

James Wiley Ryder  
A Brief History of His Life  
July 3, 1917 -----

INTRODUCTION

Every life is different! Our lives in the United States of America are significantly different from those of any other country. Our country of 300,000,000 people will have 300,000,000 different stories to tell. My story is a brief chronological account of my life written primarily for my grandchildren and great grandchildren, to let them understand what life was like for me. It is the story of a North Dakota farm boy and his adventurous life. The illnesses he had. The education he managed to get, and how this took him to many different states, and even other countries, to live, and practice three different professions. The events are approximately chronological, and as accurate as I could determine just when they had taken place. They illustrate what life was like at a certain time such as the great depression, the dust bowl, World War II, etc. Also, this is *not* intended to be a complete history, but rather a selection of specific events that are memorable, and I hope will be of interest to the reader.

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I was born in Steele, North Dakota on July 3, 1917. Nobody celebrated until the next day. Steele is the County Seat of Kidder County. There was a small “hospital” run by a Registered Nurse (Tollefson) and Dr. Lodge, who was the only doctor in Kidder County. The house was a large two-story house with a covered porch on 3 sides of the house. Built as a fancy residence, the nurse and her family still lived there, so in effect if you were hospitalized you had 24 hour nursing. At the actual birthing, Dr. Lodge was called in. That was fortunate, which would be appreciated several years later. Although I was physically born in Steele, our home was about 30 miles further out in the country near the town of Pettibone. My father, who had been a schoolteacher for 13 years, was advised by his potential father-in-law to quit teaching because it didn't pay enough to support my potential mother in the manner to which she had become accustomed. Hence, a homestead grant was applied for and received for the farm site near Pettibone. That was where my mother brought me after I had been born. My earliest memory was of an unjust scolding I got when I “painted” the house. Dad had spent many days and hours painting the house white with dark red trim. After he had finished, and used the last drop of paint (he thought) and cleaned the brushes, I asked if I could paint too. No harm in that—the brushes were clean and the paint cans “empty”. However I was able to find a little bit of red paint in the bottom of one can. I managed to get some on the brush by putting some water in the can, which then floated residual paint to the top where I could get some on the brush. I proudly brushed it back and forth, as I had seen my father do. It was on the bottom of one side of the house. However, my Dad was not as pleased with my work as I was and he let me know it. I went crying to mama, and told her that I had asked Dad if I could paint and he had said yes. I was 3 years old at the time.

I had two older siblings. Ray, who was 5 years older than I, and Ruth who was about 3 ½ years older. One Easter Eve after dark, the 3 of us looking out the window to see if we could see the Easter Bunny. It was real dark and no moon. Ruth exclaimed that she might have seen one out by that tree. I gazed intently in that area until the vision of a bunny came to me and “I saw it too”, I yelled. Both siblings tried to tell me I was wrong, but I insisted. Easter morning was bright and clear, and as soon as I could I was out in the yard headed for the base of that tree. Sure, and I was right! There was a nest of several brightly colored Easter eggs.

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This is probably not entirely chronological, but when I was probably 4 or 5 years old I was out with Ray and his friends who were trying to organize a “workup” team for baseball. I was too little to throw straight or far, or catch the ball so I was given the position behind the batter and home plate as catcher. I was not supposed to take a regular catchers place but was supposed to be further back and just run after the missed balls. However, I felt like I had to be a regular catcher with the result that I was too close to danger. Ray, not knowing I was right behind him, when he saw the ball coming he swung the bat back to get ready to slam that home run. Instead the back swing hit me on the side of the forehead. I was unconscious for 2 or 3 days. I well remember being comforted by my mother and the doctor coming and other conversations from time to time, but I could do nothing to respond until many hours, or maybe a day later. It still amazes me that I was able to hear and understand what was being said while I was not conscious, and could not respond.

North Dakota’s winters were just too cold for brother Ray. At least two years in a row he had severe cases of diphtheria, and the doctor told our parents that they had to get Ray to a warmer climate or they would probably lose him the next winter. Therefore, it was June when I was 5 that we all left North Dakota headed for California. My paternal grandparents lived in a suburb of Los Angeles, and that was where we were headed. Our trip to California was the beginning of many years of loving to travel. Mom’s wedding gift model T ford was replaced with a brand new model T. Dad had it equipped with a steering wheel that folded so it would tip to the level of the seat backs. A double cot was then unfolded onto the seat backs, and we three siblings slept there. A tent that attached to the side of the car held other camp items including two folding canvas cots for Mom and Dad. The running boards on the sides were utilized to hold camping gear while we traveled. The driver’s side held a unique cabinet that Dad built. It held tableware, cooking utensils, and even had room for grocery staples. It was a somewhat primitive, but very functional “motor home”. The whole side was hinged at the bottom and it folded out with a couple of legs to hold it up, and there was our table. We had a Coleman gasoline stove for cooking, but also a campfire to warm us on cool evenings, and to roast marshmallows at times. One day when we were climbing the Bitterroot Mountains, the road was so steep that the gasoline would not flow to the engine, and we stalled. Another motorist passed us and recognized the problem. He went on up a short distance to the summit of the mountain, then got out of his car and walked back to us. He was carrying a special gasoline tank cover that he had welded a tire valve onto the vent hole. Then he showed Dad how to attach his tire pump to the valve and pump air into the gas tank, which in turn forced gasoline to run into the carburetor. It was like magic then to just turn the crank and the car started right off, and we climbed to the summit and returned the equipment to the “good Samaritan”. It was a good lesson for me, to be helpful when you see someone in need.

After arrival in Long Beach, California we bought a new house in a development in that rapidly growing city. I don’t know the details, but my grandfather Ryder was connected with a real estate agency, and no doubt was helpful in getting us established. He and my grandmother lived in an apartment nearby in the suburb town of Compton. I was 6 by the time the school year came in September, but California required that I attend kindergarten before I could start 1<sup>st</sup> grade. Kindergarten was so crowded they had two sessions, one in the morning and one in the afternoon. We were woefully short of equipment, including safe scissors for the kindergartners,

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so we had to tear out our images of dogs or horses, etc. instead of cut. Anyway after a half-year was over they said I could enter 1<sup>st</sup> grade, which was taught as two separate parts, “A” and “B”. The result was that I had a half-year of 1<sup>st</sup> grade that would complicate things the next year.

There was a large amusement park called The Pike, as I recall. It was on a Redondo Beach Pier in Santa Monica Bay, a few miles north of Long Beach. It had the largest Roller Coaster in the world, at the time, and it was all built with wood. One night when “the fleet was in,” in Long Beach Harbor, a bunch of sailors, probably having too much to drink and wanting to show off, were riding the Roller Coaster in two different cars. It was apparently observed by them that at one point one of the cars would be almost directly under the other. This was a dare that had to be met. One sailor stood up in the top car and jumped to the other car as it passed underneath. His judgment was not perfect and instead of landing *in* the other car, he landed on the edge, which tipped that car over and spilled the sailors. Many were badly hurt, and at least one was killed. That was the start of new safety laws regarding that type of entertainment.

When school was out, my parents decided it was too hard to make a living in Long Beach and also my mother was homesick. So back we went to Steele N Dak where my maternal grandparents had a horse ranch. The first year or more back in N. Dak. We lived in the “servants quarters” of my grandparents’ house. It was a complete small house in itself, but an integral part of the main house, and connected by a large enclosed back porch. .

When school came around I was 7, and my mother took me in to school and enrolled me in second grade. Two days later I brought a note home from the teacher that said they had just received my records from Long Beach, CA, showing that I had not completed first grade, and therefore I was put back in 1<sup>st</sup> grade. My mother was furious and took me back the next day and informed them that both she and my father were former teachers, and I was ready for second grade. They believed her, so next day I was back in 2<sup>nd</sup> grade. I was very lucky to have had teachers as parents because that 2<sup>nd</sup> grade year was the year of all the childhood diseases—mumps, measles, flu, whooping cough, and the worst was scarlet fever that had lasting bone damage mostly in my knees, and also caused a mastoid bone infection behind my right ear. The doctor let it go too long, so when I was finally taken to the hospital in Bismarck, the surgeons were dubious about being able to save me. Dad was with me and stayed in a hotel where he slept at night but spent the days with me in the hospital. My Uncle Jim (mother’s brother) also lived in Bismarck, and visited often and made little booklets with drawings that changed marginally for each page so when you flipped them fast it was like moving pictures. I was weeks recovering from the mastoid surgery, and stayed in the hotel with Dad for the last couple of weeks and made daily trips to the hospital to have the bandages changed. There were, of course, no modern surgical machines or medicines in 1924, and the only disinfectant was tincture of iodine. The cavity where the mastoid bone had been was filled with a gauze tape that absorbed the battle remnants of the bacteria and the body’s white cells. This matter was called “pus”, and that is what the bandages absorbed. We just had to wait until the body healed itself, and the stuffed gauze tapes came out clean. Since I was still quite young, the hole left by the absent mastoid bone gradually filled back in and only left a deep scar behind my right ear. The loss in part of my hearing did not ever heal, and it wasn’t until I decided I needed hearing aids (at age 78) that I had hearing that allowed me to determine the direction a sound was coming from.

The next 3 years were more normal. When I was in 3<sup>rd</sup> grade we bought a small-town dairy farm at the north edge of the city of Steele. The *city* had a population of about 500. Dad bought more

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dairy cows and started selling milk and cream and occasionally butter, to the residents of Steele. The business gradually grew until we were supplying most of the 500 residents with their needs of milk and cream. In those days milk was always in bottles with a small round waxed cardboard cap to seal the top. As was done in those days, milk and cream were delivered to the door in bottles. The empties were picked up the next day when we delivered another full one. Times have not changed. Most returned bottles were returned after thorough cleaning but some obviously had only minor cleaning. We (my mother) cleaned them all again because you were never sure who had sneezed at the wrong time and place. We also delivered in gallon aluminum containers for those with babies or a lot of milk drinkers in the family. Dad usually drove the car and I did the running, but by the time I was 12 I was fairly capable at driving also, and at times did both driving and delivering.

Probably one of the most important items in my education occurred when I was 11 and in the 6<sup>th</sup> grade when I learned to play a cornet (often confused with a trumpet) in the school band. Our instructor was Dr. Prescott, the town dentist. He taught us music from the beginning and the meaning of all the symbols of speed and volume etc. Better than any paid music teacher we ever had, and he did it as a volunteer for many years. This resulted in Steele having one of the best small town bands in the state. By the time I was in high school I was doing solo work and entering contests in the region and state, but I never won a state contest. The bigger schools always had an advantage with advanced private instruction. Our high school only had about 100 students. However, I also played in our civic band in the summers, and the last summer at home I was assistant conductor. Due to the absence of the regular conductor most of that summer, I had some good experience as a conductor also. One summer there was a regional contest for civic bands held at the College in Valley City. Surprising to us, we won the state contest for civic bands that year. After a week of the contests, we all were in a parade on the weekend with the winners (our band) leading the parade. None of us had had any training for marching, and the parade resulted in a lot of “humorous” remarks from the sidelines and also from our own bandmen, some of whom had been doing too much celebrating the night before. The greatest thing I learned from the music experience was the appreciation of good –even great music. I deeply regret that none of this has been passed on to my children or to most other American children. When school budgets are cut, it is always the Arts that are cut. Who would dare cut out football?

The Dust Bowl days took place in the early through the mid thirties. That was when I was in High School, and is the period I remember the most about North Dakota. When the dust storms came up you could see that big gray wall approaching you before it hit. My mother sealed all spaces around the windows and doors with gummed paper tape, but the dust always managed to find some opening to leave a little drift of dust across the sill as it passed. Although very little grass ever grew in the pastures, the cattle still roamed them to try to find something to nibble. The US Department of Agriculture did some research work with Russian thistles, which did grow, and found that they could be eaten by the cattle when the thistles had not yet developed the stickers, which made them thistles. At this stage they were about 6 inches high. At the mature stage the root system weakened, and when they broke loose from the ground they became what is known as “tumble weeds”. During the tumbling they apparently scattered their seed everywhere. A freshly plowed field made a good spot for them to stop and take root in the spring when there was a small amount of snow melt. They would catch on the fences and as the wind blew it would leave the heavier part of the dust with the tumbleweeds and eventually the

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fence was buried. We had to build a new fence on top of the dust bank. Then more tumbleweeds would catch more dust and a third fence was required on top of that dust bank.

Even though the 6-inch thistles could be eaten, the plowed fields were not fenced for cattle, so dad hooked a team of horses onto the hay mower and cut them as close to ground level as possible. They were then raked, into piles of mixed clods of dirt and a few green thistle plants. Probably the *most miserable days of my life* were spent in getting the thistles to the cattle. My brother Ray and I were to do that. Ray would drive the horses pulling the hayrack. I would use a fork to lift the little bundles into the hayrack. Each forkful would result in streaming dirt from the bottom, which managed to find its way right down my neck. From that it was proven that all little 6-inch thistles were not totally free of barbs. They were all down the back of my neck inside my shirt, and working their way down so my belt could move them around and grind holes in my skin. That was when I revolted, and we abandoned the USDA's advice. My father wasn't that cruel.

A lot of jokes were created to help endure tragedy. One involved a farmer who came to town to shop. As he walked along the sidewalk he felt dirt coming down the back of his neck. He looked up and there was a badger digging a new hole.

We imported baled alfalfa hay from Minnesota to feed the cattle. Sugar cane pulp was imported from Colorado to use instead of grain as a feed concentrate. The Ryder Dairy continued to supply the families in Steele with milk, although many of them had a hard time keeping up with the monthly bills. Some people just left town overnight, leaving a lot of debts unpaid, but most struggled along and paid as much as they could. We had a tough time financially, and I worked at jobs whenever I could. At one time I worked at a Service Station during our noon hour lunch break from school, to give the Station manager an opportunity also to get some lunch. I was often late to school in the afternoons, but did not miss any classes. The Superintendent understood except that he thought it was only for a day or two instead of every day thereafter. Even though I did not miss any classes, my grades did suffer. I also worked nights for a couple of months at a garage across the street from the Service Station. It was the only garage that was open all night, between Bismarck and Jamestown. I worked from 7:00 p.m. to 7:00 a.m. I had a cot to sleep on and there was an automatic bell that rang if a car stopped by the gasoline pumps for service. I did have a semi-friendly German shepherd for a companion at night. Also the town Constable would stop by from time to time.

Before the Dust Bowl we had a row of beautiful lilac bushes that bloomed every spring and lasted for many weeks. It was about 10 feet long beside our front walk to the front gate. The driveway and a stretch of lawn about 25 feet wide was on one side of the walk on the others side there was a row of ash trees, beyond the Ash trees was more lawn and then box elder trees and my bee hives. Then a grove of about 20 plum trees with currents and gooseberry bushes at the end. Beyond that on the west side of our property was a row of mostly willows then a turn to the east for more trees that sheltered the house area from the NW winds of winter. **After the dust bowl years every tree and every bush was dead.** That is my memory of North Dakota.

Even though our high school was small, we had a fairly good library. I remember one book in particular. Not its name, but the author was Albert Einstein. It was about his theory of relativity, but discussed in terms that a high school student could understand. He knew enough about the

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subject to be able to explain it in normal English language. I have often noted that the most difficult to understand articles or books were written by someone who himself didn't really understand the subject matter very well. The library had several other books on scientific subjects, which aided me considerably to decide early on that my field would be engineering. Unfortunately, the size of our high school kept us from having enough prep courses in science and math to meet the prerequisites needed to qualify for engineering courses in college. So, my first year out of high school I went to North Dakota State University in Fargo and enrolled in Electrical Engineering. These were depression years and I also had to work to earn money to live on while at school. I had taken shorthand and typing in high school, and it so happened that my Uncle Con had a friend from his days at the University who was now the Bursar. Those two things gave me an advantage, and after a few days at school, I had an office job with a desk and typewriter. I was a secretary/typist for Psyche Gooden, a big fat lady who had change of student employment. She was a nice person with one major fault. She was too fat, and did not bathe often enough. This was known by many of the students, and most did not envy me my job. But it paid 50 cents an hour, so I was very glad to have the job. I lived at the Men's dorm which had 6 or 8 coop kitchens in the basement level. I joined one of those. As I remember there were either 4 or 6 students for each kitchen, and we each took our turn at cooking, and at cleaning up and we all contributed to the purchase of the food. It worked quite well and was a good way to make some good friends quickly. That didn't always work for everyone, but I was probably lucky with eating mates. The majority of the students in these depression years could not afford to belong to a fraternity.

The University used the "quarter" system rather than the two-semester system. By the end of the first quarter the only science or math course I was doing well in was chemistry. I therefore dropped out of EE and re-enrolled in the Arts College for the last two quarters. It was expected by the University that anyone enrolled in Engineering would have had at least 4 years of math in high school. I had only had two. I therefore had the opportunity to have a more general college education of English Literature, and Industrial History of both the United States and of Europe, both of which I appreciated in later years.

When summer came I worked for the AAA (Agricultural Adjustment Administration). It was chiefly a government program for soil conservation. The work was in our Courthouse in Steele, and consisted of taking the field teams' measurements of distances and angles of fields brought in by the surveyors, and then we (about 3 of us most days) would calculate the acreage. It was my first experience with the new Monroe Calculator. It was still mechanical, with a crank that was hand turned for power, but could multiply and divide as well as add and subtract. It was a big help in our work. That fall, at Uncle Charles' suggestion (and financial aid), I went back to Fargo and entered the Fargo Business College, taking more typing and shorthand, plus penmanship, English, Letter Writing and Business Law. In the late spring the Wood Brothers Thresher Co., of Des Moines, Iowa, hired me. I worked in the Fargo Sales Office doing typing and bookkeeping. Business was not good because the country was still suffering from the Great Depression and the remnants of the dust bowl weather. Consequently I was laid off about the end of September. My weekly wages were \$12.50 a week. My room rent was \$10.00 a month. I had no transportation except my feet, and I was now jobless, so I went home to Steele. Aunt Nell (Mom's older sister) was visiting, and suggested I come back to Delaware with her. There was a government job there that needed my talents. So I went. Although I was the best qualified, I did not get the job. They transferred a chap who had been laid off in Washington, to take the

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job. But I was lucky that there was another job that I did get. It was another stenographer type of job working for the Army Captain who was in charge of the CCC camp filled with boys from Jersey City who were very poorly educated. Most had never been across the river to New York. That would have been a real adventure for them. The fact that I could drive a car was totally unbelievable until I drove up to the camp one morning in my Uncles' Buick. It was an eye opening experience to them. I did learn quite a bit about military procedures and rules of doing business the Army way, and except for my young age of 18, was considered a satisfactory secretary. That spring in May I decided to go back home to attend my sister Ruth's marriage to Carl Wallace Olson of West Hollywood, CA. Carl was a wonderful guy, and approved by all of us. He was a YMCA athletic director. I even got to sing "I love you truly", accompanied on the piano by my cousin Helen Henry, who also lived in Steele. That was the only solo I ever sang in public.

I went back to work at Wood Brothers Thresher Co. in Fargo for the summer. As we had previously agreed, I was laid off again in September. Bismarck, being the state capital, seemed a more likely place for a job, so I rented a room and went to the Bismarck employment office. I immediately got a job as a clerk in the Men's Dept. at the Montgomery Ward Store. It was an interesting experience in human nature. Shirts were a fast moving area of the department, and I got very annoyed at the American women who came in, unfolded the shirts, looked, then tossed them back in a mess which I then had to refold, straighten, etc. In contrast were the Mandan Indian women (from the reservation across the Missouri River from Bismarck), Indian women sometimes unfolded a shirt and held it up to decide whether to buy it or not to buy it. If they did not buy it they would again fold it very neatly and put it back like they found it. Indian men would come in and inspect the stock. If we had what they wanted they would buy it. If not they just turned around and left. I learned to respect the Mandan Indians.

My arthritic knees, however, were not able to cope with standing on them all day every day, and I had to quit that job. I went back to the employment office and explained and they were very happy because they had just had a request for a stenographer with some experience, starting immediately. It was not in Bismarck, but in the small town of Hazen about 45 miles northwest of Bismarck on the Missouri river. Hazen was a typical small town in the coal country and a country lawyer named John Moses lived there and had his office there along with a young law partner, and a young woman secretary. The reason for the added Stenographer was because Mr. Moses was running for the office of Governor of North Dakota. He was a big gruff, but very fair "boss". He was a Democrat, and no Democrat had ever been elected to a major office in North Dakota, so chances of winning were slim, but politics were very messy in North Dakota at that time with legal disputes and trials and bad feelings. Mr. Moses thought he might be able to make a positive change in the government of the state, and had been persuaded to run for the office. After I had worked there for about 3 months the general election was held. I had the honor of being invited, along with 2 of Mr. Moses' cigar smoking friends to listen to the election returns on the radio in the "inner sanctum" (his office) on election night. None of us expected him to win, but wanted to see how much of an impression he had made on the voting public. However, as the returns were being reported, it began to look encouraging, and shortly after midnight the new Governor Moses got a phone call from his opponent conceding the election. When Governor Moses moved to Bismarck, his regular secretary moved to Bismarck to work in the Governor's steno pool. I also moved, but without a job.

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My goal was still to become an engineer, and the North Dakota State Laboratories (A generation before, North Dakota's U S Senator, Dr. Ladd, who had started the N. Dak. Laboratories, was instrumental in setting up a federal laboratory, which became the national FDA). After arriving in Bismarck, I went to the State Laboratory and applied for a job. Dr. Ladd's son was now Chief Chemist for the North Dakota laboratories. The Assistant Chief Chemist was a Mr. Roberts. Mr. Roberts was in charge of personnel, so I went to see him to interview for a job. He had me filling out forms and was telling me that they were "not hiring now", etc. It so happened that Mr. Ladd was walking by and overheard my explanation of why I was looking for work. He came in and quizzed me a little about the new governor. He said he very much wanted an interview with Gov. Moses to determine what to expect for the Laboratories future. Could I get him an appointment with the Governor? With the confidence of youth I agreed to do so, so I went up to the capitol and into the Governor's outer office. I spoke to the handsome male secretary in regard to seeing Governor Moses. He paged through his appointment book indicating some future date might find a small opening. Just then the inner office door opened and out came Governor Moses. He saw me and came over, shook my hand and said good morning. He asked what my business was. When I told him I needed to talk with him about a request from the State Laboratories, he said "good, come on in." I went in and told him of Mr. Ladd's request. He said he would be glad to talk with Mr. Ladd, and we went out to his secretary and arranged an appointment time for the next day. I hustled back to the laboratories and told Mr. Ladd of his appointment. He sent me back to Mr. Roberts with instructions to put me on the payroll. That was how I started my career in petroleum chemistry. The job I was assigned to was in the petroleum section and my beginning job was to do distillations on gasoline samples which was one of the tests used to determine whether or not the samples met North Dakota's specifications. The other employees in the petroleum laboratory accepted me. There were several others doing tests on gasoline or other oil products. Most of them had started out as I did, running distillations. It took quite a few false starts to control the distillation exactly right. After I had become quite proficient at the job, I got a big surprise. I picked up a sample from among those brought in for testing. The test required a very closely controlled distillation rate, but for some reason this one didn't seem to heat at the rate I was used to, and when it got to 212 degrees F, it just sat there. I was confused, and couldn't figure out what had happened, until everyone started laughing. My "gasoline" sample was just a bottle of water the lab-mates had fixed up for their tenderfoot analyst. As I absorbed what had happened, I joined the laughter. I was now "one of the boys", and enjoyed my days working with them.

The job included vacation time of a week every 6 months, so in the fall I decided to take a few days around the Labor Day weekend to go to Minneapolis and visit my brother, Ray who was now working as an accountant in the Minneapolis branch of Schenley Distillers. While I was there Ray told me that our Uncle Jack had helped him with loans to go to the University, and he had instructions not to pay the money back to Uncle Jack when he started work. Instead he should pay it to me so I could go to the University. I was, of course, very surprised as well as very pleased. Again with the confidence of youth, I said the timing was right with the fall term about to start. Of course, I was informed that admission to the University was not that simple. One had to apply about a year before they expected to enroll. Besides that, for fiscal reasons, the University was cutting down on out of state enrollments that year. I still went to the admissions office the Tuesday after Labor Day. At the Admissions Office they told me the same thing, but agreed to let me apply, and take the tests necessary for admission to the Institute of Technology School of Chemistry and Chemical Engineering. I spent most of two days on the tests with the

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anticipation of being admitted the following year. The next day I took the train back to Bismarck. The day after returning to Bismarck I received a letter which told me to report immediately to the University to complete my registration and start school as a freshman in the School of Chemistry. Apparently I had done well in the tests.

The first two years the courses of study were identical at the Institute of Technology for both Chemistry and Chemical Engineering. I had enrolled as a Chemist, but at the end of the second year, I decided I wanted to switch to Chemical Engineering. I was called in to the Deans Office by the Dean of the Institute to explain the reason for my request. Dean Lind, who was a renowned chemist himself, told me I was doing exceptionally well in chemistry and he didn't understand why I wanted to switch to engineering. I explained that I had recently visited the employment office, and found that of the previous year's graduates only about 60% of the chemists had jobs waiting for them at graduation while the chemical engineers had 100% with job offers. The Dean decided that was a reasonable reason and the switch was made.

Minnesota had a 5-year course for Chemical Engineering that resulted in a BChE degree. This was the equivalent of a Masters Degree, and further study would be for a PhD. Due to World War II the BChE course had been squeezed into 4 1/3 years by dropping a few non-essential courses such as Civil Engineering, but retaining most by increasing the course load. This varied from 18 to 22 credit hours for each quarter. Minnesota used the "three quarter" system rather the "two semester" system to identify a "school year". The result was that the squeezed down BChE study included the entire "summer school" time between our 3<sup>rd</sup> and 4<sup>th</sup> years of study. That was the time that we did our pilot plant size research study, which report took the place of a Masters Thesis. It sounds like it was quite a load for us, and admittedly, it did require all of our time. Being a poor country boy who lived through the dust bowl years, combined with the worst depression in the history of our country, it required me to seek outside employment to earn part of my "keep" while at the University. Being a qualified stenographer, I had no trouble finding immediate employment. It was working for a Pump Jobber. Jerome Symer worked for several marketers of pumps of all sizes and types. He was on the road most days, and in the evenings he dictated correspondence and reports to a machine. (It was an Edison machine, which used a hard wax cylinder with a vibrating cutter to cut the groove that was played back through earphones so I could type the letters and/reports the next day between classes. This worked OK for me and I received 50 cents an hour, which was top wage at that time. But it did require having a car, and because brother Ray had a second hand 1936 Chevrolet that he gave me when he was drafted – if I would keep up the payments on it. It was handy to have the car, but also expensive.

The first year at U of M went well in class, in the lab, studying, or working as a stenographer. The only time off I made for myself was Saturday afternoons, particularly when there was a football game. When June came and classes were over I went back to Bismarck where I spent the summer working for the State Highway Department which was located up the hill in the State Capitol building. Sort of a fun job calculating the cut and fill volumes for new roads. The surveyors gave me their data notebooks, and I did the calculations for them and made the necessary drawings.. In September I returned to the U of M. I checked with the student employment office, where I met Don Anderson. He was the one who was in charge of student employment for the University Food Service. Don himself was a student, majoring in Piano. I started working for the Food Service as a waiter for the football team. Bernie Bierman was the most noted football coach in the nation at the time. Minnesota had won 38 games without a loss.

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The team was treated well. For 6 weeks before their first game the University fed them the biggest steaks that they wanted, plus anything else that would help make them tough and mean..

My next job was in the Terrace Dining Room. This was the most elite eating place on the campus with linen napkins, fancy glassware, etc. After a few weeks it was discovered that I was not only a stenographer, but I had been to a Business College and knew bookkeeping, so I was transferred to the office where I did typing of menus and other routine jobs. I was paid the top wages for student employees – 50 cents an hour. Normal starting wage was 15 cents an hour. Working at the Student Union had the advantage over last year's employment in that it was right on campus and I didn't have the driving time and expense. The Food Service became a big part of my life, and Don and I became good friends and it was where I met Marie Larkin, who was working there as a cashier. Another advantage of my job was that I could see Marie at her station collecting the money as the customers paid up. I finally got up enough courage to ask her for a date. Very happily for me, she said yes. The first date was a movie, but it got so we preferred going on picnics or canoeing on Lake Harriet. It was very pleasant to take a canoe out just before sunset and watch the colors change. The only drawback was that the mosquitoes also liked that time of the day, so we had to come prepared. Fortunately, I had a car, so we could go almost any place we wished. We both liked music, so we pooled our resources and bought a portable radio. It was tan in color looking like leather, and also had a handle so it looked like we were carrying an attaché case. Ahhh!! Those were the days!

WW II was heating up in Europe, and the Navy was looking for engineers. We were offered a commission in the Navy, which would go into effect upon our graduation as an engineer. So, in the spring of my second year of school, I joined the Navy. My roommate, Bob Haack, who was also a Chem E, and I, both signed up. The physical exam created a couple of problems. I wore glasses, but had to take an eye exam, which should be 20/20 vision. Fortunately, for me, we all had to undress and wait to be called for our physical examination by a doctor. I was waiting there about 20 minutes. While I waited I noticed the eye chart on the opposite wall. I memorized it! It was easy to pass the eye exam later. I had also had knee surgery the year before. The petty officer examining us for identification scars, etc., noticed the scar and asked about it. I told him what it came from, and he said that would disqualify me to be an officer. However, he shrugged, and said the doctor had already signed for me, so he did too, and I was in the Navy.

The third year of school was going along fine. Ray, who had been drafted, was released after being in the army over a year. They said he was too old to stay as a private. He had no place to live in Minneapolis, so he bunked in with me temporarily. We were having Sunday dinner at a restaurant and enjoying a good meal. It was December 7, 1941. The restaurant had a radio on with some dinner music. They broke into the regular program to announce that **Pearl Harbor had just been bombed by the Japanese**. Ray's immediate remark was "here I go again." Within a few days he was called back to Ft. Snelling in St. Paul, where they also had insufficient room for all those called back and they asked that anyone who had a place to stay in the Twin Cities should do so. So Ray continued to stay with me for a few more days until he was transferred to Ft. Knox in Kentucky. My biggest worry at the time was whether or not the Navy would let me stay in school as promised, or call me to active duty as enlisted, rather than as an officer. Fortunately, they allowed me to stay until I graduated a year and a half later.

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The summer between my third and fourth years was required summer school all summer. This helped make up the fifth year, which was required for the BChE degree. The time was mostly devoted to a research project that then was written up similar to a thesis. My project was one requested by the military and had to do with producing the metal, lithium. Large quantities of lithium were going to be required by the military and the current price was \$1.00 a pound. My aim was to find a cheaper way of making it from the ores, (As I remember, they were spodumene and lapidolite) which were found in South Dakota. Our pilot plant size equipment was somewhat limited, but it was my first experience in using medium large metal vessels for mixing, grinding, heating, filtering, etc. and using pounds and tons instead of grams and gallons or barrels instead of liters. I successfully produced chemical grade lithium, but it still cost \$1.00 a pound in my most economical method. Later, I found out that someone else had developed a method of manufacture that significantly reduced the price.

Marie and I dated frequently, and as active duty was approaching rapidly we decided that if we were ever to get married, it should be ASAP. We decided to elope, but upon questioning by her mother, Marie broke down and revealed our plans. Mrs. Larkin, surprisingly, was not surprised. She said, "*No daughter of mine is going to elope!*" Then she helped out and arranged the church and the minister, etc. and Mr. Larkin knew a judge who waved the health test and time limits and a wedding took place on September 17, 1942. I am sure many people, especially those who worked with Marie at the University Food Service, were disappointed. It was more than 11 months before Steve was born.

The fourth year at Minnesota's IT was predominantly Chemical Engineering courses called Unit Operations, which covered units such as mixing, grinding, distilling, heating, filtering, heat exchange, etc. Chemical Engineering at that time was essentially a male profession, so it was somewhat of a surprise to see a girl in some of these classes. Her name was Marie Quaday. She was a Chemistry major who had actually been teaching science in a high school, but had decided she wanted to be a *real chemist* and had to enroll in IT again as a freshman. She was able to transfer her previous college credits in liberal arts subjects such as history, English, etc. which gave her time to take other electives in her fourth year. She chose to take Chemical Engineering courses as "electives". In some of our classes we were seated alphabetically, so Q and R often came together, or we made it do so, and Marie Q and I became good friends. She was engaged to Don Anderson, mentioned above. Marie and Don were destined to be our lifelong friends. At this writing (12-29-06) Don is no longer living, but Marie (Anderson) is still living in Bemidji, MN. Unfortunately, Marie Q. Anderson never had a chance to really practice her profession as a *real chemist*. For a few years during WW II she did work as a chemist at a place on Long Island, NY, but she was terminated when the war was over, and was replaced by a returning veteran. After the war, Don enrolled at Columbia University in New York to work on his doctorate. During that time, Marie worked for a chemical company in Redding, Pa. as a chemical librarian. Since we lived about half way between, Don and Marie Anderson visited us in Watchung, N. J. on most weekends.

A little out of sequence, but after completing summer school and writing the research report, during the fourth year we had the final Unit Operations courses and room for a few hours of electives. I elected to take a Political Science course, which turned out to be an excellent choice. I believe the professor was Dr. Christianson. There were nearly 600 students that listened to his lectures in Burton Auditorium. It was also broadcast over the radio, so if we were sick we could

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still tune it in and not miss an important segment of the course. It was also the year for final preparation to start my active duty as an Ensign in the United States Navy. We were required to purchase our own uniforms (the Navy gave us an allowance to cover the cost.) and a couple of books for our coming indoctrination classes. The most informative book was called the Blue Jackets Manual, which was intended for enlisted seamen, but needed by beginners no matter what the rank. The Naval Officer's Guide was also required, but the best information was the BJM.

Graduation in June was on a Friday night. My mother came to Minneapolis to attend graduation. Saturday morning I took her and Marie to the railroad station to get an early train to Steele, N. Dak. After I got them both aboard and seated in their train, I took a cab to the other station for a train going south to Kansas City, where we (Bob Haack and I were traveling together with the same agenda) changed trains to the Southern Pacific, which would take us to Tucson, Arizona. We were scheduled to arrive in Tucson at 12:00 noon. However, we were 3 hours late, and we had to report for duty before 4:00 p.m. that Sunday or we would be AWOL before we even got started. We did make it with only about 5 minutes to spare.

We had 8 weeks of Indoctrination lectures and training from the middle of June until the middle of August with 900 of us living in the Field House with triple-decker bunks and metal lockers for each of us at the head end of the beds. As it worked out, I had the top bunk. In the mornings I usually reached over to the top bunk across the narrow isle, then dropped down to the floor. One morning, only half awake, I missed my grip on the bunk across the isle and fell head first to the deck. That resulted in opening about an inch long tear above my right eye, and a badly twisted knee. The result of that was that I missed my turn to have weekend liberty the next weekend. That is what hurt the worst. We all looked forward to our turn at going to downtown Tucson, and renting an air-conditioned room in a hotel for the weekend. Air conditioning in those days meant an evaporative cooler. We didn't even have that in the Field House. Most of the days were spent in class, but every day started at 7:00 a.m. with half the class taking calisthenics and the other half was marched out to The Polo Grounds for rifle drill. After the drill we again marched them all back to the University. When they got back their uniforms were soaking wet with sweat. Again, my love for music paid off. I played a baritone trumpet in the band that was needed for the marching. We had a good bandleader who was a professional musician in civilian life, and had a dance band of his own. About a dozen of us were chosen as buglers or drummers. The "bugles" were all keyed instruments ranging from soprano to baritone. I was given a baritone "bugle" to play. I found it very satisfactory, and actually preferred it to a cornet or trumpet. Being in the band, we did not drill, but rested in the shade drinking ice water while our fellow officers sweated with drill practice. Of course the next day they also needed the band to play, so we did not do the calisthenics either. The band, of course, did not get off quite as easy as it sounds. We did get our exercise just by playing a wind instrument, which does take significant energy. Also the bugle players took their turn playing reveille in the morning, and also retreat at night when we lowered the flag.

After Indoctrination, I was given orders to report to the Brooklyn, N.Y. Navy Yard for further training. We were given travel time, so I made an overnight stop in St. Paul. It was the middle of August and Marie was well along in pregnancy. We had both been good letter writers, but it was great to see her again in person, even with the big stomach. But the next day it was back to the depot and a train ride to New York for "Compass School". We had a converted tug boat for

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our training ship. It was docked at Pier "A" at the south end of Manhattan, called "The Battery". We typically had lectures in the mornings and hands on training afternoons. We slipped (left the pier) at exactly 8:00 a.m. and returned at 12:00 noon. That gave us time for a quick lunch at nearby cafeterias, then back to our school ship which left the dock at 1:00 p.m. and returned at 4:00 p.m. The lectures started with the fundamentals of the physics of magnetic fields – permanent, induced, and electro magnetic. We dealt with all three of them when adjusting magnetic compasses. Once we learned about the physics part we went into astronomy and positions of the sun and stars at every minute of the day or night. This was supplemented by several night sessions at the Hayden Planetarium in New York City. It was a grueling 3 weeks and, wow, those planetarium seats were comfortable. Just lie back and relax below the stars as the lectures droned on. The northern hemisphere was fairly easy, especially because I had always been interested in the star formations, and knew most of the main stars we used for navigation, but when it got to recognizing the Southern Cross, it was all brand new, and I had to stay awake. Fortunately I never had to use the southern hemisphere to stars to navigate.

During our 3 week crash course in New York, the Navy used their influence to commandeer enough hotel rooms to house us. I was in a good hotel, but it had seen better days. It was way uptown so there was about a 20 minute subway trip down to Battery Park and Pier A. One morning I fell asleep and missed the stop. I woke up and found myself crossing the East River into Brooklyn. You can believe I hustled to get off at the next stop and dash up the stairs and cross over and down the other side for trains returning. Fortunately a train was just coming in to take me back to Manhattan in time to get aboard before we left the dock. I cannot recall any time that anyone of our group missed the sailing time, so I don't know what would have happened had I "missed the boat" on sailing time. One afternoon as we came into the dock our captain had been alerted and he announced that there was a telegram for Ensign Ryder. Everyone made way for me to go ashore first. The date was August 23, and the telegram was from my father-in-law telling me I had a son and that he and his mother were doing well. It was a memorable day. Six weeks later at the South Station in Boston I had my first sight of J. Steven Ryder. The story is told that when Marie tried to hand that fuzzy bundle to me at the railroad station I pushed him away. I was wearing my Navy Dress Blues that had seemingly been designed to collect every bit of fuzz available. Steve still jokes about me rejecting him at South Station. At least, I hope he is joking. I held him close after I had a chance to get out of my Navy Blues.

At the end of our special training in N Y, I received orders to report to the Boston Navy Yard, First Naval District, for further "on the job training". The orders were for "temporary duty" for three months. Three times I received orders to go to the South Pacific, and three times they were cancelled. I do not know all of the reasons why my orders were cancelled, but I do know that Commander Gordon White, who had his office in Washington at Navy Headquarters, had several arguments with the "Navy Brass". His complaints were about the duties assigned to those officers who had gone to the Pacific Fleet. The problem was in regard to the expensive special training we had been given was being wasted by the Pacific officers who did not understand the complexity of navigation equipment, and its maintenance. They had a war to fight, and didn't want to be bothered as to what direction the ship was going.

The Navy did do some things right. Again their help in finding a place to live "with my family" was much appreciated. We found a very nice two story apartment in Melrose, which is a

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“bedroom town” just north of Boston. The “apartment” was actually the servants quarters in one of the mansions atop a hill in Melrose. It belonged to the Dougald Mac Laughlans. (sp?) Dougald was a Mechanical Engineer who had a very bad limp caused by an injury he had received several years prior to the war. But he didn’t let the bad leg keep him from doing what was necessary to maintain the big house. He had also done most of the work necessary to convert the old servants’ quarters into a very pleasant apartment. I had sold my car before starting active duty in the Navy. It was a mistake, because I found that the Navy wanted me to travel to any place in the First Naval District that asked for our help. I shopped for used cars and found a rather beat up 1939 Oldsmobile that had seen much better days. It had been overhauled by the Ford Garage in Melrose and it ran OK. It was not nearly as good a car as the 1936 Chevrolet I had sold a few months before and cost me more than I had received for the Chevrolet..

Commander Gordon White was the son of the physicist who, in partnership with Lord Kelvin started the Kelvin and White Company that manufactured and sold most of the magnetic compasses used at the time. Lord Kelvin was the physicist who discovered the Kelvin cycle, which is the basis of all refrigeration today from the kitchen refrigerator to the large equipment used to cool the Astrodome and other large buildings. Their main commercial office was in Boston, and before the war Mr. White had retired, and Gordon and his brother Bob were running the business. Gordon was commissioned as a Commander and ordered to create a school for “compass adjusters”, as we were called. Gordon’s younger brother, Bob, was commissioned as a Lieutenant was sent to active duty in the Pacific. Their father came back from retirement to run the Boston facilities. Gordon was responsible for developing and overseeing a training school for the Navy, .to educate officers in the physics of magnetic fields and the “adjusting” of magnetic compasses. The history of magnetic fields and the existence of electro magnetism goes back to Faraday, nearly 200 years ago, but is too complicated to discuss here.

My “temporary duty” lasted for almost three years. Mostly it involved what was called “swinging ship”. The ship’s Captain would turn the control of the ship over to the Compass Adjuster. We knew the waters in the Boston area, and would sometimes act as “pilots”. By having control of the coxswain, who was at the wheel of the ship, and of the engineman who controlled the propulsion of the ship we put the ship on a specific heading and held it until we neutralized the magnetic fields for the compass. Then we would move the ship 45 degrees to another heading, and neutralize the stray magnetic fields when the ship was in that direction. This would be repeated for all 8 points of the compass. Sometimes we had to go around again if the corrections were very large. We usually used the sun with a good chronometer to determine the exact heading, but could use other methods if necessary. On large ships two people were involved in the adjusting of each magnetic compass. One would be in the wheelhouse to work on the compass itself and give commands to the coxswain and engine room. The partner would stay out on the outdoor wing and with his instruments and the position of the sun at a specific time, determine the exact heading the ship. When the ship slowly turned he would call “mark” when the ship was exactly on he desired heading. Gyro compasses did not have to be adjusted, but they sometimes had other problems that would be fixed by someone who specialized in gyro compasses.. After we had finished our work we often left the ship with the pilot. The pilot boat was larger than our own “running boat”, and was more stable in rougher waters. We covered the entire First Naval District from Bar Harbor, Maine to New London, Connecticut. This was not only for the Navy, but the Coastguard also. It also was not just for U. S. vessels, but also those

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from Great Britain, Norway, and finally Russia and Italy, and France as the war in Europe gradually came to an end.

About half the days were routine. I was home to sleep most of the time, and would go to work at our compass office on a pier in East Boston. If not already assigned to a ship, we would be assigned to one that was due to leave later in the day. Normally we would board the ship wherever it was docked, and shortly before it was scheduled to “slip” (leave the pier). The captain would take command and would maneuver the ship out from the pier into the harbor anchorage. If it was a small ship and the anchorage was not too crowded we could swing ship right there. However, large ships had to go through the submarine gate into the channel, which was about 10 miles long out to the deep water free of rocks and other hazards which were nearer the shore. If there were other mechanical or performance tests to be run they would be done first. This was normally the case with brand new ships. After all changes or alterations had been made, the ship would be turned over to the “compass adjusters”. This was done because any changes made on the ship itself would alter the magnetic field present at the site of the compass. We usually worked in teams of two. The lead officer would normally work in the wheelhouse, and his partner would go out on one of the wings to sight on the sun and check the exact time and position of the sun could determine the exact heading of the ship. As the ship slowly swung to the heading the wing man called “*mark*” at the exact moment the ship was on the desired heading. After doing this on all headings until they all were accurate within about a quarter of a degree. We would then do any other work necessary. Larger ships often would have an emergency conning station nearer the stern of the ship that would also have to be adjusted for accuracy in its position on the ship. We would often find that civilians thought the compass was adjusted before it was installed on the ship. Most new recruits were civilians only a few months previously, so they had a lot to learn about navigation. All ships used magnetic compasses for backup even if they were equipped with the most modern gyro compasses or other high tech means of navigation. The gyros were the most accurate compasses, and when operating right they would point to “true north” which was found right at the North Pole. Magnetic compasses on the other hand depended on the earth’s own magnetic field which tended to vary. For practical purposes the variation was slow and the magnetic north stayed in an area near the north end of Hudson’s Bay, Canada.

There were often events that occurred which would break the monotony. One such involved a small ship, an LCI; for Landing Craft, Infantry. These ships were built in the Hingham Shipyard near Boston and would be delivered to the Navy at the Boston Navy Yard. Many of these were turned over to the British Navy. One time when a new one had been delivered and was tied up at our pier in East Boston, I was assigned to take it out and swing ship the next day. It was to be delivered to the British, and their crew would arrive the next morning at about 7:30 a.m. I wanted to get acquainted with this particular ship ahead of time, as did most of the new crew. I arrived at about 7:00 and found most of the crew aboard. They were also getting acquainted with their new home. The coxswain was a tall lanky Scot Highlander with bright red hair. I had difficulty understanding him, but after about 20 minutes together we could more or less understand what the other was saying. At about 7:20 the young British officers (two of them) came aboard to make ready to take the ship out for its first trials. The coxswain stayed at his normal post in the wheelhouse, but the new “captain” and I both went up to the “flying bridge”. That was atop the regular wheelhouse, but completely out in the open with duplicate equipment for navigation. As the Brits got the engines going and had let go the stern spring line, things got

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a bit confused. We were in rather tight quarters and in danger of hitting another ship on the adjacent pier. The English captain came to me and said “excuse me sir, but would you mind taking her (the ship) out,? I cawnt understand a word he says”, referring to the red haired Scot at the wheel. I felt a bit relieved when he asked, and proceeded with the good cooperation of the Scotsmen, to back out into the channel and to be headed out toward the anchorage, at which time the rightful “captain”, looking relieved but more confident, took command of his ship.

There was a bit of excitement out in the anchorage one afternoon when I was the only compass man aboard Admiral Byrd’s all wooden exploration ship. (Was it named the North Star?) The sides of the hull were made of 12 inch thick oak planking. It was driven by diesel powered engines. The cylinders were about a foot in diameter and the engines were huge. We were not loaded for a long trip and were sailing light so I didn’t think it was necessary to take a 10 mile trip out to open water. Rather I would swing ship here at the side of the anchorage. Unfortunately for me, one of the other adjusters had a brand new Frank Knox class destroyer out for its first time. I stayed on the south side of the main channel, even though the water was quite shallow. I think it was Frank who had the destroyer out for its initial “swing ship” maneuvers. He needed more room than I did and stayed on the north side of the main channel as well as he could.

I was in a bit of a distress situation myself. Swinging ship in tight quarters required a lot of stopping and backing, then going forward again to the next heading etc. After about 4 times doing this the engine room frantically informed me they must quit stopping and starting their big engines. That was when I first learned that Admiral Byrd’s ship’s engines did not have a reverse gear like an automobile. When they had to go back, they first had to stop the engine, then hand shift some sliding valves and restart to go backward. They used compressed air to drive the cylinders backward until they fired and started running on their own. The “engineer” in the engine room said he was almost out of air, and said he could only restart the engine once more—he hoped. I had no choice but to comply with his requirements and we used a bit more space with the result that we at times scraped a bit of sand with the keel and held our breath. We were about through and I heard Frank all the way across the channel yelling “back flank” “back flank”. His engine room remonstrated that this was a brand new ship and it should not run at flank speed its first time out. Frank again yelled even louder “back flank. The engines responded in accord with Frank’s orders, and the new destroyer was missed by about 2 feet as Admiral Halsey’s carrier Hornet went by at a speed greater than 10 knots. The speed limit was 5 knots. He had come through the harbor submarine gates at a speed greater than 10 knots, which tore up the gates so they had to hastily be repaired. Nobody but Halsey could get away with anything like that. But what was the Captain of the Yard going to do with a hero of an Admiral? The new destroyer and Admiral Byrd’s heavily timbered ship got safely back and tied up and a couple of shaky compass adjusters came ashore.

It was probably February in 1944 when we were ordered to report to the Coast Guard facility at Rockland, Maine for some tests that would last about 2 weeks. I was the one who did most of the traveling in the First Naval District, so my partner, Mike Banas and I took off in my ancient Oldsmobile for Camden, Maine. Rockland was the harbor nearby, but the city of Camden had hotels.

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The project was being run by the Army to test various small boats for speed and durability in an attempt to find one that fit their requirements for a new *Crash Boat*. That is what they called the rescue boats that were first responders to an aircraft that had crashed into the sea. All of the small craft that fit their requirements of size were delivered to Rockland. Boats such as fast fishing boats, the Navy's 36 ft. coastal patrol boat, private yachts, PT boats, and others. Rockland and February were chosen as the time and place to run these tests because many ice flows came down the coast not far out from Rockland. Mike and I had to check all the boats for their navigation equipment including the magnetic compasses they all had. Most designs had been eliminated, but great things were hoped for from the PT boats. Mike and I road along on the first trial of the PT boat, that had been proudly provided by the Navy, for testing. It was a cold and blustery February day, and some ice flows could be seen from the shore. We were warned by the Navy man running the boat, to be sure and stand with our knees bent and our mouth open if we didn't want to return to shore with broken teeth or bones. We believed him, and when we finally got back ashore we were glad we had complied. The PT boat, however, did not fare as well as we did. When we started hitting the choppy water at maximum speed, we knew the PT boat had failed the tests. Even before we got to the ice, we could hear the wood cracking. When we finally got back to shore and inspected the hull, at least two ribs were found to be completely broken, plus other damage. The PT boats had a unique compass design. The magnet part of the compass was in a watertight box fastened to the hull in the bilge of the boat with transmitter wires running up to the instrument panel above to a repeater among the other instruments on the panel.

Another major event occurred on June 17, 1945. Kenyon John Ryder was born at the Chelsea Naval Hospital. The hospital was staffed with the best doctors in Boston. Many of them, although now Navy Officers, still lived in the same homes that they had lived in as civilians. They just changed the places where they worked. I believe my medical bills for Ken amounted to \$16. It was normally \$10, but Marie had a kidney infection that kept her in the hospital 3 days longer than normal. After Ken was home a couple of weeks, Marie had a return of her kidney infection. We took them back to the hospital on the 4<sup>th</sup> of July weekend, and the doctor left in charge for that long weekend was a *psychiatrist* and knew less about kidney infections than I did. Sulfa drugs were then the wonder drugs and fortunately we had studied them at the University in our organic chemistry classes so I knew their properties and possible side effects. Fortunately the doctor was appreciated my help, and the first drug he prescribed, I told him it was the wrong one because of its possible side effects in this particular instance. Then we jointly chose the best of the "sulfas" for Marie's infection, and in another couple of days she was back home again.

My partner for swinging ship was usually Ensign Mike Banas. I was promoted to Lieutenant Junior Grade "jg" soon after I arrived in Boston and was proficient at my work. Mike was still an Ensign which made me lead officer, but Mike and I were equally proficient and we worked well as a team. Mike was from a family of Yugoslavian immigrants, and he had worked his way through college in Chicago as a barber. He was also very intelligent.

Our work was quite technical dealing with magnetic fields of force, which had to be neutralized leaving only the earth's magnetic field in the area where the compass operated. This was made more complicated by magnetic mines. In order to avoid setting off a magnetic mine, the ship had to have its own magnetic fields it generated made neutral. This was accomplished by literally

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wrapping the ship in huge coils both horizontal and vertical, of insulated copper wire, which was called "degaussing". The term gauss is a unit of magnetic force. This, of course, then required special small coils for the compass, which were adjusted with rheostats located along the bulkheads of the navigation control areas. All during our maneuvers needed for adjusting the compasses, we had "the con" of the ship. We gave the orders to the engine room, and to the yeoman who "had the wheel" to put the ship on each of 8 headings to make our adjustments. We usually used the sun and an accurate timepiece to determine our ship's position for each heading. An alternate way was to use certain markers on the land, if available, called a range. The range consisted of two highly visible objects that when lined up with each other would be a certain direction from us. However there were not many ranges available to larger ships, so it was back to the sun, which was the easiest star to work with. Of course, we used data tables for the sun's location at any time of day for every day in the year.

Another interesting incident occurred after the war in Europe was over. The biggest ocean liners we had then were not cruise ships, but rather, passenger ships. That was the way you crossed the ocean. We, the United States, had the use of the largest of these, and whenever it brought a shipload of the military home, the ship was loaded to its normal weight and the ship's hull on the side was nearly vertical. After the troops and all their gear were unloaded, it needed to have its compasses readjusted. The mayor of Boston was a friend of the Captain of one of these liners and he asked the Captain if he would take him with them out as far as the harbor pilot went. He would arrange to go ashore with the harbor pilot. I was scheduled to go with that ship, adjust its compasses and return on the pilot boat also. When they were out at sea, I was transferred by our running boat from another ship to the troop ship. I had my whole kit of tools, which were in a big leather case and weighed about 20 pounds. I climbed up the ladders to report to the Captain, and found him on the Flying Bridge above the Wheelhouse. After a brief discussion he turned the ship over to me and went over to the rail where he visited with the Mayor and others. He had no concern about my ability to run his ship, which contrasted with a lot of young navy Lt. Commanders who couldn't believe that anyone else was able to run their little (by comparison to the liner) ship. Anyway, my work went smoothly, and according to the Captain's wishes, every turn we made put the ship a little closer to England, which was his destination.

The Mayor was enjoying his ride in waters that were only a little choppy. He had brought his secretary (a middle aged male) with him because he also wanted the thrill of a ride on an ocean liner. When it came time to depart we all went below to a cargo hatch. The pilot boat arrived and launched a rowboat with two sailors from the U.S. Coastguard doing the rowing. A Jacob's Ladder was dropped from the side hatch, and as indicated earlier the hull from there was curving inward a yard or two at the top of the water that had a rise and fall of several feet from the choppy water. The ladder was adjusted to be in the rowboat at the water's highest point. The rowboat maneuvered to be at the bottom of the ladder. The pilot went down first to show the Mayor and Secretary how it was done. They were nervous, but the Mayor finally got up courage enough to climb down, but asked one favor. Would I carry his hat? He said he knew himself well enough that if a gust of wind blew his hat off he would automatically reach for it. I agreed, although I already had my work kit to carry with one hand. The Secretary had no hat to worry about but he was refusing to go down that swaying ladder, which required good coordination with the rise and fall of the rowboat with the waves, and the swing of the ladder from the ship's hull out past the rowboat. It took several minutes to convince him there was no alternative except to continue on to England. So he finally made his way down. Although he was awkward,

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he made it OK. That left me with no hands and a heavy bag of instruments and the Mayor's hat, to descend the Jacob's ladder. I still don't know how I managed, but I had learned years before, "if there is something to be done—do it!" I did it, and we were all rowed back to the pilot boat for about a 25 mile trip back to Boston Harbor. This whole experience was good for my ego. The Captain's confidence in me, a young Navy Officer, to take sole control of his ship to helping the "passengers" to use the Jacob's Ladder.

I worked on more than 400 vessels during my time in the First Naval District. All the way from 36 foot Coastal Patrol boats to Ocean Liners. We served the U. S. Coast Guard as well as the Navy, and every military vessel that came to the Boston (Charlestown) Navy Yard. These included a large number of British ships as well as others from Norway, Russia, France, and Italy. The latter were submarines after Italy had surrendered. Our office had its own running boat, but we often left the ship we had worked on, when the pilot left. We often went out with ships on their way to Europe and were a long ways from the harbor when we finished. The pilot who had taken the ship out to safe waters would then call for their running boat. We would leave with the pilot. The pilot boat would stand off about 100 yards from the ship we were on. They would send a rowboat manned by two Coast Guard men to take us from the ship to their running boat, which was usually a fairly large sailing boat.

We also served a large number of new Landing Craft built on the east coast. Many of them were LCI's (Landing Craft Infantry). As I recall they were built to carry 40 troops plus a small tank. Many of them were turned over to the British. Our office was on a pier in East Boston, and the new LCI was sometimes delivered to The Yard by tying up at our pier.

An interesting situation occurred one morning when I was designated to swing ship for the new LCI at our pier. We were to slip at 0800, so I arrived a bit early and went aboard the LCI to start to check it over. No officers were aboard (there were only 2 officers for an LCI), but the crew had apparently spent the night aboard, and the Coxswain was in the wheelhouse when I came aboard. He was a well-built red headed Scot from the Highlands. I had a terrible time trying to understand him, but I left him in the wheelhouse while I went up on the flying bridge and used the speaking tube to talk to him, the Coxswain, to see if we could understand each other. It was a struggle, and I was happy when the two young British officers came aboard to take control of the ship. However, the young English Ensign also had to struggle to understand the Scot. So he turned to me with a plea "Sir, would you mind taking her (the LCI) out to the channel? I *can't understand a word he says!*" Fortunately, my 20 minutes with the Scot was enough so we got the lines properly handled so we could edge the stern away from the pier, and then back out into the channel and on out to a broad part of the harbor used as an anchorage, where there was room to swing ship. That finished, I turned the LCI back to its Captain, and left in our running boat which came alongside to pick me off, and back to our office to await another job.

I was one of two in our group that had a car, so I was often assigned to First Naval District vessels from Bar Harbor, Maine, to New London, Connecticut. Mike Banas usually went with me on these trips. One February we were assigned to a project run by the Army who were testing various existing craft as well as new designs for fast rescue boats, called crash boats. These were to be used in all weather, particularly stormy weather in the north Atlantic used as a worst-case area. The small harbor at Rockland, Maine was to be used for these tests. Camden, Maine is nearby, and that is where Mike and I stayed while we worked with the navigation

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equipment on the boats during the testing. Requirements for the boat were twofold. Their function was to rescue the crews of “downed” aircraft. They had to be both fast and sturdy enough to take a pounding from rough water containing chunks of ice. One day we were on a PT boat (the kind JFK skippered.) It was big and powerful and fast with its two huge engines. The officer running the boat took us out on the Atlantic where the water was the roughest and where there was some ice coming down from further north. We rammed the waves at full speed and split the sheets of ice that were in the way. There was so much abrupt changing in the stormy seas and hitting the ice that we were warned to always keep our mouth open so we don’t break any teeth, and our knees bent so we don’t break any bones. The actual compass on this boat was down in the bilge area with an electronic “repeater” by the wheel. The compass actually did amazingly well despite the pounding, although it had difficulty in keeping itself lined up with the earth’s weak magnetic field. When we finally got back to the harbor and the boat was inspected for damage it was found that there was considerable damage to the hull, and at least two ribs were broken. So another boat design was rejected. Nothing the Navy or Coast Guard had was good enough to pass the test. Finally a civilian boatyard designed a boat that was able to pass the rigid tests.

After Japan’s surrender our Compass Office was closed down and we were reassigned. My new job was at the Navy Officers Separation Center. My office was in the North Station railroad Terminal building for the Boston and Maine Railroad. We were on the third or fourth floor overlooking the Charles River. My job was to interview Navy Officers who were about to be civilians again. Most of them had not been able to keep informed about changes back in the U. S. Particularly the new laws such as details of the GI bill for education, help in finding a place to live etc. Of course, we ourselves had to be educated in a lot of things before we could be effective in our jobs. Much to my surprise most of those being separated were very interested and appreciative of the opportunity to talk with me about their immediate future and to get the information and recommendations we could give them. I was in a good location to be able to separate myself when my time came, although I opted to stay in the Naval Reserve. I was just released from active duty. I was a full Lieutenant (Same rank as Captain in the Army) in the Reserves and had active duty training every year. After my separation from active duty in the Navy, I went to work for Esso Research and Engineering in Linden, N. J. I was assigned to the “white products” section, which dealt with products such as gasoline, kerosene, dry cleaning fluid, pesticide solvents, etc. The section head was Dr. Jones (Dr. Minor Cooper Keith Jones) and my group head was Harold (Ric) Ricards. My lab assistant was Ed Eulhart. I was soon assigned a problem involving gasoline odor which had occurred just after WW II, when aviation gasoline demand almost stopped. Ed Eulhart and I spent nearly 5 years on this problem before we finished a workable process to remove odorous compounds from the gasoline, as well as to improve its octane number at the same time. Ed and I were granted 5 patents. The patents, of course, were assigned to Esso Research as agreed to in our contracts, but we were financially rewarded with \$100 whenever the U.S. Patent Office allowed a patent.

The laboratory work on the gasoline “sweetening” process was accomplished with glassware using large 5 liter separatory funnels to mix gasoline with an aqueous solution which would, hopefully, remove the odorous mercaptans from the gasoline. Although this was successful in the laboratory, we needed larger scale operating equipment to prove it could be applied in large scale commercial equipment. Normally a “pilot” plant is used for this purpose. Our refineries in the United States at Baytown, Texas, Baton Rouge, Louisiana, and Linden, New Jersey were all

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over 200,000 barrels per day, and besides they didn't feel that they needed a new process for odor control, but the Canadian refineries did. Their refineries were smaller, and Imperial Oil, our Canadian affiliate offered to have us use their 50,000 barrel/day refinery in Halifax for our "pilot plant trials. As a result I made many trips to Halifax and over a period of about 2 years spent about ¼ of my time, 6 months, in Nova Scotia. Although I did not like to be away from home for long periods of time, the work was interesting and the people were friendly. One of my first weekends I was there, a party was held at the Scotian Hotel in Halifax. The Refinery manager invited me to attend. Several of my coworkers in the laboratory at the refinery were also there, and a good time was had by all. One of the things I discovered was that all the jokes I had heard about the Scots being rather stingy with their money, were not jokes, but were very close to the truth. They are great people, and it seemed like half the men in Nova Scotia were named Angus. The odor control process we developed was called the Sodasol Process. The new process not only improved the odor of the gasoline, but it also increased the octane number. By definition, the chemical "octane" has an octane number of 100. Gasoline is still rated by octane number. The closer the number to 100, the higher the grade of gasoline.

Odor control, though, was more difficult. There was no chemical tests for it. Other products, such as perfume, room deodorants, etc. also had to have some kind of a test to rate them. The Arthur D. Little research company in Boston had developed odor panel tests for such products, so we approached them about such a test for gasoline. They agreed, and thought it would not be difficult. To the contrary, they found there were odors in gasoline that had no counterpart in other products with which they had worked. Their odor experts suggested we prepare samples of known and reproducible composition to use as standards for various odor levels, or ratings. Ed Eulhardt and I set to work in the lab using purer hydrocarbons or derivatives that could be mixed in defined proportions to give us numerical ratings to be applied to the actual gasoline. We were reasonably successful with this, and made up "odor panels" of employees, including women employees, who seemed to be better at distinguishing differences in odors than did men. These panels were trained and were used at our refineries in Baytown, Texas, Baton Rouge, Louisiana, and at Bayway, New Jersey. I was named to be in charge of the odor control of our gasolines. I would meet with the panels at the various locations periodically. Ed Eulhardt and a chemist at Baytown, Texas actually did most of the work connected with the odor control process. As the separate refineries gradually learned what they had to do to meet the odor requirements, the need for the odor panels decreased. I doubt that there are very many people left who can remember these odor panels, or the odor standards we had developed for their use.

After completing work with this process, I worked on other assignments, one of which involved our refineries in Indonesia. The large gasoline storage tanks at our Palembang refinery were built close to the beach where the sand was soft and water soaked so they had sunk below sea level, and water leaked into the bottom. The layer between the water and the gasoline developed a growth which eventually became thick and as tough as leather. It was causing trouble with pumps and other equipment. After obtaining samples of both their gasoline and tank water as well as some of the leathery growth, Esso Research rented some equipment from a company doing biological research, and I carried out further research in their equipment. Mainly an oven that looked like a refrigerator, but which I could control the temperature to match that in Indonesia. I then grew some of the leathery stuff, and tried samples of it to inoculate gasoline and water mixtures. The growth developed as expected. Next we tried this with various bactericides in the mixture. The growth was slowed, but not eliminated. At the same time

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mixtures that contained fungicides were tried with the same results. It was then apparent that the growth was not a single organism, but a mixture of bacteria and fungal growths. I then tried various mixtures of fungicides and bactericides until the optimum mixture was found. This resulted in my sixth and last patent.

I was getting restless with all this “stinking gasoline” work, and was ready for a new assignment. Our Everett, Mass. Refinery was about to be modernized and enlarged with new process equipment, and the control laboratory needed modernizing also. I was uniquely qualified for this because I was familiar with the new spectroscopic methods of analysis, which had been developed by Dr. Sandell at the University of Minnesota while I was studying there. I was hired by Esso Standard Oil to supervise this laboratory modernization. I used the existing laboratory building but replaced existing equipment and utilities with new metal furniture and Laboratory benches, arranged in a more efficient manner. We used a room on the second floor to install new up to date spectroscopic equipment including infra red and ultra violet spectrometers and a flame photometer. A mass spectrometer was considered but not purchased at that time. However, the spectrophotometers used prisms, and one of them used polished rock salt prisms. That required a constant temperature of 25 degrees Celsius (77°F) and 50% relative humidity. For this we needed new special air conditioning equipment. As you may have expected, I had my desk in that room, and I was much envied by the other chemists that still had their desks in the main lab downstairs.

When we moved to the Boston area we bought a house in North Reading, not realizing it would have a separate school district. It turned out that the school was not satisfactory for Ken, who had dyslexia and needed special help. We sold our house in North Reading, and bought a 30-year-old 2-story house, but well built and maintained in a very nice residential area of Reading. It was a large two story Colonial house, but with only one bathroom, and no insulation in the walls or ceiling. Almost as soon as we moved in the family went out to North Dakota for 6 weeks of summer. I spent my days at work as usual, but nights and weekends I worked on the house. There was a back entry into the house into the kitchen area. It was a few steps up and there was a small entry closet. I removed the back steps and put a small window in the wall instead of a door, then made the small closet into what is called a ½ bath. Then on the side of the kitchen where there was a window, I removed the window and put in a door. The door opening was about 3 feet above ground level, so I built a concrete landing about 4 ft. square with concrete steps for our new back door. The house had only four electrical circuits that were 110 volt, with a minimum of outlets. I completely rewired the house adding 4 more circuits, making a total of 8 circuits. I used heavier wire in the new circuits for 20 watt circuit breakers, instead of 15 watt circuits, using heavier wire, and had the old fuse box removed and new 220 volt current brought in to a new circuit breaker box with 220 volt outlets for the kitchen stove. In my “spare time” I poured 6 inches of fiberglass insulation above the ceiling of all the upstairs rooms. The insulation was very successful in making the upstairs quite comfortable both summer and winter. Before, it had been unbearably hot in the summer. Very few houses in the Boston area had air conditioning at that time.

The town of Reading had an excellent school system, which we sadly had to leave at a critical stage for Ken. Ken had dyslexia and had fallen behind in his previous school, but the Reading teachers helped him to catch up so he finished 3<sup>rd</sup> grade at the correct level to start 4<sup>th</sup>, which still made him 1 year behind, but doing well when we left the United States...

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After completing the laboratory modernization at the Everett Refinery, I was transferred to the Process Engineering Section, and Charlie Reass, from the Bayway Refinery in New Jersey, was transferred to the Everett Refinery to take my place in the laboratory. Charlie and Eunice Reass and their children bought a house in nearby Stonington and we became personal friends with a lasting friendship, which is still in place..

While at Everett I became familiar with the refinery operations and problems of both the laboratory, and the Process Engineering part.. When all the new construction was started the manager of the refinery retired, and our new manager was John Waybright, who was an Annapolis graduate. He was there for 2 or 3 years and was replaced by one of our Esso Research Directors. John Waybright became Vice President of International Petroleum (wholly owned by Standard Oil of New Jersey, as was Esso Research, and the Esso Standard Oil Company of the United States). After about 4 years at the Everett refinery, I received a phone call asking me to call Curtis Carol at a New York number. I made the call to Mr. Carol and found that he was Project Manager for the construction of International Petroleum's new refinery being built near Cartagena, Colombia. They needed someone to manage the design, construction, equipping and training of personnel for the new refinery control laboratory. Would I be interested in taking on that position? John Waybright had recommended me. I found there was an English speaking grade school that Steve and Ken could go to. Also a new fairly modern hospital. There was a problem that the English speaking school only went through the eighth grade. In two years, Steve would be ready for high school, and would have to return to the US to a Private School at such time. We went to Mount Hermon in Massachusetts, a well-known Private School, and enrolled Steve for 2 years hence. So, the bottom line is that I accepted a 2-year contract with International Petroleum.

After we had made necessary purchases for things we would need, to live in the tropics the packers came and crated our belongings to be shipped to Cartagena. We purchased a few items we had never had before, such as a milk pasteurization unit that would pasteurize 1 gallon at a time. We also bought a new window air conditioner which we installed in our dining room in Reading and used it for a couple of weeks because you were not allowed to import new equipment into Colombia. The AC was now a "used" unit.

When the movers came and took everything that was to go to South America, we went to New York where we had further briefings on the move, picked up our new passports and tickets etc. When I went to South America to work I could not participate in summer training in the Naval Reserve. I was having knee problems which have plagued me most of my life. But because of such problems I was able to retire with a medical retirement instead of resigning. Technically, I still have my commission of Full Lieutenant in the Naval Reserve, but on a retired basis.

The day finally came when we had a taxi take us to the Pier where the Grace Lines ship Santa Rosa was docked. We boarded the ship and were escorted to our staterooms for the 4-day sail to Cartagena. The Santa Rosa was one of the few "cruise" ships in existence at that time, and it carried freight as well as about 200 passengers. That evening we dined under the stars. The Santa Rosa Dining room was large and equipped with a roof that opened up so we had only the stars above us. What luxury!

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We did have the misfortune of unexpectedly running right through the heart of a minimal hurricane off Cape Hatteras that night, which resulted in a very small crowd in the dining room for breakfast. Steve and Ken were in no shape to eat, and I was a bit woozy myself, so I stayed with my sons while their mother went calmly up to have breakfast alone.

We met the Vallants on the Santa Rosa. They were returning to Cartagena after having a vacation in the U.S. Mrs. Vallant was a schoolteacher at the English speaking school the boys would be attending. Escuela Jorge Washington. Mr. Vallant, Roger, was the Regional Manager for the Colgate Co. and had his office in downtown Cartagena.

We made three stops on the way to Cartagena. The first stop was at Willemstad on Curacao. Willemstad was literally a colorful Dutch city. All buildings had been painted in bright colors. There was a pontoon bridge that had to be dragged to the side to let the ships through to go to their anchorage—if that was where they were going. This time it wasn't and we debarked below the bridge for a short visit to the colorful city, and maybe buy something as well. The next stop was for Caracas, Venezuela. The city of Caracas is up over the top of the mountains. The docks for ships were on the Caribbean shore, so we took a taxi from the port up the winding road, over the mountain into the city. Our taxi driver told us his name was Jesus. He spoke fairly good English and told us all about the city, its history, and anything else he could think of. It really was interesting and we enjoyed our brief look at Caracas. We had a really good look at the whole city from above as we topped the mountain and could look down on it. The driver took us to a very nice residential area nearby where we got out and I took a picture of Marie and the boys in front of one of the attractive new and well landscaped houses. As Marie said, since we didn't yet know what we would find in Cartagena, we would keep that picture to send to our friends back in "the States" and tell them it was where we now lived. However, as things turned out, that was not necessary. Our third stop was at Oranjestad, Aruba, which was also a colorful Dutch town. Standard Oil Co. of New Jersey had what was then the largest refinery in the world. It could process about 250,000 barrels of crude oil per day. That would be considered small, or maybe medium sized, by today's standards. Aruba has little or no rainfall, so fresh water was brought in by tankers which off loaded the water. Then the ship's tanks were filled with gasoline. It made for odorous and bad tasting "fresh" water. Soon after that time, however, they began to make fresh water by distilling the salt water. Today (year 2007) Aruba is a popular vacation destination, and is no doubt grateful for good water. As a note of interest, Standard Oil of New Jersey sold that refinery a few decades ago when they were having some problems with crude supply from Venezuela.

The next stop was Cartagena! Cartagena Bay (Bahia) was sort of capped by a large island that closes off the bay but leaves two entrances, one at each end of the island. The widest entrance is on the east end of the island, but it is rocky, and the narrowest opening on the west end has a deep channel, and is the one that is used for commerce. Historically, the large opening (boca grande) on the east end was filled with rocks in the 1500's to prevent invaders such as Drake, from getting into the bay too easily. As we entered the bay through the channel on the west end, several dugout canoes greeted us. They were gesturing to let us know they would dive for coins. A quarter was the smallest they would dive for. Any dimes or nickels were a waste of money. Passengers tossed quarters to them and they would chase it down in the water, if it didn't fall in the canoe. The Santa Rosa turned east to cross the bay to the docks at the port for Cartagena.

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We disembarked into a large warehouse building to go through customs and immigration. An International Petroleum representative met us, which was good because we could not speak Spanish. However, it soon became apparent that our host could not speak English very well. However, we soon learned to haltingly communicate in each other's language. One item Marie had stocked up on to bring (following the advice of those who had been there before) was a suitcase about half full of Tampons. The chap who met us did know what they were, but the customs people did not. It was very amusing to us to see our embarrassed guide trying to explain to the customs people just what those items were that looked like huge firecrackers. Another strange occurrence took place in that warehouse. One of the holds on the ship was full of refrigerated "fresh" eggs. These were being unloaded from the ship and stacked along one wall of the very warm warehouse. How long would they be called "fresh" eggs?

The new refinery project at Cartagena was the start of a new policy by the Standard Oil Co. of New Jersey. It was the first time in South America, and perhaps the world that overseas employees had to find their own housing. Until then, the company had built housing compounds or little villages just for the English-speaking employees. A common term for this new system was known as "Shoot your own rabbits!" The next day our guide took us house hunting. He was really not well informed, but did have the real estate listings of houses for rent.. They were attractive large houses, but in an older part of the city. As any American might, Marie's first request was to see the kitchen. This seemed to puzzle the Colombians, but they obliged by taking us to the back yard where there was a small building equipped for cooking meals. Nobody would think of putting a hot kitchen in the house! However there was one house across town near the Naval Base on St. Martin Avenue (Avenida San Martin) that was available. The manager of the Sears store in Cartagena had occupied it. His name was Llereda, pronounced "Yeraida". He was a Colombian who had grown up in Colorado and was U.S. educated. He had used packing case wood to build kitchen counters and cupboards in the screened in back porch, just off the dining room he had added Electricity & plumbing to make a very satisfactory kitchen. He had installed a very good electric stove and a Philco refrigerator with a freezer section. He had also installed window type air conditioners in the two bedrooms. We bought the AC units, refrigerator and stove from him and rented the house. We had brought one AC with us as well as a refrigerator and stove. We kept the refrigerator we had brought down for extra freezer capacity, but sold our stove and AC unit to other Americans who were glad to be able to buy them. The location of this house was ideal for Steve and Ken. Our house fronted on San Martin, but the backyard, which had a cement block fence around it, was right next to the "backyard" of the Escuela Jorge Washington School that they would be attending. Just hop over the backyard fence and they were at the school. The school fronted on Delmarva Ave. which ran between the front of the school and the stone breakwater for the Caribbean Sea. The new principal of the school was named Zig Heilman. He and his wife, Christine both taught classes in the school. Being next-door neighbors, they also became good friends.

We stayed in the Del Caribe Hotel for four weeks while our housing problems were being worked out. It was in the rainy season and it gave us some new experiences. The guest rooms in the hotel had no windows. Instead the window area had screens, and wooden shutters that we could close or open, as desired. One morning after a heavy rain when I started to get out of bed, I stepped into water over an inch deep. No one was excited about it. After all, it was the rainy season. We normally took our meals in the hotel dining room, but there was also a higher class country club type of dining room next to the Casino. One evening we decided to try that

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restaurant and as we opened the door and started in we were stopped and told we were not dressed well enough to dine there. Marie was OK but the boys and I had to be wearing suit jackets. Wow, here we were in the Tropics and we had to wear jackets? Anyway, we obviously were not the first to make that mistake. They had small jackets they would lend Steve and Ken, but I had to go back up to my room and put on a tie and jacket, then we were allowed to eat an ordinary meal. But that dining room was air conditioned, so it was good to have the jackets.

The outdoor hallways were open on the backside of the hotel, overlooking the swimming pool and relaxation area. Beautiful tropical plants and flowers as well as birds and a monkey, helped decorate the area. The birds were guacamayas (called macaws in English.) They are similar to parrots, but very colorful rather than just green like the parrots. The toucan was very friendly and with his long beak would suck the bottom leavings from a highball glass. He later died of alcoholism. The swimming pool was made available to us all the while we lived in Cartagena. There were no English speaking High Schools in Cartagena. Most went to High School in the United States, and also on to college. In the summer they usually came home to Cartagena. One of the women college students that came home in the summer gave swimming and diving lessons. Both Steve and Ken enrolled and soon learned to swim like fish. They both enjoyed it, and we both envied them. I, particularly, envied them because the drought in the 1930's resulted in the smaller lakes where we could swim in normal times, were dried up. There was no place to learn.

We needed a car, but passenger automobiles were on the prohibited list for importing into Colombia. However trucks were OK. So we went to the local Chevrolet dealer, and bought a panel truck. They sent it to a shop in Baranquilla where they cut out the side panels and replaced them with plexiglass. They also built a very acceptable upholstered back seat with space behind the same, as a station wagon would have. They also undercoated it with 3 coats of rust preventive paint, which was needed in the moist tropical climate. It took a couple of weeks, but they did a very good job of providing us with a new station wagon. Much to our surprise the manager at the Chevrolet garage spoke good English. We found that he was Norwegian and possibly a Mechanical Engineer. He could fix anything that went wrong with the car, often without buying new parts, but just repairing the old ones, sometimes better than new. He was the one who recommended the rust resistant 3-layer undercoating. Each layer was a different color so you could tell where the second and third coats should be applied.

The temporary company offices were in the Andean Building downtown. It was a well-built two-story office building where I had a temporary office for the first few weeks. It was good indoctrination for me. I had a key to the executive's men's room. I learned later why the executive key was needed. To share the secret, many plumbing systems in Cartagena were easily clogged, because the needed large sized wastewater pipes were not available, and they had to "make do" with what *was* available. Only the VIP's could manage to get the right sizes.

While living in Cartagena, we acquired a used, small cabin cruiser only about 20 ft long, powered by a 25 HP outboard with the proper harness to connect it to the wheel forward, just behind the small cabin. We enjoyed our "cruises" around Cartagena Bay (Bahia de Cartagena). There was quite a bit of small boat activity, especially on weekends when the Naval Academy personnel used the Academy's small sailboats. Murray Merrell, the head of our supply office, was fond of lying down in his little 8-foot cat (One sail mounted on the prow.) boat. Murray's

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job was rather strenuous, and he really appreciated a sunny Saturday afternoon of “lying down” for a sail. Almost total relaxation, except for the sometimes-crowded areas near the docks.

A memorable occasion for us was one weekend when our whole family Marie, Steve, Ken and I were cruising near the main harbor docks where a small fleet, I think it was four, American submarines were docked for a “courtesy visit”. We had our camera, as usual, and having noted the American Flags flying from the subs a picture was needed. We approached the subs and Marie in her excitement called up to the O.D. with the query of “pictures, may we take?” From the unusual structure of the English words, there was only a slight pause before the seaman answered, “yes you may take pictures”. On another occasion we had been clear across the bay, about 5 miles, to Mamonal so the family could see our future refinery site. A breeze had come up while we were there, and on the way back I was worried about the wind and about the amount of fuel I had left. Marie was seated near the gas tanks in the stern of the boat and I asked her to watch the gasoline gage, and keep me informed of any problems. We were going at full speed trying to get home before any storm came up, and when we finally got to the dock the engine coughed from its last drop of fuel. I asked Marie why in the world she hadn’t warned me we were getting very low on fuel. Her answer was “because I didn’t want to worry you.” She apparently was unaware that we were using twice as much fuel per mile at the speed we were going than it would have if we had slowed down and conserved fuel.

For the first month or two we tied up at the Club de Pesca while I was having a boat trailer made for our boat. Trailers were not available to buy so I arranged with a local “handyman” mechanic who had a small shop near the Club to make a boat trailer for me. All he had was a picture I had from a Yachting magazine, and my oral descriptions. He found a pair of old wheels and tires, pieces of metal and piping and assembled a very passable boat trailer. His English was not good, and neither was my Spanish but we had very little problem in communicating by mixing what each of us knew. He accomplished the job in a few weeks and we were then able to pull the boat out of the water and store it on dry land when we were not using it. However, it came too late, because during the time it was tied up in the water at the pier, the toredos had managed to eat their way through the hull, and one afternoon when I was out with the boat I noticed water in the bottom. I turned around and saw a half dozen or so little fountains of water shooting up. The plywood hull was riddled with holes that wrote “finish” to our little cabin cruiser. Most small boats those days were made of plywood. Fiberglass was just starting to be used in the U.S., but not available in Colombia.

Another type of entertainment that we had was baseball. In the winter many American players came to the tropics so they could keep on playing and keep in shape for the regular season up north. The result was that we had good teams in Colombia. The Cartagena stadium was also unique having the grandstand shaded by a cantilevered concrete roof with no support poles to get in the way of one’s view of the field. Zig Heilman, the school principal, was also a fan, and he would often take the boys to see a game. Zig was reliable, but also a young man himself. Steve and Ken had several adventures as a result I can just imagine them now, after the game walking by the old Ft. San Felipi and deciding to check out “this tunnel, I wonder where it goes.” And other “adventures” that we did not know about until years later.

Zig and Christine Heilman were good friends while we lived in Cartagena. Sort of like extended family at Holiday times such as Thanksgiving and Christmas. Christine became pregnant during

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their second year there, and they decided not to renew their contract, but would return to the USA. When the time came to depart, though, Zig insisted on seeing more of South America as they had originally planned to do, but Christine was too far along in pregnancy to do such traveling. However Zig stuck to his guns and took off when school was out. He traveled by bus and hitch hiking or any other way he could travel and see as much of South America as possible. When he got to Santiago, Chile his next stop would be Buenos Aires, Argentina. This was by train over a high part of the Andes. It took a few days for the trip and the train was not heated and the mountains were high and freezing. Zig had a “cold” when they left Santiago, and it kept getting worse the higher they got and the colder *he* got. It turned out that he had pneumonia by the time he got to Buenos Aires where he could get good medical care. He came very close to death and as soon as he could, he took a plane back to the USA. Christine was filled with mixed emotions. She was furious with him for being so stubborn. They got teaching jobs in Chester, Pa., and we visited them there. That was when we learned where most of the U.S. mushrooms were grown. It seems that Chester has just the right climate and caves where mushrooms like to grow. The Heilmans moved on to another “contract “ and further travels, and we lost track. We liked them both very much. Christine was quite an artist and painted one picture in particular that I liked the best. She had used her “artist’s license” to move some things around. There were two well-known scenic places in Cartagena, as well as the old fort. They was the great wall around the old city. It was wide enough to drive 4 cars abreast on top of it. It had a large well designed gate with a clock tower on top, at the entrance to the city. It was called the “Gate of the Sun.” Both ends arced around to the Caribbean Sea about a mile or two apart. The other “must see” site was an old partially rundown Convent up on top of the highest (500 ft) hill in the city, called “La Popa”. It had a winding gravel surfaced roadway leading to it. This was the path the Catholics walked on their knees to climb all the way to the top, as a type of penance, every Easter, There were several shrines along the way to stop and worship (or rest).

Another interesting coincidence was that years later I met a woman, Susan White at an Elderhostel in June, 1995, which was held at Connecticut College in New London. . (It was in September, 1995 that I met Ruth at another Elderhostel. Susan had taught school at the Escuela Jorge Washington, which was the school Steve and Ken went to while we were in Cartagena. It was apparently the year after we were there that Susan came to teach. She was on the list of available teachers willing to travel, that Standard Oil of N.J. used. After she was at Cartagena she moved on to the Near East, and while teaching in Iran, the U.S. Navy paid a “courtesy call” and Susan met a young sailor with the last name of White. They were married and bought a house in Niantic, CT. Her husband died a few years before I met her. She still lives in her home in Niantic and still travels to many parts of the world. Something I will never be able to do again. She has a son who is a lawyer, who is a Nomad, similar to his mother. He would like to live in Norway.

Back to the refinery, which was located about 10 kilometers from the city, on the south side of Cartagena Bay in an area called Mamonal. It had once been a village for our subsidiary, the Andean Pipeline Company. The old abandoned village of cement blockhouses was still there. Some of the houses and the main building had been cleaned up and fixed up. It had 4 rooms and 4 desks for the engineers that would be working with me to build and equip the new laboratory and they also did a large part of the teaching of basic petroleum chemistry to all the new workers at the refinery that numbered about 400. My first Colombian engineer was Gustavo Tellez. He and I were the first to move into the “managers” house in Mamonal. I chose as my office the

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first room you entered when you came into the building. Gustavo took the next. He was soon joined by Alberto Consuegra. Later Roberto Sanclementi was transferred from Andean Pipeline to our group. We also had Hernando Pinson, the architect for the new Administration and Laboratory buildings. Hernando actually was in Paul Hollifield's group, (Mechanical Superintendent). Hernando was designing the new Administration building, but he and I worked closely together on the design of the new laboratory, the building. It was being designed to blend with the new Administration building nearby. It was made of red bricks with unique designs using white stone at the entrance, windows, rooflines, etc. (More about this later). Incidentally, Hernando was the only one who got his University degree from a Colombian University. It was at Bucaramanga Universidad. It was a highly respected University, which did not have a School of Engineering but did have a good School of Architecture along with the Liberal Arts, Medical and other Schools. It must be a good University, because Hernando was a very good architect. He did a particularly attractive 3 dimension appearance of the new laboratory exterior design which I fastened to the wall in the front office.

After Hernando's designs of the Administration and Laboratory buildings were completed, they were submitted to the "brass". Locally that was Curtis Carol, manager, Garth Vili, assistant manager, and Paul Hollifield, Mechanical Superintendent. The Coral Gables people were the President of International Petroleum, Mike (I can't remember his last name, (he later became President of Standard Oil Co. of New Jersey), and John Waybright, Vice President of International Petroleum. The plans were accepted for the Administration Building, but not for the Laboratory. Paul Hollifield, backed by Mr. Carol wanted to change the Laboratory to a corrugated metal building and reduce the size of the air conditioning equipment and also bury the Laboratory utilities (electric, gas, water, and high pressure steam) rather than hang them from overhead racks that I had requested. Reluctantly, Garth Vili and I were overruled by Mr. Carol and Paul Hollifield. It had taken the group all the morning to review our plans. We were surprised to learn that Hernando's plans, accepted by Garth Vili and I, had been rejected in favor of Paul Hollifield's. Paul was a Mechanical Engineer with several years of experience with Jersey refineries outside of the U. S.

After lunch Mike the President of IP, and Vice President, John Waybright came over to our offices to look around the old village and our temporary offices. John Waybright excused himself from the group to come in to "say hello" to Jim. After greeting me he looked around my office and noticed some drawings on the wall which included the 3 dimensional drawing Hernando had made for our proposed Laboratory. He asked what that drawing was. I told him it was the Laboratory building that Hernando and I had proposed for the refinery. Mr. Waybright brightened, and went to the door and hollered "hey Mike, come here, I want to show you something". Mike came in and was introduced, and John W showed him the drawing, saying "this is exactly what we were talking about. This is the way the Laboratory building *should* look." It will be the first building anyone driving along the road would see of the new refinery. With the president and vice president of the company recommending Hernando's design, Mr. Carol and Mr. Hollifield were forced to take our recommendation for our building. However, that turned out to be only for the outside and Mr. Hollifield, flexing his Mechanical Engineer presumed status, still assuming he knew more about utilities than did I. He was wrong, as was later proven, but after discussions we (Garth V and I) reluctantly compromised and Paul Hollifield agreed to have the underground utilities put in a shallow ditch, filled with sand (to minimize a fire hazard) and have removable covers to facilitate repair work if necessary. We

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had designed the utilities to be hung from the ceiling in racks that were accessible, and had rejected having them under the floor because of fire or explosion hazard. Hollifield also significantly reduced the amount of air conditioning on the roof as well as the false roof over it to protect it from direct heat of the sun. Garth and I reluctantly had to accept the decision. A few years later Colombia changed their laws which had required that 90% of the employees had to be Colombians, to read 90% of employees at all levels of management and professional, as well as labor. More about the results of this change later.

The Administration building was completed first, and the managers including the Mechanical and Process Superintendents moved into the new building. My engineers were utilized to teach petroleum chemistry as part of the training of about 400 new refinery employees. The majority of the employees were college graduates of Colombian colleges. All of my technicians, as I remember, were pharmacy graduates, and had some training in chemistry. The biggest demand for professionals was for doctors or lawyers, but Colombian Universities also taught Pharmacy, so Colombia had lots of excess pharmacists who were glad to work at the refinery where at least some of their education could be used. Of course, we were fortunate to have pharmacists to work in the control laboratory. We employed about 40 people in the lab who had to be trained to do the chemical analyses for operations of the refinery. Alfonso Morales had charge of the spectroscopic lab, and Gustavo Tellez with Alberto Consuegra had charge of the rest of the laboratory operations, except the "knock lab". The latter used a very special engine to measure the "octane rating" of the gasoline, and required a specially trained technician to operate it. We did not have that person yet. As soon as the interior of the laboratory was finished, we moved in. As Chief Chemist, I had a nice office to myself with windows on the east so I had morning light to my back when I was seated at my desk. Offices for the other supervisors were on both sides of my office, all opening onto a hallway. It was under the floor of this hallway that the utilities were installed in a covered ditch. Much to our dismay, we found that they had not been fitted with removable covers as agreed, so floor tiles would have to be removed to gain access to the utility wires and pipes.

During the construction phase, the country of Peru changed its laws regarding foreign businesses, to require 90% of all levels of employees to be Peruvians. Consequently the assistant manager of the Talara, Peru refinery, George Steadwill, was transferred to Cartagena. At one time he had been a chief chemist, so he was told he could be chief chemist at Cartagena, which demoted me to assistant chief chemist. This proved to be an important factor in my decision whether or not to renew my 2-year contract with Intercol. My wife, Marie, had gall bladder problems and was uncertain as to whether surgery would be needed. Our company doctor was quite competent and Cartagena had a nice new hospital but the doctor (Dr. Espinosa) was not an experienced surgeon, and it was not "home". In discussing our decision with a friend of Curtis Carol's wife, Marie was told that if we ever intended to return to the United States it should be very soon. Curtis, who was Canadian, had waited until he was in his mid forties to return to Canada. He was not able to find satisfactory employment because he was too old, so he stayed in South America. When the time came to make our decision I told Mr. Carol that I would not renew my contract. Part of the reason was that I had been promised the chief chemist's job, which had now been filled by George Steadwell. Mr. Carol said that they could find some other position for George, and if I stayed, I could be chief chemist as originally planned. However, our plans for returning to the U.S.A. were already made, and Marie's health was the governing factor. My friends in Process Engineering, Barney Baxter and Bob Pearson thought I was crazy

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to leave my “little kingdom” I had built up with a new laboratory building and 40 well trained technicians to work in it. They were both staying on!

We planned to take the Grace Lines, Santa Paula, to New York in June. Through the company we arranged to have a new Ford Station Wagon delivered to us when we reached New York. About two weeks before departure I was told that I was needed to stay for several meetings involving the startup of the new refinery and the refinery control laboratory, so I agreed to stay on an extra 3 weeks and then *fly* home. All of our household supplies, furniture, etc. had been crated to ship on the Santa Paula, and it was required that these crates be those of the passengers. Marie and the boys sailed on the Santa Paula as originally planned. Steve had an ear infection on the way to the U.S. but antibiotics took care of it, so they all docked safely in New York. Marie was greeted by a Ford agent who delivered a brand new Station Wagon to her. He stayed with her through customs and helped load the luggage and get them started on their way to the Holland Tunnel for New Jersey. Rooms had already been reserved for them in a hotel in Elizabeth. The next phase of our lives was ahead of us, as soon as I could get there. They had about 2 weeks in the hotel before I got back to New York. Marie met me at the airport and I drove our new station wagon directly back to New Jersey. I found Ken in bed, just getting over an illness. The good old U.S. didn't appear to be a healthful place to live in.

However, Ken recovered quickly and in a day or two we were all ready to travel. I had contacted Esso Research about a job, and Bert Beldon, one of the directors, offered me a job with the Research Division of Esso Research & Engineering. Our furniture crates, etc were put in storage, and with hand luggage aboard the station wagon we started our trip west to Los Gatos, California, our U. S. point of origin. This latter had been a matter of serious contention when I left Colombia. When we left the U.S. for South America, we had to give our “point of origin” for legal reasons. Since we no longer had a home of our own, we had used my parent's address in Los Gatos, CA as our “point of origin”. When I left Colombia Joe Jolly, the Head of the Personnel office objected to paying for a cross-country trip from New York to California, arguing that I had not lived in California, but had sailed from New York. Fortunately, Mr. Carol over-ruled him.

We enjoyed our trip west across the country. I have no notes and have to rely on my memory. I know we went out by the quickest route, but I do remember that we stopped in Salt Lake City and gave ourselves a little tour. Also I remember taking a brief swim in Great Salt Lake. Whether or not it was this trip, I am not sure. I well remember how easy it was to float when in the lake. I also remember it was on this trip that we left the City early enough so that we were driving along the south side of the lake, very early in the morning in an attempt to get across the desert as quickly as possible before it got too hot. Most cars were not air conditioned those days, and ours was not an exception. We got to Reno that afternoon and got an air-conditioned motel room. Even the motels had slot machines. We gave each of the boys a few nickels to give to the machines. That evening we made a brief visit to a Casino, and found that at the Casino our boys were considered too young to use the slot machines, so they gave their nickels to Marie who fed the machine, but they could pull the handles. Results were normal. We came away with fewer nickels.

From Reno it was not a long drive to Los Gatos to visit my parents and Uncle Charles, who lived with them. Really, they lived with him. He owned the house. We stayed in Los Gatos only a

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few days, and then drove north. We enjoyed going over the Golden Gate Bridge and near the California and Oregon coasts to our first destination, which was Crater Lake, Oregon. We stayed at the Lodge and the boys both decided to go for a swim in Crater Lake. They got dressed in their swimsuits, and then climbed down a long flight of stairs to the water. All that got wet was their toes, which were gingerly dipped into the lake water. Both boys agreed it was too cold for swimming. We stayed at the Crater Lake Lodge that night. Our next destination was Tacoma, Washington. We got an early start in the morning and were on the west side of the lake heading north at sunrise. That was the most memorable sunrise we had ever seen with the sun reflecting across the lake and Wizard Island.

In Tacoma, Washington, we visited my sister Ruth and her husband Carl and their son Jim. Carl had worked for the YMCA ever since he got out of college – even some time before he graduated, he worked for them in Hawaii and made a life long friend with a young Chinese man named TsitcumTsui. At least that is the way it sounded to us. He came to Hawaii as a boy from the Canton area of China. Because of Carl's YMCA experience, the Navy put him in charge of a USO (United Service Organization) unit in Bremerton, Washington, where they then spent a couple of years of their lives. Carl was back working for the YMCA, in Tacoma. The most memorable part of our stay in Tacoma was our preparation to go out to a fine restaurant for dinner that evening. Nephew Jim must have been about 12 or 13 and he had been outside getting dirty in a typical manner for a boy. Anyway Carl and Ruth had dressed properly for going to a good restaurant, and Ruth asked her son to clean up and get dressed appropriately for a good restaurant. Jim, typically, was resistant. In fact, he was so resistant as to say he wouldn't go if he had to clean up and change his clothes. He went to the restaurant "as is", and a good time was had by all.

The next day we went north to Bellingham, Wash. to visit Marie's brother Dick and his wife Jeanette. Dick took us for a drive one day up to a lake where we could water ski. Ken and Steve were both good swimmers, but water skiing was new to them. The lake didn't have broad sandy beaches to start skiing, so the skier was launched from the end of a pier. Ken launched OK, but finally had a spill out in the lake. The water was cold, its origin being melt-water from the winter snow in the mountains. When Steve skied, he did a remarkable job of staying upright. When he finally got back to shore we congratulated him. His remark was that when he found out how cold the water was he didn't dare take a tumble into it.

On our way Back East, we stopped for a visit at Yellowstone Park. It was the first time for the boys, and they enjoyed it thoroughly. Actually, Marie and I enjoyed it very much too. All the geysers, colorful hot pools, wild animals, and the falls from the Yellowstone River. It really is a great Park. After leaving the Park we made a stop in Cody, Wyoming, home of Buffalo Bill Cody. They were having a celebration at the time, and we stayed to take in a real rodeo on Steve's 14<sup>th</sup> birthday, August 23, 1957. From there we hurried on east to get Steve into school at Mt. Hermon in Massachusetts and Ken into school in New Jersey. We rented a house on a 6 month basis in Cranston, N.J. The owner was an Esso Engineer who was in Europe on a temporary assignment. The house was just across the street from the school Ken would attend which was very convenient.

I started work at the Research Division of Esso Research and Engineering soon after we arrived back in New Jersey, and was assigned to the jet fuels section to work on specifications for fuels

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for commercial jets. Military jet fuels did not fit the requirements of commercial aviation mainly in terms of safety and economy. At home we were looking for a house to buy. A developer was building a community in Berkley Heights, NJ in an area very close to our first New Jersey house in Watchung. We chose a split level house which was just being started and were able to change the design in a couple of ways that we thought would improve the house for us. The changes included a fireplace called a "heat-o-later" (spelling may be off!) It was a very comfortable room, being part way underground, and other than a Utility room for the furnace, water heater and laundry, it took in the whole area under the 3 bedrooms. But that is getting ahead in our tales of our tours. In the meantime, Marie had another serious attack from her gall bladder, which did require surgery. It was a difficult surgery long before laparoscopic surgery had been developed. The surgeons had taken more than 4 hours for the surgery, and Marie's doctor was so tired, he couldn't do any more surgery, and took the rest of the day off. After a few days in the hospital Marie came home, but was bedridden for almost two weeks at home with tubes running from her, into drainage containers for the liver bile. We were glad we had made the decision to come back to the U.S. of A.

My research on jet fuels involved trips to Pratt & Whitney in Connecticut., General Motors Allison Division in Indiana, and General Electric in Cincinnati, Ohio. Again I had a job that required a lot of traveling. Each place has a special story to go with it. The GM Allison Division that made the prop jet engines for the Lockheed Electra planes was located in Indianapolis. Daylight Saving Time had just started, but Indiana did not observe it, so our plans took that into account. However when we got to Indianapolis, we found that the City of Indianapolis DID observe it. So we had to adjust back again after arrival for our 8:00 a.m. appointment with the Allison Division plant. However when we got to the plant the next morning, we found that they, being in the County and not the City, did not observe DST. GM's engineers had to make quick changes in their schedules to accommodate us. Everybody realized the cause of the mix-up and understood our frustration. In the end, we found that Allison did not have much of a problem with jet fuels, so our visit was short.

We went to Cincinnati to consult with General Electric, where they made the big jet engines for the military. We spent considerable time on technical discussions about their fuel requirements and the affect of the fuel on the performance of their engines. Their biggest requirement was power per unit of fuel, but their turbines could handle a wide range of potential fuels. The time of our Cincinnati visit was purposely made for a Friday afternoon so I could spend the weekend visiting my brother, Ray, and wife Kathryn. It was coincidental that Ray, was the accountant handling the government contracts for GE, and his office was in the same building as the engine research, which was all underground. After our technical meetings were over, I sought out Ray's office. That was about 4:00 p.m. and he still had a backlog of work to do before the 5:00 p.m. quitting time, so he turned me over to one of the engineers who took me for a tour of their engine laboratory facilities. They had been working on some problems with metals in their turbine blades that my guide explained to me. After we got back to Ray's office and we were in his car on the way home I was telling Ray what I had seen and discussed with the GE engineer, Ray was very upset. He said that was an area that was off limits unless one had secret clearance. I said that I did have secret clearance. Ray said, yes, he knew that, but mine was for the military, not GE's secret clearance. I assured him that what I learned would not be disclosed to anyone else, particularly to Pratt & Whitney. No harm was done.

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Our visit to Pratt & Whitney in Hartford, CT was with the head of their fuels research. I cannot, at the moment, remember his name, but the former head of P&W fuels research was Alfred Ryder, who, at that time was just about to retire as VP of P&W. It was P&W's new J-7 jet engine that was being developed that we discussed. Rather, we discussed the fuel requirements for it. They were intent on fuel efficiency, and safety. They wanted "the most miles per gallon" for commercial planes. They also had several special requirements on volatility, stability, boiling range, etc. As it turned out the "simple" jet fuel resulted in stricter specifications than did aviation gasoline. It was a long time ago, but as I remember it, the Boeing 707 jet engines needed a huge amount of water, about 10,000 gallons, during takeoff to keep the engine cool enough so it wouldn't melt at full throttle. They had a test scheduled with Boeing to be flown from the Long Beach, CA airport. It was the first trial flight of the new Boeing 707 with 4 new P&W jet engines. The takeoff and engine performance were successful—except there was so much smoke from the engines that it shut down the Long Beach airport for several hours. How embarrassing! One result was that I spent a little time on the problem in our Esso labs. Using the water as a carrier I made various mixtures that would aid the total burning of the fuel, thereby greatly reducing the formation of smoke. My lab tests were successful; and P&W agreed to run a full-scale test in their Engine test stand in CT. The engine was mounted vertically, much like the rocket launching facilities at Cape Canaveral. The full-scale engine test eliminated the smoke, but there was one problem. An unacceptable amount of formaldehyde was present in the exhaust for  $\frac{1}{4}$  of a mile radius of the test stand. My patent application was never filed. P&W finally were able to solve their problem themselves. But their engine was so fussy about the fuel, and the P&W engines would be a major market for the fuel, their requirements effectively determined the ASTM specifications for commercial jet fuel. I was the one who determined what these requirements were and they were adopted by the ASTM for everyone to follow. Originally the jet engines were touted to be much superior to piston engines because they could burn almost anything, similar to a diesel engine in that regard. But that did not happen.

After completing the jet fuel specifications research, I was assigned to solvents research. Their previous expert had retired, and the directors had decided that I had the qualifications to *become* the Jersey Company's Solvents Expert. Considerable training was involved. I had a 3-week course at the University of Missouri in Rolla, Mo. Dr. Walter Bosch, a Dutchman from Amsterdam and a refugee from Hitler taught it. He had his own paint company there prior to Hitler and WW II. After the war he and his wife emigrated to the U. S. and were only allowed to bring in \$250 U.S. money, plus their silverware. They got special visas which allowed teachers and clergymen priority for entry. Dr. Bosch figured he wasn't much of a preacher, so decided to become a teacher. As it turned out, he was the best teacher I ever had. We studied Paint and Polymer Chemistry full time for the 3 weeks. It was the equivalent of a full year as a regular college course. We had a class of about 15 chemists and engineers from all over the U. S. Dr. Bosch treated us like family. One weekend we were all invited out to his home for a Sunday afternoon to meet his wife and see their house, which they had built in an area called Pea Ridge. In big letters on the red brick house were two large Dutch words—NUIT GEDAUGT. I don't think I have spelled that second word correctly, but when we asked what it meant, Dr. Bosch said there was no direct translation but in essence it meant, "Who'd a thunk it" that Dr. Walter Bosch would end up a teacher, living on Pea Ridge in Missouri, USA. The next year most of us were back for 3 more weeks of "Advanced Paint and Polymer Chemistry". I have no memory of how I got to the University that first year, because it was easy and normal. But I do well remember the second year there were some problems, and the final leg of the flight turned

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out to be a small airplane that landed at the Army Base a few miles outside of Rolla. After deplaning I looked around for a terminal building, but there was none. Nor were there any taxis. I was told I would have to phone for a taxi, and the closest phone I could use was at the base gate. The gate was about a half mile away, so I hoisted my luggage and proceeded on shank's horses to the gate where I was allowed to put in a call for a taxi. It arrived in about a half hour, and I arrived at the University campus about dusk. I'm still bewildered about how this trip got so fouled up. Anyway, our second year of Paint & Polymer Chemistry started the next morning, and as expected, Dr. Bosch was as good at teaching the advanced courses as he had been for the first year. After the second year course, I felt like I really understood paint and polymer chemistry.

Sometime later that year I went to the University of Florida in Gainesville for 2 weeks instruction on paints. I do not remember the instructor's name but he was well respected for his knowledge of paint chemistry and had written "the book" on it. It may be obvious that our chief customers for solvents were the paint companies. The Dry cleaning industry used large amounts of solvents and many Pesticides used large amounts of solvents for their applications. Our main solvent was called Varsol and for dry-cleaning our main competition was the chemical perchlorethylene. In the late 50's perchlorethylene was found to be in toxic concentrations in many of the dry-cleaning plants, and its use was being prohibited. That was good for the Varsol business for a while. Considerable research was being done to find other chlorinated hydrocarbons to use that were not so toxic. The Dry cleaning Institute in Constant Spring, Maryland, a suburb of Washington, DC, was carrying out research in their laboratories, and I was spending a fair amount of time with them regarding the possibility of developing a system similar to coin operated laundry facilities. Whirlpool Corp. in their Benton Harbor, Michigan laboratories were working on equipment for this purpose. We visited them and cooperated with their engineers regarding specifications for solvents to use in the process. However, satisfactory chlorinated solvents were found that were less toxic than perchlorethylene, and the coin operated system was never put in commercial use.

Esso Research in Baytown, Texas was much involved with agricultural applications that used our solvents and had several Research contracts with both state and federal experiment stations in New York, Texas, California, Oregon and Washington. Mathis Waddell, usually called Bebo was the Esso Research contact with these stations involving our research contracts. Bebo and I became good friends and worked together in applications that used our solvents. Bebo's work at the time involved the use of a solvent that had considerable resistance to wind drift, as opposed to water solutions. This not only used significantly less of the poisonous chemical, but also gave much better control of unwanted drift during application. It was in its final full scale testing phase, when the big shots decided it didn't use enough crude oil, so the research was cancelled. We'll never know! Sometimes I wonder about the wisdom of short-term profits as the only criterion in determining what products to make. General Motors is beginning to feel the results of that business philosophy.

My mother died in August of 1961 from liver cancer. She had been suffering from the cancer for 4 or 5 years during which time she had been to the hospital 2 times for surgery, in the hopes that some cure might be found. However, she said the surgeries were just to "rearrange the plumbing" which helped reduce the pain.

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The year before my mother died, Maurice Morrow was temporarily transferred from the Baytown Research facility to the New Jersey Research Division. The solvents Group (me) was put in his Section. The winter that he was there was very severe and driving conditions from our house to Research were almost impossible some days. During that winter New Jersey had a snowstorm with more than a foot of snow almost every week and snow removal equipment was not able to keep the roads cleared, which resulted in icy, rutted streets. After one weekend storm, on Monday morning I left for work early, and 4 hours later, I finally got to our Research building and found it closed for the day!

So I turned around and took 4 more hours to get back home again. During this period, the parent company, Standard Oil of New Jersey, was consolidating 7 of its companies in the United States and the new U. S. Company name was changed from Esso Standard Oil Co. to Humble Oil & Refining Co. with headquarters in Houston, Texas. The spring of 1962 Maurice Morrow was due to go back to Baytown, TX and he advised me to transfer to Houston to take a job in Sales Engineering that was transferring from New York City to Houston. I had done a lot of traveling with Sales Engineering, particularly with Ken Boggs, who was the one that had usually asked me to accompany him on trips that dealt with difficult technical problems involving solvents. Due to the extreme dislike of the past winter, I accepted the offer, and we moved to Houston, Texas on December 22, 1962. Chuck was 3 years old, Ken was in High School and Steve was in college at the University of Texas in Austin. I still have questions for myself as to whether or not that was a wise move. There will always be a "what if?" The main result was that I ended up living in Texas for more than 30 years, but never really became a Texan.

We sold our very comfortable new 3-bedroom split-level house in Berkley Heights, New Jersey. We bought a beautiful 1-year-old 4-bedroom house in Houston for less money than we had received in the sale of the N.J. home. We moved into our Houston house on December 22. Moving in is always a problem, but especially just before Christmas. Chuck, being 3 years old and already inquisitive had wandered a couple of houses down the street and met a wonderful neighbor lady who took him by the hand and led him back to "those new folks just moving in". She had guessed right and delivered Chuck just about the time we started wondering what had happened to him. It was a good start in getting acquainted with our neighbors. Right across the street were the Mandrells, Tom and Olive, and their teenagers, Rick, and Marcia. Marcia later frequently baby sat for Chuck. Tom was an engineer, and the manager of the Dow Chemical Pipeline Co. We quickly became friends with them. On New Years Day we were invited to go oystering with them. We drove down to some oyster banks south of Galveston. Tom had his wading boots to go out to the oyster beds. We had a bonfire on the beach, as I recall. Marie was a good sport and partook of some of the raw oysters. I did not and I don't remember whether Ken did or not, but he probably did.

Ken enrolled in the Memorial Drive High School, and I started work as a Regional Sales Engineer. The Jersey Co. had consolidated 7 affiliated companies in the U. S. into the one, Humble Oil and Refining Co. The Southwest Region was headquartered in Houston, and Sales Engineering was "officed" in the Prudential Building way out on the west (?) end of Main Street. I was still the solvents expert, and continued to assist the sales representatives with their customer's problems that involved the use of our products. I also became better acquainted with the Baytown division of Esso Research, particularly with Bebo Waddell. I often accompanied Bebo on his trips to the Texas Agricultural Research Station in the Rio Grande Valley. Their

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work included, among others, orchard spray oils for control of scale and mites on citrus trees. Also herbicides such as carrot weed killer.

Later on Esso Research in New Jersey developed an asphaltic emulsion that could be sprayed on seed rows of cotton and melons. It formed a thin black film over the seedbeds, which increased the soil temperature enough to cause germination to occur about 3 weeks earlier than normal. We cooperated with Esso Research, N.J. involving demonstration applications in cotton fields in Texas, Arizona, and California. The asphaltic emulsion was trade named ENCAP. These three operations were all in the Southwest Region, so I made periodic visits to each one and learned about details and even took part in some of the tests. It got me much better acquainted with Arizona, and now that air conditioning was a fact, and in use in the motels where we stayed, Arizona became a more attractive place to live.

We also had some Encap applications in the Rio Grande Valley, so I made several trips down there on my own. One of these times Ken did not have school so he went with me and in the course of our inspections, we managed to get stuck in the sticky mud of the Rio Grande Valley. Fortunately, we both wore boots.

One of the cotton research plots was near Yuma, AZ and included another company's Biological control of insects. It was ditch irrigated, and had been watered the day before. The cotton grew well and was 5 or 6 feet tall. The researchers needed to count the number of cotton bolls that were or would form on the plants. I agreed to help count. Decked out in straw hats and a white handkerchief tucked under the back of the hat to protect our necks from insects, we trudged into the mud with a mid day temperature of about 115° 's and swarms of insects. We counted the cotton bolls in each row. There were very few. As one grower termed it, a fine crop of fodder, but very little cotton.

The final result for Encap was to cancel it. It was a success in nearly all of its applications around the world, not only farming but also in re-establishing grass in old buffalo wallows to growing trees in the deserts of Africa and the Middle East. However, it lacked the one overriding qualification for Standard Oil Co. of New Jersey, which was selling huge volumes of crude oil. Selling crude oil was the company's big profit maker and only products that used a lot of crude would be marketed by Standard Oil of New Jersey--now the EXXONMOBIL OIL CO, after the recent merger.

In 1964 I was transferred to the *new* Western Region, with headquarters in Los Angeles. Chuck had been going to Nursery School at an Episcopal Church in Houston for about two or more years, so when we got to California he was put in First Grade of the public school in Torrance. We lived in a section of Torrance about a mile wide that stretched west from Downtown Torrance clear to Santa Monica Bay. We were much closer to Redondo Beach than Torrance center, so we were given a post office address of Redondo Beach, but we paid taxes to Torrance. Shortly after we moved into our house in Hollywood Riviera, which is what they called that mile wide section of Torrance by Santa Monica Bay, we had a call from a neighbor who was registering new people to vote. When it came to the question of party affiliation, Democrat or Republican we said we were Independents whose votes decided the elections. We thought it was a reasonable statement, but when the voter registration cards came to us in the mail, that part was noted as "refused to answer". So, he probably figured we were communists, or at least some

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kind of radical. We were used to choosing which party to vote in when the primaries were held. California seemed to consider a political party choice as being a lifetime dedication. We did not agree, and still do not.

Chuck had a bad start in first grade, and because Ken had had problems in school due to a lack of recognition of dyslexia, we were concerned about Chuck and made an appointment to see the principal to discuss our concern. He was totally uncooperative, so we took Chuck out of that school and enrolled him in a private school called The Rolling Hills Country Day School. It was a wise move. It was a good school with plenty of personal attention. They all had maroon colored sweaters with the school identification as "uniforms". Chuck appeared to enjoy that school and he made good progress academically. He enjoyed singing their songs they had learned – "from California to New York Harbor-----"and "Marching to Pretoria". Chuck was in the middle of second grade when we moved back to Houston and ready to transfer directly in midterm into the second grade in Houston. We were very glad we had made the switch to a private school in California...

Ken was still having school problems in Houston, and for his third year of High School, he transferred from Memorial High School to Spring Branch High School where he could take some shop courses like Woodworking and Mechanics. However, problems persisted and he decided to drop out of high school and join the U S Coast Guard. (He did get his GED high school equivalent while in the Coast Guard.) He was sent to New London, CT for duty. The Coast Guard Academy was in New London, and in the summer the cadets went on cruises. Those with the best grades got to go on the sailing ship named the Eagle. It had been the training ship for the German Navy, but was taken by the US as a war prize and assigned to the Coast Guard Academy. Ken was assigned to The Eagle, and taught Damage Control to the cadets. They usually cruised from the east coast to the west coast, and one summer they visited Long Beach, CA. The students and crew all had time off, and Ken stayed with us while ashore, which pleased us. The next year they stopped at San Diego, and Ken came up from there to visit us for the weekend. We took him back to get aboard before they sailed and thought we had lots of time. However we ran into some traffic problems in San Diego and were afraid we would miss sailing time. However, we finally arrived with only minutes to spare, and all was well.

The Eagle spent most of the winters in a Baltimore shipyard for repairs a maintenance. One spring I had a company trip to New York, and worked in a weekend to visit Ken in Baltimore. As it happened, the Eagle had finished the work that was needed in Baltimore and had set out to sea on the way home, but had a serious collision with a freighter coming in to Baltimore. The freighter had hit the bow of the Eagle and destroyed the front end of the Eagle. When I got there for my visit, Ken took me for a tour of the wreckage and explained a bit about what had happened. The Eagle had to have an entire front section built. We could see it sitting up high on dry land almost ready to meet the rest of the ship in dry dock... I don't know if it was a head on collision or not, but the prow of the Eagle had been driven back into the ship. Luckily, no one was killed, but the destruction I saw was almost unbelievable. As I write this now, several decades later, the Eagle still goes on its summer cruises and probably most of those aboard are unaware that the ship is not entirely the same ship that we took from Germany as a prize of war. My transfer from Houston to Los Angeles in 1964 was not to my advantage. I was required to not only assist the sales representatives to help them solve customer's problems with solvents, but also with all other products sold by Humble Oil. This included Service Station customer's

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problems. Other than basic engineering's classical ability to "solve problems" I was not equipped to help in these matters. I did not have the "gift of gab" or a personality to "charm" the irate customer, with the result that I was no longer enjoying my job. It was finally agreed to transfer me back to Houston in 1967 to headquarters Marketing Technical Services, to be in charge of solvents and agricultural products handled by the Industrial Business Department. During these years, our name was changed from "Sales Engineering" to "Marketing Technical Services". Charlie Reass was the cause of this name change. The parent company decided to shut down the Everett Refinery in the early 60's, and they tried to find jobs for the employees that were affected by this shutdown. This resulted in Charlie Reass being transferred to Houston for a job with the Sales Engineering section. However, Charlie was a chemist, and not an engineer and someone (from one of our competitors) objected to calling a chemist an engineer, so the name was changed to Marketing Technical Services. All because of Charlie, who in spite of being "only a chemist", was one of the best sales engineers we had. At about this time, solvents became a single full time job, as did agricultural products. Barry Hutchings took over solvents, and I had agricultural product applications. I failed to see the handwriting on the wall, and after several months and some new applications in research on agricultural products, the company decided to cancel marketing and all research on products for agricultural applications. So Bebo Waddell and I, as well as the whole agricultural applications section of Esso Research in New Jersey (with the exception of their section head.) were given the "golden handshake" and early retirement. I was then 54 years old.

About a year before retirement from Humble, we had decided to do a lot of traveling after retirement, and to prepare for it we bought a Mobile Home in a new park east of Houston. That was where we were living when our retirement came earlier than expected. It was close to the Sheldon Middle School and High School, which was good, but turned out to be about the only good thing about it.

After leaving Humble Oil, we took the big travel trailer that we pulled with a ¾ ton Ford truck, fitted with a topper over the truck part. We had cabinets made on the sides and two "saddle" tanks installed with valved piping to switch tanks. This gave us room for adequate camping equipment and fuel for long trips. The trip in 1972 was to California. We had planned to go to Los Gatos first to visit Aunt Nell and Uncle Ray and then drive down the coast to L.A. to visit Ruth and Carl in Manhattan Beach. However, when we stopped for overnight in Barstow in the Mojave Desert of California, we called Ruth Olson in Manhattan Beach and learned that Aunt Nell had died that day. So we changed our route and headed down to Riverside, CA where we camped, and re-planned our trip. We visited in the L.A. area for a few days or more and then went north to Los Gatos. While in Los Gatos we did some job hunting, but without much success, but stayed there most of July. Marie wanted to get back to Houston and get ready for school, which started the latter part of August. We had an uneventful return to Houston, except our campground in Yuma, AZ. We pretty much chose campgrounds by using Woodall's Guide to campgrounds. The one in Yuma was in the right place at the right time for a stop so we followed directions and came to a large, mostly paved, campground with all the standard hookups for travel trailers. We pulled in to one and decided to go up to the small building that looked like the office. We entered, and it was. We asked if they were open for business, because there was no one else there. They assured us they were open but the reason for no one else was because no one came to Yuma, AZ in August on purpose. However, all the hookups

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worked, including our air conditioner on the trailer. After a comfortable, quiet night, we were on our way early the next morning.

After we got back to Houston, I stayed there for awhile and Marie got a part time job with the Sheldon School District to manage the food service of a new elementary school. I was unsuccessful with job hunting in Houston, and at Ruth's (Olson) suggestion, I went back to Manhattan Beach and went job hunting in southern CA. During that time, Ruth and Carl took a trip to the South Pacific and New Zealand while I house sat for them. Job hunting showed no change. Too many idle engineers. However, because of our contacts with the University I knew Dr. Riel (sp?) and managed to get a job offer at the University of California at Riverside. It was with an air quality research program with Federal funding starting the following January. It was headed by Dr. Charles R. Thompson. (I remember his name because it was the same as my brother's) With that development, and the return of Ruth and Carl, I went back to Houston. In the meantime, Marie had gotten acquainted with the Principle of the middle school that Chuck attended. I got home one Saturday night around 11:00 p.m. and Monday morning around 6:00 a.m. got a call from Mr. Whittington, the middle school principle, asking if I would substitute teach that day. I had never expected to teach, but I agreed to come that day. That resulted in being called to substitute on about a halftime basis. I was also talked into going back to school and getting a teaching certificate. I enrolled at the University of Houston, School of Education for the second semester and also summer school. In the fall I had a teaching job with an emergency certificate to teach science and mathematics. I taught Earth Science to 8<sup>th</sup> graders that year and the next summer went to Summer School at Sam Houston State University in Huntsville, and got my permanent teaching certificate. That fall I again taught at the Sheldon Middle School, teaching both Earth Science part time and 7<sup>th</sup> grade Math part time. The next year it was all 7<sup>th</sup> Grade Math. When the year finished, and I was on my way to become a teacher, Marie quit her job at the new elementary school, and transferred to be a regular cook at the High School Cafeteria.

About this time we decided it had been a big mistake to buy the Mobile Home, and we bought a good 3 bedroom house in the Woodforest area which was the only area on the east side of Houston that had high quality houses. We also were able to sell the Mobile Home at about a \$10,000 loss.

I had been teaching school for 6 years when my old friend Bebo Waddell started calling me urging me to come to work as an Industrial Hygienist with the Texas Department of Health. I had gotten to like teaching and didn't want to change. However after a couple of weeks Bebo started calling Marie emphasizing "twice the salary". So, with the two of them twisting my arm, I accepted the job with the State of Texas Department of Health, and it was back to going to school again, rather than teaching. This time it was mostly self-study with considerable help from Bebo. I found that Industrial Hygiene was about 75% Chemical Engineering and the rest mostly Toxicology. With the texts loaned to me I was able to learn most of what I needed to know. In addition, our work being connected with OSHA, I attended several 3-week courses at the OSHA Institute in Chicago. Also in 1981 I was sent to Michigan State University for a week's study at an Industrial Ventilation Conference. In due course I passed the professional tests for Industrial Hygiene except the 5 years experience part. I also passed the national test for Safety Engineer, and was certified. For that certification I could count my years of experience with Exxon to take the place of 5 years as a safety engineer.

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As it turned out, I also enjoyed my work with the Health Department. In a way it was like my work in the Navy as a Compass Adjuster. Every day was different, and you didn't really know where you would be working the next day. We did not have enforcement authority, like OSHA, but made our inspections by invitation only. We did the same type of inspection as OSHA, mostly to keep them out of trouble and to keep from having a problem with workers compensation. Money is often a motivator.

There was often a degree of uncertainty with some investigations as to whether they were the responsibility of the state or of the city. My counterpart with the Houston Health Department was Marilyn Byrd. An example of a dual responsibility was a problem with the health of the postdoctoral researchers in a large multistory building of the University of Texas, School of Public Health. The building was essentially a multi story big square doughnut with offices on the outside walls, then a hallway, then the laboratories inside facing the courtyard. The building had been constructed so that fresh conditioned air entered the office ring and exited into the hallway, then into the labs and exhausted from the labs. All of the labs of course, had hoods with adjustable exhausts. The architects apparently expected all entrance doors to each laboratory to be closed, and all lab hoods to be in a stationary position. However that was not the way it worked in real life. Marilyn and I spent part of our time over a 6 weeks period collecting data on personal health of the researchers, on laboratory operations, on air quality, on filtration of incoming air, what chemicals were used by each researcher, disposal of "sacrificed" animals etc. We made our final report which contained 21 violations of the OSHA requirements. Most of them were minor, but needed fixing. Fixing involved a major renovation of the main ventilation system. The University put it out for bid. The lowest bidder was from two professors at Texas A & M University who estimated the cost to be \$150,000 to readjust the ventilation system to eliminate 21 minor problems. One conclusion that Marilyn and I both had was that doctors were the biggest hypochondriacs we had ever dealt with.

Our family had moved to Woodforest while I was still teaching. Chuck finished his junior year of high school in the Sheldon School District, but Woodforest was in a different district, so his senior year he had to make a lot of new friends at a different high school, but we were in easy bicycle distance from the old King High School. Marie kept on working there, and left early in the morning because they served breakfast to the students at King. In his senior year, Chuck enlisted in the Air Force. He still had the summer at home, because he did not have to report to the Airforce boot camp in San Antonio until September. After boot camp he had wanted to get some computer training, but he also liked the location closer to the Rocky Mountains because he loved to ski. The computer training was in Biloxi, Mississippi. So he went to Luke Air Force Base west of Phoenix. His training was for "weapons mechanics". I guess any training, no matter the name, was good training. Chuck learned more about airplanes in that course, I am sure, than he would have in Biloxi, MS. He also got a lot of motorcycle riding experience in Arizona, which he still enjoys. He has several trophies to prove it.

I had purchased a small retirement size house in Old Mystic, Connecticut in 1980, and had it rented to a woman and her son. It was on a 1/2 acre lot with detached 2-car garage, and a two horse, two-story barn at the back of the back yard. But selling our Houston house was somewhat of a problem. It was a buyer's market time, and friends had taken up to 2 years to sell their houses, so we decided to put ours on the market several months before we expected to move to

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Connecticut. There were several new apartments that had been built in our part of town for us to use if needed. Much to our surprise, we got an offer for our house almost immediately, but it required some creative financing. There was a small mortgage on the house that we had assumed when we bought it, and the prospective buyer was willing to take that over, but he was about \$20,000 short of covering the difference. So, using “creative financing”, I rapidly learned about mortgages, and took a second mortgage from the buyer in the amount \$20,000. This sale had the condition that the buyer (he was a construction engineer with the Bechtel Corp.) could move his family in by the end of the week, which was about 5 days off. Fortunately, Marie knew someone who knew someone that could push the required paperwork through for renting a small one-bedroom apartment, and with help from the neighbors we got moved in time, and the buyer’s second mortgage was legalized. We actually lived very comfortably in that nice sort of two-story apartment for 9 months before I resigned from my job with the State Health Department at the end of April. Marie resigned her job with the school district at the end of February.

The renters in our Old Mystic house had been notified a couple of months previously to vacate the house at the end of April. Mayflower movers picked up our stored furniture plus what we had in our apartment, at the end of April and started the drive to Connecticut. We had left the Buick Station Wagon, and our fairly new Argosy travel trailer in a friend’s back yard, to be picked up later. We drove the Toyota Corolla with as much luggage as we could carry and kept up with the movers. We had purchased a new Queen size bed, dining room furniture, refrigerator and other needed supplies for the Old Mystic house and Ken arranged for them to be delivered the first day of May, which I believe was a Saturday. The renters, of course, were not as efficient as they should have been, and Ken had to come over on Saturday and help shove them out. He also did some cleaning up of the house after they had left a mess. Ken had all of our new furniture in place and the refrigerator plugged in and had even purchased food for our supper and breakfast the next morning when we arrived late Sunday afternoon. It was a good start, and we were very grateful for Ken’s preparation for our arrival. We were able to sleep in our own bed our first night in Connecticut.

Chuck and Loretta were to be married on May 28 in Phoenix, so after we got established in Mystic Ken took us to the Providence, R.I. airport in Warwick and we flew back to Houston. We picked up the Buick and Argosy and headed west for Phoenix and arrived a couple of days before the wedding. Loretta’s parents also had a travel trailer, and it turned out they were staying in the same travel park that we were. It was a chance to get a little acquainted with them, which was good. The wedding was in a Christian Church. It was a small church and not a part of the UCC, which was created by the union of Congregational, Reformed (?), and Christian Church denominations. However the wedding service was traditional and well done. Chuck and Loretta had purchased a small house in a new development on the west side of Phoenix, which gave Chuck quite a long commute to his job which was right beside the Phoenix airport. We left them there in their new house and we took the Argosy in a more leisurely drive back across country to Connecticut and back to our new retirement house and grounds in Old Mystic.

The ½ acre for lawns, flowerbeds and vegetable gardens was quite a challenge for many months of making improvements. The soil was typical Connecticut—full of rocks. For a rose bed I built an 8’x8’ wooden frame with treated wood that I could then fill with about 6 inches of topsoil. I bought 5 different rose bushes and had roses blooming the first year. There was an old dug well

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at the side of the driveway out front that required some creative thinking, but it became a flower bed starting with tulips in the spring. The big job was the barn. It had a dirt floor and a ladder built with a series of boards across the studding to reach the loft. I bought some more lumber for forms and mixed my own concrete in a wheelbarrow. Over a few weeks time, I filled successive strips of concrete until we had a 4" thick concrete floor for the whole barn. It also required a new concrete ramp to the barn entrance door. With all this good space we had a great place to store all the gardening equipment including my John Deere riding mower. In my "spare time", I constructed a stairway in a back corner to make the loft easily accessible, and room for more storage.

We became active in the Mystic Congregational Church and made many friends, among them Elsie Barnes. She was an elderly widow whose husband had been one of a partnership owning the franchise for the Atlas Moving and Storage Co. They had a big warehouse on Shewville Rd. near where Lantern Lane ended at Shewville Rd. Elsie lived in a big stone house all by herself a little ways north on Lantern Lane. She still drove, but did not like to drive at night, so Marie or I would take her at night and she would drive and take Marie to church meetings, etc. in the daytime. We belonged to "The Salt Shakers" group at the church. These were social groups. Each group was made up of about a dozen, mostly couples, who would take turns entertaining during the winter months. Our house was not large enough to entertain such a large group, but Elsie's house was, so when Marie and I entertained, it was at Elsie's house, and we did the work. When she entertained, we helped *her*. It worked very well. In both instances, we really co-hosted. The groups were called "salt shakers" because every month the people in each group would change. It was programmed so that all could get acquainted with all the others in the Salt Shakers, but individuals didn't know who was coming out of the shaker or when, until told. A good idea for any church, I would say.

After we had been members of the Congregational Church long enough to be fairly well acquainted with the church and its members, probably about 1985 or 6, I was elected Treasurer of the Congregational Church. That was at a time when the Session had decided that the Treasurer should be the Church's chief financial officer, and not just a bookkeeper. In fact another person was appointed to be the bookkeeper. We also had an assistant treasurer who owned a store in Mystic Village (a touristy place, with buildings in the style of one or two centuries past). As I remember; his name was Frank Davis. He used a computer for his bookkeeping at his store, and had seen an ad in a computer magazine for a new program written specifically for church use. We convinced the Session to purchase the program and I had the privilege of installing it for our church. It had a good accounting section, but also had programs for church membership, committees, officers and other church management activities. After I had the bookkeeping part up and running which included check writing and payrolls, Joan Robinson was hired to be an assistant to the church secretary, and she took over the bookkeeping part of the treasurers duties. The Church was also undergoing some expansion connecting the Parish House, which really was a house at one time, to the main Church building and constructing new class rooms and a memorial Library in the portion built to connect the buildings.. The library in that new section was a memorial to Elsie Barnes late husband who was active in the church and had donated part of the money for the connecting link. We, the church, had a line of credit with a bank, which made it possible for me to withdraw money periodically as needed to pay for the construction as it progressed..

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When we first joined the church it had about 400 members. Our minister had medical problems and retired. Our new minister, Chris Emerson, had an enthusiastic personality. He was divorced and his former wife and their 7-year-old daughter lived in Reston, Virginia. Chris rented a house for himself where he held get acquainted dinner meetings with a different group of members each week, as a means of getting acquainted, and making us all a part of one big family. He was actually a pretty good cook (when he cooked the vegetables long enough). The church doubled in membership while he was pastor. When he left it was to take a much larger church in New Hampshire. People always wondered why he had accepted our little church at a relatively low salary. In his final sermon, he gave the answer. It was because it was the only offer he got. Being divorced was frowned upon by many churchgoers.

While Chris was in Mystic, a young woman, Judy Copland was pastor of a small Congregational Church in Nearby Norwich. After a bit they were married, and in due time, had a baby daughter they named Abbey. That created a problem which was solved by each taking Abbey to the church office with them one day a week, each staying at home with her one or two days a week, which took care of 4 to 6 days of the week. The other days a volunteer from the church would keep her for a day. Marie was one of those. We also had a young Boston terrier named Brooks and we had already installed a folding gate in the large opening from the dining area to the living room. This also helped keep Abbey and Brooks apart, but they stayed very friendly on their own side of the gate. A curiosity at the time was Chris's instruction to let Abbey play out in the yard and don't worry about her getting dirty. The more diseases she was exposed to, the better. She would automatically build up immunity to them and not be bothered getting sick with them later. It is now being recognized by the medical community as being a good way to build up an immune system.

While the church was a big part of our life in Mystic, I also had a part time job as adjunct professor for the University of New Haven. They had a night school branch in Groton and the students were primarily employees of Electric Boat that was the largest builder of submarines in the United States, and the world, for that matter. The Company, a Division of General Dynamics, offered to pay the student's tuition and fees to take night school classes in engineering subjects, as long as they maintained a C average. I taught Occupational Safety and Health Management. It was fun teaching these students who were old enough to want to learn. Also I had enough recent experiences to tell about practical aspects. The first year, I also had students from the Navy that were stationed at the Submarine Base in Groton, but the Navy apparently decided or were told they could not pay the tuition and fees for the enlisted men to get a college education. That eliminated most of the students who were in the U S Navy.

Another bright side of living in Mystic was the Eastern Connecticut Symphony Orchestra. It was an unusually good orchestra for a small community. It consisted mainly of musicians who taught music in the schools in eastern CT, or gave lessons, but they were all good musicians and the orchestra had a very able director. However, after directing our orchestra for several years he decided he wanted to go home to Greece. So we had one season with a different director every month, most of whom were candidates for the job of director of the orchestra. Peter Stuart was president of the Eastern Connecticut Symphony Association. He was a lawyer and also an active member of the Mystic Congregational Church, and was also the one who had nominated me to be church treasurer. Peter was a friend as well as being my lawyer. After each concert with a director who had applied for the permanent job as director, Peter would consult with me as to my

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opinion. Guessing that I would be consulted, I always listened and observed to evaluate the suitability of each person who directed that night. It turned out that the one I thought the best was a Japanese man, but I didn't recommend him because I thought he was good enough that he would soon leave for a better job elsewhere. I did single out the next best of the group of about 6 applicants, and thought that he would be an excellent director for us, and would probably stay for several years. Peter agreed with me, and this individual was hired. Did I really influence the decision? I'll never know! Unfortunately that turned out to be close to the time we decided to move back to Texas, and I never got to hear a full season with the new conductor but understand that he was well liked and the orchestra performed well each season.

As mentioned before, Peter Stuart was a lawyer, and because Marie was showing signs of dementia, Peter advised me to put our house in my name only, and to put all of our assets into a Revocable Trust. A General Power of Attorney gave me the power to make decisions for Marie if and when she was unable to do so herself. This should be done while Marie was still able to comprehend the details of such matters, and could legally sign the necessary papers. That was the beginning of the James W. Ryder Revocable Trust which still owns all of my major assets. It also provides for the distribution of the assets after my death. However all states do not have the same laws in this regard which caused us trouble in the State of Texas, whose laws were based on Spanish law, rather than English law, as were most of the other states.

Although our retirement life in Mystic was close to ideal, it became apparent that Marie was being increasingly troubled with dementia probably from Alzheimer's disease. We made the decision to move back to Texas where better medical treatment was available, and also where Steve lived, in the most desirable part of Texas—Austin. It was still not as good as Old Mystic, CT, but the best in Texas. We put our Mystic house on the market. Steve's wife, Carol, contacted a real estate agent in Austin and gave them the fundamental criteria needed for a house we would buy. We arranged a time for me to fly to Austin and see the offerings, and possibly make a purchase. I believe there were 6 houses lined up for Carol and me to look at with the agent. Three of them were houses owned by the banks that had foreclosed on them, and they appeared as though they had not had any maintenance or other work done on them for many months, so were immediately removed from our list. Of the three left, one was in an area of expensive homes. It was on a good lot and looked good from the outside, but inside was a different story. It appeared to have been designed by an amateur and, in particular, the kitchen was tiny. It was only big enough for a small apartment, rather than a 4 - 5 bedroom house. That left two. One was right next door to Steve and Carol's house and was attractive and well maintained, but the back fence was right next to the school yard of an, at times, noisy grade school. The other house was on Rain Forest Drive that dead ended into Barn Swallow Dr. where Steve and Carol lived, just two blocks away. Following my lawyer's advice, I bought the house in my name only.

We moved into it in 1990. It was great to be so "handy" to Steve, Carol, Charles, and Stephanie. At that time I was having a problem of waking up in the middle of the night feeling very hot a sweaty with my heart beating very fast accompanied by high blood pressure. One Saturday morning Steve walked up to our house for a visit. When he saw me he said "I'm taking you to the Emergency Room right now". And he did. I was on a gurney for 4 hours hooked up to lots of wires that fed into an electronic system of machines. It showed a couple of heart problems that normal EKG's in the doctor's office had never shown. Medications were prescribed to

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control the blood pressure, and I learned to sleep with my head elevated. This seemed to minimize the problem. Many things were suggested and tried, but after several years, I obtained a Mayo Clinic Digestive Health book and found out why retirement homes start their dinner hour at 4:00 p.m. That gives us about 4 hours after eating before going to bed. Gas generated during the digestion process has time to dissipate. Exactly what the connection is between the gas pressure and the heart problem is still unknown, but the system works anyway. While I was on the gurney having my heart monitored, I had an interesting conversation with the nurse. She asked me if I had ever been to South America. I said yes, then she asked where in S.A., and I said Colombia,, and she then asked where in Colombia? I said Cartagena. She then told me she was born in Cartagena. Her father was Commander Wells, who was head of the U. S. Naval Mission at the Colombian Naval Academy. A small world.

A bit of excitement was generated one day at the Steve Ryder's house. We heard fire engines and it looked like smoke coming from their house. Upon investigation, we found that Stephanie almost burnt their house down. She was melting wax over water in a saucepan. A normal thing to do when you want to work with molten wax. However she had a saucepan with water in it and chunks of solid wax on top. She turned the burner on and went to the bathroom at the other end of the house. During her absence a small explosion had taken place and molten wax was blown up and came down on the stove burner and ignited. The resultant fire burned a considerable area in the kitchen and filled the rest of the house with black smoke. A lot of excitement and tens of thousands of dollars in damage –mostly smoke damage. It reminded me of an explosion at our Bayway Refinery in Linden, N.J. when I was working there for the Process Research Division. The Refinery had a big (probably around a million barrels capacity) tank of bunker fuel oil in one of the tanks. Most large storage tanks have several inches of water at the bottom from condensation on the walls, settling after treating, etc. The heavy fuel oil in this tank needed to be heated to make it liquid enough to be pumped. Heating coils with high-pressure steam were used to soften the oil. One day when the tank was about half full, the steam coils were turned on and the operator didn't watch the gages and the bottom water continued to heat up, under pressure from the weight of the oil above to a temperature considerably above the normal boiling point. Finally the bottom water got so hot that a bubble of steam was pushed up through the oil making a vent that caused the water below to vaporize and explode sending the roof of the tank more than a quarter of a mile away. Sides of the tank collapsed and sticky oil covered everything in the vicinity. The cost of that explosion was considerably more than the one involved with Stephanie. Anyway, the same lesson was learned. When the heat is on, stick around and keep things under control.

The last Elderhostel that Marie and I attended together was in Corpus Christi in 1992. Ruth Olson also came to Corpus Christi for that Elderhostel and we had adjoining rooms at the best hotel in town. Our room doors opened onto a balcony type hallway that overlooked the large atrium and the lobby of the hotel. That part I remember, but what subjects were involved in the education part I do not remember.

It was about this time that Marie started getting more forgetful and had to have 24 hour care. I installed a listening system in her bedroom similar to what is used in babies' rooms for the parents to listen for any problems at night. This system worked quite well at night so I could hear if there were any crashes, or if she called out. This was installed *after* she had fallen and hit her forehead on the sharp corner of her dresser drawer. I couldn't hear her call in my bedroom

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and she couldn't stand to walk, but had used her hands to push herself along the floor to get near the door where the light switch was and turned on the lights, in the hope that I would see the light under the door and investigate. My bedroom was right across the hall from hers.. An hour or so later I had seen the light under the door when I got up for a bathroom trip, and found her there on the floor. I called 911 and they came, got her back in bed and patched her up and didn't think anything further needed to be done. This was the first of several falls, and we (Steve, Carol and I) began searching for care facilities for her. We tried two different day care facilities, which were sort of successful, but one day Marie just flat refused to go to them anymore. I then hired a very capable Mexican woman who came in for 8 hours during the day to stay with her. She also made herself useful in doing some cleaning, dusting, etc. while she was there.

In August of 1993 we were able to get Marie into an excellent live-in care facility called Shangri La. It was out in the country built on 5 acres of land and set 500 feet back from a paved country road. It had beautiful country landscaping of trees, shrubs and flowers. It also had a barn with a large loft (Made into an apartment for a part time nurse.) and a chicken house with a large fenced in yard. In with the chickens were a few turkeys and ducks and a pair of peacocks. In the barn, which was open to pasturage were miniature horses and 4 goats. On the other side of the house was a fenced in yard with a pair of emus. The patients were allowed to take a stroll around most of the yards and watch the animals. One of the Nanny goats was pregnant and one night gave birth. All of the women patients were thrilled with the event. But, by the next day they had forgotten about it.

In 1994 in March I had knee surgery for an artificial knee on my right knee. This was done at St. David's Hospital, and 4 days after the surgery I transferred to inpatient physical therapy for a week. St. David's P.T. was excellent and I had a therapist named Anne Katz, who was especially good with water therapy. After a week of inpatient therapy I returned for several months of outpatient therapy. Sometime in May I decided to have the left knee replaced. Operating room reservations were made for early in July. This turned out to be an "exciting" time. I had swallowing problems and my esophagus was found to have considerable scar tissue caused by too frequent contact with stomach acids. The pain from these acid burns, for some reason unknown, is called *heartburn*. The heartburn caused scar tissue to build up that interfered with swallowing. I had a hiatus hernia, which allowed this to happen. My doctor decided it needed to be fixed immediately before it got any worse, so on June 30 I had surgery to enlarge the esophagus. In the meantime I developed a hernia, so July 2 (my birthday was July 3) I had laparoscopic surgery for a double hernia and right after the 4<sup>th</sup> had my left knee replaced. All this in less than a week's time. After the third surgery, my doctor decided it was time for me take back the pint of blood I had given for emergencies. This put some color back in my face. After this surgery I followed the same PT schedule. When my time allowed by Medicare ran out, I found that I could continue using the pool for water therapy for about \$50 a month. Although Ann K was not my therapist anymore, she was there with other patients and kept track of me and worked me through further self scheduled therapy, having the free use of all their therapy equipment. After I had done about as much as I could to improve my knees with pool exercise I asked Anne Katz what I should do next and where. She said, "go to our Fitness Center". I said, "where is that"? "Its in the white building right on the corner. Take the walkway from the first floor of the garage, and it will go directly to the second floor of the white building. Walk up the stairs to the third floor and the Fitness Center is right down the hall." I did, and it was. I started exercising there under the direction of Kathy Ireland and have been

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exercising ever since in whatever facility I can find. In the meantime, Ruth Johnson, in April of 1996 moved over from Florida and we lived together at Buckner Villas. In late 1998 or early 1999 Ruth and I moved from Buckner to The Renaissance. When we moved, we found we were then several extra inconvenient miles from St. David's Fitness Center, so we joined an Athletic Club called The Q Club, which was only a few blocks from The Renaissance. When we moved to Grand Rapids, Michigan in 2001, we joined the YMCA. They had a wonderful fitness center. It was the best we have ever seen. But then, we moved to the Burcham Hills Retirement Center, East Lansing, Michigan in 2002. Even though there was a YMCA fairly near, we did not join it because Burcham Hills had enough equipment for our exercise needs. But I'm getting ahead of myself.

This section of the biography will, perhaps go into more detail than the earlier sections. I apologize if you find it boring. To me it is not boring, and represents a very important part of my life. Ruth kept rather complete notes on all the foreign trips we made, and what follows is a somewhat watered down part of her notes, plus things I may have remembered in addition. I hope you like foreign travel.

Back to January 1995 I got a call from Russ Ferguson saying that he and Laura were planning an Elderhostel in Ireland in September. He wondered, now that I was able to travel again, if I would like to accompany them for an Elderhostel. It was a very pleasant surprise to me and I quickly said yes, that would be great. He added "by the way" they hoped Laura's sister Ruth who had lost her husband about two years earlier would join them too. My thoughts were "if she is anything like her sister, she should be good company". With overseas Elderhostels, if you have a group that you want to be together, all of the group must register at the same time. So, Russ registered for the four of us and also arranged our transportation. Ruth would come from Minneapolis and I from Austin to meet in Chicago, O'Hare Airport to fly to London and from London to Dublin. I called Ruth once during the summer around July 4 when she was at her cottage in Hovland, MN on the north shore of Lake Superior, but when it came to meeting her at the airport at O'Hare, I hadn't even seen a picture of her. We were flying in a 747 with 300 or so passengers, and my plane from Austin was about an hour late getting to Chicago, so by the time I got there the waiting area for our flight to London was full. I did spot one empty seat beside a grey haired lady whose luggage looked like it might be going on an Elderhostel. I tentatively approached the vacant seat and looked at the luggage which had Elderhostel tags on it in front of the pretty grey haired lady and said to her "I'm Jim". She smiled and said "and I'm Ruth". When we boarded the plane we found we were at opposite ends of the 5 seats in the middle of the plane. The other three seats were occupied by a couple with a teen aged son. As we were getting settled I asked if they would like an aisle seat. If so, they could take my seat. They were very happy to have the aisle seat, and I was happy that Ruth and I could sit together. We had a good visit and a short night over the ocean. Ruth had a problem with a cramp in her leg during the long flight and I had the honor of rubbing it. A quick way to get acquainted. Morning dawned as we were over the Irish Sea. The Captain called our attention to it. It was truly the prettiest dawn we had ever seen and have never seen any to equal it since.

After landing at Heathrow in London we transferred to a smaller plane to fly to Dublin. In Dublin the waiting began for the rest of the Elderhostel group to arrive. Somewhere or other we were hustled through immigration and customs. After a couple of hours Russ and Laura arrived, then more waiting for another plane and then another. We were uncomfortably seated on

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windowsills, radiator covers etc while we waited. Occasionally we took short walks outside. Finally, the last Elderhostel folks arrived and we were herded outside for a short walk to a bus which took us to our destination—Belinter House which was about 20 miles north of Dublin in County Meath. It was a former Convent, but converted by the Nuns to a continuing education school. Some sleeping rooms were in the main building. Others were in adjacent dormitory buildings. Russ and Laura were in the main building, and Ruth and I were assigned rooms in a dormitory called St. Paul's. Single rooms were all around the outside walls with windows that let in the 50-degree weather. There was a closet at the foot end of the bed, and a steam radiator beneath the window. The heat was turned on twice a day for a brief period. Once at 5:00 p.m. and again at 5:00 a.m. All the bedrooms had outside windows. The inside rooms had the showers and other facilities. It was all co-ed. The beds in our rooms did not have sheets. We slept in pouches similar to sleeping bags. I can't remember what they are called. Anyway, we had lots of extra blankets to use that kept us comfortable with the room temperature in the 50's at night.

We were at Belinter House for 8 days. The subject was Irish History going back 5000 years. We had lectures in the mornings and field trips in the afternoons. At times the field trips took all day. The Irish history was really fascinating and encompassed archeological digs, restoration, and many ancient buildings, symbols, burial sights etc. The most fascinating to many of us was the restoration of the great circle at Newgrange, County Meath. Details are in Ruth's "scrapbook". We spent one whole day in downtown Dublin sightseeing, shopping on Grafton Street, seeing the Book of Kells at Trinity College, etc. In a jewelry shop Ruth was admiring a pair of earrings that had the Celtic design on the "dangles". I bought them for her—my first gift. Grafton Street is a section of downtown totally closed to motor traffic. It is a big pedestrian mall, with ample room for hundreds of people to stroll along the street and window shop.

The St Paul's coed dormitory frequently resulted in amusing situations, with only two restrooms. Our "go to the bathroom" schedules in the middle of the night were bound to coincide. On several occasions I found myself pacing the hall waiting for a bathroom. An attractive blond woman from California would meet me going one direction as I went the other. One night she jokingly said, "we have to stop meeting like this". At least we kept a sense of humor while waiting. She was an attractive woman.

At Belinter House our dining room was a large ground level addition to the main building where excellent meals were served. Next to the dining room there was a lounge with several tables and chairs where some of us gathered before dinner. Off one side of the lounge was a small room with a bar where we could purchase drinks. Beer was the most popular. After all Guinness Beer is brewed in Ireland. Ruth was not a fan of beer in the U. S., but there was a beer there in Ireland that was about half way between American beers and Guinness Stout, called Smithwick's, which was pronounced in Ireland as "Smit-iks". Ruth came to like Smit-ik's, and to this day our cocktail time before dinner is our Smit-iks time. One end of the dining room opened into a recreation room that had a ping-pong table where Ruth and I usually had a game of ping-pong after dinner. Our Elderhostel coordinator at Belinter House was a college student named David Hays, who lived with his family about ¼ mile from Belinter House. He was well liked by everyone. He and his father were both sportsmen and on Sunday morning the results were obvious with David's very noticeable bruises. They must play rough in Ireland, but it was not commercial. It was real sport for anyone wanting to play. We also had very interesting evening

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entertainment by local people, including David's 3 sisters that danced Irish dances for us two evenings. There was a local group of men who played the tin whistle, accordion, and guitar.

After 8 days of lectures at Belinter House and tours of surrounding historic sites, we departed for The University of Limerick located on the west side of Ireland on the River Shannon. By the end of our time at Belinter House, Ruth and I had gotten to know each other quite well. Russ always claimed he had nothing to do with "playing cupid", but if he had any influence it was just by being "the messenger". Whatever, when we were to go to the University of Limerick, we were told they had new dormitories that were built similar to a house in an area called Kilmurry Village. Each building had six bedrooms and a common room with lounge and kitchen facilities. Unfortunately, Ruth and I were assigned to different buildings. Assignments had been made and could not be changed. We, of course, were very disappointed, and it apparently showed, because when we got to Limerick, we found that our U of Limerick Elderhostel coordinator had managed our request and Ruth and I found ourselves in the same building, with Russ and Laura, and another couple from California. His name was easy to remember. It was Jack Dempsey.

Our dinners at the University of Limerick were really first class. We ate in the President's dining room with white linen tablecloths, flowers on the table, etc. We had wine with the dinners and the meal was served by courses. We were impressed! A 14" plate with a little 3" appetizer in the middle looked odd, but it was "elite". All the courses were served to us as if we were royalty. Breakfasts were delivered to our kitchen area in our dormitories. Lunch was usually in the Paddock Restaurant on campus.

We had dinner one evening at Castle Oaks House Hotel, 4 miles from Limerick. They had acres of lawns sloping down toward the River Shannon that we were encouraged to walk after a truly delicious dinner. Ruth and I were delayed for our walk because Ruth had been accidentally burned. After dinner they applied ice, so we then went on our walk a bit late. We found a gate through a chain link fence and took the short flight of concrete steps down to a path through the woods along the river. We walked upriver to the salmon fishing bridge they had recommended. On the way back it was getting dark and everyone else had left. We missed the steps up the bank and began to panic, running on the path we could not see and which was crisscrossed with tree roots breaking through the surface. Finally we had obviously gone well past our entrance stairs and turned and really hustled back from where we had already been. We spotted a goat path angling up the slope towards the fence. We took it so we could get to the fence and maybe attract some attention to our plight. Much to our relief, we found that at the top of the path was the top of the concrete steps for which we had been looking. There was the gate through the fence. We trotted across the lawn to the lighted parking area where we could see our bus. Bryan, our Elderhostel coordinator and bus driver, along with the manager of the hotel stood waiting for us. We breathlessly told them we had gotten lost. "That's your story", replied Bryan, with a grin. It seems that everyone recognized that a romance was in progress.

The next day Ruth and I took a bus in to town and attended the movie Brave Heart. It had been discussed in one of our classes, because part of it was made in Ireland in an area we had visited. The theatre was not crowded. We were the only adults, along with a bunch of teen-agers—mostly boys. They apparently loved the fighting with all the blood and gore. The following day was a full day bus trip. It included County Kerry and a stop at the Rose Gardens in Tralee. They were beautiful and I took a picture of my Rose of Tralee admiring one of the beautiful rose

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bushes. I still carry a copy of that picture with me in my wallet. After our final week in Limerick, we had box lunches on the bus while on our way back to Dublin. We arrived in Dublin about 12:30 p.m. And checked in to the Temple Bar Hotel. We had dinner at the Hotel and an early night. At 4:00 a.m. the next day we had a wakeup call and breakfast was served at the Hotel. At 5:00 a.m. the bus left for the airport with Ruth aboard on her way home via London Heathrow, Chicago and Minneapolis. Russ and Laura and I stayed in Ireland 5 more days.

Homecoming to my "Quad" Apartment at Buckner Villas felt good, but was a bit of a letdown and I was all alone again. I drove out to Shangri La to visit Marie, and tell her about the Elderhostel in Ireland and that Laura's sister Ruth had been with us. Marie vaguely remembered the Elderhostels we had taken together. She had never met Ruth, but remembered Laura very well. However, her dementia was rapidly getting worse. She was a cooperative patient at Shangri La. She remembered she had a husband named Jim, but she would not have been able to pick me out in a crowd.

In early November, Marie's brother Bill came for a visit with me and to see Shangri La where his sister was now living. After visiting a couple of days Bill said that he and Harriett were going with a "Y" retirees group on a return trip to France to visit Omaha Beach the following May, and invited Ruth and me to go with them. We accepted. He and Harriett had been with the group of thousands of others to visit that area on the 50<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the invasion, but because of the crowds they didn't get to see as much as they had planned. Bill and Dick Larkin were both very pleased that Ruth & I had "found" each other. My sister Ruth's reply was "that's wonderful". My sons Ken and Chuck were a bit surprised, but quite welcoming to Ruth. Steve, of course, was right there to help us.

Ruth and I kept in touch by letters and telephone. Steve told me that long distance relationships would not last. He knew from experience. He advised getting Ruth a laptop computer so we could communicate easily with e-mail, and save on telephone bills. Ruth had moved to their condo in Ozona, FL by that time and I took the new laptop to give to her on November 22, which was just before Thanksgiving, 1995. I joined in their church custom of having Thanksgiving dinner at the church. I spent my time setting tables and doing other handyman jobs and enjoyed the dinner with a friendly group of strangers. I purchased a new Del laptop computer for Ruth and gave it to her. It was easy to use and would make a great way to communicate with each other without the expense of long distance telephone charges. The laptop came loaded with the American Heritage Talking Dictionary. It was, and still is, an excellent talking dictionary and also gives you a list of synonyms and antonyms and other special features. I was only planning to spend a week, but it was quite obvious that Ruth was not ready to utilize the computer for e-mail, or anything else, so we spent another week in rather intensive training and a fistful of notes to answer questions she would have in the future about the details.

Ruth went to St. Paul for Christmas, and I went to Phoenix for a few days at Christmas time to visit Chuck, Loretta, Aaron and Stacey. It was a nice Christmas. I especially remember the Gingerbread Houses Loretta and others had made. They were excellent. The best I have ever seen.

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January 10, 1996 Ruth came to Austin and stayed for about 10 days. After a few months of struggling and increasing use of the telephone, we dubbed the laptop our \$3000 dictionary. Ruth and I kept in touch with a phone call every evening. She knew approximately when the phone calls would be, so when she answered it was with the sexiest voice I have every heard. I often wondered what the caller would think if it was someone else. On March 21 I flew to California to visit my sister Ruth in Santa Rosa. Of course, also my niece Joanne and her husband Andreas Argyres in Cloverdale. I returned to Austin on the 26<sup>th</sup>. Ruth arrived in Austin, carrying lots of luggage, on a date to remember—April 4, 1996. That was when she no longer called Ozona, Florida *home*. Home was now *Austin*.

April 27 was Steve and Peggy's Wedding Day. It was at St. Matthew's Episcopal Church, which had been Peggy's church all her life so there were a lot of friends. It was to be a "Texas Wedding". The women dressed well, and Peggy had a beautiful wedding dress made in an old style. The men had to be different. A Tuxedo jacket or tailcoat, but a shirt with a Bolo tie. Blue Jeans and pointy-toed boots. His son Charles was to be "best man", but he refused to dress like that. Certainly not pointy-toed boots. He had been avoiding that style for 25 years and wasn't going to start now. However, it ended up that Steve got a new pair, and Charles wore the old ones. All was well in that department. At the reception, they had hired an orchestra which was supposed to start playing with a waltz and the family members were to be the first dancers. I never have danced, and certainly not a waltz. So Ruth and I searched the music stores and found a Lawrence Welk CD of waltzes. I got a new pair of "dancing shoes" and for 3 weeks Ruth taught me to waltz. Then, after the ceremony and the reception started, the hired photographer insisted that all the family stay in the church for more pictures. The poor orchestra didn't know what to do, but finally started playing regular dance music, and the "opening waltz" was never played. I had mixed emotions, but Ruth and Steve were both kind of upset.

A few weeks after Ruth's arrival in 1996, we left for Paris where we joined Bill and Harriett Larkin and the rest of the retired YMCA members. We arrived at our hotel about the middle of the afternoon too tired to do anything but collapse. Bill and Harriett joined some of the younger ones and they spent the rest of that afternoon to tour the Louvre. We missed it and, regrettably, did not have another chance. The next day we left on the tour bus to visit Omaha Beach and a sort of circular tour of the Chateaus of France. Our stop at Omaha Beach was well worth the time. It is a beautiful spot and well kept by the Americans. The cemetery had a guest center that had a computerized listing of all the grave numbers. If we could give the operator the name of the one we were looking for she could give you the number to look for on the field of white crosses. I gave Roy Mode's name. Roy had been a good friend of mine and was a high school music teacher with a family. He was caught in the draft anyway. He was killed shortly after D day. He was on the computer list of names, but he had been buried in Belgium, not at Omaha Beach.

The Chateaus tour was quite interesting to see the variety and splendor of some of them. We learned that the difference between a chateau and a castle is whether or not the owner was a man or a woman. If it was a man, it was a castle. Women had chateaus. Most had a stream on the property or nearby. Some had beautiful gardens. The most famous of the Chateaus was Versailles. We did stop there, but there were huge crowds. We finally got to go with a group for a tour through the building. I was most impressed by the room called "the hall of mirrors", where the Treaty at Versailles was signed after WW I.

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One of the needs of all tourists on long trips is a decent restroom. Public restrooms were available in all towns in France, but the quality varied. Most charged, but some were free. Our tour guide always kept us away from the free ones because they were definitely not an *attraction!* However when we stopped at the town of Briant, only free facilities were available. It was the most humorous place on our trip. Men's and women's facilities were near each other but separate. The women's was in worse shape as well as is normal, more crowded than the men's. After the men had finished some of the women used the men's facilities. One perky young woman came from the men's toilet throwing her arms up in triumph *shouting "I did it, I did it, I stood up like a man!!"* On our way away from Briant, our bus driver reminded us this was the Chateau from which the famous tender beef "*Chateaubriand*" dinner servings were named. We have never ordered one since. It brings back the wrong memories.

From Paris we took the Chunnel train from Paris to London. A remarkable trip. You hardly realized you were moving at 184 miles per hour, except you could see the countryside flashing by. When actually in the tunnel, they slowed to 120 mph and stayed that way in England because the English roadbeds were not as well made as the ones in France. We were to join a tour group in England but arrived a few days in advance of their starting date. We stayed at the Hotel in the West End from which the Tour Group would depart. It was quite comfortable, and gave us time to see more of London. We took in the stage play *Cats* while there, and were somewhat disappointed with it. The scenery was great, but the acting left something to be desired. One of our fondest memories was a Pub that was just a few blocks from the hotel. They served delicious lunches. We have generally found that Pubs have the best lunches of any of the restaurants in London.

The tour took us to The Cotswold's, and the old Roman Baths and Shakespeare's old hometown, complete with thatched roofs and flowers in the front garden. A pretty area had been well preserved. On our way south we drove along the River Wye, which we crossed to be in Wales, rather than England. That was the extent of my travels in Wales. All the time we were in France, and also in England, although it was in May it was bitterly cold. Our stop at Brighton on the south coast of England would have been interesting except for the cold. The weather had kept the crowds away. After our stop at Brighton we went on to Hastings and the historic battle scene, the most interesting place to me at that time was at the small town of Battle near Hastings. They had a clothing store and I was able to purchase a windproof jacket to put on over my heavy sweater. I was no longer cold in England. So just as our tour ended, I was finally warm. After we got back to London we left England from Gatwick Airport to return to Atlanta, then home to Austin. We were still living at Buckner Villas, run by the Southern Baptist Convention.

In Austin we needed to get reinstated for a fitness program at St. David's Hospital. I had pretty well recovered the use of my new knees, but needed to add some muscle. We also joined St. David's Episcopal Church. After attending for a while we sought jobs. They were looking for computer operators at the time and were engaged in a program of transferring all the old written records into new computer programs which would make them much easier to classify and look up data in the future. This allowed us to get well acquainted with many on the church staff. We also expressed an interest in the Next to New Store, which was owned and operated by St. David's Church. It was stocked mostly with goods from Estate Sales, but other items were also accepted. I took a computer job entering sales records, looking up data for staff and customers,

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etc. Ruth worked on sales, first in the jewelry department then as a more general salesperson with household goods and clothing. All but three of the employees were volunteers from the church, and the profits from this operation netted the church about \$150,000 per year while we were working there.

After we arrived home from France and England; we went out to Shangri La to visit Marie. While there we went for a walk outside. It was a beautiful day and all of the flowers were in bloom. We walked on the stone paths between the Emu pens and house and the barn, etc. There were places that might trip one, if not careful. Marie recognized that Ruth was Laura's older sister, and therefore an aged person that might fall. She insisted on taking Ruth's hand to help her navigate the paths. It was amusing to us because we thought of Marie as being the one that was sick and needed help. But it was typical of Marie's character—to be helpful to others.

That summer we drove from Austin to Bay Cottage on the north shore of Lake Superior. While there, I got a call from Steve telling me that the owner at Shangri La told him that for medical reasons they would be unable to keep Marie at Shangri La and we should look for another place that could offer more full time care. We were fortunate that Buckner had a room in the Nursing Home that would be available soon. So within 3 weeks she was moved there. The Buckner Head Nurse said that Marie's condition was not one where she had to be constrained so was not in need of the Alzheimer's facility. Also the Nursing Home was not as costly as the Alzheimer's facility. I note here that we did have long term care insurance for Marie, but it ran out after paying \$60,000. It just happened to be enough to cover her stay at Shangri La, but the nursing home costs would have to be covered from our savings.

After Marie was moved into the Nursing Home, both her brothers, Bill and Dick, came for a visit, and were impressed with how well their sister was being cared for. It was also just a short walk from The Quads to the Nursing Home, which made it easy to visit. One day when I went to visit her a couple of weeks after Bill and Dick had been there, I sat down beside her where she was seated in the Parlor "watching" the TV. After I was there for a few minutes visiting, I asked her if she knew who I was. She looked at me, and stared for some time. She said, "you do look familiar, you must be one of my brothers."

She had a very attractive room at the nursing home. Steve and I wanted to get her something to entertain herself. She wasn't reading anymore. Steve picked up a small portable radio that was of fairly good quality and easy to use. However, she never did use it, even after we showed her how. Her room was always neatly made up and there was no trace of the oft complained of "urine odor". In fact, I never experienced that odor in any of the Buckner facilities. I will always remember watching her with another group of residents. They were doing chair exercises. They looked very simple and childish to me then. Now (April, 2007) when we have similar exercises here at Desert Point, I am not strong enough to do them.

On June 1, 1996 we returned to Ozona for a week doing business, and visiting. We left June 8 for a trip up north. We stopped at Huntsville, Alabama to visit Ruth's brother David at the Veterans Hospital. Then to Bowling Green and a stop at Cincinnati for a visit with Ray and Kathryn and Anne and her family. From there to Eagan to see Kris and Greg. Kris took us for a tour of the University campus in the rain—pouring rain. We all had to go to the bathroom and none of the sites we were to visit were open, so Kris backed around and we stopped at St Mark's

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Episcopal Cathedral, which we found open and had restrooms we could use. Also a small store at their bookstore where I bought a CD called "A Little Church Music".

We also visited Rolf and Wendy. One day Rolf drove us to Stillwater and on to Afton, on the St. Croix River. We drove slowly by the house that had been the home of Ruth's parents. On the way back we stopped for an ice cream treat at a family run shop that was locally famous for its great ice cream. We agreed. It is also noted that Rolf washed and waxed our car. On June 21 we left for Hovland and had dinner that evening with Karin and Paul Weston. We stayed at Bay Cottage, while 3 ½ inches of rain was falling. On July 3 we celebrated my birthday at Naniboujou. In August we drove to Eli for a few days. While there we went blueberry picking on an island that Steve and Margot owned. The blueberries were a treat, which was verified by Margot's dog who ate more than we did.

We returned to Hovland where we went on several hikes. We left Bay Cottage on September 21 and drove back to Kris and Greg's. We visited in the St. Paul area with Sandy (Laura's daughter) and John Harrigan, and Rolf and Wendy. On the way home we stopped in Northfield to visit Ragna, a former schoolteacher and good friend of Ruth's. From Northfield the next stop was home, in Austin, Texas. After we got back home, in early October we had a big family dinner at The County Line restaurant. It is a Texas barbeque place with a beautiful view, particularly at sunset, and was a favorite for all of us, including Steve and Peggy, Stephanie and Daniel Morris, Charles (Steve & Carol's son), Carol, Bill (Peggy's son) and Heather, and probably others I can't think of just now. It was a way for Ruth to get better acquainted with her new family. It also sort of celebrated Ruth's and Stephanie's birthdays. Being back in Austin, the symphony season was on and we attended the November performance on November 15. We had our Thanksgiving dinner at Steve and Peggy's.

The big trip of 1997 for Ruth and I was a Hawaiian Cruise. The following is an abbreviated word tour of our Hawaiian visit. We flew non-stop from Dallas to Honolulu, arriving at 2:30 p.m. Hawaiian time, then took a Hawaiian Plane to Maui where we picked up a rent car and drove to the Royal Lahaina on the east coast. We toured on our own in the Lahaina vicinity. We watched the hang gliders, then on over to the Tropical Plantation for the tram tour. The tour was through several acres of experimental plantings, and included a brief description of Hawaiian agricultural practices. Pineapples were no longer profitable as a chief crop. Several people were experimenting with Macadamia nut trees to see if they could take the place of the pineapple. After the tour we had lunch then drove up to the Iao Valley National Park. The Park was filled with really beautiful scenery.

It was while we were there in Maui that a 737 passenger plane had its top ripped off in flight. Fortunately they were not at a high altitude and all of the passengers had their seat belts fastened. However, the stewardess did not, and she was whisked up and out of the plane by the pressure change. Her body was never found.

The next day we flew back to Honolulu where we boarded the SS Independence in the afternoon. We of course, had our pictures taken as we boarded. In the background was the Aloha Tower. The next day was Sunday and we just enjoyed a restful cruise in the tropics.

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We sailed again on Monday and docked in Kauai, where we had an all day tour of Waimea Canyon and the Fern Grotto. The next day we docked at Nawiliwili, in Maui to spend 2 days. The first day we took a bus trip up the winding switch back road to the crater of Haleakala. As we hurried down the twisting switchback road it was a bit scary, but the bus driver relaxed everyone with his statement "Don't let these curves bother you. Just do as I do—I close my eyes". It rained hard during the night, and the next morning we took the bus tour which circled much of the island's coast. Along the lava cliffs we stopped at Lindberg's grave. Continuing, there were spectacular views. We passed well over 20 waterfalls with the water pouring into the ocean, but it was raining too hard to get good pictures. The next day we docked in Hilo on The Big Island. We were scheduled for a bus trip up to the crater of Kilauea volcano in the Volcanoes National Park. However, due to heavy rains, the trip was cancelled.

That night we left Hilo headed for the Kona Coast. As we sailed around the end of the big island the captain called our attention to look at the island to see an ongoing eruption on the side of Kilauea volcano. It was a bright red fountain of lava which we were told went about 50 ft. in the air. We were about 5 miles offshore so could not see details, but in actuality we did see a live eruption from the volcano. By morning we were safely docked on the Kona Coast. Rain was still a problem, so we were a bit disappointed in that they did not offer any side trip for snorkeling and viewing the colorful tropical fish. They were apparently afraid we might get wet. Instead we just took a motor drive south along the coast to Kialakakua near Captain Cook's grave, but we did not see it. Not even the "little grass shack" of the song, "Take Me Back."

The next morning we docked in Honolulu, and were driven to our hotel, the Outrigger Reef which was right on Waikiki Beach. We were already registered for the Polynesian Cultural Center and were picked up at the hotel at 11:25 a.m. to be driven to it. The Center was closed on Sunday, so this was our only chance to visit. It was not an ideal time but we had to leave for home the next day so it was our only chance. The Cultural Center had their biggest crowds in their history, and they had a hard time coping. There were Polynesian Island High School contests during the day. Samoa dominated everything. The usual evening performance was greatly abbreviated, and 25 minutes in the middle of it was taken to determine the champion of "Fire Knife" performers. The Samoans, of course, won the contest. The championship trophy was awarded by the King of Samoa, who "just happened to be present". The day was disappointing.

The next morning, Sunday, we took the tour van to the Arizona Memorial. It was very impressive, but crowded. Many Japanese were there. My first time to step aboard the Arizona Battleship was in the summer of 1923 when I was 6 years old. It had been the flagship of the fleet that visited Long Beach, California that summer. I was thrilled at the time and still remember the teakwood decks and the massive guns that it had. This time, viewing it, as a retired Navy Reserve Officer, I could only imagine what it was like before it was bombed and sunk in place causing the deaths of thousands of men and officers. It was ignominiously mostly below water, its proud sailing days long over.

That evening back at our hotel we relaxed over a very good dinner beside a tropical pond with waterfalls gurgling and soft music playing. A Hawaiian girl was gracefully dancing to the music. In the evening we walked along the beach and past other hotels, observing their dancing and Hawaiian guitar music. We just stood in the moonlight and listened to one orchestra in

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particular that was playing familiar music. With the waves lapping on the beach it was very romantic. It was a great way to end our stay.

The next day we donned our bathing suits and enjoyed ourselves on “The Beach at Waikiki”. We took pictures, including Diamond Head. Our flight home left Honolulu at 6:45 p.m. We had an unusual experience in the middle of the night. Ruth was looking out the window and saw the running light of another plane off to our right. I looked and saw it too. We wondered why it was keeping its position for so long, until we realized it was an illusion. It was just the light on the tip of our plane’s wing. We arrived in Dallas at 6:24 a.m. We had a light breakfast before leaving on our plane for Austin at 7:50 a.m. We were at home in our apartment in Austin by 9:30 a.m. and tired out from jet lag we gladly collapsed in bed.

Some days after we got home, Marie was having severe digestive problems. She had no appetite. Her autonomic nervous system, that controlled the digestive system, had ceased to function. Steve and I were both summoned by the local Social Worker to meet with her. Also in attendance were Laura, the Buckner Manager, the head nurse, and assistant head nurse. Steve and I were asked to verify our earlier request for “no artificial life support”. We both indicated that was still our decision, although we did not know all of the details of the moment. On the 22<sup>nd</sup> of June we had a brief celebration of her 77<sup>th</sup> birthday. On the 25<sup>th</sup> we were again summoned--Steve as his mother’s guardian, and I as her husband. I arrived first, and found Marie with a nurse taking Marie’s “vitals”. She stated that Marie had died. Not quite true, but close. I took Marie’s hand and found no pulse but there was still slow breathing. I held her hand about 5 or 10 minutes longer, until her breathing stopped completely. I called the nurse back, and she came in with the head nurse who checked and verified the death. A few minutes later Steve arrived. We had a pre-arranged contract with an Austin Funeral Home, and they arrived in less than 30 minutes after we called them. They unobtrusively brought in a gurney and the black bag for the body. The gurney was quietly rolled out the door and into the back of the van so quickly and quietly done that hardly anyone else noticed.

Several days later there was a lot of excitement at Buckner Villas. The President of Buckner along with other officials came down from Dallas. Laura, our Manager had been fired along with her Assistant Manager, the Head Nurse and Assistant Head Nurse. When we asked the president why, he simply said it had nothing to do with competence, but with an extreme difference in philosophical viewpoints. Buckner was, and still is, owned by the Southern Baptist Convention. It was some years later that I connected that action with the views of the far right wing of the Republican Party. It was probably the decision that Steve and I made not to use any artificial means to keep the *body* alive when normal living was no longer an option.

We chose not to have a funeral, but to have a memorial service instead at a date when more people could be there. St. Matthews Episcopal Church had recently hired a new Rector, the Rev. Nix, and he agreed to conduct a Memorial service for us. We set a date, and informed all the relatives and everyone met in a room in the church the evening before the Memorial Service. Rev. Nix asked us all individually to tell their opinions or observations of Marie’s life. Everyone had something to say--some more than was needed. Through it all and sorting things out, Rev. Nix took his notes and organized the Memorial Service that was to be held the next day. We still marvel at his ability to come to a new community and interview about a dozen family members

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who came from the Atlantic to the Pacific and states in between and put together a great homily about Marie's life. It was a fitting farewell!

A few weeks later Ruth and I left for Bay Cottage on the north shore of Lake Superior. We drove from Austin to Bay Cottage, about 1500 miles in 5 days. Ruth had still been spending most of the summer at Bay Cottage, but until 1996, she really lived in her condo in Ozona, Florida in a cluster of condos, called Magnolia. In September of 1997 Margot took her sister, Kris and her mother on a trip to Sweden and Norway. I drove to Cincinnati and spent a few days visiting my brother Ray and Kathryn and my niece Ann and her family for several days, then left my car with them, and flew to Mystic, CT to visit with old friends, and my newer friend Susan White who lived in nearby Niantic. After flying back to Cincinnati, I picked up our car and drove back to St. Paul (Eagan), where Ruth and Kris had returned after their trip to Sweden and Norway.

I was already packed, so Ruth got her luggage and we drove on up to Bay Cottage to enjoy the fall colors. However, a few weeks before we had planned to return to Austin, Ruth came down with a severe case of the Hives. Thinking they might disappear before we got to the doctor in Austin, I took several photographs of the big red welts on her body. When Kris saw the pictures she commented on the "pornographic" pictures. However, the condition did occasion our prompt return to Austin and a visit to Dr. Jarret, our dermatologist. He treated the welts with an ointment that soon made them go away, and we were back to our normal life at Buckner Villas, exercising at St. David's Hospital Fitness Center and back to our computer jobs at St. David's Episcopal Church.

We had season tickets to the Austin Symphony concerts. To me "the arts" means MUSIC! Parking for the concerts was in the big parking lot behind the LBJ Presidential Library and museum. As you walk down the steps from the parking lot the sidewalk goes past the fountains that are lit up at night. Everybody had to cross a busy street before getting to Bass Hall where the symphony performed. The traffic was seldom a problem because so many people were streaming across, keeping the cars at bay.

We enrolled in another Elderhostel. This year it would be to Spain the summer of 1998. We spent considerable time studying about Spain. I got a computer program on the Spanish language to help me to be a bit better at carrying on a short conversation. We did make our trip to Bay Cottage again for a few weeks of the summer. Again we drove the 1500 miles from Bay Cottage to Austin in 5 days. We made a side trip from Kansas City to Independence, Missouri to visit the Harry Truman Presidential Library and Museum. It was very interesting because a great deal of the history of World War II was given. We weren't home long before we were off to Spain on September 27. Our headquarters in Madrid was at the Paris Hotel. It was the same hotel where James Michner had lived while writing his book on Spain. Michner had not thought much of the hotel, but by the time we stayed there, we considered it to be one of the better accommodations we had on our Elderhostel trips. Maybe we didn't expect as much. Maybe it had been remodeled and upgraded.

We had the usual Elderhostel format of lectures in the mornings and travels in the afternoons. However we had some all day trips too. One was to Toledo which was very impressive. It is an old city and is noted for its metal working and fine jewelry. We visited one Jewelry shop where

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the craftsmen were right there making the jewelry. Particularly the jewelry with inlaid gold in the design. We bought Ruth a pair of beautiful dangling earrings which were black with inlaid gold. Toledo was also important to us because on the bus trip home, the bus pulled over to a lookout area where we had a view looking down on the city. There was a stone wall wide enough to sit on. One of our Elderhostelers used my camera and took a picture of Ruth and me that showed us up above the city and the mountain was so steep at that point that the picture made us look like we were sitting in mid air high above the city below us.

Our morning lectures were on Spanish history. They included the Gypsies, who were abundant in Spain. By a strange coincidence we were well acquainted with a fairly close relative of two of the lecturers. Ove Wangenstein had been a friend of Ruth and her family for years, and we had visited with him at his lake home in Wisconsin only a few months before. The first Wangenstein Gypsy lecturer was a woman who was married to a Gypsy. She was quite firm in her belief that the Gypsies, although of a somewhat *different culture*, were honest and honorable, and contributed much to the nation of Spain. I believe the man, Professor Wangenstein, was a brother to the woman married to a Gypsy, but his view of the Gypsies was more in line with the belief that you couldn't trust a Gypsy. After the lectures we visited briefly with them and confirmed that they indeed were related to our friend in Minnesota & Wisconsin.

While in Madrid we visited many historical places including the Prado Art Museum. We were scheduled to visit it one morning and walked there from the hotel. However, when we got there, it was not open. Somebody messed up. There we were 2 dozen elders standing in a light rain, and no place to go. However, someone more familiar with Madrid recognized a sort of drugstore/bar or whatever, across the street. We thought a cup of something warm was called for and we all went across the street corner to investigate. They did have coffee and other drinks for sale as well as a few pastries etc. It was a good chance to get acquainted. Eventually the Prado opened, and we spent an interesting couple of hours looking at some of the old masters. We took several pictures of pictures.

From Madrid we went to Granada, which is in mountainous country south of Madrid. It was a thrilling ride on the bus. The bus driver was familiar with the winding switchback roads, built in width for one vehicle. We went at a rate of speed that made things "interesting". The mountain passes reached more than 11,000 feet. Granada itself is hilly and full of historical buildings and is the location of the Alhambra. The latter is a fascinating palace built by the Moors between 1238 and 1358, but was rebuilt or changed as dynasties changed, but the Moorish art and architecture still remain. The Fountain of the Lions remains with very interesting plants still growing from its waters. We bought a ceramic tile which has a pattern similar to the tiles used in the interior walls of the main Alhambra building. Amusingly, that tile, which is good enough for a wall hanging, is now used as a sort of "paper weight" to hold down the charging connectors for our cell phones at night.

From Granada we took the bus to Seville which is on the coast west of Granada. Seville had been a major seaport, and was still very active as a port. Seville is on mainly flat land with a river running through it, which made it an active port for smaller ships. The most memorable site we visited in Seville was not in Seville but is a few miles outside of the city. An excavation at Italica, which is an old Roman settlement. Excavations revealed an amphitheater complete with the lion pits in the middle and living quarters for the gladiators around the periphery under

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the seats. After seeing the Amphitheater, we walked up a hill on an old Roman road with most of its cobblestones still in place, we found a complete Roman settlement. The foundations and some of the courtyards and roofless rooms with tiled floors were still almost intact. Even some marble statues and pillars remain. It was all explained by a history professor who made everything come alive so that we felt we were really there.

One night in Seville we went to a Flamenco music and dance performance. The theatre was rather run down in appearance, but the performance was very good. We got to the theatre by walking as a group through the narrow winding streets for about 15 minutes. We were seated at tables in the theatre and were treated to wine and other refreshments. Not far from Seville is the town of Jerez, where we visited a very special winery. Jerez is the city where they make Sherry wines, particularly, for us, Harvey's Bristol Cream Sherry. We had a very good tour of the winery and then a taste test afterwards. We were all given 6 or 8, different sherry wines to sample and then we reported which we liked the best. Ruth and I both liked one in particular which turned out to be Harvey's Bristol Cream Sherry. Ever since, we have tried to have a bottle of it on hand to celebrate a special occasion such as a night at the Symphony.

All in all, it was a very good Elderhostel. The Arab (Moors) influence in architecture was very evident and quite attractive. Spain contains much ancient culture and art, but is rapidly becoming a modern country and is up to date in technology too. It can certainly be said that **SPAIN IS DIFFERENT!**

Back from Spain, at the end of October we began to seriously talk of marriage. The only thing holding us back was Ruth's income which largely consisted of pensions. Social Security we knew could be continued if married after 65 but the big one from the state of Minnesota was doubtful, as was the Army's. Most lawyers told us NO. However, direct enquiries to the sources, much to our relief, verified that the state pension as well as Curt's Army pension would be continued. Since the roadblocks of money were removed, it was only the how and when. We didn't want a big show made of it, and thought that a quiet wedding with a minimum of guests, i.e. best man and maid of honor, would be just right sometime in January. Word leaked out, however, and our plans were blown away. Everybody insisted they wanted to come for the wedding. Since we were Episcopalians that didn't wed people during Lent, and a big wedding took weeks of planning and coordinating, the date was moved up to the first Saturday after Easter, which was April 10 in 1999. Ruth and I met with our Rector, Jim Bethell. He gave us the complete treatment and treated us 82 year olds as if we were teenagers. Both ages could be wrought with problems. Even before we mentioned it, he told us to have prenuptial agreements drawn up and signed. We were ahead of him on that. They were already prepared by our good friend, and lawyer, Robert Sumners. Ruth worked with a very capable woman at The Four Seasons hotel to plan the wedding dinner. Guests arrived from the states of Washington, Minnesota, Michigan, Connecticut, Florida, and Texas. Margot took a suite at The Four Seasons for herself and Kris and the others stayed in various hotels and motels, but the suite at The Four Seasons was sort of an unofficial headquarters for everyone. Our organist for the wedding was our regular St. David's organist, Jean Fuller.

The DeMars-Johnsons arrived early enough so that Kyle had a chance to practice his flute solos with Jean the day before the wedding. At 4:00 p.m. April 10, 1999 the wedding itself took place at St. David's Episcopal Church in Austin with The Reverend James Bethell officiating. Kyle's

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flute solos were well performed and much appreciated. After the service many pictures were taken by the relatives and friends that were present. No formal pictures were taken. After the wedding many of us convened in Margot's suite or went walking down by the river. The wedding dinner was served at 6:00 and was a huge success. Excellent food and everything planned and executed perfectly. Jim didn't even make many blunders when he cut the wedding cake. After the dinner some of the relatives joined us in our apartment at The Renaissance Retirement Center for a short visit and a glass of wine before bedtime inevitably came.

Our travels after the wedding started on September 16 with a trip to the Canadian Maritime Provinces. When we left Austin on the 16<sup>th</sup> we were assured there would be no problem in making the flight from Chicago O'Hare to Boston Logan airports. Little did we suspect what the late hurricanes would do to us. When we got to O'Hare we found that all flights to Boston had been cancelled. After much confusion a group of us were driven to an old Days Inn which was about a 20 minute drive from the airport. Luckily there was a very good restaurant across the street from the motel. We got up the next morning at 5:00 a.m. to take the 6:00 o'clock shuttle back to O'Hare. After 9 hours of slipping further and further back in the standby list, we finally got a 3:20 pm flight which left the gate ½ hour late. Then we *taxied* around the airport and *parked*. They announced it would be more than an hour before we could take off because Boston Logan was using only one runway due to high winds. We had not been able to get seats together on the plane and the only food available was pretzels and juice. We finally got to Boston. The airport was like a zoo with people just milling around. To top it off, our luggage could not be found by ourselves, nor by American Airlines personnel. This resulted in more delay to complete the paperwork. We finally got a taxi to the Back Bay Hilton at about 10:00 p.m., and met our tour guide, Linda Rome. We also found that we were not the last to arrive. The tour started the next morning, a day late. We started by boarding a "duck" to see the sights of the city from the Charles River. Lunch was at the famous Durgan Park Restaurant and we found it wasn't as good as it used to be. Linda took us for a short shopping trip to Marshalls to get clean shirts and some underwear and sox. We then took the bus again to Salem and saw some more sights. That was when we found that because of Hurricane Gert, the Portland Ferry was running a day late. We finally went to Danvers to spend the night in a motel.

Linda Rome was again on her cell phone almost continuously whether ashore or on the bus because all reservations for tour guides, restaurants for meals, motels and hotels where we would be staying. They were all cancelled for the second time, and new reservations made. In spite of it all, we had almost a complete tour as planned even though part of it was one day late and the rest two days late. Plane reservations had to be changed too, along with connecting flights. Everything was working so smoothly that it was hard to realize all that Linda had been doing to make it so. She was the most outstanding tour coordinator we have ever experienced. Not only all the plans she had to make happen, but she went above and beyond by helping individual people with their personal problems, such as our luggage which had not yet been found. The next day in Portland, Maine one lucky couple found their luggage at the Portland Airport. We were taken by bus to the ferry (MS Prince Scotia) for a 10 ½ hour trip to Yarmouth, N.S. Cabins on the ferry were small and the beds narrow. The "facilities" were down the passageway. Since we had no luggage yet, others were very kind and loaned us a few items. Jim wore the bus drivers jacket for 3 days. On the ferry we used Ruth's raincoat as a robe for bathroom excursions.

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We went ashore in Yarmouth at 9:00 a.m. and took our bus again and enjoyed the sights including Peggy's Cove which was much in the news lately because of a Swissair plane crash just offshore a few weeks earlier. Huge waves were pounding the rocks while we were there, due to Hurricane Gert—the second hurricane of the trip so far. In Halifax we had a short tour and stayed at the Citadel Hotel. No luggage was there for us, but Linda Rome agreed to contact American Airlines for us. The luggage had arrived at the Halifax airport via Delta, but Delta was closed for the night. Linda persisted, and by morning our luggage was at the Bell Captain's desk. After 4 days without our own clothes it was a welcome sight. That morning we had a more complete tour of Halifax with a Haligonian for our guide. After lunch Ruth and I walked along the harbour and boarded the HMCS SACKWELL, a WW II Corvette, used as an escort for convoys during the war. I was able to give Ruth a guided tour of its equipment and armament. We left just in time to Board our bus as the rain was starting to come down in torrents. We drove across the causeway to Cape Breton Island, where we stayed at Gisele's Inn in Baddeck. It was like an Old Country Inn where we ate very well. The next day was cloudy and cold, but we took a walk before an excellent breakfast. After breakfast our bus took us for a grand circle tour on the Cabot Trail around the Highlands on the north half of the island. We visited the Alexander Graham Bell Museum. It was fascinating to hear the story of the reason the telephone was invented. Alexander Graham Bell's father was a doctor who had a great interest in improving the hearing of his patients. His son was also intrigued by the problems and he experimented with electrical equipment to make small amplifiers and the telephone was just a serendipitous outcome of his work. The original equipment with descriptions of its use in the experiments was on display in the museum.

The next day we left Baddeck after breakfast and got to the ferry. There were bald eagles prominently posing in the trees along the way. We were able to get the 11:30 a.m. ferry to cross over to Prince Edward Island. About the last half hour of the crossing the waves became very large, and it took considerable skill to get the ferry into its slip on P.E.I. We found out it was the last crossing of the day because of our third hurricane of the trip. This one was called Harvey. By the time it got to P.E.I. the winds were not too strong, but it dumped 7 inches of rain on the island. You could say that every thing was washed clean. The farms and all the buildings were very neat and picturesque. PEI was one of the most attractive and pleasant appearing places we have ever seen. We visited the Lucy Maude Montgomery house (Author of Anne of Green Gables). We awoke to Sunshine the next morning and took a long walk on the boardwalk by the bay to the gun emplacements that were never used. There is a new 9 mile long bridge over the Northumberland straits to New Brunswick. Before going over the bridge we visited a small museum near the PEI end of the bridge. It was truly remarkable. The entry hall went down a small slope which was undulated and also painted to look like waves of water. Quite realistic and one of the finest small museums we had ever seen.

The toll for the bridge was over \$200 for the bus. The waters below the bridge were dotted with buoys marking lobster pots. The waters were still quite rough, and only the hardest of the fishermen were out. Our first stop in New Brunswick was at a place called Magnetic Hill where our bus backed up a hill without its motor running. It was an optical illusion, of course, but very impressive. We were on our own there to get a light lunch at one of the various outlets. It was definitely a tourist stop. Next stop was St. Andrew on the southern border of New Brunswick and Maine. It is Canada's oldest seaside resort. We stayed at the Algonquin hotel which had exceptionally well kept lawns and grounds. We had very heavy rains that afternoon, and at 5:00

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p.m. Grand Circle hosted a cocktail party which provided us with a good time to get better acquainted with each other. So much food was served that it was not necessary to go to supper.

The next day was Sunday the 26<sup>th</sup>, and by 8:00 a.m. we were on our way to the pier where we boarded a launch for a cruise among the islands offshore in Passamaquoddy Bay. Among the islands we saw the aquaculture pens (ocean fish farms). They are very large pens, more than 1000 ft. long. We also saw small ferryboats used to transport children from the islands to school. We disembarked at Campobello Island and met our bus that took us to the Roosevelt Campobello International Park. The weather was picture perfect and we had a pleasant walk to the Roosevelt "Cottage". It was large, but very home like and well maintained. We also walked down a path through the woods to the beach. It was quite a contrast to the showy multimillionaires "cottages" at Newport, Rhode Island. It left a positive feeling in favor of the Roosevelt family.

From Campobello, we crossed in the bus into Maine. Our bus driver had taken our when he crossed into Maine with the bus, and we were having our water tour. After boarding our bus, we drove along the coast to Bar Harbor and Mt Desert Island. We stayed in Bar Harbor 2 nights in the Acadia Hotel. The hotel was brand new and had no restaurant, only an elaborate Continental breakfast. We had to have our lunches and dinners in town. The first evening we were taken to the Lobster Cove Restaurant. We have never seen anything else like it elsewhere. The guests sat at long bench type tables and had to get their own food in another room. The lobsters were hot from the steaming kettles and you served yourself to the cabbage salad, fresh corn, and potatoes. Dessert was a very good blueberry cake.

Monday morning we had a bus tour of the island including Acadia National Park and a climb up Cadillac Mountain which, on a clear day like that day, gave a great panoramic view of the harbor. The QE II was one of 3 that were docked there that day. It looked small from our vantage point. On the bus tour we saw the famous Jackson Laboratories that supply the special strains of mice used all over the world for accurate medical research. We also had a good view of the twin hills locally nicknamed "the bubbles".

The sunrise was really beautiful on Tuesday the 28<sup>th</sup>. After breakfast we left Bar Harbor at about 8:00 a.m. While on the bus we watched a tape of Anne Murray telling of her family and her life in Cape Breton. Our first stop of the day was at Freeport, Maine where we got to see the Original and well known L.L. Bean store and warehouse. Freeport had taken advantage of L.L. Bean and a number of other "outlet" stores had blossomed. We had lunch at a Friendly's restaurant. Then on the road again to arrive at Boston's Back Bay Hilton at about 3:45 p.m. We relaxed until the farewell dinner which was put on by Grand Circle Travel. Pictures were taken and good byes were said.

The next morning we took the 6:30 a.m. shuttle to Logan Airport for our plane to Chicago. We remained on the plane for ½ hour then flew on to Austin. Upon arrival in Austin we checked with American Airlines Baggage, and accepted a \$230 voucher good for ticket purchases, as compensation for the 5 day delay in getting our luggage. We also received a check for cash to compensate for the extra clothing etc. we had to purchase to get along until the luggage finally arrived 5 days late in another country. We took the Blue Van Shuttle to The Renaissance and home! It had been a most unusual trip but well worth all the complications.

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We celebrated our first anniversary by taking a Caribbean cruise, April 10-21. We sailed from Miami, around the end of Florida to Key West. We didn't go ashore at Key West. I guess we just weren't attracted by it. Neither were most of the other passengers. We sailed overnight to Playa del Carmen, Mexico. We took a launch to the Mayan Ruins at Tulum. No great pyramids, but very interesting buildings and monuments that were almost like the pyramids. The weather was hot and we were glad to have packed our Tilley hats.

We made a stop at Grand Cayman Island and visited Hell—Literally! It is a most fantastic rock surface. You can't describe it. You have to actually see it. Apparently boiling rock suddenly cooled with porous peaks a meter or more in height, mostly sharp pointed. The area may be an acre in size, and is fenced with warning signs not to take any of the rocks. A small town at that location is actually named "Hell". We had a grand tour of the island in a local taxi with a native driver who was full of information for us. He flatly stated that most of the investment businesses were there for the purpose of tax evasion. He said it was easy for any business to send a representative to the Caymans, hire a lawyer, and incorporate a new subsidiary that could be the profit making part of the business that wouldn't have to pay taxes to the U.S. They would have to pay Cayman taxes, but at only a small fraction of what they would be in the U.S.

Grand Cayman has a unique shore and beach. Just a short distant out it drops off abruptly and goes very deep. There was supposed to be a submarine ride we could take which would go into this subsurface canyon to see it up close, but the event was cancelled. Instead, we did some shopping in Grand Cayman.

From the Caymans we went to Jamaica and docked at what appeared to be a commercial dock for freight in Montego Bay. The city of Montego Bay wasn't much, but we took a taxi that took us to a beautiful green valley with flowering trees, then to Dunn's River Falls with the rapids you can climb if you are young and able. It was the most popular place for tourists. I remember that on a previous trip with Ruth and Carl Olson, Carl did climb the rapids, Ruth O. and I stuck to the stairs on the side. On this trip Ruth R. and I did the same, but it was interesting to watch those doing or attempting to climb back up the rapids. When we took our taxi back to Montego Bay we could hear music. There on the pier was a native steel band playing, which we enjoyed.

From Jamaica we sailed to Oranjestad, Aruba. Not much to see in Oranjestad except multi colored buildings like any Dutch Island City. Standard Oil of New Jersey used to have a 250,000 barrel a day oil refinery there, but it had been shut down a couple of decades earlier. At the time it was operating it was the largest oil refinery in the world, but modern refineries today process more than twice that much. There is very little rainfall on Aruba, and the Jersey Company used to haul in fresh water in their tankers, and then take the refined products away in those same tankers. That practice was stopped shortly before the refinery was shut down, and fresh water was then, and still is, made by the distillation of salt water. Aruba has great sandy beaches and is now a popular vacation destination.

During this cruise we were assigned tables in the main dining room. We had a table for four, and our partners were Henry and Lynn Meham from England. They were a wonderful couple and we enjoyed every evening having dinner with them. We exchanged addresses and after the cruise we continued to correspond. Several months after they got home they became

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grandparents. We exchanged Christmas letters for a couple of years, but unfortunately Lynn came down with ALS, better known here as Lou Gehrig's Disease. In England it is known as MND for Motor Nerve Disease. They moved out of the city, north to Mersea Island, where Lynn had family. She learned to use a computer, and we had e-mail letters back and forth for more than a year, but the disease developed rapidly and after 2 or 3 years she died of the disease. They had been very good friends and for a couple of years we still exchanged Christmas cards with Henry.

The next cruise stop was Willemstad Curacao. It was another Dutch island with colorful buildings. The first time I was in Willemstad when we were moving to Cartagena, Willemstad had a pontoon bridge between the two sides of the bay which they pulled open whenever a large ship was to dock there. Now there is a high bridge over the channel which we sailed under and docked in a harbor further inland. I don't remember much about that stop in Willemstad except the high bridge being there now, and the colorful city still flourishing. From Willemstad it was back to Miami and the end of our Anniversary Cruise.

In June of 2000 we went with Curt & family to State College, Pennsylvania to attend the wedding of our niece Pam to Robert Forster. The whole Ferguson family was there and we had a very good visit with them. On the way home we stopped in Ontario where we were entertained by Marian (Ruth's cousin) with a big family dinner at the hotel.

We not only had an anniversary cruise in 2000, but we went to our greatest Elderhostel. It was mostly in The Alps of Germany, Switzerland, and Italy. It started with some interesting complications. First, I got a call from the Elderhostel representative who was in San Francisco. She gave me instructions to e-mail Mechthild (Mechie) Wigger, in Germany. Mechie was to be our coordinator in Germany, and there was some difficulty with our flight getting to Frankfurt a few hours later than most of the others. By exchanging e-mails between continents it was decided that we, along with Stanley and Virginia Ploeg, from Des Moines, Iowa would be met in Frankfurt by Mechie's husband or son. We then would be driven to Schloss Dhaun castle where we would be staying while in Germany. Schloss Dhaun is located about three miles from Kirn, a town of about 20,000 people. Kirn now has no industry except a brewery. I wonder how many breweries there are in Germany! However, Kirn formerly had leather working industries that had been closed down with a loss of about 2000 jobs. Upon our arrival at Schloss Dhaun we were welcomed with a brief tour of the Eldernostel premises, and settled into our room in the castle. This was followed by a good German dinner.

On the first day of the Elderhostel program, August 28 we had a morning lecture on Schloss Dhaun Castle as an historic site. After noon dinner, we left by bus for Idar-Oberstein, driving along the Nahe River. The hillsides had slate rubble where many fossils can be found. Mining of gems in that area, ceased in 1830. Many residents moved to Brazil at that time, and the gem stones were sent back from Brazil to Idar-Oberstein. This city gets the gem stones from Brazil and also other parts of the world to shape and cut them into gems and make the jewelry. We visited the shop of a gem cutter who demonstrated the whole procedure. We purchased a gold onyx ring that needed to be sized. It was Ruth's birthday present.

Some interesting facts: Tempo is the name for tissues such as Kleenex, in Germany. Spaghetti ice cream is an Italian specialty. Shops are owned and run by Italians, and when the season is

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over they return to Italy. Old castles are usually not repaired. We passed one that is now being used for opera productions. Actors come from Bulgaria, Romania and Italy for low salaries. They bring all stage effects including horses.

We marveled at the beautiful flower boxes on most balconies. Apparently towns have contests and the winner is awarded plantings for the following season.

We had several interesting tours including Trier, the oldest city in Germany and the city where Carl Marx was born. In the old cities, we were told, the brick houses were for the wealthy, and the half-timbered houses were for the middle class. There were some attractive camping places along the way, mostly used by Dutch tourists. A bridge built in the second century by the Romans is still in use. Roman Baths and other structures including an amphitheater are still being used. A memorable stop on our way home to Schloss Dhan was in the town of Bernkastel. We took a picture of a house that had a very small main floor with larger upper floors because only the size of the main floor was used for tax purposes. Avoiding taxes seems to be the main goal for many people, rather than responsibility.

The next day we left for Disibodenberg Monastery where Hildegard of Bingen lived for 44 years. We took a long scenic rustic walk to get up to the monastery, but it was worth it. We were the only people there probably because most people (including me) are not familiar with the story of Hildegard. She was apparently a very active and well loved and helpful nun who influenced many people where she lived. When we returned to "our" castle, we entered from the courtyard through a tunnel. The tunnel which was entered by a steep stairway, was not straight, and it soon became pitch dark. Fortunately someone had a flashlight. It was eerie, but finally ended up in the castle, where we had a very tasty supper. The meals in Germany were always good whether modest or fancy. We also enjoyed playing "nine pins". The ball was smaller than our bowling balls and had no finger holes. Elderhostel had reserved the alley for that evening so there were no Germans kegling, only commenting. Those few that were observing must have been quite amused with our poor performance. It was understood that the owner made his money by the sale of beer, rather than the kegling.

On the first of September, we were taken to Mainz to see the Gutenberg Museum. There were crowds of people there to celebrate the 600<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the birth of Gutenberg. In addition to viewing one of the Bibles, we saw a demonstration of the printing process he created. The University of Texas has the 17<sup>th</sup> copy of the Bible in its Humanities Center.

We had a very interesting time in Herrstein learning about the history and building of half-timbered houses. A big effort is being made in restoration of these buildings, and they actually have a school to teach the crafts necessary. We saw the "practice building" where the students actually apply what they learned in their classes to build the basic structure of a half-timbered house. We had a tour of the school classroom that had a computer at every desk. It was quite a jump in technology from the old system of building to the modern computer to teach it again.

After spending a little more time in the museum we went shopping. It was a busy market day but I purchased a shirt at a department store that had a sale. Unfortunately we misread the size and it was too big for me--no bargain! We also had lunch in Mainz at the Market Square. It was a goulash supper. It was only a 15-minute walk to St. Stephan's Church to see the Marc Chagall

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blue stained glass windows. They were very modern in design. If we had not had the lecture and slides the previous evening we would not have recognized the figures. The blues are darkest around the altar and become progressively lighter as one goes to the rear of the church.

We also took our bus to Britzenheim to visit a winery run by a 4<sup>th</sup> generation owner. After a tour of the processing of the wine we sat at tables to sample 10 varieties of wine, mostly Riesling. The wine was served with delicious bread and canapés (cheese topped with an onion, olive, or grape. We bought two bottles of wine.

The next day was quite memorable. We left about 9:30 a.m. for Bingen where we were to take a scenic boat ride on the Rhine River. We saw the famous "Mouse Tower" and heard the tale about it. It was a good story. It seems that when the Archbishop of Mainz heard the peoples' pleas for food during a famine, he took them to one of his barns, promising food. He set fire to the barn and burned all of them to death. Thereafter mice always followed the Archbishop. Finally in an attempt to escape the mice he went to the tower in the Rhine. The mice swam out to the tower and nibbled him to death. On the tour again, we heard the music of the Lorelei as we passed the cliff from which she jumped to her death by drowning.

Japanese tourists had the lower deck of the riverboat, so we were confined to the upper deck which had no cover. It rained during the whole trip. It would have been a fascinating riverboat ride if it had not rained. You can't expect everything to go as planned. We disembarked at St. Goar and had lunch in a fine restaurant named "Fur Lorelei". That evening back at the castle we had a farewell dinner and get together. There was lots of singing with beer and chips.

On September 3 we were taken by bus from Schloss Dhan to Sursee, Switzerland with a stop in Basel on the way. In Sursee we were housed in one of the new dormitories of a school that taught construction crafts. We know of no schools in the U.S. like it. It could be described as the workers part of civil engineering. It was probably meant for those not too good at math, but pretty clever otherwise. It was located about a mile outside of Sursee.

Our first morning lecture was on Swiss history and politics. It was a Sunday and in the afternoon we walked the mile downhill through the woods and past cornfields and under the railroad tracks into downtown Sursee. Most businesses were closed, but it was a very attractive small city. After another hike back up the hill to the school, we had dinner with a group of Swiss people, all of whom spoke good English, and all had traveled in the USA. Especially interesting was a young man who was working on his PhD by developing improved yams in Africa. His girlfriend who was with him was from East Germany. She too was a university student in the field of agronomy. At the meal we sat across the table from his mother who was a schoolteacher in Sursee. The young woman who sat between us had not only been to Austin, Texas, but had watched the flight of the bats in Austin at dusk. It's a small world. I had heard of all of our bats, but had actually never seen them swarm out from under the bridge every night at dusk. They were great for keeping Austin relatively insect free. It was said that the bats ate more than a ton of insects each night.

But, I digress. Monday morning at 8:30 a.m. we departed for Bern and Canton Friborg. We had a guided tour through the Parliament building. There were colorful historic paintings on the walls. We sat in the parliament chamber to listen to a lecture on how the Swiss government was

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run. It is quite unique. It represents everyone cooperating with several different cultures. No sharp dividing lines of only two utterly different points of view, such as Republicans versus Democrats. After the lecture we all walked through the market square to watch the famous clock tower strike the hour with its moving figures. Automobiles give way to pedestrians but not the Streetcars. Ruth almost had a direct encounter with one. Some of us ate lunch in an outdoor restaurant above the Aare River. It was interesting to watch the ferryboats cross the river on a cable. They just positioned the ferry at an angle then let the current do the work. Outdoor lunch at long tables consisted mostly of Beer and sandwiches. There were crowds of people there shopping on Monday.

From Bern we drove on to Gruyere where we visited a cheese factory. There are two types of cattle from which they make Gruyere cheese—the Swiss Brown and Emmataler. We were given generous samples of the cheese which were delicious. The town was scenic, but you had to climb a steep hill paved with cobblestones to get there. In the evening we had a magnificent dinner at “Des Ranoarts” on the second floor from which we had a magnificent view of the valley below and the mountains above. We noticed that the farmers and other workers wore dark blue aprons, a clean one every day. White ones, we were told, were too hard to keep clean. The blue ones were for sale at most shops.

The next day we washed clothes and carried them to a drying room in the basement area. It was dark and we couldn't find the light switch. Ruth walked into a glass partition, but fortunately neither Ruth's head nor the partition were badly injured. Later in the morning we had a lecture which dealt with subjects taught at the school. It was essentially vocational training for construction specialists. We toured the buildings (counterpart of laboratories) to see the training in progress. Road building included cobblestones. Training also included plastering, operating cranes etc. A wide range of trades. It would be a good example of the type of training badly needed here in the USA today (Dec.2006).

In the afternoon we visited a Swiss dairy farm that produced 200,000 liters of milk a year. They were in the process of purchasing a neighbor's farm which would increase their production to 250,000 liters per year. The owner's wife and two young children were with him. The grandparents lived in their home on the third floor. We wished we could have gone inside the very attractive building. After the tour of the fields and milking station, we were treated to coffee with schnapps and doughnut. In the late afternoon we had a lecture on the Alps, with pictures.

The next day we departed for Lucerne and did a tour on foot after we arrived. We saw the Lion Monument which was carved into solid rock in 1821 to commemorate the Swiss Guards who died defending the Tuileries during the French Revolution in 1798. We walked along the Reuss River and crossed over on the covered bridge. There was an interesting construction of logs, near the end of the bridge that was used to control the flow of river water and keep a constant level in that part of town. Of more importance was a large jewelry store that allowed tourists to use their toilet free of charge.

On our way to Buochs we enjoyed a picnic lunch on the shore of Lake Lucerne. The views of the mountains, the lake and flowers that were everywhere were really beautiful. We went from Lucerne to the Gotthard Pass. We went up the old road which was steep and many sharp ESS

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curves, but it certainly was scenic. The current road has eliminated some of the worst sections. From the summit I was able to take a few pictures of the winding roads and valleys below. It was the best picture I made on the whole trip. The summit of this road was 6900 feet and c-o-l-d! Wind was 50 mph, and we found it difficult to stand. We returned on the road that bypasses the high switch back road by using a tunnel that is ten miles long—the longest in Europe. On the return we stopped at Altdorf where we saw the William Tell Monument. We went on to Gersau where we boarded a unique boat with steam powered side paddle wheels for a very scenic trip back to Lucerne. We dined in a fine dining room near the stern of the boat. From there it was a short drive back to Sursee.

The next morning we awoke to a shining sun that was noticeably bright as we departed for Basel on the Rhine. We took the freeway there and returned on “normal roads”. In Basel the bus parked in the cathedral square. After window shopping and a stroll through the market the group had lunch at the Bonosee Restaurant. Ongoing restorations prevented us from viewing the Fine Arts Museum and the Natural History Museum. The city of Basel is built on two levels. The rich live on the area above the river, and the poor on the flatlands across the Rhine. On our return we visited the Castle of Hallwil that had played an important part of a trade route through Switzerland on the river Aare. Again, because of restoration, there wasn't much to see. Back in Sursee we had a songfest in the evening and heard examples of the four languages spoken in Switzerland—German, French, Italian, and Ladin. Ladin is used by those living in a certain part of the eastern end of Switzerland. The people are similar to Gypsies, but Ladin is not exactly a Gypsy language.

The next morning before breakfast we walked up the steep hill behind the school buildings. A morning fog was just dissipating so we had views of Sursee, the lake, and mountains. The morning lecture covered the cultural regions and linguistics of Switzerland. It is complicated! 60% if the population is Deutch, 20% French, 9% Italian and less than 1% Romani. We could learn a lot from the Swiss with their 4 separate cultures and languages, it is a government of consensus. No one culture dominates everyone else. Geographically, 60% of Switzerland is mountains and hills. It is 210 miles east and west and 135 miles north and south. There are about 7 million inhabitants. The Jura Mountains are in the west, then the central plains, and to the east, the Alps. Nuclear power generates 40% of their energy needs.

That evening after packing, the whole group met on the roof for a happy hour with views of snow capped Alps in the distance and hot air balloons soaring above us. Some of the folks danced to the polka music. After supper we enjoyed a farewell party. Three Alpen horn players gave a concert on the school lawn with a background of mountains, gardens, flowers and a full moon. Some of us were allowed to try to blow the horns. I found it was easy and we all had fun. Then our last night of sleep in Switzerland with happy dreams.

The next morning we loaded the bus and departed on Rt. 14, then on 3 and later a normal road. At noon we had an unusual picnic stop on the platform of a village railway station. There were a large number of children with bicycles waiting for a train to take them to the mountains for a bike ride. Downhill, I imagine. Departing from this non scenic area on Rt. 3 we passed Lake Zurich. From this Glarus mountain area many Swiss people migrated to the USA and founded Glarus, Wisconsin. We passed the city of Davas(?) where international economic conferences are held every year. We entered Italy at Muenster after passing the only National Park in

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Switzerland. At about 4:30 p.m. we arrived at the Goldrain Castle where we would stay for the next week. The castle was built in the 13<sup>th</sup> century, but had been partially modernized. When we were assigned our rooms we were told to “carry your key at all times”. Our key would open other doors in the building.

The next morning we took a walk before breakfast on an interesting path by the apple orchards. After breakfast we had an excellent short lecture (at least it seemed short) on the south Tyrol, up to 1918. Then we had a tour of the castle. We were warned to be sure and keep the receipts from any purchases we make because the police check occasionally to make sure that the store has collected the tax. Everywhere you go, people are concerned one way or another about *taxes*

The next day was an all day excursion to The Dolomites. They were not really attractive, but were unusual and a good tourist stop. We stopped at Auer to exchange our remaining Swiss Francs for Italian Lires. Touring Europe must be a lot simpler today when nearly all countries use the Euro instead of each little state (country) with its own, jealously guarded taxable currency. Again we had the problem of finding a WC. We were told that most tea shops had the “necessarias”(as they are sometimes designated in Mexico), so we went to one (a tea shop, that is) and had a cup of tea, which in itself was very pleasant, as well as the use of the WC (as they say in England). We continued our tour and had lunch at Pordoi Pass. Some of our group took the cable car to the top of one of the Dolomites.

The next morning after breakfast we had a lecture on Italian Architecture through the centuries. In the afternoon we took a local bus to Schluderns to visit the castle of Churburg, which was owned, and in the summer months, occupied by the Count Trapp. He is a distant relative of the Trapp family of The Sound of Music fame. The road and paths to the castle were VERY STEEP and about a quarter of a mile long. We huffed and puffed, and with a few rest stops, made our way up to the castle and found that it was well worth the effort. The Count was present in the dining area. He spoke to us about his ownership of the property. We went on and saw a large collection of Knight’s armor. Different sizes and different types. It was more as a hobby of the Count, rather than an anthropological collection.

The bus on which we returned to Goldrain Castle was loaded with typical school children. In the evening we had another interesting lecture on mountain and valley farming in the Vinschgau. Products are mostly apples, wine grapes and apricots. It was of interest that the rows of the vines and trees ran up and down the mountains rather than being terraced. This was also true in all parts of the Alps that we saw in Switzerland and Germany. The Italians had developed a more efficient way of raising apples, using techniques similar to the vineyards of training the apple branches on wires and limiting the height to about 2 meters. This made picking apples much more efficient with no ladders needed. Irrigation is needed which can be applied at a rate where it will soak into the soil, and runoff is essentially eliminated.

The next day we had an all day visit to a great vacation destination. Lake Garda. The town was crowded with tourists. Across the lake could be seen many large resort type buildings. The weather was perfect for a vacation. In the afternoon we took a tour boat ride going north to Torbola. The lake was filled with wind surfers and the light breeze and sunshine made for great wind surfing conditions, even though the wake from our boat tipped many of them over. They easily righted themselves and were back surfing again.

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While we were gone, the maids at Goldrain did all of our laundry, putting everything in a single batch. The next morning it was all neatly folded and found in a basket in the hallway. Ruth missed one bra. Finding it involved quite a story that Joanne Fought and she will not forget.

A really unforgettable place was the Bolzano Archaeological Museum with the 5300 year old "Ice Man". Scientists around the world have examined the Ice Man to further investigate his physical condition at the time of death to determine what foods he had eaten, cause of death, etc. Duplicates of his clothing, weapons, and food he carried are on display at the museum. The body itself is again frozen and is on display through a small thick glass window looking into the freezing chamber at the museum. We walked through the market on our way to the museum and had a pizza lunch at the Sparber Restaurant in Tyrol village. We then drove through Meran, which is a beautiful resort town with the most attractive flowers and trees. We turned off the highway to enter Schnals Valley and up a very steep mountain road to visit the area where the Iceman was found on the Similaun glaciers. At that time it had not been determined whether the exact location of where The Iceman was found was in Austria or in Italy. An International commission was formed to survey the glacial area and determine the exact location where he was found. It's a long story, but it was finally decided the location was in Italy. After leaving the Iceman it was only a short ride back to Goldrain Castle and that familiar uphill walk to the castle.

At 8:00 a.m. the next morning we left for Munich. We passed a manmade lake from which a church had been removed, but not the steeple. It remains sticking up out of the lake. Tourists always do a "second take" when they see it. It seems to be an illusion, but is real. When we arrived at Innsbruck, Austria, the driver went to a large parking lot reserved for tourist busses. We walked through what had once been a royal park to the town square. We visited the Imperial Church built by Ferdinand I, in 1553-1563 for burial of his grandfather, Maximilian I. The interior of the church contains bronze statues of family members that are referred to by local residents as "Black Fellows". The Emperor was actually buried at St. George Chapel in the castle at Wiener Neustedt. The cenotaph in the nave is surrounded by beautiful iron grillwork. We went on to a monastery (no longer used as such) in the courtyard of which was a modern art exhibition. The statues looked as though they had been draped in Halloween costumes. We felt that it was not appropriate for the area.

We met our bus and resumed our journey to Munich. We actually took a secondary road to Erding, where we stayed at the Hotel Kastanienhof. At supper, Ggisela gave us our departure times from the hotel. We were to go to the airport with Cathy Tiberg, who was headed for Minneapolis, Greta Merrick to Asheville, NC and Barbara Rice, St. Petersburg, Florida. Our group was to take the same Delta flight to Atlanta in the morning.

We had an elaborate breakfast along with another group that had just arrived to see the Passion play at Oberammergau. We had time for a short walk on Bahnhofstrasse to the main street of Erding. It was still wet from the rain, and the sidewalks were covered with chestnuts. Our ride to the airport was just a short distance. We left on time for our 10-hour flight to Atlanta. We filled the time by reading and eating two meals. Our connection in Atlanta was easy and we finally arrived at our apartment in Austin at 11:15 p.m. We were two exhausted, but very happy people who were convinced we had just experienced the best Elderhostel ever.

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For some time now, Ruth and I cannot remember what we did for Christmas in 2000, nor what we did the first half of 2001. We continued to go to Diana's exercise classes, and play a game of ping-pong now and then. We also belonged to an athletic club called The Q Club. We also kept working part time at the Next to New store run by our church. I still did computer work entering sales, etc. and looking up data for others from time to time. Ruth was working as a more general clerk. Our stock was mostly on consignment from Estate Sales, but we took items from anyone at the same rate. There was one woman in particular that we got to know quite well. She went around to various garage sales every Saturday morning and found bargains which she would bring over to us and put them on consignment for herself. We only took in goods for sale until 12:00 noon on Saturdays. At 11:58 every Saturday morning our receiving door would open and we would all sort of groan. It took a lot of time to go through all the items she brought, categorize them, and price them and put them out for sale. All the data, of course, had to be entered in the computer too.

In addition to our routine activities, this was the time when we had decided to move to Michigan. Kyle was just starting high school, and Ruth wanted to get to know him as he was growing up. We liked The Renaissance, and its parent company, The Holiday Corporation. Holiday had the largest number of retirement homes of any company in the U. S. They had several in Canada, and perhaps in other parts of the world also. In Michigan they were just starting to build. As at least one person said "you don't move north when you retire, you move south where it is warmer." The first place Holiday was building in the north was in the Grand Rapids area of Michigan. They had several cottages separated from the main building that appealed to us. It was all brand new. Bill and Tim Larkin drove over and took some pictures for us. They were not impressed with its location, but the buildings were attractive. We flew up there to check it out, and stayed in an apartment in the main building as "guests". The apartment was nice, but construction quality was questionable. In the middle of the night Ruth got up and went to the bedroom closet to get something, and the door fell off. They were sliding doors hung from a track above that was fastened with screws to a plasterboard covered beam, but the screws were only long enough to screw into the plaster board, and naturally did not hold. When the proper length of screw was used –long enough to go into the wood, all was OK. The buildings were not completely built when we were there, but we signed up for one of the cottages. The cottage rentals were the same as the apartments in the main building. It was based on one month's advance payment, and 30 days notice before moving. We also looked at some retirement homes in Lansing, but were not impressed.

However on July 14 to August 6 we went to a Scandinavian Elderhostel in Denmark, Sweden, and Norway. As of now we cannot locate any written history of visiting these three countries. To start, we landed in Copenhagen, and stayed one night there before flying to the southwestern part of Denmark. It was mostly flat and mostly farming country. Of special interest was a visit with a Danish family. They lived in a fairly large house which was formerly the residence of the owners of the farm. The house was sold separately from the rest of the farm to this family. The house portion did include a chicken house and yard, complete with chickens that laid eggs. We don't even have the names of the family, so I'll have to just say he and her. "He" as a meteorologist who had spent some time working for the government in Iceland and other nearby islands. That is where he met "her". She also worked for the same agency, but not as a weather expert. She was actually born and grew up in one of the far north islands. I believe they both now still worked for the government, but in Denmark. We learned a lot about the weather and

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living on the North Atlantic islands. Except for isolation, it was apparently a good life. In that respect it was a lot like Hawaii. This part of Denmark was close to Germany, and in Elderhostel trips we drove down to the border. That part of Denmark, and the adjoining part of Germany had each been part of the other country at various times in history, so they were sort of a blend. We visited a dairy farm at milking time, and were greatly impressed, I might say *startled*, with the “modern” Holstein cattle. They had been selectively bred to produce milk. They had tremendous udders and produced more than twice as much milk per day, as did the Holsteins where I lived my teen years in North Dakota.

After nearly a week in western Denmark, we flew back to Copenhagen for an overnight before taking the bus to Sweden. This was possible because of the new bridge and tunnel highway that had just been completed between Denmark and Sweden. I am not sure where we stayed in Sweden, but I believe it was Goteborg, which was a fairly large city with a good international airport. We were housed in an unusual group of duplex rooms that shared the same front entrance area. At the first lecture we attended the, Professor greeted us with the statement that if we ever wanted to rob a bank, today was the day to do it. There was not one policeman left in the city. The reason was President Bush, who had arrived with a fleet of planes and several limousines for all of his attendants. They all required protection from the Swedes. He was not very complimentary in his attitude towards Mr. President Bush.

In Sweden we again had lectures on history, going back to the Vikings and before. In one of our day trips we went to a park quite a ways north that had ancient carvings on huge rocks that were just above the soil surface. The rock faces were generally smooth and we were allowed to walk on them to view the symbols and carvings on them. Another day trip was to a large lake where we saw replicas of the Vikings “Long Boats”. We not only saw them, but we boarded them, and then we found we were also the oarsmen. It was quite a circus with about a dozen Elderhostelers, most with no rowing experience with a heavy oar, trying (or should have been trying) to keep their oars in unison with the oars of the others. Surprisingly we did make the boat move, and rowed the length of the lake and back again to the dock. It was a fun trip, as well as learning. Another day we went to an historical museum which had exhibits of life in ancient Sweden including the seafaring part. We also visited a Swedish family. All I remember is that they were very pleasant and entertained us with the most amazing assortment of desserts. Cakes with fancy decorations, and cookies and many tempting items. But there were no pies. Pies seem to be of American origin.

For the third week, we flew from Goteborg to Bergen, Norway. The fishing industry flourishes in Norway. It was quite noticeable to us because one of the main features we passed by frequently on our walks was the Fish Pier. Strangely, although a lot of fish were visible, and it was always wet, there was not a significant “fishy” odor. All very clean. Unfortunately, we do not seem to have any record of where we went. Not even any pictures of the area. We do remember the family we visited in Norway. They had a daughter that had spent the previous year as an exchange student in Minnesota. She and Ruth had a lot in common to visit about. I believe our hosts were teachers. They were knowledgeable about many subjects. An odd thing to make us remember Norway was the serving of smoked salmon, cold, with scrambled eggs, cold! The smoked salmon was good, but somehow I could not pretend to relish the cold scrambled eggs.

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Norway had an asset that Denmark and Sweden did not have, and that was OIL. The Norwegian government, however, kept a significant tax on gasoline (in \$ per gallon rather than cents per gallon like we have it.) to discourage its overuse. Our system encourages burning up the fuel so the oil companies can sell more crude. And General Motors can sell more gas guzzling vehicles. This was pointed out earlier in this biography. Norway knew the oil was not going to last forever, so it was used with care, and discouraged unnecessary use. It was also good for the environment, and all Norwegians seemed to be much more concerned about the environment than we are in the USA. All the nations we visited in Europe had much higher taxes on gasoline than we do.

From Bergen, we took a bus to Oslo which was very enjoyable. It was a beautiful day, and the highway wound its way up and over mountains, and passed many fjords. We stopped for lunch on the trip and again were “treated” with smoked salmon served with COLD scrambled eggs. We spent one night in Oslo, and the next morning we flew to Copenhagen to change planes to fly back to Chicago where we went through immigration and customs, and changed planes again for our flight to Austin.

After arrival in Austin we had only a few days before moving to Grand Rapids, Michigan. First the packers, then the movers. We flew to Grand Rapids, Mich. and shipped the Camry. Consequently, we arrived at Aurora Pond, our new retirement home, about 5 days before our moving van did. However, the driver had given us his cell phone number, and we were able to call him to keep track of where he was and whether or not he was still on schedule. When he left Austin, he was not sure how many stops he might have to make to unload or load other households. In the meantime we stayed in the guest room in the main building. When our furniture and car arrived, we moved into one of their very nice cottages. We had a very attractive 2 bedroom, 2-bath cottage with an adequate living room and full kitchen with garbage disposal, and also our own laundry facilities. There was a very small concrete patio at the back of the house opening off the dining area, where we could keep potted plants. When Christmas came Curt and Renee put lights on one of the medium sized fir trees on a bank out back of our cottage. The tree was tall enough so Renee had to use a rake to get the string of lights to the top.

We had the usual problems of finding doctors, dentists, etc. The doctor we chose was a woman DO named Champion. It was the beginning of my health problems, and was first noted as possibly serious when Dr. Champion noticed a significant loss in my weight. A series of blood tests indicated the possibility of endocrine glands, kidneys etc. but results were not conclusive. Dr. Champion suggested I see a gastroenterologist, which I did, and he didn't find anything related to the problem, so he gave “a diagnosis” of Crones disease. This diagnosis from a Dr. Rupp went with us when we moved to East Lansing. I have a feeling that if we had stayed with Dr. Champion she would have soon picked up enough clues to indicate celiac disease. However, we moved to East Lansing and lost her start on finding out what the problem was—and still is. The part of Grand Rapids where Aurora Pond was located was called Wyoming. It was mostly south and west of downtown Grand Rapids, and was populated by extremely right wing religious folk. Almost every block had a small church. Nearly all were “Reformed”, but each seemed to be reformed from a different Sect, such as “Reformed Methodist”, or “Reformed Christian” or “Reformed this, that and the other. They all were friendly people, but very few intellectuals. Grand Rapids downtown had a lot of construction going on, particularly street improvements. A lot of “you can't get there from here” situations. Bill and Harriett Larkin lived in Greenville,

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only about 30 miles north of downtown Grand Rapids, so we saw them frequently. We always went to the GR symphony concerts during their season. Harriett's mother, Florence, lived with them. Although Florence was in a wheelchair and 100 years old, she always came to the symphony concerts with them and Bill would bring her into the back of the main floor and park her wheel chair in an unobtrusive spot. We would often meet Bill & Harriett at the Amway Grand Hotel, use the hotel's valet parking, and then go to one of the hotel restaurants and have a hamburger and French fries type of supper with a glass of wine, and an interesting visit before the 7:00 p.m. discussion prior to the performance itself. The concerts were very good. The orchestra was not as good as Austin's, but still a good orchestra and they usually had well planned programs to make a very good concert, which we enjoyed.

The street construction and traffic improvement was always a challenge. When Bill first gave us directions over the phone to find the hotel he told us where to get off the freeway to get to the hotel, we were able to do it the first time, but later when we didn't take the freeway, but another more direct route, we got detailed directions from the symphony office telling us street by street how to get there to avoid the construction. That worked out well for coming home, but not for getting there, because when we got downtown we found one way streets, all going the wrong direction, so we had to use our maps, or common sense, and take the streets a block away, etc. Downtown was a challenge every time we went there we found things had been changed.

When spring came we went sailing with Bill and Tim on a big lake that the Grand River flowed into. Across the lake from the harbor where the Larkin boat was kept, was a clubhouse for the sailing crowd. We sailed over there a couple of times and stopped for lunch. Later, Bill and Tim got a bigger boat, I believe it was 32 ft. and big enough to sail out on Lake Michigan, and we went sailing out there a few times. Bill even let me have the tiller to sail around the big lake, but he or Tim would always take over when we came back into the harbor and docked. It was fun to maneuver a sailboat, which was quite different from the powerboats I had handled during WW II.

We went to Okemos to have Thanksgiving dinner with Renee, Curt and Kyle. The trip over was easy, but the trip back was in a blinding snowstorm. We were about half way between Lansing and Grand Rapids in the Ionia area the snow was a real whiteout. The best we could do to stay on the highway was to follow the red tail light of the car, or truck ahead. It was all single file, trucks or cars. This lasted for several miles, but as we got nearer to Grand Rapids the snow let up considerably, and Grand Rapids itself had some snow but nearly normal traffic. Our trip to Okemos for Christmas resulted in a replay of stormy whiteouts for a few miles in the Ionia area. We had a white out for a greater distance than at Thanksgiving, but again at Grand Rapids not so bad. Later things changed for Grand Rapids. Very heavy lake effect snowstorms continued through the winter. Of the cars parked around the building and no garage, it seems that no one tried to drive and the cars stayed parked. Snow piled on the tops several feet thick. Many weird looking shapes resulted. Pictures are in Ruth's picture albums. In spite of the snow, traffic in Grand Rapids was slowed down but not stopped, and we continued to see Bill and Harriett and take in the Symphonies, go to meals, go to bed, listen to the news and several of the other activities of wintertime.

Since GPS became practical and affordable, it has taken the place of lighthouses. In the spring we went on a tour to see the Lighthouses along the shores of Lake Michigan. Some were still in

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very good shape and still operational, but all were interesting, and some of our people had interesting stories to tell of years gone by when the Lighthouses were really needed and the Lighthouse keepers lived there and were essentially on continuous duty. I assume the younger generation would call that 24/7/365 duty. The lighthouse history was illustrated from the time of actual flames for light up to the brilliant electrical lights magnified by optical means. The tour was sponsored by a group who want to keep certain Lighthouses in operation as a sort of museum or historical monument.

On the other hand, the highly advertised Tulip Festival at Holland, Michigan was a dud. Why I do not know, but there was no festival that we saw, and very few tulips when our busload of Aurora Pond residents arrived.

All in all our 10 months of living at Aurora Pond were very pleasant. Thankfully, we had a large garage and Aurora Pond had equipment to keep the driveways and parking areas cleared of snow. It seemed like every time we went to Okemos when we were about half way home near Ionia we had another storm. We took in another event while living at Aurora Pond. We had the honor of joining The Flying Longhorns on their Vermont Fall Foliage Trip from September 28 through October 2. We, of course, only got to go as guests of Steve (my son) and Peggy, who are both alumni of the University of Texas. We flew to Boston where we met Steve and Peggy, and drove with them to Stowe, Vermont. We stayed at the Top Notch Resort high in the Green Mountains. It was a very comfortable resort, and the meals were very good. The second evening we went to the Trapp Family Lodge. The Lodge was still operated by the famous Trapp Family of "The Sound of Music" fame. We enjoyed the resort and hiking on the mountain and even a little shopping in nearby Burlington. We rode in the enclosed gondola to the top of Mt. Mansfield, which gave us a bird's eye view of the entire area. Unfortunately, the weather was great, which is not what you need to make the fall colors appear, which was the purpose of the whole trip.

October 4 was Ken & Terry's wedding day. It was in Mystic, Connecticut, so we went with Steve and Peggy in their rented SUV back to Boston and through the mess in "the big ditch" as it was called. That construction faux pas is another story, except the temporary roadway was very rough and Ruth had a very bad back and the traffic was heavy. We kept telling Steve to slow down and he kept saying he had to keep up with the traffic. However, eventually Peggy insisted, and Steve attempted to make the riding smoother, which was appreciated. We kept right on going out of Boston and through Rhode Island and into Connecticut to Niantic, where Ken and Terry were living. It was a crowded household, but Amy gave up the bedroom she was using so that we could stay there, and she then drove back to her room at the University. Only about an hour's drive. No problem. She would be back in the morning. We stayed overnight. The next morning was the wedding day, but when Ken saw how badly Ruth was hurting, his top priority was to get Ruth to a Doctor. This was done and a prescription was obtained for pain pills that worked and Ruth was able to enjoy the wedding ceremony over in the historical Episcopal Church. The church was part of Mystic Village that was made up of stores and other businesses in a village of buildings 100 years old or more. The buildings were either moved from a distance, or some were the actual building that had "always" been there, or had been newly constructed in the manner of 150 years earlier. In any event, the stock they carried was modern, but the displays were a blend of ancient and modern. The service was always good. The village itself was well worth a visit, even though the movies being shown were modern. But we were at

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a wedding, and it was modern, with a court official doing all the right things. She gave a brief talk about marriage that was possibly better than many church weddings.

In early December 2001, we made a trip to Austin. This was arranged in coordination with our good friend, Jeanette Moses. She arranged for us to stay in one of the guest apartments in the "Rock House". The Rock House was the original house on this property and being of historical value it was preserved and made into two guest apartments. Not fancy, but very interesting, and the beds were soft and TV had been installed. Being only a few steps from the main building made it a most convenient place to stay. Unfortunately, (what? Another misfortune?) Jeanette was sick during our entire visit of about 5 days. We did have several opportunities to visit with her, though, even though she was housebound. We also had a great visit with Stephanie and Daniel and young Laurel and little Daniel. Laurel is now in school, and was learning Spanish as a foreign language. Young Daniel could be labeled as "active". He was having fun and made sure the rest of us had fun too.

One February evening in 2002 Curt called us at Aura Pond, from Okemos telling us that he had just been over to the Burcham Hills Retirement Center, and found that there were 2 condos going on the market the next morning. If we wanted one, we needed to get over there first thing in the morning and be ready to make an offer. (We had seen their neat little village of condos with the big Retirement Center building on the hill above them when we were taking a drive with Curt at Christmas time. At that time we had told him that it looked like a very attractive place to live.) Following Curt's advice, we called Burcham Hills the next morning and made an appointment with Mrs. White, the Sales Manager. We looked at the condos, including a third one which would come on the market soon. There was a real nice one at a good location and just right in size -- 2 bedroom and 2 bath and an extra wide 2 car garage attached. It was only \$5,000 more than the other two which were significantly inferior in quality and in less desirable locations. By 4:00 p.m. that day we had agreed to buy the condo at 864 Lenna Keith Circle. There was one provision and that was that we could not move in until the end of June. It was this proviso that we could live with but other buyers could not, that kept the price down. Since we had a comfortable place to live till then, it was no problem to us. We "passed papers" on it at the end of April. The sellers agreed to pay us rent until they had it ready for us to move in near the end of June. When they realized they had to pay rent, they set a date for us to occupy the condo on June 24. Their problem was family being scattered and a mutually convenient date for them to meet and divvy up the inheritance could not happen until late in June.

Back at Aurora Pond on June 23 the packers were busy and on June 24 the van, with us nearby, drove to 864 Lenna Keith Circle, East Lansing, Michigan and unloaded all of our household goods, and in good enough order so we could sleep there that night. It was our own home again after years of renting. However, we were beholden to Burcham Hills, who still owned the land, on which we had to pay taxes. The cost of living was less than at Aurora Pond, but we had to take a chance on owning our home with a volatile market. Also, Burcham Hills got their money by getting 7% of the selling price. Our Condo in East Lansing was similar to our cottage at Aurora Pond. It was somewhat larger, and had a wooden deck with railing and gate, in the back plus a much larger 2 ½ car garage. Both were very good accommodations.

Kyle was a freshman in high school when we moved to the Grand Rapids area, and we were able to see him often. Kyle and his growing years in high school, was the main reason we had moved

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from Texas to Michigan. When we moved to East Lansing the end of June, 2002, we were able to see him more often and get better acquainted. It was interesting to watch his progress from a curly blond haired little boy to a curly blond haired young man. Kyle was proud of his curly blond hair, and he loved to display it, in spite of the urging from his Uncle Greg to “get a haircut!”

Kyle had a problem with asthma, and Curt wanted to reduce his exposure to dust, at least in his own home. Little did he realize what this would, and did entail. Not long after we moved in, Curt came over one evening and asked if they (with dogs) could stay with us for a few nights while their carpets were taken up. As is usual when such projects start, one thing led to another. It was found that the hall and kitchen floors were under laid with asbestos. Other asbestos was found in the walls, and once it was exposed, special permission had to be obtained from the state to have it removed. Finally, after about 6 weeks, the DJs found another place to stay and we were able to have our own condo to ourselves again. The refurbishing of the DJs house included rebuilding much of the second floor with a new bath and closet space for Kyle’s room. Kyle’s old room then became the computer room. Hardwood floors were installed, both downstairs and upstairs. New carpeting purchased, including an Oriental rug. Finally they could all move back into their “new” old house. Fortunately the price of real estate zoomed at about that time, so on paper, at least, the remodeling was worth it.

East Lansing had an excellent Public Library only about a mile down the road from Burcham, but the facilities and performances at Michigan State University were a disappointment. The first performance we saw at their main auditorium was “Forty Second Street”. Ruth thought it was too loud. I agreed. We never did hear a symphony concert there. They did not have available transportation for us like we had been used to in Austin to take a group of us who had season tickets. The auditorium at MSU was very difficult for us to use. It had no center aisles, and took almost ½ hour to empty. As a Safety Engineer, I considered the Auditorium to be a serious fire hazard. It was not made for old folks. The best concerts were at the Okemos High School when the high school band had their spring concerts.

One big advantage of being in East Lansing instead of Grand Rapids was the ease of transportation to the DeMars-Johnsons. Burcham Hills was right on the border between East Lansing and Okemos so the DJs were only about a 10 minute drive away for Thanksgiving and Christmas and many other times.

Kyle was still taking flute lessons from an MSU professor. The MSU music department had remodeled an old school building in East Lansing which was within easy walking distance from us. This resulted in frequent visits from Kyle when he had his flute lessons. He would frequently take a shortcut through the woods to our place for a visit. Curt would then pick him up at our place, and at times he, Curt, would be the first one to arrive, so we had frequent visits from him too. On rare occasions, Renee might come over for a visit too. Unfortunately, she was a very busy person with her job with the State of Michigan Education Department, Early Childhood Development. In addition, she at times would take home items such as “Grant Applications” to revue, for which she was paid extra, but which took a lot of her time. I must say that Renee is one of the nicest persons I have ever known. Not just a pretty ornament. I’ll always remember her perched high on a ladder installing kitchen cabinet shelf paper while we were moving in. If there was a job to be done, she would do it.

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My PCP (primary care physician) was Dr. Witzke. He recognized that I had a digestive problem, and sent me to several specialists. One was another gastroenterologist who pooh poohed Dr. Rupp's diagnosis of Crohn's Disease, but he couldn't account for the problem either, and simply called it IBS (Irritable bowel syndrome). I continued to have vomiting and diarrhea and to lose weight. Dr. Witzke also sent me to a Rheumatologist as well as a nose and throat doctor. All to no avail. I continued to lose weight—125 to 120 to 115.

There was a park in Okemos about half way between the DJ's and Burcham where Curt and Renee and Kyle took us to listen to amateur Shakespeare dramas. We would take a sort of picnic supper, spread a blanket and enjoy. The DJ's also had folding camp chairs they took along for us old folks to better enjoy the performance. In the same park but from a somewhat different vantage point we also watched the fireworks on the 4<sup>th</sup> of July.

In mid August we (Curt, Ruth, and I) drove to Ludington, Mich. to take the ferry to Manitowoc, Minnesota, and then drove on to Wasau, Minn. where we stayed overnight. The next morning we drove to a reunion. The reunion was for the Connel family. They are Ruth's cousins. There were two summer homes of relatives, and a big canvas cover over large wooden picnic tables where we were served. There were cousins by the dozens--all friendly and interesting to visit with. The weather was also great; the beach was sandy and just right for sand castles and other images. The lake was calm and enjoyed by many for swimming or boating. One of the cousins was very talented as a boat builder. Several boats that he had built were on the beach and much admired. Many of us stayed at a motel in a nearby town. It was a very small town, but had a good motel, and several of the cousins stayed there also. From there on Saturday, August 17 we headed north to Duluth and up the lake to Bay Cottage. Our plans were to spend 2 or 3 weeks there and possibly have visits from others in the family. However, the plans were thwarted because of my illness. What illness? We don't know what to call it, but it had to do with digestive gas and its effect on my heart rate and blood pressure. When Curt saw me the morning of the 19<sup>th</sup>, he immediately started packing the car. He called the clinic in Grand Marais, and found that they opened at 8:00 a.m. They had a brand new emergency room, and at 8:00 a.m. we were there and I was put on a gurney and wheeled in and hooked up to tubes and wires again. At about 11:00 a.m. the doctor decided I was stable enough to be released to go home, but not on a long automobile trip. Curt called the airport at Duluth (still 100 miles away) and got an afternoon flight to Minneapolis with connections for Lansing. Wheelchairs were arranged for both Duluth and Minneapolis. When we got to Minneapolis the wheelchair turned out to be the motorized cart that roams the halls of airports. The big problem was, there was construction at the airport and the Lansing flight was from the old part. So we stopped there and got out and over to a bus that took us to the Lansing Plane. It wasn't the best flight I have ever taken, but cost the most. Over \$1200 first class rate for 4<sup>th</sup> class service by Northwest Airlines. However under the circumstances, it was worth it. Especially when we saw Kyle at the airport in Lansing, and Renee in the van just outside waiting for us. Recovery was routine, but it did result in getting inclined support pillows for me to sleep on, and we also raised the head of the bed about 3 ½ inches. (2 pieces of 2x4) This helped control the gas/heart problem. Of course this all left Curt sitting in Duluth in the car alone with all the luggage, so he took off from there for the ferry to cross lake Michigan. He caught the midnight ferry and slept on the deck with several others who didn't have a cabin. Curt was apparently in the minority as to whether to sleep or enjoy the

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night drinking instead. He got some sleep but not much, and came driving in to East Lansing and Okemos sometime after 9:00 a.m. He was very tired.

Steve and Peggy paid us a visit August 26 through August 29, 2002. They had been on a trip and as I remember, they were at Niagara Falls for Steve's birthday August 23. Then on their way home had stopped by to visit us and see our condo in East Lansing. Peggy has ties to Maine and I think this was primarily a trip to Maine with a Niagara Falls stop for Steve's Birthday. Whatever, we were very glad to have them make a detour on their way home to stop by and visit with us in our new home

Ken and Terry came for a visit riding his Goldwing Honda motorcycle, pulling a little two wheeled trailer with their traveling gear. It was quite a showpiece. We were glad we had the oversized garage so he could park the entire rig inside the garage where it would be safe from the hazard of pilferage. We always enjoy Ken's visits, and we have certainly had more visits with him since retirement than with Steve or Chuck. Of course we lived in the same area as Ken for nearly 8 years and the same town as Steve about 11 years. Now we are less than 100 miles from Chuck, and see him reasonably often. His engineering development work has kept him working overtime most of the time we have been in Arizona, but after his group having completed their development of their power control unit for the F35 JSF plane for the military, he has been assigned to work, still unknown to me, but will be done in cooperation with the Honeywell Division here in Oro Valley, and we anticipate more informal visits soon. He wanted this job because he wanted to work with the bigger engines used in the M-1, vs the Auxiliary engines in the planes.

In October of 2002 while living in our Condo at Burcham Hills, we were driven to Stratford, Ontario to see the Shakespeare play King Lear. We stayed in a hotel overnight and had a nice tour the next day and on back to East Lansing. There were two other passengers besides Ruth and I. It was great for us and an unusually good performance of King Lear. However, when Burcham Hills looked at the expense for 4 people, they said, figuratively "never again". I'm sure it had something to do with the figures on the bottom line.

Thanks to our Appointments Calendar for 2002, our memory has been jogged. We picked up a Honey Baked Ham at the Bakery on East Grand River, December 23, and on December 24 "had dinner here", which was a Christmas Eve Dinner, and then went to church at 10:30 p.m. On December 25 we had 3 dinner guests "B.H.", which means Bill and Harriett, and Tim.

On Sunday, February 16, 2003, we joined the Eastminster Presbyterian Church. There were some very friendly and competent people in that church and they had a more or less traditional type service, which we greatly preferred over the modern African imports. There was a good Episcopal church even closer to us, and the woman who was rector was popular and very friendly. She said she loved good music. However, she was English and the church was too Anglican which meant that "good music" at least at the church included the *unmusical* chants, which did not suit us. It made us choose the Eastminster Presbyterian Church.

Now that we were again homeowners we had the pleasure of planning and planting gardens within certain restricted areas around our condo. The garden area was a real mess when we moved in because it had had no attention for so long. It was badly overgrown with plants mixed

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with weeds. There were a couple of evergreen shrubs that could stay, but nearly everything else had to be pulled up and trashed. A young woman named Sharon had been hired by Burcham to assist in overseeing the plantings. She was a graduate of MSU and well experienced with plants for our area. She advised us on what to plant and even took us to the stores in Lansing where we purchased 2 mugho pines, 1 dwarf Alberta spruce and 3 spireas. As well as plants we also purchased some hardware items. One was an attractive 4-legged tower about 5 ft tall on which we could train the Clematis vine. It did well in shady areas and was a delight to see it bloom the next spring. We also purchased a big rod with a hook to hang baskets of petunias out on the back deck. We also bought window box type of holders that fastened onto the railing on the back deck. These we filled with geraniums. The front garden was bordered with rocks. Inside the border we planted alternating colors of impatiens. Because of Sharon's help we had one of the most "stop to look at" places for those who drove by in our little village of condos. This gardening occupied most of our spare time (when Jim wasn't seeing doctors or having tests run, or being sick) in the spring, summer, and fall of each year we were there.

Michigan was a great place to grow beautiful gardens, and the best were at MSU which was only a couple of miles from us. In late April Curt took us for a tour of those gardens. They were unbelievably beautiful. Dozens of kinds of plants and most of them in bloom. It could be said they were breathtaking.

A few more health problems resulted in having a stent put in one of my heart arteries on June 30, 2003. It was one of the newer kinds that were medicated to prevent clots from forming on the stent itself. (At this writing in 2007 it is still performing well.)

On October 9 we flew to Connecticut to visit Ken & Terry. We spent a week with them and the highlight of the trip was another trip. Ken drove us north, high into the mountains of New Hampshire. The fall colors were ablaze in the woods and the streams were flowing with small waterfalls and rapids. There were, in some places, enough rocks rising above the water line to walk across the streams, but there were also footbridges for us old folks. There is nothing more satisfyingly pretty than New England's fall colors, particularly in the mountains. Thank you Ken & Terry.

Thanksgiving dinner on the 27<sup>th</sup> was enjoyed at the DeMars-Johnsons. Renee is a very good cook, and Curt and Kyle were experienced helpers. We do recall the meal, but nothing about the rest of the year. We have a picture of a beautifully decorated Christmas tree that was at the DeMars-Johnson's, but nothing written or remembered about Christmas day itself. All we know is that a week later was New Year's Day. The year 2004 had two big events. The first was our Panama Canal Cruise on the Island Princess. The second was our decision near the end of the year when the snow and ice began to be a hazard to the elderly that we should move to a warmer climate.

The big event of 2004 began on February 23 when we drove to Detroit to stay overnight in Hilton's new Park and Fly hotel. It was so near the Detroit airport that as we watched the planes taking off about every 30 seconds under full power it sounded like they were coming right into our room. We went to bed early and slept until 3:00 a.m. to take the 4:10 a.m. Hilton shuttle to the airport. Checking in and going through security gave no problems. We had time for a banana for breakfast before boarding our plane. After our plane got to cruising altitude on its

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way to Miami we were served juices and other soft drinks. A memorable event occurred when Ruth in her excitement managed to dump her full glass of orange juice right onto Jim's lap! What a mess!! The flight attendants furnished lots of paper towels to absorb as much juice as possible, and by the time we got to Miami Jim's pants were almost dry, but stained so that they had to be dry cleaned which was done later aboard our ship. A Princess Representative met us in Miami and we then took a bus to our ship, which was docked in Ft. Lauderdale.

This was the first time in many years that I had been in Miami and I was very much impressed as our bus drove through downtown Miami, with the modern transportation system they had. Not only a monorail, but freeways arching over other freeways in big "flyovers". It was a short drive to Ft. Lauderdale where our ship, the Island Princess, was docked. We boarded our ship just after 12:00 noon, which was made easy for us because for some reason we had "express status". We went directly to our stateroom E302. E was for Emerald Deck which was the 8<sup>th</sup> deck. As I recall the elevators had 16 decks for passenger services. Our room had a small private balcony, with sliding glass doors. We found the balcony to be quite useful and pleasant for cruising in the Caribbean. We had "personal choice" for eating, which meant that we had our choice each meal from 2 regular dining rooms, several snack bars and one buffet style dining area which was on the 14<sup>th</sup> deck with glass windows all around the front and down the sides of the ship, and was open 24 hours a day. It was a very popular place and was where we chose to have our first meal as well as many others during the cruise.

The first day out was a full day of cruising. After breakfast we wandered back on the 14<sup>th</sup> deck and found the Gym which had a complete "fitness center" starting with a dozen treadmills, (all in use), several elliptical machines on through to many specialty machines and finally a large weight lifting area. After I checked out Tony Hillerman's new book named Sinister Pig, from the library, we returned to the exercise room and found 2 treadmills vacant so we put them in use for the next 15 minutes. We then lounged by the open-air pool. Later we went to the boutique where I purchased a bright red oversized T-shirt, which I am now using as a nightshirt. Very comfortable and doesn't even keep me awake. For our evening dinner we went to the first of two formal dining rooms. Most women in black dresses.

At 8:00 p.m. we went to the Broadway show called Curtain Up in the Princess Auditorium. It was a great show—a nonstop medley of Broadway Musicals, starting with 42<sup>nd</sup> St., then going through Gershwin, Cabaret, Phantom of the Opera, Sunset Boulevard, Evita, Grease, and a grand finale of songs and dances from Oklahoma. We were fascinated by the clever manner in which the costumes were changed right on the stage from small dressing booths ringing the stage (using basic body suits made it all quite proper). All of the performers worked for Princess Lines, and put on a different show each night.

After sailing all night, we docked at a bauxite loading pier near Montego Bay (not a pretty town) Jamaica. We were driven on a scenic tour of trees and flowers and stopped at Dunn's River Falls. A spectacular stream of steep rapids which the younger and more able folk made a slow climb up and back down without getting drowned or slipping on a rock & breaking their heads. We got back to our ship at about 2:30 and Ruth was starved and ate a huge salad and a spicy fishy concoction and had a carton of skim milk. By 3:30 she was regretting the heavy lunch and was nauseated. I phoned the health center, which resulted in the prompt arrival of a doctor and a nurse. The doctor asked a lot of questions then gave her a shot of Metoclopramide with enough

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pills for 3 a day for 3 days. She was quarantined for 24 hours, and meals were brought to our stateroom. Her diet was restricted for 3 days. She could not have milk, cheese, fruit juice or meat. The Princess Lines were well aware of the fear of contagion on cruise ships which seemed to be almost an epidemic at that time. The Horizon Court Dining Room installed the automatic hand washing dispensers and all who entered were required to use it. Several other precautions were taken at that time also. No further health problems occurred during the cruise. We didn't really miss not being able to go ashore, because we had been there before on another cruise. While we stayed aboard we watched a brigantine with 3 masts sail by firing their canons. As they went by we could see they were loaded with tourists out for a joy ride.

The next day was a day at sea and in the morning we heard a lecture on the Panama Canal, and then went to the library to read the daily bulletins from the New York Times. We again made use of the Gym for our daily exercise. At the stern of the ship next to the Gym we found a ping-pong table and enjoyed a few games without losing one ping-pong ball overboard. After we docked at Puerto Limon, Costa Rica, we went on an Eco River Tour. It was a short bus ride along the coast to get to the riverboat for the tour. Our guide was very knowledgeable and spoke nearly perfect English. The tour was really fantastic seeing the jungles and all the wildlife pointed out and named by our excellent guide. We even saw a 2 toed sloth as well as several 3 toed sloths. Also many howler monkeys, iguanas and dozens of birds. Also a species of bat. They were quite small and clung to tree trunks by the hundreds. We had a refreshment stop where we sampled many varieties of fruit as well as fresh coconuts. It was an exceedingly interesting tour and didn't seem like it had lasted 4 ½ hours. Our ship sailed just after 6:00 p.m.

We arrived at Gatun Locks in Panama at about 6:00 a.m. We watched with fascination as they attached two electric "mules" to each side of our ship. Their function was not to haul the ship, but rather to keep it from scraping the sides of the locks. The ship proceeded under its own power out from each lock. After leaving the locks the ship proceeded to an anchorage site in Gatun Lake. We were among those who had chosen to take the "Grand Tour of Panama". We disembarked into a cruise launch. There were very few animals to be seen as our launch toured the shores. We were thankful that we had taken the Eco River tour the day before in Costa Rica. The launch took us to a landing site and a short pier where we went ashore. We climbed a steep path to visit a small tribe of Embera Indians. The Indians were free to live anywhere, but they had chosen to stay and live in nearly the same way as did their ancestors. They put on a show for us in a large lodge with seats around the edges. They were dressed "native", the men with loin cloths, and the women with a waist wrap of colorful cloth. No tops. They did not make their own cloth but bought it at stores the same as anyone else.

They had a small orchestra of hand-made pipes and whistles and drums. The girls danced and we were invited to join in. A few men did, but appeared to be quite self-conscious. The tribal site was on a hill which was very uneven with small hills and valleys. This made it very hard for me to keep my balance. I was also wearing a fairly heavy backpack. I did almost fall over backwards, but one of our fellow tourists caught me and helped me to get back upright. This area was the village where the Indians lived. There was a large house up on stilts with mostly open walls. The living area floor was reached by climbing a log, which was about a foot in diameter with notches cut in it for stairs. Nearby was an open rock lined fire pit where they did their cooking, next to a semi enclosed thatch roofed kitchen. A small banana grove was next to the kitchen. Of course, the Indians were skilled craftsmen, and we had an opportunity to buy

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many types of unusual items. I am sure the culture portrayed was authentic, but I am also sure that some, at least, of these Indians had a college education. I have often been impressed with other Indian Tribes, especially the Mandan Indians, who live on a reservation across the river from Bismarck, North Dakota. They were a peaceful tribe who were not nomadic, but liked to stay in one place. They had developed considerable engineering skills in the construction of their homes and large “community buildings”. The use of triangular bracing to keep the sides straight. Similarly, they used unique methods of spanning large areas with a stable roof.

After we left the Indian village we again boarded our motor launch and soon landed at the head of the Canal Locks where a bus was waiting to take us back down to sea level at the Gatun Locks. This was the most fascinating sight of the whole trip. We sat in a small grandstand right at the end of the exit gate of the last lock before the lake. We had a brief lecture from a guide about the size and weight etc. of the gates and the water flow. Yes, again, we were impressed. Of course we had read up on the problems and years of work by both the French and U. S. engineers to finally construct the canal and the locks. But just as impressive was the traffic going through the locks. The ships were coming through as rapidly as they could get one ship out and the next one in right behind it. We were surprised at the high percentage of Chinese ships that were making this transit. They were all loaded with “lift boxes” that had come by truck to the ship and transferred from their trucks to the ship. No doubt they would be unloaded onto similar trucks in Asia. There were several ships anchored at the Caribbean end of the canal awaiting their turn to make the passage. From the lock we were bussed to our ship which was tied up at a pier near Colon. On the pier was a big open sided building filled with small shops willing to take our money. Ruth spent quite a bit of time examining many items (in other words, she “went shopping”) and finally settled on two intricately designed hot dish mats made from bamboo pieces. Even I will admit they are excellent hot mats and are very useful, as well as being sort of “conversation” pieces. We had to wait in line to have our papers checked before we could go back aboard the Island Princess. It was like going home after being on an enjoyable trip.

After boarding we saw many ships anchored waiting for their turn to enter the canal. Before seeing the canal in action I had not realized its importance to worldwide business. We had dinner in the Bordeaux Dining Room in the calm waters at Panama and the ship got underway during our dinner. During the night the water became increasingly rough. We were told the winds had reached Force 9 with waves up to 18 feet high. Even the 3 block long “floating city” Island Princess was affected under those conditions. The ships stabilizers were effective in minimizing the ships roll from side to side, but pitching was not prevented. Pitching is when the bow lifts up from the 18 foot wave then smacks down again in the trough. The whole ship shuddered and you could imagine it shaking like a wet dog. Our biggest disappointment of the stormy 2 day sail to the Bahamas was that the wind prevented our playing ping pong on the after deck. However, there were a lot of empty tables when I went up to breakfast. Ruth was not feeling exactly her best, and after breakfast I went down to the Purser’s Desk and purchased some Dramamine pills and after taking two of them, Ruth was feeling more like herself. We spent the day exploring more of the ship, but as usual, ended at the library to catch up on the daily news from several of the leading newspapers from around the world. We again checked on the Gym, but found all the treadmills in use. However, a short time later, we found vacant treadmills and other equipment which we put to use. The swimming pools were deserted. The

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larger one had been drained and the smaller one was slopping badly so no one wanted to try it. We still enjoyed the day and had good company at dinner.

After we passed the east end of Cuba, the wind gradually abated, and most of the passengers had again found their sea legs. However, it was still too rough for any but the most daring to try to swim in the pool. One young man was lifted so high that he was carried over the end of the pool and when the water receded he found himself sitting on the tiles outside of the pool. In the evening, the shows returned to their stages, and life was nearly normal in spite of the howling wind. One of the shows that we looked in on had a juggler. As the ship continued to pitch, the juggled items seemed to have a mind of their own, and the juggler had a lot of unexpected exercise.

On March 4 at 8:04 a.m. we docked at Nassau in the Bahamas. The skies were only partly cloudy and the winds calm and the temperature was 85 degrees F. A great day for the beach or snorkeling. We chose the latter and walked quite a distance to the boat that would take us to the snorkeling island area where we anchored near a coral bed. Directions were given for putting on and using the snorkeling equipment, but Ruth said she couldn't hear any of the directions. However, we all got equipped and eventually in the water. The water was still a bit choppy, and felt cold. It was also a bit crowded, and then another snorkeling boat arrived. At least, Ruth could now say she had gone snorkeling in the Bahamas, even though the water was crowded and a bit cloudy from the recent storm, it was still an interesting experience, and Ruth was very photogenic in her snorkeling rig. We have some pictures to prove it. As for myself it was not very rewarding except for being able to get in the water briefly and blow some bubbles. By far the best snorkeling I have been able to do was off the Rosario Islands near Cartagena Colombia many years ago. Then on my first Hawaiian trip on the Big Island our ship anchored on the opposite side from Hilo, near Kealakekua, by the monument where the famous explorer, Captain Cook had been killed by the natives, and probably buried at that spot. The purpose of being at that particular spot was for snorkeling. The coral and fish we observed there were also disappointing compared to the Caribbean Rosario Islands, but still interesting and the water was great for swimming.

Back on our ship at Nassau we enjoyed Margaritas in the Wheelhouse Lounge before dinner. We sailed back to Ft. Lauderdale that night, packed, and had our suitcases outside our rooms and properly labeled between 6:00 and 8:00 p.m. that evening. Disembarkation went smoothly and we were soon on our bus and on our way to the airport. There were more than 1000 people in the security check line at the airport and it took over an hour to get checked through. When we finally got through security and on our plane to Atlanta we were feeling like we had it made. However, when we got to Atlanta we found that Delta had cancelled our flight to Detroit, and no alternate provisions had been made for us. I let them know I was unhappy about their service, or lack of service. To our surprise, my outburst caused someone to scurry around and, big surprise, another flight was available leaving for Detroit in about an hour and a half later. Even though that flight was oversold, we were put on it, and with another half hour delay we were on our way to Detroit. We found the Delta personnel in Detroit to be very helpful, and we soon had our luggage and also discovered that it was "cold outside". We had to wait outside at a certain area to wait for our shuttle bus from our hotel. All of our warm coats and jackets were in the trunk of our car *parked at the hotel!* . Our sweaters were our only protection on a cold windy moonlit night while we waited for transportation to our hotel and our king-size bed. The Hilton Hotel

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shuttle bus finally picked us up, and when we arrived at the hotel the shuttle stopped right behind our car, exactly where we had left it. In the trunk our coats were a welcome sight. Inside the hotel we each had a cookie for supper. We were up at 6:00 a.m. and had a good breakfast before driving back to our condo in East Lansing—home again. But we were feeling ready for more trips. Little did we realize that this *would be our last* big pleasure trip.

Back in Michigan my “normal” life resumed. I had managed to get by on the ship with the food served, which was big on meat and vegetables. Bread and other baked goods too were there, but with plenty of Imodium and Pepto Bismol I made out reasonably well. But back home the doctors were still not able to diagnose my illness. Finally, Dr. Witske made arrangements for me to see the gastroenterologists at the University of Michigan Medical School. After another colonoscopy, they merely confirmed the East Lansing findings. “Probably Irritable Bowel Syndrome”, which was a good term to describe everything that went wrong with the digestive system that the doctors didn’t know what caused it. But I was still able to live with it although I was continuing to lose weight. We continued to enjoy our flower gardens until we began to approach the cooling off of the fall weather. The leaves were beautiful as they fell. It reminded us of the ice that would soon be on the sidewalks up the hill to the dining room. Kyle was in his last year of high school and would soon be gone. The ice was an increasing hazard as we got older, and we needed to move to someplace that didn’t have the snow and ice. We still wanted to be close to at least one of our children. Steve was still in Austin, but Austin had grown too fast and traffic was horrendous. Ken had moved to Carlsbad, New Mexico, but it was a bit too small and really good medical attention was usually sought out of town, usually in Lubbock, Texas. Chuck was in Phoenix and had expressed the feeling that he was being left out (in having us nearby). Phoenix had traffic problems caused by their high tech rapid growth, similar to Austin, plus their air pollution was increasing rapidly. However, less than 100 miles south was Tucson. A smaller city, but it had the University of Arizona, where good health care was available. I contacted the Chambers of Commerce in both Carlsbad and Tucson. They both supplied us with information on several Retirement Homes. We chose “Desert Point” in Oro Valley on the north side of Tucson, in the foothills of the Santa Catalina Mountains. We signed up for the “wait list” for one of their 2 bedroom, 2 bath 965 sq. ft. apartments. We had a friend, Bill Libby, who lived nearby to check it out for us, and also Chuck and Loretta came down from Phoenix to check on it. We then flew down near the end of February 2005 to see it for ourselves. We were put up in Desert Point’s guest apartment for about 5 nights to give us a chance to look around the city for shopping, medical facilities, etc. It looked like just what we wanted. One problem was that after eating a guest dinner at Desert Point. I got violently ill with vomiting and diarrhea and went to the hospital for 4 nights to get stabilized from dehydration and “indigestion”. We had plane reservations for a Tuesday afternoon which we had to make. Fortunately I passed the tests well enough to be released from the hospital, and to make the return flight home.

After that experience, Jaimie, and Michelle of the marketing department at Desert Point both thought that I would never want to return to Arizona. However, the illness I had here was not unlike what I frequently experienced in Michigan, so when the apartment we wanted became available, we took it.

Our Camry was an excellent car with less than 40,000 miles on it but it was about 5 years old, and would cost a lot to ship it. Renee did a lot of traveling with her state job and needed a new

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car, so we gave her the Camry and went to the Toyota dealer to check on the new Corollas. We made a deal that included their delivering it to us in Tucson, and shortly after the first of March we flew to Tucson. Our new car, a bit the worse for mud was there waiting for us. We moved into a vacant apartment until our own furniture arrived on March 10, 2005. We have been here ever since.

The same as in every new location, we needed to locate doctors and a dentist. The dentist was easy. The one that Bill Libby uses, and he, the dentist, needed new patients. Doctors were harder, and we found a PCP that had been recommended by someone. His name was Tagarsee.

Spring in the desert in the year 2005 was unusually pretty, although the yellows were the dominant color. In April, my cousin Tom Rutter and his wife Eve were in Green Valley visiting Eve's relatives, and Tom drove up here (about 40 miles) one afternoon for a visit.

In May Ruth was having trouble with her back, and started going to a Chiropractor named Victor. It was about a 15-mile drive for several weeks. It seemed to be of some help, but, as usual, when one thing was improved, something else needed fixing. Finally we said NO for any more treatments. If it isn't one thing its two or three. In early May she was diagnosed with cancer of the uterus. A few weeks later, in July she underwent laparoscopic hysterectomy to remove the cancer and potential organs that it may have been targets of the cancer to spread. Radiation treatment was carried out later to scare any potential cancer cells from developing. So far it has worked.

To continue our medical fortunes in Tucson, near the end of September, Dr. Tagarsee managed to prescribe a medicine unrelated to my illness and at a strength about 10 times the normal dosage. My mind was completely addled by it, so here I went again, to Emergency at NW Hospital. I was very upset. When Dr. Tagarsee came to the hospital to see me 3 days after I had been admitted, I was not in a friendship mood and I told him he was no longer my doctor. He seemed surprised and left my room really roaring down the hall towards the nurses desk. He claimed that the hospital had poisoned my mind against him. They hadn't. I had no problem in concluding that I needed a new doctor. The hospital staff doctor agreed with me. He was also upset with Tagarsee for roaring down the hallway upsetting other patients. He helped me get a new doctor without delay. The new and current doctor is Dr. Paul Tatum, who grew up in Georgetown, Texas, and is a Gerontologist. Both Ruth and I like him. He has a characteristic absent with many doctors. He listens! My original Gastroenterologist was a Japanese Dr. named Tamura. I have also just quietly dropped him as my doctor. He also was one who did not listen!! That first year in Arizona was one of going to emergency every few weeks that continued into 2006.

The Oro Valley Arts Council has valiantly tried to upgrade entertainment here. They have a symphony series that is fairly good. The orchestra is made up mostly of Tucson Symphony musicians. We attended 2 or 3 of their concerts, which were given in the auditorium of a local high school. We also attended on amateur play, which was interesting. A Tucson local group put it on in an old abandoned building in Tucson. It was British humor, that was mostly mistaken identities of a criminal, the police and the army with a few women mixed in.

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More illnesses and 911 calls for more hospitalizations continued until, finally, on Memorial Day weekend in 2006. That time I had an experienced nurse who had observed my records and had examined the bedpan's contents and had come to the conclusion that I had Celiac Disease. She had a lot of experience with it because she had it herself, and had essentially grown up with it. The day that the hospital personnel had decided my dehydration had been stabilized and were about to release me, the nurse, whose name is Jan Ell, came into my room and began to discuss her conclusions with me. The staff doctor (Dr. Ruffenach sp?) came in and Jan told him of her belief and she wanted to outline a gluten free diet listing both what I could no longer eat, and what I could eat. The doctor was impressed and agreed that I should try a gluten free diet. He also added "lactose intolerance" as probably associated with gluten intolerance. He said they usually went together with elderly patients. He and Jan spent the next half hour informing me about Celiac Disease and how it could be controlled by diet. That was ten (10) months ago, and I have not had another severe case of diarrhea since. The major problem with the diet is that nearly all meat sauces contain some form of wheat, which is the major source of gluten. (also, rye and barley and probably oats). Jan not only diagnosed my illness, that had been missed by a whole string of doctors and specialists, for more than 6 years, she also kept in touch with me via e-mail or phone long enough to be sure the diet was working. According to the Mayo Clinic, about 70% of the patients have the "villi" in the small intestine grow back and restore the ability of the body to utilize all of the gluten free food that they eat. In my case, I appear to be in the 30% where such re-growth does not occur. Only enough food is digested each day to maintain my weight near 100 pounds. If any more of the villi are killed by attacks from the auto immune system, I will be on a one-way track to oblivion. Monday, April 9, we plan to test our ability to leave home for a few hours in the middle of the day. A group from Desert Point are being taken by bus to the Sonoran Desert Museum located about 20 miles west of Tucson. We leave Desert Point at 9:00 a.m and return about 2 p.m. I purchased a wide mouth pint thermos, in which I will put my special gluten free meal to keep it hot. The lunch is based on rice and produced by Lundberg. They make a lot of gluten free products. The rest will have box lunches.

During all this recovery time, I was still driving the Corolla, but getting more nervous every time, mainly due to my slower and slower reaction time. I just cancelled myself as a driver. Partly to remove temptation, I made a deal with granddaughter Stacey, to transfer title of the car to her. Now she will have a car to commute to ASU. She had planned to get a second hand car to drive, and is not one of those kids who just can't wait to leave home. For me, it means depending on Desert Point transportation on their schedules. A bit hard to realize and get used to, but it had to come, and I am glad it did before I had an accident and people got hurt.

Also, for a few years my eyesight has been diminishing. I had Cataract surgery, one eye at a time. There was great enthusiasm after each because of the great improvement of my blurred vision. However, I still needed new prescription glasses. I was also diagnosed with macular degeneration. The dry type in my left eye but wet type in the right. Even with glasses, I now need large print books to read more than a few lines. I have given up most newspaper reading except short parts of the Christian Science monitor. That is now our best source of world news. In Michigan we used to get BBC broadcasts, which were very good for world news, but not in Arizona.

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## GLOSSERY

Arizona Memorial is on top of the sunken battleship Arizona. The Arizona was at anchor at the time of the Japanese surprise attack that triggered the US entry into World War II. The ship took several bomb hits and was sunk with all on board. The remains of the ship are only parts and pieces that are rusting away. It is a sobering sight.

Bay Cottage was originally built on a bay called Chicago Bay on the north shore of Lake Superior. It was simply a hunting lodge with 3 rooms and a bath. It was purchased by Ruth and her husband Curt Johnson in 1973. It served not only as a hunting lodge, but also as a summer cottage, and many improvements were made to accommodate the latter. Ruth gave it to her daughter Kris as an advance on her inheritance. It is located about 129 miles northeast of Duluth.

Bill & Harriett Larkin are Marie's brother and sister-in-law. TIM is their son.

CON means to take control, or "drive" the ship.

Jacob's Ladder is a ladder made from rope used on ships. Its rungs are wooden, if possible, but may be of rope similar to the ladder sides.

Nani Boujou is a high class resort hotel and restaurant about 16 miles north east of Grand Marais. Grand Marais is a city about 109 miles northeast of Duluth.

## ADDENDUM

The 2-½ years spent in East Lansing were fairly similar, and events described here are not necessarily in chronological order. Celiac disease, which I now know that I have and had for at least 4 years before I got here, had most of my attention. The periodic spells of vomiting and diarrhea were keeping me from going very far from home. Thinking back, it was probably getting underway when we moved to Aurora pond, and Dr. Champion noticed my unusual drop in weight. Celiac disease is a digestive disease that alerts the auto immune system to the presence of gluten. Gluten is present in the cereal grains, rye, barley, and wheat. Most fancy foods have sauces containing wheat in some form or other. Fortunately, it is not present in rice or soy or corn, or in any fruit or vegetable or meat. However, most cooks like to dress food up to make it sound like something special, and the sauces they make for that purpose nearly always contain gluten, such as flour used in gravies, and many other sauces for meats, vegetables, and particularly desserts such as pies and cakes and cookies. For some reason as yet unknown, the white blood cells that are the soldiers of the auto immune system, decided to attack the gluten, and chose to do it at the time that digestion is taking place in the small intestine which is lined with hair like growths called villi. (They are similar to the growths in the lungs where oxygen is exchanged for carbon dioxide). At the time of this writing I only have enough villi left to retain the weight that I have, but not enough to gain more weight back. I am writing of this in some detail because Celiac disease **is genetic and is inherited.** Its main symptom is diarrhea and vomiting—often both at the same time, which is extremely uncomfortable. If you have ever been seasick, you have a general idea of what it is like. All the while we lived in East Lansing I

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periodically had these symptoms and I was sent to another gastroenterologist for more colonoscopies, upper and lower. Also a Rheumatologist, Endocrinologist, and anyone Dr. Witske could think of sending me to, including the University of Michigan, School of Medicine. Every doctor missed the diagnosis. Their excuse being that they hadn't been taught anything about it in medical school. However, in January 2007 **Katie Couric** of CBS News devoted about 8 minutes to celiac disease. It included doctors as well as other specialists, and **it was revealed that for at least 10 years 2 blood tests for diagnosis have been available, but even the gastroenterologists did not seem to know about them.** From my experience, the Mayo Clinic doctors in Rochester, Minnesota, were the only ones that knew how to diagnose Celiac disease. This seems to be true, even today. All my doctors in Michigan and Arizona missed the diagnosis. Frankly, if it hadn't been for nurse Jan Ell, I would probably no longer be alive. Instead, by carefully using the diet requirements I am still having a confining, but comfortable life.

The following is quoted from the Mayo Clinic book on Digestive Health, Chap. 13

**“Celiac Sprue and the Gluten-Free Diet.** Celiac sprue (also called non-tropical sprue) can cause improper absorption of nutrients. The disease is caused by the body's intolerance of gluten, a protein found in wheat, rye, oats, and barley. The sensitivity to gluten causes the lining of the intestine to lose its many tiny folds (villi) through which nutrients are absorbed. In addition, necessary digestive enzymes cease to be produced in large enough quantities. Symptoms include foul-smelling diarrhea, weight loss, a bloated abdomen, and anemia. Children, who are among the most common sufferers, fail to grow and may develop rickets; adults may develop a bone disease called osteomalacia.

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“Strict adherence to a gluten-free diet is the main course of therapy. Such abstinence seems, at first glance, to be fairly easy. However, it is actually quite difficult. You must avoid all foods containing wheat, barley, oats, and rye. Products made from gluten-containing grains are staples of American and European diets.

“For example, many processed foods contain emulsifiers, thickeners, and other additives derived from such grains. These foods include commercial beverages such as chocolate milk, dietary supplements, cold cuts and prepared meats, breaded prepared foods, cheese foods and spreads, commercial soufflés, omelets, fondue, and soy protein meat substitutes. Also included are commercial salad dressings and gravies, seasoned rice and potato mixes, vegetable mixes, canned baked beans, commercial soups and broths, and commercial ice creams and sherbets. Wheat breads of all kinds contain gluten, as do most baked goods. Commercially prepared condiments such as ketchup, mustard, soy sauce, meat sauces, vinegar, pickles, and syrups all may contain gluten unless the manufacturer specifically states the product is free of gluten.”

“Rice (which does not contain gluten) may become the mainstay of your diet insofar as grains are concerned. Breads and pastries made with rice flour, corn flour, or potato starch are acceptable. Plain meats, fish, fowl, eggs, dairy products, vegetables, and fruits contain no gluten. Beverages including coffee, tea, carbonated drinks, chocolate drinks made with pure cocoa powder, wine, and distilled liquor contain no gluten. If you are on a gluten-free diet, you can also eat such things as soups and desserts thickened with tapioca, cornstarch, arrowroot, or eggs.”