

Enjoying my life's history in the flesh seems to take precedent over writing down each event for my posterity. I know this concept is dead wrong but for most of my life I have suffered from "illogical reasoning".

Especially during my college days, all of my professors made comments on my various written assignments that I didn't "understand the problem". Most of them were in my logic classes.

My first recollection about my early childhood involved my Brother Ray and my Dad. My brother and I were playing in the water - a lone pipe sticking out of the ground partially surrounded by a tub full of water. At the end of the pipe was a leaky spigot, the water randomly dripping into the tub. A perfect place for two small boys to splash water on each other until we were soaked wet.

It was also the right time for a Dad to arrive home from work. He came on the scene as mother seemed very upset at us - he grabbed my brother by the seat of his pants and ducked him in the tub head first. After he lifted him out and Ray quit coughing and getting his breath -said, "Again do it. Dad" Can't rightly say what lesson I learned from this episode, but I still remember it as it happened just yesterday. I am now 69 years old.