

Evelyn Moore

My full name is Evelyn Marie Moore and I just put Mulry, which is my last name, Mulry. My maiden name is Mulry and my married name is Moore. My birth name was Evelyn Marie Mulry. My birth date is October 20, 1942, and I was born in Brooklyn, New York, moved out to Long Island when I was six in Port Washington County. It was on the north shore. Actually, the reason my parents picked that place was it was the end of the line on the Long Island Railroad because my father worked in the city and he commuted every day. I grew up in Port Washington. I think I went to first grade, the last two months of first grade, in Port Washington, so we moved out there in my first grade year, but I started school in Brooklyn, kindergarten. I do remember a little bit of kindergarten. I remember more getting there and getting home because we had to cross our road, which is Garfield Place. We lived near Prospect Park and then I had to walk two blocks and cross Seventh Avenue. We had a crossing guard there and then the school, which we were Catholic and it was St. Francis. I don't remember much of the school, period, but I remember May Day because I was always a tall kid and I was always the tallest in the class for as long as I can remember, and they made me the May Pole, and all the little girls with the streamers went around me and I guess, you know, I guess they just, I don't think the teachers realized how traumatic that is. It must be traumatic for me because that's all I remember of kindergarten. They were all nuns with habits who were doing the instruction.

Then I went to first grade in a different school, St. Saviors, still in Brooklyn. It was in the area of Brooklyn called Park Slope because Prospect Park was nearby and we

were very lucky as kids because my mother had two cousins whose mother died when they were very young and my mother's mother took them and their father in, and their father worked for Wanamaker's Furniture Store and it closed down when he was about 55 and he went to work with somebody else and then he got hit on the head coming home from work one night, mugged, and you know, at that, back then, 55-60 was getting up there in age and both of his daughters never married and they both went to college and they both had good jobs, and they just said, "Pop, don't even look for anything." He wasn't disabled from the mugging, but you know, back then, 60 or so was old, so we reaped all the benefits because he was always around. He took us to the park, he took us to the zoo, and he took us to Abbott's Field. We saw the very first game that Roy Campanella played in and it's probably about right that it was in 1948, because we moved to Long Island in 1949. We lived in a brown stone house. My earliest, well, it's not my earliest childhood memory, but one of my memories is when I was going to probably first grade at St. Saviors, my brother hated school. He's a year and a half older than I am, and his name is Phil, and he would do anything to get out of going to school. Well, it had snowed and then it warmed up, and so somehow or other we got word that we had to go to school in the afternoon, even though it was cancelled in the morning. I guess they either had it on the radio or however, you know, my mother got the word and sent us off, and my brother, who turned out to be a lawyer, convinced me to lay down in the slush so that he could, he would have to bring me home and we would get out of going to school in the afternoon. It worked. By the time we got home, you know, my mother figured she'd get me changed and send us off again because she didn't have a car, you know, so it worked, but I liked school, you know, but he didn't. St. Saviors was run

by, I think it was a Catholic charity, but my sister would know better. My sister is a nun, and so is Sister Ellen, the other two. My sister, when we moved out to Long Island, actually, she was probably twelve. She's almost six years older, five and a half years older, and she joined. I'm the youngest in the family. It's my sister, then my brother, and then me. When she moved out there then, she would have been in about the fifth grade and we continued on when we went to high school. It was like two towns away actually. We didn't have a Catholic high school in our town so we went there. We moved in the Spring of '49, for my first year of school. It was a Catholic school in Port Washington and they were run by the congregation of the Immaculate Heart of Mary and that's what we had in high school and that's the kind of a nun my sister became. Now Sister Ellen, is a Sister of, I always forget, it's something to do with charities, but she was, her mother has Alzheimer's and she was looking for a place to stay where she'd be near her mother and be able to look over her, and my sister's looking for a roommate because this house is, costs a lot of money. So I went through first grade through twelfth grade in the Catholic school system in Port Washington. It was co-ed.

I suppose the very, from the time I was very young, sports was always one of my big interests. When I was in seventh grade, I was like a, I was a cheerleader for the boy's basketball team and I played on the girl's basketball team. Then when I was in high school, I played on the varsity girl's. That was actually not co-ed. It was co-ed my first year if you want to call co-ed. We were in the same school, but they were on one side and we were on the other side, you know, the lockers and that, but then they, their own school was being built so they were moved over to the boy's, moved over to another building. So this began in ninth grade, my first year of high school, and then the tenth

grade, they separated all of us. The boys were out of there by the tenth grade. I think the school just kept growing and growing and growing, and I don't know, you know, the boys were taught by the Marionist Brothers, and I don't know whether they, I truly wonder if they had more money that they could build the new school or what, but they needed to do something and rather than, I guess, put girls and, you know, freshmen and sophomores in one building, they just split the girls and the boys.

When I was in third grade, I was taking piano lessons and my very favorite teacher was my third grade teacher and my piano teacher, and I really wasn't all that talented, and I remember distinctly like it was very obvious that the people who played the worst, played first and it went on up to whoever the teacher thought was the best. Well, she put me third from the last and I, you know, I was way under it at the time, but there was a girl way ahead of me playing the same song that I knew played much better, but she just thought I was so cute and everybody else that, she asked all the girls around, all the girls at the end of the line what color dresses they were wearing and all, so she put me where my dress, you know, like look good next to the two people next to me, and I remember getting out on the stage and it was some Gilbert O'Sullivan song I was playing. I can't remember the exact one, but it was, it sort of had two parts and I played the first part and for the life of me, I couldn't remember what to do, what you did to get to the second part, so I just played the first part over again, got up, took my bow, and got off, and I don't think anybody, except my parents, who had heard it over and over and over again, every really knew, you know, that I had made that mistake. But, you know, I do remember her. She was my very, very favorite, and then the next year, I got the nun that I think was the worst I ever had. She was strict, she was, I hate to say this on the

recorder, but she was fat, she was ugly, and the worst thing in the world was if you'd misbehave, she'd pull out her bottom drawer and you sat right next to her in her bottom drawer.

Then I remember in fifth grade, I was, I was very good at math when I was, well, I was really a pretty good student. We all were except my brother, who my father had to keep prodding and prodding. My sister was always like the top of her class, first in class. I was not that good, but in fifth grade, I was sick for a week and I went back into school and I flunked a math test and I left really horrified, but they had taught long division while I was gone and in those days, they didn't send your books and your homework home with you, so I walked into class to a blind test and, you know, and they held it, so my Dad, who was also very good in math and all, he taught it to me and they let me take the test again and I did well. I usually got like really good grades in math, and by sixth grade and eighth grade, I remember because I had the same teacher and she was one that if anybody in the classroom misbehaved, you put your knuckles out and everybody got a smack. It was pretty much like if you didn't tell her who did it, whatever it was, then it was group punishment, and in eighth grade, we used to, you know, they had these like lights that were scooped, you know, and we used to take a ruler and we'd flip an eraser up into the light and all stare at it, and then she'd ask who did it and of course nobody would tell, you know, so everybody would get a rap on the knuckles.

So yeah, those are the kind of things like, I mean I admit I was kind of a cut-up, but I also got good grades in school and when I was in high school, besides the basketball, like I did things like in the, when I was in the, I tried out for the band because the band marched in the St. Patrick's Day Parade in March, on March 17th, down the

green line and my sister was in the band and I, that's the one thing I thought I really would like to do, but the only thing they had, she was very musically talented. She could play the piano, the violin, the clarinet, the xylophone, you name it, you know, she could do it, you know, I really wasn't that talented like back to the third grade when on to fourth grade, I had a different music teacher and she got out one of those metronomes and I began to not like playing the piano so much. So by the end of the fourth grade, I quit, so, but my sister, she got to the point where the teachers couldn't really teach her anymore, and so anyway, when I was in high school, the only thing they had left to play was the clarinet and I mean I could hardly even make it make a sound, no less make it make the right sound and I didn't enjoy that too much, so I decided well, I'll just be a visitor to the St. Patrick's Day Parade because we always got off school and, back in those days, they thought nothing of like, when my sister was twelve, we still had a dentist in New York. My sister would take me, you know, like I was seven, my brother was eight, and she would take us into New York to the dentist, and my mother was working by then and we'd spend the day in New York, go to the Automat or somewhere like that. That was really a big thrill, you know. We each had about twenty cents so we had to figure out what we were going to, which slot we were going to put it in, and I remember even back then, you know, the people, the homeless people that would come in and they would just get a cup of hot water and put ketchup and stuff in it. They'd come in there and they would make like, I guess, that was their tomato soup, you know, because that stuff, the condiments and the hot water were free. Maybe it's because I come from a household full of social workers, except for my Dad, well, my Dad was a lawyer, my sister was a teacher, but everybody else like my mother's two cousins, one was actually

the Director or the Superintendent of the Women's State Prison in Bedford, New York. It's upstate New York. That's where they were going to send Martha Stewart instead of the federal prison in West Virginia. Well, this was the women's state prison and my cousin worked for, as a social worker in the city hospital in New York almost her whole career. Her mother was a probation officer and then like a supervisor and then she worked for a judge in the family court, so it kind of ran in the family. Even then as a child when we were going to the city to the dentist, I think I was very sensitive to these people who were not doing well because I'd notice them, you know, I've always been like a people watcher, like whereas my sister, she, she has to always be doing something, you know. I can just sort of like just sit there and just, I don't even take a book to the doctor's office. I take a little electronic game because I'm so nosy about just what people watch, you know, that I can quit my game, whereas if I take a book, I read the same thing over and over and over again, you know. I just always have had an interest in people, but you know, I think I was a little, I, you know, well, like ten when I went, when I had another year of college at a girls Catholic college.

I went to my Prom. I was, I was actually going steady when I was a sophomore, but my parents didn't like him and he really was, he was, I mean he was never going to make anything of himself. I guess he was what you call a ne'er do well and my parents picked that up. It happened to be, plus he, he was the brother, or the cousin of one of my brother's best friends, and my brother had another friend who had a sister who was my best friend and another sister was my sister's best friend, but anyway, since my brother was only a year older, school wise, you know, we, as we got older, you know, our activities overlapped, you know, and I dated some of his friends and this guy was a

couple of years older. I dated him beginning in high school when I was in tenth grade and I was like 15 and he was like 18 at the time. He had actually quit school, but my parents weren't real happy and that was definitely a no-no because I honestly don't ever remember them saying to us that we had to go to college, but we just knew, we assumed because everyone else assumed we were all going to college and he hadn't even made it out of high school. I dated him three and a half years. He actually was driving the car that I was injured in and it was after I was injured that he dropped me. He was my Prom date at my school, but I wanted to go to the Prom's at the public school. I just wanted to. For one, I had a lot of public school friends because, you know, when I left eighth grade, there was a tuition at the Catholic school and some people couldn't afford it or they didn't want to go to another town, so they went on to high school at the public schools, so I still had a lot of friends. When I finished eighth grade at Port Washington, I had to go to another town to go to high school, Manhasset. It was two towns away. It wasn't too many miles. I would say five or six, you know, we were, when I got older when I was a junior or senior and I'd made friends in Manhasset, if I went home after school with them to watch the American Bandstand. You had to watch, you know, if I took the bus home, I didn't get home in time to see it or if we had an activity after school and couldn't get the bus. The bus took, I would say if you drove, you know, on the bus, maybe a half hour because it stopped different places, but actually driving a car maybe ten minutes at the most. It wasn't a big deal and, you know, we used to walk home sometimes and we, there was a golf course that was Port Washington Plandome, which was a small town in Manhasset and we would, we could walk to the railroad station in Manhasset and take the train to Port Washington, but we still had a two mile walk home then. So if we went to a

friend's house instead of getting on the train in Plandome or something, we would walk across the golf course there because our house was right on the other side and we could do that just as easy. It wasn't any further than taking the train into Port Washington. We walked all over the place, like a friend, they moved, what I remember doing was one of my very best friends was in fifth grade. I don't remember the incidents why, but back then, nuns did hit you and she got hit by the fifth grade teacher and her mother threw an absolute fit and put her in another Catholic high school, which was probably a good forty minutes from home, but she and I lived within two blocks of each other and we remained, you know, best friends and we thought nothing of, we'd walk into Port Washington and we'd go all the way out of our way to go to a Deli that had the pickles in the barrels, you know, the dill pickles, and we'd get a dill pickle and a tuna fish sandwich and that was most of our allowance, or mine. She was really rich, but I didn't realize that so much at the time. Then we'd walk all the way down through town to what was the Port Washington town dock and we'd sit there, you know, and watch the boats in the water and eating our sandwiches and eating our pickles, and then we'd walk the other way, you know, like so we had made a huge, big circle all the way around. We probably walked like five or six miles just to do that for, you know, a nice afternoon out. I graduated from high school in June of 1960, and Prom was the same month. The guy I was dating, his name was James Delamonte. He died about three years after he hit the telephone pole that injured me. I was asleep in the front seat. He cracked, he actually got married about a year later and he had three kids, boom, boom, boom, and smacked himself up against a telephone pole back, it was a DUI, but back then they didn't have anything, you know. I wanted to go to the public school Prom too with my friends, but I broke up with him just

so I could go with someone else. I just went to those two Proms. One at my high school, and one with someone else and went to the, but it was the opposite way around though. I dumped him and went to the public school Prom and then got together with him again and went to mine. I mean I was honest about it as far, I mean I just said I want to go to the Prom at Port Washington, and I did the same thing when I was a junior. We didn't have a Prom. I went to the Port Washington Junior Prom, but we didn't have a Junior Prom.

I entered college in the Fall of 1960. I went to Good Counsel College in White Plains. I boarded there during the week. I usually came home during the weekends and I'd hitch a ride, like my brother at the time was going to school in a Maritime Academy, Fort Schyler, and I'm not exactly to be honest what town that was even in, but I also was quite taken by some of the, you know, they dressed up like they were Navy basically and, you know, like I had a girlfriend whose brother went to the Maritime Academy too and so we used to go up there and visit as frequently as we could, and she got, had got a boyfriend there right away who actually lived in Port Washington. She lived in Manhasset and he was a Junior so he commanded a group and like when they were walking back from their procession, we'd walk, I remember that we'd walk to our car one day and they had to walk by us and _____ got next to us. He said, "Eyes right," and all their heads turned over and stared at us, you know, and I dated a few different guys from up there, but never really, the one that really wanted to date me, I didn't really want to. I didn't care and the one I really was interested in, who I thought was absolutely gorgeous and he was, he was actually, that was my Senior year and he was a _____ Juvie and that was my Senior year in high school, and he was

dating another girl that was in my class, steadily, but you know, it was like 150 kids in one class so I didn't really know her very well and, you know, I only went out with the ones who told my brother I was too immature and I probably really was. I was kind of flighty. When I think back about it, I really didn't have any goals of what I wanted to be, like my, to me, and Tim, Tim said this to me, I flunked out of the University of Illinois once. When I flunked out, Tim said I had my three S's wrong. He said I should have been concentrating on studying, sports, and then social life, but instead, instead, I was concentrating on social life, sports, studies, and I did that all through high school. I had no, in high school, I was one of the best of the team. There were two of us who made most of the points and everything. This was the basketball team and my Dad was very strict, like if he, if you did something and you got punished, he usually grounded us and I mean grounded. You went to school, you came home, and I was grounded for this one week when this girl that I told you about that had, my best friend, the school she went to was called Mercy High School and the basketball team in that high school, the Coach was the husband of the basketball Coach in our school. So it was a big rivalry then between those games, and I don't know what I did, but I was grounded for the week that game was and that meant I didn't get to go to the game or anything. So my best, we always had a nun who was kind of sponsor-like and she called. She actually called my Dad and told him how they needed me on the team and he said I couldn't go because I was grounded, and so they worked it out. It took about a half hour, but if I agreed to be grounded for two weeks instead of one week, he would let me go to that game. So I did, you know, because it was really important to me, so, but that, you know, like that, there again, you

know, like my, he, we were good students so we still got good grades in high school, but college was different.

I chose Good Counsel College. Now it's Pace University. Pace took it over. Old, old buildings, you know, and because, was a small liberal arts college and had a Catholic orientation, and now it's a whole different congregation of nuns and all girls. So I boarded there during the week and I usually went home on weekends. I left campus on Friday and came back on Sunday, and boy, were they strict at the school. You were in, you were not allowed out after 9:00 during the week and Friday night you had to be in by 10:30, no, Friday and Saturday, you had to be in by 11:00 if you stayed, and Sundays you had to be back by 10:00 at night at the latest, so they were very strict. The first semester in the fall of 1960, was kind of fun, like I enjoyed it. It was close. Well, there really wasn't a lot of social life, like in the evenings, all we really had with this huge, big room, and back then, you know, smoking was no big deal, you know, and the room was, when I think about it, filled with smoke, but I smoked then, you know. It was, I had tried it when I was 16. By the time I was, well, I started college when I was 17, turned 18 then in October, because back then they weren't as strict when you entered school as they are now, so I started when I was four in kindergarten, but anyway, we used to do stuff like, you know, we'd play limbo and just play cards and, every night, you know, that's, that's what you did. Most people did their homework and then went down there, you know, and spent the evening just doing girl stuff. The accident was at the end of that first year. It was in July, in the Summer, so I did my freshman year at Good Counsel College. I was going steady with James Delamonte and that was part of the reason, Jimmy. That was part of the reason why I picked the school. My mother and father wanted me to get out of

there, you know, get away from him really. They took me to all kinds of Catholic girls schools. That was just the thing to do, you know, and I picked that one so, you know, they let me go to that one and, you know, I would go home on the weekends and I also, some of the social life, like I tried out for the choral group, the choir, there at Good Counsel because they, they would go around like to the different man schools and one of the ones that they went to was Fort Schyler where my brother went to. Fort Schyler, I'd had to ask my sister where it was and it was, it was in that area between White Plains and Long Island because, you know, on a couple of dates I went on, you know, we, the guys were all from Fort Schyler and had girlfriends all over the place around there. I can't, my sister can tell you whether she remembers. See, I was, I was a feather then and I did get in school, but when we were, let me back up to high school. In fact, all through school, we got numerical grades for our tests and we got alphabetical grades for effort, and my Dad never looked at the numerical. He went right down to the effort and if you got an A or a B, he didn't care what your numerical grade was. If you got a C, you were in trouble, but he would work with us. He was kind of the one that watched out what our grades were and when I was in high school, like I said, I, they gave us a course in Senior year and it was just new math and that was, we had the sets, you know, and the circles, and what was included and what wasn't included and all this stuff, and this best friend of mine, who was, she's the one I talked about earlier where her brother was my brother's best friend and her sister was one of my sister's best friends. Well, we went over to her house and the first three days, we did every problem in the book and we had them all, you know, we'd, actually we'd each do our own and then if we came up with the same answer, we figured we were right and we put them all in the book, and talk about how

obnoxious I could have been in school, which I was, I sat in the very first seat as you came in the door and she sat in the second seat, and she would pass me a no-nonsense, it was a nonsensical note right when the teacher would look, so the teacher would come over and say, "Give me that note," you know, and she'd open it up and, you know, it made no sense and there was nothing on it, and I'd turn around totally in my seat and mumbled to her just loud enough, you know, to disturb the teacher and she'd call on us and tell us to put the problem on the board and we'd just flip to that page and put it on the board. Well, when the end of school came and we were tested, I got a 100 on the test, but I got a C in effort and my Dad went down that list and he saw that C and then he looked at the grade and he said, "How can you get a 100 on a test and get a C in effort?" Well, I didn't want him calling, he was ready, he was headed for the phone to call the teacher and I said, "Dad, you know, what difference does it make when you go to college? They don't look at your effort grades," you know, "They look at how you did overall," and man, I talked fast to keep him from calling her. I probably would have been grounded, you know, for acting up all year. Come to find out that my sister and her friend did almost the exact same thing with the exact same teacher, but when I got to Good Counsel, I was taking Calculus because my Dad was smart enough. My Dad was very smart. He was smart enough to foresee that computers were going to be the thing of the future. When I started college, all I remember is that he said I should major in math because computers were going to be the thing of the future and they didn't have like computer science classes and so I was taking Calculus when I was at Good Counsel, and in the middle of the year, of the semester, I got appendicitis and I ended up back in the hospital for, you know, they kept you then for a week and then I was sent home to recuperate for a

week, and then I was allowed to come back to school and not go up any, not walk up any steps or anything like that. By the time I got back to Calculus, I had no idea what was going on, so I don't know whether I flunked it or was given an absence or what. So that Summer that I was injured, the Summer of '61, I was going to Hofstra night school on Long Island taking Calculus because I had flunked it and I needed it to continue for my math requirement to move forward.

So my mother and father had separated the May before the accident and my mother, my father wouldn't give up the house because I think he thought, my father was a Friday night drinker and when he came home, he wasn't nice. He never was physically abusive, but was verbally and psychologically to my mother, not to us kids. It was almost every Friday, and every Friday, my mother and I would go to the station to pick him up at Port Washington or Plandome because we were kind of in between and, you know, we'd wait a train or two and knowing that he wasn't going to show up and then back home we'd go again and that was just a regular Friday night thing, and you know, when he'd come home, he'd yell and scream around about I don't know what, just did and, you know, I don't think we kids really thought that our household was any different than anybody else's, you know, and it really, I guess, didn't really affect us all that much other than we could hear it and, you know, we knew that my, it wasn't the nicest thing to do, but the next day, he was fine and, you know, I was the one that hung around with my parents. My Dad was a shopper and every Saturday, we would go from grocery store to grocery store depending upon where the sales were, or if we didn't need to go to the grocery store, we'd go to Klein's or I forget the name of the other department store, you know, they were kind of the discount department stores. My sister would know if it was

Alexander's because she, I forget what it was she got from there, but, but my Dad was really funny, a funny shyster in a way, like he would do, like one day, we were looking for a lamp and he knocked the lamp over and the salesman came over and said he was going to have to pay for it and my father said, "Pay for it? That lamp hit me on the leg," you know, and he was a lawyer, you know, like I'm going to sue, you know, and like one time, you know, in New York City, or in New York in Brooklyn, they had the trolleys and my Dad was on the trolley tracks and there was a line of traffic at this, he didn't start up quick enough or something and the trolley guy honked his horn. Well, that made my Dad, you know, just kind of go slower and the trolley actually would bump our bumper, you know, and so at one point, the trolley bumped us and my father just flung himself out on the road and, you know, he was a true New Yorker. Not only did my Dad grow up in New York, but his Dad died in the flu of 1918, the Spanish influenza epidemic. My Dad was ten years old and his brother was twelve. My Dad was born in 1907, and he and his brother, you know, got jobs after school. My grandmother became a janitor at Coney Island, you know, just to support, in the amusement area.

My father's full name was Phillip Eugene Mulry and my mother's name was Gertrude Elizabeth Jones, and her father was Captain Inspector of the New York City Police Department, so as kids, we were spoiled rotten, like we'd get to ride on his horse down the middle of the Macy's Day Parade on Thanksgiving, and we were, like I don't remember this, but in the, at the end of the War when they still had coupons and stamps, he was able to wrangle up more coupons for us, you know, as a policeman. Although he was honest as Abe, he was not a _____. His name was William Owens Jones and he was born in Borea, Kentucky, and he, when he was fifteen, he left home and he

joined the Navy and was in the Spanish-American War in 1898. He lied about his age and I can remember when I was in grade school and high school, grade school mostly, he would take me to all of his Spanish-American War Veterans Conventions, and I went to, I remember going to Saratoga Springs with him because he let me bring a girlfriend with me and, you know, like we just wandered all over by ourselves while he was in his meetings during the day, but he was just proud as a peacock of his grandchildren, so you know, that time, I did have a girlfriend with me, but we always marched with him into the, you know, room, the dining hall and all, and another time in eighth grade, he took me out of school. I was out of school for two weeks while he took me to San Diego, California. We flew and not only that, but Disneyland had just opened. It was in 1955. **(LEON – This is where I changed the year above to 1955. Linda)** I was in eighth grade. I was twelve or thirteen because it was in the very beginning of school, so I was, so that would have made it the summer of '55, and not everything was even open, but I do remember they had where you could drive the motor cars all around and I went on them. I still remember to this day, 35 times. They gave me a couple of free rides. I just loved it so much. He took me to Knott's Berry Farm and, you know, when during the summer, he'd take all three of us, and like we left one time to go on a trip with him and we were going to be gone like overnight and I forget where we, we were heading north and, you know, we talked him into going a little further and so he called my, you know, it was fine with my mother and the next thing you knew, we were in Canada and we were gone for about a week, you know, and on the trip, we all did things that tortured him a little bit like one time we found this place and it was a two-decker cabin because they didn't really have hotels back then and all, and we found this little hole, you know, where

the heat came through and we'd go, "Papa," you know, that was what we called him and he couldn't figure out where we were calling from, and I don't know what else we did to him, but he moved to Florida. I'm backtracking again back and forth, but in 1952, his wife died young before I was born, right before I was born or right before my brother was born, and so he actually gave my mother and father the brownstone in Brooklyn because he just had no desire. That's where he lived with his wife, you know. She was only 57 and he lived like in a, just in a hotel, but I don't think, it was just like a room, you know, and then he decided he was moving to Florida and he actually rounded up what is now South Beach and it sits right on the water and everything, and he had there the same arrangement. We had like little apartments in hotels and he would get us a house to stay in and we'd go down there every year and visit him, and he was still very active. He bought his own house when he was 72, and he bought a liquor store he was going to manage, a liquor store lounge and he, you know, having been a policeman, he knew very well we shouldn't be doing this, but he had my brother and I running around putting flyers on cars in all the parking lots and of course, the police stopped us after the first day and said we, that was against the law without a permit, you know.

In the summer of 1961, I went to Hofstra for summer school in Calculus. I can't exactly tell you where Hofstra is except that where I attended it at night school was in Minneola. That was on a different train, not the Long Island Railroad, but my mother and father had separated in May. My father held onto the house figuring that my mother would come back because she left him. He came home one Friday night, you know, my sister was already in the convent. My brother was, actually, he was on a boat on the Mediterranean. He was in the, you know, for the summer, they, being in the Maritime,

they went out, so he was gone. I was in my senior year in high school and I was out on Friday nights. No, I just finished my first year of college and she figured the children were now emancipated, but I came home on the weekends and that's why I was in Port Washington when she left him. He came home and he threatened her, threatened to kill her I guess, you know, and it was the same Friday night deal and I, they always knew where my crowd hung out and my cousin, my mother's cousin, one of the ones I told you about that, you know, never got married. Her name was Evelyn too. She came walking in to this place that we hung out. It was a bar. You were allowed to drink in New York at 18. Well, with my brother being older than I was, he looked like a little kid. So once he was able to show, when he showed his I.D. at a place where we went frequently, then later on, you know, I came in and he introduced me as his sister, they automatically thought I was older. So when he turned 18, I was still 16 for a while, so I could drink when I was 16. So we were in this bar and my cousin came in and she said that, you know, the color just drained out of my face. She would never have come in there. It was like a young people's place to begin with, but she lived in Brooklyn and this was shocking. I thought something happened to my mother. So, you know, I was with this guy I wasn't supposed to be with, Jimmy Delamonte, so she just told me to come outside and my mother was out there. She just didn't want to be the one to tell me and, you know, they told me what happened because one other time, I've not told this to very many people, but when I was about twelve, my father came home and he, towards the end of the evening when he was raving and ranting around, us kids were upstairs. My sister might have been gone by then, but he started up the stairs with a butcher knife and, you know, you don't know what you'll do in a situation, but I just pushed my brother

aside and I went up to him and I said, "Daddy, give that to me," and he did. But you know, nobody was home that night and I don't know really what he did, but he threatened her and it scared her and she just ran out the front door and ran down the road to a neighbor's house and called my cousin, her cousins in Brooklyn and they came out and got her and they came down and got me and we went back to their house in Brooklyn and, you know, eventually, we went back and got our stuff and my mother got us a house in Levittown that was closer to where she worked.

So I was getting up, I was working that summer in my Dad's office as a clerk, in Manhattan. My Dad worked for the New York State Insurance Department. He was like Division Head and I would get up at 5:00 in the morning because I had to wash my hair, that was my vanity, my hair, and it had to be perfect. So, you know, the night before, actually, I'd wash it and set it in rollers and everything and I'd be up until maybe 1:00 in the morning because I'd get home about 10:00 or 9:30. Then I'd drive the car to where the train took me to New York and to the station where I, you know, get on the train. When I'd get home, that was where the school was. Then I'd drive from the school out from Minneola to Levittown, and it was like a long course. It was like three hours or something every night. It's a five hour, you know, credit and it was a summer course. So, you know, then I'd stay up and study, and then I had to take my shower, wash my hair, set my hair, and get to bed, and then I'd get up about 5:00 in the morning, you know, to get ready and drive to Minneola and take the train in and everything. Well, one Friday night, my mother, this was in July of '61, my mother decided that she was going to leave me alone from her for the very first time on the weekend and she and my two cousins went up to Pennsylvania to visit my sister, and that was the night that I decided, it

wasn't the first night, but that Friday night I went and joined my friends back in Port Washington, which was about a half hour drive from home. By the time I got there after school, it was about 10:30 at night, and of course, they had all been drinking and I know I had a couple of drinks, and then they decided that they wanted to have breakfast. So we went to a diner for breakfast and it was probably close to 2:00 or 2:30. It would be 2:30 on Saturday morning. That's when, you know, they decided that he would drive and the others would follow and he'd take me home because I was, I guess I couldn't recognize that they had been, had more to drink than they should have and, you know, I don't think I did, but I was very, very tired and I got in the car. It was my car and it was an old Nash Rambler and it was wide, you know, and I just laid my head down and fell sound asleep. We didn't get too far from where we were, maybe two miles, and he fell asleep and crashed into a telephone pole. I was laying down in the front seat and I broke my neck and had a cut on my elbow and that was the extent of my injuries, but the car turned over. He had a black eye and a bruise on his arm, you know, we weren't, we didn't appear to be horribly injured, but the car turned over and gas was spilling out, so I remember them pulling me out of the car and I had a skirt on. That's back when women actually wore dresses and I just had, you know, when I was laying there on the road, I felt like my legs were sticking up, you know, the same way they were in the car and I just remember telling, constantly telling people to put my legs down, put my legs down. So they then, even when the ambulance came, you know, they didn't secure your neck or anything like they did. I mean, I don't know how injured I would have been if they had the treatments they have now, but I do remember when I was going up in the elevator. I actually did

think I'd died and I don't have any of those tunnels or flashbacks or anything else, but when I came to, they had called my Dad and he had come over.

It was Manhasset Medical Center and he came over there and, you know, even in the condition I was in, this is, I lied and, you know, like I said, "I was driving," because I was, what went through my head was they had told me I broke my neck, you know, and that I probably wouldn't walk again. Well, they hinted at that, you know, and they, well, they told me I broke my neck. I guess they didn't say I wouldn't walk again because that's another whole story, but just the whole accident and everything else, I thought my father would kill him, kill James. I really did. I mean I was my father's pet because I was the youngest, you know, and so I lied and said I was doing the driving and once I got into that story, I mean I guess I was a very stubborn determined person, but I wouldn't change it. My mother had her best friend, he was a Nassau County policeman, and so they even had her, I think he was probably a Sheriff, he was a detective is what he was, but they, you know, she had him come question me figuring that maybe I would tell them the truth because I think it must have been obvious that I wasn't driving, you know, but as long as I didn't say it, then, you know, and in my mind, he had nothing so they weren't going to collect anything and so I stuck to the story forever and ever and ever, and both my uncles, my father's brother and my father's brother-in-law, his sister's husband, were both lawyers and this one, his sister's husband, his sister Jean and that Uncle Jimmy, were my godparents and, and he hounded me for years. Oh, he kept it up and he kept it up and finally we were at, we were all at a family get-together on his side and he started in again on me. This was probably two or three years after the accident. He started in again on me about who was driving and I just looked at him. I suppose for insurance.

See, we didn't, back then, we got sued, I got sued by the Long Island Lighting Company for breaking their pole and got sued by the people who owned the house where the tiles were pulled off their house because of the wires, and I guess, you know, he figured, you know, I don't know how it worked back then, but with him driving that made that, then we could have sued his insurance company. I don't know. I don't know really what his purpose was, but it was really starting to annoy me that I had to keep lying, so I said to him, "If what you want to hear is that I was not driving, okay, I'll tell you I was not driving if that will get you off my back." He didn't know whether I was telling the truth because I said, "I'll tell you I was not driving if," and he kind of stopped after that, you know. I think he realized he, you know, he was beating his head against the wall or something and he was. So, that had even more of an effect though because my, in order to get into the, well, I'll have to backtrack a little. In order to get into the Rusk Institute, you had to guarantee them that you could afford to pay \$500 a day. It was the IR, the Institute of Physical Medicine, IPMR, part of New York University. I had been transferred. I had a doctor who had pretty much founded it really. You know, I can relate this to when you're writing an essay or something and you have to keep scribbling out. It was July 8th, 1961.

The earliest part that I remember from my childhood was, you know, part of the reasons why I remember some of this stuff is, I'm going off on a tangent again, but I have a step-grandson and he sent me Grandma's book where each day has a different question about your childhood. My sister-in-law this last year gave it to me last year. I haven't finished it yet, but we've been talking back and forth about a lot of this stuff, about my childhood, and what I remember the most is nothing about school other than that

Maypole thing. I remember when I was having my fifth birthday party; I invited everybody on our street that was my age. That was in October '47, and I invited everybody on our street, but the boy next door because I didn't like him and my mother, he was just nerdy and, you know, just, but my mother invited him anyway. He was the same age and it would have been very cruel and my mother, you know, but I was fit to be tied at my mother and afterwards, she explained to me, you know, and that's part of the way they taught us, you know, that's not what you do. Of course, all the kids didn't show up, but at least he did get an invitation and he did show up. He brought a gift and I accepted it. I didn't tell him I didn't invite him. I just got mad at my mother later on, and I can remember my uncle taking us, well, he's not an uncle. He wasn't really an uncle. He was the father of my mother's two cousins that lost their mother, so he was like my mother's uncle. He would take us kids to Prospect Park all the time and take us to Abbott's Field and the zoo and the park, and I remember like, you know, the roads and were as smooth as they could be and we would roller-skate all the time and we had like, like we would go from our road. Well, our road was the only one that had these two little side roads that cut off between 8th Avenue and 7th Avenue, and I was allowed to skate down the road, but I was supposed to turn off on what was 5th Avenue, 5th Street, and, you know, they'd make these little, the older kids would make these little paths where they're like slaloms, you know, some places you have to turn around backwards and, well, of course, I had to try to do it all too, and, you know, you'd get going so fast that sometimes we could jump and skate backwards. We were going to be professional skaters probably, but I was supposed to turn off, you know. They could kind of turn sideways however you got roller skates to stop, but one time I couldn't make the turn and

I got flying down to 7th Avenue and it had the trolley tracks and everything else. It was a smooth road, but tracks in the middle and traffic, and luckily when I went flying through, I was able to get over the tracks and, you know, stop on the other side. I was probably five. My uncle didn't see that, no we weren't seen by eyes, you know, that was just part of our golden childhood. We didn't really realize that we had him. He would take us to Coney Island and we went to Steeplechase. We went to, I can't tell you the number of times we went to the Statute of Liberty and all that kind of stuff, and if it wasn't for him, we wouldn't have gotten to do all that stuff, you know. We'd go to Coney Island itself and anyway, back to back then, kids were pretty well free to play outside, you know. My mother was home half the time we were doing this, but you know, kids just didn't have to worry about playing outside, you know. That's what I remember about Brooklyn is hopscotch, you know, on the sidewalk with the chalk and, you know, just Pick Up Jacks and pitching pennies and the marbles, Ring-o-Levio, you know. I don't remember doing Kick the Can in Brooklyn. We did stickball, we did kick the can and Ring-o-Levio on Long Island for some reason, but the other thing I remember about Brooklyn is we didn't do anything for Halloween, no trick-or-treating, but the night before Thanksgiving, we went around begging for pennies. I think it was for Unicef, but then when it got dark, everybody filled these socks with flour and you'd ride your bike around, you know, smacking each other with them and we did that before Thanksgiving. I don't know what was the purpose of that.

When we moved to Long Island, that's when we had mischief night, the night before Halloween, we did stuff like soaping up people's car windows, sticking pins in their doorbells and you'd fill a bag with dog poop or something and set it on fire and

they'd come to the door, you know, to stamp it out, stuff like that, and we had, believe it or not, Attorney General John Mitchell that was one of our neighbors in Long Island. He wasn't married to Martha at the time. He was married to, I don't know what his wife's name was, but she was nuttier than a fruitcake. She was nuttier than Martha and the kids never, never played with us. They had two kids. They had two kids named Jack and Jill, believe it or not, and they never came out to play. We played stickball and they were our age. They didn't go to the Catholic school. I think they went to private school somewhere, but we used to cut through their yard to get to our friend's yard and his wife at that time used to just open the window and said, "Get the hell out of here you shanty Irish kids," you know. She was really a, I think she was anti everything, but you know, I mean the, she'd say shanty Irish and the kids we went to play with, some of them were very Irish. Their name was Boyle, but one of them was Casaza, which was Italian, you know, it was a broad spectrum mixed, you know. Well, my mother was half Irish. Her mother was Irish and her father was a mixture of Welsh and Scotch, and my Dad was all Irish. She did yell at us out the window, but it didn't stop us. We still walked through their yard. We just ran instead of walked and we purposely played stuff like Kick the Can and that stuff right outside their house. I don't think he was around. The only thing I remember about him was on this, the reason I got on them was on Halloween night, somebody else had soaped up their car and everything so, and their front house windows, and we decided then we weren't doing the bag of dog stuff. We were just going to stick a pin in their doorbell and it would continue to ring. Well, turned out that my brother and I and two other kids went up there to do that and lo and behold, he was hiding in the bushes, John Mitchell, and he jumped out and the one he caught was my brother and he

made my brother wash his car windows, clean them all up again. That's what I remember about him. He never called my father or anything. I don't even think he knew our names, you know, or anything like that, but you know, talk about coincidences, not my sister, this is going far-fetched because now I'm jumping to behind, but she got like a family leave to come down and take care of my mother and my cousins because my mother at this point had Alzheimer's and she went to work as Dean of Continuing Education at Barry University, which is in North Miami, and lo and behold, who comes to get a job there but Jill Mitchell. She was no longer Mitchell, but they got talking about it and my sister remembered that family. I don't think they talked about her father at all.

My mother wasn't very strict with us at all, but when she got really, really mad at us, she'd come after us with one of those spatulas, the metal ones with all the, some had holes and slits and all, and if we got caught, she never caught us and I think she didn't catch us on purpose, but she would, like we had a two-story house and she'd chase us and we'd go run up the stairs and if we got into my brother's room, it was like in the back. It was like just a one-story area that was like where you came in and hung your coats and all that kind of stuff, we could climb out his window onto the roof out there and then we'd drop off and we'd run off, you know, and stay away long enough to let her cool down. You know, except for this one, I had this one really rich friend that stayed friends. She was the one that went to the other high school and her family belonged to the Manhasset or Port Washington Yacht Club. It was a Yacht Club and you probably had to have a yacht to be a member, and a lot, a lot of money. I mean she had a sailboat and then she had a speedboat, but she didn't flaunt it at all. I mean I, she, not at all, and during the summer, you know, she'd invite me to go with her to the Yacht Club every

now and then, you know, a few times a month maybe and I just thought it was the coolest thing, you know, like we'd go into this fancy dining room and we'd have our hamburger and French fries and she'd just sign for it, you know. Then it was, sometimes there was swimming contests, which I didn't participate. She didn't either, but there, you know, like we'd watch them and other times, like when we were a little older, you know, I got to go out with her and some others, you know, sailing little sailboats, and then when we were even a little older than that, maybe fourteen or fifteen, she had her own speedboat. We actually, I mean when I think about this, if my kids were doing it, I'd die, but we went, we would go clear across Manhasset Bay to Rye, New York, where they had an amusement park, clear across Long Island Sound and it was quite a trip in her speedboat, just me and her and we'd go to the amusement park and then we'd come back across the Sound. I think we were fourteen, you know, like they, I was taught, she got, you know, we would, she actually got somebody to help teach me how to water ski because I just couldn't get the idea. I couldn't, I could stay up if I could get up. It was getting up and, like one day, she got this guy in the water and he just took my butt and pushed me up and then I got the hang of, you had to keep your legs perfectly straight until you got up out of the water and once I got up, you know, no problem, like you know, we went all over the place and I, you know, one day I was driving and she was skiing and, of course, you know, the more waves you could hit, the better it was. So there was this pretty big boat and I started going right behind it and she let go because she knew enough, or was told enough that, you know, it could suck you right under and so she dropped off before we got close enough and explained that to me. On another day, we were out water skiing and the next day they talked about the sharks that had been right around where we were,

and there was another time we were out and a big, big storm came up where it was lightening very quickly and we knew enough that you didn't stay out on the boat. So I don't know, we weren't too far out, but have you ever heard of Sands Point? Frank Costello, the mafia guy, had a home out there and it was very, very fancy and exclusive, like Perry Como and, you know, a lot of celebrities lived out there in big expensive houses. Well, we got caught in this storm and we just headed for the closest house and it was back, you know, they all must have had live-in maids and everything else because we were half scared to death to go up to the back door, but we were more scared to stay out. It wasn't Costello's house. We didn't even know where it was, you know, we just knew that there were mafia out there, as well as celebrities and everything else, and so we went up to this door and it was this just big, fat, typical, black mama, you know, that they had as the maid and she just cackled when she saw us, you know. She was as sweet as she could be. She invited us in and made us sandwiches and hot cocoa. I doubt if anybody was home. I didn't see anybody else, you know. I think she was just a live-in maid. My friend had a live-in maid, so I think she was just happy to have the company, you know, and just, just had a happy personality that, and apparently enough clout that she was allowed to do that, you know, because my friend's mother, this friend, was an alcoholic and her Dad was as nice as he could be. She had an adopted older brother, but he was about a year and a half older than her, but he was peculiar. I don't, he didn't hang around with any of us or my brother or anything else. He just sometimes was there, sometimes wasn't. We didn't do much with him, and anyway, their maid, like if she would bring friends home after school, you know, we were only allowed certain stuff and God forbid if there was even a crumb left around. Her mother was really a witch, you

know, really was, and the poor maid, you know, I don't think, like if that maid, if that maid had been in this other house, she would never have been able to give us, she might have let us stand right inside the back door, but she never would have been able to give us sandwiches or anything, you know. She just never would have had that clout.

Well, the reason I started this was, you know, because I didn't see any difference in our lifestyle, but they were upper class and we were probably middle to upper class, and I wanted, we were probably middle because, well, even though my Dad was a lawyer, he didn't have a law business and he was also a gambler and he gambled quite a bit, so it was just one of the reasons I think why my mother went back to work. He gambled on horse races. In fact, he became a Republican just to get, you had to know somebody to be a teller at the racetrack and he wanted to do that in the racing season to get the tips and the stuff, you know, on the horses. So they were staunch Democrats, but became Republicans so he could get to know the people to get into that, which he did, and you know, we used to go to all these Republican. The name of the racetrack was Roseville Racetrack and it's in Long Island too and very well known. Back then, kids were allowed to go and everything, so sometimes we'd go on Friday nights, but when they joined the Republican party, they used to have all these clambakes, and I guess this is where we got our competitive nature from because they had like the three-legged races and the sack races and the egg throwing contests. Well, he would make us practice. My brother and I would practice the three-legged races and, you know, the sack races, and he and my sister would practice the egg throwing, and he taught her, all of us really that when you catch a raw egg, you watch it and you get your hands moving back at the rate the egg's going so you don't break it because he was going to win that contest, and they

won that contest every year that I can remember going because, you know, like for weeks before, he'd start with hard boiled eggs, you know, and then get up, so I do think that's where we got our real competitive spirit that we were all, you know.

Loretta, you know, like Loretta was very smart, very talented. She was very, you know, like my mother and Dad trusted her to take us, you know, in to New York and all over and was very responsible, and we were, knew we would be killed if we didn't obey her, you know, so you know, we did obey her. She was old enough, but she's, like during the summer when we were kids, she would do, she would do stuff like we had beach privileges where we lived like, back then on Manhasset Bay, like if you lived in this section, you belonged to this beach, you know, and she'd, there was another town called Manor Haven that was probably three, four, five miles from our house, and in the heat of the summer, she decided one year she was going to, she needed to get her Senior Lifesaving Badge for Girl Scouts and the Red Cross was giving lessons at this beach. So we would ride our bikes there and I was probably seven, maybe eight at the most, and I still had, you know, the small tires and she had the one with the gears and everything, you know, and she'd get, she'd, I mean I'd pedal like crazy, you know, and she'd get way far ahead of me and then she'd stop and yell at me to hurry up because she had to get there for her lessons and everything. You know, I don't know if my mother and father even knew she was making us ride all the way down there, but you know, we were told we couldn't go in the water while, you know, she was not watching us and stuff like that, and then it seemed like we'd just about get there when we had to start back again because we had to be back before my, she was kind of like, when we were very small kids, my parents rented a house way out on Long Island in a place called Aquabog. It was on the

north shore and we would go out there, and on weekends, various, you know, cousins, uncles, all came out and visited us and everything, but she was like, they had the trains and everything, you know, and she was, she just wouldn't even go in one for days and days and days, but she was like, had kind of a little mean streak in her, my sister, like I was, I was out one day coloring in the front yard and I, you know, I colored perfectly, never outside the lines and everything, and inside lines, everything was shaded and perfectly straight, and she came out one day and she was bored and she said, "Can I color in your coloring book?" and I said, "No, because you'll ruin it," and she *promised* me she'd stay in the lines and she would do it right. So, you know, I was sitting there watching her and she got this house or something all done and all of a sudden, she took the blue crayon and she really quickly colored all the grass blue, and I started crying and going in to my mother, "Mom, she ruined my coloring book," you know. She's behind me going, "No, I didn't. That's the blue grass of Kentucky," you know, and just stuff like that, you know, like she just was smart enough to come up with stuff like that. I remember also out there, I mean we had, we had a lot of fun out there, but my brother and I were walking through like a little canal of water and somebody had thrown a beer bottle or something in it and had broken it, cut his ankle almost in two and he had to be rushed to the hospital and I can remember I was walking behind him. He's not crying. I'm bawling my head off, you know, "Oh my God, my God," you know, and so anyway, he had the stitches and he, you know, got it stitched up and everything. It probably wasn't as bad as I thought, but it seemed to me it was almost cut off. Then there was another time when we had a little dingy with a little motor on the back and I, my mother and my father, I don't know why we weren't going with them because the recollection my sister

and I had was they were, all my relatives, the older ones were dressed up to go to church, but we weren't going with them and we always went to church. So anyway, my Dad was in his suit and while they were gone, us little kids would go out in this rowboat. I mean that's how much they trusted us, you know, and he went, but we couldn't get it started, so he got in it. He had one foot out and one foot in and he pulled the motor and took off and down he went in his suit and everything, you know, and that was one funny situation, and then, I mean in hindsight, it was funny.

Then our oldest cousin, there was like a sand bog or mud bog and we were told not to go in that part of the area. Well, he did and he sunk, quicksand, and I can remember my father and his father rounded up some, great big cardboard sheets, you know, and were crawling out and actually were trying to, they did get him out eventually, but they practically killed themselves doing it and they were ready to kill him, I'll tell you that. He was two years older than my sister. I was five and she would have been about ten, so he was about twelve. We never really saw a lot of him growing up because he was just enough older that they let him stay home when all, you know, when all of us got together and that, they, he was the son of the one that I was talking about that my godparent and his mother doted on him to the point where it was, you know, Bruce could do this and Bruce could do that. Bruce could do everything, and her second daughter, who was a year and a half younger than my sister, her second child, first daughter, she just, she couldn't stand her mother, just couldn't stand home life and she got out as quick as she could, and she married an older guy who happened to be named Jimmy and he was a drinker and an abuser and everything else, and she had seven kids in nine years, and after I was hurt, she and I got together a lot. I could, I was taught to drive while I was

still in this Institute and my aunt, my Dad's sister, the one that was single, she bought me a car and I would drive out to this cousin's house, and we, at the time, she had five kids and we were just, two would stand on the back of my chair, two would sit on my lap, and the other one I guess, I don't know where the fifth one, I guess walked, but we would go to Jones Beach with them and stay there all day. There was one beach that had a boardwalk that went all the way out and we'd go out far enough and then she'd get me off and we'd put up an umbrella and she'd have sandwiches made and everything, you know, and she then, sometimes I'd stay overnight, and she ended up after my mother and father were divorced, she divorced her husband and a bunch of us would go to my father's house, who now lived in Montclair with his wife there, and she arrived there at 7:00 in the morning with all of her kids dressed to the hilt and nobody had known she left her husband. She was just staying in this old Volkswagen bus. It would be called a van now I guess, and you know, she never explained why she got there at 7:00 in the morning or anything, and years later, after I went to the University of Illinois, I met a farmer out there and married him, and kind of lost touch with this cousin. Then when my husband and I moved down to Florida, she got in touch with me and I was going for my Master's degree then at Nova, which is now Nova Southeastern University and I was supposed to be taking my comprehensives and I was studying my you know what for it and then I kept telling her I didn't have time to see her before she went on this cruise. I'd see her after the cruise. She kept telling me she wanted to come then and she was bullheaded enough that she just came, and when she came, it was just like I hadn't, we had not ever had that fifteen year separation and I didn't study and it didn't matter because the

hardest single thing I would have studied was on the test anyway, but she then ended up coming down about once a year to visit and I passed the test.

Well, growing up, of course, we went to Catholic schools and all that with a lot of religious instruction, but not studying the Bible. I know very little about the Bible. In fact, I've, you know, recently, about a year ago, I bought myself a Bible just because Catholic churches now are interested in the Bible and I can't tell you how long that's been because for 35 years I was a fallen away Catholic. Both my parents are Catholic. My Dad though never went to church. I didn't understand why that was when I was growing up and I really didn't question that, but I wish I had now. My mother went and took us every Sunday and every, you know, religious, you know, we had our religious instruction in school, so, but yeah, we went to our, we had our Communion Confirmation, you know, like we did all that. Mass was once a week and we went to confession. I was not a perfect child. Confession was like part of, you know, in school, they took us every now and then, you know, when we were in grade school. In high school, it was up to us to go on our own, but you know, and I continued at the U of I. It just so happened that I got a roommate who was Catholic. Before the accident in 1961, you know, I think I had a strong belief in God, but I'm not so sure I realized how deep it was. Just like I never realized, you know, that yeah, we were going to go to college and that was, when it actually hit me that I really did believe in God happened when I was an outpatient at the Rusk Institute, but before the accident, I think I did have a deep belief in God, but I don't know. I guess I didn't have a conscious acknowledgement of it with myself, you know, like I, you know, even though I had a sister who was a nun, I can't, I don't know. She entered the convent when I was entering eighth grade. I belonged to,

you know, most of the religious things that we could belong to at church like the sedality, and I'm not even sure now what that meant. I just remember on our last day we were having a picnic and the parish priest, our Pastor came over and he just walked up to me and he said, "Do you want to," he said, "Are you going to go to St. Mary's?," and I said, "Yes," and he said, "Would you like a scholarship?," and I said, "Yes," and, I didn't, you know, that's what ended the conversation. I went home and told my mother, I said, "Father Holland gave me a scholarship to St. Mary's," and she said, "For a year or for the entire time," and I said, "I don't know. I didn't even ask," you know. It was for the whole time for ninth through the twelfth grade. I don't know why he asked me to be honest. I don't even know if the parish had a certain number of scholarships and I don't even know whether the involvement was, you know, my sister was in that religious order or that. I don't think he ever explained it to my mother because I remember my mother saying that she would feel very uncomfortable calling him up and asking him, "Is this for a year or four years?," you know. So we just sort of played it by ear, like I went and they paid the first year and the second year. I went and it was paid and I'm not sure what his criteria was, you know, and I don't know who else got scholarships. I know, I mean I had good grades. I, for all intensive purposes, was a good kid. I didn't get in trouble or anything, you know, the teachers mostly all liked me. That's a tough one to say if I had to characterize my mother as deeply religious, but I would say yes. First of all, she made sure we went to Catholic schools. She made sure that we received all the sacraments. She, after she was divorced, my father divorced her, she never considered herself divorced. She wouldn't because Catholics don't divorce, you know. She never dated, took an interest in any men, you know, or anything else and I think for those reasons, you

know, I think she was very ingrained, which is interesting because her mother was Catholic. Her father was actually Presbyterian, but my grandmother wouldn't marry him unless he was Catholic, so he converted, but the minute she died, he went right back to being a Presbyterian. He thought the Catholic Church was very cold and he expressed that to me. My mother's mother died when she was 57. I think it was probably when I was a teenager that my grandfather told me that. My mother, this goes back to not liking this guy I was going out with, Jim Delamonte, I got sent to Florida in the summers. He did have, you know, wavy black hair. I went down to Florida for summers when I was fifteen and sixteen and so it was just my grandfather and I and he was in the house then, and we used to have conversations because he would take me to church, my Catholic Church, and he would go with me and we got into a conversation then about, you know, why did he go back to being Presbyterian because he attended the Presbyterian Church, not, I don't think he went regularly, but he did go and when I was there, he went with me to the Catholic Church and he just felt like the Catholic Church was cold, and actually, jumping way up, this church that we go to here, is real folksy and warm and, but the one we went to in Wellington, which is where we lived down near West Palm Beach, like we, they were folksier in the sense that they held hands, you know, during part of it and they gave the sign of peace, but this church, you know, I mean they were running up and down the aisles kissing everybody and, you know, we know more people in this church in the two and a half years we've been here than I've known in all the other churches together, except the very first one when I was in school and knew schoolmates and stuff. I would say my father was not deeply religious because he did get a Mexican divorce. He remarried, he didn't go to church, you know. He did have a Catholic funeral, but in the

in-between years, I don't ever remember him going to church on Sunday with us. I don't remember him going on Easter or Christmas. I think, we used to go to midnight Mass and when we were older, maybe, maybe on the years we came down to Florida, and the whole family went to midnight Mass, maybe he came with us, but I don't think so.

I don't think my mother sent me to the neighborhood store on my own, but she did send my sister. My sister was very young and didn't even know, like we've talked about it because of this book. I was going to bring it in and show it to you, but she remembers going to the butcher and saying she wanted lean, loin lamb chops. She would say, "I want six or seven," but she really didn't know what they were, you know, it was just like a phrase and I guess my independence really came more maybe after my sister entered the convent because then my mother leaned on me more, you know, but you know, we were, I can, we were given an allowance and, you know, we'd roam around all day Saturday and leave early as soon as we had our chores done. That was my father, the disciplinarian, the room had to be clean and, well, he didn't really inspect, but we got to choose whether we wanted outside work or inside work, and my sister and brother chose the outside work. They did the lawn mowing and the raking, the leaf raking, and I stayed indoors and, you know, helped my mother, like she, my mother did not dust. That was my job. If I didn't dust, it could get this thick, she would clean the house from top to bottom, but she wouldn't dust. I got that job because she wouldn't do it. She didn't like to do it. We had to clean our rooms, make our beds, change our sheets, do our chores, and mine was dusting.

I don't remember any other activities growing up while we were in Brooklyn before we moved to Long Island because I was too young. My girlfriend's name was

Diane Seymour and I did stay I touch with her for quite a while and then I know we drifted apart, and when I tried to look her up again, she had divorced. Her married name was Petracino. I introduced her to him in Port Washington. She had two little girls and he was an abuser and she left him, and I cannot for the life of me remember how the last name was spelled, like Petrocino or Petracino. I don't know whether she remarried again. She was very young. The last time we were in touch was probably, I know when I came home from college at Illinois, a couple of times, probably in '63. The only person from pre-accident that I've kept in touch with is what they called, when I went to Good Counsel, every freshman got a big sister who was a sophomore and my big sister, her last name is Robison now, Pat Robison, and I'll be darned, Fulner, that was her maiden name. Her first name is Patricia, Pat, and interesting enough, people always thought we looked alike, but there wasn't much resemblance face-wise, but we were both real tall, like 5'9", 5'10", both had dark hair and both were about the same, you know, I was pretty skinny then. I was always on a diet and she was too, and we've stayed in touch all these years. We still write Christmas cards. I've only seen her once. She and her husband came out to Illinois and stayed with my husband and I for a couple of years when I was married, after I graduated. She lives today in Salem, Massachusetts. I never actually thought about teasing her about the witch-hunts in Salem. You know, that just makes me think that I think this might be the first, I haven't gone, always after Christmas, I always go through my Christmas cards and see who I actually got them from because as they're coming in sometimes, I'll forget. I don't know whether I got a card from her or not because I, now, since I can't, you know, I always used to write a long message, a personal message, to each person on my Christmas card list, and now since I can't write,

I just type a Christmas letter, and when I first started doing it, when I still could write a little bit, I'd write a little note and now it's gotten to where I don't even sign my name. My name is typed on the letter and that's what they get. She always used to write me a pretty long message about, you know, what her kids are doing and I don't think she, she's just signed her cards the last few years and this year, I don't even remember getting one. But you know, it's a long time to go, like, as her kids, I wasn't even around when she had her kids, so when you don't know the kids, you know. I really wish I was still in touch with some of them, but I, the one friend in particular who was, you know, a real good friend of mine all through grade school and high school, and she, she went to school I don't know where, but then she got married and when they went on a honeymoon, then they came home from the honeymoon, they moved into an apartment in Queens or somewhere. They were unpacking and she, she remembered the last thing she told her husband was, "Don't squeeze the toothpaste from the middle up the tube," and he went out to the incinerator to dump some garbage and some nut that was on the floor below, shot through the floor and killed him. He was just a nut, just crazy, and her husband was in the wrong place at the wrong time, and she had relatives that lived in Champaign and so she came out to the University to work on her Master's degree and stayed with her relatives and she knew I was out there and we got together and we hung around while she was out there and then I don't know where she went from there. Her name was Patricia O'Rourke. Her married name was Pat Burke, and you know, my sister gets a newsletter from the alumni at St. Mary's, why, I don't know, but I don't and not this one, but the one before, there was a Patricia O'Rourke mentioned for my year and I've got, I have that on my computer in there and I have the newsletter and I'm going to contact the Alumni

Association and just see if that Patricia O'Rourke was the same one because my guess is she very possibly could have come back to that area because she had, she was, she was actually a year younger than I was. She was like sixteen when she graduated, but she had three siblings and I remember, I don't remember much about what her mother looked like, but I remember her father distinctly. I ate over at their house a couple of nights and before he took a bite, he said Grace and we didn't say Grace at home. None of our family said Grace, yet I would say that my two mother's cousins that were brought up with her, they were just as religious as they could be and so was some of my, my father's one sister that never married was real religious. I know I'm jumping ahead, but when I got married, I got married out of the church and my two mother's cousins came to the reception, but they would not come to the service, and one of my aunts wouldn't come to any of it because I got married outside of the church. So you know, they, I would characterize my, the reason I mention this is because we did, we seemed to do everything with my mother's two cousins and their father until they died, including all of our family vacations. Every year we went somewhere when we had that Nash Rambler. We would pile the four of us, because my sister was gone, and the three of them, seven of us in this Nash, and we would go off somewhere, you know, mostly up or down the east coast and my Dad was an incredibly good packer. My sister takes that after him and he would pack the whole trunk and he would have a box with their booze in it and a little grill and we stopped at parks and stuff like that, and we ended up calling them their booze-outs. They'd, he'd get out his box of booze and he'd mix everybody whatever kind of drink they wanted. Of course, we were too small and then we'd cook on the grill and, you know, to save money so we could see all the sites and everything. I particularly

remember one trip we made through upstate New York and they toured the wineries, and my brother and I, of course, went through the wineries and when we got to the end, we got grape juice, you know. They got wine and, you know, we had some fun vacations.

On Saturdays growing up in Port Washington, we couldn't go out until, you know, like we'd, mostly with this one girlfriend and sometimes with a few others, like we'd get on the train. We'd go to Grapeneck and we'd go to the ice skating rink there. It was an indoor rink. It was actually where, I don't know whether you follow ice skating, but the Hughes', the sisters, one of them won the Olympic medal the last winter Olympics I guess, and now she has a sister and they skate in that same rink. I can't imagine it's still there. It was an old dump when we went there. They surely have refurbished it, and I mentioned we had the golf course near us. We used to sleigh ride whenever it snowed, we'd go to the golf course and there was one hill that hundreds of kids went to and built like jumps, ski jumps, for the ones that would ski and then there were skis, toboggans, sleds, those flying saucer things, you know, everything under the sun. We had some interesting times there, like one time, four of us decided we would go over a ski jump in a toboggan, you know, everybody would end up, but we'd be gone all day long just, you know. My mother just figured that when we got cold enough, we'd come home, you know. Summers, we pretty much, we either played outdoors with stickball or we'd go to the beach. We had beach right close to us. As a matter of fact, I won my first gold medal in swimming when I was six years old at that beach. It was called, we lived in the section called Manhasset Bay States and that was the private beach for the residents of that area, and they had Labor Day parties and, you know, they had all these different races. Again, the sack races, the swimming races, you know, all that and

we, this isn't outside the family, but we owned a boat for a short time, you know, one of those cabin cruisers, but we were not rich enough to have, everybody had, everybody else had a little dingy or something, you know, that they left out there mooring and then took their own boat, but us shanty Irish, we didn't have a dingy, so when we moored our boat, we all just jumped over the side and swam in, you know. As I said, I don't even remember when I learned to swim, I just, you know, we went to, when we were a little older and were able to drive, we went to Jones Beach, you know. When we were kids, we were taken to Jones Beach, I mean and we just swam around in those waves something fierce, you know. I remember my Dad teaching us, you know, when to dive in so you missed getting slammed, but I don't ever remember being actually taught to swim. We just did it. I remember one time being absolutely, you know, going around, around, being slammed down on my head and my neck. It's a miracle we didn't have more broken necks back then, you know. Also we went to the movies, beach movies, walking around, all with the small group of kids being around growing up, and like I was a Brownie, a Girl Scout, and we went off and did our badges, and went away to camp. It was a camp in Long Island. We went to day camp in a camp called Mitineka, and then later on, my sister was a counselor at, I think it was a Girl Scout camp. It was out in East Hampton. I remember the trips driving out there and I didn't really think I wanted to go away from home for two weeks. I was pre-teen, maybe, maybe eighth grade, something like that, no, it had to be under because she was sixteen, seventeen, so it was, yeah, that's about right. It might have been between sixth and seventh grade and I did go and I loved it so much that I wrote home and asked, or called home and asked if I could stay another two weeks, and I ended up staying the rest of the summer, and when I got to be about

fourteen, I joined the bicycle, they had a bicycle unit and we drove our bikes all over, clear out to Montook Point from East Hampton, just everywhere, you know. We'd, we would camp out in tents, pitch a tent, camp out, cook out, you know, the whole bit. We were really, my sister and I were very athletic. My brother could have cared less. My brother did not like regimentation. He didn't want to go to camp. He didn't want to join the Boy Scouts. He didn't want to join the Cub Scouts. He didn't want any authority figure telling him what to do, and actually recently, I asked him, "You know, since you hated regimentation, how did you end up at the Maritime Academy?" He said, "Because it was free," you know, he had to get, we found a paper recently that my mother had cut out where he had been, you know, he got appointed by a U.S. Representative that could send so many and he got appointed to go, and I don't know how he got appointed to go, like he, he was, he didn't get as good grades as my sister and I got, although he's really, really smart, like you can be looking at Jeopardy and bam, bam, bam, you know. You can bring up any subject and he knows about it, and I've asked him many a time, "How do you know that?," and you know, he just, I don't know whether he reads a lot or what, but he, he remembers a lot of trivia stuff and all that, but he just, you know, he didn't like to study, he didn't like school, and it wasn't until he got to high school that he realized all the other friends were going off to college and he better shape up. So it was peer pressure in many ways with him.

I don't even remember there being preschool back then. Interestingly enough, when we went to St. Savior's, that was the grade school in Brooklyn, they had, you could be admitted like either in September or February and my brother was born in March and he started school in February, so he was like, he was like a year and a half ahead of me in

school. When we moved out to Long Island, they didn't have that February thing and my brother already, my mother had been called in and asked if there was something wrong with him because he didn't do any work. He just stared out the window and my mother said to Phil, "Why do you stare out the window?" and he said, "Because I just think that a nice little boy like me ought to be out there playing in the sunshine." So when we moved out to Long Island, she left him back the half year instead of pushing him forward, and then when we were in, when I was in, finished third grade, they wanted me to skip to fifth grade, but my mother wouldn't do it because then I would be in the same class as him and I was a good student and loved, really loved to go to school and he hated it and didn't, and you know, I can remember my Dad would sit there at the table with pennies and nickels and dimes and he'd, my brother was terrible at spelling and, you know, we had spelling books back then and so he would go over and over the words and the money would go back and forth if he spelled it right or didn't spell it right, and so I was sitting there at the table a couple of times, you know, and I'd spout out the spelling before my brother had a chance and I got banished to the other room, you know, and I'd even yell out from there once in a while until my father threatened to punish me if I kept doing it because, but you know, he just ended up either with no money or a pile of money depending upon how hard he had studied, you know. To this day, he's just not a good speller.

The date of my accident was July 8th, 1961. I don't remember much about being in the ambulance. I remember going up in the elevator and thinking I was dying, and I know I lost consciousness. I don't remember pain at all and the next I know, I woke up and I was in bed and it had this like, the traction back then was like a chinstrap attached

to weights, no halo, just, maybe there was. There was nothing around my head. It was just like, like it pulled up this way and hung off, and that to me was really painful because I remember like you had to keep that on constantly, and after a few days, you can't open your mouth so all you got was like Jell-O kind of stuffed in and grape juice, and I remember I was able to, I suppose they did intravenous as well, but I remember having freedom like I could move my arms. I wasn't, you know, total quadriplegic. It was incomplete and I'd reach back there and I'd fiddle around until the weights would fall off, and then I'd hold my head perfectly still, you know, so I wouldn't damage my neck is what it really was. Like I had gotten a scab under my chin and, you know, that part of it was really painful, and after two weeks is when they transferred me to the Rusk Institute. That was in Manhattan and it was right when you came out of the tunnel that left you off at 34th Street, the Midtown Tunnel on the East Side, and when I got there, they put me in what they called a striker frame, the round bed where they could flip you over, and after I was there a little while, I don't really think it was very long. I remember my mother coming in and I could tell she had had tears in her eyes, and she had to tell me that they were going to drill holes in my skull and they put these tongs in and then the weights, you know, were held off them so you didn't have that pain or anything and, you know, I was just up for anything, you know, so they did. They drilled the holes and they screwed these tongs in and they hadn't been done at that hospital very frequently and they didn't know that they were supposed to tighten them every couple of days or every day or whatever, and you know, I hadn't had a whole lot of anything but mushy meals, you know, and I remember one night they allowed my family to bring in pizza and I was opening my mouth to take a bite of pizza and this tong on this side popped out and they

didn't want to put it back in. Instead, they transferred me to another hospital and I don't remember the name of it, but it was, they put me on a floor where they mostly had people that had had Parkinson's disease that they were doing some kind of brain surgery on because they were all bald and I remember thinking that I was in a men's ward and it was really kind of frightening, and I got this witchy German nurse who's about, I swear she looked like she was 95, she was so wrinkled up and everything, and I had gotten sores on my heels because I would get little spasms and so I had to wear shoes in bed and I remember this nurse insisted you were supposed to, well, I was supposed to drink a lot because of the catheter and she was insisting that I drink this orange juice that I thought was rotten. It tasted like grapefruit juice. It was so bad and I wasn't going to drink it, yet I was just absolutely not going to drink it and I remember she came in and she, it was time to turn me. They turned me side to side there because I was on the strike frame and she flipped me and my legs and everything fell out of bed and I was just hanging by these tongs that were attached to the bed, and I told my mother when she came to visit, and man, she flew out of that room and she went to the administrator and that was the last I ever saw of that nurse.

I remember like my one uncle. I had two Uncle Jims. One was Jimmy. One was Jim. This was my father's brother. He came in to see me. It was Uncle Jim. He came in to see me and he just turned around and he left and didn't come back in and later on I asked, you know, I said, "What happened to Uncle Jim?," and he said he just couldn't stand to see me in that situation. My father's first name was Phil, Phillip Eugene, and that was the last I saw of him there. It was too painful for him, but my, then Jack, that was my mother's cousins Uncle Jack came and he was really my very, very favorite, you

know, like back to Uncle Bob, when people would all come on the weekends and there wasn't enough room, enough beds and all, you know, like I was the youngest and it was, they'd get to me and they'd say, "Okay Evie, who do you want to sleep with?," and I always said Jack and they always would all laugh because I was terrible. I was all over the bed kicking. Nobody ever got any sleep, you know, but he never said no and I mean I was really his pet. He saved all my baby teeth in a jar and, you know, when it was our birthday, we always got a box of Fannie Farmer candy and a brand new, right out of the bank, dollar bills for whatever age we would turn, you know. Now back to the second institution, they kept me there for, I was there for maybe about six weeks I think and the reason I went back to Jack was because he came through great labor. He had to take all kinds of buses and trains and everything else. He was coming from Brooklyn and I know that this hospital was in the Bronx, but I don't know where. I don't remember the name of it. It might have been off Gunhill Road, and he'd sit there with me, you know, every afternoon because my mother worked, my father worked, and everybody else worked, and my sister was already in the convent and my brother was in the Maritime College.

I think when I got that I was permanently injured and it would alter my life was after I got back to Rusk from the second place, you know, and once I was up in a wheelchair and out and about and meeting these people. It probably was two months after the accident happened, and what gave me the clue was people were coming back for check-ups. These were people who, people who had been at the Rusk Institute, like maybe a year before, two years before, they would come back periodically and stay for a month for a check-up and it was, you know, then when it dawned on me that these people aren't getting better. They were coming back in wheelchairs, manual wheelchairs. Some

of them could push themselves. They were back then, they were very heavy, not modern, you know, clunky chairs, like back, my chair weighed something like 75 pounds. It took my mother and her two cousins to put it in the trunk of the car to take me somewhere. It folded, but it was a lot of weight. I just, this started after, this sweating just comes and goes, you know, like in July, I had a mastectomy and this is part of the aftermath.

Nobody knows why I'm doing it to be honest, you know. When I, an interesting part of my stay at the Rusk Institute, which lasted for eleven and a half months total from the time of my accident, from July 8th, I was in the hospital for eleven and a half months. No one had told me that it was permanent and I, that's an interesting thing that you brought up because I was very, very stubborn and I wanted them, I wanted to know because, you know because I'm, I, the kind of person I am, if I know what I'm dealing with, I can deal with it much better than not knowing, and I knew that I wasn't going to probably walk again, but I wanted to hear it out of their mouths. They didn't tell you back then.

They felt like, in fact, my Dad had a friend who, who knew a guy who did repossess cars. My Dad would get some pretty nice cars through this friend of his and he had just gotten a Triumph, a TR7, the two-seater sports car, a blue one, and I got, before my accident, you know, I got to drive it several times and that was my father's character. I learned the standard shift. I don't remember the stick on the Nash. I do remember like we had an old Chevy that, you know, you shifted and my Dad like taught us kids how to drive when we were like nine, ten years old, and when, when I was in school, I took ballroom dancing lessons. This was back in high school and my grandfather lived with us for a little while, and I was having my dance recital so and I had to be there early and my cousin, Evelyn and Jack were coming out from Brooklyn and, you know, everybody

was coming to the recital and I can remember my dress. It was a white dress with little flowers down it and everything, and we got to the stop sign and the gears wouldn't shift, and my Dad had showed us how to lift the hood and there was this little thing you reached in and you had to get, push it together, you know, and so we stopped at this stop sign and the car, you know, the car wouldn't shift and my grandfather couldn't get it going and I said, "Oh, I can do that Grandpa," and I jumped out and threw the hood up and fixed the gears and got back in and my hands were like grease all over it. He gave me his white linen handkerchief, but he raved about that to all his friends for the rest of, for as long as I can remember how, you know, I jumped out in my white dress and fixed that. Of course, I arrived at the dance recital with grease all over my hands, but I didn't get the dress dirty. I just had to reach in and straighten those things, and I think I was in eighth grade then, and we were up on stage and my partner didn't show up. Instead of having like somebody extra for me different years, they just made me like walk on stage, like the whole bunch of us paraded out at once and I had to just go on and then go off the other side and that was my dance recital.

Part of our, what we had to do at the Rusk Institute was every week you had to see a psychologist, and the psychologist was on, first of all, she, having gotten my Master's degree in Psychology, I now know that you don't set the agenda and she did. She was bound and determined that I caused this accident because remember, I lied and said I was driving, and I had to carry this. Her information was that I was driving and she was insisting that I was doing, that I did this accident on purpose because I wanted to get my parent's back together again, and so she kept on me and, you know, she kept insisting that I talk about my parents and I finally, you know, I said, "I'm not, my parents had

nothing to do with this. I had, you know, I didn't do this on purpose." This lie was following me around and really caused, so I finally just, I wouldn't tell her and I just let her continue to believe that and finally I just said, "If you're going to continue on this," you know, "track, I'm not even going to talk to you," and I spent at least three visits where I just sat there and stared out the window for 45 minutes because that's all she wanted to talk about. So finally, finally, we moved on. She said that my tests had all come out and showed that, you know, I really should go back to college and that she thought that we should look into that and I said, "Well, I'm not going back to college until I can walk back," and I knew. They never told me, but I was bound and determined, you know, that somebody was going to tell me flat out and finally she got me. She handed me a huge, big book of colleges and curiosity got the best of me and I started looking through them and I found that the University of Illinois and the University of Southern California were the only two accessible colleges at the time. I don't know how, I never went there, to the University of Southern California, so I don't, I got an interview at the University of Illinois and my mother flew out there with me and, well, we were supposed to fly down to Champaign from Chicago. It was Ozark Airlines and they would not let me on the plane because I couldn't be, you know, I had to have somebody to lift me on and so we had to rent a car and drive down. When Tim Nugent found out they wouldn't let me on that plane, right then and there he got on the phone and he made a few phone calls and he found out who refused and he got them fired. I remember that distinctly. I'm still in Rusk and it was 1962, in May, and it was an absolutely gorgeous, gorgeous day and, you know, I just took one look around and, you know, there were students walking all over and the flowers were all out. I knew I wasn't going to walk

again. Nobody had told me, but I, nobody would, I just decided that nobody is going to tell me and I got, well, I don't know that my mother and my father even knew for sure. I don't know that. I don't think they had that information either, you know, and interestingly enough, after I was there six months, at the Rusk Institute, I couldn't really move my hands and they said if I didn't get any movement anywhere else in six months, I never would, but one finger started moving and I got the use of this hand, like, my right hand. I could, enough use of it, like I could open jars and I could, well, I couldn't dress myself. I had never dressed myself before I went to the U of I because it was a long process. I just fell in love with it, you know, and decided okay, yeah, I do want to go here because, you know, there were students like rolling around in wheelchairs and they had the wheelchair buses and there were students that were wheeling along talking to able-bodied students and it just really, really appealed to me. So, you know, I got my interview with Tim and I didn't know then about hell week. He didn't accept me then. He said, you know, I wasn't strong enough and I had to dress myself, but I, I mean I was still in the hospital, but in the hospital, which was supposed to be *the* best hospital in the country, Rusk Institute, and when I left there, the therapist said nothing more. I mean for the last three or four weeks, she said there was nothing more she could teach me as far as dressing myself, bathing myself, toileting, all of those things. I had both physical and occupational therapy. In fact, I have a table I made in occupational therapy. I wish I had it here to show you. It still exists. It was a tile table and I laid every tile, you know, just one by one and I sanded down the legs, you know, from square to round and painted it and everything. You know, they gave you a little help, but I worked on that for almost the whole time I was there, and they also gave, I don't know that they called that

occupational, I guess they did call that occupational therapy, but I also went and I took shorthand, which I was never very good at, you know, trying to, but they didn't do much in the way of career development or anything, you know. They did the Dvorshak test and, you know, took all those other battery tests and that's, you know, they decided that I should go back to college and that's what the psychologist was aiming at and I did go out for the interview and fell in love with it and then Tim denied me. He said I was too weak and so that Fall, I was still going to the Rusk Institute as an outpatient. I went for another whole year and was back living in Port Washington at my father's house. He gave up the house and my mother and I moved back, and you know, and after the accident, you know, it was really I think money-wise, you know, my mother having worked in the courts and with, she had worked with welfare and probation. She learned about what is now Medicaid before it was ever even much used and so we were on Medicaid, you know, the whole time I was at Rusk, and probably for a while after. I left Rusk in June of '62.

From the accident up until June of 62, James Delamonte was never hospitalized and he found a new girlfriend and didn't ever have the guts to tell me, you know, and then this Diane, my best friend, Diane Seymour, they were going to some kind of race. She stayed friends with me through the whole thing. So did, I mean his, Jimmy's brother came to visit me, but you know, all kinds of people that were friends who thought the worst came and visited. He came and visited, but didn't tell me I'd been dumped and it wasn't until, you know, like when I was getting to come home on weekends and wondering why he wasn't taking me out or going anywhere, and you know, I'd call him and he'd always make an excuse of going to these races, and you know, it was impossible to get a wheelchair around that and this and that and the other thing, and so my friend

Diane told me he was going with somebody else, and I don't remember. I'm sure it was very traumatic to me at the time, but I don't remember really mourning over it for too long because I think I realized, you know, he really was, you know, I didn't know where I was going with it. I knew I was going to four years of college prior to my accident and, you know, he really was my ticket to the parties and all that kind of stuff, you know. So I, you know, I don't think it was all that earthshaking. I just moved on.

So I was going in, being transported by an accessible van. I had gained back the use of my right hand. Nothing was happening with my left hand, never did, and the right hand was never, like I couldn't, I couldn't like say squeeze your hand where it would hurt. I could shake your hand, I could write, and I could, you know, I eventually learned to dress myself using my right hand, but my left hand has never come back. In fact, I was married for a whole year before my husband knew I didn't use my left hand, and I even still use it now when people think I have arthritis, but you know, like when your hand is out like this and you bend it, you know, like you couldn't stick a glass in this hand and hold it. We were having a party one night and he fixed me a drink and I stuck my hand out. I smoked then and had a cigarette in this hand and I was used to my family, you know, making sure it stuck in there, and I tightened my wrist and he just thought I had it and let it go and it smashed on the floor, and he accused me of being drunk and I said, "I'm not drunk," you know, "I can't use that hand." He said, "What do you mean you can't use that hand?," and here's all these people were having this discussion about I can't use my left hand. Back to when I, this was also the time I think I really, you know, there was an occurrence that made me realize how much I really believed in my faith in God. This is outpatient and they picked me up, and they picked people up, they picked a

couple of other people up and one of the people they were picking up, her mother always came with her and I don't, I think in hindsight, she might have had a head injury because, the daughter, who I think was a little younger than I was, and I remember they were Jewish and one day, we're on the bus and she said, "How do you stay so cheerful?," you know, "and how do you accept it?" The mother said, "How do you accept your disability as well?," and it just popped out of my mouth, you know, "Well, God has a reason," and I said to her, "I don't know what the reason is now, but he has some reason," and I think that's really when it, when I really realized how much my faith did have to do with the whole thing. She said, she just said, "I wish I could have your belief," you know, and then I think that's when she explained to me, that's when we got into the Jewish-Catholic thing, but you know, I don't think that had much to do with, she was just amazed that that was my response, you know, I don't know what she thought I would respond, but I don't ever remember, I only remember one scene where I really got, was bitter and that was when we still lived in Levittown and my brother, I was going home for weekends. I was still in the hospital and my brother was home from, I think it was from his summer trip up the Mediterranean and made him decide he didn't want to go to that school after all. Anyway, my mother wanted me to take my pills and I don't know why I was being stubborn and I wouldn't take them, and she said, "Well, if you're not taking them, you're going back to the hospital," meaning Rusk, and I don't remember why I was being difficult, but I just remember that she told my brother to put me in the car and take me back, and he picked me up and I, you know, I wiggled and did everything I could to keep him from getting me in that car, but they took me back, so, but that's the only, that's the only real bitterness or major, and I don't know why I was not taking, no self-pity, and

you know, interestingly enough, there was a guy, his name was Dale. I don't remember his last name, but he was injured, same, almost identical injury and had basically the same function I had, but he was very depressed and, you know, he didn't try very hard. Like when I'd go into therapy, you know, I did as much as they told me to do and more if I could, you know, and he just hardly even tried and after he got released from the hospital, about the same time I did, and he committed suicide. I forget where he came from, but he, you know, back living with his parents, but there was two kids that, and I call them kids. I was eighteen, one was sixteen and one was seventeen and it was two different, two boys and there was, we didn't have any romantic relationships at all, but I did feel sorry for them being away from home and they got permission and, you know, we took them, not at the same time, different times took them home from the hospital out to Long Island and to give them a break and just to socialize, and I had a daytime nurse that Rusk had, two private nurses. I couldn't stand the nighttime nurse that was crazy. She was nutty and silly.

So I really liked this one and I wouldn't, when I was allowed to go home, I, the first few times, you know, I took her with, one night with us. I took her with us even after I didn't really need her at home just because we had fun together and I liked her, and like one weekend I was going home and I had decided I was going to have a party, and I invited a few people and word just got around because of this, like that place I told you about, the Port Washington Pier, where my friend and I used to walk around and go eat, well, that was like, that was the meeting place, the necking place, you know, it was, daytime, it was, you know, and those of us who didn't have dates, this was pre-injury and I used to drive around and see who was with who, you know. It's like the kids today, the

way I look at them, they'll all wear the same thing, even though they strive so hard, you know, to get their jeans at a different place, you know, and you can't even tell one from the other. Oh my God, like my step-grandson, his mother married again and so he has a, he has a half, no, step-sister and they're in the same grade, but you know, I have to get them both presents because I can't just get him presents and, you know, her, she, her jeans cost her sixty, seventy, eighty bucks, absolutely outrageous. So the word got around about this party and back then, even though in the North we didn't have segregation, you know, word got around there was this cute black gal at this party. This was my night caretaker. Her name was Jean. I don't remember her full name, and so some black people started arriving at the party and half the people that came were uninvited. You know, you invite a few people and they tell a few people and the next thing you know, you have an open house, and which was interesting back there, you know, we didn't tell her they couldn't come in or anything, another interesting tangent, but they came and she turned them away because she was answering the door. I don't know what she told them to be honest, you know, I just heard her, and then, you know, she told me that I'd come to, she had come to my house so many times, she wanted me to come to her apartment. Well, she didn't tell, I said okay, I was always game to do anything, you know. It was a very interesting weekend and I know this is a tangent, but I went to her apartment. It was up four flights of stairs. She got a hold of a couple of big, strong guys and they lugged me up the four flights of stairs in my chair. They got to, we got to refreshment time and they had little Dixie cups, yellow, blue, red, green, you know, they're white with the, and each little Dixie cup had a different kind of whiskey or something, vodka, gin, bourbon, rye, whatever, and they came around to serve me and I

said, "I can't drink that without having like some soda water or something," you know, and well, they didn't have any of that. I guess that wasn't how they drank their booze, so Jean sent a couple of guys out to find some Coke or, you know, 7-Up, whatever they could find. Well, they went to three different stores and all they could come back with was sarsaparilla. I remember that to this day. So I drank my drinks with sarsaparilla, and then I thought we were up there for the night, but we weren't, you know, that was just, as the night was getting started, we went back down the stairs and I swear it was Small's Paradise that we went to, and a lot of, it's amazing that the name popped up. That sounds like my experience with going into bars. My brother was a year and a half older and so, you know, we always hung out, you know, it might be a different place, but the whole crowd hung out in one place. So, he had had been going there and they had carded him when he was old enough to drink. So when I came, he introduced them to, introduced me as his sister and they assumed I was over and served me, so I was drinking at sixteen. Jean's apartment was within walking distance of Small's Paradise and I can't tell you, and there were jazz musicians there, but I don't know who. I don't think I could have told you the difference if it was jazz or blues singers, you know. I just remember, you know, it was, I just thought it was such an incredible experience to get to do that, and then, you know, we went back to her house and they lugged me back up the stairs and we partied a little bit more, and it was a very small, little apartment. I think she slept on the couch and I slept on a cot, you know, and I think there were other people that lived there, but I don't remember who now. I was still in the hospital then before I became an outpatient, but about two months after that, she got stabbed going in her own, you know, going up the stairs in her own building, not killed, but she didn't, you know, she was off

for quite a while. She had a sister who worked there too, so she kept me informed. I don't know what it was to be honest, but I think I was too young and too naïve to really know what was going on. It might have been drugs. It could have been anything, you know. Drugs or pot, I guess was starting to come in about that time or heroin. I mean they could have been doing it in the party, but I don't think I would have known the difference, you know. I would have noticed if they were doing it. There was nobody snorting anything unless it was in the bathroom or something because I know I was in college when I did finally get there in '63, I guess it was. Actually, it would go back to when I was an outpatient.

They had the, they were still dealing with some of us, I mean, you know, social work type thing and getting us out interested in activities and stuff, and I remember one other guy and I went to the National Wheelchair Games that were held at Buliva, near the Grand Central parkway in Queens, and I was so jealous. They were holding the National Games there to qualify you for the Para-Olympics. I don't know if it was right at the Buliva, it was in New York and IMPR had an accessible bus and they took this other kid and I there. IMPR is the Institute of Physical Medicine. I think I said the letters backwards, the Rusk Institute of Physical Medicine, and I was really very, very jealous and envious of the Illini team especially. They came from all different places all over the country and they came and, and I mean they had a big group of students that came. A much bigger group than anybody else and they just seemed to have so much fun and so much camaraderie, or however you say that word, and you know, it just made me more interested in really wanting to. I don't know if Tim was with them. I don't think so, but I saw them compete and I was very impressed, and since I was, liked sports anyway, you

know, I, I consider that sports program as really my salvation. A year passed before I could reapply and get into the U of I. I went there in May of '62 and started in the Fall of '63. Tim wanted me to come out a week or two early and he told me for functionality week, and I had no idea what that was, but it was very interesting. I know the men's dormitory that, you know, the barracks that we had was right there and there was a little cafeteria there, and Chuck Elmer was the Head of Therapy and we were supposed to push around that entire place once in the morning and once at night and they were heavy, heavy chairs that we were using and so we would get around the corner out of sight, and the ones who had a little more functionality than I did, they would let me hang on to their chair and they'd pull me and we'd get back in sight. I never ever was a good pusher. I don't know why. I just never could, I mean I did it. I did it all over campus, ice, snow, whatever, but whenever I had a chance to hook a ride, I'd hook a ride whether it was able-bodied or not, you know, and I always planned my classes because that, when they dropped us off at what I think was Lincoln Hall, you know, like I'd plan them so I was going downhill because it was just slightly downhill, I'd, and, you know, I'd go to the next building, which I forget what it was and then my next building was Altgeld Hall by that time too, and then I'd go to the Union for lunch and then I'd go to the History, Museum of Natural History, and then I think I was done for the day, picked up the bus there and went back to the dorm.

In the Fall of '63, I was told I had to arrive a week earlier than everybody else. I don't really remember if it was after Labor Day or before in August. It seems like, it was awful hot, I'll tell you that when we were doing this, but I think it was late August. School might have started in September, but so we were introduced to Chuck Elmer and

decided after a couple of days, he might as well have had a whip in his hand. My mother and her two cousins brought me to campus from Port Washington. I'm trying to think because my father didn't move to New Jersey until he got married again. I'm trying to remember when that was. Her two cousins were still living in Brooklyn. We drove in whatever car my mother had at the time and we had a trunk that was on top of the car for my belongings and their bags stuck around, you know. The trunks were big then. They weren't like they are now. So the first day or two, I think we, I mean "Hell Week" was started off with filling out papers, you know, and they were still located in the tarpaper shacks, and then we were housed, I think they put us right in our assigned dorms. Mine was Pennsylvania Avenue Residence Hall, which was brand new at the time, because I remember one of the days was, I guess it was after "Hell Week," but I didn't wake up to my alarm clock and I gave a frantic call to my mother and cousins to hurry up and come get me up because I'd missed the bus, not get me up, but get me ready because I'd missed the bus and it was Orientation Day and that was the day they were going, you know, where we registered for what courses we wanted to take and all that and they were, that was after "Hell Week." I'm getting ahead of myself again, but we were getting out of the car. One of them was putting my shoes on and one of them was helping me into the chair because they used a sliding board and all that, and who walks up but, who walks by but Chuck Elmer, and just gave us this kind of look, you know, that I'll know, you know, because all along, you know, it was with the understanding that if we did not do well, we were going home. So my mother and two cousins stayed in a motel for that whole like seven days or whatever, waiting to see whether they had to pack me up and take me home. I think I was confused with the paperwork the whole first day. I think we got

right in to the pushing and pushing and pushing around this quad, around this big square around the tarpaper shacks, this cafeteria and then all the men's dorms so it was a long way, you know, and it took almost half the morning just to do that I think. Like I said, as soon as we'd get out of sight, after the first day or two when the others got to know me, they would let me hold on or push me or do whatever they could because they all were better pushers than I was and they'd do that for maybe one whole side. I don't want to say a block because they were long blocks and when we got back close to the shack, then I'd start pushing myself again.

I just, you know, I mean I did get better, but when I got out there, I had never once dressed myself from start to finish. They didn't check. You either caught the bus to take you to the tarpaper shacks or if you didn't arrive, I guess you wouldn't have, you know, all those guys got up at 4:00 in the morning. I think they expected me to do that. I'm sure they would have, you know, there were, I'm sure, what did they call them, the students that are resident monitors were probably around. I didn't have a roommate yet and so I would get up at 4:00 in the morning to catch the bus at 8:25. It took me that long to get dressed on my own that whole first six months, you know, I got a little better and a little better and a little better, because I became more able to do it and more stronger, and I was able to change it around a little, you know, than what I usually, normally did, which was take my shower and wash my hair at night and I prefer to shower in the morning to wake me up a little bit, you know. I just couldn't do all that in one morning, but I did get a lot quicker, you know, as the semester went on. It took me from 4:00 in the morning until 8:30 to get dressed when I was, 8:25 I was charging out of the door with my shoes still in my lap headed for the bus. The bus usually was there and they were on a schedule

so they couldn't really wait for long, but the one bus driver, you know, after the first couple of days, you know, he, I liked him and he liked me and he would sit there and wait as long as he possibly could before he'd take off without me, you know. He never really took off without me except that one morning when I just didn't show up at all and had to call my mother and her cousins, and that was a day that, actually the first day we arrived out there. We surely weren't in the dorms, but the first day, I remember my mother and my cousins and myself knows a guy there then and his, we called him Jinx. He died about seven or eight years ago and for the life of me, I can't think of his last name right now, but he came. He was the guy who made all the modifications people needed on their chairs or in the dorms or whatever if you needed it. I'll come up with it later on. Anyway, he, as we, he came with us to help get the trunk into the dorm and everything.

I think I'm the only one that arrived with a trunk, but as we arrived, my, well, later on ended up being my roommate who also, she came pushing along and they weren't serving food yet because, you know, it wasn't officially open and the gal that she had gone to get something to eat with was blind and she said it was a horrific trip down to this restaurant they went to. It was on, see, I was bad at, coming from New York, I was used to going so many lights and turning and so the whole first semester, I thought I was on the north end of campus because we went uphill to get there, but this was on the east side of Pennsylvania Avenue Residence Hall, Gregory, I don't know. She was coming back by herself. I don't know what happened to the other gal and she had this scowl on her face and she just, she kind of had a long nose anyway, but she, she just looked like she was really mean, you know. I commented to my cousin, "With my luck, I'll be stuck with her for a roommate." Well, I wasn't the first semester. The first semester I got the

roommate from hell. She had asked for a rehab student to be with her. Oh great, you know, like I'll, she's probably studying to be a physical therapist or something and I'll probably get some help from her, you know what I mean. Well, it turned out that I think what, I don't even know what she was studying, but I think she was the kind of person that she had a mean streak in her and she wanted somebody that she could lead around by the nose and it wasn't me, and she did find her companion down the hallway a little way, and she would do stuff like one night when I was studying for a test, I had already taken my shower and I would just, I put rollers in just the top because I wore my hair up and she came along with a, two hands full of shaving cream at 2:00 in the morning and put it all over my head. She was mean, so I had to start all over, you know, take a shower, and I know like, I mean it was little things that I remember like because I just stayed away from her as much as possible, but I had a little cup that I would throw all my fifty cent pieces in just for to use on Sundays to go out to eat because, you know, we didn't have any meals on Sundays in the dorms. So she, somebody stole my fifty cent pieces. Well, nobody else knew I had them, and then another night, it was in the dead of winter, I had a Mars candy bar out on the windowsill waiting for it to freeze while I was studying and I went into the bathroom to take my shower and get ready and I was really looking forward to that candy bar and when I came back, it was gone. I know, you know, she had to take it because she was the only one that knew I put it out there; just a series of little things.

During functionality week, I believe we had to, but I had never ever, you know, back then I don't think they had the handicapped toilets a little higher and I had brought with me a, you know, like one that hooked on because I needed a high one and the first night we were there I was so darned tired I went into the bathroom and I didn't even put

it on. I just got on to the toilet and I'm thinking, oh my God, how am I ever going to get off here, but I managed, you know. I had to push myself around this square every day, twice a day, once in the morning and once in the afternoon, and in between I really don't have any recollection of doing, you know, too much. It was so hard for me to do, just getting past his eyesight, which would have been, it seemed like a mile on each side, you know, by the time I'd get out of his sight, I was so exhausted, you know, and we were terrified, all of us, that we wouldn't be kept there, you know. I don't remember the opening monologue to tell you the truth. I think it was, it could have been either Chuck or Tim because looking back on it, I thought Tim was pretty mean back then too. Well, you know, he wouldn't help any, in any capacity and it seemed like he just had a redhead Irish, you know, he'd yell at everybody for everything, which I didn't get that impression in my initial interview at all except that he was on the phone screaming at these Ozark Airlines people getting this guy fired. So, you know, I just looked at him as somebody who really was very important and you didn't cross him at all, you know, and then when we were introduced to Chuck, like he didn't crack a smile or anything ever, back then anyway, you know, rarely did and, you know, I don't know that anybody ever said you wouldn't be accepted. I think it was something we assumed just from, you know. It was to test us, so and I know, you know, afterwards when I went, you know, to work and stayed in the area and became friends with Tim and everything, you know, I learned that the eyes of God were upon us, no matter where we were, somebody was watching us, you know, and so I don't know whether they actually knew I wasn't pushing the whole way or not, you know, but since I'd make it part of the way, Tim or Chuck never said anything. So I don't really think they knew that, but I think that there were enough

people around that they could ask what we were doing when we were in the dorms and that kind of thing, you know, but I remember spending time in this cafeteria, like after we would push around. It was right next to where the tarpaper shacks were, but it was a regular campus cafeteria, snack area really. It was really, it wasn't even a cafeteria. It was like a snack bar right by all the men's dorms on one corner. I guess I just wasn't good at names because I don't, you know, when I was back out there visiting after not having been there for probably twenty years, my son was very disgusted with me that I couldn't remember where this street was and that street was. I was probably familiar with landmarks and where we had to get on the bus and that kind of thing. The men's dorms were not far and I think they're still in the same place and they were not far from where the new rehab center is. They were not too far from the stadium either. But one thing I thought was interesting, and this didn't happen during functionality week, it was later on, there as this one guy who's name was Dave and he walked with crutches and he walked really, really slow, you know. Tim actually encouraged him to use a wheelchair where he could get where he needed to go faster and use his crutches at other times so he didn't lose that ability, you know, that kind of thing and, you know, years later, when we were going different places like, like I remember one time I was getting a Women's Wheelchair Hall of Fame award, we, I was supposed to go with the team, but my son came down with chicken pox so I just decided I couldn't go and so at the last minute, it ended up that he and I and I think it was Jack Whitman, we flew to West Virginia where they were having the National Games then and when we were going through the airport, Tim would put his hand on the back of my chair and push it so I was keeping up, you know, and he wasn't the mean old ogre that we thought he was, you know, initially, but

you know, I remember just going around the quad and going into the cafeteria. Not back then I didn't have to take the course in Human Physiology. That might have come later.

Actually, I had two years off before I came to the U of I. I had a year I was in the hospital full-time and then I was in another year going in as an outpatient at Rusk, and it was really after my first year I was still. Tim told me to wait a year to work on getting stronger and I did to an extent, like my mother, my mother was a very ingenious kind of a person, like she's the one that found out that I could, that there was a driving school for people with disabilities, and you know, she got me those lessons. I started those lessons during that time that I was home as an outpatient at Rusk. The school was on Long Island and I think it was close to Minneola. It was around the corner from us and then she found a place where they had swimming for people with disabilities and that was in Great Neck, and my brother was home during this period. He just did, he did the one year at the Maritime Academy and then the trip in between to the Mediterranean and then he dropped out. He went to CW Post, but he was around in the evenings and my mother didn't go in the pool. She just went to help me get dressed and stuff, but he went in the pool with me, you know, and I'll never forget it. I thought that, you know, I was just going to get in and swim away and he put me in and let me go and I just sank right to the bottom. Then he started with me and we'd go like say this was the pool, I'd go from here to here and then make it a little longer and a little longer until finally I could go like across the pool and, you know, so I really have to give him a lot of credit for my getting back into swimming because, you know, if I had arrived at the University, I don't think anybody could have taken the time to start from scratch like that with me. My brother's name is Phil, Phillip, and you know what, I hate to admit this, but I was so self-absorbed

at that time, I think he went straight through CW Post. He, I take that back, I take that back, he got a draft notice and, because I remember my mother was already working for the County, Nassau County, and she was the Supervisor of Probation, but the Judge, who's name was Judge Berman, he really liked her because she was very organized and he said that he didn't want to see anybody else in his court but her, so the Probation Officers had to present their cases to her and then she went in and presented them to him, and I attribute my mother was just a very smart, brilliant person that before you had time to think of what it was you needed to do, she could have it done, you know. My cousin, I can remember my one cousin, after you know, my mother got Alzheimer's and she died after thirteen years of that. She was 88 though and then the youngest cousin died, so the middle cousin was left to handle all her papers and I remember her just breaking down crying one day saying, "If Elizabeth was here, she'd have this all done," my mother. She just seemed to always know what to do and when to do it. My brother, that's why I mentioned that my mother worked for the County, she checked with somebody and, you know, I wouldn't be surprised if it wasn't this Judge and they told him to immediately the same day because he opened it up and he called her, go, he didn't want to go in the Army, go register where, you know, he went and he registered at the Air Force because that's what he wanted. I don't know, he just, and you know, actually, I don't know why. He didn't want the Navy because he didn't like to do that and I think probably he didn't want to be a foot soldier, you know. So my brother did four years in the Air Force and then he went back to school, but back when we were little, any excuse not to go to school, like one morning, my mother found him sitting on the front stoops of the brownstone. It was in the wintertime, you know, it was like three hours after he had been sent to school, but

he had just decided he wasn't going, and he was always running away from home. Well, he wouldn't get very far, but the kids, I remember distinctly one time, you know, he had a pole and had tied his clothes, and he went up on this next road that we had. This was still in Brooklyn when he was still real little. There was a building built with a garage underneath and the garage was real dark and he said that's where he was going to go live, and I was following him and begging him not to leave and he was crying as we went under there, you know, like the boogeyman was going to get him and he was going to get hurt and all this kind of stuff. So he saved face by coming home, you know, saying that I put on such a stink. Our parents just told him to go ahead, you know, and see how long he'd last, you know. He was never gone for very long. I think that's how they brought us all up to be pretty independent, you know. So after four years in the Air Force, he came back and finished at CW Post.

At the U of I after functionality week, a lot of my courses didn't transfer because going to a Catholic school like Good Counsel, some of the religious stuff didn't transfer and I was kind of like a, I'd say maybe lost a quarter of a semester's work or something and actually, I just kind of registered for basic courses again. It was almost like starting over like Psych 101. I didn't have a goal and that's why I told you I was flighty as could be. I, you know, my goal was to set my schedule so that I could do as little pushing as possible. We pushed ourselves around the men's dorms. I was, you know, like I said, I tried to start at the top and finish somewhere down around the bottom and not have any courses off the beaten path, and since I was in LAS, College of Liberal Arts & Sciences, I could pretty much do that. I didn't pick my courses with an hour in between classes, you know, because you could come out and, I mean I would kind of, I mean it was downhill

and you usually could find a good Samaritan after a week or so that was in your class and was going to the next class, you know. Maybe not the same person all the way through, but especially later on when it turned out I had some uphill classes, but no, you pretty much just managed to get from one class to another. I might have in the beginning left time between, but I know once I got faster getting ready and knew where the buildings were and everything else, I used to try to schedule all my classes like on either like on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays so I'd have the in between days, you know, free, and I never scheduled anything at 8:00 or 9:00 because I knew it would be hard to get there, and I was always, I was a night owl anyway and after being in the dorms for a little while and getting hooked on playing Bridge and stuff like that, you know. I can remember going to Psychology 101 and it was given by TV or closed circuit, whatever you wanted to call it. It was a TV to me and, you know, there was no professor there and one day I fell so sound asleep that I didn't hear the bell ring and the people that, you know, like they had a space at the end of an aisle where you could sit, they literally had to holler at me to wake up and so I slept through most of my Psych 101 classes because that was the first one in the morning and I can remember going into tests. This is where, you know, if there was something social to do that I wanted to do, even if it was when you got off the bus, you just went in and you had to take. One thing we had to do was we had to take physical therapy because P.E. was still a requirement for the students. Physical therapy was really, really hard, like my goal for the first semester, that was not really my goal, it was Chuck Elmer's goal that I was going to be able to get out of my chair and get back in it again and, you know, they, they had a, they had you like turning, pull up and get up on your knees and then yank yourself on up and get back in and I didn't make it the first

semester and, you know, in order for me to even get an A in that class, I had to get out of my chair and get myself back in, and the very last day of the semester, I managed to do it and I don't think I ever did it again more than once or twice after that because I mean that was really, really hard, but, you know, we had a combination of being stretched by the other therapist and lifting weights and, you know, we didn't have that nice big room they have now. We had a little tiny room no bigger than this in the tarpaper shacks, you know, and that was, you know, so we always ended up back at these shacks and then this little cafeteria was next door, so I always used to go over there and socialize until, you know, the last bus was leaving to get back to the dorm.

Well, over the years academically, I got into sports very early into being at the U of I and I finished my first year. Academically, I was not a shining star. The sports I got involved with were mostly swimming and we had to be at the English building at 5:00 in the morning. There was a pool then in the English building and that was the only one they would allot to us, you know. We had to be up at 5:00 in the morning because the bus was out there to take us to the English building to get us there by 6:00 so we could swim and get back and get ready to go to class. I think it was like every other day and when I went back to school after the summer vacation, I had made the Para-Olympic team to go to Japan. You had to go through regionals and then Nationals, you know, in order to make the Para-Olympic team and our first regional games I'll never forget. We went to Indiana and I don't know, I'm not sure where in Indiana. It had to be my first year there and I would assume it was maybe Spring Semester. By that time, I was much stronger and when we got over there, the coaches discovered that was nobody, nobody in my class because they classified you according to your disability and I was 1A, which

was the most severe and there was nobody swimming the breaststroke, you know, and I only had to do one length of the pool and the coaches convinced me that I could do this if I really wanted to and I'd never even tried the breaststroke. I knew what it was prior to that, so I was always game for anything and I got in the pool and started stroking away and I realized I couldn't get my head up to breathe, so I just kept going as fast as I could and about right smack dab in the middle of the pool, you know, I just couldn't breathe and down I went, and the bus driver was the one that noticed that I'd gone down. He just dove in clothes and all and yanked me out, you know, so obviously I didn't get a medal in that. Then when we went to the National Games, I didn't do the breaststroke in the first National Games, but back then, we bowled and we had field, you know, like Track and Field, pushing I couldn't do, but once again, they put me in a race because there was only a couple of people in my class and I came in dead last, but bowling I could do and bowling, one of the gals who won every year was Jan Little, who was at the U of I, and you know, I started beating her and she always, and I started beating her in swimming too. In swimming, I mainly used the front freestyle and the backstroke, and really, actually, you know, the front free stroke didn't bother me at all, but they worked on me with the breaststroke and, you know, I did do that, but I once again, when we were in Israel, there was I think only, there was either nobody doing the breaststroke or one, but by that time, I realized, you know, like I could swim along and I could turn my head to the side, still get a little bit of a breath, but it still scared me a little bit and I was swimming along and I decided that, you know, I was getting to the point where I might be hyperventilating, so I just kind of straightened up and treaded water a little bit and was just getting ready to start again when one of the Israeli coaches jumped in and yanked me

out. I kept saying, “Don’t, I’m okay, I’m fine,” you know, but they yanked me out anyway and so our coaches put in a protest and I had to do it over again, you know, not the same, right away, but later on. So that time, I watched it and I didn’t take my little

The first games in Japan was in 1964, and back to then, that first semester in 1964, I was taking Calculus and I took this two weeks off to go on this trip and when I came back, I was totally lost because I discovered by then in Math that the Catholic schools were behind, like a lot of the other kids had already had Trigonometry and Advanced Geometry. We had had, I had had plain Geometry, but they had, you know, Advanced and they had Trigonometry, which I had never had. We had this stupid new Math with the sets and all that I was telling you about that my girlfriend and I wasted that semester during basically in high school, but anyway, you know, I hired a tutor because I really wanted to stay in Math and I figured if I could just get through this basic stuff, I’d be okay, but I, it was just like Greek to me. I just knew I wasn’t going to be able to catch up, so I dropped out before, you know, they, I mean I didn’t get my money back, but I did drop out, but I think I ended up getting, it was too late to not get a grade. I didn’t get whatever that is when you drop out, an Incomplete. I got an F and I had a couple of D’s in some of my other courses. This was at the end of the Fall Semester in ’64, and basically I flunked out of school and so did, and this is when Tim told me my priorities were wrong and he said I should, he said I had my S’s all wrong. Instead of studying, sports, and social life, I had them backwards. Actually, when I flunked out, to get back to this gal who had this sourpuss on her face that I, I learned to like her. Her name was Mary Wuensch. The roommate that I didn’t like at all, I can picture her, but I can’t remember her name. I’m past the anger with her. I mean I frequently wonder what her

motives were that, but second semester we were allowed to choose our own roommate. My roommate moved out into the room with this other girl, the pawn, and Mary moved into my room, and I'm not even sure why because Mary's room was on the first floor. I was in the basement and we had to go up a, on the elevator every day, but we had a lot of fun people on our floor and, you know, this was, we were talking earlier about the days of pot and all that, you know. The girls in the room next to us used to smoke pot all the time and Mary and I liked them really, really well, but they'd offer it to us and we both, you know, refused it because, I don't know what Mary's reason was. My reason was I knew if I liked it, I'd want to continue it and my parents would probably kill me, so but they, you know, we were on like the level floor and, you know, they used to have guys climb through their window and everything else, and I think the two girls were gay and I think the guys were gay to tell you the truth, but that really, it wasn't anything anybody talked about a whole lot back then. But one of the guys particularly, like he had to go to the bathroom while he was there. He'd just roll up his pants and he'd put on one of their robes and he'd just stick rollers into one of those caps and just walk into the ladies' room and, you know, we all knew he was a guy, but nobody really particularly cared, you know. I know what I was trying to think of before was Resident Assistant. We all had a Resident Assistant on the floor. One time, these two gals had bought a guinea pig and the Resident Assistant knew there was a guinea pig on the floor, but she didn't know who owned it and we just tortured that poor person because the whole, everybody was pretty cohesive when it came to trouble and we would just pass the guinea pig out the window to the next room and, you know, she'd knock on the next room and say, "Where's," and off would go the guinea pig and she never did find it, you know. Mary and I were

rooming together in the Fall of '64 as well. We both flunked out and the University suspended us from classes. She really, she really studied. She studied hard. It was just difficult for her, you know.

I played around and one of the things that occurred, I think it was that semester, one of the bus drivers introduced us to a bar that was in a little town south of the University, Tolono, and there was enough people that had cars that, you know, we could usually get down there and the people all, there was probably about seven or eight, maybe ten of us that would go down there and they had a piano bar in the back that we could sit around and, you know, it was just a lot of fun. They had those yard long things of beer, you know, that you'd get it up and it would come splashing all down, and you know, we'd play drinking games like Thumper and all that around the table and I had a swell time and then that was the year I had taken my, actually, this was a funny thing too. Like I got campus, my roommate and I got campus, well, she didn't, we didn't make it home in time for the, we had to be in by I think 1:00 on the weekends and we were about six minutes late and so we got called before the governing board of the dorm, and we were late for the same reason and I know I told the truth, you know, because that's just how I was and I don't know whether it was reputation or whether, you know, she told them something different, that it was beyond her power or whatever, but she didn't get campus, but I got campus. That meant that for two weekends you not only couldn't leave campus, you couldn't leave your dorm. You had to go up and sign in every hour on the weekend that you were home. So during that weekend, I had been going out with this one guy that this other girl that lived in the dorm was really crazy about and she was going out with another guy and both of them had cars, and my two weeks of being

campus, she managed to wheedle her way into his life and I don't know how it got explained, but the guy that she was going with, he kept calling me up and asking me if I wanted to go out and I kept saying no, and finally on the third day, he said, "Well, if you're waiting for Nick to call, he's not going to call because he's going out with Judy." So I said, "Well, then I guess I might as well go with you," that was my attitude. He had this great big Cadillac and so when Thanksgiving time came, the first semester I went home with my roommate for Thanksgiving because she lived in Indianapolis. This was Mary and it was Thanksgiving of '63. I'd already made friends with Mary and I went home to her house for Thanksgiving in Indianapolis, but I found it very, her mother was very odd and I don't know, it was uncomfortable for me. I didn't enjoy it at all. So the second year when Thanksgiving came along, I was just perfectly happy to stay in the dorm because these people, all these folks we met in Tolono, had decided that since some of us were stuck in the dorm that they were going to fix us a whole turkey spread, you know. The bar, of course, was closed, but they were just going to do this for us in the background and they did and it was delicious, and that's when I got to meet my future husband. He was a never plan ahead-er and so he came pecking on the back door because he came there trying to find a bottle of wine to take to the house of one of his employees. They had invited him for Thanksgiving dinner. He had been recently divorced the July before that November. So they let him in and they gave him his bottle of wine and he saw how much fun we were having and he raced back over to Sadorus and he ate as fast as he could and, you know, probably feigned being tired like you get after a big turkey meal and the next thing you know, he was back again. Well, I know the guy that owned the bar was Bill O'Sullivan and the name of the bar was The Village Pump

and so the guy I was with got sick. I think he was having catheter, blocked catheter problems. His name was Harold and I don't know his last name. My husband's name is Dick, Richard Eugene, Moore. So he came back to the bar and Bill let him in because it was closed to the public and everybody knew him anyway and, you know, a lot of the townspeople there, I think probably anybody who tapped on the back door got in, you know. It was just that most people just were home for Thanksgiving. So Harold got sick and he said that, you know, if I could find a ride home, it was perfectly okay and he was my date. I don't know where, he was a paraplegic and he used a manual wheelchair as well. The other fellow who dumped me for the other girl, he used a wheelchair or crutches and she was a paraplegic and we used to go out. I just, and Nick used to meet the bus almost every afternoon and, you know, we'd go out somewhere prior to this, so it was kind of a shock to me that she was able to move in that easily, you know, and I at least, she was not the least bit shy, you know. I'm sure she probably just called him up and said. I wouldn't call up and ask, you know. Well, that's shy because I didn't call any guys. My husband, I mean, I just knew he was there. Harold went home and we had this friend. His name was Casey Jones, but he was a lot older. He was probably Tim's age. Now, it doesn't seem like he's so much older, but anyway, at the time, I think I was 22 then and this guy said he was 39, which was still old, but he really was 44 or 45 at the time, but he was funny and a lot of fun and everything, and he said sure, he'd take us home. Well, what I found out later was he asked Dick if he would take Mary home because he thought, really and truly thought, that maybe he could hit on me and that of course didn't work and when we got home, when Mary and I both got home, all she could talk about was how nice Dick was and how he was the first guy she felt so

comfortable with because he, most guys, you know, they don't want to admit they don't know how to fold your wheelchair and get it in the car and so they're slamming it all over the place and, you know, he just said, "What do I do?," you know, and "What's the easiest way to get this in?," and everything and, you know, he was very polite and everything, and so about a week later, the phone rang and it was at noon and it was on her side of the room. She always answered it and she said, "This is for you," and it was him, it was Dick and he wanted to know if I would go out with him and I just said, "No," and he said, "Why not?," and I said, "Because I can't, I have to study," and blah, blah, blah, blah, and so this went on for about three weeks. He kept calling and calling. It was our phone. It just happened to be on her side of the room. I don't know if she knew it was Dick. She did the first time, but about the third time or the fourth, the third time, she said, "Ev, I know that's Dick that's calling you and if you want to go out with him, go ahead," you know, so I went out with him on a Wednesday night because, you know, like I said, he had been divorced and he would get his kids like on weekends and stuff like that. Well, so we went out this Wednesday night. We went to some nightclub that a friend of his owned and he knew everybody in town. This is up in Champaign-Urbana. This particular place was in the country in Urbana and I don't remember the name of it, but his friend had just opened it and, you know, a lot of his friends were there. I just had a really, really good time and you had to be in during the week by 10:00 or 10:30. I forget which one, but once a month, you could take a late night and call in and come in at midnight. Well, I didn't have the nerve to call Mary and tell her I was having this fabulous time, so I called this other gal, Judy, that stole Nick away and told her, you know, to go sign me out until midnight, so I stayed out until midnight.

After that, like I mean, I didn't date him exclusively. I just, I didn't really want to date anybody exclusively, you know. I did that in high school and I didn't like it. I was there to, I mean I must have, I dated all kinds of guys and I dated this one able-bodied guy who was graduating that year, you know, prior to the semester I flunked out, and his first conversation was we just went to a drive-in eat place on a Sunday. This was the Spring semester of '64, and his opening words were that he was looking for somebody, you know, to eventually marry before he got out of school because he knew once he got out of school, it would be more difficult, and I said to him, "Well, you're out with the wrong one." He was getting through graduate school. Well, my response to him was, "You're out with the wrong girl because I'm not getting married until I start losing my looks and I'm about 40 years old and, you know, then I'll start looking," you know, so that was the last date I had with him. Then there was this other guy whose name was Ed Quinn and he was a graduate student. He was in a wheelchair and he was a quadriplegic and I'd gone out with him before a lot and we used to go to this bar called Prinn's and it was near the other girls dorm, which was LAR, Lincoln Avenue Residence Hall, and it was on Lincoln Avenue, facing Lincoln Avenue with a circular driveway, and this bar was south of, north of where they were. See, I'm still getting mixed up with going up and down now, and so we'd go there every Friday and we would meet with this bunch of guys from the men's residence hall that would come over there, and the guy Ed, in the wheelchair, he seemed to be the one that kind of led these other three guys, you know, around, like he was the leader of the group and so I started going out with him, and even though we still as a group, everybody went to this bar and that was the night I turned 21, because you weren't supposed to drink back then until 21. The bartender came over and

gave me a free beer and said, "Happy Birthday," you know, and they had this crazy thing. This would have been October of '63, because he was really kind of like the first guy I dated for any length of time like more than once, and they would take a bottle of beer and they would carefully peel the label off and they would stick the label to their wallet and then toss the wallet. It had like a two-story ceiling because there was a little balcony, you know, to see who could get the most labels stuck on the ceiling, and then we would have Chug-A-Lug games and I was awarded the, I was the Chug-A-Lug champ of the men's dorms. I beat them every time and so that was how we spent our time then, and then it was the next semester that we started, or the Fall semester of '64, he had already left. He called up one night and I had gone out on a date with somebody else and he knew it and he had gotten drunk and he called up and he cussed me out or something, you know, but didn't say who he was and he just, I could hear his roommates in the background yelling at him to, you know, hang up, hang up, and you know, he just called his last call to me before I would say anything was, "Go to hell," and so that relationship ended right then and there because, you know, like I figured the least he should do was, you know, apologize. I can understand why he could get drunk and he could be upset because he had asked me, he had actually asked me if I would marry him and, you know, and I had said no and so, "Will you date me steady," and I said no, you know, and I just, it wasn't my thing. I didn't want to do it and so we met, you know, we kept passing each other in the hall and we just didn't talk to each other. So that was the end of him. So then I met Dick right shortly after that.

Well, immediately after we flunked out, I went up to Chicago with Mary because she, the psychologist and vocational rehabilitation had gotten her a job with, I think it

was WB. She had had an interview and she went up and they hired her at, it was a radio station or TV station, WBM, something or other, and she had, we had a week before she went, you know, and started her job, so we spent that week in Chicago, you know, and we stayed in a really fancy hotel. I knew I'd flunked out. My plans were, after I'd had this fun week with her in Chicago, I was going back to the dorm, collecting my stuff and my Dad was coming out. I had called him and he came out and he collected me and all my stuff, and because by that time, I was driving so I was helping, you know, did some of the driving. He drove me home and they had modified a car for me. My mother had gotten me the driving lessons and my aunt had bought me a car and modified it for me to use. It was a Ford Fairlane, baby blue. At that time, I did have a convertible my first year of school. It was one of those repossessed cars my Dad got. It was a 1958 Chevrolet Impala and it was aqua blue with the white fins kind of down the side. Boy, I thought I was hot stuff. That was a convertible. I wasn't, I was occasionally allowed to take that to school, but not too often, you know. It stayed in Port Washington and that was when my Dad got the little TR, the Triumph that he later held the string out. As soon as you can walk, you can have this car. Well, by the time he came to get me, this was in the winter break now and back then, you went home for Christmas and you came back and you took your exams. We had our winter break at Christmastime. Then we came home and came back to the dorm I believe and that's, we had a few weeks and we took our exams and that's when we flunked out, because if I had flunked out, you got your grades after Christmas, like you came back, you studied a little more, you took your exams, and you got your grades. I'm sure there was a little time before Spring semester started. So he took me home to Port Washington to my mother and I remember applying

for a couple of jobs and going on interviews and not getting any of them, and I just kind of lazed around, which is why I wonder what would have ever happened to me if I hadn't gone to the University of Illinois because if I didn't have any, I had been told or I had inquired I guess after I got home what I needed to do to get back in because after I got home, I realized, you know, I made a huge, big mistake that now I had nothing and I really had no future, even though back then, I didn't plan what I was going to be, you know, I was still, I was having a ball and now I was home. When I came home, I hadn't, you know, I knew some people around there who had participated in the Olympics and stuff. There was a place called Abilities on Long Island and it trained people, you know, to work and it had a pool and everything and there was this one guy that I had met on the Games and, you know, I went out with him once or twice and I didn't like him either. I don't know whether I was picky or I just wasn't ready, but that, they told me I could take correspondence courses, the U of I, and that I could back in if I could raise my grade point average through those correspondence courses. I think I actually, you know, went through the Rehab Center and Tim had told me my priorities were in the wrong place right when I flunked out before I left, but when I called back up, you know, back then, because we pretty much did everything through the Rehab Center. Back then it was called the Rehabilitation Education Center. I think I either talked to Mr. Kinitsky or to, anyway, you know, they told me that they'd check it out and then, you know, the result was if I took these correspondence courses, I could come back and that in itself is a story that's really kind of funny because I had picked out American Literature. I had to take so many hours, I think it was twelve or something, and then I picked out American Literature. I can't remember the other two, but then the fourth one, I needed two, just

two hours and so I picked out this Health & Safety course. I was doing one at a time, but the American Literature course, you had eight books you had to read and then you had to do essay questions on them, like five or six of them, and the books were like *The Last of the Mohicans*, *Moby Dick*, all these classic, fat books. I read them, so my mother and my two cousins and I all read the books and each one of us picked out two books and they each wrote the essays for the two books they were reading, and about the third book I handed in, sent in, the professor wrote back on the top of the paper that I had a very eclectic style of writing and, you know, I did read every single book because at the end of the course, I had to go to St. Mary's and the nun monitored the test that they sent me to take and I, you know, I studied it. I mean I, some of my, I mean they were such different styles of writing that I had to read them and some of the words I didn't even know the meaning of that my two cousins were, and my mother were using. So we'd rewrite them a little bit to, figuring, you know, we were pulling the wool over their eyes, but anyway, I did pass the course. I got a good grade on it. It was an A or a B, and then I forget the other two courses, but the last course was Health & Safety and I thought that was just going to be, you know, like First Aid type stuff. One of the things you had to do was you had to, the question was to tell them how you would build an outdoor latrine and I mean it, it was very involved and my brother did that for me, he got, you know, and you had to draw the picture and everything else and he did that for me and, you know, I just studied up on the questions. So basically I got back into the University then and that was in the Fall. I know I got accepted back in August of that Summer of '65.

Casey Jones, I told you about, and Dick Moore came to New York to visit in August of '65, and I had not seen them since I left campus. They came to visit and they

arrived on a day when we were basically having a family reunion in Port Washington and they made, they got as far as this little bar uptown. They called up and said they were in town and, you know, could I come and show them, because it was pretty involved. So I did and they came to the house and I told my mother, you know, I had these two friends coming, and in her eyes, they were old men, you know. Dick was eight years older than I was and Casey was like in his forties. You know, I don't know what, she was too busy with all the company, you know, that one of the things that we laugh about is that she and Dick remembered was that the first thing he said to her was, "Do you mind if I take a shower?," and she said, "I don't give a damn what you do, just pick up after yourself and don't leave any dirty towels around." So they didn't stay at the house. They stayed at a motel, but this one night, this, if you remember in the beginning I told you about Patty O'Rourke. She was back in Port Washington at that time and she and Casey and Dick and my mother and myself and seems there was somebody else there too, we went to Rosebelt Race Track and we were sitting down one end where the Brinks truck was because I remember Dick had made, he wanted an empty Brinks security bag. The armored car was waiting there, you know, to pick up all the money and we were sitting off to one, off to one side and of course had had several beers and stuff like that, so he got his little bag, which I still have. The armored car guys were just chatting with us, you know, while they were waiting for it to end and so Dick asked them for one and then finally they, he got one. This was just a, it was a canvas bag that had Brinks written on it and it actually had a pull tie on the top, almost like a knapsack that you'd take, you know, somewhere. So then we went home, went back to my house and I think Patty went home, and my mother and Casey and Dick and I were sitting around. They were staying in a

motel in Manhasset and we were sitting around. Dick ran out of cigarettes, so he and I left to go get him cigarettes and this was like already 2:00 in the morning. You know, the bars there stayed open all night and Casey and my mother, as far as I was concerned, they were the same age. Although, you know, my mother was 35 when I was born, so she was probably 15 or 20 years older than Casey, and Dick and I, we went to a bar to get the cigarettes and we went in and sat down and had a couple more drinks and stuff, and in the meantime, Casey, who was diabetic, shouldn't have been drinking to begin with, and you know, we really hadn't eaten anything. Well, Casey was just nutty. He was, he was silly, fun to be around, you know. I don't think he ever really, really grew up if you want to know the truth. He was divorced, and anyway, he decided he was taking Dick's car because we were in my car, and he was going back to their motel and he got to the same road that I had my accident on, and he either had a diabetic attack, passed out, nobody knows what, but he crossed the five lanes. There was no median, but he crossed over five lanes and neatly parked the car between a telephone pole and a street sign, but the telephone pole had come clear up into the front seat and he had broken three ribs and punctured a hole in his lung, and so they took him to, it was a community hospital, even though they went by the hospital I had originally been in, and he was in there for two weeks. So I asked my mother if Dick could come and stay at the house because he really couldn't afford to stay in a motel for another two weeks and his car was totaled. They had to fly back home and so while Dick was there, we did go out a lot and we were together 24 hours a day and he asked me if I'd marry him, and I said, "Yes," you know. It was just the, I guess he was just, and, you know, he wanted me of course to tell my mother and all of this occurred in August of '65, and you know, he kept telling me, "Tell

your mother,” and I said, “I will when the time’s right,” and so we were at the airport and they’re flying back. Casey was hurting pretty bad, but he was recuperated enough to be out of the hospital and to go, and we’re, you know, back then, they didn’t have all the security, so we’re sitting right where they board the airplane and they called their flight number and Dick’s still like, “Tell her,” and I said, “I will when the time’s right,” you know. I don’t know really what my reluctance was. I just, you know, since she had classified him as those two old men, and my grandfather who was in his, he was like 89 or so, he was there and he was, might have had a little bit of dementia, but back then, you know, it wasn’t that noticeable, but he kept referring to Dick as my attendant, you know, because he was very attentive to me and helping me do all kinds of stuff, and you know, he didn’t get the romantic connection, but maybe he did and, you know, just wasn’t saying anything. So I don’t know. I was just reluctant to tell, you know, I wanted to wait until it was the right time. I guess I knew him being older and him being divorced, I knew I wouldn’t be able to marry him in the Catholic Church and all, you know. I just wanted to wait until the right time. So we’re sitting there at the airport and they called his plane a second time, and he walks over to my mother and he says to her, “Mrs. Mulry, I love your daughter.” She looks at him and she says, “Well, who doesn’t?,” and he said, “Well, I want to marry her,” and that’s the first time in my life I ever saw her speechless, and at that point, they left, you know. They had to get on that plane. She just was totally startled, you know. It was after they left, you know, of course, that I got, “Is this true? Do you mean it?,” and all this, and this is where, going back to how religious everybody was, once my mother got, you know, we discussed some details and, you know, she got used to the idea, she was all for it and she was really the only one. My father, you know,

like he, it didn't matter to him one way or another. He hadn't really met him yet. So, you know, my mother and I started making plans and my cousins wouldn't really join in on the plans because he was not Catholic, and this was when I had the priest come out and talk to me and he said, "Go for it, but don't tell your cousins I told you that," and I felt like that just gave me the okay to do it, but you know, I didn't want to get married in a, my husband was not a church-goer. He was Methodist, baptized Methodist, didn't go to church, and we would get married in Port Washington and I didn't want to go into a strange church, so I just decided we'd get married at home and I would invite very few people to the actual ceremony and then have a reception where we would invite everybody, but I did want my Dad to give me away and Mother wasn't real happy about that, but she was very good about going along with anything I wanted to do, and so Casey was our best man and my friend, my roommate Mary Wuensch was my maid of honor and they came to Port Washington, and my mother had this Judge Berman, who she, liked her so well, and he and his wife came and he performed the ceremony in our living room and we had a few gate-crashers. My uncle was there, my mother's brother, and his son, oldest son and wife decided they were coming, even though they weren't invited. You know, there might have been some confusion as to who was invited where, I don't know, but they, I had a two-sided suitcase and they emptied it all, my clothes out of the one side of the suitcase and all I had was shoes and underwear when we went on. We didn't go on a honeymoon. We really just went to a, you know, a motel for the night because then from there we were going to be taking off to go back to Illinois. We got married in December. So we got married and went back to Illinois, and for a year, I stayed at home, which was in Sadorus, and I was bored to death. So I decided, and you

know, he didn't make a whole lot of money, but the house that we lived in had been left to his mother and his father was a tenant farmer and they had a new tenant farmer owner, who built them a brand new house and so we were living in this house that had been left to her, which was a 120 year old farmhouse, and we had mice and oh God, it was awful when I look back on it. It was really bad and, you know, not much work had been done on it or anything, but actually, the back step was little.

The June prior to when Casey and Dick came to stay in June of '65, the National Games were held in New York again and I did compete with the U of I team, and I did make the National Team and that's how I, in swimming, mostly freestyle and backstroke, and I did a few other things, like they still had the bowling and, you know, I'd win the bowling. What they would do was they'd have like a big banquet, but the, they'd add a point to everybody and they'd figure out, you know, who were the best people to take that had an all-around, like I did some discus and some shot-put and some stuff like that to, which, you know, there just were not a lot of paraplegics participating then so, you know, they wanted to get the most medals they could get, so they, it's like you see into gymnastics, like you see where they pick the girls that even though one may be better in one thing and one in another, they pick the over, you know, all-around, you know, whatever, so that year was not an Olympic year, so we would go in the Stoke Mandible and, you know, so I did make, go on that trip and I kept right on. Even after we were married, I still went up and I practiced with and then competed with the Illinois team. I drove myself from Sadorus to campus. My Dad had another repossessed car at the time that my stepmother, he was married then, my stepmother was a lovely person and my mother was very upset whenever, you know, my mother did not appreciate, you know,

did not like us going and having a good time with my Dad and my stepmother and all. So, you know, my Dad, my stepmother was a really good sport. She would get out down on the corner and he would come and pick me up like he was by himself, and then we'd go back down and get her, and one night, she was standing out there in the pouring rain with an umbrella, but anyway, we were going through all that.

So I decided that I was going to go to work and so I started applying for jobs, and I was offered a job in Accounts Receivable at the University and I remember the salary at the time. It was \$400 a month and I went home and I was pretty ecstatic that I was. This was back around to about, it's probably more like August, you know, before the semester was starting in August or September of '66. So I was offered the job and by the time I got home, I'd figured up in my head what it was going to cost me to drive up there and I would have had to rent a parking space because, you know, I couldn't guarantee when I got there at 8:00 that I would get a parking space anywhere near a reasonable distance and have to get different clothes and so I just decided I really wouldn't be bringing home any money doing this. So that's when I decided that the only way I'm ever going to get anywhere is to go back to school. So it was early enough that I did start back to school that Fall of '67. I don't know what I did the rest of that time, just stayed bored I guess, and I went as a day student commuting daily. I didn't take the job and the other job I was offered was at the Post Office slinging 100 pound bags of mail on and off trucks and they didn't have, you know, the Americans With Disabilities Act or anything back then, so it was just out of the, you know, and into the interview and they told me what the job was and that was that, you know. So I'm back to school and when I'm back to school, I first had a talk with, and this is like, this drives me nuts when I can't think of their names, but

they had their own counselor at the Rehab Center and he had a voice box. By this time, the new building had been built on Oak Street. I'll think of this man's name because I was very, very fond of him, and he talked by burping. Anyway, he played, you know, the mind games with me and said that I probably was not capable of getting A's and B's, that I should be, you know, if I could manage to get B's and C's, and it upset me, you know, I'm hard to anger, but it did give me food for thought and I worked my ass off. There's no other way of putting it, you know. I'd drive Dick crazy. I studied and I studied and, you know, it was a whole different ballgame than living on campus and, you know, I wanted, I knew now I had to get through school and when I'm challenged, that's where I think my father probably gave us most of our competitive nature, that this was something I was going to try to achieve, and the funny thing about it is when I was in grade school and high school, my nemesis was Geography and History, and when I started looking up again, I was trying to get all my courses, like say Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, or all Tuesdays and Thursdays so I didn't have to drive up there every single day, and I ended up taking a whole bunch of history courses, which I really started to like, you know.

When I was a kid, they always, my mother would always tell me, you know, think of History as a novel, as a story, you know. I didn't have a good imagination and to me it was dates and men and wars, everything to memorize, you know, and it wasn't until afterwards, you know, I guess I, by now I was all of 24, you know, but I was grown up enough to be able to see what she had been trying to tell me and I really enjoyed it, but I, once it really started, I finished that first year, I discovered that I was going to have to write a 30 page term paper for, to, to graduate and major in History. At the end of it, you had to write a 30-page paper to graduate and get your grade, and I discovered this when I

was basically in my Junior year and I was not a paper writer. I was not good at writing at all and so I decided I'd switch. So I went through the whole book and the one thing that I still had enough, some credits in and could still graduate that year, you know, because my whole thing was not what I was going to do, but to get that degree and I was looking at graduating in Spring of '69, and so I switched to Sociology, and my last semester, I took all kinds of Sociology courses, which I really, really loved, but my very favorite course I think that I ever took was Criminology, and I, you know, of course, we had to write essays and stuff, but that wasn't as bad as writing a 30 page term paper. So that ended up being my major, was Sociology and that's what I, and I graduated with Honors in May of '69. I had all A's and B's, just to show the man with the voice box how wrong he was. He knew that, you know, since I stayed out there and lived out there for 23 years, you know, I went in, you know, I did get to know him on a different basis. Not as a student, but more just as an adult, and I said to him, "You know, you did that on purpose, didn't you?," and he said, "Of course," you know, and he said, "I knew that would," you know, I, he could see my competitive nature because of the sports and everything, and you know, he thought it was at least a challenge and it worked, you know, and not that it gets you anywhere, you know, whether you graduate with Honors or not, you know, but I immediately applied for, or took the Civil Service test for the State, and let's see, went home.

I participated in the wheelchair games in June of that year in the National Games in June of '69, again in swimming in freestyle, backstroke, and a few other field events, you know. I mean I think they had separated bowling off now into its own, strictly just the Wheelchair Bowling League, so I was just doing some shot-put and javelin and

discus. I went home and visited to Port Washington. I think I stayed with my family instead of staying, you know, in the hotel or I stayed in the hotel just that weekend, but I didn't take the bus and go back with them. I flew and stayed with my mother for like a week or two weeks or whatever. This is after the competition. I went in for the competition in New York City and then just stayed. It was wherever Bulova was located at the time in Queens. Then I went and stayed with my mother in Port Washington, and my Dad said, "Don't upset her by," you know, "coming to visit with me." He said, you know, "I'll fly you back in later on or we'll come out and we'll visit with you some." I didn't see my Dad on that trip. That was, I came back home right after the 4th of July and I think it was in August that I learned that I had gotten a job. I got an interview with a job, for a job with the Department of Public Aid in Champaign and I got the job and I had to start the day after Labor Day of '69, which happened to be September 3rd, and so my Dad flew myself, or my stepson, who was then twelve, Dick's son from his first marriage, he had always wanted to live with Dick and chose Dick during the divorce, stayed with him for a little while, but the nature of Dick's job where when you farmed, you farmed until maybe 3:00 or 4:00 in the morning, you know, and he also was running a, what do you call them, like a fertilizer company, and so he really didn't have a lot of time to look after the boy, and you know, hiring babysitters at all strange hours for, he was nine at the time, you know, he had to give him back to his mother, who had moved to Arizona. So after we were married, and I don't know how long after, he came back to live with us. It wasn't that first year that I was home. I know I was in school when he came back and he was the same as my son. He loved to farm. He was rotten in Math and I'd sit there at the table with him at night, you know, and going over and over this Math

stuff with him and he managed to get by, but he was a better student than my son, but he was not a good student. He lived to farm, and like one night, my husband, he would get up at 5:00 or 5:30 and the way our house was, you had to walk through the living room to get to the bathroom and as he was walking by the picture window, he saw the light on the tractor going back and forth and back and forth, and his son was fifteen or fourteen at the time. He had gotten up at 3:00 in the morning and gone out there to farm before he had to go to school, you know. He loved it so much and unfortunately in, well, I don't want to get ahead of myself so I'm still going.

I got this job and we went to visit my father, and, you know, we, I smoked at the time and, you know, there was, I had to sleep on the first floor. My stepmother, they moved into my stepmother's house that was in Montclair and it was like a three story house and there wasn't any bathrooms or anything else on my level, and this was typical of my Dad. He took just a regular chair and he cut a hole in it, padded it all up again, stapled a garbage bag to the bottom of it, and that was my toilet. Now that chair was placed in what had been their dining room that he had made into a poolroom. He liked playing pool, and my bed was like a futon that just folded out that was like right in the next sort of little parlor. So, this morning, I had gotten up. I hadn't used my homemade toilet and I had, was getting dressed and I was getting these like dry heaves and I thought, oh God, I'm going to throw up, you know, and it was like, it was when I would get a smell of the smoke from them. They were all in the kitchen, you know, closed up in there and they're waiting for me to get ready, to give me some privacy, and so we flew back to Illinois on Labor Day, and back then, there was one guy in town that threw this big, big party and, you know, cooked out and the guys all played, you know, not a real

football game, but tossing it around. There was all kinds of different things to do and, of course, we went to that and, me and Dick and Dwayne, my stepson, he was with us, and I was pregnant now and that's what the dry heaves were about, but I didn't know it. I didn't keep, you know, like I was, this was at the end of the Summer of '69, and to back track, when I was in the hospital at Rusk, my mother and I went to talk to the doctor and about whether or not I would be able to have a child and they, their response was, "Well, if I could before, pre-injury, I probably could after." Well, when I was going to school, they had a doctor in that new building in the Rehab Center and it was April of '69, and I was, I would drive my car when I was going to school to the Rehab Center and then just take the bus because it was easier than trying to park on campus. So sometimes I'd come into the building and chat with Mr. Kinitsky or, not too much Tim. I was still a little fearful of Tim and so I just, when I would talk to him, you know, we got along just fine and, but he was, you know, I was in awe of him more than anything else and I didn't think I could, I wouldn't just pop in his office and say hi to him, you know, and so I was on my way out and this doctor called me into his office. I had to pass it as I went and he said, "Evelyn, are your feet always swollen like that?" I knew they were swollen, but they were always swollen, you know, back then too, you wore skirts. So my legs were always swollen because I was the kind of a person, like I never liked to go to bed at 9:00 and, you know, I had to get up early enough to go to school and that kind of thing, so, you know, I'd stay up until maybe 1:00 or 2:00 in the morning and my legs just swelled really bad. I didn't, you know, rest enough and so they were really swollen. He called me in and, you know, he knew I was married and everything and we got on this discussion of birth control and he said, "Well, you know, if you're taking the Pill," he

said, "It's very dangerous for you with your lack of circulation," and he said, "I know of one gal who had a stroke on top of her paraplegia due to taking the Birth Control Pills and another one he said he knew of was a vegetable, and we talked about the different kinds of birth control and none of them seemed to be, you know, something that I could do, so it came down to my husband, but he used condoms. Well, I guess they didn't understand that as far as I was concerned, I was done with the Pill, you know. When we were courting, you know, we talked and I always wanted, I wanted two kids and he was perfectly agreeable to that, but after we were married, I think he really didn't want to have any more kids and, you know, I had totally, it was, we were married almost four years and while I had taken the Pill, I forgot it half the time and I never did get pregnant so I had sort of, it just wasn't even in the back of my head, and the doctor had started it off with, you know, "Do you plan on having kids?," and I said, "I'd like to," and I said, "But financially right now, we can't, you know, after I work a few years," and he said, "You know, everybody has said to me that they can't do it financially. It never gets to the point where you can," you know, "You never can do it financially," and I just quit taking the Pill right then and there, and just figuring I really couldn't get pregnant and, you know, then I went. This is when I then went to the National Games and stayed with my mother for two weeks and I came back on the 4th of July weekend, and that must have been the weekend because along about, I never kept track of when I got my period or when I didn't, and along about the end of August, I started to realize that I hadn't had it for a couple of months, but that still didn't connect with me. When I got these dry heaves at my Dad's house, I just figured that was from being hung over from the night before because I got terrible hangovers, believe me, and I suffered for every night I had a good

time out. Anyway, you know, I started work and I had a terrible supervisor, even though she was as sweet as she could be, she wasn't a good supervisor and what she would do with me was she would sit me with another case manager, which was fine. My job was Case Worker I and the rest of the time, I would sit there with this policy book that was this big, just reading it and, of course, by now, it's 3:00 in the afternoon and, you know, I'm wishing I had toothpicks to hold my eyes open. I'd get so tired in the afternoon and that wasn't real typical of me, you know, I just didn't get tired during the day and finally, the end of September, it dawned on me, oh my God, I didn't have my period. I started thinking back and it had been like three months. So I told Dick and he wasn't really thrilled about the whole idea. He didn't do cartwheels or anything and he, I went to his, the gynecologist that they had used, or I guess he was just a regular doctor, come to think about it back then and he, the appointment happened to be on my husband's birthday, October 5th and lo and behold, I was pregnant. Dick was born October 5th, 1934, and so he wouldn't take my case because he was a general practitioner. He said he wanted to refer me to an OB-GYN. We had a really hard time finding one that would even take somebody that was a quadriplegic because of the risk factor and their, to most of their knowledge, nobody had ever carried, a quadriplegic had never carried a child full-term and all.

So I proceeded to go to work and try to get up the nerve to tell them that I was pregnant after only working there for a month. So they had hired me, the Public Aid Department had a big turnover because people would come there to go to school and the wife or the husband would get a job and when they graduated, off they went, besides the other reasons why people don't want to work for the Public Aid Office. So one of the

reasons they hired me was the Superintendent knew Dick. He had actually dated one of his daughters for a while and they figured, you know, like he's a farmer, he's not going to up and leave or anything. So I told her that I was pregnant and she said, "Don't tell anybody," you know. This was actually the Superintendent, not my supervisor. She's the one that knew, that was in charge of the whole office, and she said, you know, "Just don't tell anybody. Keep it a secret because I don't want the morale to get down." Well, then she had hired another gal a month after me, and guess what, she got pregnant and, but not quite as she was a few months behind me. Well, when Christmastime came, we always had a party and by that time, at that time, I wore a back brace and I had gotten to the point where I couldn't wear it anymore. Once I, it was like one of those old-fashioned corsets, so you know, when I couldn't wear it anymore, it all hung out and I was also in an office way up in the front because they had hired me as an Intake Case Manager because the lady who was doing it was in her late 70's and they knew she was going to leave pretty soon. So I used to end up throwing up in my wastebasket and then carrying it back and cleaning it out because there was no way. I had to go through two doors and then all the way around the bullpen of the Case Managers section and I knew I couldn't make it and, you know, I didn't get morning sickness. I got afternoon sickness and so that, you know, when Christmastime was approaching, I ended up where I just had to start wearing maternity clothes and I waited until Christmas party day. Well, unbeknownst to me, this Mrs. Ross, she was the Superintendent, she never could keep her mouth shut, but I didn't know it at the time and she'd told the Assistant Superintendent, whose name is Vern Fitch, and he told his best buddy, who was the Supervisor. His name was John. I can't remember his last name and John's wife was pregnant. So they

had little contests and stuff and they'd give out little silly gifts, and I won this one contest and the gift that they gave me was a huge, big birth control pill and somebody, somebody made the comment, "You should be giving that to Adonna." That was his wife and he said, "No, we have a surprise for you," you know. "Evie's pregnant," and you know, so that was how they broke the news to the rest of the office. I worked there for 18 ½ years.

After 18 ½ years, my husband was the kind of a person who liked to work for himself and he had, I told you that these Chinese people came in and, you know, they bought the farm that we were living in and he ended up going. His father had died and we owned, we had convinced them to sell us the house, but he had to get a different job and he ended up going to work as a truck driver for Southland, which was 7-11. They had just moved into Champaign, but you know, they're not there anymore and he did that for about three years and decided that why, you know, why should they be the middleman or whatever, you know, that he could. This was while I was working he was doing this. My son was about eight at the time, so it would have been '78. My son's birth date is April 2nd, 1970, and his full name is Justin Andrew Moore and he's called Judd. I think my son, that's how I relate to, he was about eight, and then in '81, he decided that he would go. In the meantime, we had moved again. In the meantime, when he got this job with Southland, he didn't like the idea of Judd and I being, we were way out in the country. We didn't live in the town of Sadorus and there was nobody a mile in any direction close to us, and my stepson, I skipped over that part. My son was fourteen months old. It was in June, June 3rd to be exact. My stepson went with his grandparents to the Sadorus Sportsman's Club, which had a little swimming hole and he was diving and jumping, and they had a friend and, you know, it got to be about 3:00 or 4:00 in the

afternoon and he told them he was going for one more dive and he never came back and nobody knew where he was or anything else until about 8:00 that night, they decided to dredge the pond and he had drowned. He must have hit his head on the ground, you know, after that. So that was 1971, June 3rd. He had just graduated. No, I take that back. He had just finished his freshman year in high school. So we moved into town, Sadorus. We were living way out in the country and we moved into Sadorus, where at least we had water and electricity and stuff like, you know. It took place in '80, and I'm still working at Public Aid. So Dick gets tired of working for Southland after about three years and he decided he could make more money by driving, you know, by buying his own truck and getting his own runs and stuff, but my husband was not, he'd never ever worked for himself. He wasn't disciplined enough to keep up on his books and that kind of thing, and after he did this for about a year and a half, he decided he'd buy a second truck and he'd be the dispatcher and he'd hire two guys to run the trucks. Well, that didn't work because he wasn't, they weren't getting the runs and stuff and so then he decided to get out of the trucking business and he bought a little convenience store in Sadorus and this was about '83, '84, by this time, and now his second son and his daughter both, they both came to live with us. His daughter came the minute she graduated and they came to live with us. She came the minute she graduated from high school.

The second son, who was nine years older than our son, he was always, he was given too long a rein after his brother died and he was getting in trouble and everything, and we got a call at 2:30 in the morning from his mother from Arizona that she was putting him on the first plane in the morning and sending him to us. So, you know, we met the plane and Doug was his name, Douglas Eugene. He came and he was about 12,

no, that couldn't have been, my son was nine or was he younger. When he came, he was in eighth grade. He was born in '61, so that would have been somewhere around '73. That makes sense and, no, wait a minute. The daughter wasn't there yet. She hadn't graduated yet. She was the middle one of his three children, but he was sent to us, so the daughter was the only one left out there, and he wasn't here too long. He went home. He stayed for almost the whole eighth grade and then he wanted to go back for the summer and she called us and decided she'd keep him. Well, that lasted about half a year and we got him back again, and when he was in his sophomore year, he was always in trouble and I know, I don't know at what point, but he did start, you know, smoking pot and stuff like that and he, his way of handling any kind of confrontation was punching you and he was a skinny, little kid, you know. He just didn't grow and when my son was six, he was fifteen, and I cleaned out my son's clothes and my son was a big kid, my first son was a big kid and my son, who was six, his clothes would have fit Doug, who was fifteen, and I'm sitting there thinking, you know, what, how, how am I going to do this? Doug ended up dropping out of school and he was supposed to be looking for a job. My husband had, was a firm believer, when he was still in school that he should have, you know, like every boy when they're sixteen, he should have a car. So he had his own car, which we were paying, paid for and we'll pay the insurance on and he was going out during the day and having a ball, and he would manage to be gone when I would get home from work, and half the time he ate what I was planning to have for supper. This went on for a little while and finally, when my husband came home one Friday night, I said to him, "You know, I sat here and I figured out how much we pay for him, how much we give him and how much we pay for his clothing and his insurance," and blah, blah, blah, blah, blah. At

that time, I was bringing home \$1,000 a month and we were putting out \$1,000 a month on him, and I said, "You know, something's got to give," and I said, "It's him or me." I said, "I'm not staying here and, you know, just working so he can have a good time and drink and smoke pot and all this kind of stuff," and so he just went in and he told him he was, I take it back. He was eighteen when he did that because I know he was of age, you know. He had quit school when he was sixteen and worked a little bit here and there, you know, and we had made a deal with him that however much money he'd put in the bank account, we'd match, and when my husband told him he was either going to have to shape up or get out, he chose to get out, and he was also smart enough to stop by the bank and, there was only \$800, but at that time, it was a lot of money to clean out the bank account, and he, I guess, went down to live with his mother, and he eventually got in some kind of trouble and he spent a year in jail in Jefferson, Missouri. He, to make it short, well, the reason I mentioned that is with him, solving things was by his fist. My husband was the exact opposite and so was my son and so was his first-born son. You know, they were never in fights and rarely in arguments and I think Doug had a chip on his shoulder because one time he said to me, "I don't see how Dad can just sit there and let people say anything to him," and I said, I told him, "Well, you know, it takes much more of a man to talk your way out of it than to swing punches and someday you'll realize that," and I don't, every time he got in, from the time he was eighteen until the time he was twenty-five, because he came back again. I contacted the State's Attorney's Office and they allowed him, not only to come back to, he was on parole, to come back and live with us, but, you know, they cancelled the rest of his parole. He's still living, but that's what drove us off to Florida basically, because every time he would get drunk

or into drugs, he would come like, what I call gunning after Dick, you know, to confront him. He, I think he wanted to make him fight or something. I don't know, but that's why I resigned after 18 ½ years. It was actually in 1986, when he came after him again. I mean, they had been in, like Dick would just try to defend himself, but at one point, they were pretty much regularly, like once maybe every couple of months. So my husband had this convenience store in Sadorus. Doug was working nights and he didn't have a license. He had lost his license, his driver's license. His cousin was driving and anyway, they came back. They worked nights and they came home after being out for a little while one morning, and came to the convenience store and Doug started in trying to get Dick to fight and this cousin got in between them. It's actually my husband's cousin, but he was Doug's age because his father had eleven kids in the family and he was the youngest, and so he got in the middle of it and he fought Doug and Dick took off. He had a little scooter then and he called me and he told me what was going on. They were outside. I mean he never got to Dick. Dick said he'd squirmed off like a snake, you know. He felt really bad. At the time, my son was going to summer school and he had our car. So my husband went out to this farmer's shed and he called me from there. While he was on the phone, Doug called another line. So I hung up from Dick and talked to Doug and he was crying and he wouldn't tell me where he was and what he had done and everything, and so Dick said to me then when I called him back, he said, "I've got to get out of here." He said, "You know, if he keeps this up, one of these days, I'm going to lose my patience," and that's exactly what Dick said, "If he does it again, one of us is not going to come out of it alive," and he said, I said, you know, it dawned on me where's Judd, and he jumped on his scooter and Judd had already gotten home, but you know, so I

called home and I told Judd, you know, that, what had gone on and I said, "Are you afraid?," and he said, "No," and I said, "Well, if you can possibly avoid it, don't give Doug keys." We had just gotten a brand new car. It was a white Cadillac and I said, "Don't give Doug the keys to the Cadillac, but if he insists, don't fight it." So he did insist and he took the Cadillac. In the meantime, I just told her, and my boss was Superintendent at that time and I was the Assistant Superintendent, that I had to leave, you know, and he knew all along we were having trouble with Doug. So I just left my desk the way it was and went down to this shed and we decided to go up to Champaign to some friends of ours and decide what, you know, what we were going to do, and we had, I'd gone over and gotten Judd and we just decided, me thinking it was going to be a temporary thing, and Dick thinking it was permanent. We decided we would just go ahead and go down to Florida tonight. My mother and my two cousins were all living together in Miami. It was June of '86. My own son had finished the eighth, ninth grade, ninth grade, and he was going to summer school, but he stopped and went with us to Florida and then he quit school.

So we moved in 1986, and it was actually called Golden Beach. It was right on A1A, just south of Hallandale, right over the Broward County border, on the very east side. It was in Dade County, Florida, and we stayed there just three, four months and then my husband got a job in Del Ray Beach, Florida, and we moved, selling trucks and then we moved to Boynton Beach. I didn't go back to work at all. That's where Vern came in very, Vern was in the interview when they hired me and he became Superintendent very shortly after because this Mrs. Ross retired, and eventually I moved up to Assistant Superintendent. So I was getting a lot of spasms and having a lot of

problems and so, you know, like what I ended up doing was going on disability for, but I kind of was on disability, but I didn't resign for actually a whole year from the Public Aid Office in Champaign, and thank God I worked there because at least I get a pension and good insurance coverage. So then we ended up in Wellington, in Florida, and Dick was the Superintendent of the Polo Grounds, and we were still estranged from Doug and that was not Dick's nature to fight at all. In the meantime, his daughter had married and had a child and was living in Arkansas. Dick got colon cancer. Actually, we moved from Wellington to Loxahatchee, which was eight miles away. It was real rural and no paved roads and that's when my mother had been in the nursing home and, you know, when we came down here is when we realized she really, it was more, then she was getting forgetful because she had been at our house and had done some stuff that was kind of strange, and by this time, she was in the nursing home three years and during that three years, my two cousins and my uncle were, they just got, she just got to the point where they couldn't take care of her, and they only had one driver and she had broke her hip twice, Mildred, the youngest of the two cousins was the driver, and we ended up staying down there so much that it just made sense to move in together. So we moved from Wellington to Loxahatchee, to a house that had six bedrooms and four bathrooms. It had an attached apartment and this is the house that my two cousins and my uncle lived in. That's how we got to that point, my son and I and Dick. Doug never came down and bothered us in Florida, but one of the reasons I mentioned the daughter in Arkansas was Doug did come down there. He married our best friend's daughter and she, you know, we didn't go to their wedding. My son did, but she kind of kept in touch with us and eventually, we all met in Arkansas and that's where Dick's daughter was living. Doug

was living in Champaign and we all went there and he and Doug sort of made up, like he, when they were leaving, Doug threw his arms around him and gave Dick a big hug and Dick stood there with his arms on his side and I could tell, you know, he wasn't ready for this, but it started off then. That was 19, about 1990, and he and Doug reconciled. Not particularly that day, but they did and Doug came down and visited us a couple of times, and his daughter got a divorce and she went haywire and she became estranged from us, after having come down like almost every year. So my mother died, then my, my mother died in 1995. Then the youngest cousin, who was the driver died, that had broken her hips. They were living with us then and we had moved into the house in January of '95. She died in April of '97, and then in November of '98, my husband was diagnosed with colon cancer, and in the meantime, he hadn't been feeling good and he was the one that really taking care of my uncle, who was living on our side and he was blind and deaf almost. This was my mother's brother. So we shipped him off to his son in California because Dick just really didn't think that we should have to take care of him when he had two kids of his own, and then Dick died on February 27th of 2001, and my sister, Loretta, then retired. She retired from Barry University and she moved in with us down in Loxahatchee. After the second aunt died, which was in 2004, you know, that's about the time I was, it probably took me about a year, 2005, to decide this is really silly. We have this huge house, there's three of us rattling around in it, and my son had moved up to Illinois and had started a life up there when my husband got sick and as soon as he got sick, he came back to stay with us again. So I got the idea that we might as well just move to Illinois and at least my son could have the life that he wanted to have. Then he met the love of his life and they're getting married next month. Then she decided she

couldn't live there so he moved back to Florida. Then I was going to be a snowbird, but I had my own little apartment attached to the house up there, so I had another whole bunch of furniture and everything up there, so we have that all packed up and in PODS, you know, those PODS, sitting in West Palm Beach waiting for them to find a house to live in, and in the meantime, he's living with a friend of his. They're living with a friend of his. He's living now in Royal Palm Beach, Florida, which is right next to Loxahatchee, and they're looking for a house in Loxahatchee. I was already living here in Titusville. We had moved out of Loxahatchee in 2006, August of 2006, and my son didn't move out of it until November of 2006, and I've been living in Titusville ever since.

As a result of the accident and my resulting disability of breaking my neck, I feel I've had a better life because of it and I think it's just because I was kind of flighty, a flighty teenager with no goals, no nothing, hanging around with the wrong kind of people, and my after my injury, I just can't even fathom what my life would have been like if it hadn't been for Tim Nugent and for the program that he started at the U of I, because I got to be independent, and travel all over the world, and I think I, I know I became a lot more patient and more interested in other people and being as self-absorbed as I was. I was eighteen when the accident happened, so when I look back on my life, I can't say the accident was maybe a blessing because I have no idea what would have happened, you know. I don't know if I would have married James Delamonte or not, but you know, I just, I just didn't, I can't explain it. I just, like some people seem to know what they want to do. They plan for it, they pick out a school that, you know, is known for being good in a particular area, and to me, I was just drifting along with no particular goals in mind of what I wanted to be or what I was going to be, and I was still just

interested in like the wrong, I still was going with him and I, probably deep down, I don't know whether it's hindsight or knew it was not the right direction I should be going in, and for that reason, the direction my life took after my accident, you know, after I worked for Public Aid when I was down here in Florida, I also helped open, I was the first Director of the Center for Independent Living down here in West Palm Beach, and after that, that opened in 1990, and I remained Director for approximately two years and I was working for them part-time. I was still getting disability and I wasn't sure whether I wanted to continue with that or not and I decided that I didn't really want to give up my disability more because of my insurance than anything else, and they hired a full-time Director and she and I clashed right from the very beginning and she had a disability. She was blind and the person who was responsible for getting the Rehab Center, or the Center for Independent Living, started, like she, when I first became the Director, we hired a gal to do the, you know, secretarial work and she and I, she did have a degree in English and, you know, we, I mean she wasn't just like out of high school or something, but you know, we formed a friendship and this Donna, who she and her husband were the ones that really got on the ball to get the people together to start the Center, she came to me and she said that she didn't think that she, that I should be treating her as an equal, that I should, that I should give her specific jobs and separate our social life, and frankly, I just pestered her to death and continued to do exactly what we were doing, you know, and I know she probably gave this blind gal the same instructions because since I had been doing the Director's job, she probably, you know, knew I was going to stay there and be a peer counselor or a program director, that she probably didn't want me to be taking over or taking any responsibility, and the result of that was some very funny

things. First of all, I was working for \$500 a month because that was the maximum you could work for and still get your Social Security and pension and Medicare, and you know, I was getting a fairly substantial amount of Social Security with the pension, you know, and one of the first things she did was decide that she was going to cut my salary to \$5.15 an hour, that was the minimum wage, and I just looked at her and I said, “No, I don’t think so,” you know, and before that happened, we had a couple of meetings and I had set up the pay scale period to be from twice a month on the 15th and the 30th and she kept insisting that we were cheating ourselves out of money and she couldn’t understand that, you know, getting paid every two weeks did not give you more money if you had an annual salary. That, you know, she apparently was not very good at Math and couldn’t figure out that you got 24 paychecks instead of 26, but they were the same, ended up being the same amount of money. She didn’t understand that at all, so she immediately changed that pay scale to, or pay period to, she wanted it every two weeks. I had it at twice a month, which is what I was used to. That’s how we got paid, you know, and I was used to the twice a month because that’s how we did it at the state.

So I left there after two years, but I had done my practicum, one of them, for my Master’s Degree at Goodwill and they wanted to hire me in West Palm Beach. I decided I would go to Nova. It’s now called Nova Southeastern University and when I went there it was called Nova University and it’s in Fort Lauderdale. They had these weekend programs where you get a Master’s and mine was in Counseling Psychology. I decided to do that, I guess I have to say it again, boredom. I didn’t like just sitting around, just doing housework. They had off-site programs and they had one in the Community College that was actually in Lake Worth, which is just south of West Palm and so it

sounded like a good idea at the time. So I got my Master's in 1988, September of '88. I finished it in June of '90. We didn't have to do a dissertation, but we had twelve courses. We had to do a, what was that test I named when my cousin was coming down, you know, it was like accumulative tests that we took like a couple of times qualifying for my Master's. I'll think of it because that was where I was studying for, it was before I became Director of the Center. I left the Independent Living Center in '92, then I actually stayed home for about a year and a half and I would take my mother, who had Alzheimer's, up to our, I'd meet my cousins, bring her up to my house for two or three days during the week to give them a little respite. I did that for a while and then it got to the point where my mother was getting too far along in her disease that it was safe for me to really keep her, and so then I had continued to do volunteer counseling at Goodwill where I had done one of my practicum's and I had worked hand-in-hand with them when I was working for the Center for Independent Living and they had offered, I, they offered me a job, which I didn't take, but then they asked me if I wanted to be on the Board of Directors, which I did do and while I was on the Board of Directors, a job there became available as Independent Living Specialist for the traumatic brain injured and that really fascinated me because when I was doing my practicum there, you know, I worked a little bit with some of the brain injured, and so I left the Board and took that job as Independent Living Specialist.

That was in 1994, and in January of 1997, my body went haywire, no warning. I got up one morning, was taking a shower, and I don't remember much after that. My body, I guess, went into terrible, terrible spasms like I was a fish out of water, just flopping around and it overtaxed my heart and I ended up in the hospital on a respirator

in a coma with a heart attack. I was in the coma for two weeks. My body just swelled up, like I gained 30 pounds in the two weeks and they couldn't even tell me once I did come to if, you know, that swelling would go away. I was weak as you can possibly imagine. They couldn't even, I was so sick, they couldn't even give me therapy until once I, you know, like the way insurance is now, they want you out of there as quick as they can get you out. Well, when I reached a peak where I was basically, I guess you could say, healed or I was no longer ill, then it was time for me to go home and the only therapy I even got was therapists came up to get me out of bed, to sit me in my chair, and I had three days to get to the point where I could sit in my chair long enough to drive home so I could get in bed and that was in Loxahatchee. Loxahatchee is about twenty miles west of West Palm Beach. It must be a Native American word because like the high school that was built right before we left was named Indian Ridge and everything around there was named for Indians, but I loved working with the traumatic brain injured. That was really, to me, very fascinating. I never really got a diagnosis of my episode in January of 1997. First, my doctor called me one night real late and said, I'd had an MRI, and he said they found a stenosis and they thought that was doing it and then they did one the next year and found this cearynx or cerengomyelia is what they called it and it's a growth within the spinal cord. It's not really a growth, but a sac of fluid and as the fluid, you know, in your spine goes, sloshes around, it makes the cerengomyelia get bigger and bigger unless it gets drained, and when I got mine drained the first time, I lost the feeling, which I had sensation, like if I was touched, I knew I was being touched, everywhere. If you pinched me, I couldn't tell the difference, but I knew I was being touched, and the consequence of that was I lost all feeling from my chest down and because of that, I

actually had broke my right leg twice and one time I broke both the tibia and the fibula. I was, I have a lift on my old van that, and I had been grocery shopping and I had a whole load of groceries all over me and it put just enough weight on a cheap chair that Medicare supplies that the pedals didn't clear the guard to keep from going off the end and they twisted in and my leg twisted around and I didn't, I just went on like that for two weeks. It swelled up like you wouldn't believe and my aide that came in and my sister that helped me both said my foot felt like it wasn't attached to my leg. So I finally went to the emergency room, I think it was or whatever, it doesn't matter, but it was broken in two places and they had discovered, I had been dropped once, but slowly and I had broken my leg right below my knee, and then another time, I don't remember what I did to it to be honest, but I broke my left leg and that one really bothered me because that one was broken in such a spot that I had a cast from my toes to my hip, and it was right at the time when they were going to hold that athletic awards for the people who had gone to the Para-Olympics and would have earned an Illini letter in athletics if they had been giving them back when we were students and so they had this big awards ceremony and, you know, I had said I was going to it and then when I broke my leg, I just knew that there was no way that I was going to be able to get around with this leg sticking out and everything else. Well, I wasn't able to attend it, but I went through, the first year I started getting these spasms, I was in the hospital 22 times from January, 1997, until January, 1998, in a one year's period, and I counted the days and I was in the hospital more than I was out, and over the course of two or three years, they discovered that if they induced a coma, then the spasms would eventually settle down, but I was also going to a pain management doctor then because cerengomyelia also causes, people have described it as

burning or stabbing. I described it as burning. I just felt like I had been put in a French fryer from my toes to my chest, just burn. You just felt like you were boiling, just like French fry, and you know, it, it really did affect your life and I would get online and I, you know, would try to read up on it and I read that, you know, all the different medications people tried, people tried alcohol. They tried marijuana. They all admitted that nothing really got rid of the pain. It might have put them in a better mood if they were in an altered state, but my doctor was a very, my pain medicine doctor, he tried shots. He tried everything and finally I had an electronic pump, which was like a great big stainless steel hockey puck, and they had a port in it and they put muscle relaxer back within it and it has a catheter that goes around into your spine and so it doesn't go through your central nervous system and they can give you higher doses, and I had that put in in 1994, but when I started getting these spasms, my doctors were working together and they, you know, they could do what they called like, it was like a boost where they'd give you a big dose and it still wouldn't change what these spasms were doing. They raised my blood pressure very, very high, which is normally pretty low, and after seven years of going through all this hell with these spasms, the nurse would come in once a month or once every three weeks, however often you needed it, and she, they would leave about two centimeters in mine, you know, and they'd have to draw that out and then they would fill it back up again. Well, the nurse came in one month and when she went to draw the two centimeters out, all the medicine was still there. She pulled it all out and she looked at it, you know, and she called the doctor and she told him and he said, "That's not possible," and so he told her to put it in again and to come in and see him in a week and I did, and he took the medicine out and sure enough, it all came out,

and I'd just had a, it had just quit working and I didn't get any spasms when it quit working and I wouldn't have known that if it didn't quit working. So that went from 1997 to 2004 or 2005, and during that period, they took out a kidney that had, had shriveled up during my pregnancy and they gave me a hysterectomy. I mean they did, they did everything they could possibly do to try to figure out and they never figured it out or why it stopped, but one of my doctors told me when it did stop that, you know, by that time, he and his nurse and I were really good friends. He and his nurse got married and I was the only patient that figured out something was going on with them, but anyway, we're friends and he said to me, you know, he said, "There aren't that many people with your severe disability that have lived as long as you have, and so we doctors are learning as much from you as you're learning from us," and I've had, you know, my regular doctor told me the same thing and so I'm a guinea pig.

After the spasms began, I never went back to work full-time or even part-time, and it really like took away, you know, like whereas initially when we started talking about, you know, I was getting stronger and stronger and stronger, and now I'm going through the period where I'm getting weaker and weaker and weaker, and you know, there isn't really, the way they've also changed the insurance and everything, years ago, I could have just maybe be put in Jackson Memorial for three weeks or a month to see if they could, you know, get my muscles strengthened or whether the cerengomyelia is causing the problems, but now the way they have it, like I'd love to work right now, do something, but if I work, I don't get any home health and I need the home health. If I can't get dressed, I can't go to work, you know. I got a letter recently because, well, when I turn 65 in eight months, that I could go out and earn all the income I wanted to

earn, but that's, you know, if I did, I would lose my home health, and it's such a stupid, stupid thing because up until this recent surgery that I had, I felt fine and, I mean, I don't know exactly what I would do, you know, without the use of my hands now, but I mean, I would have gone out and been a greeter at Wal-Mart just to have something to do and a little extra.

I did drive up outside DRES in a convertible with Tim standing out with a physician who had known me at Rusk, who really didn't recognize me. I was married then. I was, I don't really remember whether it was before I went to work I think or back to school, before I went to work for Public Aid I think is when it was in September of '69. It was a friend of mine from New York with disabilities who was going to school at the U of I and I was, our arrangement was, I was going to pick her up in front of the Rehab Center at such and such a time on Oak Street, and Tim was standing there with this doctor who at that time worked at the Chicago Rehabilitation Center, but he had worked at the Rusk Institute and he was one of my doctors at the Rusk Institute, and when I left there as an outpatient, they told me that I was as functional as I would ever be. I was not dressing myself. I had taken driving lessons and the last few hours of physical therapy that I had, the physical therapist said she really didn't know what to do with me, what did I want to do and what I wanted to do is I wanted to go caddy corner across the street and I wanted to swing on a swing. So she risked her job to take me over there because if I got hurt, it was one of those sling things, if I got hurt getting on or off it, she'd be in big trouble, you know, but that's what we did, but part of the problem was, and I don't know whether you want this on there or not, was during my stay at Rusk, John Kennedy, President Kennedy, his father had a stroke and they took, they had a little

house on the property where they did activities in daily living and Joseph Kennedy took over that house. That's where he got his rehabilitation, and off the record, it was very interesting because we got to meet President and Jackie Kennedy. They came to visit Joseph Kennedy and he was living in this little house, and we all lined up in the hall, but Robert Kennedy was totally different, like I was sitting out in front of the hospital talking, my Dad was visiting. We were just sitting out there and up pulls this old, beat up, green Studebaker and a man hops out of it and I said to my Dad, "That looks like Bobby Kennedy." He said, "Oh no," and I said, "Well, yeah it does," and so I said, "Bobby," and he said, just turned around and waved and came over and shook our hands and sure enough, it was Bobby Kennedy. He was Attorney General then and drove up in this old Studebaker, which surprises me in hindsight that he didn't have Secret Service and everybody else. Even today they don't and that's interesting. That's interesting since, you know, for, yet they would put Secret Service men on Obama and Hillary Clinton. I do believe I had as much control over my right hand at that time as I do now, but my left hand never came back. I probably had 50% use of my right hand. When I pushed myself in my manual chair, I used my left hand, you know, I put it on, actually, I put it on the tires. I had calluses on my hand. They had rims like, in those days, real old-fashioned rims that had rubber caps on it and boy, if you lost a cap, you were pushing against that steel thing. The real power was in my right hand, like I used the palm of my left hand to push and my, I didn't have the, I had much more, my triceps were better in my right arm and my biceps were stronger. My left arm was much weaker than my right arm. He was the physician who said I was functioning as much as I would be expected, but I don't think he had any idea I was doing that, driving an equipped car because my

mother had arranged for my driving lessons on her own, and I wasn't driving in as inpatient or an outpatient. I was taking the bus. I was just learning. I already knew how to drive before the accident. We had a full driver's license at 16. Well, do you know that in Florida at that time, like I told you my mother would send me to Florida, well, my brother and I would come, the first year was both my brother and I. He was 15 and I was 14 and we would, my grandfather didn't entertain us, you know. We would just take off and walk around and see the sights and we found a Motor Vehicle Bureau one day, and we just walked in and got a book and we were looking through it and learned that we could get a license down here at the age of 14, and so we went home and we studied the book and went back the next day and there was no driver's test, just do the written test and they handed us a license, and we went home. We called my grandfather Papa and we said, "Papa, we got our driver's license," and he said, "Great, let's go to Key West," and so we hopped in the car the next morning and, you know, I was so frightened driving on those bridges with the big trucks that I just kind of closed my eyes and squinted just to get past those trucks, but we got down there.

So when I left Rusk as an outpatient, they said basically this is where I would be for the rest of my life. That was the implication that, "You've reached your maximum function ability," you know, so what are they telling you, this is the way you're going to be, you know. They didn't discuss any kind of thing about my life would be truncated. He just went off into the sunset. So then, you know, that's when after I had pretty much completed the worst part of my, you know, I really, I now finished my first year and a half at the U of I at least. In fact, I think I had graduated from the U of I. My timeframe, I think it was '69, and now I'm back visiting my friend at the U of I. She was actually a

friend that I met through the Wheelchair Games and she was, you know, one, she lived on Long Island not too far from me and we had just become friends and now she went out to the U of I. Interestingly enough, she hated it out there. I didn't know why since I loved it when I went, but as it turns out, she left her boyfriend behind and so anyway, I was picking her up to take her out. When my Dad promised me, he had, you know, gotten these repossessed cars and he had a 1963 Plymouth convertible, Plymouth Fury, and it had like a, it was black with copper and black seats, and it had a 454 engine in it or something. I mean it was hot. You could floor that thing and I peeled rubber once or twice. I really wasn't into drag racing, but you know, you just have to peel rubber once or twice. So anyway, so I, our arrangement was, I was going to pick her up in front of DRES and take her home. I think this was around September of '69, and school had started. I don't know if I was trying to be a mentor as much as just trying to give, since she hated it, just pick her up, take her home, let her stay with us for the weekend, and get a homemade meal. I think this was on a Friday and there was something going on at the Center that these various doctors and different people were there and it just so happened that Tim was standing with this doctor out front, and of course I had the top down, definitely before seatbelts, and Tim I guess knew. Well, of course, he knew that this man had worked at Rusk and I guess, I don't know how he knew that that doctor was my doctor, but he asked the doctor, he said, "Do you know who that is?," and the doctor said, "Well, she looks familiar," and he said, "Well, that's Evelyn Mulry Moore," so I was married. He said, "You told her that," you know, "she would not be able to do any, she'd be, she would not," I don't know how he quite expressed it, but in essence, he was saying that I would be wheelchair bound for life, which I was wheelchair bound, but I would

also probably be housebound, you know, not transfer into a car, not drive or do anything. So, you know, I pulled up there and Tim said, “Well, that’s how my students can function when they finish here at this University.” He said, “She’s perfectly independent and married,” and I didn’t have a child then, you know, I did have a job. I was working. This was a weekend I was picking her up to bring her home. It was a beautiful sunny day. I mean, you couldn’t have set the scene any more perfectly and I had come and just made a u-turn right in front of the place and pulled up right in front. So you would have thought that Tim had planned this just to show off or something, you know. They came over to the car while Ruth, who was the girl I was picking up, Ruth Broemer, and they stood there and watched while she got in and transferred, you know, put her chair in the backseat where mine already was, you know, and we had to, the car had a little rumble, but not too much. That wasn’t a concern in those days until that time I told you earlier when I went looking, decided I was going to go to work, then gas guzzling came in because of the amount of gas it would have cost me to get there. I recognized the doctor and was able to call his name, but I can’t recall it now, and then he recognized me when he got close to me. I think he was a little flabbergasted, but it was not at all something he expected to see, but I don’t think he wanted to show how flabbergasted he was in front of Tim, you know, because now he’s seen Tim’s philosophy that you can function, you can get a job, you can be an independent. The doctor had written me a prescription that I would always need a 24-hour attendant and that was the information I left Rusk with, but he was a major part of the team, you know. They had a team of doctors that went around once a week and so he was aware of it if he’s not the one who signed it. He was a full doctor and I was eighteen then. I would say he was no more than forty, maybe younger,

thirty-five. Well, I know that the last time I was with Tim, he said the doctor's name because he had a lot of interaction with him in Chicago. I know he knows the name and I may even come up with it before you leave. Well, because Tim did call his name and they, seems to me it was Clemons, but you know, I wouldn't bet on that.