

North Harvard Street: Recollections

BY LARRY PALMER

The following documents my recollections of living at 1805 North Harvard Street in Arlington, Virginia from 1937 until leaving for college in 1950. This period covered the end of the depression, the World War II years and the years immediately following the war. It was an extraordinary time and place. Some might be interested in these events which are written with the realization that it is too late to ask my parents to write down such things.

As background, my parents were Mary Virginia Vanderau and Clive Warrenfeltz Palmer. My mother grew up on a small farm north of Mercersburg, Pennsylvania, while my father grew up in Wolfsville, Maryland, which is slightly north of Frederick. After high school my father worked in the office at the Mercersburg Academy, where he met and courted my mother. Mary and Clive married in June 1922 after Clive had moved to Washington, D.C. to work for the Government and attend college. After several years, they bought a small house on North 17th Street in the Cherrydale section of Arlington, Virginia and moved across the river.

I was born at Columbia Hospital for Women in Washington D.C. on Christmas day 1932. My parents bought me a copy of the *Sunday Washington Post* dated 25 December 1932, which I still have in a plastic bag. The paper is as tattered as I am. My memories of the house at the corner of North 17th and North Nelson Streets are dim. The house was a white wooden bungalow with a front porch, a living room and the kitchen on the back with steps down to a cellar. The main bedroom was on a partial second floor. We lived on a small court where the big kids let me “hike” the football when they played. My mom planted lots of flowers in the yard and won a prize for her efforts. (The prize was a full-size bust of George Washington that sat majestically at the top of our attic steps at Harvard Street for almost fifty years). A neighbor lady was rumored to have more than twenty cats and the neighbors thought she was a bit strange. My long-time friend Joyce Springer lived on North Quincy Street (across from Washington–Lee High School) and she recently gave me some photographs taken in front of the North 17th Street house. We are probably four years old, in our snow suits, and a late 1920s car in the picture proves how long ago that really was.

My memories of the depression years are also dim because Washington D.C. was not as severely affected as other areas. Hand-me-down clothing was expected simply as a practical matter. I remember one cold day when I accompanied my mother in our car to deliver a box of food to a family living

in a dilapidated tar paper house at either Thanksgiving or Christmas time. The lady and her children received it gratefully. I was a kid who was always asking "Why?" so when we got back into our car I asked, "Why do they live there?" Her curt answer; "Because their father doesn't have a job" made it clear: no more questions!

In September 1936 my parents purchased from Lyon, Incorporated a 6775 square foot lot on Cedar (later Harvard) Street in Arlington, Virginia. The official designation, Lot 607, Section 3, Lyon Village was noted in several letters in September and October where the lot became collateral and they received permission to build a house on the lot. To initiate this big step my father received and paid that October a tax bill of \$9.18 for the lot.

My parents contracted Mr. Frederick E. Westenberger as the builder, and construction of the house at 1805 North Harvard Street began. Mr. Westenberger left Germany in the mid 1930s and built some other houses in the county, most notably a grand house for himself at the intersection of Hartford, Hancock and 20th Streets, North. I remember at least once walking from the Cherrydale house to the new house when it was being built: a long hike for a four year old. We walked down 17th Street to a dead end and down a long white wooden set of stairs, across the railroad tracks (today the Route 66 right-of-way) down more steps and across Kirkwood Road and finally up 17th Street to Harvard Street. One such trip may have been enough for me. The house was completed in the summer of 1937 and at settlement my parents signed a promissory note to Mr. Westenberger for the sum of \$3,138.30, with interest of 6.00% per annum and monthly payments of at least \$44.65 each. At this time my father was the personnel officer in the HOLC (Home Owner's Loan Corporation, a "New Deal" organization) and made less than \$5,000 per year. The deed is dated 17 July 1937, and so the move-in date was probably near this date. The house at Harvard Street is a brick center hall colonial with four bedrooms and two baths upstairs. The first floor has living and dining rooms with a kitchen and breakfast room back of the dining room. Behind the living room was a sunroom leading to a terrace and these two rooms were over a two-car garage, which was accessed by a driveway on the left side of the house. A staircase from the second floor led to an attic, which was never finished. The basement had a paneled recreation room, a furnace room, a laundry room with an outside door and a roughed-in bathroom. All of this filled the 60 by 100 foot lot with room for a basketball "court" in front of the garage doors. When we moved into this seemingly huge house, I remember the distinct smell of the oil-based paint used on the interior of new houses in those days.

In 1941 a vacant 5020 square foot lot was purchased by my parents, which added a side yard. The owner of the lot lived in California so no one had

maintained the property for years and it became a jungle. After we purchased it, clearing it was a big job and I remember Dad got a really serious case of poison ivy in the process. During the war, we planted vegetables in a “victory garden” on the back part of this additional space. Eventually it became my job to keep it all mowed.

When we moved in, the Tolleys (1804 N. Harvard) and the Geigers (1806 N. Harvard) had preceded us. John Tolley was a few months older, and thus wiser, and introduced me to the neighborhood and demonstrated his wagon. Jean Geiger was my age and had an older brother, Allen. In a few years my brother, Philip, Charlotte Tolley and Art Geiger rounded out the neighborhood gang. There was a lot of building going on so there were many attractive nuisances for kids, such as new foundations, dug-up streets and piles of dirt, sand and bricks. Directly behind our house there was the foundation of an old spring house, an operating spring and four large old oak trees. These remained until houses were built on Highland Street after the war. We kids roamed free in these areas and also in the woods toward Kirkwood Road and Lee Highway. Over time, our explorations expanded. We crossed Lee Highway using either the railroad trestle at Kirkwood Road, which was used very infrequently by a train that we called the “Virginia Creeper,” or using the storm sewer drain which passed under Lee Highway near the Lyon Village Apartments. From there we followed the tracks to Rosslyn or followed Spout Run to the Potomac River. Before the George Washington Parkway was built, there were caves to be explored above the river and paths along the riverbank to be hiked.

One incident that improves with the telling involves a summer day when the Harvard Street kids were assembled on the Geiger’s side yard watching the repaving of the 19th Street hill. A large tar truck with spouts across the back dispensed hot tar on the pavement, producing much smell and smoke as it moved slowly down the hill. Following one-half block behind, a dump truck backed slowly down the hill with the bed raised to spread gravel on the prepared surface. We all watched this process with interest until the big kids thought of a way to make things even more interesting. They dared the little kids, which included me, to scamper across the street before the gravel truck arrived opposite our vantage point. They found two little kids dumb enough to take the dare and I was one. The first kid tiptoed very carefully across the slippery tar and received cheers upon reaching the other side. Not to be outdone I followed much less carefully, immediately slipped and sprawled in the tar, which by this time was not that hot. Jean Geiger ran to tell my mother something to the effect that “Larry has done it again”. My mother met me coming home and, after finding that I really wasn’t hurt, took me in tow and down our driveway we went. Clothes were extracted beginning with the shirt, then the sneakers with sox and finally

the shorts, leaving me in my skivvies as she took me in the basement bathroom with a can of turpentine and began the clean-up process. I still remember many faces squeezed into the basement bathroom window observing this process, which no doubt was much more fun than watching the tar truck.

I remember another notable incident involving the Geigers and their friends the Hendersons. These two families had shared a duplex house on Lorcom Lane prior to 1933 when their older sons Allen Geiger and David Henderson were young. Both families moved into new homes and a daughter, Diane, was born in October 1933 soon after the Hendersons moved in at 308 North Kenmore Street. Diane was a year younger than Jean Geiger. The families got together on occasion and on this day, their kids were playing on the Geiger's front lawn. My mother knew of the Hendersons and pointed out the children playing, and in particular a little girl about five with very blond hair who was energetically performing summersaults down the terraces of the lawn. "That's Diane Henderson," she said. Diane got my attention that day as she did about 17 years later when Art Geiger got me a "blind date" with Diane after she graduated from the University of Maryland in June 1955. We were married in February 1956, spent two years in Germany where I was a Signal Corps Officer, and have lived in the Maryland suburbs of Washington D.C. since 1958. Diane and I celebrated our 50th wedding anniversary in 2006.

It was happy days until we started school a few years later. Because my birthday was in December, I couldn't start first grade with my friends and attended a private school with kindergarten and first grade. One day in kindergarten they gave us pencils with "made in Czechoslovakia" stamped on them. When I blurted out the origin of the pencil the teacher was impressed and promoted me to the first grade. This allowed me to catch up with my friends and we entered the second grade together. We all walked to James Monroe Elementary school which was located at Key Boulevard and Courthouse Road (now totally replaced by the Key School). Jean Geiger, John Tolley and I were in the same class. We progressed through second grade (Miss Wise), third grade (Miss Foster), and so on in a very controlled secure environment under the rule of the principal, Miss Clara Coffman, and her very versatile helper, Mr. Pierre, who handled building maintenance. I remember an incident on the playground where some daredevil boy fell off the top of the sliding board and broke his arm. Miss Coffman was on the spot in less than a minute, improvised a splint with cardboard book covers, and had Mr. Pierre whisk the kid off to the hospital. Although the little kids greatly respected (some feared) the principal, I later served papers to her house on North Jackson Street where she lived with her sister, and I found her to be a very sweet lady who dedicated her life to her fledglings and never married. At a recent high school reunion, a James Monroe classmate reminded

me that versatile Mr. Pierre served another important function: flushing the urinals and handing us a towel when we took our midday bathroom break. It turns out that full-sized urinals were mistakenly installed in the boy's bathroom and we little boys couldn't reach the handle. We idolized sports figures in those days and one kid in my class said he had gone to see the movie "The Pride of the Yankees" six times. He said, "I would have gone again but I only had a dollar" (tickets were fifteen cents each).

In the fall of 1941, when we were in the fourth grade, things changed dramatically. I was almost nine and into building models and collecting toy soldiers, planes and ships.

I had memorized the state names of our battleships and had a couple of balsa wood models of these ships that I had painstakingly assembled and painted. When I heard about Pearl Harbor I put the newspaper picture of the smoking Arizona on my bulletin board. I would stare at it and brood over the fact that the dirty rats sank our battleships. The shock effect was not as great as 9/11 but the galvanizing of the country's resolve was definitely more enduring. The school year 1941-1942 is mostly a blank in my memory because of the distractions. The teachers anxiously forced smiles and carried out air raid drills. We all trooped to the boy's basement and sat on stacks of collected newspapers. We ate lunch in the girl's basement so that part of the building was kept clean and orderly. In contrast the boy's basement was a disorderly mess. The girls disliked the drills in this environment and we didn't help matters by pelting them with paper wads as the teachers tried to explain to us what was going on. There was a period of several months when an attack on Washington D.C. by Japan or Germany was thought to be possible, and wardens patrolled neighborhoods at night during air raid drills to spot light leaking out of people's windows.

I remember vividly my dad taking me to sit on a hill, probably in early 1942, to watch them pour the cement during the construction of the Pentagon Building. A special rail line came from the mixing plants in Rosslyn and Alexandria, and lights allowed work to continue after dark. As dinnertime ap-

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proached he wanted to leave but I was fascinated and wanted to stay; I lost a brief argument. The construction was in the general area where the old Hoover Airport was located. We had previously visited this airport on weekends to see the airplanes and watch the blimps that landed by dropping ropes and having a bunch of guys tow them to the mooring mast.

Many temporary families with new kids moved into the neighborhood during these years. Rental houses along Harvard Street were in great demand. We rarely saw the adults but the kids joined the group. Most were “army brats” who were outgoing and quickly adapted to new situations. A new family on Highland Street had two kids, John and Peggy Detar. The newcomers made friends quickly and my mother and Mrs. Detar were friends. Their father was a submarine officer in the Pacific. One day a moving truck came and they abruptly moved back to the Midwest. My mother was very sad as she told me their dad was missing; I retired to my room and studied the Arizona picture some more. 1942 was not a good time to be in the Pacific Ocean in a submarine.

Everyone contributed by collecting essential stuff, such as paper, cans, tin foil, kitchen grease, rubber, etc. Many food items and gasoline were rationed. Dr. Tolley was a dentist so he got a “C” gasoline ration sticker for his car. We had only an “A” card so we didn’t drive much, and when we did, we were supposed to stay under 35 miles per hour to conserve our tires. Our 1941 Dodge lasted until 1953 when I was in college because of this pampering.

After 1943 things were looking up and we were off to junior high school (7th through 9th grades). Everyone on our side of Key Boulevard was bused to Claude Swanson Junior High School and on the other side went to Washington-Lee, which was phasing out their junior high school. We were therefore separated from some of our previous friends for three years until we met again in high school at W-L. Our homeroom teacher was Miss Brooks and she was very different from the mature older ladies that we were used to at James Monroe. She was young and pretty and soon had us little boys completely twitterpated. She had a boy friend who was a sergeant in the army in Europe and she and a couple of other girls got their picture in *Life* magazine as examples of young ladies who were holding down the home front. She quickly channeled our energies to collecting scrap items in the nearby Westover Apartments. We worked very hard helping Miss Brooks. She gave out awards such as private, corporal and sergeant stripes for collecting progressively larger stacks of newspapers. Between us, we were helping to win the war. Teaching junior high school is a tough job and I hope that Miss Brooks, who became Mrs. Thomas when her boy friend came home at the end of the war, had a good life.

Another event of junior high school was the Junior Recreation Club (JRC) dances. We would walk to Clarendon and take the bus out Washington

Boulevard to Swanson. We often stopped at the Little Tavern for one of their half-dollar sized ten-cent hamburgers. The smell of these being prepared was irresistible. At the school they played records and some dancing took place. Mostly the older boys pestered the younger boys while sitting in the bleachers. There was a wide spectrum of dancing skills from zero all the way to one ninth grade couple that could jitterbug with the best of them. This seemed to me an impossible skill. Some of us got up the nerve to ask our favorite teacher, Miss Brumfield, to dance the two-step, and she kindly accepted all requests. Miss Brumfield taught General Science and she knew how to handle kids our age so that everyone loved her. Miss Brumfield married another teacher, Mr. Shelly, a returned veteran who had served in the Pacific. He once advised some of us boys that if we didn't shape up, we would end up in the penitentiary. We didn't like Mr. Shelly very much and thought Miss Brumfield could have done much better.

In the fall of 1943 my father up and joined the Army and went to Ft. Custer in Michigan for basic training! My brother and I were proud of this but I think that my mother was much less than thrilled. At age 42 he went in as a Major in the AMGOT (Allied Military Government of Occupied Territories) organization. This group was to follow the invasion of France and re-establish, if necessary, the infrastructure (fire, police, government, etc.) in the liberated towns and villages. The Army was not sure how the French would handle this and were taking no chances. As it turned out, this function was not needed in most cases and Dad was home in a year. A picture of Dad in uniform was sent to his sister, Miriam, with the inscription, "To my dear sister Miriam and the family from London, England 6-6-44." He did get to the continent in about September 1944 and was home a couple of months later.

During 1942 and 1943, because of the influx of people to Washington D.C., housing was in critical demand. My brother and I moved into the back bedroom of our house and a door was added to the master bedroom to give us access to the master bathroom. This gave us two bedrooms with a hall bathroom that could be rented out. A young Navy enlisted man and a young Army officer rented these rooms for about a year. The Army officer, Captain Walker, was from Louisiana and was very friendly. It seemed like he got promoted every couple of months and he gave my brother and me his old insignia when this happened. Unfortunately, he caught the mumps from us and was pretty sick for a couple of weeks. He had a girl friend that also had a very southern accent and visited frequently to give him sympathy.

At this point, I should explain the important role of "the lot" in the development of the Harvard Street bunch and how the lot evolved over the years. The lot was a plot of land bordering on North Highland Street and bounded

by 19th and 20th Streets. Initially, 19th Street had two branches but one was closed off to automobile traffic. Jean (Geiger) Firch informed me recently that the developer, Mr. Lyon, planned to sell lots in this area with the promise that it would be a custom home area. When he started building multiple houses to the same plan the neighbors protested and Mr. Geiger circulated a petition that convinced the Lyon Organization to give part of the land to the community. The building of the Lyon Village club house was possibly part of the settlement. At the start of the war a creek ran through part of this area but this was eventually replaced by a storm sewer with several manholes. Inspired by movies such as "Wake Island," we would dig trenches and fox holes in part of the area. As our interests changed, we turned the level parts of the lot into baseball or football fields, depending on the season. The lot became a powerful kid magnet and participants came from all over on their bikes for pick-up games. You needed a critical mass to play baseball or touch football, so it was important that the big kids mentored the little kids, made it interesting for them and encouraged them to return the next day. The parents of the local kids had a special signal (a bell or a whistle with a code such as two shorts and a long) to call their charges to dinner. Otherwise the games went on continuously with no adult intervention.

At some point, the Lyon Village Women's Club built their clubhouse at the 20th Street end of the lot. We didn't use that part so nothing changed. The county eventually fenced the park and built two concrete tennis courts during the early 1950s above the clubhouse. We had gotten older so it was time to take up tennis. Young people congregated and queued up to play a single set of tennis and then filled the wait time by playing hearts. Several years later, a basketball court and facilities for younger children were added to make up the current park facility.

Clarendon was a relatively short walk away and was our shopping area. It contained: the A&P and Sanitary (later Safeway) grocery stores; Kresge's and Woolworth 5 & 10 cent stores; several shoe and dress shops; Yeatman's hardware store; Little Tavern and White Tower hamburger shops; the Fox Barber Shop; the Ashton Theater; and our favorite, Malbone's variety store.

Each of these places elicits some memories. The Hahn's shoe store had an X-ray machine and we would stop in to insert a foot and observe our toes wiggling. We did this a couple of times before we were invited to leave and not return. Malbone's was a small variety store next to the Ashton Theater, with narrow aisles and shelves containing such things as candy, comic books, kites, and balsa wood model airplane kits. The Ashton Theater was a very popular spot especially on hot summer days before houses had air conditioning. On weekends they showed cowboy movies augmented by serials, cartoons and short subjects. The Three Stooges theme song brought down the house, which at times was

packed. There was a pecking order to the theaters that were in Arlington at that time. The State and the Wilson got films first, the Arlington and Buckingham next, and the Lee and the Ashton last. This prioritizing didn't matter much to us since we weren't much interested in the first-run movies.

I remember once going to a movie by myself at age 10 or 11 to see "The Wolf Man" with Lon Chaney Jr. I didn't plan ahead very well because when I got out it was dark and worse yet the moon was full. I ran all the way home and thereafter was more careful in selecting movies. At another time a group of us went to the Ashton together and because Jean Geiger was much taller than us boys at age 11, they charged Jean for an adult ticket. She was upset and when we got home Mr. Geiger, who was a no-nonsense guy, visited the theater manager with her birth certificate to straighten things out.

During the year or so that my father was an Army officer we were temporary members of the Army/Navy country club, which is located off Glebe Road in South Arlington. We would ride our bikes there to go swimming. Allen Geiger had a summer job as a lifeguard. During one visit John Tolley and I were in the deep end and he grabbed me around the neck from behind so that we both went to the bottom of the pool. Allen jumped in, pushed us to the surface and pulled us out. He received a Boy Scout Life Saving Medal for this, which was well deserved. I'm still not sure what happened but I am sure that I couldn't have held my breath much longer.

By the end of 1944, Dad was home and things sort of got back to normal. One night Dad attended a Masonic lodge meeting at the lodge hall above the hardware store on Lee Highway in Cherrydale. He walked to the meeting but on the way home, he was hit by a motorcycle that slid on the loose gravel along the side of the road. He was pretty banged up and was in the new Arlington Hospital for a while before coming home in a body cast to recuperate. At home, he contracted pneumonia and one night had to be rushed to Georgetown Hospital where things looked bad for a while. His ultimate recovery was probably helped by the fact that his stint in the Army had him in excellent shape.

Around the eighth grade in 1945-46 I remember asking the gym teacher, Mr. Sonen, if I might get on the football team next year. He looked at me and said "You better eat a lot of mashed potatoes next summer." In fact, some of us were on the team the next year serving mostly as blocking dummies for the bigger guys. Junior high school football probably wasn't a good idea because of the injuries and the huge difference in capability at that age. Today it has been replaced by soccer. It was around this same time that Dr. Tolley sat some of us boys down in his living room one evening and urged us to take school and our studies more seriously. Starting in the ninth grade your record started to count, he said, and this was important in determining what college you could get into. Since John Tolley wanted to be a medical doctor and I hadn't started thinking

about such things, we probably started to drift apart at this point.

The Tolleys set the standard in other areas. They were the first in the neighborhood to get a television set and once in a while we were invited to watch the wrestling matches. Gorgeous George and the front-row fan Hat Pin Annie were our favorites. It amazes me that today you have to pay a large fee to see such events on cable TV. The Tolleys were also the first to get season tickets to the Redskins football games. These were at Griffith Stadium on Georgia Avenue and, as I recall, a season ticket for six home games cost about \$30. I became a big Redskins fan in 1945

and remember listening to the games on the radio. The 15–14 loss to the Rams in the December 16, 1945 championship game was a real blow. Sammy Baugh became my idol, much as some kids idolized baseball players in that day. We attended one game in 1946 and then had two season tickets ourselves in 1947 and 1948. My brother and I would go to the games and we were there in 1947 when Sammy Baugh was presented with a Packard station wagon and threw six touchdown passes in defeating the Cardinals. In those days, they allowed kids to congregate behind the goal posts near the end of the game and on occasion fight over the ball after an extra point was kicked. I also remember that a few players, Baugh in particular, would remain on the field and sign autographs long after the game was over. I got his autograph several times and treasured it. Things have changed!

Immediately after the war in 1946 my parents joined together with Dad's sister Miriam and her husband Clark to buy 400 acres of land in the Catoctin Mountains near Thurmont, Maryland as a vacation spot. The property contained a log cabin which had been used by deer hunters since the 1920s. The property was a three-hour drive from Arlington in those days, and the last several miles were on unimproved roads, ending up on Mink Farm Road. In a year or so local workers were found to build a house of indigenous stones that contained a bathroom, a great room, two bedrooms, a loft where Philip and I slept, and a large fireplace for heat. A cistern fed by a creek provided running water, with drinking water coming from a spring. A generator provided some electricity

In the fall of 1947, we entered Washington–Lee High School, which at the time was still the only high school (for white children) in the county. W–L had a checkered reputation in the post-war years and some parents preferred to send their children to the District schools.

but lanterns provided most lighting. We had the essentials with no frills. Relatives and friends visited for the day on weekends and huge amounts of food were available for these occasions. Philip and I explored the woods and hills with our dog Lassie. We have many good memories of the days at the cabin. The property was sold in 1957–58 and currently is being used as a children’s summer camp by the Quakers.

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It is safe to say that I floated through High School. Washington–Lee was transitioning in those days from a combination junior/senior school, with its attendant problems, to a high school. I dabbled in sports in an undisciplined way, was in a “fraternity” with a conservative agenda (no beer), and rarely if ever dated.

W–L High School in those days had a wide range of kids from all over the county. If there was pressure to excel academically I never encountered it. Also I wasn’t thinking at all about college and when the time came to think about it I was almost too late to apply and take the necessary tests. The old adage that you must hit a mule in the head with a two-by-four in order to get his attention came true for me in Miss Elsea’s eleventh grade Physics class—where I sat on the back row and did not pay attention—when I got a “D” for the first six weeks’ reporting period. This certainly got my parents’ attention and my attitude changed from that point. Later, in the twelfth grade, I was put into an advanced math class where, to the teacher’s surprise, I did well. The teacher, Mr. Peterson, gave us an aptitude test and suggested a future curriculum for me in physics and/or engineering. This was good advice and I later followed it exactly. However it wasn’t until my sophomore year in college at age 18 that I really got focused on academics.

We were an eclectic group of kids with a wide range of friends. Kids were judged by their behavior and not by their academic achievements or their affluence or lack thereof. Many were headed for college, some were not, and of course, the Korean War erupted that summer of 1950. We boys all got to know Miss Pearl Payne at the draft board in a temporary building in back of the Ar-

lington County Courthouse. In a matter-of-fact way she gave those of us who were college-bound a student deferment, wished us good luck for success in our studies and said "Or you will be hearing from me". Others probably did not get a deferment. I remember one guy in my twelfth grade English class where we were reading poetry. He explained that during his next class period he would go to his auto mechanics class where they were learning to repair a Chevrolet Hydramatic transmission. I could hardly conceal my envy. I also remember one of the younger guys on the track team who I admired because he was the only person who had the courage to participate in the pole vault. Years later I learned that he was also valedictorian of his class.

High school was a bit lower keyed in those days. The friendships from those days have endured, as attested by the continued interest in the reunions of my class (1950) and Diane's class (1951). In the fall of 1950 I entered the freshman class at Washington and Lee University in Lexington, Virginia.

Epilogue

Mary Palmer lived to enjoy her four grandchildren, Steve, Michael, Jenny and Valerie, and died in 1974 at age 74. Clive Palmer returned to the Justice Department after his accident in 1945, serving until his retirement in 1962, which was officiated by Robert Kennedy and attended by J. Edgar Hoover. He was the first chief of the US Marshals service from 1957–1962. Despite more than his share of health problems he lived to be 91 and died in 1992.

John Tolley went to Duke University and then medical school and became a surgeon. He assisted when my father was operated on for colon cancer at George Washington Hospital in 1958. John became ill and passed away at age 40. Charlotte Tolley graduated from William and Mary, married a classmate, and they raised their family near Houston, Texas.

Allen Geiger went to VPI, served in the Army, and then was an executive with the Boeing Corporation. After retiring he returned to South Carolina where he died several years ago. Jean Geiger graduated from Penn State, married a college professor, and she now lives in Tucson, Arizona. Art Geiger attended Lehigh and became an industrial executive in Detroit. Now retired, he divides his time between Detroit and Florida. When he rarely returns to Washington D.C., he claims that he "can feel his wallet twitch."

My brother Philip graduated from Washington and Lee University and the University of Virginia Medical School and recently retired as a pathologist in the Boston area. I graduated from Washington and Lee University, Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, and the University of Maryland. I retired from Engineering in 1999 and am now teaching part time in the Professional Master of Engineering Program at the University of Maryland, College Park.