



Mary - A Cub Scout Leader.

Mary was a Cub Scout Den Mother for Ed, Gary, and Marty and, to make sure that Jamie had a scouting experience, she was a Girl Scout leader for Jamie for several years.



Jamie in her Scout's uniform.

Around Louisville, trail hikes were very popular, and the boys and Cyril, and sometimes Mary and her Girl

Scouts, hiked these trails. Two popular trails were the routes that the Union and the Confederate armies followed to the battlefield where they fought the only major Civil War battle in Kentucky. Rosecrans met Grant near Perryville to prevent him from invading the north.



1963 - Jamie hiking on the Perryville Trail.

The battle was a draw but the South never again fought in Kentucky or threatened to invade the north in the west. Sherman was a General and fought in this battle but wasn't noted for what he did that day. One of the trails was called the Dry Caravan Road because the northern troops had run out of drinking water and the other the Dup Road because the southern troops had dug a road up the side of a ravine for their cannons. Each year the scouts would hike one trail or the other and could buy a medal if he completed the hike. After the hike Civil War enthusiasts from all over in splendid uniforms and

with old guns re-enacted the battle and swapped authentic Civil War relics.



1953 - Marty on the Perryville Trail.



1953 - Marty and Jamie stopping for a cold drink on the Perryville trail.

One time we also hiked the Lincoln Trail from Louisville down to the log cabin in which Lincoln was born at Hodgenville. The hike was a two day affair where you hiked 22 miles the first day, camped overnight, and then hiked the remaining 10 miles on the second day. At the end of the hike we recited the Gettysburg address on the steps of the Lincoln Monument there, he

made the mistake of carrying lots of excess equipment which slowed us down and tired us.



1951 - Edward, Martin, and Gary at Lincoln's Birthplace.

That night it poured down rain and we were washed out. At three in the morning when it was no longer fun, sleeping in a pond of water, I said "Good" and telephoned for Mary come and get us. Some weeks later we completed the hike and got our medal.



1951 - Carl working on the drive of the church on Eastern Parkway in Louisville.

We were active in the Louisville Branch of the church. I was a substitute to Ev Honey in the Branch Presidency for several years. Mary served as a counselor to Lucille Hatten in the Primary and in all of the other organizations at the same time.

Our children enjoyed the branch. While we were there the chapel was enlarged and we helped build the addition. The chapel was built on a hill and one of their favorite stunts was to roll the missionaries cars down the drive to the bottom of the hill and then watch as the missionaries worried about where their car had gone. We gave the children a few H & B's as an incentive to get ready for church and to encourage participation in church. It was amazing what the bribe of a small handful would get them to do. On Fast Sundays we usually went to the Blue Room, a cafeteria, for lunch. The children could get anything that they wanted provided they didn't spend more than \$1.25. They always did.



Mary and her two scouts...  
Marty and Gary.

All of our boys were active in scouting. Ed was in our church troop. It was small and badly equipped. It's only redeeming feature was the scoutmaster, Bill Boyd, who was a Marine

Captain and a war's man. He had received a battlefield commission in Korea. He loaded Ed with responsibility and many of the activities were total disasters. I think Ed was so loaded with responsibility that scouting wasn't much fun for him.

Ed went to the National Jamboree in Colorado. He made 100 little plaques with horsebuses from Churchill Downs mounted on them for him to trade but he wasn't much of a trader. He was a Star Scout losing interest in scouting at about 14. There were just not enough boys of scouting age in our branch to maintain an interesting program.

Gary joined both the Harvey Brown Presbyterian Church Troop and the troop at our church. He maintained a strong interest through his 18th year and was an Eagle Scout and a member of the Order of the Arrow.



Gary and the Service Troop at the  
New York World's Fair.

Gary went to the New York's World Fair as a part of the Service Troop that was stationed at the Fair. They acted as guides and while he was there he became pretty well acquainted with the fair.

Marty was a Life Scout. He belonged to both the church Troop and to the one at Harvey Brown Presbyterian

Church. When we moved to Chicago scouting wasn't emphasized in the Veterans Troop and he lost interest and failed to become an Eagle Scout when he only had a few merit badges left to earn that rank.



1968 - Eagle Scout, Gary.

At one scout campout leader-hearted Marty tried to save the life of a little turtle that a boy was picking at with a hatchet and the boy almost cut off the end of Marty's finger. The orthopedic surgeon who took care of him was so skilled that today you can't even see where he was cut.



1961 - M. Gary, and Marty waiting for the plane to leave for the Valley Forge Adventure.

Marty went to the National Scout Jamboree at Valley Forge and then a few years later both he and Gary went to the Jamboree at Coeur d'Alene, Idaho in 1963. Marty took lots of pictures but being curious he opened the back of the camera and exposed the film spoiling all the pictures.



Cyril was the Scout Master of our 1966 Ward Troop of five boys.

When Marty and Gary were in scouts, Cyril was the scoutmaster of our small troop at church. We only had five boys in our troop but we won most of the first place ribbons at the district camp outs.

We didn't even have enough boys to perform a flag ceremony. He was only 4 years old but he usually went with us and participated.

I had our boys play in a Louisville Civic Basketball League. Most of the teams were made up of boys from the streets who spent most of their time practicing and who had us very easily, sometimes by as much as 100 points, but the boys never lost their enthusiasm. They were always sure that they'd win from these street wise kids.

The very next time they played them.

Alan who watched his scout brothers building fires had a real fascination for fires. One year at Christmas time when he was five he went into a closet in the basement to play with matches and accidentally started a fire in a cardboard box used to store our vacuum cleaner. He came upstairs and whispered to his mother in his little voice that he had started a "little" fire in the basement. It resulted in a lot of excitement when the fire department came. We had already extinguished the fire. No serious damage was done by the fire but the firemen really made a mess of the basement with their work.



Alan at one of the beaches on Lake Michigan in Chicago after he burned his leg.

A year later he watched Gary and Kerossene to start a camp fire out of doors to burn oil-pines. A week later he tried to start his own fire only he used gasoline to start it. He spilled the gasoline on his shoes, and socks which caught on fire and burned one leg quite badly - third degree burns. The quick action of good neighbor, Jean Morrey, saved him from more serious damage. He spent one month in the hospital recovering from his burns and the skin grafts from his upper left and

right legs to his burned leg.



Mary's mother on one of her visits. We asked her up in Chicago and visited the Brookfield Zoo.

We learned from this experience the number and quality of our friends. His room was full of get well cards, flowers, toys and books sent by friends.



Al and I at a 1941 summer photo.

Mary's mother visited us quite often and we usually went to Chicago to meet and drive her down to Louisville. This added to the change of places and countless airports. While we were there we'd visit museums, zoos, and other interesting places. One time in Chicago, I flew to Itasca to pick up my father while Mary and the children stayed in Chicago, while they waited they decided

try a ride on the subway and by accident Gary got off at the wrong train station. The doors closed and Gary was left behind. He was 11 years old. Mary got off at the next station caught the next train back. Luckily someone told her which train to get on. When she got to the station he was at, she signaled the train to stop. All the children went to the door and yelled, "Gary." He hopped on board and away they went back to the city. Luckily Gary had the good sense to stay put. He didn't know the hotel we were staying at or where he was at the moment and it would have been very bad if he had tried to find the family.

We had begun the decade of the sixties, which opened the age of experiment, an age of hope. They were the Kennedy years and his Special class shook up the nation but he was an inspiring person and he started some well needed reforms which carried into the Johnson administration. Unfortunately our involvement in Vietnam started during his term.

My work at G.E. had changed from Factory Contact to Project Administration. I was project engineer for a family of 2 door model refrigerators and finally was assigned to the side-by-side family of refrigerators. In those years I applied for several patents and had a couple issued in my name.

GE gave the employee a \$25,000 Government bond for each patent that was issued to him and I received a medalion as an incentive for the two patents that I was issued.

Robert #1,751,711

Robert #1,414,440

I had employment offers from several companies while I worked for General Electric, Amara, Franklin and White considered but nothing good enough to make me want to leave GE. My salary in 1960 was \$10,400. The job with Franklin was as Corporate Manager

of Quality Control for their 3 plants and I almost took it. It was a good job but they were in financial trouble and I refused the job offer and it was probably a wise decision.

Don Miller had moved to Hotpoint in Chicago as Manager of Engineering and offered me a job involving the supervision of 13 people in the testing and development of refrigerators at Hotpoint. My salary would be increased to \$18,000. It wasn't a rush of an increase but I was at a discouraging period in my life. I was 43 and I could not see myself going anywhere during the rest of my working life. I was still near the bottom of the "pyramid" and I felt like I had "plateaued". It was pretty stagnant in our department. The job in Chicago wasn't great but I figured it would get me out of a rut so I so we took the job and moved to Chicago.

While we were in Louisville I had gone back to school at the University of Louisville with the goal of earning an M.S.E. I had finished about half of the courses required for a Masters when we moved. The credit was not transferable and I felt badly about not being able to get the degree. I had also taken the examination and was issued a License as a Profession Engineer.