely see it, we started out again with a definite ETA and a heading. The ETA passed and still no airfield. Three times we turned and finally I recognized a road well to the North. We then agreed that we had been homing back, not to our home base, but to our destination field, and there was no way to know this.

With still another blot on my navigation record, I was shocked to find that Colonel Osmer had recommended me for a new squadron in Nottingham as Group Navigator. A group is an assemblage of four squadrons, so the table of organization called for a Captaincy, to which I was promoted after D-Day.

I will to this day wonder why the U.S. Air Force, in its wisdom never bothered to look at my personnel records. Fifty-years later, at my reunion with Henry Osmer I did have a chance to ask him why he had transferred me. He told me that General Headquarters wanted an experienced navigator and he thought I wanted the opportunity for further advancement.

The new group was the 441st Group – 100th Squadron headed by Colonel Le Roy Stanton, a proper representative of VM1 Military Academy, carrying white gloves, under his arm, perfectly dressed in what we guessed was a custom made uniform, and very much the “Yes, Sir!” Colonel; not a “Call me Le Roy” kind of officer.

Shortly after I joined the Group we had to fly a training exercise where we joined with other Groups, in a mock formation aimed in the direction of the English Channel. Shortly after the lead plane started up, heavy fog rolled in like large balls of dirty cotton absorbing the colors, and details of the landscape so that from the plane the ground was almost invisible except as grey indistinct outlines. Colonel Stanton decided quickly that all planes in our squadron should put on their formation lights and stay in line, and re-land. The formation of all of the other squadrons was cancelled. There I was with thirteen planes in line, going around and around, again, and in the fog again. This time I recognized in one quick lifting of the fog, the ninety-degree rail-road crossing near Sherwood Forest, and knew that one track went near the airfield, so we lowered our wheels and led thirteen planes back in. The rest of the Group was dispersed to other airfields throughout England. A few days later the Commanding Officer congratulated me.

Over and over the squadron flew more and more, larger and larger formations toward a simulated drop zone. I practiced my job which was to alert our planes’ paratroopers when we were four minutes from the drop zone, with a red light, then go up into the astrodome of the plane and wave a red Aldis lamp out, so that the other planes could alert their paratroopers. Then four minutes later, a green light, then our paratroopers would drop, and I would wave a green light from the dome.

England itself was a charming place in the spring. Somewhere I bought an old Raleigh bicycle with five speeds, and enjoyed traveling down the farm roads, between the carefully cultivated fields, exchanging pleasantries with farmers and their daughters. There were hardly any men below the ages of fifty to fifty-five – the younger men were all in the services.

Occasionally we had a weekend in London. We tried to get a hotel reservation at the Savoy. My co-pilot Jim (last name) telephoned them and said “Allo! This is Lootenant Whelan. I’d like a reservation this weekend”. He was turned down. I then called and said I was Lieutenant Gladstone (change name?) but pronounced it ‘leftenant’. When we went to the Savoy, the room clerk tried to turn us down when I correctly identified myself as Lieutenant of the U.S. Air Force, which reminds me of the British local attitude toward the American servicemen – that they were “Oversexed, over-paid and over here”. On another trip to London I looked up my fiancée Pat’s best friend, Jennifer Ramage, who had spent two years at Sarah Lawrence with her. On the way to Jennifer’s home, which turned out to be a magnificent townhouse, I bought tickets to the latest Jack Buchanan West End musical. (More explanation here).

When I arrived at the Ramage home, Mrs. Ramage told me that Jennifer had the flue and couldn’t go to the show. Immediately my mind raced as to how I would score with the first decent looking woman I could pick up, armed with a smile, an allied uniform and two theatre tickets. However, before this possibly erotic dream could fully form in my mind, Mrs. Ramage told me very politely that she would love to go with me, so off we went. Jack Buchanan and Zoe Gale were the toast of Mayfair, the theatre district, and though I can’t remember what the show was about, I recall the charm and talent of Buchanan, this tall and gifted dancer and singer, whom I compare in my mind to the charm of Fred Astaire. After the show Mrs. Ramage took me backstage to meet Buchanan and Gale, who introduced Cathleen Nesbitt, who would later be well known as a Broadway star.

On another trip to London I stayed at the Regency Plaza Hotel, with my roommate at college, and I decided to go out for dinner. I remember leaving a half finished bottle of Scotch on our glass covered dresser. The Regent Plaza is set in a small cul-de-sac off Trafalgar Square, and diagonally opposite was a deli-restaurant. We decided chose, but it was crowded, so we went into Trafalgar Square to go to Lyons Corner House. As we turned into the Square, we heard a tremendous explosion behind us, and we turned back to see a large cloud of dust around the Regency Plaza Hotel. We rushed back – why I will never know. When we got back to the Hotel concierge desk, we were told a German V-1 bomb had just hit the top floors and no one knew how many casualties there were. When I asked for my room key the concierge showed us that every key on the wall had been thrown on to the floor. We decided to walk up the stairs and found our room completely covered with a fine layer of shattered glass. The windows had blown in, the glass on the dresser was in shards, and the bottle of Scotch though was intact. But not for long.

On another trip to London I was in a U.S.O. building when we heard the V-2 rockets go by overhead, and we rushed for a bomb shelter. The rule of preservation was that if we could hear the motor rumble of the V-2 (a sound like a laboring truck trying to go up a grade) you were safe. If you heard that the motor had stopped and the whine of rockets as it started down, then rush for an air raid shelter. The V-2 was motorized and not truly a rocket, more like a pilotless plane. The V-1 was truly a rocket which flew high in a large arc from launch pads in France to England.

One day we formed up to follow a strange new plane, the DC-3, one with an add on bubble slung below the cabin. We were told this was a pathfinder plane using new sophisticated equipment. We kept circling in a large pattern until there were over 300 planes in line, then we turned toward the English Channel. To my horror, I noticed there were going toward France and we were on radio silence. The planes were C-4's, originally called the DC-3 Douglas Aircraft. They were unarmed, without any type of armor plating. As a matter of fact, our self sealing gas tanks arrived two weeks after the war ended. One German pursuit plane would have had a field day flying through our formation, shooting down plane after plane. I assumed rightly, that the German radar had spotted the formation, had alerted the entire interception command, and we would be in trouble. I broke radio silence, and alerted the lead plane which was flying on a blind course guided by radar, manned by an inexperienced navigator. Within two minutes 300 planes turned and headed home.

Making up a formation may seem an easy task to experienced flying officers, but we must remember there were many airfields, some within three or four miles of each other, all over East Anglia in England. The logistics of timing and the prevention of mid-air collisions required much planning and coordination.

Finally, in June 1944 we were confined to our air bases. All leaves were cancelled. Earlier in late May one of our officers, George Murrin refused to go to town with us and said he would not fly in the Invasion. When we came home we found a circle of cigarette butts around his bed. The day following our restriction he commandeered a Jeep saying he was meeting his nurse girlfriend from Scotland. He was fished out of a nearby shallow river where he had thrown himself. He survived, and the flight surgeon had him restricted for psychological evaluation, and sent him home to a VA hospital. Some of us told the doctor, Tony Cisca, that we believed George was faking. The answer: If he was faking, that alone showed an aberration. He was absent from the Invasion as he said he would be. In view of our later casualties, perhaps he was the smart

one.

One night the guys were talking about snipe hunting, and two of them said they saw a few snipe in the woods. They went into detail as to how a snipe hunt was planned, that we needed to go into the woods and beat the bushes in a big circle driving the snipe toward a fixed back drop where there would be candles set in front of a sack or bag. I didn't know what a snipe bird was. As they didn't have candles they prepared flash lights with two strips of adhesive tape. By then I was hooked and pulled out a map of the area, found a little stream and suggested we beat toward the stream. Much excitement and off we went. We were each assigned a starting base, and at a signal were to start beating the bushes with boughs and branches, and whatever we could find. I was dropped off at my point, as were others, and then heard the whistle. For almost half an hour I was in the woods, in the early evening in the dark, beating my way to the river. When I arrived I hadn't seen a snipe, nor another human being, nor a candle. I went back to the base in complete puzzlement and frustration, and walked quietly into the Quonset hut barracks to be greeted by peels of laughter. I found out later to my chagrin the snipe was a fictitious bird. The snipe hunt was an elaborate charade aimed at me, the city boy, by two farmer boy officers from South Dakota. The earlier discussion alone about the various methods to catch a snipe, shoot a snipe (always the shotgun), how to cook them, all preparatory to my biting, took over ninety minutes.

Chapter Twelve

Misplacing the Rock of Gibraltar:

Right Again

On July 15th, 1943 at 11:00 a.m. we were told to prepare for an over water night flight. At 11:00 a.m. on July 18th we left England for the Rock of Gibraltar to refuel and bivouac on the way to Italy. This was part of a movement of troop carrier planes and gliders to Italy to start the invasion of southern France which was scheduled for August 19th. Our route was along the west coast of France and western Spain to the Straits of Gibraltar where we were to make a left turn toward the Rock. Gibraltar is a rocky peninsula on the southern coast of Spain. It commands the western approach to the Mediterranean Sea, a strong fortress. The Rock itself rises 1400 feet above the water. The fortress is built around the Rock. The town of Gibraltar is on the western and southern slopes. The Rock bristled with big guns and was honeycombed with ten miles of caves containing water tanks, food supplies a hospital, and living quarters for the armed forces quartered there. An airport was on the north side. Britain had held the Rock of Gibraltar for over 250 years. Gibraltar is the only place in Europe that monkeys live in their natural habitat, but we never saw any.

We flew by celestial navigation. This was to my dismay and discomfort in that the course I did worst in at Navigation School was celestial navigation. About an hour or two away from our expected estimated time of arrival, etc, at Gibraltar the Colonel who normally addressed me by my first name yelled out "Captain, come here immediately God Damn It!". I had been trying to get a celestial fix but as time would have it the sun was just coming up and I couldn't make a sighting on the stars I needed and I was concerned as to my accuracy. He said "Where the hell are we?" I looked out over his shoulder and saw land to the left and land to the right. We should have been flying over water down the center of the straits of Gibraltar. He was concerned – I was concerned. We ended up flying to the Rock of Gibraltar over land from the North West. We found out later that every gun in the (British) fort was aimed at us ready to fire when an alert British recognition officer said

“Those are not German planes, don’t fire they are American C47’s. Of course this whole episode didn’t look good on my record, but above all we were very lucky that the British had not fired. The next day we flew to the town of Grosseto, Italy, which is on the Adriatic coast. This lovely suburban town was twenty miles south of the line from Pisa across Italy from the Mediterranean to the Adriatic through which the winter line of combat was drawn. Above Pisa were enemy troops and below Pisa were the Allies. The main road to the front lines – the winter line went through our town. This was an interesting moment for us to watch the ground troops on their way to the front. Of particular note were the French Senegalese who drove in flat bed trucks. On the back of the trucks were goats, fodder for the goats and usually a small fire the troops used for cooking.

I was off duty waiting for orders. A friend and I heard there was a tennis court marked out on the former German airfield just north of our location. This airfield had been bombed so that it could not be used any further. I had some tennis clothes and a racquet and a good old Raleigh bike, so I proceeded to go toward the front line. Then we were held up by an American MP, 6 foot 4 inches tall, covered with mud, which covered his goggles as well as his uniform.

The sergeant said to me “Where are you going dressed like that, Captain? You are out of uniform”. I replied “Sir, I am dressed in the uniform most appropriate for the activity I plan to be involved in, so I am not out of uniform”. He said “What is your rank Sir?” I replied that I happened to be a Captain. Whereupon Mr. MP said “You’re a pretty stubborn guy Mort, just like you were in camp fifteen years ago”. He turned out to be my tent mate at my summer camp in the Adirondacks, a fellow named Bud who I hadn’t seen for ten years. My tennis opportunities were terminated abruptly the next day when I found that the chain on my bike had been stolen, and certainly there was no bike store to find a replacement.

The purpose of the Invasion of Italy was to help Patton trap the German 14th Corp Divisions. It was successful. We had arrived in Italy on the 21st of July 1943 and I arrived back in England on the 23rd of August. Much of our time in Italy was spent carrying gasoline, ammunition and supplies to the front and bringing wounded back out.

An amusing occurrence happened while we were in Italy preparing for the main invasion, which would be further north. We needed to take supplies to

the heel of Italy, the Livorno area. These supplies consisted of construction material for the engineers located in that area. There were 13 planes in our squadron at that point and as we took off we got a call from the 13th plane that he had some engine problems and he would catch up to us shortly. We proceeded to what I thought was the airport, there were many, every few miles, and my pilot called the air control tower to ask for permission to land. This was granted and twelve of our planes landed on the field. We turned off the engines and waited for instructions before we unloaded. At this point a command car came rushing out staffed by a sergeant and to me what seemed like a typical West Point graduate, a General, standing as erect as if he were on a parade ground at West Point. They both came up to us. We snapped to attention. The General said "What is the meaning of this?" I said "Sir, I am the commanding officer of this squadron and I would like to know what the meaning of this is, as we were supposed to have been met by trucks of the supply group taking material to engineers who need it near the front". He looked at me not realizing that I had just received a call from the thirteenth plane that he was at the right airfield and our twelve planes were at the wrong field. The General snapped to attention and said "Carry on - I am going back to headquarters to find out how we made such a mistake in not having trucks to meet you". He roared down the runway in his command car and we promptly roared out of the airport, all twelve planes. To this day I have nightmares of running into that General and facing court martial for having taken twelve planes off the runway without permission.

The main invasion of Italy to capture it from the Germans was on July 20, 1943. Our objective during the initial phase was to airlift parachute troops and glider borne troops to the town of Le Muy in Southern France, and to assist the 7th U.S. Army in establishing a beachhead. Subsequent to this phase, troop carrier units were to re-supply ground forces by air as required, and to evacuate casualties. D-Day was August 15, 1944, almost a year after our return to England on August 23, 1943 on this initial effort in southern Italy and southern France.

Chapter Thirteen

Axis Sally's Warm Welcome at Wesel *Paratroopers Turn Pale*

For me and my buddies, one of the most familiar voices of the war was that of "Axis Sally." She was the main voice on the German radio propaganda programs, which emanated from a Berlin radio station.

What I didn't know until after the war, was that she was actually a United States citizen. Born as "Mildred Gillars," she was originally a native of Portland, Maine. But she had come to Germany to study music as part of her college training in the 1930s, and fell in love with her professor. He later enlisted her to take the role of "Axis Sally" on German radio, where she would speak softly to us about the difficulties of the war, and serenade us with American music favorites.

Sometimes she seemed to be our best connection to home – even though she was working for the Germans.

But she played an unforgettable role for us when we began to prepare for our Rhine River Crossing to Wesel, Germany. Wesel had become a target of the Allies particularly because of its value to the Germans as a strategic distribution center. The operation was called "Varsity," and this became the largest single-day airborne assault mission in history. Planners, who had learned from some of their mistakes in Holland, consolidated the entire operation into one day and limited the extent of their airborne objectives to no more than six miles east of the Rhine River in Germany.

The assault was planned as a daylight operation as the air superiority of the Allies could only be overcome at night or in bad weather. Almost 20,000 airborne troops were delivered behind enemy lines by nearly 2,000 power aircraft and over 1,000 gliders.

We came into the battle expecting to overcome all obstacles by the element of surprise.

But it was Axis Sally who provided a substantial surprise for us. Her sexy voice had lulled us into a pleasant tranquility, but the message which she then intoned had just the opposite effect. In fact what she purred to the paratroopers the night before their drop was: “We know you’re coming tomorrow and we know where you’re coming – at Wesel. Ten crack divisions from the Russian front will be a reception committee.”

In fact, there was a powerful “reception committee,” which blanketed the skies with flak, downing many of our troop-carrying planes and gliders, and killing and wounding many of our paratroopers.

In fact, some, after the battle, compared it to the poorly planned “Charge of the Light Brigade” of an earlier war. The impact on us of Axis Sally’s broadcast was – “They knew, but how?”

So it was this communication from Axis Sally that had pulled us up by our bootstraps; it taught me more than anything else about the value of communication, which I was able to use in my later life as an activist. It showed how important the shaping of perceptions through communication could be. While not stopping us from a successful attack, it certainly gave us pause.

The awareness of the power of communication never left me. Whenever we were later to begin an activist campaign, one of our most important considerations would be this shaping of the messages, which could influence our allies, our possible future allies, and our opposition. How, when, and where you deliver your communication is crucial. In the case of Axis Sally it seemed that the Germans wanted to shake our confidence in the strength of our element of surprise, and she was the perfect vehicle for that. I have sometimes wanted to have her by my side as I have begun to work on a new activist campaign.

Chapter Fourteen

We Move to Dreux

After the Invasion of Southern France, all the air bases were brought forward into France and all the troops were organized so they could attack Germany with paratroopers and other soldiers. We were assigned to the town of Dreux, which is twenty-five miles west of Paris. It was a small rural town without a railroad station for commuters. In town there was one small hotel, several restaurants, which were used mostly by local people. I assumed there was a small hospital and clinic but never got to see it. There was a German airfield we had taken over and were using. We slept in tents which were set up on wood foundations so that they were off the ground a foot or two, with one step going up into the tent itself. In each tent was a small wood burning fire or sometimes a charcoal stove to keep the tent warm. The mess hall consisted of a large tent, the latrines were really planks with apertures in them stretched out over a large ditch.

Some of the men were able to go to town to the restaurants or buy some liquor. I developed a bridge game with a lot of comment about my manhood which occurred when a package from home contained bridge cards, anchovies, shad roe with red caviar and other items that my parents got from a delicatessen. The home front lived on food stamps so they were not really able to get me anything nourishing. Items for a cocktail party seemed to be something they could get.

One of the most popular young men in the squadron was Covert Parnell III from North Carolina. He was very bright and obviously well educated. But in line with a lot of others he made sure he spoke with a deep southern accent which frankly I don't think was genuine. One night I was playing cards and he walked in with a bunch of guys after coming from the local restaurant or bar and was obviously loaded. He took one look at my hand, hauled me off the seat saying "This man here he's getting six no trump" Which is a slam. I said "Jake, for God's sake you're loaded leave me alone". He said "I'm playing this hand Mort" He sat down and did the most beautiful piece of bridge planning I've ever seen and he made a slam. He

kept saying “I can’t see that old dummy, push those cards closer to me, I can’t see that dummy”. Incidents like this keep you going, as at night you could hear rats rubbing themselves against the wood paneling of the floor. I believe the warmth attracted them.

We went from Dreux on to the battle of Bastogne, the invasion and eventual liberation of Holland and across the Rhine into Germany. Dreux was our home until the war was over.

Chapter Fifteen

LUNCH WITH GERTRUDE STEIN AND ALICE B. TOKLAS

One day in Dreux the Colonel came up to me and said that the USA had requested we fly some celebrities to Berchtesgarden (the retreat of Adolph Hitler). The celebrities were Gertrude Stein and Alice B. Toklas and it was the job of our squadron to fly them as well as a writer and photographer from Life Magazine who were doing a feature story for the magazine. He wanted to know if any of us knew who Gertrude Stein was, and I said I did. Accordingly, he invited me to have lunch with Gertrude Stein and her companion. The lunch was at the officer's mess which was in a large tent. The Colonel sat diagonally across from me. Gertrude Stein sat directly across from me and Alice B. Toklas directly to my right.

Gertrude told the story of having addressed the enlisted men in the morning and had then made a small speech to the officers before we had lunch. The gist of her speech was her experiences with German troops at the beginning of the war before the Americans took Paris back. She said "When three or four German soldiers would walk down a public street they would walk abreast and shouldered any pedestrians coming their way into the gutter". She made the point that just the previous week she had the same experience of being shouldered into the gutter by three American soldiers walking three abreast down a Paris street. I don't know how many people in the room got the point. It certainly was not laudatory to the American soldiers sitting in the room to be compared to German storm troopers. Perhaps she was making a comparison of what happens to an ordinary citizen who puts on a uniform and assumes the aggressiveness that goes with the uniform and the role of being a soldier.

When we sat down I somehow got on to the subject of literature. I asked her if there was any key to her writing, which was known for her use of language as a descriptive vehicle, not just the content of the words or the plot, but the use of words themselves as description. For example: "A rose is a rose is a rose."

Chapter Sixteen

The Liberation of Holland

Patton Runs Out of Gas

Shortly after 10:00 a.m. on Sunday, Sept. 17, 1944, from airfields all over southern England, almost 5,000 aircraft, including my troop carrier, took off in the largest armada of troop carrier aircraft ever assembled for the largest single operation that ever took to the air. In this the 263rd week of WWII the supreme Allied Commander, General Eisenhower unleashed 'Market Garden' one of the most daring and imaginative operations of the war. Surprisingly, Market Garden, which combined airborne and ground offensive forces was authored by one of the most cautious of the all Allied Commanders, Field Marshall Bernard Montgomery. The airborne phase of the operation was monumental with almost 5,000 fighters, bombers, transports and more than 2,500 gliders. That Sunday afternoon at exactly 1:30 p.m. in an unprecedented daylight assault, an entire allied airborne army, with vehicles and equipment began dropping behind the German lines. The target for this bold invasion from the sky was Nazi occupied Holland and action to cross the many waterways between the North Sea and the Rhine, and then to cross the Rhine itself and move swiftly into Germany. The goal was to get to Berlin with British and U. S. troops before the Russians would get there from the East.

However there were problems with executing this plan. It was realized that the bridges and other sites to be attacked had to be chosen for maximum effect. The US 101st Airborne was to hold the area between Eindhoven and Veghel and capture two major canal crossings and no less than 9 highway railroad bridges. The Great Nijmegen Bridge was the most important and it was agreed that if this first bridge was not taken or if the enemy held the Gross Peak Heights near the bridge, the corridor for the Allied forces could never be opened. It was learned that the German forces were in better condition than had been reported including a thirty percent increase in anti aircraft fire and plus heavy German tanks ready for the battle right near the landing point and drop zone for the Arnheim battle.

The problem was very clear when the US General in charge of the First Allied Airborne Army pointed to the Arnheim Bridge on the map asked how long would take for the armored tanks to reach them and Field Marshall Montgomery replied briskly "Two days". Still looking at the map he said "We can hold it for four, but Sir, I think we might be going a bridge too far". This turned out to be the big problem. The British tanks and the US Airborne Army and the American armored divisions were way behind schedule. As a result there were tremendous losses particularly by the British who had gone across the canal and were holding bridges awaiting the arrival of the tanks. After the war Field Marshall Montgomery said "In my prejudiced view, if the operation had been properly backed up from its inception and given the aircraft, the ground forces and administrative resources necessary for the job, it would have succeeded in spite of my mistakes or the adverse weather, or the presence of the 2nd SS. Panzer Tank Corp in the Arnheim area." On the other hand Prince Bernhardt of the Netherlands said "My country can never again afford the luxury of another Montgomery success". The campaign to capture the bridges and get into Germany through Holland certainly led to heavier losses for the US and especially for the British than the Normandy invasion.

The number of dead and wounded was out of proportion to the number of soldiers available and totally out of proportion to the results achieved. The failure of the armored divisions to reach the paratroops was due in part to a lack of gasoline for the planes. One of the air transport duties of my troop carrier was to bring fuel to General Patton when he was almost surrounded by German forces. This was successful, but some air drop operations were not and the Germans were able to obtain morphine and other medical supplies that were dropped three or four miles away from the intended target. Since these supplies were desperately needed by the British advanced forces this was one of many mistakes that led to the extremely large number of British casualties. In the meantime, the Germans were regrouping in the area around Nijmegen and Arnheim, receiving ammunition and personnel from Germany to put together a very strong army. After the Allied Forces in the Nijmegen and Arnheim area were decimated several times, the German Generals offered the Allies the chance to surrender. At one time the casualties were so serious that the Germans offered to help move the wounded soldiers out of their temporary quarters in schools and hotels and homes. This was arranged very carefully and successfully; the arrangement between the two warring factions were handled with dignity and respect.

Another problem was a break down in communications. In one case the Commanding British War Officer could not contact the people on Arnheim Bridge. This certainly hurt because they didn't want to serve reserves up to the bridge and find out the bridge was in the hands of the Germans. In view of the Allies' ability to handle radar and radio this was an unusual occurrence. At one point radio communication totally broke down. In spite of the fact that the Allies had control of the air they weren't able to use it with success because the ground troops couldn't contact the airplane command. Other operations worked out well. Our Squadron carried 7467 paratroopers and glider borne men into the area and only three gliders were lost en route to the drop zone. In view of the fact that there was heavy flack in the area, this was quite a record accomplishment.

The Arnheim adventure was over and with it there was little to do now but to pull back and consolidate. The War would go on until May 1945. Thus the largest airborne operation of the War ended in failure. There was indeed much to think about. The 1st Airborne Division had been sacrificed and slaughtered. Of General Urquhart's original 10,000 men only 2,000 were still able to go back across the Rhine. The Germans also suffered extensive casualties including 1100 dead.

Chapter Seventeen

A CHAPLAIN at PASSOVER: *The first Passover in France – In English, French and Hebrew*

While in the Army I tried to be one of the guys. As the only Jewish flying officer in the whole Squadron I wanted to conform and assimilate so that when the war was over and my fellow airmen went back to their homes they could say, “I met a Jew in the Army and he was one of us – not different – not be discriminated against.”

One day we were having dinner in our Officers’ Mess. It was an outstanding one as we had liberated a French chef, who spoiled us lavishly. Captain O’Brian, the group Chaplain sat down at my table. He asked me if I knew what Jewish Holiday it was the next day. Realizing it was Spring I said “Passover”. He then told me he had arranged a truck to take all the Jewish airmen to Paris for a Seder. And he quickly added that no overnight passes were allowed, just in case I was going to ask. Obviously, when a Catholic Chaplain asked me, I agreed.

About an hour later, one of my friends told me that I had been posted for R & R leave to Cannes on the French Riviera, for ten days. Now I was faced a moral quandary – Passover Services or the French Riviera for my first rest leave – and the decision very quickly resolved itself – as I packed for Cannes.

When I checked into the Martinez Hotel my burden of guilt overwhelmed me. I went down to the lobby and called information. “Connaissez-vous le location de le Service Juif” and she said “No” she didn’t know the location of the Jewish Services.” In fact she did not understand me. I tried again in my high school French – but to no avail.

Suddenly there was a pounding at the door of my telephone kiosk by a lovely young lady, and when I said the phone was “occupee” she forcefully opened the door and said if I really wanted to go to a Seder a USO bus would be leaving from the beach area in half an hour, and that I should rush.

The Services were held in a stately old hotel in a dining room. The hotel was located on a bluff overlooking the glistening bay of Cannes. The charming floral decorations were supplied by the local French Community, and the food by the U.S. Army Chaplain Corp.

A Sergeant from the Chaplain Corp and an Irish Colonel ran the Service in English, French and Hebrew. Colonel McGuire, an Army Chaplain, also read parts of the Service in Hebrew. At each table were soldiers and French residents. Some of the local people had been sheltered by French families during the occupation and the Rabbi was kept in hiding in a Jesuit Monastery. Everyone in the room was on an emotional high as this was the first Seder in France since the German occupation. The German armies were only one hundred miles north of us.

The excitement and impact of being part of a moment in history which continued our heritage past the time of the Holocaust, will never be forgotten by me, and all those present – but it was Colonel McGuire who brought the Services to an inspiring finish totally unexpectedly. With charm and warmth, after the formal Services were completed, he took over in Yiddish and Hebrew and told humorous stories, which brought tears to the older members there. This magnificent man, born on New York's Jewish Lower East Side made brotherhood, religion and democracy come alive in one inspiring moment as he said the final blessings.

Chapter Eighteen

The Trip Back Home to the U.S.

Change of Fortune

The war in Europe was over, the war in Japan was still continuing. A lot of the men who had just arrived assumed that they would be re-assigned back to the Pacific theater. In any case we were prepared to go back to the United States. I had 1700 combat hours to my credit and I felt this was about enough.

The plane we were assigned to was a Curtis C-46 which had short stubby wings, two large engines and a bulbous heavy looking body. Quickly the plane was renamed by the men the 'Flying Prostitute' because it had no visual signs of support. We got in the plane and were introduced to a new electronic miracle called Moran which allowed us to hone in on beams set throughout the world which would allow us to have our position at any time as needed. I suppose I should have expected something when the only man on the plane who knew anything about Moran was the radio operator who had just arrived from the U.S. and this was his first flight in a military zone.

Our first stop on the way home was to be Reykjavik, Iceland and from there on to Canada and from there on to Fort Wayne, Indiana. We took off and an hour or two from our destination in Iceland we developed engine trouble. Of course all of our questions had to do with could this plane fly with one engine being as heavy and ponderous as it seemed. My first movement was to talk to the radio operator and ask for a radio electronic fix using the Moran as to our exact position. We were flying over the North Atlantic. If any of us ended up in the ocean we would be dead within minutes from the cold. The plane slowed down and went rather low, staggered along to what we thought was our destination. Meanwhile we were asking the radio operator to contact air-rescue to come to our help. The fact that he didn't understand what he was doing now became clear and luckily enough an air-sea rescue plane saw us staggering along and came down to help and we followed him into Reykjavik. We only spent one night in Reykjavik.

Chapter Nineteen

Jackie, My Love

Weekends I met very attractive young ladies. One of them became part of my carpool. Her name was Beth. I did not equate study of the law with raw passion until she was sitting in the back seat of the car we used, and was rubbing her knee against mine and I reciprocated. This ended in an exciting affair which was consummated in my bedroom or on a double chaise lounge on the porch of our house, long since abandoned there.

A short time later I met a charming young Vassar woman whose name was Jackie. Her mother was a Brooklyn municipal court judge, who was a very difficult and strict person. As a matter of fact the Daily News ran an editorial about her saying that in one of the few large blizzards to hit the city of New York when no one could move their cars, much less get a tow truck, she fined anyone brought in front of her for illegal parking, even though the cause was the blizzard. The Daily News thought it was excessive punishment and castigated her in print. I didn't know her that well. Occasionally I had dinner with her and her daughter but I didn't realize there were aspects of her ideas that spilled over into her daughter's relationships. I became engaged. She was an outstanding young lady. She wrote the music for the school's theatrical shows and also wrote her own music and was very popular and very pretty, with auburn hair and sparkling eyes. We were engaged in July 1946 and planned to marry in the spring of 1947. The amount of physical contact was minimal in that she was finishing up at Vassar and I was in my first year of law school.

After I quit law school I took office space in a large office complex on Forty-Second Street, which consisted of an old lady and eight cubicles each tenanted by one desk, one filing cabinet and two chairs. The lady rented out the use of the space, the telephone and also took phone messages. After

hours this became a place of passion for me and Jackie, which is very difficult in a cubicle that small. So there was very little consummation, a lot of warm hugging and cuddling. As a matter of fact we never consummated our relationship sexually, as Jackie was very circumspect and wanted to wait until we got married, which was the reason we were in such a rush to get married. When word came out about my father, Judge L asked to have dinner with me. By this time Jackie was out of school and living at her family's Brooklyn home. I had dinner with Judge L wherein she told me that she had heard about my father's misfortune, and she was sure it would hurt my career badly, and wanted us to break up our engagement until such time as I was out of law school and had a job with a law firm. I got into the 'sins of the child...' but it did not seem to make any difference. She was adamant. Jackie's parents sent her to Florida for three weeks, to forget.

After I started business, Jackie called me several times but wouldn't see me. She was then working for the president of Decca Records and living in a suite above his office on 57th Street. I found out later that my idol Jackie was almost thrown out of Vassar for promiscuity but there was no way of knowing. In line with putting this background together I contacted Jackie fifty years later and asked her to give me some idea of how this whole experience had affected her. She said 'she didn't want to revisit those emotions which she said were inexplicably entwined with her feelings about her mother'. "Whenever I think about how she controlled my life throughout, I am filled with anger and depression. Right now these emotions are much too difficult to deal with" she told me. "Right now, I am glad that each of us has managed to make a pretty good life, despite the disappointment and unhappiness of almost fifty years ago".

Chapter Twenty

Law School

I got back to the US in time to start studying at Columbia Law School. The timing was very close. There were only ten days between my return and the day I began school. I was living in Larchmont at the time and commuted by train to Columbia at 108th Street and Broadway. I remember the Dean welcoming the class and saying that because of the tremendous over supply of lawyers beginning school, that unless we had a family law firm to go into, or the FBI, we should think twice. It certainly made no difference to most of the people there, because with all of the work it took to get into a law school of that quality, nobody was about to give it up. The courses I remember most distinctly were on the development of legal institutions with a Dr. Goebbel. He went back to the origins of law, the origins of writs and motions that make up the Anglo Saxon background. For example a writ of Habeas Corpus might trace back to the Roman era. Certain writs were traced back to the middle ages and of course our consensus opinion was ‘Why do we have to know all of this?’ Those who voiced this question were told in no uncertain terms that they weren’t being taught just to be clerks in the law, but to understand the background of law in order to be prepared, and teach us to be judges, and needed the background of law to be prepared. The course itself was composed of mimeographed sections not numbered in any consecutive order, not numbered as to particular date, but loose sections about different writs and laws and the background of the law. The professor worked in the classroom with two or three hundred students. He walked around the back of the class and pounced on people and asked them particular questions about a particular point. In many cases a lot of the students were not sure which mimeographed section he was referring to and it was very embarrassing when he pursued the question over and over.

I met some fellow students from Larchmont who were going to law school with me, one ended up as a judge, another as the director of personnel at R.H. Macy. I did not end up that well by comparison. We took these mimeographed sections and developed our own continuity and in effect made up a course by ourselves producing a mimeographed paper summarizing the pages we had received like a table of contents for a book.

We each took a group of sections home with us and we summarized the sections we had taken and then we reported back. We developed a course curriculum that turned out pretty well as we eventually discovered on our final exam. The fellow who eventually became a judge scored an A minus, I fearing the worst because I couldn't stay up with that course received a B plus, and was very pleased. However I don't know if any of them have ever used their knowledge of the development of legal institutions. But it certainly was a good introduction to the law. Other courses included real property, real estate, criminal law, contract law and methods of pleading. This was the beginning summary of the very extensive courses we took in the following two years. I do remember one contract course taught by a professor named David Llewellyn, who had transferred from another college. He called his book on contract law "The Bramble Bush". What he did very successfully was to summarize contract law into some actual cases with different circumstances, and very frankly made the contract course easier due to his ability as a teacher. While I was at Columbia Law School there was a class election. I selected as my candidate Wendell Wilkie's son who came from the Middle West, always wore a blue serge suit which became shiny after a while. The other candidate was a man named Sam Davis who came from the lower east side of NYC. He knew Yiddish, which is spoken by Jewish immigrants and he also knew Latin in which he had been trained by the Catholic Church. His Irish charm won the election and he went ahead as president of the class, and eventually married a daughter of the Horn & Hardart restaurant chain. He and I became good friends after that and I was not so unhappy that my candidate lost.

In the mean time things that were happening to my father did not make me happy at all. I remember taking one of our paintings to the presiding partner at one of the larger law firms in the field. When I asked my father why I was doing this, he replied that he was just loaning him the picture to see how he liked it, and it was only on a trial basis. I later learned that this was to raise money for a mortgage payment that was past due. The following day, my father and I had a serious talk. He told me about the disciplinary procedure that he faced in the federal court, having to do with a case in which he had been involved for several years. The charge was that he had made a deal with another attorney to split a fee based on the results of the case. The unusual part of this was that the fee supposedly involved with the other attorney was very small, compared to the very large fee my father would have gotten for three years work concerning the bankruptcy committee hearings on the Hotel Governor Clinton. For a smart man it would have been

stupid to jeopardize this fee for the extra money he might have made on a separate deal with this other attorney.

At about this time my father had to go to New England to try a case, the most important case of his life. The Federal Judge, Robin Patterson had suspended my father from the practice of law and appointed a referee to hear the case as to whether he should be disbarred. I knew he had troubles; at this point the enormity of these troubles finally hit me.

The legal case itself was held in a small schoolhouse in Framingham, Massachusetts. The presiding Judge, Philip Woolsey who was famous for his ruling on the James Joyce case, for his Ulysses classic novel. My father had two fine lawyers from a large law firm and of course the Federal Government had their own group of lawyers.

The gist of the case was that my father represented two owners of the Hotel Governor Clinton, who were going into bankruptcy. They had made a sweetheart deal with a tenant known as Terminal Barber Shop to get their lease back in the hotel which had gone bankrupt. Supposedly an offer was made by the attorneys for the barber shop to get their lease back, but my father said he never saw the offer, and in turn he made a deal with the lawyer whose fee was based on how much he could save on the original lease value of the barber shop and what they would finally settle for. When you say barber shop it may sound petty, but it was a barber shop with twenty chairs, and four or five manicurists. It was a good sized operation. Judge Woolsey found for my father and sent the papers back to Judge Patterson. Judge Patterson took no more than 72 hours to read the papers which amounted to over 300 pages of transcript of testimony, and without any comment to his referee, he disbarred my father.

Chapter Twenty-One

START OF A FAMILY

After we lost our beautiful home in Larchmont my parents moved to a small one bedroom apartment on 83rd Street in Manhattan and I moved four blocks away into a fourth floor walk up apartment in a brownstone. My time was spent mostly going out and seeing customers and catching up with some of the friends I had made years before and revisiting some of the women I had met. At that point I was sort of inferring I had a large manufacturing company and was beginning to show some very good results, which was in part true as we were making sales and were beginning to ship. However, the company was actually a small export business in the basement of an office building in Brooklyn. In any case I could see that things were moving along.

One of the young women I met on a blind date was Elaine, who was tall with dark eyes and black hair. She had a nice smile, and was basically conservative as regards joke telling, anecdotes and social chit-chat. Since I was the extrovert of the two of us, we got along fine. About six months later we announced our engagement and a month or so after that we got married. We moved to a two-bedroom apartment on York Avenue where prices were very reasonable at the time. Elaine started a sales job at Gimbels a few blocks away. Although I was on straight commission, I was able to take some money from my savings account left over from Avon International, my export firm, and I began to live carefully, almost parsimoniously. We did make things work.

Several years later I met a fellow named Bob Crouse whose uncle had known my Father and had given my Father a job as a financial consultant and a small one-desk office in his suite of offices. Bob's uncle was a large commercial factor who financed accounts receivable. Builders are notoriously poor payers and Bob's uncle was not impressed with the timing of the collections, or even the security of some of the builders. Some time later he decided he wanted to leave the country and pulled out with his nephew and left me with his business, but without any source of financing. Luckily I met two men who owned a cabinet-making firm in New Jersey who were interested enough in the products we were manufacturing and

selling to buy into our company and buy out Mr. Crouse's interests and to give me a percentage of the profits.

Elaine and I had our honeymoon in Mexico thanks to the gracious unselfishness of some of my father's friends whom he had represented while he was still practicing law. A year later, Elaine gave birth to our first son, Daniel, who was blond, blue eyed and a little chubby as he grew up, with a lovely smile and cute personality. He attended the local public school and seemed very happy. Unfortunately, as a side effect of giving birth, Elaine got hepatitis's and later we discovered that this affected her hearing, which became a big problem between us, as our marriage proceeded.

As things were moving along and I could see a future in my business, I began to become involved in other activities that had been of interest to me before I was married. Although I spent many hours reading business blue prints and going on the road daily, I also began to attend meetings and started spending more and more time on World Federalist work because I believed in the need for this approach to world peace, and as a war veteran I felt this need strongly.

Chapter Twenty-Two

EARLY FATHERHOOD

I believe that I was a good father, however; I did not get home in the evening before 7:30 p.m. any night (except Tuesday) and I rarely had dinner with the children who were usually in bed by the time I got home. Keeping track of the car was no easy thing; almost every day I'd be chasing to find where I'd left the car the night before. We could not afford a garage in the city. Parking consisted of a lot of circling and searching. As a result, I had very little time with the children. Not only did I arrive home late, but also I had to leave the apartment very early in the morning in time to avoid getting a parking ticket on my car.

Nonetheless, I am very proud of my four children. They have in their own ways all accomplished a lot. Unfortunately I was troubled by my father's setback in his professional life, which obviously affected my father as well as it affected me. All the luxurious parts of our home life were terminated mostly due to the financial problems of my father. I spent most of my life working very, very hard and could not give my children as much personal attention as I should have done. Having been brought up in a home with domestic help, a nanny for my brother and me, summer camps and private schools, to try to repeat this for the next generation was a challenge. It was very difficult and I really felt I might have done better with the upbringing of the children if I could have spent more time with them. Nonetheless they all turned out fine, and I am very pleased.

The bulk of my business career was spent in the construction field and in sales to developers who were building hospitals, schools and apartment houses. I reported to them on products needed in their various construction projects to include such things as medicine cabinets, grab bars, mirrors and other bathroom fixtures. To do this work I went through the plans and specifications to see what the architect was expecting in his building. I would then get prices together for particular items and for the quantities needed. Next, after adding a markup, I would send a bid request out to suppliers--either the one who looked best for the project, or, in the case of public construction, to many potential bidders. From there on I had to follow up the bid with the builder and try to secure the business. This work required

much time meeting with suppliers and with the builders, and also much time spent at home with blueprints to calculate the quantity required for the products to match those shown in the plans. My children, perhaps by coincidence or perhaps by exposure, all ended up in some aspect of the construction field. Something evidently rubbed off. They are scattered all over the country: Nina is in Florida, Daniel in Arkansas, Bret in California and Russell in New York. They are all interesting in their own ways.

Nina, my youngest, was always beautiful and sprightly; she joined the construction field as a civil engineer and architect. Currently she is involved as the chief executive for a courthouse building project in Florida. Her two exceptional children are Jessica and Solomon.

Russell is a wonderful young man who is warm and friendly. He turned out to be an expert on construction and plumbing products. He accesses hardware and finishing products such as tubs, lavatories, grab bars and accessories. He handles millions of dollars of sales in a month for which he has to prepare quotes, follow thru with the builders and place orders for production. His children are Sarah and Matthew.

Bret is a graduate of a top- notch collage and law school. He has his own law firm in San Francisco. He also took an interest in the construction field, perhaps as a natural outcome of his upbringing. He was able to draw a little, and in fact he made a sketch of the projects he has built in California, which are mostly small condos. His interests aside from his law firm and his building projects, include being an excellent squash player, and he also enjoys playing jazz piano, mainly Scott Joplin, in clubs.

Daniel, our oldest, has had many interesting experiences. He started in the hardware field and moved into the parameters of the contract field while also working for peace and justice organizations. As a child he was fun and it was very enjoyable playing games with him. However we noticed as he grew older that he was having trouble with basic reading, even with his first letters in first grade. We had him checked finally and there was a question of his being left handed and we were advised to encourage him to use his right hand even though it was later learned that forcing a left handed child to become right handed is not a good practice. However, at the time my wife thought that that was the proper thing to do. His main problem was reversing his letters, so we ended up sending him to a special school to learn reading skills. I did the best I could with the limited time I had. I worked with him

on exercises, reading and eventually he progressed well enough to go to junior college.

In 1964 Elaine was pregnant with our fourth child, a beautiful young lady we named Nina. As the only girl in the family she was everyone's pride and joy. Between our bedroom and the kitchen was a former maid's room which we used as a closet. Finally, it was determined it would work as a baby's room and we knocked down a wall to make it more useable. The door of her room opened into our bedroom and into the kitchen passageway.

Unfortunately, the only quality time I could have with the children in the morning was on Wednesday when there were fewer parking restrictions. However that did not always provide enough time before the children needed to leave the house to go to school. To catch up with quality time with my daughter she would sneak into the bedroom in the evening around 8:00 or 9:00 p.m., by which time Elaine was already asleep. Our work schedules were not compatible, and we also had very little time together on weekends.

Little Nina, giggling and carrying her bathrobe or blanket would sneak into my room checking first to see if her mother was asleep, then she would plop onto my lap and we would watch TV. It was no way to bring up a child as straight discipline was not in effect, and she should have been asleep. I remember carrying her into bed and telling her to count sheep. A few minutes later she would come back and say to me "Daddy all of the sheep were white and very pretty, then along came a black sheep and woke me up". I would say, with a story like that I believe you need a spanking as I carried her back into bed. I was laughing and gave her a spank and said "See, you've been spanked". She couldn't stop giggling. This was the strictest discipline I ever gave the young lady. As the years went on her abilities began to show in the field of art and design. When one of the chores I had to do was to complete quantity estimates on various construction jobs she would get a pencil and paper and check with me. On some of the large projects like Battery Park City we needed to check how many vanities of cabinets there were, whether they were left handed layout or right-handed. A year or so later I recall her sitting by the window in our bedroom sketching the old Victorian Convent on the corner of Lexington Avenue. It became obvious she would be going into architecture or construction design.

After Nina finished college, I arranged a job for her with a construction company and she worked for the president of the company doing pretty much what she had done for me, except she was at the administrative

supervisory level. She would take the company's drawings, estimates or schedules and double check them, so that before they went into production they had been checked by the contractor's office, namely Nina. This was very good experience, and soon she was promoted to be assistant supervisor for a high rise apartment building at 63rd St. and Third Avenue. The supervisor was required to know all of the trades, plumber, carpenter, tile man; all who were bidding for a contract. One of the experiences she will probably never forget occurred when she was still assistant supervisor. She saw that the marble floor tile base was not going in level. She contacted the tile layer who told her that this was just a flip base and that when the actual tiles would go in they would level off. It certainly sounded logical, but she didn't accept this. She went back to check and found that the new tiled floor was not level. Two or three days later she went down alone to confront the tile layer. He threatened my daughter physically as she walked out of the room, whereupon she said "I have two brothers over six feet two, and I'm not going to forget this". A week later he was fired and my daughter was called in to the president of the firm's office to compliment her on her dedication to her job. The president asked what her plans were and said he would like to offer her the position of foreman on some jobs which he had coming up. She said, "Thank you, very much, but I did have an idea of becoming an architect". He replied "An architect never would make as much money as you would as a construction foreman". She told me about this meeting and I called our mutual friend the president. He told me architects are noticeably underpaid. He promised me that he would find her a full time position as supervisor on one of his projects. I told Nina about it, she said "Daddy, I know I could make more money" but I would like the feeling of accomplishment and the prestige of being a designer of a building. Further I would like some day to have children and then be able to go back to architecture, or be able to put up a shingle on my own business. What could I do at a moment like that but give my encouragement to my only daughter?

She went on to become a civil engineer, an architect and is now corporate vice president of one of the largest architectural firms in the country.

In looking back I realize I should have spent more time with the children, three boys and a girl. The daily rat race I went through in business is impossible to portray. We would have to do quality estimates at a builder's office which was difficult because you couldn't mark up the plans with crayons or markers to take a count. If I did not do the estimate in the builder's office but could get a set of plans I would do the plans at night,

after I'd been driving around all day. The actual estimate involved checking every clothes hook, towel bar, the size of the medicine cabinet the size of the grab bar, the description of the shower door, the description of the medicine cabinet. Thus, for example, a simple thing like a shower door turned out to be not so simple. They came in frameless doors or framed, in solid brass or solid aluminum or stainless steel. This is called a spec, so doing a take off you needed the specific quantity and then I would send that information to the factories with an invoice, and get the best price. In some cases we sent it out to more than one company.

To help with the children's homework was difficult in that I did not get home until after 7:00 or 7:30 p.m. and then had dinner. Nonetheless there was one area of interaction with my children where I was able to benefit from my own negative experience growing up. My father spent almost no time with me; I think he did not have the patience. So what is normal for the average family where the father takes the son out to teach him how to bat and throw and learn the rules of baseball never happened to me. Consequently, when I went away to summer camp and teams were chosen for baseball games I was chosen last, and usually assigned to right field. When a ball was finally hit to me I would usually drop it. So I ended up writing the camp newspaper.

I vowed that if I could help it my children would have a better background in sports than I did. I bought four small pieces of carpet which became bases in spring and goal posts in the fall. In no time many other children and parents would see us coming, and in no time we had a game every weekend – soft ball or touch football. In my game, everyone had a chance to be the quarter back and call signals, or play the position they wanted in baseball. This was very good for learning how to play and for self confidence.

Chapter Twenty-Three

Personal Life

I had designed a new medicine cabinet to be used by decorators and others to coordinate a counter top with wallpaper with a medicine cabinet. The idea was to take a piece of glass and have it silvered and a slight groove was put on the outside of the oval silvered piece of glass which would be the mirror. The rest of the square piece of glass would be clear. Then one could put wallpaper or a piece of Formica or whatever you wished behind the transparent piece of the glass and the effect would be the mirror would be standing out from the background, which the groove around the mirror would accomplish.

I contacted the manufacturer we were using at that time and had him cut the circles and I took one to Chicago to the Builders Show which was usually held in Chicago and drew about 25,000 - 30,000 builders from across the country. The displays were all supplied by leading manufacturers. GE had a large display – you could actually walk from room to room seeing all of the appliances in the various show house that they had constructed. This was a better way of displaying a product on a wall in a small booth. The bulk of the displays were small booths though, about twenty or thirty feet long. Some of them were very well done, and made this convention the outstanding one of the year, for suppliers and manufacturers to show their wares. I took my sample ... in a carrying case and went to visit the Elgar/American Standard booth and of course it was a wrong time to show a product in that they were all talking to builders. However, they all invited me to their hospitality room at various hotels, which took place after a convention was closed for the night. I went to one hospitality room after another and they were outstanding in their presentation and refreshments. One might feature bowls of shrimp, or another lobster, others caviar. Expense was no object. They were designed for big builders. I wasn't shy of having my share of food and Martinis, my favorite drink. Finally, I went home feeling light headed and hailed a cab to the Lincoln Park Hotel on the outskirts of Chicago. I got to my room and sat down on the bed and noticed the bed was undulating. Since this is unusual for a bed I held on to the sides of it until it slowed down. As I did so I heard a wolf call and then another

wolf call, then a small wolf call, then the baying of a small cat like a coyote or a dog. I decided I must have the DT's and I needed medical help as I didn't know what would happen to me. I picked up the phone and asked the switchboard if they had a doctor on the staff. They said they didn't have one but would be very pleased to call their stand by doctor for the hotel. He enquired further, what was the problem. I told them I was hearing wolves and other creatures. He replied of course you do. I said what do you mean of course I do? He said that across the street from the hotel was a Zoo, the largest in Chicago, and tonight is a full moon, and what happens during a full moon every dog, wolf, coyote, etc. decide they must bay at the moon, and what you are hearing is a chorus of wolf calls. I won't forget that experience.

After I got married and we had the factory in Brooklyn, which was in the basement of an office building. One day I received a phone call from Victor our production manager that there was a fire at our factory and that I should come immediately. The fire had been put out but there was damage from the water used by the fire department. Not five minutes later I received a phone call from a fire marshal to tell me to get down there as there were violations against the fire code which I should know about. When I got to the factory in Ralph Avenue in Brooklyn I found there was a pumping company there who were pumping the water out of the cellar where we were manufacturing. I later learned that this pumping company was financed by the insurance companies, and their job was to lower the cost of the fire by being available to pump out the water left by the fire department. By the time I got there the water had been removed. Luckily most of our raw materials were in bins off the ground as there could have been a major damage to raw materials. We were able to dry out the cabinets that got wet and the overall damage was not as serious as I had assumed. The fire marshal came in and wanted to see me personally. He pointed that the fire might have been started by overhead electric plugs which were not fully in use. The theory of the overhead plug to obviate fire damage. This was probably the beginning of many fires, in that the workers would plug their electric saws or tools into cable into the plug hanging from the ceiling. To do that there was a chance of fire. I still do not see the logic behind hit, but he let me know the logic very quickly because he said he had to put a report in saying we were culpable and had caused more damage than was necessary. This of course would affect us the minute we got back on par insurance. I took him aside and asked him "How can we make this situation disappear?" He said "Well I can meet you around the corner tomorrow at breakfast time and I would like you to make a

contribution to the Fire Department of \$1,000.00”. He knew that I knew he didn’t mean ‘Fire Department’ as the next words out of him were, “Please try to bring cash”. This was my first experience with bribery in one of the City Departments and I obliged and went ahead with the payoff. It makes you wonder how many times this type of occurrence went into effect in the marketplace. Perhaps I should have told him to go to hell. I’ve wondered how many other businessmen have gone along with this, or did they blow the whistle? In any case it was part of my education as a businessman.

I went to visit my son in Arkansas in a town called Conway which is near Little Rock. I could see him two weekends and in between we had time to see parts of the state. One of the places we wanted to see was Hot Springs in Arkansas which consisted of a few large hotels and bathhouses all being supplied by waters from the nearby mountains which are supposed to be very therapeutic. I went to one of the places that offered one of these services. I was taken into a bathroom and went into a large cast iron tub. There was an attendant who helped me get into the tub and turned on the water.

The tub was tremendous, wider than any tub I’ve ever seen, a good 36 to 46 feet wide, higher than any tub I’ve ever seen and all made of cast iron. To get into the tub you had to step on a step then grab a bar on a far wall. After the length of treatment which was approximately half an hour I decided I’d had enough and told the attendant that I wanted to get out. He said “Go ahead, get out”. I said “I need your help”. He replied “It’s not part of our duty to pull you out of that tub”. I asked “Why not”. He said “I might injure my back or something and our insurance doesn’t cover this – you got into the tub now you have to get out of the tub.” I told him I was scared of reaching and stepping out over the high curve and losing my balance. He told me I was going to have to try. I told him I didn’t want to try, and asked to see the manager. The manager came in and said the attendant was right and I should try to get out on my own. What concerned me was stepping over the high tub, having to let go of the bar and with one leg in space and losing my balance and falling down. I asked if there was anyone I could speak to. Well you can speak to the manager of the hotel. The manager came in wearing a business suit and tie and asked how he could help me. I told him I just wanted a hand in balancing myself in getting out of the tub. He said “Well OK, just reach over and put your hand on my shoulder”. I did this. Meanwhile I was in the hot water for much longer than I should have been, and certain parts of my anatomy shrunk a lot. I don’t believe the hot

sulphur springs did me any good, and in view of the circumstances scared the hell out of me.

I had problems with my second son who was an under achiever at school. He never had self confidence. He married a lady who thought she was marrying into a well to do family. She had a well paying job as a nurse, however his job as a sales administrator did not pay enough for them to live the way they should. I pointed out that they were living beyond their means. They then brought up the fact that my two grandchildren deserved the best, and my son tonight reminded me of the story of when his mother and I first got married. We looked at some condo/town houses in Tarrytown which I could afford. We selected Tarrytown because we heard the schools were very good. We didn't have to worry about private schools for the immediate future. My son said to me "How dare you give me advice that we are living beyond our means when you were ready to move into Tarrytown when your wife's Mother insisted we stay in the City and helped us buy an apartment. At the time it seemed like a smart move, but as it is with my son now and was then we would always have money troubles as we could not afford to stay in the City and send my children to private schools. The first few years they went to public school but my son's family are at private school. They ask for money and refuse to sit down and make a budget and I have the problem of my daughter in law throwing my son out and denigrating him in front of the children on the grounds that he doesn't make enough money. She even told the children they couldn't continue at the school they were going to. So here I probably made a big mistake. Thirty years later my son letting me know that he has the same problem as a young father that I had.

Chapter Twenty-Four

THE DAILY RAT RACE

Going out to see builders took patience and perseverance. I would get involved making telephone calls to perfect strangers asking them for an appointment, trying to get them interested enough to see me. Some of the construction jobs were very small, six or eight houses in a small area, but in most cases where there were large jobs the builders would put up a marvelous configuration, such as a ranch house, a back-to-front split or a two storey Colonial. If we were able to get into the models we would only ship when the builder had sold the units that were under construction. The usual time lag was six to eight months assuming it was a successful project. Some jobs were much slower than that and would take sometimes a year and a half. My income was derived not just from the original sale but from the ultimate sale, which we called a back log of sales. Therefore if we did three models at the beginning and had to wait six to eight months for the balance of the job to be shipped, I wouldn't see any income for several months after that because builders were traditionally slow in payment and I would not be getting any commission until the house itself had collected the funds from its sale.

One learned patience and forbearance in that several of the builders couldn't make an immediate decision or couldn't decide on a color or wouldn't accept my advice for several reasons. One thing I did learn was patience and tenacity. The following vignettes demonstrated some interesting approaches to salesmanship.

My schedule on an ongoing basis was to be on the road as much as possible. I would only go to the factory one day a week or maybe every second week because I felt it was more important to be on the road selling. Usually I would work the South Shore of Long Island and not waste time going to the North Shore since I could go there on another occasion. Our product was attractive at that time. We only had one or two competitors so it was important for me to see as many people before my competitor got there ahead of me. In one case a competitor did get there ahead of me to see a Mr. Nat Seroda who was building on the South Shore. His project had about 125 very large houses and he had a good reputation in the field. I had made my

appointment with Mr. Seroda by telephone and went out to his office in Woodmere, which was in a trailer. He stated that he was interested in meeting me because he had heard something about my company and my product. I gave my pitch and gave him the very best prices I could in order to get in with him, in order to close the entire project. After I closed the contract that very day to my surprise he then told me the rest of the story. It seemed my competitor; Ross Sinktop had been there the very day before and spent part of his sales pitch knocking my company and my product. Mr. Seroda said he was curious as to how competent my company is because we must be doing something right that a competitor would be so vehement in denigrating us. Over the years I sold to Mr. Seroda over and over again for various different projects. The moral of that story is, if you can't say something good about someone don't say anything at all.

Jacket and tie in the mud.

Years ago I was selling bathroom vanities and I had a lead about a builder building in New Rochelle in a very low-lying place near the water. Because it was near the water and because it was springtime the walkway was very muddy as was the construction site. I parked my car on the road overlooking the construction site and it was very hot. I opened the back of my car and took my jacket and tie out and tied my tie and put on my jacket and made my way through the building site to the builder, who it turned out had seen me arrive and was watching me. I began to tell him about my products. He said he might as well tell me from the start that he had other offers, but providing I would give him a reasonable price he would give me the business, because he said "I watched you putting your coat on, fixing your tie and walking down in the mud to me, and I thought that was a polite thing to do." This was a compliment to me, and it showed respect for me as a supplier. He said he looked forward to doing business with me. I did business with him for many years.

The sale begins when the customer says "No".

On another occasion I went to see a builder named Bob Grant who worked in Great Neck. His construction site of 300 houses was in Commack, New York. I told him about a new vanity line I had designed and that I would like a shot at the job. I gave him prices, he told me to go into details with his project manager, John Sweeney, who was out in Commack. I drove to Commack. Mr. Sweeney said to me "Oh, Mr. Grant doesn't usually buy this

kind of product, and I have already made a commitment to a firm we have used before”. I said “Yes, but Mr. Grant said to me that he would give me a shot”. He said “Well, you’d better see Mr. Grant, but the job has already been given out”. I went back to see Mr. Grant, who said “Well, I don’t know your product, I’ve never seen it”. I said “Well, if I get a sample out here and you approve it can we still get the job?” I said “I will make one up from scratch it will take two to three days”. I went back to the factory to start production. It was difficult to complete a vanity in two to three days, and stop a factory to get one item out, but I did it. At the time I had a station wagon, and put the vanity into it and went out to see Mr. Grant. As I thought, he loved the item and I got the sale. The moral of this exercise is that the sale begins when the customer says ‘No’.

Chapter Twenty-Five

World Federalists: Activism after the airforce

Nuremberg - The Humphrey Campaign

After I got out of the Army I renewed my friendship with Henry Brandt who was my closet friend in High School. Henry had graduated Summa Cum Laud from Harvard and was one of the most brilliant young men I'd every met at. At college he had joined the United World Federalists and became quite active at a local level. He had formed a Chapter on the West Side and they had asked me to become active as a membership chairman which involved going from door to door and getting people to join. Our success was quite quick in that the threat of the nuclear bombs dropped in Hiroshima and Nagasaki in 1945 was quite an important rallying point in getting new members. The basic idea of the Federalists was 1) Universal membership and 2) the limitation of national sovereignty and a transfer to the World Federal Government of legislative and judicial powers as related to only world affairs, such as global pollution, genocide and the control of the atom bomb and 3) Enforcement of World Law directly upon the individual whoever he may be within the jurisdiction of the World Federal Government. 4) A guarantee of the Rights of Man that suppression of all attempts against the security of the Federation which includes the invasion of one nation into another. 5) For the creation of super national armed forces capable of guaranteeing the security of the World Federal Government. 6) Ownership and control by the FB of atomic development and other scientific discoveries capable of mass destruction. 7) The power to raise adequate revenues directly and independently of state taxes. All of these features are possible, limited world government based very much on the constitutional convention in 1786 in Philadelphia where thirteen sovereign states gave up gave up a little bit of their sovereignty for the greater good of all. This was the beginning of U.S. Federation and fifty nations adopted the philosophy behind that.

I got very involved with this group and found out that there were others in

the City, Greenwich Village, East Side, West Side and Queens, etc., and they are all dedicated to the same philosophy They spent a good portion of their time on membership, home meetings with speaker sand some larger meetings with illustrious speakers like Grenville Clarke, Norman Cousins of Saturday Review Literature.

One of the items discussed at local Chapter Meetings was the admission of Red China to the UN. Our organization was divided on the subject but our local Chapters by almost unanimous vote finally decided that we could not have a World Government having disenfranchised hundreds of millions of world citizens, namely the citizens of China. We worked insidiously writing letters to congress, having studied meetings with professors of Political Science and International Law on the subject and kept up our pressure on Congress through an educational thrust to opinion leaders of both parties. It was years later that President Nixon made a famous trip to China, and US/China relations went into effect in 1960? (He wasn't President till much later)

Another very interesting subject was the question of the Law of the Sea which still is an open subject. At the time we got involved it was quite timely. Together we worked on Congressional Committees, with Professors, experts on the subject. One of them was Professor John Laurel whose book about the oceans being both a common heritage of mankind which was well read. The Concept was very clear, beyond a twelve mile limit who do the oceans belong to? When you talk about oceans it is not just about fishing rights but a very large subject with sea bed mining. Parts of the ocean have modules of antimony who lived in them, and other fairly rare minerals.

A group of Federalist became very active on this matter. They made presentations to Congressional Committees, presented papers and one of our members wrote a book about the heritage of mankind. In 1982 the Section of the Treaty having to do with Sea Bed Authority was removed from the Treaty which had been put together by a Committee of the UN to get all of the nations to join. Sea Bed Authority had to do with mapping the ocean floor and franchising sections of the ocean floor to international corporations who would mine it and sell the raw materials in the market place and give a certain percentage to the Sea Bed Authority which would in effect be part of the UN and that money would be used to help finance the UN. It makes so much sense from the point of view of the Federalists because you are dealing with an international law and with the good of mankind. The final Treaty

was vetoed by President Regan who stated that nobody should tell the United States where our ships can go. After the Treaty was vetoed Alexander Haig who was the Exec Officer of the largest Sea Bed Mining Company in the world became U.S. Head of State.

To this day the matter has only been partially resolved and until the Sea Bed Authority is approved there is no future for the Law of the Sea. The Federalists have bought this up again and we are hoping to get better support.

Chapter Twenty-Six

My World Federalist Years

*For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be;*

*Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight dropping down with costly bales;*

*Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rain'd a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue;*

*Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-wind rushing warm,
With the standards of the peoples plunging thro' the thunder-storm;*

*Till the war-drum throb'd no longer, and the battle-flags were furl'd
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.*

Alfred, Lord Tennyson

1809 - 1892

Being an activist can be a kind of malady in that it can take over one's lifestyle. From high school to college to the army I always became involved in activities other than the norm. I've always felt that since life has so much to offer it is the duty of a responsible person to give back in the form of working for the greater good of humanity. Ever since I left the army I became involved with various goals and organizations. In retrospect I am sure I did not make any serious waves or help on any really important level. But the very fact that I was doing what I wanted to do, to help where I could help, rounded off my life, even though I knew that the world would little note nor long remember what I did or tried to do. I felt I was a better person for trying to make a contribution.

Looking back over 66 years since D-Day, I mention my activity with the Word Federalists working for a world where the law of force will be

replaced by the force of law. My comments about this work on CBS TV News where I was interviewed on the 50th Anniversary of D-Day generated thousands of responses from interested people. Participating in this TV program clarified my thinking and helped me recognize the people and efforts who were working for effective international law and justice.

Some of the work I did for the World Federalists is similar to the work done on many projects in other organizations. First of all we had to get new members - we arranged for speakers and home meetings where people invited their friends and got new members to join up. The main thrust was explained in articles by Norman Cousins, publisher of the Saturday Review who was one of the founding leaders of the World Federalists in the United States. Grenville Clarke and Louis Sohn who wrote a well-received book entitled "World Peace through World Law" provided a very specific plan for doing away with war and replacing it with the international rule of law. These writings were pretty much our syllabus and were exciting enough to get people to join. Once we had members we arranged larger meetings to further promote our ideas. For example, we invited the renowned international lawyer, Ben Ferencz, who had been a prosecutor at the Nuremberg War Crimes Tribunal. We also invited Senator Dale Bumpers, who gave us a wonderful presentation on the threat of nuclear arms. He told us that both Russia and the US had their nuclear weapons on hair-trigger alert. I believe to this day this alert is still in place. The nuclear arsenals of both nations are set up so that once enemy planes or missiles would be heading our way, automatically, on signal, we would send our planes or missiles with nuclear weapons to attack the other nation. This trigger alert worked both ways, and the other nation, the Soviet Union at that time, would automatically send their's to attack us. There have been several instances in recent history where the United States and Russia came very close to triggering that alert. We all know about Cuba and the fact that there were Soviet arms based in Cuba, but few people know about the incidents that were less well publicized where disaster was just barely prevented.

A few years after I got out of the army I met a man named Bill Pace who later became the Executive Director of the World Federalist Movement, a network of Member Organizations and Affiliates in 21 countries. In addition to leading the actions of this group of organizations, Mr. Pace organized the Coalition for the International Criminal Court, which provided a means for civil society networks to support the ICC, lobbying from country to country. In 1998 120 UN Member States, meeting in Rome adopted the Draft Statute

of the International Criminal Court. Four years later on July 1 2002, after this Statute was ratified by 60 countries, the Rome Treaty for the ICC entered into force. Its jurisdiction prohibits genocide, crimes against humanity and war crimes.

Although President Clinton signed the ratification documents at the end of his term in office, this action was reversed by President Bush. Now the Obama Administration is cooperating with the Court and organizations such as the World Federalists are working actively to encourage the United States to become a party.

Thanks to the initiative of the international World Federalist Movement, the Coalition for the International Criminal Court with over 2000 civil society groups and legal associations is working to help States Parties to the ICC Treaty bring their national law into line with the ICC. Not only does William Pace and the international World Federalist Movement lead this effort of the CICC, but also the largest U.S. membership organization of WFM, Citizens for Global Solutions, has made support for the ICC a major thrust of its educational and lobbying work. This has been a crowning achievement of the 63 year history of the World Federalists in the United States.

Chapter Twenty-Seven

LEXINGTON DEMOCRATIC CLUB

When my oldest son, Danny, was about seven years old I became increasingly involved with the Lexington Democratic Club. It was the time of the Viet Nam War and President Lyndon Johnson had decided not to run for office again. Consequently the nomination for the new Democratic Party candidate to replace him took place in Chicago in the midst of a lot of turmoil. President Johnson, though he backed the Viet Nam War, was looking for ways to get out. His Vice President, Hubert Humphrey did not approve of U.S. involvement. However, the progress and successes of the so called 'Lyndon Johnson Great Society' in the field of social security and human rights seemed more important to Lyndon Johnson and to Hubert Humphrey than the question of the Viet Nam War. So when Humphrey ran for office his platform did not include unilaterally getting out of the war in Viet Nam. Though he believed in getting out and worked toward that goal he did not want to start out his career with a political argument with the former President.

There was a very liberal, left wing part of the Democratic Party at that time and there were riots in Chicago in relation to the election. A group of the young radicals who belonged to the Lexington Democratic Club vowed to disrupt the nomination of Hubert Humphrey. This dis-endorsement would have been a real slap in the face coming from the largest Democratic Club in the country. When I found out what was being done in our name, I went to the President of the Club and asked "Is there anything we can do? A dis-endorsement by our Club would be a terrific blow against Humphrey and a strong argument for his competition to use against him".

I suggested we call up all the members and tell them about the meeting we were going to have on this subject. The bulk of the membership was old time Democrats who were possibly a little conservative in their viewpoints and also realistic, but they were the type who didn't normally attend meetings. Their theory was 'Well, there is always an activist around to work on subjects as they come up. Let's depend on that for the management of the Club'. Consequently it might turn out that the bulk of the membership would

not be at the meetings while members such as the activists who were in Chicago would be, and they might be strong enough in their position to determine the outcome. Thus the intelligent thing would be to contact all the members, tell them what was happening and ask them to please, please be at this meeting to be held shortly.

Our Chapter Chairman put a list together for me and recruited two or three volunteers with whom I spent several days calling all of the members of the Club. When the meeting began we had a large turn out and when the motion was brought to the floor it was decided to make it a voice count rather than a written count because of the number of people in the room. When the motion to dis-endorse was finally put to the vote, it was overwhelmingly defeated. Hubert Humphrey was not dis-endorsed. At about this time people began to leave and when at least half had left the room, a small group that I named 'the Chez Guevara Gang' brought up a new motion, that the vote be set aside in that the bylaws called for a written ballot, which we had not used. Therefore, they argued, the vote was invalid.

Luckily a lawyer friend of mine who stayed, possibly having a premonition, stood up and said that a majority of the people in the room had accepted a voice vote and that type of vote had precedent over the present motion by the 'Gang'. I would think that this is a good example of what an activist can do if need be, when needed in a democracy.

Chapter Twenty-Eight

Law of the Sea

In 1983, a professor of geography wanted to assign his classes to the work of the Neptune group, the leading organization at that time, on the problems of the Law of the Sea. And he said he wanted to do this to inspire them, his students, to realize what a few ordinary people could do to make the world better.

Sam Levering and his wife, Marianne, were arborists, concerned with the environment. They were also dedicated Quakers and World Federalists. They wanted to devote their actions to activities on behalf of world order. Miriam also wanted to inspire others to devote their lives, as she had hers, to strengthen the international law and institutions that, in her view, offered the best hope for a just and peaceful future.

The name of their book, set the stage for what they were trying to accomplish, and what I have tried to accomplish in my life – what a few people can do to make a world better. .

“Citizens Action for Global Change,” pretty well summarizes what the activists that I am involved with have tried to do. Perhaps in a small way, we are trying to make a better world, in our own small way. .

Marianne Levering died in 1991, trying to bring the 1980 treaty to fruition. That treaty was signed in Montego Bay, Jamaica, in 1982. Had she lived, she would have been thrilled when, after serious negotiations in 1993, in July 1994 they became international law. Although the Clinton Administration honored the terms of this yet un-ratified treaty, she would have kept working to urge the Senate to ratify it and to build support for the new law of the sea, and for international governance. .

Developed nations, notably the United States and the Soviet Union (later Russia), were concerned that unilateral claims to ever larger offshore territories and resource zones would hamper the global operations of their navies, their air forces, and their fishing fleets. .

Developing nations, aware that by 1967 the deep sea beds contained large quantities of nickel, and other minerals, and fearing that the ships from the developed nations would harvest these metals and keep their profits, thus widening the income gap, wanted to protect their interests. .

The first UN Conferences on the Law of the Sea (UNCLOS 1 and 2) were held in 1958 and 1960. .

There were several approaches as far as priority was concerned. The State Department believed that the overall US interest in achieving a fully elaborated law of the sea was greater than any particular interest such as sea bed mining. The US and other negotiators contributed to the length of negotiations by refusing to trade away one set of interests for another, such as deep sea-bed mining. .

The goals of the Neptune Group were, broadly speaking, developed because there are a substantial number of Americans of vision and resources, who believe that the United States and other democratic nations should take the lead in building a world ruled by law and orderly government to replace the international anarchy that led, in their judgment, to two devastating world wars. .

The Leverings, and other World Federalists, hoped to change the UN, through international agreements, into an organization powerful enough to prevent arms build-ups and wars, yet limited enough to permit self-government in most areas. .

By the late 60s, however, the Leverings and many other world federalists were aware that the leaders of most nation states strongly opposed giving the UN supreme power. .

The main problems, of course, with the treaty, were the regulations regarding sea bed mining. Many wanted to prevent the passage of the unilateral sea bed mining that would harm the UN. The argument was made in terms of the 'common heritage of mankind' doctrine, which stated that there was a doctrine which enshrines a collective means of exploring and exploiting resources of the sea-bed, and that this must be seen as the guiding principle upon which further developments under international law should proceed. .

The work of the Neptune Group, and then of Marianne and Sam Levering's work, were difficult. They had to raise not only money for their own meals, but for flyers, for trips to Washington, for addressing meetings of citizens and organizations, and most of this was done on their own money, or money they could raise from an organization. They were dynamic people, and were an asset to the world of activism, because they set the tone for what a group of people could do, even in their own small way to address the beginning of an idea, a program, a way of life, and to help it to fruition. .

The legal argument was between the dry land miners and the sea bed miners, as well as those research interests that wanted to go close to foreign shores. .

The metals that were found on the sea bottom were usually in nodules, and they attracted multinational corporations, and congressional and UN action. That's because they contained nickel, copper, cobalt, and manganese. These nodules are scattered on the seabed. The primary commercial areas were between Hawaii and Mexico. .

Billionaire Howard Hughes built a famous dredge, the Glomar Explorer, in the search for nodules. Another company filed a claim in 1974 with the State Department for mid-Pacific exploration. .

Scientific and public interests and environmental groups also worked on the concept. .

The Neptune group was confronted with the most persistent and serious problem, namely to raise substantial funds to keep going. They got some modest grants, hundreds of people made contributions ranging from \$5 to \$500. .

I always admired how they were able to persevere, starting from scratch, working for scratch. .

Along with their own personal costs of living, they published a magazine every so often, and it was widely read and considered very highly. The magazine was called "Neptune," and the UN allowed them to put copies on the document table. This is not an official UN document. .

The summer I was there trying to help them with their work, I could see that

despite all their anxieties and uncertainties, one thing was clear, that they were determined to continue the fight for a treaty that was considered potentially the greatest step yet towards a world governed by law. .

The group made their largest contribution by suggesting that a computerized economic model offered the best chance to break the deadlock between developed and developing nations over financial arrangements for sea bed mining. .

The title “Citizens Action for Global Change” states not only the difficult work of the Leverings in their many years of devotion, but states their activism on behalf of world order. .

The United States Senate voted on Wednesday, May 2007 in favor of ratifying an international pact on ocean shipping and deep sea mining that had languished in Congress for years, because of those who said it could hurt naval operations and our industry. .

The United States Foreign Relations Committee voted 17-6 to back the accord, sending it to the full Senate, where it needs a 2/3 vote to win final approval. .

More than 150 nations have already joined the 25 year old pact. However there is quite a problem still existing as to our sovereignty over deep sea mining, and then whether the pact would be turned down for that reason. This is a very important decision, because it deals with international sovereignty, rule of the sea, and the rule and control of the deep sea mining areas. .

It definitely exposes the position of the nations that are against us and the law of the sea having to do with deep bed mining. There are a group of nations that consist of Libya, North Korea, Iran – who at this moment do not agree to the wider need of the law of the sea to include deep sea mining permission. .

The United States is beset with several pacts that were never ratified and do not set any kind of instructive example for other nations. I refer, of course, to the Bush withdrawal from the Anti-Ballistic Missile treaty and the Kyoto environmental treaty. Moving the US towards world citizenship is part of the important work of these activists.

Chapter Twenty-Nine

A Marriage Made in Heaven

Gertrude is away for a few days. I am on my own for one of the few times in our married life which is now close to five years. Five years of happiness. Because I am alone I have the opportunity to contemplate what a wonderful woman I eventually married. Many small things make me cognizant of my good luck.

On Thursday, Gertrude went to visit her daughter Leslie in Wilmington, Delaware where she lives with her two sons and her doctor husband, Jim. Their plan is to drive up to Boonville, near Utica, to visit the younger of Gertrude's two grandchildren at their summer camp on Lake Raquette in the Adirondacks. Therefore I have Friday, Saturday and Sunday on my own. Before she left Gertrude had arranged for two of her friends to have dinner with me and to go to a movie with me. So the only time I have on my hands is basically during the day.

When I got back to the apartment Thursday night after seeing Gertrude off, I discovered a series of notes, 'roast beef and pickle for lunch, dear, for dinner there are three Healthy Choice dinners, plus 2 pears ready to eat.' There was also a honeydew melon cut up in plastic wrap and with big explanation marks on the plastic saying 'Don't forget the yogurt!' –PS There are strawberries and bananas in the refrigerator. Signed, 'with Love and Kisses'. It was very, very considerate. Her worrying about my creature comforts, concerned that at 73 I might not be able to fend for myself, was typical of her ability to love. I think the combination of the thoughtful notes and the sweet gesture I found when I opened up the refrigerator show her warm love. When I opened the refrigerator, I discovered a Snickers Bar wrapped in another note that said 'I love you'. Snickers Bars are something we both love that we had sworn off because of the high calorie content. But in this case Gertrude wanted to help me break our rule by giving me a Snickers Bar wrapped in a love note. It was very touching.

Love is a word that is so often used, too often misused and misunderstood. One definition of love that I have used is that love implies a very selfish motive, or state of being because if one falls in love one receives his or her enjoyment from the happiness of the partner or the object of the love. Thus the desire to do something for the other is pleasurable to the giver; nothing is expected in return except the hope that the love will be reciprocated. Thus love can be seen as selfish; it gives pleasure to both the giver and the recipient. It is a state of fluid attraction, not a single act or statement, but a continuation of actions and gestures. It is expressed by consideration, appreciation and in a relationship with encouragement and understanding. Therefore a true love affair involves giving of ones self.

I truly believe that Gertrude's love affair is with the world not just me. She is so involved in her organizations and in happiness in the lives of homosexual men and women who do not know how to face their sexuality. Statistics show there is a higher incidence of suicide among children who have not found their place in society because they feel they are different and they do not know how to tell their parents or their friends. Gertrude's organization, PFLAG (Parents and Friends of Lesbians and Gays) fulfills that need. It is a wonderful support group helping parents as well as their children. On our first date I visited Gertrude's apartment and naturally looked at the family pictures in frames on the étagère in the living room. I asked who was the pretty girl and was told that is my daughter Leslie; and then I asked about the photo of her son. "What does he do?" I asked. "He is a lawyer." I then asked whether he is married and she replied, "No, he is gay."

There was a deep silence after that. She perhaps didn't know what to expect from me. I said, "It's strangely unreal. Your son's a lawyer and homosexual; my son is also a lawyer and is also homosexual." Thus from the very beginning we had something in common. As a matter of fact she offered me some books to read on the subject. "No thank you, I'd rather not read much on the subject," I demurred. When I went home I realized it was rather unfeeling on my part, and I called her and said, "Dear, I want to pick up those books the next time I see you, because if we are going to have a relationship I should know more on this subject." She has always felt that my attitude was not as involved as hers in helping young people who are coming out, and that's why she is so involved—to sort of compensate for what she sees as my deep unacknowledged homophobic feelings. I actually think my attitude is an understanding one, but something I do not feel I need

to talk about.

On our second date she told me she was going to a World Federalist cocktail party or seminar the following Saturday afternoon, and would I like to come along. I asked to see the invitation and then noticed that I was one of the sponsors and one of the vice presidents. So again, we had something in common. We both like people, we both love to talk to people. We are people-people to the extent that if I do not talk to the cab driver, she will. In no time at all, with her charm she gets the cab driver to talk about himself, why he is in this country, does he have children, what does he think about the politics of his country, etc. I've always been an extrovert, and I married an extrovert who enjoys making people happy and learning more about them.

Case in point is her friend Fritzi who is the wife of her former attorney and a very close family friend of her former husband and herself. No matter where we are, even in Europe, she will try to call Fritzi at least once a week. And when we are in New York she calls Fritzi every day, and she finds time to drive to Brighton Beach to pick up Fritzi and take her to lunch, which would be difficult for Fritzi to do herself because she is partly crippled. Gertrude worries about Fritzi and wants the best for her. Gertrude also worries about the Bosnians, about downtrodden people, about human rights throughout the world.

I've always been involved and interested in politics and international affairs. To find somebody with the same interests when I am seventy years old is very exciting. I feel this is perhaps a pre-ordained match made in heaven.

Gertrude likes to play bridge, and I hadn't played for some time, so we decided on our third date to go to a local temple to play duplicate. Usually the people arrive in pairs and have experience with each other's play. We had no such experience. So at dinner on the way to the temple, which had the doubles games in its community hall, we discussed the conventions she knew as we proceeded to the game. The bottom line is that we took second place, which gave us half a master point. We have never done that since, and I don't think we probably will, but it certainly was a lovely way to start a relationship, which has ended in a very happy marriage.

Through her organization, Gertrude has been invited to appear on cable TV and make speeches, and she has recordings of some of these events. On one

program she was interviewed and had her son call in from outside. The interplay on TV between mother and son was very emotional and supportive and had a profound effect on the impact of her work. My daughter-in-law, Mary, who saw the program told me she cried as it was so beautifully done, so warm and understanding of each of their viewpoints. Gertrude spoke of how she cried when she learned of her son's sexual proclivity. I recall that when I first found out about my son I blamed myself. I should have known – my son hardly ever brought a girl to the house, we never knew much about his dating. He did bring a girl home from college, but he had attended an all-boys high school and summer camp and I do not recall his going to co-ed parties or having a girlfriend in high school. As a side note, frankly if I ever had a choice or could make a recommendation to my grandchildren, I think I would advise that the idea of an all-boys or all-girls school doesn't provide for normal day to day relationships. Their joint dances become exceptional events leading to unrealistic anticipation and exceptional excitement. These students did not enjoy the regular day to day contacts that students at coed schools took in their stride.

Getting back to the little things in life that make Gertrude an exceptional woman, it's not just the roast beef sandwich, it's little things like two nights ago when I ran out of reading mater and I knew she had just finished a book. So I stopped at the video store and asked for the Robert Redford film, "A River Runs Through It." The salesperson said it was funny that someone had just taken that out and then brought out another video. As I started to sign for it the salesperson exclaimed "It is your wife who took out the Redford film!" Gertrude had not told me she was going to do this, nor did I tell her. Just another warm, thrilling coincidence in a marriage made in heaven!

Chapter Thirty

REGRETS

I have just come back from dinner with my ex-wife Elaine and two Beefeater Martinis --- and so much guilt. I couldn't enjoy dinner or the drinks: usually two Martinis within one half an hour would produce a feeling of detachment so that my observant mind can look at my very pedestrian self with a feeling of general sufferance – but not tonight.

She is leaving for Florida as soon as she sells her apartment which seems imminent. She is going to Florida knowing no one except our daughter. Unable to drive and not wanting to meet anyone in advance; and so shy she wouldn't know how to relate. And I caused this. I walked out on a lovely, decent, uncomplicated human being.

Why did I have dinner with her? This was the first time in at least a year. The purpose was to discuss the future of our son Russell, the dog Bandit, and our wonderful daughter-in-law, Mary – where they should live, how we could help.

Tonight as we talk about prosaic matters – this mutual friend, that one – what they were doing – what their children were doing, I kept thinking how I had upset the life of this generous, elegant and charming lady by walking out after thirty years of marriage. She was an exceptional mother of our four children - caring, nurturing and helping them with their homework and social graces.

Perhaps I am being presumptuous? She didn't share my interests. She didn't try to reconcile. For six months I waited for a phone call-- an attempt on her part to discuss our problems – to visit a professional for help.

So maybe she was relieved to end our marriage – the details were handled without rancor. But I will always know I behaved badly.

Chapter Thirty-One

I AM CONTENT

My “Life in the Margin” (of history) has actually made a very, very small contribution for a better world. As I said earlier, being part of any activist program brings certain physic and emotional excitement to one’s life; I cannot take any major claim for the creation of the ICC, but I was part of the crew that actually set the mechanism in motion for it to be considered by the legislators of my country and by governments worldwide. I was part of the crew of the U.S. and the international World Federalist Movement, which played a key leadership role among the NGOs that have helped to establish the Court and continue to work for its success. I plan to keep working as part of this team for the rest of my life.

A political activist continually faces the scoffers and doubters of his ‘cause’. He is accused of being unrealistic in his thinking, and not facing up to the ‘real world’. He wonders often as to the logic of spending so much of his being on his cause.

It all came together for me in the Presidential Debates. As an important line item, President Bush accused Senator Kerry of being for the International Criminal Court. He was speaking before 50 million TV viewers who, in great majority had never heard of the ICC. This was an intellectual concept just nine years ago and is now debated internationally, as it hears its first cases.

A ‘CAUSE’ IS NOW A REALITY.

AND I AM CONTENT.

The End

