

**RAYBO - *Memoirs***

An Autobiography By

***Raymond H. Shegogue, Jr.***

RAYBO - *Memoirs*  
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## Raybo — *Memoirs*

It is my intention to provide some insights into the annals of my life to date. I will refrain from using names where it might cause embarrassment to them or to me. As an attempt to be concise, this project will be presented in segments of my life.

First, let me say that God has been good to me along the way; pulling my chestnuts out of the fire. (He must be shaking His head in dismay of the many times He has been required to do this.) How else could I explain my survival during the past ninety-two years? Remember, He is there for you at all times.

### Birth

It was strawberry time. That time of the year when luscious berries ripen on the vine, capturing the sweet, juicy morsels of springtime flavor. The day of my birth fell on Wednesday, May 26, 1920. The weather that day, according to the Washington Post, was fair and somewhat warmer than the temperature of sixty-five the day before, with prevailing, gentle north winds. (That is how it should be.)

As reflected on my birth certificate, my mother received the assistance of a midwife. Her name was Charity Hawkins and she was of African-American heritage. My mother's name was Ruby and my father's name was Raymond; thus, I became Raymond H. Shegogue, Jr. I was the third child born to this prolific couple. First, there was Ruth (older sister), second, Paul (brother), myself, fourth Fannie (my younger sister), Jackie (youngest brother) and Shirley (the baby and darling of the family). Another sister died in infancy. I must say (the writer excepted) that Raymond and Ruby produced a handsome group of children. Particularly Paul, who people compared with the Hollywood idol Tyrone Power, and Shirley, who resembled Elizabeth Taylor. I am biased to report Shirley was the prettiest.

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### Formative Years

My mother and father were of Irish ancestry, although some have claimed the French line. The Dutch line also has its proponents. It is possible—before the William of Orange escapade into Ireland. Several Shegogs of that era were in the vanguard when William conquered Ireland and, for their support, each were awarded varying acres of land, most notably around Clonis, in County Monaghan.

My father was of lighter complexion with blue eyes and fair skin, while Mother was of a darker complexion with large black, flashing eyes. My mother was somewhat impeded in walking with a slight limp due to Polio. My father was of normal stature, barrel-chested and strong in body and build.

My early years through nine, although only slightly remembered, must have been of congenial living, at the same home on the farm where I was born and near the then Oxon Hill Elementary and High School that I attended beginning at six years of age. I did not enjoy good health, suffering colds, scarlet fever, ear aches, whooping cough, measles, tonsils and the health norms of that era. Suffice it to say, I was of a sturdy demeanor and able to survive the rigors of hot summers and cold, cold winters.

The only heat that we had in winter came from the kitchen stove, used mainly for cooking. It was the responsibility (usually of my mother) or the last person retiring for the night to “bank” the fire in the stove. This is the term (rightly or wrongly) we used for placing large logs of wood in the stove in a manner that created coals for the next morning to allow for regeneration of the fire with more wood. This avoided the need for matches, paper and “starters,” which were in short supply or not at all available. In those days, there were those of inventive minds whose creativeness overcame a lot of obstacles. You know you had a great fire going when the old black stove became red-hot. That is when you jumped out of a cold bedroom and flew to

the stove for warmth. A little tugging of siblings occurred around the stove to obtain the warmest spot.

Our earlier farmhouse had a wrap-around porch, on which I recall riding a tricycle. At age six, I rode that tricycle to my grandfather's house. His farm was adjacent to ours. I left home with some clothes wrapped in newspaper. Upon arriving at my grandfather's, I discovered I had no clothes, only newspapers. Try riding a tricycle over rough terrain.

Here I would like to mention my grandfather. He was one of the nicest people that I knew, although I spent very little time with him. Whenever he saw me, he heartily greeted me with a wave of his hand and made me feel that I was the most special person in the world. We grandchildren (and there were many) would vie for his attention; especially, tussling to sit in his lap and listen to cowboy and Indian tales— or some other story that he would concoct. He was an amazing gentleman, who was named for his grand-father, the renowned portrait artist James Hamilton Shegogue.

Best known for his nineteenth century portraits, landscapes and scenes of Union camp life during the Civil War, James, the painter, was born one of twelve children in County Monaghan, Ireland to George Shegog and Catherine Getty on February 22, 1806. As a child, he emigrated to Charleston, South Carolina, probably in the company of relatives. James added the “*ue*” to our name and later moved to New York City to ply his trade after he had studied painting in Europe—Rome and Paris.

In New York, James married Sarah Hamilton Lord in 1833, who survived him by 34 years. He died on April 7, 1872 in Ashford, Connecticut, where he rests alongside his wife and a son. Two of his more famous portrait subjects include Davey Crockett and John Sartain, the artist and pioneer of mezzotint engraving. Many of James's paintings are held at the City of New York, the New York Historical Society, the Brooklyn Museum, and he is also referenced in the National Smithsonian Museum of American Art. He was a

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member of the National Academy of Design from 1834 to 1861, serving for some years as the Academy's corresponding secretary.

My father was an outstanding athlete. He boxed at a young age, with an uncle as his manager. As I recall, he went by the name "Kid Knock'em." He is reputed to have won more bouts than he lost. I, too, boxed for the Oxon Hill Boys Club. I was never enamored with the sport but it gave me a chance to visit the city (D. C.) and I boxed at police precinct clubs such as No. 5, No. 11 and Northeast Boys Club. I recall joining the club on a boxing night. Lo and behold, I was put in the ring that very night. I never had a pair of boxing gloves on in my life and, aside from hitting a punching bag; my "training" took place in the ring during fight nights. We boxed in the St Ignatius Hall, which was a part of the St Ignatius Catholic church located near Phelps Corner (part of Temple Hills). I won a fair number of fights, I think?!? However, there was one memorable fight at St. Ignatius, when I was pitted against a kid from the Northeast Boys Club in D.C.

This kid had the biggest feet and he would step on my left foot with his left foot (we were right handed) and his arms were longer than mine and kept popping me in the face while I was struggling to get from under his attacks. I complained to the referee. He ignored me and said, "Come on kid—fight!" Well I lost my decision and, to add to my humiliation, my father was in the audience that evening. Yes, Sir! Kid Knockem' saw his son being bopped. I don't recall him chastising me. He was like that—quiet demeanor until he was laden with whiskey. You tried to stay out of his way during those trying times and they were constant. It is not my intent to dwell on this side of my life; except to say, my poor mother and her family suffered dearly, especially my mother.

My father was an extremely talented baseball pitcher. He was scheduled for a tryout with the AAA Baltimore Orioles; the story goes, when he hurt his arm. His pitching days were limited to semi-pro baseball, where he proved successful. I recall watching him pitch a game at the Oxon Hill High School baseball field (the same field

where I played my high school ball) and word arrived that our barn was on fire. The game stopped and everyone took off for the farm. My memory is fuzzy about the ensuing events but it seems the fire was put out and the game resumed. Another game that my father pitched was also of disastrous consequences.

Suffice it to say, there was a bountiful supply of alcohol at these games and my father drank his share, dutifully. However, once my dad's team lost 26-0. The second baseman broke his leg sliding into second and was lost for the remainder of the season. My father's manager invoked the rule that, in future games, only my father and he could partake of the alcoholic beverage during games and the rest were relegated to water or other soft drinks. Of course, the manager was accused of discrimination. But the manager got their attention when he said "You want to get paid, don't you?!" That settled it.

My father pitched right-handed and batted left. During his latter days as a pitcher, he wore a sling on his pitching arm. It consisted of a piece of tire inner tube sewn between two heavy cloth bandages, placed above and below his right elbow, with the rubber stretched between the two. He covered this "apparatus" with a long sleeve shirt. The "apparatus" served as a sling shot mechanism when his hand and outstretched arm released the ball. To this day, I don't know whether the opposition discovered his fraudulent delivery or whether his age had overcome his usefulness as a pitcher.

I do know that about age 45, he was still playing semi-pro ball as a catcher and he had the mangled knuckles to prove it. His batting kept him in the game. He had sort of a Yogi Berra type swing. He could reach his bat out in a manner that he was able to drive the ball to all fields. His problem, what would go for home runs without walls or fences, ended up as singles or doubles at best on unfenced fields. His next feat came as a softball (fast ball) pitcher for the Beltsville team where he worked. That stint was short-lived, when driving home one day he stopped at a beer hall and, while crossing the highway, he was

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struck head on by a driver who had no insurance. My father was laid up for about a year recovering from that ordeal.

He was also adept at horseshoe pitching and averaged about 75% ringers, which led to State and other high class tournaments. He liked bowling. In his latter years, he enjoyed watching baseball and, later, football on television. Of a particularly long-armed quarterback, he might say, “That boy’s a passin’ fool, Ray.”

My mother, bless her, should be classified in the “Saint” class. She bore the brunt of raising her brood on little or no income and keeping us fed and clothed as best as she could while going without for herself. She had large flashing, black eyes under heavy eyebrows. She had pretty features and a willing smile. Visitors marveled at our decorum during their conversations with my mother. They would comment how disciplined we were. Little did they know that when we children began to act childishly, all she would do is turn to us, and frown with those flashing black eyes. We immediately changed to our angelic demeanor. Then, she would return smilingly to her visitor. All this took place within seconds. We children, at a glance, knew precisely what would occur after the company had left had we not become angelic. For all the hurt that she endured, she always had a ready smile and sense of humor. Her children tried to make her life more pleasant during her later years. She suffered a massive stroke leaving her entire left side paralyzed, head to toe. She and my father are buried together in Cedar Hill Cemetery, adjacent to the eastern D.C. line. May they rest in eternal peace.

### Teen Years

Following the world financial crash in 1929, thus began an era of unbelievable poverty and suffering. We lived in abject poverty and deprivation during the Depression years. We experienced the rigor’s of life and, yes, going to bed hungry—no electricity—candle and kerosene lighting, out houses. You name it, we didn’t have it. We

moved several times during those years, mainly to farms where we eked out a meager existence. My brother Paul and I were needed to help with the farm chores: plowing, planting, fertilizing, weeding and harvesting.

The main crops consisted of corn, tomatoes, potatoes, spinach, kale, cabbage etc. Growing these vegetable commodities was referred to as “truck farming.” Produce moved from the field to the consumer through Washington D.C. markets. Since these commodities were of a perishable nature, the farmers were at the mercy of the vendors and other people working at the markets. Products were delivered to market around 2 a.m. and, hopefully, a deal was struck before sun-up; otherwise, the trip to market could be a fiscal disaster. Oxon Hill and other local areas were suburbs of Washington, D.C., although the roads and vehicles in that day made for a long journey to market, either in Northeast, D.C. off Florida Ave, or around 7<sup>th</sup> or 9<sup>th</sup> (off Pennsylvania Ave) in Northwest, Washington.

Although I lived on a farm until my late teens, I never was enamored with the work and the life style that it entailed. Yet, so much work, for so little return, has left me with an enduring admiration and respect for our nation’s farmers. On the way to market, we crossed over the 11<sup>th</sup> Street Bridge, spanning the channel leading into the Potomac. The bridge was located where the World War I bonus marchers camped and where, later the Redskins would practice. We referred to the area as the Anacostia flats.

A couple examples will suffice. My father did some farming on an adjacent farm as well as the farm on which we lived. He planted “hot beds” in the early spring for growing tomatoes in a controlled environment, prior to being planted later in the fields with the attached sod. To keep them warm, these beds were covered with glass panels placed on wooden frames during the cold nights. The panels would also receive further warmth by spreading hay on them. This would help keep the tomato plants from freezing during cold nights. Of course, these “beds” were located on the adjacent farm; probably,

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about three-quarters to a mile from our house, maybe further. I give you this background to explain the following anecdote.

Invariably, my father would appear in the doorway of the room where my brother and I were sleeping and call out, "Pauly, you and Ray go cover the beds" (with hay). We trudged, sleepily, at first until the frost hit our bare feet, which made us alive and frisky and head for the beds, grab a pitch fork and cover them with hay kept along side.

My brother Paul was 3 years older than I. Together, we would be left with hoeing and keeping the planted crops free of weeds. Our father would assign us a certain area to work before he returned from his appointed rounds. At that age, the devil was in us. We would hoe and perform the work assigned up to a certain amount, and then we would leave the field to head for the Potomac River, about three to four miles distant, running and walking through fields and woods. We would swim for a couple of hours before returning home and back to our hoeing. My father could not understand how on some days we were more productive than on others.

I was the cause of my sister Fannie breaking her collar bone, when I chased her in some game we were playing. I also, accidentally, cut my brother's knee open with a butcher knife; again, horsing around. I seemed to do a lot of fighting for a small guy; usually, coming out on the receiving end. There is one fight that I was most proud of.

It was in either the fifth or the sixth grade, maybe younger, with this one fellow (a friend) who was the class bully. He was tough and bullied all who approached him. I watched him doing this over an extended period and, although I was not the object of his tactics, it got the better of me.

I challenged him to put-up or shut-up. He gladly accepted. Now, this is the same guy, who owned a twenty-inch bicycle, the only one in the village. One day, after begging him to let me ride his wheels, he, to his sorrow, finally agreed. I was unfamiliar with bikes, never having owned or ridden one. I mounted that bike and took off down that dusty, gravel road like Lance Armstrong. I must have hit a rock in

the road because, somehow, the bike and I parted. I went one way and this beautiful, shining bike the other. My friend was not pleased.

I tell you this because my friend the bully had incentives to do me in. Our fight occurred down in this gravel pit, for all to witness during this much-advertised recess period. As luck would have it, I got in a couple of solid licks and somehow (by Providence, maybe?) I became the victor of the day. From that day forward, possibly until, the next encounter, I was the bully.

My early years made me a fellow-traveler of my older brother and his friends; be it camping out, Halloween pranks or other assorted activities too numerous to mention here. As the smaller member of the group, football, baseball or fighting, I received the short end of things.

In addition to farming, my father used his truck to haul goods for people. When we lived next to the estate of Sumner Welles (the renowned American government official and diplomat), my father hauled gravel for the roads leading into the estate grounds and around the Welles' mansion. I used to tell people I lived next door to Mr. Welles, which is mostly true. I did not mention that there was a high, link fence keeping separate the haves and have-nots. His chauffeur would let me ride with him when I was hitch-hiking. When the Welles family or other dignitaries rode past in the family's Rolls-Royce, the chauffeur would just wink and keep going. I got the message.

Mr. Welles was the Under-Secretary of State during the FDR administration. As such, he wrote a letter of recommendation for my first full appointment with the United States Department of Agriculture (USDA) as a messenger—salary of one thousand and forty dollars per year. That salary equaled my wages working, first for People's Drug Store, and later as a laborer for the Interior Department. This was late Thirty-Nine and Forty. As the fastest "sandwich" man working for People's, I then became the fastest messenger in the old Agricultural Adjustment Administration (AAA) of USDA. I am proud to say that I was appointed to the Information Division prior to the elapse of time typically required for the normal

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apprenticeship in the Mail Room. The Division needed me. Gulp. (Actually, I had impressed the Director's secretary with my personality.) At this point, my formal education was lacking and I was competing with college graduates entering Government service. By the time I joined the Marine Corps during World II, I had risen to the lofty position of a General Service (GS) Grade 3! My title was Motion Picture Projectionist.

I was placed in charge of repairing and running motion picture projectors, of which I knew little or nothing. In addition, I was to serve as the assistant projectionist in the USDA auditorium. This was a way of getting me a promotion. I was appreciative. Fortunately, the projectionist was dedicated and never missed a scheduled showing. I had difficulty striking an arch, which would be fused together to reflect light onto the film, projecting onto the screen at the front of the auditorium. I usually burned part of the film.

I did become proficient with the 16 millimeter (mm) projector. I handled all the jobs assigned the Department in other venues. I gladly accepted these jobs outside of normal office hours because I was supposed to receive remuneration for my extracurricular service. More often, I received nothing for my work and sometimes had to cover taxi fares out of my own depleted pocket. The taxis were needed to carry the projector, screen and film to and from the viewing sites. I recall one particular time that I was sent to one of the large hotels in downtown Washington.

At the time, we were supporters of Chiang Kai-shek and his efforts to save China from Japan and other enemies. The film was about thirty-five minutes long and the large ballroom was overflowing with affluent people. These were not ordinary people but members of the diplomatic corps and highly-placed business and government officials. In effect, it was the fundraiser for the General and his efforts to save China. The General's wife, Madame Chiang (Soong Mei-ling) was in the audience. You get the picture, whirling through my mind was: "Don't screw up! Don't screw-up!"

I set up the large screen in front of the ballroom. I had a table placed further back in the center on which I placed the projector. I turned on the light switch. I focused the light onto the screen, centering the projector and focusing the lens to indicate the film would be perfectly reflected. All is well. I placed the large reel of film onto the projector sprocket re-winder and turned on the sound button.

Everything appeared in order and I was becoming more relaxed, until the master of ceremonies, following his opening remarks, introduced me. No, he didn't introduce me. I believe he said, "We will now review this important film showing the good deeds of the Chinese people." Actually, I don't know what he said. I was praying at the time. Anyway, I flipped on the switch. The film began rolling.

Everything was moving along in grand style—the picture was clear and distinct and the audio resounded nicely. I sat there smiling to those close by in the dim lighting. I notice some attention was directed at me. To my horror, I glanced at the floor and there piling up was the film running through the projector. What do I do?!?! I couldn't stop the film and foul up the presentation. I thought of one possibility—keep the film moving and, as I did, I stuck my forefinger into the reel sprocket and started turning the receiving reel at a rapid pace. After what I thought was an interminable amount of time, I finally had moved the reel at such a speed that I retrieved all the film from the floor and then kept a steady pressure on turning the wheel, thus keeping pace with the film as it ran through the projector. I know I had created a sideshow to those nearby but the relief and exhilaration I felt overshadowed any misfortune. At the film's end, there was a wild applause. The affair was an instant success. I often wonder if maybe a little of that applause was meant for me??? What a show!

There is one other happening in the GS-3 job you may wish to know. I was also in charge of recording speeches to be sent to radio stations throughout the country; particularly, to those stations servicing farmers. I knew less about the recording turn table than I did about movie projectors. All these instruments were Bell and Howell,

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sophisticated machines unlike today's modern machines. I was called to take the machine to the Secretary's office (The Secretary of Agriculture, that is) a cabinet member of the highest office. I placed the machine on a four-wheel dolly and pushed it across the street to the Administration building where the Secretary's office is located. I was stationed in the South Building, which stretched from 14<sup>th</sup> and Independence Ave to 12<sup>th</sup> and Independence Ave and from 12<sup>th</sup> and F to C Street on the east side and from 14<sup>th</sup> to C Street on the west side. This Southwest D.C. complex housed approximately eight to ten thousand workers and was the largest Government office building until the Pentagon was built. I was a little fish in a big ocean.

Arriving in the Secretary's office, I set up the turntable, placed the record on the turntable, made sure the record was spotlessly clean and all in working order. We called the Secretary in with a copy of his speech in hand. I was introduced to the Secretary and he was told that I would do the recording. The speech was approximately five to seven minutes long, as I recall. If you have ever recorded or made a speech over two or three minutes in length, you understand that longer times grow into life times. About half way through the speech, the recording arm jumped. To this day, I don't know why that needle jumped. I had a decision to make. Either I continue recording as though nothing happened or I stop the Secretary in mid speech. Don't ask me why, but I stopped the Secretary, saying "Mr. Secretary, we must begin again" feebly explaining the reason. To his credit and my relief, he didn't say anything but gave only an understanding nod. I put on a new record and he began again. This time we made it through without a hitch. How? I'll never know. I had a soft brush, which I used gently to brush away the discarded thread as the recording progressed. I'm sure my hand was shaking like a leaf in a storm. The recording was duplicated, then distributed to our field offices and radio stations. I often wonder if a farmer and his family gathered around their radio heard that speech and gave their hearty approval to its contents. I hope so—but for the life of me, I do not know what the Secretary said.

You can see why I joined the U.S. Marine Corps.

*Sports*

I love sports, although only limited opportunities allowed me to participate. Except for high school, there were no organized sports available to the youth of my day. Farm work did not allow for such frivolous activity during the Depression.

I remember well how my early sports life began. Using an old tennis ball found somewhere in my travels, I played many a game of baseball. There were two teams—mine and another imaginary one. I had balls and strikes, men on base, pop-ups, infield grounders and flies to the outfield. The tennis ball would be thrown at an assigned target; making it either skip from the ground against the house or barn or whatever, or thrown directly to and ricocheting off the target. Each action would be played under normal simulated conditions; no outs, maybe with a man on base, or any number of situations that my fertile mind would conjure. I remember the most important inning was the ninth—that's when the game really got interesting; especially, if *I* wanted to win. Sometimes, I threw the ball high in the air, ran under and tried to catch it before it hit the ground. Sometimes, I really put myself to the test throwing the ball up, away from me and running to catch it—always testing the ends of my endurance. In elementary school, we played dodge ball, soccer, softball, ran relays and shot marbles (for keeps). The games always consisted of one item needed for playing—a ball of some kind—sometimes an old stuffed soccer ball, deflated football, or a baseball made from cloth wrapped around a harder substance.

In high school, I played varsity baseball, basketball, fast-pitch soft (hard) ball, field and track. Baseball and basketball were the only sports for which we had official uniforms. The other sports outfits were what you were wearing on the day of the participation. We did

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not play football in high school—no equipment. However, we played football among ourselves.

I recall our principal, a former player, from the University of Tennessee, received the kick-off and came charging up the field. I was on the kicking—tackling team. As we raced toward our opponents, I noticed “my team” was slacking off, leaving me vulnerable and alone in front. I kept going, put my head down and grabbed the ball carrier around the ankles bringing him down on the hard clay surface. I also fell to the ground. He got up and dragged me to the sidelines. I got my man but, oh—what a beating. I was hurting, but he was embarrassed that this little insignificant, skinny kid dropped him. It was a badge of honor that I exploited.

The principal and I never got along. I worked for the janitor, cleaning the school after hours and received seventy-five cents a week and my evening meals. When I cleaned the first grade teacher’s room, he always seemed to be there. And I would keep on cleaning stupidly—or knowingly—to his disgust. As I say, we didn’t seem to get along. Later, he left his wife, two children and a nephew and went away with the first grade teacher—I must have been onto something.

I honed my skill in basketball by retrieving the ball from the principal’s office and played and dribbled by myself after I finished my cleaning chores. I would do this practice a few nights each week. I played the forward (shooting) position. I starred at shortstop in baseball and fast-pitched softball. Our biggest sporting day was held in Ritchie Coliseum at Maryland University. During this day, our school would compete with all the other schools in Prince George’s County. The program consisted of track and field (all aspects) and softball. I participated in run relays and pitched softball in that competition. It was a fun day, usually scorching hot, but the event allowed you to get away from the farm and other drudgeries of life during that period.

During my tenure with People’s Drug Store, I had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with Buddy Lewis and Cecil Travis, rising stars

of the Washington Senators at third base and shortstop, respectively. Cecil, from Georgia, was the quieter of the two. I served them meals at the food counter. Buddy was from North Carolina. They both lost valuable playing time due to World War II. Both were great guys and excellent ballplayers.

In 1941, the year Joe Dimaggio set his 56 game-hitting streak and Ted Williams led the Major Leagues as the last batter to break .400 (.406), Cecil finished second behind him, batting .359 with a league-leading 218 hits, a record for shortstops until Derek Jeter had 219 hits in 1999—in a longer season. Cecil's career .314 batting average is a record for American League shortstops. He was never the same ballplayer after the War, having suffered from severe frostbite during the Battle of the Bulge, nearly losing his feet to amputation. Cecil should be in the Hall of Fame. He sent me his baseball card and a nice note a few years back. I keep it in my bank vault, safe deposit box.

We also were the beneficiaries of Sumner Welles' generosity. Oxon Hill High School contained grades one thru eleven. For a period of time, Mr. Welles would hire busses (similar to today's Metro busses). These busses came to the school and each grade climbed aboard to ride to the Capitol Theatre, located at F Street between 13<sup>th</sup> and 14<sup>th</sup> Streets, Northwest. We would arrive early enough for the ten o'clock morning performance consisting of a movie and a vaudeville (stage) show. The master of ceremonies would introduce the students at the beginning of the stage show. That was a fabulous time. For those who never experienced attending the theatre, you missed a treat—for this old country boy it was like going to heaven. As you walked from the street, inside the theatre, it's like stepping into a fairyland—carpeted floors, huge chandeliers, stairways to the large balcony or to the orchestra seats and large red, stage curtains. Before their introductions, Big Bands hid behind a thinner, see-through curtain. I took Wauneta there on our first date. We held hands.

I pitched horseshoes when I was young and became quite proficient but any skills at that time found me wanting in later life.

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Same is true of golf, which I took up in my forties. My golf swing resembled my baseball swing and my putting left much to be desired. I held my own with my partners but I don't want to demean them by saying they were no better. They were much, much better.

The joke goes like this: The boys would take turns playing as my partner. They would come up to the nineteenth hole, all out of whack. Back hurting, or some other problem, and when they were asked why, they would repeat the old familiar phrase, "I was playing with Ray today, and dragged him from the 13<sup>th</sup> hole."

In horseshoes, I tried to emulate my father's form. I held the shoe in the same manner, used the same follow-through with the one and a half, flat turns that he adroitly used. I must have missed something because my percentage of ringers never approached 75%.

I later, after high school, played a little semi-pro baseball. (It seemed everyone received some remuneration except me.) Whether I was paid or not, the pure pleasure of playing was sufficient for me. Our home field was on the D.C. Ellipse, a few hundred yards south of the White House (possibly, where they hold the Christmas pageant now). We played teams in the D.C. area. I remember we played one team located way out in the country. The town was, and still is, called Centreville—way out in the boondocks! Our team sponsor was Creel Brothers, an automotive supply company located in Northwest Washington. My brother Paul played centerfield, our friends Carol and Paul M., were pitcher and catcher, respectively. Note these are the same people I hung out with during my growth years and were three or four years older than I.

I recall one day on our home field I was playing shortstop, my usual position since high school. A Texas league-type, fly ball was lifted to short left field. As we all know, the infielder is to go out into the field and try to catch the ball unless (and this is important) you're called off the play by the outfielder. This particular time, as I was about to catch the fly ball, I was hit head on by our burly left fielder. He did not, *repeat* did not, call me off the play. I went down in a heap

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and ended up with a deep cut lip which, later that day, required several stitches at a nearby hospital emergency room. In those days, our best games (those we won) would be rehashed and embellished at the local beer hall. That particular day my brother and friends were sipping beer as they went over the game, ignoring me (I had no money). I asked where was my beer? I was told I couldn't drink beer with a swollen stitched up lip. I called the bartender and told him to bring me a beer and a soda straw. I had my beer, sipping it through a straw, to the amazement and disgust of my fellow travelers.

During the late 40's and 50's, working at USDA, I played fast pitch soft ball, first in interdepartmental play and later in intradepartmental play. I either pitched or played short. I also bowled duckpins and am proud to say that my game was always at high level.

My bowling was cost free as I would excel for prize money, in average, high strikes, high spares and team standings. Any or most of the above would provide me with enough prize money to offset the cost of league bowling.

## *Teachers*

As much as I disliked the rigors of acquiring an education, I must salute and applaud each and every teacher that played such an important role in my education process. Particularly, I commend those teachers in grades one through eleven who put up with my wild and obnoxious behavior. I received more than my share of corrective slaps on the back, against the face and head and on other parts of my body. In those times and in those happenings, I deserved the best they had to offer. My reputation was of the incorrigible child, who was not bad but mischievous—some boys, maybe one or two others, were down right bad or nasty. I was only mischievous, a cut above that rowdy group. In other words, I was undisciplined but well liked by my teachers. In fact, I was a teacher's pet, one Miss B. by name. Teacher's pet was the most embarrassing blow to my reputation that I

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had to endure. “Raymond,” Miss B. would call out as she and the girls were walking down the hall together. “Raymond, I want you to come with me.” She wanted me to walk with her and the giggly girls down the hall for all to see. No way!

My fondest teacher and coach was Mr. M. He was my coach in baseball and basketball, as well as some other sports activities. He was also a teacher and friend, who would let me get some sleep in his class. At the end of class he would say to Dan S. “OK, wake Cy up now so he can go to his next class.”

“Cy” is a nickname that I went by in high school. It derived from my father being called “Cy” from his baseball-playing days, a compliment comparing him to Cy Young the baseball pitcher of major league fame. I was referred to as “Little Cy.” It’s a name that has stuck with me until this day by people who knew me back during my youth. I have never been fond of the name but have endured it over the years and feel no embarrassment when I’m addressed that way. It was always used endearingly and that is how I have accepted it.

I, somehow, became involved in school plays. One fund-raiser featured a black-face vaudeville show. I, as the small, wise guy, was the husband of this burly muscular guy who played the part of my wife. We were in black face. We were asked to do a skit from the play at the next PTA meeting to advertise the upcoming play. Today, you would liken the play to the classic T.V. show called the Jefferson’s, which is today in syndicated TV re-runs.

For some reason, I was nervous that night. Possibly, because my mother was in attendance or perhaps because of the black face role I was playing.

Anyway, the curtain opens up with me (the husband) and this burly guy (the wife) in full regalia—black face, white gloves, dress, the whole thing. As I started into my dialogue, I made a big mistake, I looked into the audience and there, a few rows from the front, sat my Coach, Mr. M. He had the biggest grin on his face as if to say “they got you now!”

At ninety-two years of age, things of yesteryear become fuzzy, but my recollection tells me that as I began my dialogue, looking at the coach, I became more and more embarrassed. He is laughing (more of a chuckle). My nervousness turned first into a giggle, and then I started laughing. The audience must have thought this was part of the act and the more I laughed, the harder they laughed. Laughter reached the rafters. I don't recall whether there was a disastrous ending to the skit or whether the curtain saved the day. It must have generated interest because the play itself was a successful fund-raising event.

Once, I played a butler. In one scene, I had to announce that dinner was being served. At the first rehearsal, at the appointed time I came out and in loud voice yelled, "Dinner is *served!!*"

Well, Miss S., our drama teacher and Director, almost fell to the floor laughing one of those uncontrollable laughs, saying (still laughing) "No, No, Raymond. That is not the way you do it. You must say it slowly, sophisticatedly." She floored me, because at home we yelled out "Come and get it!" And it would be like a mob attack, and you had better not be late if you wanted something to eat.

Actually, I thought I had delivered that line just the way I imagined it should be. I performed my role according to instruction but my heart wasn't in it.

### *The Three Musketeers*

Everyone in my school was my friend, some more, some less. At lunch time, there was a small room where you buy a candy bar or ice cream bar if you had the money. Of course, money and I were not friends. But my friends had money and they would buy the candy and ice cream, and they would allow me a bite. Remember, I had lots of friends, some with money, so I had ice cream and candy (in bites) almost every day. Sometimes I would have a nickel and I would buy a candy bar or ice cream bar. There was no profit in that arrangement because it became "pay back" time. I owed so many friends a bite that

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all I ever received was a glimpse of the stick, with no ice cream or candy remaining. Oh well!

Billy W., Dan S. and I were close friends. We hung out together. As we got older, the three of us would go to Meadowview, a local sophisticated beer hall, which included a dance floor and juke box. One time, I suggested we invite about five girls to Billy's house one evening, while we went to the beer hall. We carried out our plan well because all five girls showed up at Billy's house. Our joy was short-lived when our plan ran into a snag. We were sitting in a booth listening to the juke box and congratulating ourselves on our prank, when in comes Billy's Dad and the girls. He came up to us, saying he understood we wanted a party and invited the lovely young ladies to join us. Then he went on in a more stern voice, indicating that since we wanted to party, we should begin. We dutifully obeyed. The girls and Bill's Dad had the last laugh, and deservedly so.

One time I was invited to a party in the country, several miles south of Oxon Hill. While there, through the front door, the father led a cow into the parlor, through the kitchen and out the back door. To this day, I have never understood the significance of that action.

The three musketeers remain friends today. One, Billy, became a millionaire in the insurance business and has had beautiful homes, first in Connecticut, then in Florida and now in Alabama. The other, Dan, was of artistic bent. He became the Display Director for the People's Drug Store chain. I will leave my role, as musketeer, to the imagination of those reading this epistle.

There are other friends who have contributed to the fulfillment of my life, who are too numerous to mention here. Let me say, I have enjoyed them all, each and everyone, and life would have been dull without them. As the saying goes, you can't have too many friends. And I have been undeniably blessed.

It is only recently that I learned that I was the only one of the three musketeers to receive a college degree. I was always certain Billy had done so, but learned that his love of flying planes interfered with the

completion of his higher education. However, he distinguished himself later as a naval officer pilot during World War II. So the moral, I suppose, is that a degree is not the most important part of life. However, I must report that, in my case, it was the most important aspect of my professional development and success. My job required that I compete with those acquiring master's and doctorate degrees in economics; especially, agricultural economics. I learned the value of education the hard way.

*Early 1940s and Raymond Lloyd*

Following my brief stint as a laborer with the Interior Department and the agricultural janitorial services, I was accepted as a messenger in the Department of Agriculture's AAA. From there I was assigned to the Office of Information, AAA, as CAF-1 clerk position (one thousand, two hundred and sixty dollars per annum). Later, I was promoted to a CAF-2 clerk position (one thousand three hundred and forty per annum) and, finally, to a CAF-3 position Motion Picture Projectionist. This is the last promotion grade of my employment prior to entering the Marine Corps during World War II.

The day that would go down in infamy refers to the Japanese air attack on Pearl Harbor and other military outposts on December 7<sup>th</sup>, 1941. It was a Sunday. The Redskins were playing a home game. I was listening on the radio. The loudspeaker announced that military personnel were to report to their duty posts. The next day (Monday) the president made his famous speech before Congress and requested that an act of war be declared against Germany, Japan and their allies.

Here we are at war with little or no war equipment (remember the devastation of our fleet in Pearl Harbor) and the military draft is in its beginning stages. I must be honest and say Pearl Harbor was a distant and unfamiliar place for me. Oh, how the passage of time and circumstances has provided me with the opportunity to learn world

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geography. I since have visited the Hawaiian Islands 15 times, including all five of the main islands.

The above is mentioned to let you know that this was an eventful time in my life. I had married Edna White in the beginning of the year. Five days later, after the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, Friday, the 12<sup>th</sup> of December, there was born to me a beautiful baby boy, full of energy and action. We named him Raymond Lloyd, after his two grandfathers. Raymond was full of life and mesmerized those around him. He was and still is the life of the party, enjoyed by all who are regaled by his presence. I recall the first day when I returned home from overseas duty at the end of World War II. He sat on the edge of the couch, jumping up and down, smiling and appeared genuinely happy to see me. (He was four years old at the time.) And to this day, he always appears happy to see me even if I admonish him about his waistline.

Raymond grew into a fine young man, married Joyce and raised a family of three beautiful daughters who, in turn, have made me a proud recipient of six great grand children, and two great, great, grand children. Ray pitched American Legion baseball and had a tantalizing curve ball. His coaches would come by the house checking on him to insure that he was available for that day's game.

One of my favorite remembrances was when he was a student of Suitland High School (with present House Minority Whip Steny Hoyer (D, MD.)). In those days, P.G. County Schools had "Parents Day," when parents were invited to sit in on their child's classes.

To let his teachers know that we were interested in his scholastic work, I visited his school and approached the office to receive a pass admitting me to his class. As I recall, I wanted to be appropriately and notably dressed. I wore suit, tie, jacket, wide brimmed hat and new top coat. It was winter. I stood at the office counter while the student behind the counter was shooting the breeze with his friend across from him. The student on the other side of the counter ignored me as he chattered with his classmate. Finally, the working student glanced

toward me and asked in a not too friendly voice. “Can I help you!” I replied why I was there: to visit my son’s class and requested the necessary entrance pass. He was startled, exclaiming, “Oh, I thought you were a student!” Of course, that made my day. Wow! *I* looked like a high school student.

I entered the class room, smiling at the teacher, who motioned for me to take a seat at the rear of the room. As I proceeded, I passed a startled Raymond. I was of proper decorum and remained sober-faced. I caught him out of the corner of my eye nodding to his friend in the next aisle, noting his old man had arrived on the scene. Some snickering ensued between the two. I felt the pangs of fatherhood.

Raymond graduated high among his classmates. He and his good friend had an altercation prior to graduation. I learned of this because his face betrayed him. He had a bruised lip and sundry other tell-tale marks about him. He was suspended, I recall, and missed out on Senior Skip Day, which made me feel better because that is a day a lot of bad things happen. In these instances, I suppose it takes one to know one. He graduated, replete with cap, gown and diploma. The graduation was held on the football field, which allowed him some privacy from his healing wounds. And I recall that he and his “good” friend became good friends again. In his defense, we received a personal letter from one of his teachers—Mr. Reader. The letter glowed with praise and adulation over Raymond’s scholastic achievements, personal conduct and what a pleasure it was to have him as a student. We could not have been more proud of him and it brought tears to my eye.

It was time for Raymond to enter the world of advanced education. He selected the University of Maryland; more likely, *we* made the selection due to financial considerations. His attendance was short-lived. As time ensued, I would receive comments from friends that they saw my son on TV. It seems there was a Dick Clark type of teen dance program called “The Milt Grant Show” on one of the local TV stations (WTTG). The kids would be shown dancing and

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otherwise having a grand time. After about three occasions of being told that my son was on TV, I confronted Raymond. He admitted, “Yes, sir, I was.”

“Why weren’t you in school?” He would not lie. He had no further interest in acquiring a higher education. He was honest and forthright. He was a star on “The Milt Grant Show.” I told him, “No school, no Milt Grant—get a job. I will monitor the show.” Years later he confessed that he still appeared on the show but requested that he not be shown on camera. To his credit, he went to work and later joined the U.S. Air Force, receiving his honorable discharge at the conclusion of his service.

His personality and honesty allowed him to fulfill his desires to be a salesman and all that entails. He is a person of high integrity and is a loving husband and father. I must say he has been fortunate to have the love and support of his wife Joyce. They remain a close twosome after 50 years of marriage. Joyce remains the bedrock of the family.

Raymond weathered his adolescent years admirably, although it may not have been easy. As a father, I was there for him and he has been a joy. During his cavorting years, he would borrow the family car. One night (early morning) he awakened me that he had had a terrible mishap with the car—“You had a wreck?”

“Worse,” he said. “I hit a skunk.”

He was right. We never could rid the car of its pungent skunk odor, which intensified during wet weather. Still, we are proud to call him our “son!”

A little story comes to mind regarding the times just before his birth. Over, lo, these many years I’ve had the good fortune to own an array of automobiles: Fords, Chevrolets, T-Birds and Cadillacs. My first car was a 1933 Ford Convertible. It was maroon in color and had a rumble seat. The seat worked from a closed to an open position by the turning of a lever placed on the inside of the vehicle near the rear view window. I wrecked the car and turned it in on a 1936 four-door,

deluxe Ford. It was also a used car but one of my delights of that day (1940). This car became an important milestone.

Prior to Raymond's birth, I needed money for the doctor and hospital bills. I sold the car for one hundred dollars just prior to the outbreak of World War II. As I recall, the doctor received fifty dollars and the hospital (Old Providence Hospital in Southeast, D. C.) received fifty dollars. It was money well spent and remains one of my fondest expenditures to date. Where would we ever find a delectable gift like Raymond for so little expenditure? As the saying goes, "The best things in life are free!" Of course, there followed on my part considerable walking and riding busses and streetcars; maybe, even some hitch-hiking.

### *World War II and the Corps*

The theme today depicts my generation as "the greatest generation" for those who endured the Depression of the 30's and the War of the 40's. Those were bad times and wild times but money times, they were not. You were poor but so was everyone else. You made the most of what you had. We had the war draft in those days and thousands of young men and women served in the Armed Forces. Others were taking up jobs in factories, providing needed war materials. Everyone joined in—civilian and military. Tom Brokaw describes it best.

My marital status, with child, had placed me on the "back burner" as far as the draft was concerned. Early 1943 found me at the local Marine recruiting office ready to enlist. I was told that I first must receive a release from my local draft board. This took time. I recall when I called on my draft board for release, a thorough searching for my records, that I wasn't registered. Further research provided the same answer. Finally, there was one file section in the back area of the building, which housed records of those unlikely to be called for the draft. It seems my marital and parental status had placed me in that

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category. I received my release and returned to the Marine recruiting station. It was noted that I had spent three years in (1938 to May 1941) in the Marine Corps Reserve. That gave me a leg up on the other recruits. You were also required to take a physical exam.

There was one doctor who gave me the final portion of the examination. Sitting naked in a chair by his desk, he seemingly asked dumb questions, which I answered as best I could. Finally, he asked, what I thought was the most stupid question you could be asked, which was “Do you like girls?”

You must remember that in those days, although you were aware of homosexuals you didn't know any. Why? Because they were all in the closet and therefore, I never met one. Incidentally, as I recall the moment, this doctor didn't look normal himself. Well, I answered his question by yelling out in a belligerent tone, “How stupid can you be to ask me, ‘Hell yes, I like girls.’” He dismissed me. As I looked back, I visualized that indeed, he was a psychiatrist to separate wheat from the chaff. I never, to my knowledge, knew whether I met a gay Marine in the Corps; although, I could have unknowingly—live and let live.

I was given orders to report to boot camp at Paris Island in South Carolina the first part of March in 1943. We took the train from Union Station in Washington, D. C. I was placed in charge of two other recruits and it was my responsibility to see that they were aboard the same train and delivered to the recruiting depot in Paris Island. I assume I was selected for this audacious assignment due to my previous Marine Corps Reserve experience, which was practically nil. I had previously bought a beautiful, to me, pinstripe suit which I wore on my way south. When I discarded the suit upon arrival, it was the last time I saw it. I hope it found a good home.

We disembarked from the bus carrying us from the train station onto the Island. We were told, “Fall in.” Of course, most did not understand that terminology and chaos ensued. We were told forthrightly in a loud clear voice that our “hearts may belong to wives,

sweethearts and mothers but our asses now belonged to the Marine Corps”—what a greeting!

We were taken to the shower areas where we discarded all our clothes (there goes the suit). We then lined up and heads were shaved clean as a whistle—you could not find a spriggle of hair on any head. We were asked how we would like our haircut—a little off the side—maybe more of a crew-cut—you heard these comments— and then you would hear the barber (?) laugh as you were clean-shaven. All of this was followed by a roar in the shower.

I burst out laughing as I listened to two lifetime friends trying to locate each other in the shower. They were standing next to each other but neither one recognized the other because of their clean-shaven heads. That tells the thorough job the barbers did on you.

Following the showers and disinfection (sounds a little like the initiation of those in concentration camps), we were led along to a counter where we were issued shorts, shirts, socks, trousers, tooth brush and shaving equipment. We were assigned boondock shoes by standing on a machine, using hand weights. I supposed this was more scientific than using sizes to measure our foot needs.

With bundles of clothes and equipment (rifles later), we marched to our barracks. The first night there seemed to me to be a cacophony of coughs and sniffles emanating from the troops. These sounds, along with the unfamiliarity of sleeping on hard-surfaced bunks, offered little opportunity for a good night’s rest. What occurred next brought me flying to my feet before dawn’s early light. The lights came on and the clanging of garbage cans and kamikaze yells of the drill instructor led me to believe I didn’t belong in this place.

Let the games begin.

From that moment until my graduation from boot camp, I was among the lowest, most stupid, idiotic, human life forms then appearing on earth. From that moment on, the Platoon under the direction of this Sergeant from Philadelphia, being of Italian descent, could not degrade each of us enough. He submerged us into the lowest

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life form that ever existed. 75% of the Platoon came from above the Mason Dixon line, with 25% from below that demarcation. Of those from the North, most came from Brooklyn, New York, being of Jewish and Italian extractions with more emphasis on the latter. I recall the Drill Instructor (DI), on our first formation, asked that all Italian-Americans take one step forward. Realizing they had an ally in an instructor of Italian origin, they proudly stepped forward.

The DI went down the line looking each in the eye, returned to center position and said in the nastiest of tones reserved only for DI's, "Who the hell have you been fighting for? Mussolini? Where the hell have you been? Step back, you laggards!" Now, you must understand that these "laggards" were barely of age to be here in the first place. Just another ego-bursting method known only to DI's. Cigarette smoking was common in those days but only at the pleasure of the DI.

In fact, anything we did was only at the pleasure or displeasure of the DI. He was the ultimate authority and we were scum bags. I can't emphasize this context enough because, in the final analysis, this method made us into rugged individuals. All we needed to learn was "Yes Sir—No Sir" and to follow orders. I joined the corps weighing 126 pounds and left boot camp weighing 132 pounds. Not much difference in weight, but what a difference in toughness and brawn.

Members of my platoon had problems distinguishing whether his weapon was a rifle or a gun. Punishment awaited those who called their weapon a gun. Heaven help them. We were always undergoing forced marches with full packs and rifles. Someone would be left behind to hold their rifle and do "about face" repeatedly in a sandy area. Thus, on our return march, we would find these poor creatures in a hole, knee high, still carrying out their required punishment. Other punishments included placing all the rifles assigned the Platoon under their mattress and sleeping on them. The one I liked best (since I was not the victim) occurred on another forced march.

As we approached, a wooded area we began to hear an unidentified voice. As we got closer and closer to the sound, we could spot directly

ahead a recruit standing in the trunk of a tree with his rifle in a raised position, his other hand holding his penis and repeating in a loud voice: “This is my rifle” (holding the rifle) “and this is my gun” (holding his penis). “This is for business,” (rifle) “this is for fun” (penis). How long that poor soul was in the situation I can’t say. Whether I exaggerate the situation I don’t know, it is the way I saw and heard it. It is a favorite story of mine. There were other instances.

The DI, if he weren’t threatening us with the last days of our lives, would encourage us to reach greater heights by telling us if we performed to his expectations, we would be allowed to visit the P.X. or better, attend a movie. I never visited a P.X. the whole time in boot camp—I should say, on Parris Island. I went to only one movie. It was a Wild West shoot-em-up film made in the early 30’s. The cowboys rode and chased one another for ten minutes, shooting with a popping noise followed by smoke at the end of their pistol barrels. Needless to say, the cowboys chased each other over hill and dale, showing the same scenery with the identical camera shots several times during the chase. (Note: I suggest you buy or rent a video of one of these old movies and you will witness first-hand what I mean.)

This movie excursion came about during the latter days of boot camp when one of our bi-weekly inspections took place. At that time, our platoon could perform every march or drill order known to mankind—impeccably.

We were as the saying goes: a well-oiled, disciplined, drilled machine. At one juncture during inspection, the colonel appeared pleased with our training to date and asked one member what he thought of the movies being shown on the base. His response, “Oh shucks, here comes trouble,” was loud and clear because he had never attended the movies. “Why not!” The colonel demanded. “Because we are not allowed,” was the reply. “Why aren’t you allowed?” (Now this is where it really hit the fan.) “Because the DI won’t take us!” Well, you can imagine the rest. That DI made our lives more miserable (if

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that was possible). However, we were allowed to see the movie as described above—our lone opportunity.

The remainder of our time was spent on the rifle range, while the last week was mess duty. On the rifle range, we executed an array of actions, such as crawling through screen netting while bullets fired overhead and other such maneuvers to acclimate you to wartime conditions. You also were required to qualify on the firing range from various firing positions—standing, sitting, prone (stomach). You were not allowed to sit on your butt. You sat on the inside of your foot. Unfortunately, my right foot with its arch shape made it almost impossible to do so. In fact, I would faint that position; it was the only way possible to do it.

That is when I would see my “Maggie’s Drawers” rise in the target area. These targets were placed considerable yards from our firing position. I qualified highly in the other firing positions that allowed me to pass the range tests. I also repeated this feat while stationed at the Kaneohe Naval Air Station in Hawaii. That time a beer bash was up for grabs and we won the day and the beer.

As indicated, our last week was spent serving in the mess hall. I should mention that at five feet eight, I was one of the three shortest men in the platoon. As such, we were always bringing up the rear of our formation. Our stride must match the strides of the plus six-footers who set the pace when marching. You developed new muscles, which was the sole consolation of that role. The DI marched us into the swamp with our rifles held high. And there had not better be—no never—a dirty rifle, which was the unpardonable sin from the day you entered boot camp until the day of your discharge from the Corps.

So, into the swamp we go. Those up front were up to their chests, with rifles held above their heads. When the DI ordered a rear march — have, you ever tried to do a rear march in swamp matter? Anyway, we, in the rear guard, would be soaked up to our waists. Why do I tell you this? Your next immediate assignment was to discard those stinking, swamp-infested fatigues, shorts, shirts, socks and shoes (yes,

boon-dockers) and wash and dry them and, if necessary, clean those rifles—we shorter, “trailers” had less to wash. That was the only reward the trailers were allowed during those halcyon days.

Also, please note: you are assigned a serial number when you enter the service. My assigned number took place in 1938 when I joined the Marine Reserves and, of course, I kept the same number upon entering the Corps in World War II. On a number of occasions, this older number became of interest to the later recruits because their numbers were much higher. I became the old man in boot camp.

Back to the mess hall. I stood, waiting my assignment—there were many of us— and this one, short guy, who upon being discharged a week or two earlier, retained all the privileges and courtesies allowed a Marine no longer in boot camp. He was entitled to the same respect that the DI’s received—yes, sirs and no, sirs were the order of the day.

Well, this guy spied me awaiting assignment. He came up to me and in a smug, sarcastic voice said, “You are going to be the Galley Boy. Do you know what a Galley Boy does?”

“No, sir,” I replied. Oh, how I wanted to smash his mouth but the brig was the alternative. “No, sir,” I repeated.

He said, “As Galley Boy you will do anything and everything you are assigned to do. Do you understand ‘everything and anything?’”

“Yes, sir—yes sir.” (We had to repeat these addresses as if we did not understand what we were doing.) These “assignments” included cleaning out coffee urns so large that I would literally need to extend nearly my whole body, upside down, in its insides in order to clean the bottom of the container. The mess sergeant and his “associates” would break an egg or two into a large steel pan and then hand it to me to wash for use again. Galley Boy must have been the lowest assignment one could receive. It was a long week.

A week later, the ordeal was over. We marched across the parade in full regalia. We were a proud lot and our maneuvers were a sight to behold. With little or no cadence called by the DI, we performed all kinds of drills and became graduates of that legendary island, known

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lovingly as “Boot Camp.” Let me say this in all sincerity, the time that all of us spent in Boot Camp, although unbelievably necessary, made boys into men, men into Marines and a proud and enviable force.

Later, we were in formation and received our assignments. There was one guy in our platoon who played with the Charlie Spivak Big Band. He was assigned to music school. Others received exotic assignments such as Cherry Point Marine Aviation, stateside guard duty, etc. I was the “chosen one”—assigned to Camp Lejeune as a member of the 90 millimeter anti-aircraft training squadron.

Following a short leave, I reported to the camp. Upon seeing the Sergeant, I saluted him out of habit. He said, “Son, I’m not an officer, you don’t salute me.” That’s when I knew I belonged.

Our squadron practiced 90 mm gun-firing on the beach. It was a fun time. It was the summer of ’43 and, during breaks, we played touch football. I received another busted lip and a loose tooth. I pushed the tooth back into the gum and kept doing so until it receded enough that I still have the tooth to this day. I also contracted a nasty sunburn. The picture in my dress uniform that I had made for posterity was taken when the sunburn and busted lip and loose tooth were in full sway. I covered as much as possible—take a good look at the picture (enclosed). You may see some of these trademarks. You will notice I am not smiling.

Slamming home a 90 mm shell into an elevated gun barrel required strength and agility. At a hundred and thirty-two pounds, I could do it but it was evident you needed a heavier, larger and stronger individual for the chore on a constant basis. Thus, I was assigned to the range section to use a machine that served as the guiding force in locating enemy planes and directing the gun crew. I also brought the firing shells into place for use by those injecting the shells into the breech.

Following training, and after a brief leave, I was ordered to the Pacific. We left Camp Lejeune to travel to the West Coast via the southern route. I was intrigued by the travel, unlike the train ride from D.C. to Camp Lejeune, which seemed to go three miles, back up one,

and proceed in that manner to our destination. The train trip lasted about ten days because it took a circuitous route for security reasons. Those were days of tight lips and black-outs to avoid providing the enemy with any information on troop movements or home activity. We were all in this thing together—troops and home front. Sometimes we would eat aboard train; other times, at designated stops in cities and towns along the way. I recall our stop-off in Sweetwater, Texas. The girls, as well as those who worked in the restaurants, would come out to greet us. The girls were all pretty in dress and demeanor. Of course, you were not allowed to touch—only look!

We reached our final destination, Camp Pendleton. From there we were placed on board the newly commissioned aircraft carrier USS Bunker Hill. The carrier had made its maiden voyage from its east coast port through the Panama Canal. It was on the way from San Diego into the Pacific when we went aboard. The ship was the most modern aircraft carrier to date. It had a hangar deck where planes with downed wing flaps were stored for distribution in the Pacific, as well as planes aboard for its own use. These planes could be brought to the flight deck by huge elevator lifts. I rode one up on deck during our voyage. We had no bunks or sleeping quarters because the vessel had the full complement of ship personnel. I selected a spot under the wing of a fighter plane located on the hangar deck. I had been issued a thin mattress, which served my needs. The trip was uneventful although we kept surveillance for enemy warships and submarines.

We landed at Pearl Harbor where we were transported to the Marine transient center located in a large open area between Honolulu and Pearl Harbor. From there we were assigned to our next destination. Here, my mind again gets fuzzy. But here, while walking through camp, whom do I run into? My cousin Arthur.

Arthur was also in the Marine Reserves but did not have the sufficient time to receive his discharge prior to the attack on Pearl Harbor, which, in turn, cancelled all future discharges. Arthur was one of the first to feel the pangs of the Pacific War as a tank driver on

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Guadalcanal. He distinguished himself notably and was returning stateside. He was afflicted with a fungus picked up on the Canal. He told me when we greeted that we should stay together that he was going to be assigned to Kaneohe Naval Air Base, located on the windward side of Oahu. I do not remember which one of us asked for the assignment. As it developed, he was sent stateside, while I ended up at the naval base.

Fate is a funny thing. Art returned to civilian life after the war's end and, eventually, began his own commercial painting business. I loved his logo, "Be smart—call Art." Unfortunately, he died subsequently in an auto accident. Doesn't seem fair, does it? His son Bobby later gave his life in defense of his country in Viet Nam.

The war in Viet Nam also claimed the life of Wauneta's sister Wilma's son: Dave Berry. He was an identical twin to brother Doug. Wauneta's brother Bill was a bomber pilot in Europe during the Second World War. He survived two downed planes, escaping from behind German lines, losing only one member of his group during all the required missions. Again, unfortunately however, Bill returned home after the war and was involved in an auto accident. The accident severed his spine near the waist. He became paralyzed from the waist down. His is a courageous story in itself and worthy of a book in its own right; Bill, being made of the right stuff.

I spent several months at the Kaneohe Naval Air Base Station. I was promoted to Private First Class (PFC). This was by way of an Act of Congress stating that after six months or more of overseas duty you were automatically promoted—period. I resented the promotion. No self respecting private would want to be recognized in such an impersonal manner. I received permission to present myself to our executive officer and commander-in-charge, a colonel, who, in turn summarily dismissed me and ordered that I return to duty.

What transpired is that I presented myself to the colonel in his office and relayed that I objected to being promoted to PFC rank; that I was content with being who I am and requested that the promotion

be rescinded forthwith. He looked at me beady-eyed and said, “Son, do you see me sitting behind the desk shuffling paper?” I dutifully responded. “Yes sir.” (I still belted that out “Yes sir!”) “Well,” he commented, “I don’t like this job but I’m doing it. So get the hell out of here and report to duty!”

“Yes, sir.” And I sheepishly retreated. I believe I detected a slight grin turn up at the corners of his mouth as I turned from him.

The base had about eight to ten thousand naval personnel, about five hundred Seabees and two hundred Marines. This base, along with its other assigned duties, had responsibilities for an underground oil storage tank, several feet below ground. It was the Marines’ responsibility to guard this large facility about two blocks long and two blocks wide. I spent many hours and days and nights guarding this facility. The duty was good, affording me time to visit Honolulu, Kailua, and Waikiki.

Later, when that arch in my foot broke completely down and I was fitted with a steel shoe support (which I wore out), I was assigned to main gate guard duty. At that post, I roamed the barracks area as a guard as part of my duty assignments. I also served as liaison between the main gate and base intelligence personnel. I interviewed visitors, ascertained their business on base and, at my discretion, provided them with the required pass to enter the area. While my latitude of action was not severely limited, I would advise and receive advice on courses of action to be taken in cases where there were questionable doubts about the visitors coming aboard the station. As a result of my involvement and rapport with the intelligence personnel, I was invited to the luaus and met people in the civilian world, affording me respite from the drudgery of military life.

The good life was short-lived. We were scheduled for further assignment. My orders called for me to be shifted to Midway. Now, Midway consists of two islands—Sand and Eastern. Sand, I believe, was the smaller and the island to which I was assigned. There existed a harbor between the two. You could walk around the island in about

## RAYBO

twenty-five or thirty minutes. We had one small asphalt runway where only a P-39 or other small, one-engine planes could land. For nine months of the year, it is the island where the Gooney birds reside. For the other three months, they inhabit the Aleutians.

The most enjoyable time of my period on Midway was watching those birds perform. During the mating season, the males would go into their dancing, prancing and prancing and otherwise strutting for the females' attention. And the females, like all females, would evince displeasure and disdain for such outlandish behavior but in the end would succumb to the whims and the whiles of the prancing males. There would be fights—males against males—females against females—blacks against whites; mostly, for territorial and nesting rights. These birds would use their webbed feet when they landed on the sandy island. However, it was a sight to behold in the same manner on the asphalt runway. Unlike their sandy landings where they came to a skittish halt, the asphalt landing would stop them immediately. They would pick themselves up, shake off the hurt and curse; yes, cuss in their own language that would put even a Marine to shame. I repeat: they were a source of entertainment.

The only other sources of pleasure were the beer hall and the theatre. Our beer hall left a lot to be desired, as it was small and dispensed green beer. The theatre, built like a Quonset hut, provided old movies. Of course, unlike Boot Camp, I was allowed to go to the movies, if I had the money.

We were once required to attend a meeting in the theatre. The purpose of the meeting, according to the officer speaking, was to alert us that a USO contingent was coming from the States to entertain us. But he and his superiors had serious reservations about our deportment, since we had not feasted our eyes on women in a long time. (He forgot about the female gooney birds.) He explained to us that if we acted in any manner unbecoming to gentlemen, there would never be another approval of a show; meaning, his kind—commissioned officers—were the only gentlemen on the island.

## Memoirs



I was born May 26, 1920 on the Shegogue family farm at Hart Park in Oxon Hill, Maryland. As the middle of seven children born to Ruby and Raymond H. Shegogue, Sr. I was named after my father.

I grew up on a series of farms in Oxon Hill where my father worked as a tenant farmer. The Depression hit the Shegogue clan extremely hard. My family moved frequently and I had to share a bed with an older and a younger brother. I was happy to do so, as we kept each other warmer than the wood-burning stove, which was typically the sole source of heat in the clapboard houses in which we lived.

As I grew older, I helped tend the crops with my father and brothers, before and after school. While I had plenty of chores, I always found time for adventures that would make Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn proud. Below I am shown with the James boys with whom I walked to and from school and shared some of those adventures.





*My Teenage Friends  
Left: Arthur Shegogue (cousin),  
Melvin Kirby, Myself and Elmer Perrygo*

## Memoirs



I was a member of the Oxon Hill Boys Club and participated in boxing, baseball (shortstop and pitcher), and basketball (forward). Later in High School I played baseball and basketball for the Oxon Hill Clippers and was also involved in drama activities.



1937 Oxon Hill High School  
Junior - Senior Banquet

Held at the Continental Hotel, Washington, D.C. I am seated second from the left. To my left is my good friend Billy White. Other notable friends: Dan Shirley, 3rd boy in the last row and Beverly Andre the 7th girl in the 2nd row.

## RAYBO



In 1938, I joined the Marine Corps. When my reserve status expired, I landed a federal government position as a messenger.

After the war began I reenlisted and served in the Pacific Theatre. After my honorable discharge I regained employment with the US Department of Agriculture (USDA).



Above: I am relaxing in Kapiolani Park, the largest and oldest public park in Hawaii.  
Right: On leave at home in Oxon Hill.





PFC Raymond H. Shegogue, Jr.

## RAYBO



Here I am with my second car. A 1936 four-door, deluxe Ford. I sold the car for one hundred dollars just prior to the outbreak of World War II. Fifty went to the doctor and fifty to the hospital for my first son's (Raymond Lloyd) birth. (Notice my brown & white shoes.)



My first born, Raymond Lloyd, as a baby and with me at about 5?



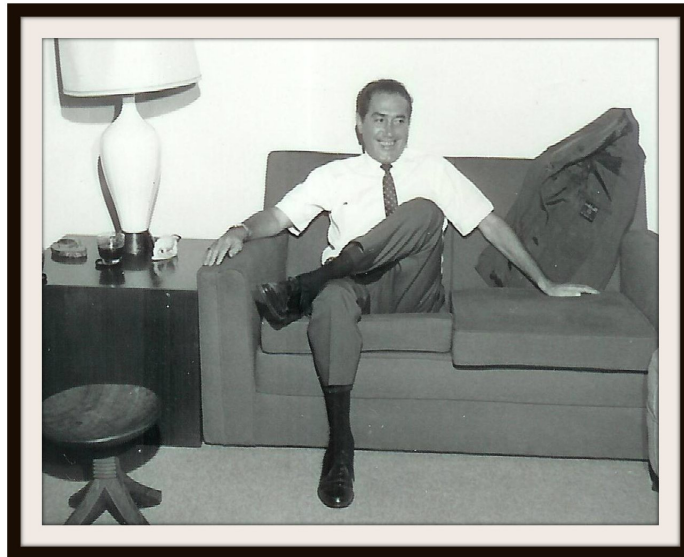
I met the love of my life  
Wauneta Fankell working at USDA.  
We were wed on June 25th 1947.



RAYBO



*We began married life  
in an apartment in  
Bellevue Gardens in  
Southwest D.C.*





Over the course of eight years, while working at the Department of Agriculture I earned first my Associate Degree and then my Bachelor of Science in Public Administration.

Posing with my son Raymond, my wife Wauneta and my mother Ruby Shegogue

RAYBO



*5011 25th Ave Hillcrest Heights, MD  
Our first home bought in 1953*



*Mickey, born in 1953, with Raymond and me*




## My Family Grows

Top and left: with Wauneta  
and Mickey

Below: Mickey with  
Raymond's family, and me  
with my granddaughter's  
Tami and Jeni





F A S  
G O L F  
T O U R N E Y

Thirty FAS golfers turned out for FAS's 4th Annual Golf Tournament, including 5 of the fairer sex. It seems that all won prizes. Here are the winners:

(Men)  
 Low gross: Paul M. Astalos, 83; Duane Clark, 84.  
 Low net: Don Novotny, 73; Don Rubel, 74; George Wanamaker, 74; Quentin Bates, 75; Harlan Dirks, 75; Dick Smith, 75; Paul Taggart, 76; Leroy Hodges, 77; Ken McDaniel, 77; Dick Cannon, 77; Martin Morgan, 77; Raymond Shegogue, 77.  
 Shots closest to pin: Arthur Mead; James Hartman; Hugh Kiger; Raymond Ioanes.  
 Longest drives: Frank Jack; Abner Deatherage; Dale Haight.  
 Fewest putts: Al Gilbert.  
 Most 4's: Emil Stavriotis.  
 Most 5's: Jack Thomason.  
 Most 6's: Joe Creekmore.

(Women)  
 Low gross: Maxine Philippi, 96; Bonnie Jean, 99.  
 Low net: Fran Boczon, 70; Betty Ioanes, 72.  
 Longest drive: Polly Bell.

At work and play as I made my way through my career at FAS.

Left: FAS news letter results of winning golf tourney victory.

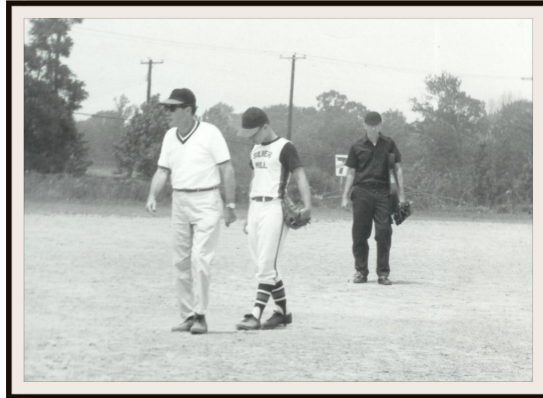
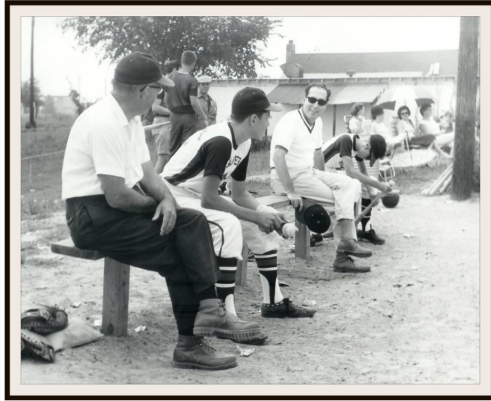
Below: Myself, Art Mead, Ray Ioanes and Hugh Kiger.

Bottom: I am with a group of co-workers that received above average performance recognition. I am standing, second row 1st on left.



SUSTAINED ABOVE-AVERAGE PERFORMANCE (\*)

L. to R. (seated) Mary L.E. Jones, Marie P. Distl, Sidonia R. DiCostanzo, Ruth G. Higgs, Eileen F. Gates, Carolyn M. Fitzwistle, Sonia P. Hancher, Donna J. Distad, R. Inez Bray. (Standing) Raymond H. Shegogue, Jr., Iyle P. Schertz, Leo D. Wallace, Robert O. Link, Martin G. Schubkegel, Benflett D. Poage, Mildred S. Allen, Janette A. Pesch, James O. Howard, Callan E. Duffy, Walter S. Greene, Herbert W. Ford, William S. Caras, William H. Cameron.



# Coaching Little League

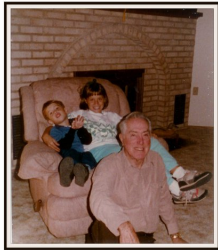


RAYBO





*My family continues to grow and mature.*



Above: Mickey weds Ginger  
Left: with Mickey's children Brett and Kelly  
Right: My great grandson, John Raymond, great granddaughter, Katie and grandson Brett.



Standing: Joyce, Katie, Brett, Kellie (Jeni's daughter), Kelly and Mickey.  
Sitting: Rick Graham (Tami's Husband), Tami, their daughter Shelby, Myself, Waueta and Raymond

## RAYBO



Summer vacations were spent in Clear Lake, Iowa visiting Wauneta's folks each August. We relaxed, played golf, swam in the lake and ate some superb sweet corn. After Mickey was married, he continued the tradition one year with his first born Kelly. The year this photo was taken I was on crutches suffering from gout.

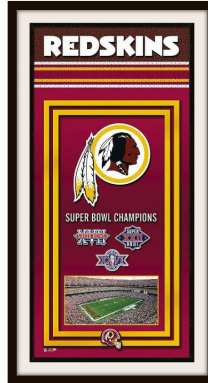
Standing: Ray, Opal Mahoney, (Ruth's cousin),  
Ruth Fankell (Wauneta's mother)

Sitting: Wauneta, Kelly and Mickey



*After thirty-four years of federal service I retired.  
We moved to Winchester, VA and built our current home.*



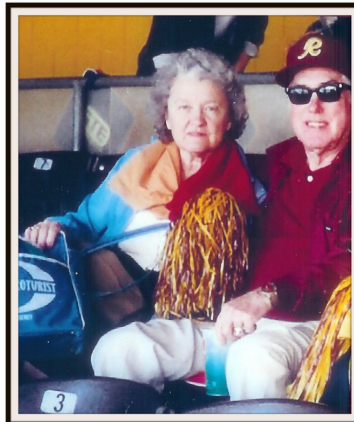


As huge Redskins fans, Wauneta and I attended 3 Super Bowls in California.

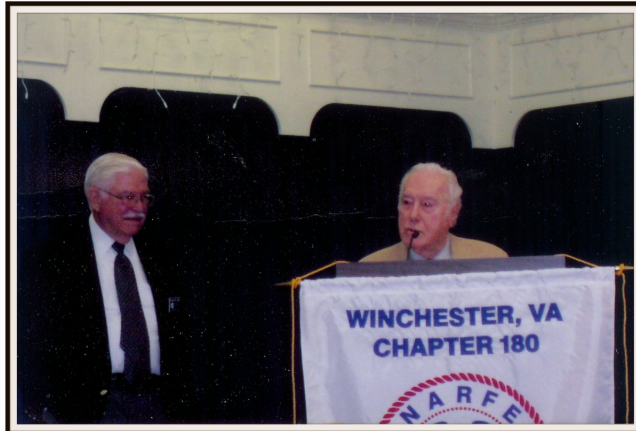
The first was Super Bowl VII at the Coliseum under George Allen when we lost 14 to 7.

The second was Super Bowl XVII in 1983 under Joe Gibbs held in Pasadena, where we triumphed over the Miami Dolphins 27-17.

The Third was Super Bowl XXII in 1988, again under Joe Gibbs, held in San Diego where we beat the Denver Broncos 42-10.



Washington Redskins Fans



In retirement I took on numerous volunteer activities. I was an active member in NARFE an organization dedicated to protecting the retirement benefits of federal civilian retirees and served as president of the VA chapter. I volunteered with the American Red Cross, Cancer Society and the Congregational Community Action Project and read to the children with the First Step to Literacy Project at Handley Library. Wauneta and I also visited and danced at nursing homes twice a month.



## RAYBO



### *Always "In the Mood" to dance!*

On moving to Winchester we joined several dance clubs and followed our favorite big bands around the Northeast.

For many years I was proud to be asked to perform the opening dance with the Apple Blossom Queen.

Left: At age 89 here I am, dancing with Miss Apple Blossom 2010, Shannon Beam.

Below left: Wauneta and I pose with our "In The Mood" silhouette award.

Below right: Wauneta and I kick up our heels at the Apple Blossom Senior Adults luncheon.



In 1985 Wauneta and I made our film debut as extras in the movie *Sweet Dreams: The Life and Times of Patsy Cline* starring Jessica Lange and Ed Harris. When the call went out for extras, we were not only selected but were featured dancing in the opening scene.

# World Travelers



Helsinki ~ Finland



Toledo ~ Spain



Hawaii

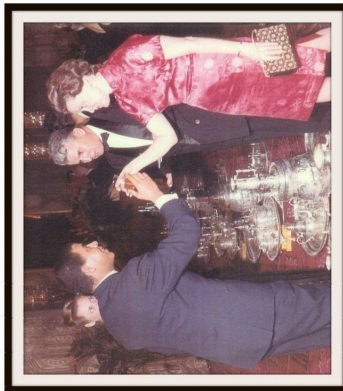
I have traveled to eighty-six countries and providences, visited every state and state capital in the US and circled the globe a dozen times.



Edinburgh ~ Scotland



Tiananmen Square, Peking ~ China

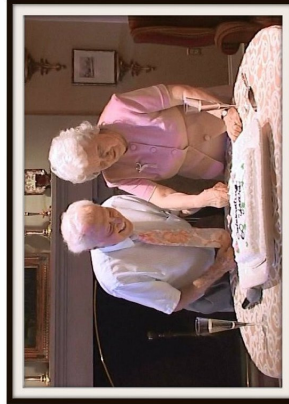


Embassy FAS Function



# CELEBRATING

*50 ~ 60 ~ 65 Years!*



**The Winchester Star**  
**CONGRATULATIONS**



MR. and MRS.  
 RAYMOND H. SHEGOGUE JR.  
**50 Years**

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond H. Shegogue Jr. of Winchester recently celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary.

They were married on June 25, 1947, in the United Methodist Church in Clark Lake, Iowa. They moved to Winchester in 1983.

They have two sons, Raymond of Waldorf, Md., and Michael W. of McLean; five grandchildren; and four great-grandchildren.

*Memoirs*



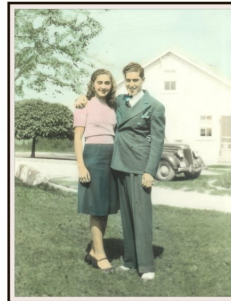
My Sons, Raymond and Mickey



Daughter-in-Laws Joyce and Ginger



My sisters Shirley and Ruth



Me with my sister Fannie



My grand, great and great-great grand children  
Standing: Nicole, Jeni, Brett, Tami, Shelby, and Kelly  
Sitting: Macey, Shayla, Katie, John, and Sierra.  
Missing from this picture are: Kellie, John Raymond, Jimmy, Livi and Mia

# My Progeny

## Children

Raymond L. Shegogue  
Michael W. Shegogue

## Grand Children

Tami Jeni Nicole Kelly Brett

## Great Grand Children

Shelby Macey Shayla  
Katie Kellie John Raymond  
Jimmy Livi

## Great Great Grand Children

Marc Mia

Anyway, upon arriving on Midway, I was again acquainted with the 90 mm anti-aircraft squad, assigned to both the guns and range sections. We lived together in a small Quonset hut, only single bunks, no double bunks like Oahu. I always chose the top bunk because I didn't want someone's rear end pushing down into my face. The lower bunk was more convenient since you had all your equipment at floor level. No real problem. Leaping into and out of the top bunk kept you agile and nimble. On Midway, we each had our own bunk.

This is the time that "Slim" P. and I became friends. It was also when we attended the USO show. The headliner of the show was Betty Hutton, the dynamite, blonde bombshell from Hollywood—she put on a rousing song and dance show.

It was the first time I was close to a movie star. I did see Bob Hope and Jerry Colona at a show on Oahu but I was five hundred yards away from the stage.

Well, Miss Betty spotted Slim in the audience, cooed and made a fuss over him. She asked his name, which he gave. Not too much later, he got a letter from her giving him, her address in Hollywood. She asked him to contact her when he got back to the States.

In addition to our assignments in the anti-aircraft 90 mm section, we also had to perform guard duty. My guard was climbing a rickety wooden tower with ladder-like steps, passing through a trap door and landing on a small wooden platform with a small enclosure and telephone. Outside the enclosure, on the small wooden platform stood a large telescope. The tower was the highest point on the island. The telescope was used to scan the surrounding ocean for enemy submarines and other enemy actions.

Now, let's digress for a moment. I'm sure that most of you have seen the movie entitled *Midway*. The movie depicts the conflict between U.S. and Japanese forces. The Japanese were intent on seizing control of Midway and sent an armada of ships to defeat our Navy, invade the island, and thereby provide them with a strategic position in the Pacific. In the movie, one of the scenes depicts a

## RAYBO

Japanese direct bomb hit on this very same tower. When I see this scene, I get a twinge; thankful, I was not there in that time and place.

Occasionally, we would be assigned to beer detail. This would require us to travel by barge through the harbor to the big island where ships could be off-loaded. In fact, mail and all supplies had to be delivered to that island because, as I stated, our island was too small. We would load the cases of beer into the barge and transported them back to the smaller island and stored the cargo in the appointed warehouses. I tell you this because this would be one of the few times when we could drink all the beer we wanted without payment—what a happy hour! Otherwise, we enjoyed a lonely, miserable existence—ah, thank goodness for the gooney birds!

We endured typhoons, which inundated the island and caused havoc with our footlockers and other equipment.

Following Midway, I was shipped back to Hawaii (Oahu), where I was assigned to an army outfit for a brief training related to filming anti-aircraft firing at bomber planes. Remember I was a motion picture projectionist and range finder for 90 mm guns. The Corps must have read my résumé and needed my talents. Slim, I and a couple other Marines were assigned to this duty. We trained for a few weeks. During this period, I was able to visit and renew old acquaintances former Kaneohe (men) and Waikiki (women) friends.

Later, we were shifted out to Guam with brief stopovers on Eniwetok (an atoll in the Marshall Islands—site of later U. S. atomic and hydrogen bomb tests) and Kwajalein, another atoll located in the Marshall Islands.

On Guam, we carried out assignments, including training 90 mm people in firing these guns and taking and showing film of anti-aircraft firing. We also performed guard duty (always guard duty) and searched for Japanese holed up on the island. Guam became a training center for Army, Navy and Marine personnel for our scheduled invasion of Japan. We were already bombing Japan from Guam and other island bases. I could tell you several stories of my time spent on

the island but I'll leave it to your imagination—beer sorties, and confrontation with Japanese prisoners and other time-relief activities.

Then, the President—Harry S. Truman—saved the day for thousands of U.S. and allied troops by ordering the use of the atomic bomb on Hiroshima and Nagasaki, Japan in August, 1945. His decision resulted in the unconditional surrender of the Japanese; thus, avoiding a more disastrous conclusion of the war with potentially hundreds of thousands, maybe millions, of casualties on both sides. It should be noted that my younger brother Jack was stationed aboard the U.S.S. Missouri, where the formal surrender took place on September 1, 1945.

We had a point system for rotation back to the States. I acquired the requisite number of points, but my rotation was out of the question due to the upcoming, planned invasion of Japan. (Thank you, Mr. President.)

Fortunately, I was relieved of transfer to Japan for duty with occupation forces. Eventually, I was assigned to a transient center on Guam, a mobilizing area, for returning home. A few days before moving to the transient center, I came down with the flu. I refused to go to “sick bay.” To do so would only prolong my return stateside.

Talk about camaraderie, the guys in my tent, about ten of us, made up a pool of thirty dollars to buy a fifth of liquor from the See-Bees located nearby. That thirty dollars represented a month's pay for the most of us; some less, if you had family allotments taken from your paycheck. They fed me the liquor, and kept me under heavy blankets to make me sweat, which I did—profusely. Some of the boys also had a swig—an expensive swig. We remained there for a few weeks.

Finally, I left from the center on Guam with the unit. This was in late November, 1945. We were taken aboard a troop ship, built to hold about twelve hundred people, including ship personnel. There were fifteen hundred or more of us aboard that “tub.”

We had breakfast at six a.m. and dinner about five-thirty or six p.m., with nothing in between. Starving, I would go to the chow line

## RAYBO

and beg for a piece of bologna. (I won't tell you the Marine Corps description.) The galley boys threw me a piece of meat as if I were a dog. I grabbed it and ate.

Then my fertile mind conceived a bright idea. I learned if you were on work detail, you were entitled to lunch. I found an old dilapidated broom with little or no straw for sweeping. I would take the broom to the mess hall. The system worked—I received lunch. There are many stories I could recount but it would be too time-consuming.

On the way home, we encountered a typhoon. One night, the typhoon rocked, rattled and rolled our small ship severely. I was living high on the hog aboard ship, playing cards in the eating area, using stand-up tables that slipped into grooves in the floor. When the ship rolled from side to side, we would hold our cards until the ship righted and the tables slid back to us and, then, continue playing. There was one Marine using such a sliding table to paint. He was sitting off to the side. He would wait patiently until the ship shifted to his side, returning his table and picture, and continue painting.

We eventually made it back to San Diego—safe and sound. We were bivouacked in the boondocks at Camp Pendleton until we were put aboard trains for the East Coast. It was the first time that I had sheets on my bunk in over two years. I will avoid going further in describing my stay at Pendleton other than to say it was interesting.

We traveled east by the northern route through mountains, farmland and industrial areas of the country. I recall the stopover in Chicago. I intended to step out onto the platform. It was so cold I immediately retreated to the warm confines of the train. It was early in December and I longed for the warmth of the jungle—not really!! They dropped me off at Bainbridge, Maryland Naval Air Station for discharge. There, the discharge processing began and ended.

Remember my promotion to PFC back in Hawaii? Well, I had never worn that stripe. The second lieutenant said that if I wanted to be discharged, I had better wear it. I haughtily tossed my tunic back at him and told him to sew it on. He handed it to a private (who else?) to

sew it on. I don't believe the private had a tailoring class. The coat came back with the stripe sewed sideways. Aha! This was my chance to needle the lieutenant. I said, "If you want me to wear this stripe, it should be attached in a proper Marine Corps manner." I had the lieutenant, but he had the private—for whom I felt sorry after the incident. Suffice it to say, I wore the stripe, then received my honorable discharge from the U.S. Marine Corps on December 6, 1945, a day the sun set gloriously in the west, while I became a civilian. Of course, they sewed on the ribbons and placed medals over the left side of the blouse—they also sewed a little yellow insignia we called the "ruptured duck," denoting you as a discharged Marine.

I wore the uniform as a suit since I had no other clothes and no money. Remember the Marine Corps got my suit at the onset of Boot Camp and never returned it. There were no other clothes to buy, even if I had the money. I had the uniform dyed brown in color. And my sister Ruth found a green flannel shirt, which became a part of my attire. Before I dyed the suit, I was at a theatre, in uniform, and they had a contest in which I had no intention of participating. After much badgering, being pushed and pulled to the stage, I became a reluctant contestant. I won the contest, which was determined by audience applause. I was introduced by the master of ceremonies,

"And now, ladies and gentlemen, let me introduce you to this cute-looking Marine."

—All my life I have been referred to as "cute"—not good-looking, not ugly—just "cute." To this day, I do not understand what is meant by "cute." I believe the only reason people refer to me that way, out of the goodness of their collective hearts; they don't want to call me "ugly," sparing my feelings—

However, to finish the story, I was disqualified. Remember the "yellow duck" insignia on my blouse? The emcee noticed and determined that the contest was for only active service men, not those recently discharged. The audience put up a howl and I was awarded

## RAYBO

second place. I guess, by default. How embarrassing can it be to finish second by default?

### *Return to Civilian Life*

The first Christmas home, after spending the two previous ones in the Pacific, made for interesting developments. I had little or no money, save for my discharge payment. I bought Raymond a Lionel train with a headlight and smoke emanating from the engine. Great gift; except that it was broken. However, after some make-shift adjustments by his uncle and grandfather, the train served its purpose. It took all my money. I didn't have the luxury to adjust to civilian life.

In early January, 1946, I returned to the office of USDA. After a few handshakes, I was told to report to the Personnel Office for assignment. I went to the office, introduced myself to the officer-in-charge, a lady named Mrs. C. She said there really wasn't anything that she could do for me—no openings or prospects for a job. I insisted that I needed work and was entitled to return to my place of previous employment at my old GS-3 rating. She argued that I was never a GS-3, as she flipped through my very thin folder. I retrieved the folder, went through each page and pointed to the document proving that I was a GS-3. I am sure she knew this. She was not cooperative. She wanted to know how my experience warranted such employment—this was homecoming? I looked her in the eye and said, “I can take a machine gun, tear it down and put it back together in thirty seconds. What other experience do I need? (Note: actually, it would take me longer to achieve this objective.) She was startled by my response and told me to come back to her office at a later date.

I was back at an *earlier* date. She sent me to a Mr. L., who was Branch Director for Accounting Procedures. He, in turn, said he didn't know what to do with me. However, he had one office in which to place me—a small section, maybe a half dozen or so employees, all Afro-Americans with an Afro-American woman supervisor. She

apparently put up a fight, objecting to my becoming an employee in her section. When we were introduced, she told me that she was not going to tolerate any disruption to her unit—that she had this all black unit and wanted it kept that way. She was proud of her unit and did not want some white guy in it. And I understood her perspective.

At this stage, and my dire need for employment, I reverted back into my Marine Corps mentality. I told myself: “This is like eating candy compared with your service time. Suck it up and show them what you are really made of—persevere.”

That lady’s section became a very popular place over the first week of my employment. Her office maintained records and data kept by accountants and others analyzing and processing travel and other type vouchers. Suffice it to say, it was a magnet office for all those white folks to feast their eyes in the all black unit. Remember, this was the real period of rednecks and blackness—segregation. And yours truly was right smack dab in the middle of it all. Snickers, giggles, pointing, whispering and outright guffaws from outside the office door reached my ears loud and clear. Through it all, I remained calm, biding my time until I was able to proceed with future plans.

About a week or so later, I was told that Mrs. R wanted to see me. Mrs. R had been absent from the office during this charade. She is the chief of the unit, which contained two offices—one white, one black. Her desk was situated in a manner that she had full view of all activity taking place in both sections. Nothing passed her unnoticed.

She greeted me with a scowl. She asked what I was doing in the black office. I told her I was assigned there. She said, “Well, you’re not assigned there any longer—get over here in this section and I’ll assign you work!”

“Yes ma’am!”

Maybe, at this juncture, these women had taken over in the absence of men away in the service. The women not only had performed notably but were adamant about not relinquishing their jobs to returning veterans. On the other hand, I learned that some of

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the veterans never left Washington, taking up jobs in the Pentagon and assuring they were receiving promotions in absentia. I was naïve about the whole process.

Back to Mrs. R. It didn't take her long to determine that I was being shafted and was not a "disruptive" force. She learned I was an eager worker and an achiever. She had other talks with me on my desire to renew my education (which I did). During one of our conversations, she learned that I was in the Marine Corps and her son Richard also was a Marine, who had participated in the bloody fight for Iwo Jima. For years, Richard would have particles of shrapnel oozing from his body as a result of that action.

Although I was no math wiz, I enjoyed working in that small accounting office. My fellow employees were hard-working and congenial. Mrs. R found that I had never received the in-grade salary promotion that I was entitled to while I was in the military, nor had I received my ten-point disability credit (for my broken arches), which later came in handy during future reductions-in-force. Mrs. R left us to become the Administrative Officer for the newly-created Office of Requirements and Allocations (OR&A) established to handle distribution of agricultural commodities during the Korean War.

Meanwhile, I was becoming discontented with remaining a GS-4, a promotion I had received from Mrs. R. I went to the Assistant Division Chief, explaining to him about the shabby treatment I earlier received from his superiors and others. He said, "Ray, you are doing a great job and we have our eye on you. We don't have any openings at this time, but you are on our list."

You know one—when you hear one, right? I said, "Clyde, I'll give you two weeks and if you don't come through, I'm out of here!"

Don't ask why I said this because I really don't know. Perhaps, it was a culmination of my frustrations, hurt and anger. It was a bluff—nothing more. About a week after this confrontation, I received a call from Mrs. R. She told me she was working hard and was entrenched

in her new job and surroundings. However, due to her heavy work load, she needed an assistant.

“Ray, would you like to come, work with me? You will start at a GS-5.” Now with utmost humility, you know there is a God in heaven, Who looks down on poor, miserable souls and says, “He needs a helping hand.”

A couple weeks later, I was Assistant Administrative Officer of OR&A. Yes sir, I was.

At this juncture, I want to return briefly to my stint in the Fiscal Division. While there, I met the love of my life. She worked down the hall from my office. I knew of her slightly. One weekend I was going to take Friday off from work. As always, I was short of money. I called her office to see if she would make sure my check was pushed through the system. She said she would do better than that; she would personally mail it from a street mailbox to avoid the intra-department system. She was true to her word. I received the check in time. I told her I owed her a Coke at the snack bar.

Her name? Wauneta—another heaven-sent gift that I received during my tumultuous, early years. I upheld my end of the bargain by inviting her to join me at the snack bar for a Coke and a chat. This was the beginning of a beautiful relationship. Her easy-listening manner and congeniality brought us together. We had fun and she was, and is, a joy to behold. I say in all candor, some sixty-seven years since I met her, she is a true and faithful friend, wife and mother—“Keep on dancing, Doll.”

### *Education*

When I left the service, I immediately began studies to acquire my high school diploma. This began in January, 1946. I needed a few credits to accomplish the task. During that period, the D.C. school system published a notice in the newspaper that the Education

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Department would be conducting a three-day examination, resulting in diplomas for those successfully passing the test.

With nothing to lose but much to gain, I took the test. As a result, I received my diploma. I was also assured that my test scores would serve as my entrance exam into the American University (AU).

In the fall of 1946, I began attending classes at AU under the government-sponsored GI Bill. In those days, AU had two campuses. The main campus was located off Nebraska Avenue in Northwest D.C., situated in a typically beautiful university setting. The other campus located at Nineteenth and F Streets, NW, was comprised of classrooms converted for that purpose from a row of townhouses located along F Street. I attended all classes at the downtown locations, except for one or two at the main campus. Actually, downtown was mainly for those students working toward their Masters and Doctorates, where the curricula were established for those purposes. As a result, most of my courses were advanced.

The downtown campus served my needs the best. I left the office at five-thirty p.m. (quitting time), run across the Monument grounds and up the ensuing streets to 19<sup>th</sup> and F. On one corner was a drug store serving sandwiches; on the other corner, were buildings housing classrooms. If time permitted, I would grab a sandwich; munching on it, as I hurried to class. Roll call was taken within five minutes of class time. You never wanted to be charged as absent, because the instructors were strict about adhering to government regulations.

My vocabulary left a lot to be desired resulting from my service time and Marine Corps lingo and salty language. So, the first courses I took were English—English grammar and anything else related to speaking publicly or otherwise. Between office-work during the day and night school, I had little or no time to study. This was discouraging, if not downright untenable. As a “working” student, I was not allowed to take more than nine credits per semester.

I did not attend classes in the summer—only the fall and spring semesters. The downtown campus had no air-conditioning. After

working in a non-air-conditioned office all day, with papers sticking to your sweaty arms, I was not about to punish myself further by sitting in a heated atmosphere. Besides, being young and having family responsibilities left me no incentive to torture myself further year-round. Therefore, it took me about eight years to receive my Bachelor of Science (B.S.) degree in Public Administration.

Was it worth it? Was it needed? My answer is an unequivocal “Yes.” I spent the most productive years of my professional career working in the Foreign Agricultural Service (FAS), competing mainly with people holding Master’s and Doctorates in Agricultural Economics. Education was a motivating factor in job placements and promotions.

During this rough period of adjustment after the War, Raymond’s mother and I divorced. Wauneta and I were married on June 25<sup>th</sup>, 1947 after a year of courtship. Wauneta was a source of love, caring and assistance. She typed many papers for me and one thick book of notes, which later earned me a “B” in a course known for an instructor, who gave A’s and B’s only to graduate students (who needed to receive the high grades or forfeit their degrees.) The instructor also happened to be Dean of the Public Administration Department, which was my major course of study.

Wauneta also helped me through this period by taking care of my mother, who was paralyzed head to toe from a massive stroke. Others involved in our family life included one sister, who later lost her husband in an automotive accident during her first pregnancy, another sister who lost her leg due to hardening of the arteries and her husband to cancer. At times, later, my father also stayed with us, as did Wauneta’s mother, who lived with us for about five years before her passing. In other words, Wauneta served as a rock and foundation in support of both our families. We endured our hard times, but Providence has been good to us and we are truly grateful.

*Michael*

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During this period of working by day and schooling by night, there arrived in our lives another bundle of joy Michael William (Mickey) on September 20<sup>th</sup>, 1953—to be exact. Wauneta had worked up until Mickey's birth. She had an important job representing her agency at the Civil Service Commission and in other forums. She preferred being a mother. Using her retirement income and our hard-earned, although meager savings, we placed a down payment on a newly built home in Hillcrest Heights, Maryland, with a twenty-year mortgage.

Wauneta, Raymond and I moved from our apartment the First of September, 1953, and brought my mother, who was paralyzed, to live with us. Mickey arrived a few weeks later, in time to enter a brand, new home. We also hired a lady to stay with us to help care for my mother, who was totally incapacitated. We purchased a hospital bed for her to make life more comfortable.

Mickey was an adorable child, small and wiry with gifted intelligence. He was a pleasure to all who watched him grow into adulthood. Raymond was the older brother by nearly 12 years, but the two melded together nicely. As he grew, Mickey participated in many sports and was presented with the Athlete of the Year award from our local Boys Club. He also was awarded the "Best Offensive Player of the Year" in Baseball for his high school. He received many other youth sports awards and has the hardware to show for them.

During his formative years, he was among those students at the top of his class. The crowning achievement was reaching the lofty status of becoming a member of the National Honor Society (NHS); thus, following in his mother's footsteps. It is interesting to note that he was one of only two "jocks," who marched in the graduation wearing the gold sash, symbolizing the NHS.

Mickey had a health setback in his junior high school years; contracting Rheumatic Fever. He never missed a beat in school work; receiving visiting instructions (in-home tutoring) in Algebra, French and other required studies from caring neighbors.

His college work at Willamette University in Salem, Oregon was even more impressive. He finished his requirements for his Bachelor of Arts degree in History in three and a half years, a half semester early. The savings enabled his mother to accompany me on an around-the-world trip in the Spring of 1975. Thank you, Michael. And thanks for taking care of the house while we were away. We had fun. Mickey has always been a source of pride to his mother and me.

*Foreign Agricultural Service (FAS) – USDA*

Following my employment in the Production & Marketing Administration's (PMA) Office of Requirements and Allocations, during the Korean War, I had attained a promotion to become the Administrative Officer (AO) of the agency. I became responsible for personnel, budgeting, and all other agency administrative duties in support of our (line) program people. This was, again, a demanding position, which I humbly believe I fulfilled with aplomb.

My office support consisted of my assistant Art L., who mainly handled budget duties, a secretary and three Afro-Americans (two clerks and a messenger). These latter three were treated much better than I had been in a similar position. (Remember the all black unit?) I made every effort to see that they were awarded raises.

My former secretary (Jane W.) left me for better pastures. She was an outstanding employee, gifted and hard-working. In those days, the White House would call our agency to request secretarial and other help with which, of course, we provided. On two occasions, I loaned them my secretary. One day, she came to me to say that the White House wanted to keep her. Out of loyalty to me, she was reluctant to take on the new assignment. I assured her that she should take the job, since it was a promotion and could lead to other, higher positions.

Jane W. was always grateful and kept in touch. Her husband, who worked for the telephone company at the time, later accepted a communications job in Government service. He and Jane ended up

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assigned to the U.S. Embassy in Tokyo, Japan. They enjoyed great careers, and I am proud of them both. Jane's husband visited Wauneta in the hospital when she gave birth to Mickey—small world.

When Dwight Eisenhower was elected President, his Republican administration followed a long rein by the Democrats. The Republicans took over the reins of government with a vengeance, or so it seemed. Remember, General Eisenhower was the darling of World War II GIs. And this fact was proven by his ascendancy to the Presidency. For Secretary of the Agriculture Department, he appointed Ezra Taft Benson, who was of the Mormon persuasion.

I recalled Secretary Benson sent a memorandum to each employee, demanding a full day's work for a full day's pay. I had no problem with the demand, but the tone and demeanor of the letter left me disillusioned. At the time, I was working overtime (no overtime pay). Remember, I was attending school at night and trying to help Wauneta maintain a semblance of decorum at home.

The election of a new administration instigated a complete shake-up at the Department. Aside from the trauma of personnel shifts, demotions and reductions in force i.e., GS-14's being offered GS-3's—take it or leave it—and other unconscionable actions on the Administrator's part, some of us survived. Reductions-in-force (RIFs), and reductions-in-grade (RIGs) were the order of the day.

Part of our former, dismantled office personnel were transferred to the agency that replaced the old granddaddy—from the Agricultural Adjustment Administrations (AAA) to the Production and Marketing Administration (PMA)— what an agency! Others, including myself, were transferred from PMA to the FAS.

Here again, I was blessed with good fortune.

As Administrative Officer for budget purchases, I would allot my salary, etc., evenly among all the budgeted items involved in our agency. I did this since, as the Administrative Officer responsible for non-programming activity, this was the correct approach.

In making decisions as to my new assignment, I could have been assigned to either FAS or the agency now taking over the defunct PMA. It was obvious to me where the “talent” was heading—FAS. I opted for FAS, but was rejected by the man in charge of the reassignments. This gentleman had been serving as an Assistant Secretary under the Democrats and had enough political pull and support that he was assigned to FAS as an Assistant Administrator for personnel matters. And he didn’t want me. Remember, I am still attending college at night and he was dealing with personnel who held advanced degrees. You can see his point.

However, I had made a name for myself over the years—hard-working, industrious, good humor—and as I told my staff, we were here to serve and support our professional people by doing anything and everything to make their work easier and productive. We were family. I transferred to FAS.

At that time, in 1954, the Congress enacted legislation dealing with our mounting agricultural surpluses. Remember, this was post-World War II and the American farmers (bless them) were called on to produce enough food, cotton and tobacco to satisfy the needs of our troops at home and abroad, as well as our domestic needs and those of our allies across the globe. This was a daunting task. Our American farm families distinguished themselves well in fulfilling that task.

New legislation was needed to focus on these problems. Thus, when things settled down at War’s end, farm prices dropped. The American farmer was left with surpluses, even after the successful Marshall Plan brought our goods, as well as peace and tranquility, to those countries devastated by the War.

Congress passed new legislation, referred to as the Agricultural and Adjustment Act of 1954 (Public Law 480)—later, referred to as the “Food for Peace” program. This piece of legislation was complicated and diverse in its goals and actions. To me, it was a great piece of legislation and one, which defined my career from 1954 to

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1975. It resulted in one of the most formidable foreign policy tools at our Presidents' disposal over the years.

At the time I entered FAS, I was a GS-11 (Administrative). I was placed in the Programming Division, a whole new and unknown world. For the first two years, I toiled in a field totally diverse from whence I had come; that is, the administrative, support arena. Now I was introduced to the program side of the department, to agricultural commodities; their component parts, hybrids, types, etc. This was an extreme learning process; absorbed largely on my own, through reading and performing tasks involving individual commodities.

For example, in one of my first jobs, I served as liaison for FAS and the Department and the Department of Commerce relating to matters on export control for agricultural commodities sold commercially to Country R. It was my job to coordinate and clear each application with our FAS commodity experts. One of the key policy developments at that time was to disallow shipping agricultural commodities to Country R. and other communist countries, which might provide them with a means of furthering their production in coming years. Our commodity approvals only provided for immediate consumption. Remember, this was during the "Cold War" period; thus, we sold for dollars and had an export sales criterion—no hybrids—and we also limited the commodities as to quality. Good policy. I was involved in the decision-making. This was step one in my "program" career development.

Step two found me as Assistant Coordinator for PL-480, Title I programs. However, there was this departure. Under our program the Secretary of Agriculture had to determine the commodities, quantities and countries we would program. Many factors had to go into making these determinations. The Secretary established two committees. One committee was established within USDA, with the Secretary as Chairman, to determine the supply of commodities. The second committee was established in FAS and was named the Inter-Agency Staff Committee (ISC). The membership in this committee included

the State Department; the Agency for International Development, Commerce, Treasury, Office of Management and Budget (OMB) and others, including, at times, the White House. This committee was necessary, due to the international involvement of the U.S. in the post war world. At this point, I reiterate that PL-480 was, and has remained, one of the most important policy tools at the President's disposal, involving our relations with foreign governments.

The Department's Administrator and Assistant Administrator were heavily involved in both committees, serving as Executive Secretary of the USDA Secretary's Commodity Determination Committee and as Chairman of the Inter-Agency Staff Committee. As far as my involvement was concerned, it was where the rubber met the road.

The Administrators apparently were not pleased with the development of the verbose minutes, emanating from their committee meetings. Meanwhile, I had been coordinating the Country R's commercial purchases.

The next thing I knew, the task of taking and preparing minutes for both committees fell to me. I do not take short hand. I do not type. I did learn brevity. Keep those minutes short in a summary manner. Now, this proved the greatest learning experience of my career. After each meeting, I would try to summarize the problem, solution and final decision. During the meetings, I would scribble like crazy; eventually, learning some short-cuts to what was being discussed. Don't forget these were high policy people, interacting with each other on matters affecting national and foreign policy. And here I was—a ragtag employee—in the middle of it all. As I say, it was a tremendous learning experience.

I would select a commodity expert and pick his brain as to what was happening, and why conclusions were made. I also prepared the agenda. Now before anyone thinks I'm running the show, please understand that nothing should be further from your mind. My bosses would also be involved and were fully aware of what took place and monitored the required outcome. They appreciated my efforts, but

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always had their input and made corrections or deleted or added statements I had proposed. It served me well and they were pleased with the “leg work” and input that saved them many, many man-hours of oversight. And, of course, working with committee people proved beneficial to my future work.

At this point, I should mention one patriarch and mentor—M. O’L. He was a red-headed, hard-drinking Irishman, who wrote and directed all activities pertaining to PL-480 programming. In particular, he administered the regulations resulting from affiliations for eligible foreign governments relating to purchase authorizations to go into U.S. markets of our commodities, using U.S. and foreign banking institutions, U.S. and foreign shipping companies and all the detailed work involved. He was one smart cookie. He later became Assistant Administrator and assumed all duties relating to the Program.

I mentioned this because he played an important role in my career development. He was not easy on me. He gave me rough assignments. But to his credit, he made me a better employee. I recall one time when President Kennedy took office, he appointed George McGovern as his Food for Peace Director working out of the White House.

Mr. O’L asked me to write a white paper summarizing the PL-480 legislation, the program development, commodity use, general terms of our agreements with foreign countries and use of foreign currencies generated by our sales under the Program. In other words, it was a primer for Mr. McGovern to generalize the legislation for him and familiarize him with the Program.

I prepared the paper and gave it to the boss. After making some changes, he had his secretary type it up in final form, handed it to me and said, “Make an appointment to see Mr. McGovern and hand-carry it to him.” I was abashed at his orders. Remember, I was just a GS-12 at the time. Orders are orders!

I met with Mr. McGovern at his office. He was most cordial and expressed his appreciation for the work that went into the paper and was looking forward to being involved in the Program.

It should be noted, prior to that assignment, I had been to the White House grounds only to stand outside to wave and applaud some arriving dignitary. The Government sends employees with security clearances from different Departments to these affairs (for show purposes only). I recall I did visit the White House one other time—I visited the West Wing, when I was a messenger for USDA's AAA. What a country!

About this time, I assumed my duties for PL-480 countries. The Programming Division was the office that developed foreign country programs and presented them to an interagency staff committee (ISC) for approval. This included developing agreements—spelling out our commodities, quantities, dollar values and rules governing the use of foreign currency derived from the sales. Each agreement needed to be developed and written separately, as it related to the recipient country involved. Most agreements were negotiated by our ambassador and agricultural attachés posted in our embassies abroad. Negotiating instructions accompanied proposed agreements. Proposed changes to the content of the agreement were referred back to Washington (and the coordinator) for approval or disapproval. Without addressing this further, please note that the Food for Peace Program was complicated, due to the very nature of the PL-480 legislation.

The Program Development Division was delineated according regions of the world. These regions included Latin and South America, Europe, the Middle East, South Asia and the Far East.

I eventually worked with countries in all regions. I was recognized for devotion to duty. During 1966-1968, India suffered a devastating drought. Starvation of six hundred million people was in the offing. The Coordinator for India held a PHD; was a former Agricultural Attaché to Country R. and, later in his career in FAS, became the Assistant Administrator for all FAS attaché services abroad. The Assistant Secretary overseeing our program was not happy with the performance relating to the India Program. At the time, there was heat

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from the White House and Congress relating to our involvement in the world effort to abort approaching famine in India.

The India PL-480 Coordinator was relieved from that assignment— replaced by this little old farm boy from Oxon Hill. (You may look him up in the Congressional Directory.) It was a rough assignment, but I survived. We poured billions of dollars worth of commodities and services into India during my employment, both before and after I took over the program. India survived and is now producing most of its own needs. The poor farmer, world over, suffers the twangs of weather and disease and, to me, is the least appreciated of all producers. My respect for farmers holds no boundaries—been there, done that.

Another interesting tidbit about India, as I mentioned, concerns the U.S. through its endeavors to assist India with an accumulation of up to three billion dollars under the PL-480 Title I (surplus sales) program. While the rupees generated by sales of our surplus commodities to India were used to advance India's development, the accumulated rupees proved to be a source of bitterness on the part of some, misguided to me, Indians.

Patrick Monaghan, who, at the time, was our Ambassador to India, pushed to relieve the agitation between our countries by making a return grant of the surplus rupees to India. While that did not sit well with a horde of people, including me, he kept an ardent appeal for his proposal. Over time, he became more ardent in his endeavors and, at one point, while in Washington, made an appointment to go before the Congressional Agricultural Committee on Capitol Hill to make his case. He did appear before the Committee. And who was sent to accompany him from USDA? This little old farm boy from Oxon Hill.

On the way to the Hill, we discussed some points he should make to the Committee. For example, I mentioned that he would want to assure the Committee that we would retain sufficient rupees for USDA conversion into Third World currencies to carry out agricultural marketing development activities in those countries. (My

position was that we retain sufficient rupees to pay Embassy expenses for several years; thus, saving our U.S. dollars, which were at a premium, and needed for other purposes in India.) I believe we withheld about six hundred million dollars in convertible rupees for our market development activities—a good day’s work. I also suggested that we retain some rupees for scientific research purposes.

Mr. Monaghan, in his own inimitable Irish way, held sway with the Committee, including my suggestions. I mention this only to let you know life is not always sweet. When the Ambassador mentioned the use of reserved rupees for research development, the Chairman pointed his long forefinger at me and admonished me in a not too friendly voice: “You better not let him interfere with my state colleges’ research program!!” Although the chairman’s fears were unfounded, as the two matters were totally separate, I remained quiet. You win a few—you lose a few. All I can say is that I was recognized by the most influential committee chairman at that time in Congress.

The portion of my employment that stands out to me is that I was writing policy, starting at the GS-12 level; albeit, pertaining specifically to the program. As I noted, the legislation was complicated even more so by the annual amendments imposed by Congress. Even the agreement was becoming unduly complicated; especially for foreign officials, and the negotiating in-between followed the pattern. I was a GS-14, full-blown Program Coordinator in charge of the Middle East and South Asia areas. My Director Tom S., a great guy and a terrific leader, understood that the agreements and accompanying documents were becoming too cumbersome and needed refinement.

He established a committee with mostly the ISC membership of State, AID, OMB and Treasury to restructure agreements into three parts. The first and third parts would be applicable to all agreements containing boiler-plate language on the do’s and don’ts of the agreement. The second part and the integral part applied to the needs of the individual country recipients; i.e. commodities—quantities—

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dollar values and use of currencies generated. The first and third parts were forwarded to our embassies. They could be used for all agreements and could be produced and ready beforehand, leaving only the second part with its specific essentials to be sent separately each time. This reduced man-hours of typing, printing and paper work—excellent approach.

The second part of this project was preparation of negotiating instructions for use by our embassies in negotiating agreements. This document would be applicable to all agreements and would also be on hand, fully documented in our embassies. So, to whom did the Director assign this project? You're right. Here comes that little old farm boy again.

This was mainly a one-man job, consulting and working with commodity and other experts, such as lawyers, and employees carrying out duties relating to financing, shipping—rail and trucking. Of course, the main ingredients lent themselves to the legislation.

As I recall, the negotiating instructions were contained in a fairly thick document separated into categories to enhance understanding of all matters pertaining to the legislation and the agreement itself. This assignment, coupled with my programming knowledge, made me a complete entity on all matters dealing with the U.S. PL-480—Food for Peace Program—a multi-billion dollar program designed to rid our farmers of surpluses, relieving depressed prices, and doing good in the world. This occurred, when Americans traveling abroad brought smiles to foreigner's faces and lit up their eyes with excitement. Yes, sometimes you would even get a hug and, always, a hearty handshake.

Oh yes, my work on the negotiating instruction brought forth a citation and cash award. Knowledge acquired from this same negotiating instruction was of assistance when I personally led negotiations with Country S. and others, such as Israel and India.

Subsequently, I was promoted as Director, Foreign Donations Staff. The other assignments were under Title I of PL-480. This assignment was carried out under Title II of that act. While Title I was

a sales program, Title II was a donation or give-away program. We provided commodities to U.S. charitable organizations, approved by the State Department, such as, Church World Services, Catholic Relief Services, Jewish Joint Committee and the World Food Program (WFP), a related arm of the United Nations.

WFP employees were mainly posted in Rome and I, as a U.S. representative, attended semi-annual meetings there. It was made up of countries who had commodity and monetary resources to respond to world need; especially, in time of strife.

As Director, Donations Staff, I represented FAS and the USDA on all matters relating to the program. It was a small but proficient staff. We prepared all position papers relating to the commodity support part of the program and coordinated with ISC on matters pertaining thereto. I also attended the World Food Pledging Conference at the United Nations in New York. I was a member of the U.S. Delegation and Wauneta was able to accompany me on that historical trip.

While I enjoyed the GS-15 assignment and work, I never felt as enthused with that position, as I did when I worked on the Title I aspect, which was less political.

Both titles afforded me extensive travel, which broadened my perspective further. I have been around the world twelve times and to Europe and the Middle East several times—the most enjoyable trips were when Wauneta accompanied me. We had some great times.

The last assignment was when Art Mead took over as Assistant Administrator for PL-480 affairs and named me as his Deputy. Art had an outstanding career. He, too, began in the lowly confines of employment with the Department. Art received his degree from the University of Wisconsin and, later, during his Washington years, received his Masters. He became an outstanding employee, receiving USDA's highest honor at the annual awards ceremony. (I had the good fortune to write the justification for his receipt of the award. I wrote a couple of others, also.)

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Art was a great friend and we enjoyed our social as well as our working times together. Art also later worked for the United Nations as Director of its Regional Office, located in D.C. Art was a highly intelligent but soft-spoken individual and he received respect and adulation from all who came to know him. I can say this because when I retired, a luncheon was held in my honor and he had written in the comments book —“Best damned Deputy I ever had!” Art Mead’s passing leaves a great void in my life.

Art and I had the distinct honor of overseeing the Food for Peace Program. We fought through many adversities such as: a shortage of commodity supplies (yes—surpluses gone); Viet Nam War (rice); lack of funding (budgetary constraints); Congressional and Departmental actions, cutting back on programs and choosing among countries.

It was a fun time. Although I retired at an early age (after thirty-four and a half years of service), I would get the question, “Didn’t you like your job?” I really did. It was exciting. You reported to work and never had a dull day, with State, OMB, AID, USDA Secretary’s office, Congress—someone with a problem? Get it resolved!

I recall the spring of 1975, when I was about to pursue my last official trip. (And Wauneta was going with me—Mickey having graduated college a half year early—extra money). Meanwhile, I was called to jury duty. Although efforts were made to get me dismissed, it did not happen. I recall reporting to the office following jury duty when I was told that I was going to the Hill to attend committee meetings, chaired by Senator Gale W. McGee, Committee Chairman, of the agriculture sub-committee. I was to accompany Under Secretary J. Phil Campbell and our new General Sales Manager.

This meeting began at ten a.m. in the Senate Office Building. That afternoon, I was ordered to Secretary Butz’s office for a meeting. I relate this only to emphasize the diversity and pressures of my job.

Prior to Wauneta and I leaving on my final PL-480 official trip—with my itinerary in place, after lots of adjusting to different logistical problems—I was told that the Secretary had received a telephone call

from Ambassador M., our Ambassador to Country S., whom I had met the past November (1974) when I was in Country S. to negotiate the PL-480 agreement. This followed Dr. Kissinger's trip, when the President opened up new relations with that country.

The Secretary was advised of my pre-determined plans, which included my first stop in Israel. The Secretary responded by saying I was to travel to Country S. forthwith, as Ambassador M. requested. There was a complication in carrying out the agreement. The Ambassador, apparently being pleased with my prior work, felt I was the only one who could get things moving.

My travel plans were revised to go to Athens and on to the capitol of Country S. Remember, Americans were not permitted to travel between Country S. and Israel. To rearrange travel plans, Wauneta had to revise her passport and visa documents. Everything was hectic to get me to the capitol. The State Department picked up Wauneta in a chauffeured limousine, conveying her to the State Department to revise and acquire new documents. We needed two passports—one, specifically for Israel, and one for Country S. Otherwise, we could use either passport for other countries we visited. We arrived in Athens and had a brief but pleasant stay over in that area, enjoying the chance to visit historical ruins and take in the ambience of the old city.

Our next landing was in the capitol of Country S., visiting with the Ambassador and the Agricultural Attaché, reviewing the problem and possible solution to prompt S's officials to initiate the purchase and shipment of commodities as outlined in the agreement. I also brought on the trip one of our experts in this field to help S. proceed. As I have indicated before, our program was complicated and detailed, requiring someone who understood purchasing in the open market, bank-financing using the Commodity Credit Corporation (CCC) credit program, shipping and payment, as well as a horde of other problems. Fortunately, we were able to get the operations in motion. Having finished work on this part of the journey and receiving the gratitude of the Ambassador, my future problems pertained to the true purpose of

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my travel; i.e. to review the status and operations in the Middle East and Asia of our Title I program.

However, I had to travel to Israel, as originally planned, on my first day of the journey. Now comes the rub. I could not travel by air from S's capitol to Tel Aviv. Remember, there were no diplomatic relations between the two countries.

Our embassy wanted me to return to Athens and take another flight from there to Tel Aviv, which would cost me, out of pocket, three hundred dollars to cover Wauneta's portion of the flight. At this point, I flexed some muscles by calling Washington to speak with the boss, Art, who, luckily, was holding a meeting with our inter-agency friends. I explained to him the problem and suggested that a cable be sent from State to our embassy in the capitol of Country J. (This embassy had turned down my request for an immediate visa to enter J. from S., stating it would take two weeks to meet the request. Of course, that length of time was out of the question as I needed to begin immediate travel.) I offered what should go in the cable. For example, I had revised travel plans at the pleasure of State, the agricultural ambassador and officials of Country S. and should be accorded special privileges to get on with my own working schedule. Art followed through, with his committee signing off on the cable at that point. I also suggested that a copy be sent to our ambassador in Israel and the capitol of Country S. Within twenty-four hours we were ready for travel by taxi across the desert to the capitol of Country J.

The morning of departure from that capitol, I went to the embassy to finish up work and to say good-bye to the ambassador and staff. Unfortunately, Wauneta, who is a stalwart traveler, came down with a stomach virus, which I commonly call the "Delhi Belly." It's rough. She is a real trooper as she insisted that we depart on schedule. We crossed the desert, lacking bathroom accommodations; especially, for women. After many hours of bumping travel, we arrived at the County J's border. Before we could cross the border, our vehicle was moved over a pit to allow surveillance of the understructure of the

vehicle for detection of guns, bombs and other suspected terrorist materials. We moved onto the international hotel, whereupon Wauneta sipped tea and both of us were careful of our food intake. The next few days we were provided with car and chauffeur, and were escorted to historical places, including the biblical burning tree. The day also allowed me to review our program with Country J. (At the time, our ambassador to J. was out of the country.)

We again began our overland travel. This time we used our Ambassador to Country J's car and driver. We arrived at bridge on the border with banners flying. Seeing the Ambassador's car with its flag, Wauneta was mistaken for the Ambassador's wife.

Our luggage was checked in at the border station and then hand-carried across the bridge to the Israeli side, where we were met by Dale Douglas, our Agricultural Attaché in Tel Aviv, and his wife Phyllis. We, too, had to traverse the bridge on foot—as you may note—no travel between Israel and its surrounding countries. Now this is the skinny—I noticed truckloads of produce traveling over the bridge between the two countries. What a world!

We had a great time in Israel. The Douglasses were most cordial, with Phyllis, a nurse, giving Wauneta needed shots that she did not have time to get prior to leaving Washington. While I was working, I had to travel to Jerusalem to meet with Israeli officials and not in Tel Aviv (more complications), for our embassy was located in Tel Aviv.

It was great for Wauneta. Phyllis guided her through the old city of Jerusalem. We visited Masada and other biblical and historical points. Two Israeli officials escorted me to Jesus's birthplace. Political tensions were strong in those days. One had to be careful of one's actions and encounters. On other trips, I encountered similar feelings.

We left Israel and flew to Teheran, Iran. Another interesting development—we flew in an Israeli plane. The plane landed and parked about five hundred yards from the terminal. Jeeps and trucks manned by Iranian guards escorted it to the terminal. The plane was moved so close to the building that the only opening was for the doors

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of the plane and the terminal entry way—more security. We stayed at our Agricultural Attaché's home that evening, from where we later departed for Pakistan.

At this juncture, I offer another “Murphy’s Law” example. This took place during the winding down of the Viet Nam War. I had, on another occasion, visited Viet Nam while the War was at its height; mainly, because of the enormous quantity of rice we were shipping there. Rice was a big problem for us, which is a story for another time. The reason I mention it now is that we had large shipments of rice moving to Viet Nam at the end of the War. The ships carrying the rice needed to be diverted and the rice sold to other friendly countries, rather than falling into the hands of the Viet Cong.

Again, besides my own assignments, I was asked to work with Washington and agricultural attachés to get our normal (and not so normal) trading partners to purchase rice (price concessions notwithstanding) and order ships to off-load at new ports. I served as a middle man on this project, while Washington (Art Mead) and the agricultural attachés made the decisions. They did a great job keeping the rice out of enemy hands and diverting it to more peaceful uses.

Art was “Mr. PL-480,” as I named him. As I mentioned, he received the Department’s highest honor award—could not have happened to a greater individual.

I will not go into further discussion about this trip except to say that, due to its many complications, some noted above, it afforded Wauneta to visit more countries than was originally scheduled. In all, we had twenty-one plane take-offs and landings, as well as overland trips. In addition to those mentioned above, she visited during this trip: Pakistan, India, Bangladesh, Indonesia, Thailand, Singapore, Taiwan, The Philippines, Hong Kong and Japan. We ended our sojourn with a stopover in Guam, and finally Hawaii; a destination we had visited many times, both before and since.

Following frolicking time, we traveled to Oregon to visit Wauneta’s relatives and Mickey’s alma mater Willamette University,

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located in Salem, Oregon. The purpose of our visit was to retrieve his diploma, which the school had not sent him; requiring the sheepskin, to be received in person. School officials were reluctant to provide the diploma even to me; until I prevailed upon them, noting it was I who had funded his education. (Remember, Mickey finished a full semester ahead of schedule, which afforded Wauneta's exciting but arduous journey around the world with me. Thank you, Michael!!)

### Retirement

I retired on July 31, 1975. Upon retiring, I accepted a one-time consulting assignment. I wrote a paper for Congress on the Department's implementation of the PL-480 Program, for which I received a small remuneration. Subsequently, I obtained my Maryland real estate license and endured 15% to 17% home mortgage interest rates. There were few sales due to the high interest rates. Those were difficult times in the real estate business and for low income folks working hard to find a home to raise families. I worked diligently to help these low income families to find homes at prices, which allowed them also to meet their other obligations. Yes—difficult times again.

There are stories relating to qualifying home buyers. I recall one young couple I was able to qualify for a home in their price range. During settlement, representatives of the two brokerage houses were withholding \$25 (yes—\$25) that I believe should be returned to the young couple, but I encountered opposition from the brokers claiming it legitimately belonged to them. I put up a strong howl and convincing argument that it rightly belonged to the young buyers—the brokers reluctantly agreed. It was the principle of the matter and I fight for principles—a paltry \$25!! At that time, houses sold for about \$30,000 to \$60,000. That young couple appreciated their “windfall.”

We moved to Winchester on August 1, 1983.

### Civic Volunteer

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I was involved in many civic activities in Hillcrest Heights, Md. I was President of the Silver Hills Dads Club, which served as an auxiliary, fund-raising and coach's organization for the Silver Hills Boys and Girls Club. For ten years, I also coached Boys Club and American Legion baseball teams.

Wauneta assisted me as the team scorekeeper. For those Little League opponents, who had no numbers or names on their uniforms, she kept personally-identifying notes on the opposing line-up to insure they batted in order. Her system helped us on more than one occasion, when the opposition attempted to bat their better hitters out of order.

I was President of both the Benjamin Stoddard Junior High School and Potomac Senior High School Parents and Teachers Associations (PTAs) and held other administrative positions in those organizations during that time. As President of the Potomac Senior High PTA, the principal asked me to chair a group of inter-racial folks at the time of school integration of black and white students. This group was instrumental in easing the racially mixed student body into one cohesive and functioning group—not easy, but effective.

During my retirement years in Winchester, Va., I served as a reader to pre-school children, while Wauneta served as my “Vanna White” in placing cut-out items on a flannel board that matched what I was reading. This project was under the direction of the Winchester City's Library System.

Another activity was my association with our National Association of Retired and Active Federal Employees (NARFE) Chapter 180. At that time, our chapter covered the City of Winchester, as well as Frederick, Clarke, Warner and Shenandoah Counties. Also, I served as state area vice-president, attending meetings in Richmond. I served in many chapter duties, such as Program Chairman, Vice President (with emphasis on recruitment) and President for two terms, followed by the Vice-Presidency for State Affairs. I resurrected one chapter going into default and helped upgrade other chapters.

*More Childhood Memories*

Some I have noted above. Others are too numerous to mention. However, I got religion fairly early, being first baptized Methodist and, later, confirmed in the Episcopal Church at age twelve. I had a lot of devilment in me. You'll recall, I was referred to as "mischievous."

My confirmation took place at St. John's Episcopal in Broad Creek, Prince George's County, Maryland, situated a few miles south of Oxon Hill. (This is the same church George Washington attended, having boated across the Potomac and up Broad Creek from Mount Vernon to the church. There was an American flag in a private pew at the time of my attendance, marking where Mr. Washington sat.)

Following confirmation, I became an altar boy; the only individual who served the priest during communion and prayer during Sunday services. I was fitted with a lace tunic and robe. The robe was too long for me. I looped it under the belt tied around my waist. It served me well for four years; gradually, losing its length around my ankles at the termination of my service.

Father H. was the priest in the beginning. He was subsequently hurt in an auto accident. He was a fine gentleman and a caring individual. He bought me a pair of shoes the year my father was laid up after being struck by an automobile. These were extremely hard times, with my brother and I being the main supporters of our family. I worked on the farm during the long summer and my brother worked various jobs to help the family. (He was out of school at the time.)

I should note that Father H. served two churches. The other being St. Barnabas Episcopal Church located on St. Barnabas Road in the Temple Hills area. (I have relatives buried there, my grandparents and others.) The Father's residence was at St. Barnabas. I imagine his livelihood was meager. *But*—I had shoes.

He came to our house one day to ask why I wasn't in church. My mother informed him of my sole-less (soulful) shoes. I was embarrassed. In those days, you lived as best as you could.

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I recall going into the woods, cutting down trees, dragging them home by hand, and cutting them into logs to fit in the only stove in the house. These were years without electricity; only candlelight or oil lamps. Believe I cleared a forest, though that is an exaggeration. We never had coal, always wood. Coal cost money. Wood was plentiful as were squirrels, rabbits and other nest animals that served as delicacies. There were other embarrassments, which I won't mention here.

Summer times were better than winter. We truck-farmed—raised vegetables, planted fruit trees and gathered wild berries. We had no livestock—cows or pigs. If there was a splurge in spending on a steak we bought at the general store, it was for my father who worked. We ate a lot of fatback (our bacon), beans and turnip greens. In the winter, I would go out on the frozen tundra and look for any sign of a kale, turnip, or beet left lying there frozen. I carried a butcher knife and dug or cut off greens like kale or spinach, water cress, etc.

There are many memories, not always pleasant. Some pleasant ones do come to mind. In earlier years, we walked from Fort Foote (home) to Oxon Hill Elementary/High School. We had no bus transportation. There was my sister Ruth, brother Paul and myself about eight or nine years old at the time. Invariably, a fight would take place with other walking students; usually, on the way home. I must say at this point that my brothers and sisters, myself included, would fight each other at the drop of a hat. However, when it came to fighting others outside the family, we became a band of warrior brothers and sisters. And Ruth, the oldest, could flex her muscles. She would take on all-comers. The roads to and from school were dirty and rocky and the rocks and socks fairly flew—taking no prisoners. Actually, it was little ants like myself that no doubt would start these sorties. No problem. Big Sister would prevail.

We moved often during the Depression for many reasons—never to a place that had in-door plumbing, electricity, central heat or other amenities. This was severely hard on my mother, who had fared well before her marriage. She washed clothes by hand on a scrub board,

leaving in its wake, scarred knuckles, lost fingernails, etc. She did the washing, cooking and was the mainstay of keeping the family body and soul together.

One of her proudest moments I believe was when she attended my Associate's Degree graduation at American University. She had a child obtaining a college education. My final degree came when she was bed-ridden, paralyzed from head to toe. She never complained—always smiling.

When we lived on the farm in the Fort Foote village, we would harvest tomatoes, corn, lettuce, spinach and other farm commodities. My sales were to poor people in the area. Those who had a little money were more likely to do their “shopping” at a general store that carried any conceivable kind of merchandise, including but not limited to, groceries, clothing, medicines, kerosene and auto supplies (tires, wrenches, etc.).

My prices were right. Where could you get a bushel of kale or a pony basket of tomatoes, cucumbers for ten or fifteen cents? My customers were poor and I tried to meet the competition. My main problem resulted from my customers being scattered throughout the village and carrying these baskets of goodies was back-wrenching. Later, as I became older, I would mow my uncle's lawn and perform other work to earn fifty or seventy-five cents.

I would hitch-hike from Oxon Hill to Griffith Stadium, sit in the bleachers and watch the Washington (baseball) Senators. We had pretty good teams in those days and they were true professionals. Hitch-hiking was a safe adventure and, as a forlorn skinny kid, trying to hitch-hike a ride was not too much of a chore, although I was ignored many times. Perseverance is what you needed (and patience).

We lived on the Fort Foote farm, where my father had an old Model-T Ford truck. He would come off the Livingston Road onto the Fort Foote Road, which was an up-hill climb. He would pull the gas throttle full-speed ahead to traverse the incline. Many times, he would not make the grade, which required backing down the hill, reversing

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the truck and backing up the hill. The truck had more power moving backwards than forward. In those days, the countryside was open and sound carried for miles. We kids would be out of bed, horsing around, but we always had an ear out for when he would hit the bottom of the hill. That gave us ample time to allow us to be silently in our wee beds. Weren't we darlings?!

I recall once or twice, we visited an aunt who lived on 11<sup>th</sup> Street, Southeast (SE, near the Navy Yard). And we attended an outdoor silent film. We sat on long wooden benches in the night air.

My mother's relatives lived mainly in the city. There was an aunt and uncle and a son, last name of Kerr, who lived on North or South Carolina Avenue. The son played baseball with his D. C. friends and I would garner an invitation to visit, just to play baseball with them. This, too, only happened once or twice—fun times.

When we lived “next door” to the Sumner Welles estate, we had to walk to school, much further than from Fort Foote. However, the school was located almost directly east from our house. So we would short-cut the distance by walking directly east to school, through farms, woods, pastures and a variety of other topography. Cold in winter and hot in the spring. In winter, there was constant dew on the ground in the mornings. Walking to school in the mornings allowed us to arrive at school with shoes and stockings and pants wet up to the knees. It was cold, too. In winter, you did not worry about snakes and insects. Other times, particularly in the fall, we would carry a piece of newspaper and a match or two; pull some brown corn silk off the cob and light up a smoke. Rough stuff!!

Once, we placed cow manure pads on Mr. S's back porch. He had a general store across the road from our house. This was Halloween. The next morning I was out in our back yard when I heard all this fuming and fussing (cussing?) going on. It was Mr. S.

I innocently yelled over, “What's the matter Mr. S?”

He yelled back, “Those damned M\_\_ boys put cow sh\_t all over my back porch.”

I innocently responded. “That is terrible. How could anyone do such a bad thing, etc. etc.”

The Halloween trip consisted of many miles of walking that night, knocking down cornstalks, removing driveway gates a few hundred yards down the road and generally having fun. When we returned home, my legs ached so badly my mother rubbed my legs with smelly liniment. I recalled the third-degree that came with the massaging.

If I possessed ten or fifteen cents, I would hitch-hike (and, of course, I did a lot of walking during these times, it wasn't all riding—far from it) down to 9<sup>th</sup> Street NW in D.C. This is the street that contained five or six movie houses and a burlesque theatre.

The movie houses, i.e. Strand, Criterion, Central (forgot names of others), showed three movies (western, detective—gangster, romance) plus newsreels, comedies, (Laurel and Hardy, Three Stooges, Our Gang Comedy, Hal Lloyd, Buster Keaton, etc.) You would sit for hours and not see the same thing repeated—all for ten or fifteen cents.

### *The Redskins*

I would be remiss if I did not mention the Washington Redskins football team. I have been an avid and ardent fan since the club came to town in 1937. For nearly 40 years, I held two season tickets. I attended all home games with Mickey or Wauneta and, sometimes with Raymond, including all home play-off games during that span from 1961, when D.C. (now RFK) Stadium opened, through the ‘Skins early years at FedEx Field.

We started off with two lower grandstand seats, directly behind the goalposts of the west end zone. This was in the days devoid of netting behind the goalposts. Kicked extra points sailed into the seats over our heads, precipitating free-for-alls by fans seeking a free football. The ‘Skins were terrible! I recall one play in particular that occurred right in front of us that epitomized those humbling years.

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Backed up against their own goal line, the ‘Skins punter Pat Richter (#88) was forced to punt from the back line of the end zone. His lone blocking back—J.W. Lockett (#37)—with his head on a swivel saw the opposition pore through and around the ‘Skins overmatched line. Faced with a no-win situation, Lockett backed up to protect the punter, who promptly kicked him right in the butt with the football. The opponent fell on the ball for a touchdown. Well, as we came to repeat year after year halfway through each season during those dark times, “Wait’ll next year.”

About the time Otto Graham arrived as the Coach, we transferred our two seats to the 22-yard line directly behind the ‘Skins bench. The players standing along the sideline forced us to stand to watch the play on the field over their heads. Mickey was still a little fellow and had to stand on his seat. We witnessed first hand what is still the highest scoring game in NFL history, a 72 – 41 ‘Skins win over the New York Giants. All the touchdowns cost the club 14 footballs lost to the fans.

After that season, Mickey contracted Rheumatic Fever causing him to miss games played during inclement weather. I wrote of his plight to Edward Bennett Williams, who ran the club for the ailing owner George Preston Marshall, asking if we could trade for two seats “out of the weather.” Mr. Williams wrote back to me, saying he had nothing available at the time but would keep us in mind. The following year—1969 when Vince Lombard came to town— although Mickey had recovered, Mr. Williams transferred us to two seats in the exclusive mezzanine section, where we remained until the team departed RFK for FedEx. Wauneta and I also attended Super Bowls VII, XVII, and XXII; winning two of three—not too shabby.

### *Dancing*

Wauneta and I have danced during our lifetime, lo, over 65 years of marriage. During this time, Wauneta would not voluntarily participate in any dance contest, but would rather watch other

contestants. Though we were “drafted” into a few contests and I am proud to report that we won them all.

We were in a dance contest on an excursion ship in Alaskan waters. I was selected to dance with the ship’s instructor after she had watched Wauneta and I. She asked me how I liked to dance and I responded “tight.” We started to dance (she wanted to lead) but I would not allow her to lead. I grabbed her firmly, in a gentlemanly manner, of course. She got the message and we danced together gracefully and beautifully to the delight of the audience and band members. I received a nice bottle of champagne for my efforts.

Each summer, there is a different Sunday afternoon Dance Band playing at Pen Mar Park on top of the mountain in Washington County, located northeast of Hagerstown, Md. Those dances are sponsored by the county Recreation Department under the direction of Fay and Jim Powers. The Powers have been doing this, gratuitously, over 18 years. Anyway, one of those Sundays (usually in August) is called: “Everybody’s Day.” The day features vintage cars, Indian dancers, picnic tables (every Sunday) and, of course, dancing in the Pavilion. One of those Sundays, showcases waltz and jitterbug contests. One such Sunday in 2001, when we were 81, we were literally dragged onto the floor to participate in the jitterbug contest. The music started and I said to Wauneta, we must do something. So we started off and did our fast-dancing steps. We ended up in a tie with another, younger couple, who are terrific dancers and became good friends, afterwards. (We won the dance-off.)

There was another occasion when we were on a cruise in Caribbean waters. We had been dancing, when this lady came up to us to say she was the ship’s Recreational Director. She wanted us in the upcoming contest. We again refused, but she didn’t listen to us. She was English and very officious.

I asked her what kind of dance she was placing us in and she said “Twist.” I said I had a back problem but I could do “The Shag.” She

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gave me a curious look and said, “If you must.” I didn’t realize it at the time but “shag” to Great Britons denotes sex.

Anyway, we, again, reluctantly entered into the contest with two other couples competing against us. We did a little “Twist” at the beginning but then broke into our robust “Shag” dance to the delight of approximately 500 hundred cruise members in attendance. The rule, as announced by the Director, was for the theatre audience to be divided into thirds, with each third pulling for their representative couple. As it turned out, as one of the passengers advised us later, all three sides (thirds) voted with their applause for us. All I heard at the end of our dance was this loud crescendo of applause and yelling, for us. We received quite a few different favors for winning the contest, some of which we still have today.

We’ve had lots of fun dancing over the years and people like our style of dancing. We received many, many invitations to dance (both private and public) and I’ve served as president of many dance clubs.

For instance, for the past 20 years, I have been called upon to dance with the Winchester Apple Blossom Queen at the Senior Luncheon, held during the first day of the town’s annual Apple Blossom Festival. The Queen is usually someone, whose mother or father is a celebrity from the fields of sports, entertainment, politics or the ministry—from Hollywood to Washington, from the pulpit to the gridiron. Once, I even danced with Billy Graham’s granddaughter. I have danced with them all and enjoyed every moment.

### *Final Thought*

In the twilight of my years, I am happy to reiterate that the Almighty has blessed me greatly, in innumerable ways, more so than I ever deserved or could have imagined.

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