

Excerpts from the autobiography of Richard Lloyd Daggett

I've always enjoyed poems; those childhood rhymes that most children were taught when I was young. I especially liked the works of Robert Louis Stevenson. We had an early edition of *A Child's Garden of Verses* and my parents read to me as I looked at the illustrations. Later, probably by the age of nine or ten, I discovered the difference between poems and poetry. My ears would perk up if I heard someone reading something by Robert Frost. One of my favorites is *The Road Not Taken*. It ends with:

Two roads diverged in a wood, and I-
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.

I liked that thought; taking the road less traveled. A psychologist might analyze my feelings and presume that this is based on the fact that my life has been different. The analysis might be right. I've certainly taken the road less traveled, even if the decision was not entirely my own. Circumstances surely had a role in which road I took.

Then, recently, a book of poetry was given to me. In it was *The Road Not Taken*. As I read it again, savoring the flow of Frost's words, my thoughts were suddenly interrupted. It was as if my brain yelled, "Hey! Wait a minute!" I re-read the last two lines:

I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.

The questioning part of my brain exerted itself and seemed to ask, "How could a person know if one road, 'made all the difference' without traveling both roads?"

Mrs. Truxaw, my sixth grade teacher, taught us to read with a critical eye; to decide for ourselves if an author was writing something that spoke truth to us. I guess I'll have to blame her for my skepticism.

But, as my mother would probably say, I'm getting ahead of myself. I guess I'd better start from the beginning.

I was born in Los Angeles at Queen of Angels Hospital on June 14, 1940, and was the last of my parents' four children. My brother Rodney, Jr. is one day less than ten years older than I am. My sister Ann is eight years older, and my brother Robert is three years older.

Our back yard was divided by a low picket fence. The part near the house was planted in grass and flowers, and beyond the fence was what we called the "way back". It was mostly bare ground. My father built a large swing in this part of the yard. At the end of the "way back" we had a covered area with a picnic table and large brick barbecue. Behind the garage we had a chicken yard, although the chickens were gone by the time I was four or five years old. I remember my father cutting the head off a chicken. It ran around in crazy circles, splattering blood on my Aunt Evelyn's garage. After the chickens were gone my brother Robert and I used

the chicken coop for our club house. Between the garage and the chicken coop was a small, L shaped building we called the wood shed. The lawn mower, garden tools, and some lumber and plumbing supplies were kept there. It was usually dark, and seemed spooky to me. I hated to walk in there and get tangled in spider webs. When I was older we built “secret panels” between the club house, the wood shed, and a space between the garage and the neighbor’s yard. We probably got the idea for secret panels from watching so many Saturday afternoon movie serials.

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We had a collection of classical records that I called the “oatmeal records” because of the color of the album cover. Robert and I would play Rossini’s “William Tell Overture” and when the “Lone Ranger” theme would start we would run around and around from the living room, down the hall, into the kitchen, through the breakfast room, through the dining room, and back to the living room. There were also selections by Grieg, Tchaikovsky, and others. We had another album with Prokofiev’s “Peter and the Wolf,” narrated by Basil Rathbone. I’ve heard many later versions of this classic narrated by other people, but in my opinion none of them compare to this version. We weren’t force fed classical music, but it was always a part of our environment.

I remember a time at school when our music teacher played some familiar excerpts of classical music on the record player. She asked the pupils to raise their hands if they could identify the music. One piece she played was the William Tell Overture. Almost every pupil raised their hand. In unison they shouted, “The Lone Ranger music.” One girl and I were the only ones to offer the correct name.

We also had access to a variety of books and magazines that helped in our education. There were always reference books, dictionaries, and encyclopedias in the house, and we were encouraged to “look it up”. My parents subscribed to National Geographic and several art and literature publications. My parents and I visited our local library often. Even before I could read I would sit on the floor in the children’s section and leaf through the books with pictures.

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Like my brothers and sister I had chores to do. I don’t remember them as very much of a burden. I sometimes dried the dishes and I took out the garbage. This was before the days of garbage disposals. The garbage pails were out in the “way back” near the incinerator. When I was small this bothered me if I had to take the garbage out after dark. The walk to the incinerator was not a problem, but my mind would sometimes play tricks on me as I returned toward the house. I could imagine things lurking in the shadows. I would often be running as I returned to the back door.

My mother would sometimes ask my brother Robert and me to wax the kitchen and breakfast room linoleum. Robert would smear a coat of wax on a wide area, and then we would polish it by sliding across the floor in our stocking feet.

I was also designated to take newspapers to an elderly lady who lived a couple of blocks north of us. Mrs. Lovess lived alone and my parents would save our newspapers for her. Every few days I

would carry a bundle of them to her house. My mother had several older ladies as friends. I think she met most of them through various adult school classes that she attended. They probably weren't that old, but when you are a child everybody older than your parents seems old.

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I don't remember my parents as being overly strict, or getting scolded often, but they expected certain standards of behavior. They expected us to be polite and show respect to others. We were taught to use proper grammar and were promptly corrected if we erred. I think this helped me later in reading and English classes. Swearing was forbidden, although I never had my mouth washed out with soap. It was just understood that swearing was not allowed. I remember in the early 50s when my sister bought a used 1946 Chevy coupe. It was "nosed" and "decked". When she pulled in the driveway I said, "bitchin'", a current slang word for something really nice. My mother was standing a few feet away, and she gave me a look that indicated strong disapproval. The kind of look that only a mother can give.

Another thing that was forbidden was alcohol. My mother was just one degree away from being a complete teetotaler. She would have brandy available for fruit cake or occasionally some flavored liqueur if a recipe required it, but that was about it. The only exception was sometimes at Thanksgiving or Easter she might serve the adults a small glass of Manischewitz Concord Grape wine. After we kids were grown she loosened up a little, but just a little. If my parents and I were at an upscale Mexican restaurant she might be tempted to order a Margarita. Even then she couldn't quite escape her previous constraints. She wouldn't order a drink for herself but would say to my father, "If you'd like a Margarita I'll split it with you."

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One of my favorite indoor toys was an American Flyer electric train. I thought it looked a lot better than the more popular Lionel electric trains. The American Flyer had two tracks and the Lionel ran on three tracks. The American Flyer trains were slightly smaller, and I thought they were built to a more realistic scale. I also had a collection of British-made toy cars. Another of my favorites was a View Master. You could buy disks with stereoscopic pictures that slipped inside the View Master. We had a few disks with children's stories, but most of our disks were of National Parks and other scenic places. I'm sure it helped cultivate my appreciation of the outdoors.

One of my most vivid memories was attending a birthday party for one of the Elwood boys. It was 1945. We were in their backyard when Mrs. Elwood came out the back door. She was obviously excited. Waving her arms over her head, she shouted, "The war is over!" The Elwoods had a large hand bell that Mrs. Elwood used to call her children home. She gave the bell to the "birthday boy", passed out pots and pans and large spoons to the rest of us, and led us up and down the street, clanging and banging in celebration.

I started Kindergarten in the fall of 1945. Like my brothers and sister before me, I attended what we called "109th Street School". It was actually McKinley Avenue School but I can't remember anybody calling it that. I drove by the old school recently and, in fact, it is now officially the

109th Street School. The school was an impressive two-story brick building with a slate roof. I can still remember the smell of cedar wood chips that the janitor spread on the floor as he swept. Unfortunately, the only part left today of the original brick school is the auditorium.

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Our family has always liked to go camping. Before I was born, and when I was still an infant, they used a tent. My father felt that camping with four kids, and putting up a tent each night, was just too much trouble. During World War Two he scrounged some materials and built a travel trailer. It was a simple box about four feet high while on the road. When we got to our destination the top could be raised and collapsible sides snapped into place. It was one of the first of this kind of convertible camping trailer. My father built in a Coleman stove and he designed a drawer lined with galvanized sheet metal that we used as an icebox. If we'd stop along the road to have lunch I'd be sent into the trailer to get the milk out of the icebox. On the road the roof of trailer remained lowered. I was the smallest child, and I could easily get around inside.

In 1948 my father rebuilt this trailer into a more conventional design. He used the same basic chassis, but it had permanent walls and was covered in aluminum. I remember helping him rivet the skin. I would go inside the trailer and hold a heavy piece of iron against the rivets as he set them in place.

We took many interesting trips in these first two trailers. We went to Zion, Bryce, and Yellowstone National Parks in 1946. In 1952 we went all the way to North Carolina to visit my mother's family. One of my favorite destinations was the eastern High Sierra. We camped beside Rock Creek, near Tom's Place, a number of times. This is where I caught my first fish. In those days the campsites were under the pines, just a few feet from the creek. I spent hours exploring up and down the creek and hiking in the surrounding hills.

There was something special about going to sleep with the sound of the creek in the background, or sitting in the trailer during a summer afternoon rain shower. Rain drops would bounce off the trailer's aluminum roof, sometimes accompanied by bright flashes of lightning and the crack of thunder. When the rain stopped I'd step out and take a deep breath. The air had a certain feeling that is hard to describe. All of the mountain smells seemed to be intensified. Even now, on a warm summer evening, a sound or a smell will remind me of those times. If I close my eyes and concentrate I can almost hear the water in the creek tumbling over the rocks, and smell the mixture of pine trees and mountain sage. Some of my most cherished childhood memories are of the Eastern High Sierra. It was a wonderful place for a young boy to experience nature.

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We got our first television in 1948. My father built it himself. I remember all the resistors, condensers (capacitors), transformers, and tubes spread out on the dining room table. It had a 12 inch picture, and seemed really large. It could also receive FM radio.

In these early television days I watched very few regularly scheduled programs. I watched a puppet show called "Time for Beany", a science fiction series called "Space Patrol", and some

westerns like “Hopalong Cassidy”. When people talk about the early years of television they often mention Milton Berle and Sid Caesar. I don’t remember watching them more than a few times. Milton Berle, especially, seemed way overblown to me. I think my viewing habits were considered odd by some of my peers. I enjoyed programs like “Omnibus”, a semi-cultural potpourri. One program that none of my peers would have been caught dead watching was called “The Last Word”, moderated by Bergan Evans. A panel of literary types would answer viewer questions about sentence structure, grammar, and correct usage. The questions were answered with humor, and I found it interesting. I remember that at the end of one program Bergan Evans expounded on what he called, “the Evans Law of Greed and Gratitude”. He said that if someone was given all the money in the world, except for ten dollars, and these ten dollars were given to another person, the person who got the larger amount would probably say, “What did that person do to get ten dollars?”

In 1949 my parents bought a lot in Downey, California, right in the middle of an orange grove. Our street was named Wiley-Burke Avenue, and at that time was just one block long. My parents designed the house and we took many trips back and forth from 109th Street to watch the progress as it was built. We had a big front yard and wide areas on each side of the house. My father planted the lawn in dichondra. This was very fashionable in the 1950s. It made a beautiful lawn, but it required a lot of attention. The living room was at the back of the house, with large windows looking out to the covered patio and the backyard. We had to remove quite a number of orange trees on the lot to make room for the house, but we still had eight left. The smell of the orange blossoms was wonderful. We moved into our new house the day after Christmas 1950.

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We got home from Rock Creek in time to sign up for my second session of swimming lessons at Downey High School. At least that was the plan. Things didn’t work out exactly as planned. The first indication I had that something was wrong was waking Friday morning, July 17 (for medical reasons my chart gives the date of onset as July 15), with a stiff neck and back. It was not only stiff, but it really hurt too. Putting my clothes on was very, very uncomfortable. I stayed in bed until mid-morning when my mother called my father at work. He came home and they took me to see Dr. Hershey at the Ross-Loos Clinic in Huntington Park. The doctor did some tests, mostly to do with my reflexes. He said I should be taken to the Los Angeles County General Hospital.

We arrived at County General and entered the Communicable Disease Ward. This was a very old, red brick building. Everything inside seemed old, too. I was put in a bed, and they began giving me more tests. It seemed that every time a doctor came by he would ask me to try sitting up without using my arms. This seemed to have some special significance. I did this about a dozen times during the day and had no difficulty. I spent most of that afternoon in a small alcove off a much larger room. I could see other children in the larger room. Although they were all in bed, they didn’t seem to be very sick. Some of them appeared to be playing games of some kind.

In the evening they took me to another room and did a spinal tap. The tap itself was very painful, but what hurt even more was trying to get in the knees-to-chest position that a tap required. They kept asking me to bend forward more, but the pain in my back was really intense.

That night my legs began to ache, and shortly after midnight I started to have trouble sitting up. I don't remember anyone using the word polio, or telling me what disease or ailment I was suspected of having. But by now I knew, that whatever it was, I had it for sure. Toward morning they wheeled me into a small room where they started an I.V. Then some people in surgical gowns wheeled me to another room that looked like a dentist's office. Here they performed a tracheotomy. The operation was performed with a local anesthetic. I was wide awake, and I could watch the doctors bending over me as they worked. The one who seemed to be the leader wore goggles over his glasses because, he said, "it keeps the patient's breath from fogging them up." There must have been several people present who were unfamiliar with the operation because the doctor with the goggles gave a running commentary. Everybody in the room obviously knew what they were doing to me. Everybody in the room but me!

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Everyone had to wear gowns and masks when they were on the patient units at County General. Men, who I assumed were doctors, would often stop by my respirator. They would talk about me, but never to me. It was almost like I was a bug in a Petri dish. This heightened my sense of apprehension. Were they preparing to do some different tests? Would they be painful?

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Every day, prior to therapy, I would get hot packs. These were wool blankets that were steam heated and spun dry. They were then wrapped around my arms, legs, and body. They were very hot, and I got burned once. But it happened only once. And that was just carelessness by an inexperienced nurse. After a half hour the hot packs began to get cold and clammy. The cold, damp wool made me itch, and it really felt good to have them removed and have the sweat toweled off.

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Like most of the other patients in a tank I had several personal items hanging near my head at the front of the tank. I had a small plastic dog that the Elwood boys brought me, a photo of my brother Rodney in his Army uniform, a photo of one of my girl friends, and a photo of me throwing a football. The football photo was the last picture taken of me before I got polio. Looking back I think having it on my respirator might have been my subconscious way of saying, 'This is the real me. Not the weak, emaciated kid you see with his head sticking out of this tank.'

The mirror over my head was adjustable. On the back there was a kind of wire frame that could hold books or magazines. Someone would have to come by periodically to turn the pages. Reading was a very slow process, but I kept up with my school work and read several books this way.

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I slowly regained some breathing tolerance: ten minutes, three times a day, fifteen minutes, then twenty, etc. When I could breathe about one hour on my own I graduated from the tank respirator to a chest respirator. This type of respirator covers just a person's upper torso, and it allowed me to lie on a bed, escaping the confines of the tank.

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Over the years we had traveled to so many interesting places, and along so many beautiful roads, that I decided to make a record of our various routes. I took a North American highway atlas and used an orange, felt tip marker to highlight the roads we had traveled. I decided not to mark California roads because we've been on so many of them that the whole State map would have been colored orange.

As I write this I've tried to think of my favorite drives. Highway 1, up the California coast has to be near the top of this list. But, so do many others. The "Avenue of the Giants" through the redwoods; parts of Highway 101 on the Oregon coast; the highway going between Jasper and Banff in the Canadian Rockies; the road through Tuolumne Meadows in Yosemite; the drive around Cape Breton Highlands in Nova Scotia; the drive down the Blue Ridge Parkway, especially in the Fall. I could fill pages with this list.

Often when we were traveling I would look at a map of the local area and find some minor rural road to explore. We made it a habit to seek out these routes. Once, when we were traveling with friends, they jokingly accused me of routing us over every crooked road in the vicinity. We've been on many roads that only a small percentage of travelers see. Probably not one in ten thousand visitors to Yellowstone National Park takes the unpaved "Old Tower Falls Road". A similar percentage of visitors to Death Valley National Monument take the road down Titus Canyon, and even fewer drive up to Aguerreberry Point. Probably not one in a million visitors to the Copper Harbor area of northern Michigan drive on the really primitive road to the very tip of Keweenaw Peninsula, jutting out into Lake Superior. Some of these drives were an adventure, and all were rewarding.

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I received a really neat surprise for my 40th birthday. My sister Ann secretly arranged for a ride in the Goodyear Blimp. My aunt and uncle from Tacoma were staying at our house. We were all going to my Uncle Arthur's funeral in the afternoon, but we left the house at mid-morning. I wondered why we had left the house so early, and why we were driving in the wrong direction. My father just said we were going to meet someone. I still had no idea as we pulled into the parking lot at the blimp landing area. After a few minutes my sister, and her husband Joel, pulled up beside us. It was then that she told me about the flight.

We waited around until the blimp's ground crew was ready for us. They helped Ann, Joel, my parents, and me into the cabin that hangs below the huge blimp. At that time I was still walking, but I needed a boost to get up the ladder. One crewman was in the cabin with a firm hand on my shoulder, and another crewman was on the ground pushing on my bottom. My nephew Steve was supposed to come along, too, but he couldn't get away from college. His friend, Doug Becker,

stood in for him. We were all surprised at how steeply the blimp lifted off the ground. It went slowly up and forward for about ten or fifteen seconds. Then the nose pointed up and we were rapidly climbing. The roar of the engines increased and we were forced back against our seats. When you see it in the sky it looks like it is floating lazily, just like a balloon. From inside the feeling is completely different. We flew out over the beach and circled south toward the Palos Verdes peninsula. The cabin has sloping sides and you can look both out and down without leaning over. I'm not real fond of heights, but I was very comfortable in my seat. The flight took about 45 minutes. When it was over we descended just as steeply as we had climbed. I braced my feet against the floor and was thankful I had on a sturdy seatbelt. There is a municipal golf course next to the landing field, and it felt like we were preparing to strafe the golfers as the nose of the blimp tilted downward. We could see the golfers looking anxiously up at us. At the last moment the blimp leveled off, the ground crew grabbed tether lines hanging from the blimp, and the engines quieted to an idle. Exiting was easier than entering. A crewman inside grabbed my shoulders and a crewman outside grabbed the sides of my leg braces. They picked me up and lowered me to the ground.

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In June of 1983, I was asked to serve on the "faculty" of an international polio conference being held in St. Louis, Missouri. We flew in a Lockheed L1011 from LAX to St. Louis on a Thursday morning and returned the following Monday. This was the first time I had flown on a commercial airliner. I had been on a small single engine plane back in the late 50s and, as related before, up in the Goodyear blimp in 1980. Now I could boast of being on another means of transportation. My list now included steam and diesel trains, small power boats, a sail boat, an ocean liner, a single engine aircraft, a commercial airliner, and a blimp. Of course, cars, buses, and trucks, too.

It was at the St. Louis conference that the term "post-polio syndrome" first became known. Some mention of the late effects of polio had been printed in earlier medical journals, but few people took notice. Now, because thousands of polio survivors from the 1940s and 50s were beginning to experience this problem, the media began to take an interest.

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Late in June of 1984, I felt I was coming down with a cold. With me, a cold usually has three stages; three or four days of congestion and discomfort, three or four days of gradual improvement, and another week to get back to normal. This cold, or whatever it was, just did not respond to my usual treatments. I went to a doctor in our HMO and he did a very brief examination. He said I was just tired and I should go home and rest. If I had taken his advice I'd probably be dead. I felt miserable, and knew enough about pulmonary issues to know something wasn't right. I made an appointment to see my friend Elaine Layne, the Nurse Practitioner on the Pulmonary Service at Rancho. She advised that I have my CO₂ and other blood gasses checked.

The way I felt it didn't surprise me that my CO₂ was elevated. What did surprise me was that it had shot through the roof. My CO₂ had been running between 55 and 60, and that is somewhat higher than normal. Now it was about 80. My blood oxygen level had fallen dangerously, too.

Obviously, I was not getting adequate ventilation. The next day, July 11th, 1984, I once again became a Rancho Los Amigos in-patient.

For two weeks we tried several respiratory options. At first I tried to use a positive volume ventilator (PVV) with a non-invasive “mouth seal”. I just couldn’t seem to tolerate it. It might have worked if my pulmonary function had been in better shape. Even using my chest respirator full time didn’t seem to help. To compensate for my reduced ventilation I was given oxygen. After much thought I decided that another tracheostomy would be the best choice for regaining my pulmonary health.

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I was discharged exactly eight weeks after being admitted to Rancho. The new trach and the weeks in bed, coupled with some of the late effects of polio, caused a change in lifestyle. I reduced my activities to compensate for my lower energy level. I was probably pushing my limits, anyway. For many years I had been very involved with a variety of church, civic, and disability related organizations. I’ve had to learn to be more selective and conserve my energies for those things that I feel are most important.

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In the Summer of 1989 I began putting together information for a “Daggett Family History”. I asked my father, his sister, and their surviving brothers to write some of their memories of early life. I tried to get my mother to do this too. She made a good start but she never finished. I decided to write on my own story at the same time. This life review is a result.

My physical condition has continued to deteriorate. This was anticipated, but was still frustrating. I could no longer get up the steps into our house. Out of necessity my father built a ramp up to the back door. I could walk up the ramp and I figured when the day came when even this would not be possible I could roll up in my wheelchair.

Unfortunately, my increased weakness also meant that I couldn’t get up the stairs to my friends’ houses. I began turning down social invitations. My pulmonary capacity diminished, too. Through the 1960s and 70s I had a vital capacity of about 1000. Now I have to really work to get it up to 650. This means I must spend more time on the respirator.

My reduced stamina means I’m not able to travel either. Actually, I could still travel, but the logistics of bringing all my life support “stuff” is just too complicated. This has been a real disappointment. I’m glad we did so much when I was able. There are many things associated with our travels that I really miss. Like taking a little used, often unpaved road and photographing wildflowers. Or sitting beside a mountain stream and listening to the water tumbling over the rocks. I also miss trips to the beach and setting up my telescope. We still go to our local beaches occasionally, but I’m not able to stand long enough to use the telescope to much advantage. Perhaps I’ll design a tripod adapter for my wheelchair.

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Ever since Rancho's Centennial Celebration in 1988 I had worked at getting some positive media coverage for Rancho. I was able to get Channel 7 to come for a short segment on the pediatrics unit, but most of my efforts were less than I had hoped for. When Huell Howser began his two series, "Visiting" and "California's Gold" on KCET I thought that Rancho would be an excellent subject. After more than five years of writing letters, and a personal visit to KCET, he finally agreed to my invitation. He was impressed with Rancho's polio history and the work being done now with spinal cord injury. Huell and his cameraman, Luis Fuerte, came to Rancho on June 19th, 1996. They spent the entire day taping interviews with current and former staff and several patients. I was his "host" for the show. His program is usually a half hour long, but he said he had enough material to make a one hour special. It turned out pretty well, and it was a real treat participating in it.

About the same time I was invited to participate in the filming of a documentary on polio. It was to be called *A Paralyzing Fear: The Story of Polio in America*. I had appeared on television before, but this was the first time I was before a real motion picture camera. My portion of the film was shot in a hotel Santa Monica. The producer was the off-camera interviewer, and in the room with us were a cameraman, a lighting man, a soundman, a makeup lady, and a "gofer" who would go for this and go for that. His job seemed to be making sure there was enough film in the camera. After editing, my segment lasted only a few seconds, but the film was very good and appeared later on PBS.

A year later I appeared in another polio documentary. This one was called *A Fight to the Finish: Stories of Polio*, and my part was filmed in our backyard. This documentary gave more emphasis to how polio impacted the family unit. My father and my brother Robert appeared in this film briefly. My part was pretty brief too, but a little longer than the first film. I liked this one better. Like the other one it dealt with polio's history, but it did it on a more human level.

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Through all the twists and turns my life has taken, whether public or private, I've had the support of my family. My parents had always encouraged me in whatever tasks I undertook. Living with them was certainly to my advantage. Not just because they could provide the assistance I needed in daily activities, but because we enjoyed doing so many things together. I know I would not have traveled as much, nor had as wide a spectrum of experiences, if it were not for them. I've also had the support of my brothers and sister, and the encouragement of many friends. In this respect I have been blessed.

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My parents died in 2003, within three weeks of each other. My mother died on May 27th and my father on June 16th. Mom was almost ninety-seven and dad was one hundred and one. If they had lived a few more weeks they would have celebrated their 75th wedding anniversary. My dad often said, after he had been retired several years, that one of his goals was to be retired for as many years as he'd worked for Western Electric. He surpassed his goal. He worked for Western Electric for thirty six years and he'd been retired more than forty one years. I was saddened by

their deaths, but I couldn't grieve too much. They both had long and event filled lives. And until the last few years they both enjoyed good health. My father especially aged well. Even at one hundred and one he got up in the morning, raised the flag, read the newspaper, and worked the crossword puzzle.

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So far I've had a very interesting life. It's been different, but everyone's life is different. There are many things that I haven't done that I would like to have done. I would love to walk the entire length of the John Muir Trail. It would have been exciting and challenging to design and build my own house. I think I would have made a good husband and father, too. On the other hand, I've done many things that others only dream about. Saying this I will close with: "To Be Continued" . . .

If you would like to know more about my life you will need to read the book. Contact me and I'll give you ordering information. Use the "E-Mail" button on the home page of this site.