

REFLECTIONS ON MY LIFE
FLOYD RUSSELL [RUSS] SLOAN
BORN IN, SIOUX CITY IOWA, 3/28/1938

This is my life's history as best I remember as my parents house was hit by lightening and burned to the ground in 1961 and most all of my boyhood mementos were lost. I am writing this for the sole purpose of family history and am not worried about paragraphs or exact punctuation. I'm beginning writing this at age 77 and hope to capture, on paper, as much as possible.

According to my mom, I was born on election day in Sioux City, Iowa. My parents were Floyd Arthur Sloan and Marian Ethel [Krienke] Sloan. My mom was 18 and my dad was 30. They married 3 days after they met and I was born 9 months and 9 days later. My mom had 2 brothers and a sister [Doug, Benjamin & Dorothy] and my dad had 6 sisters and one brother [Jessie, Ollie, Louise, Renee , Alice, Minnie & John [called Jackl] .

I'm not exactly sure how long we lived in Sioux City before we moved to Grand Island, Neb. I think we lived in Grand Island for about a year. My dad was working in a supermarket [O.P. Skaggs] owned by my mom's aunt [Laura Van Eaton] and her husband C.S. Van Eaton. He was a State Senator from the Sioux City area in the 1950's. We then moved to Los Angeles and one of my most vivid memories of life. It occurred on the night they thought there were Japanese war planes over LA and the search lights were on the sky and we were firing live ammunition. It made a life long impression on me. This would have been on Feb. 24/25, 1942. Years later while I was Coaching in Carthage, Mo. this subject came up in the downtown restaurant among several guys drinking coffee and our Postmaster told us, he was in the anti-aircraft unit firing that night. Small world. That March I would have turned four. I started school in LA and my kindergarten teacher was Mrs. McNeil. I believe we lived in the Englewood area of Los Angeles and I think my grade school was: 74th St. grade school. Our school had no grass playing area but asphalt with a marked area for playing " Kick ball ". I think my love for competitive sports began there. The war was on and the patriotism was intense. I would take my red wagon and go around our neighborhood and collect paper, rubber and metal for the war effort. I would also buy the War Bond stamps at school. We would go to the beach and see gun emplacements and Barrage Balloons. We would also see our bombers and fighter planes lined up at our air bases. The trolleys were running in LA and most everything was rationed, gas, meat, sugar, tires, etc. There were few if any toys made of metal during WWII. I learned to ride a bike in the back yard , trying to achieve balance while also ducking under the wash lines in the back yard. I got encouragement from my mom and our neighbor, Mrs. Nicodemus next door. My first wreck occurred when I rode on the sidewalk, got to the end of the street and did not turn sharp enough to avoid hitting a Palm tree. Nothing too serious. In LA lived one of my dad's sister's [Louise " Sloan " Roach. Her husband had a Real Estate business in LA. and one of my mothers brothers [Andre Bene] who had changed his name from Benjamin Krienke. He had a very successful hair salon in Hollywood. On one visit to Andre's I went for a walk and got lost. I apparently walked in to an all night movie theater and the police found me about 3 a.m. The LA newspaper's morning edition ran a story: " BOY 3 DISAPPEARS ". After that when we visited my uncle he would dryly say: " Russell, would you like to go for a little walk?" I remember the day Germany surrendered and my mother sent me next door to let Mrs. Nicodemus know that the war in Europe was over! My most vivid memory during the war was when the German's made their last great offensive called " The Battle of the Bulge " which was stopped at a city called Bastone. My dad's brother Jack Sloan was in the 101 st. Airborne and at Bastone which was surrounded and the German's demanded surrender. The American officer replied to the German's demand for surrender stating " Nuts! " which the German's didn't quite initially understand as meaning " NO " with emphasis! This was around Christmas time in 1944. We listened intensely to the news on the radio every night. Fortunately, Gen. Patton's army arrived to save our troops and the overcast skies became clear allowing our superior air force to rain havoc on the German advance. Fortunately my dad's brother came back safely. During the war my mom & dad kept my brother's little girl [Linda] after he and his wife split up and he went into the Army. She was a real sweetie and I felt that she was my younger sister. My dad had been in the Iowa National Guard for several years. When the war broke out he was called up for his physical to become active and the doctor found he had two ruptured ear drums and turned him down. My mom said he cried for 3 days as all of his buddies were going and he couldn't join them. He worked in a defense machine shop in LA during the war. He had a operation on his ear problem during the war but his hearing was never as good as normal . In 1945, after defeating Germany my mom, me, Linda, my mom's sister [Dorothy and her husband drove to Columbia, Mo. to

visit my mother's dad [Ben Krienke] who managed the Lacrosse Lumber Co. It was a very harrowing trip as the car lights went out at night in the mountains [I'm guessing the Rocky's] on a narrow two lane road, no guard rails, with no place to get off the road. As best we could, we followed the tail lights of trucks & other vehicles to make it through the night. A lot of prayers said by all of us! What we did not know at the time is that our visit would become a permanent move. My dad sold what we had and joined us in Columbia. What was intended to be a visit turned out to be a permanent move. I believe the time frame was January/February 1945 and I was in the first grade. We also learned shortly there after that Dorthy's husband who was in the Army and had a bunch of medals was guilty of claiming medals he had not earned and Dorthy either had their marriage annulled or got a divorce. The years in California are now history and my life in Columbia begins!

LIFE IN COLUMBIA, MO. 1945-1962

Once in Columbia my mom , Linda and myself stayed at my grand fathers until my dad arrived from LA. I finished the 1st grade at Grant School. The kids then were still printing while I had been taught to write cursive. The class was ahead of me in math but we seemed on par in reading. I was toe headed, tanned in the the early spring and some of my classmates wondered what country I was from. When my dad joined us he found a job in the grocery business which had been his vocation in Iowa prior to WWII. We then found a rental home on 2nd ave. in Columbia about a block from Ridgeway grade school. I spent the second grade at Ridgeway. Following the 2nd grade my dad found a job with Wolcott Water Softener Co. in Columbia owned by Herbert Wolcott who was a Water Engineer grad of Stanford Univ. We moved to another rental home on old Highway 40 not far from my new grade school, Eugene Field grade school. I spent grades 3,4,5 & 6 at Field. There, I had two exceptional teachers, Mrs. Browning in the 3rd grade & Mrs. Gilbert in the 4th grade. They ignited in me a tremendous love of American history. In fact, when I took the national tests for 6th graders, I was doing 12th grade work in history in the 6th grade. I remember the 5th & 6th grade teachers discussing my score in some disbelief. Did not excel to that degree in other course work. It was at Field that my love for softball & baseball was born. I played at recess, lunch hour, after school and on weekends with who would ever show up. I excelled to the point that the local newspaper [Columbia Tribune] ran a story " SLUGGER SLOAN BREAKS WINDOWS & RECORDS AT FIELD SCHOOL NINE". Our softball field was right behind the School 's Administrative Bldg. and became an east target for line drives. They finally had to cover the windows with heavy gauge wire. We were in the school system's least affluent area but we had outstanding teachers and good kids. Disruptive school behavior was non existent. I loved school so much that one day I went to school and the front door was locked, it was Saturday. The only school organized sport was softball. No coaches but we played the other grade schools and the Catholic school [Sacred Heart]. We also played marbles for " keeps " but our Principal and 6th grade teacher , Miss Finley , made us quit because she said that playing for " keeps " was gambling! Miss Finley was up in years and was my least inspirational teacher. Most all of us ate lunch at school which was prepared on site, fresh and delicious! Great school cooks. In grades 5 & 6, during the late Fall & Winter we played touch Football. In the 6th grade my Aunt Laura [from Sioux City] sent me a helmet & shoulder pads for Christmas made by Hutch. Boy, did I feel big time. I was the only boy in school with a helmet & shoulder pads! Did not play FB again until the 10th grade as our Jr. H.S. [JEFFERSON JR. H.S.] only had basketball with a coach and playing other schools. It was in grade school that I became an ardent St. Louis Cardinal fan and Stan, the Man, Musial was my boyhood idol. Harry Carey & Gabby Street were the Cardinal broadcasters on radio and I listened to them at night as often as possible. At that time, I probably could identify, by team, every player in the National league. Softball/baseball was the passion of my life. Someday I wanted to play for the St. Louis Cardinals ! That opportunity would later come during my Sr. year at Missouri [more later]. Where we lived on old Highway 40 it was the main East/West Highway for mid America. We lived probably 25 yards from the highway and heard every truck & car heading east & west. Got use to it. During my grade school years our pet dog was " Tippy " who we adopted in LA before we moved. " Tippy " was a mix, looked somewhat like a beagle, blonde coat with a white tipped tail, therefore " Tippy " Great, great dog! Every pair of blue jeans I had had her teeth marks at the cuff of my jeans as every time I got on my bike, Tippy would grab my pants leg, tugging me , not to leave. I would get to laughing as she was tenacious! At this age the most precious things I had was my bike, glove, bat & ball. When we moved to highway 40 , Linda was still with us. Although the war was over my parents had the impression that we would continue to raise her. Then one day in 1946 her dad, Jack Sloan, came by to take her for a visit. Never brought her

back. Broke our hearts. He lived in Las Vegas and we largely lost contact as my dad's brother remarried and had additional kids, all in Las Vegas. Don't believe my dad or mom ever had contact with Jack Sloan again. My dad's brother [Jack] was an exact look a like to the famous movie actor Randolph Scott [40's & 50's]. It was uncanny. They later died within 6 months of each other.

After Field school I entered Jefferson Jr. H.S. for grades 7,8 & 9. It was the only middle school in Columbia except for Douglas [Black students] as all of Missouri had segregated schools. I had not seen blatant racism while living in LA so it was a shock to see it in Missouri. I was never comfortable with the racial separation which eventually fell by the wayside in my H.S. years due to the Supreme Court decision under the " Warren Court ". At JJHS in the 7th grade I had a great teacher , Miss Robinson , who got me interested in debating. We had 7th grade competition and my debate partner was Karen Polson We became debate champions and the topic was : " We're Comic Books Harmful ." It was in the 7th grade that I was first exposed to basketball. I was so awkward and could barely use my left hand for dribbling or shooting a lay up. Made the team, largely because of my height. My sports love was still baseball. Coach Jim McLeod was our coach and years later I would become his assistant at Hickman H.S. when we won the State Championship with a 28 & 1 record in 1962. More later. Being at JJHS was a new experience as suddenly I was a student among all of the other grade school students. Went from a big fish in a small grade school pond to become a fish in a much bigger pond. We had moved from old Hwy. 40 out of the city limits to live in a rental home in Wolcott Wood off Vandiver Dr. north of Columbia. My dad was still working for Wolcott Water Softener and was doing well and growing their business. Mr. Wolcott was always on the road selling large commercial Water Softeners and my dad handled all of the Columbia market, sales, installation & servicing. My dad would begin every work day by having coffee with Mrs. Wolcott at her home nearby to our house. They both talked politics and we're staunch Republicans when our area was dominated by Democrats. As the years went by, Mrs. Wolcott became my dad's second mom. She was an exceptional woman, great political mind and very generous and kind hearted. Mr. Wolcott was very bright, somewhat aloof but had total trust in my dad running his business locally. In 1949 my parents adopted my sister who was named Thonetta [Toni] Sloan via the Lutheran Home in St. Louis. She was 6 weeks old. My mom was unable to have more children and I believe the loss of Linda left a void that they needed to be filled. The whole adoption process was very thorough and our home was visited several times before and after the baby came. We were all thrilled. I was now 11 and played a role in helping to raise her. By the 8th grade we had moved to another Wolcott owned home right next door to the one we were in. The 8th grade proved to be very historic for my family. My mom & dad decided that they would buy some land from the Wolcotts and build a home all by themselves. Neither one of them had ever been involved in construction. My parents got the loan from my grandfather [Ben Krienke] and bought most all of their materials at Lacrosse Lumber where he was the manager. My mom turned out to be quite a carpenter who could frame, lay hard wood floors, do sheet rock, etc. She would work a good part of the day and then when my dad finished work he would join her. They started the project the summer before my 8th grade. When school started I would come home after school and take care of Toni while my mom and dad worked on the house. I changed diapers, made formula, fixed dinner for my parents and kept the house clean. I missed the 8th grade basketball team due to our home building effort. The only thing on the house that they did not do was shingling the roof. They were so proud! This was the first home they ever owned. It was a story and a half and my room was upstairs with a bath & storage area. Nothing fancy but a very nice home. The garage was separate from the home, on the right side of the home. The road leading to our home was a gravel road. I would spend hours picking up gravel rocks and hitting them out on an open field using an old broken wood bat, nailed together. I must have hit thousands of rocks. The open field had a large old oak tree at the far end and hitting a rock over that tree was my home run! Eventually the rocks would destroy the fat end of the bat and usher in a new broken bat. The upward swing I developed as a result of this constant effort did show up later in my baseball years as most of my home runs were towering drives as opposed to line drives. When I started in Jr. H.S. my dad would drive me to school and then I would walk home unless I had basketball practice and then he would pick me up. Because of the home building effort I was not able to debate or play basketball in the 8th grade. Kind of a lost year, activity wise but I was a big help to my parents and it did teach me a lot of things that I would not have known otherwise. I was immensely proud that they built the entire home by them selves, with no prior experience. It was an effort that I would try myself in Jefferson City [more later]. I do remember many a heated argument between my parents on how they should construct something. One would come home, cool off and then go back and get it done. Never knew who won the most squabbles, but I'm betting on my mom. Taking care of my new sister did

have its trying moments. One time I was rinsing out her dirty diaper in the down stairs toilet went I dropped it and in flushing it, the water began to overflow. I jumped on top of the toilet seat hoping to suppress the flow but to no avail . Ran for parental help at the construction site about 200 yards away. Another learning experience. Every summer there after I played baseball in Legion or Ban Johnson and really wanted to play for my Cardinals. I could always throw harder than my teammates and had more power at the plate. Throughout my baseball days I did wind up playing every position at some point in time.

The 9th grade proved to be a very fruitful year for me. I was elected Student Body President for the 1st semester, became a starter on the basketball team and finished 2nd in debate. Karen Polson was my debate partner again and we were robbed, another story for perhaps another day! Obviously, time does not heal all wounds!

Entering Hickman H.S. was to become a most memorable time in my life. Hickman was an exceptional H.S. As incoming sophomores we were all required to wear Beanies until the FB Home Coming game. Guys getting caught with no Beany might find them selves getting their pants removed by upper class mates. A tradition of Hickman and transition from Jr. H.S to Sr. H.S. I went out for FB. This was the first time that the school system offered FB. Coach Bob Roark was our Head FB Coach and he was outstanding. I played end and being new to the game, played on the Jr. Varsity team. I did pretty well in the few games JV we played and could tell that Coach Roark liked my progress. Basketball followed FB and more JV experience. Now came baseball, Coached by Coach Roark and as a sophomore I did get some varsity playing experience. I continued to be one of the tallest in my class and became more and more interested in FB & Basketball as well as Baseball. I did well academically, but not as well as I could have as my intensity in athletic achievement began to shift from the emphasis in the classroom. The summer after my sophomore year I played baseball and was now pitching. I could throw very hard but had limited control and no curve ball. I was a " thrower " not a true pitcher. But I did attract the attention of a White Sox scout, Walter M. Laskowski. He wanted me to send him the press clipping after every game I pitched. Soon after I was moved to play 1st base because of my hitting. That summer I did pitch my best game ever in Boonville, Mo. on the hottest day on record [113 degrees]. Game called by managers at the end of 7 innings. We won but don't remember the score. I loved baseball in hot weather. The mid '50's were really hot summers with many days over 100 degrees.

My Junior year at Hickman began in a discouraging way as shortly into preseason FB practice I tore the Cartilage in my right knee and was operated on by Dr. Glen McElroy who later became a team doctor for the Missouri Tigers. He was probably among the very best Orthopedic surgeons in the state. We had an outstanding FB team in 1954 and I really regretted missing that season. I did heal in time for basketball and became a starting forward on the varsity. We had a new Basketball Coach, Bob Murrey, who had played at Missouri. He was a tremendous coach and my skills greatly improved. I received my first Letter & Jacket, boy was I proud! As baseball followed basketball I was again coached by Bob Murrey and received my second Letter. I had the honor of being voted " Most Versatile Boy " in my class and it was a rare day that I did not have some after school activity going on. In late Spring I ran for Student Body President for the next year ['55-'56] and won in a 3 man race. I promised that if elected we would make a [45] record of our traditional Student Body Assembly procedures and highlights of the year to be given to every student along with our year book , THE CRESSANT. I loved being at Hickman. Tremendous teachers, coaches and classmates. Our Class size was right at 200 and I knew every Classmate by name. I probably knew by name 95% of all the kids at Hickman [600+ students]. That summer, following my Jr. year, I played baseball. Our coach was Tony Antimi who loved baseball and felt I had a lot of potential. During that summer I also attended the national conference for incoming Student Council Presidents which was held in Ardmore , Pa. a suburb of Philadelphia. We all stayed in private homes and I stayed with the Buten Family who owned a paint factory. Wonderful family. I rode on the train to and from Philadelphia and in St.LouisI teamed up with Don Farmer who later joined me at Missouri and went on to an outstanding career in T.V. news broadcasting.

Entering my Sr. year at HHS would prove to be a life changer for me and my future. Having played on the JV team in FB my sophomore year, missing my Jr. year due to surgery this FB season would be my first year of varsity play. We had an 7-2 season but among our 7 wins was a truly great win on the road against Springfield Central, the largest school in the state. They led us 14-0 at half time and were dominating the game. At half Coach Roark told us what we needed to do and his last statement was: " Men, I think we can still win"! And win we did 20-14. Following the season I was selected 3rd Team, ALL STATE in Missouri FB. I was 6'4" and weighed 176 pounds. One day after the season I got a call from

the Missouri FB Coaching staff offering me a FB Scholarship including Books, Tuition & Fees. Because I could live at home not getting Room & Board was not a problem. I rushed throughout the school to find Coach Roark to tell him. I found him, relayed the scholarship offer and awaited his expression of congratulations. Instead he thought for a minute and looked at me intently as he stated: " Well, Russ , some will flunk out, some will get hurt and some will get discouraged and quit.....you might make it", and walked away leaving my ego on the floor. He would prove to be 100% correct! More later!

Missouri's Head FB Coach was the legendary Don Faurot, inventor of the Split ' T " formation and Option FB. I was in school with two of his 3 daughters Aileen two years ahead of me and Julie two year behind me. As a sophomore I had a big crush on Aileen, then a senior, who was beautiful, great personality and not affected in any way. With FB over we were now into basketball season and I had made considerably progress as a player. It was about halfway through our season the light came on and I made a transition from being a mechanical type player to one of playing by instinct much smoother and far more effective. The transformation was during the Eldon Tournament in which we finished 2nd but I received the award as the most outstanding player which they called " The Sportsmanship Award ". It came as a surprise but my play there after was fluid and far more effective. My best H.S. buddy was our other forward, Tom Watson. We were both 6'4", weighed about the same. Tom could jump a little higher than I could and was a better a Free Throw shooter. In fact he beat our arch rival [Jeff City] in Triple Overtime on their home court by Tom hitting Two Free Throws! We finished 22-8, went on to the Regional Tournament and lost the final game in Regional play to Sedalia by two points in the final two seconds. We had beaten Sedalia by 9 pts. about a week before. I was selected to the First Team All Conference Basketball team. Had not the FB season gone so well I had hoped to play college basketball. As the Baseball & Track season approached, I opted out of baseball to go out for track hoping to further improve my speed for college FB. I was the 2nd fastest athlete at Hickman and only Dale " Paley " Mills was faster by about a step. Paley went on to become a ' Little All American ' running back at NE MO. State College where I later became Head FB Coach. Paley had amazing balance and could start & stop on a dime, tremendously shifty runner. Not big physically but a very effective runner. My favorite memory of Paley & me was during our preseason practice in FB. [1955] Coach Roark had the whole team running sprints about 50yds each. After the first 3 sprints in which Paley and I were easily winning , running side by side, Coach Roark looked at us sternly and stated: ""In the next race one of you two better win!" Our Track Coach, Jack Kersting, had also been our Line Coach in FB. and he was another outstanding Hickman Coach! He had me run as a Quarter miler and I was the fastest on our team. During the track season with other schools I would usually finish first or second. Late in our track season he put me in a Two Mile relay in Hannibal and my half mile time surprised Coach Kersting as it was the best on our team and good enough to enter me in the State Meet in Columbia. The amount of runners was large and they ran us in two heats. Since I had no previous recorded time in the Half Mile other than my leg in a Two Mile relay I was put in the slower heat. After the first Quarter mile I felt great and began to move up within the packed field of runners to take the lead with about 100 yards to go. I probably increased my speed too much too soon and got caught at the finish to take 2nd. My time turned out to be the 7th fastest in the State Meet having run it for the first time. Probably should have been a Half Miler instead of a Quarter miler . In our Conference meet I had finished 2nd in the Quarter. Now lettering in track I became a four sport letterman at Hickman and in the Spring Awards assembly received the great honor of receiving the " Joe Barnes " award as Hickman's Outstanding Athlete voted on by the Coaching staff. Joe Barnes was the son of the Principal of Ridgeway Grade School and was killed in WWII. Our Class of '56 was the first Class to have an all night party at a designated place, with parental oversight. The band that night played on the River Boat out of St. Louis and they were outstanding. Throughout the night door prizes were given away. Once you left the party you could not return. It was a most memorable evening! During my Sr. year I was also named to The National Honor Society [Academic] and played Lincoln in our Verse Speaking Choir presentation called " The Lonesome Train". Our Choir was unique in America and we traveled out of state to give programs. Mrs. Helen D. Williams was our teacher. This was the most enjoyable class I ever had! Our Principal was a 6'8" retired Colonel, Ben Schmitz. He wanted me to go to West Point in the worst way, but then West Point was primarily an engineering school which I had no interest in at all. I still loved history. Reflecting back on my 3 years at Hickman, I could not have been more fortunate and my FB Scholarship to Missouri would prove to be a pathway to far greater rewards and opportunities ! I was now 18 and my beloved " Tippy " died! I had this dog from age 4 to 18. She disappeared into our nearby woods to die. I found her and loved her till she passed. As I write this 59 years later I am brought to tears. She was so much a part of our family and my entire boyhood.

The Summer before college was important to my later success in FB. My mother's sister's husband [Carl Katzenberger] had a Masonry Construction Co. in Denver. I called him and asked him if I could come work for him and build myself up. He cheerfully said: " I don't know if I can build you up but I can sure tear you down!" Lord, was he right. Never worked so hard in my life! I was a Hod carrier for his brick laying crew. I shouldered a Hod full of mortar to the brick layers and delivered bricks using brick tongs. About a week into the job I looked down on my arms and had blisters the size of half dollars! Any exposed part of my body had burned badly due to the mile high altitude of Denver. All summer after that I was coated with sun screen. My blonde hair was almost white when I returned to Missouri. Off the job he was the greatest guy going but on the job he was all business and expected perfection from his crew. He had been the youngest brick layer to get a union card in Iowa. I guarantee that I never slept better at night. Exhausted at day's end. Great preparation for my upcoming year in FB at Missouri. The best thing I could have done! Also, a great motivator to get a college education!

My years at Missouri are peppered with lasting and great memories. My plan was to major in Political Science, then get a Law degree and then go into the FBI and at some point later in life run for Congress. My first duty was on the FB field at old Rollins Field where I was one of 100+ Freshmen out for FB. Freshmen were not eligible for varsity so we had our own team & coaches, Clay Cooper & John Kadlec. Both became legends associated with Tiger Athletics and the Univ. of Missouri. On the first day of practice I counted 17 ends, 9 in the right end line and 8 in my left end line. The words uttered to me by my H.S. Coach, Bob Roark, " You might make it " did enter my mind. I quickly noticed that many weighed more than me, a few were faster but none could catch the ball better than me. Some were better blockers and on defense as we played both ways. I instinctively knew that while I had many aspects of my game that needed to be improved that I was going to make it barring a serious injury. I was carrying a heavy academic load [18 hrs.] majoring in political Science. I cannot remember exactly what string I was on initially but it wasn't first string and so that is what my goal became. About a third of the way through my Fr. year I sprained my ankle badly which slowed me up for awhile. But once I got healthy I did make it to first team and we played both the Kansas & Iowa St. freshmen teams. I believe we beat Iowa State and I caught a T.D. pass but we lost to Kansas. During the Fr. season I lost two of my front teeth to an elbow delivered by Sr. Larry Plumb. Dirtiest player I ever saw. Following FB I did go out for Fr. basketball. Did not make the team but did play in a very competitive city league in which I definitely improved my skills. Several years later, in our City league, I played against Norm Stewart and he said that I should have gone on to play basketball. Norm Stewart was the Fr. coach for the Tigers and years later would return as the Head Coach and Tiger legend. When I was at Hickman, Stewart was my idol in Basketball and Harold Burnine [All American End for Missouri] my football idol at Mizzou. Stewart was a great Basketball & Baseball player for the Tigers and Burnine went on to play for the Eagles. Both great role models! After the FB season Coach Don Furot announced his retirement as Head FB Coach but stayed on as Athletic Director. He hired a great young Coach from the staff of Georgia Tech, Frank Broyles. Broyles put together an extremely gifted staff composed of Jim McKenzie [later Head FB Coach at Oklahoma], Jerry Claiborne [later Head FB Coach at Maryland, Virginia Tech & Kentucky] plus Merrill Greene who later became a legendary H.S. FB Coach in Texas. McKenzie & Claiborne had played for Bear Bryant at Kentucky. Both were super Coaches and as tough as they come. Claiborne was also Phi Beta Kappa in college and really bright and a talented teacher of the game. He really helped me improve my game on defense. Broyles was a truly great motivator and could Coach every phase of the game. We all knew that we had an exceptional Head Coach. As Spring FB began under Broyles a whole new world unfolded for Missouri FB. His style was exacting, on the move, crisp & demanding drills, intense competition and we were all graded after each practice. Early on we had a posted depth chart which I remember ran at least 11 units deep. Our names were all on a circular chip with a hole at the top and after each practice your chip would be moved up or down the depth chart. Each unit had a different color scrimmage vest indicating which unit they were on [1st, 2nd, 3rd, etc. I only remember one player, Merv Johnson, who never moved below the first unit. He was a Sr. and after graduation went on to a brilliant college coaching career at Arkansas, Missouri, Notre Dame & Oklahoma! There are 20 practices in Spring ball and ours were so intense that there were days when 3,4,5 guys might quit. It became pretty clear that Coach Broyles was going to find out who really wanted to play college FB at the level necessary to win. On defensive we ran a 5 man front, ran the Belly Series on Offense and our kicking game played a big role. We had an outstanding Quick kicking game that was used effectively during our upcoming season. At the conclusion of Spring Ball we had a very good understanding of how intensely we had to play the game. I was now part of the varsity unit and for the first time got a chance to assess my ability

with those two years ahead of me. I could see I needed to be a better blocker, improve my defense but felt I was still the best receiver.

The summer before my sophomore year I worked for the State Highway Dept. based in Columbia. It was mostly out doors work, hot, demanding but nothing like being a Hod carrier in Denver. The older man I worked with was named John Steele and was a prince of a guy. He was approaching retirement but never let up. He was a worthy mentor. I was also playing Ban Johnson baseball on nights and weekends. I had settled on first base and usually batted in the clean up position. My arm was still the strongest and I had good power and led the league in home runs. I still had hopes of playing for the Cardinals and knew I had the ability to get better and maybe have a shot at getting signed. My biggest fault was I was an impatient hitter. I liked to take my swings. Like hitting those rocks on our gravel road.

As Fall practice began in 1957 it was another hot August in Missouri. Two a day practices early in the morning and then mid afternoon. The intensity level of practices only grew more intense. We scurried from drill to drill, and our Coaches did not ignore any mistakes. I really cannot imagine practices that could be much more demanding. Now we were losing more and more players. Coach Roark was right, "some will get hurt, some will flunk out and some will quit." Those that quit easily led the pack. I knew I would never quit. It is different when you play at a University located in your home town. I could not let down my H.S. coaches, my classmates and those in town that followed me through my high school career. Our first game was against Vanderbilt on their field. I had made the traveling squad and was a 3rd string end. We were tied at 7-7 late in the game and Coach Broyles put me in hoping that we could produce a pass completion that could win the game. I think Coach Broyles may have intended to "Red shirt" me during my sophomore year but because I was a good receiver he put me in although no pass made it my way. The first game that I got to really play was against Iowa St. on the road. I was sent in on defense and on a drop back pass, my job was to drop back and cover the flat. Their QB dropped back and I covered the flat and intercepted the pass. Now we are on offense and about 3 plays later, Stub Clemenson. our QB threw me a 14 yd. Pass setting up a T.D. Wow! Where have I been? So now we are kicking off and I'm running full speed down the left side. I see two Iowa St. players dropping back joining shoulders and I know I'm their target. As I am approaching them I'm thinking, I just intercepted a pass, then I caught a 14 yd. Pass and I'm going to run over you guys! When we did collide we all wound up on the running track which encircled the FB field. Blood was running down the right side of my face as I had about a two inch gash over my right eye which required several stitches after the game. Coach Broyles gave me a big smile in the locker room after our win and I felt 10' tall. My next major playing opportunity was against Oklahoma the one team I grew up, really wanting to beat. OU had been the most dominant FB team in college FB in the decade of the '50's. Bud Wilkinson [who I would later play for in the '60 Hula Bowl] was their legendary Coach. Again I went in on defense. The offensive line at OU took huge splits and if you split with them it provided a big space for their quick hitting Split "T" offense. Our Linebackers were supposed to call a special defense that would bring the ends inside of our tackles to force OU to cut down on their splits. If they did then our Linebacker would check us back into our regular defense. So OU comes to the LOS with big splits, our Line backer checks us into our special defense and I jump from outside our defensive tackle to his inside and I'm sitting in a big gap knowing that no OU lineman can block me. They did not cut down their split but our Line backer still checks us back to our regular defense. Every body goes back to their regular position but I stayed in the gap. For three straight plays we repeat this routine and 3 straight plays they run the half back right at me and I tackled him 3 times in a row at the LOS. I knew that when facing a stunting defense that oftentimes teams will run the same play several times in a row expecting to catch you in a more favorable stunt. From that game I just remember those 3 plays. My shining moments against the team I wanted to beat the most! I was gaining the confidence of the Coaches and against Kansas St. I was now on the 2nd unit and played the most time to date. My showing was disappointing as I was not making the quick decisions on defense that enabled me to be more effective. Very upset with myself and it hurt my chances of playing more that season. We did have two great wins among the five as we beat SMU on the road, 7-6 and stopped them on our one yard line on 3 straight plays to win the game. We also beat Colo. on the road 9-7 in an upset in the worst weather during my years at Mizzou. Went from rain to sleet to snow. Boy it got bitter cold. When we flew back to Columbia there were several thousand M.U. students flooding the runway to meet us. It was an emotional moment. When the list of Letterman for the '57 season was posted, I just missed making the list. I was crushed, but more determined than ever to excel! At our FB banquet Coach Broyles' last words were: " I'll be here as long as you all want me". Three days later he was signed by the Univ. of Arkansas to become their new Head Coach. I was devastated! Fifty six years later I would hear

from him personally his explanation of his move. Coach Broyles had gone 5-4-1 and his 5 victories were as many wins as Missouri had achieved in the previous two seasons combined. Now we were searching for a new Head Coach and Don Faurot selected Coach Dan Devine from Arizona State who had produced great teams at ASU. Following the FB season and the announcement of a new Head Coach I continued to play City league basketball and my skills improved, especially my jump shot accuracy. After basketball season I had hoped to now play baseball at Mizzou. But we had a new coach and I had to show him my talent in the Spring if I hoped to make the starting unit for the upcoming season. Baseball would have to wait until our summer Ban Johnson league play in which I would be named to the All Star team for our division.

After my Sophomore year under Coach Broyles I had decided that I really wanted to coach and changed my major to education. Now FB was becoming my primary focus. Coming out of H.S. I knew no one doubted my academic ability in college but I suspected that my football abilities were still in question. I had to prove the doubters wrong! My hopes for playing baseball for the Tigers were again dashed as I now had to show another new Head Coach what my abilities were. Spring FB under Coach Devine was certainly tough but had a different tone than under Coach Broyles. Coach Devine was a very different personality than Coach Broyles and his coaching style was definitely different. Coach Al Onofrio was our end coach and for the remainder of my Tiger career he was the coach that helped me to a whole new level of excellence. Before Coach Broyles left he had increased my scholarship to include meals at our athletic training dining facility called "The Jock House". Mr. Pace was in charge of the facility and would never qualify as a "Wal Mart" greeter. Man never smiled! Joining my teammates at meal time certainly added to the relationship with all of Mizzou's athletes. By the end of Spring Ball I was in close competition with George Boucher, a class ahead of me, as the starting left end position. Following Spring ball Coach Devine increased me to a full scholarship which included room in the dorm. For my last two years I was in Graham Hall with two great teammates, Norris Kelley a super quick guard from Sedalia '58/'59 and in '59/'60 Dale Pidcock our best blocker playing the end position. He was from St. Louis. That summer, '58 I again worked for the State Highway Dept. with one very memorable experience. I was told to go dump a load of dirt over the side of a pretty steep cliff in an old International Dump truck. I backed up to the edge, dumped the load and now I needed to shift gears to the lowest gear "Granny" to pull forward. Suddenly I had a dilemma. The Reverse gear was right next to "Granny" and once I let out on the clutch I would either move forward or back over the cliff. I was sweating bullets. No one around to help. I eventually worked up my courage, opened my door in case I needed to jump out if we backed up and slowly released the clutch. Thank God I moved forward! Dramatic moment at the Highway Dept.!

Starting my Jr. yr. in FB would answer the question of who would emerge as the starting left end. Devine ran an unbalanced line and to the left of center was the left guard and myself. On defense we ran the wide tackle six. Early in the playing season George Boucher would start the game although I would wind up playing the majority of the game and I soon became the starting left end. The most memorable game that season was against Colorado at home. Colorado was very talented and led us 9-0 with a minute to go in the 3rd QT. In the next 12 minutes we scored 5 T.D.'s and won 33-9. I scored the 1st T.D. on a pass from Phil Snowden. We kicked off and I recovered a fumble and we scored again. We kicked off, stopped them, they punted and Fred Brossart ran their punt back for a T.D.. Two more T.D.'s and the rout was over! Another great win was at Nebraska where we beat them 31-0. This was and may still be the biggest home shutout of Nebraska at home. In fact, Missouri is the only team to shut out Nebraska four years in a row ['58, '59, '60 & '61]. In that '58 game I made the greatest catch in my life as Bob Haas threw me a 29 yard pass which I caught in a head long dive into the End Zone. Picture of this catch was captured by the Kansas City Times in a 3 shot sequence which is framed and I'm told hangs somewhere in the Press Box at Faurot Field in Columbia. However, in this game I dropped the one pass in my career. It was a pass so easy I could have caught it at age four. Haas rolled out and I was wide open on the 5 yd. line. He had a really strong arm and I expected him to zip it to me, instead he threw me the easiest floater that hit me right in the hands, waist high. I made the mistake of glancing to the left to see how close to the End Zone I was and as a result I must have juggled that ball 6 times before it hit the ground. Damn! Fortunately we scored soon after. At the end of that 5-4-1 season I was named Honorable Mention to the All Conference Team. This was our second 5-4-1 seasons in a row but you could see we were getting better. I had proven that I could play and start but now I felt I could really excel come my Sr. season. In the off season my Jr. year I continued to play basketball in our City league [The Hulén Lakers]. We were a very talented team and we even played against the State Prison team inside the prison in Jeff City, Sobering experience when all those doors keep slamming shut behind you! We

won. During the game the prisoners would shout, don't score more than 85 points, or 76 points, etc. as they had bet cigarettes on the final score ! Now it is Spring ball time in 1959. I was now the first team left end and leading receiver. My blocking & defensive skills significantly improved and in the final Spring Game I was selected as the " Outstanding Player " by the coaches. The most memorable play was at mid field and I was on defense, rushing the QB on a pass play. When he released the pass I was within a step, intercepted the pass and ran 50 yds. for a T.D. After Spring ball, Coach Devine met with each player. In my meeting he expressed that I had to keep playing well as Gordon Smith might beat me out. Smith was an excellent player who Devine had brought with him from Arizona St. I responded to Coach Devine: " No he won't!" and left his office. That summer, '59, I again worked for the State Highway Dept. but this summer with the Surveying Crew who were plotting Interstate 70 through Columbia. We were among the early Inter state links being built in America. Very enjoyable summer job. But before my summer job started I had seen a picture in the Columbia Tribune of a beautiful Hickman Kewpie [Peggy Fisher] being photographed facing a full length mirror [have that pictured framed]. She had just graduated from HHS and was enrolled to go the Christian College in Columbia, which was an all girls two year college. Columbia had two outstanding all girls colleges, Stephens & Christian, both two year schools. When I saw that picture it captivated me in a far different way than ever before. I knew that I needed to see if I could land a date with her. She lived with her aunt [Sadie] and uncle [Ed Laster] who raised her from age 5 after her father died on the farm in Tenn. Peg was the 12th of 13 kids and Sadie & Ed never had kids of their own and raised Peg as if she was their own. They lived on Washington right behind the FB field at Hickman. Sadie was extremely concerned about Peg dating an older FB player and we spent our early times swinging on their front porch swing. When our first official date took place it was at one of my Ban Johnson baseball games in Mexico, Mo. and my dad had to accompany us for Sadie to let her attend. In my first time at bat, I did a bit of Babe Ruth hot dogging and pointed my bat at the center field fence. I then hit the greatest home run in my life. Dead center field, 400'+! After I returned to our dug out an elderly man approached me and said in all of his years watching baseball played in that park, he had never seen a home run of that magnitude. Peg told me later that after the Babe Ruth imitation followed by the towering home run, my dad just shook his head. She has claimed ever since that home run made no impact on her. NO WAY! My second at bat, another towering home run to right center field. Mission accomplished. How's that for a first date? As I spent more time on the front porch swing and eventually getting Sadie to allow us to go to the movies I felt that I had met the perfect girl in my life. The monies I was earning during my summer job were now dedicated for a new diamond engagement ring. I cannot remember the exact circumstances of the proposal and unveiling of the ring but Peg agreed. Now she was beginning her Fr. yr. at Christian and I was beginning my Sr. yr. at Missouri. We generally thought that we would get married some time after I graduated in 1960. The upcoming FB season would dramatically change our lives!

My Sr. yr. [1959 -'60] is where all of the years of 3 Spring balls & 3 Fall seasons finally came together. In the previous Spring practice Coach Onofrio had all of the ends come out 15 minutes ahead of the team practice to work only on blocking. It really paid off. It was a season that led us to the Orange Bowl against Georgia & Fran Tarkenton. On the first day of practice, Coach Devine had us all run a mile together to see what kind of shape we were in. I led the entire mile and in the last 50 yards was challenged by half back , Roger McCoy , from Centralia but I held the lead to finish first. Roger and I had faced each other in the Quarter mile in H.S. and he beat me. This time it was different. Roger was one of the 9 Seniors still playing from our Freshmen Class. As the season unfolded I was able to make a key contribution in most every game. We opened against Penn St. at home, the biggest players we ever faced. Rip Engle was Head Coach & Joe Paterno was an assistant coach. Right before half time I dislocated my middle finger on my left hand as I deflected a pass and prevented it from being intercepted. At half time, Dr. Baker, was going to inject it to numb the pain and tape it to the adjoining finger to form a splint. The team had exited our locker room and I'm sitting on the table awaiting the injection. Dr. Baker was about 6' 4" and had the hands & touch of a blacksmith. As he injected the joint of my middle finger the juice squirted out the other side of my finger joint. Went clean through! Bottom dropped out of my stomach for a short period before joining the team on the field. We lost 19-8 and I scored a T.D. & two point play. Some of the personal & team highlights of that season was beating Michigan at Michigan with two seconds left on the clock! In that game I was thrown a pass that was about to be intercepted but I was able to get an equal share of the ball and hung on for dear life. A tied catch goes to the offense. We were now on offense and Mel West soon went 50+ yards for a T.D. A pic of that play is among those I have among my keepers.. Blocked a punt against SMU on the road for our only two points. The great Don

Meredith was their QB. Best throwing QB I ever faced. We beat the favored Air Force Academy at home in a regionally televised game. They were really cocky! A key play in that game was a double reverse pass designed to be thrown to me by Donnie Smith who was left handed. The play started with the hand off to Mel West sweeping right, he then handed off to Donnie coming left and I was in the End zone wide open. I quickly ascertained by the way Donnie was carrying the ball that he wasn't going to throw it. I could see that two Air Force players had a good pursuit angle on Donnie and he wasn't going to score unless I could somehow block them. I peeled back and they were running side by side about 5 yards from making the tackle. I dove head long in front of both of them, wiping both out and enabling Donnie to score. That put us up 13-0 and winning the game. The first televised FB win for Missouri in their history! It was in this game that Coach Onofrio sprung his new defensive scheme. After our opening KO to Air Force they picked up 3 quick first downs. They were now at mid field and Rich Mayo was their QB and a good one. Then we tried our new defense. It would call for both ends { Dan LaRose & me } to come hard toward the QB and our Defensive Tackles would hit and move to the outside to protect any play going wide. On the next snap Mayo dropped back and I nailed him before he could even set up. From that play on we totally shut down Air Force and after the game Mayo said that ours was the best end rush he had ever faced! I received the Shick Razor Award as the games MVP. Up until that game the previous MVP winners all got a watch. But the NCAA stepped in and stopped that so what I got was a telegram of congratulations from Shick Headquarters and saying, whenever I was in New York, to please stop by! We then referred to the Shick Award as the SH- - Award! Over the years I had several long time Tiger Fans tell me that was the best down field block they had ever seen. I was in the right place at a key time and acted instinctively once I sensed Donnie wasn't going to throw the ball. At years end, Donnie Smith beat me by one T.D. for the most T.D.'s scored that season. I never let him forget that play! Throughout the season I never had a bad game. It seemed I was in the movie "STAR WARS" & THE FORCE was with me! Colorado beat us 23-21 at their place due to a terrible pass interference call against us that led to their winning T.D. We beat Nebraska 9-0 at home and this was our second straight shutout of the Cornhuskers! In fact Missouri is the only school in Nebraska FB history to shut them out four years in a row ['58, '59, '60 & '61] At Iowa St. we won 13-0 and Coach Devine presented me with the game ball. I had caught a T.D. pass and had a great day on defense stopping their All American, tail back Dwight Nichols. When we returned to Columbia, Mo. Baseball Coach, John"Hi" Simmons asked me: ' What was the controversy about my T.D.? ' He had listened to the game on radio. I said; " coach, I didn't know there was any controversy as my foot came down about two feet from the end line and my second step was out of the End Zone" but in College we only needed one foot to come down in bounds. Coach Simmons was not only a tremendous coach he was genuinely funny as they come. His response to me was: " Hell, all you have to do is catch it in the End Zone, you don't have to hatch it!" We beat Nebraska & Kansas St., lost to Oklahoma which set us up against Kansas at K.U. and whoever won, went to the Orange Bowl. As I sat in the locker room waiting to take the field, I looked around at my teammates and the tears started rolling down my cheeks. It hit me, that if we didn't win this would be my last game as a Tiger and with those of us who survived. We had 9 Sr. still playing out of a 100 Fr. Everything Coach Roark predicted came true: " Some will flunk out, some will get hurt, some will quit.....you might make it!" Kansas was good! They had John Hadl and Curtis McClinton both of whom had great pro careers. We led 13-7 and had them deep in their territory with about 3/4 minutes to go. Then K.U. broke loose on a freak play all the way to our 9 yd. line. On their first two carries that drove to our 5 and it was now 3rd & 5 to go. They ran McClinton off tackle right at me. The end across from me was John Peppercorn [Who was also All Big 8 after the season]. I hit Peppercorn with all I had, forced him into their backfield, then hit McClinton head on. My helmet hit the ball knocking it backwards into the hands of their trailing half back. Bob Haas , a great defensive back came up quickly on the outside and tackled their ball carrier back on the 9 yd. line! I asked Haas what would have happened if that play had been a pass play and he readily replied; " We'd been screwed ". Coach Onofrio told me several years later that he used my defensive play on film as an example to other ends, of correct end play in our Goal Line defense. Now it was 4th & 9 yds. and the Orange Bowl at stake! Kansas made a gutsy call, a middle screen. The defensive call for me was to drop back & cover the flat if the QB dropped back. He did, and I did. I'm in the flat and I see the Middle Screen developing. I'm coming up , protecting the outside as the runner is closing in on our End Zone & winning T.D. Dale Pidcock, my roommate and opposite defensive end got a strong hand on the lead foot of the ball carrier and he is now falling toward the chalk line. DB Ron Toman came up and stopped the runners momentum at our one foot line! We took over on Offense on the one foot line and ran 3 plays to eat up the clock. Coach Devine then opted to take a deliberate safety [now 13-9] to eat up more clock

and then get a free kick from our 20 instead from deep within our own End Zone under pressure. We kicked away and as the closing seconds ticked off we won the game and the Orange Bowl Bid! It was Mizzou's first Bowl Game in a decade and we were ecstatic! It was a most enjoyable trip back to Columbia! Soon after the season the All Conference team was selected { by the Associated Press, UPI and one selected by the Coaches published by The Omaha World Herald } and I was named to the first team of all along with teammates Mike Magac & Tom Swaney. Later at the Orange Bowl I got a knock on the door and a member of The Omaha World Herald handed me my All Big 8 Conference ring and he told me that I was the only player selected that was the unanimous choice of the coaches. WOW, I thought what an honor! Later in his Sports Column in the Columbia Daily Tribune, Columnist J.P. Hamel pointed out that I was the only unanimous choice of the Big 8 Coaches for All Conference.

Considering the great players that season in the Big 8, Prentice Gautt of Oklahoma, Dwight Nichols of Iowa State, my teammate Mike Magac, Curtis McClinton and John Hadl of K.U., Bobby Boyd of Oklahoma to name a few of the best in our Conference it was recognition from the Coaches, not the Sports writers that meant the most to me! I also received Honorable Mention for the All American Team. Several years after that season, Coach Roark at Hickman was asked if he had ever produced an All American? He replied, Russ Sloan was the closest I had. A few years after that another Kewpie, John Mosely, a walk on at Mizzou made 3rd team All American in his Sr. year as a Defensive Back! He was small but quick, smart & tenacious! Next, THE ORANGE BOWL & MARRIAGE!

During my college years I would often see where the married players on their teams got to take their wives with them at no cost. Peg & I discussed this possibility and decided that if Coach Devine would approve then we'd do it. So I approached Coach Devine and after I told him what I wanted to do, he thought for a minute and then said: " Well, just do it as soon as you can" [getting married]. So we put our wedding together in 4 days! We got married on a Friday evening [7:00 p.m.] at Wilkes Blvd. Methodist Church [Peg's Church] and my best man was my Tiger End Teammate, Dale Pidcock, accompanied by my best H.S. buddy Tom Watson and my closest college teammate, Tiger QB and starting Def. back, Bob Haas. Peg's minister, Rev. Longstreth and my minister Rev. Nidenthal from Saint Andrews Lutheran Church [which my parents helped to create] jointly conducted our wedding vows. The church was packed with my teammates and our friends and family. My mom and dad did not want me to get married [too young] but Peg's Aunt & Uncle seemed fine. Our honeymoon was very brief as I had FB practice the next morning at 8:00 a.m. Jim & Betty Baldwin, a married couple from Peg's class let us spend the night in their home. The next morning I arrived for practice and none of my teammates had gotten into their practice gear. Got a standing ovation from the team, we then dressed and went through our practice. At the end of practice, Coach Devine lined us up for sprints, looked at me and said: " Russ, you don't have to run!" The Coaches and team gave us a silver tea service and tray. Very special. We practiced outside in Columbia that December getting ready for the Orange Bowl. I have a photo of our starting line taken after practice which happened the only line in Tiger history in which every starter was named All Conf. before they graduated. In the picture from left to right was: Dan LaRose, Mike Magac, Bucky Wegener, Rockne Calhoun, Tom Swaney, Paul Henely & myself. Coach Onofrio signed one of the pics. Since we played both ways, offense & defense this pic captured our offensive line. Coach Doug Weaver was our Line Coach and Coach Onofrio our End Coach. Both were great Coaches and did get the best from us. Sometime in Dec. I got the invitation to also play in the Hula Bowl in Honolulu the week after the Orange Bowl. My teammate Mike Magac was also invited and our Western College All Stars Coach was the Oklahoma Legend, Bud Wilkinson. Coach Define had designed a surprise for our opponent, Georgia, and he used me as a split wide out to the left and brought our other End, LaRose to become a tight end. We had never shown this before. I believe we flew out of St. Louis on Christmas day headed to Miami. Once there we stayed in the Ivanhoe Hotel on Miami beach. We were giddy with excitement. Fully clothed many of us waded into the ocean up to our knees. We held two a day practices during the week but our evening activities included seeing a Jailai game, and Jose Greco and his dancing group. He was a very famous Spanish dancer. A lot of heel stomping and castanets. Not exactly readily seen in the Missouri. Having Peg along certainly made the week more enjoyable but with two a days practices we did not get to spend that much time together. Georgia was coached by Wally Butts and they had a very good team with Fran Tarkenton as their QB. He later would become a very famous pro QB with the Minnesota Vikings. We statistically outplayed Georgia that day but lost 14-0. Our new offense did surprise Georgia and I was consistently wide open down field and caught 7 passes although one was called back due to a penalty. On one pass I was tripped up on the 11 yd. line heading for a T.D. Georgia Def. Back, Charlie Britt caught my left foot just enough to bring me down. Tarkenton

was the difference. I well remember the defensive play in which Tarkenton had dropped back and I was coming up hard on his blind side. As I was approaching him, I thought, if I take one more step I may jar him loose from the FB as opposed to lunging at him for the tackle. Just as I took that step to possibly strip him of the ball, he suddenly spun away from me, rolled to his right and threw a T.D. pass. Some how we had lost containment to his right side which afforded him the space and time to get rid of the ball. I swear he never saw me coming but had great pocket presence as to the line rush. His whole pro career was marked by that same uncanny pocket presence and a scrambling QB of considerable accomplishment. Statistically we outplayed Georgia, but the score did not reflect that. My 6 net receptions would become a Mizzou Bowl Game record that stood for 43 years! In the Miami Herald the next day we had considerable game coverage. In talking about Missouri the Georgia Coach noted that " Sloan was as tough a monkey as we ever faced!" Shortly after the end of the game I got word that the great retired Head Coach of Army [Earl " Red ' Blake] wanted me to come see him in his hotel. Coach Blake was now a scout for the Redskins and offered me a contract to sign with them. His offer was a \$300 signing bonus. Laughable by today's standards. But I had been drafted by the LA Chargers who then traded me to the New York Titans [now Jets]. Their offer was a \$500 bonus and a contract for \$9,500. This was the first year of the AFL and therefore the draft in that first year was for an entire team, both offense & defense. I was the 17th pick for the entire new team. After I left Coach Blake and returned to our hotel for the last night in Miami. About 2:00 a.m. I woke up with a a lot of pain in my left shoulder/sternum area. It came from making a jumping catch and landing on my left shoulder which partially separated my clavicle from my sternum. Our Trainer, Fred Wapple, came to our room but don't remember what he gave me to get me back to sleep. The next morning Magac and I were scheduled to fly out of Miami to Hawaii. We flew to Chicago, then to LA and finally to Honolulu. In Chicago , Head Coach Vince Lombardi met us at the airport as the Packers had a great interest in Magac. He wound up playing for the 49'ers and was one of the greatest lineman in Tiger history. When we got into LA we stayed the night before we all flew to Hawaii as a team. That night I took Magac to visit my uncle [Andre Bene } who I had not seen since 1945. He was not in good health but we had an enjoyable evening. When we arrived in Hawaii, it was an assemblage of most of the top talent in College FB including the Heisman winner, Billy Cannon from LSU. Paul Dietzel from LSU was the coach for the East All Stars. Thankfully we worked out in Shorts & T-shirts allowing my shoulder to heal up enough to play. It was still tender but I could play. I was an offensive Tight End. and caught one 23 yd. pass from Don Meredith of SMU who went on to a great career with the Dallas Cowboys. I had one other pass thrown my way in the flat but it was broken up by Dean Look an All American from Michigan St. We lost and the game 34-8 and it wasn't real close. Part of our problem was that being the West All Stars we had to play several lineman from Hawaii who were not as skilled as the East All Star lineman. Richie Lucas from Penn St. was the most Outstanding back [who we faced in our opener at Missouri] and the outstanding lineman was Larry Grantham who would later become my teammate with the Titans/Jets and also be on the Jets Super Bowl Team along with Joe Namath. Great, great player. One of the week's highlights was taking a guided boat tour of Pearl Harbor. This was before the Monument was built. Very sobering to be in a boat directly over the sunken Battle Ship, the Arizona. The big shock of the trip came about when I learned that the married players in the game got to bring their wives in lieu of the \$100 expense monies the single players received. I did not know this, because when I got the initial invitation I was single and unaware of the married player option. I made a huge mistake of telling Peggy that as she was home in Missouri, freezing! Should have taken that to my grave! Also the game gave me one of those moments of humility. After the game in the parking lot awaiting the team bus there were hundreds of young Hawaiian kids wanting autographs. I'm signing more autographs in 4 minutes than I signed in 4 years at Missouri. Billy Cannon, the Heisman winner was about 10 yards from me. One Hawaiian boy, around 13 handed me a game program to sign, I did signing it: Russ Sloan, Univ. of Missouri. When he got it back, he got a pained look on his face and blurted out:[" Russ Sloan, Where's Billy Cannon?] and off he went. Yep, from feeling Big Time to just another player! From the mountain top to the valley floor! We flew home that night. Prop plane, think it took 8 hours to reach LA. Cannon celebrated a little too much and was passed out in one of the restrooms. When Magac and I got back to Columbia we both were looking at our opportunity to go on to pro football. Not sure when, but after the Hula Bowl I ran into the St. Louis Cardinal scout in the hallway between the A.D. 's office and that of Hi Simmons. He offers me a contract with the Cardinals and a \$500 signing bonus. I was pleasantly surprised, as here was my boyhood dream of possibly playing for my beloved Cardinals, and I would turn it down. I realized that there is no minor league to wade through in Pro FB and the bonus was the same. Plus, having played with many of the best in college FB players in the Hula Bowl, I had great

confidence that I would make the Pros. My hopes of playing baseball that Spring were dashed by the NCAA who ruled all of us who played in the Hula Bowl as now being professionals [because we got a \$100] and ineligible to play in any further collegiate competition. This only occurred for that year. It did not exist before the '60 game and was withdrawn before the '61 Hula Bowl. In the '60 All Star Games, the two most prestigious games to play in was the EAST/WEST SHRINE game and The HULA BOWL! I looked forward to the Pro FB season but dismayed that I would ever be in a position to turn down, even a modest offer, to play for my Cardinals. Probably the greatest honor I had at Missouri was playing FB with the first two black FB players, Norris Stevenson from St. Louis & Mel West from Jeff City. I had played against West during my Sr. year at Hickman and he was a year behind me. Stevenson was a sprinter in Track and our fastest player, West was not overly fast but was extremely solid and hard to bring down. I remember playing Nebraska and Mel got hit 6 times between the 10 yd. line and the End Zone but scored. Stevenson's greatest day was against Oklahoma the year after I played when he broke loose for two long T.D. runs to beat O.U on their field 41-19. Huge win! Both Norris & Mel were great student athletes and I had the sense that , as a team, we were very protective as to how they were treated. The only ugly incident that I remember was when we played Texas A & M in College Station. The hotel would serve the entire team in a dining area somewhere in the Hotel but would not serve our black players in the public restaurant on the ground level. When we learned of this we all walked out! Players during my era almost never spoke to the other team. The one comment I heard in 4 years came from a K-State LB after I made a leaping catch and after he tackled me he said: " Nice catch". No taunting or disrespect of any kind! During my 4 years at Missouri I was exposed to 4 HOF Coaches, Don Faurot, Frank Broyles, Jerry Claiborne and Dan Devine. Al Onofrio was a huge coaching asset to my improvement, success & honors. Fred Wappel was our trainer and the best ever. Dusty Rhodes was our equipment Mgr. and his son Gene was in my class at Hickman. Among the great assistant coaches I had , not already mentioned, were Harry Smith, Doug Weaver and Tom Fletcher. The success I enjoyed my Sr. year was probably unexpected. Dan LaRose , our right end had been selected as All Conference his sophomore year, my junior year. So going into the '59 season LaRose was an All Conf. selection while I was an Honorable Mention selection. The preseason hype was rightfully geared toward LaRose which made it a lot tougher to achieve All Conf. from a teammate who had earned that honor the year previously. It was not a personal contest as winning the game far superseded any personal ambitions. My playing days at Mizzou were over but I would continue to be a student assistant coach that Spring and during Grad School. Because I had changed my major from Political Science to Physical Education, because I wanted to coach, I was a few hours short of graduating in '60 but would get my degree at mid year in '61 and my Master's in '63 in Secondary School Administration. The Summer was approaching and my entry into the professional ranks. Peggy was working at MFA typing all day long. She had been the fastest typist at HHS and was outstanding. While at MFA we learned that we had a baby on the way in mid Sept. At that time no pregnant woman could work at MFA past 5 months. So when I left for training camp in Durham New Hampshire she was staying with Aunt Sadie & Ed. Our finances were tight as I had not as yet received my \$500 bonus money and Peg could not work. Next step , Pro Camp.

I arrived in camp and the legendary Pro QB, Sammy Baugh was our Head Coach and my End Coach was " Bones " Taylor who had played for the Redskins and could tell the funniest jokes. While I played at Missouri at 189 pounds, I had gotten up to 205 and was playing Tight End. Early on I could see I was the best receiver and could tell the coaches liked what they saw. Players were coming and going like crazy. New team, new league and the turnover in talent was never ending. Our wide Receiver was Don Maynard, slightly built, great speed and good hands. He would become an NFL HOF member after his career and Super Bowl victory. Larry Grantham who I played against in the Hula Bowl was an Outside LB and outstanding. In the 2nd week of camp in a night practice I had the Safety beat on a deep post pattern and was at top speed and over striding to make the catch. Suddenly my right hamstring snapped like a fire cracker and they heard it snap about 50 yds. away. I immediately went to the ground. I was out for several days, would return and pulled it again. never having a pulled muscle, especially a hamstring, I had no idea of how difficult it was for a Hamstring to heal. But I had done well enough to make the team for our preseason games. I was held out of one game due to the 3rd hamstring pull but played in the 2nd, 3rd & 4th.. In the 2nd or 3rd game I caught a T.D. pass which may have been the 1st or 2nd T.D. pass in the history of Titan/Jet FB. [Preseason]. I was now very aware of how fast I could run or how much stress I might put on my right leg. We played in Wichita, Falls , Texas, Oakland Ca., Los Angeles and Birmingham, Ala. . I had already had the PR photos taken for the regular season, and had discussions as to living in NY during the season. Finally received the \$500 bonus and we were paid \$100

per game until the season started and my \$9,500 contract kicked in. In the 4th game I could not make some of the plays I would normally make. I had seen so many players cut from the team during camp & preseason that I became concerned that they would not risk keeping me going into the regular season having pulled my hamstring 3 times and still not at full speed. I had to play hurt and simply hope for the best. I guessed right and was released even though I had received praise for my play on several occasions. I understood the reality of life and Pro ball. They needed a healthy Tight End, not one with potential and 3 hamstring pulls. It was a bitter, bitter disappointment as I now knew for certain that I could effectively play at that level! I flew home to Columbia and to Peg who was now less than a month away from delivering our 1st child. I enrolled at Mizzou to finish my under graduate degree and also start my Master's degree. The Mizzou Coaches helped on my expenses as an Assistant Fr. Coach. I loved Coaching and found it to be a very consuming profession. On Sept. 18th our first boy was born, Douglas Taft Sloan. Douglas after General McArthur and Taft after the Ohio Senator Robert A. Taft known as Mr. Conservative within the Republican Party. He was 8 pounds and 12 ounces and arrived 9 months and 14 days after our marriage which fell short of beating my own birth at 9 months & 9 days after my parents wedding. Boy, was he an ugly new born baby! Later he would win the only two baby contests he was entered in by Aunt Sadie, The Boone County Fair and the Fair in Centralia. He turned out to be a really beautiful baby boy. At some point in the fall of 1960 [presidential election year] I was approached to run for the County Clerk's position for Boone County. The sole reason for being approached was tied to the Congressional race. The Democrat Congressman Morgan Moulder had paid his 17 year old daughter \$11,000 to work in his office. A well thought of Minister, Bob Bartel, had been recruited to run against him and they felt my name I.D. might be of help in a close election. Stanley Ginn and his wife Rosemary [who was a Republican National Committee member] were the two who approached me. Both were the most prominent Republicans in Boone County which had been historically solidly Democrat. I told them I did not have the money or time to campaign [being in college] but they still thought I would add to the local ticket. I agreed and I think we ran a few T.V. spots funded by the Ginns. Nixon was running against Kennedy for President .Bartel did lose in a very close election and perhaps my name on the ballot may have helped to a small degree. Boone County remained Democrat oriented. My fall season as a Grad Fr. Coach went well and I was intent on getting started. I formally graduated at mid year and my second semester was all dedicated to my Master's Degree in Secondary School Admin. I was fortunate that an opening became available at Hickman and I would be an assistant to my Head Coach, Bob Roark and to Coach Jim McLeod who had been my Jr. H.S. Coach. I would teach American History and Physical Education. [salary, \$4,800]. During 1961 my parents experienced a real shock when their home was struck by lightening while they were at my grandfathers. By the time we all arrived at the house the entire second floor was ablaze. My dad & I foolishly rushed into the house and we saved 3 items: 1. My dad's business books, 2. My mom's Tea Cart and 3. The Family Bible on my dad's side, printed in Norwegian. The house burned to the ground. I lost most all of my personal items still stored at my parent's home as Peg & I were in a small apt. with little storage. Losing so much of our family history was very painful. The only thing standing among the ashes was my dad's Water Softener! When they built a new home next to their old house that Water Softener was installed & worked. By this time my dad had bought out the local Water Softening business from the Wolcotts [retaining the name] which included both Columbia & Fulton, Mo. Mr. Wolcott still continued to be on the road selling large commercial Water Softening Units. Fortunately for my parents when they added a small addition to their home they did increase the insurance to cover the addition which did help on building their new home. They also decided to build a smaller home on the burned out site for Peg, me & Doug to live in. It was later show cased in the Columbia Tribune, as modest as it was. But we were thrilled. That Christmas my mom gave us a Norwegian Elk Hound puppy. We named her Saben. In hind sight, with a new baby we did not need a new puppy but we had her 16 years and she was a super dog! At Hickman, I was thrilled to be assisting my old Coach and we had a really good team finishing 8-2 on the year. In Basketball it became a Cinderella season as we went 28-1 and won the State Championship in St. Louis over Kirkwood H.S. It was the most fundamentally sound team I ever saw. Simply did not beat themselves. Very few turnovers per game. Hard to explain the absolute joy of winning a State Championship especially as an assistant to your former Coach. I also was an Assistant Coach in Baseball. Hickman in '61-'62 had some really gifted athletes and really good kids. I was anxious to get a Head Coaching job even though Coach Roark hinted that if I stayed I would likely follow him. I thought the world of him but did not want to stay awaiting his decision to retire. I applied for a couple jobs, one in Nebraska but got the Head job in Higginsville, Mo. Peg was now pregnant with son #2 and that summer before I started the Higginsville job I worked on

my Masters Degree at Mizzou. When we moved from our new home in Columbia to a rental home in Higginsville there was confusion in our mind about the ownership of the Columbia home. But as time went on we realized that the Columbia home was really just a rental. No equity to take with us, but we also had no initial equity in the home except the sweat equity of Peg and a little of mine. Peg worked hard even though she was pregnant with Matt. Matt was born on July 18th, 1962 two weeks before we moved to Higginsville. His full name was Matthew Edward Sloan, Matt after a favorite class mate at Hickman [Matt Flynn] who looked like the T.V. comedian Dick Van Dyke and was just as funny!. Edward was after Peg's uncle [Ed Laster] who had raised her after Peg's dad died. Peg's uncle Ed, was as fine a man as ever lived! Matt was 10 pounds & 4 ounces. The doctor [Dr. See] said it was the 2nd biggest baby he ever delivered from someone Peg's size [5' & 96 pounds]. Lord, was he ugly! They put him in the glass viewing area by a set of twins that weighed 4 and a half pounds a piece. looked like King Kong next to a small monkey. Big blonde hair on his turban shaped head Never believed in evolution but he did cause me to question my belief. But like his brother he turned out to be a beautiful baby boy. Doug walked at 6 months but Matt walked at 14 months. We initially thought something was wrong with Matt, but he was just different. Happy and laid back!

WE LEAVE COLUMBIA FOR NEW CAREER OPPORTUNITIES

The home we rented in Higginsville had a nice basement, yard and was ideal for the 4 of us plus Saben. From a Coaching standpoint my first season was somewhat of a rude shock. We had really good talent but probably played the toughest schedule in Mo. H.S. ranks that year including Jeff City who was the state's powerhouse. We were 2 & 8 and I realized that it was mostly my fault. I think in that season two of our losses were to undefeated teams and four more were to teams who lost but one game. I had not fully set in my mind the type offense & defense I wanted to run. Fatal mistake. If I had coached these same kids a few years later we probably would have had a winning season in spite of the stiff competition we faced. For my own professional development I probably should have stayed under Coach Roark for 2 to 3 years before embarking on my own. To this day I feel I let those kids down. One of my two assistant coaches was a black older gentleman named Sam Duncan. A prince of a man who taught French in H.S., single & an excellent cook. After each loss, Sam would say: "Thing's are never so bad, that they couldn't get worse from the time that you're born, till you ride in the hearse!" Years later they named the FB Stadium after him. Very, very fitting. After my dismal season I assisted Basketball Coach Jim Perrine and we finished 4th in the State Playoffs in our Class. The Higginsville Husker's played extremely well. So in my first two years as an assistant in basketball I was part of a State Championship team and one that finished 4th. Both, memorable thrills. I knew that my 2-8 season would not be well received by the School Board but my Supt. Dr. Jack Bell stood behind me. However he did tell me that he never saw a good FB Coach who didn't drink! Since I had never had a drink of an alcoholic beverage then or to this day [age 77] I sure wanted to prove his theory wrong. I cannot remember, with certainty exactly what year I was offered the Head FB Coaching job at Central Methodist College in Fayette, Mo. Think it was '63 or '64. I met with the President. The salary was no better than what I was earning and they also required to teach every third summer free. Summer income had become very important. I declined the job which would have made me the youngest Head College FB Coach in America. In retrospect I wasn't ready to take on that task. As fate would intervene the FB job at Centralia H.S. [Panthers] had opened up and was about 40 minutes from my home in Columbia. The pay was a bit better and I knew many more people there than in Higginsville. I applied and got the job. So another move now preparing for the '63-'64 school year. I finished my Master's Degree in '63 and my college adviser at Missouri was Dr. Neil Aslin who had been our school Supt. in H.S. and was the dad of Jack Aslin one of my H.S. teammates. When we did move to Centralia I soon found out that we had a great Supt., Dr. Chester Boren. He liked his athletics and was a most able Supt. A week before school opened the new H.S. Principal was killed in a car wreck and the school year started on a tragic note. My talent pool was not as good as what I had at Higginsville but our schedule was not as tough. I had but marginally improved on deciding on my offense and defense approach torn between what I played under at Missouri and what I coached under at Hickman. You cannot thoroughly teach players based on mixed systems. We finished 4-6 and lost a couple of games after our very good starting QB broke his arm. Still we should have had a winning season. Losses can be an excellent but brutal teacher and I became more determined than ever to be successful. I taught American History & Boy's & Girls PE. Problem: How do I ascertain that the Girl's showered after Phys Ed? Perhaps the Lord spoke to me, and I would stand outside the Girl's locker room door with a Bible and have each girl put her hand on the Bible and swear she took a shower! No ACLU concerns in those days! I assisted in basketball, was Head Track Coach and all of those duties went well. In the

Spring of '64 I got word that Carthage H.S. in SW Mo. was looking for a new Head FB Coach and that the Pres. of the School Board wanted a Mo. grad and they were willing to pay \$7,200. I was making \$5,600 and that would be a big jump to go from \$5,600 to \$7,200. I applied and was offered the job. The Carthage Supt. was Lester Gillman who loved basketball and hated FB. I learned this later. His first offer to me was \$ 5,800 and I wanted the job but politely told Mr. Gillman that I couldn't come for that salary. I hung up hoping I had not made a mistake. A couple days later he calls and offers \$6,400 which is a pretty healthy increase. Knowing that they were willing to pay \$7,200 I swallowed real, real hard and repeated that I simply could not move for that salary and hung up. Next day, same call offering \$7,200 and I said yes! It's true: Knowledge is power! So now we move about 5 hours south of Centralia to Carthage, Mo. At one time in Mo. history, Carthage had more millionaires per capita than any other Mo. City. We found a home right across the FB Field which was separated from the H.S. We were the Carthage Tigers! I soon found out the talent pool was almost empty. We had but 3 Sr. who were talented and were winners. The rest were young, inexperienced and would not be producing many wins any time soon. Here was my first real challenge in building a FB program from ground zero. That first year we were 3-7 but I could see we were headed for improvement. I began an intense program of rigorous workouts and discipline on and off the field. In year two we finished 5-5 and I felt that we were turning the corner for increased success. As the '66-'67 school approached our daughter Lori Ellen Sloan arrived on March 18th, 1966. All 3 of our kids were born on the 18th including our Elk Hound, Saben. The Sloan family was now complete. All 3 kids born in Columbia at Boone County hospital, all with Dr. See. During Lori's birth Dr. See induced labor as he was concerned about delivering another very large baby. I was in Columbia and heading back to the hospital while Peg was awaiting the inducement to kick in. I had a really bad cough & cold and took a big swig of my sister's asthma medicine which had Codeine in it. I then stopped by Uncle Ed & Aunt Sadie's house to get some things as I headed to the hospital. Still coughing I took some of Ed's medicine for emphysema which also had Codeine in it. By the time I got to the hospital I was almost asleep on my feet. I sat by Peg's bedside with my head on the bed fighting to stay awake. The nurse came in and said: " That's the most unconcerned father I've ever seen " Serious or kidding I was about out on my feet. Dr. See sent me home in a cab and I slept for 16 hours straight and missed the birth of Lori. However, did not cough on new Sloan addition. At the time we had a beautiful 1964 Ford Thunderbird, Emerald Green with White Landau top and white leather interior. Stunning car. But the back seat would only seat two little ones and certainly not three. So the T-Bird went and we bought a 1964 Olds 98. Top of the line. As we entered the season of '66 I could see and sense our improvement. We would now be contenders for the conference title. Our opener was always with Joplin a much bigger school with a far greater talent pool. It was a non conference game but still an arch rival being so close to Carthage. They won in a close game and we went on to a 7-2-1 season and finishing 2nd in our league. We had turned the corner on attitude and talent and our FB future was bright. Mean while the Supt. Lester Gillman, was proving to be a real jerk. The more we succeeded the more he hated FB and me. The School Board Pres. who had pushed for a Mizzou grad was now off the Board and Mr. Gillman and I had a rather frank discussion in the Spring of my 3rd year. When I left his office I said: " Mr. Gillman I will continue to do the best job I can and we'll let the chips fall where they may!" The next year we repeated our 7-2-1 season finishing 2nd to the undefeated conference champion, Nevada H.S. who beat us 14-7. We had beaten them the previous two years 7-6 and their Head Coach, Chuck Shelton, would later become my Defensive Co-ordinator at No. East Mo. St. [now Truman St. Univ.] in Kirksville, Mo. He would also become my closest lifetime friend in Coaching. Loved the guy! That year the School Board fired Lester Gilman. In the Spring I got a call from Marv Braden, Head FB Coach at No East Mo. St. [NEMO] seeking my interest in becoming his line Coach. I was thrilled except I would be leaving what I knew would be my greatest team. But I felt I was ready for college ball and accepted the job. The team I left did make it to the State playoffs under my former assistant coach, Bob Fletcher, a solid coach! We had made so many truly great friends in Carthage and one of those friendships [Jim & Sandy Spradling] would come back together in Jeff City in 1973.

When we moved to Kirksville, Mo in 1968 and. we bought our first home on North New St, north of town. It was in a brand new development and we were thrilled. Peg's Aunt Sadie gave us \$1,800 for our down payment. The price of the home was \$18,000. Three bedrooms and a bath & a half. The Head FB Coach, Marv Braden was a year older than me and had played his college ball at SW Mo. St. [now Missouri St.] and had come from the FB staff at Parsons College. This was his second year at NEMO and he used the same basic defense [a stunting 5-2 front] that I had used at Carthage. Our defensive and offensive talent were pretty equal. Marv was very well organized, probably stronger on defense than

offense but over all a very capable coach. To his disadvantage, he followed a long time legend at NEMO, Coach Red Wade. All of the NEMO FB Alums wanted Red's Assistant Coach, Bill Richerson, to take Red's place. When that did not happen the Alum's were very upset and probably were of little recruiting help to Marv. Bill Richerson, I would come to learn, was the best teacher/coach I ever met. He would have been a great coach at NEMO but was overlooked because the College President at that time [Dr. Ryle] hated Coach Red Wade and therefore would not hire his assistant, Bill Richerson. We finished the season at 5-4-1 and our biggest win was over Parson's College in Iowa that had big ambitions of going to Div. I FB. They were far bigger and more talented but Marv surprised them using a new defense and we beat them on our home turf. Our players really rose to the challenge. We were in the NCAA Div. II level with far less scholarships [40 or 45 as I remember] which could be issued as full, three quarters, half or quarter so that you could build a two platoon squad with as many kids as possible getting some form of financial aid. However, for a really gifted player it would take a full scholarship. We also encouraged walk on players who simply wanted to have a chance to play and show us what they could do. Our last game of the year was against the Rolla Miner's a great Engineering school in Rolla. It was a cold, cloudy, rainy day. We led the Miner's late in the game and it was third down and we had the ball at about our 35 yd. line. Marv called a pass in our left flat hoping to get a first down and run out the clock. As he sent the play in, I looked at him and said: " They're going to intercept that and go for a T.D.!" Marv gave me a blank look and as we watched the play develop, the pass was intercepted by Rolla and they took it in for the winning T.D. Nothing was said. We were cold, wet and deflated! Marv's wife, Becky, was really upset with his call as she was sitting by Peg and our kids in the stands. It was a silent ride back to Kirksville. Even the greatest of coaches will make a bad call, i.e. the Seattle Sea Hawks in the Super Bowl in 2015! Marv was a solid coach, just a bad call. Shortly after the end of that '68 season Marv applied for and got the Head FB job at San Diego Univ. in Calif. That left me and the other full time assistant coach, Bill Holmes, left and we both sought the position. Bill had played at NEMO and I'm sure was favored by more of the NEMO Alums. The College President was, Dr. Clark Elkins who was having his own serious problems with the Board and may not have had as keen an interest in who filled the FB Coaching position. I had Coach Frank Broyles call President Elkins in my behalf and I'm sure that was helpful! Coach Broyles was outstanding in helping his former players, even a skinny sophomore like me who had played for him during our one season together in '57. My down side was the fact that I had run as a Republican for County Clerk in 1960 which caused some discomfort for the NEMO Board President, an attorney and avid Democrat. After several weeks of awaiting some decision I was called to attend the Board meeting of the college. I was offered and accepted the job. However I noticed that the President was quiet and subdued. Shortly there after, I learned, that the night the Board hired me, they fired the President! I think my salary was \$14, 400 which was double my earnings just two years ago in Carthage. I sensed that the players were pleased with the decision and now I must hire my own assistants and begin recruiting. At this time the good Lord smiled on me again. Ron Toman, my teammate at Missouri was on the FB Staff at Wichita St. when their Head Coach was fired and he was out of a job. In a great twist of fate, had Ron stayed at Wichita St. he might have been on the plane that crashed killing a number of the FB team and Coaches. Ron was a tremendous Coach and he & his wife Bobbi had 5 kids. I then interviewed a young man fresh out of the Marine Corps., Bruce Craddock, who had played at NEMO. Both were outstanding hires and would prove their worth many times over. My first recruit target was Lenvil Elliott an All State running back from Richmond, Mo. He was a "B" ave. student and had a great attitude! I then hit St. Louis hard along with a few key kids in Illinois. NEMO had several superb H.S. coaches in the greater St. Louis area. I was intent on winning them over. At one point I thought I had lost Elliott to Univ. of Texas at El Paso, but when he returned from visiting there he called and asked me: " Coach, can I still come?" I couldn't say yes fast enough. Lenvil would go on to a 9 yr. career in the Pros and winning a Super Bowl ring with the San Francisco 49'ers in Super Bowl XVI He was the first player from our Conference, Missouri Intercollegiate Athletic Association [MIAA] to win a Super Bowl ring. Our recruiting efforts turned out to far exceed my hopes. We had a great class of Fr. and a strong core of returnees. At the Div. II level you were not allowed Spring Football with pads. Therefore we had a variety of drills, that were demanding and instilled the toughness we expected from our players. Because we also had an excellent Track program headed by Coach Kenny Gardner we were able to attract Tom Geredine [future Pro] from Kansas City and later, Larry Jones from Leemore, Calif. [another future Pro] and the fastest quarter miler in the world in 1973. Likely would have won the Olympic's if he had not signed with the Redskins! I also had a very gifted athlete named Mike Berentes who was a talented decathlon athlete and Marv had used him as our running back. I moved him to a wide receiver as I now had Elliott as our

principal running back. Proved to be a winning move. I then took our defense and primarily changed our coverage in the secondary from " Man to Man " to a zone defense. Also proved to be more productive based on the talent we had. Our Athletic Dir., Jim Daugherty was a very fair and likeable man who would not take the lead in doing certain things that would benefit the program, but would allow you to do it and not be an obstructionist. He was not egocentric! I knew that we needed to put a new face on our image and program. We carved out space in an older storage building by the field and created a recreation room for our players including a pool table. As coaches we built the sofas and did the remodel. We also dressed up the lodging quarters for the players called " The Kennels " since we were Bulldogs. Peg made curtains for the rooms and we got new bedding for the rooms. We flew the American Flag each morning in front of The Kennels. We later carpeted the locker room and in doing that created a new atmosphere and dramatically reduced the horse play. I ordered Purple sweaters for our players on team trips for a professional and cohesive look. I also created a group called: The Touch Down Girls , out fitted them in purple and white attire and purple shoes. Their job was to help show recruits around campus and help with parents & recruits on game days at home. To further promote our program I had each player photographed in color, in uniform, posing on the field on one knee. Standing beside them was one of our Touch Down Girls. We had the photos, framed beautifully, with an inserted card describing their name, height, weight, position, etc. We mailed these to each H.S. knowing that the coach would likely hang that in his office or locker room for all to see. I knew of no other school in any Division doing it as nicely as we did. The Univ. of Pittsburg sent a black & White photo in a cheap frame. Knew of no others, certainly not as nice as ours. All of these things had a very positive collective impact on our players. I told them that: " I wanted the best from them and for them!" We dramatically changed our offensive and installed a very sophisticated passing game. We had an outstanding QB, Don Cummings, who was a Junior. Great arm & accuracy, nice touch deep, smart, tough and a winner. I had seen Don Faurot use the " Shot-gun " offense against Oklahoma effectively in the early 50's and liked the extra time it would afford our QB to find the open receiver. We were the only team we faced in 3 years to use the " Shot-gun " as part of an Offense. We mixed our passing game with another Faurot invention, the Option play now called , " The Veer ", which was a variation of Faurot's Split "T" offense. Our Offensive line was on the small size and our different formations, passing game and options kept the defenses we faced off balance. In our first season we tied for the Conf. Championship going 6-2-1. One of those losses haunts me to this day as it was our only home loss in 3 years and a substitute official completely out of position ruled a Two Point play good costing us the win by 8-7 at the end of the game. The films clearly showed the Eastern Ill. Qb falling flat about a half yard from the End Zone and then bouncing into the End Zone. The substitute official made the call from the back of the End Zone and not aligned with the goal line. Ron Toman had a superb offense mind and we both loved the potential of our passing game. We had 4 really gifted receivers in Berentes, Geredine, Charley Blakely and Elliott out of the backfield. No Div. I Univ. had 4 better than these 4. Beside the one loss at home to Eastern Ill we lost one Conference game to SE Mo. St. in Cape Girardeau where I would later serve as Athletic director. We tied a very, very talented Lincoln Univ. team 22-22 at home Lincoln was coming into our conference the next season and the Univ. had historically been a black college. They had a long time respected Coach, Dwight Reed, and a cadre of very gifted talent. So, if not for that terrible blown call we would have finished 7-1-1. But we were still Co-Champs! We finished that season playing Parsons College [Non Conference game] at their place. They were still smarting from losing to us the year before. In the first 5 minutes of the game they jumped out to a 14-0 lead. It looked like a blow out for them. But in a very gutsy performance we came back to beat them 17-14! Immensely proud of that win! As we entered season two we had recruited several more key players including a back up JUCO QB transfer from Wentworth Military Acad. in Lexington, Mo. by the name of Bob Gibson. I have not as yet mentioned the number of players we lost due to the demands of our program in the first year. Like Broyles at Missouri, my Sophomore year, I wanted to find out who was willing to pay the price to be champions! We lost a bunch, but our survivors would only get better and better! It became a joke within the survivors about who left training camp in the dark of night to go home. In year two we opened on the road against Western Ill. They were coached by Darrell Mudra a truly outstanding coach and he had a powerhouse of talent. They beat us in a shootout but we would return the favor the next year at our field. We went on to a 7-2 season and another Co-championship this time with Central Mo. St. Univ. who we beat 28-21 [more later]. Our one conference loss was to Lincoln at their place. We scored first but our QB, Don Cummings, got knocked out of the game and we could not overcome that loss. Lincoln played extremely well that day and that was probably their best team during my 3 yr. tenure as Head Coach and maybe the best to this very day.

Year 3 brought with it many player personnel concerns as we lost senior QB Don Cummings, receiver Mike Berentes and we were probably physically smaller than any college FB team in the nation. I wondered if we would have a winning season. Ron Toman, my teammate at Missouri and our Offensive Co-ordinator was hired by Coach Benny Ellender at Tulane. I took over the Offense and was truly fortunate to hire Chuck Shelton from Pratt Jr. College who I had faced during 3 of my seasons at Carthage. Chuck was a superb coach and became our Defensive Co-ordinator and one of my closest friends in life. We did have a cadre of great receivers returning but the question was, did we have the QB to get the ball to them and could our under sized O-line protect the QB? As it turned out our receiver corps of Tom Geredine, Larry Jones, Lenvil Elliott would rival and surpass most any Div. I school. All 3 would go on to play in the NFL. I'm guessing that no other Div. II college ever had 3 players go to the NFL out of one class! We opened with the Univ. of Northern Iowa on the road. As our undersized team got off the bus you could hear the snickers and laughs as they equated us to a high school team. We beat them 19-8. A key play was due to Elliott's ability. We ran a quick toss left and Elliott ran for a T.D. But, a penalty called it back. Elliott could throw a nice pass and I suspected that if we ran a quick toss to Elliott to the right that their secondary would come up fast So I called a quick toss pass. Elliott started right, their secondary came up to stop him and he threw a perfect pass for a T.D. Our next game was against Western Ill who beat us on their home turf the previous year. Again, they had great talent, very well coached but this time we prevailed 35-21. It was a spectacular effort on our part. We were now 2-0 and had beaten two universities with far greater resources than we had available. We had an open date the next week and the players wondered if they could go home. I said yes, but they needed to be back for our Sunday " Winning Edge" workout in sweats from 3 to 4 p.m. When that Sunday came everyone showed up but 5 players, four starter including Elliott, Geredine, Jones and Pete Robertson. After we finished our hour workout I had the team go sit in the stadium seats and sent a grad assistant coach to the dining hall, knowing they would show up for dinner. Sure enough they showed up, were intercepted and sent down to me at the game field. I explained to them that everybody else had made it back and that they were going to now run 10 miles [40 laps around the quarter mile track] while the team watched and that the team could not go to dinner until they all finished their 10 miles. This was a moment of truth because 3 of the 5 were future NFL players but I guessed that they thought they might get away with missing the workout by hanging together and because of their immense ability. However, I believed that if you fairly disciplined your best players you would set the tone for the rest of the team. This 10 mile run would become a lasting legend among those Bulldogs for the rest of their life! Now in game 3 we headed for Arkansas to play Arkansas State at Harding. We had beaten them the year before at our place and perhaps our players were a tad over confident. We had 5 turnovers and played without Elliott whose wife was having their baby. Trailing by two T.D.'s late in the game we tried some special plays that just didn't work and came home with what would be our sole loss for the year. It was our worst performance in 3 seasons but it would launch our next 7 game winning streak. We would go undefeated in Conference play, be the first team to go undefeated in Conference play since Lincoln Univ. joined the Conference and we were but the 3rd team in Bulldog history to go 9-1. We led the league in defense but did not have a starter over two hundred pounds. In fact, out of our top 22 starters [Off & Def] only our center and full back were over two hundred pounds. The average line in this era was 220 to 230. Our final game was against the Univ. of Missouri at Rolla a great engineering school and tough at home. On this day our team played as close to perfection as possible. We won easily, 44-13. After the game the long time retired Rolla coach, Gayle Bullman, told me that this was the greatest team he ever saw play in the MIAA. On that day we were awesome! I did not know at the time that this would be the last game I coached but in retrospect what a great game to end my coaching career. Our 9-1 finish enabled me to also be voted as runner-up College Division Coach of the Year in District 6. I finished 2nd by one vote. Our program had matured greatly in my 3 years as Head FB Coach and looking ahead to the '72 season I had 18 of 22 starters returning. Our teams were a rare mix of immense skill position talent and a group of undersized players who excelled beyond their size. I was also blessed with a cadre of assistant coaches who were immensely talented. Dr. Bill Richerson on our '69 team was the best combination of teacher & coach I ever met. Ron Toman our Offensive Coach in '69 & '70 had a great passing game, Bruce Craddock as our line Coach got the very best out of our under sized line in '69, '70 & '71 and Coach Chuck Shelton led our league leading defense without a 200 pound starter in '71. All went on to sterling careers. Among our players I had 3 who could high jump 6' 8", the world's fastest 400 meter runner [Larry Jones @ 45.2 seconds] and the national Long Jump & Triple Jump Div. II Champ [Tom Geredine]. Lenvil Elliott, Jones & Geredine would play in the NFL and Craig O'Sadnick & Marvin

Robinson would play in the new World FB League. O'Sadnick was an inside Line Backer who made it to the final cut with the St. Louis FB Cardinals as a strong safety having never played in the secondary. He was amazing and probably my greatest overall defensive player. All 3 teams were inducted into The Missouri Sports HOF in 2012 and at that time only one other Collegiate team[s] had garnered that honor! We had a great turnout of players and family members for that induction. In excess of 140. Our 3 year record of 22-5-1 was an .804 winning percentage and was only exceeded by the legendary teams of Don Faurot with a .816 margin. Ironically I would be part of Coach Faurot's last Freshmen Team at Missouri. We were Co-Champs twice and sole Champs in '71. My Pres. was Dr. Charles McClain who became a life long friend and may well have been the greatest College President in the history of Missouri. He died in 2015 just a week before I was to have lunch with him in Columbia. As 1972 began my thought shifted from FB to politics as I was becoming increasingly concerned about what was occurring in America. The great divisions created by the Viet Nam war and racial tensions were prominent on many college campuses. Seeing our American Flag burned was more than I could tolerate. My frustration re: the war was that we were not fighting to win. Our generals were being politically over ridden by Pres. Lyndon Johnson. I remembered the words of Gen. Douglas MacArthur who stated 10 years before Viet Nam " A democracy cannot fight a no-win philosophy war, because it will divide your people at home". I was planning on running for Congress in the 9th District of Mo. [from Kirksville to St. Charles] as I had a FB T.V. show during the season and had achieved a level of name I.D. in NE Mo. However, the legislature was unable to re-district the state and it fell to the courts to do it. Their plan took only my county [Adair] out of the 9th district and put me in the 6th District which ran westward from Kirksville to North Kansas City. I was now at the opposite end of the most populated areas with far less name I.D. But, in my mind, the die was cast and I would resign from my coaching position and leave the players I had come to love & respect to seek the 6th Congressional seat and embark on a new chapter in my life and for Peg, our 3 kids and Saben!

MY RACE FOR CONGRESS, 1972

In order to run for Congress, having resigned my job, I withdrew all 11 years of my Teacher's Retirement for us to live on as we built our organization District wide and raised the money necessary to finance the campaign. Geographically we were the largest Congressional District in the state and first, I had to win the Republican primary before the general election. The current Congressman [Bill Hull] was retiring so it became an open seat. I hired as my campaign manager, my neighbor from across the street, Don Hiskey, who worked for the main radio station in Kirksville and had a tremendous work ethic, was bright, great personality and was the best choice I could have made. Our primary turned into a 3 man race with my biggest competitor being a lawyer from North Kansas City by the name of John Dods. I'm sure that Dods felt that a College FB Coach from Kirksville could not beat a lawyer from the population base of North KC. We would prove him very wrong! This was also a presidential campaign year and the very liberal Senator George McGovern was running against the Republican Pres. Richard Nixon. McGovern was so liberal that many conservative Democrats could not support him. While this Congressional seat had been a Democrat seat for many years the new factor in our race would be the impact of McGovern on the Congressional race. As the race for the nomination proceeded we were very successful in developing our team in all of the District except the 3 most North West counties. Come primary election day the results showed us carrying 20 of 23 counties, losing only those 3 NW counties. Now comes the general election and what would become the 17th most expensive House race in America according to Common Cause.

Our Democrat opponent would be Jerry Litton a millionaire cattle breeder out of Chillicothe, Mo. Litton defeated his major opponent Charlie Broomfield a state legislator out of North KC, also carrying 20 of 23 counties. Litton and I were the same age and both grads of Missouri. Litton's plan was Congress, Senate then President. He had a political game plan for the rest of his life. After we had both won our primaries Litton agreed to 20 debates between the primary and the general election. Our first debate was at a Farm Bureau sponsored debate in Carrollton, Mo. Litton had a good canned speech but was not use to debating. I had debated since the 7th grade and loved it. I went on the offense with Litton and he wasn't prepared. After the debate there were some Litton supporters in the audience that were peeling off their Litton stickers. We waxed him. That was our one & only debate as he canceled out of all the rest figuring he could vastly outspend me on advertising and win. He was correct. Litton was politically shrewd. He had the heaviest bill board saturation I have ever seen, even to this day. He had spent his life in NW mo.

preparing for this race and although we did give a good run for his money we could not overcome his money or life long head start. We did both speak to the same group that had mock elections after we spoke a week apart. One was at his own high school and the other was at William Jewel College in Liberty, Mo. I won both elections, even at his own H.S.! There were several memorable memories as I traveled 60,000 miles in 7 months. The first was talking to a 77 year old farmer north of St. Joe, Mo. who had never voted for a Republican. I asked: Can you honestly vote for McGovern? He thought for a moment and said: " Well, I guess that I will.....but if I thought he was going to win, I wouldn't". There was also the 12 year old boy who won \$5 at the County Fair and came and gave it to me for my campaign. Usually my daily routine would be to start the day with a campaign breakfast to raise money and then campaign the rest of the day. We bought 90 minutes of UHF T.V. time at a bargain price , geared to reaching our organized "T.V. Coffees with Russ" We divided the District into 3 regions to set up our Coffees. I was thrilled to have retired Oklahoma Head FB Coach Bud Wilkinson come and appear on T.V. at one of my Coffees. Wilkinson had run as a Republican for the Senate in 1964 but was defeated due in part to the landslide election of Lyndon Johnson. I had played against Wilkinson's teams at O.U. and then played for him in the '60 Hula Bowl. He was quite a man! My mother came up to Kirksville to watch our kids while Peg and I campaigned. Most every day was a 16 hour day. Peg was not a political animal but did a great job in just talking about us and our family. She was a huge asset! After winning my primary I was invited to the White House to meet Pres. Nixon and for the photo op in the Oval Office which was stunningly beautiful! I was also invited to fly to Washington to accompany Vice Pres. Spiro Agnew as we then flew together to formally dedicate the new Kansas City airport. The service on the V.P.'s plane was superb. I sat by Agnew the entire trip. He was very impressive. On my two trips to D.C. I had photos taken with Nixon, Agnew & Earl Butts, Sec. of Agriculture and all 3 resigned. What would be the odds? I was also photographed with Gerald Ford when he was the Republican Minority leader in the House, but that photo never got sent to me. The one guy who didn't resign and later would become Pres. Overall the campaign was the greatest learning experience in my life and although I borrowed \$10,000 from my dad to pay off all campaign debts it is too bad that it takes so much money to run for office. The loss did earn the respect of friends & foes and would lead me to my next opportunity in life. On to the state capitol!

MY TENURE IN JEFF CITY

In the course of a person's life paths will cross again and such is the situation which took our family to Jeff City. Gov. Kit Bond was the newly elected Republican Gov. in Mo. and he had appointed Jim Spradling, an attorney from Carthage, to become Dir. of the Dept. of Revenue. Jim & his wife Sandy had become good friends of ours when I coached in Carthage. We both shared the same political philosophy. He called me after the election and offered me the position of Dir. of Motor Vehicles & Licensing, a department of 550 people and under his responsibility. It gave me the opportunity to prove that government could perform more efficiency, with fewer people and also save taxpayer dollars. Democrats had controlled the state for about 30 years and patronage was so bad that there were paid elevator operators for self-service elevators in the Jefferson Bldg. where our Dept. was located. We implemented a management philosophy called " Management by Objective". We not only wiped out a 6 week backlog in the production of driver's licenses but we reduced that staff by 10% and saved a million dollars a year in operations. We received a very nice editorial from the Jeff City Tribune on our accomplishment. I hired Don Hiskey to run the Dept. of Motor Vehicles and he did a superb job! I forged a bid for Mo. Driver's License production pitting the Central issue approach [Kodak] versus the Instant issue approach from [Polaroid]. In the bidding we got Kodak to pay the postage for all the mailed licenses and a price reduction in addition. Major saving! I also bid the production of license plates . We were paying more for the plates produced by the 3M Co. over a process called : "Beads on paint" housed in St.. Louis. These two major re-bids and the reduction of staff by 10% accounted for the million dollar a year savings. Now, I knew first hand how more efficient government could be run. We did it!

While in Jeff City I played Slow Pitch Softball for Mid State Oil Co. We won several state championships and in 2010 we were collectively inducted into the Missouri Sports HOF. Awesome teams!

We also built a home in Jeff at Woodward Lake about one block from the home we were in. We hired one very skilled carpenter and then Peg, our boys Doug & Matt as well as me built most of the home. It was a split level design, Tudor look and about 3,300 Sq. feet. My dad did the plumbing. This was in '75-'76 and the '76 election caused a change of employment as Kit Bond lost the Governorship. Literally

snatched defeat from the jaws of victory! Great Gov. and never should have lost. He picked a very inept political campaign manager who had no real feeling for the state. Kit would come back and retake the office 4 years later but never should have lost in '76. I was then recruited to become the Mo. State Finance Director for the Republican Party. I chose to go to as many counties & Republican functions as possible seeking Republicans who would pledge monthly. We were experiencing good success but our staff overhead was eating up the monies I was raising. I finally proposed that the State Republican Party select a single paid staff leader, either myself or Dave Broker who had worked for Gov. Bond. The Board voted to keep us both. While I was pleased with their personal support this was not solving our financial challenge. I submitted my resignation which made the decision for them. Now time for a new position and a return to athletics.

Becoming Athletic Director at Southeast Mo. St. Univ.

Having enjoyed FB success at NEMSU [Now Truman St.] I was fully aware of the MIAA Conference and Southeast Mo. St. [SEMO] as they were a conference member located in Cape Girardeau, Mo. on the Mississippi River. Beautiful campus. I applied for the open A.D.'s position and was selected. The transition was fairly easy from an athletic standpoint but I was to soon learn that the administration didn't know if a FB was pumped or stuffed! I reported to Gus Meyer who was a VP to the Pres. Dr. Leestamper. The Univ. had great potential but improving the athletic program was going to take a new and visionary approach and a supportive administration. We had a outdated basketball arena, a great track program & Coach but the need for a new All Weather Track and FB improvements including a new Press Box. The AD's position had been in a state of limbo and was crying out for leadership. It did not take long to realize that the Univ. Administration was not real interested in athletics and the VP I reported to was athletically ignorant. I organized a new fund raising strategy based on using volunteer SEMO Boosters selected by team captains using the NFL Draft strategy. Our first drive was modestly successful and my Team concept would prove beneficial to me in my next position. In assessing our facilities I felt that we needed to build a Domed facility that could handle FB & BB and would seat 15,000. Our FB stadium was ok but needed Press Box upgrades and the BB Arena was embarrassing. The success of the Domes at Northern Iowa & Northern Arizona convinced me that the Dome would solve much of our facility needs and outshine all of our Conference competitors! I found a gifted artist and I used him to design the outward appearance of the Dome, similar to No. Az. I decided to make a pitch to Pepsi to help finance a large portion of the new PEPSI DOME with the roof being 6 and a half acres looking like a Pepsi bottle cap, even to the serrated edge. The Pepsi franchise owner was Harry L. Crisp and it was the 5th most successful Pepsi area in the country. Crisp got the VP of Pepsi Marketing to come from Chicago to see our presentation. Our artist had done the Pepsi Dome, Pepsi Cups, Tickets, and other athletic Pepsi graphics that were truly impressive. This was 1978/79 and no other school had done what we were proposing. The Pepsi exec told Crisp that ours was the best athletic presentation he had ever seen but they declined. I am convinced that had we'd been a Div. I University in a metro area they would have done it in a heart beat. We were Div. II and in a town of 30,000+. Not big enough to warrant their investment. I had also taken upon myself to see how much money I could raise in pledges in 24 hours towards the Dome concept. I garnered \$100,000 in my 24 hr. test period. Got great coverage in student newspaper. In the summer of '78 I got a call from an AD at a Jr. College in Alabama who said that our assistant basketball coach had seen a basketball player working out in a gym in Alabama. His name was Desi Barmore [more on him later]. It was against NCAA rules to see players in what could be perceived as participating in a " tryout". The assistant coach in question was going to summer school and as school would be soon starting for the coming year I waited for his return to question him about this. When he did return, we talked and he acknowledged that he did see Desi play. I then sent a letter to the NCAA telling them what had been done and apparently my letter and the letter from the complaining AD in Alabama arrived at the NCAA within a day of each other. So the NCAA decides to investigate the SEMO Basketball program. They found that our basketball mgr. gave used practice T-shirts to some of our prospects along with a few other minor infractions plus the tryout complaint. We fully cooperated with the NCAA but the official we dealt with made us feel that we were paying thousands of dollars to secure recruits. Our basketball coaches had made some mistakes that needed to be corrected but they were treated poorly by the NCAA. Very disappointed in their process. Our Admin. was of little to no help. In 1979 it became clear to me that I needed to get out of SEMO and I did want to get into Div. I Athletics. I applied for the head fund raising job at Fresno St. Univ. which was a Booster group called The Bulldog

Foundation. During this process I got a call to come up to the Board meeting with the President and the members of the governing board. Pres. Leestamper pulls out 5 or 6 travel requests from me that had not been returned after my trip. I was stunned because I had completed all of the forms in question. He did his best to embarrass me in front of the Board. I left totally bewildered. When I returned to my office I explained the situation to my Secretary who handled all of the paper work. She had no answers. At the end of the work day the Business Mgr., his wife and I went through the office by ourselves looking for my completed paperwork. Finally in her middle desk drawer, pushed way in the very back of her drawer were all of my completed travel reports. I then informed my VP of what we found and fired the Sec. the next day. Never got any explanation for her action and no apology from the Pres. Now I really wanted to get out of SEMO. When I flew to Fresno for the interview I discovered that they were using a very similar team concept plan that I had initiated at SEMO. At first I think they thought I copied their idea, but when I explained how I arrived at my plan they seemed pleased that I was already familiar with their approach. I returned to SEMO and later got a call offering me the job, which I accepted. I submitted my resignation in early '79 and was just awaiting my time at SEMO to end. Perhaps because I was leaving the Pres. may have seen the opportunity to scale down the athletic program in the void of athletic leadership as a result of my coming departure. When I got the details of what the Pres. was going to propose to the Board I was incensed that he would be so damaging to our program, coaches & athletes. The Pres. had also announced the findings of the NCAA investigation in a manner that was extremely misleading such as: 1. Clothing inducement, which were used practice T-shirts, 2. Entertainment, was a hamburger steak, 3. Free transportation, was in one instance a coach returning from visiting his parents out of state and bringing back 4 student athletes who lived about 15 miles from his parents home and the other occasion involved picking up a signed prospect on an empty charter flight to begin summer employment. The Pres. never mentioned that we self reported the violation and that I self reported which prompted the investigation. I took out a 3/4 page ad in the Southeast Missourian newspaper on Feb. 8th of '79 to make the public aware of what was going on. Admittedly I did not keep my cool and just leave for Calif. without saying a word. Not my style to accept deliberate harm. I walked into the Board unannounced as I was not on the agenda and told the Board what the Pres. was doing was going to be extremely harmful to SEMO athletics, especially basketball. I found out later that Pres. Leestamper never cleared up the travel form issue which he brought up before the Board. After I left the Board opted to immediately terminate my services as opposed to my resignation date. There was a popular song at the time called: " Take this job & Shove it " that my staff played for me before I departed. I was wrong to barge into the Board meeting and I understood the Board's action. Later in '79 the Board fired Leestamper as they found out just exactly what he was all about. Justice sometimes takes a while to render its verdict. One of the projects that I worked on during my time at SEMO was the design of a new All Weather Track which was built after I left and was the best in the state. The Dome was never built but they did build a new facility for basketball. I stirred the pot, created some vision and although my tenure was rather brief I do feel I made a positive difference in SEMO athletics. On to California!

THE YEARS IN FRESNO '79-'89

Going to Fresno was an emotional experience. As I flew out of St. Louis I thought of the 34 years I had spent in the state, playing for Hickman, Missouri, Coaching at Hickman, Higginsville, Centralia, Carthage and Northeast Mo. St., running for Congress, serving as Dir. of Motor Vehicles & Licensing, Finance Dir. for the Mo. State Republican Party and A.D. at SEMO! Marrying Peggy, our 3 kids being born at Boone County Hosp. in Columbia and the thousands of people I had met in my years in Mo. The tears starting coming down my cheeks as so many precious memories were flooding back and I was leaving the state that had been so very good to me. Yes, Missouri would always be home although we would never live there again. When I landed in Fresno I did not know a single person other than those that interviewed for the Dir. of The Bulldog Foundation. But I felt FSU [Fresno State Univ.] had immense potential even though we were currently at the lower echelons of Div. I athletics. I immediately got to work on the upcoming Membership campaign in which we raised scholarship monies for Bulldog student athletes. The team structured existed and had raised \$600,000 the previous year. My Chairman of the BDF was Max Flaming who owned a company that made boxes for the many Ag products shipped out of Fresno. Fresno County was the richest Ag county in America and probably the most productive Ag area in the world. The Central Valley of Calif. is a desert and all Ag commodities and lawns are irrigated via the snow run off waters captured in the Dams & lakes in the Sierras and released for Ag & drinking water. Some ground

wells provided the rest of the water needed. Calif. counties are huge compared to those in the Mid West & East and Fresno County contained all or part of 3 National Parks, Yosemite, Kings Canyon & Sequoia. After seeing the giant Sequoia trees I was stunned and believed that all other forests in the world were man's forests and the giant Sequoia's was God's personal forest! Fresno St. was a sleeping giant and hopefully I would help awaken it and its potential. Our drive went extremely well as we reached \$800,000 and \$200,000 over the previous year. A new FB Stadium of 30,000 capacity was under construction, all paid for by private donations! We had a great appreciation banquet at the end of the drive and I found a truly gifted artist in Fresno [Joe Garcia] who captured [via a poster which I have framed] many of the personalities involved in the BDF & the drive. Joe and I would work together on many more Bulldog projects and we formed a partnership of friendship for life. I always called him, " MR. TALENT ". This was 1979 and as we approached 1980 the coming year would be very , very exciting. After the '79 FB season, Head FB Coach Bob Padilla was let go after a 4-7 season and his two year stint had not been productive in terms of win/loss record. As the job opened up the expectation of many locals was that Coach Jim Sweeny would return to his old job as he had lit the FB fire that launched the building of a new stadium. Sweeny was then an assistant coach under Bud Wilkinson of the St. Louis FB Cardinals. The interim A.D. at FSU was Jack Wilcox from the Phys. Ed Dept. Jack was a very good & fair individual. As time went by and Sweeny didn't apply, I threw my hat in the ring based on the 3 championships we had garnered at NEMSU. Not to long after I applied, Coach Wilkinson was fired from the Cardinals and suddenly Sweeny was out of a job and quickly submitted his application to Jack Wilcox. I immediately went to Wilcox and asked him if I should withdraw my application since Sweeny applied and he said " no ", that Sweeny had burned some bridges when he left and that I should stay in the pool of applicants. The Univ. formed a search committee split into a campus group & another, being a booster/community group. The selection boiled down to Sweeny and me. The VP [Bill Holmes] at FSU ,responsible for Athletics, had told Wilcox that who ever he selected he would back as the new FB coach. As fate would have it, I was the choice of the campus committee and Sweeny the choice of the booster/community group. Wilcox called me in the morning to tell me I was his choice as the new Head FB Coach and it would be announced in the afternoon. I was elated! However, Bill Holmes interceded, and countermanded Wilcox's selection of me and named Sweeny as the Head Coach. Wilcox was devastated as was I. I'm pretty sure that a few key boosters put pressure on the Univ. Admin to hire Sweeny. Wilcox soon withdrew as the interim A.D. as the rug had just been pulled out from under him. Now the A.D.'s position is open and several of the BDF leaders wanted me to apply, which I did. In retrospect knowing what I know now, I never should have applied. The plot thickens! So the Univ. conducts the search and it comes down to me and the A.D from Idaho St. At this point I get a call from the Pres. Harold Haak who wants to meet with me and VP Bill Holmes. I assume I have been selected. As we met, the Pres. tells me that they offered the job to the other candidate but that he wanted them to also find a position for his wife and due to that, the job offer fell through and it was now being offered to me. At least they were honest with me about the circumstances. At this point all the red flags were waving like crazy as now I was going to report to Bill Holmes the very VP who broke his promise to Wilcox re: hiring the new FB Coach. But my vision for what FSU could become blinded me to the potential challenges of working for a VP who I could not trust. A recipe for disaster! I accepted the job and hired some key people to fill positions that would help us reach our potential. One of my early efforts was to have artist Joe Garcia design a new & unique Bulldog Logo. It was an immediate hit. I then got Gottschalk's Dept store to begin carrying & selling Bulldog gear with the new logo. At this point no one was selling Bulldog gear. Joe Levy was the Pres. of Gottschalk's and a remarkable man and he would later play even a greater role in my stay in Fresno. The FB season was about to begin and the FB stadium was undergoing the final touches. To my dismay and that of our FB coaches the contractor had installed High School goal posts instead of Collegiate Goal Post. I got that corrected ASAP and in time for the opener with the Univ. of Oregon. We had a full stadium and surprised the Pac 10 team by beating them. Huge win! I found that very quickly I had a variety of major issues to address. Sweeny was somewhat cool towards me as he knew that I had been selected initially over him and although he was a very good coach he did have quite an ego. At the time I became A.D. basketball under Head Coach Boyd grant had really captivated our fan base, called ' The Red Wave ". Title IX, was in effect which required more opportunities for women's athletics which I totally supported. But our Men's program could not financially support both the men's & expanded women's programs without new sources of income. I had to restructure the women's program dropping Women's Gymnastic's [about 9 athletes] and implement Women's Track. FSU had a good Track reputation and it was a common sense decision. I then worked totally behind the scene to bring about a Student Referendum to gain student body support

to vote for a fee increase to support the " Minor Sports". It passed and was a great asset to our program growth. As A.D. I worked closely with The Bulldog Foundation re: several matters. At one meeting I joked that it didn't seem right that our FB ticket office and dressing rooms were on San Jose St. as San Jose State Univ. was a huge rival. There was a very active BDF supporter , Councilman Ted Wills , who agreed and said he would see if the city would change the name to my suggestion:" Bulldog Lane. " He got it done as the street was very short and had mostly apartments lining the street. No area opposition at all. [more later on this issue]. Our men's basketball program was outdrawing all West Coast Univ. in basketball attendance. We had sellouts every game and I needed to generate more revenue from our most successful program. In most every other Univ. that restructured their arena's, those that paid the most money sat in the best seats. I visited the Univ. of North Carolina, North Carolina St. and several others and all of them boiled down to more money, better seating. I felt that this approach would be a big mistake for our program and created a whole new approach to how we should restructure our seating in Selland Arena [6,500 seating capacity, 1980]. To add greater strength to our BDF Membership drive I included fund raising in my approach. I created a 3 prong approach to obtaining points which would dictate where you sat in the arena. You got a number of points on how much money you gave through the BDF, you got points on how much money you raised by working in the BDF Drive and you got your remaining points depending on how long you had been a season ticket holder, rewarding loyalty. I wanted to be able to say that at mid court one person might sit there based on their giving level and the person next to them got there by sweat equity by working successfully in the BDF drive. In fact, more points could be earned in the BDF drive than in what you gave, I wanted my formula to eliminate the " Fat cat " label that the rest of the major colleges had embraced. The majority of our better seats went to fans that obtained their points using all 3 point approaches, giving, working in the drive and loyalty of years being a season ticket holder. I had a few complaints when it was finally approved but it took two years for VP Bill Holmes to approve its implementation. In the first year it generated a million dollars of new revenue and really invigorated the BDF Membership drive. Of all the things I did, this approach & formula was critically important for BDF Drives for years there after! We were now generating over a million dollars in our one month. BDF Drive using about 300 volunteers. We had different BDF Membership levels which included packages using FB, BB tickets as our primary draw. One of my new hires was Dan Taylor who was a local TV Sports anchor. Dan had a very creative mind and was perfect for the job. Dan lined up several appearances of the two most popular Sports personalities in America, The Chicken & Crazy George. Both could fire up a stadium or arena and they helped make the game an even better event. In constantly thinking about how we might generate new revenues I was looking through our FB & BB game programs. It struck me, that the most marketable page in the program was never sold. That page, was the cover! In my mind, the challenge was how to inject commercial sponsorship into the cover without detracting from the event, ourselves and our opponents. My solution, use humor in the form of a cartoon which embraced ourselves, our opponent and the event [FB or BB]. I again turned to artist Joe Garcia. I would sit down with Joe and explain each game opponent and our sponsor and describe to him how I saw the cartoon in my mind. I can't draw a straight line with a ruler but I can envision graphics. I swear Joe could step into my mind and see exactly what I saw and his artwork was always right on target! So we sold \$50,000 of game program covers to sponsors, introduced them at half time and gave them a signed game ball from the Head Coach. We were the only college in America doing this! The covers were so good many fans treated them like baseball cards! Nothing I did came easy with Bill Holmes and he was largely sports ignorant. Perhaps the boiling point was reached when I invited the Dallas Cowboy Cheerleaders to perform at one of our games. In the '81 season we were to play Cal State Fullerton at their place. They didn't draw flies. I offered them \$75,000 to come play us at home which was a far more money than they would earn at home. They accepted. Knowing that they would be a weak draw at home I felt that if I could get The Dallas Cowboy Cheerleaders to perform that it would really enhance our draw. At the time they were easily the greatest performing Cheerleader group in all of Pro FB. When they accepted and it was announced the campus Women's Libbers came unglued! Apparently women were supposed to do only what they felt was appropriate. Being a Cheerleader was demeaning in their mind. I felt & expressed that if you truly believed in Women's rights then women should be able to choose being a doctor, lawyer, corporate CEO or a Cheerleader! Their arrival became controversial in some circles primarily on campus. As game day approached I met them at the Fresno Airport the day before the game. As they embarked from their plane I gathered them together in the airport and felt that I would let them know of some of the controversy and to put them at ease I made some joke along the lines that we had some faculty members who were opposed to them coming to perform but we were having them

psychologically analyzed to determine their opposition. Got a good laugh and they headed to their motel as they were doing a free performance on campus which was the day before the game. They did a tremendous job! Well I did not know that their arrival and my welcome and attempt at humor was being covered by the Fresno Bee Newspaper. The next morning, Saturday, I got a very irate call from President Harold Haak re: my quoted statement appearing in the paper. Apparently he was catching hell from several faculty members. I was wrong to use the illustration that I did, even in jest, and this proved to be a fatal error on my part. That evening we had a far better crowd for Fullerton than normal. It started to rain at half but the Cheerleaders performed flawlessly. They got a great response and when they left and the rain continued about half our crowd left with them. Their appearance and attendance proved the strength of their drawing power. It had been a good strategy to have invited them. I was in the 2nd year of my initial two year contract and soon after the Admin. informed me that my A.D. contract would not be renewed, however they wanted me to become their Dir. of their brand new FSU academic foundation based on my success with the BDF. I really wanted to stay in collegiate athletics and turned the job offer down which meant my association with FSU was ended. I also need to note that sometime in late summer or early fall I got a call from the retired A.D. at FSU telling me that he had heard that one of our boosters was furnishing a car to a FB player. I informed the VP Bill Holmes of what I had been told and that we needed to report this to the NCAA. Once again I had to report a violation to the NCAA. But the Admin. felt they needed to kill the messenger not those who broke the rules. I can never prove this, but I do believe that to keep the NCAA happy that either I had to go or the FB Coach had to go. Based on a key boosters attitude and my Dallas Cowboy invitation I became expendable as A.D. but not as the new head of their academic foundation. Go figure!. I learned a very valuable lesson. As an A.D. you need to report directly to the President. Athletics is too visible and potentially too volatile to report to someone between you & to Pres. I was twice bit & twice shy! Two more memorable times at FSU was first when Coach Bob Bennett, Head Baseball Coach came to tell me that his baseball score board blew down and needed to be replaced. I asked Bob, "How much do you think a new one will cost." He said, "about \$10,000". So I went out and got him a \$135,000 scoreboard with a message center board on both the playing side of the field and the back side facing the major street [Cedar] between the main campus and the Football & baseball field. I got Pepsi & Me & Ed's Pizza to sponsor the entire cost. Probably one of the best collegiate baseball scoreboards in the country. I was selling the back side spots like hot cakes in either 30 or 60 second segments at 9 cents a spot, 24 hours a day, every day. For some reason the Admin. stopped my backside spots but several years later put up their own Message Center Board on the corner and made money just as I intended. Great idea, but I was apparently ahead of my time.. The next memorable occasion was when Coach Red Estes came to me about his need for an earth berm between the street [Cedar] and his running track. We did not have the money to do it but I approached the Corps of Engineers to see if they would construct it as a training project. They said yes! Can't remember if it was totally free but if there was any cost, it was minimal. I also encouraged each Coach to grow their own Booster Club with but one stipulation. That they have but one major fundraiser a year and that it did not compete with the BDF drive. They flourished. In retrospect, I should not have taken the job as A.D. under the circumstances involving the FB fiasco, but in my two years we did get a "Minor Sports" fee passed, strengthened women's athletics, dramatically improved basketball revenues, initiated the plan for a new men's baseball stadium, initiated the first Bulldog licensing agreement, and restructured the athletic support staff to better serve our coaches, student athletes and fans. While my tenure ended in the fall of '82 the men's basketball team in '82/'83 went on to win the NIT. I was there as a proud Bulldog thrilled with the success of Boyd Grant and his players. By the way, one of those starters was Desi Barmore, the basketball player that was seen by the assistant SEMO coach and reported by me to the NCAA. When I went to Fresno I convinced Desi to get a new start with FSU. He was a big factor in our NIT championship and played Pro ball abroad for several years after his days at FSU. We made lemonade out of lemons. One of the criticisms I learned about that came from the FSU Admin. was that when the name change occurred from San Jose St. to "Bulldog Lane" was that I didn't go through Campus Planning. I never imagined that a city street name change would even be a factor for Campus Planning. That's how petty it got. During my days at FSU the NCAA had a hearing re: the SEMO finding. I was invited to attend. Basically I just restated what I had already put in writing when I self reported our possible violation and I found the lead NCAA staff member to be a real jerk. He tried to equate our student assistants giving visiting recruits a used practice T-shirt like we were giving them a new car! The whole affair was a farce! From FSU to the banking world!

RECRUITED TO THE BANK OF FRESNO

Shortly after my departure from FSU, the Pres. of the Bank of Fresno, John Brocks, met with me re: his desire for me to join his bank and become their first business Dev. Director. John had been very impressed with the marketing success I had achieved at FSU and his bank at the time was Fresno's largest locally owned bank. I accepted the task and had two sales staff assigned to me. As I analyzed our potential market I could see that Fresno was a growing Medical Center being the biggest city in the Central Valley. I felt that we needed to concentrate to become the bank for the medical community. I held a series of dinner meetings with different physicians and our top banking leadership asking them what ideally a bank could do for them. After about eight dinner meetings with different doctors & specialities we put together a very polished sales brochure and presentation, all framed around the needs we heard from the medical community. It worked far beyond our expectations. In fact by the end of 3 months the medical business we attracted was making my small unit, self sufficient. Several years later, after I left, I ran into John Brocks and he told me that the bank had the majority of the medical business in Fresno. Apparently a good idea at the right time. Suddenly a new opportunity would present itself with significant potential!

AN OFFER TO PUT TOGETHER A NEW FRANCHISING CONCEPT

While at the Bank of Fresno I was approached by two brothers, George & Ernie Beal who owned 23 Convenience stores in Central Calif. They wanted me to develop their unique franchise concept and then sell it throughout Calif. and beyond the borders if successful. As they explained their franchise idea and the potential profit potential for all of us it seemed an opportunity of a life time. I accepted their offer and began the task of putting the franchising program together and to get the franchising license from the State of Calif. one of the tougher states to get a franchising license. It took 6 months to get everything developed and get the blessing from the state. The Beal brothers needed a new name & logo and I hooked them up with my favorite artist, Joe Garcia. He did his usual superb job and Johnny Quick Markets was born with a great logo. My initial target area was Central Calif. from Bakersfield to Sacramento. I would go to an area and select the best looking and located privately owned Convenience stores in that region. I would then invite them to a steak dinner presentation in which I would show them that by joining us as an independently owned convenience store, using our name & signage, buying power, shared marketing, display format, management expertise and low risk test marketing. For this the store owner would pay a modest monthly franchise fee and the percentage they paid would decrease as their gross sales increased. The Beal brothers were extremely skilled and the concept was solid. After having several dinners we secured our first store in Oakhurst, Calif. in the beginning of the Sierras. The couple who owned the store were probably two months from going broke. The first full month with us their income jumped 82%, about the same for month two and then a shocking announcement. Just as I was about to bring 3 to 4 new franchisees on board the brothers announced that they had sold their entire business to Circle -K the second largest convenience store chain in America and all of their stores were corporately owned. Our franchise concept just died after an impressive launch. What now lies ahead?

THE CALIFORNIA BOWL COMES CALLING

The California was a Bowl game I helped create during my A.D.'s days at FSU. We matched the Conference Champions of the Mid-America Conference [MAC Conference] vs. the Champion of the Pacific Coast Athletic Assn. [PCAA] Conference which included FSU . Only the Rose Bowl & California Bowl matched Conf. Champions. Our game was in Dec. of 1984. My artist buddy, Joe Garcia, did the original logo & artwork. The beneficiary was Valley Children's Hosp. The Bowl game leadership approached me about assuming the reins of Exec. Dir. I knew the current Exec and liked him, but they made it very clear that they wanted a change. Since I knew most all the key individuals in the community that might help and knew our conference schools it was an easy decision to make. The Bowl activities all went well with one exception. I had lined up the guy who performed the Jet Pack human flight to appear and at the last moment he could not attend. The flight was about a 30 second flight but would have been impressive. That year the MAC Champion was Toledo and our Conf. Champ was The Univ. of Nevada, Las Vegas [UNLV]. UNLV won 30-13. But later had to forfeit due to using an ineligible player during the season. The Rebels QB was Randall Cunningham who went on to a great Pro career. We were

searching for a national sponsor and I suggested we go after Champion Spark Plugs as we matched Conf. Champions. Our presentation was well done but we were unsuccessful in securing them. It was a much greater challenge to fill our stadium without Fresno St. being in the game. We were a lower tier Bowl Game but it did give both conferences recognition that they would not have had otherwise. As the Bowl game ended and 1985 approached a new opportunity would come before me. The Fresno City & County Chamber of Commerce comes calling!

BECOMMING THE EXEC. DIR. OF THE FRESNO CITY & COUNTY CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

In early 1985 I received a call from the head of a local personnel company seeking my interest in becoming the new Chamber Exec as they had let go, Les Dabritz, who had been there several years. By now I had been Exec. Dir. of The Bulldog Foundation. A.D. at Fresno St. and Exec. of The California Bowl and had come to know a vast number of people and businesses in Fresno City & County. The Chamber also encompassed the same free enterprise philosophy I expressed when running for Congress. Little did I know then that this opportunity would lead me on to a 20 year Chamber career in Fresno, Muncie, Ind. & St. Petersburg, Fl. It was a very, very productive & enjoyable 20 years. My first Chair of the Chamber was Helen Smades a most remarkable woman who owned one of the city's top Realtor firms. She was a superb leader. The four years as the Chamber Exec. proved to be the four most productive years in their history. We increased membership by 33% from 1,800 to 2,400. As of May, 2015 in which the city of Fresno has doubled in size since 1989, Chamber membership is only 1,400. Remarkable! We also doubled our income from \$600,000 to \$1.2 million. I produced a Coffee Table Book on Fresno City & County which was a \$250,000 project and was a great marketing piece for our city. Our Chamber Newspaper received numerous state & national awards as did our Membership Directory. One of the most dynamic membership events we initiated was our Business After Hours which drew about 1,000 business people to a 100 booth mini-trade show between 5:30 & 8:00 p.m. We netted \$36,000 of new income on our BAH'ers. This became Fresno's premier business/social event. But, by far, the Chamber's greatest success in their history was our successful effort in passing Measure "C" which would build about \$500,000,000 [1986 \$] of needed freeway and other road projects throughout Fresno City & County. In this undertaking, Joe Levy, the Pres. of Gottshalk's who was our first Licensee for Bulldog gear showing our new logo came back into play in a key way. It was Joe who talked to me about the need for a road building measure as the LA & S.F. Bay area were sucking up all the road monies. We had to help ourselves and if we did, Joe, who sat on the state Highway Commission said the Commission would look more favorably in aiding us if we voted to help ourselves via a half cent sales tax increase. As I thought about our plan & strategy I came up with several key points to aid our cause. First, I set a 20 year sunset goal that would require voter reaffirmation after the first 20 years of projects. Second, I said that 90% of the monies had to go to the projects as I did not want the overhead costs to eat into our monies for roads. Probably my best idea was in solving the struggle between the needs of the county and the needs of Fresno, the city. I developed a plan that assigned monies based on road miles [which pleased the county] and another pot of monies based on population [which pleased the city]. The last key aspect of our plan was to specifically tell the voters exactly what roads they could expect for their tax dollars. I then had a high quality local test marketing firm ascertain who should be the face of selling Measure "C" on our T.V. spots. Law enforcement was the only group that ranked higher than the Chamber in the opinion poll taken so we asked a recently retired, popular Sheriff to do our T.V. spots We asked all the elected officials at the city & county level to just sit on the sidelines and let the private sector sell this initiative. It was a county wide vote and we got almost 58% of the vote to pass it by a wide margin. I think only one of the smaller cities in Fresno County did not have a majority voting in favor. To this day, I feel that this was the greatest accomplishment ever achieved by the Fresno Chamber. The 20 year span '86- 2006 saw a tremendous increase in freeway expansion and other major road improvements. The city & county grew significantly, due in large part, because of improved road transportation for both business and residents. I cannot imagine Fresno County today without the benefits of Measure "C" monies. You would think that these list of successes would keep every one on the Chamber Board happy. My first 4 Chairs : Helen Smades, Bill Lyles, Gene Clayton and Paul O'Rourke appreciated our success. But our upcoming Chair in 1989 was Octavia Deiner who had her own agenda and was one of those people who usually came late or left early for most any meeting or Chamber event. She had formed a small cadre of Board members who thought differently and the job was becoming more stressful than it should have been. We did take on the Fresno Police Union related to an issue

called 809. Under 809 our city officials and our voters had no say so in setting the salaries for our own Police force. Their salaries were set be the average of 8 or 9 other Calif. cities, many of which were in much higher cost of living areas. I did receive some verbal telephone threats and some not so nice criticism from the Police Union personnel who did not want their sweet heart deal done away with. As hard as we fought we lost this battle, but several years later 809 was defeated. I don't know what , if any , factor our 809 effort played with Octavia, but it was made clear to me that she wanted a change in Chamber leadership. I had already sized up the situation and was applying elsewhere as I knew that working with her would be a disaster. Fortunately, our record of success would bear fruit and open a new Chamber door in Muncie, Indiana. From a personal standpoint we had just finished building a new home on a 20 acre gated parcel in Quail Oaks , east of Fresno on top of one of the first foothill high points coming out of the very flat Central Valley. It was a beautiful building site, covered with black granite out cropping and hundreds of Oak trees. On a clear day you could see the coastal range across the valley. In my 10 years in Fresno, my life was filled with great challenges but also great results. I know, that God willing, 100 years and beyond, millions of drivers will be traveling more safely and conveniently because of passing Measure "C". Fresno State has grown in stature and even won the College World Series, playing their home games on the last project I was involved in, building a new baseball stadium. When I arrived in Fresno in 1979 I did not know a soul but when I left 10 years later, I probably knew more people county wide than any one else! Our daughter, Lori was married there and remains, and our son Doug returned to marry a cheerleader [Janet Guyer] at FSU who he dated some before he returned to Mo. for his undergraduate & Law degree. Currently [2015] he is the City Attorney for Fresno & he & his wife Janet have two sons, Luke & Ryan, who were carbon copies of our two sons. It was amazing! Lori had 3 girls, Allison, Christy and Jessica & a son Daniel. She got a divorce after 28 years and later married Jarad Quandt [Specialist in Ag real Estate] in May of 2015. They remain in Fresno so we return as often as we can. In reflection, I am amazed on how meaningful that decade in Fresno became for the rest of our lives.

BECOMMING PRESIDENT/CEO OF THE MUNCIE-DELAWARE CO. CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

When I interviewed for the Muncie job, it was the most thorough interview I ever experienced including a mock press conference that was videoed. I came armed with one real surprise. Since Garfield the Cat studio was based in Muncie I got Joe Garcia to draw a large poster with Garfield's arm around me visualizing support. Apologies to Jim Davis, the creator of Garfield. Garcia's depiction of Garfield was perfect! I think that bit of creativity helped me land the job. Muncie would prove to be a perfect move for me. Exceptional civic/chamber leadership and a political landscape that was more than willing to work with the Chamber for job creation. We bought a home on the White River just west of Muncie and it was an ideal location and Peggy's favorite home among all that we had. The Chamber had a ideal staff structure, especially for a city of that size [70,000] and 120,000 people county wide [Delaware Co.]. Economic Dev. was under the Chamber and I hired a most talented Missourian [Terry Murphy] as VP after Rob O'Brien left that position to head for Joplin as their Chamber Exec. Rob also possessed excellent skills. I hired a dynamo in Steve Austin as my membership director, and he was outstanding. We also were in charge of the Convention Ctr. and my VP over the Ctr. was Mark Mansfield. All outstanding people. The consolidation of everything proved to be a powerful combination to get things done. Most cities have made the mistake of separating the Chamber from economic dev. thereby dividing your civic leadership and financial base. I had two boards to report to, the Chamber Board & The Delaware Advancement Corp. [the economic dev. arm]. Both boards had truly remarkable people on it. Greatest civic leadership I ever experienced! Our economic dev. program called Horizon '91 existed when I arrived and was largely financed by private sector donations and dedicated to job creation. We provided to all of our Private Sector Investors and to the elected officials at the City & County very detailed reports on our efforts. We could never claim helping to create a job unless the company president signed off on our efforts. I came on board in 1989 and we had two more years of donated monies to work on so I had to think about the next campaign and also generate some unique thinking to improve the infrastructure needs of the cities in Delaware County as well as the county itself while also strengthening the Chamber.

While Rob O'Brien was our VP for economic he brought to my attention a law in Indiana that would afford us to make a dramatic difference in all of Delaware county via an Economic Development Income Tax [EDIT] that would be applicable county wide. As we put our heads together we developed a plan that would do the following; 1. Fund the most important infrastructure project for all of our smaller communities, 2. Expand the Convention Ctr. and build a new Children's Museum, 3. Augment the Private Sector Donations to help fund our economic development program. All of this would be financed by a two tenths of 1% local Income Tax. It was successfully passed by both the Muncie City Council and the Delaware County Commission. My greatest political ally in this effort was Phil Nichols, the Democrat Co. Chair and a Fireman who also sat on the Muncie City Council. He and Mayor Jim Carey both put job creation ahead of politics and we got it done. Apparently I was the first Chamber Exec who really made an all out effort to seek bipartisan support as most Chambers are Republican oriented. Before we announced anything Rob & I visited with the leaders of our smaller cities and asked: " What is your most important infra structure need. We then included those needs in our plan. Jim Davis, the creator of Garfield the Cat declared that the new Children's Museum would be Garfield's official home. We also created the next 5 years of our economic development plan called Horizon '96. We then raised \$1,759,000 in pledges from the business sector to match EDIT revenues to finance our economic dev. efforts. It paid off handsomely! The EDIT plan funded \$20 million of capital projects, and funded our goal of helping to attract or create 6,500 jobs over five years. The total expected return on \$14 million of EDIT investment was a return of \$389 million dollars. Terry Murphy our VP for economic Dev. did a superb job in overseeing the accomplishments of Horizon '96 This accomplishment garnered statewide recognition and awards. The Indiana State Chamber named Muncie as Indiana's most outstanding community and the Association of Indiana Counties in 1991, gave one of their 5 major awards to our county in recognition of our EDIT plan. Our success exceeded our own projections as we achieved our 5 year job creation/retention goal in just two years. Muncie was ranked 2nd in America in the percentage of job growth from one year to the next based on our population. We were also named as one of America's 15 best Chamber's for communities of 200,000 population or less by the National Assoc. of Membership Directors [NAMD]. Our Chamber membership grew by 59% during my 5 yrs. as Pres. One of the other key things we accomplished for Muncie was putting together a cadre of outstanding business men & women who reviewed the operations of the city's departments. This took a lot of political courage from Mayor Carey to allow this critique. But it was all done as constructive input, not done in a critical or adversarial approach. This began before I came to Muncie but was concluded during my tenure. Our critique saved the city considerable tax dollars and our expertise in the city's selection of a new computer system saved \$50,000 just as one example. Our publications also received numerous state and national awards. I was truly blessed with an outstanding staff and exceptional civic leadership coupled with a real partnership for job creation among the elected leadership at the city & county level. Finally, we helped play a meaningful role in the recruitment of the National Academy of Model Aeronautics This 200,000 member hobby group purchased over 900 acres for their future development and competition site, We won out over 50 other cities to bring them to Delaware County. At the time Ball Corp. had its headquarters and its Foundation located in Muncie. Having both was a huge asset to our efforts. We had so many truly gifted and unselfish business leaders but none better than Van Smith of Ontario Corp. who had served as the Chairman of the US Chamber of Commerce. He was the brightest and most ethical business man I ever met. During our 5 years in Muncie we experienced a 100 year flood of the White River behind our home. It was awesome to see that very gentle small river swell to become a massive wall of water. Fortunately we were out of the 100 year flood zone. Sounded like a freight train right behind our home.

Our 5 years in Muncie were some of the most enjoyable in our life. Peg had made several good friends and the community could not have treated us better. In early 1994 I attended the National Chamber meeting held in New Port Beach, Ca. During the meeting a massive earth quake hit LA at 4:30 in the morning. I was on the 4th floor of the hotel and we shook pretty good although I felt that the hotel was probably built to earth quake standards and we experienced no damage. But several Chamber execs went home the next day. When I did return home we landed at the Dayton, Oh. Airport around midnight. It was 27 degrees below zero. My car had been sitting in the parking lot for several days and would not start. I called Triple AAA and they cheerfully said: " We'll come out, but it wont start". I stayed the night in the airport and the next day rented a car to return to Muncie. It was a week before it warmed up enough for me to return and drive my car home. In the meantime I saw a job advertisement in the national Chamber bulletin announcing the opening for : President of the St. Petersburg Area Chamber of Commerce in Florida. St. Petersburg was the 4th largest city in Florida and was the Spring Training site

for my beloved St. Louis Cardinals. My football knees would appreciate the warm winters of Fl. over the 27 below zero winter I was experiencing in Muncie. The coldest I have ever been! I had been blessed with an awesome 5 year tenure in Muncie but here was an opportunity to go to one of Florida's finest cities and enjoy the year around beauty & warmth of Fl. Leaving a very secure Presidency is never easy no matter how attractive the next position seems to appear. But I did apply, was interviewed and selected. I was honored in 1994 to receive from then Governor Evan Bayh the " The Council of the Sagamores of the Wabash Award " which is the highest award bestowed by the governor. State Senator Hurley Goodhall was a Democrat and I'm sure responsible for the Governor's recognition. He had become a good friend to me and appreciative for all the Chamber had done for Muncie. He knew I was a Republican but also knew that I had worked extremely hard to make sure the Chamber was truly bi-partisan when it came to our economic developments. Because of him, Phil Nichols and Mayor Carey [all Democrats] we accomplished great things for Muncie & Delaware County. It was political teamwork at it's best! During my tenure one of our best annual Chamber Dinners was the night we had Vice President Dan Qualye come as our key note speaker. I'm sure Van Smith was responsible for getting his fellow Hoosier to come to Muncie. My Chamber Chairs, Mary Sissel, John Bowles, Pete Drum, Bill Petersen and Will Davis were all tremendous leaders. What will await me in St. Petersburg?

MOVING TO FLORIDA AND HEADING THE ST. PETERSBURG CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

The head of the St. Pete Chamber search committee was a great banker and Ex-Marine , Gene Oliver. He had been a former Chamber Chair and impressed me immensely. The past Chamber Pres. [Paul Getting] had died tragically which brought about the opening I was about to fill. He had been very well thought of and so there was a feeling of good will towards the Chamber that I simply had to build upon. The Chamber was, however, not in good economic shape so my initial focus had to be on increasing membership and revenues. We bought our first home in Bardmoor Estates which was a golf & tennis community in the Largo area. Great home and neighborhood but about a 40 minute drive to work. Later on we would correct that by finding a home on the Bay in south St. Pete. St' Petersburg at the time had an outdated public perception and we were often thought of as the city of Green Benches where people came to spend their final years. Downtown usually was pretty quiet after 5 p.m. even though the city had a large and spacious park area right on the water front. We had kinds of potential. We were ripe to emerge as the St. Pete of the future. My Chamber Chair was Jim Albright who headed the major downtown hospital. When I arrived his term was ending and my Chair- elect was an attorney by the name of John Higgins who I will discuss later on. Good man. I severed the relationship we had with the company who did our membership directory and visitor's guide but then I hired their salesman as an independent contractor for all of our publications. His name was Mark Cornish and the best I had ever seen. He was a tremendous self starter. Kathy Oathout was my Office Mgr. and very capable. We were weak in membership and I hired the membership Dir. from the Clearwater Chamber, Fred Boscorina, who really proved to be a superb hire! Assembling the right staff is key to any business or organization. Our Chamber Business Mgr. was a really good man but had no computer skills so I recruited Connie Hiskey our very close friend from Kirksville who was currently with the Univ. of Missouri School of Engineering's Development Dept. We also had a new domed stadium sitting in St. Pete built for Major League baseball, but housing no team. Professional hockey[Tampa Bay Lightning] played there and was well supported attendance wise. Very early in my Presidency I did have one minor crisis. The main entry point to the Chamber, from the parking lot, behind our building , was covered every morning with pigeon dropping . After several weeks I took my trusty Daisy BB gun and stirred up the group assembled over our doorway. It made the St. Pete Times and I readily admitted that I let my Mid west up bringing address the problem in a manner, too direct. I'm sure I shook up our Chamber's elected leadership but it soon died down and the ironic aspect to this becoming public is that I received more letters of support than I had ever received in my life, from people all over St. Pete, who were equally frustrated. In 1996 we set a national record for a Chamber membership campaign for a Chamber our size by bringing in 535 new members in one month. Fred Boscorina used the Team concept to perfection. In two years we had grown from about 1,600 paid members to 2,575. We took all Chamber publications in-house and Mark Cornish generated far more revenues for the Chamber than when it was contracted out. We were an early bird when it came to obtaining Domain names and we secured stpete.com , the ideal domain name which soon attracted 1.5 million hits a month and became a new revenue source. This was also handled by

Mark Cornish. He was housed at the Chamber, paid us rent but did his own thing and I never had to worry about his work ethic or results! One day it dawned on me that since most everyone eats lunch, why not make lunch time work for us in the retention of our members. So I created luncheons called " 12 @ 12 " invited 12 Chamber members to join us at 12:00 for lunch. Initially we did 40 luncheons a year then increased it to 60 after our huge membership drive. At first we had a Pizza place provide us the Pizza for their exposure but later had Applebees do all of our luncheons serving their delicious Chicken Oriental Salad and bread. Our only out of pocket costs were the beverages. This turned out to be the best thing we could do for member communication and retention. While the members were eating I would give them an update on all that we were doing. When they finished eating I went around the table and asked each member to voice their business and community concerns. I would respond as best I could and the dynamics within the group usually led to them often doing business with each other. They left, better informed about the Chamber, voiced their business & community concerns which we could address and quite often left with them developing new business contacts. It was a great success for us and once I shared the concept with other Chambers at State & National meeting it was copied by many other Chambers. The manager of the Applebees that catered all of our luncheons I wrote a detailed letter to their corporate Pres. about the great job he was doing. He later was named the Manager of the Year and received a nice bonus and other promotions. He was a most happy camper! I can't tell you how many longtime members of the Chamber would leave our 12 @ 12 telling me that they had no idea that the Chamber was doing so many positive things, or that they were about to drop their membership until they came to this luncheon. Another very unique idea we created was our Entrepreneurial Academy which I successfully trademarked. Seeing the huge failure rates of new businesses [4 of 5 fail within 5 years] I was determined to see if I could prevent that rate among our members or new business prospects. I developed a 30 hour program of instruction, 10 weeks at 3 hrs. per night. I then recruited a cadre of our outstanding chamber members to teach their segment at no cost. Each instructor taught their area of expertise. We covered, basic business law, insurance, sales, marketing, credit cards, etc. , giving them a very balanced overview of what they need to be aware of as a new business. I'll never forget one couple, in their early 40's who had a photography business coming to me at the end of the course telling me that they would have given anything to have taken this course before they went into business! We did three , 10 week sessions a year and had over 700 grads during my tenure at the Chamber. It was another program copied by other Chambers. We charged \$180 for the entire course and I would also secure sponsors to help underwrite the expenses involved. We did not design this to be a big money maker but we were profitable and helped hundreds of young businesses to survive! I was very fortunate to have on my Chamber Board a skilled and able attorney named Howard Ross who soon became my " Dean " for the EA Class. Howard attended and supervised 30 Wednesday night classes plus three graduations. Amazing commitment! I would later bring this program to Lake Sumter State College as their Business Assistance Director. One of the things I really felt good about re: our 700+ EA Grads was that 53% were women and 33% were African-American!

Major League baseball finally comes to St. Pete! After years of pursuing Major League baseball and being left at the alter twice by the teams threatening to move to St. Pete we finally landed our own team: the Tampa Bay Devil Rays....later shortened to Tampa Bay Rays. However in this process we lost the St. Louis Cardinals to Jupiter, Fl. for Spring training. I had met my boyhood hero, Stan Musial, and years later I would receive a very meaningful memento from him.[More later]. Our Leadership St. Pete program was the nation's 2nd oldest program and it was a gem among our Chamber activities. We also had a dynamic Women's Council and I also created " The Tampa Bay Business Women's HOF " after seeing a void in the Bay area for HOF recognition for successful business women. The existing Tampa Bay Business HOF event was almost totally dominated by male Inductees as they had a huge head start in the world of business.

Probably one of the best ideas I came up with had to do with the Chambers rental office space downtown. We had a good location on the ground floor of a 3 story Bldg. When David Feaster was my Chair we made an offer to the owner of our Bldg. to buy our space as a condo unit within the Bldg. Fortunately he agreed. I then proposed a plan to pay it off over 3 years from donated monies from the membership. We also bought the naming rights to the building as a whole so it was THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE BLDG. Once the space was paid for we could pocket much of our rental monies to be used for Chamber programs. I set up a retirement program for staff. As we continued to grow, there was a small Travel Ctr. next to us that moved. We bought that space for I think \$90,000 and rented it out to the Down Town Partnership until we had a need for it. Since we worked closely with the Partnership it was a

logical tenant. The value of our property ownership now was right at \$1 million in equity. Quite an accomplishment.

I happened to be in that adjacent Travel Agency, the morning of 9/11. When we saw the first airplane hit one of the twin towers I immediately thought of the U.S. Bomber that accidentally flew into the Empire State Bldg. But as soon as the second plane hit the second tower I knew it was a terrorist attack. We were glued to that T.V. for much of the working days as other events unfolded. Several days after the attack, I wrote the Presidents of our Airlines members and told them, based on the great harm to our airline industry that we [the Chamber] would waive their membership fee for the coming year. Within a week I received a beautiful thank you note from Colleen Barrett CEO of SW Airlines thanking me. [more later]. I heard from American Airlines months later but no one else. The year 2001 was the 100th anniversary of the St. Pete Chamber. We did a time capsule to be opened in 100 years [2111] Don't know why I did not do a 25 or 50 yr. capsule. Guess I'm a real forward thinker. If any future reader of this history is around in 2111, check on its opening. Among the inclusions in the Time Capsule was a beautiful Coffee Table book we produced on St. Pete and Pinellas County. Ruth Bross, on our staff was a gifted writer and she wrote most of the text and I selected most of the pictures and mapped out how we should structure the book. It turned out great, and was a far better book than my first one for Fresno. Also, a nice profit piece for us. Ruth finished this a year or two before she died. She was so proud of the book as was her family. She was very gifted.

We did flirt with buying another building owned by Florida Power near the old YMCA that would have really provided for our needs for the rest of 2000 and beyond. We had a buyer for our Bldg., paying our asking price but at the last moment there was an issue with getting a clear title on the Bldg. we were buying and it cost us our buyer. Disappointing at the time, but as events unfolded after I left the Chamber it was probably a blessing it fell through. I had a really good streak of outstanding Chamber Chairs. probably only had one weak Chair.

One of the really exciting developments that helped jump start the revitalization of down town was the construction of Bay walk, directly across from the Chamber Bldg. It was an attractive sq. block of shops and a 16 screen movie theater that became an immediate hit. It drew great crowds to downtown every evening. Along with Bay Walk some new high rise condos rose facing the Bay and the Pier that now brought to downtown the activity of daily residents. St. Pete was coming alive to the point that the leadership of Tampa came across the Bay to see what we were up to.

Housing wise we had moved from Bardmoor to the Bay . We bought a house on the water at the end of 31st St. South. Had a 120' dock, pool and looked directly out at the Sky Way bridge. We were the end house on a Cul-de-sac. The home needed a new sea wall which the seller replaced before we closed. About a month after we moved in a major storm hit us, took all the boards off our 120' dock and dumped a ton or more of sea weed over our new sea wall into our pool. What a mess! The home had not been well maintained and we spent two years really shaping it up, inside and out, including rebuilding the dock. As beautiful as the house turned out we got tired of sweating out every tropical storm that formed of the coast of Fl. I had always wanted to live on the water but decided that a big lake was preferable over that awesome ocean. We had bought the empty lot adjacent to us so we had a lot of room, a great dock and a totally renovated water front home. But, one Sunday we went for a drive and found an area called Barkley Estates in north St. Pete about 15-20 minutes from my office. There was a home for sale by owner and it was the home of the developer, Mr. Barkley. Corner home, 4 bed. rm., 3 bath, game room, family rm., formal dining rm, formal living rm., big pantry and large double car garage. Well landscaped lot. Pool w/cage. We bought it! This was more home than we needed but it was too good a buy to turn down. During our time in Barkley, Peg was a volunteer at the SPCA and walked a lot of dogs and really became adept in handling and evaluating dogs & cats for adoption. She was so capable that in 2003 she was selected as Volunteer of the Year! One day she came home to tell me about a dog she wanted to adopt. A retired Greyhound! She took me to see him at the SPCA and he was a beauty. Fawn colored and about 70 pounds. Peg wanted to adopt him [Harry] but a couple had also wanted to adopt him but needed the ok from their condo assoc. They had till 5:00 p.m. to adopt him. When 5:00 came and they didn't show, we got him. What a really great dog. Raced in Fl. and had won several races. He was also cat friendly, which was essential as we had a female cat, TIGER, named by me as she had a big black "M" on her forehead [Missouri Tigers]. She met Harry at our front door when Peg brought him home and she bowed up, big time, hissed and let him know she was boss. After that they got along great. She would walk right over his head when he was laying on the rug.

In Dec. , 2005 at the USF-St. Pete Campus graduation ceremonies, I was very honored to receive THE PRESIDENT'S AWARD from Dr. Judy Genshaft, President of the Univ. of South Florida. This is the highest non academic award that the USF President could bestow. The Chamber had been a big help to the USF Campus in St. Pete. USF is the 10th largest Univ. in America. Usually this kind of recognition goes to someone who has made a large financial commitment to a Univ. or to an elected official who had a direct impact on the Univ. Mine apparently was earned via " Sweat Equity ". of Chamber support of USF-St. Pete.

During my 11 year tenure as Pres. of the St. Pete Chamber I was very involved with the Florida Assoc. of Chamber Professionals and was elected the State Chairman for the year 2002- 03. I had received the same honor in Indiana for 1994-95 and we had a very dynamic state Chamber group at the time, in both states.

I had planned to retire from the Chamber at the end of my contract in 2006. In anticipation of retirement Peg & I sold our home in Barkley Estates and downsized our housing needs. We went on a drive to Sun City Center, [a retirement community of 55+] south of the Sky Way bridge, and found a home for sale in Sun City Center. We bought it and had several sales, estate sale, garage sale in shedding a lot of the stuff we had collected over our marriage. We sold over 40 clocks and several large pieces of furniture plus a whole bunch more. When we sold the Barkley home we also included the pool table and my mom's 100 yr. old Baby Grand piano as the new owner played the piano as did his dad in Honky Tonks. The irony of this was that the piano had a TONK Bench which may have been worth more than the piano. Honky Tonk came from the Tonk bench which allowed the piano player to slide back & forth on the bench to play Honky Tonk music. . . We went from a home of 3,300 sq' to 1,850 sq'. We did a lot of work on the Sun City home and really customized it to our taste. We hired a Polish immigrant named Stanley but his last name looked like an eye chart with few vowels. He spoke English with great difficulty but he was the best, most honest worker we ever had. Often when we paid him, he would say: " Too much!" We had used Stanley & his wife to do work for us at our Barkley home and they were a remarkable couple. Later on, one night my wife got a call from Stanley and his first words were: "This is Stanley, I citizen!" How proud he was to now be a citizen of the U.S. We were so proud of him. He was exactly the kind of immigrant that should be coming to America! The drive to work, over the Sky Way bridge was about 30 minutes but a beautiful commute. We thought at the time that this would likely be our last home. But a surprise event would occur , which thrust me on a new path.

THE FLORIDA COUNCIL ON ECONOMIC EDUCATION

In the summer of 2005 I was approached about becoming the new Exec. Dir. of the Florida Council on Economic Education, based in Tampa. This was a statewide organization working with H.S. students on gaining a better understanding of American Economics [Free Enterprise]. The long time previous Exec. was forced to resign when it was discovered he was being paid by two different entities which was unknown by the FI Council. He was double dipping on their nickel. In my 20 years of Chamber management and working with the schools, I was well aware of the Economic ignorance that existed. I was eager to make a statewide difference. I had a meeting with Al Austin of Tampa [big in Republican politics] and Gus Stavros who lived in St. Pete and had been very supportive of my Chamber leadership and they introduced me to the Chairman of FCEE, Zachariah Zachariah, a heart surgeon from Ft. Lauderdale..The meeting went well and I was offered the job. Little did I know then, that Zachariah was an ego manic and the most difficult person I ever had to work with. However, he was the one who discovered the double dipping by the previous Exec and the rest of the Board viewed him very favorably for uncovering the mess. . The rest of the board were business men & women of considerable talent & resources. A lot of heavy hitters. I had a staff of 5 plus myself and an organization which had just undergone a lot of negative publicity. We were in a mess. The staff all claimed they had no knowledge of the Exec's double dipping and remained in place. I questioned, within myself, how much they knew and wouldn't admit to but I was stuck with them and had to regroup and regain credibility and get our job done. When my marketing staff member resigned I did not replace her but instead contacted Rick Dodge, from St. Pete who I had worked with over my 11 years at the Chamber. Rick had been the number one guy to the Mayor in St. Pete and later became the Econ. Dev. Dir. for Pinellas County. He had the most

creative economic development mind I had ever met. He now had his own marketing company and I knew that together, we could really map out a very path for the future of FCEE.

On the campus of USF, in Tampa was housed the Gus Stavros Ctr. for Economic Dev. and their Dir. was a big help to me in getting oriented as to the past and our organizations strengths & weaknesses. I visited several of our state colleges and universities who we had worked with us in the past in helping economic education in their area. We also found out that the claim of the previous Dir. that FCEE was reaching a million kids a year, was actually reaching 67,000. As Rick Dodge and his E-3 group were doing their home working on developing our plan for the future I could tell from my phone calls with Dr. Zachariah that he was an absolute control freak. I was simply praying for his term as Chairman to end so he would be replaced by someone with common sense and reasonable to work with. We were paying the Dodge group \$50,000 for their study and proposal for our future. It was extremely well done and I was anxious to unveil it at the full board retreat in Feb. of 2006. Prior to the retreat I had recruited 3 major School Superintendents in Florida's largest school Districts to serve on our Board. Got great feedback from other Board members on this as we needed the cooperation of the schools to get our information into classroom use.

When we got to the Board retreat I could tell that Dr. Zachariah was in a foul mood. As Rick Dodge was about halfway through his presentation, Zachariah cut him off, dismissed us all and called for an emergency Board meeting. It reminded me of how Hitler would have acted once he learned that his German forces could not take Stalingrad in WWII. I later found out that what set him off was the knowledge that his hand picked successor was not likely to be chosen. He literally went off the deep end. I wrote a detailed 6 page memo to [Robert Rodgers of Quantum Search] detailing the nightmare of working with Dr. Zachariah. I could document everything that I was stating, especially the instances in which Zachariah ignored our own By-Laws. I will never know the exact complaints that Zachariah had against me or our direction but do know that he was upset that I did not ask him to be the Emcee at the Tampa Bay Business HOF Inductions as I had asked Judy Genshaft, Pres. of USF. Most all of the Inductees were men and we needed to give some gender balance to the evening and since we were an education oriented foundation, what better choice than the Pres. of USF. She was very articulate while Zachariah was a disaster on the podium. He said I asked her, instead of him, because she had given me The President's Award for Distinguished Service. He had an ego, I could not satisfy! We parted company shortly after the Board Retreat disaster. We were on the way of really making a real difference in Fl. for economic education and he destroyed all the good that we had done in a short time. Months later, I heard from the Exec. who replaced me sharing the horror stories about his short tenure and the absolute mess within the staff that I had to work with. I could totally relate to his situation. Short assessment: Biggest disaster I could ever find myself in, all due to one egomaniac!

RECRUITED TO HANDLE FLORIDA SPORTS HOF INDUCTIONS FOR 2006

Shortly after my resignation from FCEE I was approached by the Florida Sports HOF to become their Exec. Dir. and to conduct their 2006 HOF Inductions. The HOF was in immense transition and had moved their HOF museum and offices from Lake City, Fl. to St. Pete. All of the HOF sports memorabilia was in storage in St. Pete. There was no source of income but several members pooled their monies to pay me to handle the 2006 Inductions. We had a great Induction ceremony held in Tropicana Stadium with Emmitt Smith of Dallas Cowboy fame leading our slate of Inductees. Emmitt had played his college ball at the Univ. of Florida. He was a class guy.

REMEMBERING MY MOTHER, MARIAN ETHEL [KRIENKE] SLOAN

My mother was born on June 16, 1919 in Minnesota [believe St. Paul] and died in Columbia, Mo. on a August 19th, 1987. She and my dad, Floyd Arthur Sloan, are buried in Memorial Park Cemetery in Columbia, Mo. Her parents were Ben & Ethel [Dunlap] Krienke. She was tall, blonde and excelled at anything she tried. She had a younger sister [Dorothy] and two older brothers Douglas and Benjamin who later changed his name to Andre Bene. Her mom died, [I believe suicide] when she in her teens. Her death was devastating to my mom and she never really talked to me about that part of her life. After her death I believe she left home [unsure of when] and went to live with her mom's sister Laura, in Sioux

City, Ia. This is where she met my dad and they married 3 days after they met. Her life between her mom's death and marrying my dad is unknown to me and rarely discussed. I'm pretty sure she didn't finish H.S. yet was very intelligent and an outstanding writer. After I was born on 3/28/1938 she could not have any more children. My name came from my dad [Floyd Arthur] and one of Aunt Laura's two sons, one named Russell, therefore Floyd Russell Sloan.

My mom had a great sense of humor, loved Cross Word puzzles and what ever she chose to do, she excelled. When my mom & dad built a story & a half home all by themselves my mom did the lions share of the work. She could sheet rock, lay hard wood floors, frame a wall, you name it. She also was an excellent seamstress, good cook, [although she was not into cooking] and probably could have written professionally. When I was in grade school the night before Easter she would write elaborate rhyming poems as to where the next Easter basket would be located. She had a keen interest in politics and both my mom & dad were staunch Republicans! My mom had a terrific whistle and as a kid I could go play as far away as I could hear her whistle! She played the piano and later she played the organ at Church [St. Andrews in Columbia, Mo.].

As a boy growing up, it was always reassuring to come home from school and my mom would be there, good day or bad. She was always encouraging of my interests and efforts although I'm sure she wished I had some musical ability [which I had none]. She liked to bowl and probably would have loved to have played golf but we did not have the money for her to do that and she did not get her driver's license until she was in her 40's.

During WWII my parents kept my dad's brother [Jack Sloan] little girl [Linda Sloan] after my dad's brother got a divorce and went off to war. Linda was 3 years younger than me and I loved her as if she had been my sister and my parents loved her immensely. When I was in the first grade my mom, Linda, and me went to visit my mom's dad in Columbia, Mo. We rode with Dorothy and her husband who she soon divorced after learning that he was wearing military medals & ribbons that he had not earned. Never found out what happened to him. Don't know if Dorothy got a divorce or annulment. The trip to Columbia was in May of 1945 and my dad stayed behind to work. The German's had surrendered in Europe but the war in the Pacific was still raging. During our visit, my parents decided to stay in Columbia and my dad sold our possessions and joined us in Columbia. We drove my dad's brother's car [1938 Olds, built like a tank] while he was in Europe. He was in the 101st Airborne and fought at Bastone, the last desperate massive offensive launched by Hitler! Fortunately he came back safely!

All the years I grew up, my mom stayed at home. Only after H.S. did she go to work at Boone County National Bank. When she did finally get her driver's license in her 40's she would then drive most anywhere. She had a lead foot on the Interstate but did not like to drive that much in city traffic. For a good many years we had but one vehicle, but when my mom finally got her license she drove a Buick, and the bigger the better. She bought one used Buick that was sold to her as a one owner car. We had suspicions about that and she had a friend on the High Way Patrol that researched the vehicle and found that there were multiple owners and that the mileage had been turned back. The auto dealership was caught with their pants down and paid my mom \$26,000 to settle their fraud.

In 1959, after we beat Kansas for the Orange Bowl bid Peg & I decided to get married and she could go to the Orange Bowl as part of the official Missouri contingent. When I told my mom & dad of our plans, my mom was really upset. She felt I was too young [not quite 22] to get married. I suspected that maybe she felt that she was too young at 18 to have gotten married. She & my dad gave every indication that they were not coming to the wedding. But they did. They were initially suspicious that Peg had talked me into getting married, but that was totally wrong, I was the one who pushed getting married. After an initial period of coolness my mom & Peg became great friends as Peg had earned her respect and that strong friendship would last until my mom's death in 1987.

My parents were married for 48 years before my dad died. At times they had a verbally aggressive relationship. Both were strong willed. But they both respected and loved each other and as a team they accomplished a lot. My mom kept my dad's business books and I'm sure she developed a system of book keeping unknown to any other book keeper. But it worked.

Going back to 1946 when my dad's brother returned from the war and reclaimed his daughter, Linda, it left a huge void in my parents lives. They worked hard to adopt a child and finally accomplished that through the Lutheran Home in St. Louis when we adopted my sister Thonnetta [Toni] Sloan when she was 6 weeks old. My mom was most always the discipline dispenser in our home. I only remember my dad spanking me one time when we were still living in LA. My dad spoiled Toni and I think that caused a

degree of friction between my mom and dad. Most of my genetic traits seemed to have come from my moms side in looks and skills.

In my mom's later years we were living in Fresno and she would drive out by herself or with her "boxer" and spend several weeks with us. She was a joy to have. When she developed breast cancer, which evolved into bone cancer it was a shock because we knew it was likely fatal. When my mom's cancer finally progressed to the point of no hope she was in the hospice area of Boone County Hospital. Peg and our daughter Lori and her daughter Allison went to be with her and I followed a few days later. During the initial days in the hospital she was under heavy pain killer sedation but did tell God that he needed to give Jesus more responsibility. "He's been a good son", she said, "and" he did everything you asked". Fortunately my mom had a great woman doctor who told us that she would give her whatever is necessary to keep her out of pain. When I arrived she was in and out of heavy sedation. She was unable to communicate but if I leaned over her bedside and said "Give me a kiss" she would try to pucker her lips. We were there when she died and I experienced a grief that I had never known. I loved her immensely and for 67 years she had given me her unconditional love. By the time of her funeral, all I could think of was the very funny aspects of our life together. She was a very unique character that furnished us "Marian moments" that still keep us laughing. My mom and I were very close. I never once talked back to my mom or dad. She was there for me through successes and disappointments. When I ran for Congress she would often come up and stay with our kids when Peg & I were on the campaign trail. It seems that her main meal for our kids was Hamburger Helper, sometimes overly spiced as my mom was losing her taste buds. She died way to young at 68. But I could not have had a better mother and she left me with memories that bring a smile to my face and she had been a tremendous influence in my life!

REMEMBERING MY DAD, FLOYD ARTHUR SLOAN

My dad was born in Volin, South Dakota on Dec. 8th, 1907. He was the oldest of 2 sons and he had 6 sisters. All dates & names are in the family bible, written in Norwegian, which is now in possession of our oldest son Doug Sloan. My dad's father [Ole J. Sloan, born in Norway July 11, 1870] was a farmer and my dad told me that at one time his dad had the largest private orchard in South Dakota. My dad did not discuss a lot of his boyhood days, but I think being the oldest son on the farm he worked very hard. He had to quit school after the 8th grade [not uncommon in those days] to work full time on the farm. I think my dad's father became an alcoholic in his later years and he died the year before I was born. I'm guessing this may have put more pressure on my dad to keep the farm going. My dad's parents, both died before I was born. My dad's mom Rika Iverson Sloan died in 1923. We do have the family trunk which came from Norway in 1871. On the outside of the trunk it reads: From Oslo, Norway to the Dakota Territory! Sloan in Norwegian was spelled SLAAEN but a double "A" in Norwegian is pronounced as an "O". They arrived from Norway before Ellis Island existed, so not sure where their arrival point was in America. Also don't know what caused them to leave Norway or wind up in South Dakota. Currently, our second son, Matt, has the trunk in his possession. I have found info on the internet that states, there is a Slaaen farms in Norway and most Norwegians that came to America from this area settled in Minnesota and the Dakotas.

At some point my dad found his way into the grocery store business in Sioux City, Iowa. He was in the Iowa National Guard for several years prior to WWII. He met my mom in Sioux City and I think it was at the grocery store owned by my mom's Aunt Laura and her husband C.S. Van Eaton. I do know they married 3 days after they met. My dad was 30 and my mom was 18. My dad loved to tell the story of dancing to Lawrence Welk [nationally known Polka Band leader and accordion player] and relating that the "smart money" boys in Sioux City, said Lawrence would never make it. Welk had a very popular T.V. show in the 1950's & '60's which can still be found on Cable T.V. today [2015]. I'm not sure exactly sure how long we lived in Sioux City before my dad took a grocery job in Grand Island, Neb. and I think it was also a store owned by my mom's aunt & her husband. We moved from there to Los Angeles in late 1941. My mom said that after Pearl Harbor was attacked that my dad's National Guard unit was called up but as they gave my dad his physical prior to being shipped out they found he had two ruptured ear drums and rejected him. My mom said he literally cried for 3 days as his buddies were going and he couldn't join them. Our move to LA occurred shortly after that but I'm unsure what took them to LA other than my dad

had a sister there [Louise Sloan Roach] and my mom's brother Benjamin [changed to Andre] who had a very successful Beauty Shop in Hollywood. He found a job in a machine shop probably tied to the war effort. We lived at 2405 W. 73rd St. in LA during the war until we moved to Missouri in the spring of 1945. I remember the night that they thought there were Japanese airplanes over LA and we stood at our front window and saw the search lights on the sky and we were firing live anti aircraft guns. While I was a month shy of being 4 yrs. old, I had a sense how serious this was. I'm pretty sure we lived in a duplex. We adopted my first dog [Tippy] from the LA Dog pound and I began kindergarten & 1st grade at the 74th St Grade School. We would visit my dad's sister & her husband and my mom's brother. Most everything was rationed [gas, meat, tires, etc.] so we did not travel too much. When my dad's brother became a paratrooper we took in his daughter Linda as he & his wife had divorced and she did not want Linda. We all loved her as if she was our own. My memories of those years are good except I did have a strong sense of the war especially when we would go to the beach and see the gun emplacements and the Barrage Balloons.

When our visit from LA to see my mom's dad, in Columbia, Mo. my dad's life changed for the better as it did for all of us. When my dad followed us to Mo. he sold all of our possessions and came to Mo. with our essential family items and Tippy. Among my toys was a wood Superman figure which I would love to have today Superman was created in 1938, the year I was born and was my super hero. For collectors it would be quite valuable today! When my dad arrived in Columbia, he found a job back in the grocery business but fortunately a job opportunity would come along that would define the rest of his life.

The job my dad would obtain would lead to a career and his eventual ownership of the business called : Wolcott Water Softeners. It became the largest Water Softening business in Columbia with a presence in Fulton, Mo. My dad was about 5'11, blonde hair, barrel chested and never overweight. A smoker most of his life I believe that his smoking led to Emphysema and his death at age 77 just about two weeks before his 78th birthday. He died on Nov. 22, 1985. He was totally honest, politically astute and had a great work ethic. He was somewhat of an introvert until he took the Dale Carnegie course and then he blossomed as a speaker and his increased self confidence was very noticeable. He traveled many miles , sat on a lot of bleacher seats as he watched me play FB, BB, Base Ball and Track from grade school through college. Probably one of his most satisfying moment in my sports endeavors was during my Sr. yr. at Missouri when we beat Michigan at Michigan with 2 seconds left on the clock. A lot of my dad's sisters and their family lived in Michigan and came to that game. Great win, in front of the family!

Unfortunately my dad died in Columbia before I could fly back from Calif. to see him. He and I loved to play Scrabble and Cribbage against each other. Had some great arguments about the use of certain words before there was an Official Scrabble Dictionary. One of my fondest memories was the times we would play " Last Tag ". He would tag me, rush to the car and as he departed he was trying to roll up his car window before I could reach him to tag him back. Years after his death I saw the perfect cartoon: It showed a father on his death bed with his son at his side. Suddenly the father tagged his son by his side, uttered " LAST TAG " and then died! I then knew that some other father/son had the same experience as my dad & I. I was very fortunate to have the dad that I did. My parents were opposites in many ways and would have some dandy arguments, but were always encouraging of my efforts and ambitions.

MY SISTER, THONETTA [TONI] LORENE SLOAN

My parents adopted Toni when she was 6 weeks old through the Lutheran Home in St. Louis, Mo. I know how devastated they were when my dad's brother reclaimed his daughter Linda after WWII. Their expectation was that we would raise Linda. Toni was born June 30, 1949 and died on July 1st, 2011. I played a big role in her early years especially when my mom & dad were building our house. I made her formula, fed her, changed her diapers. I was Mister Mom during those early years. Since there was an 11 year gap in our age I did not continue to grow up with her under the same roof. She was a good girl growing up and as she got older I was now out of the house and on my own. My dad probably spoiled her causing a slight degree of friction between my mom & dad. I was 22 and married when she was 11 so I lost the regular contact that we had in her earlier years. All of us loved her as we did Linda when we were all together. She graduated from Hickman and Stephens College in Columbia with a 2 yr. Degree. She married a really nice guy named Dennis Gabriel who had a musical talent and was an excellent piano tuner. They moved to the Kansas City area and had two boys, Scot & Van. When Peg and our family left for Calif. In 1979 we pretty well lost communication with her and her family. The last time I saw her was at

my moms funeral in 1987. My dad had died in 1985 and the relationship between my mom and Toni had deteriorated and not sure of all of the reasons. During my mom's final few days in Hospice before her death Peg and our daughter Lori were by her side until I was able to join them from Calif. Toni would come over during the lunch hour to give Peg & Lori a break and eat my mom's lunch since my mom was under heavy sedation. After the funeral we went our separate ways and I only learned of her death well after the fact.

OUR OLDEST SON, DOUGLAS TAFT SLOAN

Our oldest son Doug arrived on Sept. 18, 1960, 9 months & 14 days after we were married. I was born 9 months & 9 days after my parents were married. Couldn't break their record. Doug weighed 8 pounds, 12 ounces and became one of the most handsome baby boys you could imagine. Peg's Aunt Sadie, entered him in two baby contests and he won both [Boone County Fair and again in Centralia, Mo.] After his second win in Centralia he asked Peg, " Well, did I win again "? That ended his baby contest days .

Doug was named after General Douglas MacArthur and Ohio Senator Robert A. Taft [known as" Mr. Conservative" within the Republican Party]. He was a man of immense integrity. From the day of his birth, Doug was the most organized little kid I've ever seen. Even the few times he did something wrong, it was organized. We had a set of Encyclopedias of 20 books. Probably, around age two, he put a little one inch purple crayon mark on the top of each book, about the same location & size on each book. During his first year , Peggy's Aunt Sadie kept him during the day while Peg was working. Aunt Sadie was so proud of him, she took him to every friend she had to show him off. When you walked with him down the street, people would constantly stop and comment on what a handsome baby boy he was!

In our first apartment after he was born his crib was adjacent to our bed in our one bedroom apt. Early in the morning Peg & I learned to just peek at him as if he saw any activity it was all over. As long as he thought we were sleeping he would stand at his crib with his eyes focused on us, very quietly waiting for a sign of life! It was in this Apt. that he learned to walk. First around our coffee Table at 5 months and then alone at 6 months. Very early walker! Aunt Sadie was a big part of his life while we were in Columbia and they formed a life long bond. Sadie loved our other two kids but she had helped raise Doug and that was the difference.

When we moved from Columbia to Higginsville, Mo. for my first Head FB Coaching job one day Doug & our Dog, Saben [a Norwegian Elk Hound] decided to go downtown at about age 3. Peg caught him before he went out of sight. From Higginsville we moved to Centralia and then Carthage, Mo. where he started Kindergarten. Carthage had no public Kindergarten so we sent him to the Catholic Kindergarten run by Sister Vincent, a remarkable Nun and teacher. We could tell that she had a special feeling about Doug. Doug was a quick learner, could memorize and always played the lead role in any program for the parents. One of the more memorable aspects about his Kindergarten time occurred during his walk to and from school which was a pretty good distance. Couldn't do it today! Doug would come home from school and talk about the little girl he met on the way, as they both were headed to the same school. He would describe in detail what she wore, day after day. Only when it was raining very hard one day when Peg went to pick him up did she see that the little girl he described daily was black. He never saw her color as a factor in describing her. We thought to ourselves, how great it would be if that color blindness existed nation wide!

Because Doug was born on the 18th of Sept. he could either be among the youngest in his Class or the oldest. We decided that for a boy, it would be best if he was among the oldest, so we had him repeat Kindergarten to achieve that goal . This meant that now Doug & Matt were both in Kindergarten together. For years Matt claimed that Doug flunked Kindergarten ! Brotherly love!

Doug was always a very good student and one of the happiest days in my life is when he could read. I'd have him read the instructions to assemble the Swing Set and then I'd tighten the nuts. He had the patience & understanding of wading through vaguely written instructions that I never had. One of his happiest moments was in Kirksville, Mo. when we gave him an old washing machine & some wrenches. Boy, was he a happy kid!

When we moved to Jeff City, Mo. Doug's interest in athletics began to blossom. He played catcher in baseball and did very well. He also played FB for a year [8th grade, I think] and was impressive. . But there was a very good Track Coach who got him interested in track & running. He was the most dedicated 8th grader I'd seen. He would run to school in the morning [about 5 miles] regardless of the weather and then work out after school. He desperately wanted to make it to the Olympics. I can say he had the

heart and dedication of an Olympian! As he got older, less dedicated kids with more natural ability began to surpass him. He eventually recognized this and told his mom that his role would be to help the younger kids get better. Years later, as a father of two boys, Doug became as good a Little League Baseball Coach as I've seen. You could have paid Doug a million dollars and he would not have done a better coaching job.

Doug ran a couple of Marathons. In the first one he started too quickly, didn't take enough liquids and it was cool. As the race progressed and it got hotter Doug's muscles began to seriously cramp. Near the finish line it took all of his will power to finish in great agony. It was a display of immense personal determination and dedication. That race defined his intensity!

When we moved from Cape Girardeau, Mo. in 1979 Doug had just graduated from H.S. He went to Fresno St. for a semester before returning to Missouri to attend Southeast Mo. St. where I had served as Athletic Director before accepting the job with Fresno St. When he started at Fresno St. he found that he was a year ahead of what was being taught plus his friends were in Missouri. It was a more costly move for him but it worked out for his undergraduate degree at SEMO and then getting his law degree at the Univ. of Mo. at Kansas City [UMKC]. We were of little financial help to him once he returned to Missouri as we felt that the added expense was do to his choice as he could have continued at Fresno St. for very little money. We did get him a leased Chevrolet Sprint his last two years to get him off motorcycles which scared us to death. Think he got the 5th Sprint shipped to America. It got up to 60 miles per gallon on the Hwy. and 50 around town. A great little car! He added cruise control and some other goodies.

Doug graduated with honors at SEMO and then was off to Law School at UMKC. He put himself through Law School and began his career at a large firm in downtown KC overlooking the Mo. River. He helped win a huge lawsuit involving formaldehyde in sheet rock when he uncovered an internal corporate memo re: the danger within the sheet rock. His firm won the case [a big one] due in large part to Doug's research. He was briefly married to a school teacher in the K.C. Area. Her mom and dad were getting a divorce and Doug wound up representing her father. Think that was a mistake as Doug discovered the flaw of the wife which he also saw in his wife. Fortunately they had no kids. Doug had told Peggy that he would never divorce if children were involved. Doug was an attorney in the family law firm of Rush Limbaugh, America's most listened to Talk Show host. In the firm at one time was Rush's Grand father, his dad & his brother. Doug was interviewed by the grand father who was 100 and had practiced law for 80 years. The oldest practicing attorney in America. Think he died at about 104.

Doug after his divorce returned to Fresno as the girl he dated in Fresno [Janet] had also experienced a divorce and the two reconnected via the internet. They married and were blessed with two boys Luke & Ryan who are exact carbon copies of our two. Luke is just like Doug & Ryan is just like our Matt. It is like watching your sons reborn. Amazing replication of genetics! Doug is the City Attorney for Fresno, the 4th largest city in Calif. Quite an achievement! Janet, is also very accomplished and has been in public education for 30+ years in the classroom as well as her current County administrative duties. [as of 11-12-2016]

MATTHEW EDWARD SLOAN

Matthew Edward Sloan was named after two people. The Matt came from Matt Flynn, a year ahead of me at Hickman and the funniest kid in school. He looked a lot like Dick Van Dyke, one of the funniest men in America on T.V. and in the movies. You could not help but like Matt Flynn. The Edward came from Peg's Uncle Ed who raised Peg from age four along with Aunt Sadie, sister of Peg's mom. Uncle Ed [Ed Laster] was a Cable Splicer with the telephone company in Columbia and one of the finest men on this earth. Matt was born on July 18, 1962 at Boone County Hospital, Columbia, Mo. He weighed in at 10 pounds, 4 ounces. Peg's doctor [Dr. See] said Matt was the 2nd biggest baby he had delivered from someone Peg's size. He was huge, blonde headed and they put him in the parental viewing area by a set of twins who weighed 4 and a half pounds a piece. Looked like King Kong next to a pygmy. On his stomach, he could raise his head off the bed and look to his left & right. He was 6 weeks old when we moved from Columbia to Higginsville as I had become the new Head FB coach. We have some short film footage of Matt & Doug at that time, in Higginsville. Matt was a great baby but far different than Doug. Doug walked at 6 months, Matt at 14 months. We thought something was wrong, Peg took him to the doctor, and the doctor said, " He's fine and will walk when he wants to". He was right.

Matt definitely resembled my side of the family, Doug favored Peg's side and Lori, yet to arrive, would be a mix of Peg & myself. Matt loved to play games and was very outgoing. Both Doug & Matt were very

competitive but far different in personality. Doug was Mister organized and Matt was Mister spontaneous. Both were good students. Matt started Kindergarten in Carthage, Mo as Doug had done at the Catholic Kindergarten with Sister Vincent. When we moved from Carthage to Kirksville, 1968 he was 6 years old and began the first grade in Kirksville. Matt hated the cold winters of K-ville. Peg would bundle him up and send him out to play. In a short time he was back at the front door, wanting to come back inside where it was warm. Matt & Doug would occasionally come to FB practice when I was Head FB Coach at No. East Mo. St. Univ. [now Truman St.] We have some memorable photos of the boys and the blocking dummies.

When we moved from K-ville to Jeff City in early 1973 Matt was 11 and a half and was now becoming a Jeff City Jay. The Jays were the arch rivals of my H.S. and it was a great personal challenge to root for the Jays. Matt had a lot of natural athletic ability and played summer league baseball and began his FB playing days when Pete Adkins was the Head H.S. FB coach and a legend in Missouri H.S. ranks having won 71 games in a row. The streak was stopped by.....my H.S. [the Hickman Kewpies]. Matt was not old enough to play at the varsity level but the entire FB program from the 7th grade on was organized by Coach Adkins. He was exposed to one of the finest H.S FB programs in America. Matt had many friends and continued to do well in school. However, one day Peg was driving in Jeff City during school hours and saw Matt with a group of his buddies skipping school. When Matt saw his mom. he instantly knew he was in deep trouble. Peg took him to the Principals office. The Principal was a former Kewpie who we knew and Peg told the Principal to issue what ever punishment he thought was needed. I think he banned Matt from 2 weeks of playing baseball which did the trick.

We moved to Cape Girardeau in 1977 when I became A.D. at Southeast Mo. St. Univ. At Cape Matt blossomed in FB, Track [Pole Vault] & Wrestling. He spent his Sophomore & Junior at Cape but in 1979 we moved to Fresno, Ca. as I became the Exec. Dir. of The Bulldog Foundation for Fresno St. Univ. We really hated to have to move with Matt going into his Sr. year and well established athletically. His Track Coach was willing to have Matt live with him to spend his Sr. year in Cape but due to some of the legal rights we would have to assign to him, we decided against it.

Our move to Fresno was initially tough on Matt in FB as he had to beat out an established starter. Being the new kid on the team he did not play much until the starter got hurt and Matt did such a good job the starter was never able to beat him out. Matt went to Hoover H.S. and following FB he went into Wrestling and excelled. His wrestling style included a lot more use of his legs which initially the officials did not fully understand. Finally Matt's Wrestling Coach educated the officials and Matt had a great season. I'll always remember, at Thanksgiving dinner, having Matt sit at the table, sucking on ice cubes in order to make weight. That took immense will power. Following Wrestling he was on to Track & Pole Vaulting. In 3 years of H.S. FB no injuries, but in 3 years of Wrestling he broke a bone each year. He was a good enough Wrestler to receive a Wrestling Scholarship offer from Fresno St. But he wanted to return to Missouri and go to Central Mo. St. Univ. in Warrensburg, Mo. He graduated with a dual major in Finance and Business.

Matt worked his way through college as did Doug. He had learned enough of construction during our home building effort in Jeff City to earn the necessary money doing carpentry work in Warrensburg. I think it was important for Matt's success in College for him to take the responsibility to put himself through school. It would have been far cheaper for both Doug & Matt to have gone to College at Fresno St. and if they wanted to return to Missouri to go to school then the financial burden shifted to them. Both boys were on motorcycles in Mo. which did scare us to death. In fact, Matt did have one pretty hairy experience when he hit loose gravel and got scraped up pretty good. At that point we leased two Chevy Sprints for both boys. The Sprint got 50+ miles to a gallon, had 4 doors, fold down back seat with a 3 cycle Suzuki engine. We later got one ourselves, as a second car, and they were amazing little cars.

I remember one situation when Matt was seeking a summer job. There was a big construction project in San Diego and Matt applied. He was told that they were only hiring Journeyman to work. Matt did not have that title but he told the Project Mgr.; " Let me work a week for you. If you like my work, hire me and if you don't, you don't have to pay me". He got the job. I believe I could have sent Matt anywhere in the world and within a week he would have found a job.

After college graduation I think Matt worked for a bank for a while but quickly decided that sitting in an office behind a desk was not appealing to him. He liked to build things. His career there after was filled with development of major construction projects. I was amazed on the scale of some of the projects he over saw for his age. Matt had the skill that he was at ease with a millionaire financial backer or the hod carrier on the construction site. At the time of this entry Matt is now 53 and working on projects in

Portland, Ore. He and his wife Carolyn, now divorced, had two boys, Matt & Jordan. Both boys live in Oregon.

I won't list all of the various projects that Matt accomplished but it is impressive. He has shown to have great skills and a tremendous work ethic. He has had the misfortune that some of his big & successful projects hit the national market place at the wrong time. That was heart breaking. But he doesn't give up and always bounces back. Both Doug & Matt were not close growing up [so different] but have become very close as adults. In both boys, the tenacity they showed as student athletes carried forth in their professional careers.

LORI ELLEN SLOAN

Lori was our 3rd child and like the first two was also born on the 18th of the month [true planned parenthood]. She was a March baby born in Boone County Hosp. in Columbia, Mo. [1966] although we lived in Carthage. Peg felt more comfortable with her regular doctor [Dr. William See] in Columbia. Because Matt weighed 10 lbs & 4 ounces Dr. See induced Lori two weeks early to avoid Peg having another 10 pound plus baby. As it was she weighed 7+ pounds. Our two boys were born with a full head of hair and naturally our daughter was born almost hairless. Lori would spend her first two years in Carthage before we moved to Kirksville, Mo. as I became the Line Coach at NE MO. ST. UNIV. Lori was always more of a " Tom Boy ". In fact one night as she was getting ready for bed Peg was putting her to bed and wanting Lori to put her night gown on. Lori wanted to wear pajamas like the boys and decided that she would go across the street to Don & Connie Hiskey's house because they had two boys, she wanted to be a boy and they liked boys. As she headed out the door, Peg called Connie and filled her in. Lori arrived at the Hiskey's. was told they had no extra pajamas, and she walked back across the street, put on her night gown and went to bed with no more said.

Lori was a mix of Peg & myself. Beautiful & loving little girl. One of our favorite pictures was taken by the Kirksville News paper prior to the start of school. it is framed and on our bedside. On several occasions the boys & Lori would come to the FB fields during practice and they enjoyed the action. Doug & Matt would block the Dummies and, again, one of our favorite photos is the boys blocking a dummy bag. One tragic experience occurred when Lori [probably age 4 or 5] came home in tears when she was in the locker room, passing out towels, and some player yelled : " Get that girl out of here". Broke her heart! Ours, also. One of those difficult experiences that life deals us all, in one way or the other.

In 1973 we moved from K-ville to Jeff City as I was named the new Director of Motor Vehicles & Licensing for the State of Missouri in the first term of Gov. Kit Bond. Lori was almost 7 and spent her early school years there. In one teacher conference Peg had re: Lori, the teacher noted that when Lori finished her assignment she would start visiting with those close to her. The teacher said she then moved Lori up close to her desk and then shared that now when Lori finishes her work early, she now talks to her and she can't get her work done! Lori was always outgoing and friendly. She loved her sports opportunities and when she was probably around age 9 or 10 there was a national Free Throw Shooting contest that began at the local level and progressed to the national finalists. We took Lori to the local competition and she finished Runner Up to the first place girl. As we were driving home, she asked us: " What does Runner Up mean?" We explained that if the first place girl got sick and couldn't go to the next level, than Lori would go in her place. After our explanation sunk in, Lori burst out in tears and said : " I hope she gets sick!" Another difficult lesson of life.

In 1977 we moved to Cape Girardeau as I became the A.D. for SE Mo. St. We were there two years when I took the job in Fresno, as Dir. of The Bulldog Foundation. I wanted to get into Div. I Athletics and this was a good entry point. Arriving in Fresno in 1979 all of our kids were a good year ahead of the California kids in school work. Lori was in Jr. H.S. and they bussed her across town to a school primarily filled with kids that did not have the parental support or expectations that we had and that Lori was accustomed to in Missouri. Lori was always one to try to help people and she found herself being sucked into a culture unfamiliar to her. She sympathized with a lot of the kids that kind of did their own thing and had minimal parental supervision. She went through a trying time for her and us. She was never disrespectful to us or belligerent but she was staying out all night with kids who were use to living this way. Finally Peg & I had a major decision to make. We needed to have her obey our rules or move out. When she again stayed out all night, Peg packed her bags [she was 14] and set them on the outside of

our front door. For about 3 weeks we did not see or hear from her and prayed that we had made the right decision as well as prayers for her welfare. Then one night Peg gets a call from the mother of one of the kids where Lori was staying. Lori was really sick and the woman was concerned. We went and picked her up. Everything she had in the suitcases had been stolen. When she recovered her life returned to the Lori [pre California] and returned to her normal life within our family. Perhaps we were just lucky, but in this case our " Tough Love " decision worked. Most difficult decision in our life but changed Lori's life for the better from then on. There after, could not have had a better daughter.

We then enrolled Lori in Fresno Christian School and she thrived in both school and sports her Junior & Senior year. It was a great fit. She excelled in Basketball & Softball although early on in basketball, she stole the ball, got turned around and headed toward her opponents basket. She shot & missed and her own fans cheered. Boy, was she embarrassed! In Soft ball her Sr. year she made her greatest play. She was catcher and I had taught her how to defend the plate if she had the ball and an incoming player was trying to score by running over her. I showed her how to get low and come up under the runner, denying them the plate. As fate would have it Lori's team was playing against a team that had a really large intimidating girl who did run over the catcher if possible. Well, in this game the exact situation arose when Lori had the ball and the big girl attempted to run over her and jar loose the ball. Lori got low, came up under the girl and flipped her past the plate and the umpire rightfully called her out. The big girl was now flat on the ground, crying as I'm sure this is probably the first time she had failed to bully her opponent! The other team manager came running out of the dugout to complain and the Umpire repeats out, stating , the plate belongs to the catcher as long as she has the ball. After that call, Lori took off her mask, looked into the crowd and flashed a big smile to Peg, knowing she had stood her ground and did exactly what she had been taught. Lori was tough then and still is.

After graduation from Fresno Christian Lori had met a guy at Peoples Church [sponsor of Fresno Christian School] named Russell Aubuchon who was 9 years older than Lori. One night Russell & Lori came to tell us they wanted to get married. I went to the garage a brought back a ladder [my hint for an elopement] but Russell being a Californian use to one story homes missed the point of the ladder & elopement. The wedding was held at Peoples Church with the reception at our home. Russell was a maintenance engineer at a local large bread making plant and often had the late shift at the plant. We tried to be very fair minded about Lori getting married at 18 as Peg was 18 when we got married. Not long into their marriage we saw signs that Russell had a temper, was controlling and moody. Lori, ever the one to help people, I'm sure felt that she was filling a void in Russell's life and constantly bent over backwards to be a great wife. Two years after their marriage their first child arrived [Allison] who was one of the most enjoyable little kids I ever been around. She was an early talker, complete sentences and very aware of events around her. After Allison came Christina, then Jessica followed by Daniel. All of the kids had dark hair as did Russell & Lori except Christy who was blonde and looked almost exactly like the picture of my moms Aunt Emma. I had nicknames for the 3 girls: Allison was : Doodie-Foots, Christy was " Hambone " and Jessica was " Sweetie Pie". A must for all 4 grand kids was to learn & remember my college FB number, #84! I believe that they will remember that for the rest of their life! Mission accomplished Both Russell & Lori were heavily involved in Peoples Church which eventually led to Lori becoming very involved in reaching young people via a world wide ministry program called [KIDS EE] She was excellent in her role but also had to raise the bulk of her salary in addition to ministering to kids and sharing the program with other churches throughout the country.

Peg & I had moved from Fresno in 1989 as I took on the Presidency of the Muncie-Delaware County Chamber of Commerce. Allison was a little over two and it was difficult leaving Lori and her family behind. After we left Fresno, Russell and Lori bought a plot of ground east of Fresno and built a house, largely based on Russell's skill. It turned out very nice. At this time Lori also got into training horses, primarily Arabians and was very skilled at doing this She had a real gift.

Over the years that we were away from Fresno it never failed that when we would return for a visit that we would always see some evidence of Russell's moody behavior. If he was playing with any of the kids, tickling them, he would never stop until the laughing turned to tears. Whether it was actions like this, a hateful look or a demeaning comment, we kept our mouth shut and watched Lori try to heal the wounds and keep a household together. Finally after 28 years of living under a controlling husband, Lori had finally had enough and filed for divorce. While Russell cried " poor me " at their church, Lori refrained from bad mouthing Russell. The church, strongly anti divorce, had no concept of what Lori and the kids had gone through and the very negative impact Russell had on their 4 kids.

A couple of years after her divorce Lori met a man { Jared Quandt } whose life had been in Ag and was now in Ag real estate. Outstanding choice! They worked together, utilized each others strengths , and found that they had a strong, mutual bond. They married in 2015, and it was the 2nd marriage for both. They reside in Fresno and are in business together. As of this entry Lori is now 49 and physically working out to a degree that I expect that at 49 she probably would be in the top 1% of physical fitness among women her age in America. Update follows: She is now 50 [11-12-2016]

Lori has been a very loving a caring daughter, great mom, multi talented, a committed Christian and tenacious. We have been blessed with 3 great kids, all different, all accomplished and all have overcome challenges to be where they are in life. She is now into Power Lifting and the family Micro Greens business.

PEGGY DEPHANE[FISHER] SLOAN

Peggy Dephane Fisher was born 11/30/41, a week before Pearl Harbor. I suspect her birth of starting WWII. She was the 12th of 13 kids born on the farm in Friendship, Tenn. Her father died when she was only four and her mom's sister [Sadie] came to the funeral and a decision was made that Peg return on the train to be raised by her Aunt Sadie and her husband Ed Laster, as they had no children. Ed was a Cable Splicer for the telephone company and one of the finest men who ever lived. Sadie was equally a remarkable person who lost both parents to a Mississippi flood when she was age 5. She was raised by her Aunt and was now raising Peg under similar circumstances. Both Ed & Sadie could not have loved Peg more than their own child and under the tragic circumstances were wonderful guardians of Peg as she grew up in Columbia.

Because Peg went to school with her brothers and sisters at an early age she arrived in Columbia at age 4 being able to read & write. Normally she would not start school until a year later but started at Ridgeway Grade School and was among the youngest in her class but ahead of them academically. She started on piano in grade school, took lessons and excelled. She definitely had a natural music ability which would lead to also playing the clarinet and violin. They lived on Washington right behind the football stadium at Hickman. As a result she could walk to Ridgeway, Jeff Jr., Hickman and Christian College [Now Columbia College].

Peg was always short, as was most of her brothers & sisters, and was 5' tall and 96 pounds when we got married. She claims she was a half inch taller than her mom. While short, she was tough, due to the number of older brothers who made her tougher to hold her own. After the piano she began the clarinet and later the violin at the request of Leo Behrens the band instructor at Hickman who wanted to start an orchestra and needed more violinists. Mr. Behrens was a tremendous teacher and was a huge influence on Peg's musical development. Peg also excelled in typing and was the fastest typist in high school. Peg was selected as the Spring Hop Queen in her Sr. year. In her Junior year she was the Jr. Attendant for Homecoming and also selected as Queen for the Junior Jamboree. Great photo in her year book.s. She was also the Majorette for Hickman's marching band and she taught twirling in the summers. At Hickman she worked Friday nights and Saturday ar Woolworths Five & Dime store on Broadway in Columbia. When she was put in charge of the candy and fresh nut counter she asked her boss if she could eat any. The boss said, " yes, but then I'd have to fire you." After her Friday night shift, Uncle Ed would pick her up and she always purchased a sack of Candy Corn mixed with fresh roasted peanuts to give to him which he dearly loved.

One of many fond memories of Peg's was when she was in grade school and she and Uncle Ed would go the " Buggy Boone Theater" to watch cowboy movies and the Saturday morning serials. They were also the first in their neighborhood to get a t.v. which would attract all the neighbors to come watch their favorite program. Peg told me that in the 14 years she lived with Ed & Sadie she never heard them argue one time. Ed was in charge of the money and Sadie was in charge of the home. Ed did not believe in credit accounts and paid cash for everything. He bought a new car every 10 years & paid cash. The home they were in was purchased in two payments, one thousand \$ when they bought it and the second thousand a year later to pay it off.

Peg said she was never at home one night alone. Sadie was strict but fair and always so practical. On Christmas she would get one nice present and the same for Sadie & Ed. On her birthday she would get her favorite pie as Sadie was big on pies but not cakes. She was an excellent cook, but never let Peg

cook. Peg was taught to always make her bed right after she got up and that habit continued through our marriage.

Each summer when Ed took his vacation they would drive to Tenn. to spend time with Peg's mom and siblings. She has many pleasant memories when visiting the farm. She also retains a scar above her ankle when she and her youngest brother [before her dad's death] were hoeing the garden and her brother ' Tootsie " accidentally chopped her ankle. As she was bleeding her mom got some kerosene and poured it on the wound to sterilize it. It really burned and as Peg started to cry her mom told her to stop or she'd give her a spanking for crying! Her mom had the first 12 kids at home and the 13th was delivered outside the house. Peg has but two memories of her dad. The first was when her mom had a switch and was after her for some misbehavior and her dad was laughing and kept Peg behind him so her mom couldn't get to her. The second memory was at her dad's funeral when all the kids gave him a kiss good bye in his coffin.

My first exposure to Peg was via the Columbia Daily Tribune. There was a picture showing her in a full length pose looking into a full length mirror. Something within me instantly clicked and I knew right away I needed to meet her. We still have that picture. It was a beautiful photo. I cannot remember how I first contacted her in early summer, but when I did I was allowed to see her at home, swinging on their front porch swing. I was going into my Sr. year at Missouri and Peg was going into her first year at Christian College just a few blocks from her home. Sadie was afraid of our age difference [3 years] and told Peg that if we started dating we'd wind up getting married. She was right! We swung on that front porch many times before Sadie allowed Peg to join me and my dad who was driving me to Mexico, Mo. to play a Ban Johnson baseball game. Because my dad was along, Peg could come to the game. At my first time at bat, I did a bit of hot dogging, Babe Ruth style, and with my bat pointed at dead center field. I then hit the greatest home run in my life, dead center field some 400' plus. Peg said, my dad just shook his head. My second at bat, I homered to right center field. This was a more towering drive but not as far as the first one. After the first homer, an elderly fan came up to the fence between the Dug Out & the stands and told me that in all the years he had seen games played in that park, he never saw a home run of that distance. All I can say, is that it was meant to be! Peg still claims that those two home runs had no effect on her, but I choose to believe that it did! Even Babe Ruth would have been proud of that first one!

I was working that summer for the State Highway Dept. We were surveying the path for Inter-State 70 through Columbia. This was one of the earliest legs of the great Inter-State system. I'm not sure during the summer when I came to the realization that I wanted to marry Peg, but I started saving my summer earnings for an engagement ring. Sadie had finally allowed us to go to a movie and attend the home Tiger FB games because I was playing. Most all of my summer earnings did go to that ring and when I proposed, fortunately she accepted. I hoped we would marry after my Sr. year but our good football fortunes and the Orange Bowl bid would accelerate our plans.

When we beat Kansas in our final game [At Kansas] we got the Orange Bowl bid. In previous years I watched Oklahoma go to the Orange Bowl on a frequent basis and I read that several of the players who were married took their wives. It was a spur of the moment decision, but I went to see our Head FB Coach, Dan Devine and asked him that if Peg & I got married could she go to the Orange Bowl as part of the Missouri group. He thought for a moment and then said: " O.K., just do it as soon as you can". We put our wedding together in 4 days. We got married on a Friday night at 7:00 p.m. in Wilkes Blvd. Methodist Church. Both of our ministers were involved, Peg's was Rev. Longstreth and mine was Pastor Nidenthal [Lutheran]. Because we had FB practice that afternoon I had put my two front teeth partial bridge in my locker during practice. I lost those two teeth my Freshman yr. when Larry Plumb, a Sr end gave me a deliberate elbow to the mouth. This was the last year before Face Guards and Mouthpieces. Plumb was the only really dirty player on the team. In fact, in the next year when Coach Broyles was at Missouri he finally told Plumb that if he saw Plumb, Holding or Clipping one more time, he'd kick him off the team! Well sometime after practice while we were showering one of my teammates took my teeth out of the locker. So I'm going to get married in a few hours, missing two of my teeth. As we all got ready for the wedding, I'm about to go down the aisle and my teammate Bob Haas, a talented QB & Def. back, handed me my teeth. Saved! Haas would later marry a beautiful classmate of Peg's named Judy Hutchinson. Dale Pidcock, my roommate my Sr. year at Mizzou was my best man [he also was an End] and the other two Best Men were Bob Haas and Tom Watson, my best buddy in high school. We were both All Conference forwards on Hickman's basketball team. A married couple from Peg's class [Jim & Betty Baldwin] gave up their home for Peg & I to spend our one night Honey Moon there as I had FB practice at 8:00 a.m. the next morning. When I arrived for practice no one had yet dressed out in their

practice gear and they gave me a standing ovation. After practice as Coach Devine lined us up for sprints, he smiled at me and said, " Russ, you don't have to run". The team and coaching staff gave Peg & I a beautiful engraved silver Tea Service & Tray. We married on Dec. 4th, four days after Peg's 18th birthday. Because Christian was an all girls college they did not then allow married girls to attend so she had to leave Christian. As I have reflected back on that I regret that she had to do that. Peg was so good in music that Missouri had offered her a music scholarship to attend M.U. but Sadie & Ed had put money into Christian for her to go there for several years, so Peg had to pass up the Missouri Scholarship. The Orange Bowl was now less than a month away but we were now a married couple and Peg was now going to work to supplement my Full Scholarship.

After we beat Kansas for the Orange Bowl bid I received word that I was also invited to play in the Hula Bowl the week after the Orange Bowl. The game would be played in Honolulu. I had been selected as an All Big 8 End and knew that I was likely to be drafted by the new American FB League or the older National FB League. We flew from St. Louis to Miami on Christmas day to get ready for the Orange Bowl. This was Peg's first flight. We stayed at the Ivanhoe Hotel on Miami beach. But with two a day practices the only time I got to spend much time with Peg was at night and some of the Orange Bowl events we attended. It was a fun week, but our main focus was on beating Georgia and Fran Tarkenton their great QB who would go on to a HOF career in the NFL with the Minnesota Vikings. On game day we out played Georgia statistically but Tarkenton was the difference. They beat us 14-0. I caught 6 passes which was a Missouri Bowl game reception record that stood for 43 years and I barely got tripped up on Georgia's 11 yard line heading for a TD. That night my left shoulder became very painful as I had partially dislocated my clavicle bone from my sternum. During the heat of the game I had no pain, but that night the soreness really set in. The next morning, however, I was headed to Hawaii with teammate Mike Magac our Rt. Tackle who was the number 2 draft choice for the San Francisco 49'ers. Peg stayed behind and flew back with the team to snowy Missouri. Not until I got to Hawaii did I learn that I could have brought Peg with me in lieu of the \$100 expense money given to all the single players. When I got the Hula Bowl invitation I was single and therefore was not made aware of the married players option to take their wives. I came back and told her, instead of taking that revelation to my grave.

I won't cover our 55+ years together as of 9/7/2015 in specific detail, job by job or city by city, but will share some of the highlights. Peg's great typing skills got her a typing job at MFA Insurance in Columbia as I was finishing my degree. But our first son Doug was due 9 months & 14 days after we were married and in those days a pregnant woman at MFA had to quit at the 5 month mark. That summer I headed to training camp in Durham, NH with the New York Titans [Now New York Jets] and Peg moved back to stay with Sadie & Ed during this period. My signing bonus of \$500 finally arrived and we were paid \$100 per exhibition game which I sent home as most all of our other expenses were paid. While I was the starting Tight End in the Exhibition I had pulled my right hamstring 3 times, very severely, and I knew the team could not begin the regular season with a Tight End with a hamstring pull that wasn't healing. It was a low point in my athletic career as I now knew I was good enough to play pro ball but the only muscle I had ever pulled proved fatal to my season.

I returned to Columbia in time to finish my degree and start my Master's degree and the FB Coaches gave me some financial assistance to be a grad assistant to the freshmen team. Doug, was born on the 18th of Sept. and his 9 month 14 days entry into the world could not beat my 9 month 9 day delivery time after my parents were married. Peg worked at the Ellis Fischel Cancer Hosp. in Columbia during my school time before I got my first teaching and coaching job at Hickman H.S [1961-62]. Matt was born in '62 and Lori arrived in '66. Peg was a full time mom in Higginsville, Centralia and Kirksville. She did work when I was in Carthage and later in Jeff City. She handled much of the hiring for the Mo. Dept. of Agriculture. Peg was extremely skillful in sifting through resumes and selecting good people. Later she worked in Governor Kit Bonds office, handling his schedule. Gov. Bond had immense respect for Peg. She had tremendous instincts and I used her skills several times when I was an Athletic Director and during my 20 year Chamber career. Her last job was in Fresno as the assistant to the manager, Don Duncan, for the H.S. Crocker Company which sold office supplies to businesses and government departments. She was a whiz in that position! In fact, she excelled in any job she ever had. Great work ethic, well organized, quick learner and totally honest and trustworthy.

During my campaign for congress she always made a great impression, and when she was asked to speak she made it clear that I addressed the issues and she addressed what she felt were my strengths. She did not like the speaking engagements, but always did well. Even though I resigned from my

coaching job and withdrew all 11 years of my teachers retirement to live on during the campaign, she never complained and was always supportive! She was a tremendous asset to my campaign.

Peg also was an excellent mom. None of our 3 kids ever talked back to us, they had chores and did them and she was a better athletic coach to our kids, as I was busy coaching other kids as that was my job. She was a good athlete, and now approaching 74 she can outwork ladies 10 to 15 years younger. She also possesses an exceptional decorating eye. She could take anyone's home and make it look better using their same furniture and accessories. She could easily be a professional decorator. For many years our mutual hobby was collecting antiques. We had a bunch of clocks, soapstone, furniture and Double Walled Ice Water Pitchers made between 1854 and 1900. When we quit collecting we probably had just over 100 Ice Water Pitchers, probably the largest collection in the world. The double wall made it the Thermos jug of its day to keep ice water cold for a longer period of time. Peg found the first one in Fresno and the dealer said it was a Coffee pot. Only when she bought the second did she find out that they were Ice Water Pitchers, not coffee pots. The pitchers were usually quadruple silver plate and most all were made in New England. Almost all were different because you had your choice of tops, spouts, handles and body styles. The two biggest makers were REED & BARTON and MERIDIAN. We deliberately bought one look-a-like because it was made in St. Louis. The only one we ever saw not made in New England.

As a wife, she was a far better wife than I was a husband. I married an exceptional person who really made the best of every situation. I think it was a mutual asset to us that we both grew up in Columbia, went to Hickman and had a background familiar to both of us. She was beautiful with no self consumed sense of her own beauty. At Christian College she was voted among the "10 best dressed girls". Most of the girls came from families who were very well off and could buy the clothes to make a good appearance. Most of Peg's clothes were made for her by Aunt Sadie, who was outstanding in making Peg's clothes. What the 'rich' girls didn't know was Peg had her own personal tailor, in Aunt Sadie!

Peg was 5' tall and weighed 96 pounds when we got married. Doug was born at 8 pounds, 12 ounces and coming out of the hospital you'd never know she just had a baby. She remains petite to this day and is still beautiful! She has been blessed with good health for most all of her life and only recently had a problem with Acid Reflux which had caused some scarring build up at the base of her esophagus and reduced the opening to her stomach from the size of a quarter to that of a dime. She did have some recent out patient surgery work done which expanded that opening from a dime to a nickel. Now taking a pill for the Acid Reflux and see it it works or if she has to go back for the expansion of the opening. Peg is a lover of Cross word puzzles and although she hates computers she plays a number of the free games available on the I-net.

After 55+ years with Peg, I have come to the conclusion that there is few things she could not accomplish, once she set her mind to it. When she volunteered at the Pinellas County SPCA she was chosen as the "Volunteer of the Year" and was superb in handling animals. As a volunteer in Sun City Center she drove the city on an assigned route as part of the Community Patrol and in a couple years was chosen as an officer on their board. She never did anything half way. She always excelled!

Peg & I were raised very differently but saw eye to eye most times in raising our kids, buying homes, politically, religiously and most other decisions that we faced. There is a saying; "To soon old: to late smart". The older I got, the more I appreciated what a remarkable person I had married. Easily the best decision of my life! It is now Nov. 19, 2016 and coming up soon is Peg's 75th BD and our 57th Anniversary.

RANDOM THOUGHTS FROM RUSS SLOAN RE: MY LIFE

First, I was born to good and loving parents! I was also blessed that we moved from Los Angeles to Columbia, Mo. in 1945. However, in LA during WW II, I vividly remember standing at our front window with my parents when they thought there were Japanese planes over the city. The search lights were on the sky and we were firing live anti aircraft fire. Even though I was a small boy I understood our country possibly being under attack. The intense patriotism that existed during the war marked me for life fostering within me an deep love of country & our military. That move, however, most certainly changed my entire life. I had a great education in Columbia and exceptional teachers & coaches. Hickman H.S. was unique and there were very few kids who I did not care for. Being elected Student Body President at Jeff Jr. & at Hickman, certainly meant a great deal to me. My big surprise in H.S. was being selected 3rd team All State in FB in 1955 and receiving a FB scholarship offer from Missouri. At 6'4" and 176 pounds

as well as Coach Jerry Claiborne who was on his staff. After Broyles came Dan Devine and with him Coach Al Onofrio. Faurot, Broyles, Claiborne and Devine are all College HOF FB Coaches. My last two seasons were under Devine and my End Coach was Al Onofrio. He was a great coach and I owe a lot of my success to him! My Jr. year I received Hon. Mention recognition for All Conf. in the Big 8. At this point I knew that I had greatly surprised most all of my friends and the Missouri Coaches. My Sr. year, everything came together. Being selected as All Conf. was great but when I learned that I was the only player in the Big 8 who was the unanimous choice among the Coaches, that was very special. At our FB Banquet, Mike Magac, Tom Swaney [both Co-Captains] and myself were named " Lineman of the Year" by the Missouri FB Coaches. Beating Kansas at Kansas [1959] for the Orange Bowl bid was extremely gratifying as we won the game with a great Goal line stand late in the 4th Qt. when K.U. had the ball first & goal on our 9 yd. line. We stopped them on 4th down on our one foot line! When we beat the favored Air Force Academy at home 13-0 this was the first televised win for Missouri FB! Being selected as the outstanding player of the game and receiving the Schick Razor Award was an honor I never could have anticipated. In the Orange Bowl, the Coaches Split me out wide for the first time & I caught 6 passes which stood for 43 years as a Missouri Bowl Game record. We really outplayed Georgia statistically but QB Fran Tarkenton was the difference. In the Miami Herald the next day a Georgia Coach said: Sloan was one of the toughest monkey's we've ever faced". Right after the game I was invited up to the hotel room of the Army Coaching legend , Earl "Red" Blake, who was then a scout for the Washington Redskins and he offered me a contract to sign with the Redskins. I respectfully told him I would consider it, knowing internally that the new American FB League would likely offer more, which they did. I was drafted by the LA Chargers as the 17th pick for their entire team which included both Offense & Defense. Remember, this was the first year of the AFL and they were drafting an entire team. Shortly after the draft I was traded to the New York Titans, now Jets, for a \$500 signing bonus and a \$9,500 contract.

Following the Orange Bowl, Mike Magac & myself flew to Hawaii by way of Chicago. Legendary Coach Vince Lombardi met us at the air port as he was very interested in drafting Magac. Magac, was easily one of the greatest lineman ever to play at Missouri. Our Head FB Coach for the Western College All Stars was Oklahoma legend Bud Wilkinson. Oklahoma during the decade of the 1950's had the best record in College FB. When I later ran for Congress in 1972, Coach Wilkinson came to my district to speak in my behalf. He was a most remarkable man & Coach. Fortunately our practices for the Hula Bowl were in shorts & T-shirts as my shoulder was still very sensitive from the Orange Bowl injury. The majority of the players on both teams were All Americans and included the 1959 Heisman winner, Billy Cannon from LSU. I caught one pass from Don Meredith for 23 yards and the 2nd pass to me was broken up by Dean Look on a good play on his part. We lost pretty handily as the East All Stars were far better in their interior line selection on Off & Def. But the experience proved to me that I could play at their level! When I got back to Missouri and the campus, I was stopped in the hall way outside of the Coaches offices by the Cardinal Scout[believe it was Joe Monahan] and was offered a contract with the St. Louis Cardinals and a \$500 signing bonus. I was somewhat surprised and told him about the offer I had with the NY Titans and declined. Most all of my boyhood I wanted desperately to play for the Cardinals, and now I'm turning their offer down. Could not believe it!

My marriage to Peg was a decision that I knew would happen very early on in our dating relationship. Our first date was with my dad as he was taking me to play a Ban Johnson baseball game in Mexico, Mo. At my first at bat I looked at my Dad & Peg in the stands and did a bit of hot dogging as I did my Babe Ruth bit and pointed my bat a center field with a smile on my face. As fate would have it, I then hit the greatest home run in my life, dead center field at 400 feet plus. Peg has since told me over our 57 + years that the home run did not impress her. GIVE ME A BREAK! Hit a home run the 2nd at bat, right center, higher but not as far. Just for the record! [Now updated as of 11-11-206].

My first great disappointment in my life was the major hamstring pull I first experienced in training camp in Durham, New Hampshire. I had the safety beat on a deep post pattern and was over striding to make the catch when my rt. hamstring snapped. They heard it 50 yards away . Sounded like a cherry bomb exploded. I pulled it 2 more times in camp and in the exhibition season and it cost me that season. Although I was the starting Tight End at 205 pounds and had caught a T.D. pass I knew the coaches could not start the season with a Tight End who had 3 hamstring pulls. I was devastated. I knew I was good enough to start in the Pros and now it came to a sudden halt. Sammy Baugh was our Head Coach and one of the great Legends in NFL history as a QB, Punter & Def. Back. Sammy chewed tobacco and when he stepped into the huddle to explain a play, it was explain, spit, explain & spit. By the time we broke the huddle all of our cleats were covered with tobacco juice.

My first teaching/coaching job was at Hickman under my H.S Coach Bob Roark, assistant to Jim McLeod in basketball [my former Jr. H.S. Coach and assistant baseball under Coach Roark. Winning the State Basketball Championship was a tremendous thrill. We finished 28 & 1. Was the most fundamentally sound basketball team I have ever seen!

I also well remember my first few Head Coaching positions in Higginsville & Centralia in which I had not settled in my mind the offense & defense I wanted to run. I was torn between what we used at Missouri versus what Coach Roark did at Hickman. I regret that I could not return to Coach those same kids with the experience I gained later. Experience is a great and sometimes painful teacher!

Carthage H.S. is where my offense & defense philosophy finally took root. My last two year were 7-2-1 and I knew I was leaving my best team to go to NE Mo. St. as line Coach. That team went on to the State Playoffs.

When I went to NE Mo. St. I could not have guessed that after one year I would become Head FB Coach. I will always be amazed as to what my 3 teams accomplished. I was so very proud that in 2012 they became only the second FB Teams to be inducted into the Missouri Sports HOF! The most memorable win was in 1970. We beat Central Mo. St. at their homecoming in front of the largest crowd ever to see an MIAA Conference game [14,000+]. We won 28-21 in one of the hardest hitting FB games I had ever seen. We were the only team to beat them in the regular season. In 1971 I was voted Runner up College Division Coach of the Year in District 6. Missed the top spot by one vote

Resigning from Coaching to run for Congress was a big decision as I had 18 returning starters out of 22. I think that off my last team we were probably the only team in the history of Div. II athletics to put 3 in the NFL out of one class and 2 more in the defunct WFL. We led the league in Defense and our starting 11 did not have a starter at 200 pounds. Quick & tough!

The Congressional campaign was quite an experience. Traveled 60,000 miles in 7 months. Ran against a millionaire Charolais cattle breeder, Jerry Litton. We were supposed to have had 20 debates around the district but we beat him so bad in the first debate at the Farm Bureau meeting in Carrollton that he backed out of the rest of the debates. Was the 17th most expensive House race in America [according to Common Cause] and the closest House race in Mo. Never forget talking to a 77 year old farmer who had never voted for a Republican. Nixon was running against the very liberal McGovern. I asked: " Can you honestly vote for McGovern?" He thought for a moment , looked at me and said: " Well, I guess I will.....but if I thought he was going to win, I wouldn't! " I'll also never forget the 12 year old boy who gave me his \$5 prize money he had won at the county fair to go to my campaign. Certainly among the highlights of the campaign was Peg & I flying to D.C. to meet Pres. Nixon and the photo opp w/him. Also flying again to D.C and accompanying Vice Pres. Agnew on his plane as we flew to Kansas City to dedicate their new airport. Sat next to Agnew the entire flight out. Losing that race was certainly painful but I knew we were in a Democrat district and had been considerably outspent! We really did the best we could.

Later, as Mo. St. Dir. of Motor Vehicles & Licensing I assumed a dept. of 550 people with a 6 week back log in the production of Driver's Licenses. We eliminated the back log, reduced staff by 10%, set records in production, rebid the License Plate & Drivers license contracts and saved a million dollars a year in 1975/76. It was really satisfying to show what could be done in government in both production and cost savings. During those years '73-76 I became good friends with John Ashcroft [later the Atty. General under Bush #43] and also got to know Clarence Thomas who would become a Justice on the Supreme Court. Both men were immensely impressive

As A.D. at SE Mo. St. I ran into a College Pres. with questionable ethics [Pres. Leestamper]. I had such a great Pres. [Dr. Charles McClain] at NE Mo. St. that the contrast was stark. After Leestamper announced his plans for athletics which were extremely detrimental, I did lose my cool and interrupted the Board meeting of the Pres. & Curators and strongly voiced my disapproval! Since I had already announced my resignation to go to Fresno as the Exec. of their Athletic Foundation I didn't mince words. I should have kept my mouth shut and just moved on. My uninvited remarks got me an " early out " from SEMO but several months later the Board fired Leestamper!

My 10 years in Fresno were 10 exciting years mixed with great successes and also a few frustrations. As the BDF Dir. we set records in fund raising and as A.D at Fresno St. we again generated record revenues and dramatically strengthened our staff. I never should have accepted the job as the VP I reported to [Bill Homes] had back stabbed the previous A.D. and didn't know if a FB was pumped or stuffed. I did make one big mistake as A.D which got me side ways with the President [Harold Hack]. I had invited the Dallas Cowboy Cheerleaders to perform at one of home games to help beef up

attendance.. The Feminists on campus were bent out of shape. When the group arrived at the airport I was there to welcome them. I joked that they had caused some of our faculty to be upset but referenced that we were having them checked out mentally because of their opposition. Well, there was a reporter there from the Fresno Bee and she printed my comment in the paper. While it got a big laugh among the Dallas Cowboy Cheerleaders it went over like a lead balloon with Pres. Haak. I was wrong to say what I did, even in a joking manner, and it ended my relationship with FSU. There was a tad of irony with Pres. Haak and VP Bill Holmes who approached me about giving up the A.D.'s position to become the first Dir. of the University's newly created Academic Foundation. They recognized my success in raising money and because of the frictions I had experienced with Bill Holmes, probably thought this would be a good move. It may have worked out, but I wanted to stay in athletics and turned them down. The good we accomplished far outweighed this one ugly decision and I treasured the relationship I had with the coaches.

It has just dawned on me that I may be too repetitive in these reflections which I also shared in my life's story to date. So let me be change my approach from this point in my life on.

MEMORIES MOST IMPORTANT TO ME

My parents love and encouragement. Growing up in Columbia, Mo. My FB scholarship & playing days at Missouri. The bitter disappointment of the severe Hamstring pull, costing me my initial year with the N.Y. Titans [now Jets]. Seeing Peg in the Tribune picture and knowing very quickly how exceptional she was and having the wisdom to marry her. The birth of all of our 3 kids and how good they have turned out 5 decades later. Getting a contract offer from my beloved St. Louis Cardinals and turning it down in favor of FB. Playing for exceptional coaches: Jim McLeod at Jeff Jr. H.S. and years later being his assistant at Hickman when we won the state basketball championship with a 28 & 1 record. Playing for FB Coach Bob Roark, Basketball Coach Bob Murrey and FB Asst. & Head Track Coach, Jack Kersting. All, truly great Coaches! Being part of Coach Don Furot's last Fr. Team [1956], Playing for Head FB Coach Frank Broyles and his assistant Jerry Claiborne. Then having Head Coach Dan Devine & his great assistant [my End Coach] Al Onofrio. Coach Devine's most meaningful comment about me was before a home game my Sr. yr. in the locker room when he referenced me and said to the team " Russ, always catches the ball". Being 1 of 9 Seniors out of 100 Freshmen still playing in 1959.

My first dog Tippy, a mix breed we adopted in LA. I had her from age 4 to 18. Loved her so much & was with her when she died. Knowing by name all 200 in our H.S. Class and most all at Hickman [just over 600]. My H.S. Principal, Ben Schmitz, a 6'8" retired Colonel who wanted me to go to West Point in the worst way. Our very exceptional Speech teacher, Helen D. Williams, and all the great moments we had in her class and in her Verse Speaking Choir. Watching my dad work in the Water Softening business for Herbert Wolcott, growing the business and then buying them out and prospering as a small business man. He took the Dale Carnegie course and it did wonders for his self confidence and speaking ability in front of groups. My mother's great writing ability and seeing her accomplish anything she took on. My early frustrations in coaching at Higginsville & Centralia, when I was torn between running what we did at Missouri and what Coach Roark used at Hickman. Finally zeroed in at Carthage and we got better & better. Still regret leavening behind my greatest team [1968 Carthage Tigers]. The opportunity given me by Head FB Coach , Marv Braden, to join him as Line Coach at NE MO. St. in Kirksville, Mo. Then becoming the Head Coach and watching 3 teams share or win outright 3 MIAA Championships and winning games I questioned if we could get it done. Our first home we ever bought [new home] was in Kirksville at \$18,500. Running for Congress in 1972 against Jerry Litton a millionaire cattle breeder and giving him a run for his money. Flying to D.C to meet Nixon in the Oval Office and later flying with VP Agnew to dedicate the air port at Kansas City were both memorable times in the campaign. Then serving as Mo. St. Dir. of Motor Vehicles & Licensing & being editorially recognized by the Jefferson City paper for saving Mo taxpayers a million dollars a year .After Gov. Bond lost his re-election campaign [never should have happened] became the head fundraiser for the Mo. State Republican Party. Spoke throughout the state with good success. Resigned when we had too much staff overhead costs and the Board wanted both me and David Broker to stay on. I made the decision for them. Atty. General John Ashcroft [Missouri] & I did a lot of speaking engagements together. He was the most " straight arrow " I ever met in politics. Also met Clarence Thomas who was working for Jack Danforth and remembered how impressed I was with him in the mid '70's. Leavening Jeff City to return to College athletics was a good feeling. Got quite a bit done in 2 years but it was not fun working with a College President with questionable ethics. After I left

SEMO to go to Fresno St. the Board fired Leestamper. When I arrived in Fresno in 1979 I knew no one. When I left a decade later I probably knew more people in Fresno County than anyone. But I had served as Dir. of the Bulldog Foundation, A.D at Fresno St., Exec. Dir. of the California Bowl and Exec. Dir. of the Fresno City & County Chamber of Commerce. I commissioned the Bulldog logo for FSU using the great artistic ability of Joe Garcia. Most talented artist I ever met! We did a number of neat projects together. I was a "Coaches A.D." and proud of it. The biggest and most lasting accomplishment I left Fresno was the passage of Measure "C" which was a 20 year program to build more freeways in Fresno and address other specific road and transportation projects. Easily the greatest accomplishment in the history of the Fresno Chamber. Don't know where Fresno would be today without the passage of Measure "C". Our daughter Lori was married in Fresno and we shared in the birth of her first two kids before we moved to Indiana. We had bought a 20 acre parcel east of Fresno [Quail Oaks West] about 40 minutes from work and built a home near the top of one of the first foothills coming out of the Valley floor. Land was covered with Oaks and Black Granite outcroppings. Loved that piece of land! Lived in the home about 2 months before I took the Chamber job in Indiana. Left some exceptional civic leaders and friends, too many to mention all, but especially admired. Bill Lyles, Helen Smades, Joe Levy, Ron Metzler, Bob Duncan, Bud Richter, Lew Eaton and FSU Coaches Boyd Grant, Mike Watney, Bob Bennett, Red Estes, Bob Spencer and my Admin Assistant Tina Shields. Two other memorable opportunities included being the first Development Dir. for the Bank of Fresno headed by John Brocks. Had a staff of 3 others and we were profitable in 4 months. I chose to zero in on the growing medical community in Fresno. I held several individual dinners with individual doctors asking them what they needed from a bank. I then put their input into our marketing materials and our sales team took it & ran! Several years later, well after I left the bank, I ran into John Brocks and he told me that the bank had the majority of medical accounts in Fresno. I left the bank when I was approached by George & Ernie Beal. They owned and operated 23 Convenience stores in Central Calif. [Day -n-Nite] and wanted me to put together a national franchising program for them. They both had a well thought approach to the Convenience Store business. I put it all together and we got our state license in 6 months. Our new name was "Johnny Quick" and I got artist Joe Garcia to do the logo. Very tough in Calif. to get a franchising license in 6 months but we did and I then called on about 150 independent Convenience store owners between Bakersfield and Sacramento. We held steak dinner meetings & would invite a number of store owners who we thought were good prospects. Our 1st franchise was in Oakhurst, Ca. in the Sierras. A small Liquor/Convenience store on the main road to the higher Sierras. I think they were about two months from going out of business, Their first month with us, their income jumped 82%, the same for the next month. Just as I was prepared to bring 4 more stores on line the brothers sold their business to Circle "K" the 2nd biggest Convenience store chain in America. The Beals became millionaires but the franchising concept died as all the Circle "K" stores are company owned. Great business experience, however!

Our 5 years in Muncie as President/CEO of the Muncie/Delaware County Chamber of Commerce was extremely productive and gratifying. Muncie had great civic leadership. The brightest and most ethical businessman I ever met was Van Smith, Pres. of Ontario Corp. and former Chairman of the Board of the U.S. Chamber. The genius of the Muncie Chamber is that they brought the Chamber, Economic Dev. & the Convention Ctr. all under the Pres. of the Chamber. I then had a talented VP over the Econ. Dev. program and Conv. Ctr. We had 3 Boards to report to [Chamber, Econ. Dev. & Conv. Ctr.] but in combining all 3 under the Chamber Pres. we eliminated a lot of infighting. My two biggest contributions in my 5 years was the development of our Horizon '96 Economic Dev. effort which would earn state honors & recognition and Muncie would rank 2nd in the nation in job creation from one year to the next. We raised 1.6 million dollars in 6 months to fund this 5 year effort. The next major endeavor was our effort to get a one tenth of 1% local income tax to build the top infrastructure need of the other small towns in Delaware County plus it built a new Children's Museum and expanded the Convention Ctr. My greatest political partner in getting this done was Phil Nichols, the Democrat County Chairman. a Muncie Fire Fighter who also was a member of the Muncie City Council. In fact in my 20 years of running Chambers, Phil Nichols was my most effective ally. Here I am, a former Republican Congressional candidate and my best ally ever, was the Democrat County Chairman in Delaware County. We lived on the White River east of Muncie [Yorktown mailing address] and witnessed a 100 year flood of the White River. Awesome! This was Peg's favorite home. I made the mistake of putting out corn in the winter for the ducks on the river. In a few days I was seeing an armada of about 50 ducks on the river, heading toward our yard, leaping up on the bank and racing to the duck feeder. Was going through 50 pounds of corn in 3 to 4 days! While in

Muncie I attended a national Chamber Conf. in New Port Beach, Ca. It was about 4:30 in the early morning that my room started to shake pretty hard. I immediately knew it was an earthquake. I was on the 4th floor and got under a doorway and hoped for the best. We were 40 miles from epicenter. Quake was severe and severely damaged many of the freeway overpasses. When I flew back to Muncie [arriving at Airport in Dayton, OH.] it was midnight and 27 degrees below zero. I went to start my car with no success. I called Triple AAA and the cheerfully said, we'll come out but it won't start. I slept the night in the airport and the next day rented a car to drive home to Muncie. It would be a week before it warmed up to go back and get my car. Coldest I have ever been! During that week I saw the advertisement for the Presidency of the St. Petersburg Chamber of Commerce [Fl.]. I decided that I would look into that position.

Muncie had the greatest Civic leadership I had seen, especially for a city of 70,000 people. Total population in Delaware County was 120,000. Our local Democrat State Senator, Hurley Goodhall, was very supportive of what the Chamber was accomplishing and I'm sure he was responsible for the award from Indiana Gov. Evan Bayh which I received in 1994. { THE SAGAMORE OF THE WABASH AWARD }. With Ball Corporate headquarters located in Muncie [since moved to Colo.] the Chamber benefited from the wealth of corporate leadership within the Ball ranks. Great company! In 1993 I was chosen by my Chamber peers to head the Indiana Chamber Exec's Assoc. for '93-'94 and did not quite finish my term as I was offered and took the St. Pete job effective April 1st, 2014. Nothing but fond memories of my 5 years in Muncie.

Nothing like starting a new job on April Fool's day, which I did in St. Pete, Fl. More memorable moments: Most productive new member drive in America for a Chamber our size [535 members in one month]. Buying our office space as a business office condo unit + naming rights to building and paying it all off in 3 years. Taking our membership numbers to almost 2,500 members. Producing over 700 grads from our Entrepreneurial Academy [which I got Trademarked] . A most talented Atty. in town [Howard Ross] became our symbolic " Dean " and he gave us 33 Wed. evening a yr. [for 10 years] from 6:00 to 9:00 p.m. in attending and overseeing each session. Hosting the retirement dinner for General Tommy Franks and hosting a discussion with the son of Khrushchev [Head of old Soviet Union] and the son of U2 Pilot, Francis Gary Powers, who the Russians shot down as he was flying his U2 Spy plane over the Soviet Union. One of the most interesting forums I have ever attended. We won numerous national and state awards for our Chamber publications and the Coffee Table Book we did on St. Pete & Pinellas County was a huge hit and a profitable endeavor. We have several copies. Well remember the 9/11 attack . We did a Time Capsule in 2001 to be opened in 100 years. Don't think I'll be there for the opening. During my Presidency, we celebrated our 100th year as a Chamber and my wife read through 100 years of Chamber minutes to capture the high points of the Chamber's century of success. One memorable meeting in the early 1900's was the notation that the Board was unhappy about the actions of a young woman in town and they voted to write her father so that he could take care of the situation! My beloved St. Louis Cardinals had their Spring training in St. Pete I and I finally got to meet my boyhood idol, Stan- the Man - Musial! I was crushed when they moved to Jupiter , Fl. two years later. Getting Major League Baseball to St. Pete was a great thrill and one of my Previous Chamber Chairs, John Higgins , became the legal counsel for the Tampa Bay Rays. Was amazing that St. Pete & Pinellas County built a new indoor stadium with no team firmed up to come or to be created.

We adopted our 1st Greyhound named Harry. His racing name was : Woods Willy Win. He was a fawn color, smart and had won several races. He raced in South Fl. and at Derby Lanes in St. Pete. Had him a little over 7 years before he died of Bladder Cancer when we lived in Leesburg. He was just a fabulous dog! Was also elected by my Chamber peers to serve as the Chair of The Florida Assoc. of Chamber Professionals. My interaction that year was really enjoyable. In 1994 the St. Pete Chamber was selected as the Metro Chamber of the year in Fl. I really had a gifted staff and our Chamber was a very active & dynamic force. This rounded out my 20 years in Chamber management and a most rewarding tenure. I was surprised in 1994 to receive an award from Judy Genshaft, President of the University of South Fl [the 10th largest Univ. in America]. She presented me The President's Award which is the highest non academic honor bestowed by the President. Was awarded to me at the graduation ceremonies of the Campus in St. Pete. I had the good fortune to be a champion of the St. Pete campus which was part of USF. Usually such an honor goes to some who has been a significant financial benefactor to the Univ. Receiving this award based on the " sweat equity " of leadership support came as an immense surprise. She is a most talented President and has been an outstanding Pres. for USF.

While I was intending to retire from the Chamber at the end of our fiscal year in 2004 I was approached by Gus Stavros, a local businessman & philanthropist to seek the position of Dir. of the Florida Council on Economic Education. The organization was in chaos, due in part, to the former Exec. getting fired for drawing full salary for the FCEE while also getting paid by another group for doing some of the same type work. We were making considerable progress until I discovered that our Chairman was an absolute Ego-maniac! He was a Cardiologist from South Fl. [Zachariah Zachariah]. Left within a year. The guy who followed me, let me know that he also experienced much of the same and found that the existing staff we both inherited were also a big part of the problem. What a huge mess that experience was.

MOVING TO LEESBURG AND BECOMMING A PART OF LAKE SUNTER STATE COLLEGE

While we were living in Sun City Center I got a call from Jan Zachachuck, who had worked for me in St. Pete and was now the Chamber Exec in Leesburg. She thought I ought to apply for the Business Assistance Dir. at Lake-Sumter Community College [Now Lake Sumter State College]. I did apply and got the job. The job certainly fit with my 20 years of Chamber experience. Perhaps my most enjoyable accomplishment was writing and producing a Coffee Table Book on Lake & Sumter Counties. Turned out great. Stunning photography. We were probably the only Community College to ever produce a Coffee Table Book of this quality. This was my 3rd & final Coffee Table book. But this was the first one that I both wrote & produced. Looked at over 3,000 photos to choose 700. Spent almost every weekend for a year working on the book as the week days were filled with my other duties. Was an intense year but turned out a stunning book. Dr. Chuck Mojock, our President was very supportive and it did take some academic courage to allow me to try and produce it as well as obtaining the financial sponsor ships to make it happen. Was a money maker for the college. A killer of a project but truly a labor of love. Also introduced my Entrepreneurial Academy concept at the college for those interested in creating a business. Did two sessions a year, one at the Leesburg Campus & one at our South Lake campus in Clermont. Very well received! After a 6 year run with the college I resigned in 2013 as I developed a Hyper-Thyroid condition. They killed off my Thyroid with a radioactive Iodine pill and I take a daily pill to provide me what a normal Thyroid would produce. Intended to retire at the end of the school year but the Thyroid sped it up by several months. Peg said when I took the job that she wanted to live on a hill. We did so and as of 9/16/2015 our 8 years in this home is longer than we ever lived in the same house. Our address, 2301 Queen Palm Ct., Leesburg, Fl. 34748. For about 7 years I've written a weekly Sunday Column for The Daily Commercial newspaper. Peg has filled several scrap books with my Columns. Have been a member of Rotary as I was in St. Pete, Muncie & Fresno. Also now serving as the President of The Lake County Conservative Founders Club. I assumed this position when the founder, John Brandeburg, died unexpectedly in 2014. Our home in Leesburg has received a significant make over from when we bought it in 2006 although it was new in 2003. We were the 3rd owner. We adopted our second Greyhound [Ebonezer] from Greyhound Rescue in Orlando. A really big guy. Raced in the Kansas City, KS. area at 92 pounds. He is now 6. Has created his own race track in our back yard. Brindle in color, beautiful & loving dog. Greyhounds are truly great dogs. Only dog mentioned in the Bible [King James version] Proverbs 30/31 as I remember! Have so many great memories of the dogs I've had. Tippy for 14 years, Saben [Norwegian Elk Hound. 16 years, Woofy, Siberian Husky, 9 years, Harry, Greyhound, 7 1/2 years and now Ebonezer, 3 years. It is amazing how much a dog can become a part of your life. We've also had a number of great cats. Peg grew up with a cat called "Tom". he lived 21 years.

Have been blessed to receive several meaningful awards including HOF induction at Truman St. Sports HOF, Missouri Sports HOF [Two occasions, 1st as the Head FB Coach at NE MO. St. Univ. and 2nd as part of the MID STATE OIL Slow Pitch Soft ball teams which won back to back State Championships in the mid 70's when we lived in Jefferson City, Mo.] Univ. of Missouri Sports HOF., Outstanding Achievement Award from The College of Education at the Univ. of Missouri. Given to a CoEd grad who had excelled in a field outside of Education [my 20 years of Chamber of Commerce Presidencies and our accomplishments], COUNCIL OF THE SAGAMORES OF THE WABASH presented by the Gov. of Indiana [then Gov. Evan Bayh] and being elected by my Chamber peers to head both the Indiana & Florida Chamber's Exec's Assn. I have never been driven to become rich, my internal drive has always been to make a positive difference in the things that I've done be it in the lives of my players or as A.D. or in 20 years of Chamber management. Today, Sept. 18th, is our oldest son's [Doug] 55th birthday. WOW

It is now Nov. 11 12-16 and I've been remiss in not keeping up to date on my life's events. This past Tues. Donald Trump shocked the world in winning the Presidency when most all the polls predicted his defeat. I am still writing my Sunday Columns for The Daily Commercial. I did not favor Trump in the primaries but was solidly for him against Hillary Clinton. The last 8 years under President Obama have been a disaster both domestically as well as foreign policy. The Republicans now control the Presidency, The Senate & The House.

I am now the President elect of our Leesburg Noon Rotary Club and will become President in mid 2017.

I am also stepping down as the President of the Lake County Conservative Founders Club. Clubs of all kinds are suffering from decreased attendance, especially from the young. We will likely end our club due to this factor. Regret it!

Peg hits 75 at the end of this month [Nov. 30]. She & Winston Churchill share the same birth date. Two great people sharing the same birthday!

Our daughter Lori just competed yesterday in the International Power Lifting competition in Las Vegas. She competes in the age 50 category and at 132 lbs. She is amazingly strong! Just started lifting within the past 14 months.

Matt is back in Portland, Ore. Rebuilding his construction business after 3-4 years in North Dakota attempting to pull off a major project. Gas prices which had been well over \$3 for most all the time he was there, suddenly dipped well below \$3 and spooked the banks & investors. Great project but terrible timing. He worked so hard. Broke my heart.

Doug, as the City Attorney for Fresno is doing very well. His two boys [Luke & Ryan] are excelling in school and sports. Luke dearly loves baseball and Ryan has not settled in on any one sport but seems to have a lot of natural talent although he is as skinny as a rail. Janet is doing well in her job with the County School system. Her mom died last year. Wonderful woman, born in Italy and was a war bride who then came to America.

Attended my 60th H.S. Reunion in July, then a reunion of my 3 Championship teams at Truman St., then the 50th Reunion of the Carthage H.S. Class of '66 who invited us back. Stayed in the home of my greatest lineman [Tom Williams] and his wife. Very enjoyable.

My 4th trip to Mo. This year occurred in Oct. when one of my first FB recruits [Randy Ball] at NEMSU [now Truman St.] was Inducted into the Mo. Sports HOF as a Coach. He was from my H.S. [Hickman] and we both played for the same coach [Bob Roark] but 13 years apart. I always called him Kewpie and still do. He is now with the Kansas City Chiefs in Player Personnel Dept.

Our 2nd Greyhound [Ebonezer] is doing great. Has created his own race track in our back yard. He is now 94 lbs and is about as big as Greyhounds get. He has a greeting that sounds like a low throat growl but is isn't, it seems to be his method of talking. I First Greyhound [Harry] never did this.

Today is Veteran's Day and attending a memorial service at the Memorial in Leesburg. I was part of the Board that built the Memorial. We are dedicating a new addition: a Huey Helicopter, mounted on a steel pole next to the Memorial Wall. All money raised for the Memorial went to the structure. No paid staff, all volunteers led by fellow Rotarian Don Van Beck who served in both WW II & Korea.. He is 88 and one of the finest men I've ever met!

Lori just won the Silver Medal in Vegas in her Age & Weight Class [age 50 & 132 lbs] in International Power Lifting competition. Think she lost out to a lady from Brazil. Suspect this lady has been a steroids user. No drug testing for this sport in competition. Lori has been lifting for only 14 months and has amazed me with her strength & dedication. Lori, Jared, Allison & Jessica are heavily involved in the "Micro Greens " business both raising & selling. Unique, niche business. On the verge of outgrowing their current facility as all greens are grown under roof in a very controlled environment.

Christy is now married to Cory Pfister who is in the Navy on our Air Craft Carrier [the Theodore Roosevelt]. He is in the Nuclear Engine section and had finished 1st in his Class during training. Very bright. They have a daughter Sadie, now 4, also very smart. She has very limited vision in one eye due to a medical condition that may or may not be medically correctable with current technology. She is so sharp. Allison & Jessica are still single and heavily involved in the " Greens " business. and Daniel has started college at Fresno City College. He is interested in computers.

The next two days , Nov. 14 & 15 - 2016, will be dedicated to the Florida Sports HOF Board meeting & Induction in Tampa. This is my last year on the Board and while I have been honored to have been a part of its operation it is time to hand the baton to my replacement.

Our Matt's two boys [Matthew & Jordan] are both in Oregon. Jordan is working on his graduate degree [wants to teach in college] and Matthew is working for his dad in the construction business. He's struggled as to exactly what he wants to do vocationally. Our Matt says that his Matt is a very skilled Finish Carpenter and probably could do quite well if he set up his own shop. Matt's former wife, Carolyn, also lives in Portland .We have not seen Matt's two boys for several years and not heard from them either. Think the distance between Oregon & Florida has been a factor plus we never had the opportunity to be around them as frequently as Doug's boys and Lori's family both all in Fresno. Regret that separation!