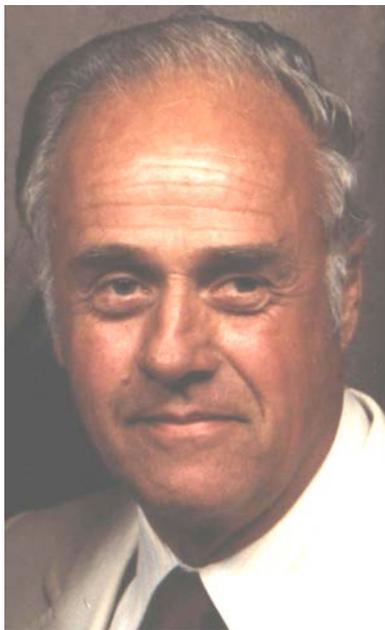


William Horace Salmon

Parts Two, Three and Four – 1946 to 2005
Including His Family and Businesses



Autobiography of an Airman
With Co-author Richard F. Salmon



Salmon Family Publications
Longmont, Colorado, USA

William Horace Salmon, Autobiography of an Airman, Parts Two, Three and Four -- 1946 to 2005
First self-published in Virginia Beach VA in November 1999
by William H. Salmon and Richard F. Salmon

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Salmon Family Publications

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Other publications by William H. Salmon:

William H. Salmon, An Autobiography, Part One -- 1924 to 1945,
Salmon Family Publications, 2002
The Search For Heaven's Gate, Katie's Creations, Virginia Beach VA, 1998
Wings of the Soul, 1996
To Touch Your Heart, Inspiration Press, Virginia Beach VA, 1992
Memories of 1945—B-17 Combat Experiences (video), 1990
Introspection—Poems and Prose, 1989
Memories of 1945—B-17 Combat Experiences with the 15th Air Force, 1982

Other Publications by Richard F. Salmon:

"*Sights and Sounds of the Bay of Banderas,*" a brief film of Puerto Vallarta, 2009
"*Houses & Homes of Rich and Verna Salmon,*" a film of their twelve houses, 2009
"*How the Train Got to Silver Plume,*" a documentary film of the Georgetown Loop Railroad, 2006
"*Transformed,*" a documentary film of St. Patrick's Church in Silver Plume CO, 2006
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Salmon of Antigua and Barbados, Denver CO, 1996

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DEDICATION

*To the Women Who Taught Me That
“Love endures, is endless, and escapes the boundaries of time.”
...My Mother, Ruth and Miki*



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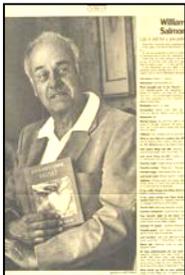
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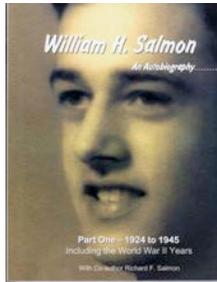
The Rest of Bill's Life

The first volume of Bill Salmon's autobiography ended exactly where this second volume begins...

Volume One

Volume One ends with
Part One, 1924-1945,
Chapter Eleven:

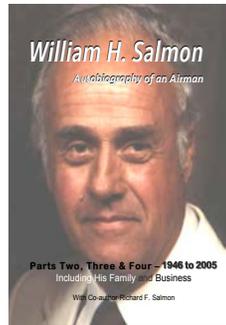
"The year 1945 ended. My success at becoming a pilot was done and the sentimental journey home complete. I began the new year in Bernardsville settling into civilian life."



Volume Two

Volume Two begins with
Part Two, 1946-1971,
Chapter Twelve,
beginning on page 93:

"For the first few months after being discharged, I did maintenance of the house at 44 Highview. Manual work was providing me a lot of time to think. I was trying to figure out what to do with the rest of my life. At Basking Ridge Airport I investigated what was needed to get a commercial pilot's license..."



This second volume covers the rest of Bill's life through another sixty years:

Part Two, Working for Others (1946-1971)
Part Three, Our Own Business (1971-1991)
Part Four, Retirement (1991-2005)

Want to Read Volume One (Part One)?

For those who would like to read Part One, you can **access it online** in our family website, http://richsalmon.com/William_Salmon_Autobiography_password.pdf. The last page in this book (p.225) gives the information on how to obtain the password, and also how to purchase one of the remaining copies of the book. Eventually we plan to publish all four Parts of this biography into a single volume.

Our Audience

Bill wrote his biography for family. It was never meant to be published for sale and distribution to outsiders. That is why this book contains so many stories about Bill's family members.

Bill reiterated over and over, the importance of leaving a historical and spiritual record for one's offspring. He and I shared disappointment with the brevity of information left by our family's ancestors. Knowing that the complexity of their daily lives provided little time for reflection and writing, we acknowledged that we're a generation blessed with automation that minimizes the time required for daily chores. Plus, we have the time and computer tools to easily document history. So, together, Bill and I stepped up to the plate in hopes of leaving prose and poetry and images that will convey to future generations what life was like for those of us who lived during the 20th Century.

Part One (the first volume)

Part One contains Bill's childhood, adolescence and experiences in the Army Air Corps during World War II. It also briefly describes his ancestry. You can go right now to page 224 in this book to see illustrations from *Volume One*.

Parts Two, Three and Four

This second volume, describing the rest of Bill Salmon's life, shows how he gradually gained the skills to support himself and a family, and how his spirit grew into a guiding light that ultimately blessed thousands. The impact of those War years, however, cast a shadow forward into the lives of his generation that has extended to their graves.

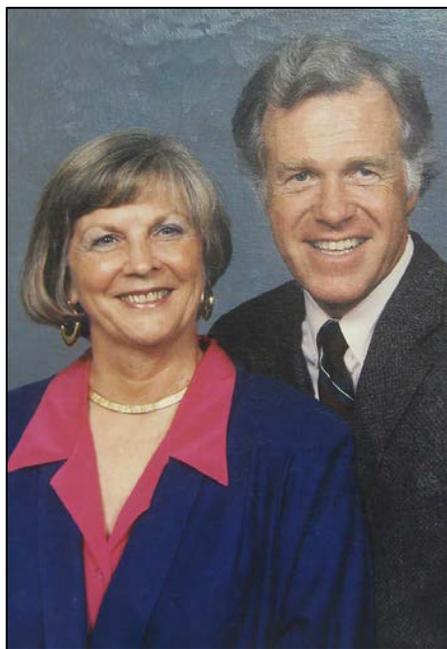
Being a B-17 skipper, being a leader among the victors in a world conflict, proved to be the great self-defining event of his life. "I am an airman," "I flew the world's mightiest bombers against Hitler's Axis," "I'm a veteran of three wars," are phrases he voiced again and again to define himself to others. And that picture was also the one that his family and friends used when describing him. Fresh from high school, he

became a warrior, and ultimately a conqueror. By 21, he had been ushered into adulthood. And during the succeeding years, Bill continued to make a difference in the world.

Co-Author and Publisher

It has given me great pleasure to assist my brother in this project. Together we outlined the events of his life. With microphone in hand, Bill recorded his stories. He described his aspirations and struggles over a lifetime. My job was to get it on paper and into a format that could be conveyed to our family. And to put it into print for the coffee tables in our homes.

It seems appropriate to include in Bill's book this portrait of the life-partner of the Co-Author. Verna Lee Stephens Compton Salmon became Bill's sister-in-law in 1973. Because of her inciteful wisdom, her clever wit and her broad experi-



Verna and Rich Salmon, 1991

ence as a psychotherapist, Bill many times sought her counsel in dealing with relationship problems with family members and others.

Gratitude

Back in 2004, Bill's life was drawing rapidly to a close. I knew I was working against the clock. Bill no longer had expectations about these two books. For some time he had been unaware that he even created them. He seemed surprised each time he picked one up and began reading. It was gratifying for me to deliver a printed and spiral-bound first draft of this *Volume Two* to Bill and Mikl in November of 2004, five months before he died.

This publication would have been impossible without the contributions of countless family members, for which I am very grateful. And there is a very special thank you for those who tackled the arduous task of proofing hundreds of pages; namely, Miki and her daughter Patricia, Bill's daughter Lynda Salmon and my "adopted sister" Ruth Dill in Indiana. And then there is the thanks to my wife Verna for bearing with me through all these years. Authorship is a solitary endeavor; with endless hours and days separated from daily life... absorbed in events and people of a former era. Today, as we looked through Kinko's proof copy of this printed and bound *Volume Two*, Verna exclaimed, "Hooray. It's done! I'm so proud of you, Rich. You made it over the finish line!"

A Resource for Years to Come

The combined bound book (with Parts 1, 2, 3, and 4) is to be placed in various libraries for family researchers to find in years to come.

Would that Bill and I could have found such a document about our forefathers and foremothers somewhere among the world's libraries! We gratefully acknowledge that our parents did what they could to hand down brief fragments and images from earlier centuries. Our hope is that this record of the personal life of William H. Salmon will somehow enrich you who are living in the 21st century.

---Co-Author Richard F. Salmon,
Longmont CO, May 2016



Billy (left) and Howie imagining themselves soaring in the sky.

An Airman

To fly! To soar!
Held aloft within the cockpit of a
flying machine.
Motors roaring, then lifting off
into the blue sky.
Traversing land faster than the
wind.
Looking down upon ever
expanding horizons.
And feeling Free.
Free to dream...
Imagining limitless possibilities.
Feeling hope
for change that sets others free.
And finding the love of God,
within the events of each day.
To fly! To soar!
Again and again!

RFS



A veteran of three wars in his USAF 1st Lieutenant uniform, standing beside one of his CAF restorations.

To Fly

From childhood, Bill Salmon imagined himself flying. And fly, he did. He built planes. First there were models like those shown here. Then there were endless planes that actually flew. Rubber band propelled planes. Kites, gasoline engine planes, giant gliders, and eventually remote controlled planes,

After his Dad took him on a plane ride, Bill knew he would one day sit in the pilot's seat. Following high school, the Army Air Corps provided the means. First he became an airplane mechanic. Then a pilot of single engine and dual engine planes. He learned how to be a leader of an eight man crew and then how to fly within an armada of hundreds for hours towards targets a thousand miles away. After eighteen missions, the war in Europe ended.

But that was only the beginning. Coming home at 21 years of age, he signed up for the Air Force Reserve. Failing to get a job with a commercial airline, he enrolled in aviation school and found work repairing the C-54 planes of the 1948-1949 Berlin Airlift. In 1951 Bill was called into active duty flying B-25's throughout the Northeast Command during the Korean Conflict. He continued to stay current as a USAF Reserve pilot, but was not activated during the Vietnam War. Thirty years had gone by and Bill, then 50, retired from military service.

He latched onto a fledgling Virginia squadron of the Commemorative Air Force (originally the CAF or "Confederate Air Force"), a group that was dedicated to the preservation of World War II aircraft. They titled him "Col. Bill Salmon," and he was able to keep flying. He supervised restorations and organizing events like funding projects and the annual dances. He even took part as a re-enactor of Gen. Douglas MacArthur (corncob pipe and all) for several air shows. Persons showed up for his funeral and shared stories of Bill the consummate airman.

He had asked that his cremains be scattered from a CAF plane over the tidelands as a memorial to what he held most dear during his lifetime: TO FLY. TO SOAR. RFS 2016

Reflections of an Ancient Airman

*I am an ancient airman of years flown by,
A relic of a war unknown by the children of today.
I put on my uniform of long ago
And proudly stand before the huge metal bird
That lifted young warriors high in the sky.*

*As vivid memories of long ago
Flood my mind
My emotions are torn asunder.
To climb the stairway to the clouds
Had been a dream, realized, in years past.*

*As a child, I lay in a field of towering wheat,
My eyes riveted on a vintage flying machine
High in the sky,
Slowly, so very slowly
Threading its way among the fluffy clouds
That highlighted the sky of azure blue.*

*I dreamed of being aboard that ancient craft
Made of wood, fabric,
And barrels of dreams.
From that vaulted vantage point,
High above the sun baked earth,
I knew I'd get a better view
Of the glory of Creation.*

*My dream came true, in an unpredictable way.
A war of unthinkable proportions engulfed me.
Proud young men found their way
To man the machines of war.*

*After test upon test, I was accepted
To learn to pilot a metal machine of the sky.
Days turned into weeks and months added up to years.
Finally, I was ready to join the parade
To contribute to the destruction of tyranny.*

*A magnificent new flying machine was given to me
The sky beckoned
The procession of peaceful fluffy clouds
Still continued their journey across the sky.*

*But now, I joined the eager young pilots. . .
We streaked above, around through the clouds.
We fought on a battlefield*

Unimagined by generations of ages past.

*Airborne bombs found and destroyed targets,
Thousands died
Aircrews tumbled from their stricken planes,
Some to fly again,
Others never found in the wilderness below.*

*The contest continued
Finally, after a bomb of enormous power
Destroyed the enemy's will to fight
Peace came.*

*The world settled down to merely,
Selling and buying
Living and loving
Time whirled on.*

*New giant machines of the sky
Were created
And brought the ends of the earth
Ever closer.*

*Slowly, the power of the sword
Gave way to the power of the dollar.
In most parts of the world
Men would rather trade than fight.*

*Here and there, attitudes of force
Still disrupt peace.
Many people hate,
So very slowly
Learning to love.*

*Today, this ancient airman
Looks out upon the very changing glory
Of God's Creation
While perched in a tiny plane
Tucked safely among the fluffy clouds
That still drift serenely across the endless sky.*

*I try to comprehend the struggle
Of the ants, called men
Who swarm all over the earth,
Invisible from my perch in the sky.*

*Some of the tribes of men
Have learned how to live and love in peace,
Others continue to sharpen their swords
And threaten others.*

*Slowly, during this hundred years
That is slipping away,
Men and women the world over
Will bury the weapons of hate and fear.
And confine the relics of past wars
To museums of casual curiosity.*

*No longer will the will of one be forced on the wills of all.
Then real joy will be found in not what you get,
But what you give.*

*As this ancient airman views the parade of events
That has colored my life,
It is clear that the flag of freedom
Must wave proudly throughout the world.*

*And the threat of reprisal
Will deter the greed of tyrants
Wherever they raise its ugly head.*

*Slowly, men will recognize that pursuits of the heart
Lead to love, joy and satisfaction.
At last the sword will be buried forever.*

*During the next century...
What beauty and adventure lie ahead !!
Man now looks to the peaceful skies of the world
To comprehend, just a little more fully,
The glory of Creation
Unfolding, constantly
Everywhere.*

William H. Salmon, September 1, 1995
Wings of the Soul, p.3





Part Two

Working For Others

1946 - 1971





Bill's Botany 500 suit for job interviews and to impress the girls, 1946

Aviation Mechanic's School

1946-1947

1946

Bernardsville

For the first few months after being discharged, I did maintenance work, painting the exterior of the house at 44 Highview. Manual work was providing me a lot of time to think. I was trying to figure out what to do with the rest of my life.

At Basking Ridge Airport I investigated what was needed to get a commercial pilot's license. The GI Bill would pay for my tuition so the schooling would be free. They recognized my military flying time of about 2,000 hours and required some simple tests and a few hours of flying in a Taylorcraft and a Luskim plane. After that they issued a commercial pilot's license that I've kept current until this day.

Aunt Poss and Uncle Walt

That winter, I remember sitting down for long talks at the Forrest's house at 55 Montrose Ave in Rutherford. Aunt Poss (aka: Ethelwyn "Jay" Doig Forrest) was a very lively and intelligent conversationalist and a very good listener. Unlike her sisters, Mother (aka: Carrie Elisabeth Doig) and Haroldine (aka: "Virginia" Doig Bromfield Coute), who were always very serious, Poss had a great sense of humor and could laugh and cry easily. I loved being with her. We talked into the nights about the world overseas and various religious practices I had observed. I shared the trauma and adventures of my time in the service. I was exploring with my aunt and seventeen year old cousin, Jim, my opinions and observations of other peoples and places. Uncle Walt stayed out of the religious discussions but enjoyed the war stories.



Aunt Poss and "Potsie", 1946

I was fascinated by the equipment Walt had in his garage: lathes, milling machine, grinders, etc. He was manufacturing tips for a spray gun that could spray molten metal. A ceramic insert was threaded into the gun handle that could withstand the immense heat (1000° F) of molten metal. He ground the tips, then froze the ceramic and heated the metal handle so that they became differing sizes. Slipping them together, they then cooled to room temperature and returned to normal size, firmly bonded together.

I stayed at their house for a brief time and Walt put me to work making tips to fill his backlog of orders. He had a full-time job as a Purchasing Agent, and found it hard to keep up with the demand of this side business.

I hadn't bought any civilian clothes since high school days and needed to dress for job interviews. Poss helped me pick out a single-breasted Botany 500 suit that was very stylish at the time.

My Bromfield Cousins



Frances, Barbie, Ken and Earle Bromfield Jr

The war over, Earl Bromfield Jr. was discharged from the Navy, and he and Frances left California and settled down with their children, Ken and Barbie, in a little two bedroom apartment at 27 Pine Street in Verona NJ. Having been brought up in the warm climate of Norfolk, Virginia, Frances said she experienced "the worst year of my life" as record snows piled

up in New Jersey, exceeding the terrible blizzard of 1895.

Before the war Earle had attended United Radio & Television Institute in Newark NJ. As a product of his studies, after the war he assembled a small television set from a kit that had a 7½" black & white screen. In 1946, we all went over to their house and crowded into their living room to view firsthand the wonders of this newest invention!



Bendix-2001 (1948) similar to kit built by Earle in 1946

We looked with amazement at the NBC test pattern on the screen and waited for the start of three hours of programming scheduled for that Sunday evening: a newscast, an interview program and a vaudeville show. In 1948 three additional stations began broadcasting in New York City: WATV (PBS), WPIX (Independent) and WJZ-TV (ABC).

Earle Jr., went to work for Westinghouse and later RCA, from which he retired in 1970. Earle started as a TV repairman, making house calls, and later transferred to the RCA Somerville NJ plant where he did testing of new products like semiconductors.



Carol Bromfield & Terry Green, 1946

During the war, my cousin Carol Bromfield carried on correspondence with thirty-five service men as a part of a nationwide morale program from the home front. Among them, a favorite was a handsome and charming, 6 foot 2 inch, blond sailor named Terrance Green. The war

over, Terry came to look up Carol and after a brief courtship they married in the summer of 1946. Not long after-wards he left her and went back into the Navy and she continued working at Walter Kidde Corporation. They divorced in 1949.

Howard Discharged, June 1946

When the war in Europe ended on May 8, 1945, Howard was completing a school in advanced electronics for airplanes in Corpus Christi TX. He graduated and took a leave in June. Returning to duty, he went to Memphis awaiting orders. A week before he was to ship overseas, the war ended in the Pacific so he stayed in Memphis through that Fall.

In January 1946 the Navy shipped Howard to Bermuda where he spent six months assigned to maintain and repair transmitters and handle military messages. I was at home and we heard from him every few days. It was light duty and his group saw a lot of beach and biking time. Howard was discharged June 29, 1946 at Lido Beach.

Returning home, Howard joined me in the upstairs large bedroom we had used before the war. He went to work for Dad in the store about the time I was leaving for Long Island.

There was a family reunion in June when my parents were celebrating their 25th wedding anniversary. The photo [p.99] on the front lawn of 44 Highview pictures Mother and Dad seated at the center with me on the back row, surrounded by all our Salmon and Doig relatives. Many of them I hadn't seen since before the war.

During the Spring, I had applied to a few airlines for a pilot's job but there were no vacancies. The industry was flooded with Air Corps pilots returning to civilian life. While pondering many career ideas, I thought about attending an aviation school to become certified as an airplane mechanic.

Roosevelt Aviation School

I applied in June to Roosevelt Aviation School which offered an A&E License (aircraft and engine). It was located in Mineola, Long Island, ten miles from the home of Uncle Lou Ziegler and Aunt Hilda in Franklin Square. I was accepted and arranged for tuition plus a monthly living stipend to be provided by the government from the GI Bill. I moved into the third floor attic

of their home at 57 Monroe Street and stayed until I finished RAS.

Roosevelt Field had a long and illustrious part in the growth of the aviation industry. The New York State website provides this informative history:

“The level, treeless ‘Hempstead Plains’ was a unique Long Island attraction since colonial days. It was ideally suited for flying fields. Glenn Curtiss made the first flight in his ‘Gold Bug’ there in 1909 – a craft which resembled an ‘enlarged box kite.’

“The original Mineola Field was renamed in World War I to honor President Theodore Roosevelt’s son, Quentin, an aviator who was lost over France.

“Charles A. Lindbergh took off from Roosevelt Field in the ‘Spirit of St. Louis’ on May 20, 1927, and landed 33½ hours later in Paris. Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd, Clarence Chamberlain, Wiley Post, James Doolittle and other aviation pioneers established many notable records during the 1920’s and 1930’s in flights from this busy field.

“With the opening of other airfields following World War II, flying at Roosevelt Field declined and finally ceased in 1951. Five years later the site was transformed into a major suburban shopping and business center.”

Roosevelt Aviation School was located in one corner of the field in a group of old hangars that had been refitted with classrooms on two floors. The main floor had lots of room for tearing apart and rebuilding planes. I attended when there were about 500 enrolled, broken into four groups of 130 each. The goal of each student was to gain repair skills and to pass the A&E License Exam administered by the Federal Aviation Administration.

School was a forty hour per week schedule with little homework and weekends free. Our



Our team built this wing from scratch. That's me, 2nd from left.

classwork included building an airplane wing from scratch, pictured below. We shaped and glued and screwed the ribs and spars out of wood, then covered it with a special cotton fabric, painted it and added the insignia. It made you feel like you were reliving the days of the Wright brothers.

We took apart and rebuilt engines like the Wright R1820, 9 cylinder. We did repairs with metal, cutting the aluminum and fitting and riveting things in place. I realized that my five months in mechanic’s school in Amarillo back in 1943 had been just a start. I was a good student and quickly became a project leader.

1947

The Ziegler Home

After a few months, Jim Forrest also enrolled at Roosevelt and moved in with me at the Ziegler’s. Having the attic free to ourselves, we created a wide workbench that doubled for studying and a place to build model airplanes. Drinking alcoholic beverages had always been forbidden in Mother’s household, however Uncle Lou was a stout, beer-drinking German and no such ban existed in his home.

Richard, then eleven, recalls visiting on an occasion when Jim Forrest and I were in the attic, constructing the stick fuselage of a plane, drinking beer, and trading hilarious stories. As the evening lengthened, so did the plane’s fuselage, until we were gluing the tail section in place. The beer that had made the conversation feel so exciting had apparently also affected our hands, because Richard pointed out that the body of the plane had a 15% curve to one side rather than going straight back. Jim and I held it up to check the lineup, and sure enough it was crooked. So we took the Ex-acto knife and cut the back half apart, laying it aside to redo on a more sober evening.

Uncle Lou was enjoying having two grown nephews in his house. His daughters were mostly grown but his son Jimmy was only twelve. We provided some adult companionship and Lou enjoyed taking us drinking from time to time. On St. Patrick’s Day (March 17th), the three of us took off in Lou’s old 1933 Ford and tried to drink up all the green beer on Hempstead Turnpike from Franklin Square to Floral Park. Luckily we returned home in the wee hours without crashing the car or getting arrested.

I did some things socially with my cousin Barbara Ziegler. She was working in New York City and was available, especially on weekends. There were some neat roller skating rinks near the house and we went there once a week and had fun. I met some nice girls and had a few dates.

My First Car

I picked up an old car, a 1937 four-door, black, Lincoln Zephyr. It was my very first car and it was a monster. It had twelve cylinders. Eight cylinders were considered a big engine, but this had twelve. I got sucked into buying it for a ridiculously low price and it was a headache ever after. Within a few weeks I knew it needed an engine overhaul and didn't have the faintest idea how to do it myself.



Uncle Rod's auto repair shop in Montclair NJ, 1946

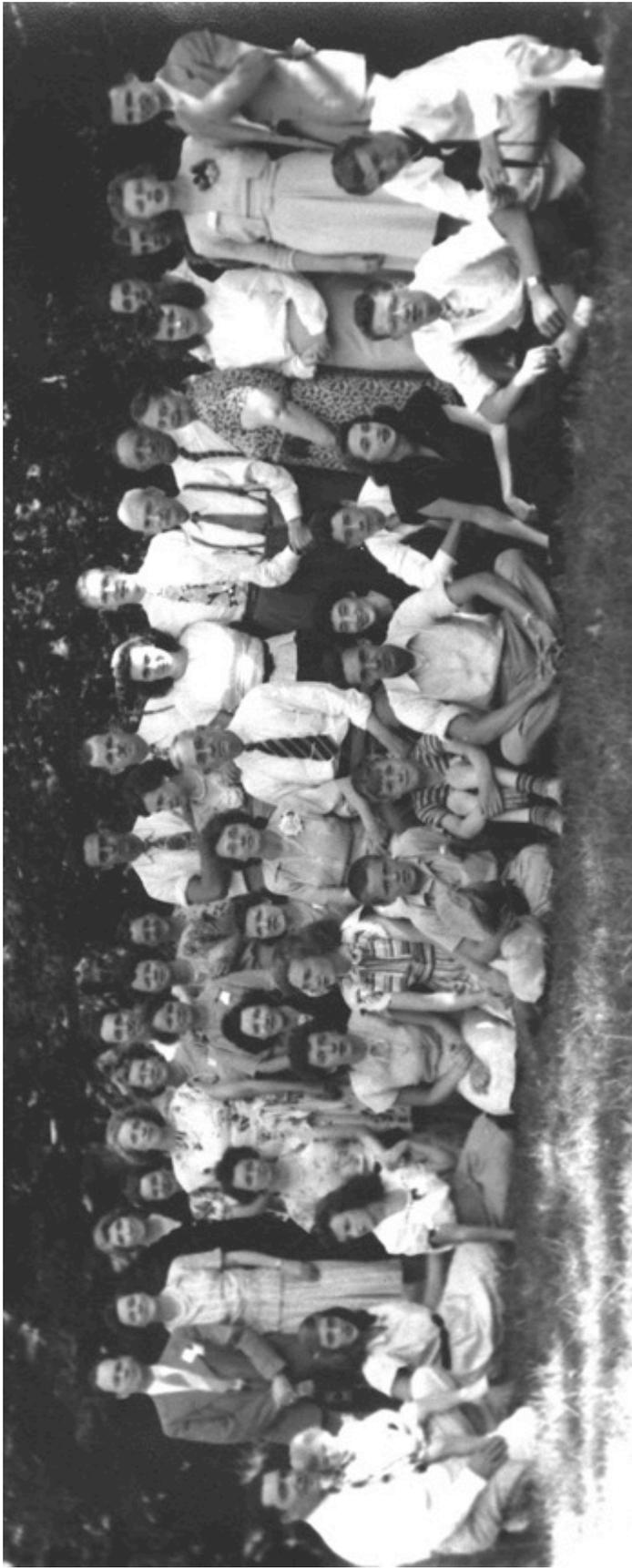
I got in touch with my Uncle Rod Coute, who had a repair shop in Montclair, New Jersey. He agreed to overhaul it for me. Through various arrangements I drove it over there and left it for a month while he completed the work. That pretty well wiped out my savings from the military.



1937 Lincoln Zephyr sedan like mine

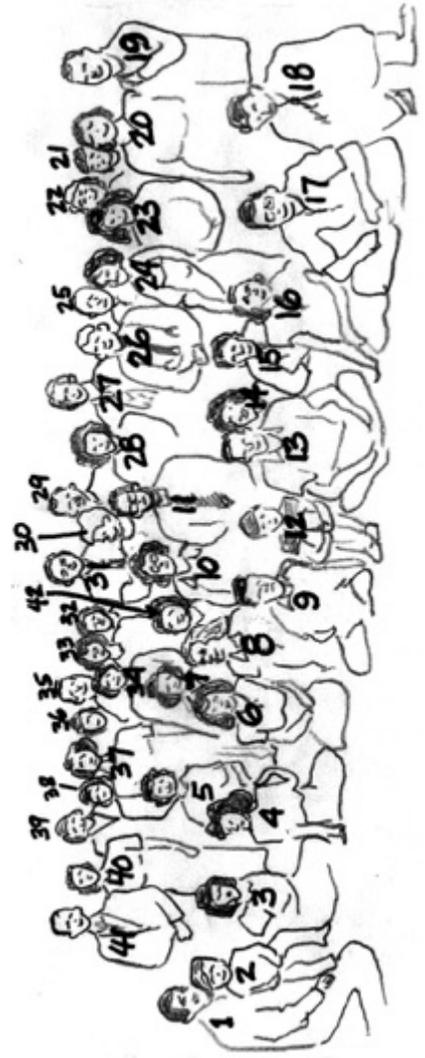
I drove the Zephyr for most of my time at Roosevelt Aviation School. I drove it and nursed it and drove it and nursed it. School was finally over and I graduated in June 1947. After driving it for a month to a job in Connecticut, I sold it and bought a 1937 Oldsmobile convertible.

I found a better job with Lockheed Aircraft in Long Island and rented a room in a converted garage out in Sayville, Long Island that was within five miles of my work. That way I could see Ruth every few days rather than just on weekends.



25th Wedding Anniversary – Horace & Betty Salmon, 1946 (Photo by Gunnar Flodene of Bernardville)

- | | |
|-------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1. Rod Couto | 22. Hazel Essex (m.Chachko) |
| 2. Nancy DeVieger (m.Collins) | 23. Catherine DeVieger (m.Fay) |
| 3. Jean Ziegler (m.Driscoll) | 24. Hilda Salmon Ziegler |
| 4. Joan DeVieger (m.James) | 25. Louis Ziegler |
| 5. Hyacinth Doig | 26. Edward Ziegler (Lou's dad) |
| 6. Barbara Ziegler (m.West) | 27. Terry Green |
| 7. Beryl Doig McGinnity | 28. Carol Bromfield Green |
| 8. Betsy Salmon (m.Garrett) | 29. Walter Forrest |
| 9. Jimmy Ziegler | 30. Hal Doig Bromfield Couto |
| 10. Betty Doig Salmon | 31. Bill Salmon |
| 11. F. Horace Salmon | 32. not known |
| 12. Richard Salmon | 33. Tulip Doig (m.Alfeis) |
| 13. Howard Salmon | 34. Fern Doig Owens |
| 14. Lillian Joyal (m.Drake) | 35. Earl Bromfield Jr |
| 15. Bob McGinnity | 36. Nola Owens (Fern's sis-law) |
| 16. Dorthea Joyal (m.Johnson) | 37. Poss Doig Forrest |
| 17. Jim Forrest | 38. Violet Doig DeVieger |
| 18. not known | 39. Ellie Herd Joyal |
| 19. Stanley Owens | 40. Ern Doig Essex (m.Howard) |
| 20. Carolyn Dobbler Owens | 41. Wm.Claude Doig |
| 21. not known | 42. Betty Riculiff Doig |





Bill Salmon and Ruth Rose engagement picture, 1947

The Courtship of Ruth

1946-1948

1946

When I first went up to enroll at Roosevelt Aviation, I had met a very attractive brunette whose job was to assist ex-servicemen. We chatted about a lot of things and she got me registered.

Not being the bashful type, I decided to just go ahead and say what I was thinking. "Hey, Ruth, why don't we go out?" She looked down, a little embarrassed, and said, "OK, what would you like to do?" There was a track over in Freeport where they raced old jalopies. They raced and they crashed, then fixed them back up and raced some more. It was a lot of fun. We started to attend those races once a week.

For our first date, Ruth told me she lived at 32 Center Street in Williston Park about half way



Ruth Marie Rose, 1947

between Roosevelt Field and Franklin Square. I found her place all right, parked the car in front and went up and banged on the door. Lo and behold, a beautiful blond girl answered the door, and I thought, "Something is wrong." I said, "I was looking for the home of Ruth Rose and it looks like I've got the wrong house." She said, "No you don't. She lives here. She's my sister. My name is Charlotte." I went in, formally met her parents and Ruth and I went out to the races.

From then on I developed a brotherly relationship with Charlotte. Although I initially found her very attractive, I never dated her, and Ruth and I continued with our friendship. Eventually Charlotte married a couple of times and due to her military husbands, lived many places and traveled a lot in those circles.

The romance developed like it does with most. Boy meets girl and girl likes boy and pretty soon they are getting together. I had this old car I was driving so we could get around. Automobiles were in short supply, because passenger cars had not been produced from 1942 through 1945 due to all production being dedicated to war vehicles. After the war nothing was around except old jalopies that needed a lot of work.

I took Ruth to Bernardsville to meet the family. Mrs. Rose insisted that Barbara Ziegler come along as a chaperone. With Howard home from the Navy and Betsy and Richard still in school, the house was suddenly a bit short on beds. Mother put Betsy and Barbara in Richard's attic-like room, Howard and me in our old room, and put Ruth, the honored guest, in Betsy's south room with its double bed and flowered wallpaper. But there was a dilemma: where to put eleven year old Richard? Mother asked Ruth if she'd mind having him and when she agreed, they put some pillows for a bolster in the middle of the bed. Mother had grown up in the days of "bundling" when unrelated persons shared a double bed by having a wood partition placed between them. Ruth laughed afterwards about being initiated into the Salmon family by having to first sleep with the little brother.

1947

As time went on Ruth and I grew more and more in love. Finally, I said, "Ruth, why don't we get married?" Without hesitation, she consented and I said that we needed to get her a ring. Here we were engaged! I was walking on Cloud Nine!

Aunt Poss had a diamond vendor in New York City who provided materials for grinding their carbide-tipped saw blades. We made an appointment to meet him and pick out a ring. It was beautiful with almost a full carat, and I used up most all of my savings to pay for it. She wore it all of her life.

We set a date for our wedding on the 12th of October 1947—Columbus Day. We worked up a list of people to attend and arranged to hold it at the Lutheran Church in Williston Park. Ruth's parents were involved in Christian Science which didn't have ordained clergy, so there was no way to get legally married in that denomination. Since the Lutherans were only a few blocks from the Rose home it seemed the right place and their minister agreed to perform the ceremony.

I got in touch with some of my old army buddies and they showed up in uniform. It was customary in a military wedding for the officers to wear sabers on their belts. I was able to borrow a few for the ushers and me. At the end when it was time for the new couple to depart the church, the ushers made an archway with crossed sabers that we walked under and out the door. Everyone there was impressed. Ruth and I felt proud of having thought up that touch.

Ruth's sister Charlotte was maid-of-honor, my cousin Barbara Ziegler and my sister Betsy were bridesmaids. My brother Howard served as best man and lifelong friend Jimmy Wood was an usher along with several others in uniform. It was a picturesque wedding. Afterwards, we all walked up the street to the American Legion Hall. The food was catered, we had a dance band and a hundred attended.

During the reception, much to everyone's delight, Dad got up and delivered the following speech:

"Mr. Rose has asked me to be Master of Ceremonies and in a weak moment I accepted. With all the array of talented people at this table, I cannot see why I was chosen. I feel like Jack Dempsey when he was asked to make a speech. He said, "I cannot make a speech, but I will fight any man in the room," unquote.

"Well, I don't have what it takes to do the fighting, even though I might pick out the smallest man, which by the way, I did when I was eighteen years old. I put on the gloves with a fellow that only reached as high as my shoulder. We boxed seven rounds when, without warning,



George Henecke, Jim Wood, Betsy Salmon, Howard Salmon, Ruth & Bill, Charlotte Rose, Jim Forrest, Barbara Zeigler, name not known

he landed a hay maker to my left ear that knocked me unconscious. Well, I have been this way ever since.

“When it comes to telling jokes I think Phil Cook, Peter Laurie or Bob Hope could do a better job. I have a nephew, Jim Forrest, who calls me “Uncle Corny.” All my jokes are corn to him. However, I discovered that the only jokes that he considers good are the kind that would make a bartender blush. My wife brings home some good jokes, at times, from the P.T.A. You’d be surprised what these ladies talk about when they get together.

“To get down to why we are assembled here, these two love birds, Bill and Ruth, discovered that they could not live without each other. So therefore, something had to be done about it. Now we have them tied up so they will have to live with each other.

“That is like the story of Adam and Eve in the garden. After Eve had made Adam eat the rotten apple, they got into a violent quarrel. So Adam asked God to take her away, as he couldn’t live with her. So, God put Eve in an adjoining garden.

“As time went on, Adam became very lonesome. Then the serpent came to him and said, ‘You need not be unhappy. Just drink all you can of this cactus juice and I will have the animals perform for you.’ So the monkeys did their acrobatic stunts, the giraffe tied his neck into knots, the birds sang and the elephant played on his trumpet. Adam told corny jokes while the hyenas laughed and the lions roared. The alligators, however, yawned and went back to sleep.

“In spite of all this, Adam was not happy. He kept thinking of Eve...how beautiful she was. The nights got pretty cold in the garden sleeping by himself. Besides, the fig leaves needed laundering, he had to milk the goats and get his own meals.

“So Adam called on the owl for advice. The owl said, ‘Go and ask the wolves. They can help you.’ So he practiced the wolf call, but it didn’t do any good. He finally got sore and filled himself with all the cactus juice that he could hold. He started cussing and cursed so hard that the chameleons changed color, the leopards changed their spots, and the other animals were afraid and ran away. That is, all but the rhinoceros whose hide was too thick. Adam lost his appetite and got sick. There he lay with no one to nurse him. He finally asked God to bring her back to him because he couldn’t get along without her. You see, he couldn’t live with her and he couldn’t live without her.

“Now to our American Beauty Rose, Ruth, the charming bride, I wish all happiness and prosperity. I am looking forward to the time when many little rose buds will adorn her table. Ruth has proven to be one of the best anglers of the season by landing a six foot Salmon weighing 180 pounds.

“Now to our bridegroom, the agile fish, Bill Salmon, who has like his counterpart, the Oregon Salmon, returned to his native waters. Now it is Ruth’s job to keep him here. All happiness and prosperity to you, Bill.

“Now just a few words from the voice of experience. You two are embarking on a great adventure to

have a happy home and children, then to keep it happy. Happiness is a state of mind. It cannot be bought or sold. Plenty of money, fine clothes, luxurious living...none of this makes happiness. Happiness is like a hidden spring within us. It bubbles over. It is always giving without asking anything in return. By making others happy is how we get our happiness.

“Your love is the greatest bond between you. Cherish it. Don’t let sharp words or hasty actions cause any ill feelings between you. After the honeymoon, you will be going through a period of adjustment...trying to shape two lives into one. It won’t be easy at times. Don’t let selfish desires or interests come between you. Selfishness has no place in a happy home.

“Be frank with each other in all of your problems. Bring your thoughts out in the open and discuss things rationally. The result being the best interest of you both. You two are very happy now. But your greatest happiness is still ahead. When that first little cherub sent to you from above, shows its little head, your love will pour out like a fountain to surround her.

“May God bless you both and watch over you. **Dad.**
[October 12, 1947]”

Having said that, Dad sat down to an enthusiastic applause and Mother blinked away the tears. She was proud of her clever husband, and it had dawned on her that at this moment she was in fact losing her firstborn son.

I had a bachelor party for all the guys before the wedding, about October 6th or 10th. We held it in the back room of a restaurant in Williston Park. Those who came were my high school friend Jimmy Wood, my brother Howard, my ushers, Jimmy Forrest and Uncle Lou. Mr. Rose and my Dad were there, so we couldn’t get too risqué. Henry Rose was small in stature, a red-haired Irishman who was loud and loved being the life of the party. He could laugh at a joke and he could tell them endlessly. Henry sat the whole night with one beer in front of him because he was a “teetotaler.” Dad, then 59, sat taking it all in, reminiscing about his World War 1 Army experiences and the time when he married. It was obvious that he was feeling very proud of me.

Our wedding night Ruth and I ended up at a hotel in the Bronx, about an hour’s drive. We enjoyed each other immensely, finally getting some sleep. Next morning we had breakfast in the hotel, packed our car and were off to upper State New York. We stayed a few days in Niagara Falls, drove around the Canadian side, and then went on to visit Toronto. I had flown in there before so knew the area.

Our honeymoon came to an end as we both had to get back to our responsibilities. Ruth had her job at Roosevelt Aviation School and I had my job at Lockheed.

We had found an apartment in Sayville close to my work, even though it meant that Ruth had a long commute. We were looking into buying or renting a house that would be more suitable.

At Thanksgiving, we drove over to Bernardsville, a two hour drive. We had several days off in a row, so we went on Wednesday evening planning to return on Sunday. After getting there, snow started falling and kept up for two more days. Unfortunately my old 1937 Oldsmobile didn't have good tires. On Saturday we went to the auto supply in Bernardsville and bought a set of chains for the drive home as I had to be to work on Monday morning. The two hour drive took some ten hours with unplowed roads and loaded with cars, many abandoned on the sides of the highway. Despite the exhausting trip, I did get to work on time.

1948

To reduce living costs we located an eighteen foot Superior house trailer that we could put on a lot to live in. We paid \$1,950, spread out into monthly payments. It had a combination living room, kitchen, bedroom all rolled into one. We rented a lot in Bay Shore next to the home of George and "Bud" Downs and their nine year old son Allen. We connected to their water and electricity and used their

bathroom. The trailer was heated by LP gas, snug as a bug, and we kept warm despite a snowy winter.



Eighteen foot Superior house trailer purchased for \$1,950

We decided that it was time for Ruth to give up her job and the commute and I proudly assumed my role as the sole bread-winner. I went off to work about 4:00pm each day and left Ruth in the trailer until I got off at 12:30am. I was off during the daytime and Ruth and I were about town. That summer, we dug clams at the beach and brought them home to eat. We played cards with the Downs and other neighbors once a week and developed some lifelong friends. Bridge, fortunately, wasn't too complicated and we got pretty good at it.



Our honeymoon included Niagara Falls. Here is the Maid of the Mist excursion boat.

WHY DO I LOVE THEE

Many, many years ago—it seems like yesterday,
A ray of sunlight caught my eye,
Of course it wasn't the sun—it was your smile.
Like magic, it warmed my heart,
And with a welcomed sigh,
I knew God meant you for me.

And so, I courted you.
Words came easy when love was new.
A touch of your hand—the sight of you,
Brought peace to my restless heart.

With much ado—
Brushing aside the blessings and misgivings of all,
I gave you a ring—one Easter morn.
A promise to love, cherish and provide,
Come what may.

We said our I do's,
While the chimes of heaven were singing in my head,
The sparkle of your ring matched the sunlight of your smile.
I knew God's blessing was here,

So, hand in hand—
We began the journey from sense to Soul.
Blessed with the sunshine of your smile and the tenderness of your body next to mine,
We tried to follow the direction from above.

God endowed us with five of his own,
Four to tarry—one to pause—to bring a moment of joy,
Then to continue life's journey on another road,
Tears, anguish and questions—still unanswered, crowd the mind—why?
The storm clouds of doubt clouded your smile,
But gradually the torrents of tears subsided and the sun seeped through,
A rainbow of promise—that love never fails,

Life's road has taken us in many directions—
Always your support, love and guidance have given me the perseverance to go on.
And your smile a beacon to come home to.

As we enter the autumn of our earthly stay—
I love you more than you'll ever know.
Everything good you stand for—this has shown me in countless ways, the pathway to
heaven's door.
And may God's touch continue to show me and the world that love is real, through the
sweetness of your smile,

To Ruth. Valentine's Day 1983. Bill





Boeing C-54 "Skymaster" like the ones we renovated in Long Island during the Berlin Airlift

Chapter Fourteen

Lockheed Aircraft Service

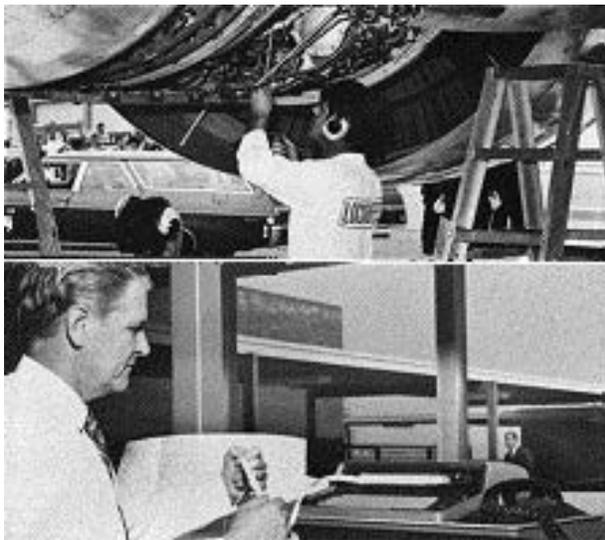
1947-1948

1947

I was looking for my first job as an aircraft mechanic and landed a job with a firm in Windsor Locks, Connecticut. Naturally I had to live there in order to keep it. However, I decided to commute to Uncle Lou's house each weekend so I could see Ruth, and did it with the old Lincoln as my transportation.

Lockheed Aircraft Service International

In August, I got a job with Lockheed Aircraft Service International at MacArthur Airport in Suffolk County, Long Island. We took in airplanes from various commercial and private companies for major overhauls and/or routine maintenance.



Lockheed provided routine maintenance or complete overhauls

I moved into a rented room in Sayville, about five miles from work, and was living there in October when I married Ruth. After the wedding, Ruth and I moved into a little apartment in Sayville that had formerly been a one-room schoolhouse. She had a bit of a drive into work at Roosevelt Field.

These were our honeymoon years. Even though we had seen a lot of each other while courting, now we were together day and night. It

was a sweet time of doing things together and learning about our partner.

1948

In 1948, Lockheed moved from MacArthur Field to Idlewild Airport in Queens, today's JFK International Airport. We were working around the clock, refurbishing C-54s to send to Germany for the new Airlift into Berlin. I was a part of the first three months of that contract that went on for a year. It was a long commute, as Ruth and I had moved into the trailer in Bay Shore next door to the Downs.

Berlin Airlift – Jun 1948 to Sep 1949

Following the Nazi's surrender in 1945, Russia occupied Eastern Germany while France, Britain and the USA occupied the west. Berlin in the east was declared an international city but was entirely surrounded by Russian territory. In 1948, Russia seized control of the flood of Germans migrating to the west by building guarded walls and fences down the entire border separating Eastern and Western Germany. On June 18, 1948 the allies announced a new DM currency as a first step towards forming a West German government, despite strong protest from the Russians.



Berlin Airlift: C-47s unloading at Templehof AFB Berlin, June 1948

To keep the old German currency from entering their zone where it was still valid, the Russians banned all travel to and from the

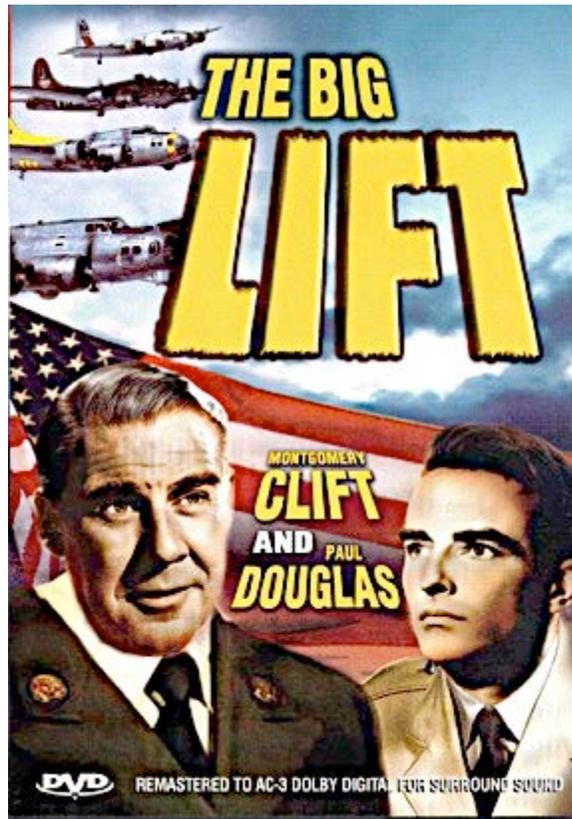
eastern zone. This cut off the land routes from Western Germany to Berlin. The USA, France and Britain responded by setting up an airlift. An armada of US and British aircraft were rounded up to get supplies and people in and out. Lockheed landed a huge contract to recondition C-54s for the task and we worked on it day and night starting in June and were still involved with it when I left in August.

The economy of the beleaguered city would need 4,000 tons of supplies daily, mostly food and coal. The first day, June 26, 1948, 32 flights of C-47 "Skytrains" carried eighty tons from Wiesbaden AFB to Templehof AFB in Berlin. They needed five times that quantity.

Within weeks they got up to full strength with 102 C-47s in the air. Two groups of aircraft flew in four-hour blocks around the clock. While one group was being loaded and serviced, the other was in the air. Over the 264 mile route, 32 aircraft were in the air simultaneously. At Templehof, a plane was taking off or landing every 90 seconds.

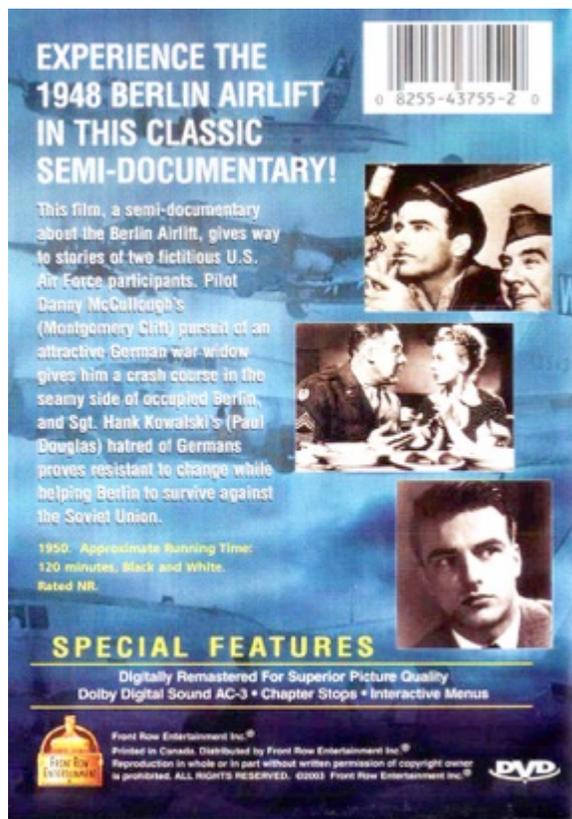
Since the C-47 could only carry 2.5 tons per flight, by August, they had been replaced by our C-54 "Skymasters" that could carry 10 tons. That ended my part in this historic event, but not the end of the Airlift.

of Western Germany. The last flight of the Airlift took place on September 30, 1949.



C-54 "Skymaster" landing at Templehof Airfield, Berlin, Aug 1948

At first the Russians had thought the Allies would fail, so offered no resistance. Later on they stayed out of the way lest they incite warfare. By April 1949 with 225 C-54s involved and planes landing every minute, the Airlift provided 12,940 tons. The Russian effort to capture Berlin had failed and they finally lifted the blockade on May 10, 1949 by opening a single walled highway from Berlin to the border



Hollywood Movie on the Berlin Airlift

The Big Lift stars Montgomery Clift as Flight Engineer Danny McCullough who falls in love with an attractive German war widow, and Paul Douglas as Sgt. Hank Kowalski who hates the Germans. The plot includes a look at Russian intelligence in Berlin, the desperate poverty of everyday civilians, and the struggles that military men face with a foreign love affair.

Much of it was shot in 1948 during the actual airlift, and the sound track picks up the loud background noise of the airfields and airborne planes. This is rather distracting for those of us accustomed to carefully controlled Hollywood studio recordings, but that adds a touch of reality to the documentary film. The path of a C-54 flying into Templehof on a foggy night, guided by a rudimentary radar system, provides a terribly stressful episode, giving us an idea of what the airlift was actually like.

120 minutes in black and white, the 2003 remastered DVD from Front Row Entertainment, Inc is a very special film for persons like me who were so closely tied to the historical event. Note the designer's error on the DVD cover where four B-17s are pictured rather than C-54s. The back cover also mistakenly calls the Montgomery Clift character a "pilot" when he is actually portrayed as a Flight Engineer assisting the pilots. The jacket may be imperfect, but the film is technically quite accurate. If you can't find a local copy of the film to rent, try searching for one to buy at <http://www.amazon.com>.

During the summer of 1948, my job at Lockheed was to keep them flying.

1948 Back in New Jersey

Meanwhile, back in New Jersey, my sister Betsy graduated from Bernards High School in June 1948 and that Fall, was a freshman at Lycoming College in Williamsport PA. In June, Richard graduated from Grammar School as salutatorian of his class.

In February 1948, Dad turned 60 and he and Mother decided it was time to take time away from the business and go on a vacation to Florida. They drove their brand new 1948 Pontiac sedan and invited Hilda and Lou along plus Richard. Dad bought a Kodak folding

camera as well as a Bell & Howell 8mm movie camera and projector. He turned them over to Richard and asked him to become the family photographer. Later, that Fall, they opened a very modern store in a new shopping center in Boonton.



In Florida: Richard feeding the gulls; Mom and Dad relaxing





How many million times today?

More than 50 million times today
 and telephone users reach
 answer calls
 you count on your
 hook. And it does.
 Bell telephone people
 giving good service—

and because Western Electric people
 have always made good telephones,
 switchboards and cables.
 Ever since 1887, Western Electric has
 been the manufacturing arm of the Bell
 System—helping to make your tele-
 phone service the best in the world.



DISTRIBUTOR

of Bell telephone equip-
 ment and accessories.



INSTALLER

of Bell telephone equip-
 ment and accessories.



Western Electric

A UNIT OF THE BELL SYSTEM SINCE 1887

1941 Western Electric Telephone

A magazine ad from 1948: This dial telephone and automatic switching equipment was replacing the "number please" phones and "live operator" plug boards of former years

The Telephone Company

1948-1951 (Korean Conflict) and 1953-1958

1948

The brother of my mother-in-law (Irene Rose), Mr. George Henecke, had a substantial position with the New York Telephone Company. In the summer of 1948, he said, "Bill, why don't you quit this aviation business and I'll get you a job with the phone company where you will make better money and start a whole new career." So, I resigned from Lockheed and started with the phone company.

A massive change in technology was underway as the dial telephone with automatic switching was replacing the "number please" phone that required "live" operators at local switchboards to manually plug in all calls. Hundreds of technicians were hired in New York alone to carry out this historic upgrade.

The Long Island Railroad provided an hour's ride from Bay Shore into Manhattan. I could read or sleep each way which was much better than going to Idlewild.

Originally, I reported to their school at 140 West Street in Manhattan where we were taught to be telephone mechanics. During that month I learned how phones worked and ways to repair them. I was assigned to Washington Heights and worked in all sorts of houses installing and repairing. I also worked down in Harlem for a bit.



NYTC School, 140 West St

It was quite challenging to have to connect phones in a fifth floor apartment to a line on a pole in the back alley. Every day we took along two reconstructed telephones (as they didn't have any new post-war phones yet), a set of directories and a heavy tool box. There

were no elevators, so I had to drag all this stuff up five flights. By the time I got to the top, I was numb from the climb.

The people would decide where they wanted the phone and I opened a back window overlooking the alley, and looked down to the courtyard where the connection had to be. You first set up a connection upstairs, then threw the coil of wire down into the courtyard and went there to connect it into the box. Sometimes, people got upset when the wire hit them or just missed them as you often couldn't see exactly where you were throwing it. People were annoyed but never hurt.

We pulled the wire up tight against the outer walls and put fasteners to hold it tight. After getting the wire inside the utility box, we connected to the assigned numbers so it would work properly. Back up in the apartment, I ran wire around the moldings and through partitions to get to the desired point in the proper room. There were no electric drills in those days, so, of course, I did all this with hand drills. The Phone Company issued good tools, so we didn't have to buy our own.

When we ran into some special architectural problem, we left and reported to our lead man and together figured how to re-route things. We'd come back another day to finish it up.

1949

We sold the trailer and accepted a bedroom offered by Ruth's parents in Williston Park. My commute got shorter as all I had to do was drive to the station in Jamaica and ride a subway into the job.

The following year, the telephone company transferred me to their Central Office for a cross-training program. This included experience in as many departments of the company as possible. For example, I was sent to the Plant Department which was involved in equipping and maintaining the outside wiring of all the telephone systems.

The Central Office is where all the calls came into and was very complicated. I went back to 140 West Street and learned central op-

erations. Three months of training included blueprints that covered the office walls.

I then went to the Commercial Department, and learned how to sign up customers, writing orders for their needs whether a complete switchboard or a single phone. The goal was to upgrade the customer. Of the three, this department was the most enjoyable.



NYTC Central, 104 Broad St

A firm would call who had a single phone and needed phones for all his employees and a switchboard. I wrote him up for all the equipment, whether multiple button phone sets, or whatever. Sales work seemed to fit my personality well. I stayed in the Commercial Department for about a year.

I had a very loose relationship with the Air

Force Reserve, and whenever I could leave work early, would go out to Floyd Bennett Field or Mitchell Field and fly airplanes for a couple of hours. On weekends I attended meetings that kept my flight status current. We had T-6s and C-47s. On Saturdays, we'd fly for half or three-quarters of a day around the East Coast to get in our required air time.

On June 18, 1949, Howard married Lorraine Fecher of Maplewood NJ. At first they lived with her parents and Howard commuted to the store in Bernardsville. A year later they bought a home near Basking Ridge on Madisonville Rd.



Horace, Betsy, Lorraine, Howard, Betty, Bill, Richard, 1949

1950

When I was working in Manhattan I visited the New York City Library on 5th Avenue where they had a huge family history section. I loved reading about past generations and researching information about our family. I felt, even then, how helpful it could be if I could write my history for a future generation, so they could read and learn about the times and events of my generation.

Lynda Gail Salmon

Lynda Gail was born November 5, 1950. Ruth and I were living with the Roses and she was born in Rosalyn Heights Hospital. I was keeping in touch with her several times daily by phone.



We rented a room from the Roses and refitted a closet for baby Lynda

One day I got a call about noon that birth was imminent and told the boss I had to go. I packed up and got home two hours later and found that Ruth was already at the hospital. I remember seeing Lynda in the nursery as the nurse held her up for Dad's inspection. Ruth recovered rapidly and came home several days later to our rented room at the Rose's house in Williston Park.

I took over a room upstairs that was no more than a large closet and fixed it up as a little bedroom for Lynda. I papered the walls and painted the trim. We bought a second hand crib and bathinette and made it very pretty for Ruth to care for the baby.

On November 18, 1950 Barbara Ziegler married Ed West in Franklin Square. Ruth was just getting home and unable to attend. Ten weeks after Lynda's birth, Howard and Lorraine delivered their first born, Nancy Salmon, in Maplewood NJ.

1951-1953

From the Spring of 1951 to early 1953, I was called into active duty in the US Air Force due to the Korean Conflict. I served for 21 months. As with all employers, the Telephone Company was required to place me on leave and guarantee I'd have my job back after serving.

To start with I was recalled to active duty at Stuart Field in Newburgh, New York. Unfortunately I never met the model posing for this USAF recruiting poster, but I did fly the plane.



Go to Korean War experiences in Chapter 16.

1953-1958

After the Korean War, I returned to the Commercial Department, commuting into the City each day. Those two years back in the service had piqued my determination to get on with a civilian career. I knew that even if I stayed in the Reserve I wasn't going to ever make a lifetime career of the military. I had found out that I didn't want to put energy into climbing that ladder to Captain, Major, Colonel, etc.



NY Telephone Company Plant Dept cabling room

Hofstra University

From the start, I knew that if I wanted to get ahead in the Telephone Company, it was imperative that I get a college degree in Business Administration. I had the GI Bill to pay tuition, so in 1953 I enrolled at *Hofstra College* across the street from Mitchell Field in Hempstead, about five miles down the road from the house.



I worked at the phone company during the days, got excused an hour early, and traveled out to the college for classes that started about 6:30 in the evenings. I went light on supper or grabbed a hamburger and got there on time.

I went two nights a week, Tuesdays and Thursdays, and had a lot of homework. I started with general courses like English and History. I later switched to business courses that I thoroughly enjoyed and could use in my work. I didn't neglect my interest in aviation and continued to fly as a Reserve pilot out of Floyd Bennett Field a few times each month. In fact, I continued in the Reserve into the years of the Vietnam War.

I continued college part time for five years, completing about half the courses needed for a Bachelors degree. As time went on, I became less and less interested in a lifetime career with the phone company, so stopped attending classes.



I attended Hofstra part time for five years



Flying the B-25 was the most exciting thing that I did during that engagement. It was an airplane that cruised at about 225 mph where the old C-47 would chug along at 150 or 160. The airplanes were stripped down, there were no guns on them and the armor plate had been taken off so they were very light weight.

USAF-Korean Conflict

1950-1953



1950

June 25th 1950, a massive invasion force from Communist North Korea rolled into South Korea and within a month Red troops had occupied most of the peninsula. President Truman, backed by the U.N. Security Council, ordered American GIs to the battlefield. On July 1st Major Gen. William F. Dean landed in Pusan with an advance battalion of the 24th Infantry Division. The United States Air Force (USAF) was called in for air cover.

1951

Newburg NY

In the Spring of 1951 I was recalled to active duty and assigned to Stuart Field in Newburgh NY. Besides being a pilot, I was also a qualified aircraft maintenance officer due to my experience as a Lockheed mechanic. We found a basement apartment in a farmhouse with a family named Littman. Ruth was at home with baby Lynda and I got there most every night. Once again I was drawing a paycheck from Uncle Sam. I was making enough money that we didn't have any financial sweat.

Home was about three miles from the field. I supervised a group of mechanics and did routine test flights. I had a variety of tasks assigned to me. We had a fleet of B-25s, a high performance, fast plane and I quickly got myself checked out. I went on some trips and thoroughly enjoyed that plane.

Occasionally I was called on for a cross country trip in a C-47. Our headquarters for defense in the United States during the Korean War was in Colorado Springs. Several

times during that summer, I flew some executives out there for training or rotation, taking along equipment. I sent picture post cards home with photos of the beautiful mountains.

My crew was only three: pilot, co-pilot and flight engineer. It was not necessary to have a navigator because the trips were simple. There were no oceans to cross and we had plenty of landmarks. Unless the weather was bad and we were flying on instruments, I did OK, as the pilot was strictly responsible for navigation. So, it was only occasionally that I called on the other two for directions. We usually flew at 12,000 to 15,000 feet. The cabins were not pressurized, so if we flew higher, we wore oxygen masks and inhaled pure oxygen. At lower altitudes we didn't need that.

Korea was a mountainous land and despite bombing support from the Air Force, it was a ground war. B-29s, like the one pictured here, made daily raids on North Vietnamese military targets and fighters gave air support to troops on the ground.



Despite B-29 bombings, Korea was primarily a ground war



United Nations forces pushed slowly north, driving the North Koreans and Communist Chinese out of South Korea.

It was a long, slow conflict and the addition of a half million troops from neighboring Communist China, made the task overwhelming.

Betsy Married Cecil Garrett

Betsy had decided to marry Sgt. Cecil Garrett and preparations were underway in Bernardsville when I wrote to Dad on June 12th. It was ten days before Dad's 30th wedding anniversary. It says a lot about how I saw this transition:

"Dear Dad, How's the Father of the Bride making out? I'll bet you're more nervous than Betsy, if the truth were known. I know you two will make a handsome couple as you escort her down the aisle...Don't feel as if you are now the forgotten one, because your children have married and left home. Know that in each of their hearts there will always be fondness and love for their Dad. Love to you, Dad."

...Bill



Betty Salmon, Betsy & Cecil Garrett, Horace Salmon, 1951

On June 16, 1951, Betsy and Cecil were married in Mendham NJ. He was stationed at Fort Bliss in El Paso TX. The ceremony was held beside the lake on the estate of Clinton Davidson. The minister of the Little Church in the Wildwood (a Church of Christ), Clinton Rutherford, officiated. With a hundred and fifty in attendance, it was the biggest event in the Salmon family.

The reception took place on the veranda of the mansion of Camp Shiloh and I was the MC for the reception. Attendants included my brothers, Cecil's brother Dewitt Garret, Betsy's best friend Jean Ferry McCreedy, Lorraine Salmon and Jean Ziegler.

First cousin Carol Bromfield married George Ashby Graham in East Orange NJ on October 13, 1951. At 30 years of age, George was employed by Josethal & Company in New York City in the Purchasing and Sales Department. At that time Carol was employed with the Murphy Paint Co.



Carol & George Graham

Jim Forrest Gets a Ride

Jim Forrest had served in Yugoslavia with the U.S. Army and came back to the States in the Fall of 1951. Since childhood we had both been very interested in airplanes. He decided against being discharged, so he took a leave and came up to Stuart Field to visit with me for a bit.

I said, "We gotta get you a ride in one of these C-47's." So, I went down and checked one out and put him on the manifest as copilot, which wasn't exactly legal because he wasn't



Jim Forrest, age 23, 1951

qualified at all. But anyway, I did it. We went up and flew around and made a couple of landings in some different fields in the area. We landed in Morristown, a civilian airfield, and it was very small but our C-47 made it in and out OK. Afterwards, my commander changed Jim's name on the manifest to someone more appropriate. It always helps to have someone looking out for you. Our little trip was quite enjoyable and Jim enjoyed it. Little did either of us know at that moment that both of us would lose our dads during the next twelve months.

Eastern Air Force Defense Command

I was assigned to the Eastern Air Force Defense Command near Stuart Field. It was the headquarters staff for all the personnel that supervised the defense of the east coast of the United States. These were ranking officers all the way up to General, with all kinds of duties. To get their flying time in, they came down to Stuart Field and I flew with them repeatedly.

Flying the B-25 was the most exciting thing. It cruised at about 225 mph where the old C-47 would chug along at 150 or 160. The airplanes were stripped down. There were no guns on them and the armor plate had been taken off so they were very lightweight. They had a bomb bay that we used for storing baggage and things like that.

There were different times when I was flying a C-47 when we had an engine fail and had to operate on one engine to continue the journey and/or get it down safely. One time I took pictures of the engine that had thrown a cylinder.

We lived about 20 miles from the West Point Military Academy, so Ruth and Lynda and I went down for parades. Since I was an officer on active duty, instructors from the Point came up to Stuart Field for my assistance with flight training. As a result, I developed some interesting relationships.

Dad's Death

Horace Salmon died on December 3, 1951 of a heart attack. He was only 63. Little did we know at Betsy's wedding, six months earlier, that he would be gone so soon. He had been a chain-smoker since his childhood in Antigua where they grew tobacco on their estate. He did little cardiovascular exercise and had ignored being overweight for years.

Taking emergency leave, Ruth and I left Lynda with her grandparents in Long Island and went to Bernardsville for the funeral. A big decision faced the family: how to carry on the business



F. Horace Salmon died in 1951

without Dad. At that time the business had grown to four stores:

Bernardsville, Peapack, Denville, and Boonton.

Mother was 56 years old and a capable business woman who had shared the store business with Dad

throughout its sixteen years. However, despite her excellent ability with customers and employees, she was not a buyer and felt she was not strong enough to do it alone. I was a mechanic and not very suited for retail sales. Betsy had just married and moved to El Paso with her army husband and Richard was still in high school. Howard, on the other hand, had been active in the stores for several years, so sharing the management with Mother fell into his hands. He and Lorraine were living in a house they had purchased on Madisonville Road.

I felt very sad. Our father had worked so long to get those stores started. Now that they were finally getting along by themselves, he and Mother had hoped to travel. The home had been renovated and plans for a new garage underway. He was taken out of it so quickly. It was such a shock and disappointment.

During the funeral week, Mother said that we all needed to be strong and show we were good Christians by not breaking down. So, we went through the motions, greeting people cheerily and not shedding a tear.

Following the funeral Ruth said, "My God, this family is strange! The father and husband has just died and no one is grieving." She was the only one that wept. We kept a proper British upper lip. My brother Richard said he didn't shed a tear over his loss until he was in college a year later. In fact, he said it happened at Harding on the day he got news of the death of Uncle Walt.

1952

Niagara Falls Air Force Base

I had been called up during the Spring of 1951 and stayed in for a twenty-one month tour. In the Spring of 1952 I was transferred to the Niagara Falls Air Force Base where I spent nine months as a Transportation Officer.

I had twenty to thirty mechanics under my supervision involved in everything from routine maintenance to major overhauls of aircraft. While I did some of the test piloting, I had others who took the planes up to be sure repairs were completed correctly. Needless to say, this was a dangerous side to the repair business, as more than one test pilot was known to have taken a plane into the ground due to equipment failure. I always checked the ship out carefully before taking one up. Having been a repairman myself for ten years, I knew better than most what to look for. I had one of the engines fail from time to time, but never had any major failure or crash landing.

Northern New York State was an interesting place to live with the finger lakes nearby, the awesome Falls and the Canadian line just a half hour north. Ruth and I took Lynda and drove across the border for the Toronto World's Fair. While the summer was very pleasant, the winter snows were awesome. Few places in America regularly log in the annual snowfall in that region.

The "H" Bomb – November 1952

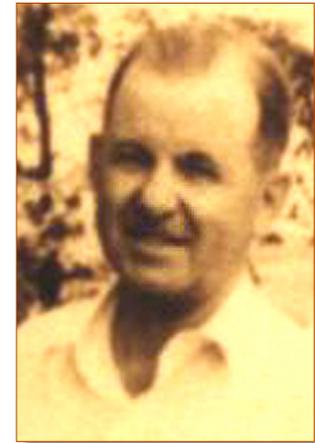
"On November 1, 1952, while scientists peered through special smoked glasses on ships and planes 50 miles away, the largest explosion ever created by man obliterated an entire island (Bikini Atoll) and confirmed that now man had a weapon for which there was no defense. The heat at the center of this hydrogen bomb was at least five times as great as that at the interior of the sun. If it had been detonated over Manhattan, its fireball would have extended almost four miles and gouged a crater so large that the Hudson and East Rivers would have come together across midtown" [*This Fabulous Century—1950-1960*, New York: Time-Life Books, p.30]. Three years earlier the Russians had exploded their first atomic bomb and the spread of Communism seemed unstoppable.

The race to build atomic bombs cast a pall of fear across the civilized world. By 1950, Americans had begun building bomb shelters in their yards. Schools and businesses staged regular air raid drills. While the "H" bomb meant that America could match the much larger Soviet armed forces, the standoff of the world's two super powers had begun a Cold War that would continue another thirty years. One of our neighbors built a bomb shelter in the back yard.

Uncle Walt died, September 1952

September 28, 1952, I got word that Walter Forrest had died at 52 years of age. Ruth and Lynda and I went to Rutherford NJ for the funeral. It was such a shock as he was so young. The tall mustached Scotsman from Denver had fallen. Our family had lost another of its heroes.

Walt had always been a role model for me due to his entrepreneurial undertakings and zest for life. He and Poss had gone to Panama in their 20's to "make their fortune" by carving a coffee plantation out of the jungle. Ruined by the Great Depression they re-



Walter Forrest (1900-1952)

turned to New Jersey, broke but not dismayed.

Walt went to work for others, but true to his Scotch heritage, was always saving and always had some enterprise going on the side. When he and Possie founded the saw blade business, they finally realized a long-lasting success. Possie and Jim had to carry on.

Little brother Richard avoided the draft because of his 4-D classification ("Necessary Civilian Personnel") He was a ministerial student at Harding College in Arkansas when he turned 18 and was exempted along with farmers and firemen. Cecil had just finished his tour in the Army and he and Betsy were also at Harding that Fall. Their firstborn, Robbie Garrett, was born September 3, 1952.



Newburg 1951: Lynda's first birthday



Our Niagara Falls Air Force Base housing, 1952



Lynda Salmon at 21 months

1953

President Eisenhower Ends the War

Newly elected President Dwight D. Eisenhower, brought an end to the Korean Conflict in early 1953. Visiting Korea in December 1952, Ike met with U.N. armed forces brass and South Korean diplomats and began forging an agreement with the North Koreans for both sides to draw back behind an armed region on the 38th parallel.

I never saw combat during the Korean Conflict. The defense of the Eastern portion of the USA was an uneventful yet very necessary duty. Some of the mechanics I supervised went to the front as well as many of the airmen whom I assisted for periodic flight checkout. From time to time I got the sad news of one of them dying in action.

A television sitcom, supposedly based on the Korean Conflict, ran for eleven years during the 1970s. One of the most successful series of all time. **M*A*S*H**, named for the 4077th Mobile Army Surgical Hospital, entertained viewers with sophisticated and often black humor. It was created at a time when America was embroiled in Vietnam in yet another war against Communism. The show is actually more of a commentary on the twisted attitudes of the U.S. military in Vietnam than on the 1950's situation in Korea.

Thanks to cable TV reruns, this may be the only connection that today's young people have with the war we fought in that land.

Sadly, while the U.N. and Americans were fighting Communism in Korea, the French had begun fighting to keep the communist North Vietnamese out of South Vietnam. Eventually the French withdrew and during the 1960s, America was drawn into that civil war.

In March 1953, the Koreans and communist Chinese agreed to a cease fire and an exchange of prisoners. Within weeks, GIs were being discharged and I returned to civilian life.



Allan Alda and the cast of the TV show **M*A*S*H** based on the 1950-1953 Korean War



Family gathering in backyard at 13 Derby Road, 1963. Richard, Bill and Mother

Our First House

1953-1958

1953

While in Niagara Falls NY, Ruth and I decided to buy a house down in Long Island to move into when I got out. There was a new development going up in Hicksville called Allied Homes that replicated the houses in nearby Levittown.

Levittown NY, a New Housing Concept

Levittown had started in 1947 in Nassau County, Long Island, selling mass-produced homes for \$7,990. The service men and women



returning from World War II, needed housing for their newly formed families. Dubbed the “Baby Boomers,” they used the veteran lending program (VHA) and gobbled up these ready-to-go homes. A fully functioning city that up-to-that-time would have required decades, sprang up in just a few years.

William Levitt’s picture appeared on the cover of *Time Magazine* on July 3, 1950 along with articles featuring the post-war building craze. Levitt liked to compare himself to



William Levitt, July 3, 1950

General Motors: “We channel labor and materials to a stationary outdoor assembly line instead of bringing them together inside a factory.” He utilized automation everywhere possible, very likely including the newly invented Duo-Fast air-powered stapler that I later sold.

Building a Home in Hicksville

The Allied homes in Hicksville were bungalows with two bedrooms, a basement, living room, dining room, kitchen, and of course, a nice big attic and we signed up for one. We paid \$11,000 which was very cheap. We were able to get a low-interest mortgage through the Veterans Housing Administration. By today’s standard, that was an unheard of bargain. That same house today, on resale, would bring \$420,000 (Trulia, APR 2016).

We had ordered one to be built, and I was at the Niagara Falls Air Force Base. Occasionally, when I got curious about how construction was going, I was able to arrange an airplane that I could fly down to Mitchell Field, land, thumb a ride over to the construction site and see what was going on. I did that several times.



The house was finished and available for us to move right into when I finally got released from active duty. Hicksville was located right in the center of Nassau County.

I went right back to work with the telephone company in the Commercial Department in Manhattan. It was an hour's commute by train each day from 13 Derby Road into the City.



Proud owners of a new home & mortgage at 13 Derby Road

1954

Wendy June Salmon

In January 1954, Ruth found she was pregnant. Lynda was growing up and doing well and we got really excited about this prospective arrival. The baby was due in June, so, if a girl, Wendy June Salmon was to be her name. She finally arrived June 18th without incident but when we got her home, she was continually unhealthy and this went on for a couple of weeks. Our practitioner was very supportive and we maintained a positive attitude in the face of a child that cried day and night. After four weeks, on July 11th, she died without warning. This broke our hearts.

Towards the end we called on the doctor that had helped with the birth. We took her back to see this guy once or twice and then just suddenly, quickly, one thing led to another and she was dead. Perhaps, today it would be called "crib death." We were in shock.



The grave of Wendy Salmon is in Long Island National Cemetery, Farmingdale NY, Plot D 1428

Henry and Irene Rose and the people in our church had been praying for Wendy. It was a terrible sadness to all of us when she didn't make it. We kept wondering what we should have done differently. Where had we gone wrong?

We buried her little body on July 14th in Plot No. D1428 at the Long Island National Cemetery Farmingdale NY. It is a military cemetery and something I was entitled to as a veteran. I have a plot out there waiting for me.

Christian Science

I had become very involved with Christian Science while living with the Roses before the Korean War. The Roses had been a part of starting a new church at 60 E. Williston Ave in East Williston, NY, which we continued to attend and which I supported for many years.

When faced with a medical problem, we called on a practitioner. A practitioner of Christian Science is a person who prays with you and endeavors to help you overcome sickness of various types. With a baby on the way, we engaged a practitioner.



Church of Christ Scientist, East Williston NY, 1967. Janet, age 6.

Losing her to death seemed like a failure of our faith. It undermined our confidence in Mary Baker Eddy's teachings on healing. For many in that faith, resorting to the care of medical doctors means giving in to fear and not demonstrating true faith in God...even when the result is death.

Ruth was raised in Christian Science. She had had a series of marvelous healings that had been brought about during her lifetime. I became interested through her and through her parents. I did my own individual study and ended up taking a class that was held in New York for a couple of weeks when I was on vacation.

I had had quite a few demonstrations over the years of Christian Science in my own life. For example, I remember having a terrible cold and calling the practitioner, and him working and studying with me. Then it was gone instantaneously. To me Science and Health was

an extension of my continuing interest in religious matters.

Mary Baker Eddy

In 1866, at 45 years of age, Mrs. Eddy had been healed of a serious injury as she read the account of one of Jesus' healings in the New Testament. This led her to discover what she came to understand as the science of Christianity, which she named Christian Science. In 1875, she first published *Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures*.

Four years later she established the First Church of Christ, Scientist in Boston that today has some 2,000 branch churches worldwide. Two years before her death, she established (1908) the *Christian Science Monitor*, a newspaper respected around the world for its editorial integrity and news insight.



It was her teachings that guided our lives and the lives of our closest friends. I had smoked a lot when in the service, but when I embraced this faith I gave it up. The beliefs were much more than just praying for illnesses. It was a whole way of viewing life from a perspective of faith in God and faith that he will see one through all of life's crises.

While I was on active duty in Newburgh, the flight surgeons weren't particularly happy when asking about what I do with things that bother me. I mentioned that I handle them through Christian Science and they had a fit.

Derby Plumbing & Heating

I have always been intrigued by those who make a lot of money starting their own business. The tract homes in Hicksville had a universal problem: the builders had included no outside faucets, and everyone needed them to care for their yards. After installing one in front and

one in back at our house, I started asking around and found others interested in having me install some for them. I purchased materials at a discount from a plumbing supply and worked weekends installing these and other plumbing fixtures for hundreds of families. We didn't get rich but it was a nice supplement to my income.



1955

We were saddened when my cousin Hyacinth Pearl Doig, died in Queens in April at 50 years of age. She had grown up in Antigua with Dad and was one of the "flower girls," as we called them. Each of the six daughters of our Great Uncle Wilford Doig was given the name of a flower plus a precious stone. Their four sons got plain names: Avelyn, Claude, Malcolm and Oscar. "Hy" was always the life of the party...the most fun to visit with.

Richard Marries Carolyn

On June 5, 1955, Richard married long time girlfriend, Carolyn Cooper, in her hometown of Nocona TX. Mother and Howard and Lorraine attended, but it just wasn't a trip that Ruth and I could make. He was a senior at Abilene Christian College, Abilene TX and after marrying, went to Flint, Michigan for the summer and sold Bibles door to door. They returned to Abilene for the Fall Semester and Carolyn returned to her elementary school teaching job. The following summer their eldest son, Rick, was born just before graduation and they moved to Houston where Richard began serving his first church... the Lawndale Church of Christ.



Richard & Carolyn Salmon



Carol and Nancy Graham

My cousin Carol Bromfield Graham adopted her first and only child, Nancy Virginia Graham, who was born on June 20, 1955 in Newark NJ.

In August 1955, at 4½ years old, Lynda began kindergarten at Fork Lane Elementary School in Hicksville where she continued through grade 6.

Scott Alan Salmon

I was thirty-one when we adopted Scottie. He was born at Roslyn Hospital, December 1, 1955. After Wendy died we constantly felt the void for a second child in our lives. We had heard about a neighbor whose daughter was about to have a child that she decided she couldn't raise. We said, "Hey, we'd like to adopt a child." We arranged for the girl to go through Roslyn Hospital and she gave birth to a boy.

I remember seeing him for the first time through the glass of the hospital nursery. A nurse picked him up by his feet naked and said, "Hey, he's a nice sound boy. He should be happy." I thought that was a strange way to introduce a father to his new son. We named him Scott Alan Salmon. He continued to grow while we provided loving and constant care and met his every need. Our little home on Derby Road had taken on a new dimension.

1956

Within days of Scottie's birth, Ruth found herself pregnant. You can imagine our amazement. We had tried unsuccessfully to have another child for years, and then when she produced one, it had health problems and died. Ruth had given up on ever bearing another.

Wayne David Salmon

Five months later, on May 27, 1956, Ruth gave birth to our natural-born son whom we named Wayne David Salmon.

Ruth had several false labor attacks. I remember coming from work and rushing around like crazy, trying to help. Then it would blow over for a couple more days until another came. One evening around 9:00 o'clock we took her to the hospital and Wayne was born after midnight. Now I had two boys very much like twins.

1958

Forrest Manufacturing Company

In 1958 I went to work for Aunt Poss. She and Walt had established their company in 1946 which they called A.W. Forrest Mfg. Walt had died in 1952, and Poss and their foreman, Bill Dimmick, kept the business going. After getting out of the service, Jim joined them. They made tungsten carbide saw blades and sold them to woodworking shops.

Walt had started his side businesses in the early 40's (like the ceramic spray guns) in the barn behind the Turnbull home at 192 Donaldson Avenue in Rutherford. When they moved in 1944 to 55 Montrose Ave, he continued in the basement. Finally, he decided to give up his day job and expand this into a full-time business. He rented some space in a Gulf gasoline station and moved in all sorts of big machines.

At a family gathering in 1958, I learned they were needing more help, so went over for a visit. At that time they were located on Rt.17 by the Passaic River in Rutherford next to the Bonny Dell Farms property. Being mechanically inclined, it sounded appealing. Jim and Poss suggested that I come to work for them. She said, "You can stay right where you are in Long Island and call on woodworking businesses out there." I accepted and gave notice.

Forrest Mfg. paid me \$125 per week plus commissions. Fortunately, I only had to drive over to New Jersey once a week. I quickly opened new accounts throughout Long Island, Queens and Brooklyn.

When Aunt Poss died in 1981, she left the business to her son Jim and Lois. Eventually, all four of their children participated in the business in some way. Now, in the 21st century, sons Jim and Jay run the business with 35 employees and is many times larger than when I was employed there in 1958.



Forrest tungsten carbide tipped blades for highest precision woodcutting

Forrest Manufacturing Company, Inc
Rutherford, New Jersey



Jim Forrest (1928-2009)



Gen. Mgr. Jim Forrest 1997



Adm. Mgr. Jay Forrest 1997





Astronaut Buzz Aldrin with the Lunar Module reflected in his visor. Made by Grumman Aviation in Long Island, many of my customers were involved in subcontracts related to LM production. Photographed on the moon by Neil Armstrong, July 1969

Duo-Fast Corporation

1959-1971

1959

Duo-Fast

The Forrest Manufacturing job led me into exploring sales work of stapling products that were used by the same shops I was calling on. I took a job with Duo-Fast, selling staple and nailing machines, a natural outgrowth of where I

Meet Professor Duo



were in the business world at the time. Eastern Duo-Fast Corporation had its headquarters in Long Island City with salesmen assigned all over Long Island, New York City, New Jersey, Albany and up-state New York. There were twenty-five salesmen. I did well and prospered for quite a few years.

My bosses were two Jewish brothers, Henry and Sam Leber. Their business office was in Brooklyn near the Tri-Borough Bridge. They lived in Cederhurst and had been very successful with Duo-Fast and made a lot of money.



1947 First air-powered stapler



1954 First pneumatic nailer

Established in 1937, the company had grown rapidly during the war years as manufacturers realized the benefits of automated stapling compared with traditional hammers and tacks. The 1960's saw the development of a broad variety of air-driven nailers and widespread acceptance by homebuilders & manufacturers.

1960

During the '50s and '60s, I was working a lot in Nassau and Queens and often stopped at midday to visit my Doig cousins: Hyacinth (before she died in 1950), Beryl and Tulip. They would throw together some lunch which turned into an extravagant meal. During Christmas or the holidays when there was a gathering at the Ziegler's or Salmon's, it became my duty to pick them up and drive them because they never had a car. I also remember taking Ruth to visit my cousin, Violet Doig DeVlieger, at their apartment in the Bronx.

Family gatherings took place at Derby Road when Howard and Lorraine drove Mother down to see us. His family and mine were both growing. Mother always liked having her photo made, surrounded by her grandchildren. And she was happy to finally be able to turn over the family photographer role to someone else...in this case, Howard.



Nancy, Lynda, Mother, Scottie, Wayne, Barry, Sharon at Derby Road

1961

On May 5th, Astronaut Alan Shepard, a test pilot, became the first American to fly in space. His *Mercury* capsule soared 116 miles into the ionosphere, covering 536 miles in 15 minutes. He reached a speed of 5,100 mph, testing the ability of man and spacecraft.



The National Aeronautical and Space Administration (NASA) had been formed to put a man on the moon. Six *Mercury* flights were followed by ten *Project Gemini* missions that put two-man teams into orbit from 1965 to 1966. The *Apollo Program* didn't start until 1967 when three crew members (Grissom, White and Chafee) were burned to death in a flash fire, delaying the program for another year. *Apollo* eventually put five missions on the moon.

1961 marked the beginning of American military being sent to South Vietnam by President Kennedy to help stop infiltration of Communist troops from North Vietnam. I was still a part of the military during the Vietnam War, but my reserve unit was not called to active duty.

Janet Marie Salmon

Janet was born August 20, 1961. Carol Morrell, our longtime friend and a Christian Science practitioner, put on a baby shower in our basement at Derby Road. Now we had four children and Ruth's days were full with an eleven year old, "twin" five year olds and baby Janet.



Lynda, two year old Janet, Wayne and Scott, 1963

1962

Ruth and I had been looking for a larger home for some time, and in 1962, purchased a house for \$32,000 at 8 High Pine in Glen Cove (sold four years later for \$100,000). Lynda transferred to Glen Cove Jr. High for 8th grade and Scottie and Wayne changed to Glen Cove Elementary. Ruth took loving care of baby Janet at home.



8 High Pine, Glen Cove, Long Island NY, 1962-1969

1963

Richard and Carolyn Salmon and four children moved in August from Port Arthur TX to West Islip, Long Island with a church-planting mission that was called "Exodus/Bay Shore." An ambitious project, it involved moving 120 Church of Christ families from across the USA into Long Island, helping them find jobs and purchase homes, thus creating an instantaneous nucleus of dedicated volunteers to call on prospects and provide community services. He was the church's Minister of Education, in charge of a large Sunday School and other educational programs.

In August 1963, 200,000 marched on Washington to demonstrate for civil rights and Dr. Martin Luther King delivered his famous "I Have a Dream" speech. Blacks, who had been segregated from whites when I served during World War II were integrated in the



Martin Luther King shouts, "I have a dream" at rally in Washington DC

new military. The movement for civil rights for African-Americans was gaining strength.

On November 22nd, three months later, all the world was shocked when President John F. Kennedy was shot in Dallas TX. Vice-President Lyndon Johnson was sworn in on Air Force One (a C-54) that evening, en route from Dallas back to Washington.



Jackie Kennedy and children at JFK funeral service

1965

We had some nice times in Glen Cove. After Richard and Carolyn moved to Long Island, Howard and Lorraine brought mother, and Betsy came up from Kentucky for a family gathering. Once again Howard was the main photographer.



Richard (holding Danny), Betsy and Bill, 1965

Vietnam War (1961-1973)

Pres. John Kennedy was about to pull our troops out of the civil war in Vietnam when he was assassinated in November 1963. The next

day Pres. Lyndon B. Johnson reversed his orders thinking that America could win in this fight against the spread of Communism. Johnson, an arrogant Texan, felt the Americans who helped in winning World War II, were an invincible military power.

By 1965 the USA assumed a full combat role in Vietnam. By 1969, the number of US troops reached the all time high of 534,000, as LBJ was leaving office and Richard Nixon was being sworn in. Nixon won over Johnson, in part, by campaigning for ending the war.

I was still in the Air Force Reserve during this conflict, but was not called up for active duty. After having served in two wars and being forty years of age, someone decided it was time for others to go and leave me out. I still flew my required hours in the Reserve and kept my rating current.

1966-67

My Brother Left the Ministry

Richard began work for IBM in Garden City as an Office Products Division sales rep in June 1966. He was selling electric typewriters (e.g., the IBM *Selectric* Typewriter with the changeable typestyle ball), dictation equipment and copiers. It was his first job out of the ministry and he had become discouraged with his transition into the secular world.



I took him to lunch one day and listened to his woes. He felt like he had left his calling from God even though his income had doubled... something sorely needed for his family of five children. I suggested he might reframe things, based on my experience.

I had always felt that my work as a salesman was a spiritual thing, a ministry to my customers. It was my job to listen to their business needs and help them find better and more economical ways to build or package their products. This was far more than a self-serving effort to just get orders. It was a way that God uses businessmen to help one another...a way to help all to succeed and to provide for their family needs. Richard went away with a new sense of mission for calling on his IBM customers.

In September 1966, Ruth got a breather in daily routine when Janet entered kindergarten in Glen Cove. A year later, on December 16, 1967, Aunt Hilda (Ziegler) died of a heart attack in Long Island. I felt heart broken over my loss.

1968

Ruth and I decided it wise to invest some money in real estate and thanks to Duo-Fast, my knowledge of building houses was extensive. We bought a lot on Cleveland Street in Glen Cove and, serving as our own general contractor, broke ground. I put a lot of weekend and evening labor into the task and we subbed out to various contractors. By the end of the year the house was complete and we moved in.



Cleveland St house in Glen Cove, Long Island built in 1968

Lynda, meanwhile, graduated from Glen Cove High School and entered State University of New York at Fredonia near Buffalo NY to become a school teacher.

1969

NASA

Formed during the administration of President John Kennedy, The National Aeronautical and Space Administration (NASA), pushed into new frontiers of air travel. As an airman, I was intrigued by this bold new venture and longed to see success in reaching out into space.

Spurring on this adventure was a race with the Russians to be the first on the moon. They had launched a manned orbiting flight a year before us and we admired them and also feared what advantage they might gain by using orbiting spacecraft to bomb America. For a decade our spacecraft got bigger and better as we worked through the Mercury, the Gemini and finally the Apollo programs.

On July 20, 1969, former USAF test pilot and Astronaut Neil Armstrong set foot on the moon as the focal point of the Apollo 11 mission. Built in Long Island, his Lunar Module (LM) worked flawlessly. "One small step for a man, one giant leap for mankind," was seen and heard around the world as the event was televised live from space. We watched it all happening from our home during that evening.

Grumman Aviation in Long Island was the major contractor for the Lunar Module (LM), that took the astronauts from the orbiter to the surface of the moon and then back up to the orbiter for the trip to earth. Many of my customers and Richard's IBM customers were involved in subcontracts for this project. Those of us living in Long Island felt a very close connection to this mission and personally thrilled when "our" LM successfully put Neil Armstrong and Edwin E. "Buz" Aldrin on the moon.

Duo-Fast, Florida

As time went on the Leber brothers bought out a distributor in Florida as they had winter homes down there. They asked me to move to Florida and become the manager in North Hollywood. Ruth and I discussed it at length, so accepted and began plans to move there. Their sales force worked throughout Florida.

Ruth and the kids temporarily stayed back in Long Island and I lived at the boss's condo in Fort Lauderdale. Ruth came down and we put a deposit on a home in Pompano Beach.



Astronaut Neil Armstrong sets foot on the moon, July 20, 1969



Duo-Fast plant in Cleveland MS where Bill's products were made

I had some problems and wasn't getting cooperation from the Leber brothers. I drove up to Long Island and confronted them. I said, "If you guys won't meet these demands, I'm quitting right now." They wouldn't and I quit on the spot. We canceled the contract on the house in Pompano Beach.

Duo-Fast, New England

I was at home in Glen Cove and heard that the owners of Duo-Fast of New England had an opening. My Army buddy from 1943 in Amarillo, Richard Steir, was boss of the Hartford office. I went to the home office in Connecticut over a weekend and had a long chat. They hired me and offered to pay all expenses to move me to their branch in Boston.

We had a problem. When we contracted to purchase the house in Florida, Ruth put the Cleveland Street house on the market and sold it. We had to move out. Ruth and I went up and found a house only 30 minutes from the office in Boston, on Prescott Road near Framingham in Boxborough/Acton MA. It was September and we bought a travel trailer and lived by a lake for three weeks until the closing on this house.

Our home in Boxborough kept Ruth busy and she spent a lot of time chauffeuring the kids around for school events. Scott and Wayne were involved in Little League Baseball and Football. Janet attended Jenkins Elementary.



Prescott Rd house in Boxborough, 1969-1973

1970

Selling 44 Highview

In March 1970, Mother's health was failing and we moved her to Winchester KY to live with and be cared for by her only daughter, Betsy Lee Salmon Garrett.

We realized that Mother would never return to the empty house in Bernardsville and none of us were interested in owning it, so we decided to put it up for sale. But, a sizeable task loomed. Our mother was a pack rat and the house was loaded from cellar to eaves. We decided on a three-part approach.

First, all four of our families convened at 44 Highview on the same weekend and stayed over Friday and Saturday nights. It was a grand get together and all the cousins got to play together one last time in Grandmother's house. We four couples figured out what each wanted and loaded it up to take home on Sunday.



Secondly, we all pitched in and emptied the house of all of the junk and put it on a pile in the yard. From the cellar were boxes that Mother had made Daddy reluctantly put there decades earlier. His sense of humor was evident in the labels he had written on the outside of each: "Here lies Betty's darning, never again to see the light of day, June 30, 1944." Or, yellowed newspaper clippings labeled, "Mother's memories, 1949." Or, "Clothes for the Salvation Army but the moths will get them first."

There were 25 years of *Life Magazine* and *Look Magazine*. There was a huge wooden packing crate containing a diorama with stuffed birds that Richard had made 20 years earlier for a high school biology class. There were endless stacks of missionary newsletters, *Parents and Teachers Magazines* and Sunday School lesson plans. There were all sorts of broken furniture that she hoped would one day be mended. By the time we finished, the pile was twelve feet high and required three dump truck loads to haul it off.

The final phase was an estate sale conducted by Howard and Lorraine. It was a huge task and netted only a few hundred dollars, the leftovers going to the Salvation Army.

After being on the market for many months, the only house our parents had ever owned was sold to Vince Carey, a neighbor down the street. He had grown up in that very house during the 1920s. The proceeds went to pay Mother's bills and the remainder split among the four of us.

Duo-Fast, Syracuse NY

I was working out of Boston when their Syracuse NY office got into trouble because a top salesman left and took all the accounts. The company asked me to take over, so I drove there every week for six months and turned the business around. Unknown to me, the owners then hired that salesman back to run Syracuse and suddenly moved me back to Boston. I was unhappy at being jerked around and no longer very challenged after selling the same products for twelve years. I had many times entertained whether I'd like to work for some of the businesses I sold staples to.

Anti-War Activism Grew

A public outcry against America's involvement in the Vietnam War grew and grew. On May 4, 1970, antiwar demonstrators at Kent State University were fired on by Ohio National Guardsmen wounding nine and killing four. A few days later two more students were killed



Jeffrey Glenn Miller lay dead with a bullet to the head. Three others were killed, nine wounded.



Ohio National Guardsmen fire on antiwar demonstrators at Kent State University, May 1970.

by police at Jackson State University in Mississippi. The senseless shootings caused nationwide protests. Faculty and students at more than 400 colleges went on strike. A commission investigating the unrest reported that the

rifts in American society were then "as deep as any since the Civil War." In November, Pres. Lyndon Johnson lost his bid for re-election to Richard Nixon, who promised to bring the war to an end.

As a military person, it was hard to go along with draft defectors and protests against the Commander-in-Chief. But the hopelessness of winning in Vietnam became clearer and clearer and the senseless loss of our boys was clearly a national tragedy. Until Washington decided differently, there wasn't anything I could do about it.

1971

Aladdin Homes

In 1971, Aladdin Homes decided to hire me. There were a lot of pre-sampled, kit-built homes being built in New England that were big consumers of staples and nails. The concept of modular homes had been around since the 1890s when they were sold via the Sears Roebuck Catalog and sections shipped anywhere in the country. Aladdin was established in 1906 and was doing well across the USA and Canada.

I traveled all over Massachusetts making sales to various contractors and developers. The houses were manufactured in a factory that made the sides with pre-installed windows, siding and shingles. They were in a knock down state, so we lifted them onto a big truck with a crane on it. We drove them to the job site, unloaded, and within a day had a house fully enclosed with roof on it, ready for interior finish.

Business was especially good in out-of-the-way places. We sold many in Cape Cod and Nantuckett where it was difficult to get lumber and supplies for conventional construction processes. From the start I was enthusiastic about this business.



Aladdin's modular sections were delivered to the site and assembled in a day

Part Three

**Our Own
Business**

1971-1991



The Partners



Our mobile equipment made us uniquely capable of going wherever something needed cleaning

SparkleWash®

1971-1973

I had always worked for others and I was ready to keep the profits and build equity in my own business. My Dad had finally started his own business when 48 years of age and so at 47, I followed in his footsteps.

1971

SparkleWash®

I wasn't doing too well with Aladdin Homes when I heard about SparkleWash®. It was a very different concept of business than I had tried before. It was a mobile wash service with a lot of high pressure pumps with chemicals all mounted inside a panel truck. You drove to where a dirty building was located or to where trucks were parked that needed cleaning. You sprayed water and chemicals all over the building or trucks and cleaned them. It was an efficient way to do a very tedious and filthy job that often couldn't be done any other way.

I had seen an ad and called them up. A deposit of about \$11,000 is all they required to get involved and that included a truck and startup chemicals. It was a decision Ruth and I were ready to make.



Our SparkleWash® truck drove right up to a fleet and washed them

We scraped together money from our savings and borrowed some from our parents. I mailed the application to the home office in Cleveland, Ohio and flew there for a week's training. Afterwards, I drove my truck home.

We were successful from the start. We ran the business out of our house with the truck and equipment in our garage and parked our car outside. I started chasing truck accounts because I could drive right up to where their fleet was parked, hook up to their water and wash them.

Mother's Scare, Spring 1971

Mother had been living for a year with Betsy in Winchester KY when she took a turn for the worse. She was bedridden and withdrawn. She had become increasingly weak and was delusional at times. Heeding Betsy's call, Howard, Richard, Ruth and I flew there over a weekend in April feeling like it might be our last visit.



Howard, Betsy, Ruth, Bill and Richard at the airport in Winchester KY, 1971

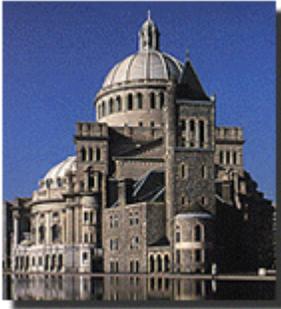
Ironically, upon our arrival, Mother became energized by our presence and the symptoms went away. We flew home on Allegheny Airlines, encouraged that this was not the end.

1972

Lynda was living away from our home, Janet was in school, and the boys worked for me on weekends while they finished high school. Ruth was at home trying to keep all of this together while helping me with the office work.

Life in New England

Ruth enjoyed living in Massachusetts. She enjoyed going into Boston for plays and other entertainment. We enjoyed visiting the international headquarters and Mother Church of the Christian Science movement. Located on the 14 acre Christian Science Plaza, it is one of the largest in New England. The Romanesque edifice was built in 1894 with bell tower and



Mother Church of the Christian Science faith, Boston MA

stained glass windows facing the reflecting pool. An extension was added in 1906. We attended church there several times. We also explored the historic places in New England related to the movement.



Plymouth Plantation "re-enactors" portray a 1627 village.

Living in New England provided many entertaining moments. We enjoyed the cuisine in many of Boston's restaurants. We attended a rodeo at Boston Gardens and there were endless movies. We visited the Mayflower ship replica and the historic 1627 village called *Plymouth Plantation* where "re-enactors" demonstrate daily life in those times.

We drove to the very tip of Cape Cod, usually in one day but sometimes in an overnight. During those times, our trips were

usually on weekends. We left the boys at home with the trucks taking care of weekend customers. Just Lynda, Janet, Ruth and I went.

We had friends from New York who came up after we had settled in Massachusetts. They were from our old Christian Science church in Long Island.

While in Massachusetts, we made a trip with another family up to Maine...only a couple of hours drive. The children were along and we visited scenic attractions along the coastline, pulling a travel trailer to stay in at night. We did some fishing in the ocean and bays and cooked our catch over an open campfire at night. We cast from the shore or a dock. It was a great adventure for about ten days. We also bumped into a carnival in one of those cities. The rides and games provided a wonderful evening.

Lynda Graduated from College

In June 1972 Lynda graduated from Fredonia College with a BS in Education. As she says today, *"The very best gift my parents gave me was a debt-free education. Having ADD (attention deficit disorder) and being young for my grade, I had been an average high school student. Thank God I made it through college. It provided me the opportunity to impact thousands of children."*



The School Teacher and her Mom, 1974

Lynda started teaching 3rd grade in September at the Head School, West Port MA. She had an apartment in South Dartmouth, an hour south of our home.

Mother's Death, July 1972

During the summer, Mother's health started to slip again and on July 30, 1972, she died in Winchester KY. She was 76 years old, having survived colon cancer at 65, and died of general old age problems. Her tiny 1½ pound body that had survived in 1895, had embodied her spirit over a long course. "Away in the Spirit, at home with the Lord," was one of her favorite sayings. She always looked forward to "going to be with Jesus."



Betty Salmon (1895-1972)

ward to "going to be with Jesus."

We flew her remains to New Jersey where we held a visitation at Galloway Funeral Home in Bernardsville, the funeral at Wildwood Church of Christ and then buried her next to Dad at St. Bernard's Cemetery. The clan gathered from Kentucky and the north-eastern states.. Richard had separated from Carolyn in January and flew in from Boulder, Colorado.

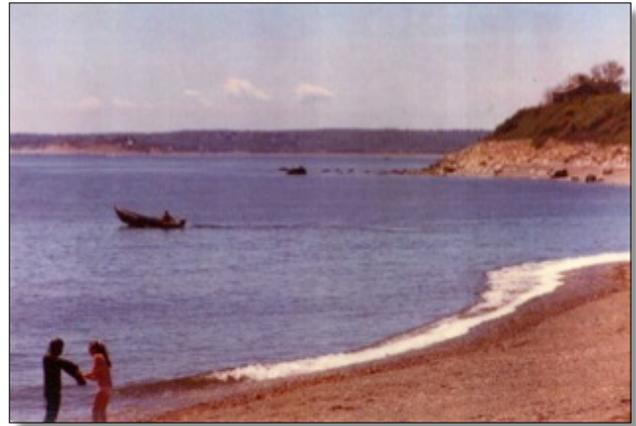
1973

Scituate, Massachusetts

We had always wanted to live near the water. We found something only a half hour from Boxborough in the village of Scituate. The house at 8 Roberts Drive cost us \$55,000 and was located right on the edge of the ocean on a bay with a lot of boating around it. It too, was close to Boston...about a 45 minute drive. Janet transferred to Scituate Jr High for 7th grade.



8 Roberts Drive on an island connected to Scituate MA



Scituate Harbor beach a block from our house

The boys were in high school and helped me some of the time and I hired extras to fill in when we had 50-60 trucks to do. We always had a problem with this business during the winters when temperatures got down around freezing or below and we couldn't get out at all. We thought that if we could move south where there was milder weather, we would be better off year round.

Ruth, Janet, Lynda and I went to Virginia Beach, after Nancy Salmon's wedding in New Jersey, and liked what we saw. We liked the concentration of buildings, the housing, the potential type of firms that we might do business with. So we decided to sell the business in New England and move. After a few months we found a buyer and sold our SparkleWash® franchise for \$15,000 along with one of the trucks.

Paris Peace Accord

The anti-war movement in America was finally heard, and Pres. Nixon looked for a way to pull out without having to admit defeat. His "Vietnamization" policy involved pulling back US troops while increasing supplies for the South Vietnamese to fight their war themselves. On January 27, 1973, Secretary of State Henry Kissinger signed a Peace Accord with North Vietnam in Paris providing for the withdrawal of all US military and the exchange of prisoners.



Henry Kissinger for the USA and Le Duc Tho, of North Vietnam, signed a truce in Paris, ending the USA's 12 year participation in the war.

The Pentagon reported that 45,997 Americans were killed in combat; 10,928 died from non-combat causes; 600 were captured; 1,300 were missing in action; 303,640 were wounded. The South Vietnamese lost 183,000 and the Communists lost one million. The cost to the USA: \$109.5 billion.

Richard and Verna Married in 1973

After a two year separation, Richard and Carolyn divorced. She was still living with their six children in Long Island and he had moved to Boulder, Colorado with IBM.

Rich bought a house there and married a Texas woman, Verna Lee Stephens Compton, on March 17, 1973. Verna brought three step children into his life: two teenagers, Kim and Kerry, and Stephen Keith Compton, age 10. Kim had married Gary Lovelace of Abernathy TX the year before and their firstborn, Joe Don Lovelace, was born in Abernathy TX on April 29, 1973. My little brother became a grandfather nine yrs ahead of me!



Rich & Verna Salmon, 1973

1974

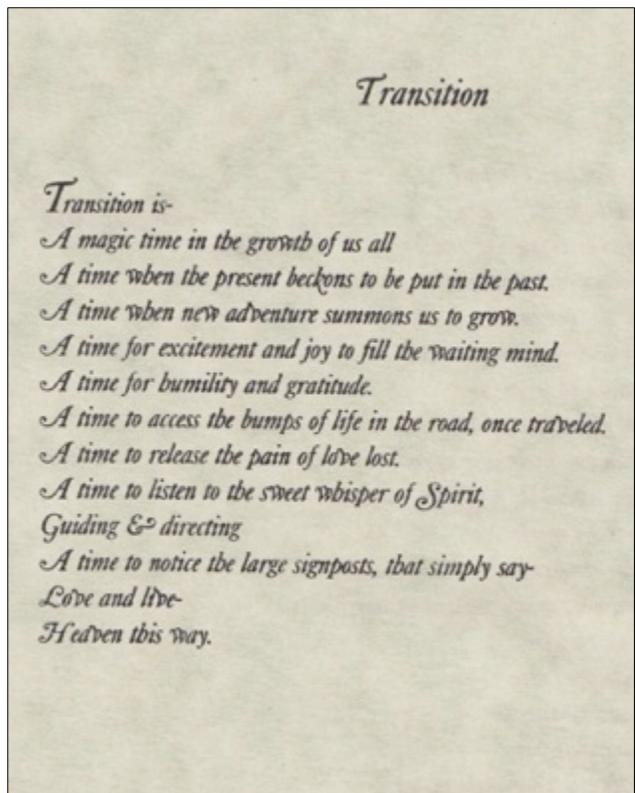
During the summer of 1974, we packed up and moved to Virginia. Janet entered 8th grade at Lynnhaven Jr High in Virginia Beach. Wayne transferred to complete his senior year at Cox High School in Virginia Beach, and met Beth Darden who was a junior.

Scottie was five months older so he was always one year ahead of Wayne in school. He just didn't want to face starting his life over again in Virginia. He had just graduated from high school with no plans for college. He had completed Hanover VoTech High School in

Scituate as a machinist. He was employed and enjoying his independence and his relationships with lifelong friends. So after helping us with the move, Scottie returned to Massachusetts.



Scott continued living independently in Massachusetts



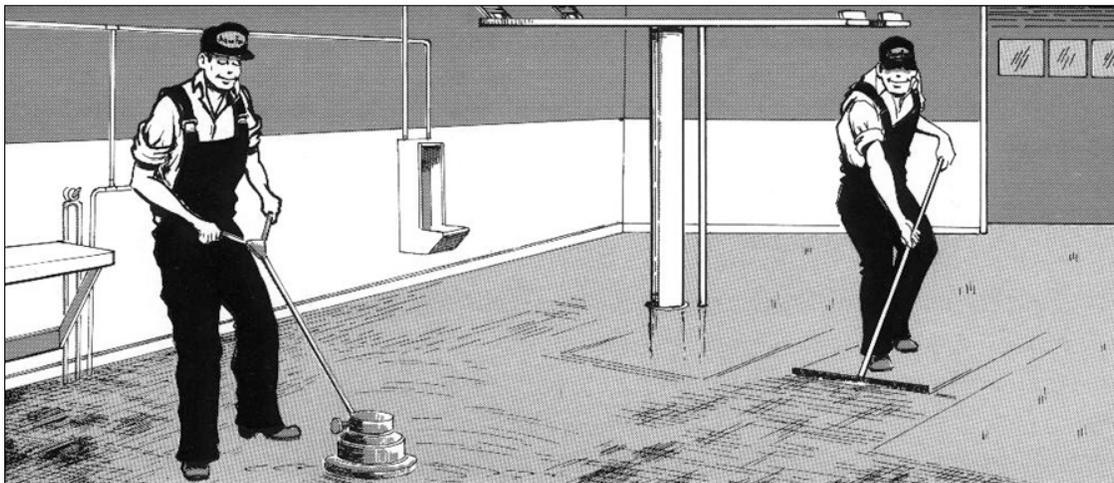
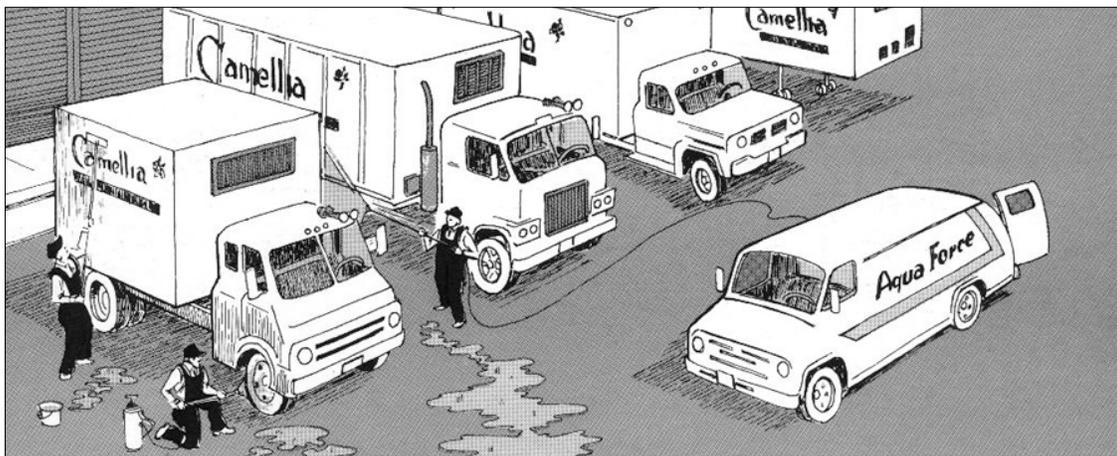
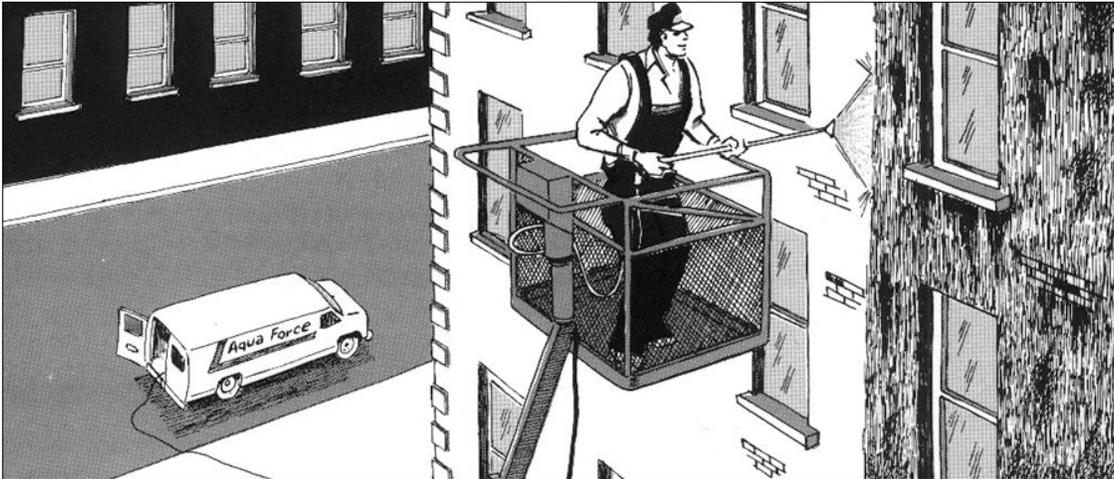
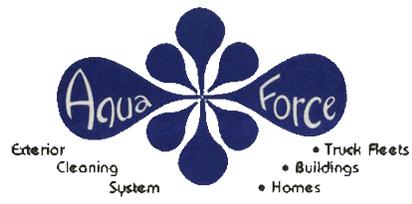
William H. Salmon July 1998, *The Search for Heavens's Gate*, p.16

The Family

*The mystic union of groups of God's children,
Who have come together by chance or design,
Some by marriage,
Some by love outside of marriage,
Some by the accident of birth,
No matter whether planned or protested
Regardless of the route to the present destination,
There is an underlying purpose.
Rarely recognized,
But established by our Creator,
For the nourishment and growth of each soul.
As each soul chooses his or her family,
He searches for love.
And love is provided in countless forms,
Warm nestling at his mother's breast,
Cuddled and adored by the family,
Protected and fed by all.
As the new arrival becomes more and more one with the family,
He grows, stronger and stronger,
Soon walks, then runs.
Gentle hands guide the faltering footsteps,
Words of praise and love, guide the right choices.
And before you realize it,
He is old enough to go alone,
To find his way in the world.
However, that mystic bond of family draws him back,
To now share experiences and words of wisdom with those who nurtured him.
And so the family of God's souls grows stronger,
With their understanding of life and love,
Now expanded.*



July 1991



Founding Aqua Force

1974-1978

1974

Our first house in Virginia Beach was at 2008 Compass Circle, a used house about fifteen years old in a section called Bay Island near the north shore. The south terminus of the bridge across the Chesapeake Bay was nearby and there was a small bridge across the inlet from the mainland to a piece of land called Bay Island. Prestige houses were built all over it. Most of the houses had water on one side of the property with a dock.

The house was centrally located for the area in which I wanted to do business. There were good schools. We took the equity from the house in Massachusetts to pay down on this one. The timing of the sale and purchase coincided nicely. Renovations at Compass Circle required a complete redecoration inside. Getting the house in shape took countless hours over the following year.

Aqua Force Inc – Getting Started

When leaving New England we decided to sever our franchise arrangement with Sparkle-Wash® International Inc and operate on our own. We had gained confidence in ourselves to conduct a successful business without their oversight and were tired of forking over 5% of the profits.

We had to come up with a new name that somehow was descriptive of the type of work we do. We decided on “Aqua Force” which related to our high pressure water equipment and biodegradable chemicals. It was not nearly so much the chemicals as the high pressure water that did the trick. We checked for others using the same name and found none, so registered it in the State of Virginia.

At the same time as our move, I was trying to get the business rolling: find customers, purchase supplies, find workers and train them. I had to get it rolling to where the workers were making money and we were making money.

I could get out easily from home and cover accounts in Virginia Beach to the east or Norfolk to the west. We didn't have a boat but our dock was there for anyone who wanted to tie up. The home had a big double garage to keep my truck and supplies in.



Compass Circle house and dock in Virginia Beach

I had sold the business in Massachusetts, so had some income to finance the purchase of a new truck. I went up to Cleveland and drove it home. I got some new accounts and we were underway.

A US Navy Destroyer

The Navy was always cleaning up their ships and other equipment on the Naval Base. I studied the procurement process and submitted several bids until I won one.



I learned how to successfully bid for government contracts

It was quite a job to clean up the outside of a destroyer. It was tied up at Pier Eight over at the Norfolk Naval Station. We parked the truck on the dock, attached our water line to their water hookup on the pier, then started our pumps. We started high on this destroyer and worked down as you would on any building, spraying first a chemical that was a detergent, wait a few minutes and then rinse it off. Occasionally if it didn't move, you had to brush a bit to get the debris off. Lunch time came and they invited us all to come on board to the mess on the ship and have lunch with them. They charged us a buck a plate and the food was good.

The other side of the ship was open water. Trying to float around on a barge or boat to wash that side would have been very difficult. So, they turned the ship around so we could continue to work off the pier.

Naturally, our scaffolds hung down perpendicular from the deck, getting farther and farther from the side as you neared the water line. In order to deal with the inward slope of the side, we used wands that were 12ft long. We could also direct the spray to make it spray straight out or make it fan shaped, so you could compensate for such variations in the surfaces you were cleaning.

Cleaning Buildings

There was always a variety of things to do with each job. They were never the same, so each one offered something to look forward to.



We used scaffolding and long wands to reach the ceilings at the Virginia Electric Power Company

Food stores were a unique scenario. We did many McDonalds, Kentucky Fried Chicken and other fast food stores, especially cleaning the drive-thru. Food spills on the sidewalk and ground and they get really filthy. We would come by during the night after they closed and wash the sides of the building, paying special attention to those delivery windows. We had a heater to get the water up to 150 degrees, so with the soap and pressure we could blast all the dirt off the sidewalk.

Automobile dealerships are especially dirty in their service departments. We did Colonial Chevrolet and a Buick dealer across the street as well as others. We washed the whole shop area, using extensions on our equipment to wash the ceilings and walls and finally the floor. Those jobs usually took a weekend, starting when they closed on Friday, spraying water around about 6pm, then working all night if necessary. On Saturday we would knock off for the day and return that night and/or Sunday night to finish up.

We washed the whole outside of the Mary Jane Bakery building in downtown Norfolk. Then we were asked to wash the inside baking areas where food was dropped on the floor and benches, using the same technique with warm water. Finally, we used squeegees to mop up.



If we couldn't rig scaffolding from the roof, we rented a cherry-picker

We worked for the school district, usually washing their busses. We cleaned the exteriors of about 300 trucks per month, of all sizes and descriptions: Yellow Freight Line, fifty garbage trucks for the City of Virginia Beach, Miller Dairy—a weekly account. Some were so large that it took us two days to do them... for example, the 30 trucks of Mary Jane Bakery, producer of wholesale bread.



Mary Jane Bakery in Norfolk had 30 trucks

One thing led to another. We'd be doing the trucks and they'd ask us to come inside to look at an area where they had a spill.

One time we got a job to clean all the bleachers in the stadium at Old Dominion University. They were filthy. We used the same methods of starting at the top with the water and detergent, washing each row and blowing the crap down from the top to the bottom, then removing the debris.

Work for the Boys

The boys started working for us when they were thirteen or fourteen. Wayne and Scottie both worked while they were in high school in Massachusetts. Scottie got involved in auto mechanic schooling and immediately got a job when he finished high school in Massachusetts. That provided him with all the money he needed

and he left us because he never had liked what we were doing in the cleaning business anyhow. On the other hand, Wayne was making pretty good money with us and when he decided to marry Beth, he decided he had to stay with us.

Telephone Booths

For about a year we had a little deal to clean and equip (with directories) the telephone booths located all over the Tidewater area. We needed another truck for this, so I bought a Dodge and pieced together the chemical pumping equipment inside. The small truck was very adequate for that task. As our business increased, we later decided to rent a commercial space.

Being Profitable

To make a profit it was necessary to price the jobs carefully. I had to figure on \$650 per day which included the truck, a crew of two and miscellaneous supplies and then our profit on top. Half of the \$650 was our margin.

At times I figured jobs wrong and the labor ran over and undermined the profit. I would try to learn by those mistakes and do better on the next ones. A loss on one job was made up by profits on others.

We had some competition from guys who had a small pressure washer in their garage that they took out to do a few jobs. But we were the most sophisticated mobile wash firm in the area. We built a reputation and then extended it into painting later on. We washed the surfaces and then if painting was needed, would complete the whole thing.

We were netting about \$50,000 per year from a gross of \$90,000 to \$100,000. As long as she was healthy, Ruth prepared the invoices. Since she didn't understand all the terminology, like with Mary Jane Bakery, I sometimes typed up an invoice. When I had a quotation or letter, I roughed it out and Ruth typed it. Beth gradually took over Ruth's tasks as we were phasing out.

Payroll was rather easy. The guys filled out a daily worksheet of their hours and where they spent them. If three different places, they listed the times of arrival and departure. At the end of each week they turned in their sheets. Ruth or I OKed the hours and then their wage less deductions was computed. The deductions were itemized on their check stub. We passed the checks out on Saturdays, as our weeks began

on Sunday. It was always a seven day work week.

Through the years we had a little shrinkage from employee problems. Occasionally one would steal tools or supplies. Or someone would leave to form his own mobile wash business and try to steal the accounts from us.

Most of our accounts had a cyclical pattern, so after doing a job we would mark the calendar a month or so ahead when we would expect to go back. We would call them and ask if they were ready for us to come by, and at times they would say to forget it because they had found someone that would do it cheaper. We didn't have any specific contracts for truck cleaning although we did have them for buildings. So I went to the truck account and found out what the competitor was offering. One time, I learned that one of my employees was undermining me on the side and trying to steal our accounts. Of course, I got rid of him in a hurry.

A few times we had to make concessions when we caused damage to the customer's or neighboring property or vehicles. We tried to settle such minor details on the spot. If a wall looked terrible, instead of knocking off 25%, we'd go out and do it again to make it right. That usually took care of complaints.

President Nixon Resigns

After two years in a bitter battle to cover up his illegal actions to get himself re-elected in 1972 (the Watergate break-in), Richard M. Nixon resigned as President of the United States on August 9, 1974. Nixon's Vice-Pres. Spiro Agnew, had resigned a year earlier when convicted of tax evasion. So, Speaker of the House, Gerald Ford became



President Nixon and wife Pat say goodbye to the White House staff, Aug 1974

President in his place. Years of political turmoil were coming to an end, and to stop

those seeking revenge on Nixon, President Ford granted him a full pardon.

1975

Fall of Saigon, April 1975

With the Americans removed from the conflict two years earlier, the South Vietnamese were finally defeated by North Vietnam and the Vietcong in April 1975. As Saigon fell, thousands tried to flee to America and other countries. Their panic is portrayed here by those clamoring to get



Desperate to escape the North Vietnamese entering Saigon, thousands came to the American embassy hoping for a ride

on this helicopter from the roof of the American Embassy.

I had stayed in the Reserve till the end of this war, flying each month during all those years. Finally, it was my turn to retire and I did.

1976

Graduation for Wayne

Wayne had moved with the family to Virginia Beach where he completed and graduated from Frank W. Cox High School. Wayne and Beth Darden were attending high school together when they started dating. They did all the great things like dances, parties, etc. Wayne's graduation was held outdoors on a cloudy June evening, and ten minutes into the ceremony a torrential down-pour began. The valedictorian's speech was abbreviated into, "Have a great life," and everyone ran for their cars.

Two Weddings

The 1976-77 winter was a big transition time for our family. Both of our sons declared their adulthood by marrying.

On October 1, 1976, twenty year old Wayne and Beth Darden married in Brook Baptist Church, Virginia Beach. In addition to our immediate family, Beth's mother, Naomi Meekins Darden, and her grandmother, Miki Meekins, were present. Wayne was a responsible crew leader in the business and we increased his salary in keeping with his new responsibilities. Finishing high school, Beth attended Old Dominion University, eventually

majoring in political science. The following year she took a job with Safeway Stores as a teller, banking their money.

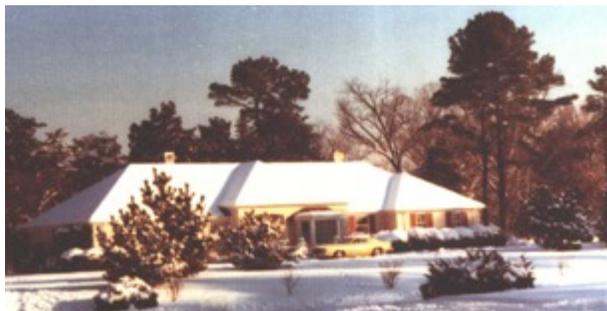


Wayne and Beth opening wedding presents, OCT 1976

Five Hills Trail

We moved from the Compass Circle house in 1976 and bought one on 3/4 acre at 1433 Five Hills Trail. I was again able to run the business out of the garage. I had to be careful as the neighborhood wouldn't stand for any commercial businesses going on. I kept the trucks and equipment out of sight so the neighbors wouldn't rise in arms and force an eviction.

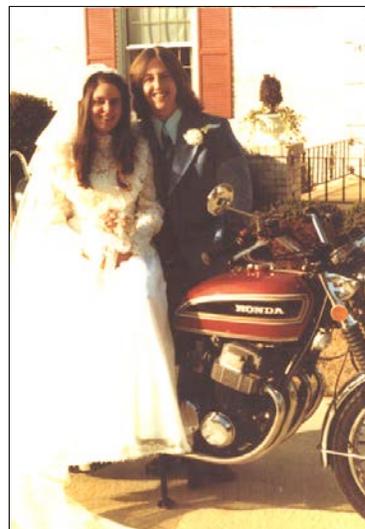
In 1979 we sold Compass Circle at a large profit and took \$55,000 of the equity to invest in a diamond mine that sounded very promising. Unfortunately, it never worked out and all we ever realized was \$5,000 worth of rough diamonds. Fifteen years later, I used them as partial payment on the wedding ring I bought for Miki. It's humbling to lose \$50,000 but one can't get ahead without taking some risks.



1433 Five Hills Trail, Virginia Beach

Scott and Donna's Wedding

Scottie had never really liked Virginia, but when the relationship with his girlfriend Donna Menard blossomed, they wanted to get married and he brought her in February 1977 to Virginia Beach to find a better job and settle down.



Scott and Donna Salmon, Feb 1977

The wedding was conducted by Rev. Joyce Kramer of Unity of Tidewater with reception in our new home at Five Hills Trail. Ruth and I helped them purchase a trailer house as an assist in getting financially grounded. Within a short time, Donna felt she could not get along with Scottie and left him, returning to her family and friends in Massachusetts. It wasn't long before Scottie, then 21, also moved back North.

1978

Irene Rose Died

In 1978, my mother-in-law, Irene Rose died in Massachusetts in a nursing home where we had placed her while living in Scituate. It had been very hard for Ruth to live in Virginia, so far away from her mother during that time. Dementia had limited Irene's life to the point that she had to be in extensive care for her final years.





We gradually built equity in the business and other investments

Growth Years

1979-1985

1979

Janet graduated from First Colonial High School in June 1979. That winter she had appeared at the Norfolk Center Theatre as the Wicked Witch of the North in a musical production of "The Wizard of Oz." The reason for a non-singing part is that she claimed she could not carry a tune.

We had bought Five Hills Trail at a very low price, fixed it up and then moved on in 1979 to another house in Belamy Manor in the Kempsville area at 1109 Larkwood Court.



Larkwood Court, Kempsville

Real Estate

Ruth always had an urge for moving on to something better. Once we left Derby Lane, we never stayed more than five years in the same house. There was always a year or two of dissatisfaction over the present house that preceded each new purchase. We looked at houses for months before getting under contract. Waiting for the closing was a time when we also had to sell the one we were in, and bringing both a sale and a purchase together on the same day was often a very anxious time. And then there was moving day! Even though we had sons and employees to assist with the moves, there was so much stuff to pack and carry. Maybe that's why we never again moved any further than within Tidewaters.

Ruth had a talent for decorating and could see the opportunity in each house. We jointly worked out each plan and together were able to build our net worth while moving on to better and better homes.

We bought older homes and stripped the hideous wallpaper, repaired the plaster, hung new paper, painted the woodwork, sanded and finished the floors. I rented the machines for the tasks. Ruth decided on the colors and I was the one to do the actual work. I preferred to do the work rather than hiring others, because money was tight. Ruth bought the curtains and window covers, furniture and decorations. I did the yard work, digging holes for the trees and shrubs.

Besides the standard rooms, we always had a rec room with a card table and a ping-pong table. I always enjoyed ping-pong. Several houses had a pool like the one at Larkwood Court. In one house we had a pool table. The boys were the champs.

Ruth was obsessive about dirt. As these jobs were going on, everything had to be neat and clean after a day's work. There was going to be another week or so before we would be getting back to it again. We had to sweep up the dirt, vacuum and get rid of the trash. She insisted and I was glad to comply.

Real estate was rapidly growing in value in America. It was a great time for cashing out of one house and investing the proceeds into something else. During the twenty-nine years from 1962 (when we left Derby Rd) to Ruth's death in 1991, we bought and sold eleven properties. Money not carried forward into the new home was invested in savings that cared for Ruth to the end, and still sustains me today.

Aqua Force Inc – Building Equity

The problem with starting a business with little or no capital is to constantly be hand to mouth. Just as I had seen my parents do with their 5 & 10s, Ruth and I carefully built a reserve in product, rotation of equipment, and savings for the lean periods. Our employees needed a benefits program and we did too.

Even though we had only a dozen employees, we arranged a quality medical benefit program. We created a 401K retirement plan for ourselves and whoever wished to participate. Without that we would have never put aside moneys to retire on.

Making a profit is always the great challenge of business. Fortunately, I had started with that Hicksville plumbing business during my 20's where I found out how easily one can work hard and earn nothing. I under-priced jobs for several neighbors before I got a sense of what to charge in order to be paid appropriately for my efforts. With SparkleWash® I had guidelines to help me keep profitable. Aqua Force, however, was entirely on my own and on the whole I priced jobs well and made a profit without ripping off the customer.

When I acquired a new contract, my first priority was to arrange the work and the staff. If an account had 20-30 trucks I would send out two guys to get it done quickly. When we were doing a building cleaning job and could only work on it during certain times of the day or week (due to traffic conditions or employee scheduling), I built-in the overtime costs for nights and weekends. When we had a job to clean a big office building, we had to erect scaffolding to climb up and spray the chemicals on and then wash it off with water. If it was a 10 or 15 story building, I rented ropes and hooks to let a scaffold down from the roof.

Many jobs involved a lot of logistics that had to be worked out ahead of time. I only went out after everything was lined up. There were big jobs where we could make \$10,000 above expenses. We built a reputation for doing complex jobs. We always had competitors, yet no one else in the Tidewaters area of Virginia did such extensive work. We became the biggest and best-known mobile cleaning service.

1980

In February 1980, Lou Ziegler died where he had retired in St. Petersburg FL, at 87 years of age. He is pictured here in 1939 at age 46. After he lost his second leg to diabetes, he gave up on life. A week later, his second wife



Loretta died of cancer of the pancreas. Such a sad time, losing an uncle who had meant so much throughout my life.

On April 13th, 1980 Ashley Salmon was born to Beth and Wayne. Beth explained to me about using the LeBoyer Method for childbirth with low lights and music and family members showing up. After 8 hours of labor, Ashley was delivered and the Dad got to cut the cord.



Ashley Salmon, age 2, 1982



Steve Salmon, 1980

Nephew Works for Aqua Force

In September 1980, Richard's 20 year old son Steve Salmon was assigned to the aircraft carrier *USS America* in Norfolk. He immediately got in touch and spent his days off with us. He

called us "Hotel Bill & Ruth" as Ruth always had him for meals. Eventually he slept over so much that he kept civilian clothes at our house.

I put Steve to work and even used some of his Navy buddies as they had a lot of shore leave when their carrier was in the shipyard at Portsmouth for months at a time. I paid him \$8 per hour cash and worked him hard. For the next four years he was in and out of our lives whenever his ship was in port.

Steve worked in shorts and rubber boots and got so filthy that he would come home looking like a chocolate-chip cookie, so Ruth put him in the shower and fixed him something to eat. Steve liked doing things with Janet and her boyfriend Vince Witengier. He spent a lot of off time at Vince's apartment and also played some tennis and went out in the boat with Wayne, so he fitted into our family in a very special way.

1981

Lynda's Masters Degree

In May of 1981, Lynda graduated from Old Dominion University with an M.S. in Education. Her thesis is titled: *"The Effects of Teaching Strategies Geared Toward Integrating the Right Brain's Function on Creativity, as Measured in the Kindergarten Child."*



Lynda's graduation with an M.S. in Education from Old Dominion

"The Effects of Teaching Strategies Geared Toward Integrating the Right Brain's Function on Creativity, as Measured in the Kindergarten Child."

As pictured here, they hammed it up as Ruth tried on the cap and gown. It was a proud moment for all the family.

Two More Funerals

My first cousin Earle Bromfield Jr died at 62 yrs old on July 28, 1981 in Winterhaven FL, leaving Francis and his children Barbie and Ken. A few years later, the three of them moved here to Virginia Beach where Francis had grown up.

My dear Aunt Poss died eight weeks later, at 79, in Pequannock NJ on September 29, 1981, leaving the business to her only child Jim and his wife Lois.

Princess Diana of Wales

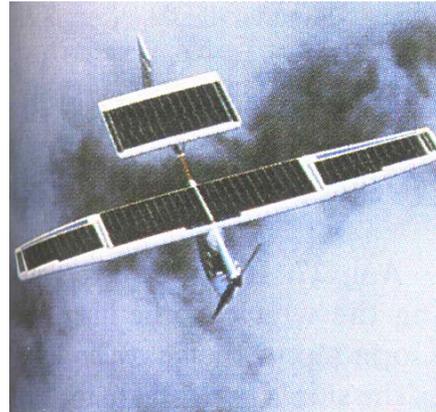
On July 29th, all the world watched as Britain's Crown Prince Charles married 20 year old Lady Diana Spencer in St. Paul's Cathedral in London. Another day remembered by most of my generation.



Prince Charles married Lady Diana on July 29, 1981

"Solar Challenge"

July 7, 1981, the first solar-powered airplane flew over the English Channel. Named "Solar Challenge," the plane is powered by 16,000 photovoltaic cells, mounted on its wings and stabilizer, which convert sunlight into electricity to drive its 2.7 horsepower motor. It made its historic 165 mile trip at 30 mph, cruising at 11,000 ft.



"Solar Challenge" crosses the English Channel

Its creator, Paul MacCready, also built the first human-powered plane to cross the channel several years earlier. Its propellers were powered by a man riding a device like a bicycle. Its wings and body were made of an extremely light metal and covered with thin plastic much like Saran Wrap.

In my view, these aircraft were one more big step forward in the amazing development of human flight during my lifetime.

The IBM Personal Computer

In the summer of 1981, IBM announced its Personal Computer in competition with the Apple PC. Because of its leadership in computing, the IBM architecture, especially its operating system, became the industry standard. Richard was assigned by IBM to sell them to the federal government.



A few years later Bill Gates formed the Microsoft Corporation, utilizing the IBM operating system, and developed their **Windows** architecture that quickly swept the world.

1982

Janet and Vince Married – April 10th

After a two year committed relationship, Janet married Vince Witengier, a computer technician, on April 10, 1982 in our home at Larkwood Court. Rev. Bill Austin, minister of the Christian Church officiated. They moved into an apartment in the Hilltop area of Virginia Beach.

On June 28th, Jessica Lynn Witengier was born at Virginia Beach General Hospital. We all welcomed this little girl into our family.



Janet and Vince
and baby Jessica

Lynda and Jim Married – April 23rd

Two weeks later, Lynda married a law firm investigator, James Edwin “Jim” Marson, April 23, 1982 at Baylake United Methodist Church in Virginia Beach. Lynda left Malibu Elementary in June and started teaching kindergarten at Windsor Oaks Elementary School that Fall.

On October 19, 1982, Jonathan Salmon was born. Beth’s water broke at our house, we whisked her to the hospital and he was born within 45 minutes.. She and Wayne thought they were having a girl and we were all surprised when a boy arrived.



Bride & Groom: Jim and Lynda Marson. Behind them: Wayne & Beth, Bill & Ruth, Vince & Janet and Scott Salmon

1983

Tiger Cruise on the USS America

Steve Salmon invited his dad and me for a Tiger Cruise on the USS America (CV-66) in November 1983. The only expense to the sailor was paying \$45 for the food each would consume. Richard took time off from IBM and I turned the shop over to Wayne.

Normally an aircraft carrier has 5,000 men aboard, however, the 1,200 man air wing was on shore leave, so we had our pick of their bunks. There were 300 of us dependents on board and the ship cruised in a large circle about 100 miles east of Norfolk. They spent ten days with pilots flying in and out from across the Eastern seaboard, completing their annual checkouts.

The bump and ear-splitting roar of the landing and departing planes seemed endless. Flight operations went on day and night and Steve said it was the busiest he'd ever been in all his years aboard. We really didn't see much of him.

Richard and I ate in whichever mess hall we wished, served ourselves ice cream as much as we could hold, watched movies in the theatre room, attended tours of all the ship's operations and had a wonderful time. Richard and I spent more time together that week than we had ever had in our lives. We got to discuss life, our families, our beliefs, our religious differences and similarities, our failings, our successes, our dreams. We bonded in a new way and stayed in close contact ever after [more detail on p.189].



Richard and I were Steve's guests for ten days on the USS America

Christopher's Birth

Janet and Vince moved into a townhouse we owned at 3764 Governor's Way. Shortly thereafter, on December 19, 1983, Janet gave birth to Christopher Andrew Witengier, pictured here when he was seven years old.



Chris Witengier, 1991

Scott Remarried

On May 12, 1983, Scott married Rainey Malloy at a ceremony in Pembroke MA that we all attended. She had a little girl from a previous relationship and they settled there in Massachusetts where Scott was working as a machinist. Unfortunately, the relationship ended two years later.



Ruth and I purchased a new house in the Plantation Lakes subdivision in Chesapeake at 1421 Plantation Lakes Circle. We created an office there for the business and kept the three trucks at a warehouse.



1421 Plantation Lakes Circle, Chesapeake 1

Lynda and Jim

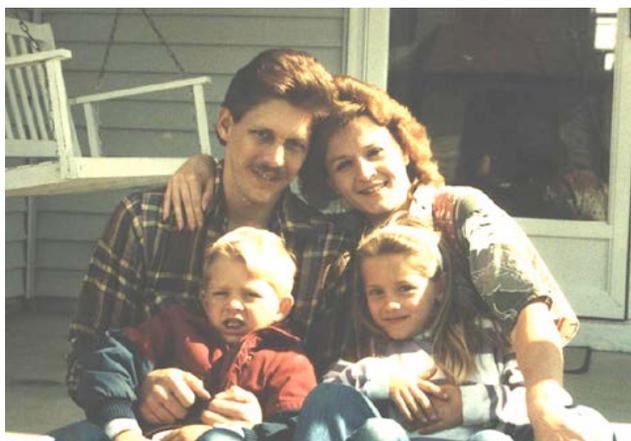
On September 23, 1984, Matthew James Marson was born to Lynda and Jim. Pictured here two years later.



1985

Janet and Vince

Janet and Vince purchased a home at 1933 Dolina Drive, Virginia Beach, their very first home. They stayed there six years until moving to Florida in 1991. Vince was working in computer operations at a bank. Photo: 1987.

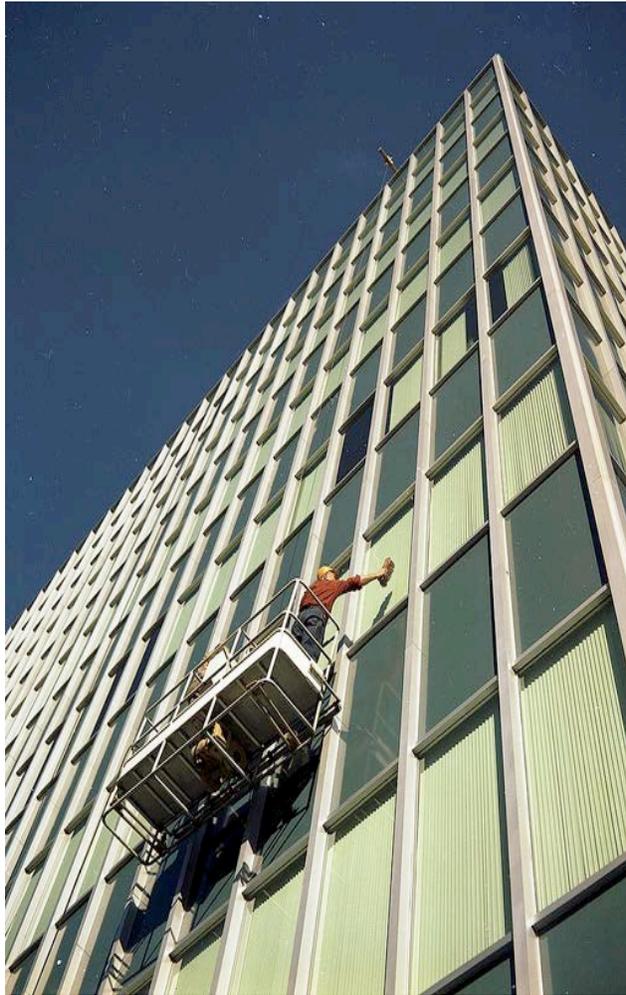


1984

Steve Salmon got out of the Navy in May 1984 and I took him on as a full-time employee. He was conscientious and had quick hands. He was unafraid to try anything we asked. Realizing that he was good at talking to people, I sent him into the neighborhoods, knocking on doors, looking for household cleaning jobs. It was a much harder sell than commercial calls and he didn't get much. He did get one contract to clean the patio around a swimming pool. After six months he moved in with his mother in Abilene TX and a year later he married Linda Dudley.

Aqua Force - Our Worst Disaster

We were cleaning a fifteen story building in downtown Norfolk. We had it rigged and I had several times watched from the ground. We usually did these at night after people had left work, with search lights so we could see to do our work. We had been on this job for several weeks.



Tall buildings, like this example, required complex rigging.

That particular night, the guys were coming down from the fifteenth floor roof. They always wore safety belts tied at the top. This one guy took this belt off for some reason. One of the cables on the side holding the scaffold, slipped and the scaffold fell to a 45degree angle and he fell off and down fifteen floors to the pavement below and was killed. The second worker held on and was able to get into a window and down.

Wayne was on the roof supplying things to the two workers on either end of the scaffold.

There were chemicals up there and the water supply. The chains that raised and lowered things required some added help from above. He did not fall but scrambled quickly to help the second man to safety and then down fifteen flights to see if the one who fell might miraculously be alive.

I had gone home late and gone to bed. They were going to be working until 3:00am. I got this call about 2am, dressed and got over there as fast as I could. His body was still on the ground and the police had been called. Wayne and the second worker were in shock.

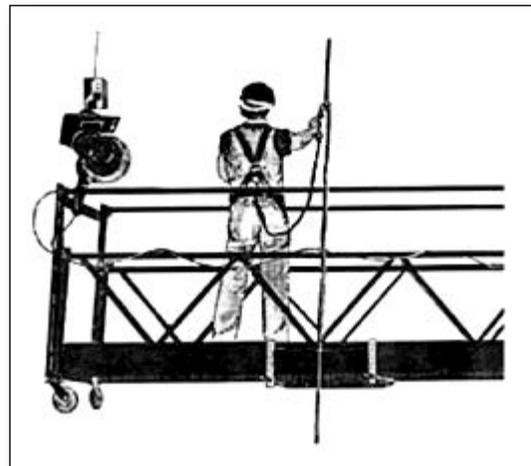
The Aftermath

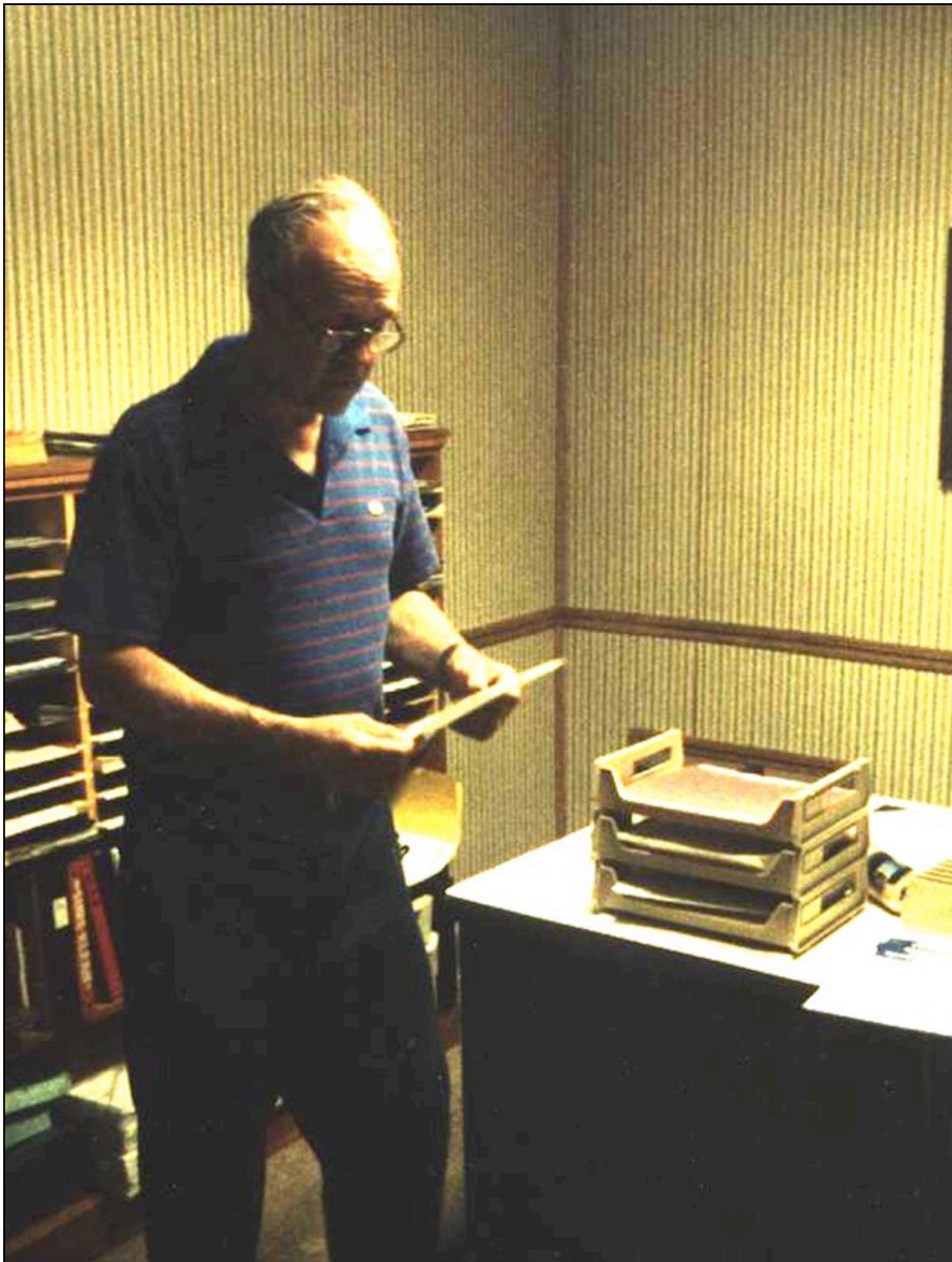
The next day I had to go over and clean everything up. The job was then shut down for several weeks, but I had to finish the contract as I was two weeks from our deadline. Eventually, I went over myself to work on it and we completed it on time.

After the accident we investigated whether the scaffolding company was in some way at fault but was unable to pin anything down.

Worker's Compensation paid \$15,000 to the widow. We also gave her some money. We had taken out the compensation policy beyond what was required by law, because we were in a dangerous business. The policy cost us \$3,000 per year.

His wife was pregnant and he was dead and we paid for the funeral. He was buried in Virginia Beach. We helped his widow and supported her through the birth of their child. It took many months to get over this tragic death. We instituted other policies for safety and avoided contracting jobs that were too dangerous.





Bill's last days before retiring from Aqua Force in 1989

Turning Over the Business

The Dilemma

For years, Ruth and I pondered how and when to retire from the business. This became more urgent when she had a hysterectomy in 1986 and her struggle with cancer began. At that point Beth began working with Wayne full time and Ruth cut back to just the bookkeeping. Besides Ruth's problems, I was nearing 65.

We debated selling it to an outsider or whether to turn it over to Wayne and Beth. None of our other children were interested in taking over although they all would have loved to inherit something from it. However we did it, how could we guarantee an ongoing income for ourselves?

We were advised of the difficulty of finding an outside buyer and if we utilized an agent to locate prospects, we would have to pay him a large commission. We also found it difficult to get a clear assessment of the value of the company. It was, after all, a service business with limited equity in equipment and supplies on hand. In addition, most of the work was without written contracts and even the contracts we had were very short term. There weren't any multi-year contracts to sell to a prospective owner.

So, our name and reputation and long term history with local customers was where the real value lay. It became obvious that turning Aqua Force over to the son of Salmon was the best way to keep the business vibrant. The four of us discussed the terms and got a lawyer to draw up the papers. I wanted to leave by my 65th birthday on March 14, 1989. We would live on a monthly payment from the business and Ruth and I would start drawing our Social Security pensions.

We had debated long whether Wayne could really handle the business alone. By working on the trucks from the time he was a teenager, Wayne had the feel for what was involved to do the jobs. Wayne was totally proficient at cleaning truck fleets with a few helpers. He also knew how to supervise the large building jobs.



Wayne Salmon, 1989

Our concern was how he would handle large building contracts without my logistics and pricing help. And too, since I did all the marketing, we wondered whether he had the initiative to get out on his own and find new work.

The Rift Between Us

By 1988 I had turned over all the daily scheduling to Wayne. Because of her health, Ruth had finally turned over all of the office work to Beth. The two of them made a good team and production was moving along well. My time was dedicated to finding new business.

I had tried several times to get Wayne out looking for new business, but it never seemed to work out very well. I believed that if he would utilize me on a consulting basis, I could supplement his skills and keep up the momentum of the business.

I've always been an "in charge" sort of guy and it was difficult for Wayne to be taking over the business and still have Dad calling all the shots. The coercion resulted in a greater and greater rift between him and me. Beth was caught in the middle, and Ruth had tried from the sidelines to keep communication open between us. I was fearful of the outcome and it was a very tense time for all.

We Gave Them the Keys

The day finally arrived. I turned over the keys to Wayne and Beth and promised to stay out of the way unless they called. I walked away with a great sense of relief. I knew I was

beginning a huge life transition and it was full of unknowns. I felt some anxiety about how the finances would work out and whether Wayne and Beth would keep up their part of the monthly income we would be dependent upon.



Beth Salmon took over handling the office

I was used to getting up early and being involved with life, so I turned my full attention to the daily care of Ruth and my other interests.

I got deeply involved in projects of the Confederate Air Force, at church and in the Lion's Club. I read the paper from front to back every morning. I had time to read all of the mail. I took time to visit with neighbors and day-to-day acquaintances. I had thought I'd have so much extra time, and was surprised to find my life fuller than before retiring.

A Stand Off

The one great disappointment that nagged at me every few days was that Wayne never called. After several weeks, Ruth and I asked how things were going and received a very generalized "OK." After several months when we asked to see the books to learn how our investment was progressing, we were put off. After a year, we asked for the annual profit and loss statement and never got it. Business had dropped off and Wayne hated to admit that to me.

The son with whom I had worked side by side all of those years, was now the most distant. I got some consolation from talking by phone with Scottie. We heard from Janet and Vince often and from Lynda and her kids almost daily. Both Janet and Lynda were struggling with their marriage relationships and that was painful but a helpful distraction.

Ruth listened to my complaints and tried to make sense of it all, but she too was affected by this standoff. Her pain and her care became more and more urgent and we didn't have the time or energy to focus on Aqua Force. Ruth died without a resolution to the void between me and Wayne.

After Wayne's mother died, he and Beth reduced the \$2,800/month payment to \$2,000. Not by mutual consent, but just because business was slow and they felt they couldn't afford any more than that. During the ensuing months they gradually reduced the payments more and more down to \$1,000/mo. By the end of the year, they stopped paying altogether. All in all, I had received about \$150,000 in principle and interest. When asked, they simply said they had paid "enough" for the business and weren't going to pay anymore.

I felt hurt and angry. I was unable to do anything about holding them to the Agreement they had signed. I looked for some logical way to bridge the gap. I asked advice of relatives and friends. I even talked with our accountant about how to get them to catch up on the overdue payments. He said to sue them, but I just couldn't do that to my own children.

My resentment grew. I asked God for help and found again and again that I was powerless to change things. I had to "turn over" the outcome to God and wait.

Resolution, finally in 2000

A decade passed and the issue was still unresolved. After Ruth's death, my relationship with Miki (Beth's grandmother), provided a new person to bridge the gap between me and them. Through her, I heard from and about Wayne and Beth and their kids more and more often.

Miki suggested that I get together with Wayne and Beth and talk it out. She felt strongly that they had already paid enough for the business, regardless of the terms of the Agreement. She felt that the matter needed to be settled and our lives freed of this obstacle.

Finally, in 2000, we did have such a meeting and I agreed to forgive Wayne and Beth of the balance of the money owed. We all agreed to consider Aqua Force to be entirely theirs. A great weight was lifted and my heart opened to communication with my son and his family.

In retrospect, I came to realize that the men in my family of origin had a simpler transition when leaving their businesses. Both Dad and Uncle Walt died when business was good and it transferred to their widow, helped by a son. When Mother and Aunt Poss wanted to retire, they easily handed over the reins to their sons, i.e., Howard Salmon and Jim Forrest.

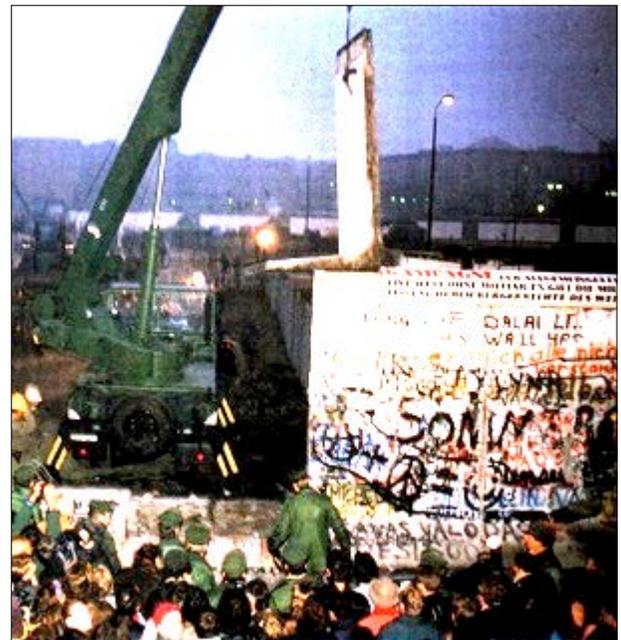
Wayne and I had a more difficult process but we got it done. Wayne has reshaped the business into a reflection of himself and his talents. He does far more painting and restoration and less of the dare devil building cleanings I had tackled. It was a long process for me but I finally learned what it meant to "let go."

Conflict Resolution on a World Scale

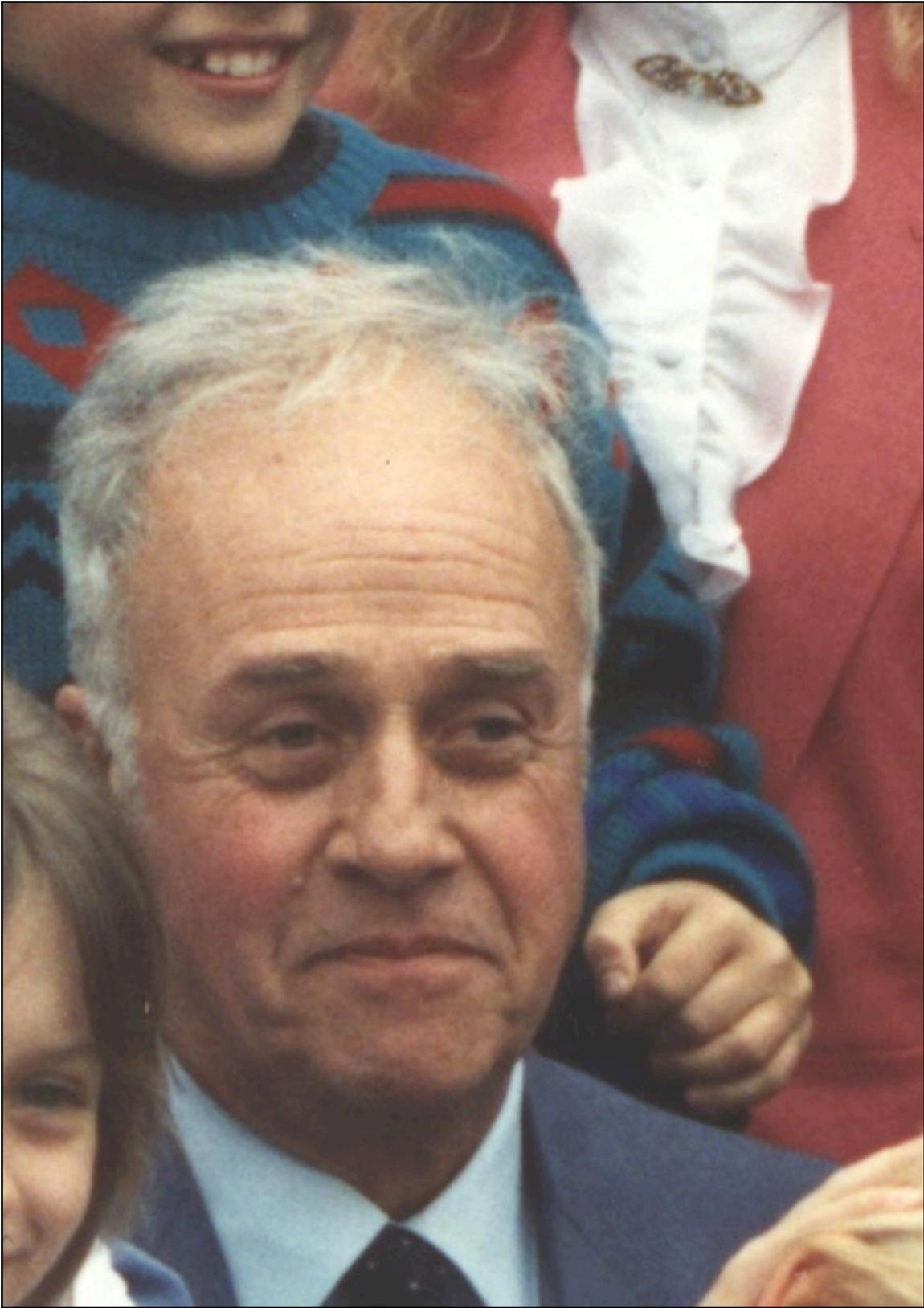
As I was beginning retirement, events in the world took a sudden and very unexpected turn on November 10, 1989. Somehow we all had become so accustomed to the Cold War between the West and Communist nations that we thought it would never end.

The Berlin Wall, for 28 years the most visible symbol of Communist oppression, was opened that day and jubilant East Germans poured across the border into the West. The West Germans gave them a joyful welcome and people danced atop the wall, tore out pieces as souvenirs, turning out by the thousands to celebrate as all the world watched. A human conflict of colossal proportions finally reached resolution.

At our house we watched the festivities on TV for hours. I was awed that the freedom had finally arrived that I had fought for when defeating Nazism in 1945. A freedom that I had aided during the Berlin Airlift in 1948 after Communism split the city. See: *the Berlin Airlift story in Chapter 14.*



Two 8ft high concrete sections are removed at the Brandenburg Gate. After 28 years, this symbol of Communist oppression was dismantled and persons from East and West Germany could intermingle freely.



Surrounded by family, I was filled with an overwhelming sadness covered by a smile. My Ruth was gone. Feb 18, 1991

Ruth's Final Battle

1985-1991

1985

Ruth had been feeling bad for some time when she was diagnosed with cancer. It gave us all a scare and many started praying for her. She had a cyst on her ovary and testing showed it to be malignant.

I was very busy at the time and had to curtail some of my usual schedule to help her. By December Ruth was feeling so weak that she failed to get her annual Christmas letter in the cards. She apologized for that a year later.

Christian Science always preached to turn to God first and to man second. We tried to live according to that doctrine.

During the time of Ruth's cancer, we were again using a practitioner named Carol Morrell from Long Island who was a long time friend and member of our former church in Williston Park NY. When you need some help in an area where you cannot accomplish the healing by yourself, then you turn to a practitioner. She or he prays with you and directs you to certain parts of the Bible that would be helpful. There is an ongoing relationship where you are endeavoring to find your way out of the mess you might be in.

1986

Hysterectomy

Ruth went back for examinations every couple of months until the doctor said, "You've

got to take care of this. You've got to have your ovaries taken out." So, we gave into that idea and the operation took place at Bayside Hospital in late January 1986.

They decided to take just one ovary and left the other as it appeared to be just fine. Since the ovaries are so important to a woman's well being, it seemed that taking them both might change her personality.

She was in the hospital about a week and I was able to stay with her in the room. Afterwards, she went to Lynda's house for several weeks.

Two Years of Chemotherapy

By the end of March, she had completed two sessions of chemotherapy treatment. The second went smoother than the first. Each time it took almost a week for her to get back to near normal, but never 100%. She was bothered by nausea frequently and it didn't seem to have any pattern. We did the best we could during that trying time, knowing that God's Hand was in the healing process.

Ruth joined an oncology support group and felt relieved that she wasn't the only one dealing with all of these problems. She also began to lay to rest that this was "her fault" and that she "should be ashamed" over this malady. Those friends stayed close to her throughout her final years.

Feeling Better by Year's End

At Christmas 1986, Ruth wrote this annual newsletter:

"Dear Ones: I can't believe that we are all standing at the threshold of another holiday season. Of course, for us, it is more fun now that the grandchildren have all reached an age where you can sit back and see the beauty, wonderment, and excitement through their eyes. It bring back so many memories—the rushing and the hustling and the entertaining. Now, others are doing it just as we did years ago. However, I don't find any 'let down.' I am still racing, chasing, wrapping, baking and standing in lines!



Bayside Hospital, 1986

Bayside Hospital, 1986

"We never seem to find the time for a vacation even though Bill is not as active [at work] as he was several years ago. Our daughter-in-law Beth is now working full-time with Wayne since it won't be too much longer and they will have the entire company and its operations to be responsible for. Beth is very bright and has made a big difference in the firm. I am still 'stuck' with the bookkeeping and secretarial duties. The only thing 'new' for me is the fact that now I have three chiefs to contend with and I am still the only 'squaw.'

"Bill's newest loves are the Lions Club which receives half of his waking hours and the Confederate Air Force which gets the other half. I see him sleep. At this stage of the game, I must get in 'line' after his clubs to get anything done for me.

"Bill and I trust you and yours will have a blessed holiday season—that you will feel the love which prompts this letter. When you sit around your tree and are sharing with others, please remember that we think about you all—for all of you have played a major part in the tapestry of life we have woven over the years.

"With Much Love, RUTH"

1987

When it became clear that the cancer had spread to the other ovary, they operated again and removed that one. Once again, radiation treatments were used and each time they seemed to be successful. However, there was always this feeling that the cancer is still alive. It was an ongoing thing, and Ruth was never free of the fear and worry about what was happening inside her. Despite all of this, Ruth stayed involved in life and showed up looking beautiful.

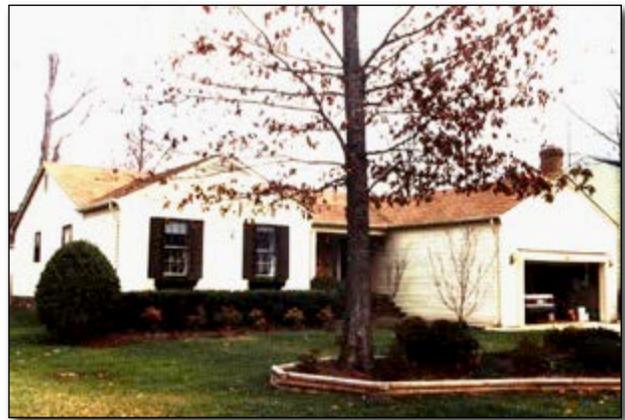


When feeling OK, Ruth showed up looking **beautiful**

1988

Ruth's Last Home

After much deliberation, in 1988 we sold the big house in Plantation Lakes and downsized to a 1,500 sqft, house at 5340 Cerino Court. It was closer to family, church, doctors and hospital.



5304 Cerino Court, Ruth's last home

Ruth was never crazy about this house. It was quite mediocre compared to what we had had before. We both had agreed that she needed something smaller. She just didn't have the energy to transform this house into something smashingly beautiful.

Even though I took care of maintenance, I wasn't much help. I too never felt motivated to make a major renovation. I kept my hobbies going in my room and kept the rest presentable. As she told visitors, "Bill's room is a mess but he loves it. At least we can shut his door."

1988

Salmon-Doig Reunion in Antigua

On May 15, 1988 a group of us celebrated our father's 100th birthday (April 28, 1888) at Admirals Inn, Nelson's Dockyard National Park, Antigua where Horace Salmon had lived as a child. Although I had flown over the island in 1945, this was my first visit on the ground.

Having been there several times before, Richard took Betsy and myself to Richmond Estate and the house where Dad was born. We saw the sugar cane fields, still being tilled. The windmill ruins in the very spot where our grandfather, Frank Salmon, had squeezed the sugar juice from the stalks. We found several unmarked family tombs behind the house and wondered if they might be any of our ancestors.

Among them was a child's tomb that possibly is where baby Leslie Aubrey Salmon was buried after he died at fifteen months of age in 1892.

We all went to the cathedral in St. Johns for Sunday morning service. Although unfamiliar to me, the Church of England service (Episcopal in the USA) was celebrated by my forefathers in that very church.

We all stayed at a resort hotel on the south side of the island and enjoyed the white beaches, the topless European tourists who

were also staying at our hotel, a boat ride to snorkel within a fantastic coral reef with thousands of colorful fish and gorgeous rock formations. The food was great and the steel drum bands were strikingly festive.

It was especially nice to get acquainted for the first time with our Doig cousins who have lived in Antigua non-stop, long after the Salmons moved to the States: Annette Doig, Babs Doig King and her two girls, Kecia and Lorian and Omni Sievers (son of Avelyn Doig Sievers of Queens Village NY).



Salmon/ Doig Family Reunion, May 15, 1988 at Admirals Inn, English Harbour, Antigua, West Indies

Seated: Howard Salmon, Betsy Salmon Garrett, Josephine Kelly Curtain Cook (a Salmon), Bill Salmon, Annette Doig and Babs Doig King of Antigua. **2nd Row:** Verna Salmon, Lorraine Salmon, Leah Salmon, Leslie Kuske (Jo's granddaughter), Genie Curtain Kuske, Lois Forrest, Kecia King (in front of Lois), Lorian King, Omni Sievers. **3rd Row:** Rich Salmon, Bary Salmon, Ben Cook, Jim Forrest (a Doig)

1989

After turning over *Aqua Force* to Wayne, I filled my time with Lions Club and the Confederate Air Force. I was being supportive of Ruth who didn't seem to be getting better.

Although Ruth spent a lot of time in bed after the treatments, when feeling better she got up

and out. I didn't want her driving, so I took her wherever she wanted to go in the car.

She was a cooperative patient. The chemo treatments were terribly painful. She was reluctant about taking medicines but with this sort of illness the only thing beneficial was the chemotherapy. There was no medicine involved. It was done by radiation.

Ruth lost her hair little by little so we went down and bought a wig. Several times we took it to the hairdresser to have it clipped and styled to match her looks. However, she only used it a few times before giving up on it.

Charlotte came to visit Ruth some during this time. Arvy was involved in radar detection systems and stationed near Red Bank NJ at a radar station. He ran it. She came down to Virginia Beach or we went there.

1990

On February 5th, 1990, Ruth was again in the hospital for removal of a small tumor. Her weight was down to 138 lbs and she had been feeling weak for some time. As she recovered, one more time our hope was renewed that she might be all right. What we didn't know was that the cancer was silently spreading to other parts of her body.

Miki tells the story: "About a year before her death, Ruth attended a birthday party that Naomi Young gave for her daughter Beth Salmon. About twenty-five people came to lunch at a downtown restaurant called the *Westminster Abbey* and Ruth was there just glowing and beautiful."

In May 1990 we made a trip to Massachusetts to see Scottie. At 35, he seemed to be a restless soul. He still didn't feel that he belonged anywhere. We also stopped in NJ to visit Howard and Lorraine.

That was Ruth's last trip. From then on she was in and out of the hospital. There were times that she spent a month in bed.

1991

.The Final Month

Towards the end of JAN 1991, Ruth was one day feeling OK and the next in bed. Betsy and Cecil visited for a few days over New Years. Since we lived only a few blocks from Lynda's house, she popped in most every day.

At that time I was finishing two videos documenting our lives. I had filmed one during our 43rd Anniversary in October. The other concerned my wartime activities in 1945 that included footage from the US Army Air Force film, "*Memphis Belle*" done in England in 1943. I spent \$900 having a friend edit them. Robbie Garrett used his duplication equipment to make copies for everyone.

Ruth's Final Journey

On February 14th, I called my family members to let them know that Ruth was failing rapidly. We bypassed hospital care because she was more comfortable at home. Her background pain was great and she was under heavy medication.

Ruth died at home on Friday morning, February 15, 1991. It was a day similar to a lot of days. I got up early to make her breakfast...cream of wheat as she liked hot cereal with coffee and a bagel. She had been feeling very poorly for days and had very little energy to do anything. I bathed her, clothed her and got her fixed in the bed. She finished her breakfast and I took the things downstairs.

I came upstairs to do the daily lesson in Christian Science which we did to try to get her feelings a little higher. This took the better part of an hour. Then all of sudden she said, "I'm tired," and closed her eyes. I said to myself, "I'll let her rest for a little while." So I quietly left the room.

I went into my office room to do some things. About an hour passed and Wayne came in and went in to see his mother. He came back and said, "Dad, come look at Mom. Something is wrong." The two of us went in.

Ruth was in exactly the same position when I left her. I said, "I don't like this." So I went over and tested her breathing and found she wasn't breathing and I knew that she had died. It was 10:00 o'clock.

I sat down in a chair in her room. Ruth's spirit was gone. Her body was gradually turning cold. We were stunned. Tears were in Wayne's eyes and he didn't know just what to say. I felt terrible...like the bottom had just dropped out of my life. After feeling loss, I was angry. I felt mixed up, uncertain, betrayed by the God we had been praying to for years.

I Called 911

Of course, we had to call the coroner to check things out. I called 911 to start with. They got a medical examiner there who determined officially that she had died about 9:30am. They asked whether I wanted them to take her away and I said, "No, leave her there in bed." They left. The police came and made their report and. What to do next? I knew we needed to get an undertaker.

Wayne called the family. Within a few minutes Lynda and Beth arrived. They cleaned up Ruth and tidied up her room because family members would want to see her.

That afternoon Kellam Funeral Home took Ruth's body for embalming. We decided to wait until Monday for the funeral so people would have time to get there.

The girls designated a neighbor across the street to take care of contacting other friends and acquaintances. People brought food to the neighbor's house for us. Miki made a big coconut cake and took it there. Neighbors came each day to bring additional food and pick up the empty dishes. I felt very supported.

On Saturday and Sunday the family started to arrive. Howard and Lorraine, Jim Forrest, Rich and Verna, Cecil and Betsy. Janet and Vince and kids came from Florida. Scottie came down and stayed with Wayne. Frances, Barbie and Ken Bromfield drove from their home a few miles away. Al Zilian, Ruth's brother-in-law and his daughter (her niece) Charlene arrived from Jacksonville FL.

The Viewing

The viewing of Ruth's body at Kellam Funeral Home was provided Saturday evening and Sunday. Hundreds visited and signed the registry. I was there for many hours, visiting with family and friends.

The Funeral

On Monday, February 18, 1991 three hundred people gathered at our church and our pastor, Judy Meyer, conducted a beautiful service. She spoke eloquently of Ruth, as she had supported Ruth through much of her illness. She reminded us of the brevity of life and the hope that we may one day return. She turned our thoughts to God, to the eternal nature of our souls and the meaning of our journey on earth. Ruth's final battle was over. Her journey back to God was now complete.

Interment

Ruth was cremated and I kept her ashes for several months. I tried to gather all of the children and grandchildren together for interment of her remains, but it was hard to set a date. Finally Janet and Vince came up from Florida with their kids and we had everyone except Scottie, so we decided to do it. As Ruth had instructed, we all went out to the Botanical Gardens and spread her ashes in the rose garden. We said some prayers, shed some tears and shared our grief. Afterwards, Scottie was understandably hurt that he hadn't been included.



Cecil Garrett, Bill, Verna Salmon, Betsy Garrett, Frances Bromfield, Jim Forrest, Barb Bromfield, Lynda Marson, Matthew Marson(in front), Jim Marson, Charlene & Al Zilian, Scott Salmon, Jessica Witengier (in front), Wayne & Beth Salmon, Ashley and Jonathan Salmon, Vince Witengier, Lorraine Salmon, Christopher Witengier (in front), Janet Witengier, Leah Salmon, Richard Salmon, Howard Salmon. February 18, 1991

THE DECISION

When death whispers at my door,
I'll know its time to leave this earth once more.
This time I feel I've passed the test,
And earned my way to eternal rest.

I examine the school of my life,
which has been full of uncertainty and strife,
perhaps there was more I could have done,
to have walked instead of run.

The art of listening instead of telling,
creates friends without yelling.
To be grateful for all God has done,
I should have shared more as giving is fun.

How I've longed to help others find the way,
searching for words to comfort day by day.
Slowly I've learned to quiet my sense,
and listen in the silence, before going hence.

God's direction is always there,
and paths have unfolded because I care.
I will listen again for the still small voice,
to aid in making the right choice.

To return to earth to more fully live,
and learn more lessons on how to give.
Or is it time to stretch my spiritual wings,
to soar and learn of other things?

God's beautiful, fulfilling plan
is already in place to bless each man.
Then the choice is simple, because God's will is done,
when I know that God and I are one.

November 1991

Part Four

Retirement

1991 to 2005





Bill and Miki Returning to Cerino Court after Hawaii Trip, 1992

Discovering Miki

1991-1993

1991

I had hoped that my retirement in 1989 would free me to do more in the activities I love: writing poetry, the Confederate Air Force, the Lion's Club, our church. However, during the five years until her death, my retirement life was pretty much on hold while Ruth struggled to live.

Gulf War Ended

Ten days after Ruth's death the Gulf War ended. In a 100 hour ground offensive, U.S. led United Nations forces drove the Iraqi military out of Kuwait, deep into their own country. The Allies decided, for some reason, not to depose Hussein, a matter they came to regret later on. While withdrawing from Kuwait, Hussein had his army set fire to 751 wells in their oil fields. It didn't deter the Allied forces at all, but was a mean trick to cripple the Kuwait ruling family. After nine months, oil fire specialists from many nations finally extinguished them all.



Saddam Hussein set fire to the Kuwait oil fields, Feb 1991

Depression

After Ruth died, the bottom fell out of my world. I got up every morning and walked around an empty house. Reading about upcoming events in the paper held no appeal. Even attendance at CAF meetings, Lion's Club

and church had an emptiness. Eating out alone or eating at home alone was awfully quiet. My anchor was gone. I missed my partner. My mind kept searching: "God, what am I supposed to do next?"

I attended activities at church. I decided to get more involved in the Writer's Group at the Recreation Center. I was talking with lots of people every day as my depression started to lift. I even asked Beth's grandmother, Miki Meekins, to attend the Writer's meeting once or twice because she too had an interest in authorship.

A Woman Named Bea

In March I decided to head west and went to Harlingen, Texas where they were closing the CAF main base and moving to Midland TX. They had a big dance and I met a very attractive woman named Bea Stroud and we danced our feet off. There was a spark between us and so I stayed in nearby McAllen for many days while we got to know one another. I was debating whether she was The One.

Sitting in my hotel room I jotted down some poetry and was thrilled to discover that the writer's block was gone. The words just seemed to flow. Nothing like love to get the creativity going! A realization was dawning that I was at the beginning of a new chapter in life. In my excitement, I called Rich and Verna and Wayne and Lynda and shared my happiness. They were supportive.

Not knowing whether to go any further with these feelings, I returned to Virginia to settle into my world and think it through. I shared the poetry with my Writer's Group and they loved what I'd written. However, I noticed that Miki wasn't too thrilled. That was puzzling.

In April I traveled to New York State and New England, stopping to see Scottie. I took along a new camcorder and was learning how to use it while creating a record of my adventures. En route, I visited Howard and Jim Forrest in New Jersey and looked around the hillsides and villages where I'd grown up.

When at home I was being supportive of Lynda and Jim. They had both been in counseling and Jim moved out. The children were shuffling back and forth between them.

Wayne's Fall

One night in May, Wayne fell off Riverside Hospital from three flights up. He didn't have his safety belt on. They picked him up from the ground and took him inside. It was the middle of



Riverside Hospital. Norfolk

the night when they called and I went right over to the emergency room. He didn't break any bones but was all shook up, so they kept him for several days. Beth, her mother Naomi and Miki were there at the hospital. We were very fortunate it wasn't any more serious. He fell on his hand, yet has full use of it today.

End of Search

During the weeks that ensued, I felt reassured that Bea in Texas was not a good match for me. So, I closed that door. However, I did start to do more and more things with Miki Meekins and we really enjoyed each other's company.

I had gone around the country looking, searching, wondering. And lo and behold, here was this beautiful, fascinating woman right there in Virginia Beach, right within my extended family. She already knew and loved my children and grandchildren. She already knew many of my friends. Her granddaughter Beth had been running my business for five years and she'd already heard countless stories of me and my life. I discovered that I need not look any further.

Unity Village

In July Lynda and I and four others from our church went to Unity Village, Missouri for a week of classes on different Unity teachings. We stayed in a motel and ate in the Village mess hall. It was a nice atmosphere, a place for learning and prayer. They had meetings and various discussions based on Unity and the Bible by noted scholars. Lynda and I grew closer together as a result.



Lynda and I studied at Unity Village, Illinois, July 1991

At the end of the week, Lynda flew home with the others and I went on to Abilene, Texas and met Richard and Verna. His youngest son Jeffrey Salmon was marrying Deirdre Bryan and his other five children were present. After the wedding, Verna flew back to Colorado and Richard and I drove his car back to Colorado.

Confederate Air Force, Midland

First, we drove west to Odessa and visited the new Confederate Air Force headquarters that was under construction. It was mostly some big hangars left behind by World War II and a museum and administration offices were under construction. Only a few of the airplanes were on site. It looked as if it was going to be a wonderful tourist attraction.



Confederate Air Force Headquarters and Museum, Midland TX

A Month in Colorado with Miki

From Odessa, we turned north towards Colorado. A week earlier, Miki had flown to Colorado Springs to attend her grandson Robb Kidd's wedding to Gwynn Welch. The day after the wedding, around noon, Rich and I arrived from Texas and met up with Miki at her hotel. I stayed there with her and Richard proceeded on to his home in Boulder. Miki and I followed the next day in a rental car.



Verna's amazing basement apartment with floor-to-ceiling mirrored walls and brilliant colors,

We stayed with Rich and Verna and enjoyed the town of Boulder. Flowers were planted along the streets, artwork lined the Pearl St. walking Mall and the Flatiron Mountains loomed 3,000 feet over everything on the western edge of town. Miki and I grew in our relationship which was very pleasing to me considering the sorrow that had befallen me in prior months.

Regarding our stay, Miki says, "I had understood we would stay there four or five days and then head back home. However, it turned into almost a month. I kept saying that we can't stay this long. This is terrible. But they insisted we were welcome. So we helped Verna paint and Bill repaired all sorts of electronic things in the house. Bill felt that as long as we were doing things, that we were earning our keep. Richard and Verna were very gracious and gave us a whole downstairs apartment to ourselves and it was just lovely."

As the days passed, we ate in tasty and beautifully decorated restaurants. We drove into the mountains and stood on overlooks that dropped off for 3,000 feet. We drove to 11,000 feet above sea level on Trail Ridge Road, the highest thru-road in the USA. We visited

Glenwood Springs and swam in a warm water pool as long as a city block.



Glenwood Springs warm water pool on I-70 near Glenwood Canyon



Severe Chest Pains

We drove over the Continental Divide at Loveland Pass. We visited Snowmass near Aspen above 10,000 feet. I found it difficult to breathe despite flying many years before at that or higher altitudes without oxygen. I thought it wouldn't bother me but I felt severe chest pains and it got to me. I didn't faint but Miki said I got weird. Oxygen depletion works that way. You go along breathing normally and thinking you're fine and it just isn't registering in your mind that something is wrong so you can deal with it. The only way to overcome it is to breathe oxygen until your body gets back to normal.

Miki commented later: "I didn't like it at all. He acted like no one in the world was important except this horrible thing that he was feeling. He shut everyone out. I couldn't get to him to sympathize or help or anything. Because of the physical symptoms we took him to Boulder Hospital and had him examined and everything checked out perfectly. They said there was nothing wrong except oxygen deprivation, so go home and forget about it. So we did."

I wrote several poems while there: "Colorado Sunset" and "Dream Rider," inspired by an exquisite painting in Verna's home.

Going back to Virginia Beach in August, we decided to keep seeing each other and did things together most every day. I stayed at her house some nights and she stayed at mine others. We became inseparable. We really didn't feel a need to change much and kept both our houses. We just wanted to be together.

Vince Moved in With Me

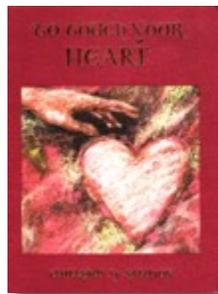
In August 1991, the Savings & Loan companies were being phased out in America and Vince and Janet lost the house they had been buying. To hold their family over, Janet took the kids to Florida and moved in with Vince's sister, Marianne Witengier. Vince moved in with me, staying behind to complete his work in the computer department of the S&L where he had been employed for years. This went on for nine months until Vince found a job in Tembroke, Florida where his family could be reunited.



Son-in-law Vince Witengier

Book of Poems

In September I had fun sharing several poems to a Talent Night gathering at our church. In November I attended a seminar on writing at the Hilton Head Hyatt and then we went down to Jacksonville FL to see Al and Charlene Zillion. I decided to publish a book of my poems that could be sold in Christian bookstores. With layout and publishing help from Miki's granddaughter Katie Thi-bault, we completed it in November 1992. I named it *To Touch Your Heart* and printed several thousand copies.



That November, Lynda went ahead with her divorce from Jim, as he had moved in with another woman. She also met and began dating a builder named Tommy Northern who was in the midst of a career change to addictions counseling. He was teaching co-dependency classes at a treatment center and involved in a male warrior group at our church.

For Christmas, Miki and I went to Orlando, Florida with Lynda, Matthew and Missy. I was continuing to see Miki everyday and loving it.

1992

Rob and Gwynne Kidd in Colorado

In the first quarter of '92, Miki bought a house for grandson Rob in Kittredge CO, south of Conifer about 35 miles west of Denver. Rob is a professional photographer and shoots landscape in slow motion on 72mm film. The quality is the sort seen in calendars and photogravure magazines like *National Geographic*. His main market is framed-portraits sold in gift stores and galleries. To pay the groceries, Rob was also waiting tables at Chart House Restaurant overlooking Denver 2,000 ft. below. They moved into their new house in May.



Miki's grandson, Rob and Gwynne

Finally, Living Together

One day I suggested that we start living together. Miki said, "Hoorah! I'd like for us to be together all the time!"

That, in turn, brought up another issue: which house to live in. Miki wanted to live in hers at 2117 Kendall Circle East where she'd lived since 1969. I preferred it too because of the water frontage and because Wayne had his boat moored there. I thought that Miki ought to add to her house to accommodate family functions. However, she liked the lines of her



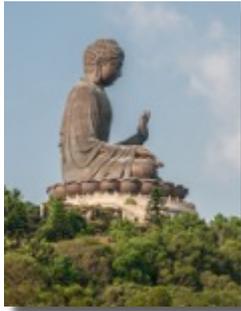
Miki's house on Kendall Circle East

house and didn't want to add a big second story on top. We consulted architects and they agreed with her that it would completely ruin that house to try to add to it.

So, I decided to sell Cerino Court [photo on p.160] and I put it on the market. It didn't sell, so Miki decided to put her house on the market and sell both. Her house sold the first day she listed it. Hers was sold, so we then faced a dilemma of what to do next. We decided that she would move in with me. After moving in, Miki went right to work, arranging little things to suite her tastes.

Hong Kong Lions Convention

From June 16 to July 7, 1992, Miki and I made a trip to China and Hawaii. Miki shared: "That year the 75th International Convention was held in Hong Kong and I got to go. We signed up and were gone a whole month. First we went to



Singapore, then Hong Kong for the convention for five days. I can't talk about it without crying. The International is attended by all peoples from all over the world, doing this work to help humanity." [See p.204]

Hawaii

"Afterwards, we went on to Hawaii. It had become a honeymoon at that point. We went on one of the two cruise ships that go around the Hawaiian Islands. They stopped at various beaches. One day I swam out to another boat together with Bill, and I felt that I was eighteen or twenty again and we're on a honeymoon. At that point we were very much in love."



Day on the beach during cruise on Hawaiian ship

A House for Janet and Vince

Janet and Vince had been renting a place in Tembroke Pines FL when they decided it was time to buy a home. They went into contract on one and a day before the closing, Hurricane Andrew blew in and its 125 mph winds blew the shingles off the roof. Many families suffered total destruction of their homes and at \$20 billion is considered the most expensive storm in US history. After repairs, they finally closed on the house and moved in.

1993

World Trade Center Bombed

In February 1993, the World Trade Center was bombed by Islamic fundamentalists. Many were killed and injured and there was extensive damage to the basements, but they didn't succeed in bringing it down. It took many months to identify the culprits and Americans were slow to realize the threat of terrorism.

Minneapolis

June 1993 was the month we attended the Lions International Convention in Minneapolis MN.



Bought a Lot

In June 1993, we bought a lot on Cheswick Lane, across the street from an inlet to the ocean. We had decided that we wanted to create a new home that was an expression of our togetherness. We spent the rest of 1993 and early 1994 building the house. That story in detail appears in the next chapter.

Christmas Day with Patsy and Don

We spent Christmas in Virginia with a couple of nice dinners and a church party. Miki and I went to Richmond on Christmas afternoon to be with her daughter, Patsy, who was standing by her husband Don Kidd, dying of liver problems. Barbara and Ed West visited us over New Year's.



A crowning accomplishment in the life together of Bill and Miki: 4192 Cheswick Lane

Building Together

1993-1994

1993

Having bought the lot at 4192 Cheswick Lane in June 1993, Miki and I began a great adventure together. We both had been involved in home building and renovation over a lifetime. Between us there must have been thirty houses. I was 69 and Miki was 72 and we felt this would be the last house we'd build in this lifetime.

We chose the location to be near water. We didn't care about once again having a boat landing. Just being able to see the inlet between the houses across the street was good enough. There was a neighborhood pier at the end of the street for fishing or bird watching. The waterway eventually leads all the way to the ocean.



General Contractor

Everyday we drove the ten miles from Cerino Court. We were our own general contractor. I did a lot of the actual labor. We sub-contracted various parts and got it built. The house was covered in light and dark grey stucco. We dealt with freezing pipes and all kinds of things, but finally turned out a beautiful place.

We both wanted an office to share. We had a man come in and build two mahogany cabinets, covering two whole walls from floor to ceiling. He made desktop parts that folded up so the cabinet doors could close. The cost came to \$10,000 but the result was worth it.

Miki's Swimming Pool

Miki tells a great story about the pool:

"Bill always had had liner pools and I'd always had cement pools, so there was a conflict about which to have. The people he knew always did liners. My former contractor had gone out of business. Bill's people came by and were talking about a straight lap pool. They walked up and down and I heard what they were planning. I said to myself, "No way! This is going to be ugly." So I called my own contractor.

"Building contractors always ignore the woman when talking with a couple. If a man and woman are standing talking to a worker, and the woman asks a question, the worker turns to the man to answer. This went on over and over while we were building. Several times I had to say to the man, "Say, I asked the question. Answer me. Look at me. I'm the one who is going to be paying you. Are you going to talk to him or are you going to talk to me?" They would come up short and say, "Oh, I'm sorry," but in a minute they were right back talking to the man. This is a man thing.

"So, I left the men out there planning that ugly pool and called my friend Mary McBroom who had planned my former pools. I said, "I know you are no longer in the business, but would you consider helping me draw up the plans?" She said she would do it and not charge me a penny. She did and made it just beautiful. She warned me that the men who would be putting it in would have a fit because it's very complicated to build the way she had it.

"We built a wall around the pool that was 2½ feet tall on the inside and 4 feet above ground on the outside. A man came and covered it with gray stones. Bill wanted a waterfall and the mason made one with the gray stone."



The Kitchen

We were in Melbourne FL visiting my cousin Barb and her husband Ed West. They have three adult kids: Pat, Pam and Eddie, Jr and four grandchildren.

When there we saw a ceiling that was raised and all lighted up called a Dommit Ceil-ing. We took photos and obtained information on the manufacturers. I sent them the measurements and after shipment, installed it in our kitchen.

1994

Finally Moved In - April 1994

To complete Cheswick Lane, we took furniture from my house and Miki's including a fake fireplace. We brought all of the clocks and pictures, including thirty-three Pat Buckley originals that are quite valuable now. Miki had a high-posted bed for our bedroom plus a white wicker suit of drawers that she put upstairs.

Ruth and I had been used to antiques and Miki preferred more contemporary things, and we found a combination that seemed to blend well. Miki was worried that I might want it to be more like Ruth had decorated, but I said, "No, I like your choices." We finished the house and moved in April 4, 1994.



Visiting with Ed and Barb West in Melbourne FL, 1993



The completed structure, minus landscaping. Together we have created "Our Home." Photo: August 1994

My Grandad Sharing a Poem from the front porch...
From a brief video produced by grandson Matt Marson



“Miki and I welcome you to Our New Home. I’d like to share a poem...”





Bill and Miki's Wedding, April 1994

Companions

1994-1999

1994

On April 4th we moved into our new Cheswick Lane home. That month we also exchanged vows of commitment at our church.

Our Commitment

Judy Meyer, the minister at Unity Renaissance Church had announced in early 1994 that there would be an event for couples to reaffirm their vows. Miki and I talked it over and realized that it was an ideal way for us to formalize our relationship. We were committed to each other and wanted to make it public. We stood up before our congregation and repeated our vows, promising to be true to each other until death do-us-part.



We consider that we are married in God's eyes as much as any other couple. We don't have a legal marriage license. So far as the State of Virginia and the IRS is concerned, we file separate tax returns. It is financially prohibitive for us to legally marry. However, in the sight of God, our family and friends, we are spiritually a married couple.

Our relationship is one of sharing joy and love and involvement with other family members and our community. Miki supported me with my involvement in the Lions Club and the Confederate Air Force. I supported her real estate projects and activities with her family. We have a great caring and loving life together.

I think that's the important aspect of any relationship.

Whether or not we ever legally marry remains to be seen. We made some casual studies into the financial aspects of marriage. If legally we can save some taxes or shelter our estates, individually versus together, is a subject we continue to study. We were interested to learn that 75% of newly formed senior coupleships in America, live together without a government marriage license. The government's view of our togetherness is the least important aspect of our relationship.

Florida, Arizona, British Columbia

On April 23rd we drove to Jacksonville FL for the wedding of my niece Charlene Zilian to Patrick Sawyer. We got to spend time with Al and get acquainted with his new wife Sandra.



Al Zilian and wife, Bill and niece Charlene Zilian-Sawyer

In July we went to Phoenix to visit Miki's sister. In August we attended the Lions Convention in Alberta, British Columbia, Canada. The event was outstanding, but Miki experienced extreme pain in her hip on a daily basis.



Miki's Hip Replacement

On December 5th Miki had her hip replaced. Scottie is a machinist and was working for a firm that manufactures artificial joints. His sort of handiwork is actually installed in Miki's body. This seems like a strange thing, but it's the truth.

Scottie showed us how such parts are made and work.

During 1993 through 1995, the civil war in former Yugoslavia involved United Nations forces, led by the USA. This Bosnian Serb Conflict required a lot of US Air Force involvement. Although I renewed my pilot's license in 1995 and co-piloted a CAF B-17 to Greenville NC, at age 71 I was no longer in the Air Force Reserve and not involved.

1995

Miki's Place in Nags Head

Miki had a vacant lot in Nags Head and felt she needed to build on it. She called a contractor who had done work for her in the past, gave him the general requirements and asked him to build one. She trusted his judgment and we only had to go down two times before he had it finished. This was typical of Miki's skills in investing and in delegation. It is now a successful rental property in a popular tourist town.

Re-enactor of General MacArthur

In the summer of 1995, a Korean War Reunion was held in Virginia Beach. I was asked whether I might be willing to appear as Gen. Douglas MacArthur in a historical reenactment.



Bill reenacting Gen. MacArthur

The likeness was convincing and the audience loved it. This in turn led to being called on several more times to play that role. One time was at a convention in Baltimore where they put us up in a fancy hotel. I enjoyed kibitzing with renowned actor James Earl Jones who narrated the skit.

Donning the uniform of a 5-star general, a corn cob pipe and sun glasses, I was driven into the convention hall in a specially decorated jeep and assisted by others in Military Police uniforms as I recited the assigned lines.

Personifying such a notable person was a real thrill and I loved being a five-star General, even just for an hour.

Rachel Born & House Purchased

Scott and Kelly had a little girl on July 21, 1995 whom they named Rachel Tracy Salmon. We attended her baptismal service at the United Methodist Church in Braintree MA. A year later I purchased a home at 20 Doris Drive, Abington MA so they'd avoid \$1,000/mo rental payments that were building no equity.



Kelly and Scott Salmon at Rachel's baptism, July 1995

Florida Property for Janet & Vince

In November 1995 with Miki's encouragement, I purchased a house on Lake Margaret Drive in Orlando FL so Janet and Vince would have a place to live. They had been renting various places for years and it seemed they needed a way to get started again in home ownership. Five years later they paid off my part and now own it outright.

1996

In June 1996 Miki and I attended the Lions International Convention in Phoenix. In June of 1997 we attended the Lions International Convention in Philadelphia.



Forrest Wedding in New Jersey

On June 1, 1996 we attended the wedding of James Forrest to Lisa Yunger in north Jersey. Jimmy, as his Dad calls him, is General Manager. of Forrest Manufacturing in Rutherford [details on p.124]. Pictured: Jay, Jimmy & Lisa, Lois, Jim and Lynn. Middle-son Dan was absent.



James & Lisa Forrest wedding, June 1996

1997

Cruise Ship to Alaska

In July 1997 we booked on a cruise ship to Alaska with Ed and Barbara West and two others. The trip involved embarking in Seattle and then up the coast and then via sight seeing train with a domed roof. During that ride we could see one tall mountain all the way. We got up one morning to leave and found ourselves in a blinding snow storm. We made our way over to the meeting hall that had big fireplaces. Everyone stood around singing and talking and having a good time. Suddenly the sun came out and in an hour the storm was entirely gone. We got on our buses and went touring.

What is so nice about these trips is where you get involved. A little bit of an airplane ride, a train ride, a boat ride. In Alberta we went on a bus and drove right out onto a body of water where the ice was 75 feet deep. We even panned for gold in the Yukon. The fun of being with a group of people was very rewarding. The food was good at every stop. We even ate reindeer meat. Seeing other parts of the world was great. I highly recommend it to anybody.

It was nice traveling with Barbara and Ed West. Our friendship grew and we reminisced about many events from our childhood.

A Minor Stroke

Miki related this story: "In September a group called Operation Blessing was having a meeting at the Founders Inn near Pat Robert-son's offices and Bill was invited. At the meeting, Bill acted strange (they told me later). He came home and said he was tired and went to sleep.

"The next morning Bill got up, getting ready to go to a Lions Club meeting. At the meeting we all noticed that he was talking odd, dropping things, had food on his mouth and not noticing it. People were asking me, "What's the matter with Bill?" About that time a book slipped out of his hands and I knew something was wrong.

"I took him to Urgent Care and said it seemed that he was having a stroke. They took him to the Emergency Room for tests. By the time it was over, there was nothing more to be done. There was no bleeding in his brain. They thought there had been a momentary blockage of the blood flow in his brain that might have caused a little damage. The fingers of his right hand tingled. He didn't have any facial distortion, but, for a few hours, one could tell that his speech was unclear. It was all gone in a few days."

Lois Died

On Nov. 30, 1997, Lois Forrest died of an aneurism quite unexpectedly at home at age 66. I drove up for the funeral conducted at their church and three of her children and Jim spoke during a two hour service.



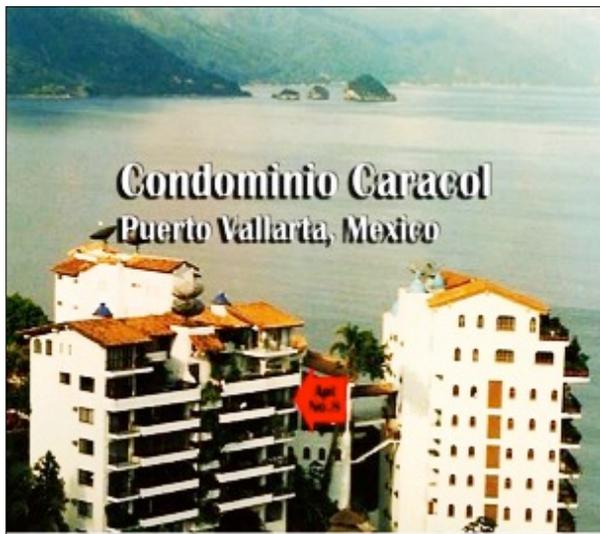
Lois & Jim visiting his parent's graves in Basking Ridge a month before she died.

1998

Puerto Vallarta, Mexico

Richard and Verna had bought a condo in Mexico in 1996. We flew to Denver in January 1998 to visit Rob and Gwen. After a few days we caught a non-stop to Puerto Vallarta. They picked us up at the Aeropuerto and drove us to *Condominio Carcol, Apt.No.8* on a mountainside overlooking the Pacific Ocean. We didn't speak Spanish but most of the natives speak some English, so we got along all right. We toured and we ate some wonderful meals. We swam in the warm waters of the ocean and had a wonderful experience.

While there, Richard and I spent days on a detailed chronology of my life... thus completing Phase One for this autobiography.



Bill and Miki in Puerto Vallarta, Mexico, 1998

1999

Daily Routine at Cheswick Lane

Usually my day starts at 6 in the morning, getting out of bed, coming into the office and sitting down, seeing the headlines in the paper. Miki gets up a little later and we have breakfast about 7:00. By that time we have the TV on listening to the news. We plan what we have to do for that particular day. Life is rather low key. We don't have any high emotional meetings planned with other people.

I like to read the headlines, the feature articles pertaining to the Navy, the politicians, what is going on in other parts of the world that affects the United States. As a veteran, I'm always very interested in what the government is doing and how we are involved. Most people don't realize that the United States is the most important country in the world right now. We have more freedoms to do things and more opportunity to advance lives in many ways. Most Americans don't recognize this, not realizing that they need to voice their opinions, and that those opinions are important to the politicians.

We like news broadcasts. We follow the soap, "The Young and The Restless," which comes on at 12:30 every day, followed by "The Bold and The Beautiful." I really like the evening show, "JAG", which is built around the Navy and exploits of an aviator who is also a lawyer and investigator in the Judge Advocate General's Office. Truly a great program!

I also enjoy tuning in "Lawrence Welk." We go to the movies every week or two. We continue in church activities.

Autobiography Phase Two

In November 1999, Richard came to VB for three weeks and completed Phase Two by recording conversations of my life. He went home with nine audio tapes and many photos. He had quite a task ahead.



Miki

Most of you may know something about the loyalty and devotion that my Father showed to my Mother as she endured through her struggle with cancer for six long years. By the end of my Mother's illness, my Father had shouldered much suffering and sadness. It was a time in his life when he had earned some joy and light.

That joy, that light and true happiness, came not only to my Father, but to our whole family through the new soulmate my Father found to share his life... Miki.

In Miki, my Father found a person who shared his love of life, his zest for adventure, that way of greeting each sunrise with the question, "Now, what are we going to do today?"

They were able to travel... to China, Hawaii, Mexico, Colorado, Alaska and more. They enjoyed shows, music, writing, poetry. Miki encouraged Dad's talents and took such pride in everything he accomplished.

Miki was so right for my Father at this time in his life, that we, his children, could feel no petty jealousies. Miki did not replace our Mother, but rather, she enriched all of our lives with her love and wisdom. She has often been a bridge over troubled relationships and has loved us as if we were her own.

The love that my Father and Miki shared to his last day was a bond that will never die. Miki showed her tremendous courage, loyalty, and love for my Father as his health declined. She fought for his comfort, his dignity and his life. Miki found hope in even his smallest accomplishments and bragged about his handsome looks even as he neared the end. Miki's voice could elicit a response from Dad even when he could answer to no other. He looked at her with adoring eyes until his last day.

In his words to Miki, my Father wrote: "My love Miki, who shows that love endures, is timeless and escapes the boundaries of time."

Miki, we love you and thank you. Lynda Salmon, 2010



Bill at the gate of Apartment No. 167, looking for Dolly. Atlantic Shores Retirement Community, 2002

A Retirement Community

1999-2002

During our early years at Cheswick Lane, I stayed busy with the “honey-dos” but gradually I just didn’t feel like doing them anymore. I preferred to hire the work done. Although she seldom complained, Miki too had less and less energy to contribute to that large house.

1999

Transition Towards Assisted Living

In 1999, Miki shared: “I feel that this beautiful home we love and enjoy is getting to be more than we can handle. Each year we have less strength and energy to handle the repairs and maintenance, the pool and yard and house. Instead of being able to do these things ourselves, we have to hire them done. Also, I am tired of planning meals every day. I’ve gotten to the point that I’m not doing a good job.

“We found a retirement community that we feel is pretty good. We both have health insurance that will take care of us no matter what happens. We need a place that serves meals and is an apartment or house. We’re looking at Atlantic Shores Retirement Community and we have friends there. They have a lovely dining room. We can have friends in to visit. We won’t have any work to do.”

Inevitably one has to close one chapter and go on to the next. Ever since I got out of the military and Ruth and I moved into our first house at 13 Derby Road (1953), since then I’ve lived in twelve different houses. In every one I did an immense amount of work to save on labor and costs and thereby increase our equity in the property. I also felt inwardly rewarded from accomplishing construction jobs that were often quite difficult.

Miki and I are now at a point in our life where retirement homes offer a package deal. When you eventually need medical care, there is a professional care unit right within the complex.. We are seeing this as the next step out of this home which we built and which will bring a great deal of money when we sell it. We are collecting information to make a move in a few more months. This is the study period (1999).

2000

Y2K: The New Millennium

New Year’s Eve of 1999 and the arrival of a new millennium was a big deal. They even gave it a special name: “Y2K” for Year 2000. All the world shuddered in fear that computers would fail due to a flaw in their dating software.

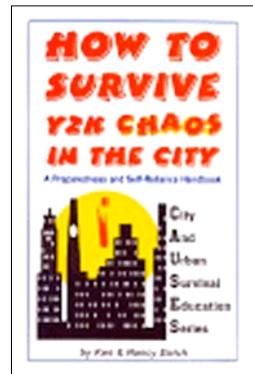


Many computer systems had been created during the 1960s, 70s, and 80s that used a two digit numeral for the year. Therefore, when records dated 12-31-99 rolled over to 01-01-00, they feared that the computers would recognize them as the year “1900” rather than “2000” and throw everything out of order.

The fear of chaos worldwide led Pres. Bill Clinton to suggest that Americans not travel during that holiday and many US cities canceled their celebrations as well. The military and corporate computer management were on high alert as the clock rolled over at midnight.

Well, the computer managers of the world did better than the fear mongers expected and the world did not come to a stand still. In fact, January 1st of the new millennium was a wonderful new day like any other, with the sun coming up, the newspapers delivered and the morning TV shows being aired. Breakfast was enjoyed as accustomed by people around the world.

Miki and I celebrated New Year’s Eve at home. Meanwhile, Richard and Verna celebrated in Puerto Vallarta, Mexico, at a friend’s lavish villa atop a mountain overlooking the Pacific Ocean. Hundreds of ships, yachts, sailing boats and other craft filled the bay and fireworks filled the air from the boats and hotels along the shoreline. It went on for almost two



hours, ushering in a new century as well as a new millennium. This was a magical moment for billions.

Atlantic Shores

2000 was another year of transition for us. Having contracted for an apartment at Atlantic Shores, we were waiting for an appropriate unit to open up. The average turnover there is less than ten years, because so many move in during their 70s and before long either need to switch to extensive care or just plain die. Finally, they promised us a first floor unit facing the parking lot across from the dining hall building. We were thrilled.

We moved into the six story York building labeled 985 Fleet Drive, Apartment No. 167. It was connected by enclosed hallways to all the other facilities on the premises.



York Building of the Atlantic Shores Retirement Community

Downsizing

While downsizing, we gave away most of our furniture and bequeathed various keep-sakes to family members. We didn't experience a great deal of sadness, as we were ready for this phase of life. We've both always tried to avoid investing too much attachment to possessions, so eliminating all of that stuff was really quite freeing. Of course, we did have a bunch that we just couldn't decide about, so Bill's Dodge Caravan was parked in the lot, filled to the brim for several months. Eventually we sorted it all out and regained use of that vehicle.

Being the gregarious person that I am, I quickly made hundreds of new friends among the staff and occupants. Coming into a communal dining hall most every day and wandering the hallways and premises to and from events, provided endless encounters. Miki is always a bit reticent to get so deeply involved with everyone, but I dragged her along nevertheless.

2001

It wasn't long before Miki arranged for her sister Ruth Murphy to purchase the unit two doors down the hall. Not only did she pop in and out of our house several times daily, but she participated in shopping trips, eating out and attending various events.

In 2001 we adopted Dolly. She has become so much a part of my life, that it's hard to believe it's only been two years.



Miki's sister Ruth moved in



Bill and Dolly, his constant companion

September 11th

September 11, 2001 is the day we all were shocked to watch commercial airliners crash into the twin towers of the World Trade Center and the Pentagon. Not only did terrorism take on a new face that day, but America was jerked out of its naivety that dangers only exist in other lands.



United Airlines flight 175 heads for the South Tower of the World Trade Center. The North Tower already burning from impact of American Airlines flight 11 a half hour earlier

The grounding of all airliners in and out of the USA for a week was an unprecedented event. Who would have believed before that day, a fully gassed DC-10 would ever be turned into its own guided missile? Over 3,000 died, more than at Pearl Harbor. The world learned it was not necessary to sneak in explosives to create mass destruction. One only needs a kamikaze pilot to commandeer an airliner and turn it into a military bomber.

The Islamic fundamentalists scored a great victory that day in their war against western civilization. The day was compared with the surprise attack on Pearl Harbor in 1941 that ignited our involvement in World War II. Within days, Pres. George W. Bush announced a War on Terrorism in response.

2002

Morrisville PA Pilgrimage

When working on this book, Richard decided we needed to visit Morrisville, Pennsylvania where the Salmons had lived in the 1930's and to locate those homes. In September, Betsy and her sister-in-law Wilma Garrett, Jim Forrest, Howard, Richard, and me [seated] traveled there and we knocked on the doors at Westover Rd and Ovington Road. We asked the present owners if they would mind our taking a look inside. In each case they were most hospitable and we had a wonderful time reminiscing about

our childhood days in those homes. We also located Makefield Elementary School where Howard and I had spent our earliest grades. *Further details in Part One—pages 12-17.*



Reminiscing in the living room at Ovington Road:

My Medical Care

I've had diabetes for several years, and besides watching my diet, we test my blood sugar level from time to time. So far, there have not been any serious consequences, but it does require continual vigilance. My mother had borderline diabetes during the final years of her life, so it is definitely a family thing.

In addition, I've grown gradually weaker and despite using a rolling walker, must sit down for a rest every 20 or 30 feet. I really don't like being wheeled around in a wheel chair, so I do a lot of sitting in the chairs located throughout the hallways of our complex.

For the past year I had problems with incontinency and have become very fond of the bathrooms located throughout my world. I've also become very grateful that someone invented Depends. While frequent pit-stops were a minor inconvenience for me, they gradually became a great big problem for anyone trying to assist me. In October, my incontinency became more than Miki could handle alone so she moved me into *Seaside*, the Medical Care Unit, for evaluation. They decided I didn't have any life threatening conditions. So, a few weeks later, a bed became available in this assisted living unit named *Harbourway* and I moved in.



Harbourway Valentine's Day Party. King for the Day – Bill Salmon

Assisted Living

2003-2005

Note: This autobiography is Bill's story about his own life, dictated by him and spoken in the first person. I, Richard Salmon, am the book's Co-Author. During most of the book, it was my part to transcribe him word-for-word, only authoring things Bill had omitted. However, as we come to the final chapters of the book, I have to speak in the third person because Bill was no longer able to verbalize in the first person what was going on around him. RFS

2003

The Assisted Living Unit

Bill sat in his room and watched some television and did some reading. He napped a lot. The attendants brought breakfast to his room. They would call him to the dining room about noon or walk him there if he wished.



Miki came over to Harbourway once or twice each day and her sister Ruth often came by too. They always brought Dolly who hopped up and sat in his lap just like he did at their apartment. Miki and Bill talked about their day... what she was doing, what was happening among the children. She told him about whatever challenges had come up such as registering the cars, scheduling a repair at the apartment, or getting some bills paid.

Miki loved Bill very much and fussed over his care. They'd walk together to the dining room

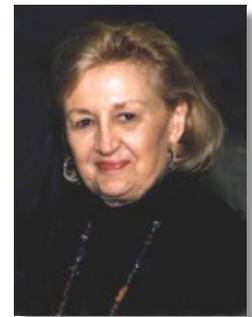
every few days. She got after the nurses and attendants when something wasn't just right. She took his dirty clothes home and brought back clean ones. She brought the mail and various things to read and encouraged Bill to stay interested in the news on TV. She talked about how she missed having him at home and kissed him and held his hand. However, not being able to lie down together is one of the biggest things that Bill missed.

Lynda was handling Bill's finances and working with Wayne and Janet, planning what was best for him. Bill also got some letters and calls from family and friends.

2004

Death of Carolyn Salmon

Three days after her death, Bill and Miki got a call that Richard's first wife, Carolyn Salmon, had died in Abilene, Texas. After she failed to show up on a Saturday night in Waco for a dinner engagement at her daughter's house, Julie called her brother Jeffrey Salmon who lived in Abilene, asking him to go by and checkup on Mother. When he went inside, Jeffrey found his mother lying on her bed as if she had just lain down. She apparently had had a stroke and peacefully passed on to the other world.



During the ensuing week, all of Richard's six children and eleven grandchildren gathered in Abilene TX for the funeral. It was the first Salmon family gathering since his separation from Carolyn thirty-three years earlier, that Rich and Verna were included. It became a new beginning for all.

Bill and Miki conveyed their sympathy, sent flowers, and regretted being unable to travel and be a part of that Salmon family event.



Memorial Service for Bill Salmon, Saturday, March 26, 2005 at *Atlantic Shores Retirement Community*, Virginia Beach

Transition

2005

During Bill's final weeks, many kept asking, "How is Bill doing today?" The deeper answer was, that Bill was "experiencing" the end of human life. Little by little his mental and bodily functions were closing in around him, limiting his contact with the outside world, his wife and his loved ones. For the man who flew the heavens to feel free of earth, it must have been quite a different thing to be confined inside a body that couldn't talk or even walk across the room.

A Strong Belief in a Life Hereafter

We come into the world totally dependent on others, and if we live long enough we end up completely dependent once again. His progressive dementia caused Bill to live "in the moment," as he would forget the day's transactions within a few hours. At the end, he lay in a hospital bed, paralyzed on one side from a stroke, being fed through a tube and eliminating through a catheter. He was completely dependent on others for all his life functions. He could communicate only with hand gestures and facial expressions. As had been the case progressively during his three years of extended care, he greeted people's questions with a smile and a "thumbs up."

Bill had always talked about "experiencing" all that life had to offer. That theme appears again and again in his poetry. He long nurtured a strong belief in a life hereafter, calling death a "transition" to another dimension and he looked forward to life's final experience. He espoused that we all return to life on earth again and again, each time having a new opportunity for growth in the spirit, each time drawing closer to the essence of the Eternal Spirit God. He believed he had walked the earth before, and he intends to return again. Although this lifetime was drawing to a close, his eternal spirit would go on and on.

Bill and his Youngest Brother

When Bill first began sharing his beliefs, Richard felt scared and defensive. It was so different from the belief systems he had always

embraced. Bill left the family's protestant religion in 1947 and joined his wife in Christian Science and later in the Unity Church. Richard became a minister in a fundamentalist church that felt its views were the only "Truth." So, their religious and spiritual concepts were miles apart. This difference was one of several things that had kept them apart most of our lives.

They were also kept apart by their age difference. Bill left home when Richard was a seven-year-old boy, and he never really "returned." He was eleven years older, and as adults, they'd always lived thousands of miles apart.

In 1983, Bill and Richard accompanied his Navy son Steve on a ten-day Tiger Cruise on the aircraft carrier *USS America* [see *Bill's story on p.151*]. This brought them together in a most unusual way. Steve was terribly busy with day and night maneuvers, so Bill and Richard came together for the first time in their lives within what seemed like a time warp.

Cut off from families and daily routines, they had endless hours to share about their lives and to discuss their ideas and beliefs. After covering their accomplishments, they went to a deeper level of honesty, sharing their greatest doubts and failures. Their love and spiritual connection blossomed into a whole new brotherly relationship. It went beyond mutual admiration and Richard found he could trust Bill, and would never again need to be defensive. Not until that week at sea did Richard become ready to fully appreciate Bill's life-after-life vision.

2005

Bill's Transition

On Monday, March 21, 2005 Bill's heart and breathing stopped. The life-support systems were turned off. Bill's body died. In that moment Bill Salmon transitioned to the next dimension. We, his loved ones, mourned our loss. Bill's spirit lives on.

Like all of us Salmons, Bill was brought up as a "human doer" and later grew into a "human being." Perhaps the "golden thread" of Bill's life

had been *his selfless dedication to serve others and his unswerving belief in the spiritual side of daily living*. The war-hero was gradually displaced by this mature, loving spirit.

Memorial

On Saturday March 26, 2005, a hundred people gathered in a reception room at Atlantic Shores Retirement Community to honor the life of William Horace Salmon.

His daughter Janet, coordinated the event, and each of Bill's children shared thoughts about their Dad. They requested that I sing *How Great Thou Art* and *Amazing Grace*. Members of the Lion's Club and the Commemorative Air Force shared their stories about his service work.



Richard expressed gratitude at having been able to assist his brother by co-authoring "*Autobiography of an Airman*". Bill had dictated the stories during 1999 before dementia set in. As it progressed, his disorder erased each previous day, but didn't interfere with Bill being "present" in conversations.

He related an incident three years earlier when Bill awoke early and was sitting in his favorite chair reading the biography. As I emerged from the bedroom with a "Good morning," Bill looked up and said, "Richard, you gotta see this book! It has some really terrific stuff in it and you should read it sometime." Apparently, each time Bill picked up the book, it was a brand new experience.



Howard related that his 12 year old grandson, Michael Salmon (Barry and Marsha's son), had been able to meet his Grand Uncle Bill at the Garrett wedding in Maryland the previous August. Michael was so impressed with getting to talk with the Air Force hero from the Auto-biography, that he went home to New Jersey, bought a kit of a B-17 airplane, assembled and painted it, and asked his Granddad to bring it to the funeral as his tribute.



Bill's son Scott and granddaughter Rachel had come from MA. Grandson Jonathan Salmon read a poem and nephew Steve Salmon from Texas worded a closing prayer.

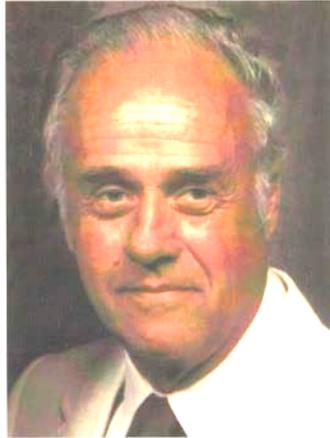
Janet, Lynda and Beth assembled a slide presentation accompanied by the popular WW2 song *Sentimental Journey*. Everyone left with a copy of Bill's book of poems called, *To Touch Your Heart*. There was no graveside event, as Bill had asked that his ashes be disbursed over the tidelands from a plane by his CAF friends.

Ashes to Ashes



Time passed and it was difficult for Bill's family to reassemble for the dedication of his ashes. The Commemorative Air Force was unable to distribute his ashes in the skies over the Tidelands. In 2006, Lynda, Wayne and Janet's families gathered, went by boat out into the Bay and scattered Bill's ashes. The sounds of sea gulls, wind, and oceangoing ships were heard during the lulls between planes overhead. Each one present was mindful once again of Bill's love of planet Earth and the years he had spent here among us.

CELEBRATION OF LIFE



William H. Salmon
1924-2005

PROGRAM

Music for meditation	Jane Larson
Seating of family members	
Greeting	Janet Witengier
Lord's Prayer	Everyone
Moment of Silence	
"Amazing Grace"	Rich Salmon
My Dad	Janet Witengier
His Dad's Poem, "Now I Am a Man"	Jonathan Salmon
Bill's Poem, "What is a Pilot"	Lynda Northern
"To Miki"	Wayne Salmon
Brief Sharings	By those who wish
<i>Please share for a minute or two something about Bill that touched your life</i>	
"How Great Thou Art"	Rich Salmon
Prayer	
Final Tribute "Sentimental Journey"	A Photo Journey

Heavenly Rest

Body weary, worn and tired
I fall in a heap to rest and pray.
With thoughts turned upward
I soar towards heaven,
To be with Thee, Dear Lord.

Gone are the troubles of the day,
Lost in the allness of your love.
In sweet harmony, I find a way,
To leave the earth,
And seek my peace with Thee.

Wm. H. Salmon, 1956

Acknowledgements...

The family would like to extend a thank you to all who sent flowers, cards, letters, emails, phone calls and contributions. Your presence here today is comforting. We especially appreciate the presence of those with whom Bill served in the Lions Clubs, Commemorative Air Force, Unity Churches, and U. S. Armed Services.





Bill appearing as a reenactor of Gen. Douglas MacArthur for an Air Show

Appendix Eight

Commemorative Air Force

As “Col. William H. Salmon,” I entered the Commemorative Air Force in order to take part in the preservation of World War II aircraft. In the past, the U.S. Air Force had no interest in preserving and flying discarded models. They were just left to rot in storage places like the desert near Tucson. It seemed a shame for all those wonderful machines to just pass out of existence and be forgotten. I also wanted to keep flying.



In the CAF, all former officers, regardless of rank, assume the title of “Colonel”. Enlisted men, on the other hand, become “First Sergeant.” My highest rank in the USAF had been First Lieutenant but I’ve loved the promotion in rank by joining this group.

The organization was called the “Confederate Air Force” for some fifty years, due to its birth at Rebel Field in Harlingen, Texas in 1968. In 2000 the CAF membership voted in a more inclusive name... the “Commemorative Air Force.” But, I guess I’ll always refer to it as “Confederate.”

Old Dominion Squadron

The local chapter I joined is in Chesapeake VA and calls itself the Old Dominion Squadron.

They have been working on creation of a new hangar and museum (pictured here).

I became a Sponsor Member by donating \$3,500 towards the maintenance of the C-60 Lodestar cargo plane that belongs to the Squadron. That permitted me to become one of its approved pilots.

During my first years, I supervised and helped with its restoration. We named her “Lady Lode Star” and painted an appropriate nose emblem on each side. It was a real thrill the first time I took her up. We had done a good job and she flew well. We took the plane to many air shows around the country.



That's me in the cockpit of Lockheed C-60 “Lodestar” cargo plane



Sentimental Journey

When the war ended in 1945 we were assigned a plane for ferrying troops from Italy across the Mediterranean to Africa on their way home to America. We named it "Sentimental Journey" after a popular song that year. You can see a photo of our 1945 crew standing under it in Volume One, p.72.



In 1995, I had a big thrill while doing an air show on the East Coast when the CAF B-17 "Sentimental Journey" was brought in. They flew it into Virginia and I brought my Aqua Force truck and cleaned it. That's me standing under the nose. This plane is one of the most sought after in the entire CAF fleet.

Another project I enjoyed was rebuilding a little single-engine reconnaissance plane that was handy for flight by squadron members.

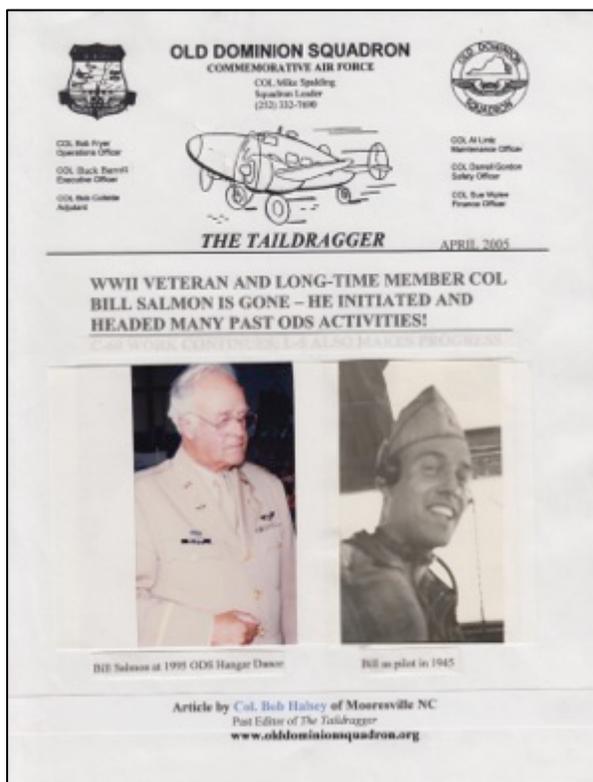


The Stinson L-5 was a low flying reconnaissance plane as well as a way to transport people and supplies via short runways before the development of helicopters

Co-Author's Note:

After Bill's death, the following article was written by **Col. Bob Halsey** for the squadron newsletter, *The Taildragger* (APR 2005). It contains a wonderful tribute to Bill's service work in the CAF starting in Richmond in 1986. He titled it:

"WWII VETERAN and LONG-TIME MEMBER COL. BILL SALMON IS GONE."



Cover page from the April 2005 issue of *The Taildragger*.

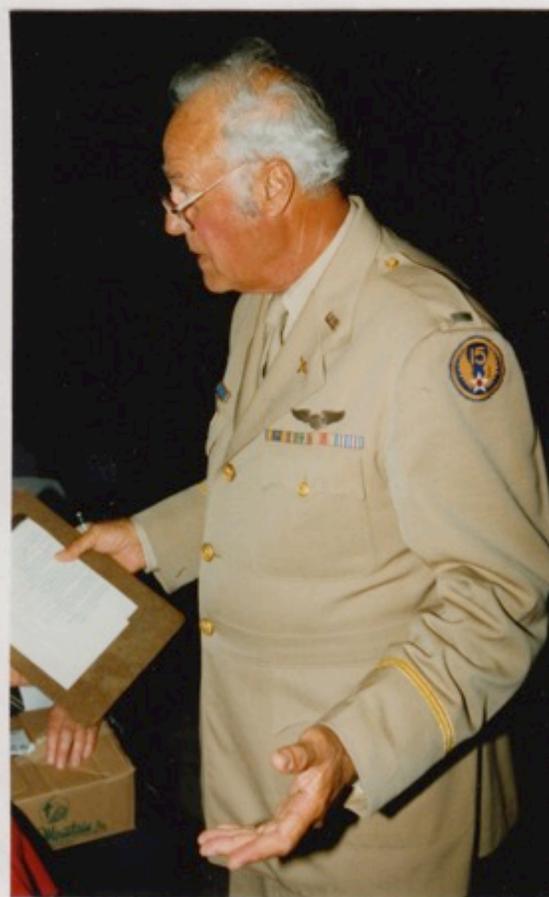
The following seven pages have been photographically reproduced from Halsey's original paste-ups, donated by him for this book. It's a bit challenging to read such wide lines in the text, but it's worth it. He had interviewed Bill and also had a draft of our Volume One that provided the early childhood info. Somehow he assumed Miki had written it.

Halsey's article has all the flavor of his military background and it includes events Bill shared with him not mentioned in our autobiography. It's such a treat to be able to include this here in Volume Two. RFS

Colonel William H. Salmon was one of the earliest members of our Squadron, joining it when we were still the Old Dominion Wing and meeting in Richmond. He was definitely a worker bee, not in terms of aircraft maintenance, but in publicity and social events. It was his idea, initiative and intense preparation that enabled us to have our very first, and very successful, hangar dance in June 1995. The members at the time did not think they had the ability to take on such a major project, and they wouldn't have been able to if Bill hadn't shown us how! He lined up the band, caterer, the "Andrews Sisters" singing group, found tables and chairs, decorations, got tickets printed (and sold many himself), arranged a "Jitterbug" dance contest, and then acted as Master of Ceremonies when no one else wanted to! Bill had one of those very outgoing personalities and a great sense of humor, and he wrote poetry, publishing several books. One of his poems even got published in the Taildragger by the non-poetry appreciative editor. Bill also helped get the first totally revamped Taildragger issue drafted in Feb. 1992, because the then-new editor didn't know what was going on in the Squadron. One of his inspired contributions remains to this day – the Lodestar cartoon caricature in the header was Bill's idea and came from a C-60 service manual that he owned! Bill was not shy at all, and he would dress up as "General MacArthur" (complete with hat and famed corncob pipe) at our Gathering of Eagles airshows and hangar dances, and he convinced former Chesapeake mayor Sid Oman to dress as "FDR" (Sid is a big fan of Roosevelt's) at these events, and they rode in the back seat of re-enactor Adrian Winget's Army command car!



"General MacArthur" gets briefed on Berlin Airlift C-54 operations by two crewmembers of "Spirit of Freedom" and Airlift veteran Bob Noziglia at G.of E.



Bill (in 15th AAF dress uniform) working out the final details of ODS Hangar Dance, 17 June 1995

There was an exceptionally well-written obituary in the Virginian-Pilot recently (could only have been done by his wife Miki!) and it covered the many things, events, and organizations that benefited from his presence, ideas and initiative, especially his church and the Lions Club. Naturally, it was a bit light on Bill's World War II experiences, so we will cover them a little more here. I had hoped to do an in-depth interview and write-up about Bill a few years ago, but never got an opportunity to go beyond the first brief interview because of his encroaching illness, so this is somewhat short on the details.

Although he was born in Richmond, VA, on 14 March 1924, Bill spent most of his early years in Trenton, NJ, then Morrisville, PA, where he attended a one-room schoolhouse with no water or plumbing. His family then moved to Bernardsville, NJ, where his father owned a 5&10 store. He graduated high school in 1942, and took summer courses at Rutgers. Bill developed an interest in aviation even before he was a teen-ager, having built model airplanes from his father's store since he was six. He got his first airplane ride in 1936 in a Curtiss Condor at Mercer County airport, NJ.

So it was not surprising that in October 1942 he enlisted (along with a friend) in the Army and asked for aircraft mechanic training. He was sent by train to Miami Beach for one month of basic training, then took a train to Amarillo, TX, for aircraft mechanic school and worked on B-17s. After almost a year, Bill applied for flight training and was helped by a letter of recommendation written by an Army Colonel who was a friend of his father's. After passing the physical tests, he took a train to San Antonio for two months of pre-flight training, which was like boot camp. Finally, in October 1943 he arrived at Corsicana, TX, for primary flight training. Primary was conducted in PT-19s, a fairly simple aircraft. The eager would-be aviator got sick on his very first flight! One day while practicing acrobatics, Bill had a feeling that he should not try spins. The next student who took that plane up did not return. They found him and the wreck the next day, and it was apparent that the student had tried to bail out, but waited too long.



Bill and PT-19 during primary training



Getting dunked after first solo!

Original WWII photos courtesy of Bill Salmon

After primary, Bill went to Basic Flying School at Independence, KS, where the student pilots flew BT-13 and BT-15 "Vibrators" (same plane, different engine) and BT-14s (like the T-6, but with fixed gear). They learned night flying, instrument flying, formation flying, and cross-country flying. On completion, Bill chose multi-engine, and so went to Ellington Field at Houston, TX, where he became acquainted with Beechcraft AT-11s and Cessna UC-78s. He graduated on 12 March 1944, two days before his 20th birthday, then went home for two weeks leave. Bill must have done well in his training at Ellington, because he was assigned to instructor duty there for two months. While flying a Curtiss AT-9, he got caught in a major hailstorm. After landing, the plane looked like it had been hit all over with hammers, so it was junked.

Bill's next destination was to Hobbs, New Mexico for B-17 transition training. Due to the tight schedule of trying to produce so many flight crews, Bill's group started by doing eight hours of night flights, before beginning day flights. They were teamed up in pairs (pilot and copilot), and found the war-weary B-17Fs slow to respond due to slack in the control cables. On their time off, they hitched rides to Carlsbad Caverns. After completing their training, they went to Lincoln, Nebraska, where the rest of the plane crews were assigned, then proceeded to Alexandria, Louisiana, for three months of crew training – including formation flying with P-63 fighters making runs at them over the Gulf of Mexico. On a night cross-country flight to Big Springs, TX, Bill's crew discovered that the bomb bay fuel tank would not feed to Nos. 1 and 2 engines, only to 3 and 4 (1 and 2 could only draw from the wing tank). The fuel for 1 and 2 was overflowing into the fuselage. They dared not make a turn, to avoid setting off a fire from possible contact of the fuel with something electrical, so Bill had to make a straight-in approach to landing. Nos. 1 and 2 engines quit while they were taxiing in.

With crew training completed in Dec 1944, they took a train to Patrick Henry Field (it was Army then, now it's Newport News/Williamsburg). Bill's only memorable impression of this period waiting for overseas transport was of a party on the balcony of the upper level of the O. Club, a bottle of Southern Comfort, and everything hazy! At last the crew boarded a Liberty ship for the slow two-week Atlantic transit through the Strait of Gibraltar to Naples, Italy. The convoy went through a storm, with the ship rolling heavily. Bill was one of the few that didn't get seasick. He spent his time reading a book called "The Robe." After arrival in the first week of January 1945, he managed to do a little sightseeing in Naples and Pompeii (close to Mt. Vesuvius, which he later flew over at low altitude). Bill and his crew went by Army truck to the airfield at Lucera, one of the 13 airfields in the Foggia plains area that were primarily B-17 and B-24 bases, and reported in to the 301st Bomb Group. They flew a few practice missions at first, followed by real getting-shot-at combat missions, as listed in Bill's service record.

Most of these late-war missions were directed at rail marshalling yards (M/Y) and lines of communication, but all of the targets were heavily defended by flak and usually by many German fighters (the Hungary mission encountered many Hungarian Me-109s, and four B-17s were lost). Vienna, Austria, was defended by a flak concentration second only to that around Berlin. Wiener-Neustad, Austria, was the location of a major Me-109 assembly plant. The 22 March mission to bomb the large synthetic oil refinery and its marshalling yard in Ruhland, 75 miles south of Berlin, was one of the longest missions ever flown by the 15th AAF. The target was 700 miles from the Bomb Groups' bases

around Foggia. Bombing accuracy was very good, and when the B-17s departed the target, smoke was rising up to 20,000 feet. Flak was intense and accurate, but the weapon that inflicted the most casualties was the Me-262 jet fighter. Also, all of the 15th AAF missions to Austria and Germany required crossing the Alps, where if a plane went down, the crew's probability of surviving was just about zero. (Above info is from B-17 Flying Fortress Units of the MTO, by William N. Hess, Osprey Publishing, 2003 – an excellent book!). But flak and fighters were not the only hazards! While the 301st BG was circling their field to form up for one of the March missions, they suddenly saw the 483rd Bomb Group's B-17s from nearby Tortorella airfield coming straight at them! Bill's plane was in the lower part of the formation at 1000 feet, so he made a quick dive to 100 feet, then pulled up and only just cleared Lucera field, which is on a 150 foot cliff! This incident resulted from an error in mission planning, but there were other dangers too (see photo below).



301st BG B-17 returning from mission with two engines out on one side, veered into a row of C-47s. The wing clipped the C-47 noses, then the plane plowed into them. All the B-17 crew escaped, but two C-47 crew were killed.

During the 16 March mission to the Florisdorf Oil Refinery, Austria, Bill's No.1 engine began losing power, so he jettisoned four of the eight 500 lb bombs. After passing the IP at the start of the bomb run, No.1 cut out entirely and No.2 began losing power, but the formation went into a shallow dive and Bill was able to keep up and drop the other four bombs on target. This was a heavily defended target, and after their return, Bill's crew counted over 350 flak shrapnel holes in the plane! He received an Air Medal with cluster for this flight.

Although Bill's last mission was at the end of April, the 15th AAF flew their last missions (against railroad bridges in Austria) on 1 May 1945, and the war in Europe ended at midnight on 8 May. Bill's group then held a big V-E party! In June, Bill was transferred to the 483rd BG (816th Bomb Squadron) and began flying personnel transfer flights from Pisa to Casablanca or Marrakech in Morocco, where the soldiers would then board C-54s to cross the Atlantic. The mechanics had rigged wood floors and seats in the bombers' bomb bays. On one flight he gave a ride around Pisa to 20 Tuskegee Airmen, but it was a short ride, due to Bill's discovery that all four gas caps were missing! He made these transfer flights until the end of September, and in the first week of October flew back to the US via Dakar (Africa), Natal (Brazil), Georgetown (British Guyana), Puerto Rico, finally arriving at MacDill Field in Tampa. He then took a train to Fort Dix, NJ, where he was discharged.



Bill's crew:

Top row – pilot Bill S. (20 years old), copilot, bombardier, radio operator, waist gunner
Bottom row – waist gunner, flight engr/top turret gunner, navigator, ball turret gunner,
tail gunner (26 years old)

Bill applied for an airline pilot job, but did not have enough hours, so he attended aircraft mechanic school under the GI bill in Franklin Square, Long Island, NY, for one year. He then worked for various companies servicing airliners, including changing engines on Berlin Airlift C-54s. When that ended, he joined NY Telephone, starting as an installer, and working everywhere in the NYC area including the Empire State Building, and took night courses at Hofstra College on Long Island. The Korean War began, and Bill was recalled into the Air Force as a 1st Lieutenant, serving as aircraft maintenance officer and pilot at Stewart Field, NY, for B-25s, C-45s, C-47s, and T-6s, making test hops and personnel/VIP flights. His 21 months service ended at Niagara Falls AFB working with C-45s, T-6s and Air Defense Command F-94 jets. Following a two-year return to NY Telephone, Bill then spent twelve years selling staple machines, nailing machines, and carbide-tip saws, then started a mobile exterior cleaning business in Massachusetts. After eight years he relocated to Norfolk, where he continued the same business with 20 employees and four trucks, before retiring in 1992.

Those of us who knew Bill know that “retirement” did not slow him down, and we are very glad that he chose to give so much of his time and effort to helping the Old Dominion Squadron!

C E R T I F I C A T E

I certify that 1st Lt WILLIAM H. SALMON has completed the following
Operational Sorties and Hours:

DATE	SORTIES	HOURS
Feb 28, 1945	Conegliano M/Y, Italy	6:45
Mar 2,	Linz M/Y, Austria	7:00
Mar 12,	Vienna M/Y, Austria	7:25
Mar 14,	Normaron M/Y, Hungary	8:00
Mar 16,	Florisdorf Oil Refinery, Austria	7:20
Mar 19,	Landshut M/Y, Germany	7:20
Mar 22,	Ruhland M/Y, Germany	8:45
Mar 25,	Incomplete Mission	4:00
Mar 26,	Wiener Neudstat	6:55
Apr 2,	Graz M/Y, Austria	5:45
Apr 6,	Verona Prona R.R. Brdg., Italy	7:40
Apr 8,	Bressono R.R. Bdg. Northern Italy	8:00
Apr 10,	Charlie Troop Concentration, Italy	5:45
Apr 12,	Padua R.R., Italy	6:40
Apr 15,	Bologna Troop Concentration, Italy	6:50
Apr 17,	Bologna Troop Concentration, Italy	6:45
Apr 19,	Rattenberg R.R. Brdg., Austria	7:15
Apr 23,	Cevio Road Brdg., Italy	6:10
Apr 25,	Incomplete Mission	5:50

TOTAL SORTIES 17

TOTAL HOURS 130:10



At home

Elliot W. Butts Jr.
ELLIOT W. BUTTS JR.,
Captain, Air Corps,
Operations Officer.



Col Bill Salmon speaks at the Old Dominion Wing meeting, May 1987

These are pieces of "chaff" that the bombers dropped (in 2 lb packages of 3000 strips of aluminum foil) to confuse German anti-aircraft gun radar. It took several tons of aluminum to make enough strips for one mission!
(From Bill Salmon)



Bill and B-17 at Pisa, Italy



Bill and B-17 "Sentimental Journey" at G.O.F. 98



Bill and his copilot



Bill in cockpit of "Sentimental Journey"





Bill's District 24D raised \$685,000 in 1993 for **Campaign Sight First**, "more than any other district in the U.S. or Canada."

Lions Club

1986-2002



For many years I felt the need to be involved in an organization that helps the community. I knew of the Lions Club, Kiwanis and others, and I felt that when you “get” you have to “give.” I knew that there were many people around the world that were being helped, and the owner of the business next door on Cleveland Street was a member of Lions. I visited some meetings with him and in 1986, I decided to join.

Independence Lions Club

The Independence Lions Club met every two weeks for lunch at a restaurant. I got indoctrinated and agreed to participate in *Campaign Sight First*. It was an effort to raise millions of dollars to stamp out blindness around the world. Thousands around the world are unnecessarily blind. As a representative of our club, I associated with others and learned what was being done to raise money in different areas.

One year I built a big piece of scenery with banners and put it up to advertise the club. It was a backdrop, 10ft high by 7ft wide, that we used as a booth during community events.



Lake Taylor Lions Club

After a few years I switched to the Lake Taylor Lions Club that was a little closer to home. They had a member shortage. I asked Miki to join as there are a growing number of women among the membership and officers locally, in districts and internationally. Their positions are accepted on an equal basis with the men.

I was President of the Lake Taylor Club twice, Treasurer one year, and involved in various committees. Community activities came up once or twice a year in which the Lions participated. I built a miniature golf game on a piece of plywood about the size of a ping pong table, and people paid 50¢ to play. If they got through it they would win a prize like a Kewpie doll. We got local merchants to donate the prizes so it was almost all profit for the Club.

Miki Joined in 1992

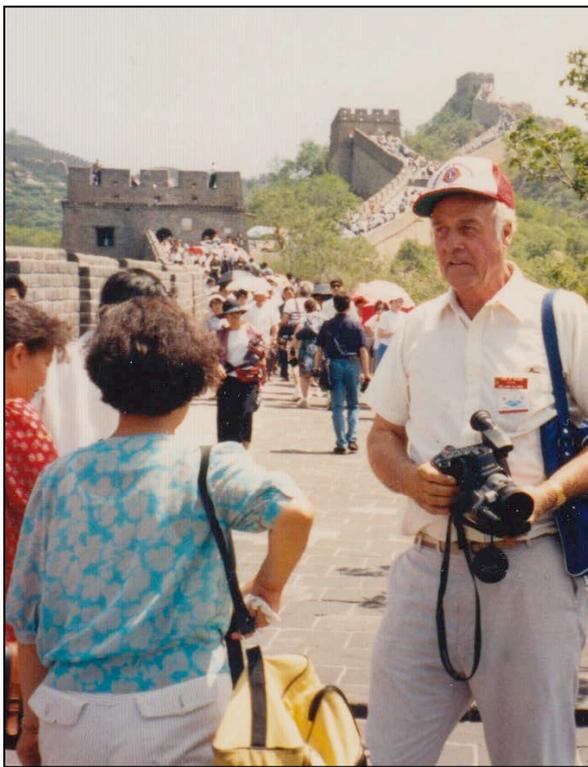
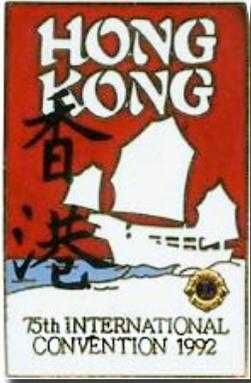
Miki: “Its only been in the last ten or twelve years that Lions have even allowed women to be members. The Lions did have lady clubs but they weren’t allowed to join the men’s clubs. This changed about the time I joined in 1992. Bill asked, ‘Would you join?’ I accepted and he sponsored me.”



Participants from all over the world carried their signs in the endless parade

Hong Kong Convention -- 1992

Miki shared: "That year (June 1992) the International Convention was held in Hong Kong and I got to go. We signed up and were gone a whole month. First we went to Singapore, then Hong Kong for the convention for five days. I can't talk about it without crying. The International is attended by all peoples from all over the world, doing this work to help humanity. Bill had his new camcorder attached to his shoulder, trying to record everything that was going on. He was always late getting on the bus and everyone was mad at him. He was off in his world taking pictures and not paying attention that it was time for the bus to leave.



The Great Wall of China

"By the time the Convention was over we didn't have many friends accompanying us. We went on to Be Jing then to Hawaii. It had become a honeymoon at that point. We went on one of the two cruise ships that go around the Hawaiian Islands. They stopped at various

beaches. One day I swam out to another boat together with Bill, and I felt that I was eighteen or twenty again and we're on a honey-moon. At that point we were very much in love."

Lions Parades

"The parades during a Lions International Convention are almost like the opening ceremonies of the Olympics. Every delegation dresses in its own native dress. Lining up ten thousand participants takes two hours. In Hong Kong it was a humid 98 degrees in the shade and we were marching in the sun. I had dressed in these really nice lined-slacks instead of cotton pants. Everything on my body was dripping wet including my hair.

"In Phoenix the convention days were 112 degrees. The pavement was so hot that blind people's lead dogs couldn't walk without being blistered. So the dogs had to jump out of the cars and run into the Center."

Campaign Sight First--1993

Miki likes to describe what I did during this campaign: "Bill is a consummate Lion. He didn't volunteer. He was drafted to do this huge undertaking with *Campaign Sight First*.

"At a District 24 meeting, the Governor of the Lions Club approached Bill about taking on this task and explained he would have to spend at least 40 hours per week. He worked very hard for about a year. When it was over, our little Lake Taylor Lions Club did more than any other club or district in all of North America. The overall international campaign created a \$2 million trust to fund hospitals, medicines and distribution. That's a tribute to what Bill participated in.

"The blindness caused by a parasite that gets into the eyes when swimming in the rivers. It gets into the optical nerve behind the eyes and blinds them. Whole villages would not have a person above fifteen years old who wasn't blind. A teenager would take a tree limb that others could hold on to and guide the blind adults to where they needed to go.

"The cure involves using a little pill, the same one given to dogs in America for heart worm which can be bought for almost nothing. We could sometimes even get the medication free, but the challenge was to get it into the hands of the people who can administer it to the right people."

During *Campaign Sight First*, I penned this poem and shared it with many audiences:

Choices

The Master stood beside the road to everywhere and answered the question of a wealthy merchant who happened by. 'Master, what must I do to enter Heaven?'

The Master replied, 'If your life has been rewarded by fields of plenty and your storehouse overflows, but you turn your back on the cry from the street of tribulation, then indeed, the gates of Heaven will always be beyond your reach.'

'Listen carefully, oh Traveler. The path to Heaven is strewn with boulders of good intentions. Walk around these obstructions to your journey with acts of kindness—freely give, and serve the less fortunate. We all seek green pastures of heavenly bliss. The wise man listens quietly to the direction of his heart. Suddenly, the road of confusion and unfulfillment become a highway of joy and beauty.'

'Choose wisely, my Friend, often the choice of bitter grapes, after aging in the warm casks of reflection, produces a nectar of sweetness and clarity that refreshes the thirst of the seeker of truth.'

'The journey is before you. Enlightened choices will open the heavenly gate even before you arrive.'

---WHS

1996 -1999

In June 1996 Miki and I attended the Lions International Convention in Phoenix. In June of 1997 we attended the Lions International Convention in Philadelphia.

During our visit in 1999 with Rich and Verna in Puerto Vallarta, Mexico, we visited a noon Lions Club meeting. The locals were especially pleased to meet a woman who had held the office of President in her home Club.



Puerto Vallarta Noon Meeting

Lions Club Awards

Here are some of the plaques we received during our years of service that hang in my office at home:

1986-87—Bulletin Editor. President's Appreciation Award

1987-88—Bulletin Editor/ Drug Awareness Chair. President's Appreciation Award

1990-91—Lion of the Year. Lake Taylor Club

1991-92—President. Lake Taylor Club

1992-93—International Foundation. Melvin Jones Fellow for Dedicated Humanitarian Service

May, 1993—Distinguished Service Award for Many Years Served

1993-94—International President's Certificate of Appreciation

1994-95—Lion of the Year

1994-95—Cabinet Member. District 24-D

1997-98—President. Lake Taylor Club



Miki also received plaques for her service work::

1992-93—Lion of the Year. Lake Taylor Club

1992-93—International Foundation. Melvin Jones Fellow for Dedicated Humanitarian Service

1997-98—Vice President, Lake Taylor Club



Unity Church

From childhood I've always been active in a church. After moving from New England to Virginia in 1974, I started searching for something more than Christian Science. Many times I visited the Edgar Casey Library in Virginia Beach and searched his beliefs. Ruth and I got acquainted with a Unity Church and found their philosophy broad enough to embrace our ever-widening theology. We quickly made friends and the more we learned, the more we sensed it was a good fit for us.



Lynda also, liked this group, so as a family we became more and more involved with the Unity Renaissance Church in Chesapeake. The pastor, Rev. Judy Meyer, assisted with Ruth's funeral, and three years later she officiated when Miki and I committed our lives to one another.



Rev. Judy Meyer, Pastor, 1981-1997

Unity's Five Beliefs

God is absolute good, everywhere present.

Human beings have a spark of divinity within them, the Christ spirit within. Their very essence is of God, and therefore they are also inherently good.

Human beings create their experiences by the activity of their thinking. Everything in the manifest realm has its beginning in thought.

Prayer is creative thinking that heightens the connection with God-Mind and therefore brings forth wisdom, healing, prosperity, and everything good.

Knowing and understanding the laws of life, also called Truth, are not enough. A person must also live the truth that he or she knows.

© 2016 Unity of Tempe AZ

The church's website and Facebook page contain an amazing collection of photos, videos and text about current activities as well as history. Go to: <http://unityrenaissance.org>.

In the summer of 1991, Lynda and I and others from our church, attended a one-week seminar at Unity Village MO [see p.168]. I learned even more about this faith and found that it opened my heart to God's love in a new and real way.





Poet Laureate

Unity Renaissance Church has many events each year when members are encouraged to share their gifts. I was called on many times to recite poems during the Sunday celebration services. I also got to read some entertaining poems during Talent Nights, or at informal get-togethers among members. I served my community of faith as their Poet Laureate for many years.

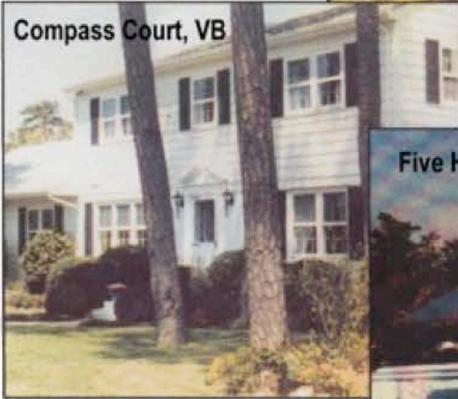
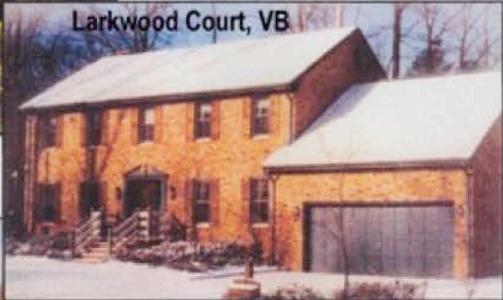
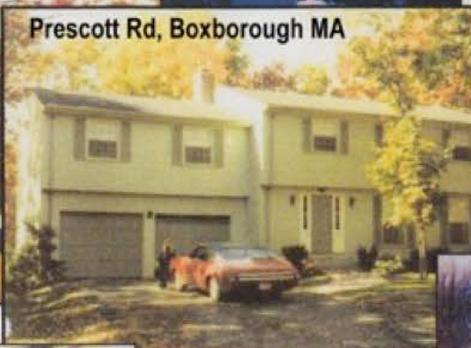
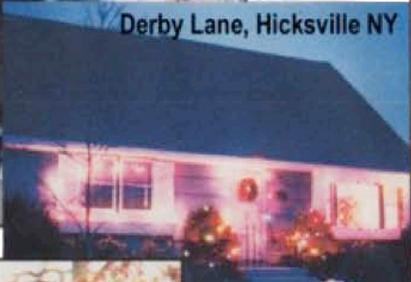
When visiting Unity churches in other parts of the world, I often asked their pastor whether they would like for me to share a poem during their service. For example, I was wonderfully

received by the Unity Church in Boulder CO while visiting Rich and Verna in 1991.

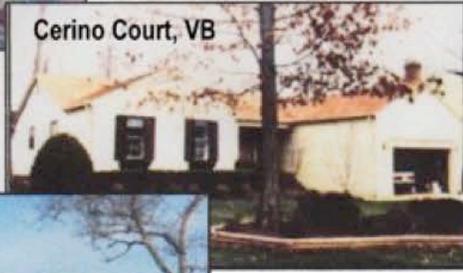
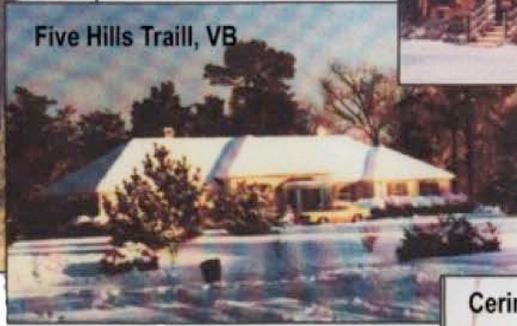
Loaves and Fishes

Both Ruth and I and then, Miki and I have attended Unity as a couple. When they had pot luck dinners, talent nights, showers and garage sales, we always took part in the preparations as well as the fun. Among the many charities to which I have given, my church has always been at the top of the list. Just as Jesus fed 5,000 by asking a few to share their loaves and fishes, I believe too that God's provision is somehow mystically tied to serving in order to receive.

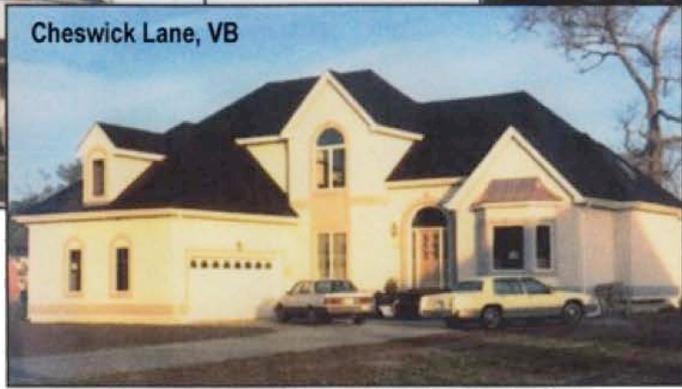




**Ruth & Bill's
Eleven Houses**



**Miki & Bill's
House (below)**

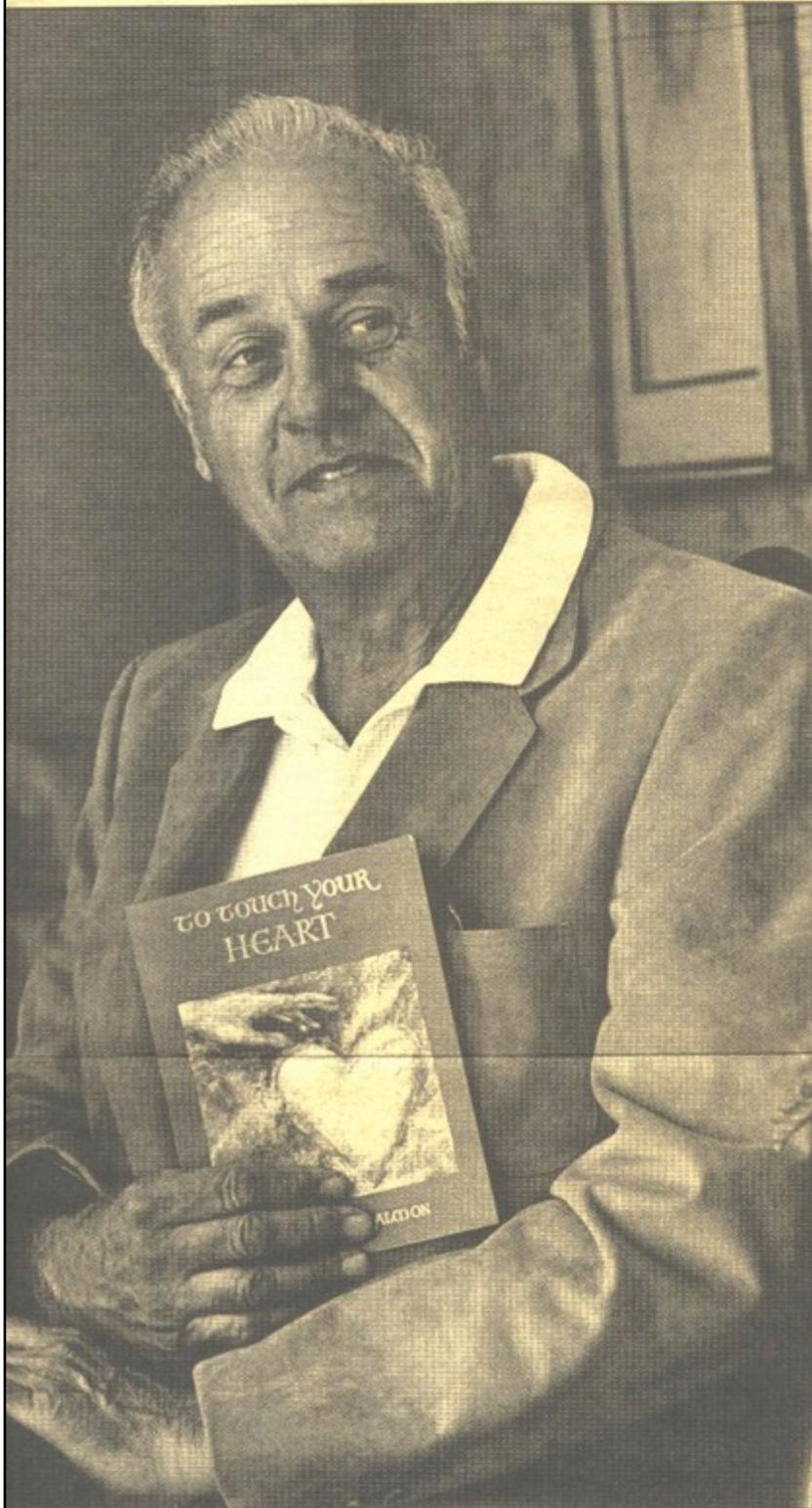


Appendix Eleven

Builder: Homes & Jobs

Update: MAY 2016

Page No.	Year	Location	Homes	Employment	Bill's Employers	Job Title	Life Events		
9	1923-1924	Richmond VA	4116(unknown)Av	Childhood			Born: Mar14,1924		
10	1924-1926	Rutherford NJ	192 DonaldsonAv						
11	1926-1928	Trenton NJ	712 RiversideAv						
12	1928	BucksCnty PA	Morrisville hse.						
12	1929	BucksCnty PA	1607WestoverRd						First grade
13	1930-1936	BucksCnty PA	9 Ovington Rd						Grades 2-6
23	1936-1942	BernardsvilleNJ	65 Highview Av	1938-1942	FHSalmon Stores	Stockboy	GramSch-HighSch		
31	1942	BernardsvilleNJ	44 Highview Av		"	"	Graduated BHS		
33	1942-1945	Tx,NM,Ne,La,Italy	AirForce bases	Oc'42-No'45	US ArmyAF-15th	1st Lt-pilot	World War II		
95	1946-1947	FranklinSq NY	57 Monroe St	Jul'46-Jn'47	RooseveltAvSch	Student	Ziegler home		
107	1947(Jul)	WindsorLocks CT	Rented room	Jul-47	Plane Repair Co	Repairman			
107	47(Au-Oc)	Sayville NY	Rented room	Au'47-JL'49	LockheedAirSvc	Repairman			
107	1947-1948	Sayville NY	Rented Apartment	"	"	"	Marr.Ruth:Oct'47		
104	1948-1949	Bayshore NY	Trailr@DownsHse	"	"	"	First home purch.		
111	1949-1951	Willston Park NY	32CenterSt (2BR)	Sm'48-Spg'51	NYTelephoneCo	Installer	Lynda b.11/5/50		
115	1951	Newburgh NY	Farmhouse bsmt.	Spg'51-Fall'52	USAF Reserve	1st Lt-pilot	Korean War		
119	1952-6mo	Niagara Falls NY	Townhouse	"	USAF Reserve	TranspOffcr	Dad died:12/3/51		
121	1952-1965	Hicksville NY	13 Derby Lane	Fall'52-1957	NYTelephoneCo	Installer	Wendy b.d.6/1953		
124	"	"	"	1958-1959	ForrestMfg, NJ	Salesman	Scott b.12/1/1955		
127	"	"	"	1959-1969	Duo-Fast,LICity	Salesman	Wayne b.5/31/56		
128	1965-1968	GlenCove NY	8 High Pine	"	"	"	Janet b. 8/20/1961		
130	1968	GlenCove NY	Cleveland St	"	"	"	SpecHse(gen.con)		
130	1969	PompanoBchFL	Purch/Sold	1969	Duo-Fast,Miami	Dealer-Mgr			
131	1969-1973	BoxboroughMA	Prescott Rd	Se'69-1971	Duo-Fast,Boston	Manager	Hse Framingham		
132	1970	(Syracuse-commute)	(commuter rental)	1970(6mo)	DuoFst,Syracuse	Manager	Quit D-F, Boston		
132	1971	"	"	1971(3mo)	Aladdin Homes	Salesman	Mother died:Aug'72		
135	"	"	"	1971-1974	SprkleWash,MA	Owner	Co-Owner w/Ruth		
137	1973-1974	Scituate MA	8 Roberts Dr	"	"	"	Vietnam War		
141	1974-1976	VirginiaBch VA	2008 Compass Cr	1974-Mr'89	AquaForce Inc	Owner	Left USAF Resrve		
145	1976-1979	VirginiaBch VA	1433 Five HillsTrail	"	"	"			
147	1979-1984	VirginiaBch VA	1109 Larkwood Ct	"	"	"			
152	1984-1988	Chesapeake VA	1421 PlantationLke	"	"	"			
160	1988-1994	VirginiaBch VA	5304 Cerino Ct		Sold Business to:	Wayne	Retired: Mar1989		
163	1991	"	"				RuthDied:Feb'91		
172	1994-2000	VirginiaBch VA	4192 Cheswick Ln	Blt:Bill&Miki			Marr.Miki: Apr'94		
182	2000-2005	VirginiaBch VA	985 Fleet Dr #167	Atlan.Shores	Retirement Community		Died: 21Mar2005		



Staff photo by MORT FRYMAN

William Salmon

Life is full for a just-publ

World War II bomber pilot, businessman. It has been a full life for Bill Salmon. As to it.

He has just published a book of poetry of messages about love, life, meditation, r

There may be more writing in his future during his bomber pilot days and says there to write a novel. . . if I ever get the d

In the meantime you can catch a local signature party Sunday from 2 to 4 p.m. Legion Post on North Battlefield Boulevard

Full name: William H. Salmon.

Hometown: Bernardsville, N.J.

What brought you to the Beach? I moved from Massachusetts. We happened to the Beach on vacation and liked the climate. I had been in the mobile wash business, and cold there prevented us from working. We started anew here.

Birthdate: March 14, 1924.

Occupation: Retired since 1969. My business is Force Inc. My son, Wayne, now runs the business.

Nickname: Bill.

Marital status: My wife Ruth died in February after 25 years of marriage. However, life goes on and I am in love with a lovely lady that I have known for years.

Children: Four children and six grandchildren.

What is your idea of a perfect day off? A day in the mountains of Virginia, then a good meal with my wife and son Miki Meekins and a live show in the evening.

Last smart thing you did: Recently published a book of inspirational poetry and prose titled "To Touch Your Heart."

Last dumb thing you did: Trusted a tenant who did not pay on delinquent rent and repairs.

Favorite meal: Oysters Bingo at the Shipyard.

Favorite movies: "Sister Act," "Dances with Wolves."

Favorite song: "How Great Thou Art."

Last book read: Richard Bach's "A Bridge Across Time."

Hobbies: Writing poetry and prose. Attending church. Active in Lions Club and the Cornell University. I am a pilot and fly occasionally.

If you could change one thing about yourself, what would it be? A better memory.

If you could change one thing about your life, what would it be? She is a beautiful dear friend. To change anything is unthinkable.

Secret vice: Admiring beautiful women from afar.

Favorite restaurant: Locks Pointe in Charlotte.

Your favorite night on the town: Spending time in conversation with another couple, then attending a performance at the Wells Theater.

Favorite TV shows: "Northern Exposure"

Favorite sport: I don't follow any sport or play any game of any type occasionally.

Last vacation: Last June, Miki and I went to a national convention in Hong Kong. It was excellent.

Worst job: Washing trucks at night in Massachusetts.

Of what achievements are you most proud? My beautiful children who have turned out to be successful adults. With God's help I was always successful. Running my own business for 20 years. Going strong under my son's direction, a book that is the result of listening to "the voice of the heart."

What would you like on your epitaph? I am about our Father's wings of time. Weep not, I'm about our Father's wings of time.

This article in the *Norfolk News* announced Bill's book of poetry, 1992

Poet & Author

Poet

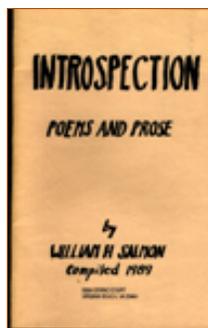
One of my hobbies is writing. I like writing poetry and have published four little booklets of poetry. I write when the inspiration hits me.

I've tried to write poetry through the years and let my innermost thoughts come forth. The thing is that I try to listen within myself to the whispers of what life is all about, then write down my feelings in that area.

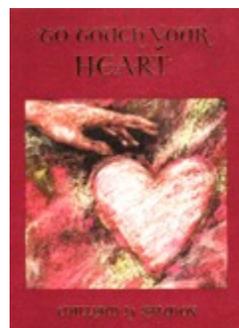
A poet always needs an audience of some sort, sometimes an individual, sometimes a group, sometimes the world. Sharing with others

is more than a performance aimed at getting some "atta-boys." Sharing poetry is an expression of one's deepest feelings. It involves risking rejection and misunderstanding in hopes of being understood and bonding with others. Sometimes it is a soapbox to teach something new. For me, every poem is a vehicle to love and be loved...to encourage greater love for Christ.

I self-published these four booklets They were only published once and, unfortunately, are therefore "out of print,"



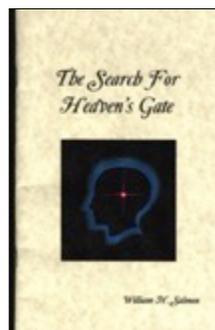
Introspection—Poems and Prose, 1989 [28pp]



To Touch Your Heart, Inspiration Press, Virginia Beach VA, 1992 [52 pp]



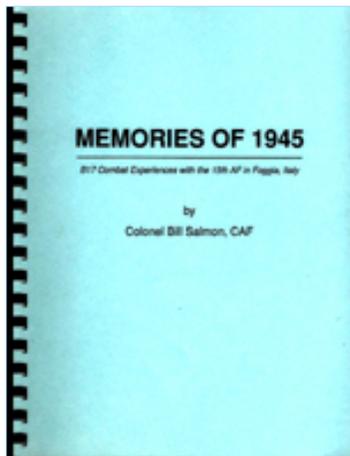
Wings of the Soul, 1996 [22 pp]



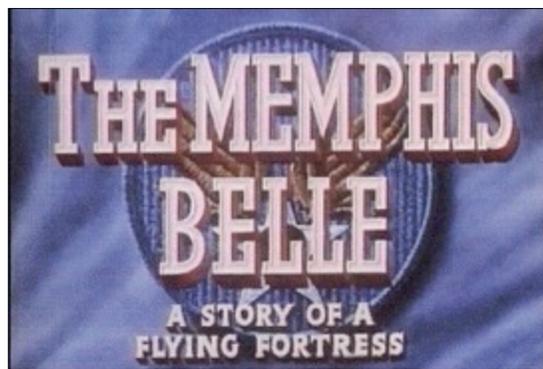
The Search For Heaven's Gate, Katie's Creations, Virginia Beach VA, 1998 [25 pp]

Author, Film Producer

In 1982, after decades of putting it off, I produced a 43 page booklet containing the diary I had written during my year overseas (1945), flying B-17's for the 15th Army Air Force. This manuscript is reproduced in its entirety in Chapters 9-11 of Part One of this autobiography.



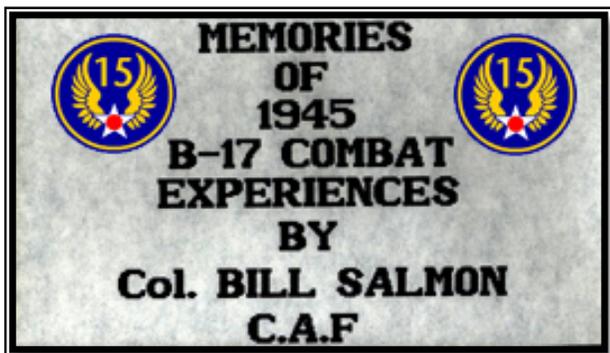
Memories of 1945—B-17 Combat Experiences with the 15th Air Force, 1982 [a diary, 43pp]



Title Frame of the 1943 Movie produced by the War Department telling about the 25th mission of this famous B-17. This is the version appearing in Bill's video, *Memories of 1945*.

That same year (1990), Warner Brothers released a new Technicolor remake starring first class Hollywood actors, and also titled, *Memphis Belle*. The film does an outstanding job of portraying the tensions I endured when flying those eighteen sorties during February through April of 1945.

In 1990, I produced a video primarily for fellow members of the Commemorative Air Force. It included a narration of my experiences flying B-17s, and then the 40 minute film "*The Memphis Belle – A Story of a Flying Fortress*" produced in 1943 by The Army Air Force First Motion Picture Unit and distributed at that time by Paramount Pictures Inc. under the U.S. Office of War Information.



Memories of 1945—B-17 Combat Experiences, Creative Video Concepts Production, 1990 [52 min. video cassette].

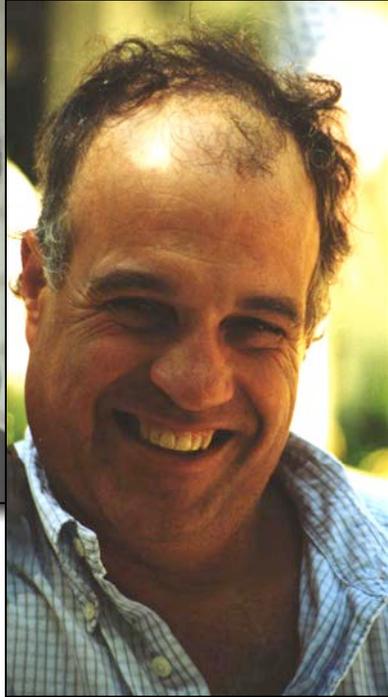


DVD jacket from the 1990 Hollywood version of the same story

Wings



*I will rise on the wings of a dream,
And fly into tomorrow, so it seems.
My life, my destiny, up to me.
From the depths of my dream, I must see
The pathway of life searching for a key.
I walk, ride or fly, my wings support me.
My compass, my heart, yearning to see
The way, often dark and unrewarding,
Leads to destinations of distress and misunderstanding.
To fly through this night of relentless fear,
I must ignore the dark, and know God is near.
Slowly, so very slowly, I realize my wings are no longer a dream.
But grown from a heart bursting with self-esteem.
Love outpouring from Heaven's gate,
Fills a questioning heart, its never too late
At last, my wings of the morning
Take flight, with my soul soaring.
I know destiny has a right place for me-
I'm guided and protected, the journey I clearly see.
As sunrise beckons, I am still,
With confidence, fly I will.*



Bill's Family Today

2016

		<p>Lynda Gail Salmon Lynda still lives in Chesapeake VA. She completed her PhD in Education and is nearing retirement from teaching. Lynda is in remission after a year's struggle with ovarian cancer. Matt and Kimberly and their one year old Willoughby, live in TN. Matt is a Fin. Spec. for <i>Jackson Nat. Life</i> and Kim is a claims processor for <i>Social Security Adm.</i> Matthew continues to pursue music and film and has recently started a video production company named <i>Mr. Matt Productions</i>. http://vimeo.com/mrmattproductions. Melissa works in NYC as a model and as a <i>doTerra Essential Oils</i> representative. She lives nearby in NJ with her significant other, A.J. Valone.</p>
		<p>Scott and Kelly Salmon Two years after Bill's death, Scott suffered a stroke in FEB 2007 and died in Abington MA at age 51. Kelly was left with Rachel (then age 11) and Dylan (then age 6). Rachel, now 20, is living independently in Taunton MA, with signifi-cant other Damien Langley. Dylan (now 15) lives with foster parents in Hanson MA, and recently participated in Special Olympics.</p>
		<p>Wayne and Beth Salmon In 2014, Wayne retired and closed <i>Performance Coating & Cleaning</i> (previously <i>AquaForce</i>). Today he is rebuilding a condo they will move into soon. Beth continues to teach Social Studies in a high school and is nearing her retirement. Daughter Ashley and Jeffrey Smith have taken over the Royal Palm Drive house, along with their three year old Emma. Ashley is an east coast Broker for <i>High Plains Marketing</i> in Denver. Jeffrey is an IT Specialist who services non-profits. Son Jonathan, wife Melissa and their daughters Madeline and Gabriella live in TN where he runs a home inspection service called <i>Jonny on-the-Spot</i>. Melissa is a surgical nurse at <i>Baptist Hospital</i>.</p>
		<p>Janet (Salmon) and Vince Witengier Janet is a CNA and works for <i>Home Instead</i>, a service for Seniors. Vince has continued his yard work business. Janet carries on daily emails with 254 Facebook Friends. After learning for the first time in 2009 that she had been adopted, Janet began volunteer work to change NY laws that prevent adoptees from viewing their birth files: https://www.facebook.com/NYAdoptionEquality . Daughter Jessica divorced Shane Shewfelt the year Bill died. She married Chad Fritz and lives in VA with their three children: Hailey, Chloe and Mason. Jessica works for <i>CVS Pharmacy</i> and Chad is a manager for <i>Orkin Pest Control</i>. Son Chris Witengier does data entry and lives in FL with fiancée Yoss Velazquez from Costa Rica and her five year old daughter Sophia Brizuela Plommer.</p>
		<p>Marian "Miki" Meekins Salmon After Bill's death, Miki remained at Atlantic Shores for a few months and then moved to her daughter Patricia Savage Godwin's home. Now in 2016, Miki just celebrated her 95th birthday. Her mind is still sharp and her spirits are good. She says that she is anxious to receive this completed book.</p>

Miki Meekins-Salmon



In 2010 when this photo was taken, Miki wrote: "After fourteen happy years with Bill and two new homes, I lost him to Alzheimer's. I remained at our retirement home at Atlantic Shores for a few months and then moved to my daughter Patricia's home on Absalom Drive. I fell in love with Zoe, her Dachshund. We live in a beautiful community on an island. Our days are filled with reading, TV, lunch with friends, walking the dog, and growing tomatoes and flowers in our yard. I love to play games on the computer. I talk often with my grandchildren on the phone."

At this writing in 2016, Miki just celebrated her 95th birthday and is bedridden due to a fall that broke her leg. She is also losing her eyesight so cannot watch TV or read much. Her mind is still sharp and her spirits are good. When Miki finally receives this completed book, she says Patricia will read to her and she can use the magnifying glass to see the pictures.

We are including here a brief sketch of Miki's life before Bill Salmon. The fourteen years with Bill are in Part Four, starting on p.165.

Childhood

She was born Marian Irene Kreger on April 22, 1921 at a hospital in Portsmouth VA, the second child of five. Her sisters and brother were: Evelyn Dorothy Kreger Lowry, Ruth Elizabeth Kreger Murphy, Joan Phylis Kreger Batten, and Louis Steven Kreger. The family lived in Holston in the mountains of western Virginia near Bristol VA and the Tennessee border.

Her parents were Wiley Smith Kreger, a builder, and Carrie Evelyn Sowles Kreger. When five years old, the family moved to Princess Anne County where Marian later graduated in 1938 from Kempsville High School. While in high school Miki began dating at fifteen (1936), going to see a movie or get an ice cream soda at the drug store.

Marriage to Willis Savage



In 1941 she married Willis Miles Savage (1916-1999), the oldest of eleven children, whom she had dated on and off for four years. Willis could play every sort of musical instrument and had a job at Temple of Music where he repaired instruments for \$18.00 per week. Recognizing his talent, Sears Roebuck & Company offered him \$20.00 per week, and Temple decided to match them. Sears then raised their offer to \$25.00 and he quit and went to work for them. Over

the years, Willis was able to earn various promotions and provide a good standard of living for his family. Later he went to work as a civilian aircraft mechanic at the Norfolk Naval Air Station.

On February 24, 1942, Miki gave birth to Patricia Ann "Patsy" Savage at Norfolk's St. Vincent de Paul Hospital. When Patsy was ten, Miki went to work for Princess Anne County (now Virginia Beach) handling transfers of real estate. She was the Deputy Commissioner of the Revenue. In 1954, Miki was diagnosed with a uterine tumor and underwent a hysterectomy.



Miki worked for the county for ten years and found that she could care for herself and not be financially dependent. In 1963, Miki and Willis divorced after 24 years together.

Marriage to Al Meekins

On October 27, 1963, Miki married a former Coast Guard officer named Alton White Meekins (1917-1982). Al had served his country from 1936 to 1957 and retired at 40 years of age. He already had four children: Naomi (born in Martha's Vineyard MA in 1938), John, Roy and Linda. When they married, Al was working as a salesman for a Chesapeake real estate firm run by three builders. Wanting to keep a larger portion of the commissions, he took the Virginia Real Estate Broker's exam and failed the first time around. He began studying in earnest and Miki helped him. He retook the exam in 1964, while Miki also sat for it, and they both passed, becoming licensed real estate brokers. They continued working there until 1969.

Al had some family properties in Nags Head NC and he and Miki subdivided them and began building houses. They commuted there weekly, and as the vacation home market heated up they sold more than a hundred homes. In 1974, Miki built Jockey's Ridge Miniature Golf Course that soon was grossing \$100,000 per year. It had a lighthouse

structure and two levels and was quite the tourist attraction. After it closed, the shifting sands eventually covered it where it lies today under the drifts at Jockey's Ridge State Park. Al died in Dec 1982, ending their nineteen year marriage.



After Al's death, Miki dated. The most enduring was for five years beginning in 1984 with a high school friend named Robert Gomez (1918-2002). She became quite attached to his family and was included in various trips including one to Europe.

Miki's Only-Child Patsy



Patricia Savage married Robert D. Kidd in 1962 when she was twenty. He was an electrical engineer at the Naval Air Station, and Patsy worked there too. On April 5, 1967 Patsy gave birth in Virginia Beach to Robert "Robb" Donald Kidd Jr. Two years later, April 18, 1969, they had Kathleen "Katie" Elizabeth Kidd. Robert died in Richmond VA in 1993 and Patsy eventually began an enduring relationship with Mickey Kammeter who died in June 2004.

In January 2013, Patricia married 79 year old James Dudley Godwin in Virginia Beach. Nine months later James died of cancer. They had lived together for two years.

Miki's Grand Children



Robb went on to become a talented professional photographer and married Gwynne Welch in Colorado Springs CO in June 1991. Today Robb and Gwynne live in Center CO midst Gwynne's extended family. Their children are: Natalie Rose Kidd (b.4-1997), Rand Liam Kidd (b.3-01-1999) and Marian Helen Kidd (b.7-30-2002). Eventually, Robb broadened his livelihood into the building and remodeling of houses.

Katie grew up to become a graphics designer and married Michael Thibault in Virginia Beach on May 12, 1987. Daughter, Taylor Nicole Thibault, was born Nov 19, 1986 in VB



Living so close to her great grandmother Miki, Taylor spent endless hours at the home of Miki and Bill Salmon. Michael became a Security Officer for a government contractor in January 2004. Katie and Michael separated in 2011. This year, Katie will be attending Virginia Wesleyan working on a degree in Administration of Justice. Taylor, now 19, attends Tidewater Community College. She is engaged to marry Dominic Sacco from Worchester MA.

Miki's Step Children



Naomi Meekins Darden Young

Miki's step-daughter, **Naomi Meekins** married Lewis Darden in 1957. Lewis was in the Coast Guard. Their daughter Elizabeth "Beth" Darden was born in 1958 at Martha's Vineyard MA. Their second daughter Linda Darden was born in 1965. Lewis and Naomi divorced in 1985. Naomi later married Richard Young in 1987, and eventually divorced in 2001.



Beth Darden Salmon
In 1976

Beth Darden, was best friends in high school with Wayne Salmon. He graduated in 1975 and she in 1976 from Frank W. Cox High School, and they married the following October in Virginia Beach [see p.145].

Wayne was working as a foreman for his parents in the *Aqua Force* business and Beth took a job with Safeway Stores as a teller who banked the money. Today, Beth teaches high school social studies and Wayne is retired. Their children Ashley and Jonathan are married & living in VB and TN, respectively.

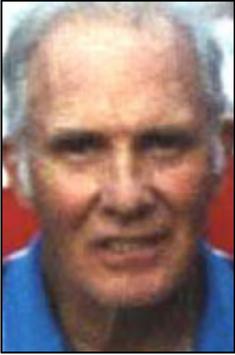


Beth today

Miki's Relationship with Bill Salmon

Due to the inter-relationship of their families, Miki was a close friend of Bill and Ruth Salmon, frequently attending Salmon family gatherings. Several months after Ruth's death, Miki and Bill began doing things together. Go to p.167 in this book for the story about their love affair.

Howard and Lorraine Salmon



Howard Salmon was already dealing with some dementia during Bill's funeral. Howard died four years later on January 15, 2009 and the funeral was held at the Church of Christ in Somerville NJ... **Lorraine Fecher Salmon**, will be 92 this year and is in good health and still living in Bernardsville NJ. She entered Bill's life in 1949 (p.112) when she married Howard, and they produced the five children pictured at right, and eleven grandchildren below.



Lorraine's 90th birthday. (Standing): Barry, Leah, and David Salmon
(Seated): Sharon Rickman, Lorraine and Nancy Fennimore.



(Standing) Jimmy Fennimore, Dario Fennimore, Christopher Fennimore, Michael Salmon, Brian Salmon, Timothy Salmon, Kevin Rickman. (Seated) Matthew Fennimore, Christina Salmon, Lorraine (90th Birthday), Kelly Rickman, Keri Rickman

Cecil & Betsy Salmon Garrett



Today, Betsy and Cecil still live in Winchester KY where they have been for 50 years. Their five children appear right in a 2009 photo. Missing are the spouses: Mark's wife Candy, Dale's wife Lucilla, Robert's wife

Suzanne, Jonathan's wife Rosalia, and Mary Lynn's husband Frank Houtz. Three of Betsy's five live nearby in KY. Dale Garrett lives in Maryland where his wife Lucilla died in August 2015. Mark and Candy Garrett are missionaries in Senegal, West Africa where they teach.



Standing: Mark William., Bryan Dale, Robert Lee, Jonathan David,

Seated: Mary Lynn Houtz, Cecil and Betsy in 2009



Standing, L to R: Dorothy Garrett, Eleeyah Houtz, Marion Garrett (Benjamin's Wife), Jeremiah Houtz, Benjamin Garrett, Ethan Garrett, Tikvah Houtz, Eleazar Houtz, Grandpa Cecil (80), Grandma Betsy, Hannah Garrett.

At the railing /seated, L to R: Great Grandson Isaiah Garrett, Ann Garrett, Jezreel Houtz, Katerina Garrett, Davina Garrett, **Inserts:** Kathryn and Bryan Garrett. Cecil's 80th Birthday celebration in 2009.

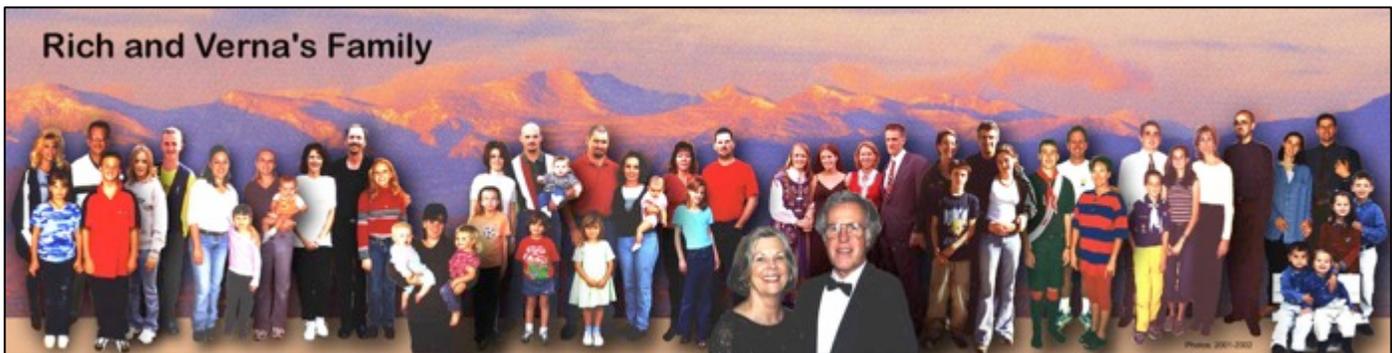
Rich and Verna Salmon



Today (2016), Rich & Verna are 81 years old and live in Longmont CO. Here are their nine children: Keith, [Verna] and Kerry Compton, and Kim Lovelace. [Below] Steve & Rick Salmon, Julie Cox, Dan, Verna, Rich, Jeffrey, and Tim Salmon.



Below: 2002 photo when this book was first drafted. Rich & Verna Salmon's family numbered a total of 52 at that time.



2004 photo of Rich's half at Carolyn Salmon's Abilene Funeral



2015 Christmas Reunion in Longmont. 35 present of their 81 total



Salmon



William H. Salmon
An Autobiography.....

Part One - 1924 to 1945
 Including the World War II Years

With Co-author Richard F. Salmon



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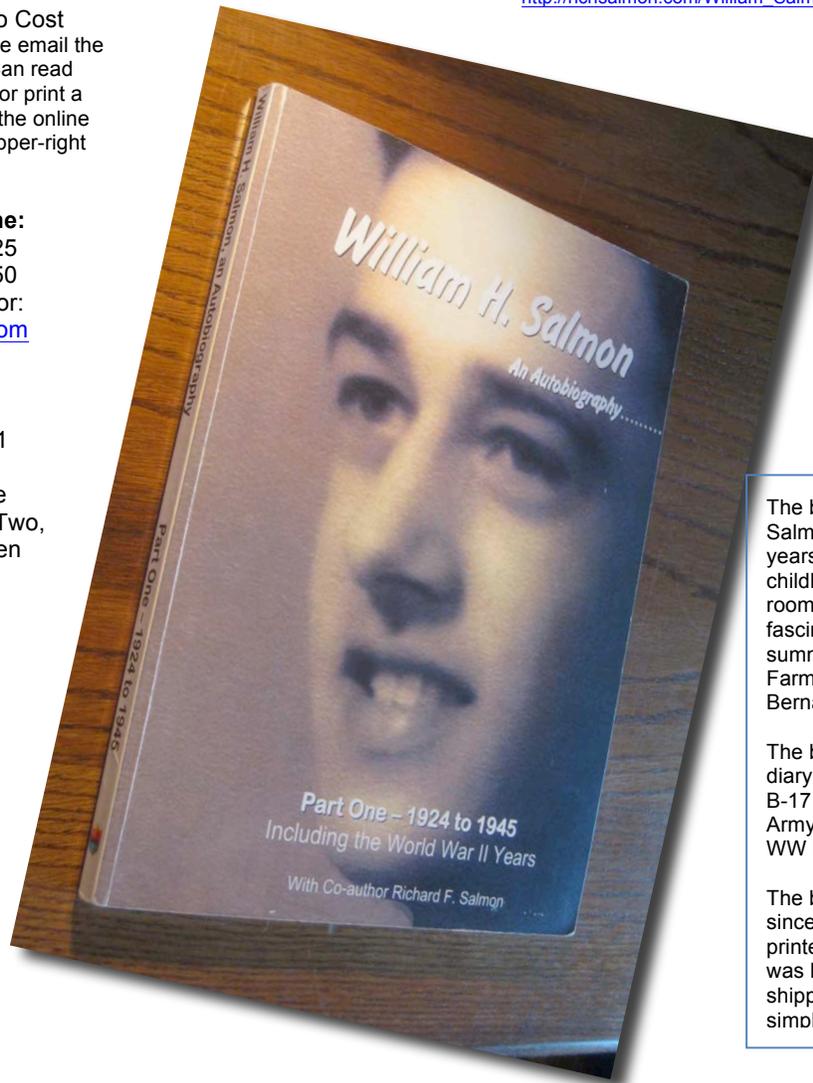
Write or phone author:
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Write author at:
1373 Gay Circle
Longmont CO 80501

This Part One will be included with Parts Two, Three, and Four when we publish the final single volume book later this year.

Click here to go to Volume One within our family website:

http://richsalmon.com/William_Salmon_Autobiography_password.pdf



The book covers Bill Salmon's first twenty-one years (1924-1945), his childhood in PA, the one-room school, scouting, fascination with airplanes, summers in MD at Hobbs Farm, and high school in Bernardsville NJ.

The book includes a daily diary Bill kept when flying B-17 missions in the U.S. Army 15th Air Force during WW II.

The book is paperback and since so few copies were printed, the cost per book was high. The price includes shipping. Your purchase simply reimburses our cost.



Salmon Family Publications

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