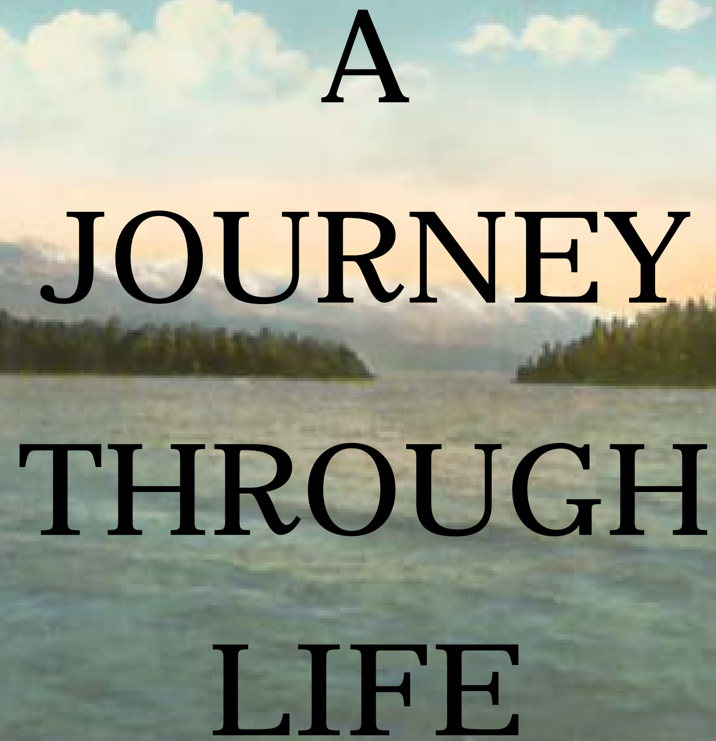

A JOURNEY THROUGH LIFE

By

Theodore K. (Ted) Sharp

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LIFE ON THE RESERVATION

Theodore K. Sharp: two years,

I was born in the state of Idaho in 1909, where my father was in the Indian service. He was stationed at a deactivated military post called Fort Lapwai, which was about fifteen miles from the town of Lewiston, located on the Snake River.

Ted at approximately

I was the younger of two children. I had a sister two years older than I, named Margaret. As youngsters, we played with the children of the other employees at the Indian agency, most were white but a few were native Nez Perce Indians.

1914: Ted Sharp at age

I particularly remember one young Nez Perce girl by the name of Mylie. Her last name was Lawyer and her great grandfather was Chief Twisted Hair, the chief who met the Louis and Clark expedition when they first contacted the Nez Perce Indians in 1805. Her family had been leaders among the tribe since before the days of Lewis and Clark. Her father was the chief clerk of the agency and my father was the superintendent.

We lived in a duplex that had been built for Army officers and their families. There was a very large barracks for enlisted soldiers about 300 yards away from our family home. As children we played in abandoned rifle pits, located on the hills back of our residence. They made a great playground. We were always partially hidden because the pits were dug about six feet-deep and in time of use, they accommodated three riflemen, aiming in three different directions—that was a military strategy at the time. The pits had become overgrown with grass and wildflowers, and in the spring and summer, it was a beautiful sight. My earliest recollections of playing in these rifle pits were of gathering armloads of wildflowers of various kinds. There was a creek that ran not far from our house, called Lapwai Creek where the Indians fished.

Another one of my earliest recollections was going to the city of Lewiston, which is located far down into the canyon of the Snake River. As we approached the brow of the cliff where the highway went down, I remember seeing a paddle wheel steamboat on the Snake. At that time, they had transportation all the way from Portland, Oregon up the Columbia River into the Snake, and the head of navigation

Postcard of Steamers Lewiston and

was at Lewiston. The country around was foothills that gradually became higher and higher. To the east of us was one of the main spurs of the Rocky Mountains and, of course, they were all heavily forested then. The foothills were grassland and had been used by the Indians to pasture their thousands of horses in those days and they were some of the best horsemen in the whole northwest.

The Indians tended to make pets of some of the wild animals. They frequently had pet squirrels—not many pet rabbits, since they always had dogs. There was one Indian family that captured a young black bear cub and kept it as a pet. Of course, I was completely entranced when my father stopped to talk to these people. The first warning he gave me was, “Now do not pet that bear!” So, while he wasn’t looking I petted the bear, and the bear snapped me on my arm. My father was not sympathetic, and that taught me a lesson.

When I was about six years-old, my father took me on a tour of the Weyerhauser Lumber Mill in Lewiston. In a large holding pond, thousands of logs were floating, having been rafted from the mountains down the Clearwater and other rivers to the Snake. This mill was one of the world’s largest. Enormous logs were pulled up a skid into the mill and loaded on a carriage that looked like a long railroad flat car. It had large hooks and rollers. These logs

Ted’s father, Theodore S. Sharp, at about age 45.

carriers would move forward slowly on tracks while a giant band saw sheared off one side of the round log. The carrier was rapidly returned to its base and the hooks and rollers turned the log, and the process was repeated until a square log was produced. This log was then moved to another part of the mill and sawed into two by fours, four by fours, two by eights, or other sizes as needed. The bark, sawdust, and chips were burned to produce steam to run the mill's steam engines and electric generators.

Theodore Sharp, Sr. holding Ted, about age two.

My father was assigned to a special investigative team to travel in Oklahoma for a year during 1915 and 1916. His mission was to investigate and report the conditions of the various Native American tribes located in Oklahoma, and because of his constant travel, there was no way that we could live close by. The Oklahoma summer climate was not too suitable so my mother elected to locate for that year in Long Beach, California.

CALIFORNIA HERE WE COME

Apparently, I had been running a low-grade fever for quite some time and it was feared I had contracted tuberculosis from some of the Indians—many of them had tuberculosis. At that time, it was thought that living on the beach would be good for my health. So, we went to Long Beach.

Traveling by train as a boy was quite an experience. Going to California, I saw the ocean for the first time. The Southern Pacific Railroad ran close to the Pacific, on the same tracks that Amtrak uses today.

In Northern California, the train ran into an automobile. Of course, the train was stopped as quick as it could stop. The automobile was completely wrecked, and two people were killed. My mother wouldn't let me look at the wreck, and she was shooing me away and back onto the train, so I couldn't see. Of course, as a child, I wanted to see everything there was.

When we got to the Oakland terminal, they took the train apart and put it on barges of three coaches long and about five coaches wide—all of that train was put on one big barge. Then the tugboats pushed us across San Francisco Bay and the train was reassembled on the San Francisco side. We were allowed to get off and walk around on the barge, and you could see the bay quite clearly. In Long Beach, I went to the beach everyday that it wasn't raining and, in spite of the general craze of children to go to the beach, I got so I hated it.

World War I was in full progress in these years, and I saw some military activity—mostly sailors. I did see my first airplane. There was a French stunt pilot who did stunts on a holiday or a Sunday. He would dive low over the beach and do twists and turns and so on. That was quite a memorable thing for me.

1910, Lapwai, Idaho. Theodore about one year old, sister, Margaret, three years-old, and mother, age 36.

My mother, my sister and I took some trips to various locations around Los Angeles. Mother had some cousins who lived in Riverside. In those days the air was so clear and pure you could see the mountains east of Riverside from the hills of Los Angeles. The whole country was full of orange groves.

There was an interurban that ran from Los Angeles over to Riverside and we went over there a couple of times. It was a rather extensive trip, but I do remember these side trips that we took.

While we were in California, I started school. My mother had been a schoolteacher and she had taught me to do some reading. So I started in the second grade rather than the first grade and later on that proved to be rather unfortunate, but so be it.

MONTANA AND LIFE WITH FATHER, AGAIN

Ted at about 10 years-old in

When my father's year in Oklahoma was up, he was reassigned as superintendent of the Flathead Agency, 40 miles Northwest of Missoula, Montana. We were preparing to go there when my mother received word that her father, who lived in McPherson, Kansas had died suddenly. So, instead of going directly to Montana, we took the Southern Pacific and Rock Island Railroad out of Los Angeles and went to McPherson for my grandfather's funeral. Later, we went by train to Missoula.

After we moved to Montana, we lived at an Indian Agency. The government buildings consisted of residential quarters for the superintendent, the chief clerk, several other clerks, and then there was a jail. The Indian police lived in one of the residential quarters.

There were big barns because the government was trying to encourage the Indians to do more farming and to use heavier draft horses. The government sent some big Percheron stallions out to the reservation. The stallions were far too big for their intended purpose, but it gave me quite an insight into these powerful horses. I never saw them in harness, but they loafed around the barnyard until they were put out to pasture.

My mother, Margaret Effa Kuns when she

My mother bought an Indian pony with saddle, bridle, saddlebags, and saddle blankets. The pony had belonged to an old Indian woman who had gone off the reservation and bought a supply of whiskey, and because she became inebriated, she was picked up by the Indian police and charged with something or other—and her horse and saddlebags were confiscated and sold. It probably wasn't ethical for my mother to bid on this confiscated property, but she did—and her bid of 25 dollars was the high one, so I got the pony. I couldn't get this pony to go faster than the squaw trot. She would walk and trot, but wouldn't run. My father had a Spanish quirt from Arizona that I located—and that horse learned to run! Some of the Indian police or other Indians would knock on our door and tell my mother that I was riding too fast and could get hurt. One time I did ride under the guy wire of a telephone pole and it hit the pommel of the saddle—stripping the saddle off the horse's back and me right along with it. I wasn't hurt, but if I'd been riding closer to the pole, it could have caught me in the neck and would have been very serious. I was about eight or nine at the time.

We lived close to the town of Dixon. There was another town some 40 miles away at the southern end of Flathead Lake, which was a very large freshwater lake. Steamboats took freight and passengers from

Flathead Lake is the biggest fresh-water lake

Polson, the town at the south end, to Kalispel on the north end.

The Northern Pacific Railroad freight-line ran through Dixon and those in charge decided it'd be profitable to build a spur from Dixon to the town of Polson, so I got to watch the building of the railroad. The Northern Pacific had graded the right-of-way, then they let the ground settle for a year or two before the men started laying the track. It was very interesting to watch this railroad-in-the-making process. Flat cars were pushed ahead of a small locomotive, and these flat cars were loaded with cross ties and steel rails. The men would catch hold of each end of a tie, carry it to wherever it was needed and throw it on the ground rather haphazardly—then they'd lay rails on top and spike them with no more than about eight spikes per rail. The straw boss used a gauge to see that the standard gauge width was met so that the locomotive

could proceed forward. This was a rather rapid process—they were in front of our agency for about a day before they were out of sight. I was very impressed. Later they came back, straightened the cross ties, and permanently spiked the rails.

Another of my recollections is the flight of the geese from Canada to California every fall and their return in the spring. The Flathead River ran due south from Flathead Lake and took a right turn before coming to the town of Dixon and going on to the northwest. The Flathead River had several names. It was called Clark's Fork and Thompson River. And it emptied into Lake Pend O'Reille. This was a natural flyway for the geese, and they didn't come by the thousands—they came by the tens of thousands! On some days when the sun was just right, they would cast a huge shadow because there were so many of them!

I also remember seeing large flocks of sheep with two or three sheepherders and their dogs. They would drive these flocks up the highway past the agency, going to summer pasture in the higher elevations.

Montana sheep dip to get rid of ticks, fleas, and prevent hoof disease.

A gruff old German doctor named Heidelman served

the Indians who brought their sick people to the agency. The doctor's wife was quite a character. She was a marvelous cook, made beads from rose petals, and had many hobbies.

When the doctor retired, they moved to a small acreage close by, where she raised chickens. Most people who wanted a fryer for Sunday dinner scattered a few grains and as the chickens ate, used a chicken hook to snare one. Not Mrs. Heidleman. She would step out on her porch with a 22-rifle and shoot the head off the desired chicken.

Another thing that was quite impressive was the 18 thousand acre buffalo range on the mountain just south and east of this agency. The steep mountainsides above the grazing area were timbered and there were over 250 buffalo in the herd. It was about the largest in North America at that time. The buffalo would follow the grass around. And after having grazed in one area, they would keep going until they were out of sight. In the spring, they would come back again. There were lots of coyotes and some other wild life that lived along the fence line of this buffalo range. On clear winter nights, the coyotes raised quite a song!

In both Idaho and Montana, the Indian children were segregated. They didn't go to the White schools because the families were pressured by the government to send their children to Indian schools located great distances from the reservation. In the Northwest, they would go to school in Oregon. Some of them went as far as Riverside in Southern California. Some of them went to Chilocco in North Central Oklahoma, just South of Arkansas City, Kansas. They were sent away

from the Indian customs, language, and the Indian dress. The government wanted to civilize them. The theory was, the Indians would become farmers like the White people, their families would live in houses and speak English, and they would dress and act as White people; but the Indians resisted it. The government even built White man styled houses for them, but if they lived in them at all, it would be only in the wintertime because of the cold weather. They refused to sleep in beds and would sleep on the floor. In the summertime, they would go back into the open and live in teepees. They were allotted food of all types, such as beans, flour, rice, cornmeal, beef, and pork from the government commissary. I'm not sure how it was distributed over the reservation, but they got rather large quantities of food. They'd smoke some of the meat or salt it down to preserve it. And they would eat large quantities of it when it was available.

School age children from our area were bused to school in a farm wagon, grain box type with benches along both sides. It was covered with canvas like a covered wagon and drawn by two Cayuse ponies.

In good weather, I preferred to walk down the railroad track. Since trains were few, there was no danger. Coming home, I would skip round stones on the pools in the barrow pits and sometimes walk along Jocko Creek to its mouth at the Flathead River.

The beaver were busy cutting small trees to build a dam. I never saw one because they would hear me coming and swim away, but the stumps they left were unmistakable.

One winter morning, I walked to school and was delighted that the snow had a crust that did not break through. When I got to school, the teacher told me it was 30 degrees below zero.

I rather enjoyed the winters. There were no blizzard type winds in the mountain valleys, so the snow came straight down. I never saw a snowdrift until we moved to Kansas.

Another experience I remember while living in Montana was about my father. He was quite a fisherman. He loved fly-fishing. There was a landlocked lake up in the mountains called Lake St. Mary's, and he was planning a fishing trip up there. It was a half-a-day's ride on horseback. My mother prevailed upon my father to take me along. I was about ten at the time. We traveled as far as we could by automobile, then we stopped, loaded the gear on horses (which had been arranged) and rode until just about dusk before we finally got to this lake.

My sister and I had collected grasshoppers for bait, and I'd kept them in tobacco cans. The fish were trout: Rainbow, Dolly Varden and Speckled—and being landlocked, they had no exit, so they multiplied unbelievably. When their food got scarce, all we had to do was to bait a hook with a grasshopper, cast it and we'd get a bite. We used double hooks on a line. And from about four o'clock one afternoon until three o'clock the next afternoon, my father and I caught 247 trout. We gutted them, leaving the heads and tails on, we took them home, salted them down—and we had salted trout all winter long. I don't really remember how we transported them from the lake, but it must have been

in canvas bags. The trip wasn't that long except for the horseback end of it, so they wouldn't spoil in that short time.

My father was killed in an accident when I was eleven—and I'd prefer not to go into that. My mother's mother still lived in McPherson, Kansas, and she invited my mother, my sister and me to live with her for a time. Grandmother Sharp had been buried in the McPherson Cemetery with a younger son named Morris, who had died of tuberculosis when he was 20. My father was transported there and buried in that cemetery with his family.

GRANDFATHER SHARP

Grandfather Sharp was born in the Amish faith. He believed in education, particularly for women, but the Amish did not, so he left that sect and joined the Brethren Branch of the Mennonites that allowed him to engage in education. He bought a seminary in a little town in North Central Pennsylvania. It had an Indian name and was close to Juniata. He operated it until sometime during the Civil War. Belonging to a strict sect of the Christian faith, he didn't believe in war. In the early days of the Civil War men were able to buy out of war duty for 300 dollars. That might seem like a small sum today, but 50 cents was a day's pay for labor, so that was like 600 days' pay—almost two years worth! But it got to be a racket. The sons of the wealthy bought out and many of the substitutes, who were paid to enlist, would desert, go to another county, and reenlist. And they would get another supplement for signing up again. Eventually this whole process was discontinued, but it explains why my grandfather was not in the Civil War. And after the war, he sold his seminary that he'd operated for young women.

Grandfather Sharp was a man who was curious about everything. He walked for three days to visit the Gettysburg battlefield. He'd described the battlefields that he'd seen just a few days after the battle—while the bodies were still being picked up. The Confederates were generally buried in common graves, but the Union soldiers who could be identified were buried in marked graves. He went to Gettysburg again when he was certain that Lincoln would be there—and he heard

Lincoln's Gettysburg Address. He liked to tell about that. He said the first eight rows of chairs set up in front of the podium were reserved for the Honor Guard and back of those, were chairs for the civilians. My grandfather sat in the second row behind the Honor Guard—on the right hand side, and six seats in from the center aisle. I can understand that because he was always prompt and early for everything.

Grandfather Sharp was a great biblical student. He wanted to read the original translations of the bible in Greek and in Hebrew so he went to Harvard and I believe, he got a degree in Greek. He did, in fact, read these old translations just so he could satisfy himself about what was originally written.

Grandfather and Grandmother Sharp had six children, but only three survived to adulthood. One girl Agnes died in Eastern Tennessee after they moved to the town of Maryville. Agnes, her mother and the young children would go to the mountains in the summertime to escape the heat in the lowlands while my grandfather preached in abandoned churches in the mountains. My father was born in Maryville, Tennessee. Aunt Annie, his older sister who survived to adulthood, had been born in Pennsylvania before they went to Tennessee. The preachers who had been there before the war were all anti-slavery, so the Confederates sent troops through there to chase all these preachers back north. There were many couples that had been married by the old common law of jumping over a broomstick or jumping across a small creek together. When the minister visited some would stand up to be married, and many of them had two or

three children by that time. I used to hear my grandfather tell about this.

My grandfather left Tennessee and went to Ashland, Ohio where he founded, and was the first president of a small Christian college called Asheland College, which is still in existence. There again was a split between the orthodox and the more liberal of the Mennonites. My grandfather chose to go with the more liberal. He left Ashland College and went to Mount Morris, Illinois where he was the president of Mount Morris College. My Aunt Annie and my father went to school there. Aunt Annie met her husband, Benjamin Davis, there.

Grandfather relocated in McPherson, Kansas where he founded McPherson College. I'm not sure just why he located there. It was quite a well-to-do town already with a lot of prospects because of the very rich farmland. Quite a few of the Brethren had settled in that area. The Russian-Germans had immigrated to Kansas—bringing wheat with them in the late 1860s and maybe early1870s—and wheat became the main crop in McPherson County.

My grandfather's overall observation was that women were smart and they were being suppressed. He saw that they were generally expected to use their brains and talent for cooking, keeping house, and raising children, but he thought they were capable of much more. And he thought they should be educated as teachers so they could teach other women and children. At that time all the teachers were men, and many of them were not too well educated, particularly on the frontier—many of them only taught the first through the fourth or fifth grades. And there were no upper

grades unless there was another teacher. Grandfather definitely saw the need for education.

Grandfather was also interested in Geology. He was State Geologist of Kansas in the late 1890s. He described to me what's known as the Nemaha range of mountains in Kansas—they're red granite boulders in Nemaha County in Northeast Kansas. The glaciers had transported some of these big red granite boulders as far south as the Kaw River, which was formed as a drain for the glacier. And these red stones can still be found if they haven't all been dug up and used for decorative purposes. This range of mountains runs southwest, and in Sedgwick County it is some 2,000 to 3000 feet below the surface, having been covered by the seas that came later when the land submerged. The red granite is still down there.

Grandfather was interested in paleontology and fossils. He used to dig around in Western Colorado—where he'd relocated because land was cheap and there were some of the most interesting fossils there. He lived in the little town of Fruita, which is just west of Grand Junction. I spent a summer with him when I was 13 or 14 years old. He and I didn't have much in common because he was a scholarly, religious individual and I was just kind of a hare-brained kid, who hadn't had the disciplined hand of a father for several years. We weren't really close, but he put up with me—it was quite an experience for both of us.

On the summer trip to visit Grandfather in Colorado, I went alone on the train. I got on the Santa Fe at McPherson, transferred at Great Bend to the main line of the Santa Fe, which ran out to Pueblo,

then I took the Denver and Rio Grande route that ran west from there to Fruita. I came back the same way, only in reverse order. I had ridden the train enough with my mother as a child so I knew what to do.

About 1923, I took sick with typhoid fever. With no antibiotics, there wasn't much that could be done except try to keep the fever down. Doctors did make house calls then and our doctor came three to four times a week. My mother took my temperature frequently and would bathe me with towels wrung out in ice water. She also laid these cold wet towels on my thighs and abdomen. If my fever got to 104, she would give me a cold-water enema. I was in bed for 7 weeks, and had to learn to walk after the fever left.

SCHOOL IN KANSAS

Ted circa 1924 beating a rug in McPherson, KS.

In McPherson, we lived on College Hill, just across the street from McPherson College. We were about a mile and a half from the high school and I used to roller skate to and from school. Later on, I rode a bicycle. It was all great exercise, and very good for my physical condition after having had the experience of typhoid earlier.

McPherson High School was a native-stone building in the downtown area. It was built on about two and a half levels with stairways. The stairwells were decorated with a very large collection of oil paintings by Birger Sandzen, who was a local, prominent artist from Lindsborg, Kansas—his works have

Grandmother's house in McPherson was built in 1895. This site is now occupied by the McPherson College Miller Library. Picture taken before the street was paved.

become real collector items. I don't know what happened to the numerous pictures that were owned by the high school, but I was most impressed with them. And they greatly increased my appreciation of art.

Daily life in McPherson was about the same as in many small Kansas towns of that era. We had groceries delivered every business day by a horse and wagon. Milk was delivered in bottles every morning to our doorstep. The iceman came around every day in the summertime. We'd put a placard in our window that told him how many pounds of ice we wanted and he would carry chunks of 25, 50, or 100 pounds and put them in our icebox. The iceboxes were usually on the back porch or just inside the kitchen door. And one of my duties was to empty the drip pan underneath the icebox and if I forgot, I had to mop up the overflow.

Another one of my duties was to get buckets of rainwater out of the cistern on washday and fill a copper boiler on the kitchen stove, which heated the water. I then had to help transfer the hot water to the washing machine. We had a hand-propelled agitator on our washing machine. The old way of scrubbing on a washboard had become out-dated. I found that I could sit in a high chair and propel this thing with my foot—this allowed me to do the work while I was seated, and I could read a book while I running the washing machine. I had become a rather omnivorous reader at a very early age. Even before I was ten years old, I was starting to read the Bible and the Old Testament. I finally completed the Old Testament and went through the New Testament. Later on in McPherson, I read the

Iliad, the Odyssey and the Aeneid, which gave me quite an understanding of the old Greek religion and the Roman gods who were the same as the Greek essentially, except under different names. This gave me a well- grounded basis for reading when I graduated into the historical novels. I particularly enjoyed Alexander Dumas' *The Three Musketeers*, and *Twenty Years After*, *The Man in the Iron Mask*. I also read Victor Hugo's *Les Miserables* and Tolstoy's *War and Peace*, which were rather extensive volumes in the unabridged editions.

My mother's mother, Maria Dilling Kuns. Died in 1923 at age 83.

My Grandmother Kuns had two daughters in Philadelphia. She became lonesome for them and wanted to move back to Philadelphia so she did. We lived on some rental property in McPherson after my grandmother sold her house.

About 1924, I worked in the Kansas harvest—shocking wheat. One Sunday the farmer's family and I drove to McPherson to see an airplane demonstration. The pilot was "barnstorming," trying to raise money for building planes in Wichita. He offered rides for two people in his two-cockpit plane for five dollars. Another person and I put up the money and we took off in this open cockpit bi-plane, went up a thousand feet or so, circled around and landed—quite a thrill! The pilot was Walter Beech who later built

Beech planes in his Wichita plant; now part of Raytheon.

After my graduation from McPherson High School in 1926, we moved to Lawrence. There were eighty-seven students in my high school graduating class. As far as I know, I am the only survivor.

Theodore K. Sharp at Lawrence, KS in 1926 while a college freshman.

HIGHER EDUCATION AND SEEING THE WORLD

My mother had graduated from KU in 1901, so my sister and I enrolled there. I was 16 years old when I entered KU during the early part of September. My mother thought I was too young and she wanted me to take another year at Lawrence High School—that idea I rejected out of hand. But I was definitely too immature to get the good out of college that I otherwise might have.

My mother graduating from KU in 1901 at age 27.

As a freshman we were expected to join in all the festivities preceding big football games, particularly the ones with Missouri and Nebraska. They had a big rally down Massachusetts Avenue, the main street in Lawrence, before one of these games. Each freshman was supposed to bring a block of wood for the big bonfire. We wore beanie hats showing we were freshmen, and we did sort of a Congo dance around the bonfire. The thought suddenly occurred to me, "This is really pretty stupid. Why am I here? Acting like a zany, for what?" I never went back to another one of those hyped-up celebrations. The fact is I avoided many of the football games because I just didn't enjoy them. Being younger than most of my classmates, and rather slightly built, I was never able

to play football. And because of poor eyesight, I couldn't really play baseball. However, I really enjoyed basketball games.

Ted Sharp in college.

I especially treasure one memory of a fencing class under Dr. James Naismith, the man who invented the game of basketball. He was a professor at KU, and had been there many years. Dr. Naismith was a physician, an osteopath. He had graduated from McGill University in Montreal. When he was the director of activities for the YMCA in Boston, he initiated the original game of basketball, and it's called basketball was because the goals originally were peach baskets. The ball wasn't tossed into the air, but was bounced into the basket that was suspended about three or four feet off the floor. Later, the baskets were raised and the bottoms were cut out so the ball would go through the basket and come back down. The game of basketball played in those days was far different than it's played now. I enjoyed the game as a spectator. I liked to watch the college contests with other schools. A league was formed and it was called The Big Six, later on, it became The Big Eight. As the game became more competitive, it became more popular. It didn't reach its present level of popularity however, until it was "professionalized." I'm sure that gambling and betting on the game generated much of its universal appeal.

My greatest memories of my school years are of the

summer vacations instead of the nine months in school. My first summer vacation was in 1927 with my cousin, who was going to Park College in Parkville, Missouri. He had an old car, so he and I, and three boys from back East, shared expenses to go to Pennsylvania.

It was through my cousin's intervention that I was able to get a summer job at an iron works company. The other workers were mostly Hungarian, Italian, and a few French. This was my first meeting with Europeans of the first and second generation in this country. The Hungarian workers frequently spoke Hungarian and talked among themselves. I got the job because the straw boss, a big Hungarian looked me over and said, "You're kind of small, ain't you, kid." I told him, "Yes, but I think I can handle it." He said, "Stick around and when they carry somebody out, you can have his job." I thought he was kidding, but he wasn't. Later that morning a young Italian boy got an eye knocked out when he was hit with the head of a misplaced rivet—and when they carried him out, I got his job. There were no medical or health benefits in those days and an accident of this kind was just pure misfortune on the part of the employee. My cousin and I had a straw boss, who read the blueprints and laid the angle iron on the iron beams while we would bolt them in place—that would hold the angles firm while they were being riveted.

At times, I substituted on a riveting gang and was called a catcher. The heater heated the rivets until they were almost white-hot in a furnace fired by charcoal and a blower, and when they were the proper heat, he could tell by the color—he'd take them out

with long tongs and toss them through the air, hopefully I'd catch them in a metal cone with a handle on it, and then with some short tongs, I'd place them in the holes that had been drilled in the angle iron, then the riveters would rivet them in. We all worked as rapidly as possible because we got bonuses for prompt work. We worked a 10-hour day for thirty-seven cents an hour for six days a week. A day's work was $3.70, and at six days, that was considered very good wages in those days.

A very impressive experience happened one Saturday on the way home from work. My cousin and I saw an elderly man standing by the side of the road. My cousin made a U-turn and picked him up because he recognized him. The man had a very peculiar color. My cousin dropped him off at the pharmacy in downtown Pottstown and then turned back around toward home. He explained that this individual had a permit to buy opium because he had been an addict at the time that the Harrison Anti-Narcotic Law was passed in 1916, giving people (who were addicts), permits to buy narcotics for the rest of their natural lives. It made quite an impression on me because this event occurred 11 years after the law had been enacted.

One Sunday we went to Philadelphia to see a big league baseball game. I saw Ty Cobb play with the Philadelphia Phillies. He had spent most of his baseball years with Detroit, but the last few years he was with the Philadelphia team.

While in Pennsylvania, I visited my Aunt Fern Coppedge, one of my mother's three younger sisters.

She was an artist who specialized in snow scenes. Her home was in Philadelphia, but she had a summer home at a tiny town on the west bank of the Delaware River—about 40 miles to the north.

There was a canal along the riverbank that was used by barges carrying coal from the mines to Philadelphia. These long narrow barges were drawn by one mule walking along a path between the canal and the river. A driver walked with the mule about 20 miles or so a day.

Later my aunt moved to New Hope because there was a bridge across the river to New Jersey. She was the first artist to settle in New Hope, Pennsylvania, which later became a flourishing artist colony.

Fern Coppidge as a young woman. She later became an accomplished artist.

Aunt Fern's paintings have become quite valuable. A small 18x21 inch oil sold at auction in 1993 for $15,000—and her larger canvases have brought $40,000.

I left "the riveting" summer job some 10 days before we were to return to Kansas. I hitchhiked to Washington, D.C. to visit my Aunt Annie, my father's sister. Her youngest son, Roderick Davis, was a year younger than I. He knew the city well, so I paid the expenses and we spent a week touring the Capitol, Library of Congress, Senate and House office buildings, Smithsonian Museum,

Lincoln Memorial—took the elevator up the Washington Monument, and made a trip to Mount Vernon. I gained a rather complete view of the Capitol city.

When I returned to Lawrence, I had two hundred and eighty-seven dollars in savings, which was quite a little sum for a youngster in those days. My costs at KU were phenomenally low compared to now, an entire semester's tuition was thirty-five dollars for fifteen hours of credit, but the books were quite expensive, although still relatively cheap compared to now.

Josef Washington Hall, a visiting professor from Washington University in Seattle came to KU. He explained that he was conducting an exploratory tour for college boys to the Far East the following summer. He planned to do it on a cost basis just as a test. The idea was for those who participated to pay their own way and he wouldn't charge anything for his services. There were no aircraft for passengers in those days. People who were traveling overseas did so by steamer. And this professor gave lectures onboard the ship. We left Seattle and were at sea for ten days to Yokohama, some five thousand miles away.

We took the great circle route, which took us very close to the Aleutian Islands. The air was quite cold. I saw numerous seals, whales and another interesting things. The ship was followed by a Man-Of-War bird, which never seemed to land anywhere. It would dip down, pick up some of the garbage that the cooks threw overboard and then it would fly back up in the air. About halfway across, he disappeared, but within hours another Man-Of-War bird picked up our ship and

followed us on into Yokohama.

We landed in Yokohama in 1928, which was only five years after the major earthquake. The city was largely rebuilt. We didn't see any cripples or hunchbacks. The Japanese didn't allow children with deformities to live, it was considered a blot on the family honor—we were told they were strangled at birth. The crippled people we did see were victims of the earthquake. They were allowed to live because they were injured as adults or perhaps as grown children. They had broken legs, hips, or back and arm injuries.

Professor Hall gave lectures on Asiatic history. Having grown up as the son of Seventh Day Adventist missionaries in China, he spoke fluent Chinese. He'd gone to school with some very influential Chinese men who later became leaders, and also some men who had gone to Japan. So we were admitted to places in both China and Japan that were not often opened to tourists.

In retrospect, I was very fortunate in seeing "Old Japan"—almost medieval in nature. The women all wore beautiful flower print kimonos with brightly colored underskirts—with a little flat pillow in the back, held in place with a wide sash or obi. Their hair was done up in elaborate high rolls. The older women and men wore plain, dark shades of kimonos and a dark colored obi. Both men and women wore an ankle length sock with a split between the big toe and the other four toes. The split-toed sock allowed them to wear straw or wooden sandals with a rope like cord at the front that divided into two parts that passed over opposite sides of the instep. In rainy weather, they

wore wooden clogs with a high bridge like two heels, one in front of the other.

I particularly remember the old capitol of Nara, which was the capitol in about 600 to 800 A.D. The Buddhist religion had been introduced into Japan in about the year 700 A.D. Life is sacred to the Buddhists. They don't believe in killing animals. There was a herd of sacred deer, little fellows, who lived in the heavy forest around Nara. The rangers would come out, blow a horn, and it seemed as though the whole forest started to jump when these little deer came out in droves. Apparently this was something they were accustomed to because people would bring little cakes made of soybean curd and the deer would eat out their hands and then sniff in their pockets for more.

In Nara we stayed one night in a native inn. The rooms were separated with sliding wood lattice walls covered with rice paper. The floors were made of square or rectangular straw mats about three inches thick.

At night heavy comforters were rolled out on the mats, covered with sheets and with an upper sheet and a lightweight comforter—very comfortable.

It was a universal custom that when entering a home or native inn one removed their shoes or street sandals and were provided with house slippers. Everything was immaculately clean.

One problem for foreign tourists was that in Japan both men and women used the same bathrooms.

The temples around Nara were quite old and the Oriental bells were not rung with clappers, but by

suspending a log off to one side. It would be pulled back and as it swung, it would hit the bell and make the sound. We saw these very ancient temples and statutes of Buddha.

At one point while hiking from one ancient temple to another, we came across a troupe of actors traveling between towns. For a small sum they gave us a display of samurai swordplay. They feinted and slashed at each other with long bladed two-handed swords, whirling and jumping in the Karate-style mock battle—very impressive.

We went to Nagoya, the industrial city, which was the center of the cloisonné industry. We went through a former palace of one of the shoguns, an earlier ruler of Japan. The emperor was emperor in name only. The real authority was in the power of the shoguns. The palace was awesome. It had several outbuildings, and many of them were for the housing of concubines. It had elaborate gardens.

When the Emperor of Japan reassumed power over the shoguns, he implemented many reforms. Japan had been almost denuded of forests. The Emperor hired German foresters to supervise reforestation. Because of limited space, new trees were planted in rows rather than haphazardly as in nature. As a result, Japanese forests look like orchards. German brew masters were hired and Japanese beer rated with the world's best.

We went through a cloisonné factory. I was impressed by the fact that the designers were two older Japanese men who had set out a very austere garden. The factory had a little stream running through it with

sand, rocks, and some bamboo—birds would fly in, flutter, sing and then depart. This whole thing was for the encouragement of these designers in drawing new floral and botanical designs. The factory itself was most interesting. If you know anything about cloisonné, you know it's quite an operation. The puncturers pound out designs in brass and fill it with enamel—it's then baked in various colors; a glaze is put over the whole thing and then it's baked again. These items were fantastically beautiful. Some of them were very large. I remember one vase that was about four feet tall, blood red, and they said it sold for four thousand dollars; that was a tremendous sum of money in 1928.

We spent several days in Tokyo. We saw the Imperial Hotel, which was designed by Frank Lloyd Wright, the famous architect. It was one of the buildings that had stood up under the 1923 earthquake. We also saw the Emperor's palace with medieval walls and a moat. Tourists were not allowed inside.

We took a high-speed train (not according to modern design), but it went into Kobe, which is a port bordering on the Inland Sea. On the train, we got a good taste of the Japanese way of living.

The Japanese were the most polite people in the world at that time, whether in their homes or offices, but when they traveled they were excused from any inhibitions and they would crowd in ahead of us, push us aside, or do whatever was necessary to put themselves forward in line, particularly when getting on or off a train. They were generally extremely neat

people. There was no trash around, but on the train every thing was falling onto the floor where it had to be cleaned up by the attendants on the train.

In Kobe we took a small ship down the Inland Sea, which was forbidden territory to foreign ships. It was a small inlet of the sea, bordered on the two sides by the various Japanese islands.

There was a naval base at, I believe, Hiroshima. Alternately we called in to various ports for short periods of time and got a good look at Japanese rural villages as we passed.

We went to the port of Shimanisaki, and as we passed a coaling dock (all steam ships were fired with coal), and to fuel a ship with coal, women would stand on ladders up the side of the ship and pass baskets of coal from one to the other; they passed them from the dock all the way up to the ship's rail where they were then dumped in the coal bunker. I'm not sure how they got the empty basket-bags back down, but I was impressed that these women would labor long hours doing this very heavy labor of passing coal.

Statehouse building in Seoul, Korea.

We went to the Korean port Fuzon, now called Puzon. Many of the names have since been changed. From there, we took a train to Seoul, the capital. Korea had been taken over by Japanese army in the war of 1912. Korea had only been under Japanese rule for some 15 years. The Japanese treated the Koreans very harshly. We saw some very pitiful individuals behind the Japanese administration building, which was built of white marble and the best of everything including sandalwood doors, but there were some old structures behind this building and the individuals there were the sorriest-looking people I saw in the Orient. They had small buckets of sand, a big rock, and little cans of heavy tar. They would pour sand in the cracks, pour some tar in with more sand and pound it in with a rock. We were told they were the remnants of the Korean nobility who were put there in slave labor as a type of humiliation.

We went by rail from Seoul up to Mukden in Manchuria. Manchuria was a separate province and not owned by China, although China had owned it during the days of the last monarchy. Manchuria was then controlled by a warlord whose private army had conquered it and taken over the local castle. The government collected the taxes and made a very tidy sum by exporting opium. China had been divided up by various warlords, with private armies, Chiang Kai-shek, probably had the largest one. He was able to drive the Manchurians back north into Manchuria and take over Peking. The warlord in charge of Manchuria was the son of Chang Su Lin. When the Japanese assassinated the father, his son took over, but he

wasn’t nearly the strong power that his father had been, and because Professor Hall (who went by the pen name of Upton Close) had known him as a student, we were invited to the palace where he lived, which was behind the high walls, and there we had a 27-course dinner. Upton Close was rather amused as we approached in rickshaws and saw a special announcer, who stood on some high scaffolding beside a tall drum, beating on it and announcing in Chinese that a foreign devil party was approaching.

We had the choice of visiting some of the Russian-Japanese battlefields outside Mukden or seeing the Xinjiang coalmines, which at that time was the largest open pit coal mine in the world. We chose the battlefield. The Russians had come down through Manchuria and taken over in the early 1900s. This alarmed the Japanese. During the Russian-Japanese war of 1907 or 1908, they fought pitched battles in Manchuria. The Russians had built some concrete observance posts and the concrete walls were about two feet thick. We saw holes that had been punched clear through from Japanese rifle fire. Imagine how many bullets it would take to get through two feet of concrete.

We then went by rail back down to the port of Dairen, where we took ship to Tientsin, which has since changed its name, on to a short trip to Peking, which is now called Beijing. It’s the old imperial capital that was taken over by Chiang Kai-shek’s army. Because Upton Close, our leader, had known Chiang Kai-shek as a fellow student, we were presented to Chiang Kai-shek and his wife, Soong Mei-ling at a

reception in Peking where we were allowed to walk by the couple in a reception line. Chiang Kai-shek was rather short and didn't look like he was particularly outstanding, but apparently he was. His wife was a most attractive lady and was certainly the financial brains of the two. She came from a family that had been very prominent. Her older sister had married Sun Yat-sen, who was the originator of Free China and the one who overcame the European influence to a degree, although it wasn't completely overcome until World War II when the Japanese came in, but the various European countries' claims on China were loosened through the influence of Sun Yat-sen.

Chinese soldier in Peking.

On this trip, I didn't get to the Great Wall. It was quite a trip out there because the country was still somewhat under the influence of bandits, Chiang Kai-shek's army had not completely mopped up the place, so we chose to see an ancient Buddhist monastery. We rode there on little burros. It was at least 10 or 15 miles and quite a trip. The monastery was unique in that it had the mummy of a former Chinese emperor. Some of the emperors, when they retired, went into Buddhist monasteries as monks and spent their declining days there, while their son or other heir would take over as emperor. Being dipped in seventy-

eight coats of lacquer preserved the mummy of the particular emperor we saw—even his perfectly preserved little moustaches were in place, as was a kind of a goatee. His face looked quite natural except for the peculiar bronze color of the lacquer. The hair was stiff, but the body was erect and draped in a monk's robes.

My visit in Peking was cut short by a rather acute case of dysentery. I did see the Temple of Heaven and the walls of the imperial palace in the Forbidden City. At the top of the walls, a four-horse team could be driven around the thick walls, which were built for security. We heard horrendous tales of what happened during the Boxer Rebellion when European troops invaded Peking and also the Forbidden City. Some of the stories were about Russian soldiers their boots running over with precious gems they had looted out of the palace. An interesting sideline is that this was the first time the Pekinese dog was known to the western world. They were used as guard dogs in the palace and were bred to have little furry feet so they couldn't be heard walking on the marble floors. They were so small they could hide under a bed, and yet they had a loud and very annoying bark. They were perfect little watchdogs for the various bedrooms in the palace. We spent considerable time in The Imperial Museum with its vast collection of carved ivory, jade jewelry and statuettes, royal robes of gold cloth, and antique paintings. This collection is now in Taiwan.

Upon leaving Peking we went to the port of Tientsin. I'd never in my life observed such famine or hunger as I saw in parts of north China, as it had recently been

scourged by contesting warlords' armies.

On a small ship out of Tientsin, we hung up on a sandbar and had to wait for the next tide. During that time somebody bought some watermelons. We ate the heart and some of the centers, and customarily we threw the rinds overboard in the muddy water where the Chinese—the children, particularly would dive in from the bank of the river to salvage and eat them as soon as they got back on the bank.

We saw a coal barge, which was being polled up the river, like a scow. Men were actually polling it. They would lean onto a pole with one end on the bottom of the river and that would indicate how shallow it was, then they'd walk the length of the scow, pushing and propelling the boat forward in that manner. At the rear of the boat, they would lift their poles, walk back to the front, and repeat the process. At high tide, in an attempt to turn the ship on which we were, and to get downstream, the Japanese captain ordered the ship to turn and they sank one of these coal barges. The Americans onboard counted eight poling Chinese, but only five came up. We were very concerned about the other three because no attempt was made to stop or to throw life preservers overboard. The matter was taken up with several Japanese officers on board and we were told the survivors could go down the next day to the steamship officials and they would be paid the value of a person's life. We asked him what that was and we were told 'about thirty dollars' American money. That was quite a shock to me and to many of the others on board. It showed how cheap life was at that time.

We then went back over to the port of Dairen, which was the southern tip of Manchuria and there we transferred onto a large ocean steamer. The first port of call was Tsingtao, which had been a German occupation in the peninsula and had been attacked by the Japanese high seas' fleet in World War I, sometime around 1915. The Germans ran out of ammunition and had to surrender. We went into the old fortifications that are close to Tsingtao. They were very large, with eight-inch guns. We could still turn and point them in various directions just by turning a wheel. And they would respond without a whole lot of squeaking. Remember, this was some 13 years after the battle. One steel top of the fortification had taken a direct hit from a Japanese naval shell, but it hadn't cracked. It had a depression that we could put two hands in—and it held rainwater. I was thoroughly impressed by the Krupp's steel, which was world famous for its quality. And I have to agree.

After leaving Tsingtao, going down the China coast, and being a very curious individual, I made some unauthorized trips into various parts of the ship. One of them was down to the interior, almost into the furnace room. At that time all ships were fired with coal in the boiler, and the individuals who shoveled the coal and removed the ashes came mostly from the East Indies. Of course, they were chosen because they could stand the tremendous heat in these engine rooms, which averaged around 120 degrees and they would shovel three or four shovels of coal, then stand under the ventilator for a few minutes and shovel some ashes—and then they'd go back, shovel more coal and

stand under the ventilator again. Even standing off at some distance, I couldn't take the heat so I didn't stay long, but I was impressed by all of it.

We had to go up the Yangtze River to Shanghai. There were some rather treacherous shoals at the mouth of the Yangtze. And there was a shipwreck. In fact, we sailed between two merchant ships that had been wrecked on those rocks. There was one wreck on the left of us and another on the right, but our pilot knew his way pretty well, and we missed both of them although our ship was rolling very heavily because of the force of the current from the Yangtze emptying into the ocean. I got a little bit nauseated so I spent a long time in a deck chair. But we finally got turned and went up the Yangtze—and that smoothed out the trip.

We spent about a week in Shanghai. Arrangements had been made for us to stay at the American/Navy YMCA. It was nice and clean and inexpensive. I noticed some Italian sailors. It seems that Italy kept a destroyer or two in the Whampoo River, which is the river that runs in front of Shanghai and empties into the Yangtze. These Italians impressed me because they were blue-eyed and had blond curly hair; I'd always thought of Italians as being dark-skinned and having dark hair. They explained that they were called Alpini and came from the Appenines and the Alps of Northern Italy. They were an ancient race that was blond like the Greeks had been. And this I found very interesting.

Shanghai was a wonderful city. It had various sections, which were governed by the French, the British and the Americans; the German section had been taken over by the British. And each section had

its own local police force. The British did hire some Sikhs from India. They were very tall, bearded, turbaned individuals and they had a reputation of being very fierce warriors. Each wore a short knife in his belt. And the Chinese were scared to death of them. They also had a nightstick or billy-club about two feet long that they wouldn't hesitate to use on the Chinese coolies. I was struck by the cheap labor. They did things with human laborers that were strictly done by machinery in the United States. Heavy freight was transported around the city on large two-wheeled carts that had a centerboard projecting out front and back where the freight was loaded. And on the small humped-back or camel back bridges across the creeks, these coolies would get behind and push as hard as they could and almost run to get it up over the incline—and those out front would be pulling on ropes, and as they got to the crest of the bridge they would put their ropes back on the freight and run around behind and hold on so that it didn't get away from them coming down the slope. There were all sorts of beggars on the streets, although they weren't too prominent because the Sikh policemen kept them pretty well dispersed, however many more of them came out at night than in the daytime.

The Chinese, following the British custom, were patrons of the horse tracks. Shanghai was famous for its racetrack. I didn't go to the track, but I took a side trip up to a city called Soochow, which was famous for its tea. It was about a half-a-day trip on the train. Of course, the train didn't go too fast. And to experience the full aspect we traveled third class, which had hard

wooden benches facing each other. There was one Chinese woman with a small baby who was crying terribly and when she uncovered its head it was obvious that the child had smallpox. I moved away as far as possible, but out in the crowd nobody seemed to pay any attention to it. This was indicative of the primitive situation among the lower working classes in China. And believe me they had their classes. The rich had everything and the poor had nothing.

There were many independent shopkeepers, particularly in Shanghai, but there they were under the protection of the various foreign governments and couldn't be tapped for bribes, as they would have been on the Chinese mainland.

Illustrating the upper crust and how they lived in Shanghai—remember this was the final days of the big tycoons who were always White and mainly English, with a few French, but they had their own private rickshaws and a big coolie from North China, generally six feet tall and very muscular, and quite able to run. They had a special rickshaw that they would take out for the breeze at night alongside the river on a street known as the Bund. B-u-n-d. These rickshaws were lacquered and decorated—even the wheels were shined—kind of like a modern day motorcycle buff. The main source of entertainment was nightclub life, other than the racetrack.

The communists had forced the Russians eastward, and Kolchak, the White Russian general, was gradually forced further and further East. Many of these so-called White Russians, who were of the lesser, some even of major, nobility knew they could not

surrender because they would be murdered by the communists, so they had nowhere to go and they filtered down from Mukden in Manchuria through Dairen, and on down to the main coastal cities of China. Many of them stopped in Shanghai. The women were particularly handsome. Many of them had been raised in exclusive private schools in Russia and spoke several languages. They became entertainers in the many, many nightclubs in Shanghai. And they led a rather miserable existence. But that's the first time I ever saw a split skirt—and instead of being split to the knees these were split to the hip on both sides. Many of these women became prostitutes. There was nothing else for them to do to keep body and soul together. And because of the insistence that the white people were so superior, they weren't allowed to marry Chinese. So, many of the men began drawing rickshaws that the Shanghai Municipal Council was horrified and took up a fund to get them off the streets because they lost face in the eyes of the Chinese since drawing a rickshaw was just about the lowest labor you could get—having a white man to do that just couldn't be tolerated.

The Americans had quite a representation of military, particularly Navy. They were provisioned out of Shanghai and operated patrol boats on the Yangtze River where there were river pirates, and the American patrol boats were always on the lookout for them. The English also had patrol boats.

I took a little ferry across the Whampoo River to see some of the American ships that were anchored on the other side. And I saw an American sailor with the most fantastic tattoo. He apparently had been a bad boy and

was sentenced to the brig to chip rust off an anchor chain. He was stripped to the waist, out in the hot sun chipping rust—and his tattoo was quite visible. It consisted of some red-coated British foxhunters on horses chasing the hounds, going down his backbone, with the fox disappearing under his belt. I'll never forget it.

Leaving Shanghai, we took a Japanese ship back to Japan and arrived at Kobe just ahead of a typhoon. The ship rocked heavily up against the dock. Kobe's kind of a protected harbor and the typhoon didn't hit directly. I was thankful for that. Many of the group took the train back to Yokohama and Tokyo. I stayed with the ship and we touched at several other ports along the way and ended up back in Yokohama. We had a few days before we left there so I went down to the popular Japanese beach called Endoshima. There was a giant Buddha made of bronze that was at least 40 feet tall. You could walk in under the idol. And snoopy me, I saw some curtains which I peeked into—all the Japanese would buy holy candles and light them and say prayers in front of the Buddha and I noticed there were holy candles stacked up in wooden crates behind these curtains with a big mark on the front labeled "Standard Oil Company of California."

We left Japan on a combination passenger and freight ship. It was a little rougher going back to the states because going over we had been loaded with heavy lumber and we rode well down in the water, making it a smooth trip, but coming back we were loaded with silks, Chinese rugs, Japanese ceramics and pottery of various types; of course, none of that

weighed heavily so we rode rather high in the water, making the trip back a rather rough one. We took the great circle route of the North again and we saw quite a few whales, porpoise and seabirds. And I saw the last four-mast sailing ship on the North Pacific. It was under full sail going toward the states. It was a beautiful sight. I can still see it in my mind's eye. And I'll never forget it.

We arrived back in Seattle where we had to go through a physical inspection by a customs or immigration doctor, who checked us for pink eye and various skin diseases and a chronic cough—that did keep out a lot of epidemic type of diseases because anybody with any manifestations were immediately put in quarantine and held there until the danger passed. This is no longer done—now you just get off the plane with whatever disease you're carrying and take it home with you.

I took the train back through my old hometown of Dixon, Montana. In those days you could take a stopover on the same ticket so I stopped off and saw one of my boyhood friends whose father was the chief clerk of the Flathead Indian Reservation. I spent a night or two with them and because they had business in Missoula, I rode to Missoula with them and took the train back to Kansas. This was the fall of the year, the season for forest fires, and there were fires going. On the trip to Missoula we passed through a mountain pass and fires were burning on both sides of the road. It was smoky, but passable. However, the trip back to Kansas was rather uneventful so I slept a good bit of the way.

After returning to Kansas I went back to KU, but I was still kind of unsettled and I didn't take much interest in schooling. I finally 'burned out', and didn't enroll after my junior year. I was out for three semesters. Jobs weren't easy to get. I was living at home so maybe I wasn't looking as hard as I might have. Anyhow, I went back to Pennsylvania with my cousin who was still studying at Park College in Parkville, Missouri. My mother had gone to Europe and was to return in the fall of 1930 so I went to New York to meet her, and I decided to stay there for a while to see if I could get a job. I did get a temporary one—setting type in a printing plant on the third shift at night. I lived in a dormitory run by a Methodist Church in Greenwich Village on 4th Street across from the Pepper Pot Night Club and around the corner from MacDougal Alley.

I finally decided to finish my education, so I enrolled in KU again, graduating in 1932 when jobs were still very scarce. The presidential election was going on, and through some political connections, I obtained a temporary summer job back in McPherson with the state highway department. I was doing some graphing and was making planimeter computations in connection with a new concrete highway between McPherson and Wichita, which went as far as Moundridge at that time.

One particular recollection I have of that summer was meeting the rather eccentric Dr. Brinkley, who had a very powerful radio station that he operated out of a small town in central Kansas. He did a procedure of transplanting goats' glands into male patients with

the idea that this would rejuvenate them, of course, it was a quack sort of a thing, but he made a lot of money. He decided to run for governor, and because of his powerful radio station, he was well known all over the state. He campaigned in a white sixteen-cylinder Cadillac. It was the biggest car I had ever seen. He actually won the election, but the Democrats and Republicans decided that they didn't want him so during the counting of the votes, he was counted out and Harry Woodring became the first Democratic governor of Kansas in many years. I had distributed campaign material and helped around party headquarters and done various other political services, and with that I was able to get an endorsement from several people.

1933: Ted Sharp with Ben Davis, Aunt Annie's

A college friend of mine, the son of a professor, and I went back to Washington, D.C. He had a car, and I had an aunt who lived in Takoma Park, a suburb of Washington, and we were able to stay with her for a while. And because of my political credentials I got a small time clerical job in the war department since Harry Woodring had become assistant secretary of war. My friend, Wilson Holland got a job with the Army engineers, working on the Missouri River in Missouri.

One of my political experiences happened the previous summer, before the national election, I had

worked on temporary jobs with the Army engineers and was working out of Weston, Missouri, my friend and I had gone back to Lawrence for a weekend because we weren't scheduled to go to work that Monday, but we were to go Tuesday, which was election day. We got up early and voted in Lawrence and went on over to Weston. When we stopped the car and got out a little boy came up and asked, "Hey, you voted yet?" We told him that we couldn't vote in Missouri because we were from Kansas. "Aw," he said, "that's okay. My mother's on the election board, you just come right on in and vote." So we went in and voted for President Roosevelt—the second time. Then we went out and did our day's work with the Army engineers and came back that night. The polls didn't close 'til seven. The same little kid came up and said, "Hey, you guys voted?" We said, "Yeah." We said, "We voted this morning." "Well," he said, "that's all right. My mom's on the election board come on in and vote again." So I voted three times for Roosevelt. I hope the statute of limitations has run on that violation…

…But back to Washington, I did get a small time job. I got the sum of $940 a year as some kind of clerk and a few months after that I got a promotion to $1440. It was in the War department and I was in the quartermaster corps. I got the job of wrapping and shipping bills of lading and transportation requests to the various Army corps all around the country. The bills of lading were for shipping freight and the transportation requests were for transporting both enlisted men and officers by train.

Having visited Washington in 1926, and having

spent considerable time there with my cousin, I knew my way around so I rode the streetcar to and from work. This took an extra 45 minutes each way every day, which made for a longer day than some, but in the government departments we worked only seven hours a day instead of the traditional eight because the local people who controlled things had some sway with Congress, I think.

During my stay in Washington in the 1930s, the German derigible, “Hindenberg,” made some 16 round trips from Europe to South America. The Germans started to make flights to the U. S. On a cloudless summer day, this giant air ship flew slowly over Washington at some 2000 to 3000 feet. One could clearly see the details of this remarkable aircraft.

There was a messenger boy who was a Filipino who had been the valet for President Taft when Taft was Governor General of the Philippines, Taft had brought him back to Washington as his personal valet, and when Taft was elected president, he brought him to the White House, and when Taft went out as president and became Chief Justice, he got this boy a job as a messenger in a government department—and he told me that the location of the Lincoln Memorial, which is a monumental pile of limestone, granite and marble, used to be a duck pond—and that Taft kept a boat down there to use while hunting ducks. The pond was filled in and the Lincoln Memorial was built on top of it. That was quite an engineering feat.

MARRIAGE, BIRTHS AND THE TAX DEPARTMENT

Living with my aunt and paying $4 a week for room and board, I was able to buy a few clothes and started looking around for entertainment. There were numerous places that held dances every night. At a dance, I met a girl Alice Canter. Her father was a retired driver for the D.C. Fire Department. We got along well and took several day-trips to the beaches on Chesapeake Bay, as well as numerous dances on weekends. By August of 1934 we decided to get married and were married at a Methodist Church in Southeast Washington close to Alice's home. We moved into a spare room on the second floor of her parents' home. It was a row house.

Washington had many row houses—new to me. A row house is a row of houses that is built with common interior walls. There were skylights for light in the enclosed rooms. There were windows front and back. They were this way so 14 houses could be built on a block that was designed for 12. Washington also had some of the old-timey arrangements, what they called alley houses—these were built in the center of a square. The houses outside the square all faced the street on four sides of four streets, but they had an entrance and an exit at opposite corners and then the alley houses were built inside the square. The government was just starting to get rid of them as eyesores and that was the beginning of the urban renewal projects. They originally had been quarters for slaves before the Civil War. The slave owners lived in

the houses facing the streets and their slaves lived in these blockhouses behind, so they merely had to cross the alley in order to come in the back door and go to work. The sight of them was beginning to fret the government.

Later, I worked in the Archives, away from the quartermaster section in Washington, and I transferred out to Fort Meyer, Virginia, and worked on the records of World War I, which were in terrible disarray; but we straightened them up.

We traveled out to Fort Meyer in a Ford sedan that I'd purchased for fifty-dollars. It had a great engine, with very little mileage—and I'd paid it off ten dollars at a time. It was a '24. And it ran like a top. I picked up a few extra dollars hauling other employees to and from work.

To get to Fort Meyer, we crossed the bridge over the Potomac River and took what was called the Military Road. The airplanes, landing at Washington Airport, came in over this Military Road and sometimes, there would be a civilian plane coming in and buzzing, not more than 20 feet over the top of the car. That was a little frightening.

The government built a new airport, at what was known as Gravelley Point. And for months, they dredged the gravel out of the Potomac River to build a base. The Military Road was closed during that time and we had to take another route. The Pentagon was built over this same area. An interesting thing about the Pentagon is: It cost millions and millions of dollars, but Congress never appropriated one dime for it—the

War and Navy departments had gotten together and illegally saved money from their budgets. The law required that money not spent by the end of the fiscal year be turned back in to the treasury, but they didn't do that. They just kept it, and built the Pentagon. This turned out to be a happy circumstance because not long after the Pentagon was completed, World War II came along and they needed all that space for offices. So that was one case where they guessed right!

We had many interesting experiences around Washington. We found the crowds that came to see the cherry blossoms in the spring at Tidal Basin, where the trees were originally planted, were looking in the wrong place because those old trees had become diseased and many of them had to be cut down. Some people had taken cuttings and planted them in their front yards out in Silver Springs, Maryland—those in the know would go out to these residential neighborhoods and shut off everybody's driveway for blocks as they moved slowly through this suburb looking at a truly wonderful exhibit of cherry blossoms.

Our first daughter was born in 1935. I don't remember the name of the hospital, but I do know the delivery charge was $50 and we didn't have a crib for her so she slept on pillows in a bureau drawer. Later we were able to rent a small house over on Fourth Street Northeast. I was very disturbed by this because that area was beginning to become kind of a slum. And I was anxious to get my family away from there.

At the suggestion of my aunt's neighbor, I took the civil service employment examination for the Alcohol tax unit as a storekeeper gauger. It was a temporary

Ted Sharp circa 1946 for Alcohol Tax Unit at St. Louis, MO checking up on a few regulations at work.

appointment. I was assigned over to Baltimore, where we did the inspection of retail liquor dealers, and when that temporary appointment ran out I went back in the War department.

After another year or so, I got a permanent appointment and I was assigned to the Calvert distillery in Relay, Maryland—Relay, being a suburb of Baltimore. This was quite a large distillery. We made 400 barrels of whiskey every day. It was the job of the gauger to weigh the empty barrels and to see they were properly marked, and then have the whiskey reduced to the proper proof, generally 103. The barrels were then filled and re-weighed. We got the weight of the whiskey by subtracting the weight of the empty barrel from the full barrel. In the manual they gave us, it showed the proof, and the gallons of measured wine gallons and the proof gallons, which were tax gallons. This distillery had ten warehouses, each holding 8000 barrels—a total of 80,000 barrels. Every now and then they would have to shut down because the warehouses were full and the whiskey needed to age at least four

years. During that time they bottled whiskey that had been shipped in from other distilleries where it had already reached the age of four years.

The gaugers had to supervise all those bottling operations, particularly when it was bottled in bond, which meant that it was bottled before the tax was paid, then they either went back into bond, so the tax didn't have to be paid or they paid the tax immediately in order to get it released—all this paper work was handled by those of us who were gaugers and storekeepers. No whiskey could be dumped or any operation taken where a barrel was concerned without the presence of a gauger. In those days strip stamps were issued by the gauger, they had to be put on all bottles that were in the bottling process, and they had to be accounted for. So we kept reasonably busy because we had to understand the whole process and where all the pipes went, in addition to being accountable for the strip stamps—both the bottling in bond and the regulars, which were kept separate. And we had to file monthly reports and gauging sheets of all the barrels that were put into bond.

Later, I was assigned to a smaller distillery in the little town of Westminster, Maryland, where we moved and lived for about a year. Part of that time, I was detailed to the Baltimore Distillery in Owings Mills, Maryland, a town which consisted of grocery store, post office, and not much else. Today I understand that it's a bustling little place, full of some rather large corporate offices.

I had a tour of duty when I lived in Relay to the U.S. Industrial Alcohol plant in Curtis Bay, Maryland,

where they manufactured industrial alcohol for automobile radiators—this was before the days of permanent antifreeze, and this alcohol was used in quantities by a million cars all over the country, but it would boil off in time and have to be refilled, so there was a constant demand for it. It was made from black strap molasses, which came from the sugar mills in Cuba. All the sugar that could be, had been extracted from it except this black strap had what was known as invert sugar—and by treating it with acid, it became a fermentable sugar and it was distilled into alcohol, which was de-natured by adding wood alcohol. It's definitely not a potable drink. All of this took considerable study on my part because a gauger was supposed to be very alert and had to carry the keys to the whole place. Even the company people couldn't get into a warehouse without a gauger being present and unlocking the main lock.

I became convinced that I would never really get anywhere, particularly in the government service without some additional education, which in this case would be a law degree. Having graduated from the University of Kansas, I did have the AB requisite, but since I was one of the newcomers in the service, I got a great deal of night duty and was transferred from one assignment, to less favorable assignments, one after another. I saw that I wouldn't be able to get into night law school in Baltimore so I decided to transfer to the Kansas City district. Kansas City had the branch of the University of Missouri, which had a night law school and there were also night law schools operating in St. Louis. So after a time, I got a transfer to the Kansas

City district and I was assigned to the St. Louis area, specifically to a small town of Washington, Missouri, a little German town some 40 miles west of St. Louis.

Our second daughter, Anita, was born at the hospital in Washington, Missouri. And after a time there, I assisted in starting a distillery, which was run by a bunch of farmers who had pooled their savings and purchased it even though they knew nothing about the whole process. The only two people who understood it was an old time distiller whom they had hired, and me—the government gauger. So while the distiller supervised the grinding of the grain, the mashing, the cooking, the yeasting process, the fermentation, and the distillation, I instructed the warehouse people how to add sufficient distilled water to the finished spirits to bring it down to proof so it could be put into the barrels. I taught them how to roll the barrels, how to weigh them and fill them—and how to pound in the bung and then roll them into the warehouse. They soon became proficient in this process and I didn't have to put on work clothes and actually do the job for them as I had in the very beginning. I was in Washington, Missouri for about eight months.

I did some temporary duty in the small town of Marrionville, Missouri, which is in the southwest part of the state, not far from Joplin where there was a small brewery being run by an ex-gangster. The government was suspicious of his operations so two of us were assigned to supervise and make sure they weren't operating illegally, particularly at night. This was kind of a vacation sort of thing. The town of Marrionville was famous for its white squirrels and

apple orchards.

After this temporary duty of about four months, I returned to Washington, Missouri, where I prevailed upon the Kansas City management to transfer me to St. Louis so I could enter a night law school, and this I did in January of 1940. This became a rather hard time for me because I worked all day at an assignment either at some rectifying plant or a brewery, and then I'd go to law school three or four nights a week. I went to regular classes in the spring of 1940, and both summer and fall semesters of that year, and the following spring semester of 1941 when we began preparing for the war that we actually got into in December of '41.

Things were getting very tight. St. Louis became a real beehive for the manufacturing of war material, and the town had a great influx of people. Rents went way up, and if it hadn't been for price control and a freeze on rents I would have been in sad straits, but I was fortunate—the house I lived in was quite small, and the rent was frozen at $30 a month. My salary at that time was $2000 a year. I was still kind of living a hand-and-mouth existence, but I was able to keep up and pay my tuition at law school. I was called up for the draft very early. I went to the Jefferson barracks, but because of my poor eyesight, which I'd had since a child, and my flat feet, and a bent septum in my nose, I was classified for very limited service—and that rather froze me in my job because I couldn't very well transfer to a better job, of which there were many available, but it did mean that I probably wouldn't be entering the service. I stayed with the Alcohol Tax unit and I was

able to continue my law school. So many lawyers and law students had been drafted, a special rule was passed letting us take the Bar exam if we had completed five-sevenths of the required work, which I had, so I took the Bar exam in the spring of 1942. I passed it. And then I went back and continued my law school subjects until I graduated from the City College of Law. Most of my classmates were drafted and one young man, who got a commission as the junior grade lieutenant in the Navy, was lost six months later when the aircraft carrier, Wasp was sunk. This made a rather bad impression on me.

During the war the home front had its problems, too. We were issued stamps of various kinds. Every thing was restricted. We had to have stamps for shoes, sugar, meat, gasoline and many other necessities. We saved bacon grease, which I de-salted, mixed with lye and made laundry soap. Automobile tires were almost unobtainable. And while my government job allowed me to get sufficient gasoline, I couldn't get any tires, so I was continually changing flats because they were always wearing thin or blowing out. I couldn't take any trips except locally because I didn't want to get caught on the road with three tires.

We lived in Maplewood, a nice little settlement, and a suburb of St. Louis. Sometimes my children went to parochial schools and other times to public schools. They got a really good sense of discipline from the Catholic nuns and they did quite well in the public school system.

Our third child was born at the hospital in adjoining Richmond Heights. Another daughter. Madeline. Our

fourth daughter, Loretta, was born in 1945 at Richmond Heights. And that's where I tried my first law case. There was a discussion as to whether or not the doctor, who had supposedly delivered Loretta, was actually present at the delivery or whether she was delivered by the attending nurse. I had seen him in a barber shop at a certain time in the afternoon and there was no way he could have left that barber shop and gotten to the hospital and delivered Loretta at the time stated on her birth certificate. So I refused to pay the last part of his bill. Later, he was killed in the crash with a streetcar, and his executor had to collect all outstanding bills so they sued me for the balance. I defended myself in local court. And I won the case—a good start in the law practice.

I had been under some pressure to leave the government and to enter private law practice, but I couldn't see any possibilities there in St. Louis, however I did feel that ultimately I would need to move back to Kansas because my mother lived in Lawrence and she was getting up in years, so I felt it would be necessary for me to be close to her.

I was promoted to Inspector in the Alcohol Tax unit during these years and my duties changed considerably. I went from one installation to another—whether brewery, winery, rectifying plant, or bottling plant, and made inspections of the gaugers' books. I'd listen to their problems and I'd report the serious ones to the authorities. I also did audits on the drawbacks of tax since the companies that prepared food products, perfumes and other items that used alcohol, got a drawback of the taxes they'd paid because these

weren't items that could be consumed by drinking, and the law allowed them to recover some eight dollars per gallon of the ten dollars a gallon tax. The tax had gone up severely, having been two dollars a gallon when I first entered the service, and it had jumped up several times because of the war until it had reached the ten dollars, and later, to $12 a gallon—and that was a proof gallon: A hundred proof, not just a measured gallon of a 190 proof. A hundred and ninety proof alcohol was more than nine-tenths times ten dollars, or $19 a gallon. And denatured alcohol didn't bear any tax because it had chemicals that didn't allow it to be consumed, internally.

Daughters, Loretta (baby) and Madeline with Daddy circa 1945.

I took considerable pains to try to transfer into a legal job while in St. Louis and after a time I was able to get an appointment with the Estate and Gift tax section of the internal revenue agent's office. It was still the internal revenue service, as was the alcohol tax unit, but it was an entirely different division. This occurred in the fall of 1947. I had an office on the 17th floor of the

Railway Exchange Building in downtown St. Louis. I traveled considerably in this job—from Hannibal in northeast Missouri, all the way down into what is known as the Boot Heel, which was cotton country in far southeast Missouri. The problems in this job were evaluation problems for estates of greater than $60,000, which was a lot of money in those days. The land, particularly in southeast Missouri, was the old drained swampland with extremely rich soil. Many cotton farmers in the south thought they had a great crop if they could produce one bale of cotton per acre, in the Boot Heel; it was normal to get three bales to the acre. There were many wealthy individuals down there doing extremely well in cotton, particularly during the war. The town of Sikeston (S-I-K-E-S-T-O-N) was a central point in that area and controlled by a very powerful family that didn't control only the town, but the area for miles around and trying to get those people to agree to evaluations was quite a process. They didn't want to agree to anything that would increase their taxes. We held meetings in St. Louis after I made my examination and recommendations as to evaluations. Another evaluation problem was closed corporations, particularly small country banks. The bank's majority owner would set a fixed rate at which to buy stock in the bank and generally, it was a $100 a share which it had been some years before, but since, had accumulated earnings which had not been distributed and could be worth many times that. But they liked to say that the market was limited and therefore, it should be valued at a lower amount. So there were always discussions about that type of thing.

I've always believed in travel as an educational exercise for children. And I took advantage of many opportunities to take my children on trips. The first one of any note was a train trip from St. Louis to Washington D.C. The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad ran straight through with no changes, so it was very convenient. I took my daughter Dolores who was about 11 years-old, and excused from school for the purpose. We went from St. Louis to The District, where we visited both her mother's relatives and mine. Later, she and I returned to St. Louis. I drove from Topeka to Washington, D.C. with my wife, Alice, and Madeline and Loretta, my two youngest daughters. This would have been in the middle Fifties. After visiting in Washington, DC, we drove to Kitty Hawk in North Carolina and we saw the location where the Wright Brothers had made their first airplane flight. Then we went on down to Nags Head

Lori, Dad (Ted Sharp), and Madeline in Topeka circa 1954.

Ted Sharp in Kitty Hawk, NC.

where we spent several days in a tourist accommodation. We returned home through Tennessee. We frequently made short trips down through the Ozark Mountains with Anita, Madeline, and Loretta—Dolores had taken a job in a small town north of New York and wasn't at home at that time. We saw the Big Springs, which is an enormous spring with a head of water about a foot higher than the rest of the surrounding area and it's the source of Current River. After moving to Topeka we took car trips to Colorado with Madeline and Loretta. We stayed in Estes Park where we rented a small tourist accommodation from the park service. It was heated with a wood stove. And when it got real cold at night, I got up and built a fire—which was most welcomed…

…But, getting back to my mother's situation in Topeka, I communicated with the Revenue Agent in charge in Wichita, Kansas who had supervision over the entire state and found there was a need for an estate tax examiner in the Topeka area so I transferred from St. Louis to Wichita, with my post of duty being in Topeka—that put me only 26 miles from my mother's home in Lawrence.

I bought a small home in the suburb of Highland Park, southeast of Topeka. It was a very nice little neighborhood. They had a good school system separate from that of Topeka itself, junior high and high school, and my children were all school age at that time or getting there. So we moved and entered life in this small house. It had a rental property attached to it, which made it attractive to me. It was called a gar-low (G-A-R-L-O-W). This was a garage that had been

converted into a bungalow, thus the name gar-low, and it rented for $30 a month. Well, having done some evaluation work, I figured that's $360 a year, in ten years that's $3,600 and because they only wanted $10,000 for the whole place it was a real bargain. Later I bought some vacant lots across the alley to the west and put in a small trailer park. Originally, there was room for eight trailers, but we spaced it out for six. And we put in a sewer system, an electric system and gravel for driveways at each location and down the center, with a separate entrance on the adjoining street to the west. These spaces rented for 10 or 12 dollars, maybe $15 a month, but with six of them, we had some additional income, which came in very handy.

I traveled in Kansas, mainly the northern half from Topeka west to the Colorado line. I did have a few assignments in far southwest Kansas. But I never went into southeast Kansas because there were other estate lawyers who had locations in Wichita or in southeastern part of the state who took care of the cases there.

Ted in 1961 at Topeka. Today, he still has the bow tie.

As I mentioned, Highland Park had a nice well run school system, particularly the high school, and my daughters, Dolores, Anita, and Madeline graduated there. Madeline also attended Mount St. Scholastic College in Atchison for a time and Loretta, graduated from their academy.

I forgot to mention in about 1954, I got burned out on my job with the internal revenue. I went to Wichita to tell them I was going to resign. They offered me a promotion, but I turned it down. I kicked around a while, looking for job opportunities in Topeka, but I wasn't too impressed by what was available. I finally took a job as a laborer. Runways were being constructed at the Forbes Air Force Base just south of Topeka and because I had had some experience in ironworks, I got a job unloading iron off freight cars and stacking it up. And later on, I got a job on a concrete gang. I worked ten hours a day seven days a week and made as much money as I had in the internal revenue. It was heavy physical work, but I came home and slept soundly because I was physically tired and this kind of alleviated my mental stress. But I realized that this job wouldn't last forever so when the runways were completed, I went across the street and applied at the supply depot—it was operated by the Air Force, and because of my legal training, I got a job in their contract review section, working under a major, who let me do all the contract review while he did other things. This was good experience and kept me in grocery money.

I knew that sooner or later there would be vacancies in the estate tax division of the Internal Revenue Service and I was sure when there were, I'd probably get a call because of my experience. I decided if that happened, I'd go back and try to continue working enough years so I could retire on a federal pension. Finally one afternoon I got the call and I was offered the same job that I'd resigned from—so I accepted it. I

was able to transfer my accumulative annual leave and sick leave from my prior service to this new appointment. I made up my mind that I'd stay until I could retire—which I did, in 1964. I took the earliest possible retirement. I think my service with the government totaled some 31 years. And with the retirement pension I was able to set myself up practicing law without having to scramble too hard for business.

My life at home was deteriorating. My mother, who died at age 88, had left me a considerable amount of money and this money seemed to add to the contention between my wife and me. She filed for separate maintenance so I cross-filed for divorce and we lived separately for about a year before the divorce was declared final. That was in 1963. I had some physical problems about that time and went into St. Francis Hospital in Topeka to have a double hernia repaired. I had considerable difficulty recovering and I was in the hospital for quite sometime.

MILDRED

I met my present wife, Mildred Reddick in 1964. She was widowed in 1962. I moved to Mulvane where she lived, after we were married there the last of August in 1964. We had a strictly close family ceremony—three of my daughters, Anita, Madeline and Loretta attended—her son, Greg and her daughter, Shirley who lived in Oklahoma, also came. Greg lived with us while he was completing high school, and after graduation he went to Emporia to college. I commuted from Mulvane to Wichita where I'd opened a law office. Millie my wife commuted from Mulvane to the estate tax group in Wichita where she was a secretary and auditor.

While in Mulvane I was elected to the city commission. I participated in voting on the location and the building of a new city hall. I was nominally in charge of the police department, but the chief of police was rather an independent type, who didn't pay much attention to my suggestions. The town was a bedroom town for people working in Wichita at the various aircraft plants, and the chief allowed the teenagers to buzz the streets and drag race up and down the main street at all hours of the night. I objected to that, as did other citizens, but we couldn't seem to do much about it. I got a little tired of the situation.

In the meantime, Millie and I were tired of commuting to Wichita, so we decided to move. We found a very acceptable house in a subdivision called Indian Hills and we moved there in the fall of 1966. We lived there until '92—26 years. It was such a nice

house. We both enjoyed its roominess and its design. My chief job was mowing the front and back lawns, which were rather extensive. I attribute my lack of hearing today to the fact that I'd pushed that noisy lawn mower for 20 some years.

In 1974 Mildred was diagnosed as having Parkinson's disease. She'd found that she couldn't take notes when people called on the telephone—handwriting was just an impossible exercise for her and she knew something was wrong, but we had great difficulty in finding a doctor who could diagnose the problem because she didn't have any tremors, and tremors are supposed to be the classic indication of Parkinson's. Finally we were sent to a neurologist at the Menninger Clinic in Topeka, he made the diagnosis and prescribed medication that was just starting to be made available in the treatment of Parkinson's. This disease worsens progressively, so in 1992 we decided the thing to do was to sell our home and move to a retirement community. We chose Larksfield Place on the northeast side of Wichita. And we've been quite happy and satisfied here. We don't do a large amount of cooking—our main meal is in the evening. We prepare light breakfasts and lunches. I'm free to come and go. Millie can still drive, but doesn't do it frequently. I take her to doctor appointments and what little shopping she needs to do, and I do the grocery shopping and run the errands.

In 1990, because of my loss of hearing and some memory lapses, I retired from the law practice after 26 years. This was prior to our move to Larksfield Place.

I did a lot of walking for exercise when we first

moved here, but I got bored seeing the same scenery so I decided to do something that I enjoyed more: I took up ballroom dancing. I had danced rather vigorously in college and when I lived in Topeka my wife and I did both ballroom dancing and square dancing, but not having done any for extended periods before moving to Larksfield Place, I realized I was pretty rusty and probably needed to take some refresher courses, which I did at WSU. At that time senior citizens could enroll for free. I elected to take ballroom dancing for two or three semesters. I also took some private lessons. I even learned to do the tango to some extent. Now I go to senior citizen's centers twice a week, generally on Wednesday and Saturday evenings, but occasionally on Friday evenings, for about an hour. Since there are more women than men at these places, it's always a pick-and choose situation for the men, but a wait-and-see one for the ladies. It's an exercise that I enjoy. And I know it's good for me. We do have the advantage of taking exercise classes at Larksfield Place, which I go to three mornings a week, and recently I've taken up yoga—I enjoy that very much. We have a professional teacher who comes in once a week. And it definitely has done me considerable good. I find that the floor is not nearly as far down as it used to be.

Millie at 80 and Ted at 90 in 1999 at a family celebration.

ON THE ROAD AGAIN

Prior to moving to Larksfield Place, Millie and I took a two-week trip to Hawaii. We stayed some of the time with my sister, who had lived in the islands for many years and knew her way around. She had made arrangements for us to visit the island of Kauai where she'd lived for several years and where one of her children was born. We saw Waimea Canyon and Hanalei, the location where part of the movie South Pacific was filmed. We went to the island of Hawaii and visited the Kilauea Volcano and the black sands on the south part of the island. Then we rented a car and drove through the Parker Ranch (which is one of the largest ranches in the United States and has been for many years).

On another trip we went to Alaska via the Alaska State ferryboat that ran from Seattle and went as far as Juneau. We took a smaller boat to tour away from Juneau, where we saw the Mendenhall Glacier, which is nearby. On the tour we also went to Glacier Bay and spent several nights in a hotel there. Later we took a small boat up to the face of the glacier—which has melted back miles in the last 150 years. The valley of this glacier was not even visible to the British explorer Vancouver in 1700's. We saw many seabirds and seals on ice floes and the face of the glacier sloughing off large quantities of ice into the seawater below. The ice was blue in some of the caverns in the front of the glacier.

On the way back to Seattle we stopped at Sitka, the former capitol. The town is on a small island, but it had

a creek where the salmon were running upstream to spawn. There were so many it looked as if the stream was running uphill.

There was a large Russian Orthodox church brilliantly lighted and with more gold fixtures than I had ever seen before.

We stopped at a shop where they sold native crafts. I poked around in a warehouse in back and saw two cast iron cannon barrels, quite large. One had a double-headed eagle on top near the back fire hole. This was the insignia of the Czar of Russia, obviously a relic of their battles with the Tlingit Indians in the early 1800's.

On yet another trip we went to Los Angeles to visit my cousin and to see the LaBrea Tar Pits, which Grandpa Sharp had told me about. They were even known to the early Spanish explorers. It's a large area of semi-solid liquid tar that came to the surface in what is now the central part of Los Angeles. A large museum has been built there where bones of prehistoric animals, such as tapirs, a saber-toothed tiger, one female human skeleton and numerous prehistoric birds were trapped in the tar and had been excavated. We also saw the Egyptian exhibit of Tutankhamen—a very impressive display of Egyptian art. We went to the Huntington Museum in Huntington, California. It was named after a gentleman, who was the czar of transportation in California in the early days—owning the Southern Pacific Railroad. He accumulated a large fortune and invested in very unusual art exhibits. He had the Gainsborough Blue Boy, large life-size portraits of the various British royalty painted by Sir

Joshua Reynolds and not one, but two of the Gutenberg bibles which were the original books printed with movable type.

Another time, Millie and I drove to Georgia to visit one of her friends in Albany. And came back through North Carolina and Tennessee at the time of the blooming of the flowering shrubs and various trees—they were most beautiful. We crossed the mountains into Gatlinburg, Tennessee and then through central Tennessee to Dyersburg. On the way to Gatlinburg we saw a chain gang in South Carolina. We saw convicts, wearing striped prison garb, with a ball and chain around their ankles—guarded by men on horseback, with shotguns. This was in the late 60's I believe. These men were breaking rock with sledgehammers and building roads. At Dyersburg, Tennessee we crossed the Mississippi on a small ferryboat that carried only six cars and a few passengers. I was anxious for Millie to experience this mode of travel because they were talking about building a bridge on the Mississippi at that location—later on, they did. And of course, the small ferryboats went out of existence.

We made frequent trips to Tucson, Arizona to visit Millie's son Greg, who was working for Gates Learjet. I'd go down to Nogales, Mexico, which was only about 65 miles away almost every time we made a trip to Tucson because I enjoyed visiting that Mexican location.

At one time we flew from Wichita to Juarez, Mexico—crossed the border in a taxi and spent the afternoon in a bar where it was cool. We waited for a

train to go to Chihuahua. The trains in Mexico are always late, but we did finally board. We arrived late at night and found hotel accommodations. We spent several days there and I was quite impressed with the town. It was the home operating base of Pancho Villa after he captured the town. It was his first big conquest in his revolution against the central Mexican government. He'd accomplished this by having his men hide their rifles underneath the garden produce (cabbages and potatoes and so on), which they brought into the central market in Chihuahua. And once there, they took their rifles, and being in the center of town, it didn't take long for them to take possession. The state penitentiary was there. It was built like a medieval castle with stonewalls and men were on top walking guard. We crossed from Chihuahua City to Los Mochis, which is on the west coast. This is the most spectacular railroad trip with something like 80 tunnels and 70-some high trestles. It cost the Mexican government several billion dollars to complete this railroad, which had been started by an American, who was never able to finish it. I also was impressed with the children laboring in what are men's jobs in the United States—switch engines in the yards in Chihuahua City were manned by boys who couldn't have been more than 14 or so. The engineer was an adult, but the brakeman and other attendants were these boys. In Los Mochis, we took a train back to Nogales and were met by Greg, and from there we went back to Tucson. The trip from Chihuahua to Los Mochis goes thru the copper canyon country where the Indians still live in caves and hunt deer with bow and arrows.

I made another trip to Mexico with Barbara and Ron Reddick, Mildred's niece and nephew. Ron had a motor home and invited me to accompany them. We left Nogales and went down as far as Los Mochis, over to a port town of Topolobampo and from there we took a ferryboat across the Gulf of California or Sea of Cortez as they called it. We arrived at La Paz, the southern capitol of Baja, California, which is now divided into two states, the north and south. I spent several days in La Paz. It was quite an interesting place. I returned from La Paz to Tucson by plane.

One time after visiting my sister Margaret in Bellingham, Washington, I took a train from Vancouver British Colombia to Jasper and transferred to a train on the former Grand Trunk line that went northwest to Prince Rupert, B.C., about 50 miles south of the southern tip of Alaska. We went through some of the most remote country in North America. The towns along the railroad were mostly logging villages with a few mining camps. The railroad was built to carry the enormous wheat crops of the Prairie Provinces to a deepwater harbor on the Pacific for export to Asia. I flew back from Prince Rupert to Vancouver.

Another interesting trip was with daughter Madeline and her husband Allen. We flew to Halifax, Nova Scotia. The Fortress of Halifax was built on the crest of a hill overlooking the harbor. It had small furnaces to heat the cannon balls red hot before they were fired. This had a dual purpose. It not only caused explosions on a target ship, but it would set its sails on fire. During World War I, a munitions ship blew up in Halifax harbor, leveling buildings for blocks around

and killing many people. Some vestiges of this explosion can still be seen.

We left Halifax by rented car and drove around Cape Breton Island and saw the home of Alexander Graham Bell, inventor of the telephone—and we toured the fortress of Louisburg, built by the French. When that fortress fell to the British, the last hope of a French empire in North America vanished. One reason the British won was the French privates were not too eager to fight because they had been so badly treated by their officers.

We watched the tide come in on the Bay of Fundy, in New Brunswick province, where the water rose 50 feet in little over an hour.

I made several trips by myself to see my sister Margaret who lived in Bellingham, Washington—some 80 miles north of Seattle. Millie made one of those trips with me. We would fly to Seattle and then take a bus to Bellingham. My sister Margaret wasn't in very good health. She was two years older than I and had Parkinson's disease. I had tried to see her at least every two years, and usually I would go out there by myself.

My father had accumulated a major collection of Indian artifacts, including Apache baskets, Sioux pipes and a beaded tobacco pouch, Nez Perce handbags made from woven corn husks, beaded moccasins (both Nez Perce and Sioux), numerous beaded buckskin handbags, a tomahawk, and numerous other small items. My sister and I divided this collection between us after our mother's death in 1962. By 1995, I realized

that my part of the collection belonged where it could receive professional care as it was all from 80 to 100 years old. I gave these items to the Mid-American All Indian Museum in Wichita where it was appraised for tax purposes at fourteen to sixteen thousand dollars.

After moving to Larksfield Place, I took a trip with my daughter Anita. We flew from Kansas City to Salt Lake City, then took a bus trip, lasting about 10 days—up through Jackson Hole, Yellowstone, Butte, and Missoula, Montana. And up through the old Flathead River Indian Reservation where I had lived as a child. We only saw the very eastern side of the Reservation. We stopped at a place called St. Ignatius Mission, which had been founded by Jesuits from France and Belgium in 1854. I had known this and had even visited there as a child. And that was the only part I saw that was what I had experienced as a child. The mission itself has been discontinued. There's a school for Indian children there now—kind of on the ragged edge. There just aren't that many nuns teaching anymore. I can't really say what the status is. I did see a picture they had of many of the Flathead chieftains whose names were inscribed below the picture and I recognized several by name, as Indians that my father had mentioned. We went up past Flathead Lake to Glacier Park. We left our scheduled bus and took a special one, which went through the park itself on the Going To The Sun Highway—a most spectacular ride and view, but I'm glad I didn't have to drive. After we went through Glacier Park, which was most spectacular, we met our regular bus on the east side of the park and went to Browning, which is the

headquarters of the Blackfoot Reservation. We went through their museum. And the next morning our party broke up, some taking the train back to Chicago, others going by train to Seattle—we continued by bus to Great Falls, Montana and by plane from there to Salt Lake City and then back to Kansas City.

My youngest daughter, Loretta and I took a two-week tour of Portugal a couple of years after my trip with Anita. We flew to Boston and took the Portuguese Airline from there, by way of the Azores Islands where we stopped for fuel, and then on to Lisbon. We went up through the, areas of the old medieval forts—some of them actually date back to the Roman times. There was one Roman temple in the town east of Lisbon. We took a rather extensive tour with a very good guide and saw many ancient churches, monasteries, fortified towns and wineries in Oporto, which is the head of the Port wine business, with most of the Port being exported to England—as it has been for many years. We took a direct flight from Lisbon to Boston, but I couldn't get a direct flight back home, so we flew from Boston to Dallas, and finally to Wichita. I was completely exhausted when I got home—I'd been traveling for more than 18 hours. It was quite an experience and I enjoyed it very much. I owe a lot to my daughters for having accompanied me.

My last major trip was with Anita. We went to Ireland just about five years ago. We took a bus tour of the island and we had a most informed and informative guide—a lady, who had lived in the United States. She was the dedicated Irish-type, who spoke English and Gaelic. We landed in the west side of Ireland at

Shannon and then took a bus around the southern part of the island to Dublin, where we spent several days. We went through the National Museum in Dublin and I saw the book of Kells, one of the most ancient books in existence—beautifully decorated by the Monks who worked on these projects and did all the lettering by hand. These large books are well preserved and tourists are allowed to look at them, but they aren't allowed to get too close. I saw a skeleton of a Viking that had been taken out of the bog where the bones were preserved, and the man must have been at least seven feet tall. It isn't any wonder the Irish were scared to death of them. There's an old Irish prayer: 'Lord, save us from the Vikings and their terrible dogs.' Touring Ireland was an experience that I enjoyed very much.

MAKING THE GRANDFATHER CONNECTION

Besides being good travel companions, my daughters have given me four grandchildren. Two granddaughters are the children of my daughter Anita. The older is Lisa Michaelis, who lives in Topeka with her two daughters—Neely, age eleven and Charly, age seven. Anita's other daughter, Gina Vicedo lives in Tampa, Florida, and has two sons—Addison and Austin, ages seven and three, respectively. Gina works for the Postal system. In fact, when Gina got married, Millie and I flew down to Tampa—and from there we went to Miami, and we took a seven-day cruise on the Western Caribbean. We made the usual stops—and saw the Maya ruins on the east coast of Yucatan. These were quite interesting to me. We also stopped at Jamaica.

My grandson, Dr. Cary Murphy, is the son of my daughter Madeline. He has a medical practice in Clay Center, Kansas. Madeline also has a grandson, Erin Murphy, living in Bryan, Texas. His father, Madeline's son Patrick Murphy was killed in an auto accident some years ago.

Another grandson is Darren Dooley, the son of my daughter Loretta. He lives in Napierville, Illinois, a Chicago suburb, where he is a cabinetmaker. He has a daughter, Tyler, age five and a son Ryan, age three.

EPILOGUE

My political involvement began during the late '50's when I met John Montgomery, the owner and publisher of the newspaper in Junction City, Kansas. He was a solid Democrat and his paper definitely reflected his views even though he lived in the center of a solidly Republican community. He had been a power in the local and the state Democratic Party—having served as state highway commissioner. He was also on the Kansas Turnpike Authority. And he was a close advisor to both Governor George Docking, and later to his son, Robert Docking who was governor at the time I had this involvement.

In 1968 Nixon carried Kansas in a landslide, and also Sedgwick County, but Vern Miller, the local sheriff, had outrun Nixon—and I got the vote figures from the Sedgwick County Election Commissioner and took them to Topeka and gave them to Mr. Montgomery, who was so impressed that he took them directly to Governor Docking's office. Two weeks later, I was invited by Warner Moore, the local Democratic chairman, to attend a meeting at the Allis Hotel. Governor and Mrs. Docking were there, as were Vern Miller, Warner Moore and many other Democrats, including the state treasurer. Vern Miller was very reluctant, but after some conversation and promises and pressure on the part of those influential people, particularly the governor, he agreed to run for attorney general. He had planned to run for Sedgwick County Attorney against Keith Sanborn, and this had caused Warner Moore a problem because it would split

Sedgwick County into two factions, since Sanborn was also a Democrat. Vern Miller won the Attorney General's office hands down, although Nixon carried Kansas. This gave Kansas a Democratic governor, and attorney general the first time in about 60 years. I was offered a job in the attorney general's office in Topeka, but I declined. I later accepted a position on the state's Civil Service Commission where I served two terms—one term as chairman. My term ran out during a subsequent Republican governorship, and of course, I was not reappointed. I have always been interested in Democratic politics, although I was never prominent publicly. I served most of my interests by working in the background.

Several years ago I had a visit from my cousin, Dr. Ronald Garst, who is a noted bone surgeon. He was a medical missionary in Northern India for many years and established a medical school at Ludhiana before retiring, to go to Bangladesh, where he continued surgeries for several years. He is one of two foreigners made a full citizen of Bangladesh in honor of his work there. He has also led Medical teams to Ethiopia on several occasions. We hadn't seen each other for some eighty years.

Another visitor has been John Sharp, a genealogist and historian with the Mennonite Church in Goshen, Indiana. We are distant cousins on my father's side. He has questioned me intensively about my Grandfather S.Z. Sharp, and has been interested in Sharp descendants and in tracing the family back to its origins in Germany and Switzerland. His visits are always stimulating.

In May 2000, after several episodes with my heart, I had heart surgery. They replaced a valve by using a bovine heart valve in some manner. I'll never understand how they can remove one's heart, whittle on it and replace it while a machine keeps the lungs working and the blood circulating, but I'm certainly glad it can be done. When first approached, the surgeon didn't want to operate because of my age, but my family doctor convinced him I was a good prospect.

Millie had lower back surgery December 28, 2000 and did well, but after several days in recovery she had a light stroke and is now in the Larksfield Health Care Center. She has a private room, with decorative curtains and family pictures on the wall, and her own dresser and make up table. I am able to visit her twice a day and take her to our dining room on Sundays and on special occasions.

This brings us down to 2002. We look forward to a continuing quiet life in retirement.

The Four Sharp Girls: Dolores, Anita, Madeline, and Loretta (Lori)

Note: Salome and Soloman were second cousins

ANNIE Sharp
B-1865
D-1958
(see space below)

Morris
B-1874
D-1895

THEODORE S. SHARP-(M)-Margaret Effa Kuns (6) (6A)
B-1869 B-1874
D-1920 D-1962

Margaret Catherine Sharp-(M)-David Z. WILLIAMS
B-1907
D-1995

Guinn B-1941
Sally B-1943
Lesley B-1945
Colin B-1949

(7A) Alice L. Canter (married) Theodore Kuns Sharp B-1909 (7)
B-1915
married Mildred Reddick
B-1919

Dolores
B-1935

(8) Anita-(married)-Roger B. Broughton
B-1939 B-1938

William-(married)-Madeline (8)
Murphy B-1944
(M) Allen Tollefson

Loretta (8)
B-1945

(9) Lisa-married-Tye Michaelis
-1959 B-1959

Neeley
-1990

Charly
B-1994

Albert-married-Gina (9)
(Randy) B-1962
Vicedo
B-1967

Addison
B-1994

Austin
B-1998

Carla-married-Patrick
Grimes B-1965
D-1997

Erin
B-1995

Cary
B-1965
(M) Dawn

(9) Darren-married-Laura
Dooley
B-1967

Taylor
B-1996

Ryan
B-1998

ANNIE Sharp (M) Benjamin DAVIS
B-1865 B-1866
D-1958 D-1946

Hugh
B-1891
D-1918

Dorothy
B-1892
D-1978

Bryan
B-1896
D-1973

Lowell
B-1897
D-1974

Benjamin
B-1901
D-1981

Mary Elizabeth
B-1903
D-1988

Marjorie
B-1904

Roderick
B1910
D-1999

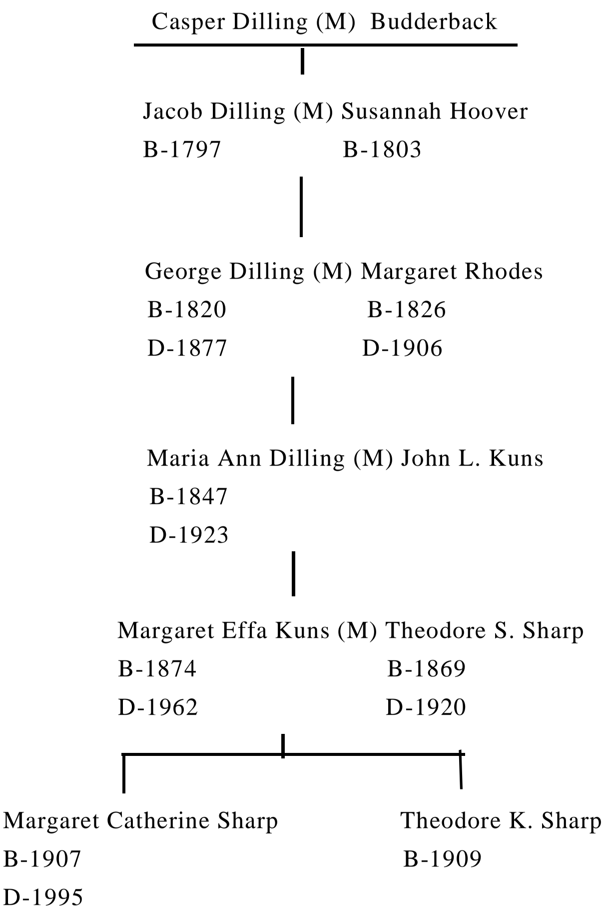
Note: Married or M, if circled, represents a divorce

William Penn was granted an extensive land patent west from the Delaware River. This area later became the state of Pennsylvania. He knew of the reputation of the Germans as good farmers, so he sent recruiters to the upper Rhine Valley of Germany and into Switzerland. This explains why these Swiss ancestors arrived in English vessels at the port of Philadelphia. They bought land in Central Pennsylvania at cheap prices and favorable credit. They left Germany and particularly Switzerland to escape Army service and religious persecution, since they were Protestants in strongly Catholic communities.

The Zook family was also from Switzerland. The name is spelled Züg in German. There is a small town and a lake in Switzerland today named Züg.

My mother's people, the Kuns and Dillings were German immigrants. Casper Dilling was one of three brothers who were Hessian soldiers brought from Hesse to fight for the English in the Revolutionary War. They did not experience any active service and chose to stay and buy land in the new United States after the war. One descendant, George Dilling, was mayor of Seattle about 1912, and another, Mildred Dilling, was a noted player of the harp

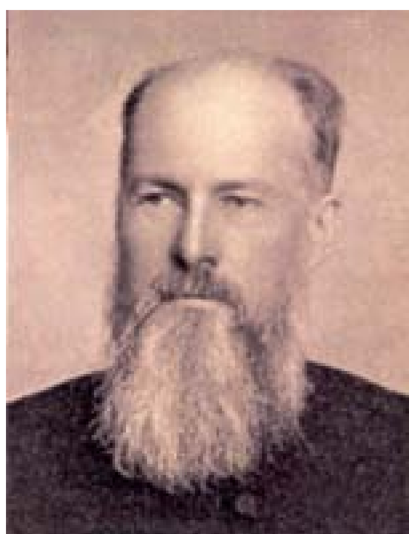
The Sharps came from the upper Rhine Valley of Germany. They originally spelled their name "Scharpf" or "Scharf."



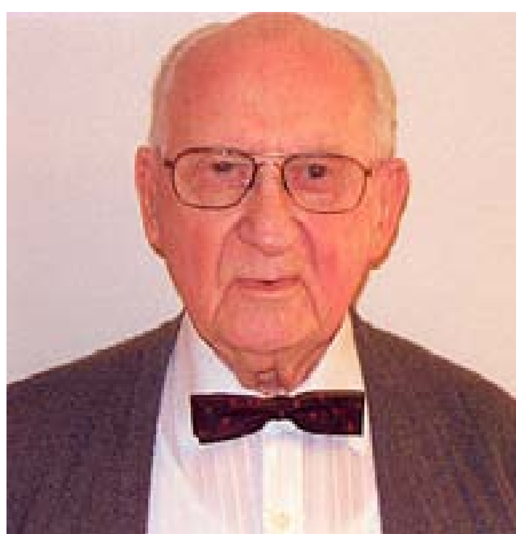
My great grandmother, Margaret Rhodes, came from Alsace, then a part of France. She was an orphan, adopted at age seven and was brought to the United States in the 1830s. She married George Dilling at age 15. She and her new husband walked from Ohio to Indiana in 1841.

They carried all of their belongings, which included, among other things, an iron cooking kettle, one hen, and six little chickens. In those days, the passenger pigeons migrated by the tens of millions. They were so numerous that at night when they roosted, their weight broke off tree branches. My grandmother picked up enough small breast feathers to make a feather bed and two pillows. These birds are now extinct.

Grandmother was reputed to be a very smart person although she never went to school and could neither read nor write.



Solomon Z. Sharp, Founder of McPherson College



Theodore K. (Ted) Sharp, summer, 2002.