
Who am I, what is my relationship to my siblings and relatives?

By Carl Mack Berryhill



Due to faulty memory, I don't know a chronological way to approach this question other than treating the individual memories like beads on the string of life or "pensieves" much like those used by Dumbledore in the telling of past events in the Harry Potter stories.

I was born on a rainy Saturday on the 24th of September in the year of 1932 at 1:30pm and delivered by Dr. C. S. Britt at Saint Peters Hospital, in Charlotte, N. C. I used to believe that I was born at home, but my sister tells me I was the first of my family to be born in a hospital.

I was to have at least two more encounters with Dr. Britt. Once with pneumonia when I was approximately five and with a broken leg when I was seven. He went to the navy sometime during WWII and served on submarines. I don't know his status after that point in time.

My father was William Mack Berryhill. My mother was Myrtle Bernice Wingate Berryhill. My maternal Uncles were Robert, Clyde, Bruce and Harry Wingate. My maternal aunt was Margaret Wingate. My paternal uncle was Henry Lee Berryhill.



Harry, Margaret, Robert, Myrtle, Clyde, Bruce Wingate

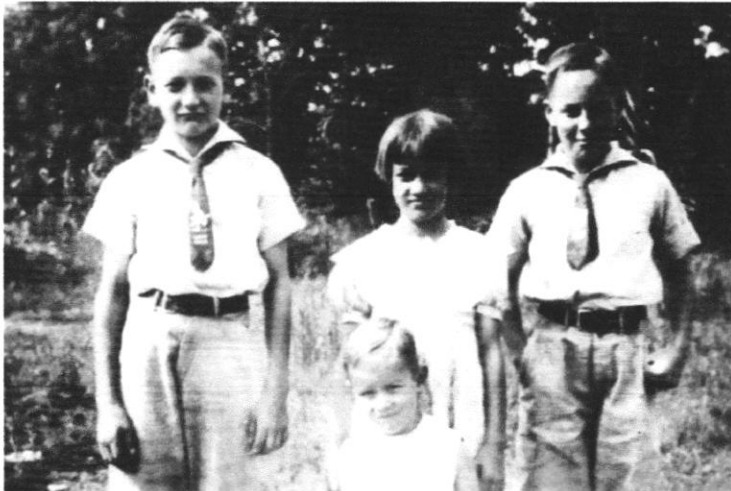
Grandpa Wainright Hall Wingate

I had two brothers and one sister. William Wallace Berryhill was ten years older than me. Robert Allen Berryhill was eight years older and my Sis, (Margaret Bernice Berryhill) was six years older than myself. This makes for some interesting dynamics in the family. Sis became my care taker and looked after me while growing up and at school. Robert became my guide showing the errors of my ways and setting me on the right path.



William, Robert, Sis, Mack, Myrtle, Carl circa 1942 – Marriage 1922

William was my mentor, introducing me to the wild side. His nick-name was Ram. When I became a boy scout, I was nick-named Ram Jr. and proudly accepted the name.



Robert, Sis (Bernice) William, Carl in front – Oct 1935

William was ten years older than me and he was my mentor, friend and protector. He tormented me with tricks, deceptions (all in good fun) and jokes, but when push came to shove, he was there for me. He always treated me as an equal and with great respect while toughening me up and allowing me to fit into his world.

We were involved in a school bus crash when I was about six. The bus was configured with bench seats on the sides of the bus and bench seats running down the middle of the bus. Usually, William, Robert and I sat on the right hand side of the bus toward the rear of the bus. I was usually sitting between William and Robert. On this occasion I was made to sit on the middle bench directly across from where I would normally sit. William had made me sit there because of a boy my age had placed a sharp pencil up-right such that I sat down on the point. In order to keep the piece, William had made the switch placing the boy where I would normally sit. As the bus was making a left turn off the four lane highway, a tremendous crashing of glass and metal erupted behind the boy and my brothers as a vehicle pulling a large trailer jack-knifed and crashed into the bus. The crashing glass somehow missed my brothers. The boy between them was not as fortunate.

The glass cut half his skull open and he was catapulted forward and fell on my lap. I am staring at the side of his head with his brain exposed and blood everywhere. I was petrified. I watched as my brothers escaped the bus by the front door. Someone opened the back door which was very near to me and William jumped into the bus and picked me up and carried me off the bus. I don't remember by whom or how the boy's body was removed from my lap, as by now I was hysterical.

As it turns out, my father worked directly across the four lane highway. My father was on business in another town at the time. One of his co-workers picked up my sister, brothers and I and took us home. Imagine the sight my mother had of William carrying me into the house; covered in blood and bits of flesh, bawling. She initially thought that I was injured and in need of some urgent care. I admire her calmness and bravery upon dealing with this horrific situation. After some time, I calmed down. I don't remember if we went to school the next day or not. It could have been on a Friday and we had the weekend to calm down. In any case, by today's standards, I should have gone into post-traumatic stress treatment, but in my day, you sucked it up and moved on to better days.

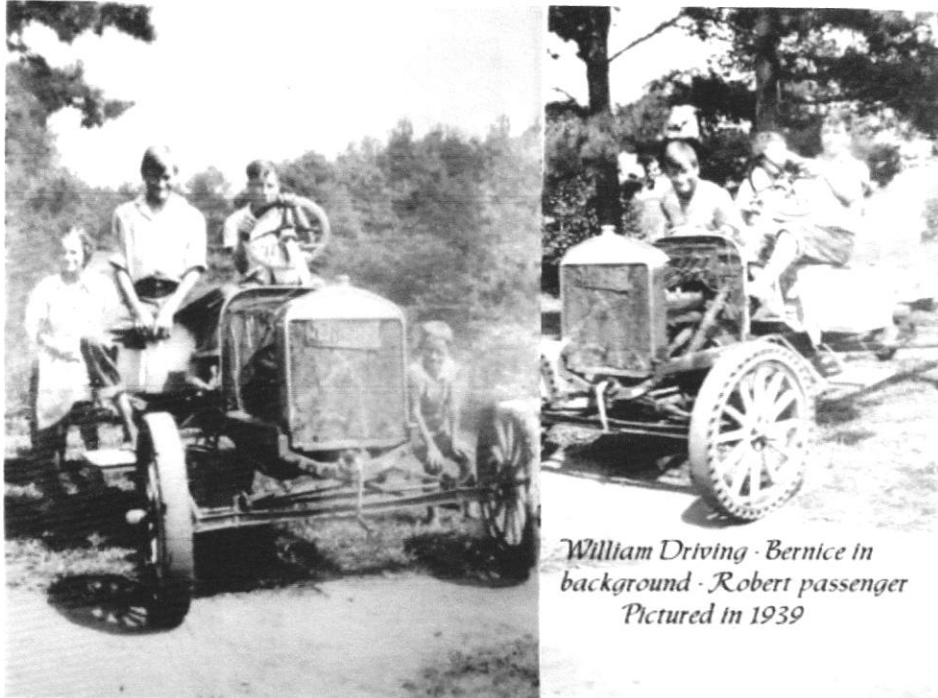
A second event occurred when I was in second grade. Robert, William and I were stacking lumber on a pile. More to the point, they were stacking and I was messing around on the stack. Suddenly; the stack, which by now was higher than my head, shifted and fell on me burying me up to my waist. William and Robert frantically pulled the lumber off me. William told me to stand. Upon doing so I found I was in great pain. William asked me to walk, but that wasn't happening. He then picked me up and carried me to the house and Mom. She called our minister and we went to St. Peters and got my leg in a cast. The Reverend learned all sorts of bad words that day, as every time the car went over a bump, great pain would elicit some foul language from me, much to Mom's embarrassment. I am not sure why I knew all those words, but I was a fast read. This may have affected the next sermon.

Equipped with crutches, I found I had new powers. My teacher assigned some boys in the class to carry me up and down stairs at recess and getting to and from the school bus and the playground. I milked this power as long as I could, but I was observed sliding down a banister. It turns out that this was unacceptable behavior and I lost my team of porters.

I also developed other unexpected feats that drew some praise and admiration. I discovered I could stand on the crutches upside down and learned to go up and down concrete stairs while standing upside down on the crutches. Mom almost caught me performing this feat, so I terminated

the feat. Toward the end of the healing process, Robert and I were jumping off and on a couch in the family room. I ran to the front door to answer a knock without my crutches. Mom was at the door. She was not impressed. The cast was cut away and that career was over. But I had a good run.

I was born and raised on a small farm just outside of Charlotte, N. C. The farm is now in the city of Charlotte and the farm is now occupied by many condos and apartment houses. I am grateful for the farming background and for the opportunity to work with the land, animals, planting and harvesting crops. The experience gave me a solid foundation and an anchor to the soil and an abiding respect for the land.



*William Driving - Bernice in
background - Robert passenger
Pictured in 1939*

Model T - summer 1939 - William driver - Robert - Sis - Carl by the wheel

On the farm we had an old Model T Ford car, or rather the remnants of one, which was used on the farm to haul things and was used to drive a conveyor belt that raised fodder (corn shucks, hay and other food for the cows) to the loft of the barn.

William decided one day that he would teach me to drive the thing. I already knew how to set the spark and the choke to start the thing with a crank (that would try to break your arm in the process of back-firing). I had also at one point burned a blister on my big toe when I stepped on the hot exhaust pipe. The thing had no floor board to speak of and you sat on the gas tank (no seat belts, crash helmets and questionable brakes) to drive it. OSHA would not have approved this vehicle.

I drove into the back yard and toward the steps of the house. When I tried the brakes, nothing happened. Ford must have thought this through, as they had provided a "go into reverse" peddle between the clutch and the break peddles, I tromped on this peddle and managed to stop one inch before we would have crashed into the house. Mom did not approve. Anyway, William gave me my first driving lesson.



I was sixteen he gave an official driving lesson in our 39 Ford. He had me driving in rush hour traffic. My skills were marginal and panic was on high, but we got my license. Reminds me of a time later in life when I was giving my daughter driving lessons. With heart in throat, I told her to enter a freeway. The entry had a curve and a tractor-trailer truck was stopped just out of view on the entry ramp. Heavy traffic was coming on the left that we had to merge with. There was little room for error and I hanging on, white knuckled, and said nothing to indicate my alarm. She did an excellent job of the entry and merge. After that, I deemed that she didn't need more lessons. She proved she was a great driver.

At the barn one day, Robert and William were challenging each other to see who could stay on one of the cows for the longest time rodeo style with a roped tied around the cow. At some point it was decided to put me on the cow to see how long I would last. The theory was that I would stay on longer because of my weight. It turns out that because of my light weight, I bounced higher in the air and immediately lost my grip. My rodeo days were over.

Sis was teaching me how to milk the cows around that time. This became one on my chores. Occasionally, the cow would step into the bucket, thus soiling the milk. I would bring it home anyway, believing that Mom would not notice the dirt and strain it out. She in turn let me believe that we used the contaminated milk. It was hard to put one past her. She also had her fun with us. By the way, from Mom, I learned that it is almost impossible to cry while you are laughing. Mom knew how to turn a tantrum into a smile. We had several cats which I taught to drink a stream of milk while standing on their hind legs.



The greatest mouser ever.



Circa 1944/1945 – menagerie

This was my domain around 8 years and onward. I held the power of life or death over the fowl population. The center picture shows me holding court over my domain. If a chicken annoyed me, it was destined for Sunday dinner. Mom was the executioner.

One of the games we played was barrel rolling. This is where you stand on a fifty gallon drum and walk it forward or backward. William could do this standing on his hands. I tried but never could master this feat. I did however accept a friend's challenge to roll down a hill in the barrel. One of life's lessons arriving too late.

Before I reached the bottom of the hill, the barrel crashed into a tree and abruptly came to a halt. I was in pain all over and exceedingly dizzy, with ears ringing, and a small voice in my head repeating the E. A. Poe's raven's refrain, "Never more, Never more".

Crashing into things did not end there. I was riding in the woods and misjudged the slope the hill I was on and lost control of the bike and smacked into a large tree which smashed the forks of the bike.

On another occasion, I was riding on a bowered bike. A friend hailed me and as I turned around to wave, I turned back around and I was about to hit a big dump truck. I ducked my head down and just cleared the back of the dump bed by a fraction of an inch. The wheel and the forks were smashed. With great shame and remorse, I walked the bike to my friend's house to proclaim the smashed bike. I later got the bike repaired. We didn't wear helmets in those days and it was a wonder that I didn't smash my head.

I became a Life scout and was short a couple badges of being an Eagle Scout. I joined the Sea scouts instead and went to summer camp at Jacksonville Florida Naval Air Station. I tried flying a flight simulator and managed to crash.

Also I was dumped in a large swimming pool while inside a simulated aircraft. The idea was to learn how to escape a crashed aircraft under water and quickly finding which way was up. I was a good swimmer and did the task with little trouble. It was generally a good lot of fun and a great experience.

We went on a cruise on a Destroyer Escort ship out into the Atlantic Ocean. I remember crossing from ocean water into the Gulf Stream. I appeared that someone had drawn a line between the bright blue of the Gulf Stream and the aquamarine color of the ocean water.



Other games were pretty tame. Such as fencing with sticks, or centering a baseball through a hoop and sometimes roping a calf. They got out and into the corn-field occasionally and we had to rope to get them back to the pasture. This was especially true if there was fresh alfalfa in the field. They would break the fence for that treat and gorge themselves until sick.

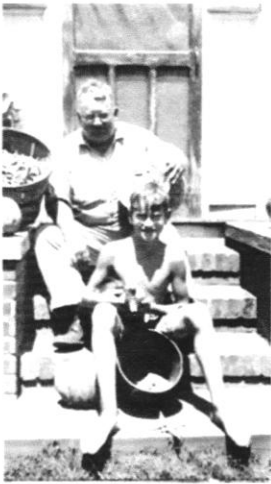
I am herding one of the wayward geese back to the barn area. They liked to roam around once in a while and we had to chase them down. In the background is the house I lived in when I was born until about 6 years old. One of the fields where I planted corn and beans is between me and the house in the background.



The house I lived in from age 8 onward. Both built from timber grown in our own woods. When the house was being built, William used to lie in a wheel bower and order me around. I guess he was practicing his leadership role.

It was about this time that William was going to officers' school. He taught me how to shoot an S&W 38 pistol and an army issue 45. The 38 was easy but the 45 threatened to take an arm off. We disarmed a hand grenade. When my Mom passed away, Sis found it and called the bomb squad. I wish she had asked me about it first. There were some spent bullets of different caliber. I assume the bomb squad had them taken away as well.

The boy's bedroom was the entire upper floor of the house. Robert and William slept on one bed and I had a rope type cot. Then when they left for the army, I inherited their bed. I built a crystal radio and strung a 50 foot antenna from the bedroom window to trees to the barn in back. A lightning storm started one night and it struck my antenna and blue balls of ionized air were falling on the floor and rolling across the room. I managed to close the gap between the ear phone jacks. This closed the circuit to ground. I removed the rig the next day. Daddy was not aware that this had happened. It managed to make me appreciate the power of lightning.



Harvest 24 August 1944 My model airplane



I learned to plow and ride with this mighty beast. It required a lot of colorful language to come to an agreement on how to perform the task at hand, such as making a straight furrow when planting corn and beans. On one occasion, the mule took off at a 45 degree angle across the field and had planted a whole row before I could get the mule to come to a stop. We now had this odd row running across the field.

One field was located next to the minister's house and he suffered through a barrage of foul language. I suspect that it evoked a lot of ideas for the Sunday sermons. I do seem to remember talk of a lot of hellfire and brimstone around that time. I found that he had feet of clay. While cleaning the church one Saturday, I saw the minister walking along and practicing the Sunday sermon. A cat was winding around his feet and rubbing his legs. Suddenly the minister's foot went back and he kicked the cat, a good thirty feet into the air. It is true; cats really do land on their feet.

We had an old relic school bus near the house we used as a playhouse. In the bus, William and Robert had a cache of comic books in the bus. This provided many rainy days reading material. Captain Marvel, Superman, Bat Man and etc. I don't know how they got there or where they are now. I was about five when it was discovered that I needed glasses because I was always holding the book about one or two inches from my nose when I was "reading" the comics.

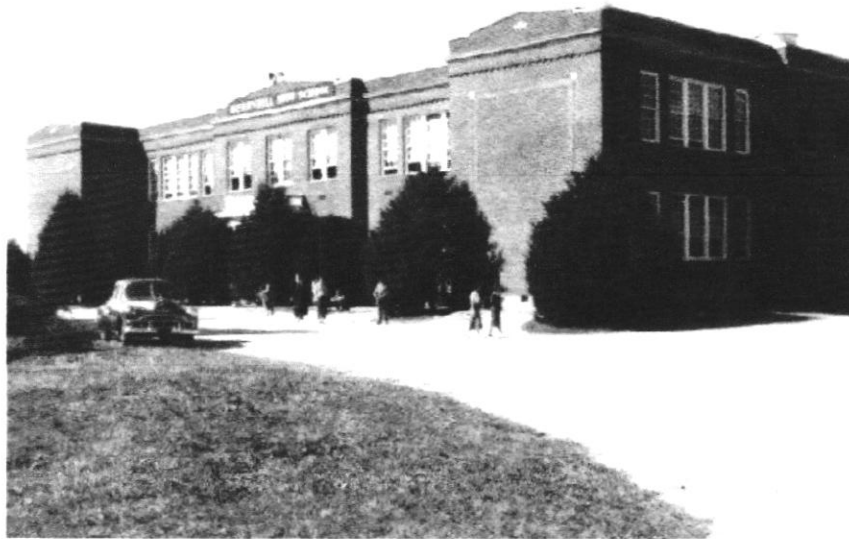
Speaking of noses, we had a chicken house nearby and the front of the house had an electrified chain link front. It was one of those electric pulsing animal guards to protect the chickens from predators. While observing the chickens one day, I move a little too close and the tip of my nose touched the wire. Just at that moment, the voltage pulsed and I felt like someone had punched me hard on the nose. I used to think that the stars that were in the comic books were only graphic. They are real. I saw stars of every color and landed on my butt. Some of the fields around the farm were also protected by an electrified fence. I was challenged to pee on the fence. I got a jolt that will endure for a lifetime. Back to Poe's raven – "Never More, Never More". There must be an easier teacher.

My father was an avid reader and would spend an entire night reading some of the books. He would check the books that I brought home from the library and on some occasions would advise me not to read the book. I never objected to his advice. I did notice that some of the books that were banned were some of the ones that provoked an all-night session. I read some of the banned books later in life and determined that they should have been banned. He only went to school for eight years but he was a very learned man. He could read Latin, which impressed me.

William inherited this trait would occupy the throne (bath room) for long periods of time. Robert was more graphic and detail oriented. He loved making model airplanes and interested in engineering. Sis was more into athletics. She was a champion basketball player for two years at our school. I tried to be a little of all these traits.



My best friend and I coming from the Library.



Our school's name was Berryhill High School (now gone in a fire). It was an eleven year school for my brothers and sister. Sis was in the last eleventh year program. It was then changed to a twelve year program. I graduated in June of 1950.

When someone asks where I graduated from school, they do a double take and wonder if that is for real. The location of the school is now one of the runways at the Charlotte airport.

My short stage career begin when I was around 13, I was in a play at the school. I had to dress in an evening gown and had tissue paper breasts and high heels. Five others and I were bride maids in a mock wedding. I still wonder how people wear high heels without tripping.

The next occasion was in my senior year. We did a carnival / circus skit. My cousin James Berryhill and I were dressed as clowns. We were to do cartwheels from one side of the stage to the other in opposite directions. At the finish, we were to moon the audience with our costumes on. As I bowed, my pants split open unexpectedly. The audience was laughing and my face was turning red as I realized my pants had split. I turned around and took another bow. I should have taken that as a sign that I should go into show business.



My father must have some showmanship as well. He is pretending to plow, but the mule is standing still and my sister isn't exactly tilling the soil.



Uncle Henry Lee Berryhill, my Dad's brother shown above with my Dad feeding a squirrel. Uncle Henry taught me how to shoot a gun. It was a 12 gauge shotgun. He had spotted a squirrel in a tree above us and he handed me the shotgun and told me to shoot the squirrel. He forgot to tell me to press the gun firmly into my shoulder in order to absorb the back-fire. I fired the gun and instantly found myself flat on my back. The damn gun nearly broke my shoulder and all I saw above me was flying branches and leaves and no sign of the squirrel. Another one of those lessons learned too late. Back to Poe's raven – "Never more, Never more".

My father being older and eligible brother tormentor liked playing jokes on Uncle Henry. We were traveling to Florida Mom, Henry, Daddy and I went into a restaurant to have breakfast. As the meal was coming to a close, Daddy whispered to me to go with him out to the car. When we were outside, Daddy began laughing and said: "This time I am sticking him with the bill". Henry always expected Daddy to pay the bill and this time he was sticking Henry with the bill.

Uncle Henry and my father had to grow up fast. My grand-father, William Wallace died of a heart attack when my father was five years old and left my grand-mother with two little boys and the management of over 160 acres of farmland. So I can imagine times were hard and the boys grew up in a strict environment. She lived with us when I was a toddler. She did not allow Christmas celebration at our house. Because of this, we always went to grand pa Wingate Christmas Eve and stayed through the celebration. It was a house filled with joy, good food, relatives and fun.



This is Daddy's highway truck, with Mulberry Presbyterian Church in background. From age 5 Daddy would occasionally take me with him to work. He worked as a buyer for the North Carolina State Highway and Public works Commission. He traveled frequently and it was enormously interesting. It was all about all kinds of trucks, heavy machines, rock crushers and caterpillar tractors.

One of the trips, I met a midget. I couldn't believe an adult could be shorter than me. It took a while for that to set in. He was a nice guy and ignored my inability to stop staring. On another trip I went with a guard into a rock quarry. The prisoners working there were among the worst. At the time I did not realize this and wondered later why all the guards were so very nervous while Daddy and I were in the quarry. In retrospect, I would have made a mighty fine hostage. We were there to access what parts Daddy had to order for the rock crushers.

On another trip, we were invited to a sit down dinner in the prison camp. There were prisoners serving on good conduct as waiters. It was a banquet and fit for a king. We had some of the best food I can remember. All of the food, including meat, was grown on the prison farm by the prisoners. This camp housed captured Italian war prisoner later.

Back at the main shop, as long as I stayed out of the way, I could watch and learn how to take things apart and repair huge machines. I was introduced to welding and what tools were used for what task. I think that some of my knowledge of colorful language stemmed from here. There was the equivalent of the "Simpson tire fire" out back that was not on fire, but it provided endless entertainment. There were piles of broken parts from trucks and road machinery to examine and play with. .

There was an alligator on a farm that we would stop at and watch the farmer feed chickens to the beast. The farmer gave me an owl that was made from a couple tooth picks and a pecan. This became one of my treasures.

I was smitten with the travel bug by these trips and relished traveling and seeing new places and people. The pick-up truck was a time machine for me. I would hum to the tune of the tires on the

pavement as we went along. Daddy loved travel and new places as well and apparently enjoyed having me along. We were well received where ever we went. I didn't cause trouble.

When I was about 12, my brother rolled our car. Daddy and I assessed the damage and he bought the parts we needed and I was told to do the repairs. This was okay with me because by now I had a pretty good grasp of what to do. I got the car fixed and back together, but there were parts left over. The car drove okay, so we ignored this little detail. I think one of the parts was a splash pan that kept water off the engine when driving in the rain. Daddy laughed and said to forget it.

My father was an Elder and Treasurer of Mulberry church. On Sunday after we got home, he would count all the collection of the morning and record it. Then the minister's (preacher's) salary was sorted out and I carried the envelope over to his house. I would sometimes play with his daughter, but most times not. When I got back home, Daddy and I would go on a walk about the farm and woods and he would tell me stories and things about life or we would just sit and listen. He had the ability to call partridges to come to him. I never figured out how to make the sound.

We come upon a pregnant cow on the farm that was trying to give birth to a calf that had gotten breached. My father went in with both arms and turned the calf around in the womb and the calf was successfully delivered while Daddy pulled the placenta out. The calf was up in a few minutes, staggering and was healthy. You learn a lot of things working on a farm.

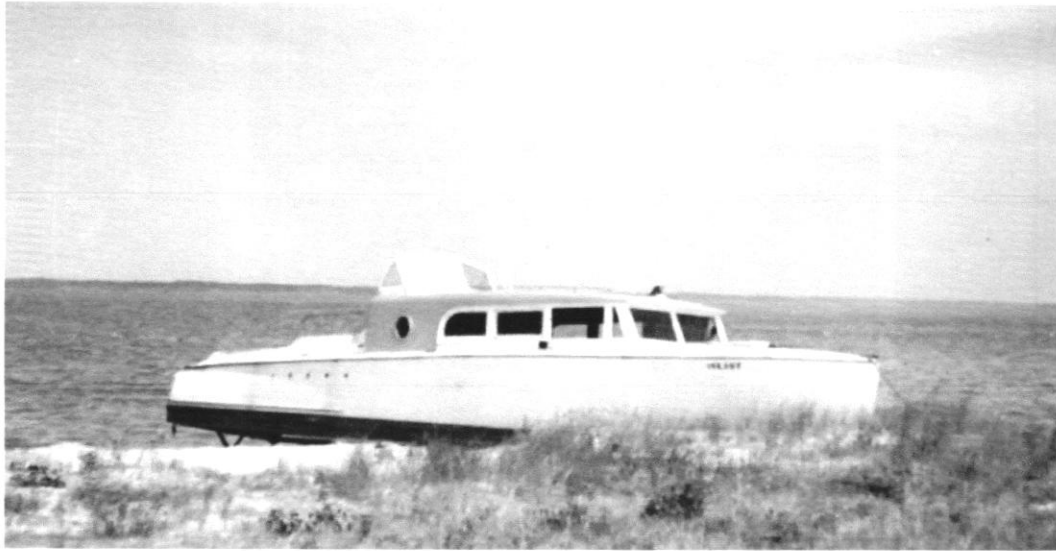
Daddy was sometimes the substitute minister when the regular one was away on vacation. Out of respect for the honor of the pulpit, he would stand down on the main floor to do the sermon.

Mom and I performed the sectarian (janitor) job of the church and usually I did the vacuuming of the sanctuary. I also took care of the minister's fruit trees while he was gone on vacation. This gave me a little pocket money. The Boy Scout meeting hall was next to the church.



This shield was found in the Steele Creek Presbyterian church cemetery in Charlotte, NC. Note the date of October 28, 1799. This William does not appear in the Berryhill genealogy so I don't

know the relationship but the Berryhills were around in the Charlotte area in the 1700's. The Steel Creek Cemetery is the resting place of many of my ancestors, Aunts, Uncles, Cousins, Wingates, Porters, and Berryhills, . It is a very interesting place to visit. I find cemeteries interesting because of the history represented there.



Daddy and some friends loved fishing at the ocean. When I was about 14, we went to Harker's Island North Carolina. The boat was a wrecked yacht that was owned by the man whose house we were staying at. Three boys and I decided we would make this our lodge while we were there.

This was to continue for three years fun and sunburn during each summer. It is very near Cape Hatteras, NC. We went deep sea fishing from here.

There was an old sailing fishing boat also wrecked and placed on shore to serve as a pier. We boys pretended it was a pirate ship. It drew a lot of "sheep head" fish and resulted in us boys providing sacks full of fish for all the adults and us.

My father hooked a shark near this boat and spent almost two hours before managing to bring it to shore. The adults had a small boat and they would travel around the island and catching some of the larger fish, such as flounder, and bass.

We were running across a sand bar when my friend tripped and a very sharp fish gig he was carrying went through the top of his foot. Due to the sharp tines with barbs on the end, we were unable to pull it out. One of the other boys ran to the house to get my friend's father and a tool kit with the intent of breaking the barb off and pulling the tine out.

As we were waiting, the tide began raising the water around us and would soon be over our heads. I raised him up so he could sit on my knees. When his father arrived my friend decided to cut the tine out with a knife instead of breaking the barb off. His dad then picked him up and off to the hospital for stitches and a tetanus shot. By then the tide had risen to my waist and there was little time left to get off the sand bar. These were some of the best summers ever.

CHARLOTTE, NORTH CAROLINA

May 28

Dear Dad

How are you? Am okay? You
no that little plastic light that
the top won't come off, they I
had it? Mom told you ~~she~~
said about me wearing out the
lie., you do even more you
take it up. I hope you send
me something for my birthday
and money. Sis has been making
money by selling bitter.
I haven't been selling anything, so
I haven't got any money. If you
get going to send any money to
Robert send \$10.00 if you can
Robert sure is getting hungry
he's spending enough money
to get something to eat. I wish
was with you. Mom said you
would have to get under the bed
to eat those cookies or have
you got them yet.

your
truly

P.S. This is my writing Carl

This letter was sent to my brother William on May 1, 1943. I was trying to raise some money for Robert and Sis and while you are at, send me some as well. I don't know why I thought he had money. Robert was training in Camp Claiborne, Louisiana. William was in officer training at a camp in North Carolina. William kept this letter all during his tour of duty in Europe. Frieda, his wife' sent it to me when William passed away. I thought it was a great letter and it was raw reality. He was a platoon leader and he and his platoon landed in Normandy on the fourth day. He received a bronze star with oak leaf cluster during an attack on a German prison camp. He had refused a silver star because he felt that the unit should be awarded a citation as well. He told me once that he knew how a rabbit felt while being shot at during a hunt. He had to make it through a hail of machine bullets.

Of all the holidays, Thanksgiving is number one, July 4th number two and Christmas is number 3. These holidays are all about family, good food, delicious smells and fun. They were always a renewal of family ties and coming home again.



There is a hand written list of the names as you are looking from left to right. This gathering was one at New years 1942. Most of this group gathered for Cristmas at Grandpa's house. I think Mom wrote the names of this gathering of Wingates and Berryhills.

Bruce Wingate
 Peggy Sue Wingate (Robert child)
 Harry Wiggins (married to Margaret)
 Clyde Wingate
 Clara Wingate (married to Ben)
 Carl Berryhill
 Margaret Wiggins
 Ruby Wingate (holding Jerry) (married Harry)
 Edna Sue Wingate (married to Clyde)
 Myrtle Berryhill - Harry Wingate
 Grandpa Wingate
 Sonny Wingate (Harry's child)
 Robert Berryhill
 Wm Berryhill
 Robert Wingate
 Annice Berryhill
 Mark Berryhill

This was one of those holidays. I think it was fourth of July. Grandpa is in front. Most holidays included Ice-cream provided by Uncle Bruce who was an executive of a dairy products company. To the delight of the children it was packed in dry-ice which was fun to play with. Later years included more children then are present here.

Uncle Harry Wingate had a bunch of major fire works and sparklers for the kids. He was the yougest of the Wingate boys and was responsible for my first hair-cut. I had a head full of curls and

Mom asked him to take me to the barbers. Apparently, things did not go well, but I got a hair-cut. I remember thinking that it was going to be painful. Anyway, I gave Harry and the barber a hard time. He later served in the Sea Bees on an island in the Pacific during WWII.. Aunt Ruby and he had two boys and one girl (Sonny, Jerry, and Judy).

Uncle Bruce was next oldest and became an executive in a dairy products company. Aunt Clara and he had no children, but all the Wingate and Berryhill children became his children. He was a Mason and Shriner and supported crippled children in North Carolina and worked on a Thanksgiving day football game called the Shriners Bowl to raise support for these children. On one occasion, I marched in the pre-game parade in Boy Scout Troop 6. He allways had some stories to tell. He served a cook in the Army during WWII in France.

He would bring a large box of ice cream packed in dry ice. This ice provided a lot of entertainment. We played with it outside and it bubbles like crazy when put in water. It is pure CO₂ and it not good to breath the gas. We kept it in an airy place. Aunt Clara actively supported the Barium Springs orphanage for boys. She was a bit of a social climber, but she meant to do well. She was a generous, caring person but sometimes a little aloof.

Uncle Clyde lived in New Orleans and worked on heavy dredges and steam shovels building dikes and cannals in Louisiana. Clyde and Erna Lee had a son and a daughter (Joyce and Porter). They visited us once a year and sent a large bag of pecans each Christmas. I love pecan pies which this little bundle provided. He was a Mason and Shriner and worked with events to raise money for crippled children.

Uncle Robert lived in Seattle and worked for Boeing company. Aunt Elizabeth and he had one boy, William. Uncle Robert originally lived in Winston-Salem and was married to Ruth Wingate and they had one girl named Peggy (who had a crush on me). This marriage fell apart and he went to Seattle with Elizabeth who was from Winston-Salem.

I was deployed to Japan in the 50's and went from Fort Lewis, Washington to Tokyo. I spoke with him on the telephone while I was there. He was to see me off, but did'nt see him.

Aunt Margaret was married and tragicaly had one still-born child. She lived with us shortly after that and worked for a while in a candy factory. As a result of this good fortune, I had a large supply of candy which helped produce some bad teeth.. She went to another job with the power company as a file-clerk and later retired from there. I think her husband was killed in a train accident, but could have been divorced.

Sis married a navy man, Bill Hamrick and they had two girls and one boy. They married in the minister's house and went off on their honeymoon on a Harley Davidson motor cycle in a light rain. They had three children, two girls and a boy. (Brenda, Joyce, and Stanley)

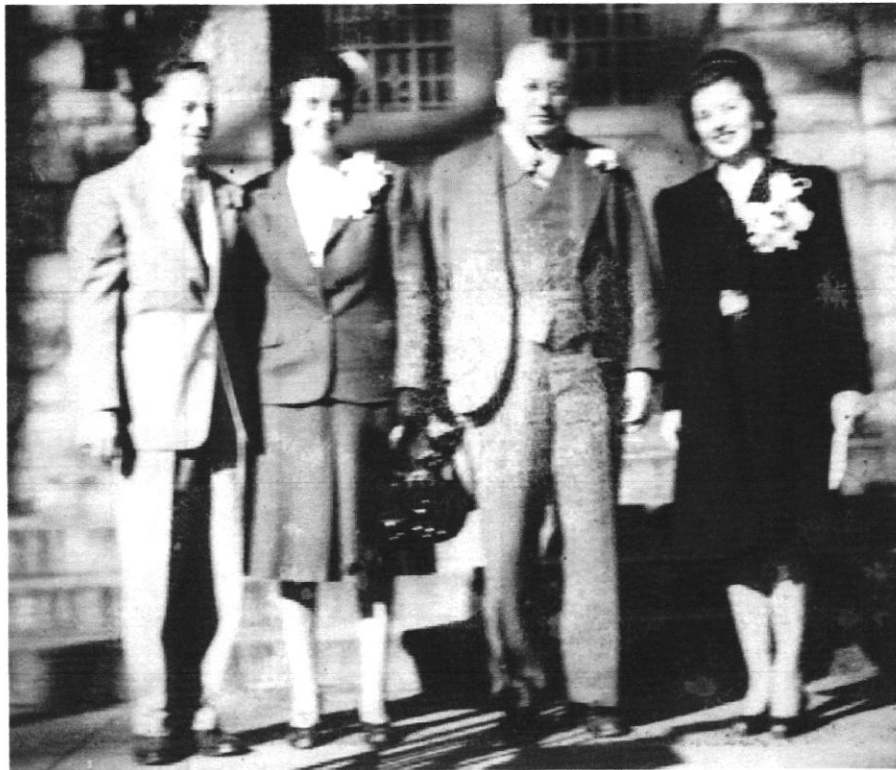
Robert had a formal church wedding and Boots and he had one boy and three girls (Allen, Carol, Joyce and Jane). Robert was an engineer, designing steel for buildings and bridges while working for Florida Steel Co. He landed on Normandy Beach the day after D-Day in WWII. He was a company clerk for his unit in France.

William married an Austrian girl. Frieda and he had two boys and two girls (William, Linda, Susan, and John).. He married her shortly after returning home from the war. A special bond had to be posted with the federal government in order for her to enter the country. This required a trip to Willmington, NC. I was bundled in a blanket placed in the back seat of our car on a cold and frosty morning. I did not know where or why we were going. I just knew I was going on another adventure somewhere. I think it took about five hours to get there. We arrived at the Atlantic ocean and it was a stunning view of the ocean on a cold November day. Frieda and William were married in an informal ceremony in a Catholic church in Raleigh NC. He worked as an engineer for DuPont Company. I wrote the following euligy for Frieda.

This epistle marks the passage of a great and courageous lady. Frieda will be greatly missed. She was my sister-in-law, friend, confidant and soul mate. Our journey began when I was 14 and has spanned 66 years.

I could not have been more thrilled if an alien from outer space had arrived in my living room when we met for the first time. An angel had arrived in my life and I had bragging rights (among my peers) to my new foreigner sister-in-law.

I remember her remaking a dress for her wedding. My mother was flummoxed that she needed no pattern to help make the dress. Mom was a seamstris and always had a pattern when making a dress or other clothing. Frieda had never used a pattern. This is the wedding day picture.



Frieda enlisted my help in learning word and letter pronunciation in English. I had some story oooks, and kendergarden a-b-c books the we went through. It is quite laughable when you consider that my southern accent was a little bit south of Lucas Black's accent (the boy in the movie "Sling Blade").

When I was 17, I was invited to go to Fort Benning, Georgia for a summer visit after graduation from school. A lot of “first times” took place then. My first beer, my first effort to dance at the officer’s club, my first car accident.

We went on several tours of the area; including “Sin City” (Selma Alabama), “Tobacco road” (an area so named for a story by Erskine Caldwell , “God’s Little Acre”). We both were curious about the area and were oblivious to the hazards of touring there. It was the kind of place that you prayed that the engine did not fail and the door locks were in place.

On one of the tours, I begin counting...”one...two...three..” while she was driving and pointing out the sites. She asked me, “What the hell are you counting ?”. I said: “the red lights that we are going through.”

Later on during the Fort Benning trip, we were driving on post to pick up William. We were T-boned by another car as we went through an intersection. The car struck the drivers side. We were shaken but not injured. The MP’s and William arrived and rescued us. As it turns out, we had gone through a Stop sign which was partially obstructed by some foliage. Frieda swore she would never drive again, but I was able to convince her that she had to “brush yourself off and get back on the horse and ride again”, Probably a John Wayne Quote.

I think she was a much better driver after that. I went off to collage and William and Frieda went off to Delaware and DuPont. Over the years, I was afforded many opportunities to visit and continue our adventures. During some of these times, we took William to work and explored Delaware, Lancaster , Philadelphia, and Washington D.C. etc. or took in a movie.

We had many late night discussions over the years which might best be described by using an excerpt from The Walrus and the Carpenter by Lewis Carroll “The time has come,” the Walrus said, “To talk of many things: Of shoes—and ships—and sealing-wax—Of cabbages—and kings—And why the sea is boiling hot—And whether pigs have wings.”

She will probably be best remembered for her crusade against Nuclear energy and the disregard of safety to the general public and the possibility of disaster. She was involved all the way. Her research and expertise was well acknowledged in the industry. You only have to Google her name to observe the depth of her work.

She was much more complicated than this crusade might indicate. She was a loving wife, mother, and community leader. Her sense of humor knew no bounds and it was a most enriching experience to spend time with her. They had 2 boys and 2 girls.

To the end she was lucid and on her game. Best befitting her last days might be expressed by the poem by Dylan Thomas:

Do Not Go Gentle Into That Good Night,
Do not go gentle into that good night,
Old age should burn and rave at close of day;
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.
Though wise men at their end know dark is right,

Because their words had forked no lightning they
Do not go gentle into that good night.

Good men, the last wave by, crying how bright
Their frail deeds might have danced in a green bay,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Wild men who caught and sang the sun in flight,
And learn, too late, they grieved it on its way,
Do not go gentle into that good night.

Grave men, near death, who see with blinding sight
Blind eyes could blaze like meteors and be gay,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

And you, my father, there on that sad height,
Curse, bless, me now with your fierce tears, I pray.

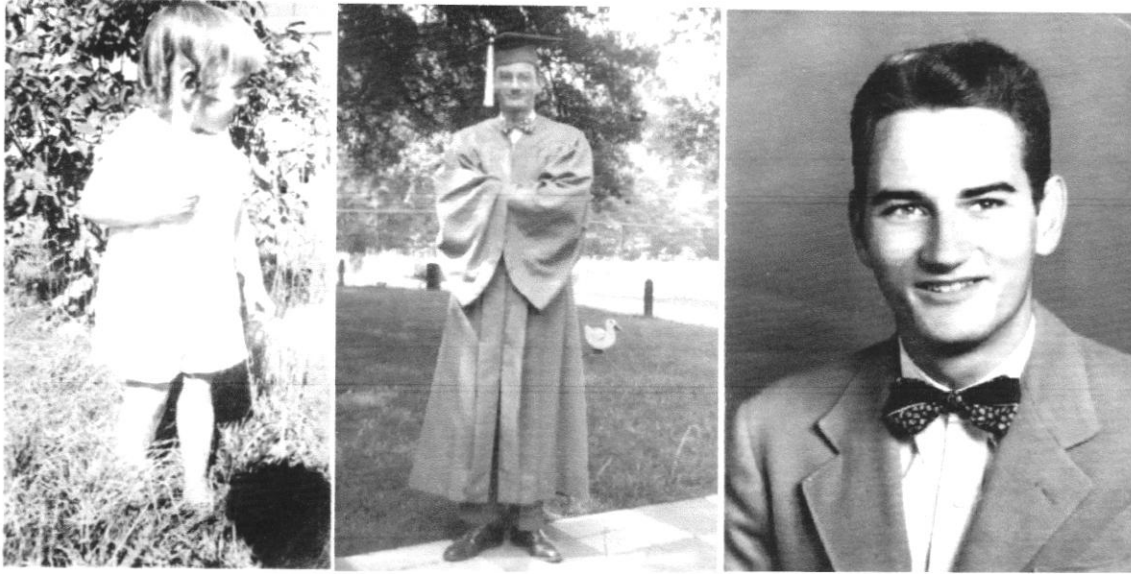
Do not go gentle into that good night.
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.
Farewell old friend. Till we meet again.

Carl Berryhill – 06/20/1012

After returning from an Army tour of duty to Japan, (two years – during the Korean War) I lived there with them while working at DuPont Labs on the Brandy Wine as a lab techion.It was a summer job while awaiting entrance back into N.C.State.



Taken just before I went to the Army.



Carl at age 2, 17, (graduation) 19 (softmore at N.C. State College)

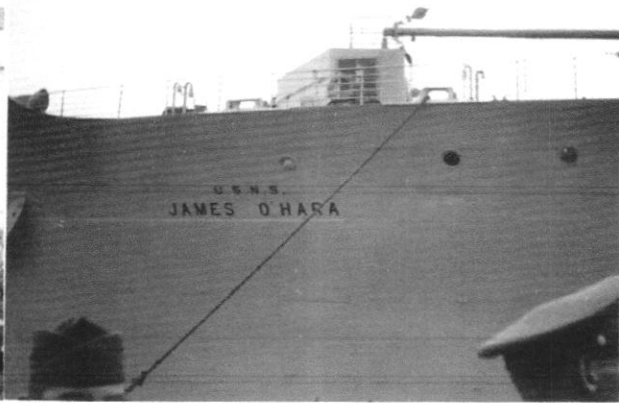
These photos are school days photos. I was enrolled at State in engineering from September 1950 to January 1954. I regret to say my academic standing was not good due to a lack of focus and being unsure what I wanted to accomplish. I dropped out of college and was immediately drafted into the army and was ordered to report to Fort Jackson, S.C. for basic training. I was to report on February 22. Because this is a federal holiday there was no one there to process us. We therefore languished the day away in a large tent. I don't know why the Army thought we needed to be there.

After basic training, I felt really physically fit., I recomend this regimem for anyone who needs a good physical workout. In the Army's infinite wisdom, I was told that I should be trained as a cartogrepher which meant I would go to Fort Belvoir Virginia. I had been to ROTC summer camp ththere and it was close to my brother and Washington, DC. I also loved drafting and thought this will be a great job and I would be traveling.

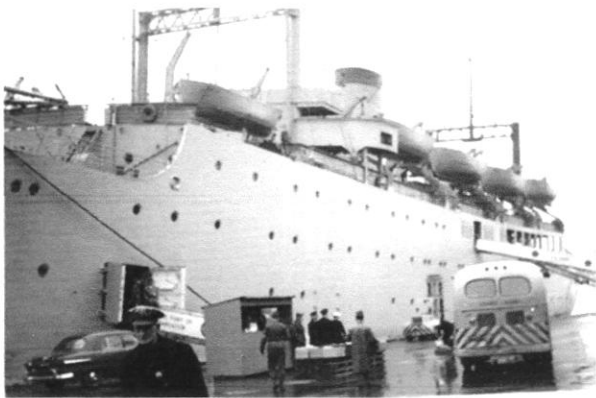
When I got my orders, I was to report to Fort Monmouth N.J. I was there in class for two weeks before I determined that I was being trained as an electronic and computer technician. I was wondering why I was learning to solder things and there was all this discussion about AC and DC voltage and what radar meant. Who knew. Whats this got to do with map making or drafting?

This is how I entered my life's career as an electronic and computer Engineer. So, I guess the Army knew best after all. I was a little disappointed about the map making thing because I thought this would be a travel job. It turns out that the electronics career has sent me all over the world, which satisfied my travel itch. After graduation from this school as an Integrated Fire Contol Specialist, I was ordered to go to Tokyo, Japan by way of Seattle, Washington.

The four (Carl, Bob, Don, and Paul) of us were processed at Camp Drake and sent to Tokyo Ordnance Depot for assignment to the 173rd Ordnance Detachment. Our equipment and "Sky Sweeper guns" were located at Camp Drake west of Tokyo, within view of Mt. Fuji.



Three of four of our class (facing the camera) waiting for bus to take us to the ship. It was a troop carrier named "James O'hara"



The ship and three of us trying to stay warm on deck. The fourth member took the photos. We went by way on Kodiak Alaska and the aleutian islands. It was cold.



MEAL CARD		DATE ISSUED 6 Dec 54
ISSUED TO (Last name, first name, middle initial) Berryhill Carl M		
SERVICE NO. OR BADGE NO. US 53 226 867		
AUTHORIZING OFFICIAL	TYPED NAME, GRADE, TITLE AND ORGANIZATION 173rd Ord Det (IFOR)	
	WILLIAM D KILROY WOJG Commanding Officer	
SIGNATURE <i>William D. Kilroy</i>		311-167-Arm 543 Admin Gen-AFFE-150M
DD FORM 714 MAY 53		

I was assigned to the 173rd Ordinance Detachment. W. D. Kilroy was my CO and was a really great guy from Massachusetts. During WWII, the slogan "Kilroy was here" was everywhere and I was delighted to serve under the real Kilroy.

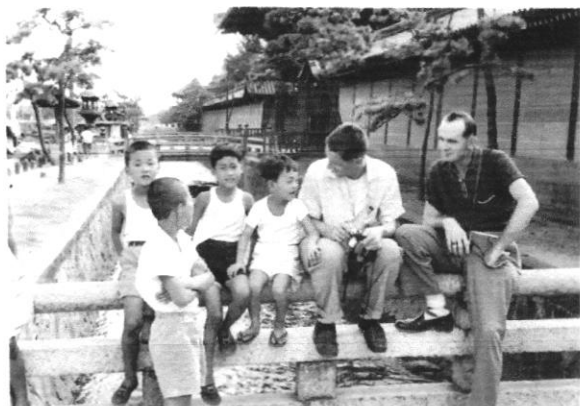
Our unit was attached to the 76th AAA Battalion Our job was to maintain several “Sky Sweeper” anti-aircraft.guns which had a radar and computer guidance and aiming system. It fired 75mm ordnance. We were billeted at Tokyo Ordnance Depot

After some time, we were ordered to go south. We learned that we were going to an island that is located between China and Taiwan. China was threatening to invade Taiwan. We were to act as a barrier between China and Taiwan. We were at sea for about a week when we were thankfully ordered to go to Camp Gifu air base Japan. That’s as close as I got to being shot at. We shared the base with a marine battalion. We were soon assigned to Nagoya’s Komaki air force base.

Our barracks was at Kamaki and our shop was at Gifu. We shared this base with a Marine Corps Battlion, which made for some interesting disputes at the NCO club. This base had a factory that produced the Zero fighter plane during the war. This was the home of the Mitsubishi Aircraft Company who were licensed to build a Lockheed training plane. I witnessed the launch of their first test flight of a Lockheed F-80 that was produced there.

About six months after we were there, Kilroy was reassigned and I was named the temporary CO of the detachment We were down to about 7 men at the time. A new CO was assigned about three months later with some new replacements.

I did a lot of sight seeing around the area. Being on an air base I was able to hitch rides on a supply air craft. I went to Kyoto (the original capitol of Japan) and home of the Geisha Girl school. It is a very pretty city. I also went to Fukioka , the home of Japans movie industry. A cloisone plant was near by and made some beautiful stuff. I was shown one piece worth \$50,000.00 being made for the emporer of Japan. Fine china was made at another plant near by.

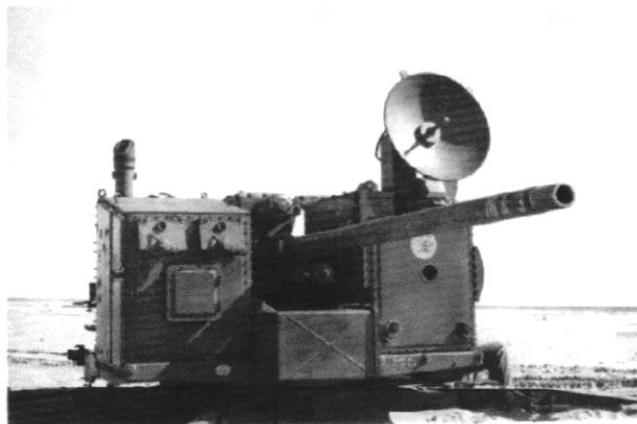


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Bob and Paul are engaging some kids, Bill Hubbard (Mother Hubbard) and I checking out the night life.



The Sky Sweeper AAA deployed, and ready to transport

The firing range was on the Chiba Peninsula around the north east side of Tokyo Bay. After the target practice, we had to take the mechanical computer apart to clean out the accumulated sand that was picked up from the beach.

One of my jobs was to adjust the accuracy and strength of the radar. The air force towed a target on a long cable. I had one radar a little too sensitive and watched as the radar acquired the target sleeve, then it sensed the steel cable and started creeping up the cable,, then it sensed the very large object (the plane) and locked on. I yelled cease fire. We cut the cable kind of close to the plane. The pilot refused to come back and we had to get another pilot. Meanwhile, I desensitized the radar.



Sky Sweeper in action on the left and in maintenance on the right..

The group of men in the right hand photo is a group of Philco Tech Reps that inspired me to seek a career with them. I later interviewed with Philco Tech Rep Division and I received an invitation to hire on in a position as Platform Teacher at Fort Bliss, Texas, training army technicians on repair of the "Sky Sweeper" AAA system.

After two years of service, I honorably discharged and transferred to Reserve duty and returned to the US. When the ship docked in Seattle that had brought me back from Japan, I saw my uncle

standing on the pier with his son Billy. I tried to get his attention but failed because the ship was crowded with soldiers and we all looked alike and he never picked us out.

We were snowbound and could not leave our hotel in Seattle, but I did call Uncle Robert and had a long conversation. I learned that a Japanese 25 yen coin would fake out the coin-box on a pay a quarter for viewing the TV that was in the room. We taped a string to the coin so we could pull it out and use it again. After about three days, we flew from Boeing field, WA to Columbia SC and on to Fort Jackson SC. On the way, we landed in a blizzard at Salt Lake City, Utah.

The plane skidded off the taxi-way. A tractor came and pulled the plane back on the pavement. After about five hours of waiting for the storm to subside, the pilot decided we fly, come hell or high water, we were going to fly. He and the co-pilot got some push brooms and swept the snow off the wings and away we went. Another of those "Never more, Never more" moments.

I was honorably discharged at Fort Jackson and transferred to the Reserves. I returned to Charlotte. Mom and Dad lived in Orlando, Fla at that time.

I lived with Aunt Margaret for a short time. Our arrangement was that she bought the food and I had to make sure diner was ready when she got home from work.

Some of my friends were going to Daytona Beach, Fla. And they offered to take me along and would deliver me to Orlando. It was spring break at the time and all sorts of drag racing was going on along with ample drinking of adult beverages. Due to a riot that broke out my friends and I were picked up by the police in a sweep of the beach. We managed to bail out, and my friends took me to Orlando.

I stayed a while with Mom and Dad. We did a lot of touring around and Dad and his neighbor and I went fishing on the numerous lakes around the area. We went back to Charlotte. I acquired a very used car and went to Delaware and got a job with DuPont as a lab technician. I managed to upgrade my ride to a better car. I lived with William and Feida for the summer intending to go back to NC State.

After this summer, I went back to college and enrolled in Electrical Engineering. I had several make-up courses and the following summer school to complete my catch up. I managed to get an A in Calculus, a C in Electrical Engineering, and an F in Physics.

This required that I had to spend the next term in repeating Physics before I could get enough credits for graduation. I actually had enough credits but not all the prerequisite courses. I decided to get a job instead.

I accepted a job as Assistant Plant Engineer at a textile plant in Roxboro NC. I liked the position and was doing a good job there, but my traveling itch returned in the form of a job offer by Philco Corporation. My boss was an alcoholic, which meant that I would probably inherit his position He was making too many errors and I was doing the cleanup behind him. I decided to go with Philco.

I had interviewed with Philco Tech Rep Division just before taking the job at the textile company. As a result, I received an offer (six months later) for a position as Platform Teacher at Fort Bliss, Texas, training army technicians on repair of the "Sky Sweeper" AAA IFCR system. I accepted the position and went to El Paso, Texas. The AAA battalion commander that I had been attached to in Japan was the commander of the school. Colonel Dietrich either did not remember me or just chose to ignore me as a civilian. I had been a thorn in his side in Japan. I kept after him about maintenance not being performed properly on the gun batteries. We had found a mouse nest over the radar unit and brought the nest to him.

I lived with five other engineers. On the weekends, we went to Juarez Mexico and bought some cheap "pink" champagne and had barbeques. El Paso has very low humidity. I remember standing in the yard during a huge thunder and lightning storm. The air turned dark blue, but not a drop of rain hit the ground. It simply evaporated. The air became a little cooler. Consuming a six-pack had almost no effect because of the dry humidity.

Some weekends, we would order a keg of beer and strike fear in the hearts of the neighbors as the delivery truck came. This problem was resolved by inviting the neighbors to the gathering, along with several other "Tech Reps".

While in El Paso, one of the engineers I was living with decided to buy a Cessna 120 airplane and learn to fly out of the El Paso Airport. We kind of got the horse before the horse. We bought the plane then went flight school to learn how to fly it. It made sense as we did not have to pay rental fees for a plane.



Me at the controls doing pre-flight

me and the Cessna 120

I got my license and began flying around Texas and New Mexico. On one of the trips, we went to Truth or Consequences, New Mexico. We met some girls there and went to a square dance with

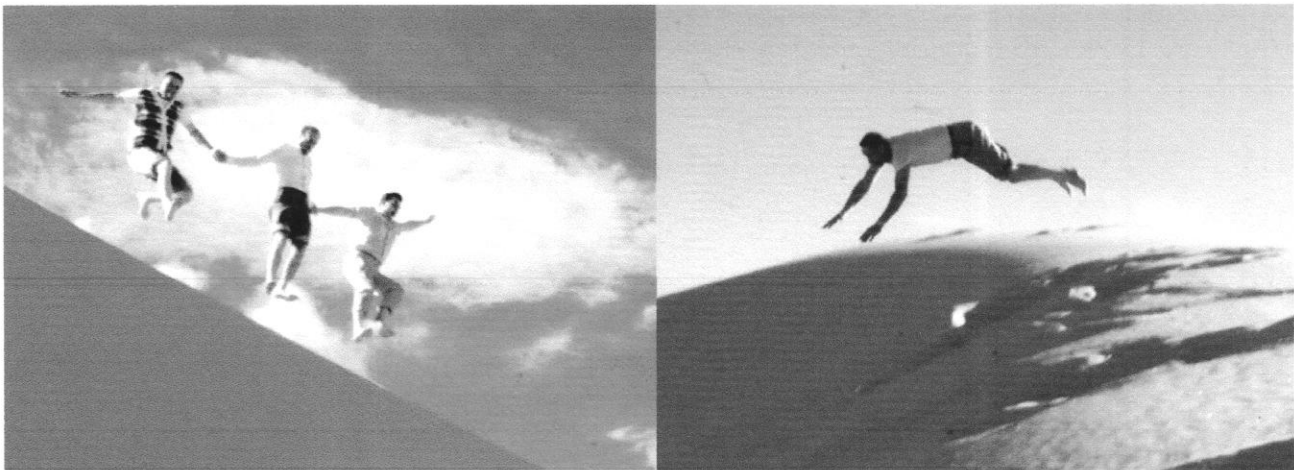
them. They were traditional Spanish, which meant their mothers come along as a chaperone. I had more fun with the mother. She was a funny lady. We also went to Carlsbad Caverns and watched the bats come out near dusk; they come out in a great cloud just at sunset. What an amazing sight.



Flying toward Franklin Mountain, El Paso At rest stop in desert – on way to White Sands

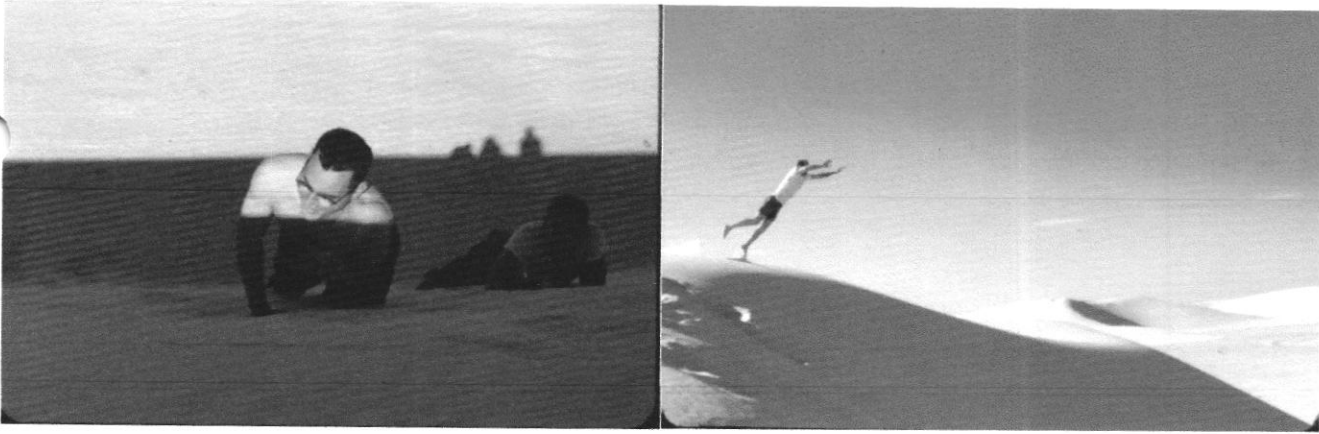
I loved flying. You have a lot of freedom and flying is the ultimate time machine. After my one year contract was up, my partner and I decided to sell the plane, as we were transferring to the unknown and not likely to be at the same assignments. He went to Red Stone Arsenal and I went to Philadelphia. But we had a lot of fun while we had the plane.

The right hand picture above was at a cooling off station in the New Mexico desert as we were headed to White Sands National park in 110 degree heat.

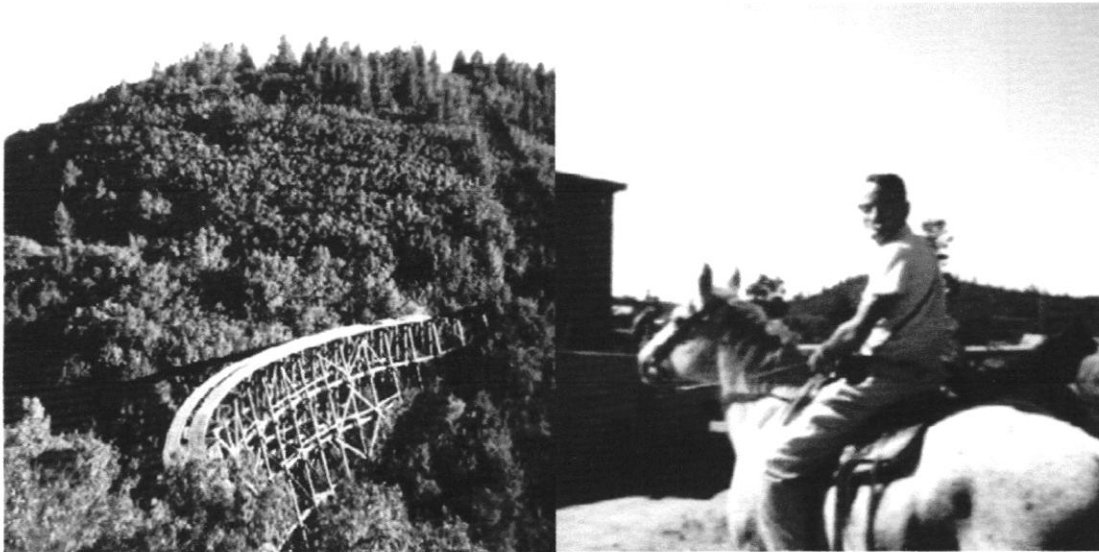


Rising from the heart of the Tularosa Basin is one of the world's great natural wonders - the glistening white sands of New Mexico. Great wave-like dunes of gypsum sand have engulfed 275 square miles of desert, creating the world's largest gypsum dune field.

I hope they maintain this park for posterity. It is one of the most fun federal parks.



This White Sands National Park offers the most fun of any Park I know. The temperature is ten to fifteen degrees cooler than the surrounding desert. Dune diving was hilarious fun.



The bridge is an old railroad built long ago, aptly named the "rainbow bridge". Reminds me of several cowboy movies I've seen. This bridge is on the way to Cloudcroft New Mexico. We rented horses and rode them around the mountains there. It is a beautiful place to ride, with lots of pine and cedar trees. The trail edged very close to few hundreds' of feet drop off. I placed trust in the horse's desire to live a little longer. Please, no missteps here. I also learned why cowboys are bowlegged. I was sore for a week. Cloudcroft is above all the heat of the desert. We had a ranch style dinner, where about 20 people are seated at a long table full of great food and the dishes were passed around the table.

I recommend visiting here if ever the opportunity comes up.

Alas all good things come to an end and our contract was up for bid. On an annual basis, contracts were up for rebid to mostly service military needs. The physical year runs from June to June at which time, a new bid had to be made for the next year.

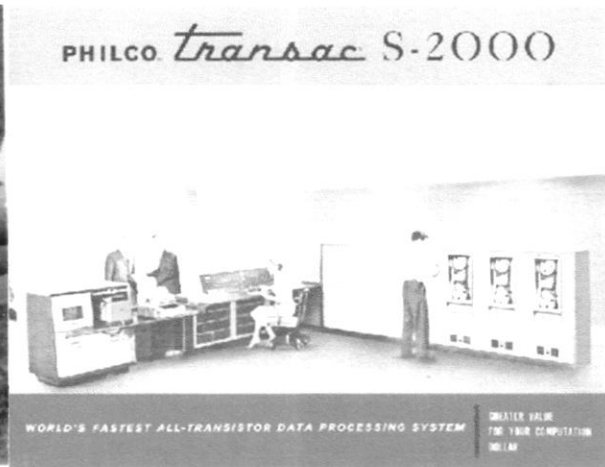
RCA Tech Rep Division was our main competitor for the next contracts. After one year, RCA won the bid. I was given the choice of working for RCA or take a new assignment with Philco. I stayed with Philco and was assigned to the Philco Computer Division in Philadelphia.

I was introduced to the Philco Transac S-2000 computer. I was assembling, testing, and trouble shooting at the manufacturing plant in Willow Grove, PA. This was close by to Wilmington, DE. I was able to visit William and Frieda often and was not far to New York. New Hope was nearby and was a try out town for new Broadway productions.

After one more year I was to be assigned to Guam or a Bomarc Missile site in northern Minnesota. I didn't want to go to either place, so I resigned from Tech Rep and hired on to the Computer division and continued work on the "Transac 2000" computer, assembling, testing and repairing.



Carl-June 1960 just before going to Israel.



A small installation of the S-2000 on the right

In 1954 engineers at Philco Corporation invented the Surface Barrier Transistor, the first transistor that was suitable for use in high speed computers. Philco set up a computer activity, eventually a Computer Division, and in 1957 introduced the Philco Transac S-2000, the first large scale transistorized scientific computer system offered as a product by a computer manufacturer.

In the field engineering section I begin system installations and customer training in the U. S. During this time, I was asked to go to Israel to install the s-2000 system, service, maintain the system and train customer technicians. The customer was the Israeli Ministry of Defense. Four engineers (including me) were deployed to Tel-Aviv, Israel in June, 1960. About six months later, Philco Tech Rep Division took over the Field Engineering group. I was Philco Tech Rep again.

We had a two year assignment. After the two years, I was asked to stay for an additional year and a half while the other three went back to the US. At that point, I became the Engineer In Charge (EIC).



Lest I forget, I bought an MG coop when I got to Philadelphia while working for Philco. Left it behind when I went to Israel. My favorite of all the cars I have owned. Because I was working 7 days a week and 12 hour days, I was able to pay cash for it.

When we four engineers arrived in Israel, we stayed at the Sharon Hotel, in Herzliya, Israel.

I was impressed by the feeling of freedom and optimism displayed by the people, especially the young people. I was invited to several weddings. I must admit, I was going to them for the excellent food and drink. Also, went to many "komzits" (beach parties) and camp outs. It was thrilling to be a part of this much optimism and freedom. No Jewish celebration is without food and drink.

I was awed by the depth of history that is here. Jerusalem is especially steeped in history. I was greatly saddened when I went through the "yad-vashim". This displays some of the atrocities' committed on the Jews during WWII.

I got a book written by Titus Flavius Josephus and visited many places he writes about in the book. You suddenly realize you are standing in the heart of history. And it really did happen. You begin to feel you are part of the ancient histories.

Josephus embellishes some of the battles and history in order to placate his Roman superiors, (and to keep his head) but it is a must read if you are interested in history.

Read it anyway, the book that I have contains the antiquities of the Jews and the wars of the Jews along with the history of Josephus.



Hannie Joseph was a PBX operator at the Sharon Hotel and gave me my wake up calls each morning. I met her formally at an open house party we engineers had arranged when we moved into the villa we were staying. Hannie and I went sight-seeing, dances and movies. It was nice to have an interpreter when we were exploring the historical places around the country. We went to Eilat where I met Matilda, her sister. Later we visited Matilda in Haifa. I met her Mother and Father in Natanya. I met most of her family briefly and spent a lot of time on the beaches.

There was a French restaurant near the villa named "L'auberge". I became friends with the French chef/owner and learned some recipes.

One Christmas, we had a wonderful dinner (Beef Bourguignon) there. We decided to go to Nazareth to see the mid-night mass celebrated there. It was a very large gathering in the Catholic Church. The mass was said in Latin, Arabic, and some Hebrew. Even though I did not understand the words, it was quite a spectacle to see.

Later, one of the engineers and me toured around Nazareth and we were invited to visit with a very hospitable Druse family. They shared stories in there limited English and our limited Arabic, but we enjoyed some tea and pastries.



Hennie's photos – at the kibbutz - in the Army – around the time when we met.

Three of the engineers that I was working with stayed at a villa which was owned by General Bar-Lev, who was an armored commander in the IDF. He was away in the US studying at Columbia University. He had a nice collection of books. Mostly books on tank warfare, but a fine collection of history books as well.

We had to move after a year when Bar Lev come back home. We went Middleman's Pension. My favorite town was Natanya where there was music and good food on an open plaza in the middle of the town. The beaches and lagoons were protected by sea walls. This made the lagoon seem like large, warm swimming pools.

My favorite hang-out in Tel Aviv was the "California Café" on Diezengof Street. They claimed they had hamburgers like the US. Abe Nathan was the proprietor.



Copied from Wikipedia:

[He was an Israeli humanitarian and peace activist. He founded the Voice of Peace radio station. When he died the president of Israel Shimon Peres said about him: "He was one of the most prominent and special people in the country.

He is the man who dedicated his life for other people and for a better humanity.]

He was a most complex man and fun to know. He flew cargo planes during the 1948 during the Arab-Israeli war. Look him up on Wikipedia. It is an interesting read.

He was supposed to accompany me to Madrid, Spain. I went to Madrid and he did not show up. That was okay, as I better off touring on my own.

An engineer I had been working with was living in Alicante, Spain. I went by train to Alicante, Spain. As we rolled through the plains, I could not help remembering the song about the rains of Spain stay mainly in the plains. The train casually stopped in the middle of no-where and picked up a passenger that had flagged the train down.

We traveled to Granada and explored Alhambra, then on to Malaga. I sat in Ernest Hemingway's table at a Granada restaurant. This was part of a vacation trip I went on while still posted in Israel. My boss in the US called me just as I sat my bags down in the hotel. I never figured out how he knew where I was. I was being watched somehow.

On the way back to my duties in Israel, I toured Berlin and "check point Charlie" and the Berlin wall and the Brandenburg Gate. Then, I went on to Munich. While waiting on my El Al flight, I went to the rest room. I hear the page system requesting that Mister Berryhill report to the gate immediately.

Now I am thinking that I'm in trouble for holding up a plane full of angry people. I raced to the gate and boarded the plane. Six stewardesses and I were all that was on the plane. I had all kinds of food and drink service. We landed at Rome and picked up a plane load. Till then I had my personal Jet from Munich to Rome.

During my exploration in Israel, I went to visit King David's tomb on Mt. Zion. While there, I decided to see the "room of the Last Supper".

My military pass allowed me into no-man's land to the room of the "Last Supper" and to the roof of the building which is just east of the church of the Ascension, where the "resurrection" is celebrated. The 2006 picture was taken on one of our trips to Israel.

There I was confronted by a Jordanian soldier aiming a machine gun at me from a sand-bagged tower window. I ducked out of view behind a dome-like structure and took a. That pass at times could get you into serious trouble. I didn't try that again.



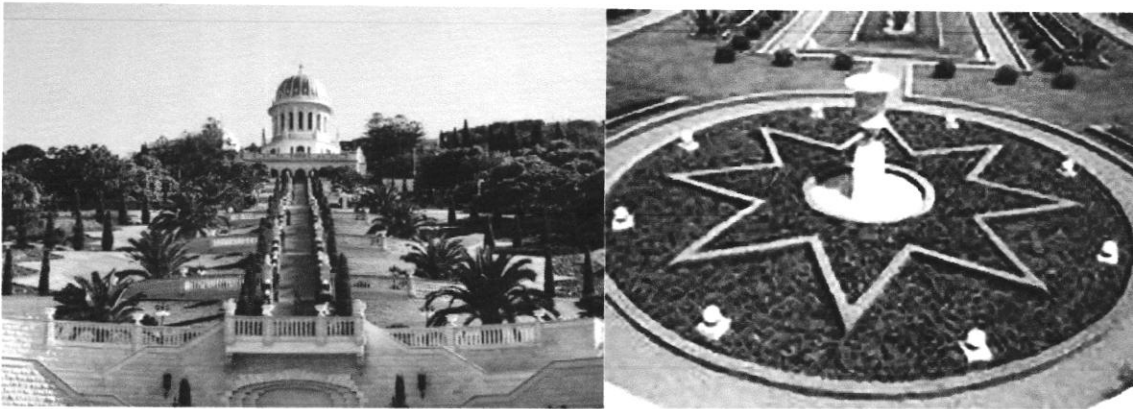
Church of Ascension 1961 (note the sand bags) – Church of Ascension 2006



View from the roof down into the area of King David's tomb.

In Haifa, there is a most beautiful shrine and park and I enjoyed visiting there. I have been back several times since and is a thing of peace and beauty. The park and shrine start near the top of Mt. Carmel and extend down to bottom of the mount. The grounds are symmetrically

arranged and in complete harmony. There are more than 1500 steps from top to the street below. There are 19 terraces on the way down. The number 19 has some symbolic meaning in the Bahia faith.



Great attention is paid to symmetry the design on the garden

When my assignment was complete, I toured Vienna, Munich, Paris, and Amsterdam on the way back to the US. The hi-light of the trip was Munich. It was like a county fair devoted to beer, chicken, and brat-wurst. All kinds of Bavarian music was being played and sung by everyone. You did not have to know the language. "Prosting" seemed rampant. This is where you "click" one liter steins together and yell "Prost". I "prosted" one time and a large hole was knocked out of my stein beer was pouring every-where. When I arrived in Munich, I went to the train station and found a room posted on a bulletin board and went by street car to the house.

When I got back to Philadelphia, I was assigned as EIC at a computer site in Lynchburg, Virginia. While I had been in Israel, Ford bought Philco, which meant I was working for Philco-Ford. After about six months, I was asked to go to Detroit and work at the Ford computer site. I decided to try starting a business on my own.

I bought a franchise in a wall restoring; decorating material called Décor-Wood and moved to Hermosa Beach, California. After one year, I determined I was underfunded and was doomed to failure, so I bailed out and got a job as Field Engineer with Control Data Corporation.

Over the 20+ years at CDC, I worked on a variety of computers. Daystrum Corporation had been bought by CDC just as I hired on. They made the 436 and 636 computers. CDC introduced the 1700 series of mainframe computer and we used a 3200 series. Seymore Crey designed a super-computer called the Crey 2000 and also the 1700 series. The 1700 was manufactured in La Jolla, California as the 1704. Later on, the 1711 was introduced and was manufactured by

Elbit Corporation in Haifa, Israel. This represented a transition from transistors to “chips” and a reduction in size. La Jolla still manufactured the 1500 series input/output modules.

The focus at CDC was on industrial monitoring and/or control systems. The industrial and manufacturing plants were steel mills, power, chemical, atomic energy, drugs, oil refineries, fertilizer, jet engine, foundries, aluminum smelting, tire, banking, off-track betting, intensive care units, tv broadcast control and many other applications. Because of the diversity of different applications, the work was exceedingly interesting and educational. I had to learn some or all of the application in order to resolve the problems that arose. My usual routine was to listen to the customer’s description of a problem (which was many times misleading) and then write a small program that would reproduce the symptom. This allowed me to use an oscilloscope to trace the problem to the source.

Learning the process was especially true at one of the power plant projects. I was told that I was going to New Orleans and install and test a 636 digital computer monitoring system. It was estimated to take about three weeks at most. I finished to installation within three weeks and was told that I would have to install the analog control system which would require calibrations of the various control loops and machinery of the power plant. My manager told me I would act as power plant start up engineer until an actual startup engineer was hired.

I started installing and learning how to calibrate control systems. My manager had me interview a startup engineer. He had a lot of experience and knew how to calibrate the systems. After I showed him around and indoctrinated the task at hand (this was a 500 megawatt station and very complicated) he told me to make a name for myself and left.

Nine months later, I had become a startup engineer the hard way. Calibrating the loops and the instruments involved was like programing each function into the analog computer mechanically (using capacitors and resistors) to produce a desired operating level. For example; adjust feed water by slightly opening or closing a valve to meet the required demand or controlling air by slightly open or closing a vents on the air intake fans or the throttle by opening up or closing down the amount of steam (which was at this point a gas due to the pressure level of about 2900 psi on the steam) the steam going into the turbine which drives the generator. Any adjustment to one loop affects all the other loops, so it gets pretty tricky. The power plants analog computer responds to a power demand from the power grid to produce more or less power. The controller adjusts the gas, feed water, air, steam/gas levels and throttle to meet the demands in real-time. I was extremely proud of successfully getting this job done. There were many times that I was going to resign but could not reach my boss at the time. I am grateful to the engineer at the power company for all the assistance he gave me

(and for all the fishing trips in the bayou). I was always in the fight or flight mode and would have cheerfully ran away, but I stayed at it.

Speaking of fight or flight, the iron workers union pulled a strike on me. I was surrounded by some big, burly iron workers with large wrenches and other threatening tools. The union boss was yelling at me and I was yelling back at him. This went on for about fifteen minutes before the plant manager come to my rescue and ushered me away from the men surrounding me. They resolved the strike by assigning a very big young boy who was not especially bright, but he could carry my heavy tools around and allowed me to do my calibration work in peace.

I was usually under a lot of pressure. The customer was usually upset and angry when I arrived and it was my job to find a solution and put a smile back on their faces.

On one occasion at a power plant, I was leaning against a large blue cabinet and I asked the customer where the computer was located. He looked at me and said, "You are leaning on it". This is an example of how not to inspire confidence in the customer. I explained that I had not seen the computer with the cabinet in place. I was used to working on the computer outside of its skin.

I had another event where there were no schematics. The entire documentation of the computer was written in Boolean algebra. I saw the problem on the first day, but didn't recognize it. It took a week of deciphering the equations to get back to that point and repair the machine.

This was at a nuclear power plant and I was told that if the alarm sensed any smoke that the alarm would go off and one minute later the door would shut and lock and the room would fill with Argon gas which would eliminate all oxygen. I knew I would be soldering, so I found a brick to block the door open. The thought of getting gassed was not appealing.

One of my first extensive projects was a trip with another engineer to Continental Oil in Casper Wyoming. We were to go to about 19 oil drilling sites in Wyoming, South Dakota, Montana and Idaho. At each site we installed a fix for the unit that sent code over the telephone back to a main computer. It reported on oil flow, the amount of water and oil more importantly, it reported any fires at the oil rig. The computer would receive the fire message and send an alarm to the fire crews.

It snowed, rained, hailed and we were wading around in a sea of mud. At one site, we would drive a quarter mile and stop and get some snow and wash the windshield. Then repeat the process for about ten miles. We had to pay a service station fifty dollars to use his grease pit to

wash the mud off the car. The mud was getting into the linkage to the transmission and caking in the tire wells.

Later, we were driving near Thermopolis and saw a hot spring near the road. Our clothes and we were dirty, so we decided to wash our clothes and sit a while in the spring. Steam was rising and snow was all around us. It was a bizarre, but pleasurable thing to do. It beats coffee break. By this time we had both become cowboys. We put on a dry set of clothes and went on to the next site.

At another site, there was a mountain on fire under the mountain. It looked like half the mountain had burned away. It was a coal mine that had caught fire and the miners could not put it out. Animals gathered there in the winter to warm up. It seemed like you were looking into Dante's Inferno. This was near a river that flowed north out of the Shoshone Indian reservation.

At each site we called back to the computer room that we had finished the repair. To do this, I would climb a telephone pole and clip a portable phone to the phone lines and dial the number. The operator came on the line and asked where I was calling from and I told her the number of the pole that I was on. She insisted on a city, so I gave her the next town we were going to. At each site we had to disconnect the phone lines to our equipment. This involved the disconnection wires carrying 600 volts which meant that whoever was pulling the wire would receive a shock. We flipped coins for the privilege.

We went to Cody Wyoming and decided to go see Yellow Stone Park. We made it to the entry gate and were turned back because they were closing the park. It had started snowing heavily so went back to Cody. We went to a saloon there which was like any you have seen in the cowboy films. An Indian was serving our table. I asked him what tribe he was from. He said he was from Brooklyn, NY and he was working here during the summer as the saloon's token Indian. He was in full Indian regalia and had reddish/brown skin. He was playing the part very well. He fooled me.

At the next site we were surrounded by a herd of buffalo (up close and personal, they are a hell of a big threatening animal) and another hot-spring spa (Thermopolis).

My pardoner and I felt like cowboys by the second week. We were having breakfast and overheard a conversation between a sheriff and a deputy. They were talking about some rustlers that had killed some cattle and left their hides on a fence during the night. My pardoner proceeds to say to me that we should probably check the meat in the back of the car. This naturally got the attention of the law. We had to let the sheriff check out the car. The

sheriff was not amused and we got chewed out. My pardoner had a strange sense of humor. Overall, it was a great adventure that lasted four weeks.

At a Pratt Whitney plant in Connecticut, we were taking a break and light a cigarette and set off an alarm. Suddenly the door flew open and four fireman burst into the room. Well, they could have put up a no-smoking sign. This computer was monitoring the performance of jet engines while frozen chickens and ducks were tossed into the running engine. The goal was to find weaknesses and make changes to withstand birds flying into the engine.

At another Pratt Whitney plant in Florida, we were in the middle of no-where, surrounded by swamp. There were one or two resident alligators, so it was not a good idea to walk around in the dark. At mealtime, most of the people manning the site brought brown bag lunches and a family of raccoons would come in search of hand-outs. They tested jet engines here which generated a lot of noise which is why the test site was in the middle of no-where in the middle of a Florida swamp. The person who granted my clearance to the site looked exactly like "Captain Kangaroo" of children's TV fame. I had a hard time being serious with this guy.

At another nuclear site in Idaho, while there servicing their computer, I was invited to spend a week-end camping and fishing trip on the North Fork river. It was steel head trout season and I got a license which would allow me to catch two trout.

I managed to hook one but could not land it. The fish would go under the ice (it was the middle of January and 10 degrees below zero) and saw back and forth till it cut the line and I lost the fish. The engineer that I was with (I thought of him as Mr. Field and Stream) had told me what clothes to buy in order to be comfortable camping in below zero. It was the best camp out I have ever been on. Bathroom breaks were a treacherous ordeal. The term "knock it off" comes to mind. Otherwise it was quite comfortable. CDC had a three year contract to service the computer for two weeks per visit.

I met Admiral Rickover ("father of the nuclear navy") at this site. He inquired as to why I was there and what I was doing. Although he seemed satisfied with my response I sensed a little displeasure at my presence. This was his baby and did not like just anyone messing with it. I think he would be a tough guy to work with. He wasn't aware of the camping trips to the North Fork. I went to this site immediately after Hannie and I finished our honey moon.

While servicing a computer in New Orleans, I was invited to one of the Mardi gras crew's ball in the large civic center Ball Room. I was given a ticket to attend the ball. I had to wear a tuxedo. The crew members were in costume. There was a King and Queen and I felt we were in another era. The ladies wore hoop dresses and men in antebellum costume. It was a

beautiful occasion. Later, I toured the jazz clubs on Bourbon Street. I wound up at preservation hall (a jazz conservatory). That was a grand evening.

One of my first trips was to cover for a CDC engineer in Ponce Puerto Ricco while he went on a two week vacation to get married. I was lodged at a five star hotel in Ponce. The plant was a refinery and was kind of dangerous. They had a class on how to survive a CO leak. (you don't) The computer was a 636 mainframe. The hotel had a Rum party hosted by Don Que rum distillery. They served 190-proof rum which would actually melt ice in a daiquiri. The bartender pointed out a good looking blond in the bar and said that she had a sugar daddy who was an executive of Coca-Cola. He also said that she wins at the crap table in the casino. He told me to do what she did at the table and I would win.

Well, I put some chips one of the lines as she did. The dice were being tossed and I didn't pay attention for a while. I saw a pile of chips mounting on the board and wondered what idiot wasn't picking up their winnings. The croupier told me they were mine and what did I want to do. I picked up and realized I had accumulated 180 dollars. The game is still a mystery to me. It could be the effect of a couple of those daiquiris.

I was traveling all over the world, but primarily in the US which is what my goal was and the work I was doing was very enjoyable. Working at CDC was like working for family. We supported each other's back and had fun together. There was very little turnover at CDC.

There were more escapades the field engineering travel scene but I come to realize I needed to get married to Hannie.

After almost 5 years since I had left Israel, I proposed marriage to Hannie. I was working in Minnesota at the time. She was in Australia. As soon as the letter went into the mailbox, I knew the answer would be yes.

She had gone to Sydney, Australia. My intent was that we meet in Hawaii and come by ship to the US and have the ship's Captain marry us at sea. Instead, Hannie come to Toronto, Canada and stayed with her cousin. I went to Toronto and we were married on the 19th of April, 1968 at the United Church of Canada by Rev W. Clark MacDonald



I think this union had to be especially blessed. I was born in North Carolina. She was born in Calcutta. We met in Israel. I went to the US and she went to Australia. I proposed by mail. We got married in Toronto. We spent our honeymoon in Niagara Falls. Is that traditional or what? How could all that happen?

We had planned that she would accompany me back to San Diego, but that was not possible because we had to get more papers from immigration service. This took about a month and a lot of coercing to get INS to agree to let her into the country. She got her citizenship after the required time.

Hannie and I became a family.



Well, maybe I skipped a few steps, like we got a small apartment in La Jolla and from a landlord who became our pseudo grand-father. I was still traveling extensively and he took care of Hannie and Georgina when she was born, followed by Deborah.

For many months, we were on a Honey Moon due to the amount of time I was out of town. On one sequence, I went to Minneapolis for one week. When I finished, the boss sent me to Indianapolis. I was there two weeks, and then I was sent to Lakeland, Fla. After three weeks, the boss said come home. Two days later I was off again. My apologies to Hannie for such a hectic life upon arrival in a strange country and thank Nick Christianson who stepped in and helped out.

As a result of all the trips, I was often away when the children got sick. Thankfully our doctor's office was in the building next door. He could actually stop by on his way to and from the office.

One of the more elaborate trips was to Australia. This trip sent me to Wellington, New Zealand, Sydney, Australia, Adelaide, Brisbane, Gold Coast and Melbourne. This was for one month. I stayed in Sydney with Hanie's friend that she had lived with while she was in Australia. I was traveling with an Israeli engineer from Elbit. The Gold Coast and the Melbourne animal park was the most memorable part of the trip. Got to hold a koala and saw some really strange animals. I also remember that the sky was all wrong there and the sun comes up in the wrong place.

Another extensive trip was to London. While there, I was sent to Holland and then back and forth for nearly a month. When I first arrived in Amsterdam, the engineer that picked me up said he had to stop at one of his sites to fix a problem there. The customer explained the symptoms of the problem. I asked for the prints and studied them for a few minutes. I analyzed the problem to a component and asked them to change the component and this fixed the problem. That was probably a mistake on my part. I had found and fixed a problem on a machine I had no knowledge of in less than fifteen minutes and this made me able to walk on water in their perspective. That made me Super-Tech. Meaning I had become a hot item and could fix anything, which wasn't really true. Because of this, I was asked to go to Libya and work on a computer there. I told them thanks but no thanks.

While In Holland, I was at a University Of Amsterdam and had spent several days trying to locate the problem. The physics doctor had told me that a unique feature had been tested and he saw that it was working. Turns out that a capacitor was missing from the circuit board and the function never could have worked. That cost me a lot of time and frustration. I guess the moral is don't trust what the customer thinks or at least trust with a large grain of salt.

Meanwhile, back in London, I was touring when not working on the computer. I had come in and out so often that the customs inspector asked me how long are staying this time. I had gone to the same guy three times.

Meanwhile, back in La Jolla, Georgina had gotten sick and was OK by the time I got back home. We moved to Mira Mesa and Laura was born.

At another nuclear site, I was placed in a golf cart with curtains all around so that I could not see out and I was accompanied by a guard with a pistol. At one point on the way to the computer room, the curtain on one side came undone. I shielded my eyes with my hand in case the guard was excited. Once in the computer room, I got into a genuine pissing contest.

The guard was around sixty. If one of us had to go to the men's room, we had to go together. I could hold out longer than he could. It then became a game. I had to make some wiring changes to the computer which required that I had to bend over which made me go out of the guards view.

One of the programmers with me saw that the guard had been dozing and suddenly became aware that I was missing. The programmer told me to rise up slowly. The guard had started to pull his pistol out. You would think that with all that security, nothing illegal could ever go on. I was told that the night before, an entire coke machine had been stolen from an area next to where I was working. It makes one wonder.

Another security event happened when the client had taped a curtain of black plastic sheets (like garbage bags) in order to hide other equipment in the large room I was in. The sheet started falling down. I called out to them that the sheet was coming down and stared at the floor while they repaired the sheet. Later I was reading some code that was coming in to the computer. I ask the client to verify the code I had deciphered so that I could determine if the computer was receiving the correct signals. All hell broke loose. There was a great flurry of shutting things down so that I wouldn't see any signals. They wanted to know how I did that. It is not magic. You just have to sync the signal and look at the oscilloscope. Anyway, I found the problem. Wherever I moved, I was preceded by a man carrying a flashing red light and another man following with another red flashing light. It seemed a bit over paranoid to me.

Then there was the time I broke my mustache. It was about -15 degrees in Montreal and I was walking to my car. I reached up and touched my mustache and heard a loud crack and thought, OMG, I broke my mustache. The moisture from breathing had frozen on it.

There are many more little memories from a bunch of places, but I think I risk boredom if I try to remember them all. The travel availed me the opportunity to visit all of my relatives from time to time. And, I got a chance to sight-see some areas (places that I would have never seen) that I was in and stayed long enough at most sites to get to know different people.

Along the way, I got a BS degree in computer science and my Master Degree in software Engineering by attending night school at National University, San Diego.

After 20+ years at CDC, they decided to close the La Jolla plant and offered me a place in Minneapolis Minnesota. I decided to stay in San Diego area. I become a Production Engineer at Singer in San Marcos, CA working on the manufacture on computers for various Air Force fighters and bombers, including the B-1, B-2, and Gunship. These were IFCR computers and required a lot of testing at extreme temperatures and pressure.

While at S\an Marcos, I was required to make several trips back to the main plant to assist in the testing and manufacturing of JTIDS units and some of the IFCR units that were made there. On weekends, I could visit William and Frieda.

After 10+ years with Singer / Plessey / GEC, they decided to close the San Marcos plant and I was offered a position in Little Falls, NJ.

I then found a job at McCain Traffic Controls in San Marcos as design and production engineer. Traffic control equipment was manufactured and tested here. At every intersection where there are traffic lights, you will find an aluminum house on one of the corners which houses the control computer. After I reached age 65 and about 5 months, I retired.

Who am I? It seems that one's work at least defines the back-bone of a life. The decisions you make along the way expand and paint a picture of you. Learning from your mistakes and how you handle them, fills in the details. I look for the good in all people and try to see the humor in any situation and lend a hand where I can.

Above all, you have to develop a healthy sense of humor and the ability to laugh at yourself. Remember, you are made of star stuff. So, don't take yourself too seriously. Consider the odds that you were born at all on a planet that just happens to be in the right place at the right time. I still love travel and miss the adventure into the unknown.

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Brenda, Stanley, (Hamrick), William(Bill), Allen, front row, Carol, Jane, Joyce (Berryhill)

Back row, Linda, Sue, (Berryhill), Janet (Hamrick)

Eligible to call me Uncle