



Bean Family History and Stories of the Past

by William Bean



Family History

The family history really begins in the late 1800's in West Virginia, Wood County, where my grandfather *John Franklin Bean* was a horse trader and farmer. He had 5 children (Mae, Isaac Clarence, Estella C., John Russell, and Mary V. who came with him to



John F. Bean

Newcomerstown, Ohio where he purchased the Rex File & Saw Co., a local firm. His wife, Lizzie, died at age 34 on April 29, 1908 prior to the move and so I have no real conscience recollection of anything about her. When the Rex File Co. factory burned down in 1917 John F. Bean received a very large check (\$100K, I think), retired from the business world and traveled the rest of his life. Post fire picture shows



Russell Bean - Ferman Ammons - Frank Wilson

Russell Bean, Frank Wilson and Fermon Ammons (Russell's half brother) . I had the opportunity to visit John F. in Hagerstown, MD about 1932 with Russell and Natalie. He had lost most of his money and Russell helped him with funds till he died in 1936 (He died at 71 at Estella Bean Wiandt's home in Newcomerstown of liver cancer. I still remember playing the victrola in his boarding house and

listing to Steamboat Bill trying to beat the record of the Robert E. Lee.

Mae (whose real name was Lizzie but she only used Mae as long as I knew her), was born August 8, 1889 in Monongalia County WV & as the oldest of the children, managed the Bean household in Newcomerstown for her father. When she married Frank Wilson, the superintendent for the Rex File Company in 1918, it caused her father



Mae Mike Doris Frank Wilson

to be so angry with her that he would not let her in his house any more. They moved to Cleveland where Frank was a factory representative for Heller Tools of Newcomerstown, They had two children, Doris and Mike. Doris (a nurse) had three children with Ken Milbrodt, Carl-Karen-Nancy (and remained in Cleveland, Mike (an electrical engineer) married Esther and had four children, Frank, Eric, Joyce, & Rebecca living in Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Both are alive and well at this writing. Mae moved to Newcomerstown with her Aunt Winnie Purdy after her children were grown and married and died of uremia in 1948. She is buried in the States Street cemetery in Newcomerstown in the Wilson plot.



Doris & Ken

Clarence was in World War I, was gassed, and married Frances, a telephone operator, in Missouri where they lived till about 1938 when Russell invited the two of them to join him in the Baltimore Clothing





Clarence Bean



Frances Bean

Co.

Clarence died in Pasco, Florida in 1988 at 96 and Francis died in 1993 at 86 years.

Estella, born in 1895, stayed in NCTown all her life, married Luther McKinley (Mack) Wiandt, a rural mail carrier, and had one daughter, Dorothy. Dorothy married Bernie Schmidt, had two children, Sherrie & Jon (Sherrie did not have children-Jon had two daughters (Sarah & Hannah), and live in Marysville, Ohio. Mack Wiandt died in 1981 and Estella died in 1986.



Estella & Mack Wiandt

Russell was born in 1899 in West Virginia and died on 8/16/79 of ventricular fibrillation (I believe). After graduating from NCTown High school in 1918 with Marjorie Kaden, he was inducted into the Army 10/11/18 but the war ended before he could be shipped overseas as cannon fodder.



Russell & Marjorie Bean 1918

He was discharged on 12/11/18. He had one year of college at Ohio State. He married Marjorie in 6/12/20 then went to work for a lumber company. John Russell Bean, Jr. was born in 1921 but died shortly thereafter and was buried in Columbus, OH (Later moved to Westlawn Cemetary, Newcomerstown). While working at the lumber yard an error by a fellow worker caused a large pile of lumber to fall on him crushing both legs. He spent 18 months in

the Ohio State University hospital and ended up with a below the knee and above the knee amputations of the two legs. He learned to handle his artificial legs and for the next 60 years he made well men look sick the way he got around, drove a car, and climbed ladders. I never heard a complaint from him about the artificial legs and he never considered himself a handicapped person.

Marjorie Florence Kaden Bean was born in 1902 and died in 1988 at the age of 86 of an acute coronary infarct. Her living three children are **Natalie, Bill, and Marilyn.**



Marjorie Kaden

Natalie Bean, Johnson, Gadd, McFarland was born March 12, 1923, married Dale Johnson of Coshocton, Ohio. She met him at Coshocton Lake park during the years we had a cottage there from 1932 to

1943. There were 21 cottages on the towpath of the old Ohio Canal Turn Basin and we were the very last one nearest the



Margie Packy Nat Julie Elaine

Walhanding River.

Natalie had three girls, Cherie, Elaine, and Julie. Cherie, a nurse, married Bob Norman who had a career of police work in Portland, OR. They had two children, Amy and Andy. Their first grand child was Josiah in 2008. Julie came to New Orleans and took our ultrasound imaging course thus becoming a professional in this modality and is still practicing her trade. She married Greg Gadd and had two children-Joshua & Christopher. She later married Dan Overmeyer who brought son Luke to the marriage. Joshua married Vickie and had two children-Leo and Coral. Christopher had one child Christiney.



Cherie&Bob

Bill, born October 26, 1925, married his high school sweetheart, Marjorie Hanson, in 1945, went into the Army Air Corps in 1944, joined his dad and Dale in the Baltimore for 7 years in 1946, moved to Miami, Florida, went through University of Miami 1954-56, Tulane Medicine 1956-60, and Radiology residency 1961-64. Their children are William, Jim, Thom, Carol, Phyllis, Barbara, and Marilyn (see family tree).



Bill & Nat 1930

Marilyn was born on Oct. 9, 1932. She took nurses training at Ohio State and used the professional training before having children and again after the children left home. She married Frank Haver, a high school classmate. They had two children, Linda and Donald and lived in Clearwater, Florida during the children's school years. Linda's children are Kelly and Morgan. Donald's Children are Allison and Kaden.



Marilyn & Frank

Mary Vernace Bean (named after her grandmother Mary V. Ammons) was born in 1902, also in West Virginia. She was the youngest of the living children and never married. She became a professor of English at Ohio State University and remained there for her lifetime. She died in 1964.



Mary Bean & Marjorie Bean

Living On Main Street 1925-1929

Our home during this time was a one story house at the SW corner of East Main Street at College Street. It had a front porch with a swing and a Trellis on the east side. This home was within easy walking distance to the family

business one block away on Main St., The Baltimore Clothing Co. (Photo)

Our neighbor were Frank Schwab and wife who lived in the two story white house next door (it is still there today). We children were welcomed and treated often in their home as they had no children. Frank was the superintendent of the Clow Pip Company.



Anna Miller with Natalie and Bill 1926

I have two remaining memories of these years that are not supported by photos. The first was watching the paving of east Main Street from the C & M Railroad track to College Street (one block). At the age of four I can remember watching the workmen loading the paving mixer and spreading the mixed cement in the pre placed forms. I really wanted to cross the dirt street to watch closer but some adult would not let me cross the street even though it was closed to traffic.

The second memory of these years was our trip to Tuscora Park in New Philadelphia, OH. One Sunday we drove the 20 miles up US Route 21 to the park and as is natural for a 4 year old I went to sleep during the ride. At the park I woke up in the parking lot, found myself alone in the car and broke down because I believed that I had been deserted by my family. It was a very lonely feeling that I still remember well. What I did not know was that my parents were outside the car but were watching for me to wake up so all turned out well and I still had a family.

The house was later moved over College St. hill to the north side where it sits today at the northern side of the Bridge street junction with College St.

Directly across the street was the home of Ralph Scott, an Insurance agent. In latter years it was sold to a Mr. Marshall with the sign of Scott Marshall Insurance on the front lawn. While dealing with a brokerage firm in Palm Beach Gardens in 2010 the agent was named Scott Marshall and I assured him that I would not forget his name as his name was on a sign in my home town.

Living on Canal Street 1930-1943

The move to 497 E. Canal Street was explained to me as so that Natalie and I would not have to cross a major street with lots of traffic on our way to school



497 Canal Street

(all town kids walked to school. Very few people had an automobile). But I believe it was because they needed additional space for the growing family and the addition of a live in house keeper (Anna Miller) so that my mother could go to work in the women's side of the store (the owner had just sold it to the family and moved to Coshocton to continue women's clothing business there). The home was certainly larger with two stories, a basement with a coal fired furnace, a full bath on the second floor and a "powder room" on the first floor. Mother and dad had the largest bed room, Nat and Marilyn had the second largest bed room, and I had the cozy small bed room which had a flat roof outside my window where it was fun to sit on at night to watch the stars and moon.



Dorothy Wiandt Mike Wilson Doris Wilson
Natalie Bean Frank Wilson Mae Wilson
Russell Bean Estella Wiandt Mary Bean



BillDorothyMikeNatDorisMarilyn



Anna & Merle Miller &Children

Merle (Doc) Miller our live in maid's husband, loved to fish. He usually fished in the rivers south of town and one day he brought home the largest catch he had ever made in the form of a 29 pound northern pike. We really had to have a photo of this event.

Our neighbors were Charlie Coats who had hunting dogs and took me coon hunting one time, Elmer Huff who had a blacksmith shop in the south part of the 50 x 150 foot lot opposite our two story barn type garage, Noah Bird, who was the High School Maintenance person (three children-two were in school with Nat & me), Professor Wayne Hayes the School Superintendent with 3 children older than me (who all became famous), Fritz Banberry an oil well mechanic with 2 boys in school with us who lived in the old John Bean house on the corner of Canal Street and West St. 2 lots East of our home on Canal St., John Schlup-Lawyer, George Brode Construction Company, Mrs Rogers-Music Teacher, Walter Albright , Murphy , Mason-Dentist , Basal Smith - Barber, }

It was a half mile from home to elementary school, an easy walk. Nat, Marilyn and I had the same first grade teacher that our parents -Bess Evens. My son Bill also had this teacher as the third generation student. Just think, three generations in the same building by the same teacher. She was a hard task master who got us started in the right



Marilyn first row third from right in Bess Evans 1st grade

direction (it was in the same building where our parents studied).

We did have a very strict schedule to coordinate with our parent's work. We always had lunch at home. It took 15 minutes to walk home, 30 minutes to eat and 15 minutes to get back to school. We could not afford to be late for lunch or we would then be late getting back to school. The evening meal was a command performance and began at 1800 hours. This gave us plenty of time to enjoy the radio

serials which occurred from 5 to 6 each evening. Our meals were prepared by Anna Miller who lived with us for 10 years with her husband Merle "Doc" Miller. She was a hard task master and kept us in line till Mom and Dad returned from the Baltimore.

Our talk around the lunch and dinner table included the extended family, the school work, our outside activities and the clothing business. We soon learned that our business was for the family only and could never be passed on to outsiders. We learned what made a successful business and why it is necessary to make the eagle scream by always getting most for your money and never wasting your funds. To our friends we reported that we were headed to the mine when we went to the Baltimore, which in coal country envisioned a coal mine. But what we really meant was that we were going to the gold mine-our life support activity.

The first grade gave me my first (best and last) stage career. I was matched with the prettiest girl in the class as George and Martha Washington for the annual play. Never again would I reach such a pinnacle of success, and even though I considered her a highly acceptable girlfriend, in later years, she always liked older boy friends than me. The day of reckoning did come many years later at a class reunion when she told wife Marjorie that Margie's catch was the winner.

The home had a stoker attached to the furnace that transferred crushed coal from a hopper into the furnace floor for a very smooth and constant level of heat to the house. Unfortunately the iron in the coal formed heavy hard and hot slag in the fire box that had to be lifted out several times a day to cool and be taken to the trash. This was hot and heavy work and the smell would be transmitted to the house as the slag cooled. Someone had to do the job so from the time I was 9 till finishing high school this was my daily job. However, this heating system was superior to any standard system available at the time.

Our home on Canal Street had some very nice advantages for a growing youth. If I walked north across Canal Street and half a block further I was in the wooded hillside. Nature was near and there was plenty of room to roam and explore, do rock climbing and have games in the woods with the other children of the neighborhood. At the top of the hill was the town reservoir that some claimed

to be fun to go swimming in. I really didn't want to drink the swimming pool water in my home so never tried it as a swimming hole.

There is one thing about growing up in a small town. Everyone knows you. It is impossible to do anything that the whole town doesn't ultimately find out about. This is a safety net for town's people as well as an imposition upon ones activities. I remember one time I was visiting a classmate on the far side of town. I had ridden my bike to his home on Buckhorn Creek and we were involved in a number of activities which included some taunting of a neighbor lady. In short order she opened her door and called: "Billy Bean come here. Your daddy wants to talk to you on my phone." Thus it goes in my home town.

Swimming in Newcomerstown

Growing up in a small town it was only natural for a boy to participate in the many athletic activities that were available. Of these one selects some but not all until he finds the types that he enjoys and carries on with those. Swimming was one sport that I liked and enjoyed it as soon as I went from the dog paddle to real swimming. Unfortunately our town did not have a pool until I was grown, however that did not stop one from swimming. We had the Buckhorn Creek, the Tuscarawas River, & the Gravel Pit to swim in and this was usually skinny dipping. The river was muddy so it was difficult to know where you could dive and where you should not. There was a high train bridge over the river for the C & M train that went from Marietta to Cleveland. We knew that the water in the center of the river was deep enough to dive in and we proceeded to do so.

The creek was much smaller than the river and not nearly as deep. It was also nearly always clear except after a heavy rain when the bottom would disappear. Our swimming hole was just upstream from the outlet of a small stream from the local slaughter house so we were not bothered by the waste fluids that entered the creek. It was always a challenge to be the first one to go swimming in the spring. We kept moving the start date up until we were having our first swim when there was still ice on the edge of the creek. The first yearly swim was always very short, but we did get our bragging rights

for being the first in town to go swimming each year.

The town finally built the Swimming pool as part of the Cy Young Park in the early 50's on the north edge of town just across Route 21 from the slaughter house swimming hole, but by then we had left town.

The Lake Park Years 1932-1943

Lake Park at Choshocton, Ohio is an artificial lake built as a turn basin for the boats of the Ohio Canal that extended from Cleveland to Portsmouth with many side branches along the way. (see reference: Ohio & Erie Canal History.html) It became a vacation park under private management and private lodges were allowed to be built along the tow path on the east side of the basin. The west and north side of the basin contained a bathing beach, a dance hall, and commercial businesses.

In 1932 three Newcomerstown, Ohio Families decided to build a cottage along the towpath for their summer enjoyment. They were Clarence, Frances, Jane, and Roberta Ashelman the town banker; Davie, Ada, David, Ann Davis the town druggist; and

Russell, Marjorie, Natalie, Bill, and Marilyn Bean the town clothier. The cottage (# 21 on the tow path) was the



Tow Path in Front of Cottage #21

furthest from the paved road into Coshocton. It was a two story building with three bedrooms and a large living room on the upper story (level with the tow path) and a lower story half as large that contained the dining room for 20, the kitchen, and the shower. The dirt road was at the ground level behind the cottages with stairs outside the cottage going from the road to the tow path. There was only an outside wall covering and open studs on the inside as it was only used in summer without need for heating other than a fire place in the living room. I believe that the total cost was \$1800 complete.

Each summer from 1932 to 1942 when school let out for summer the families would go to the

cottage and clean the premises for the 3 month summer tenure. The wives and children would spend full time at the lake The men would drive the 17 miles to Newcomerstown each morning and return each evening. Sunday was always visitors day and many or our friends accepted our invitation of a swim and dinner with us at our special hide-a-way.



Doris Bill Natalie

There were plenty of children living in these cottages and they found lots of games and self



Clarence Natalie Jane Roberta

entertainment through out the summer. Swimming

daily, boating, sun bathing, card games, kick-the-can, candy making, hiking, and eating. Berry picking adjacent to the Park Hill Golf course happened every summer when the berries were ripe and some people even played golf on the local course.

Mike Wilson reminds me that in 1937 while we were sitting a a local barber shop in Coshocton we heard about the loss of Amelia Earhart in the Pacific in her around the world attempt.

One of the community events that I participated in during the summer of 1939 to the summer of 1942 was the Concert in the Park. The director of the Newcomerstown Band was Giovanni Baetti who lived in Coshocton. Each summer he gathered music students of his from Coshocton and because I was living at Lake Park, included me in the musicians who played in the park each Saturday night. We would gather in the library adjacent to the town square on Wednesday night and practice for 3 hours to put on a 90 minute concert on Saturday. I remember well some of the music we played and especially the opening music. This was the World Events March which was borrowed from the movie newsreels that showed regularly all over the country. It was a fun time of which I have a fond memory.

In the late summer of 1937 we had a long period of heavy rains that produced a major flood of the Tuscarawas and Walhonding rivers. As these rivers came together at Coshocton it produced a flood that

covered the roads between Lake Park and Coshocton. We were awakened that night and were able to watch the water rising throughout the night which covered the automobiles parked on the low ground behind the cottages. The water rose to the level of the lower floor of our cottage but no higher. The following evening with the water still rising and fear that the whole lake would be washed away we all moved to the Golf Club buildings on top of the adjacent high hill. I still remember a part of that night especially a fellow with a very large belly who slept the night on the pool table, with his oversized stomach pointing toward the ceiling.

It was several more days before Mack Wiandt reached us. He had driven the hills north of the Tuscarawas Valley, through Millersburg, and to the lake. He took us back to Newcomerstown by the back roads and we children were not around for the cleanup after the water went down. All of the automobiles that we had were unusable but the man who rode in our Chevrolet while being towed back home after the water went down stated that it was the most horrible smell that he had ever endured.

With the advent of gas



Ann Roberta Nat Bill



? + Mae Jack Howard Wib Dayton Russell

Bill Thelma

rationing in 1942 the trips to the cottage became more difficult and limited. Also most of the children were much more active in school activities and summer events so the sale of the cottage was agreed upon about 1943 ending a wonderful decade of summer entertainment that we had looked forward to every year.

The Snake

Living in the Lake Park cottage each summer we were very close to nature and the contact with small creatures was an occasional part of our summer experience. The high light of the 5th year at the cottage was the snake.

The cottage was placed on a steep bank (the Levee around the lake) probably 80 feet high. The top floor was level with the Tow path that went all the way around the artificial lake with three bedrooms and a large family room. The lower story of the cottage was half way down the hill with a central stairway down to the kitchen, dining room, and shower. The levee side between the top and the kitchen area was a steep slope, three quarters of the way down was dirt and the bottom was a cement floor with a low retaining wall to hold back the dirt. Each end of the opening between the upper story and lower story was screened in.

One day one of the ladies came running to me about a snake in the enclosed area beneath the house and I should do something about it. I found the snake, seemingly trapped in the screened area watching me very closely but not moving. I tried to throw a towel over the snake for a capture but he was too fast for me. Then I turned on the hose and hosed him down till he was partially drowned and could not move very fast, but I had him under control. What to do with him now.

To keep the snake in captivity I found a glass cake cover about 12 inches in diameter and 16 inches high with a knob on the top for lifting.(it came from Davis' drug store) and was only rarely used. The snake was now captured and was drying out in his glass cage.

A close look at this snake showed yellow lines down each side and an over all black color. This was obviously a non poisonous Garter Snake and one that should be saved to protect our summer home from snakes and other ilk. It meant that it could be handled safely and should be protected.

It wasn't long before I took the new friend out of the large glass dome and into a large glass jar so that

he could travel with me during the day. And so we visited our friends living on the Tow path and everyone enjoyed seeing the live snake, but no one was willing to touch the animal.

In the afternoon one of our neighbors, Dale Johnson, told me that he had to go into town to his dad's grocery store to make a delivery and asked if I would like to go along. We hopped into his auto and off we went - the three of us Dale, Bill and Geraldine (the snake) but it the jar was bulky and so the snake went into my hip pocket where she was safe and comfortable.

When we arrived at the grocery store we went inside to pick up the bags of groceries. As we did this there was a scream behind me as a lady saw Geraldine sticking her head out of my pocket and the whole store went crazy trying to get away from the dangerous snake.

When we got home I decided that the pet really should be allowed to roam around our property and released her to her elements having learned a lot about snakes and had become able to differentiate the dangerous ones from the helpful types. I was never again welcome in the grocery store.

The Y.M.C.A. Summer Camp

Mike Wilson reminds me that during the thirties he and I were treated to a week at a camp near Cleveland (according to Mike) but nearer to Marietta according to me. Irregardless we did go together to this camp and Mike was happy as could be because they had a baseball team and he loved baseball. My athletic activity was in swimming and when we had the water mellon race I had fun. The mellon was dropped in the center of the local river and the participants had to swim to the mellon and get it to the shore without having it taken away by any one.

My plan to take it under water and transport the prize to the shore worked with our cabin having the fun of the water mellon party.



Bill & Mike

Bike Ride To Cleveland

An event that is big in my memory was the bike ride to Cleveland with my cousin Mike Wilson. This occurred in 1939 and was an excursion that was entirely new to me. Mike was preparing for a

bicycle race in Cleveland and as part of the training he peddled the 103 miles to Newcomerstown alone. He asked me to accompany him on the return trip and amazingly my parents agreed to the trip.

We calculated to be able to average 10 miles per hour, which with stops for rest and nourishment, should take about 12 hours. We started the trip in our 26 inch balloon tire bikes (much heavier than the racing bikes of today) with clear skies and nice summer temperatures. The first problem occurred at Wolf station (mile 7) when I developed a flat tire. Since we did not have the equipment for repair it was a 7 mile walk back home for the correction. We finally restarted at 0900 hours hoping to arrive in Cleveland before dark.

The first 20 miles were a snap. We had a steady speed greater than 10 mph which should get us to our goal before dark. The next 60 miles was pure torture for me who wasn't properly trained for these long rides. Mike was encouraging and got me to overcome the pure pain of continuing the ride to our intended end. At mile 80 I had a magnificent change when my "second wind" cut in and allowed me to complete the trip unaided. The last 23 miles was complicated with rain and darkness but we completed the trip by 2100 hours safely and found a welcome dry warm home to collapse in.

The race was from Cleveland Heights to Euclid Beach, an amusement park on Lake Erie on the east side of Cleveland. Mike crashed going down the hill from Cleveland Heights, but did get a medal for fifth place.

The trip home was much easier. Dad felt sorry for me and strapped the bike on the auto top and we drove home in style.

The Western Trip 1938

The summer of 1938 was the time of a two weeks trip from Newcomerstown to Denver and back in our light blue Chevrolet automobile. Our luggage for two weeks was limited because of the six people traveling in the four door sedan and trunks were small in those days. Our first stop was in Chicago where we picked up the newly married Thelma and Howard Kaden. The second stop was in St. Joe, Mo where we stayed with Grandmother Kaden's brother (Cohen) and wife. His business was a liquor store and it was a successful business as we found the home magnificent. We ate very well but turned down the offer of liquor refreshments after Mr. Cohen stated that liquor was to sell but not to indulge in.

The next stop was at Mount Rushmore in the black hills of South Dakota. It was a very memorable experience of passing through the many approaching tunnels with the Memorial perfectly positioned in the center of the tunnel exits each time. The sculpture was under construction at the time and we could see what it would ultimately become by the very large model that was in the building immediately below the construction. We drove through the bad lands of S.D. and it was extremely hot that summer. At a stop for gas we asked what we could do to make the trip cooler. We were told to place a bucket of ice in the back seat floor and it would cool the car. We tried it and it worked but the inside temperature did not get below 95 degrees, but that was better than the 105 degrees outside temperature. At one stop along this hot section we stopped for some lunch and as we walked through the door it became much cooler inside. This was before the development of air conditioning and we were introduced to water evaporation as a cooling mechanism. Water was dripped on hanging straw where the very dry atmosphere dropped the inside temperature by evaporation (The Haisley's use this type of cooling today in Salt Lake City). In the remaining part of the trip we stopped in Cody Park where we saw real buffalo. We saw the red rocks of Denver and visited a cousin in the Colorado School of Mines in Boulder, CO. I recall that many of the national and state highways were unpaved on this trip. It was very unsettling to be in the mountains with hundreds of foot drops off the side of the road and no side rails or even painted lines on the pavement to show the centerline. People were used to this condition but it did not take away the fear of a slight error in driving and one could be at the bottom of a long drop.

The Worlds Fair 1940 in New York

(second consecutive year)

This trip was again for Mom Dad Nat Bill Thelma & Howard. Marilyn was already 7 years old but there were only 6 seats in the auto. Our trip took us through Gettysburg where Howard sang long into the night to his troops keeping us awake to his demonstration. In New York we stayed at the McAlaster Hotel (I believe) which was in walking distance to the train station to the

Fair. The Fair was magnificent and I remember well many of the structures and events that were there and when I see old movies of that fair I can say I was right there at 14 years of age and have fond memories of the visit. The General Motors was a grand display of the future. We rode around in moving chairs, after waiting a long time in line, and observed what the future would be like with high speed expressways, wide and high overpasses, many aircraft in the sky and helicopters every where at low altitudes. There were scenes inside homes and business showing the many labor saving devices, including robots, which were based on many new ideas which they did ultimately develop. We went into Billy Rose's Aquacade with the wonderful water show including Johnny Weissmuller. After the fair we went on to Boston and Montreal in the circuit home. It was a really enlightening trip .

The Kayak

This was a personal project that came to my attention from Boys Life Magazine. There I saw an article on how to build a kayak with plans. With not enough to keep me occupied in 1937 I proceeded with operation in the basement of the house. It took several months to complete using lumber from Zimmer Lumber yard on main street but it was completed with waterproof canvas as the covering.

The two ended paddle was my own design. At the same time my classmate, Jim Williams, used the same plans to also build a kayak. He used a linen cloth



Kayak # One 1940

stretched over the frame water proofed with the dope used to finish the linen on airplane wings resulting in a lighter weight boat. I was just lucky that I could get the boat out of the basement because I did not think about that problem when I started the project.

It was a bit difficult to transport the kayak to the river to use it so I built a trailer for my bike which made the trip easy and much more fun. The major trip in the boat was a trip to Coshocton Lake Park. Jim and I paddled the 17 mile trip down the Tuscarawas River then up the Walhanding River to the park one fine day and found it a delightful trip.

Jim took his boat home by auto and I kept mine at our cottage on the lake.

Years later, about 1966 when we were living in New Orleans son Jim saw the kayak plans in my scrapbook and decided to build one also. He did complete the project and launched the boat in Lake Ponchartrain for the only water trip that he took with it that I remember.



Jim's Kayak #2

About 1976 while at boarding school in Denton, TX Barbara got the boat building bug and did produce a fiberglass kayak that was superior to the boats that Jim and I built. I got the chance to see the boat when Margie and I visited her. Unfortunately someone stole the beautiful boat and it ended up in the bottom of a nearby lake.



Barbara's fiberglass kayak #3

The Surfboard

Another building project also came from the Boys Life magazine. This was a hollow Hawaii surfboard. The plans were good and it went together smoothly with water proof plywood and brass screws. I painted it red and took it to Lake Park for the summer.



Bill with Kippy on Surfboard 1941

High School years 1939-1943

At age 13 I began the high school years. It was a mile walk from home and Nat and I usually walked home and back each lunchtime without thought to the distance. We were expected to be at the dinner table each noon at 1215 and at supper at 1800 each evening. Even though the high

school was in the same building with the middle school there was little mixing between the two groups. The Middle School was on the third floor and the High School occupied the first and second floor. It has been amazing to me that years later with the same number of students the Middle School occupied all three floors of the building and the same number of High School students was in a new building twice as large as our high school and middle school. What more were they learning than we did?

To start out as a freshman is like being at the bottom of the ladder again. It had been great to reach the 6th year of elementary school and to be at the top of the heap but that is how the system worked. In fact I would find myself at the lowest rung 3 more times in my career-college-medical school-residency.

One interesting event with teachers was Thelma Thompson. She taught our class in the 5th grade, moved to high school and taught us in those 4 years. She was the only teacher who I have ever known who followed the class along.

An interesting factor came to my attention during the senior year. Up to this time I had plenty of time for study but didn't use much of it being happy to survive in the middle of the class without any need seen to excel in grades. During the senior year I was so busy with football and classes that I had to capture everything in class with little time available for additional study. Amazingly my grades rose dramatically showing that it is possible to absorb what you hear and remember if you have to. It served me well in later years when I needed this ability.

In contrast to my easy going attitude about studying Margie was always a top student. This may have been because her father was on the school board with pressure to excel but I believe that it was more likely that she did this to show her independence from her father.

Lucky for me I had an extra half hour in my schedule during the first half of the senior year. I decided to take a typing course which was usually saved for the girls who would become secretaries and need this talent. But I found that it was a wonderful thing to learn especially when I went to college and

medical school. It has served me all these years.

One course that I did not get in high school or college was theatre. I have noticed over the years that such a training would be invaluable for anyone who would become a leader and have to speak before large groups of people without being afraid as most people are. A cure for this absence of training can now be found in the Toastmasters Club which does an excellent job at preparing business people to feel comfortable in front of an audience.

Major extra curriculum activities for me was the High School band. I was first invited to play with them in the 8th grade and went into the marching band the first year of high school. The instrument was the clarinet, taught by Bob Byrd, and the activities attended the football games with a presentation between the first and second half. Part of the band played in the orchestra during school activities during the rest of the year. We became quite good at our marching formations during the 4 years.

An interesting note about our band leader concerned my sister Nat. She was an accomplished piano player as well as a straight A student. In need of a piano player for the orchestra Mr. Beatti talked Nat into doing the job for him but at the end of the year he gave her the only B grade that she had for the year which really bothered her. `

Dating during high school was lots of fun. I can remember many of the events in this venue during the four years but most of all this is where I met Margie and have had a lifetime of happiness for the successful bonding of the two of us.

In my senior year I discovered that I had enough credits to graduate by February 1943. This was when I went to Parks Air College (March 1943) and gained a year of special training prior to induction into the army.

Football experiences

I'm not really sure I know just why I added football to my activities in high school but it happened. It might be the pressure of fellow

classmates to either do basketball or football or both since there were no other athletic activities available, I was in the band and orchestra from the 8th grade on but the call of physical contact called and I was hooked. In Spring of my sophomore year there was a lengthy Spring training session. In uniform at 125 pounds I was ready for anything. Everything came my way and the larger teammates seemed to enjoy giving me the works. I was no match because of size and after the sessions were over I did not show up for fall training. The senior year I was 140 pounds and very fast on my feet. In fact as the fastest team member. I was given a half back position and the practice sessions got me ready for the season. I had to give up the marching band but not the orchestra.

The school season began and I was part of the team. I could hold my own and do the job that I was given. The body was ready for this experience. All went well until the week of practice between the 7th and 8th game. A badly sprained ankle put me on crutches and my football career was over. This made my family happy but was a disappointment to me.



Parks Year

In 1934 I received a book entitled "We." It was a book by Charles Lindberg about the solo flight from New York to Paris. I was fascinated by the ability of travel that the airplane provided and the promise of the future it gave. In 1938 dad gave me a real gift. He took me to the Judy pea patch just east of town and provided me with a ride in a Ford Tri-motor airplane operating out of the local farm area. I was hooked and thought only of flying for a future. In January of 1943 on realization that I had completed all the credits I needed to graduate, I talked my father into paying



Charles Lindberg



Ford Trimotor

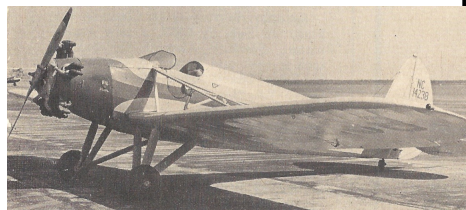
my way to Parks Air College in East St. Louis. Since I was only 17 at the time I could get at least a year in special training before the draft would catch me. With this special training I would be preparing for my chosen career and would get placed in the Air Corps instead of the infantry if and when drafted.

March 1943 was a thrilling time. The Pennsylvania Railroad, panhandle division passes right through Newcomerstown and direct to St. Louis. It was the mode of travel in these days and much cheaper than air travel. It was an overnight ride and even with the rattle and weaving of the cars it was the best type of travel, certainly much faster than by bus. From the train terminal in St. Louis it took a thumb to go through St. Louis across the Mississippi River to East St. Louis and south the 4 miles to Parks Air College. There I found an air field with gravel X runways, hangars, and multiple brick buildings like dormitories, class rooms, work shops, and dinning hall. There was plenty of activity as there were air cadets using the classrooms and their special airfield just a mile away. In addition there were an equal number of civilians using the same facilities.

The school was on a quarterly basis for a total of 2 years. They taught aircraft mechanics, meteorology, Airline business, English, Algebra, map reading, and flying.

The aircraft were the low wing Kenner, low wing Culver Darts, Travelair biplanes, Stearman biplanes, and Fairchild high wing instrument planes. In addition to classes and study time there were extra work details to police the campus, wash the planes, serve in the cafeteria, clean the dormitories, draw meteorology maps and provide other duties.

The pace was very fast with all to do. There was little time to think about anything but busy work and study. The gathering of the students were from all over the world and from every walk



Stearman

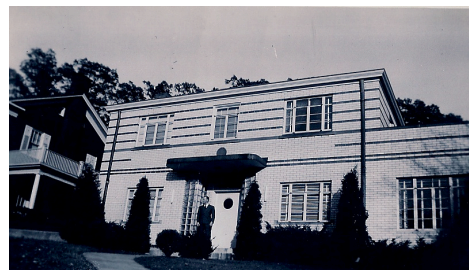
of life. It was a typical college setting with dedicated students.

Flying was the most fun of all. My instructor was Danny Robertson a brother of the fixed base operator at St. Louis Airport who was well acquainted with Charles Lindberg. He was a gentle teacher and got me to solo in 8 hours. By the time I had the required 40 hours for private license I was having a wonderful time in the air and had graduated to the Stearman and had completed my required cross country. In order to get a private license a medical was required and here I met my Waterloo. The pseudo Isochromatic plates were just so many colored dots to me instead of specific numbers. I flunked the medical and could see that my flying career could never fully develop. That was when I decided that continuation at Parks was a loss to me and it was time to return home and accept the draft after one year in training.

College Street 1943-44

The move to College Street was a surprise to me because the change in domicile occurred while I was away at Parks Air College. For the Christmas break in 1943 I got a train home from St. Louis that got me into Newcomerstown at 0600 hours which was too early to have dad get up and bring me home from the train station so it was only about 1/2 of a mile home and the walk would be easy with only one bag to carry. I arrived home without a key but several of the windows around the circular front porch were unlocked so I just quietly raised one of the windows, passed my bag through to the floor, stepped in and looked around. The light from the street light on the corner gave enough light for me to see that the living room furniture was not our family furniture. It was immediately evident that someone else lived in this house now. Quietly I stepped back out the window, lifted my bag out, and closed the window. Then very skillfully, bypassing the known squeaks, I exited the porch and headed down the street to the Baltimore. It would be only an hour before there would be someone there who would know where my family had escaped to. They couldn't get rid of me that easy.

The home on the hill was a very special home. It had been built by



237 N. College St.

the Heller Tool company for their manager who had some very unique tastes including electrical socket around the ceiling and floor of the living room for very easy access of a place to plug in. The two stories and full finished basement were the ultimate of the latest. He used Marlite wall finishing for the bathrooms, showers and kitchen for easy cleaning and beautiful colors. The exterior is was all brick and there was a matching two car garage in the area when this was unheard of. The Heller Company admitted that they had invested \$65,000 in this home not including the many teams of workers that were sent to do some special work and never recorded. There is no telling the true value of this home when it was completed.

Several years later the manager left and the company had a very expensive home in a town where no one could afford the asking price. The home sat on the market for several years with no takers and the asking price continued to descend. One Sunday when mom and dad were partying with friends at the home of Arthur Zimmer (our local lumber yard owner) across the street, they all wanted to see the inside of the home and talked dad and mom into going along. The home tour was stimulating but dad still refused due to the high cost. Nevertheless over the following months the real estate agent smelled a possible sale and kept after the two people who admitted that they liked the house very much.

The final sale price was \$12,000 which was a great buy but the person owning the home would find it quiet high to maintain the premises. Dad said yes and proceeded to sell the Canal Street property for \$12,000. Thus the home on the hill came into the family and we all found it great for visitations and for the home ground of a mother and father who were traveling a lot with Eastern Star.

My stay in the house, other than the Christmas visits was from March to May 1943 when I went into the service for 2 years. When I returned to Newcomerstown in 1946 it was with a family and a change in our housing needs.

The Army Years

I was now just like any other healthy male for which the draft board was eagerly waiting. I was home for one month and went with 138 other males via Dennison and Cincinnati to Camp

Cambell, Ky for induction. They gave me something I would never forget and even 65 years I can still remember my serial number 35088268 from repeating it so many times in the first few months of Army service. There was the issuing of clothing and bunks. Then there was the ubiquitous physical, but I had learned my lesson. While at home for the month I had studied the Pseudo Isochromatic color chart and memorize what I should see and what I did see on the charts. This time I passed the color test and was prime bait for the Air Force and flight crew. Six of the 138 were selected to head to Shepherd Field, Wichita Falls, Texas for Army Air Force Basic and I was one of them thanks to the aircraft training the past year. I felt greatly relieved and happy to be in flying in spite of my color problem

During the 3 months stay at Shepherd Field we did all the things that the army puts its trainees through including the exercise, 25 mile hikes, discipline, and of course army food. At the end of the training we were interviewed to see what we wanted to do. My interviewer was a Captain Bean from Maine and he was very friendly. I told him that I had been trained in Meteorology at Parks and should be very useful in this avenue. He said he would see what he could do and I was sent to Lowry Field at Denver for remote control gunnery training-cannon fodder. It was an easy 3 months and a lot to learn about the computer controlled guns. This course would give me an edge over the rest of the B-29 gunners and an extra stripe for the effort and knowledge.

We would march to classes in the morning and afternoon. The best marching group would get a weekend pass into Denver so there was a great deal of competition among the different marching groups. Our group impressed the commander when he saw us marching by because we were singing so loudly and marching so well. We won the weekend pass until the commander was informed by his staff of the songs we were singing, they were absolutely raunchy. We got results but lost out on the words and no passes for us.

From Lowry Field we were shipped to Buckingham Air Field in Ft. Meyers, Fl for gunnery training. Here we would handle shotguns and 50 caliber machine guns in order to learn how to lead a



Bill 1944
35088268

target just like trap shooting. It was fun to do the trap shooting, which was a new thing for me and I did learn a great deal about trap shooting but our guns on the B-29 would not need this training because the computer would calculate the lead for us.

Christmas 1944 was at Buckingham AAF base in Ft Meyers, Fl. We were given a 3 day leave which I took and used my thumb to go to Miami to visit Jack and Mae Kaden. I got as far as Naples where no traffic was moving further to the east. A car came along, saw me in uniform and said that he was not going to Miami but to a beach house party in Naples so come along and enjoy the party.

The house on the beach was really rolling and it was full of people, food, music, dancing, and lots of talking. After two hours at the party I returned to the Tamiami Trail again looking for a ride. Within an hour I was picked up by a pleasant man who dropped me off in Coral Gables at 0500 hours.

It was an easy walk to the Kaden home but I was so early that I didn't want to waken them. Sitting on the door step I heard movement in the house about 0700 hours and rang the door bell. Nanny was really surprised to see me since I had not called to let her know I was coming. She was alone in the house because Jack Kaden was in the hospital following his second leg amputation. After a very nice breakfast and lots of talk my grandmother suggested that we visit the hospital. Although Nanny had learned to drive after coming to Florida, I drove their Oldsmobile Hydromatic and Nanny directed me to the hospital in Miami. There was just one building at the time (I believe that it is now a hospital office building) and up to the designated room. Jack was still a bit groggy from the surgery but was really excited to see me and we had a dandy visit. But he was depressed and needed some stimulation to overcome this condition. I told him that if he would get back on his artificial legs, Margie & I would hold our wedding in Miami for him. I don't know if this was the stimulus but 6 months later when the wedding came about it was in the Kaden Garden with a harp for music and lots of family and friends there to celebrate.

The following day we visited again and

Daddy Jack was in a much brighter mood. He promised that he would be ready for the wedding and he was true to his word.

When we left the hospital we discovered that I had locked the keys in the car when we arrived. There was only one thing for me to do would be to go home get another key and return for Nanny. Just then Jack Kaden's doctor comes by to get into his auto and we told him our problem. He said, "I also have an Oldsmobile why don't you try my key", and low and behold it opened the door. There was a light from above shining on us that day for multiple reasons.

That evening I went to the bus station in Miami as there was a night bus returning to Ft. Meyers and my leave would be over in the morning. The end of a wonderful trip.

From Ft. Meyers we went by train to Wichita, Kansas and sat around for 6 weeks awaiting crew assignments. During this time I developed a fever and went on sick call. Separation from my fellow soldiers was accomplished by admission to the base hospital. After two weeks they declared me well and I joined my team just in time to catch the train to our next destination.

The next stop was Tampa, Florida at McDill Field. This is where we met our officers and completed our crews. We would be flying as a crew and getting used to our duties and our fellow soldiers. It was an amalgamation of men from all over the country from every kind of life and every imaginable past history, but we did develop into a fine crew and worked well together. We had night flights that took us 12 hours flying from Tampa to Boston to Chicago and back to Tampa non-stop. They were boring trips but that is most of the flying we would be doing in combat except for a very few hot moments.

On one night flight on our return to the base the landing gear and flaps would not descend. The remedy was my problem. The job required crawling into the aft bombay and activate the switch to manually drop the landing gear. The cat walk on each side was about 8 inches wide and a miss step into the bombay would pop the doors open and its a long free fall. There was not enough room to wear a parachute for this operation. When I went into the bombay on the starboard side and moved forward to the mid wing section separating the front and aft bomb bays I could hold on to the bomb

rack between the cat walk and the doors. It was plugged in the head set and when the captain asked for the wheels down to press the switch to the down position.



B-29 Crew #79 on Saipan

When the wheels were down, the motor, which weighed about 50 pounds was disengaged and moved to another slot to work on the flaps. Fortunately the wheels went down with the auxiliary motor and the pilot chose not to move flaps down in case we would have to go around while waiting to move the motor from the flaps to the wheels again. It worked smoothly and the only problem was the difficulty slowing the plane down on landing without flaps. We made it without further problems.

Fifty years after leaving McDill Field with my flight crew a new Rotary member joined our club in Jupiter, Florida. It was several years later that I found out that Lou Crawford was at McDill at the same time I was but we did not know each other at that time. In fact my crew was #79 and his was #80. Isn't it a small world. Together we presented a history of the 20th Army Air Corps to our Rotary club and to the local Junior Cadets organization.

While at McDill Field I took a weekend to go to Miami, meet Marjorie and have a garden wedding at Jack and Mae Kadens Coral Gables home. I had told my grandparents that we would hold wedding at their home if Jack would promise to get well when I saw him in the hospital during Christmas. He had been very depressed when I saw him and I thought that the challenge would work, and it did. We were married on June 12, 1945 and had 6 weeks in Tampa together before shipping over seas.

The next trip was to Lincoln, NB where we, as a crew, awaited the call to move over seas. When it came we got aboard the train and went to Hamilton Field in California. We had about a week there and did visit San Francisco. In August we went swimming in the day time but at night even a heavy bomber jacket was not enough to keep one warm.

On August 6 we boarded the C-54 transport plane on our way to Saipan. We were told about

the first atomic bomb and this made us very happy. Maybe, just maybe, we would get home again. We flew overnight arriving at Hickam Field at 0600 hours. Took a bus trip to the Sheffield Barracks for breakfast and back to the plane by 0900 for the next leg of the trip. We stopped at Midway and Wake islands for gas and food and arrived on Guam the late afternoon of August 8, stayed over night and left the next morning by C-47 for Saipan. It was then that we heard about the second atomic bomb and shouted our heads off for the good news.

Saipan is an Island at the north end of the Mariana chain of islands. It is 1500 miles SSE of Tokyo. The Island is 16 miles long and about 6 miles wide. It has a tropical climate and there are delightful beaches to sunbath and swim. There are reefs along the Western side where the beaches are protecting the island from storms by breaking up the waves on the low side of the island. These landing beaches were selected as the troop landing site which meant that the defending troops need only point their cannon on the beaches and cause all kinds of trouble for the invading navy and army. We did use LVT craft (Landing Vehicle Tracked) which could climb over the protecting reefs and get to the beaches with greater safety. But 31 of 68 LVT's were destroyed in the initial attack and 2000 casualties occurred during the first days landing.

There are 4 runways on the island the Southern most is Aslito field, a fighter base. Next to this is Kobler Field. Then there is a small field at the North end of the Island and the fourth one is on the west side of the island.

Having arrived at our war location and the war on hold we had a lot of time on our hands to do nothing. By August 15 we knew the war was over for good and that we would not have to do any bombing flights to Japan. We were part of a wave of B-29s that flew to Japan with the ground crews to show them the result of our efforts. We flew to Tokyo, descended to 500 feet and flew down the coast looking at all the destroyed cities ending up over Hiroshima. I took a lot of photos but mold got to the negatives before they could be developed and the photos were not much good. I still have the photos some where in my many archives.

Another flight was to Okinawa. Following the typhoon that destroyed a large number of ships and the artificial loading docks, food was needed so we put platforms in the bomb bays, loaded the plane up

with K rations and delivered them to the troops stationed at the last island captured by our forces.

In October those of us who did not have enough points to go home, were shipped to North Field on Guam as the Saipan air base was being closed down. In the three months at this field we had nearly nothing to

do with our time so by doing some midnight requisition we obtained lumber. I built a special bed with a fold down top as a day time desk-bed combination.



Building a Porch on Guam 1945

Another project was to build a porch for our quonset hut.

One other private project that I did on Guam was to obtain better electrical power for our hut so that we could see to read at night. The power we were getting was so weak that the few lights were very dim and inadequate. I noted that the headquarters hut had very good light. The job required us to trace the cable coming into headquarters and luckily it came across a tree limb in front of our hut. One night in the dark I climbed the tree, tapped into the headquarters cable by feel and dropped an extension down the tree, under ground and into our hut. The results were delightful. We now had lights as bright as the best in our camp so we were very happy. But the other huts were unhappy and demanded the Sergeant to give them the same good light. This opened up a whole can of worms. The Sergeant could not do that so they had to take our special power line out and return us to the same quality as the rest of the troop's huts. It was fun to watch the electric service crew come to our hut and search out how we had accomplished the tap in because it was hidden by the tree and the ground. Finally they did find the location of the tap in and we lost our bright lights, but it was wonderful while it lasted.

With nothing else to do after some midnight requisition for wood we built a new porch for our Quonset hut. It kept us out of trouble for a while.

In January we were moved to Northwest Field on Guam as North Field was being closed. When we arrived at Northwest field the commanding officer addressed us and said that now that you are not on hazardous duty we won't pamper you any

more and you sergeants can do KP like the rest of the soldiers. In order to avoid this type work I found the link trainer building and offered to take the place of the teams who would be going home. As a pilot they accepted me and for the next three months I operated the Link Trainers as the pilots



Link Trainer operating crew on Guam

took refresher courses on instrument flying and GCA (ground control approach landings). Over twenty years later this experience made it possible for me to survive when I got caught in a low cloud and needed to instantly go on instruments.

By March of 1946 the army decided that we were excess and off we went, by boat, to the good old USA. We landed in Oakland on San Francisco Bay, enjoyed a wonderful breakfast including milk and ice cream. Then it was off to Indianapolis for discharge and home again after 23 months in service-still alive.

Baltimore years

The Baltimore was our bread and butter.

The work there served our table and home very well during my years in Ohio. Everyone was included including the children so we grew up learning the business from the ground up by being present in the store on Saturdays and off school days. Sweeping the floor, cleaning the windows, sweeping the sidewalk, packing up cardboard in the basement and talking with customers began at about 10 years of age. We talked about what was going on at our lunch and dinner where presence was a command performance. We learned early that our business was our business and should never be discussed or mentioned outside the home. We used to joke about going to the mine, which in coal mining country meant a coal mine. But what we really meant was going to work in the gold mine. Because of our private enterprise business we enjoyed a nice home, plenty to eat, entertainment, vacations, and the respect of the community. Most of our friends were



Kaden Baltimore Clothing Co

also business people who enjoyed the pleasure of being their own boss.

The Baltimore Clothing Company was originally a branch of the founding company in Baltimore, MD. It expanded over several states and supplied the merchandise to each of its branch stores which were each privately owned and operated. In Newcomerstown the store was present in 1895 but I do not know how much earlier than that. The owner of the store was Zack Thalheimer (?) who was killed in an auto-train accident in 1913. His wife tried to run the business but the business went down hill and would have had to close in a short time if not better managed. Through the traveling sales men who sold the different wears to the store the message passed on where Jack Kaden heard about the opportunity while working in his sisters hat shop in Chicago.

So in 1915 Jack, Mae, Marjorie, Howard, and Lester moved to Newcomerstown as the new owners of the business. The store had two parts, the men and boys clothing and the women and girls clothing. Jack took over the men and boys clothing only as the woman's wear was owned by another person (name?). He was a natural for the job and his business flourished and he became an active participant in the town. (Other business men in town: Al Bretzie, Clarence Ashelman, Otto Beiter, Davie Davis, Arthur Zimmer, Fred Reed, etc)

By 1925 Jack Kaden had accumulated enough to sell out. His brother in Chicago told him about how much money could be made on second mortgages and suggested that they join together in this enterprise. (Grandpa Kaden told me that he wanted to leave to find good Jewish wives for his two sons since there were only two other Jewish families in Newcomerstown)

The word went out that Jack was ready to sell out and the clothiers in the surrounding communities made contact as interested in the business. One day while sitting in his elevated office and talking with a businessman from Cambridge the postman, who delivered mail



Jack & Mae 2/25/25 in L.A.

twice each day, came up the stairs and handed the mail to Jack. In the transfer a letter dropped on the floor. He picked up the fallen letter and noted that it was from his daughter in Columbus. He immediately said excuse me and opened the letter. Inside Marjorie said, "Why don't you sell the business to Russell"? He immediately turned to the man and said, "the business is not for sale." The man asked if the change was due to the letter and Jack answered yes.

From an ejection from his home due to his daughters marriage to a gentile to acceptance of daughter and husband back into the family fold was an instant decision. Jack stayed with Russell for 6 months teaching him the many things that he needed to know and then moved to Chicago. Lester stayed in Newcomerstown with Marjorie and Russell to finish his last year of high school before moving to Chicago.

Mae and Jack had a very enjoyable 4 years with good investment income travels and parties. One trip was to California of which there were pictures. Then came the crash of 1929 and Jack had gone broke a second time.

When Jack left Russell applied his new learned skills and worked very hard to make the business profitable. He did so and showed a profit each year. It was then that the owner of the women's wear side of the business decided to move to Coshocton and wanted to sell out. That was the time that mother hired an in house maid to look after the 2 children while she rapidly learned the women's clothing business. Up to this point the home on East Main street was only 1 block from the business which enabled Russell to walk to work each day. The addition of a live in maid and the need to live where the children could walk to school without crossing a major street required a change of home location. Thus in 1929 we moved to 497 Canal Street. This gave us a three bedroom two story home with space for a live in maid and her husband. It would also require an automobile for Russell to get to work each day.

The Baltimore was now twice the size of the original purchase. It had a balcony where a seamstress was kept busy with alterations. and some storage was available. The second story with about



Lester & Howard
about 1918

twenty steps up provided extra storage space and a lavatory. There was a basement where rubber boots were stored, there was a furnace and a storage for empty boxes and trash. It seemed to me to be a very large space and a magical place to make money. Looking back I realize that the parking lot, which is all that remains of the building was much smaller than I remembered.

The upper story of the building contained two physicians offices with a stairway leading from Main Street to the upstairs. One office was occupied by Dr. C. A. Hanson, a family physician and surgeon who later became my father-in-law. But that is another story.

During my growing years I was involved with the Baltimore in many ways. I served as requested but not with any real joy as it did not fit my ideas of what I wanted to do for a living even though I knew how profitable it was and how it could provide support for a family.

I remember that when I and some friends who wanted to earn some money, we were allowed to take our wagon to the store, load on the collapsed cardboard boxes in the basement and carry this to the local collection center to pick a few cents in youthful finances. I remember washing the display windows on the front of the building at intervals. I remember coming into the store on Saturday to help with sales when I was in high school. I remember climbing the ladder in the shoe department to find the size and style that the customer wanted (Florshiem & Wolverine shoes). I remember that no brown paper and rope that came in on merchandise was discarded but it was folded and rolled to provide us with the materials to send packages out. I remember a Baltimore employee, Bob Bird, who trimmed the windows and made the signs needed throughout the store. On the side he taught clarinet lessons. I remember the large neon sign that dad placed on the corner of the building that could be seen all the way down Main and Bridge Streets. (a copy of this is in the local museum) *I remember* the drinking fountain on the sidewalk in front of the store. I remember what an interesting place it was.

When I returned from the Army Air Force in 1946 I had a wife, a son, and a shattered dream of making flying my career in life. I was at loose ends with no plan in mind. It was then that my father offered me a job in the Baltimore. Margie wanted me to go to college on the G.I. Bill, but

with a shattered goal and no purpose I rejected the idea of just going to college. I accepted the job and began work with dad, Dale and the Baltimore staff as a good substitute.

I accepted the duties that were given to me and tried to learn the real part of the business. I trimmed windows (got a prize for one of them), served customers, fixed the lock on the front door, moved merchandise around as directed, built a new rack for mens socks, passed out advertising material to all the houses in town, helped to pay the bills, and in all ways tried to become a real businessman. But alas nothing worked. I finally realized that I would never become what my father had become in 6 months of training and that without my dad the business would be a failure. It took me 7 years before I got the courage to tell my dad that I had to leave. He asked what I would do and my answer was I don't know. I'll just have to find my way to success. Thus ended my career as a clothing merchant.

In the year 1960? Dale and Nat, who then had the business after Dad's retirement, moved to the store to the 5 & 10 Cents store that Jack

Kaden had renovated from the hardware store in 1941.



Downs Ave. 1947-1953

The house at this location was owned by family friends who wanted to go to

Florida. It is a two bedroom single story house

with a full basement. At \$7850 this seemed like a good buy for a struggling young family. Dad helped with the down payment and we went from a one room apartment to a real house with a yard, and fruit trees. It was certainly a fine place for us to set up housekeeping. During the years we were there we did some paving for the drive and a deck behind the garage for a play house for the kids, a railing around



103 Downs Ave. 1952

the back porch to prevent the children falling from the porch to the drive way and a picnic table (hand made) for party events. We added some additional niceties such as a telephone seat over the air return (home made), a unique child's slide that looked like a giraffe (which mother named George Johnson Giraffe), a wood working shop in the basement (work table with drawers left by previous owners), a large mirror over the fire place and an apiary of three hives that gave us many pounds of honey each year (300# one year from one hive).



George Johnson Giraffe--built by daddy Bill

Having accepted a job in the family store we stayed here for 7 years. Marjorie had wanted to go on to college but I did not want to go to college just for college sake but only if there was a specific goal. But my only strong goal in life had been snatched away from me and I had no course to follow. So I took the easiest way and was led into the retail business by default. It was certainly a great opportunity and we were treated like king and queen as a partner in the family store.

We were very prolific at this location and I strongly believe that it was due to the water we were drinking. How else can you explain a new child every couple of years. But we did have a nice family which was and is a joy to us. We decided that a half dozen would be a nice round number and really didn't have to work at it.

I put up a very good clothes line in the back yard for the increased wash load. With each additional child we added an additional labor saving device. First was an Ironright (it was a standard practice that everything should be ironed including sheets etc). The second item was a clothes dryer (1948) which certainly was a help during the cold winter months. Even though Margie stated that she liked the smell of cloths that had dried on the line outside, she soon gave that up and accepted the convenience. A sewing machine and microwave oven came later but it was a trial to find items that would help with the work load of a growing family. The choices I made did cause a problem. Following the clothes

dryer installation we had a neighbor stop and tell us that there was a fire in our basement because the smoke was coming out the side of the house. When we looked we assured the neighbor that that was really hot water being extracted from the drying clothes from our clothes dryer. She asked: "What is a clothes dryer"?

Our Neighbors were mainly farmers who had moved into town and they were all used to having a garden. They convinced Margie that we should have a garden. So with local advice and use of a neighbor's extra lawn space a garden went in. You can't possibly imagine how very good fresh produce is when it is right from the garden until you actually experience it. The corn, pickles, cucumbers etc were out of this world and the cold cellar gave us good apples throughout the winter.



The Garden



103 Downs Ave. 2009

Travels with Dr. Hanson

I have often been asked why I chose medicine as a profession. Part of that had to do with my frequent travels with Dr. C. A. Hanson. There were a number of times he asked me to drive him into the surrounding country on house calls and it was interesting to watch how he treated his patients.

On one occasion we drove across the Tuscarawas River Bridge on Route 21 southward, turned south on the second dirt road, climbed a hill at the edge of the valley, made several turnoffs as we moved to narrower roads and finally to a single rutted road that brought us out on the top of a hill approximately 8 miles out of town. Here was a very poor farm house with a lot of the neighbors standing around a half oil drum that contained a warming fire. We had arrived at the end of the road and the job was at hand. The farmer who lived here had been kicked by his mule

and he had a broken tibia and fibula of the lower leg needing setting and splinting.

Dr. Hanson gathered several of the neighbor men to help him while he did the reduction and casting by pulling from below and holding from above. He collected a number of old newspapers, a long 2 X 4 that extended from the hip to well below the heel, and while his help held and pulled, he manipulated the bones to good alignment. He then wrapped numerous newspapers around the lower leg and then strapped the 2 X 4 in place on the lateral side of the leg. He then told the farmer that he could not walk on the leg for at least 2 months and that he would return the next day to check the position of the bones. everyone was pleased when it was done and offers of food and drink were nearly overwhelming.

On the return home I asked doc why he didn't bring the farmer into town to get an X-ray and put on plaster cast with anesthetic for the pain. His answer was that the farmer had already had enough sedation before we arrived in the form of moonshine, that this man earned about \$600 per year and if we gave him the "in town" treatment it would probably ruin him for years. He said that the 2 X 4 was made long so that he would not be getting on his feet for a while because he certainly would if not prevented by the board! He said that even so the man would be on his feet within four weeks doing farm work but would probably do just as well as with the "in town" treatment. He told me weeks later that he had a very good outcome and the family was not bankrupt in the process.

Numerous trips like these gave me a very good feeling about my father-in-law and his adage of treat each patient as to his needs and not to a preconceived method of treatment.

Photography

We were raised in a family with a photo taking mother. In high school she had taken a great deal of photos with her brownie and pasted them in albums that covered the whole of high school and

one special album for the senior year (see MFBean Photo Albums 1914-1918 DVD). This was followed by a number of years of very few pictures and then in 1923, when Natalie was born, the numbers increased rapidly.

In the mid 1930s mother took up 8 mm movies. She would compose short stories of the family activities and then direct the members to do certain things so the story would fill out. The movies were good and interesting for us, so much so that we often would get the projector and look at them again. These continued through most of the last half of the Lake Park era and ended about 1940 when color slides came out and she moved to this mode from that time on.

The magic year for Nat, Marilyn and me was 1948 when mother gave each of us a Kodak 35mm single lens reflex camera to take pictures of our families during their early years. We dutifully did what we were told and the stacks of old color slides are enormous. I have gone through many years of the slides that we have and have digitalized them for long term preservation. There is an interesting story in these old films and it is fun to scan them on the computer and bring back the fond memories of the past.

The camera became a good learning tool for me when I was in Radiology Residency training at Charity Hospital in New Orleans (1961-1964). Looking at many interesting films each day and at the Tuesday noon show and tell sessions with Dr. Nice it dawned on me that recording these educational cases as they came up would make it easy to review for the Radiology boards in 1965. I bought a \$35 reflex camera loaded it with black and white film and kept the camera on my desk in the reading room. Whenever an interesting film would come by I would snap a photo on the back lighted picture box, record the case diagnosis, and catalogue the image for later review. Then I would take the film home, go into the windowless bathroom, and load the film into a daylight loader. By using developing solutions for the half the required time, stop the image development with bleach, then use developing solution again there would be a reversal of the image and instead of getting a negative that would require a print, I had a black and white positive of the X-Ray. These were then mounted in cardboard holders using a special slide heating instrument which gave me a home made slide. After labeling the slide and giving

it a code for easy storage, the slides were put away for review prior to taking the "Boards".

The most interesting thing happened with this process. When it came time for the Boards there was no need to review the case slides because the process of taking the photo-recording it-developing it-mounting it-coding it-storing it engraved it so well in my mind that there was no need to go over them again. My studies were concentrated on physics which was not taught very well during the 3 years but was an important part of the boards. I believe that this self education system made it possible for me to pass my boards on the first time around.

In the 1980's print color pictures became so cheap that we changed over from slides to prints. This was used until 2000 when digital photography became the norm and I willingly made the change over to the new technique of no film photography.

The camera again became a useful tool for me when I became very active in Rotary District and took on the governorship for one year. Meeting so many new faces and names I remembered that mother had used the camera to memorize all her contacts in Eastern Star to make it possible to welcome and introduce 300 people from all over the state of Ohio during her preparatory year for Worthy Matron of the state. She had taken photos of everyone during her visits to the many clubs. Reviewing them and labeling them made it possible to do the introductions during the state convention without a list to read from.

Following the year as governor (1992-1993) I continued to go to the many Rotary events and being in the habit of taking photos, continued taking candid photos of the participants until I became the official photographer of the Rotary District 6930. Later on (2000), I began taking photos at the three day Rotary PETS (President Elects Training Seminar) and then continued this when it became a state wide event in 2002.

The PETS annual event started out as a one day event with two of the 8 state districts involved. When it became state wide and moved to Orlando it became a three day event. At first only candid photos were taken of the participants. Then, on request, we added portrait photos to be placed in the district directories. Later we added photos of each districts participants in a single group photo and included panoramic views of

very large groups. Candid printouts were taken of the participants entering the formal event on one evening and the people were offered these prints when they departed the dinner 2 hours later.

The Rotary Zone Institute meets annually in October at a different city in the SE USA. It is called GETS (Governor Elects Training Seminar) and is a four day event. In 2002 when their official photographer quit I was asked to take on the annual event as he had done. When asked why me, they said that I had been the only one to take candid photos on my own over the preceding years. Accepting the job included convincing the board that digital was the only way to go. They finally accepted the idea and from 2002 through 2006 I built up the photo coverage to about 3 GBb of photo images including all kinds of add ons. In 2007 my understudy agreed to become the chairman and now I only go when he asks for help, which occurred in 2007 and 2008.

In my Rotary Club I always take my camera to photograph the speaker, any new members, and club events. It is an easy addition to the wider range of District and Zone. We have a number of outside events including Hearts and Hammers each year, the Lobster Fest, the Arty Gras and Dictionaries to the 3rd graders. It is certainly nice to be needed by the club for these duties.

Flight

The story of the flying Beans really began in 1934 when Bill became interested in airplanes. This was started by a gift of the book "We" by C. Lindberg and was stimulated by the first flight in a Ford Trimotor ride from Judy's pea patch East of Newcomerstown in 1938. In high school there was an aeronautics course which added the icing. The die was cast and the goal became a career in flying from 1941 on.

With enough credits to graduate in March 1943, Bill departed for a year at Parks Air College in East St. Louis. This was the first real opportunity to start a career in a new rapidly growing field. Courses included aeronautics, management, meteorology and, of course, flying. The planes flown included a Kenner, Culver Dart, Travelair, and Stearman. What a thrill to get such an opportunity, to lift off the ground and match wits with eagles. Imagine the shock when preparations for the private license the

examination turned up my color insufficiency A permanent career as a pilot was nipped in the bud.

Marjorie expected our courses to be tied up with flight and specifically went to Stephens College to also learn about flying. She did so well that she obtained her private license in 1945 as well as a full year of college.

Bill left Parks in the Spring of 1944, was inducted into the Army as fresh cannon fodder and was sent to the Army Air Corps for flight crew training. This was basically because at the induction physical he was able to pass the color exam, after having memorized the color charts beforehand. Stops in service included Camp Cambell, KY for induction, Witchata Falls, Tx Shepherd Field for basic training, Lowry Field in Denver, CO for training in the gunnery system of the new B-29 bombers and P61 attack planes, Gunnery school at Ft Meyers, FL, crew staging at Kearney, KS, Crew flight training at McDill Field, FL, overseas preparation at Lincoln, NE, Hamilton Field, CA for transport overseas by C54, Guam overnight, by C-47 to Saipan with the 497th Squadron, 73 Bomb Wing of the 20th Air Force, and on to Japan. The war ended shortly after arrival and thus most flights were either sight seeing over Japan, or food & supplies delivery to Okinawa following the typhoon.

The Saipan base was closed down and new flight crews were shipped to Guam for more permanent quarters at North Field and later NorthWest Field. When everyone was tapped for KP, including sergeants, Bill volunteered to serve as replacement for Link Trainer technicians leaving, and had the opportunity to obtain practice on these training devices when pilots were not being updated.

In 1950 the physical rules changed and Bill was able to obtain his Private pilots ticket at New Philadelphia, OH. At this time there was no money for flying and so it was 1967 before flying was resumed.

The Bayou Flying Club at Lakefront Airport (NEW) provided economic flying and Bill resumed use of the flying as a time machine for

visitations, meetings, and just enjoyable trips. It would continue on until 2005 when personal flying ended.

Lakefront Aircraft, Inc was formed by Dave Holly and Bill in 1968 when they purchased N 9168 W from Dave's brother in Palistine, TX. With 500 hours already on the year old plane, they would keep it for an additional 5 years until it passed the 2000 hour mark and needed a new engine. It was in the 4th year of their ownership that Dave developed sugar diabetes and gave up the goal of retiring as a flight instructor. Bill obtained his instrument ticket in 1969 and became an AME in 1972.



Cherokee N9168W

The next plane was N 8303C, a Cherokee 6 which provided enough room for everything we could think about carrying with us including people, art work, and gifts to the scattered family.

It was replaced in 1975 with a Piper Aztec N 6293Y and a twin rating for Bill.



Piper Aztec

One year was enough for the twin and Cherokee 6, N55498 replaced it. Four years later a retractable seemed safer flying out of Lakefront Airport and Lance N 22XX became our chariot for ten years.

After the return to Florida in 1979, Margie again became interested in flying and took instruction in the new plane. She not only took over half of the flying time but obtained an instrument ticket so that we now had a true pilot and co-pilot for all occasions.

In 1988 the Lance was sold and Saratoga N23XX was built at Vero Beach for the Bean's continued flying. It was first used to return to Ohio because of the heart attack and death of mother Bean.

The planes we fly have been time machines to take us to the far corners of the country, Canada, and the Bahamas. We have been to the Southwest, Northwest, and Southeast and Northeast parts of the country and most of the states in between.

Experiences provide good memories of these trips. But most of all we use our time machine to visit family and friends who are so scattered over the country.

2005 was the year that we finally gave up our "time Machine." N23XX (Radio call sign is November two three X-ray X-ray) was sold to Jeff Kuehl of North Palm Beach, Fl for the same price as we paid for it in 1987. This last plane had 2400 hours on it and a major engine overhaul at 2000 hours.

Airplanes:

1967 Cherokee

235 Dakota

N9268W

1972 Cherokee 6

N8303C

1975 Aztec

N6293Y

1976 Cherokee 6

N55498

1978 Cherokee Lance

N22XX

1988 Cherokee Saratoga

N23XX

Sold: 2005



Piper Cherokee Lance 1988

Memorable experiences

The Perfect approach

Shortly after son Thom got his Instrument ticket we were flying into Ohio State Field in Columbus Ohio at night. Thom was in the left seat and there was a ceiling of about 800 feet requiring an instrument approach. Thom did all the right things and was established on the glide slope of the final portion of the approach. I looked over at the instruments and noticed that the instrument for blind flying were all exactly on the lines where they were supposed to be. Because of the difficulty of holding the plane exactly on the center line, I had to ask if the instruments were working because that was a very difficult task for a new instrument pilot. Thom wiggled the plane a bit to show that the instruments were working. The fact that they were in the right place was because he was doing a perfect instrument approach

The First Night Flight

This event occurred in 1952 shortly after I was able to obtain a pilots license (the color restrictions were removed). The trip was in a Cessna 152 from New Philadelphia, OH to Baltimore, MD & return. I went to Johns Hopkins to find out why I was having continued skin rashes each winter. The trip over was uneventful and I made the trip non-stop using colored lights from the Baltimore tower to land. The return trip was CAVU (ceiling and visibility unlimited). The return trip was scheduled to take about 4 hours. It would get dark about six o'clock. I planned to leave at 1300 hours but events got in my way and takeoff was about three o'clock. This two hour delay created a real problem later.

The flight was smooth with good visibility and a clear sky. As I passed over Charleston, WV, I looked down and was surprised to note that the hollows between the hills were dark-I was caught in the dark in strange hilly country without inside lights or outside lights. Many thoughts went through my mind. I realized that an attempt to make a landing before it was totally dark would be ideal. Although if I upset my headings and could not find a lighted field it would be a real danger.

With a clear sky the stars were becoming visible as it got dark at 6500 ft. I could see the North star and my heading was about 350 degrees so it would be easy to stay on a strait course from Charleston to New Philadelphia, an area that I was very familiar with from the air, without use of a visible compass. The greatest problem was the time. Without lights my calculated ETA (estimated time of arrival) would be of little use. After a quick prayer I decided to land at my intended destination and the new experience would either be successful or I would have to make a crash landing in the dark.

As the trip continued the hills decreased in height and I started my descent to a level about 500 feet above the hills which gave me a very good view of the ground. The lighted communities and autos on the roads gave help in going from one town to the next. As I passed over Uhrichsville I recognized a lighted Road House which gave me an exact fix about 10 miles from the airport. From then on all I had to do was keep the Uhrichsville-New Philadelphia highway on my right and the airport would appear in front of me. I did remember that the houses on the east side of the airport had TV antennas on their roofs and I would have to be sure to clear these obstructions before I could land.

I reduced my air speed for landing but could only use the sound of the wind to determine if I had enough air speed for control. The last house passed under my wings and there in front of me was the runway. There was a light on the side of the hanger near the beginning of the pavement and there were men putting out temporary runway lights in preparation for night flying practice. The touch down was smooth and the landing roll short as I turned off at the first taxiway, pulled up to the hanger and cut the engine.

Going from a near impossible problem changed to a success due to prayer, calmness, and making the right decisions to overcome the original error. Never again would I be in the air without several fresh flashlights, an exact knowledge of the time of sunset, and internal lights.

Caught In a Cloud.

One fine weekend in 1969 Margie and I took a trip to St. Louis from New Orleans. I don't specifically recall the exact reason but we did have two children with us. The trip up was uneventful. On the return trip we left St. Louis with an overcast sky with a three thousand foot ceiling which should be enough space to fly under the clouds all the way home. As we approached Memphis the ceiling decreased to about 1000 feet with very good visibility.

We decided that the decreasing ceiling was not good and we should land at Memphis, put Margie and the kids on a commercial airline and I would fly in the next day. When we contacted the Memphis approach control we were told that they were below VFR flight regulations and we would have to land IFR even though we could see the field 10 miles away under the clouds. With no access to that airfield I decided to fly under the clouds all the way home since it was beautifully clear where I was and as far as I could see. As we flew south in the Mississippi Valley I knew that there were not high hills on the way south. It should be easy enough to make it home.

About 100 miles south of Memphis the clouds began lowering. When they came down to me I would select a lower altitude and keep on going.

When I reached 500 feet above the ground I stopped descending. All of a sudden the clouds surrounded us completely and we had no visual contact to maintain level flying. Luckily my practice in the link trainers on Guam following WW II came to my rescue. I did have training that could save my life now. Knowing that making turns was probably the most dangerous part of the continued flight I felt determined that I could hold the plane level. With this in mind I began to climb through the clouds. It seemed forever but finally at 4500 feet we broke out in the clear and had an uneventful flight for the rest of the trip. That was when I started instrument training and obtained an Instrument Flight Ticket for the use the rest of my flying years. Without the Link Trainer practice I would probably not have made a successful trip.

Unwavering confidence

About the year 1970 Dave Holly and I had a trip to the Carolinas, the reason, I do not remember. When Kathy Weber, Thom,s fiance, heard about the flight she asked if we could drop her off at Clemson for a visit with Thom. With two empty seats on the trip it was a go from the start. The trip over was uneventful with smooth sailing all the way. After nice visit at Clemson, we went on and got our business done proceeded to return on Sunday night. The difference in the return flight was that a front was coming through and it would be between Montgomery and New Orleans when we got to Montgomery. The ride became quite bumpy as we approached Montgomery. We were concerned that the front would be worse than expected. Finally we decided that discretion was the better of part of valor and that we should stop and check the weather ahead before making the go/no go decision. All this time there had been no complaints from Kathy due to the rough flying weather. At the weather station we made the decision on no go and put up for the night. The next morning there was a low overcast but the front had passed and the rest of the way was smooth. When I asked Kathy if the bumpy weather we had passed through had bothered her she said that she knew that we knew what we were doing and since we

were not scarred she wouldn't be. This told me the fine character that my future daughter-in-law had.

Margie's #1 200 Ft. Approach

There is always a significant difference between training and performance. Margie decided to learn instrument flying after she had become proficient in the Cherokee 6 Piper aircraft. She worked hard at it and it was during her practice sessions before the test while I was riding with her as a set of eyes while she was practicing instrument approach procedures. As she taxied out for takeoff I suddenly noticed that finally she was in command of the plane rather than the plane being in command of her. It was a great moment in her training because she had reached a necessary level in confidence to be a successful pilot.

Needless to say when it came time to take her test flight she was successful and could safely be called an instrument pilot.

About a month after passing her test we were on a trip from New Orleans to Atlanta. When we arrived the field was overcast and the ceiling was 200 feet. She began the approach and everything was going just fine. I monitored the radio and altitude and Margie flew the approach to Peach Tree Decalb airport. All went well as we broke through the overcast at the predicted 200ft but the runway was not in front of us. It lay about 200 feet to the right. It would have been possible to move over to the correct alignment but a bit dangerous so the decision was made to make a second approach and do it right.

As we climbed back into the clouds Margie told me that I would have to take the controls and make the approach. I refused because to back out now would take away her confidence and she would never again be able to think of making an Instrument approach to minimums. She accepted the responsibility to repeat the approach again and this time it was perfect. At 200 feet we broke through the clouds and there before us was the runway. Never again would she attempt to shy away from a difficult flight problem.

Severe front in Pensacola

It is always a good idea to stay away from really turbulent weather especially a fast moving front. While returning from Georgia to New Orleans one overcast night there was a weather

report of such a front. We would encounter this front between Pensacola and Mobile. The flight plan was to stop at Pensacola to let the front pass and then continue on after the passage of the danger. The instrument flying was continuous and smooth on our way to Pensacola. When we tuned into the approach control at Pensacola we heard a Delta pilot in a Boeing 727 on the approach for landing reporting that the weather was too rough for his passengers and he wished to go to his alternate landing location.

If a professional pilot who made low and rough approaches in his daily work did not like what he found and wanted to go elsewhere, what was I doing up there. Knowing that altitude and airspeed are the most critical part of flying I chose to fly through the front with plenty of air beneath me rather than be tossed in all directions at a low altitude. The Controller offered to guide me between the roughest parts of the front and we were on our way through.

When we hit the front it was up and down, right and left, and wings tipping up and down. It was like a Coney Island roller coaster ride but rougher. The needles on my panel became a blur and all I could do was try to keep the plane level and headed in the right direction. Our ups and downs would be 1000 feet each as we moved through the front. After 10 minutes that felt like 10 hours we broke through the front and had clear skies above. It was such a relief that I relaxed and my partner had to take the controls for a few minutes while I recovered. I might add that when I knew we would have such a rough ride I decreased the air speed from 160 knots to 90 knots to take some of the stress off the wings. I don't ever want to go through that kind of ride again.

Engine stops in flight

I have been asked what I think about in the long hours when I am flying and there is really nothing to do but monitor the airplanes operation and check our progress by exactly marking on the map where I am at any moment. My answer to this question is "what if." What should I do if the engine stops, if I develop ice on the wings, if a thunderstorm appears in front of me, etc.

The spare time in the air is used to repeat in my mind what must I do in each situation if it suddenly occurs and I must act without thinking for the best possible end result. The two emergencies that are usually the most critical, and can be corrected, are an engine stop and an engine fire.

There were several episodes of an engine stopping during my flying career all due to failure to switch gas tanks when it was just about empty. The following flying rules got me over the problem rapidly and without danger.

If the engine stops do this:

1. Switch gas tanks. You have no usable gas in the one you are using.
2. Fly the plane, maintain flying speed to the last possible second.
3. Know the distance to the nearest airport. (with your loran)
4. Select Landing Space
 - Airport
 - New highway under construction
 - Interstate (median preferably)
 - Country Road
 - Pasture
 - Water (did you bring the life vests)
 - Trees (nose between two close trees)
5. Seat belts and Shoulder harness tight
6. Unlatch doors before crash
7. Did you remember survival gear .

If the engine is on fire:

1. Close the Gas Valve
- 2, Select Landing Space (see above)

The Miami Years

The decision to go to Miami after leaving Ohio was due to a skin rash that was diagnosed as being cause by house dust. A two week visit to Florida showed great improvement to my skin and we also had friends in Miami. We arrived there in 1953 accompanied by my sister Marilyn who wanted to have a fun trip and who said she would help in handling the children. The small apartment we found in South Miami was cramped but it did the job. Bill was put in school. Jim would start the following year. Thom, and Carol would be home with mother while dad went to work.

The work consisted of selling advertising for Shaw-Barton of Coshocton, OH which included calendars, gifts with company names on them, and personal year end gifts for a business to give to good customers. This required travel in the Miami area only and I was home every night. So the family care was shared.

In February of 1954 Margie talked me into taking some night courses at the University of Miami. I had been afraid that I could not compete

with the young minds coming out of high school but during the night courses I was convinced that I could successfully compete and even obtain top grades.

There was still a reservation that had me worried and that was could I compete on the open job market in case that I would have to drop out of college. This took me to the local job firm where I sat with 96 other job applicants for a written test. Six of us were given a home assignment to do and then returned for the final interview. They offered me a job at \$3600 per year which was not enough for me with my family so I had to decline. They then got on the phone and offered me \$4200 per year and I thought that it would be enough for us. When I asked if the work would take me out of town much and the answer was 3 to 4 days a week. This would not allow me to go to night school. It was then that I had to turn down the job offer. I had learned I could compete in open job market and that was a safety blanket if all else failed. So why not go for the golden ring? I would go full time to get finished that much faster.

Margie wanted to know what I wanted to study and the answer was pre-med. If I could get good enough grades to be accepted to post graduate training, it would be a success. If not, there was a back up plan. Her only request was that she would be able to finish college also.

Dr. Morton Miller of the U of M helped me to lay out a course plan that would make it possible for me to graduate by July 31, 1956 which was the deadline for G.I. Bill. This would require 18 hours per semester, four courses in the two summer sessions and some extra credits from Parks and service. If I could carry the load and get the grades and not drop or fail any of the courses, I would get support from the G.I. Bill and graduate in 2 years. It was a go.

I began full time at college in the daytime and Margie would take courses at night so there would be one of us with the children at all times. The combination worked and I graduated in July of 1956 with 5 children.

The Tulane Years 1956-1960

The year 1956 not only brought me a graduation from University of Miami but also brought me an offer to attend the Tulane School of Medicine. My planned program to find a med school that would accept me included applications to 9 schools in the eastern USA. When I received a rejection from the University of Tennessee because my parents lived in Ohio and a rejection from one other I immediately

submitted 7 more applications. I was interviewed at Emory, University of Virginia, and Tulane. I was finally accepted by Tulane and University of Florida in December of 1955. Not knowing which would be the best I asked my chemistry professor which I should select. The U of Florida was just starting its first class of instruction while Tulane had been around for 109 years. The professor listened to my request and as was his habit gave me a very short answer when he said, "You mean there is a question in your mind?" So I went to New Orleans for as fine an education as I could have gotten anywhere.

The move to the famous old city of New Orleans required us to put our home of 2 years up



Move to New Orleans 1956

for sale, discard everything that we would not need and pack the rest in a trailer that we could pull behind our car to the Crescent City. (see picture).

My new friend from U of Miami who also was going to Tulane, Tom Tilden, and some of his friends came over to the house to help us pack the trailer. When all was packed they refused any pay



New Orleans

so I gave them an unopened bottle of bourbon that Margie wanted to through out because it was two years old. They were pleased and we paid a debt we certainly owed.

The trip was 14 hours long and we started at dusk one day in August . With the mattresses on

top of the car and an open farm type four wheel trailer behind we loaded the family in to our two door 1949 Plymouth station wagon and were on our way to a whole new life.

All went well until we reached the "hills of Tallahassee" where the small hills meant nothing to a normal automobile, but in the under powered '49 Plymouth with trailer and people, the hills were to much We we had to get a tow truck to get us over a hill and on to NEW. We were lucky while going through the Mobile tunnel on I-95 that we could just climb the uphill side into Mobile without assistance. We really couldn't get a good running start for an uphill pull because when we went over 35 miles per hour the trailer would weave badly from side to side.

At day light we arrived in the city of Mardi Gras and drove uptown to the main Tulane Campus. Our rented quarters at McAlister Place for a 3 bedroom barracks second floor apartment was \$35 per month without air conditioning. We rapidly moved in and found that the apartment was enough for us. When daylight came and the people began waking up, we found that we were in an intellectual slum. The two story buildings had been at the navy air field at lakefront. They had been sliced in sections and the sections moved to the Tulane Campus then reassembled with a few nails. You could find where they were re-attached and see light through the open spaces. The people here were married couples, many with children, and most were living on a shoe string like ourselves. Across from us in the next building lived my Anatomy instructor Ed.Peebles with 5 children. Below us was another couple with 5 children and in our age group of the 30's.

In spite of the housing buildings, it was a really nice place to live with so many people in the same situation as us. This would be our home fort the next 4 years.

The Barracks were part of the uptown campus. We were beside the old stadium that was now a maintenance building. Also just a few short steps away was the McAlister auditorium where weekend movies and entertainment were free to students. Just across an internal street was the offices and basketball court. Beside this was the student union with food and an indoor swimming pool. It was a beautiful and very compact campus and a delight for our children to be where the people were mostly young and the guards, knowing all the children of the students, kept track of their actions and out of trouble. It was certainly a special neighborhood.

The first year in medical school cost \$900 including a microscope. This is peanuts compared with today's costs but it was a lot of money to me at the time



Tulane Apartment

The Richardson Building, on the uptown campus, was the site of the first year of medical school and a place where son Jim would often walk across campus to meet me when I came out the door at 5:00 o'clock each week day.

For the children it was a walk across campus, across Broadway with a traffic light and then they were at the John Mills Lusher Elementary school. It was a very good elementary school. Most of the staff and

students sent their children without concern for their welfare. This intellectual slum was a great place to be.



John Mills Lusher Elementary

I recall the integration of this school the year after attempts to integrate the previous year resulted in riots at a school in the working class population. The second year when the Lusher was included in the process it as an entirely different story. You could drive or walk your kids to school but not get out of the car or stop walking. No one could stop moving under police surveillance. A man living across the street from the school came out of his house and stood on the sidewalk watching the procession of autos and students arriving. He was asked to move on and on refusal he was immediately hustled into a police van under protest. The van moved to a far off police station where he had to wait all



Richardson Hall-First Year Med School

day to be interrogated. After school was out his turn came to have his say. When the sergeant heard his story he gave an apology and commanded a police man to return him to his home. The second year of school integration went smoothly and the following evening the buses and trollies were integrated at 1200 midnight.

Margie asked for and received a scholarship to go to school and selected mathematics as her major since she could finish a year earlier. She was required to do office work each week as part of the contract but the work was not heavy and did not prevent her from running our home while I was so very busy in classes.

Margie did the impossible in her studies at Tulane. In two years, in addition to taking care of the growing family, she completed a BA degree in mathematics and then proceeded to obtain a masters degree by 1960 (4 years) so that we had a joint graduation at Tulane.

One incident that occurred at Tulane brought many years of pleasure. One weekend evening as I was studying hard Margie came in the room and said that it was time for a break and I was to come with her and the family to the McAlister Auditorium to hear a new comedian, Tom Lehrer. I had no idea of what I was getting into but when there I laughed so much that Tom became one of my favorite comedians and even today I enjoy again hearing his grand obliteration of folk music with satire and raw comedy.

The Mobile year

The reason for going to Mobile General Hospital for internship was simple. It was an interns hospital and every one had the opportunity to experience every type of medicine first hand. The staff was mainly interns and residents with a little guidance by the private physicians of the community who gave time from their practice to guide our training.

The year went by so quickly that it is hard to separate out the individual events. Its a blur that resulted from 36 hours on, awake, followed by 12 hours sleep before returning for another 2 days. We were nearly always tired, but oh there was so much happening and we were given a lot of on hand experiences that put us far ahead of those interns who



Margie & Bill's Graduation 1960

could only watch during most of their training.

One Sunday evening we got a call from the state police concerning a head on collision of two autos on the limited access highway east of Mobile. All staff in the hospital were alerted to come immediately to the emergency room to receive the 8 people involved. It was my duty to assist in triage which is a 3 way separation of the victims into: minor injury who can wait for care, the dead who would be tossed aside, and those who were alive but in real danger of not surviving without quick actions.

When the ambulances began arriving the triage group of two doctors would rapidly evaluate the patient, direct the destination for each and suggested what action was most needed at once. The other staff were located in the separate roomettes and immediately began action on saving a life.

I remember how angry Tom Tilden was as he received the drunken driver who had caused the accident and multiple deaths. This fellow kept raging while Tom was trying to stop the bleeding and close the large laceration of the scalp which would have allowed him to bleed to death if not closed as soon as possible.

My duty was triage where each one who was dead had to be moved out of the way for the living to be evaluated. It was really sad to see this whole family decimated as a result of a drunk driver who would walk away free after a week in the hospital.

The months as a surgery intern were really



Mobile General Hospital

enlightening to me. As expected

there were not enough doctors to go around so one could be expected to do the job of the next level of ability even though never having done so before. It was common for an intern to help with an appendectomy one day and be expected to do one himself the next under supervision (see one, do one, teach one). In fact I had appendectomies, leg amputations, gastrectomies, and a craniotomy as part of my personal experience during the year.

One evening the chief surgery resident found me in the intern quarters going over the anatomy of the leg for a

planned amputation that day. He said now that you have memorized all the anatomy of the leg you describe it to me as you do this amputation.

Sure enough it was my case and recorded as such but I really needed a guiding hand for my first attempt at such a procedure.

Our home in Mobile was a two story white home owned by a local plumber, Junior Jarvis, who had 5 children. With our 6 it made a very active neighborhood for all of them. The home could be called an in town antebellum home with high ceilings, tall windows for a good breeze going through it for the hot summers. It was such a nice



Daddy rides Jimmy's bike to the hospital. Sometimes he walks. Those are his only choices since Marge takes the car to teach at the college. He's been caught in the rain once. It's a 15 minute walk.



*The boys keep the lawn trimmed.
They do a fine job, don't they?*

home and perfectly wonderful place to live for our year in Mobile.

The interesting story about this home was the owners lived in an upstairs apartment over a double garage at the back end of the adjacent property that belonged to grandfather Jarvis. We asked why they did not live in this wonderful home and were told that the kitchen was not as nice as the one in their garage apartment. Incidentally after we left the kitchen was updated and the family moved into this great southland home.

During this year Margie taught mathematics at the local Spring Hill College. The older children were in school during the day but our youngest, Barbara stayed home. We engaged a lady to stay with Barbara and she would play the piano for our daughter during the day. She was so nice that we gave the piano to her when we left after the year was over.

Marjorie's Teaching years

Marjorie became a teacher to support our family so that I could take a residency training. She started out in elementary education but found that the classes prescribed for this type of degree was not a real education. She then switched to secondary education. When we moved to New Orleans she found that she could finish in two years rather than three by switching to a math major and graduated in 1958. She applied for a teaching position in Metairie but when they found

out that she was pregnant the door was closed to her. She then taught math at Tulane while she was working on her masters degree and we had a double graduation in 1960. The move to Mobile for the Intern year gave her the opportunity to teach at Springhill College and she continued this in University of New Orleans for three more years.

The Residency years

While at Mobile I had to consider what to do next. Margie had told me that if I was ever to specialize I should do it immediately so she could continue teaching to support us. I had been considering a family practice but with this request I then considered a orthopedic surgery in Mobile with the doctor that I had found to be really stimulating. However he told me that he was stepping down and another surgeon would become the head of the department. I could not stand the change so looked for an alternative. This took me back to radiology which I had been involved in for the last year of medical school and had found challenging and certainly interesting. The black and white pictures that I would be looking at would not require perfect color definition by me.

Fortunately this was the best place for me and a type of practice that I could embrace and enjoy for a lifetime. At the time I had no idea about what the practice would ultimately consist of and was pleasantly surprised when I got into it, all the wonderful new methods of imaging that would come about during my active practice. How could I anticipate the arrival of interventional radiology where the doctors treat patients with catheters and needles, the arrival of Ultrasound diagnostic machines, the appearance of CT scans, the development of MRI imaging, the perfection of peripheral imaging with ultrasound, and the advancement



Charity Hospital New Orleans

of nuclear medicine scanning in real time. It would be a rapidly expanding type of practice with plenty of opportunity for learning and using new ideas as fast as they came along.

Dr. Charles Nice was good enough to accept me as a resident in radiology at Charity Hospital, New Orleans. It had two years of diagnostic radiology and 1 year of therapeutic radiology. Beginning on July 1, 1961 we were immediately put to work reading films that were daily being done. There were plain films, fluoroscopy of the upper and lower gastrointestinal tract, and urography films. I can still remember being directed to the reading rooms where there were always stacks of films to look at. We would sit down and start reporting without any initial supervision on what was important and what is the correct way to report to the referring physician of what the examination shows.

I did realize that what I was seeing on the light boxes included nearly every type of abnormality that could be imagined. So being a camera bug I kept a camera on my desk at all times to record these interesting and challenging cases to review before taking my boards. The films were developed at home and mounted as slides for later review.

Once each week at lunchtime we would have a show and tell session for the residents. Nearly every case of interest would show up at one of these sessions and it was challenging to attempt to see quickly what was wrong and what it meant. Everyone was expected to participate and it was fun to fool a resident and have him not see the significant finding on the film or films.

The hours of work in residency were considerably shorter than internship. We did have more time off to study to read up on the material we were expected to know. There were, however, night duties and extra time to be available for the emergency room needs and for special procedures done by surgeons.

In the second year of the residency an experimental mamogram program was introduced by Dr. Nice and the duty was given to one of the

other residents. I was unhappy that I did not get this opportunity but kept quiet about it until the resident was called into military service. Then I asked Dr. Nice if I could take over the program and thus started my first new technique in radiology that would become a strong point for further jobs as very few people had any idea what it was about and fewer were interested. This study that lasted for a year resulted in a report in the medical literature by Bean & Nice titled "Mamography in a Teaching Hospital." Because of this extra knowledge I was offered a beginning radiology job at Southern Baptist Hospital in New Orleans as their expert in this technique in July 1964.

Western Trip 1963

The residence programs at Charity hospital paid only \$125 per month so in order to give the residents a chance to earn some money each one received a months vacation each year. Most residents would do locum tenens work at one of the local hospitals or for a private office. Between the second and third year I used this time to take a one month western vacation instead as Marjorie's teaching was keeping our heads above water.

Our transportation was a used Ford station wagon that we had purchased to replace our worn out and under powered 1949 Plymouth two door station wagon. We built a special rack for the roof to hold a hand made folding table and chairs set, a large ice chest, a folding tent and our luggage other than back packs for our personal belongings. This left a good deal of room inside to auto for the 5 of us.

Our travel team was Bill, Jim, Thom, and Carol. Dad would do the driving and the two teams would prepare the evening meal when we stopped. Team one was Bill and Jim. Team two would be Thom and Carol. One team member would do the cooking and the other would do the cleanup and change jobs at the next time they were on. The boys had learned the cooking trick in boy scouts but Carol could hold her own with them from helping at home. Phyllis, Barbara and Margie took a trip to Newcomerswtown while we were gone.

Our first stop was in Huston, TX where we set up our special home made folding table & chair plus tent for the evening. It was very nice to have the tent to ward off the mosquitoes. But this was the only time we used the tent as the dry west did not

have the mosquitoes and we slept 2 in the car and 3 on the ground after that.

We stopped to see the Alamo in San Antonio and the Carlsbad Caverns in New Mexico. We looked at the painted desert and petrified forest in New Mexico.

Our travels took us to the Grand Canyon in Arizona where we camped on the rim of this huge canyon. The next morning while we were looking into the canyon we noticed people walking down the trail to the Colorado River. The kids all asked to walk the 12 miles to the river and back which we could in the day. So with back packs with water and snacks we all started down the trail at 9:00 AM and reached the river at 12:00 noon. There we cooled our feet in the muddy Colorado River and had our lunch and put a baidaid on the foot of a walker who had walked out into the river and cut his foot on an unseen broken bottle on the bottom. The trip back, however was very long and tiring. We reached the half way point in good order but from there on I could

only walk 100 steps and stop. The kids held back to my pace but every step was agony. About 8:00pm it

was getting dark and I told the kids to go on up and I would be along as soon as I could. About one half mile below the rim I was so tired that I lay down on the edge of the trail and slept. Suddenly someone was shaking me. It was son Bill who came back down to make sure that I could make it the rest of the way. It certainly was a trip to remember.

We ended up in San Diego where the kids took a dip in the Pacific Ocean and were surprised at how cold the water was. We traveled through Los Angeles in the mid daytime to miss the crowded highways during the morning and evening and stopped at the Sequoia National Park and the King's Canyon National Park for some very thrilling scenery. But the Yosemite National Park



Colorado River at Grand Canyon Park

exceeded these parks with its splendor and magnificent scenery.

At San Francisco we stopped at the Mt. Tamalpais just north of the Golden Gate Bridge at an overnight camp. We could see the entire bay area with all the lights and the communities surrounding the Bay. It was high enough that when we woke in the morning we were above the clouds with all of San Francisco Bay that was visible the night before below the clouds. This was the site where Carol got lost. She walked up the road a short distance to the showers and when she came out the clouds had covered everything. Some people she met brought her back to our camp site and we did not have to send out a search party.

We drove up the coast from San Francisco to Oregon where we stopped at a pleasant bay where there was good swimming conditions, but the water was even colder than it had been in San Diego.

We stopped in Seattle for the Worlds Fair and took in all the sights of this event but we did not go up in the Space Needle.

When we departed Seattle in the rain, we crossed the Cascade Mountains and the rain immediately stopped. We continued to a campground in the dark and finally found our rest. The next day we proceeded to the Glacier National park and also went into Canada to the Waterton Lakes part of the peace park.

From there we went south to the Yellowstone park and the Teton Mountains sights. Bill liked the Yellowstone part so much that the next summer he came back and worked at the park for the summer and enjoyed it immensely.

One night when we were camping here with 2 sleeping in the car and three sleeping on the ground around the picnic table I was awakened by loud banging. I rose up in the dark and there was a large brown bear rolling our ice chest around trying to get it open. I had heard that they did not like loud noises so I picked up a skillet and a spoon and started beating the pan keeping the table between me and the bear. He would shake his head in annoyance and then continue beating the ice chest. But I kept up the noise and finally he left. The kids slept all through this event and wouldn't believe that the bear had been in our camp that night.

Leaving these beautiful parks we turned east and stopped at the Buffalo Bill Ranch in Nebraska where we were able to see real buffalo herds that had been so numerous in the planes and now were just barely

surviving. Luckily this herd grew until we now can enjoy buffalo burgers and still have the animals with us.

Then it was time to return home. We turned south toward Dallas where Mike and Esther Wilson lived with the intent of visiting them for a bit. As we were entering the Dallas area the right rear tire went flat. This was a new tire when we left home and the 8000 miles of driving should not have worn out the tire but it was completely smooth. At the Sears store they could not believe that the tire had gone smooth in that distance but it did and they said that the very hot summer days and the heavy load we were carrying probably did the tire in. They replaced it free of charge and we were able to complete the trip uneventfully.

We stopped in the Dallas area to visit over night with Mike and Esther Wilson making a nice ending to a very enjoyable trip.

Teaching Radiology

It is usually expected that residents would do teaching of medical students either in groups or one on one. I was asked to teach a class of 15 medical students about pediatric radiology during my last year of residency. We would meet once a week and would utilize the teaching films that were in the department and discuss how a film might or might not help in treatment of a patient. After I finished the residency I continued teaching this course in lieu of a golf game and it became a habit. Every Wednesday afternoon it was a trip to The Down Town Medical School building for a session. In 1965 it was decided that every medical student should have contact with radiology so that they might better be able to apply this tool to their practice. It was planned that this course would be open as an option to all the medical students but should be correlated with each stage of cadaver dissection. It was a nice plan but in as much as 90% of the dissection time is centered on the head and neck that left very little time to cover the rest of the body.

To solve the problem the radiographic anatomy took its own course and with everything put on slides the course could be seen and taught to the entire first year class of medical students. 95% of

the students took the course and over the 13 years that I taught it the new imaging media was added as it came on line and so the students were up with the times.

It 1979 when I left New Orleans to go to Florida the job was turned over to others but the outline had been established and the course continues to this day with my past partner, Mario Calonje, now teaching the class in his retirement.

Art Career Progression

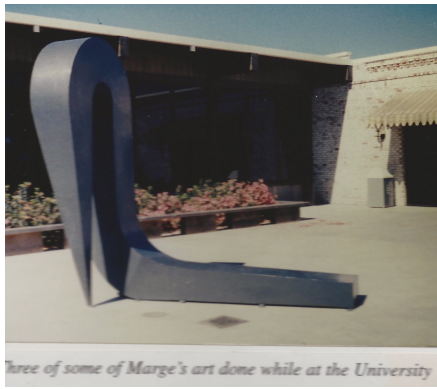
Marjorie inherited her artistic ability from her mother and grandmother who both did painting, but it took her some time to realize it and take advantage of the ability. The first work that she did was making Christmas cards of our children each year with a different unique layout each time for 15 years. She next went into making collages on cloth covered chicken wire that turned out to be unique and worth while. The next project was decoupage of 4 views of the French Quarter on distressed wood plaques. She made at least 7 of these sets one of which we have at home.

She gave up teaching at U. of New Orleans sometime after I finished the residency training and later enrolled in a four year course of only art courses (she had all the prerequisites) having a great time learning the many types of art there. She produced a painted plywood sculpture for our garden at the Gary Mikel home in Metairie, and a very large plywood sculpture in red that was mounted on UNO



campus that remained for about 20 years when it had to be removed because the wood construction decayed over the years. She sold a set of three plastic pipes with circular rings painted on them and formed into a teepee design to an art patron. She did a number of metal sculptures and did a number of paintings, some of which we still have.

When she finished her new art degree she opened an artists workshop on Oak St. where she rented space to artists to do silk screens etc.



Three of some of Marge's art done while at the University

While in this shop she did a series of 9 silk screen prints 22 inches in size. Each of the family have received the fruits and vegetable prints that were greatly enlarged slices of the fruit or vegetable and

Carol has placed a set of them in the Circuit Court of Appeals in Miami where she works, but these are marked



"On Loan From the studio of Marjorie H. Bean just in case someone might come along and say that they were now the property of the government.



Integument

The move back to Florida produced a major change in her direction. She started on Photo prints of objects like street lights or clouds and reversed part of them forming a 4 picture of images as seen from 4 directions.

It was not long before she went to the Norton Art Museum Gallery and studied stone sculpturing. It was fortunate that we selected a home where there was an "art studio" on the acre lot where she could do photography enlargement & printing, painting, and stone sculpting in



the three different parts of the building.

Through her artist friends she came in contact with Sylvia Jaffe, a teacher in Boca Raton, who guided a month long trip to Pietrasanta, Italy where the group would work in the shops where there was stone to buy, and artijonies to give help with the heavy work. She made the trip 4 times and brought a lot of stone back. the largest piece that she brought back from Italy was 6 feet and weighed close to 300 pounds. It still sits in our foyer but is promised for future delivery to one of our children.



At. St Marks Church

In the past 4 years Margie has switched to fired clay sculpting as it is much easier to move around and to work with. She has utilized Kate VanNoorden studio during the winters where there a number of artists working giving an atmosphere of help and critique when asked for.

In order for us all to realize and appreciate her work she has made an album of most of her art work that covers 33 years. It is a sight to behold and available to any who come in the house.



The Southern Baptist years

The first experience as a "finished" radiologist was at Southern Baptist Hospital. With the history of a special ability in the new technique of mammography I was readily accepted into the realm of an established of radiologist. It was a heady experience since I was a X-ray technician for my last year in medical school and now came aboard 4 years later as a real radiologist. It would be my primary duty to establish their breast radiographic service and get the best answers possible.

Radiation therapy was a part of this practice and I was able to put to use my training in this part of the specialty with an interesting collection of patients that we grew quite close to. I remember one special lady with metastatic breast cancer to the bones with an impossible cure. For three years we kept treating each new area of bone that became involved so that the bone would not collapse and cause her to become bedfast. She would come in with a very positive attitude that she was going to live to see her daughter graduate from high school. It seemed an impossible goal but she did accomplish the personal goal and died within a year after the graduation. It shows the power of the mind to overcome adversities of the body.

The 3 radiologists were excellent and I had a very high regard for all of them. Louis Bristow was a real gentleman and I came to respect him as a cool leader and a stable force in the practice. I received lots of help from my superior partners (Lester Evenson and Bob Cook) it was a very easy way to start a medical practice.

The first year at this location I read about a technique for using a wire brush through a catheter to reach the



Southern Baptist Hospital

upper parts of the lungs and obtain biopsy material for the diagnosis of cancer. Up till this time the stiff straight endoscopes could look in the lower lobes but could not reach sites in the upper lobes. Using curved catheters made it possible to reach every subsegment of the lungs without putting the patient to sleep and without a known complication. The procedure was first written about by the Japanese doctors, it was picked up by a radiologist in Chicago, and I was the third one to use the technique and publish my results.

My staff accepted my new technique and we offered it to anyone with a lung nodule or suspicion of a lung cancer. We even had patients who were too ill for surgical biopsy but received a

correct diagnosis by brush biopsy so that they could receive radiation therapy with the correct diagnosis.

The habit of writing about any medical problem that came to our attention prompted me to accept the request for a paper on pelvimetry. Dr. Nice had asked Louis Bristow to do the article as he was the community expert on this exam. Louis passed it on to me and agreed to edit it before sending it out. He offered me the use of many X ray exams that he had collected and publications on the process of obtaining the measurements. The results were probably the best I have done technically and accurately. I will always cherish the final product as a good example of medical publishing.

I became interested in ultrasound while at Southern Baptist. I heard about a hand held ultrasound machine that could be used to detect the midline of the brain. This was important when trying to rule out a subdural blood clot. It seemed simple enough to use and although needed only rarely could save a great deal of time if a mass could be diagnosed confidently. It was so much safer than the angiographic technique. I asked my associates if it would be possible to obtain one of these machines to become competent in its use, but they did not feel that they wanted to add this additional program. It was then that I knew that some time in the future I would have to leave to have more freedom in expanding my abilities in radiology.

One day a top surgeon of our community (Howard Mahorner) came to me and asked if I would pull out a stone he had left behind in the common bile duct at the time of a gall bladder removal surgically. He said that the 70 year old retired judge would not live through a second operation, the usual event when this happened. I answered that I didn't know of anyone who had done this but would be happy to try anything to successfully save the man surgery. With this we began to try various tools and techniques to remove the stone. Every couple weeks we would try something else but they were failures. One day the surgeon came into my office with a plastic bag with a wire basket in it. He said that this is what the urologist use to pull stones from the ureter. We tried it and it worked the very first time and we thought

that we were the first to use this technique but found out 4 years later that a Frenchman had preceded us by one full year.

After 7 delightful years at The Baptist I was offered the chairmanship of the radiology department of a newly built local hospital and after much thought told my colleagues that I had to make the move. They wished me well and off I went to East Jefferson Hospital in Metairie, LA.

The East Jefferson Years

Stepping into a new hospital as head of the department gave me an opportunity to experiment with new techniques such as Ultrasound and non invasive peripheral vascular disease. My associates grew with addition of Stover Smith who had trained at Ochsner Hospital and Mario Calonje both my peers in training and both very good. Stover brought experience in interventional radiology to the practice which was the newest thing in those days

Ultrasound still had my attention but by this time they had a production model of a body ultrasound scanner which pushed us into an entirely new method of imaging. I was fascinated enough to go to Denver for two weeks to study under Dr. Joseph Holmes who had 6 years experience in the development and experiment with the imaging modality. It was very stimulating, even looking over studies on the floor of the Medical School basement (they didn't even have a table large enough to lay out the multiple single slice photos). We would all give our opinions of what was visible and then get the answer from our leader. I was totally hooked on the next step in medical imaging.

On return to New Orleans I was able to talk the East Jefferson Hospital into the purchase of one of the new machines (Picker) (with me paying part of the cost) and to start "experimental" studies. Luckily for me the technician who was in training in Denver when I was there had moved to Pensacola, FL. On a night flight over there I brought John Geshner to New Orleans and convinced the hospital that having a trained

technician would develop the service faster and would bring the service on line and paying for itself much faster and convinced John that it would be a very good move for him. Thus began the first echo machine in the state of Louisiana and a head start on my fellow radiology doctors who were "to busy" to mess with something who's value was unknown.

John proved to be a very good ultrasound technician. He was able to build the department and produce high quality studies that gave us some very unique diagnosis. One of the studies we did came from a challenge from our obstetrician of who could best determine the estimated date of delivery. As I remember now the ultrasound was + or - 5 days whereas the clinical was + or - 18 days. From then on all the pregnancies came to us for evaluating and our sound department was making a profit. From there we branched out to every type of ultrasound exam imaginable and most of them are still being used today.

The idea of having a mobile ultrasound machine that could visit many doctors offices looked like a good idea for added outside service and rapid promotion of the new technology. Our problem was that there were no trained technicians in the area and I did not want to lose my valuable technician as a road jockey. The solution was to start an ultrasound class and train our own technical staff to go on the road for the extended ultrasound service.

Our first class was composed of 4 students. There was no charge and no pay for the students. Shortly after starting one student resigned. We did finish the year with three, one of which decided to pursue a different course, one immediately moved to Texas, and the third, niece Julie Johnson, returned to Columbus, OH. It was a good practice but certainly discouraged us in going further with the mobile ultra sound service.

After 7 years at this hospital when a difference of



MarioCalonje, Margie, Bill, JohnGeshner, JerryCalonje

opinion developed between myself and the chairman of the board of the hospital our contract was cancelled and there were three good radiologist looking for a new place to land. Mario went to Hotel Dieu Hospital, Stover Smith went to Baptist Hospital, and Charlie April went to St. Charles Hospital. For me it was time to move back to Florida.

The Jupiter Years

The return to Florida in 1979 brought us to Jupiter where a new hospital was just opening up. There had been about 50 radiologist bidding for the opportunity to operate the imaging department when I tossed my hat in the ring. The edge I had was a CV contained which contained 15 years of teaching, 27 medical publications, and a full professorship at Tulane. Within two weeks I received an acceptance letter and we were off on our return to Florida after 23 years in New Orleans.

The move required that we sell our home on Gary Michael St. in Metairie, La. then buy a new one in Florida. Margie stayed in Metairie until Marilyn finished the school year. I moved into the home we had selected and began painting the whole inside house and doing other things that needed to be done. The selection of the home on Cicada Way in Palm Beach Gardens was due to the "horse barn" on the back of the lot which would become Margie's art studio.

The owner agreed to put up a separating wall in the main room for a photo lab. The remainder of the "clean" room was plenty large for for a drafting table, a pull out couch, and lots of storage. There was also a bath so this would serve visitors quite well. The attached garage became the "dirty" part of the studio where Margie would do her stone and clay sculpting. There was a roof overhang on the front of the building where sculpting tables (made by Robin) were placed and we added another overhanging in the back for a second large outdoor space for stone sculpting. With the addition of an air tank to operate the sculpting tools it became a complete

studio.

Marilyn started the new school year at a private school, King's Academy in West Palm Beach, which required a bus ride or road trip each day. At the end of the first week she came home and said that her books for the new year were the same ones that she had in the last year in Metairie which indicated that the schools in Florida were at least one year behind Louisiana and the rest of the country. She skipped a grade and rapidly caught up with her classmates making many lifetime friends there and making the grades to be accepted in college 3 years later.

The "office" was 10 miles away but only a 20 minute drive each day. Walking into a brand new hospital was a new

experience for me but the reception was overwhelming as if they had been waiting for the new radiologist. The activities were slow in starting, but the number of patients rose rapidly to the point of our need of additional physicians to serve our staff within two years. I found a strong medical staff and two who were interested in developmental procedures that would advance interventional radiology (the newly developing sub specialty in Radiology) so that I could continue my play-work in new ways to treat patients. In Urology there was Jim Daughtry who wanted to do percutaneous kidney stone removals (we did over 400 cases). And there was Steve Martiack who was interested in placing implanted subcutaneous pumps for localized chemotherapy in the liver (we did 100 cases). Teaming up with these fellow physicians made it possible for me to continue my medical research in new directions that kept the new location a blessing and I could hardly wait to go to work each day to see what new idea had come up.



Jupiter Medical Center

The improvement in ultrasound machines made it possible to add vascular testing to our imaging studies and this was used extensively for arteries and veins of the legs, arms, neck, and abdomen. In all we were so busy trying and adding new procedures that we failed to realize that we were not only on the leading edge of improved medical imaging, but were part of the big wave.

Margie's work in stone sculpting began and rapidly broadened to be her full time work. She tried all sorts of forms including spirals, madonna forms, hands, waves, abstractions, crosses, and human forms in both stone and clay. I believe that each of our children and many of our grandchildren and friends have been blessed with output from her fertile mind and hands. You can look around the house to see many art pieces that have stayed with us, but there are many with a first call claim on them for deliver later later on.

We joined the Episcopal church because Marilyn liked the youth group that they have and we stayed with them for 23 years making many friends who we still communicate with. In about 2002 we had a bad feeling with one of the church decisions and moved back to the Lutheran church which we belonged to in Newcomerstown many years ago. It has been a pleasant relationship and go to church every week. Margie attends a monday night bible study twice a month and I am a member of the New Day board of directors which provides an adult day care center next door to the church.

We have been very lucky to have Ramona and Thomas plus the two boys in our house for the nearly two years. They make us much younger by having the children here and for us. We know that they would like it better to have their own home, but we are pleased that we have these young years so close to us and kind of hope that it will continue much longer.

The decision to leave the hospital practice in Jupiter in 1992 was due to the offer of a governorship with the Rotary for a year. It was a chance for an entirely new experience and

challenge for me to learn everything that I would need to know to do the job and to become comfortable in talking to large groups of people. It would also let me into a very special club with many new friends who would last me the rest of my life just as Eastern Star served mother in this manner.

Rotary

The first I heard about Rotary was in 1939 in Newcomerstown. While at a skating party and doing some special lift up tricks. I fell and the one I was lifting landed on my head on the floor. I was not unconscious but did not remember a thing. Someone drove me home but did not come in with me. Mother asked where I had been, how I got home, and who brought me home. I said I did not know. She said that it was time to get the doctor to look at me to see if anything was permanently wrong. She called our local family doctor, who in this small Ohio town made house calls 24/7, and was told that he was not available. When asked why she was told that he was at Rotary. This gave me a very high regard for the organization that this community leader considered his association with Rotary so very important to him.

Many years later I had offers of membership in Rotary while living in Metairie, LA but could not consider it because the clubs met at noon and that was when I was most needed at the office.

It was 1980 when I was asked by Dr. Bill Everts to give a talk to the local Rotary club. A week later he asked me to join the Jupiter-Tequesta Rotary club and I accepted. Thus began 30 + years of active participation in a wonderful organization that my father-in-law had considered so important to him.

Three years later I was ready to resign because I did not really feel a part of the the club and my hospital practice was growing rapidly. It was then that I noted my name in the club weekly bulletin as assigned to the post of assistant treasurer. I asked the treasurer what he wanted me to do and he gave me my instructions as how best to help him. Nine months later the treasurer died of cancer and I automatically became the club treasurer. I was now a needed member of the club and took my job

seriously. In another year they talked me into becoming the president elect and I was off on a lifetime of devotion to this new organization where giving of one's self by work and cash was the way to go.

The year as president was both a major challenge and a fear. I had never been in such a position before so every part of it was new and unknown. But one of our club members, after my year was over, said that I had improved a great deal during the year having observed how unsure I was of myself to start with and how I improved as time went on.

The district governor, Paul Kopp from Miami, did his best to induce me into the workings of the Rotary District and was disappointed when I would not consider moving on from assistant governor to the full office. He did assign me to many jobs over several years to train me in the workings and politics of the organization and to instill in me the drive to support the foundation.

The year 1990 was a pivotal year for Rotary. In need of fewer clubs in each district they decided to add more districts world wide. The towns from Boca Raton to Titusville and from the coast to Okeechobee would be stripped from their present districts and formed into a new District 6930 requiring a new governor and set of officers. The request for applications for the new governor from the clubs involved was sent to all the clubs. Members of my club, specifically Sam Miller, decided that I should respond to the call and submit my name to the selection process. He used my own words to the club that a Rotarian cannot say no but but can say give me a different job that I can handle.

It was a great relief to me when my only opponent in the race won hands down and rightly so. He had 30 years of Rotary experience and had served on every committee during his tenure. Also he had already been selected as the governor elect from the district which he was leaving to join the new 6930. Here was a person who could really prepare me for the long haul if I

were to again submit my name to the polls. Paul Hotte would become the governor of the new district on July 1, 1991. With the news in hand and never having met Paul, I called him with congratulations and asked what I could do to help him with the new district. He was so surprised to have me call that he immediately gave me a starting job to plan and organize the annual District Conference. With his help, it came off real good and I felt much better about the nearly full time job that the governorship entailed.

The District 6930 would need governors named for each of the coming 3 years so the request went out for the nomination for the year 1992-93. My club again asked me to submit and being better prepared I did so. There were six applications sent in and I felt that with that many I was again safe from the call. But I didn't anticipate the interview which was the last part of the selection process. Something must have happened in the face to face meeting with the movers and shakers of our Rotary district because they offered me the post and it became a whirlwind 2 years of maximum involvement requiring a resignation as chair of radiology at the Jupiter Hospital and finding my replacement.

Learning to be a leader of an organization of leaders was a real challenge to me, but I was helped by the GETS (Governor Elects Training Seminar) of 3 days in Birmingham, AL. Also the 8 day seminar in Kansas City prior to the start of the official year.

I found that my predecessor (Paul Hotte) was the best trainer anyone could have had and when the year officially began I was better prepared than I knew. The management of 2400 members in fifty clubs was a very busy time. The clubs were scattered from Boca Raton to Titusville to Okeechobee-some very long drives. I did not have a full time secretary, which would have helped a lot, but handled all the communications, paper work, meeting planning, and recruiting of the committee members that were needed.

At the end of the year I was very happy to hand over the reins to the incoming governor and step back into a support role for the rest of my life. It was an experience that I am happy that I had and I

am happy that I don't have to do it again. The following 18 years found me serving in many committees and chairing many committees but I found my niche in Photography, and ultimately became the official photographer for my club, for the Rotary District, for the Zone institute, and even the all Florida Rotary PETS program. My mother was absolutely right that duties in an enjoyable organization in retirement would give me many friends of the Rotary World, a job which I can continue to hold even in my declining years, and a feeling of worth for a lifetime.

Special Medical Cases

Throughout a medical career there are always memorable cases that stick in the mind and in some way reveal a strange twist of a first experience. Here are two cases that could only have happened to me.

Common duct stones.

Gall stones are a very common disease process that usually are associated with the 4 F's-fair, fat, female, & flatulent but not always. The case that was brought to my attention was a 70 year old Judge weighing about 120 pounds and of Italian descent. He had his gall bladder removed surgically and a drain left in from the common bile duct to the outside, a common practice to be sure that no stones were left behind in the bile ducts. That happened ever so often and would require a repeat surgery to remove stones that might have been hidden in the ducts of the liver and not palpable at the time of surgery. Three weeks after surgery an X-ray exam with contrast injected through the tube would determine if the ducts were all clear and the drain could be removed. In this case there was one 15 mm stone found in the common duct and surgery was indicated, but the surgeon who was one of our very best and who had been president of the American College of Surgeons felt that to operate on this man again would probably kill him. He asked me if there was any way to get the stone out without surgery.

My answer was "I don't know because I have never heard of it being done before but it does seem that it is possible". But why do you ask me

to do this new and unusual procedure. His answer was that you can place catheters any place in the lungs, in the veins, arteries and ureters why not put a catheter into the common duct and pull this remaining stone out. (I had recently introduced a brush biopsy technique at Southern Baptist Hospital begun by the Japanese to identify malignant tumors of the lung that could not be reached by the straight endoscopy scopes of the day). He asked me if I would like to try and of course I gave a very positive reply to this challenge.

Thus began a four month experiment to find the correct method to grasp and remove the single stone in this patient. Every several weeks we would try a new instrument or device including some unique instruments produced for me by a jeweler. None would work. Then one day the surgeon walked into my office and dropped a packet on my desk. I asked him what it was and he stated that it was a Dormia basket that the urologist us to go up the ureter to catch urinary stones and pull them out. It looked very promising.

In December of 1969 after 3 months of trial and error I applied the basket to the common duct and immediately captured the stone in the basket. It was so easy that it amazed me. Then I found that we had a new problem. The stone was larger than the fibrous tract that surrounded the rubber T-tube and it looked as if it would be impossible to pull it out. What do I do now?

The patient, who was always awake during these procedures, asked what I was going to do (he was always kept informed of what we were trying to do and what our results were). My answer was we have 3 choices at this point. We can always take you to surgery (I don't like that, he said), we can keep the drain indefinitely (I don't like that), or we can add additional pull on the stone and just maybe it will come out, but there is the possibility that we will tear an important structure and you will have to go to surgery to repair the damage. He asked what the chances were that the stone could be gotten out without surgery and my answer was a reach out of the either - 50/50. His answer to me was that is better than I can get on the horses so lets go with it.

Fortunately the wire basket was extremely strong so that when I pulled hard enough the stone fragmented and the basket with one of five fragments

came flying out and hit the wall. From then on it was easy to replace the basket in the duct and gather the other four fragments-final success.

The patient was so happy that every spring for the rest of his life he would send me a box of very large strawberries from his home in Ponchatoula, LA.

Dr. Mahorner requested that I not print the story until he had published the case in the surgery journal which was just fine with me because he was the moving force that made it possible to accomplish this new technique.

It was very good that the first case was a success because the next 3 cases were failures mainly because the attending surgeons would not wait to try more than one time before doing another surgery on the patient. Each case had its own problems like tortuous tube tract, stones proximal to the cystic duct and common duct junction, imbedded in small side sacks, and use of very small t-tubes at the time of the original surgery. By the time I collected 44 cases from all over the southern states the success rate was 75%.

Our case was the first in the Western hemisphere in 1969. Several years later I found that LaGrave did the same thing in France and reported it in the French medical literature in 1969, 1 year before we did.

Shortness of breath in an infant.

One day my favorite pediatrician came into my office with two X-rays in hand and said, "I need some help with this child's temporary shortness of breath. This child has been brought to the emergency room three times with shortness of breath and I cannot find out why. Can you help?"

"Tell me some more of the history and a description of the child." I said

He answered "This baby is nine months old, is healthy in all respects and developing normally. I saw her first at 4 months of age with shortness of breath, again at 7 months of age and now at 9 months of age. I am at my wits end to identify the cause because the overnight stay in the hospital has always cured the child."

I took a look at the two x-rays and agreed that they were normal but asked him to let me think about it today and see if there is a logical explanation.

The two small films were placed on one of my upper view boxes in my office where I could look at them many times during the day and think. Every time I had a free moment I would go over the case and try to make the connection.

This doctor was an excellent clinician and I knew that he had already thought of all the usual causes so I need to stretch my thoughts to the more rare cause. It was immediately obvious that this was most likely a case of allergic reaction to something, but what.

Throughout the day I looked at the films many times and would run it through my memory bank but nothing happened until about 4:30 PM a light bulb went on. A number of years previously I had seen a very short article in a throw away medical journal describing this exact condition namely it always occurred in children who were still in arms, they always cleared up quickly and often would have repeat episodes but none after they began walking. I picked up the phone and called the pediatrician's office and told him what my X-ray diagnosis was. He gasped and said, "I didn't even think of that." He left his office and rushed to the hospital to talk with the mother and then into my office smiling. We now had the unknown allergic material-hair spray. The mother was spraying her hair while holding the baby.

This story tells us of the great importance of a good history when trying to find the cause of a patient's symptoms and why the history is more important than all the imaging procedures we have. It also shows how important it is for physicians to read all they can and remember it even if it takes all day to pull the information from the memory bank.

A Heart In Need

The awakening of Bill to a significant heart problem is an issue to be considered since Russell, Marjorie F. Bean, Bill, Jim, and Carol have all had heart disease. So the family members who may carry the fatal genes should be aware of this and take steps to examine the possibility as they grow older.

When Jim had his heart surgery (2007) Phyllis asked about other family members and their

heart problems. I gathered as much information as I had and passed it on to all the immediate family. The updated message follows:

April 29,2011, at 2:49 PM, William Bean wrote:

Dear Phyllis,

In answer to your questions about heart disease in the family I'll try to give you an outline of what I know so that you can worry more. For the most part our family is relatively long lived in spite of the diseases we have had, most of which came in the late part of their lives.

Great grandfather Jacob Maurice Kaden (born 1878) died at age 72 of complications of diabetes and vascular disease. He had both legs amputated as a result of arterial disease (one leg at age 60 and the second one at age 66). He was a heavy smoker of cigars for many years.

Great Grandmother Mae Kaden died at age 94 with a clear mind and no significant known vascular disease. I recall that at age 92 she asked if she could have her cataracts removed. The doctors said no until they asked why at her age. She said that she was unable to see the print in the Wall Street Journal that she read each day; She got the operations.

Great Grandfather John Franklin Beane (the e at the end of the name was dropped by family agreement when the children asked why the e, but I don't know if it was before or after the move from West Virginia) was born in 1865. He died in Newcomertown in 1936 of liver cancer..

Great Grandmother Lizzie Beane was born Feb.20, 1869 and died April 29, 1908, about 6 years following birth of Mary Beane,

Grandfather Bean had aortic valve stenosis and insufficiency for a number of years resulting in an enlarged left ventricle. He had to have a pacemaker inserted at age 75 and died at 80 years of ventricular fibrillation (I believe, but I have no proof).

Grandmother Bean had a fatal heart attack at age 86, but she was very active up to 3 days before dying. She did control her type 2 diabetes with diet alone.

Grandfather Hanson died of a broken neck after falling down a flight of stairs at age 63.

Grandmother Hanson died at 62 of renal shutdown.

Aunt Mary Bean had diabetes for most of her adult life. I do not know the exact cause of her

death but believe that it is the result of diabetic coma. She died at 62 years in 1964.

Aunt Mae Bean Wilson was born in 1889 and expired in Newcomerstown of uremia in 1948.

Frank Wilson had a stroke in 1933 and died in 1939

Aunt Estella Bean Wiandt died in 9/12/1987 at 90 and I do not have any record of what was the cause or chronic diseases that she had.

Uncle Clarence Bean lived to be 97 years and died in 1988. I do not know the cause of his death.

Francis Bean died in 1993 at 63 years

Doris Wilson Milbrodt was born 1921 and is alive in 2011 at age 90. She does have a major loss of visual acuity.

Myron Wilson was born in 1924 and is alive and well at this time.

Natalie Bean McFarland was born in 1923 and is alive at this time. She does have short term memory loss but is otherwise in good health.

Marilyn Bean Haver was born in 1932 and is alive and well at this time.

Your father, **Bill Bean**, has had hypertension since age 60 controlled by medication. He has Right bundle branch block of the heart for past 20 years, posterior left bundle branch block for 4 years, aortic valve insufficiency for past 10 years and mitral valve prolapse and insufficiency for past 10 years. He has had premature contractions every 50 to 100 beats since 1985. In January of 2010 Bill's cardiologist told him that his valvular disease had advanced to the point that if something were not done very soon he would become an irreversible cardiac cripple. This prompted a search for a cardiac surgeon. With the advice of Marilyn and Robin Oscar that their doctors in Chattanooga had short pump times and excellent final results, we decided to go there for the surgery .

Our trip to CHA was on March 26, 2010 in preparation for the family mini-reunion with all our children, their spouses, and 5 grandchildren for the weekend.

The following Tuesday was my preoperative coronary arteriogram which demonstrated the right Coronary to be totally occluded and 4 major vessels on the left side being at least 90% stenosed. This was a major surprise to me in that my only symptom was shortness of breath when walking too fast. Surgery was delayed till April 5 when the first choice surgeon would return from a vacation. The recovery was progressive as expected, except for nausea caused by the heart medicine. I left the hospital on

April 15 and finished the recovery at the home of Marilyn and Robin. Rehabilitation exercise began April 22 and continued for a total of 36 episodes over 12 weeks, which was completed after returning to Florida. The exercises are now continued three times a week to date.

Your mother, **Marjorie Hanson Bean**, is in good health, with short term memory loss, without known heart disease or diabetes at age 86. She continues to take medications to control hypertension for the past 4 years, does gymnasium exercise for one hour three times a week, takes aspirin to keep elderly arteries open, takes 3 different type memory pills, takes Pravastatin to lower cholesterol, and Vitamin C for cold prevention.

Your sister, **Carol Bean**, had a closed chest repair of mitral valve prolapse and insufficiency at age 52 (2004). She is now having shortness of breath when walking fast for which no cause has been found yet.

Your brother **Jim Bean** found out that he had an aneurysm of the ascending aorta and a leaking aortic valve on 11/08/07 which was operated on within 4 days and he is fully recovered at this time.

Thom, Barbara and Marilyn seem to be free of any heart, vascular or metabolic disease. I think that you also fit into this category so be happy about your good health.

Love, Dad

Marilyn's e mail reply:

Subject: Re: Family Health History

All right, being the youngest I'm really not looking forward to hitting my 50's and having important body parts give out. As to my heart, since the pericarditis (inflammation of the sack the heart sits in) I had a few years ago I've been good except for some skipped beats periodically. But of course, being the physician that I am, I haven't really gone to have any workup done, mainly because there really isn't a test that will help identify anything and I'm not real fond of being the patient. It's much nicer to be the doctor :), So I'll just keep running and cycling giving myself regular stress tests so I can stay in shape and know sooner rather than later if there is a problem. For example, if Carol hadn't been active before her valve problem, it could have been much longer before it was diagnosed and also irreversible damage could have occurred to

the cardiac muscle or the pulmonary vasculature. I can't tell you the number of patients that we have with a valve problem who slowly curtail their activities attributing their symptoms to "just getting older" until they are finally diagnosed. So my answer is to live an active, healthy life style (and I guess I need to do more about the stress issues), but it is a little disconcerting that 2 of us have had problems at such a young age.

Marilyn

Reunions

A reunion is an act of reuniting with people you know and have met with in the past. This is usually done to gather families together who are scattered over the world. We usually consider weddings, funerals, birthdays, bar mitsvah and Christmas a time for families to gather and have a reunion even if we don't call it by that name.

The Kadens and Beans have had Mae Kaden's 90th birthday and Margie & Bills 50th wedding party to reunite. It was at the latter that Bob Kaden asked why our two sides of the family didn't get together more often. This developed into a promise that Bob and Ellie would host the first Kaden-Bean reunion to assure that we would not drift so far apart in the future. The event occurred three years later in 1998. (see list below)

It is amazing that after the ball began rolling by Bob's initial start someone every two years has come up with an offer to host the event. I believe that there will always be some one to host this event with all the third and fourth generations coming on with good memories of the event when they were younger. It is certainly a fine way to remember our relatives even though we are scattered across the states and overseas.

A couple of our family also have aided in the reunions by providing signs, banners, gifts to the participants, and prints of the family tree, family dates, and addresses at each event. With everyone's help by work on the project or by coming it will continue to be a delightful way to keep track of our cousins by the dozens.

You will find photos of each K-B reunion on the DVD in Event Photos folder

Reunion Dates

1998 Michigan City, IN

Hosts: Bob & Ellie Kaden

2000 Portland, OR

Hosts: Cherie & Bob Norman

2002 Shepherdstown, WV

Host: Barbara Smith & Mike Burr
 2004 Birmingham, AL
 Host: Marilyn & Frank Haver
 2006 Park City, UT
 Hosts: Barbara & Jim Haisley
 2008 Garden City, SC
 Hosts: Julie & Dan Overmeyer
 & Don Haver
 2010 Michigan City, IN
 Hosts: Laurie & Bruce Kaden
 and Bob & Ellie Kaden
 2012 Signal Mountain, TN
 Hosts: Marilyn & Robin Oscar
Projections
 2014 Washington, DC
 Barbara-Steve-Erick Smith & Mike Burr
 2016 San Jose, CA
 Kathy & Thom Bean

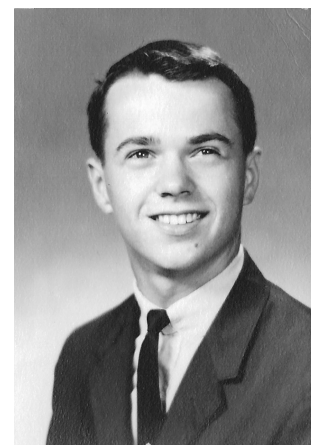
Success of my children

It has always amazed me how Marjorie and I could have 100% successful children in as much as we started out as amateurs. I know that children copy what they see and since parents are seen daily for many years, maybe something is retained either by word or by watching the actions of those around them. In any case the die is usually cast long before we realize it. What we do speaks so loud that they cannot hear what we say.

William Maurice Bean (born 3/12/46) had all the advantages of the first born son and the first born grandson which gave him a lot of attention from the family. His growth and development was our first experiment as all the things we did were trial and error. However, we must have done something right because he grew up to be an independent person with his own opinions and a good feeling for himself. He was 2 years old when his brother was born and they became inseparable as the years progressed.

When he graduated from high school in 1964 he went on to Tulane University which was very close by. At the end of the first semester he was told that if he did not have better grades the second semester he would not be welcome back the next year. He applied himself, and after receiving his grades, he came to my office in

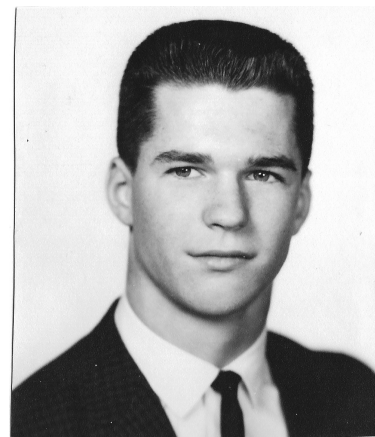
Southern Baptist Hospital and exclaimed that he had made the grade and would be going back to Tulane in the fall. He was pleased with himself and I was proud that he could meet the challenge that was in front of him.



William Maurice Bean

He went partying that night to celebrate and I did not see him again. That night after refusing a ride home twice by his brother, he was driven home by two girls. They hit a divider separating the Mississippi River bridge exit from the main road killing all three in the car. Even years later it is hard to relive the event but one thing does stand out. and The point is that in his life he was getting used to being successful.

James Richard Bean was (born April 24, 1948) was large at birth and never stopped growing. In a very short while he was the same height as his older brother and they played together at everything. They seemed to be equals in every respect. Jim took up piano lessons and became quite good but by agreement with his parents would never play in a recital, only for his own pleasure.



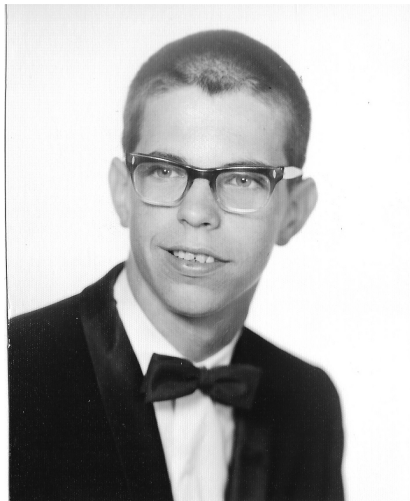
James Richard Bean

In high school he became active in basketball and football and showed promise in both. A family friend (Reynolds) had connections with the University of Virginia and helped to obtain a scholastic scholarship for Jim so that he could play football at the U of V. Unfortunately he had a severe neck injury during practice and had to give up football but he still had a scholastic scholarship which served him for 4 years.

It was in Junior High School when he announced that he would become a Neurosurgeon. I do not know why but he never lost the goal and after many years did reach it. His practice is in Lexington, KY where he took his residency training. As if a full practice was not enough, he learned to do micro surgery on the back which would have his patients back on their feet in a day or two instead of the weeks with the open method of disk hernia removal. As time went on he also became active in the politics of medicine and was the president of the AANS in 2009.

Thomas Alan Bean (born 8/4/1949) was smaller than his brothers but quickly overcame the difference by independent actions..

Being born a short time after his brother was not planned, but he was welcomed in the family. He was the baby and because of the pampering he got from the rest of the family he did not talk until he was three years old. When he did talk it was in full sentences. Obviously he was holding back.



Thomas Alan Bean

It was discovered later in life, after school, that he has dyslexia which caused problems throughout his school years. He almost flunked 3rd grade, but there is a question about how much of that was caused by the teacher. Over time Thom adjusted to the undiagnosed condition, but school was still work. Margie taught the boys math at home, but it was to assist their learning in school. So Thom had to wait for his "time" to come, but he has an aptitude for math and kept trying to listen and learn as Margie taught Jim. When Thom's time did come he sailed through the math lessons which he felt were going too slow. He aced Algebra, Calculus and advanced math even getting a math award at graduation. It was the algebra that help convince the principal that

Thom should not be held back in the ninth grade. He worked out a deal that if Thom could bring up one of his two failing classes to a D he could go on to High School. Thom chose to focus on civics instead of French because foreign was greek to him, another language he doesn't know.

Thom lacked art drawing skills and music skills. His drawing ability never improved from the age of stick figures and his attempt at drawing trees in the sixth grade failed to impress teachers and classmates. His musical career started with piano while in Junior High School and stopped a year and a half later. Carol started a year after Thom and began playing songs well beyond what Thom could do. Thom did teach himself the guitar after going to college, but it was all form and no ear for beat or melody. Thom tried a small band and stopped after the leader stated asking who was playing offbeat and the wrong notes. On the art side, even though Thom could not draw and the colors used to paint has always been a challenge, he was able to pick up Origami and can do many things with that. He worked on it through Junior High school where he got very good at doing the basic folds and later branched out into very complex figures. He eventually was able the fold a cowboy on a horse with a hat from just studying a picture of one that was done. The folding of paper is just applied math for Thom

Thom liked to run. He was small and fast, but it turns out that he was better at distance running. When he was in Junior High School he entered a mile run in Audubon Park in New Orleans. His brother Jim was in the 1.5 mile run and Thom wondered why he could not run that? Thom finished well back, but the next year he was allowed to run the 1.5 mile race and came close to the top ten. In High School he could not run the first year because a knee development problem where the body grows too fast. He went out in his sophomore year and soundly won the 3 mile levee run that the school put on at the beginning of the season. He stayed the top miler in the school for the next three years and was third in the city of New Orleans. In his senior year it was expected that he would be the best in the city. At the start of the season he ran a 4:46 mile with little training. It looked like he would succeed, except due to a pulled muscle he was out for the rest of the season. He checked the track team out in college, but decided not to pursue running. It would be at least 10 years later before he started running in road races.

It started with some fun runs. He impressed some fellow runners enough that they expected him to be able to break 90 minutes in a 15 mile road race. Thom didn't believe this, but he easily did this by more than a minute. Later he tried running the marathon and finished in just under 3 hours (2:59:58). That was the slowest marathon of his "road racing career" until his last one. He wanted to break 2:30, but his best was 2:33:42. Later he encountered a problem and could no longer race. Over time he has ridden a road bike, but has kept it at a non-competitive state. The road bikes have gotten much better, but it is still just a mode of transportation to Thom. He is currently riding 15 miles to and from work which takes an hour each way. It is no replacement for running, but it keeps him in shape and he really loves the independent and fitness feelings it gives.

Driving was another challenge. There was a rule in the house that before a child could get a driver's license the child would have to get on the honor roll. This was a problem with Thom since his grades were in the B's and C's. The real challenges were languages including English and liberal arts type of courses. Things came together when he started 10th grade. He was in algebra, science, speech, economics and the English was grammar which he did well. He ended up getting on the honor roll with mostly A's and a B. This allow him to get a learners permit, but when he was ready to get a driver's license another rule popped up. He had to do it again. Luckily Margie came to his rescue. She added the mother's override option and to allow the driver's license because even with 2 brothers who had drivers license she could not get anyone to drive her. The other two brothers were always off doing something while Thom seemed to be available. By his presence he was allowed his license. It also set a precedence for the children to come although it really wasn't needed.

In high school Thom was drawn to computers, but in the mid sixties there was nothing available in high school. So his focus for college was computers. Unfortunately most majors required a language and he was not good at foreign languages so he avoided the schools and majors that required it. While in high school he had taken French twice and received a D and a F. In fact one teacher said if he would learn one phrase, "je ne parle pas français" and promise never to take

French again he would pass Thom. A few colleges did not require a foreign language for the engineering majors and Clemson was one of them. It also had computer classes, a suitable track team and it accepted him. So Thom chose to go to that college. It helped to be away from the distraction of home and since Thom was an introvert and tended to stay to himself he could focus on school work. Still I expected he would have a struggle like Bill and would not make it through the first year. Yet the GPA for the first semester was slightly over 2.0 and the GPA for the second semester was 2.2. Those were the lowest grades he got in college and after that the grades went up. It was a very happy surprise.

Thom majored in Electrical Engineering. Clemson squeezed a 5 year 132 credits into 4 years. So each semester was loaded with 16 to 19 credits. It never occurred to him that he was taking an excessive load. He thought it was normal. Yet he finished all the course work in 4 years. The last semester he had two electives that he needed to take which was so light he tried to audit a couple of other courses. The professors turned him down so with all the spare time he got a job - first at a fast food restaurant and later at a nearby mill/factory. It was more for an education in the business world and the feeling of working than needing the money.

While at Clemson Thom joined the ROTC unit Counter-guerillas (CGs) rather than do straight ROTC in this he learned hand to hand combat including how to take down and kill someone in 3 easy steps. He also did more interesting things like learning climbing and repelling. The group trained and occasionally went on trips to do things like practice sky diving. Thom decided to continue ROTC for his junior and senior years which committed him to going into the army after school. Unfortunately he had to quit the CGs and do regular ROTC the last year. He go \$50 a month which was nice spending money. They allow him to get a masters, but not a PHD. So he had to go into the army after graduate school.

Thom also became a christian during his second seamster and joined Campus Crusade for Chirst. This change more than anything else had the biggest impact on his life all the way up to the present. He takes his Christianity seriously. He interacts and depends on God daily and often much more. He claims God has been guiding him throughout the rest of his life and he would not be where he is now

without God's assistance and guidance. It is because of this relationship that he does not drink, stopped swearing, and no longer runs races. If you want to know more about this you will have to talk to him. Thom spent his first college summer working at Campus Crusade for Christ headquarters in San Bernardino CA. He really enjoyed it and wanted to go back the next summer, but was turned down. The next summer, 1969, he met the lady that would become his wife, Kathy Weber, through a church. They were married in the summer of 1972 while Thom was in graduate school. Thom got his good friend from college, Bill Tally, to be his best man. Bill is black which made for an interesting experience for a wedding in the south. The Bean family I am glad to say had no problem with it, but other people refused to come to the reception because of this. The Bean family has always been taught to be accepting of others regardless of race, creed, or color.

The marriage would not have happened if Thom did not get a little push by unseen things. He was not one to make commitments and did not want the responsibility of a family especially while in school. He had known Kathy for almost a year and had been seeing Kathy as her boyfriend for a half of the year. He drove the family car over to her church to pick her up and was curious about how serious Kathy was. So he thought he would ask if she would marry him if he asked her to. Of course it did not come out like that. The question came out "will you marry me?" Thom oblivious to the having left off the second part. She was walking around the car at the time and immediately answered "yes". After she got in the car she said "of course I will." Thom drove to his house satisfied that some time in the future he may have someone he could marry if he wanted to. He was confused after he got home when he was congratulated by Margie and later me. He had no clue what the congratulations was for. He struggled to figure it out but had no clue as to what it was about even when asked if a date had been set. Finally when there was a pause Thom figured that whatever the congratulations was for it had to have something to do with things that happened that day. Thom played back the activities of the afternoon and when he got to the car incidence something was odd. He played that activity through several times before it sank in

that he was engaged. Thom went through a whole series of thoughts and emotions until he came to several conclusions: Yes, he was engaged even without the ring; It would be very bad to call a stop and say he did not mean it; The date has not been set so there is plenty of time to call it off; this was something new and he would need time to sort out whether it was good or bad. Thom did not tell anyone about this until years after he got married. Kathy came to visit him at Clemson and she was introduced to some of his friends. In one case he had forgotten her name. Instead of stumbling around and admitting he did not know his fiance's name he told his friend "This is the girl I was telling you about." He felt it was much better to be embarrassed about not being courteous rather than the alternative. He kept this quiet until years later too.

Thom applied to several universities for graduate school in electrical engineering. He expressed interest in antenna theory even though his main interest was in computers because antenna theory was one field in electrical engineering that interested him, but he still did not understand the basics. It turns out that this allowed him to get into a very good location. Out of all the places that he applied he was accepted at Ohio State University, Clemson University, and University of Illinois. Only the last two offered an assistantship and he had to choose between his soon to be alma mater and the distant school. Luckily there was a professor that had just transferred from University of Illinois. So he asked him for advise. He said that Thom would get a great education from both institutions, but concluded with: "You can go to Clemson and learn from all the good textbooks available or you can go to Illinois and learn from the people who wrote the good textbooks." That solidified it for Thom. Illinois provided something more - prestige. Even though the level of education is the same, Illinois has much more pull and the learning diversity from two different institutions also helps.

Thom went into the the army air defense group on finishing his masters, but since the Vietnam war was stopping the number of people in the army was being reduced and all the new officers were no longer needed. The offer came to allow any of the newly trained officers to switch to 8 years of reserve instead of going active. He jumped at this because of the new exciting job with Texas Instruments (TI) in Austin. Also he didn't feel comfortable being an officer. So Thom spent 3 months in the army and left

for Austin. There he worked on the fastest computer in the world at the time. His job was simple but he did not fair very well. After about a year with a change in the economy TI down sized and laid off a bunch of employees. Since he was relatively new and not doing very well he was let go too.

This was the first really big test of his faith. He said God indicated to him there was something better and there would not be any loss of money in the change. This turned out to be true. He moved to Columbia,S,C. to work for NCR for more money just when the money from the other job ran out. He was hired to do both hardware and software. He started on small systems, and with the EE background and the entry into the network communication world Thom did very well. He stayed with NCR for the next 25 years. During his time at NCR he transferred to the Liberty plant, got laid off and was hired back at the Columbia plant. After a few more bouncing around at the Columbia plant he was laid off for good in 2001.

There was no looking back at that time. The severance package would last for 9 months, but since the tech bubble burst in 2000, things did not look good. A couple possible things came up, but he did not feel good about them. One curious thing came from Silicon Valley. A friend, Mike Gerhold, needed some help with a networking dilemma. His friend wanted to do the impossible. Thom told him it was impossible, but Mike pushed as to whether it could be done. Thom agreed it could be done and that Thom said he could design something for him. He hired Thom as a contractor and that began an incredible journey to Silicon Valley where Thom has become sought as a networking specialist and trouble shooter. He is now working for EMC.

While working for NCR the opportunity came up to work in Energy Management. It was something that Thom really wanted to do, but he had to move to an NCR plant near Clemson. While there Thom decided it would be a good time to get a private pilot's license. Being able to drive would make it easy to visit friends in Columbia and even other places. The alternative was to drive to Greenville, 30 miles away, leave the car and fly out to Atlanta to connect to any place else. So the privates license was a pragmatic reason not the love of flying. In fact

flying tended to make him uncomfortable. Being a private pilot would help overcome that. To help with expenses he took some courses at Clemson and join the Clemson aeronautical club. The written test was taken and passed. This started his flying. During this time he along with his department got laid off. He immediately called a person, Mike Gerhold, about transferring back to Columbia and Mike was able to work things out. Thom was back in Columbia for 6 months when he decided to complete his private pilot training before his time ran out for the written test he had passed. He was able to complete this within the time frame required, passed the physical and became the third private pilot in the family in the early 1980's.

Shortly after this during the summer Barbara got married. I offered to fly Thom's family, Thom Kathy and Tommy, out to Flagstaff. I flew up to Columbia with Margie and let Thom, the new pilot fly from the right seat. We took two days to fly out stopping overnight in Arkansas. We flew out past Flagstaff to LA and flew back. Thom flew most of the way, but other than takeoff and landing there is not much to flying except navigation. The trip was interesting. Things such as the cross wind at one airport flipped a landing high wing plane just after we landed. Good thing we were low wing. At another landing near Flagstaff little Tommy's ears where hurting so bad we had to go back up and take a slow extended decent so his ears would better adjust. Thom flew into LA basin through a pass below the 13000 foot mountians above the plane on either side. The smog was so thick that instruments were needed to find the airport and land with an instrument approach. We got to fly low along the Grand Canyon (which you can't do today). On Departing from Flagstaff the load was so heavy and the air so thin that I was a concerned on whether we would make it off safely. The plane was very sluggish, but we got enough altitude to avoid the obstacle after the end of the runway. We got to see the "normal" isolated thunder showers with lightening in the west at a distance while still flying in dry weather. It felt good to be alive.

Thom ended up in a plane partnership after he got back. With the plane for the next 10+ years it became a normal activity that whenever he went on a trip he flew. Every year he would fly his family down to Florida for Christmas. On one return trip he got the weather report that there would be some low lying clouds. Normally he would have to fill up with gas at least once when he was flying his family.

When he got to Cape Kennedy there was a layer of clouds between 1000 feet and 2000 feet. Since he was flying at 8500 feet it was not a problem, but this layer was solid all the way past Savanna. When he got to Brunswick he had to decide what to do before running out of gas. After checking on all the options the most obvious was to declare an emergency and drop through the clouds and land at Brunswick. This really had an impact on him and he decided that he would need to get his instrument rating.

This started the process of becoming an instrument rated pilot. As Thom progressed on his instrument rating and this lit a fire under Margie to complete her instrument rating. So shortly after Thom got his rating, Margie got her rating. This was used several times including the perfect approach with me in Ohio. Some time later when Thom had gotten rusty from lack of use and he was taking Tommy to interview at some colleges he found he was in the clouds again on an instrument approach. The first pass was really lousy and he was way off, but the thing that really scared him was that he did not know the plane orientation in the clouds and that it was very likely he could crash. A missed approach was declared and he focused more on the next approach and this time it was on the money.

Over the years as the family grew there was less time and too much weight to fly the family on trips. When the partnership broke up Thom stopped his flying. Now that he is living in California he is considering getting another plane, but it has to be fast, he has to have enough time to fly the plane regularly to make it worthwhile, and he has to get enough money to afford it. He is very pragmatic and it does not look like he will be flying any time soon.

His wife Kathy during this time has worked in daycares as a individual worker and a director. She has done substitute teaching (she has a degree in Early Childhood Education). She has done extensive volunteer work with the Boy Scouts and at schools. She has worked in scrapbook stores and formed her own business with a partner. On moving to California she has split off her own business, but with the downturn in the economy it is not doing well. She is now added gym workouts to her activity.

Thom and Kathy have two sons. Thomas Bean, is married to Ramona Saridakis Bean and

is currently a manager at Florida power and light. He has graduated from University of Florida and has a masters from Trinity Seminary. Thomas and Ramona worked several years in Washington DC eventually making it to Chief of staff. Daniel Bean, is single and in the Air Force. Daniel went to college but did not graduate.

Carol Lee Bean (born 4/6/1952) , our first of 4 daughters, was a delight and a good playmate for her brothers who looked after her very well. She does not remember anything about our life in Ohio as she was just a year old when we left in 1953. She was good in school and took her first year in college at Ohio Wesleyan University in Delaware, OH finding it easy. After one year she informed us that she was getting married to a fellow classmate in high school.



Carol Lee Bean

While he went to college at the University of New Orleans she took 6 months to learn typing, shorthand and secretarial work to be able to work during his schooling. When he went into law school in Baton Rouge she agreed to finish her college and with encouragement finished with a BA in English with High Honors..

In 1995 a split in the family pushed her to get more education so that she could support her family. She decided on a MA in Library Science and proceeded to get the degree. She then worked as a law librarian for 2 years then with 4 of her 5 children moved to Florida as a county librarian in Palm Beach Gardens (Will and Johnny were already in college at the time).

In 2009 she accepted the job of the Federal Circuit Court of Appeals as librarian in Miami and has been involved in updating their web site and setting what journals and materials will be available on line as both a branch librarian and the technology librarian for the courts there.

In 2012 she accepted an offer from the State Department to join them as a Librarian and go

overseas on two year tours. The first tour will be in March 2013 after she learns the Serbian language.

This lady has taken hold of her life, increased her education, put her children through college, and moved upward in the corporate world of the work force. I am most proud of the way she has managed her life in the face of near overwhelming odds.

Phyllis Ann Bean (born 2/7/1954) was a quiet but observant child. She had four older children

who all called for attention and in many cases she was left out because of the numbers. She worked hard, started her married life with a double shotgun house which she remodeled and then went on to a larger house with the same plan. She

stepped into the world of advertising where the competition is extreme and started her own company which defied all the odds against success making a living on her learned abilities. She was devastated by the flood that wrecked her home and has slowly recovered to the point where the business is again showing a profit. She has succeeded where most of us would not even try the tough road. She does have a special talent as an organizer, magic with colors and how to use them in advertising.

Barbara Ellen Bean (born 1/14/59) was, even as a child, very precocious. She successfully started the first grade at 4 and graduated ahead of time from high school. Her colleges included Eckerd College in St. Petersburg, FL and finished up at Northern Arizona University at Flagstaff, AZ where she met her future husband. While acting as a technician in the water department of Flagstaff she narrowly missed being splashed with acid by her boss. This scared her enough to call me and ask if I would help her through medical school. She completed her medical



Phyllis Ann Bean

studies right on time and they moved to Salt Lake City because of Jim's love of mountain climbing and skiing. She started an anesthesia residency but changed to pediatrics which was a much better choice for a people centered doctor.

Barbra has had an interesting practice in pediatrics and seems to get down to the same level as her patients which makes them want to stick with her forever. When she recently changed from one pediatric group to another group 1500 of her patients followed her on their own accord. She is so well liked for her attention to details with each patient that they have to be forced to find a family doctor at adulthood. One of her special treatments is a large supply of books for all ages. She gives each new patient a book that she selects just for them.

Marilyn Louise Bean

(born 5/25/1966) was the only child left at home when we moved from New Orleans to Florida. She was a delight to have and watch through high school as she attacked each new challenge. The first week in the local school she came home and said that the books

for her courses were exactly the same as she had used the previous year in New Orleans indicating that the Florida students were one year behind Louisiana. She successfully skipped a grade, caught up quickly with the "upper" class persons and graduated with fine grades and a lot of good friends. One of the incidents that occurred was during a field athletic event in which she was to run in the relay and was fast enough to be needed badly. She had sprained a foot in a previous race but still



Barbara Ellen Bean



Marilyn Louise Bean

wanted to run even with the acute sprain. She asked my advice and begged to be let go. I told her that to continue might prevent athletic activities in the future. With this in mind she did the relay and worked like a real hero in spite of the pain. It showed her dedication and drive.

College was the University of the South at Sewanee, TN where she took up swimming instead of track. She met her husband there and the rest is history. I first met her future husband in my home when the swim team, on the way to Ft. Lauderdale for Christmas vacation practice.

When he came into my home he took command of the cooking and provided a fine meal for me and the whole team. I knew that he would be a great son-in-law. Their move to New Orleans was so that Marilyn could go to medical school and Robin could go to law school at the same school. But a funny thing happened there. When Marilyn's friends came over to study Robin learned that they were no smarter than he was and a new thought came to the surface. He wanted to be a doctor rather than a lawyer, but he realized that it was best to finish the law degree and then go on to medicine after overcoming the bad advice he had received about how dumb he was.

With two graduations in the family it was on to Emory Medical school in Atlanta where Marilyn would take Anesthesia residency and Robin would do the medical school bit. He had already taken the scientific courses needed to apply to medical school while he was taking the law degree in New Orleans - a real double load.

They both finished their medical training and moved to Chattanooga enhancing the anesthesia department on the positive side and finding a happy place to live.

They recently built their dream house on Signal Mountain overlooking the valley below and are enjoying living in a family orientated community.

Names

Some interesting facts of names in our family was brought to my attention by Esther

Wilson that I thought worth recording.

“Here is something to which you probably never gave any thought. When we brought our first son to NCT one of the first questions asked was why did you name him such that he's called by his middle name. [For the record he's named M (only) Frank Wilson.] Now the clincher. At that time you (Bill) were the only male in the family who was called by his first name! The list goes something like this. Your father was J. Russell. Uncle Mac was L. McKinley. Dale was C. Dale. Uncle Clarence was I. Clarence. You get the idea. Why was calling someone by their middle name unusual?”

There are other interesting stories about names that were suggested by Carol. She described the many name changes of her son William Joseph Caskey in this manner. He was originally called Billy (just as his granddad was in his early years) but in school he decided that it should be Bill. Later when he wanted a more distinct name he changed to Joe. By the time he went to College he had decided that Will was more mature and carries this name ever since.

His cousin Christopher Haisley was more persistent in his name change and at the age of 3 or 4 he saw the movie Rescue Down Under and selected the name of Cody from the hero of the movie. He has not changed his stand and to this day prefers his early name change.

Serendipidy

A clear case of serendipidy occurred in 2005 when Katrina was headed across the Gulf of Mexico to New Orleans as a Category 3 storm. New Orleans had experienced this category storm in the past without undue problems and it looked like minimal chance of severe damage. But Marjorie Bean saw it as it really was to be. For the first time in her life she called her daughter Phyllis and told her that this was the big one and the O'Hair's should evacuate before the storm hit. Robert O'Hair was just finishing a sailing event on Lake Ponchartrain but listened to her pleading. On the basis of Marjorie's pleading for them to leave, Robert, Phyllis and 4 of their close friends left the city in time to miss being inundated with floodwater.

Temptation 1954

Throughout our life there are always temptations put before us. How we react in these situations is usually based upon our early years where there is someone to guide us to acceptable behavior. What we decide in each situation can have a major effect on the rest of our lives.

My most memorable temptation faced me was as a student at the University of Miami in 1954. I was a chemistry student. The first chemistry laboratory was an exercise in finding out the material that was in a substance presented to each student as a test for that day. As I was working on the "unknown" two of the students approached me and asked if I would like to know what my "unknown" contained. When I asked them how they knew the answer they answered that they had the same "unknown." When I asked how they knew the answer they avoided the answer. My answer was that I was not interested in their information and proceeded to do the tests that were needed for the answer.

On returning to classes in the next semester my classmates told me that the two pre-med cheating students had been caught by the professor and that he had already sent out letters to all the medical schools in the country that these students were not the quality that the country needed for its physicians.

Since I had been offered the answers and I was already working part time in the chemistry supply room, there was bound to be a suspicion on me. I went to the professor's office and told him that I knew that there had been cheating in the lab the previous semester. He answered, "What is that to you?" My answer was that I had been offered the answers and that I was employed in the supply room that semester. His answer was thank you for the information, that is all. As I reached the door to leave a voice behind me said, "You were considered in the cheating, but you have been exonerated."

How grateful I was of my parents and family that made it possible to pass over a dishonorable event that was so tempting. Until that time I really didn't realize how well I

had been prepared for the temptations of life.

Unexpected Meetings

Over the years I have had surprised meetings with acquaintance I can recall three of these in a life time and wonder if this is an average for a person or if this is unusual. The first occurred on Canal Street in New Orleans One December while I was in medical school I walked downtown to get Margie a present. While waiting for a traffic light to change a man touched me on the shoulder and asked if I was Bill Bean. Mr McPherson, of Newcomerstown, was on his way to visit his son in Merida during Christmas. We were both surprised at the meeting.

The second event was on a trip out west. We flew into Gallup, N.M. for gas and dinner before going on toward home that evening. After dinner we walked a few doors to a museum and walked in to see the history of New Mexico. While there a man touched me on the shoulder and said "Hello, Bill Bean. It was Dave Freiberg, a member of the Faith Lutheran Church in New Orleans, who just happened to be traveling west.

The third event happened Cleveland, Ohio while visiting the downtown area when a voice from across the street shouted Hi Bill and there was my tail gunner, Steve Kalkudis, from my B-29 crew in the Pacific.

The Midget Auto

The episode of the midget auto has been a question asked of me a number of times in the past. Since I still have two photo of this interesting vehicle maybe some of the family would like to know about it. The King Midget was built in Athens, OH in 1953. It is a two place light 500 pound vehicle powered by a 6 HP gasoline engine that could reach a maximum speed of 35 MPH. It was designed for short distance economical travel and was an enjoyable way to get around except on the high speed roads between towns.



I purchased one in 1953 prior to moving to Florida with an idea of using it to establish a business there. Through several years of attempting to get

people interested it became apparent that this was a losing cause and used the vehicle for personal transportation.

Bad luck Bean

In the mid thirties I visited Cleveland and Mike Wilson took me to my first and only professional baseball game. The Cleveland Indians were playing and Bob Feller was pitching. They lost the game. I was upset by expecting this man to win every game. Years later I went to Columbus to see Ohio State play in their Horseshoe Stadium and they lost. When we moved to Florida in 1953 a friend of Margie's mother offered a free ride on his sailing sloop out of Miami. It had a large sign of a local restaurant and his job was to sail the craft up and down the lower Florida coast for advertising. A week after we had this lovely ride on the sail boat it hit the entrance reef at Port Miami and sunk. Nine years later while in a radiology program Dr. Nice gave his residents a fishing trip in the Gulf of Mexico near the oil rigs. It was a great day and we did catch some fish. Two months later the ship sank but all onboard were rescued. The proof in the pudding came in the 1970's when Ohio State was playing in the Sugar Bowl.

Mary Hayes was in town with the team and invited us to have a lunch with her and Woody. It was a grand



*Our friends who once lived in Newcomertown,
Woody Hayes and his sister, Mary North.*

event in my life and I did get a book autograph from our home town sports hero. Coach Hayes offered Margie and I tickets to the game and I told him that if I went to the game he would lose because of my past experience at sports events and boats. He said he did not believe in my claim so we took the tickets and went to the game. They lost. In later years I have been on a number of ocean cruises with Rotary and with

my mother & sisters and expected something to go wrong. Fortunately nothing happened so maybe the jinx has passed from me.

Margie's Financial Education

Our financial success was first due to my first employer, Dad, who paid me more than I was worth on the basis that the annual bonus I received was only to be invested for building of the assets and a reserve for the future and retirement. By doing as I was told it was possible after 7 years in the Baltimore to be able to use my investments to complete 10 years in school and training.

The second aide in the financial world was taking the advice of an accountant, Jules Prokop, of Hammond, LA to incorporate my medical practice and be able to take advantages of the benefits that the act entailed. He led me to a brokerage account, limited Partnerships, coins, and making changes in the incorporation statement to take advantage of each law change that arose.

The third, and most important part of our success was my in house financier, Marjorie. When we returned to Florida in 1979, she asked me why I was paying a broker to do our investments and why couldn't she learn to do the job better. Thus started the metamorphosis of a wife, mother, mathematician, pilot, and artist into a knowledgeable member of the investing world.

The training took years to complete. The first several years was in taking part in investment conferences in Missouri-Utah-Orlando, lots of reading, numerous financial newsletters, and finding a good broker by opening a number of accounts and asking each one of the brokers what to buy or sell and then keep track of success or failure to weed out the poor ones.

One very important adviser was Howard Ruff of Springville, UT. He put on a week long conference for people who wanted to be their own investor and brought in successful investors to tell us about the many routes that could be taken to reach our goal. In addition he put us into contact with some special people in Salt Lake City, McKay Johnson and Blair Whiting, who would guide us to some important decisions that would enhance our rate of asset development based upon what we wanted to accomplish in the coming years.

When we told our advisors that a major part of our investments would have to contain asset protection

against law suits, we were introduced to the family limited partnership. Thus was born W & M, Limited which is our family limited partnership that was set up with Margie and me as general partners and the six children were limited partners. It was funded with half of our investments and each year the children's shares were increased the equivalent of 40K per year until each had a 15% share. Together the children own 90% now and Margie retains 10%. In 2012 the limited partnership assets are being transferred to the shareholders and the partnership will be dissolved having outlived its usefulness.

The single premium life insurance policies appeared in the mid 1980's. As an investment it looked very inviting so we purchased two of these policies since the accumulated earnings could be "borrowed" without any taxes in our later years.

Marjorie became very proficient in selecting the right brokers and in managing our financial success. There was one broker in Atlanta which was selected for us by our broker in New Orleans. Margie liked him very much as he patiently guided her in her learning years. We never met him in the 15 years that he served us but Marjorie did produce a "sleeping bear" in alabaster for him which we left at the airport for him to pick up as we passed through town one day. He retired and handed us over to Pat Hone who was equally helpful and well liked by Margie. After 10 years Pat retired and her replacement was not compatible, so with her training years done she continued to do her selections and our assets grew.

I have always admired Margie's ability to understand the financial markets and to select a high percentage of correct investments. She has certainly been a genius in my eyes.

Locum Tenens

Locum tenens is Latin for temporary location. It is used to describe a person who works at a location only for a short time. It is the life I led for the last 14 years of my medical career going from place to place over a 6 state area (Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Ohio, & Utah) so that I could visit my family while working. It was a wonderful life and gave Margie and me an opportunity to fly our plane and to visit the family

more often. The work was not hard and there was rarely any on call at night. We also got an opportunity to visit places that we would most likely never have a chance to visit.

The usual pattern was a call from the locum agency, which in my case was usually the one in Salt Lake City. They would call and say we have a need for a radiologist in such and such a place. Would you be willing to go there for specified time (day, week, month, more)? The answer was usually yes and we would fly our plane in on Sunday and leave on Friday except on those times when the stay was longer than a week.

The locum practice and flying both ended in 2005 at 79 years of age without regrets and only an occasional look back at the past.

Mineral Rights

Great grandfather Issac Ammons owned about 500 acres of land in West Virginia when he died. The mineral rights to 98 acres was willed to his grandchildren; Mae, Clarence, Estella, Russell, and Mary. These leases have passed down to the seven children of these grandchildren: Doris Wilson Milbrodt, Michael Wilson, Natalie Bean Johnson Gadd McFarland, William Bean, Dorothy Wiandt Schmidt, and Marilyn Bean Haver. Dorothy Schmit's daughter, Sherrie, received Estella's share as the only living relative of the Wiandts.

In 2010 a buyer for these leases made contact with me looking for the children of the John Bean family children. Through this contact each of the great grandchildren, or their heirs, received \$4400 for their share of the gift.

The pass through step is still available today and would be a grand way to pass on to grandchildren by skipping a generation as was done in the above case.

O.E.S

Mother was a member of the Oriental Chapter of the Eastern Star but her work in the store and with the family prevented her from taking a very active part. This changed in 1946 when both Dale and I joined dad in the store. Mother then had time on her hands and began taking an active part. With her talents it was inevitable that she would end up as the Worthy Matron of the local organization.

She was observed by the state leadership and was led into the state position of Worthy Grand Matron by Margarite Kennerdel in the year 1956. Most of her year was occupied by visits to the 98 chapters throughout the state. Her name for the 98 Worthy Matrons was "The Stardusters." She was aided by her chauffeur, Russell Bean.



Worthy Matron Marjorie Bean of Ohio 1956

Ten years after "her year" she put together a loose leaf notebook of many of the speeches she gave during her visits to the chapters. She gave these books to each of her Stardusters and to her three children. Thus we have preserved the wisdom of our mother by including the pages of this book on the attached DVD labeled OESnotesMFBear(0-29)1.pdf, and OESnotesMFBear(30-85)2.pdf. The index for this document is listed below

Oriental Chapter of Eastern Star
June 11, 1966

In commemoration of our tenth anniversary year, this book is lovingly dedicated to those precious Stardusters who gave of their time, talents and devotion to help make 1956 a very special year.

It is composed of poems, quotations and talks taken from the notebook of your Worthy Grand Matron, who wants to share its smiles, inspiration and memories with you. Fifteen months of planning, time and effort have gone into its preparation, along with a heart full of love and gratitude to each of you for your loyalty and devotion through these ten years.

God bless you now and always!

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(See printout on DVD - Publications - O.E.S notes)

The interest in this organization passed on to Natalie who also joined the Eastern Star and was very active. She ultimately also became the Worthy Matron of the Newcomerstown Chapter in 1966.



Artistic Talent

It is often reported that artistic talent is inherited. As evidence along this line I report on this pass down of talents through 4 generations and I do have pictures-drawings-sculpture evidence of this having occurred in our family.

Since artistic talent has come to us via Margie's side of the family I will start with her grandmother, Caroline Philbrick, who's paintings on ceramic bases are hanging on our kitchen wall. Her daughter, Gladys Philbrick Hanson, produced many paintings which are scattered among her children and grandchildren and we have several of those paintings in our home. Margie's children, William and Carol, have produced evidence of their status as artists but have limited in producing art in quantity so that everyone could have a representative keepsake. To my knowledge the other 5 children have not shown aptitude for this type of presentation.

The grandchildren, Laura, Reed & Meagan, have shown ability and could turn out to be chips off the old block by producing significant work in the future.

Coming into the family tree Ramona has demonstrated her art abilities and is working on it with paintings. It is possible that either of her son's will demonstrate talent in the future. Her grandmother, living in Greece, has done at least one art piece that I have a copy of.

So that is my knowledge of artistic talent in the family to date and hopefully I have not missed in the reporting of this talent. It is

obvious that those of the unmentioned clan have not enough for us to find out about it yet but I will be happy to modify this report if you know of any others.

Retirement

Preparation for retirement began in 1991 when I took a course by the AMA on how to prepare. It was a very good course where we were told stamp collecting, golf, fishing, traveling, etc. cannot be expected to be done seven days a week. There are plenty of volunteer jobs that are going begging to be filled and part time at your prime job in the past can help you to smoothly handle the many free hours you will have when fully retired.

The first plan of importance is the financial one because if you don't have enough it will become very uncomfortable. The start for retirement funds should begin 20 or 30 years before retirement date because it is not possible to accumulate enough in lesser years. In your last years you will find it helpful to consolidate your funds for easier management and for passing on to your family in an easy passover.

The second part of your plan should be where you want live. Is it where you are now or somewhere exotic like Florida, Arizona, a Caribbean island, or even further overseas. If you have your home paid for then you can sell and buy where ever you wish. Do you wish to avoid winters or does the cold days of winter only stimulate you.

The third part of your plan is what type of people do you want to associate with. My mother selected the Eastern Star as her elderly group finding plenty of need for work and friendships that were strong till the end of her life. I have done a similar thing by being deeply involved in Rotary where there is always a job to do and any donations are not wasted on advertising for money as their foundation makes any amount that I donate greatly enlarged by the 1.2 million world wide members.

The fourth part of your plan will be your health. Seventy five percent of medical needs occur in the last two years of ones life. If you have a solid idea of what you will accept and what you will not then it will be easier to pass through this painful area. Do

you have a living will and family members who understand what you want. Have you listed the needs of your homestead and who you call for each need. Do you have one in the family who holds the power of attorney to help you when you cannot?

The fifth plan is how you want your remains to be handled with definite specifications so there is no misunderstanding among your family. It is easier for all of them if you are specific and detailed for the last rites.

The sixth part of your plan is not so much what medicines you will need but how you live in order to limit illnesses. Low weight, regular exercise, healthy food and adequate amount of sleep will go a long way to make your last years easier. Smoking is probably the worst thing you can do even though there are those who are still smoking at over ninety years of age (exceptional set of genes). There is a lot of new information on over the counter drugs that are very helpful. Vitamin C is a great help to prevent colds. Mushrooms are a help in oxygenation of the tissues. Aspirin is great for limiting blood clots. Glucosamine Sulfate is very helpful in arthritis. Ginseng-Pomegranate-Mushrooms is a combination that seems to have a slowing effect on memory loss. Take your pick because it is a big new world with many improvements in health support, but you have to do your part.

Faith

Religion was not a subject that we talked about very much in my home. We are a mixed family with father a gentile and mother a Jew. It was decided early that our education would be Christian. Mother and father did not go to church because Sunday was a recovery day for dad after 13 hours on his feet in the store on Saturday, he rarely got up before noon. But that did not stop mother from sending us to Sunday school each week. For reasons unbeknown to me my sisters and I attended one church after another including Methodist, Presbyterian, Episcopal, Christian Scientist and Lutheran. In later years when my daughter became a Catholic it was added to my many church contacts.

The Synagogue was added to my contacts when the Kaden branch of the family began having bar and bas mitzvahs in Chicago.

Our children made it necessary to start their religious training early and so we attended the Lutheran Church in Newcomerstown. The choice was probably that we had family members already going there. Mack, Estella & Dorothy, but I am not sure of this reason. When we moved to Miami in 1953 we continued with the Lutheran Church and continued with it in New Orleans and Mobile. In Florida, the second time, we joined the Episcopal Church because our daughter Marilyn liked the youth group that they had. Years later we went back to the Lutheran church because due to what I considered an inappropriate ruling by the mother church which would have forced me to accept beliefs that were non acceptable in the Bible.

One of the few statements that I remember from my father about religion was that the Bible was the most beautiful story ever written and the proof in its truth was the many years of prediction that preceded the New Testament. I still believe his statement is true and thus have no desire to change my affiliations again. My younger sister was fascinated with the Jewish heritage and after her children left took instruction and had her bas mitzvah. She feels good about her decision and we support her all the way since both forms of the true God are recognized by our two religions.

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Materials on Flash Drive

1. **Bean Family History** 59 pages
2. **Genealogies**
 - Ammons
 - Hanson
 - Kaden-Bean
 - Philbrick
 - Wiandt
 - Newcomerstown Cemetery Photos
3. **Documents**
 - Census NCt 1910 1920 1930 (John Bean & Family)
 - Circuit Court Personal/Carol Bean

- Mary V. Ammons letter with Genelogy
- Kaden-Bean Family Tree 2010
- Lizzie Bean & unnamed infant deaths 1908
- Leo Kaden Genealogy
- William J. Cohen Genealogy
- Kaden-Bean Addresses
- 3 e mails by Charles Aucremanne
- Marriage License JFBean and Lizzie Ammons
- 12th U.S.Census 1900 (John Bean & family)
- Rex & Heller File history
- I Remember Packy & Margie & Bill's 65th anniversary (newspapers)
- Letters of Input for history
- O.E.S Inspections 1966
- Hanson Family Genealogy
- Kaden-Bean Genealogy
- Philbrick Genealogy
- Jack Kaden:Know your neighbor
- Kaden-Bean Dates 2011
- King Midget Auto History
- Publications**
- 50th Golden Memories**
- Frijole Letters**
- Kaden-Bean Reunion 1998**
- O.E.S.Notes•MFBean(pgs.0-29)1.pdf
- O.E.S.Notes•MFBean(pgs. 30-85)2.pdf
- The Frijole Letters (1-5)
- Gov.Newsletters 1992-1993 (12)
- HIV-AIDS Newsletters 1994-1996
- Flying PhysicianCover (Ile De Chien)
- Medical Papers (94)
- Memories of Bill

4. **Event Photo Groups**
 - 50th Anniversary Margie & Bill
 - 65th Anniversary Margie & Bill
 - 80th Birthday Marjorie Kaden Bean
 - 90th Birthday Mae Kaden
 - Art by Carol
 - Art by Gladys
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Lake Park
NCT Old Time Pics.
O.E.S Photo
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Other Photos
Planes
Radiology
Rotary
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Thomas Bean Family
Weddings
Wilson Photos