

A LOVE STORY

George Burns, in naming his latest book, "Gracie," assigned the subtitle, "A love story." I suppose that's really what this is. Like many, it began in the despair that follows a love lost.

When I returned to Northwestern University in the fall of 1949 to continue my on-again-off-again education, despair was what I felt. Winifred Sullivan, a girl who I had loved intensely, had just a month before, broken our engagement and returned my ring. I had thrown the ring away and saw little purpose in anything anymore.

My mood must have shown to the friends I had at Lindgren House, a dormitory which, while architecturally identical and within the same quadrangle as several fraternities, was clearly "out of it" socially. The friends I had were fairly few anyway, and not very close. Frank Cormier, my room mate, was one of the closer. Frank, a journalism major, was ultimately to become AP's chief white house correspondent and later to have his career cut short by a nerve disease.

Frank came up to the room one Friday evening and announced that "we" had a date to go out to the "Little Club." The latter was a beer joint with dancing, west of Evanston which, as far as I know, is still dry. I declined the invitation emphatically but Frank, with characteristic drama, explained how terribly embarrassing it would be for him if I let him down. Wes Franco, another Lindgrenite, was going too. That made it easier, since, as I recall, I'd had only two dates before in my entire Northwestern career. One was a sweet but incredibly ugly girl who I felt sorry for. We went to a concert in the park. The other was a blind date with a beautiful sorority girl, who was my companion at a recital in Chicago. I was thoroughly intimidated and couldn't wait for the evening to end.

My date, Frank explained, was a girl named Jeanne Fretz, a speech major, good sense of humor...great person. Wes's date was "Windy" Milner, who, like Jeanne, was a Delta Zeta. We met at the club and it was only a few months later that Frank told me he'd mixed things up and that Windy was supposed to have been my date and Jeanne, Wes's.

As I think back on that evening and the characteristics that captivated me, I realize how much a part of her life they were. She was very friendly and helped ease my embarrassment and mask my inexperience at dancing. She was sincerely interested in me and what I said. She listened. As we danced, we recognized one

another from an earlier encounter. I spend most of my spare time, including evenings, studying in Deering Library. In contrast to Lindgren House, it was quiet enough to concentrate fully...unless someone across the table talked a lot. It was my ill luck to have that happen several times, making it necessary to move my books and slide rule to another table. Shy as I was, I was not above giving a dirty look to the offender. Jeanne also remembered a sober-faced guy who was always alone and got ticked off at the least whisper.

I remember nothing of that night at the Little Club, the night we forgave each other for our library confrontations, except Jeanne. We drank beer, danced, and talked. She was fascinating and so easy to be with. She agreed to see me again, though it was apparent that some of her evenings were spoken for.

Jeanne taught public speaking at Arlington Heights High School then. She had graduated in June of 1949. For a while she'd lived in a sort of rooming house in Arlington Heights, but couldn't take the isolation. She and Windy shared a fifth floor apartment at the Oak Crest Hotel in Evanston.

Jeanne had come to Northwestern with the right attitude. She was going to learn things, all right, but she was also going to have a good time. She went to the football games, the important dances, and was very active in Northwestern's "Wa Mu" show, an original musical written and performed by NU's drama school. She was assistant director of the 1948 show. Paul Lind, later to become famous in "Hollywood Squares" was one of her friends.

Jeanne made many other deep and lasting friendships in college. Windy Milner and Harriet Ostlund both became teachers and later school administrators. (Windy was principal of Avoca School - the school where Walter started when we lived on Happ Road) Dotty Dietrich was Jeanne's roommate and a classmate of mine in German. She later married "Jud" Graab, as unlike Dotty as two could be. Carlita Freburg was another sorority sister. She married Jack Lawver who helped earn his way through college by waiting on table at the DZ house. Nan Demeusy was another close friend. She worked in advertising and now has a small business of her own. She's also a poet and still sends an original Christmas card each year.

Jeanne also met Paul Ditzel who, like Frank, was a journalism major. I had encountered Paul, like Jeanne, in a confrontational way. Paul worked in Lunt Cafeteria where I ate when I felt I could afford to. Paul was particularly protective of whatever he was assigned to scoop out, and I wanted my money's worth. Jeanne

and Paul were engaged by understanding. He had played golf with Mr. Fretz and others of the Bradford, Pa. establishment.

Paul's hobby, as well as his intended profession, was police and fire reporting. His automobile, equipped to intercept police and fire channels, would race to the scene of a murder on Chicago's south side even though it meant a two-hour late arrival at the Junior Prom. Paul was Jeanne's date through most of her years at college. Their break-up began a month or so before our first date. I sensed that Jeanne felt a lot of relief to be free. It would not have been a good match.

Our dates involved simple things...walks along the lake, talks on a pier, drives to a beach, etc. We once went to an evening picnic and marshmallow roast on Lake Michigan in Highland Park, again with Wes Franco (now Windy's date) and Frank Cormier with his date, Margot, later to become his wife. We once had a picnic by ourselves beside the Skokie Lagoons. Jeanne liked nature and could sit for hours watching waves. Paul thought that silly. To me, it was wonderful that dates could be so natural and spontaneous. Once I told Jeanne that I had always felt very much alone in admiring nature, and that she was the first person who ever seemed on my side of the "alone" barrier. We understood one another very well.

We often returned to the Little Club too. "Our place" was torn down many years ago. Were it not, you might find a Miller's beer label on the ceiling, testimony to my accuracy at the then popular sport of throwing one's wallet against the overhead, a sticky-side-up label on top of it.

After a few dates, I was invited up to the Oakcrest apartment. Windy was often there, but found a compelling reason to leave when we arrived. Jeanne cooked for me, awkwardly to be sure, since she'd not been allowed to do any cooking in Bradford. She was fussy with things, I noted, insisting that the table be set properly and disturbed by any mess left by her room mate. I liked that too, having the same inclinations.

As graduation came, I either had to ship out again in the merchant marine, or take a shore job. I was broke and in debt to the college. 1950 was not an easy year to get offers, particularly for someone who'd had such a hop-scotch set of majors...first languages, then math, then physics, but finally a concentration of engineering courses. My honorary awards, Phi Beta Kappa and Pi Mu Epsilon, didn't impress employers. Of the twenty or so letters I sent, I got two interviews and two offers. One was from U.S. Steel in Gary Indiana..a quality control

engineer. Whether a subsequent interview was biased by a free trip to the speed trials and the Indy 500 race or not I don't know, but I accepted an offer from Public Service Company of Indiana. I liked the electric power option, perhaps for the same reason I liked physics courses. It seemed so fundamental, close to nature and close to people's needs.

This would make a better story if I could say that we were at this point very much in love. We were not, though we both wanted to be. Jeanne felt that our common enjoyment of things and physical attraction would be enough to carry our relationship. While I didn't tell her so, my New York love affair left a scar that still made it hard to be sensitive to love. Jeanne and I had talked about the day when careers might separate us and we both looked on that prospect as a good test.

The "separation" didn't stick very well. I drove to Evanston often, usually on a Friday after work. By that time I'd invested \$85 in splay-footed 1938 Buick. Besides its over-worn king pins, one of the eight cylinders fought the others constantly. All the rings were bad, so it smoked a lot too. But the monster got me to and from Evanston where we upgraded to Jeanne's Olds 88, a graduation present from her father. It was affectionately called "Daisy."

We wrote one another often. Those letters, and the phone calls between them, were critical to both our lives. Put into a summary dialogue, they would say.

J. I miss you

L. I miss you too.

J. Lionel, I don't know what to do. I think I'm pregnant.

L. We'll get married right now.

J. I don't want to make you do that.

L. Nonsense! It will work out very well

J. Whew! I'm not pregnant. You were sweet to offer, but it would never be right now.

L. But now I'm used to the idea. I like it!

J. I guess I do too!

L. I love you

J. I love you too.

And love it surely was by then, heralded both by our ringless engagement and a notice from the selective service system telling me the army needed me to fight the Korean war. My certificate, bearing the stamped signature of President Roosevelt, thanking me for Merchant Marine service in hazardous waters and pronouncing my ineligibility for military conscription did not impress the draft board.

A Pacifist at heart, my two years in the army were the worst I've ever known, save the years following Jeanne's death. They deserve a chapter by themselves. Suffice it to say here that I made every trip I could to Evanston. Even before leaving for basic training at Ft. Leonard Wood, Mo., we'd told the Fretzs of our marriage plans. Their reaction, known to me only many years later, was disappointment that their only daughter had not chosen someone more substantial. They were both very fond of Paul Ditzel. Mildred's concern over the new inlaw was further kindled the day I first met them. I drove up to the Homestead Hotel, in Evanston, after a sweltering drive from Indianapolis in my 7 cylinder Buick I hoped to park a good ways from the hotel but my miscalculation took me to a parking spot just in front of the porch that wrapped around its two exposed sides. Nobody could miss the arrival of such a car, nor did Mildred Fretz. She was sitting in a rocker not twenty feet from where the engine died to a stop. Her worst fears were confirmed when a young man, matching the picture she'd been sent, stepped out of the now placid wreck. Her state of mind was evident later that evening when she twice introduced me as "Lionel Barrymore." Floyd Fretz was either a better, or at least a kinder, judge of character. Though he was genuinely friendly, it would take me many years to feel relaxed in their company.

Jeanne and I set the date for March 24th and the arrangements began to come together. I asked Frank to be best man, and for ushers, Wes Franco, Phil Bengston, and Jim Hagan. Those were the only decisions I paid attention to..anything else I approved without thinking. Jeanne was absorbed in arrangements, making lists and anticipating every detail.

In those days I was a private, stationed at Fort Bliss, Texas, near El Paso, teaching radar and fire-control. Jeanne wrote almost every day. Some of those letters remain in boxes in the barn. We were both very happy and full of plans. Yet mixed between moments of true love and anticipation were the prenuptial

nightmares familiar to any couple just before the big jump: "What have I done?" "I'm making a terrible mistake!" In any case the invitations were out and there was no turning back.

The whole Barthold clan converged on Bradford, up to then just a circle on the map. Mother and Dad drove my old buick which I had given to Dad when I went into the army. It actually held together five or six years more and eventually took my folks and a rented trailer, down to their new home in Eurka Springs, Ark. Sylvia and Louise were with them, but Walter couldn't come and Stanley, if I recall, was already in Japan with his missionary work.

I stayed at Harvey and "Queen" Rodebaughs, good friends of the Fretz's and the local Cadillac-Oldsmobile dealer. Their house was a model of elegance. It bothered me to even mess up a towel, even though Queen did her best to make me feel at home.

There was a grooms party at the Bradford Club. I was too concerned with the events of the next day to remember much about it. Neither do I remember paying for it, and doubt I could have had I known it was customary.

The church was beautiful. Mr. Fretz had, at Jeanne's request, flown in lilacs, both for church decorations and for the bridesmaid's bouquets. Lilacs were typical of Jeanne's taste... simple, understated, but filling the church with a fragrance that anticipated spring and happiness. The bridesmaids were beautifully dressed and even Jim Hagan assumed some dignity with his tuxedo on. Jeanne's dress was made of intricate white lace, specially made up months before the wedding. It is still in a box in the barn, but the fragile fabric was not properly protected in storage and will now crumble when flexed. I discovered this after Jeanne's death when I took it to Schenectady's best dry cleaner to have it restored.

Frank, my best man, kept the ring ready and kept me assured that the wedding would be painless. I heard the minister's words and made the responses but could only think of the life that was joining with mine. I was very happy.

The reception was hard for all the Bartholds, me included. I learned a hundred new names and forgot ninety nine of them. It was especially hard for Dad who was quite out of his element. While talking to Mr. Blaizdale, founder of Zippo lighter company, I remember overhearing him say something about being a singer. He was too proud to say he drove a taxi, though I later learned that this was known by the Bradford establishment.

In Jeanne's circle, one of the more important marriage decisions was selection of china, crystal, and silver. The china was a delicate Royal Doulton flowered pattern, fluted at the edges. The silver was, if I recall, Chelsea Rose. The crystal was very delicate, but it's maker and pattern escape my memory. The Bradford establishment was very good to us, giving us service for twelve in virtually all variations of tableware, plus a variety of silver serving pieces. All were used carefully during our married life. No china was broken and the few pieces of crystal that were have been replaced. How many early morning hours have we spent painstakingly washing and drying those treasures as we relived the dinner parties they graced?

As the reception went on and the champagne put me at ease, I began to enjoy the party, and to realize I indeed loved this bride of mine very much. We danced as only two newlyweds can.

Jeanne changed and, amid a hail of rice, came down the stairs at the Penn Hills lobby, the most gorgeous girl in the world. The grey suit she wore fared better than the wedding dress. It hangs in the barn now, just as good as new.

Ann Hope caught the bouquet and we were off in Jeanne's "Daisy," for Olean New York, just a short drive from Bradford. Our Honeymoon was originally planned for Washington and Virginia, but the weather looked so bad we made a last minute change to go north, skiing. The snow storm convinced us we should go no further than Olean. Mr. Fretz saw us off. How do you shake a father's hand knowing you would shortly be in bed with his daughter? Hard as that was, it was still harder to refuse the \$100 he wanted to give me secretly to cover our expenses. That refusal, accepted graciously by him, was the first of the signals I was to give the Fretzs of how important it was to me that we make it on our own. They never pressed hard on that point.

We felt a little guilty, registering at the Olean Hotel as Mr. & Mrs. Barthold. But the clerk did not challenge the propriety of it, and we began our life together happy and optimistic.

The snowstorm that changed our plans also caused Frank Cormier's car to overturn while he was leaving the club. Louise, my sister, was in the car with him. They were not hurt, nor was the car even scratched. A few husky friends helped right it and they went on their way. Louise was terribly smitten with Frank and made several attempts to get his attention in the weeks following the wedding...unsuccessfully.

Our drive to the Limberlost Lodge, in Muskoka, Canada, was slowed by the continuing snow the next day. By four o'clock we had to put on chains to get any further. We arrived just before dinner and tried very hard to look blasee, carrying our brand new luggage into the cabin assigned to us. The Limberlost Lodge was a perfect choice. Rustic and informal, our cabin had its own fireplace, the first of many Jeanne and I would share.

Skiing was first on the agenda the next morning. I had insisted that my heavy army boots would be fine for skiing and, indeed, they were capable of binding onto the skis in much the same way that long-thongs worked. Being as bold about the act of skiing as the suitability of equipment, I urged that we ride the rope tow straight to the top - an adventure for Jeanne, too, since she'd done most of her skiing cross-country (It was just called "skiing" in those days). Once at the top, I disregarded Jeanne's cautioning and pointed myself down hill, assuming my Norwegian heritage would protect me. It didn't and fell head over heels to the bottom. Jeanne then gave me an elementary snow-plow lesson and that's as far as either of us got at alpine skiing for several years.

The honeymoon was just a week, since my army leave had to take care of the wedding preparation and our move to El Paso, as well. We returned to Bradford, packed Daisy up, and left for Texas with all our worldly goods.

Before leaving for Bradford, I'd rented an apartment. While it was just a converted two-car garage, it was pleasant and bright and had a small flower garden in front of it. My pleasure at Jeanne's approval lasted only thirty minutes, at which time we had our first real argument. It seems that the suitcases were to go onto the upper shelf of the closet. I had fit them there rather cleverly when Jeanne noticed that they weren't wrapped. My statement that this was going a little far did not sit well. We wrapped them.

My stature in Jeanne's eyes dropped even further when the landlady announced that my first rent check had bounced. The mail made known that two furniture checks had also been returned. It turned out that the army bank branch had failed to credit the deposit I'd made before leaving for the wedding. That deposit was from money I made pumping gas at a filling station during the two free hours I had off base each day.

Within a few days, life settled down and, proud of my new family status, I suggested inviting my sergeant over for dinner. I billed him as "a real Texas character study, chewing tobacco and

all." He turned out to be that and more. Jeanne's planning for the dinner would have done credit to Douglas McArthur himself. Sgt. Lee squeaked hello to Jeanne when she arrived.. He suffered from a congenital throat defect which left him in a perpetual falsetto. His tobacco-chewing was probably a need to offset that and show himself as macho. While sitting on the front lawn, drinking a pre-dinner bottle of beer, pronouncing his philosophy about army life, he showed need to make a juice release. Realizing that we'd groomed our lawn quite nicely, he turned and spit into the garden. As luck would have it, the tarry missile landed dead center in a tulip blossom. He graciously spat out the whole quid before entering the house.

We sat at the table, beautifully set with the green and yellow pottery, a few pieces of which are still in use at Scott's house. Jeanne removed the pot roast from the oven, took three steps in the direction of the table, and dropped the loaded platter on the tiled floor. She cried, while Sgt. Lee and I picked up the glass and pieces of the roast. We ultimately got Jeanne to agree that interior parts of the roast, carefully separated from the shell, would be clean and fit to eat. Our Texas life could only get better from there.

We had agreed that Jeanne would get a job teaching even though, she reminded me, she could draw more in unemployment compensation than I was making as a private in the army. It seemed simple to hire on as a teacher, but to teach in Texas, you need to have taken Texas History, a course Jeanne had missed at Northwestern. Though it made her furious, she agreed to learn all about the Alamo and Sam Houston if they'd give her a job conditional on that achievement. Speech teaching, in El Paso, consisted of teaching mexican immigrants children how to pronounce English. Jeanne enjoyed it and told tales each evening of her efforts to get the "th" sound out of her fifth graders.

We had some very good times in El Paso. Once a week we'd drive to a stable near the edge of town, rent horses, and ride out into the desert for a picnic supper. We'd ride back at sunset, admiring the lights of the city.

There's a small mountain in El Paso too... as much of a climb as we wanted in El Paso's heat.

We often went to Juarez for extremely inexpensive dinners. Beef was so cheap we often brought home a pre-cooked roast. Sometimes we stayed and danced to the Mexican music.

Accommodation of two people, sharing days and nights together,

takes time. I got used to all the extra paraphanelia in the bathroom, to frequent corrections in my use of english, and to taking care how knives, forks and spoons were arranged at the table. Jeanne got the courage to shake me awake from snoring, asking me to turn over. Jeanne ate very slowly. I slowed down..slightly. She confessed to almost total ineptness at check book balancing, a talent she never learned. Throughout our married life, that was my job. I learned more about her family and she about mine. In all the years we were married she never even hinted disapproval or disappointment over the disparity in social standing between her family and mine. She enjoyed quality in people and in things, but saw quality for what it was, not for its impression on others. Jeanne enjoyed elegance but put no store in status. She never talked down my parents or, as far as I recall, anyone.

I learned that Jeanne's only limitation in learning or achieving were her lack of patience and her lack of self confidence. Both barriers truncated her skill at the piano, in languages, in mathematics, and in other disciplines. At the piano she could sight read anything, albeit very slowly, even during the Washington Ave. days, but would not respond to encouragement that she develop it. She could correct my clumsy French, but would not speak a sentence herself. When she did focus on something, as she did on cooking and entertaining, she excelled. She hated to sew, but did well when she tried.

Would this marriage of ours work? Where would we live and in what kind of life? This story is written by and for those who know the answers. Were it part of a novel, the reader would have to read on to learn as we had to live on to learn. Jeanne and I were reasonably confident of our relationship, our prospect of having children, and our prospect of a middle class financial success. I rather favored three children, Jeanne one or two. Jeanne wanted boys. I urged we wait at least two years to be sure the marriage did work. Jeanne agreed.

As the months in El Paso wore on, other couples like us got together. We learned from one that there was skiing in Alamagordo, N.M., about four hour's drive. We went often during the winter months when we could get weekend passes. By leaving well before dawn on saturday, staying over that night, and returning after skiing on sunday we could get two full days in with just one night's lodging charge. We tried to teach one another, capturing what we could from books.

We missed the rain. The odd days when it really did rain, we went out in it to get wet. We missed the cold and the snow even more.

At one point we built a winter scene on the wall...stuffed figures dressed in winter clothes, twigs draped with cotton snow, a thermometer reading zero degrees.

In October of 1951, the Fretzs announced they'd join us for Christmas. What's more, they'd bought tickets to the New Year's day Northwestern vs. U of C Rose Bowl game. They arrived by train and stayed at a nearby motel. We showed them Juarez, though they preferred not to eat there. Christmas came, and with it the need to decide who's conventions would prevail. The Barthold's traditions held sway and no presents were opened on Christmas eve. Jeanne got a mink stole from her parents. She probably wore it ten times. It too is in barn. I gave Jeanne the products of some time in the Fort Bliss shop..a set of overlapping three-legged stools (now with Sylvia, I think) and a leather-covered photo album - first in the Jeanne & Lionel series.

We drove to Pasadena, arriving just in time to see the Rose Bowl parade. The game itself was exciting. Northwestern lost, but the fact that they were there at all was a miracle considering the twenty year decline that followed. We played bridge with the Fretzs during that trip. I was not good at it under the best of circumstances, but with the TV on I was a disaster. My single-channel input system switched from TV to bridge and back again. Trumped aces and got Jeanne's wrath for being inconsiderate. The whole trip was uncomfortable for me. In fact it would be many years before I would feel reasonably comfortable in the Fretzs company. I never learned to call them anything other than Mr. Fretz and Mrs. Fretz. For the most part I avoided the need to call them anything.

Early in 1952 I began to worry about a job. Public Service Co. of Indiana paid very little, and the job itself was not overly exciting. I was by then a member of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers (later to become the Institute of Electrical and Electronic Engineers - IEEE), and went to some of the local meetings in El Paso. At one meeting I sat next to a local GE salesman and asked about the prospect of working for GE. He asked for a resume, which I later mailed to him. He later phoned to say that GE was interested in my flying to Schenectady for an interview. Jeanne was especially pleased since she wanted to be reasonably near Bradford. Being a practical guy, I then wrote to Westinghouse asking if they wanted to talk to me, paying my incremental expenses from Schenectady to Pittsburg and return. They were, but declined to pick up expenses. If they were that cheap, It wasn't worth my time.

The GE interview went well and I was told to expect an offer.

Jeanne stopped off in Bradford where I joined her after finishing in Schenectady. We had a second agenda for the trip. Even before we married, we'd been studying furniture catalogs. We settled on a line of french provincial furniture made by Fancher Co., in Salamanca, N.Y., less than 30 minutes drive from Bradford. It was about the top of the line and our visit to the factory convinced us that we'd buy Fancher even if it took ten years to furnish our home. A healthy fraction of our first several years' joint income went to Salamanca. The first shipment was didn't come until over a year later, since a) we had no money then and b) it didn't make sense to ship furniture to El Paso and back.

GE's offer was a good one, and I accepted right away. We then began to count the weeks until my freedom. By then the army had affected me physically. I had constant indigestion and some depression. The army doctor diagnosed it correctly when he asked, "you're really not happy in the army are you Pvt. Barthold?"

Jeanne and I had already made one trip to Chihuahua, 100 miles south of Juarez. More than anything, we remembered the immaculate tiled patios..even where the cars were parked. That would be our first stop on a three week trip to celebrate my release from the military. The trip got a lot of careful planning. We wanted to cross the mountains to Mazatlan, then a completely unspoiled (and inaccessible) town several hundred miles north of Acapulco. But we were warned that the roads were really only logging roads, very high and very dangerous. Flying across from the central highway was possible, but "you don't get to see much." It seems that the planes flew through the passes, well below the road level.

I had one farewell El Paso exercise planned that surprised Jeanne. Once outside the Juarez limits, I planted my army uniform on a stick, planted beside the road in front of the "Chihuahua 160 Km" sign, doused it with gasoline, and burned it.

We went from Chihuahua to Lake Pasquaro with one intermediate (unplanned) stop. We got caught in a dense fog after a too leisurely day's drive which included a stop at a ranch that raised fighting bulls. That night, after giving up hope of finding lodging, we chanced on one of the most beautiful hotels of the whole trip. It was really part of a flower-growing farm.

From Pasquaro we went to Mexico City, from there to Tasco, famous for hammered silver and, to us at least, dented oldsmobiles. Thence to El Mirador lodge in Acapulco. Our cabana there overlooked the pacific from the cliff above the Cueba rock. That setting provided one of the most intimate moments in our

lives. It was a time of release from two difficult years, a time of anticipation of a normal life and family, and gave us a closeness to nature that is so easy to feel in the tropics. All of this did not prevent me from eventually spending the night in a hammock under the stars, fanned by the ocean breeze.

We stopped again at Mexico City for a night and then went east to Fortine de los Flores, famous then for a swimming pool full of floating gardenia buds. It lived up to its reputation. We both were awed by the perpetually full, large pitchers of freshly made orange juice on the tables.

Vera Cruz, on the east coast marked our turn to the north again, finally leaving Mexico through Laredo and, once back in the U.S., headed for Bradford in preparation for my first GE assignment in Pittsfield, Mass.

That drive was one of two where Jeanne and I narrowly escaped death. Late at night, rounding a long left curve, a truck's headlights were suddenly paralleled by a second set, squarely in our lane and far too advanced to retreat. I drove off the road on a 70 Mph tangent without even looking at the terrain I'd hit. We bounced along a dirt tractor road, pulling to a stop several hundred feet onto a pasture...unhurt and without damage. In almost an identical confrontation 33 years later in the Yukatan, again at night, we shot off the road to avoid a certain head-on collision, this time going between two trees, into the jungle, totalling the car.

We rented a room in Pittsfield, since our stay there was to be just six months. The widow who lived there gave us kitchen privileges, and lots of conversation and advice. Jeanne found a teaching job in no time, and we had plenty to talk about each night. I enjoyed my job and, ~~for the first time in many years,~~ was challenged by it. We skied occasionally, but still had very primitive gear. On one winter hike up Mt. Greylock, the glazed creek bed that ran like a bobsled track down the mountain was more than we could stand. We both slid down, ruining the seats of ski pants we'd just bought.

It was in Pittsfield that my boss told me about a GE program in Schenectady called "Application Engineering." It sounded to me like heaven on salary, so I immediately began the study program recommended for application. When it came time to apply however, I noticed that each applicant had to give a twenty minute talk to a group of Schenectay experts, explaining why he liked that field of work. The experts were world famous names...people who wrote the books, showed up in all the best articles, and authored

all the internal GE technical reports. I gave up the idea completely and Jeanne accepted that, but suggested I prepare the talk just for laughs and let her be the audience. I did and she said, "Great, too bad you can't use it for something." She convinced me and the form went into the mail and was promptly acknowledged with an interview date. Jeanne rehearsed that speech over and over with me..to the point where, when the time came, it turned out as intended despite my fright. Her confidence in me, her restraint, and her help at that moment had a greater influence in my career, and ultimately our well-being, than any single factor in our lives together. Time proved that she was just as adept at preventing me from pressing too hard professionally, and at withholding nourishment from my ego when the business world was giving it plenty.

Throughout this period of time we often went to Bradford... certainly for holidays. Jeanne's link with her family was very strong. I felt very much the inlaw and privately longed for the day when we would have our own Christmas. Jeanne and I never visited Winnetka, primarily because of the distance. She never saw my father after the wedding.

Philadelphia was our next assignment and we were assured it would be for a minimum of one year. By chance we fell on a brand new, modern, elegantly furnished second story apartment. It was surrounded by a beautifully landscaped lawn...and inexpensive to boot. The bad news was that the owner would rent it for just six months. We enjoyed it while looking for a longer term alternative. The replacement was a first floor apartment in a modern row-house complex in "Pilgrim Gardens," in Drexel Hill. It had two bedrooms, one of which we considered a probable nursery. The ravine behind the complex promised privacy and we ultimately joined the Aronimink Swim Club, just the other side of the ravine. The idea of such a club and its organizational structure would later inspire our organization of the Glen Hills Club.

This apartment, the first building in a row of identical ones, was our first home. We stripped the wallpaper, painted the ceilings and fixed it up as though we'd live there forever. The wooden crates used by the army to ship our goods from El Paso, could now be opened. The crates themselves were very sturdy and served as furniture where we had none. One ultimately became Skip and Scott's white toy box, now in the barn awaiting a rebuild for another generation.

The first pieces of Fancher furniture were authorized for shipment too. That inventory gradually grew to furnish our bedroom, dining room, and parts of our living room.

With each new location came new friends. We met Claire and Ray Stratford early in our Philadelphia stay. Ray worked in a related department at GE. They had one son and a cocker spaniel named "Boo." We often played bridge at the Stratford apartment, until he was transferred to Schenectady.

Summers in Philadelphia were hot, so it seemed logical to me that a strong exhaust fan, fixed into the kitchen window, would be a good investment in time. A previous tenant had left an old washing machine which we junked after I salvaged the motor. I then found a 14" cast aluminum triple blade in a Philadelphia salvage yard and proceeded to build the fan. It was mounted in the center of a large piece of 1" plywood, a whole being cut just big enough to frame the blade. The plywood was bolted onto the window frame "to prevent vibration." When first turned on the fan practically sucked the tablecloth off the kitchen table. The upstairs tenant, a sweet old lady in her 70's, came running down the steps to see what was wrong. Neighbors came over two. The fan, immediately dubbed "The Spirit of St. Louis," was not much used.

Behind the apartment we planted our first garden...tomatoes. On the basis that more tomatoes were better than less, I planted twenty plants on twelve inch centers. Careful watering and fertilizing produced a crop 100 times what we could eat and at least 80 times what we could even reach from the garden's perimeter.

Philadelphia was Fretz country...or more accurately, Buchanan country. Jeanne's Uncle Bill and his wife, Ann lived in Havertown, just ten minute's drive. I loved to babysit for their daughters, Sally and Betsy, reading them Nancy Drew books.

Jeanne's Aunt Peg and Uncle Ralph ("Hoppie") lived in Westchester. Their daughter Ann was too old for Nancy Drew, but we saw a lot of them, mainly in Honeybrook, family seat of the Buchanan clan. Aunt Tate and her daughter Peggy Ann lived there. Peggy Ann was married to John Watson then. It lasted long enough to produce a daughter for Peggy-Ann and a granddaughter for Tate...Barbara. Honeybrook was an easy place to feel at home. It was clearly the home of a large and diverse family..a home where all pretense was left outside. I got along well with the Buchanan relatives and Jeanne loved to be a part of that setting. It gave her a feeling of being one of many, something I feel she missed in childhood. It was even easier to warm to Mrs. Fretz in that setting, though the psychological "cool" was sometimes apparent there too. I recall that lighting my pipe once, provoked a series

of forced coughs from Mildred that said "put it out!" Not a half hour later, Uncle Dave arrived and filled the room with enough cigar smoke to even bother me. Mildred was unfazed.

The Buchanans regularly rented a cottage at the Jersey shore. We joined them several times a summer. Bridge was a part of their family life too. I enjoyed playing with Aunt Tate. She played a bold, chancy game with just enough "science" to force opponents to pay attention. Uncle Bill, a grand master and teacher of the game, was marginally amused by unconventional bridge and not the least bit merciful in using his superior skill.

We saw a little of Walter in those days, but not much of other Bartholds. Once we got a frantic phone call from Louise. She was in Philadelphia and could she come over? She'd had an argument with Dave Keeling, then her fiancée, stopped to "get something" in a drug store, then sneaked out the back door. As she was on her way over, Dave called...even more frantic. Louise had run away...did we know where she might go? They both wound up at our apartment, made up, and later got married.

Early in our Philadelphia stay, we decided our happiness was permanent, that the marriage was going to last, and that it was time to have children. It's one thing to make that decision, but to realize that a new life has been conceived left us both in awe and cemented a type of bond between us that never weakened and that somehow remains still.

We had learned a lot about one another by then. Jeanne held our joint life as sacred turf. GE work simply did not belong in our lives. I accepted that, in part because evenings we had together were whole in themselves. When I arrived home from work, it was time to talk, enjoy a glass of wine, or a cocktail. We had enough to say and to share that the crisis of 4:45 shrunk in urgency to just another piece of tomorrow's business. It led me to the attitude (one I don't encourage in PTI employees) that I've only so much of my life for sale, and the rest belongs to the family. Just as her encouragement in Pittsfield was to have a profound shape on my career, her restraining influence gave structure to a family life that many professionals sacrifice. It was eventually gave me time to be a decent father during years when the demands on my professional life were extreme.

Given over to me entirely was our joint financial management. This, if nothing else, was a view of me as a replication of Floyd Fretz, who took care of that end of the Fretz household. I had, by then, learned that Jeanne, like her mother, was extremely generous within the family, but measured her charity carefully

outside that circle. Throughout our life together, it was understood that I would make the donations and Jeanne preferred not to know the amounts. Even in the years when we were blessed with some wealth, financial statements or estimates of net worth did not interest her. Her **sole** concerns were the adequacy of funds for her son's education and for a burden-free and comfortable life in her own old age. Affirmation, in dollars, of those preparations was meaningless. A statement "they are very well taken care of" said it all to her...which, in turn, meant that we had an extremely strong mutual trust. That trust was bilateral and never wavered.

Somehow our marriage brought us closer to God and caused us to attend church more. Our religious beliefs were not strong enough to prevent our sampling churches once we arrived in a new location, giving about the same number of points to the choir as to the minister. It was not until we moved to Burnt Hills that I began signing in choirs again. Jeanne's taste in music broadened greatly during our married life. Always interested in show tunes and choral music, her taste for classical music grew very close to mine. Public stations favoring baroque were normally favored.

By mid november, Jeanne's pregnancy was certain, and reflected in the special Christmas card announcement we sent both the Fretzs and the Bartholds. Although by March of '53, she was already quite large, we stayed quite active. I remember clearly an afternoon in Bradford where the stuffiness of the house got to her and she suggested we go skiing. It was snowing and we skied a long course 'round an old logging road near the entrance to State Park. I kept asking if she thought it OK and she laughed.

By then the pile of baby things began to grow. This was a big event for everyone in the Buchanan..indeed the whole Bradford community. It was also the first Barthold grandchild. I can now confess to some jealousy that an event so personal to Jeanne and I was center stage to so many. By the first of June, we'd read all the books we could find, arranged and rearranged the nursery, and rehearsed the trip to the hospital carefully...to the extent of actually driving it. On the 14th, the doctor recommended an induced delivery, so we booked a room and were deprived of the frenetic race I anticipated. The delivery was scheduled for the 16th, Jeanne's 27th birthday.

It was before the days when father participation was common. We never really thought about that option. I was content to wait with other expectant fathers, getting hourly bulletins from the nurse. The news came with a nurse. "It's a boy, and they're both fine." Even then, though I was emotionally drained and relieved,

it was somehow still an abstract event. Somewhere behind the walls, one more baby was crying than was crying before..and Jeanne was over her pain. Then they asked if I wanted to see him. If I had the talent to paint the things I see, I could paint that picture from memory to this day. I wept openly as his tiny eyes, set in a red, wrinkled face, blinked at the world he'd just entered. He was clearly me and just as clearly, Jeanne.. and yet he was a person that didn't exist before. It was the creation of life...to me the ultimate manifestation of God's dominion. I remember thinking that, since the universe itself exists for us only while we see it, it too was created anew. Of what life has to offer us, there can be no experience more humbling. I wondered at those who go through life without being a part of that miracle.

Jeanne was groggy but smiling...and very proud. She told me anew, "it's boy, and I think he looks like you."

Which is a good point to end this love story, or rather this segment of it. Life changed for us after that. It was enriched immeasurably.

Some Date Estimates:

Lionel O. Barthold
Johannesburg, S.A.
April 8, 1989

Met Jeanne: March 1950
Graduation: June 1950
Drafted: Sept 1950
Married: March 24, 1951
Discharged: Sept. 1952
Skip born: June 16, 1953 ⁴

