

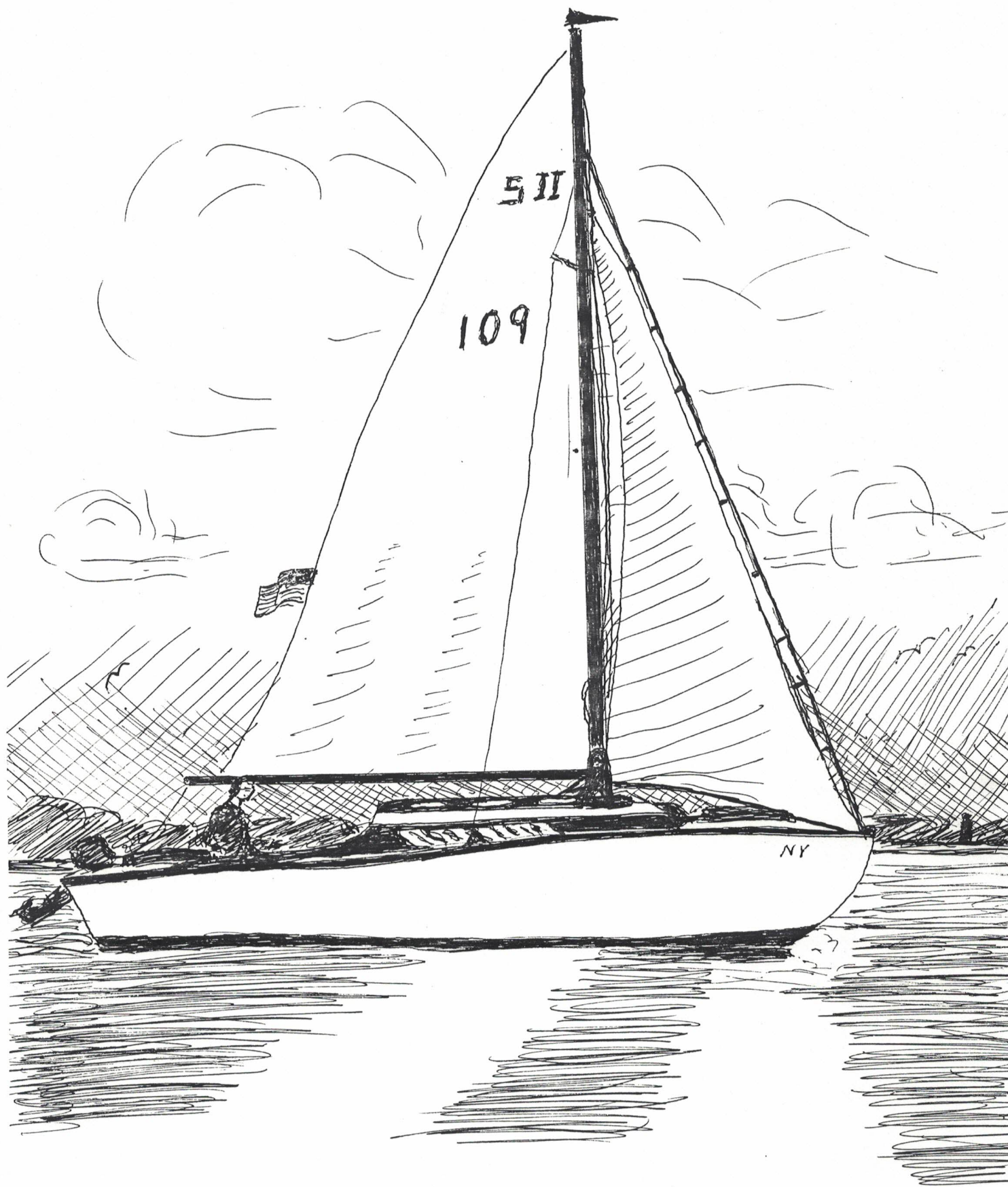
Addendum

Somehow this chapter was omitted when I first compiled this book. When I first met my wife, Melba, she spent a lot of time canoeing out of City Island in a 17 ft. Old Town canoe (canvas over wood frame). We made one trip to Long Island and back; no life preservers, no flotation, no experience in righting a canoe. Several years later I discovered that Melba was a very poor swimmer -- her limit was about 15!

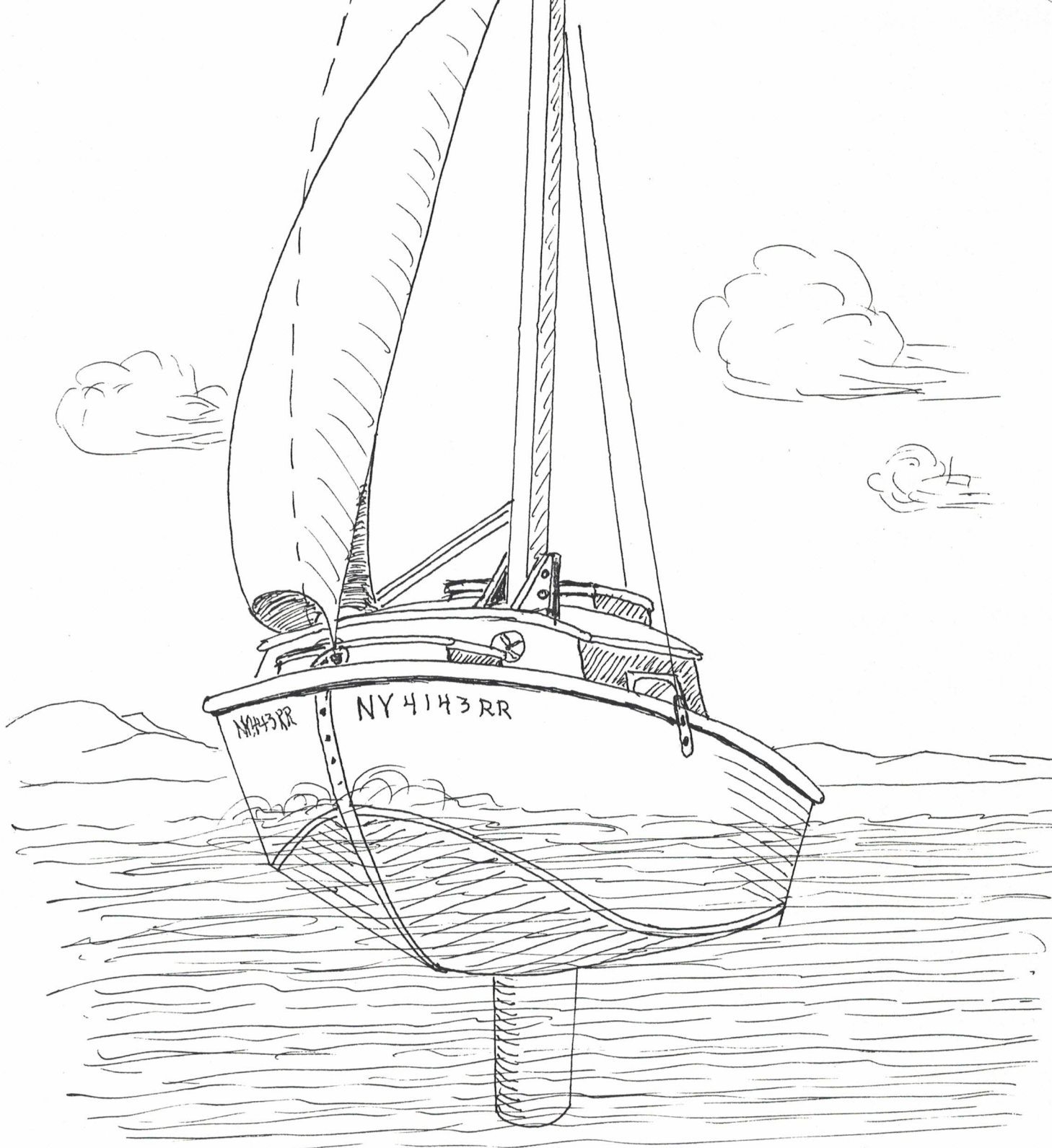
When we moved back to the city from Poughkeepsie, I wanted an inexpensive way to get fresh air for myself and my family. Apartment houses were still using incineration instead of compaction and no matter which window you opened you were hit by burning garbage fumes. I purchased a second hand sailboat made in England (a Silhouette) at City Island and kept it at Dillon's boatyard. It was what might be called a slow ship. Seventeen feet long, it had an eight hundred pound lead keel and a hull made of marine plywood. It was a great family ship and a fairly safe ship for learning how to sail. Thus began my love of sailing. (ILLUSTRATION # XXV) (ILLUSTRATION # XXVI)

My first sailing experience had been in Lake George, when I almost turned over. The summer lodge had a small rigged sailboat and I figured I would be able to sail it by myself. Now, Lake George is a very cold and deep lake. When I took off in the sail boat it seemed to be a nice, calm day. I was quite surprised, when after sailing one hundred feet from shore, the sailboat tipped over so fast that the weight of my body hanging over the side could not right it. At the first lull in the wind I lowered the sail and let the wind blow me to the other side of the lake. I hadn't realized that, in getting away from the sheltered shore, the wind, coming over the mountains would catch the sailboat suddenly.. Furthermore, I had no experience in taking the wind out of the sails. I didn't know the simple basic fact that you simply turn into the wind. This I found out years later thanks to Bob Driesen. Once you are out of the mooring area, you set sail, turn off your motor, and let the wind carry you in quiet ease with nothing but a few sails and the rippling wake disturbing the view of the sea and the sky.

Whenever I went sailing, I allowed myself three errors and I made some beautiful ones. Letting a mooring anchor line slide through my hands. Losing the line to my mainsail while headed straight for a small dinghy full of people. Having difficulty shutting off my outboard motor because of a worn out, broken cable. Trying to take my dinghy out to my mooring in a strong wind and being blown back to the dock. Etc., etc. I would sometimes forget to bring the sails aboard or I would drop a pair of essential pliers into the drink, or I would cast off before I turned the outboard motor on. One chap held a line in his teeth and ended up minus one tooth. Indeed, there are dangers involved in sailing, particularly for a novice. Caught on someone else's mooring, I could only disentangle my boat by pulling it up and made the error



CLIFF AT THE HELM OF WITCH 1



WITCH ONE

ILLUS. NO. ~~XXVI~~ - -

of letting it slip through my bare hands (it could have cut them to shreds). Charts are often inadequate if you are close to shore and out of the main channel. also, as the song goes, "Many brave hearts are asleep in the deep." or as goes the saying "the Ocean is so big and the ships are so small" One quickly learns the tons of energy contained in the waves.

There is one other example of a novice's errors. I was drifting towards a sailboat and ran forward on my deck to fend off with a pole. I stepped on my forward plastic hatch which broke. Luckily, there was a plastic ice chest below which kept me from breaking my leg and the pieces of plastic hatch did not have sharp cutting edges.

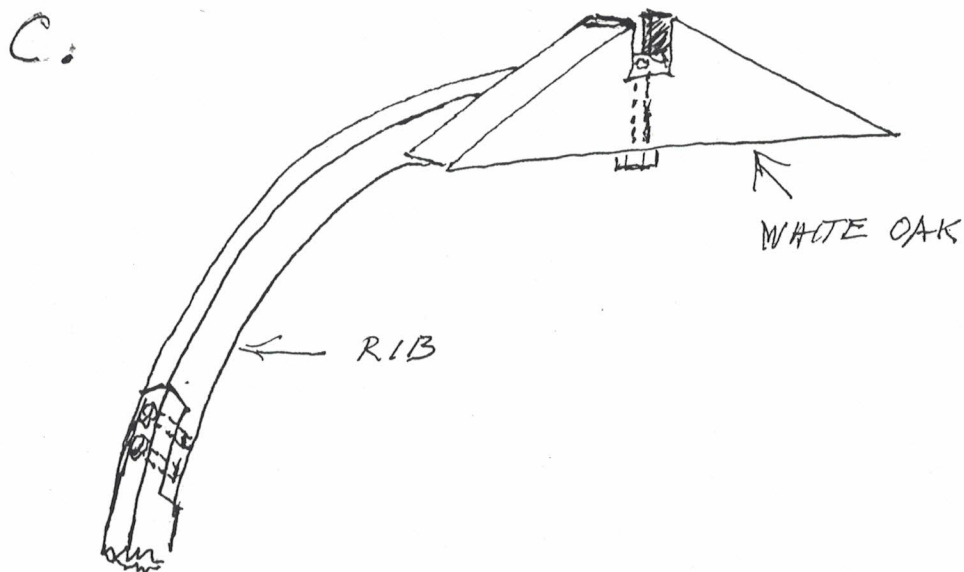
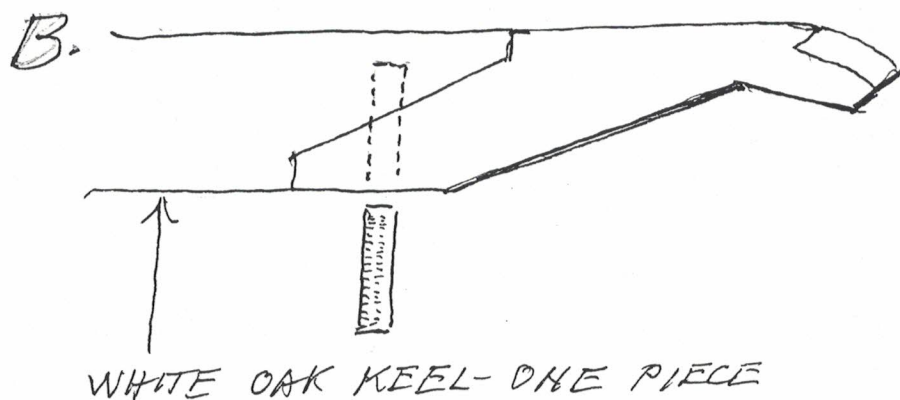
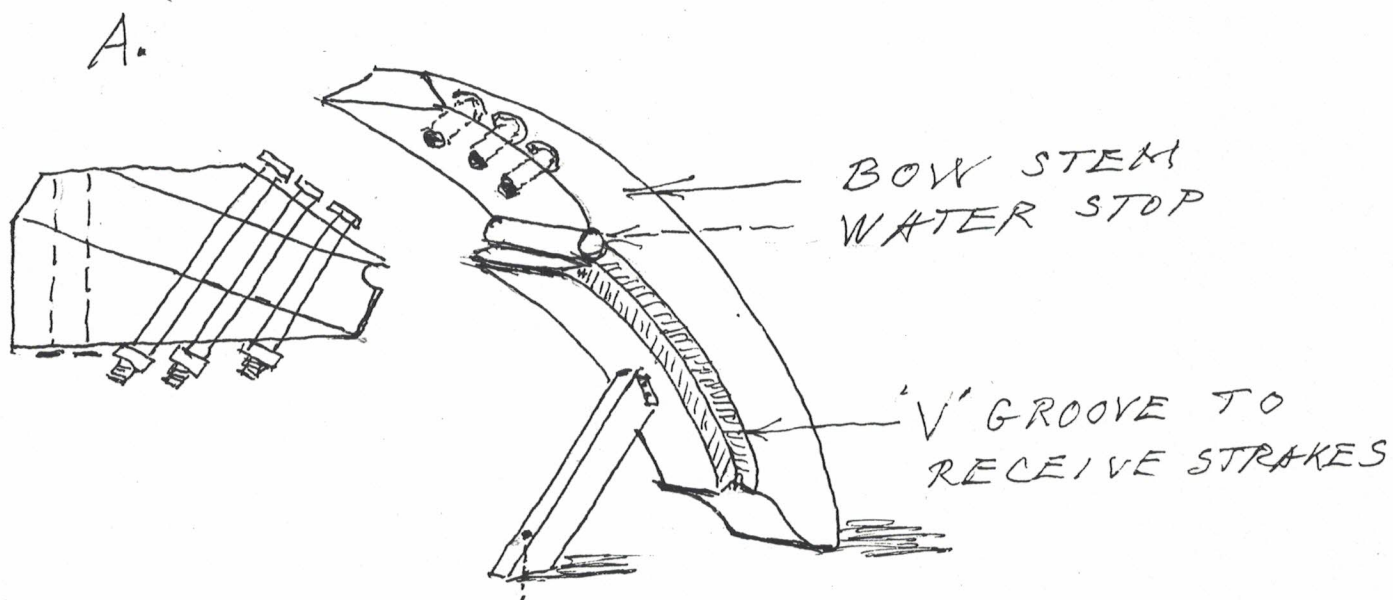
Although I already knew a bit of carpentry, I am indebted to my sailing experience as a great learning experience not only in ships carpentry but also in prevention of erosion and the handling and working of different metals. Then I learned "the ropes" which included some very useful knots, some splicing of line, etc.

All in all, I spent some very pleasant hours with my family on board, out in the fresh air of Long Island Sound and on the land at Dillon's boat yard. I have since come to the conclusion that every motor boat operator and sailboat operator should have a license and the license should require knowledge of sailing for both. Only an educated sailor can be a safe sailor. When I moved to Long Island I sold my sailboat. Years later, I picked up a damaged thirteen footer made by Old Town and restored it. I keep it on a trailer in my yard.

My interest in sailing has never waned. I watched them build a small whaling boat in Huntington, which was really a work boat for a large whaling vessel. The illustration shows parts of the craft, the Henry Scudder.

(ILLUSTRATION # XXVII) Some of the new churches and temples seem to me to be upside down ship hulls. also, I restored a small thirteen foot vessel, built originally by Old Town, which I still use, having added an aluminum tabernacle for trailering and to avoid having to step the mast each time, plus a "jump off home" with a lazarette.

After standing at work all day I found sailing an ideal sport as you could sit down and work once you were out on the water. One hand for work and one hand to hold on and one eye constantly on the weather "for many brave hearts are asleep in the deep".



Addendum II

For some strange reason we never hear of hero dentists. If you mention dentistry, people begin to tell jokes and laugh. It's about time some one changed the picture. The practice of dentistry can be a lonely job.

I remember one lonely hero in Maine who broke the needle giving a mandibular injection and called for help 60 miles away. He finally had to remove the needle himself. Then there was my classmate who was riding with his CO in a jeep during the Battle of the Bulge when a hospital plane crashed. They drove over to try to rescue some of the men just when the plane blew up taking them with it.

I remember hearing of two dentists who died in Korea, killed while working in a field hospital overrun by North Koreans. And how about the dentists who contracted hepatitis and other diseases from their patients due to close contact? Dentists are not permitted to sign death certificates yet there are people in their operating chairs who may need emergency, life saving measures. I still feel that dentistry should be a branch of medicine.

Another dentist hero classmate save a baby brought in by a distraught mother when mouth to mouth resuscitation had just come into vogue.

To me, dentistry has always been a hazardous profession without the remuneration that the hazards should command. Another dentist hero was the chap who removed a tooth on a troop convoy ship without any dental tools. I am sure that there must be many other cases of treatment for what may have been life threatening problems that we never heard about.

Addendum III

The horrors of war and death make us look for the better things in life and give us a perspective and understanding of the contrast. Thus, of all that life has to offer I judge children to be the best and, in addition, to be a true miracle. I have four sons, four miracles.

Primogenitor is an old English word not usually used here but there is a lot to be said for it. To see ones own flesh and blood in a renewed mold, better, bigger, stronger and smarter is truly a miracle. Words are inadequate, pictures are inanimate and feelings are indescribable. Viewing your children and their accomplishments makes lifes hardships worthwhile. Moreover, to have three more sons is truly a blessing. American style, we try to grant them all equal time, equal love and equal benefits. But life is not that simple. Sibling rivalry, family problems, environmental changes and influences, all affect the individuals. Life is not always fair and judgement comes from experience. Even seeking advice is difficult.

When we came to choose names for our sons it was difficult, especially in view of the fact that we wanted to have some sort of significance attached to each name. Scottish names always fascinated me because they represented an advanced civilization in my mind. Of course, an attempt was also made to avoid un-euphonious combinations. Custom wise, using the same name as the father was avoided. This was also avoided because of the possible creation of psychological confusion. Biblical names were avoided for similar reasons.

I always wanted my sons to work for a year before going to college to obtain a better appreciation of the advantage of an education. However, this was not possible in any one case for various reasons.

Also, I regretted the fact that modern colleges are coed which I feel interferes with concentration on studies especially in the case of coed dormitories or off campus coed housing. At this point, if I could hold a tune I would sing "Sunrise Sunset" or "Sonny Boy" four times. There was a time when you could leave your children the peaceful blue skies with its soft, tinted clouds, the wide open spaces with fresh air and sparkling water, the open sea and it's healthy flora and fauna. I hope that time may come again soon.

Collected Poems

Ode to a Stuffed Shirt

(Written on the grey cardboard used
to support freshly starched shirts)

Within thy bosom strong and stiff

I kept each fold so neat

When they had once removed the whiff

I braced every pleat.

And now another takes my place

A warped human frame

What chance have we with cardboard face

Our lives are all the same.

The Book Burner

The vandals crush with single blow

 The labor of the centuries

And leave behind a tale of woe

 In ash of libraries.

There was a time in history

 A scribe did spend his life

To carry on the ancient glory

 With brush in hand he'd strive

Let no mean mortal dare to blot

 With flame or sword or other scourge

What man has build with head and heart

 Our sacred heritage.

Walk Toward The Moon

Each day I move about and eat and walk until the hours pass
Night falls and on returning I gaze skyward at the moon, alas
It shines on both of us tonight, bright yellow then silver, while
A beacon in the darkness overhead for two hearts so far apart I dread
To count the miles but walking upward toward the moon
I know I'll meet you soon -- soon

Serenity

Oh, come with me on winged words

To lands beyond this realm

Where love can linger and rejoice

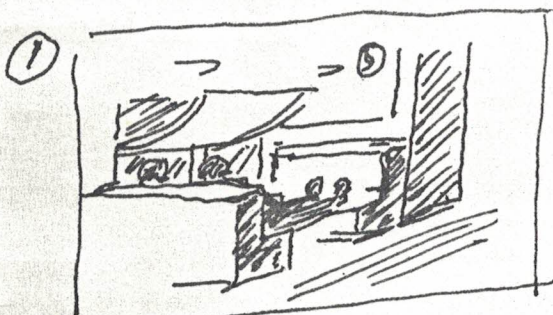
And God stands at the helm

Where all can see the light of day

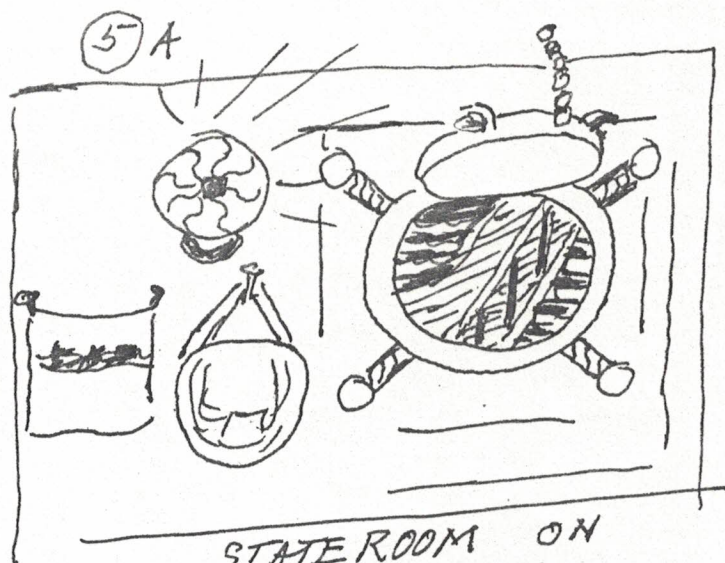
Spread over a peaceful world

There you and I shall kneel and pray

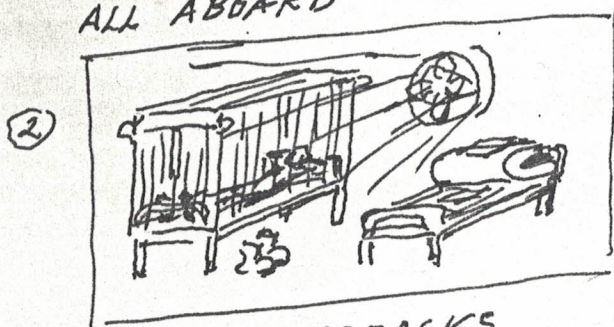
For whom the bell has tolled.



ALL ABOARD

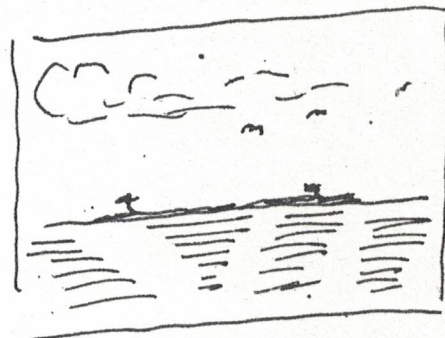


STATE ROOM ON
MAIN DECK



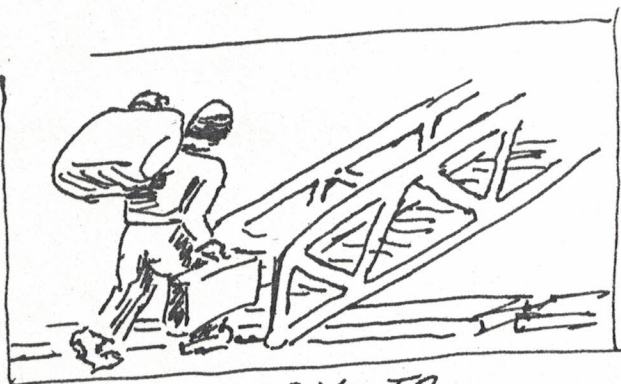
JACKSON BARRACKS
NEW ORLEANS

6



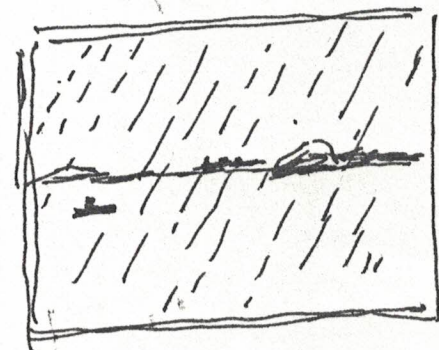
LAND HO!

3



EMBARKATION TO
MUSIC AT POE

7



RAINY GREETING
AT END OF VOYAGE

4



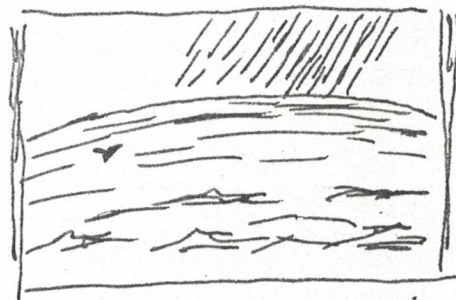
SUN DECK ON
TRANSPORT SHIP

8



Native home (Casa)

5 B



Water, water, everywhere.

9



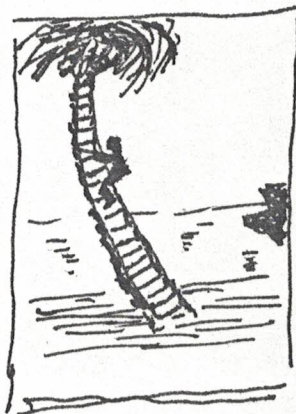
ROYAL PALM TREE

10

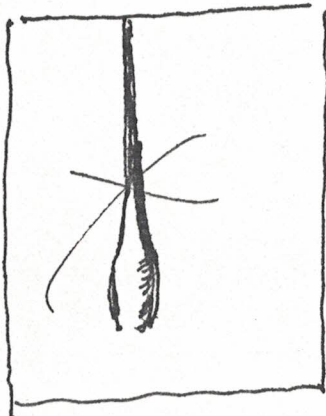


BANANA TREE WITH
FER DE LANCE

11



COCONUT PALM



SUGGEST ONE DRAWING AT THE END
OF EACH ~~CHAPTER~~ CHAPTER?

(12)



CANTINA

(14)



SOUTHERN CROSS

(13)



OVERNIGHT

OR MAY DISCARD
THESE SMALL SKETCHES