

ALL TRUE and
ACCURATE As I
Remember It. Steve
Bailes



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Intro: Bio



Let's get the boring stuff out of the way.

If you know this stuff or agree that it's boring, just skip ahead to the next chapter.

Who knows... maybe some employer will see this and offer me a job, and I will find out what I want to be when I grow up.

name: Steven Blaine Bailes, birthdate: 11/3/53

currently retired

After retirement was an adjunct professor for WV Community and Technical College in Moorefield. I taught Human Diversity, Sociology, and World History.

Last public school teaching position: 7th-grade geography teacher, Capon Bridge Middle School, Capon Bridge, WV

Home address: Tashunka Terrain, 16 Terry Lynn Court, Capon Bridge, WV 26711-9505 (Yes, our driveway was named for THAT Terry Lynn.)

Home phone: 304-496-7359

Educational Background:

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A. B.A. cum laude Elementary Ed. with a specialization in social studies, West Virginia University, 1976; M.A. Reading, West Virginia University, 1989 Certified (West Virginia) social studies grades 1-9, Elementary 1-8, reading K 12.

B. Created motivational reading prog.; Created my own job description, Reading Specialist, '81.

C. Assistant Elementary principal, 1984-1987

D. Completed TESA course (professional training), 1992 and youth counseling program, in 1984

E. Teaching assignments: 14 yrs. 5th and 6th grade self contained; 16 yrs. 7th grade geography; 8th grade WV history; 9th grade World history; American history; 1 yr. teaching overseas— high school biology (Am. Samoa); bu xi bans—English language school in Taiwan.

Professional Memberships

F. Served on RESA Council (federal/school advisory body) 1977-1979; member of county school Superintendent's Advisory Board, 1979; first president of Faculty Senate, 1988; member of Local School Improvement Council, 1993-1994, 2004-2007 (school/ business/community advisory body); member International Reading Association; member State mandated County Educational Planning Committee.

School Initiatives

G. Coordinated school and county social studies fairs,

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H. Created a 3-day outdoor science experience for 6th-grade students county-wide. Coordinated efforts of state and federal natural resource and agricultural agencies, various private individuals and businesses, and eight schools. Directed program annually (1982-1989) until I left elementary to teach in junior high.

Received 2nd place "State Conservation Teacher of the Year" award.

I. Received grants and implemented a canoe river clean-up project for jr. high students.

J. Co-coordinated annual 184+ mile 4-day bike trip for jr. high students, beginning in 1993

K. Created a video for an "At Risk" juvenile "Outward Bound" type program. The video was aired "top of the hour" on an ABC network station. (video available)

L. Began an annual school Renaissance festival involving the community, local public schools, and the WV School for the Deaf, 1993-1996.

M. Co-sponsored biweekly school/community "Chocolate House" (coffee house); contributing comedian, philosopher, and guitarist.

N. 1992, served as a paid consultant on a committee to develop an accelerated curriculum for 7th and 9th-grade county social studies.

O. Coached Odyssey of the Mind team; served as a judge

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P. Co-sponsor student peer mediation group.

Q. Co-created Outdoor Environmental Education Day program: DUCKS. (More information available.)

R. Authored social studies Power Standards for WV Dept. of Educ.
<http://wvde.state.wv.us>

Community

S. Appointed supervisor to the Potomac Valley Soil Conservation District, 1997

T. Docent for Ice Mountain Nature Preserve; 1999 (w/ family) received the Nature Conservancy's President's Stewardship Award.

U. Member of Sons of the American Revolution, and Friends of the Library

V. Appointed Chancellor's representative on WVU Extension Service advisory board.

W. Served in various church offices (e.g. youth group counselor, lay speaker, trustee of N. River Mills U. Methodist.

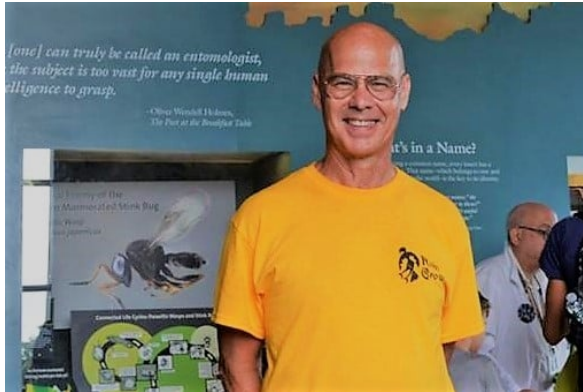
Family

X. Married a very sweet patient girl, Terry Lynn Ryan, on August 7, 1976; father of 2 daughters: Heather Ryan Baker and Stephanie Lynn Brown; grandfather of 4: Piper MacKenzie, Memphis Ryan, Eleanore Ryan, and Charles Rhys.

Y. Own and operate a 110-acre family farm: beef, grain, and forage operation.

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Z. Served on River House Board; Fort Edwards Board; Hampshire County Historic Landmarks Commission; Rhythm guitar for old geezer Rock & Roll band, “Rain Crow.”



I love teaching. I taught most of my 35 years in West Virginia, but my wife and I spent a year teaching in Taiwan (bu xi ban—English language school) and American Samoa (middle school math, social studies, and High School biology).

I consider myself an innovator.

One of the greatest thrills for me is seeing a light of comprehension “come on” in the eye of a learner— that “I got it!” moment.

Check out www.stevebailes.org for more information.

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Home, Sweet Home



Let's see if I can get this straight— where I lived and when I lived there. Before I was born, Mom and Dad and my sisters, Sharon and Lynn, moved a lot. (Inserting Rodney Dangerfield's joke: "When I was a kid my parents moved a lot, but I always found them.") Mom and Dad lived in Welch, WV when they were married. Sharon may have been born in Huntington, WV (Brammer's Addition? Or was that Beckley.) Lynn was born while they lived in Beckley, WV. She thinks it was Daniel's Addition. Later they moved to Fox St. in south Arlington, Va.

I was born in Maple Lake, WV, which is near Bridgeport and Clarksburg. Dad was working for the Veteran's Administration. Mom and Dad ran the clubhouse store. My Dad's grandmother, Camilla Bailes, lived with us. We next moved to Bethesda, MD and Camilla moved with us. Then we moved to Salem, VA. We then moved to Parkwood Apartments, 3421 S. Glen Carlyn Rd. Falls, Church, VA, behind Culmore Shopping Center. In the mid 50's we moved to 201 S. Pershing Drive, Arlington, VA (Barcroft).

We lived there until December 1970 when we moved to Dogwood Estates, Romney WV, just across Rt. 50 from Hampshire High.

When I went away to college, between my freshman and college years Mom said, "Keith, I am still keeping 2 houses." First, it was Arlington and the farm. In 1973, she was keeping the house at Dogwood and the farmhouse. Dad was basically spending all his time at the farm, just returning to Dogwood to sleep. "If you will modernize the old farmhouse, we can sell this house (Dogwood) and move to the farm full-time." Dad ran out into the yard and planted a "FOR SALE" sign. It seemed to sell overnight. Dad, true to his word did modernize the farmhouse. Before 1973 it had no running water, just a pitcher pump. It had no toilets. The outhouse was maybe 70 yards down toward the bank barn. He insulated the farmhouse. He put in baseboard electricity to supplement the fireplace and wood stove. We tore off the old kitchen and screen porch. He had a basement dug out. In place of the old kitchen and porch, he had an addition built which included a modern kitchen, a dining room, a bathroom, and a mud room. They also had a second bathroom built on top of the new addition. They also changed some of the rooms in the original part and had drywall applied throughout the house.

When Terry Lynn and I got married we moved into a 10' X 16' ice House (built early 1900's?) It was about 6' from Mom and Dad's dining room window. It had no toilet, but, hey! you could always go next door. (Some of us could just pee out the window.)

It did have a sink with cold running water. At least it did until the water line froze during the record cold of winter 1976-77. A trap door separated our upstairs bedroom. My desk upstairs or the bed looked out over the field to the north and Sidling Mountain, Slanesville. I loved that home. You could not open the front door and the refrigerator at the same time. If Terry Lynn got mad at me and told me I was going to have to sleep on the couch, that was a serious threat. The couch had to be moved to an outbuilding when Terry Lynn brought in a monstrous Christmas tree.

We had been talking about starting a family. We had a basement built. The flat roof would later become the subfloor for the upstairs where we now live. We moved in the day before Christmas Eve 1977. We did our Christmas shopping that night. (Thank goodness Dart Drug (and Zayre's?) in Winchester were open 24 hours. Terry Lynn was finding that her jeans were fitting her more snugly. Yep. Baby Heather was on the way. So our bedroom became the nursery. We had the shell of the upstairs built in the early 80s. We moved upstairs in stages as rooms were completed.

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1973 Bud Trader, Keith Bailes, Kim, Jan, Hal and Harold Trader
(and Marta) N. River Mills, WV

George Washington Bailes



The way I remember the story... In 1924 George Washinton Bailes disappeared. He was my great-great-grandfather. Years later a moonshiner was on his deathbed. He had been a friend of George Bailes. He admitted he had a trip line to foil “revenoors”. But George was unexpectedly the victim. George was shot and killed. The moonshiner secretly buried the body.

George’s gravestone is in Downtain Chapel Methodist Church graveyard outside Summersville, WV. The stone states that his body is not there.

Any stories about George Washington Bailes’ dad, John A. “Shouting John” Bailes?

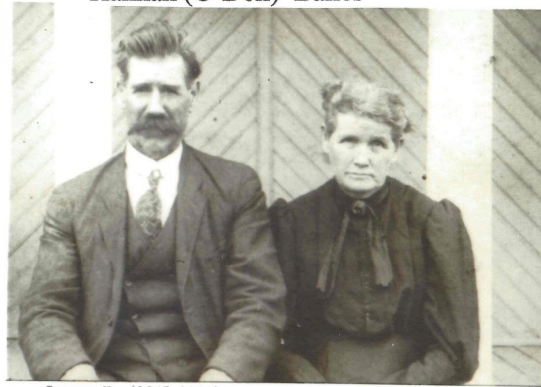
You can read about Dad’s mother’s family in, “When Gauley Ran Blood”, by 1st cousin once removed, Rock Foster. The heroine of the story is my great-grandmother, Becky Hughes. It is set in the Bailes/Hughes ancestral “stompin’ grounds, Hughes Ferry, Summersville (which is now under the Summersville (Gad) Dam. Rock has also written 2 prequels about the Hughes

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family. Hughes, Foster, Bailes and other kin gather each year “Up Yonder” in Summersville, WV on the Up Yonder Road near Hughes Road.

(George Washington Bailes photo from Bud Trader. 1910 c. Composite of Rebecca Jane and Christopher Columbus Hughes from Eloyce Parsons Trader.)

George Washington Bailes
Hannah (O'Dell) Bailes



George W. (1847-1924) & Hannah (O'Dell) Bailes (1849-1915)



Mom



My mom was my first best friend. I remember cuddling in her lap, especially the 2 1/2 hr weekly return drives from North River Mills to Arlington.

Mom loved EVERYthing about the outdoors. She swam, she canoed. She loved the birds. And she shared those loves with me.

I don't think she thought of herself as especially smart. I think she compared herself to her big brother, O'Dell whom she adored. But Mom was very bright and very witty. She earned the Golden Horseshoe Award wvde.state.wv.us/goldenhorseshoe in the early 1940's, but because of WWII she never received the award.

You never wanted to scare Mom. She had a scream that could "wake the dead." But it would start— then build decibels. It was impressive. As a kid, I hated the days she would vacuum. I would hear the big old Hoover, and I knew Mom was going to scream at me. I would try to call out and warn her I was home. But invariably, she would turn around, see me and start this

incredible scream.

Mom was an amazing cook. Despite the fact that Dad's amoebic dysentery meant he could not tolerate spices, Mom could turn out amazingly delicious meals.

Typical of the day, Mom was a "stay-at-home Mom." I think she enjoyed keeping a comfortable home. She was always willing to help with school parties.

Since we had a farm in North River Mills, Mom had to keep up two homes. We spent most weekends and almost every vacation in North River Mills from the mid 50's until Dad took early retirement in Dec. 1970. The farm had its own challenges, such as mom grabbing what she thought was Dad's belt, only to realize it was a snake. No running water, only wood heat, and no indoor plumbing. But I really think Mom loved the farm.

Mom was a very social person. Moving to the farm away from her Arlington friends was painful. But she and Terry Lynn became best friends, even before Terry Lynn moved to the farm in August 1976. It's a good thing they WERE friends since we lived next door and Mom owned the only toilet.

Church was very important to Mom. She taught Sunday School for years. She was the Sunday School superintendent for years as well.

Mom loved to sing and dance— and she was good at both. We would often sing on the drive to North River Mills. I don't remember ever seeing my Mom and Dad dance, but I heard

stories of their earlier days. I do remember her dancing with Uncle Kyle, my dad's brother.

Mom ran the clubhouse and store at Maple Lake (near Clarksburg, WV) where I was born. Apparently, they had a playpen for me at the store.

Mom was an avid reader. She tried so hard to share that love with me. She took me to libraries. She took me to thrift stores where I was allowed to buy a book. There was always a book given as a present for Christmas. When I was young, Mom required me after lunch to "take a rest" with a book. I was allowed to read a book, but for some reason, I didn't want her to know I was reading. Mom did impart her love of reading.

Mom especially liked classical and big band music.

Mom embraced the internet. She was emailing in the 90's when we were using dial-up.

More photos and her obituary are here:
stevebailes.org/blogs/ellen-ruth-dehart-bailes

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1938 when Mom won the “Shirley Temple Look-Alike Contest”



1946, Mom’s Welch High School senior portrait, McDowell County, WV.

Dad



Dad was my hero. I cannot say I fully understood him, but I always respected, admired, and loved him.

Being raised in Arlington, many of my friends were from military families. Many of my friends addressed their dad as “sir”. I thought that sounded cool, but Dad let me know he did not like it. “Daddy” or “Dad” was what he much preferred.

Dad surprised me with how demonstrable he could be in expressing his love. He was fairly lavish in praise too.

Spankings were earlier than I can remember. But I do remember being very upset if he were displeased with something I had done.

I found it really funny to hear stories of his youth. Apparently many would have considered the boy, Keith, an incorrigible hellion. His mom, Lela Mae Highes Bailes died when he was six. I think this left some deep emotional scars. For example, we hardly ever attended funerals.

Dad told how his dad, E.G. was very frustrated. He sat Dad down and recounted how E.G. had tried whipping Dad, and how he had tried other forms of punishment— to no avail. So E.G. decided he would try whipping himself and have Dad watch. As the self-flagellation began Dad said he cried out as if the punishment was really effective. But he admitted he was just glad he wasn't the one receiving the blows.

Another time, Dad and Alma had been so bad the adults decided to lock them in the cellar. When they opened the cellar door to let them out they found Dad and Alma had opened numerous quarts of canned cabbage and were gorging themselves.

Dad told how he was used for flea bait. There was a flea infestation at one of the parsonages where he lived. They tied a rope on him and had him crawl under the house. Then they pulled him out and picked off the fleas.

Dad would let my sisters and me bring Arlington friends to the farm. Our friends always enjoyed his scary rides. Sometimes he would pull an old bunk board wagon. Sometimes he would load us in a trailer that had been altered from a short bed pickup. These rides were often after dark. He was a great storyteller. He might stop and tell stories of purported deaths or panther sightings.

Maybe in 1959, Dad bought me a .22. He came in from squirrel hunting and told me there was a squirrel out on the

walnut limb between our house and his shop. He let me shoot it and claim my first squirrel kill. Years later my Uncle Lyle let it slip that Dad had already shot and killed the squirrel and placed it on the limb for me.

Dad was the personnel director for the United States Information Agency. His boss at one point was Edward R. Murrow (https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Edward_R._Murrow. Check out the movie.)

Dad was a chain smoker but in the mid or late 60s. I remember he threw a cigarette butt out his window, but it came in my back window where I was sleeping. I woke up to a fire in the back seat.

He quit smoking cold turkey. He was away at a conference. He never told anybody he was quitting. I'm guessing he wanted to be sure he could do it. Even as an older man, if he was around a smoker, you might see his fingers twitching like he was holding a cigarette.

Dad might have been part groundhog. Dad dug a basement under the house where I was born. Every day he would blast dynamite. He was supposed to remove the floor jack in the location he was blasting. One time he forgot. The house lifted violently (which got great-grandmother screaming.). But the house settled back down with no apparent damage (except frazzled nerves. The Boston terrier had his routine too. After the blast, he would run down in the basement and pee on the

dynamited pile of dirt. Dad also dug out a workshop/cellar at our Arlington home.

Dad loved his stinky aged longhorn cheese and salt-rising bread. Dad was in a carpool that drove to work in DC. His stinky cheese and salt-rising sandwich offended his carpool buddies so they asked him to get out and eat his sandwich before they continued the drive into DC.

Dad was fearless. He loved having his children with him when he was out working. I loved riding on the tractor while he mowed the 40-acre field. He built a seat for baby Janet. One time a mouse nest under the gas tank caught on fire. Jan was strapped in her seat. He decided he had a better chance of beating out the fire rather than unfastening the belt. No one was blown up that day.

In maybe April 1967 Dad was burning an old apple tree stump near where the bank barn is today. A freak wind blew in out of the south and caught the field on fire. Dad fought it, but as it spread toward what is now Rose's field, Dad seemed to slip into a catatonic state. My oldest sister and I were using a single-bottom horse-drawn turn plow— pulling it with the old LeRoi tractor. The tractor died when we were downwind. As the fire went under the tractor, my sister and I deserted the tractor. Then Dad jumped ON the tractor. It was the first time I cussed at my dad, telling him to get off the tractor. He ignored me— and he got the tractor restarted. Sharon and I resumed plowing. We

had almost finished a fire break when the tractor died again. The fire would not have been contained if another freak nature event hadn't taken place. Snow with big wet flakes blew in. We got the last bit of the fire out. I remember the family going back to the house (where we had left baby Jan). But I stayed in the field and cried from relief. When I checked the tractor, the gas tank was empty.

Dad was a great shot. My uncle Lyle and I loved to hunt deer, covering many miles in a day looking for the deer. But more likely than not, when we returned to the warm farmhouse, Dad might still be in his bathrobe, but he had a deer hanging up in the tree. In Dec. 1971 we saw (barely) a buck at the far corner of our field where the river and Rose's line intersected. (The spot where we would find his body in Nov. 2003.) It was time for me to drive to school, but Dad suggested we both shoot at the buck. He counted down, but I knew I was not on the target, so I didn't even pull the trigger. Dad dropped that deer with one shot.

He had a "presence", a sense of authority that was usually not questioned. For example, Dad would "sleep in" Saturday mornings at the farm. I never remember any threats, but we children knew we were to be quiet.

Dad always wanted to "fix" any problems of those he loved. And he loathed any thought that any favor he accepted might have a bad consequence for the other person. For instance, he would never want somebody to run an errand for him (in case

they had an accident while running the errand?)

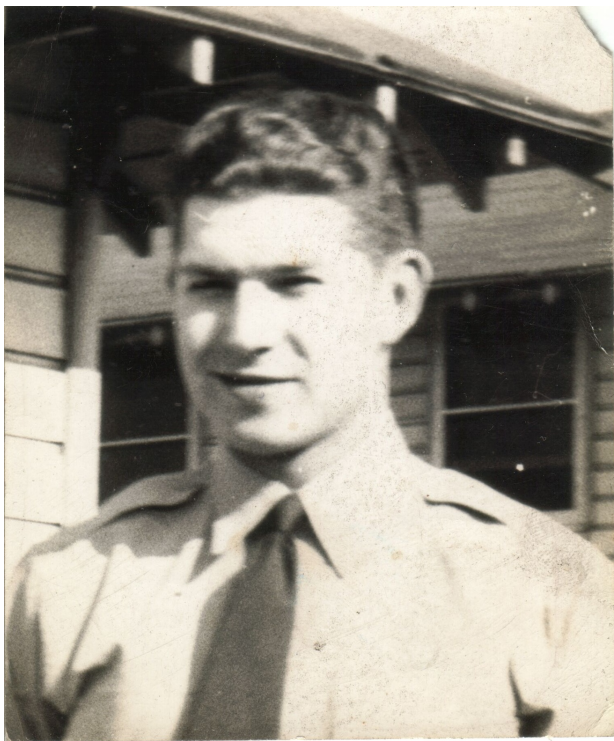
He was a superstitious man, which seems so contrary to his otherwise rational mind.

Dad and I were miles apart politically. He was a registered Democrat, but he was committed nationally to the conservative branch of the Republican party. He voted for Barry Goldwater. Dad's only criticism of Nixon was probably that he should never have released the Watergate tapes. He was anti-union.

It is hard to think of Dad without thinking of work. It was never a chore for him. I honestly think he loved working. He was allowed to take an early (50 years old) medical retirement in December 1970. (Related to his amoebic dysentery contracted in World War II.) We quickly sold the Arlington home and moved to Dogwood Estates, Romney, WV. Then they moved to Dad's beloved farm in 1973.

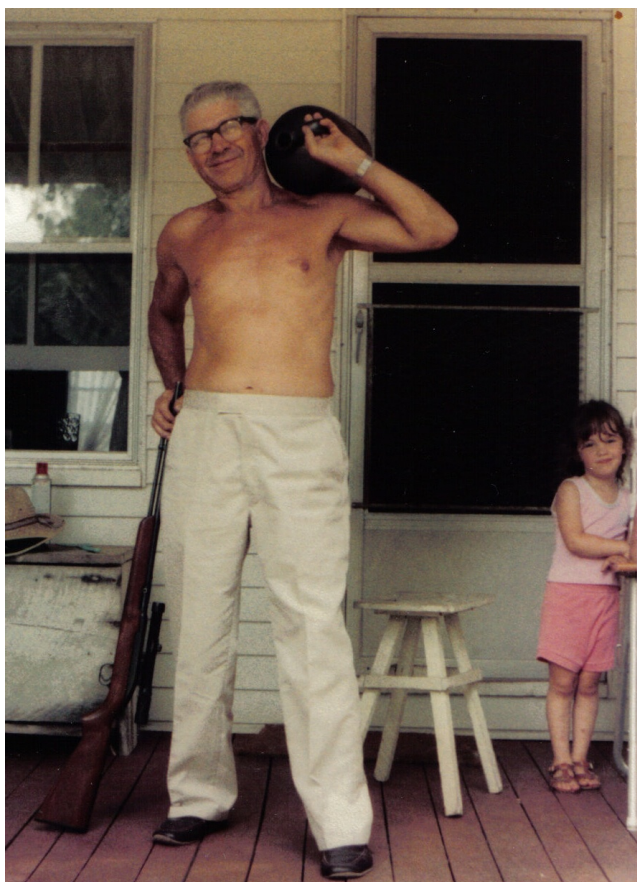
Dad was still baling hay for me in 2003 when he was eighty-three, the year he died. There is a brief write-up of Dad's death and lots more photos of Dad here: <http://stevebailes.org/blogs/keith-bailess-centennial-page>

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1942 Dad served in the Army Air Force.

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1983, Dad and Heather

Spittin' Image



No, I am not very similar to my mom or dad. Looks-wise, I don't think I resemble either closely. I guess I did get my hairstyle (follicle-ly challenged) from Mom's dad.

I loved and greatly admired my dad. He was a man of industry. He seemed happiest when he was working. He seemed to run all day. One time (1978?) Dad told us at the dinner table how the wagon had come unhitched and was speeding toward the river. He had to jump off the tractor, chase after the wagon, and make a flying leap to keep the hay wagon from going over the hill into the river. Terry Lynn said she saw him run across the barn lot. Dad asked why she hadn't come to see if everything was OK. Terry Lynn countered with, "You ALWAYS run everywhere."

Dad would decide on a project. Then he would dedicate time every day to work on that project. I don't think he took vacations from these dedicated times.

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I think I can identify more traits that I shared with Mom. Her love of nature. Her love of books.

Her love of music really stood out. When we would make the drive from Arlington to the farm, she would often sing old favorites like “Grandfather’s Clock” and “Shine On, Harvest Moon.” As we crossed the Blue Ridge, she would often break into, “When the Moon Comes Over the Mountains.” So many songs in her repertoire. I don’t remember her singing on the way back to DC.



My First Big Trip



In early June 1961, my mom and dad took us cross-country from Arlington, VA to Seattle, WA. We were in a new Chevy Impala station wagon. (Dad liked his Chevys.) I was 6 years old. Jan would not be born until 1963. Sharon was 12, Lynn was 11, Dad was 40 and Mom was 32. Interstate highways began being built in 1956. There were long stretches I remember as really boring. We had no air conditioning.

We drove through the Badlands National Park in WY.

We stopped in Cody, WY where a store was giving silver dollars as change.

We entered Yellowstone National Park from the south. We drove north from the lake to the falls. The overlook of the gorge was amazing. Then we visited the geyser basin. Lynn was especially impressed with the Morning Glory Pool (www.nps.gov/features/yell/tours/oldfaithful/mrngglry.htm).

We stayed at Roosevelt Lodge in the northern part of Yellowstone. I remember in the morning I was wakened and led

stumbling to the window where I was staring down the tonsils of a grizzly. Sharon and Mike, the Boston Terrier, had gone out early for a walk, and they were chased back to the cabin.

We saw Old Faithful and lots of moose and elk.

We visited the Blackfoot reservation.

We stopped at Glacier National Park. That might have been the first place I saw prairie dogs.

I remember crossing the Rockies. We had to stop and put snow in the radiator. I'm wondering if we crossed the Continental Divide at Homestake Pass near Butte, MT.

Our destination was Seattle, WA. Uncle Kyle, Aunt Pat, and their twin daughters lived there. Kyle was in Strategic Air Command around 1953. I was told he was having a nightmare about fighting enemy soldiers. When he awoke, he found he had Aunt Pat by the throat. I believe he was flying reserve until 1965. They said he was flying over the pole a lot.

The twins, Brenda and Diane, lived by the old Fieldhouse in Morgantown when they were born. (Well, maybe after they were born. I was a year older (and wiser?), but I was really confused by my apparent double vision. I would point to one and ask, "Who dat?" Somebody might identify Brenda. Then I would point at the other and ask, "Who dat?" When they would identify Diane, I started all over and pointed at Brenda, "Who dat?"

Kyle was an engineer for Boeing, working extensively on Airforce 1.

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We went out on Puget Sound on my uncle Kyle's boat. Then he took us to a Chinese restaurant— my first Chinese food. Typically, Dad ordered eggs and bacon.

We brought Aunt Pat and the twins, Diane and Brenda back east. Kyle flew later. I don't remember stopping much on the way back east.



Probably around the time we drove to Seattle, 1961.

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1961, Brenda and Diane, and I on our Impala station wagon. Sharon and Lynn in the back at uncle Rich and aunt Vera's home on our return trip. Mike is on the ground.

Life As a Child, My Neighborhood



I feel I was very privileged to grow up when I did. The biggest difference maybe was our freedom and lack of worries. I grew up 4 miles from the White House, DC. But we were in suburbia where neighbors knew who you were, and you knew they would let your parents know if you were doing something you shouldn't. I don't remember having a lot of homework, so there was lots of time to play outside. I don't remember my parents setting boundaries. We were expected to be home for dinner when Dad returned from work. When the weather was warmer, we could go back out after dark. I loved playing hide-and-seek after dark. I enjoyed playing in the storm sewers. A bunch of the sewers entered into Four Mile Run. We used to play there. I was afraid of the railroad trestle, but that didn't keep me from playing on it.

I loved my Barcroft neighborhood in Arlington, VA. I think any time the weather was decent we were outside. We still had some nice sections of woods where we could build forts. We played hide-and-seek on bikes. A favorite activity was hide-and-seek after dark.

Neighbors often loaded up other neighborhood kids to go on fun excursions.

Arlington Hall was a super secret intelligence facility. Their ballfield was a block or two from my house. We could sit outside the barbed wire fence. We could abscond with any foul balls that came over the fence.

A couple of friends and I would sneak into Arlington Hall. Once you got in there we could swim. play basketball and go to the PX. One time I tried to sneak into one entrance, The armed guard caught me and would not let me in. So I went to another entrance and snuck in there. When it was time to leave, I decided I would go out of the first entrance just to hassle the guard. He was there, and he did not think it was funny. He pointed his pistol at me and made some serious threats. But generally, my neighborhood was a friendly place.

I loved the old Western TV shows. Once I asked my Dad if it was "later". He said, "I guess so, Why?"

I reminded him that he had promised we could play Cowboys and Indians later. So he agreed. But I was not impressed with his performance. He just sat there with his glass of ice water. When I

asked him why, he responded, “Me Sitting Bull.”

I was allowed to keep quite a menagerie of wild animals. These included a beautiful male wood duck, groundhogs, various snakes, toads and frogs, and a fawn. Ask me about Mema saving my duck’s life with mouth-to-beak resuscitation... or how Dad’s miracle cure, whiskey saved toads and groundhogs.

Poor Mrs. Bowman. One of the sweetest ladies I have ever known. She was my next-door neighbor in Arlington. But she hated snakes. She tried to avoid going outside if she knew I had brought a snake back from West Virginia. One day she commented to Mom, “I see Steven’s snake is gone.”

My Mom hedged some, then answered truthfully, “Yes, it’s gone.” But Mrs. Bowman picked up on the hesitation and confirmed that my snake had again escaped. Then Mrs. Bowman ran back into her house.

We loved to ride bikes. Mine was a single-gear Murray. Dad got me a siren to go on my bike. When you engaged it with the wheel you got the old whining police siren. It apparently was very realistic, because I “pulled over” many a car. I guess people couldn’t figure out why there was no policeman, and I was never caught.

As an elementary school kid, I would hop on a bus and go into DC to have lunch with Dad. I think in junior high I became fascinated with the hippy culture so I would go hang out in the “head shops” in Georgetown. I never bought drugs, but I bought

candles, black light posters, incense— all the trappings of the drug culture. I guess Mom and Dad could tell it was just a fad for me.

At the end of sixth grade, I planned a 3-day hike on the Appalachian Trail. Again, I'm surprised my parents let me go with no supervision. Looking back I think we probably needed supervision. But we never killed anybody. We hiked stretches of the Appalachian Trail for several summers.

My parents bought a carom board for me when I was in elementary school. That was a hit with my friends. I took it to Capon Bridge School when I taught 6th grade. Students sometimes tell me how much they liked it.

I loved playing cards on the screen porch at the farm, especially when it rained. We really liked Hearts.

In elementary school, I loved to have corn cob battles in and around the barn at the farm. I didn't like it when I got beaned, but it was very satisfying to hear a "thunk" when my cob found its mark on my opponent's noggin.

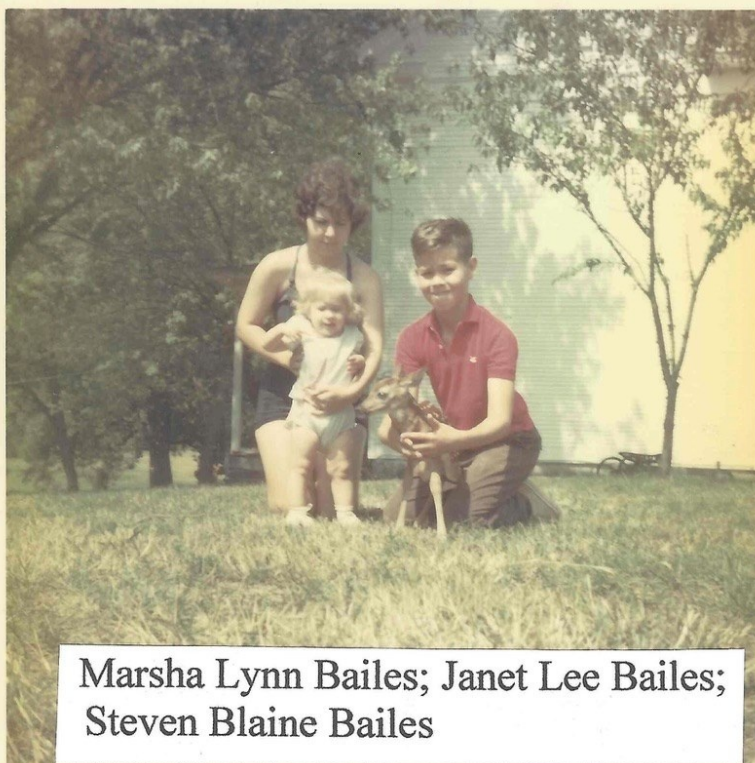
I'm not very proud of the fact that we glorified war. We were soon to enter the Viet Nam War, and we were raised on WWII films. We spent hours building forts, dying dramatically. Then we would get up, dust ourselves off and do it all over again. It seemed that I had no awareness that real soldiers don't get to dust themselves off and go on with their lives after they are "killed."

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I was also blissfully ignorant of another issue going on around me. Racism was prevalent, but I had no understanding of the difficulties faced by Blacks.

Another example of blissful ignorance... in 1971 or 1972 my draft number was drawn by lottery. Low numbers would likely be quickly sent to Viet Nam. I saw the draft almost like a field trip. My girlfriend at the time was a pacifist Jehovah's Witness. She and my parents stayed up late to find I received a very high number 300 something of 365. I had gone to bed early because it just didn't seem important.

(Photo: I'm not sure of the source, but Lynn's 1st name is Marcia.)



My Favorite Children's Stories



Mom and Dad were both avid readers. Dad would only read biographies and other non-fiction when I was young. I think he read Zane Grey when he was young. Mom tended toward historical fiction, but she like non-fiction as well.

But I was a reluctant reader. I've never been a fast reader. I can remember being befuddled by reading in first grade. It was all quite a mystery to me.

So I resisted reading. In the summertime, Mom would send me off to my room after lunch, and she encouraged me to have a book. For some reason, when I got hooked on a book, I didn't want her to know. Stubbornness, contrariness— who knows? I would read under the covers with a flashlight at night so she wouldn't know she had passed on her love of reading.

I loved animal stories, like Bambi and Perry, by Felix Salton. I read several of Marguerite Henry's horse novels like King of the

Wind, and Misty of Chincoteague. And I read Rascal, by Sterling North.

I loved stories of adventure, like Kon Tiki, by Thor Heyerdahl. Barcroft Elementary had a great library. I loved their collection of biographies.

A favorite memory is a rainy weekend at the farm, I was under covers upstairs with the rain playing percussion on our uninsulated metal roof. reading, Spirit of the Border, by Zane Grey.

Faith of our Fathers (and Mother)



I have always been envious of those whose faith seems never to be shaken— those who never question religious beliefs. That was the faith of my mom’s parents, Guy and Sallie DeHart. They were very intelligent people, but when it came to the teachings of the church, there was to be no troubling dispute. They adopted the most literal view of scriptural teachings. I remember sharing Bill Cosby’s. “Noah” routine with them. They did not find it amusing.

My dad’s father, E. G. Bailes died in March 1951. I was born in November 1953. He was Mom’s pastor before Mom met Dad. He was a circuit rider who rode a mule to the outlying churches on his circuit. (Heather has his saddlebags.) Mom apparently idolized “Pop” E. G. Bailes. One of the stories she told of Pop was his explanation for some of the seemingly contradictory messages of the Bible. For example, the Old Testament is often

legalistic and stresses justice. The teachings of Jesus stress love and mercy. Pop Bailes believed the differences were due to our human frailty. He believed God revealed truths to us as we were ready to receive them.

In high school, I dated a Jehovah's Witness girl. Again, I was envious of her belief that "good" people would return to a perfected Earth after death. There were many other beliefs on which we disagreed. In college, she or I decided we could discuss our different views with Rev. Arthur Backus, the pastor of Spruce Street United Methodist Church in Morgantown. We laid out some of our differences to Rev. Backus. I was surprised to find that the teachings of my own Methodist church coincided better with the beliefs of my Jehovah's Witness girlfriend than with my own.

So I'm hoping the Lord is satisfied that I tried to get the "important stuff" right.

(Photo: Paternal grandparents, "Pop" E.G. and "Mom" Inez Bailes and maternal grandparents, Guy and Sallie Cock DeHart ca. 1943 (Mom in middle.)

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My Sisters



I am five and six years younger than my older sisters, Lynn and Sharon. I was often envious of their relationship.

I'm afraid I was quite a brat. I can vaguely remember throwing tantrums when I felt left out. I was the obnoxious little brother when their boyfriends were around, Oddly, I don't remember them showing exasperation even when I was at my worst.

Sharon seemed to act as the authority at times. This could make me very angry. I again vaguely remember Sharon locking me out of the house in Arlington when I was livid with anger.

In the early days renting, then owning the farm, Sharon, Lynn, and I were typically exploring and adventuring together. Hiking, biking, canoeing, swimming, sledding. Dad created a "merry-go-round, tire swings, and a homemade unpowered go-kart. I had a charmed early childhood.

For ten years I was the baby of the family. Then, in 1963, Mom and Dad convened a family conference where they told us

there was going to be an addition to the family. I looked around and decided Mike, the Boston terrier, was the most likely candidate to have a baby. But, no, Mom gave birth to Jan.

I thought it was really cool to have a little sister. Within four years Sharon would graduate and go off to college. The next year, Lynn, went off to college. So Jan and I became “buddies.” Around this time I became interested in photography and home movies. Jan and the pet dogs were willing and patient subjects.

Jan could get me into trouble. Like the time in 1968. Our family was packing the last few things for our weekly Friday drive from Arlington to WV. We were all out at the car when there was a loud scream from the Bowman’s house next door. Then Jan came streaking out of their front door, and right behind her was Mrs. Bowman. Mrs. Bowman was certainly one of the sweetest ladies I ever knew. But she hated snakes. A short time earlier, Jan had asked if she could take my snake out of its cage to play with it. She DID not bother to ask if she could take it into the Bowman’s dinner gathering, walk up to Mrs. Bowman, and put the snake in her face! So, Mrs. Bowman stops her pursuit of Jan, points a finger at Me, and accuses, “Steven, you put your little sister up to that didn’t you?”

All in all, I must admit I was very fortunate to have the patient big sisters I had and to have the little sister I had. All three became my best friends.

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(The photo from 1965 shows our pet deer, Bambi, me, Sharon, Lynn, and Jan



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Favorite Concerts



I feel I was lucky growing up in Arlington. We had lots of opportunities to see some great performers at little cost— and sometimes free. Probably between 1963 and 1966 (3rd to 6th grade) our school took us to see Leonard Bernstein (www.facebook.com/Bernstein-Leonard-167770603706700/) conducting for the “Tiny Tots Concert” at Constitution Hall (www.facebook.com/Constitution-Hall-166312846756945/) (the D.A.R. venue).

I remember Bernstein helping us visualize characters as the orchestra performed “Peter and the Wolf” by Sergei Prokofiev.

I wish I knew how much I paid to see some of the early rock groups at Constitution Hall. I saw an “Up With People” Concert maybe in 1966. Maybe in 1968 for my birthday, Mom and Dad paid for me and five friends to go see the 5th Dimension. Jimmy Blinco, Van Patillo, Felice Falzone, Kari Floyd, and Judy Bowman. This was a big deal for me since it was a date with a girl!

I think in 1971 I got to see Bill Danoff and Taffy Nivert (Fats City— wrote and sang back up for Denver on “Country Roads”) at the Cellar Door in Georgetown. This was the same venue where Denver performed “Country Roads” one of the first times. He did not know that Andy Ridenour (later of Mountain Stage— West Virginia’s Public Broadcasting’s “flagship” radio program) and other West Virginians were in the crowd. You can imagine the West Virginians going crazy over the song. This made Denver think the song had staying power— which it did.

While attending WVU I got to see James Taylor (and Carly Simon) (1972?) His act started when he walked on stage in his jeans and denim shirt, sat on a stool, and started playing, “Sweet Baby James.” I think most people thought he was a roadie tuning the guitar. Much of his performance was a gentle acoustic guitar. The college crowd was more into heavy rock’n’roll, so many people left early. I loved the concert. And back then, you could walk right down to the stage— nobody cared. (In 1995 Dave and Jan would give Terry Lynn, Heather, Steph and me tickets to see James Taylor. By this time, Taylor’s concert was almost frenetic— with light shows, lots of backup singers, and loud rockin’ instrumentation.

In 1974-ish I saw a musical hero, Stephen Stills and Manassas. In 1973 I saw Ricky Nelson shortly after he brought out “Garden Party.”

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I took my girlfriend, Terry Lynn, to see the Fleetwood Mac concert. Unfortunately, they had a group before they came out doing a LONG opening act. Before Fleetwood Mac actually came on stage I had to take Terry Lynn home because I was on duty as a resident assistant at the dorm, and I had to be back in the dorm by 10 PM. (This made me very popular with Terry Lynn's folks, but did stifle whatever social life I had.)

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1975 Terry Ryan 1st Valentines Day

Grade School Classmates



Jimmy Blinco is one of my oldest friends. He is now a National Park Ranger on Honeymoon Island, Florida. I would stop in my old neighborhood and visit with Jimmy's dad (Now deceased). And when Jimmy would come back north we would get together.

I lost contact with many of the people I went to school with when we moved to West Virginia. Facebook has been invaluable in reconnecting me with my classmates. I created Facebook groups for my elementary school and my junior high. We have had several get-togethers, both in person and via ZOOM (virtual video meetings.) One advantage of virtual meetings is we can chat with classmates around the world (Turkey and Greece.)

During the Pandemic (2001) a bunch of us from the Barcroft neighborhood got together on a virtual video meeting. It was fun to reminisce with the neighbors, "kids" I played with when I was young.

I posted photos and other stuff about my classmates here:
<http://stevebailes.org/blogs/kenmore-66-69/>

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I'm also the admin of a group for my elementary school:
www.facebook.com/groups/35235954865

In Trouble at School



In an earlier story, I mentioned that my first-grade teacher took me to the office and I had to call Mom. I then had to confess my sin to her. I was in tears. I admitted I had been daydreaming and looking out the window.

My third-grade teacher maybe should not have been a teacher. If you talked in class she should tape your mouth. My best friend had his mouth taped every day that year except one day— because the teacher was absent. If she thought you were misbehaving, she would stuff you under her desk. I was banished under her desk at least once because I remember there were some cuss words and anatomical terms I had never seen or heard before. (I had a sheltered childhood.

The only other time I remember being sent to the office was at Kenmore Junior High in Arlington, VA. I often ate lunch with a goofy kid. I must have had a rough day. I was eating an ice cream sandwich and the goofy kid hit my arm so I smashed the ice cream in my face. I stood up, and my posture let him know my

instinct was to throw the ice cream back at him. I would have calmed down, but he threatened that he would hurt me if I threw the ice cream at him. I lost it. The next thing I knew, we were on the other side of the cafeteria. The assistant principal, Bill Michaels had us separated. He sent us both to the office. On the way there, the goofy kid apologized and we were “all good” again. I think he was suspended for a day, but I was not punished.

This is off-topic, but Bill Michaels was from Hampshire County. He learned that we had a farm in Hampshire County WV. He told me the best teacher he ever had was June Loy. June Loy owned much of the valley where our farm is. He owned the trailer across the river from Mom and Dad’s house. He was a brilliant man, but booze “got him”, and he owned very little at the time of his death.

Tradition!



I have some negative feelings toward traditions and rituals. I really didn't like the idea of doing something one way because "that's the way we've always done it." I felt sometimes traditions could "boss us around", making us do things that we didn't want to do.

But a book by Robert Fulgum, *From Beginning to End: The Rituals of Our Lives*, encouraged me to reevaluate my opinion of traditions and rituals. (This book might be part of the reason both my daughters had two weddings.) Fulgum seemed to encourage his readers to be mindful of the things we do in life (even brushing our teeth). Appreciate the practices that bring us together.

One ritual for Heather and Stephanie was a race we had from the room closest to the driveway to their nursery at the far end of the basement. They did that every night just before bedtime. Heather, being older, always won. I got the bright idea one night to hold Heather so Steph could win. Uh-oh! I was surprised that

Heather was crying because I was cheating and not letting her win the race. But I was more surprised because Steph was also crying. She “knew” the rules— that Heather was supposed to win.

Christmas traditions: Mom would make gingerbread cookies which we decorated the day of Christmas Eve. Mom continued this tradition when Heather and Steph came along. This allowed Terry Lynn (mostly) and I to wrap gifts with the kids out of the house.

When I was a child, on Christmas morning, we would find a stocking by our bed. That would give Mom and Dad a little more time to sleep. But I think everybody was allowed to come out of their bedroom around 6 AM. We had to line up by age, from the youngest to the oldest. We went into the living room with the adjacent dining room. Dad would then dole out the gifts.

On the night of Christmas Eve, each family member was to perform something, a reading, a song, poetry, or something. After everybody else had performed something, Dad would open the old King James Bible and read the Christmas Story.

On New Year's Eve, By the time I was old enough to remember, Mom and Dad no longer went out to New Year's parties. Each child was allowed to choose a favorite food that we wanted for our family party. Guy Lombardo was a big part of our celebration. I think Dad said guns were a big part of New Year's when he was a child. So when we moved to the farm in West

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Virginia, at midnight dad would fire off some big gun.



Steven B. Bailes; M. Lynn Bailes;
Sharon C. Bailes

1962 c. Arlington, VA From Bud Trader

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Summer Down On the Farm



We rented (and then bought) the farm where we now live in the 1950's. Dad, Keith, worked near the White House in DC. He would tell people he worked in DC, he LIVED in North River Mills. Most weekends and vacations were spent in North River Mills, WV. Mom's parents, Guy and Sallie DeHart, lived in Davy, WV—then Stuart, VA. They spent a month at the farm each summer. So I got to usually spend a week with them, then another three weeks there with the rest of the family.

When Grandmother and Granddad were there, the day started before light with a big breakfast, fried apples, fresh biscuits, and poached egg. Granddad was the bacon chef, and I still have his bacon press. The DeHarts introduced me to butter.

Grandmother would then begin her day of hard work. She worked until after supper— pretty much non-stop. There were weeds to pull, veggies and berries to harvest, and lots of lawn to

mow with a push mover. Once a week was laundry day. We either drug the wringer washer out of “Mom’s House”. Or we loaded the washer in a trailer and took it to the river. We had no running water, so we either worked the pitcher pump or carried buckets from the river.

Sometimes I could sneak off with Granddad and go fishing—early morning or evening. Granddad would return home around noon when we had a big dinner. Dinner often included groundhog or fresh fish. We had venison in the freezer.

After dinner, Granddad would take his .22 out groundhog hunting. I laugh when I remember looking out into the hayfield as Granddad drove a tractor camouflaged with tree limbs. The groundhogs weren’t much afraid of the tractor. But when the, “...woods come to Dunsenane”— or North River Mills, that was something scarey! Granddad would also often nap while he was “hunting.”

In the morning, Grandmother would pour some fresh milk from Audra Baker’s cow into a cake pan. She would put a piece of cheesecloth over it and set it in the sun. By evening it was yogurt. She usually had fresh cornbread left over from dinner. We would crumble the cornbread into the yogurt and that was our dinner.

After dinner, Grandmother would finally stop to relax. If Granddad wasn’t going fishing we might play croquet or go swimming.

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There were trips to Winchester in the '49 JEEP with the top off. Dad's siblings and their family and sometimes uncle O'Dell would visit around the 4th of July.

I have such fond memories of those summer vacations.



1965, Guy and Salie Cock DeHart (and Mike.) Dad's '49 JEEP behind Granddad.

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1968, Guy, Sallie, Mom, Jan, and Dad. To the right was the Ice House where Terry Lynn and I would begin married life in 1976.

Critters as Pets



It seemed we always had some wild animal as a pet. We had a fawn when I was a child (1966?) and when Heather and Steph were young (1984?) I had a wood duck. I had many snakes fish, toads (tadpoles), and turtles. We had pet groundhogs and a pet skunk. We even fostered a vulture overnight.

I caught a Wood duckling in the mid '60s. I was down in the "ripples" (ford) collecting tadpoles for the duck's dinner. I had left the duck in a large wash basin of water (the one we would use for our baths. I was told later that the mama duck smears her oil on the duckling which makes him buoyant. I didn't know that was now my job. So while I was gone the duckling sank. Grandmother DeHart found it. She and Mom pumped its wings and gave it "mouth to bill" artificial respiration. The duck survived. By that fall when I let him go, he had his full, striking male plumage.

Terry Lynn and I were on our way to a dance (2004?) when we saw a roadkill possum on the road. I stopped to take a photo

(as anybody would do). But I noticed the pouch of the very dead mama was moving. The babies were very much alive. So we took the babies to the dance (and later took them home.) A neighbor family, the O'Briens, actually raised them.

Sometime later, Chelsea O'Brien was showing a DC city slicker around their farm when they heard a ruckus from the chicken house. Chelsea entered the chicken house and came out with a possum she was calling by name— and verbally chastising the possum for threatening the chickens. I think the DC guy thought he had found the real Ellie Mae Clampett.



1965 Groundhog and Jim Blinco, 2nd St. Arlington, VA

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1983 Granma Doris, Nikki and Steph

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1994 Steve and possum



1989 Steph and vulture

Anticipation



What did you look forward to the most as a child? Everything! I think anticipation might be a common and dominant trait of the young. I still get excited about upcoming family visits, holidays, and other special events. But it seemed impatient expectancy was a big part of my childhood. “I can’t wait for...!” The holidays, summer breaks, and other events.

When my grandparents were expected at the farm, I would walk to North River Mills hours early. I just had to be the first person to see them. I would pester Charlie Love and Wilma Miller, Bruce and Betty at the store, and Audra Croston at the post office. I never remember anyone showing exasperation because I was hanging around.

In elementary school, I was often a lazy student. There were many times I was desperately looking forward to getting out of school. I became a master of watching the clock. It took many years before I learned the best way to speed up the clock is to dive into the topic at hand— even schoolwork.

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(Photo: 1956, Steven, Parkwood Apartments, Bailey's Crossroad, VA)



Favorite Sports Teams



Growing up in Arlington, just 4 miles from DC, it's probably not surprising I was an avid fan of the Washington Redskins football team (now the Commanders) and the Washington Senators. I was watching Redskins football back in the day of Sam Huff, Sonny Jurgenson, Larry Brown, and Vince Lombardi. (The WVU, Redskins star, Sam Huff was born near Morgantown. He died in Winchester, VA). In junior high (1966-1969) we played a lot of football in the streets or at a local ball field. I think we all saw ourselves as Redskin stars.

Dad had been a NY Yankees fan since the 1920s. He passed on his fanship to me. If the Yankees came to town to play the Senators, we might go to the stadium to watch the game, especially if it was a doubleheader. This was in the day of Roger Maris and Mickey Mantle vying for Babe Ruth's home run record. We also got to see Yogi Berra, Joe Pepitone, and others.

In first grade (1960) I was briefly a LA Dodgers fan, when my first-grade teacher, Mrs. Knowles, at Barcroft Elementary

(1960-61) promised me an autographed photo by her baseball star son-in-law, Wally Moon. (He has a Facebook page or you can Google him if you are interested.) WHEN I read my first book. I vaguely remember being stumped by the mystery that was reading. But I read my first book, and I still have the framed and autographed photo she gave me. Thank you, Mrs. Knowles.

Rebellious Youth



My youthful rebelliousness was rather lame. Woodstock (the summer after 9th grade), and “the Summer of Love” (the summer after 7th grade) were happening along with much social upheaval, protests, and violence. I was pretty much clueless. Long hair was “in” for guys. But my dad barbered my hair until I went away to college. My hair stayed short. Kids were experimenting with drugs. I didn’t. I really enjoyed the trappings of the psychedelic culture. So I would ride a bus to Georgetown (Hippy Heaven, DC). I would buy black lights, posters, incense, and candles. I would play Jimi Hendrix, Spirit, and other rock group records as loud as I thought I could get away with. I wonder if Mom and Dad were worried by my fascination with the drug culture.

As a young child, I fantasized about running away from home. Not just fantasized, but made detailed plans. The problem was I was almost never unhappy with Mom and Dad, and I felt they would be hurt if I did run away. They would likely see my

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running away as a sign that I was dissatisfied with them as parents. I thought seriously about leaving a note explaining I was running away simply for the aspect of adventure— and in no way did it reflect negatively on their parenting or my affection for them.

I think I hit my rebellious phase in 2001. My principal announced to the staff that she wanted us to “dress professionally” Monday through Thursday. For guys, this meant a coat and tie. She went on to say that on Fridays she wanted us to “let our hair down.” This was a problem for me, as I was bald by this time. Anyway, I would wear aloha or T-shirts and sandals Monday through Thursday. On Friday she was usually standing in the hall outside her office. I would walk down the hall in a 3 piece suit— still wearing my sandals. I must give her credit. She knew there was no dress code and so this a battle she could not win. She would simply grin and shake her head. Poor lady.

(Photo: Photo-shopped image of long-haired Steve)



Life and How I Imagined It



How has my life turned out differently than I imagined it? Here's a confession. I was a clueless kid. I was not strategic. I did not plan. Things just happened. And luckily most of those things were good things.

I don't think I even thought about where I would live. I was in Williamsburg to visit my sister, Sharon. That was probably 1969 and I was in 9th grade. She thought she was warning me, that my dad was expecting me to move back to the Farm. I laughed at her. We were still living just outside DC. The farm was our vacation place, not a place to I could live.

A few years later, Mom and Dad were living on our farm, but the possibility of me living there never occurred to me.

A few more years later, I found this really cute choir girl, and I knew I wanted to marry her. I was finishing my college degree, and it was time to think about where was I going to live and work. It was like a light clicked on— "Dad is living on HIS vacation spot." Maybe I could live on MY vacation spot too. I

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talked to Mom and Dad, and they were pleased that I wanted to move back to Hampshire County. They initially deeded us the 10 acres on the east side of the farm— the east side of the hill.

Terry Lynn, that cute choir girl, became my mom's best friend. My daughters were able to walk to their grandparents when they were still tiny.

I can't imagine what my life might have been like if I had lived anyplace else. And I am so thankful.



1976 Aug. 7, Terry Lynn and Steve wed at Spruce Street U. Methodist Church Morgantown, WV, From Uncle Rich Siktberg

High School Organizations



I was more involved in junior high (wrestling, track, cross country, and student council.) I really enjoyed wrestling. Mr. Gardner was our coach. He was an in-your-face coach during practices. But when it was time for the match he was so stoic. I think he knew he had done all the coaching he could. I really admired him. I snapped my clavicle in 8th grade, which ended that season for me.

In 9th grade, I was chosen to represent my school at a county-wide student council. We would meet at the old courthouse in Arlington.

In 10th grade, I was on the junior varsity football team. I was no star athlete. I remember being so confused when an upperclassman receiver sprinted toward me repeatedly during a scrimmage. He would fly at me parallel to the ground and take me (defensive end) out of action. It just amazed me that he could do that. The upperclassman was gunned down outside the school the next year.

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I was proud when Dad attended a late-season game. It was rainy and cold. If we weren't first string, many of us had on long raincoats. The coach yelled, "Bailes, out on kickoff return!" So I took off to get in the game. I heard laughter, and somebody called out, "Hey, Superman, do you need your cape?" I had forgotten to take off my raincoat.

I was in the Senior Class play production, "Up the Down Staircase." My memorable line was, "Shop at the Corner Rexall— where friend meets friend." I think that's it.



1970 Dogwood Estates, across from Hampshire High Romney



Famous People



In 1969 I ran track with a quiet, unassuming guy at Kenmore Junior High. The next year I was attending Wakefield High. The quiet, unassuming guy attended W&L high school and I saw no more of him.

January 13, 1982, 12 years later, it was reported on the news that there was a horrific jet crash at the 14th Street bridge going from Arlington to DC. The passenger jet crashed and sank in the icy Potomac. We learned that that quiet, unassuming guy, Lenny Skutnik, witnessing the crash had dove into the icy waters to rescue a passenger from the jet. pres. Reagan recognized Lenny at his State of the Union address. Ever since presidents have followed suit and recognized a civilian for some act of heroism. Ever since 1982, those individuals recognized in the State of the Union are often called Lenny Skutnicks. (Google videos if interested.)

Dr. E. F. Knipling owned the farm next to us. (His family still owns the large tract of land.) He was a very friendly old

gentleman. He loved bow hunting and being out in nature. Typically he was dressed in grubby old dungarees. In 1962, Rachel Carson wrote one of the original “tree-hugger” Bibles, “Silent Spring”. Years later I was surprised to learn that Rachel Carson devoted pages describing Dr. Knipling’s innovations in insect pest control. Later I learned that the emperor of Japan flew the extended Knipling family for a weeklong visit to Tokyo. It was hard for me to imagine the friendly guy in the old dungarees was a world-recognized scientist.

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Edward_F._Knipling

<http://www.rachelcarson.org/SilentSpring.aspx>

"My" Car in High School?



I did not own a car until the spring of 1974, my sophomore year of college.

Backing up, in 1969 my sophomore year of high school I usually had access to a 1949 Willy's JEEP. What a great drive. Flathead 4 cylinder. It probably had more body putty than the original body. But it always got me where I wanted to go. Even when I lost my key, I learned a dime would turn the ignition. This was the same JEEP I would somersault in Slanesville in the summer of 1971.

I think it was the Spring of 1974 when Granddad DeHart pulled out in front of another car. Grandmother was a passenger and she almost died. Granddad decided to quit driving. He offered it to me. A great car. It was a sky blue 1969 LTD, 429 cubic inch, double-barrel carbs. It had a lot more power than I should have had. But it did come in handy, such as some of the runs I made to the emergency room at WVU. A friend punched out a window and a shard of glass severed the artery in his arm.

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The “victim” was supposed to keep tension on my belt— using it as a tourniquet. But he was going into shock. This was a Saturday night in a college town. When I blasted my horn, apparently folks thought I was partying (drunk?) college kid and they were deliberately blocking me. I drove across medians and was driving AT the oncoming lane. Speed was a good thing at that time. The kid lived, but the poor LTD always had impressive bloodstains.



1975 A little bit of my 1st car and my girl at her home on 3209 Univ. Ave. Morgantown, WV.

Favorite Teachers and Subjects



I think I have previously told you about my first and best history teacher. Dad was a master of telling a great his— STORY.

I am impressionable. Probably my favorite classes were determined by my favorite teachers. When a teacher showed some appreciation for me as a student, I was much more inclined to work harder and pay attention more. And that resulted in me being more successful in the class. My favorite classes were, not too surprisingly, the ones where I was most successful.

I was a goofball in elementary school. I will always remember my sweet 5th-grade teacher who kept me in from recess. She seemed sad as she asked me, “Steven, why didn’t you do your homework again?”

I would stare at the floor and answer, “I dunno...” And I didn’t. Oddly, in the ‘70s and 80’s I was an elementary teacher. I can remember asking some goofy kid, “Why didn’t you do your

homework again?”

And they would stare at the floor and answer, “I dunno...”

In junior high, I apparently matured enough to realize I might as well be a student. At this point, I was in a dummy math class. Mr. Jeffries, my math teacher, always built my confidence. One day he opined that I was in the wrong math track— that I should be signing up for algebra rather than the dummy pre-algebra. Mom and Dad were supportive. My perspective algebra teacher was on board. Unfortunately, when I talked to my guidance counselor, she pulled out my elementary school records and pointed out that I had been less than sterling in math in elementary school. I had not learned to fight for myself, so I took 2 more years of dummy math.

Wakefield High School in Arlington www.wakefield.apsva.us/ was in tenth to twelfth grade. Mrs. Woods taught 10th-grade biology. She was tough but good.

Mr. Peacock was my history teacher in eleventh grade. He was passionate about history. He was certainly one of the inspirations for me to become a history teacher. I will never forget his delivering the “Cross of Gold” speech as William Jennings Bryan. He was so passionate. He was in tears. And it hit me, history is worthy of passion. History was not boring. I’m sure I thought it would be cool to teach history THIS way.

Wakefield hosted a week-long E.F.F.E. program— Experiment in Free Form Education, in the fall of 1970.

Attendance was taken but did not “count”. No grades. Students could teach. Teachers could be students. You could just hang out in the cafeteria and eat doughnuts and drink coke. I studied Russian, Hebrew, and French Slang. Mr. McIntyre, my teacher, was a very proper elder Scotsman. Learning l’Argot, French gutter slang, from this man was kind of like hearing your grandmother tell a “dirty” joke.

There were quite a few discussion classes on current issues (including racism). We took a field trip to Georgetown (the happy hangout in DC). I took a bowling class. It was so cool. Just learning to learn— because you WANTED to learn.

I think I have always been fascinated with language. When I moved to West Virginia, I had finished a semester of French 5 in Arlington, VA. Hampshire County WV only offered 2 years of foreign language. An amazing teacher, Miss Emswiller (who would become Mrs. Williams) allowed me to sit in her Spanish I classroom, purchase my own French novels, read them, and write summaries for the second semester of French V. She allowed me to sit in the back of her Spanish 1 class. She would ask questions in Spanish to a student in the back row. The students in the back row were not stellar scholars, and they did not know the answer. Spanish is similar to French. So I told them the answer— in French. Miss Emswiller accepted the answer, even though it was in the wrong language. Then sometime later she would act startled like she had been duped. I would love to

know if we did fool her. Sadly, Miss Emswiller (Mrs. Sandra Williams) died in 2007. Anyway, I likely did not dazzle her with my French fluency, because my senior year I think I was back in French II.

I had a brilliant physics teacher, Dr. Quentin Dickens. He gave great lectures. During the first grading term, I was a model student. I was attentive. I read science articles and wrote summaries. I made a ripple tank— I worked hard. Then grades came out. I got a B. A bunch of my buddies who sat in the back and played poker received B's as well. I was immature and stupid. I thought I was in the class for the grade, but not until later did I realize I should have been there for an education. I wish I had remembered the lesson we learned in the E.F.F.E. program— learning is fascinating and lifelong.

Dating in High School (Shudder – Scary Stuff)



My dating life was not very exciting. In Arlington, I asked my parents to pay for 3 girls and 2 guy friends to attend a Fifth Dimension concert with me at Constitution Hall.

In the summer of 1970, I took a girl to a carnival. I reconnected with Facebook a few years ago. She thought I never asked her out again due to the fact that she was scared to ride the rides. She thought that had turned me off. I had to confess that, no, the truth was I was also uncomfortable riding roller coasters and such. It just was not easy for me to ask a girl out.

And I remember walking with a different girl to play putt-putt golf. That was pretty much my “dating life.”

After I moved to WV in Dec. 1970, my junior year, I was very taken with a classmate. I worked up my courage and called to ask her out (maybe to a dance). She turned me down, but I wasn’t inclined to give up that easily. So I asked if she would like to go

to a movie. Again, she turned me down. I don't know how many more times I tried before she finally responded, "No, I don't think my husband would like that." OH! I was so embarrassed I just stammered something and hung up. To my shame, I never could look at or speak to that girl until... fifty years later, I saw her at her brother's funeral. We had a nice chat, but I still don't think I brought up my asking her out.

My junior year French teacher tried to get me to take a senior to the prom. Instead, I asked a sophomore girl.

In Arlington, groups of classmates would meet up to do things. Guys and girls could flirt with little pressure— who was who's girl, etc. But in West Virginia, there seemed to be more pressure to "go steady." The girl I had taken to the prom showed up at school wearing a friend's letter jacket. Several of my guy friends suggested we take the guy "out back and rough him up." My response was, "Why?" Apparently, after a date, many people thought you were almost engaged. I did end up dating the girl—even "going steady"— for 2 1/2 years.

In November 1974 (junior year of college) I suggested maybe it would be a good idea if we dated other people. I think a week or so later I received a "Dear John" letter. I was devastated. But within days I worked up my nerve to ask a cute girl out on a date. She sang in the choir of the church I was attending. And she sat in the back of our Music Education class with her town buddies. And they made PIGGY noises!

She agreed, but I had never even introduced myself. I took her to a square dance. I felt so proud to have this cute girl dancing with me. The evening went much too fast. After I took her home I drove three hours to go home. It was well after midnight when I got home. I was so excited about this girl I had met. My parents who had not met her were not yet excited about the girl, and they wandered off to bed. I tried to go to bed too, but I couldn't sleep. So I got out paper and pen and write my first letter to the girl. I walked out a mile and a half in the dark to mail my letter, the first of many. I would court this beautiful girl, and ask her to marry me, which she did a year and a half later.



1975, took Terry Lynn (and my 12 string) to Chestnut Ridge, outside Morgantown, WV.

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Terry Lynn Lost Ring (1976)



Weeks before we were married, Terry Lynn came to the farm. We were getting the ice house (10x16ft) ready to live in. It was hay season. I would work on the house in the mornings and at night. Terry Lynn and Mom drove the pickup with cattle racks to Greensburg, PA to buy “popcorn” styrofoam, many 10 cubic bags. We were putting the insulation in the walls when her Grandma Ott’s ring came off. While digging in the installation looking for Grandma’s ring her engagement ring got lost as well. We found the engagement ring pretty fast, but Grandma’s was not to be seen. We took all the insulation out, but still no ring. At this point, we sort of gave up, but Terry Lynn kept praying. Before heading back to the hay field I put the sheets of ceiling drywall back up so Terry Lynn could refill them.

That night, after midnight, as I was nailing up the last piece, it caused one of the other pieces to fall sending 20 cubic feet of

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popcorn insulation to fall and go everywhere. We took an old vacuum sweeper and hooked a large bag to it and started cleaning up our mess. As I started to nail the drywall back up, to my astonishment, I saw Terry Lynn's granma's ring just "sitting pretty" on the knee wall rail. The ring was in perfect condition. Terry Lynn and I wanted to tell Mom, Dad, and Jan who were in the big house next door. At that moment a very loud clap of thunder shook the house, waking everyone. So we got to share our news.



1976 Terry and Steve at homeplace and our ice house home From Bud Trader

Married My Best Friend



We were married on Saturday, August 7, 1776. My guy friends had been teasing Terry Lynn saying they were going to get me drunk and send me floating down the Monongahela River. So she claims she was worried that I would be at my own wedding. At Spruce Street Church in Morgantown, she sent for Dave Savold, my best man. When he assured her that I was at the church, she turned to her attendants and said, "I'm here and Steve is here. Let's get this show on the road." So our wedding ceremony actually began a little early. That was probably the last time we were ever early for anything.

I stood up near the altar. The church was packed. But when Terry Lynn's dad started walking her down the aisle, the only person I saw was my beautiful bride. I was so scared. I was on autopilot. The ministers, Marvin Frame and John Wildman would tell the lines of my vows which I repeated back but in the stilted traditional verbiage.

It is the tradition in the Ryan family to have a reception after the church wedding reception. Families from both sides are invited and a few close friends. Our second reception was held in Terry Lynn's parents' house. As Terry Lynn and I were getting ready to leave I went downstairs to say goodbye. I noticed I did not know anyone so I guessed they were Ryan family members I had not met. Terry Lynn went downstairs a little later and decided it was Bailes kinfolk she had not met. They wished us both well.

A few days into our honeymoon we got talking about who was in the basement and why we had not met them. Since neither of us knew them we called Terry Lynn's mom. Doris told us they were Bailes folks. Then we called my mom. Mom told us they were Ryans. To this day we do not know who was in our basement enjoying our wedding reception and how they found out about it.

Some of my guy friends were from Pittsburg. We planned to spend our first night in Pittsburg. They had threatened to follow us to our first night's lodging. As we approached Pittsburg I was dismayed to see there were two hotels with the same name—and I didn't know at which one I had made reservations. I thought I was being smart when I made a collect call to myself at one of the hotels. They responded, "We're sorry, but no one by that name has a reservation." Bingo! But I thought I would double-check and call the second hotel.

They responded, “Yes, Steve Bailes has a reservation, but he has not yet arrived. [Discussion in the background.] We think there is a party going on in that room.” When we arrived at the hotel, you should have seen Terry Lynn and me sneaking up to our room and listening at the door. Quietly opened the door. Relief! Nobody there.

Our second night, Sunday, was in Boston. Unbeknownst to us Hurricane Belle had settled directly over us. Rain, rain, and more rain. When I opened our trunk I found there was a leak in the trunk top gasket. Unfortunately, there was no leak in the bottom. Our suitcases were sort of bobbing in a trunk full of water. The bellhop did not bat an eye but grabbed the suitcases. They had to weigh a ton, The bellhop was leaving a stream of water down the hall on the plush carpets. I don’t know how much I tipped him, but I’m sure it was not enough. Our honeymoon event of the evening was taking all our clothes to a laundromat. Terry Lynn probably still has clothes that were dyed bright orange by her luggage.

At dinner. We noticed a shady couple who seemed to be watching us. We didn’t attach much significance until the same couple was at the next several stops we made. Sturbridge, MA, Gloucester, MA, the White Mountains, NH, Concord, MA. I really think they were mistakenly trailing us. I was called to the hotel office in Concord. They said they thought they had found my wallet. But I wasn’t missing my wallet. Then the strange couple

disappeared.

My bright idea was to share lots of places and cover many miles with my new bride. Not a great idea. Poor Terry Lynn had just gone through a “summer from Hell.” In June Terry Lynn sent out wedding invitations. Then she learned her mom had cancer. The doctor said she would not be able to attend our wedding— that she likely would not live to see our wedding. We planned to postpone the wedding. Doris threatened she would not take treatments unless we went on with our wedding plans. (“The rest of the story”, Doris was at our wedding, and she was with us 44 years later.)

Terry Lynn was taking summer classes. She was painting their home, sprucing it up for the wedding. She was exhausted. Much of our honeymoon consisted of me gently nudging Terry Lynn and announcing when we would cross yet another state line. She might open her eyes, murmur, “That’s nice,” and fall back asleep.

Robert Fulghum argues there is no such thing as a perfect wedding. And I would agree. But I had found a perfect love, the love of my life, and I have been blessed.

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Terry Lynn in the White Mountains, NH.

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Favorite Joke



Many of my jokes are off-color, and I don't feel comfortable writing them down. I remember one of the funniest jokes I heard was one my granddad, Rev. E.G. Bailes, supposedly really liked. It was pretty crude, and when my aunt Alma shared it with me at a young age, I was very uncomfortable— but it WAS funny. (And “no” I will not write it here.)

I really enjoy telling lies. I'll adapt a joke I've heard, and personalize it, changing the characters to family members. Reportedly I have a “joke voice.” Family members, especially Terry Lynn, Heather and Steph, will roll their eyes as I start into one of my whoppers.

So here's one...

which reminds me of the last time Terry Lynn faced imprisonment. Remember when she was volunteering at the aquarium, and she was summoned by her boss?

The boss said to Terry Lynn, “I've just walked by the dolphin tank, And they're feeling very amorous - They're doing all sorts

of things to each other. And the trouble is in less than an hour, we've got three busloads of second graders coming. We can't have them watching those naughty dolphins behaving as if they were in a porno flick.

"Now there is only one thing that acts as an anti-aphrodisiac for dolphins, And that's the meat of baby seagulls. So I want you to go down to the seashore, And catch us baby seagulls, Put them in this bag, And hurry on back."

"But be careful - A lion escaped from the zoo this morning. And although he was heavily sedated, He still just might be dangerous. O.K., get going, And make it snappy."

So Terry Lynn took a shortcut through the forest to the seashore. She filled the bag with baby seagulls. She was walking back to the forest when she saw the lion, It was lying across the path.

It was too late to run away. So summoning up all her courage she stepped across the lion.

Nothing happened. And so with much relief, she began to resume her journey. All of a sudden a policeman stepped out of the forest and grabbed Terry Lynn by the arm. And he said, "You're under arrest!" Terry Lynn couldn't believe it. And she said, "Tell me, officer, what's the charge?"

And the policeman said... "Transporting young gulls across the staid lion for immoral porpoises!"

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2006 Nov. 23 Terry Lynn in Cashel Jail (her 50th birthday Irish trip.)

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My First Job



There are definite advantages to being a “hometown boy”. In 1976, my senior year at WVU, I was invited to interview back home in Hampshire County, WV. The job opening was for a reading specialist. I was taking my first graduate-level reading instruction course, but I hadn’t even earned a Bachelor’s degree yet. I got no assurance of being hired as a reading specialist. And didn’t even want the job. But I was assured there would be a job for me the next fall— even if it was a full-time sub.

I also received offers of a guaranteed teaching job in Monongalia County. This was Terry Lynn’s home county. She was only a sophomore at WVU. In retrospect, I probably should have taught for two years in Morgantown and allowed her to finish her degree there. But I was in a hurry to get back to our farm and start our life together there. She agreed to transfer to Shepherd (College back then.) The plan was she could earn her degree in two years. Then babies came along, so two years was extended by many years— but she did it!

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I loved teaching in the little rural elementary, John J. Cornwell. It was truly a community-centered school. And they were so supportive of this clueless young teacher.

I created a Facebook group for John Cornwell Elementary:
www.facebook.com/groups/1933371090315063



1978 — my 2nd class at John J. Cornwell Elementary, Points, WV

Terry Lynn's Legal Guardian



Terry Lynn was all of 18 on our 1st date.

And we waited until she was 19 to get married.

We were both at WVU. I graduated, but she had only completed her sophomore year. I convinced her to get married, move to our farm here in North River Mills, and finish her college work at Shepherd. The dean that assured us her credits would transfer retired before Terry Lynn began attending classes. She had earned 60 some credits at WVU. Shepherd said they would recognize 6! She fought and got most of those credits back. But they did not recognize her as an adult. By 1978, she was a mother, but I was her legal guardian. The college would send ME her grades. When her college class took a field trip across the river to Maryland, I had to sign her permission form. I'm embarrassed to admit I thought it was funny. She did NOT! But she did not pack up and move back to Morgantown. Thankfully

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46 years later, she's still here.



(1976 Terry Lynn, our 1st Christmas as Mr. & Mrs. in the IceHouse)



1976 Engagement, (Krebbs Park, Morgantown, WV)

When "Boo, I Scared You" Went Wrong



In 1976 or 1977 we were living in an ice house beside Mom and Dad's house. One evening Dad was away at a meeting. Mom invited Terry Lynn and me to come over and watch a movie. (We never had real TV— as in network connection. At some point, we had a TV and a video player.) Anyway, we joined Mom for a movie night. At the end of the movie, I said my goodnights and went home to our ice house. I waited... and waited. No Terry Lynn. She and Mom were best friends. They really enjoyed catching up, conspiring, who knows.

But I was ready to call it a day. Is there a way I could encourage her to not dawdle and gab for so long? I thought I knew a way. I walked back over to Mom's house. There is a long dark hall leading to the mud room door. At the end of the long dark hall is a bathroom. I climbed up on the sink... and waited.

Eventually, Terry Lynn and Mom said goodnight. I heard Terry Lynn coming down the long dark hall. Now I'm not a bad person. I would not jump down grab her and yell "Boo!" My plan is to just let out a groan as Terry Lynn walked by. I expected her to scream. Then I would climb down. We would laugh. Then we would go home.

The First part went as planned. I groaned. She screamed. But what followed was not at all planned, and definitely not desired. Terry Lynn can let loose an impressive scream. What I had not envisioned was Mom's participation. Mom thought Terry Lynn's scream indicated there was an axe murderer or an enormous blood thirsty bear— something along those lines. Mom's reaction was very different from Terry Lynn. Mom always started her scream in a low register and low decibel level. But it would rise in pitch and volume.

Let's check in with Terry Lynn. She had had her scream. And she was done. She had done her duty. She was ready to move on... but... Mom's scream was just reaching its crescendo. Terry Lynn decided whatever had scared her was now attacking from behind Mom, or maybe there was a second life threatening (beast, monster, axe murderer— whatever).

Now I'm not the sharpest crayon in the box, but I did realize my plan had gone awry. So I jump down off the sink, I turn on the bathroom light, I turn on the hall light. I point at myself and try to say, "It's just me!" Meanwhile, Mom had reached the

loudest, highest part of her scream. Normally she would be done. But... remember, Terry Lynn has cycled back onto her scream. So Mom assumes whatever the threat was, it is still attacking with bloodthirsty abandon. And... she starts back into her fortissimo scream. They are both looking at me with terror in their eyes. At some point I gave up and went home, leaving them hugging each other, sitting on the floor and performing an award winning scream duet.

I never did that again.



1980 Terry Lynn, Stephanie, and Mom

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First Words



My Aunt Alma, Dad's younger sister, was such a dear soul. I think she would have maintained that my first words pertained to food. She tells the story of when my family was visiting them in Fairmont, WV. Alma fixed me a bountiful breakfast of eggs, bacon, toast, and juice. But when she started to let me down from the highchair... I indignantly demanded, where's my seeril (cereal)? I did like to eat when I was a child.

I think Heather was expounding and/or expostulating as Terry Lynn gave birth to her. I think she was preaching sermons before she even learned any words. (Was she early a Pentecostal—speaking in tongues?) English was not her first language. When we were living in the basement of our current home, if somebody came up the driveway, our big Rhodesian Ridgeback/St. Bernard dog would go hide. Heather and our duck, Joe Doddle would waddle out and bark at the visitors.

Heather was a very easy child to raise. She would generally vault over her crib walls onto a couch, then she would quietly

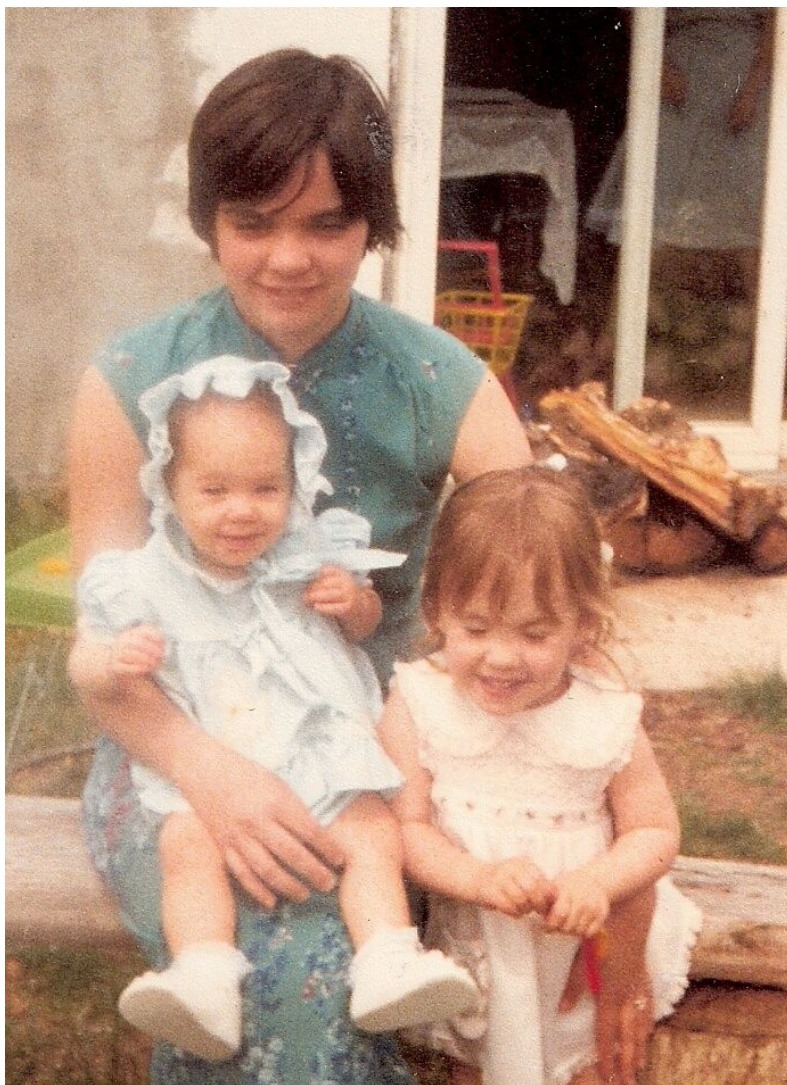
occupy herself. But if we slept in too long on Saturday mornings, I might hear a little voice whispering at my ear, “red... frog... frovie...” Heather liked Sugar Smacks. I think the frog wore something red. “Frovie?” Your guess is as good as mine.

I thought it was interesting that Heather as a child would form sounds that are not used in our language. Years later when we went to Taiwan, and I was trying to pronounce the Mandarin word for “men”, (Nánrén 男人) I found I could not pronounce the Chinese r sound, but I remembered that Heather babbled it effortlessly as a toddler.

Stepher... ah yes... I think Terry Lynn and I were both trying to get Steph to say Mommy or Daddy first. Steph, ever the diplomat, just combined them. She called us both “Dummy” (Don’t even bother trying to tell me she was an innocent child.)

Then, Steph went through the “MO” phase. This was her negative, oppositionally defiant stage. She actually, meant, “no”. But whatever you asked her, her answer was, “MO!” I think that is also when she perfected her Donald Duck pout (which she apparently learned from her mom.) She would stick her bottom lip out there so far, you could set a place setting on it. It was impressive. She communicated her displeasure more clearly with that lip and dropped brow than any word could.

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1980 Steph, Terry Lynn, and Heather

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Raising Daughters



Oh my! When I think of raising children I am always struck by the privilege, the frightening responsibility, and the luck involved. I was a kid myself when Heather and Stephanie were children. I was 24 when Heather was born and 26 when Stephanie was born. But I certainly didn't have the maturity to prepare me for fatherhood. Thankfully, Terry Lynn did the "heavy lifting."

How does a parent impart resiliency and confidence? Parents want to protect their children from adversity and heartbreak. But aren't those challenges what make out children strong?

I have already told of too many occasions where I could have caused serious harm or even the death of my daughters. But they survived and I think I learned a little bit each time.

My daughters were surrounded by love. Mema Ruth and Granddad Keith were just over the hill, so Heather and Stephanie developed close ties early on. Granma Ryan hosted the girls for Camp Granma each summer. Extended family on the Ryan and

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Bailes's side I think gave Heather and Stephanie a sense that they belonged to a larger clan.

The Capon Bridge and North River Mills churches provided another supportive family. And the little community of North River Mills supported and loved our girls.

So when I look back on the experience of raising children, I can offer very few suggestions. Utilize (and be thankful for) ways to connect children with a supportive community. ("It takes a village (or aiga, ohana, etc.) to raise a child.) And try not to kill the child.

Photo: 1996 Heather and Steph



Heebs



Terry Lynn wrote the following:

“On Sept. 6, 1978, Steve had the flu. I thought I had the flu, but my flu pains were five minutes apart. When my contractions were about 3 minutes apart, we began discussing going to the hospital. So I did what every woman does before going to the hospital, I took a shower. When I started to dry my hair, Steve said he was going to the hospital, whether I went or not! At that moment, it sounded like a real threat.

We take off like a bat out of h— running red lights, cutting through parking lots, and hitting speeds I did not know we could. Five minutes after we got to the hospital, I give birth to the most beautiful baby in the world. Meanwhile, Steve parks the car. As he runs into the hospital, a team of nurses begins throwing scrubs on him. He comes into the delivery room just before Heather let out her first cry. Note: I still believe five minutes is enough time to get to the hospital before giving birth.

My world changed on that day. I went from soundly sleeping through the night to waking at the smallest sound. I learned I did not always have the answer to her questions. “What is the state grass?” (For those who are wondering, West Virginia’s state grass is Kentucky bluegrass.) What is the answer to “Why?” when something terrible happens? I still don’t have an answer for that.

I know what the beginning of Proverbs 17:12 means. I took on the state transportation department, school personnel, the Wicked Witch of the West, and even an NFL player because I did not think they were not being nice to my daughters. In other words, I became a mother.

At the age of five, Heather preached her first sermon. Standing on a chair from behind the pulpit, she tells us the New Testament story of The robins. (Many people think Jesus was telling about the ROBBERS and the Good Samaritan.)

By the age of 14, she is the youngest lay speaker in the state. At 24, she was married and heading to her first full-time appointment in California. She is a multitasker. For her graduation weekend, not only did she graduate, but she said goodbye to the church she was leaving and married Sam. My favorite multitasking was when she ordained on Saturday, preached two services Sunday, and gave birth to Charlie.

I have observed her in many different types of situations, with poise and grace. I have seen her gently, but firmly, hold her

ground on issues important to her. I have seen her tenderly hold her Grandmother's hands and pray.

I watched as she suffered a great loss, came through it, and now uses the experience to help others. I have seen her laugh and held her as she cried.”

(This is Steve again.) I met another father at the Winchester hospital the night Heather was born. His wife was still in labor. As I left that night I wished him, his wife, and the baby well. The next day I came back to the hospital. I was on Cloud 9. The father I had met the evening before was still there. He slapped me on the back and congratulated me. At some point, I thought to ask about his child. His face instantly fell as he told me the baby had to be rushed to Charlottesville and the chance for the baby surviving was very slim. You can imagine My euphoria crashed. I will never understand why the Lord blessed me (trusted me?) with my beautiful girls. I wish I knew what happened to that other father, his wife, and the child. It amazed me he could rejoice with me while I know his heart was breaking. And it was one of the many lessons I received about the preciousness of life.

My contribution to the story of Heather will tend to be more along the order of a confession. She wasn't even walking when I took her out in a canoe in floodwater. PLUNK! Over the side she went. No life jacket. The river was chocolate opaqueness. But I desperately reached down as far as I could and snagged her.

Then another time we enjoyed a nice greasy pizza. I thought this was a good time to swing my very young daughter around by her hands. But greasy hands can't keep their grip very well. One of the creepiest images that may forever haunt me is my daughter flying off through the air and down a steep hill toward the river. Typical of Heather, she comes running back up the hill reassuring me, "I'm OK, I'm OK!"

Then there was the time... (seeing a pattern yet?) toddler Heather is standing up in the front seat of the old JEEP. The rain had made the road a gooey mess. I swerved to avoid hitting a turtle, got into a ditch, and thought I could pop right back out if I didn't touch the brake. Nope. We didn't pop. I smacked right into a tree. Heather flew into the dash and got a big lump on her head. But she lived.

Ask her about the time she was camping down by the river. She got up in the middle of the night and built a fire. It was cold so she sat right in the smoke. Turned out she was burning poison ivy. Her face ballooned. Her eyes were almost swollen shut. She really was unrecognizable. But she insisted on going to school.

Another story about going to school... Heather had a high fever. We weren't surprised that she cried when we told her she could not go to school. But then I realized Steph was also crying. She was crying because she DID have to go to school. Ah Steph, this is the kid who now goes to school happily (most days) as a teacher.

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Heather Christmas 1978

ALL TRUE and ACCURATE As I Remember It. Steve Bailes

Stepher



2 PM April 19, 1980. A beautiful day. Terry Lynn was watching Heather while I made rabbit cages. Rabbi (Terry Lynn thinks Heather named this rabbit) made a break for it. Terry Lynn used the blanket (they were sunbathing on) to catch Rabbi. Then Terry casually mentions, “Things may be happening.” Steve goes into panic mode. (Terry Lynn was due April 1.)

Let me back up a minute. Terry Lynn was on jury duty (maybe the first week of April.) Judge Hamilton watched Terry waddle into the courthouse in Romney. He asked Terry Lynn to approach the bench. He asked when she was due. Terry Lynn looked like she was hiding numerous basketballs under her maternity top. She replied that the due date was maybe a week past. He told her, “You are excused. And please don’t go into labor in the courthouse.

So, back to April 19. Steve knew Heather was born really quickly. Granddad Keith had insisted that he would be the driver when “the time comes.”

But Terry Lynn insisted the time had NOT come. This girl had decided it was the worst embarrassment to go to the hospital and have the doctor say, “No, not yet.”

So, negotiations began. “Okay, we’ll just take a nice drive into Winchester. If no birth seems imminent you can come home.”

So, Dad was at the wheel. He was recounting various family stories. I think I remember one about Great Uncle Steven. Meanwhile, in the back seat, Terry Lynn quietly said, “How do we tell your dad this isn’t just a nice Saturday drive?” I think we were almost to Capon Bridger on Cold Stream Road when Terry Lynnn said (very calmly to me), “Steve, the baby is coming.”

I’ve never been one to argue with my sweet wife, so I agreed, “Yes, dear. As soon as we get to the hospital.” But then I notice she is taking her pants off. (Alarms were sounding in my head at this point.)

Dad was totally unaware that anything momentous was taking place in the back seat. As we were driving by Capon Bridge school, Steph was born. I didn’t even have to tell Dad. Steph announced herself with an impressive bellow! (4:03 PM) I looked at the front seat. I swear Dad’s hat rose as his hair stood on end. (The poor guy was never present for the birth of his own children.) I don’t remember any dialog. I just know Dad’s foot hit the accelerator. Later he told me he was hoping police would pull him over and either take over or at least escort him. But the

police never even had a chance to catch him. I'd love to know how long it took him to arrive at the old Winchester Hospital which was going through renovations.

I ran into the old emergency room entrance and babbled something about "my wife having a baby!" The staff indicated that I needed to go to the new entrance. So I ran into the new emergency room entrance, but this time, I think I said, "My wife HAS a baby!" They sent me back to the first entrance.

This might be a good time to tell you that my RN sister, Lynn, had insisted we have a sterile sheet handy for the hospital run (since Heather had come so fast). Well, since Terry Lynn thought this was just a nice afternoon drive, I did not grab the sterile sheet. What I did grab was the blanket. So Stephanie was born on the blanket which Terry had used to catch Rabbi, the BLACK rabbit. When Stephanie was born she was covered with black rabbit hair.

The hospital seemed horrified with the newborn covered with black rabbit hair, They put Steph in isolation. They put Terry Lynn in isolation. Terry Lynn was meanwhile famished and sent Dad out to the Amherst Diner for a burger.

The head nurse came to Terry Lynn's room and proudly presented us with an unofficial birth certificate. We pointed out there were several inaccuracies. The head nurse then called Hampshire County Hospital. We heard her ask to speak to the administrator. "Oh, he's not in? Well, may I speak with the head

doctor? (Long pause) Oh he's not either? May I speak with a doctor? (Another long pause.) So who am I speaking with?" The only person to answer the phone was the janitorial staff.

It took 18 months for Stephanie to officially exist, They decided since Terry Lynn's feet didn't touch the ground until she reached Winchester, VA, Steph should have a Virginia birth certificate. But we were cautioned to attach copies of Virginia and West Virginia law.

Terry Lynn's OB doctor was willing to sign that he witnessed the birth. You were supposed to have a non-family witness. I had not cut the umbilical cord, and the doctor said he didn't see any tape so he was convinced it was a live birth.

The hospital was anxious to get the rabbit baby and her mother out of the hospital, so they were released early Sunday morning.

If I have the story correct I think 2-year-old Steph and 4-year-old Heather were supposed to be napping. Steph knew it would really tick off her big sister if she ripped a favorite children's book. I think Heather ratted out Steph to their mom. Steph was punished. So when they got back to their beds, Steph bit Heather on the back.

Stephanie was actually not an avid eater. I was worried she might be malnourished so we had some showdowns at the dinner table. One time she was secretly feeding her spaghetti to our St. Bernard/Ridgeback cross (a freaky-looking dog.) The dog

barfed the evidence of Steph's connivance. Steph claims that I threatened to make her eat it. (But we all know I am much too nice to even threaten such a thing.)

Aunt Janet walked with Steph back from the bathhouse at the campground in Ocean City. The campground was flooded. Stephanie surveyed the mess and announced, "It's a good thing we don't walk on our faces."

As a child, Stephanie would assign HERSELF time out when she was being grumpy. Her brow would drop over her eyes and her lower lip would protrude so you could set a platter on it. We would simply say, "Steph, go to your room." Her grumpies were regular enough that she would simply march off for her room. I can still picture her at a Virginia Beach campground, hot dog in hand, and her brow came down, and her lip went out. I could see when she decided it was time to go to her room, but... then I saw a look of real confusion. WHERE was her room?

Another time, I was home trying to do some college work. Stephanie was home as well. Anyway, I heard her mumbling something, and being a concerned parent I inquired, "What did you say?"

Steph indignantly responded, "I wasn't talking to YOU! I was talking to my sweatshirt. (ExCUSE ME!)"

As a child, Steph loved her "hooker pants". These were bib overalls— they have hooks. And she really wanted to go with her Great grandmother to the Chippendale show to see her cousin.

What is the most terrifying experience a parent can face? I think it is if they are facing losing a child. Steph was in first grade when she developed asthma. Her pediatrician, a good friend, referred Steph to an asthma specialist. Steph had been sick for a prolonged period. I had taken Steph to the doctors. The pediatrician and the asthma doctors were both prescribing meds for her. Terry Lynn was working on her Master's degree. She was in Morgantown for a class. Thank God, a featured speaker for her class had to cancel. The new speaker said, "I don't know anything about what your speaker was going to present. I specialize in drug interactions. Let me tell you what I know..."

So when I called Terry Lynn on Friday and told her what the doctors had prescribed, Terry Lynn thought she remembered hearing the speaker talk about toxic (and deadly) interactions.

Steph quickly went downhill. I would call the pediatrician Saturday and Sunday. I was alarmed, but I was also trying to provide data to the doctor (such as temperatures, ounces of urine, etc.)

On Sunday, Terry Lynn called the pediatrician clearly alarmed by Steph's deteriorating condition. The doctor told her, "You are a mother and a teacher. That is the worst combination." He reluctantly agreed to see Steph in his office, but when he saw her he immediately told Terry Lynn to take her to the emergency room. Steph was placed in the intensive care unit for maybe five days. (Neither one of us can remember this

nightmare clearly.) The dilemma was that the two medicines had a deadly interaction. But going off the meds would likely have deadly effects as well.

Again, thank God for miracles. Steph pulled through. The asthma specialist told us she would need to take the asthma meds for the rest of her life. The specialist actually told Stephanie, "If your mommy doesn't continue to give you the medicine you will end up back in the hospital." Terry Lynn did not punch the doctor, but she said, "I would rather have her back in the hospital than in the morgue." She walked out and they never went back.

We knew there were terrible side effects caused by the meds. So one day, Terry Lynn and I stood by the toilet holding Steph's asthma meds. We wanted to flush them so that Steph would not suffer the side effects. But what a terrifying choice knowing the consequences if we made the wrong decision. But... we flushed them.

Many years later, this little girl, now a mother, a teacher, and a long-distance runner is flourishing. Our lives have been so enriched by this girl. I kin ye, Steph.

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1981, her aunt Sharon spoke of Steph's Yoda eyes.

Favorite Books



Oh my! Many of the books I read become my favorite book—until I read something else. But... I am inclined to read fiction as if they were holy writ— always looking for an answer to some great cosmic mystery.

So I like quotes...

From, “Druid”, by Morgan LLeuwelyn: “A gift should be something you want for yourself.

“As if the scattered sparks of the great fire of creation must obey a cosmological command to rejoin, we are compelled to seek the missing parts of ourselves. We collect friends, we require mates. Each of us separately is a fragment; life is the whole.”

“Men do not believe what they cannot see, and they will not see what they do not believe. That is why magic is a mystery to them.”

“Confidence is powerful magic.”

From "The Education of Little Tree", Forrest Carter: "...and he would answer, "I kin ye." It meant "I understand you." To them, love and understanding was the same thing. Grandma said you couldn't love something you didn't understand...' ch. 5 p. 38

"If ye don't know the past, then ye will not have a future. If ye don't know where your people have been, then ye won't know where your people are going." ch 6 p.40

"...for when you come on something that is good, first thing to do is to share it with whoever you can find; that way the good spreads out to where no telling where it will go." ch.8 p.57

"But grandpa said everything you lost which you had loved give you that feeling. He said the only way around it was not to love anything, which was worse because you would feel empty all the time." ch. 10 p.78

"When you hear a turtle dove, it means that somebody loves you, and has sent the turtle dove to tell you."

"Wherever ye are- no matter where- in the dusk of the evening, ye look at the Dog Star. Me and Grandpa will be looking too. We will remember." ch.18 p.179

"She raised her hand and touched her heart, and pushed the hand after me. I knew what she meant." ch.18 p.180.

From, "The Little Prince", by Antoine de St. Exupery: "Il faut bien que je supporte deux ou trois chenilles si je veux connaitre les papillons. (I must endure the presence of two or three caterpillars if I wish to become acquainted with the butterflies.)"

ch9 p.40

“The grown-ups...imagine that they fill a great deal of space. All humanity could be piled up on a small Pacific islet.” ch.17 p.

68

”[To tame] means to establish ties.” ch.21 p. 80

“Wheat is of no use to me. And that is sad. But you have hair that is the color of gold. Think how wonderful that will be when you have tamed me! The grain which is also golden will bring me back the thought of you. And

I shall love to listen to the sound of the wind in the wheat.” ch. 21 p. 88

”[My rose] is more important than all the hundreds of you other roses; because it is she that I have sheltered behind the screen; because it is for her that I have killed the caterpillars; because it is she that I have listened to, when she grumbled or boasted, or even sometimes when she said nothing. Because she is my rose. ch.21 p. 87

Voici mon secret. Il est tres simple: On ne voit bien qu’avec le coeur. L’essentiel est invisible pour lex yeux. (And now here is my secret, a very simple secret: It is only with the heart that one can see rightly; what is essential is invisible to the eye.)” ch.21 p.87

Les etoiles sont belles, a cause d’une fleur que l’on ne voit pas...(The stars are beautiful because of the flower that cannot be seen.) ch.24 p.97

“But their eyes are blind. They must look with the heart.”
ch.24 p.97

“In one of the stars, I shall be living. In one of them, I shall be laughing. And so it will be as if all the stars are laughing when you look at the sky at night. You—only you— will have stars that can laugh! And when your sorrow is comforted you will be content that you have known me. You will always be my friend. You will want to laugh with me. And you will sometimes open your window, so, for that pleasure... and your friends will be properly astonished to see you laughing as you look up at the sky!” ch.26 p.104”

Some more influential books:

“Healing of America”, T.R. Reid. It was quite an eye-opener to see how many options there were for universal health care.

“Mayflower”, by Nathaniel Philbrick: an historical look at a clash of cultures.

“Brother, I’m Dying”, by Edwidge Danticat. U.S. immigration laws and Haitian refugees.

Infidel: by Ayaan Hirsi Ali. The last part of the book is an indictment of Muslim culture and liberals who try to accept Islam.

“My Samoan Chief”, by Fay G. Calkins. Marriage and Culture Shock— Samoa and D.C. meet.

“Coming of Age in Samoa”, by Margaret Mead. “A study of sexual mores on Samoa.”

“Guns, Germs and Steel”, by Jared Diamond. Analysis of why some cultures dominate.

“Ishmael”, by Daniel Quinn. I read this going to Colorado with Francis and Pat, around 2000. Terry Lynn was afraid I was going to “flip out” and go live on the streets.

“From Beginning to End, The Rituals of our Lives”, by Fulghum, Robert. Fulgum gave examples of good and bad rituals.

“Lies My Teacher Taught Me”. A powerful indictment of public education and society’s “white-washing” history. (Hannah Gyovai, a former student gave me this one.)

“The Crossing”, by Howard Fast. This is about Washington’s two crossings of the Delaware.

“Gods and Generals”, by Jeff Sharra. He and his dad wrote outstanding “factual nonfiction” about the Civil War. Jeff also writes about other eras.

“American Gothic”, by Gene Smith. The story of John Wilkes Booth and his family

“Cry of the Beloved Country”

“Beach Music”, by Pat Conroy (and his book, “My Reading Life”)

“Storming Heaven”, by Denise Giardini

“Jude the Obscure”, by Thomas Hardy, and “Return of the Native.”

“Cadfael” series by Ellis Peters. Cadfael is my epitome of a hero.

So many great books. So little time...

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Favorite Possessions



I love my photos and all the stories they bring to mind.

Possessions like cars, guitars, and the like have little attachment for me.

The possessions that are most meaningful are those with connections to the people I have loved. The farm is a source of some pride— and much humility. I think back over the years of laboring with family members.

Old home movies, old cassette tapes, and letters from family, like photos, bring back warm memories.

The old jacket, the comfortable boots, or old jeans would also rate up there.

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Early Jobs and Changing Careers



Mom and Dad gave me a weekly allowance. I wish I could remember how much I received. I think my sisters and I were encouraged to save, Back then U.S. Savings bonds had a good interest rate.

My earliest extra income came from mowing lawns. I mowed quite a few lawns. I think I pushed my lawnmower a couple of blocks to mow one lawn.

I vaguely remember ordering a kit to make a shoe shine box. I'm guessing Dad said he could make more kits (which he did.) I nailed the boxes together and then went door-to-door selling the boxes.

I think I was in junior high when I began delivering a daily evening paper, "The Northern Virginia Sun". I think the Saturday papers were delivered in the morning.

It may have been around that same time that I worked for Mr. Lewis, a band teacher who lived across Pershing Drive in Arlington. I would box and tape lp records preparing them for mailing.

When we moved to West Virginia, I worked for a neighbor, John Whitacre, (1971-1976?) during the summer stacking hay bales. I think in 1973 Dad bought a Massey Ferguson tractor, baler, a straw hat hay rake, and a couple of hay wagons. Later he would buy a corn planter, a corn picker, and an elevator. Later yet he bought a gravity feed wagon. We were in the farm business.

I never did really change careers. I'm pretty certain Dad felt you should plan to rise in your profession through hard work and promotions as much as possible in the same organization. He made a couple of changes in employment. But he made it clear he didn't think you should frequently change jobs. He felt that suggested you were not dependable.

I didn't agree. And I liked the idea of changing professions if you wanted to try something else. I just never did.

I worked for Hampshire County Schools for thirty-three years. (Terry Lynn and I took an unpaid sabbatical to teach overseas in 1999-2000.)

After retirement, I worked at a computer store for a year. I taught for several years for a community college. And I worked two and a half days as a cook for a S.O.M.E. (a drug rehab center.)

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Then I realized I had plenty to do with the farm, Ice Mountain, and other volunteer organizations.

The question was posed, “How do you know when to change jobs?” That’s tough. We all have bad days. And there can be benefits to “hanging in there.” But life is too short to spend your working life doing something that does not fulfill you.



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Turkey Encounter



I taught 5th grade at JJC from the fall of 1976 to the spring of 1980. I think it was around 1977, I was driving Dad's Bronco to school on the Springfield Grade. I had just crossed the Little Capon at Jay Kidwell's when I saw a turkey flying across the field. Since our paths seemed to converge I thought I'd get a good look as it flew higher— but it didn't fly higher. It struck me (figuratively and literally) that we would collide if I didn't think fast. Some folks claim that is not my strong suit. I tried to floor it and shoot past him. It almost worked, but the turkey clipped the back fender. In the mirror, I saw the body roll on the road. I walked back, picked it up, and threw it in the passenger seat. (Another bad idea.)

A few more miles further, as I passed the Haines store and post office at Points, that turkey came to. He wanted to check out his left wing— he was beating me to death. Then he checked out his right wing— and the beating continued. Somehow I drove the remaining mile to the school peeking through feathers. I skidded

into the parking lot, jumped out of the Bronco, slammed the door, and breathed a sigh of relief. I was NOT going back in that vehicle.

The students were in the cafeteria, waiting to be dismissed to their classes. From the looks on some faces, apparently, their teachers didn't usually carpool with a turkey.

I called the DNR. Barry Ratliff's mom, Linda, worked there. They sent an officer out. I still don't know how he got that turkey out, but he did.

But I was in trouble with Petie Nixon and my mom. Both of them wanted that turkey. I was just glad that turkey didn't kill me,

Chickens... and MORE Chickens



Terry Stubna, a friend since he was on my dorm floor my senior year at WVU, gave us two dozen stewing chickens at the end of August 1978. He even delivered them. Our home was still just a basement. Terry Stubna and I devised a plan: 1. One of us will open the chicken cage door 2. We will each grab a chicken 3. Somebody will close the cage door 4. We will dispatch and butcher the two chickens. Then we loop back to step 1 until all the chickens are done. Good plan. Maybe a great plan. But we only made it to the first step. The cage door was opened, and there was a tremendous explosion of feathers. When the dust cleared, Terry Stubna and I were holding the same chicken by the neck. The other 23 chickens were heading for the hills. We caught a few and put them back in the cage. Our property was so grown up with greenbriar, multi-floral rose, and poison ivy. I could not catch most of the chickens. So I went to plan B. I got out my .22 rifle and shot the boogers. So instead of processing

two chickens at a time, we now had almost two dozen dead chickens. I cut their heads off and strung them along the driveway from tree limbs.

I wish you could have seen Moose, our St. Bernard/Rhodesian Ridgeback mutt. Moose was a big dog. I remember our vet, Lowell Hott saying sadly, "Moose, you just don't hang together right." Moose was really loosed jointed, kind of like a lion. He wasn't very smart, and he wasn't generally brave. So I see him coming down the driveway to check out what's going on. When he nosed up to one of the chickens, I'd swear his eyes popped out. He started backing his way back to the house. Maybe he thought he was next. That dog never would eat chicken after that.

Poor Terry Lynn. She was a week from delivering Heather. Processing chickens is stinky and messy. Not exactly what the doctor ordered for a 9 monther mama. Thankfully, Jan, my junior high kid sister, came up and helped pluck, and process those two dozen stew chickens.

Life is for learning, right?

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Don't Sweat the Small Stuff and Semi Events



In 1979, a fellow teacher, Terry Largent was going to come to our home for dinner. We were living in the basement because the top had not yet been built. This was “pre-microwave”, so Terry Lynn was letting 3 steaks sit out to thaw. When it was time to put the steaks on the grill, Terry Lynn found Moose, our Rhodesian Ridgeback/St Bernard cross, had eaten them. Terry Lynn went up on the flat roof to “have a good cry.” I went up to console her. What could she feed Terry Largent?

We left the roof and walked down to the river side of the house. Then we heard baby Heather’s voice, “Hi Mommy. Hi Daddy.” The basement was dug into a hillside. So Heather had crawled onto the roof on the hillside. As she spoke, we were horrified to see her pitch forward and — like in slow motion— she fell the 10 feet to the ground— and bounced! It was terrifying. She didn’t cry. It turned out she was fine, it just

knocked the air out of her. Now the missing steaks had no real importance. I have no idea what we ate that evening. But we didn't care.

I think it was around 1985, and I was a mess. I was worried about paying bills that were due. I was bummed about things I wasn't getting done. I was discouraged about really goofy stuff. I happened to be taking a night class at Shepherd (now University), and I was coming back home late. Coming south on Rt. 29/45/127 at Slanesville I turned left onto Cold Stream Road. I was surprised to see BIG headlights coming in my driver's window. A semi-driver must have been almost airborne (really fast) as he came over the hill at Don's TV. He apparently didn't see my left turn signal in time and had already committed to passing on my left— through my driver's side door. He sent me spinning all the way over to the store parking lot. It was owned by the Nelsons at the time. He blew out every window in my old Blazer. He blew all four of my tires. I stepped out of the Blazer— probably in shock. Then I thought to myself, "I don't remember opening a door." I HADN'T opened a door. The semi had opened up a space (which incidentally also gave me a sunroof of sorts.) There was a payphone there, so I called Terry and told her I was waiting for the police and would be a while. I had told her enough she asked if I could drive home. It had not occurred to me our poor Chevy Blazer was never driving anywhere.

The guy in the semi ended up in the hospital for a week.

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The biggest surprise for me was realizing I didn't really have anything to worry about. The bills, things I needed to do, all of it— was just stuff. They would or would not get done and the world would go on. Whenever I let little stuff get to me I try and remember the semi-event. I really don't want another semi-event, but I try and think back on it to get my head straight (My head is seldom if ever straight.)



1983 Heather, Steve, Terry Lynn, and Steph @ Mom and Dad's porch

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Hunting



I think Lyle and Dad started renting our farm in the 50's primarily as a place to hunt and fish. We would pay for out-of-state hunting and fishing licenses when we lived in Arlington. I loved going out hunting with Dad before daylight, When I was young Dad would pack a bunch of food. I would take a sleeping bag. I would eat all my food then crawl in the sleeping bag and go to sleep. I would emerge as the sun was rising. When I was young I was carrying a single shot .22. I couldn't even get the butt of the gun up on my shoulder because it was too big for me.

In the summertime, we ate a lot of groundhog and fish.

I got very interested in bow hunting when I was in junior high. One time I was bow hunting on the knoll beside where we built our house. I saw a doe just across the river. It was late December and there was ice floating on the river. I eased down to the river, stripped down to my underwear, and started wading across the river. The doe popped her head up and looked at me. I

froze (and froze). I can remember my vision “tunneled.” I could see the deer (who was watching me), but most of my vision had turned black. Eventually, the deer forgot about me. I sighted my broad tip. I had never shot a broad tip. I would practice with field points which were supposedly weighted the same. The field tips would rise about 2 feet. So I aimed 2 feet low on the doe. I’ll never know if the doe got a sore hoof, but that’s where my arrow went.

Once we moved to the farm we no longer needed to buy a license. But in later years Dad and I were so busy farming we didn’t do much hunting. During the growing season, we would patrol the corn patch. We ate a lot of venison back then.

When Heather and Steph were little I decided I would share my childhood love of hunting. I would take them squirrel hunting after school. We parked and took off through the woods. But they were incredibly clumsy and noisy. I would realize LATER they didn’t want me to shoot a squirrel so they were deliberately making a lot of noise. I finally saw one squirrel, but he was going around the back side of a tree. I shot it, but it was not a clean shot. The squirrel fell to the ground. The girls ran to this poor screaming creature. They looked at the squirrel and they looked at me. It was not a proud Daddy moment. I have not been out hunting since.

Dad Don't Need No Brakes



It might have been 1988. Jan and Dave weren't married yet. Dave got to see some of the goofiness of the Bailes family, and he married Jan anyway— so it's on him. (That reminds me of how Heather and Steph were being so helpful and attentive when Dave was proposing. You should ask them about that.)

Anyway, it was hay season. We had loaded hay wagons and then taken a break to enjoy one of Mom's great hay season meals. After dinner, I told Dad I was taking a loaded wagon to the pole barn on our side of the hill with the big Massey Ferguson tractor. I thought the plan was Dad would bring Terry, Jan, and Dave in the pickup. I KNOW I at least meant to remind him that he should not try and bring a load with the Ford 8N tractor. Dad's smaller tractors never had brakes. I was concerned when the rest of them didn't show up promptly. Then I heard the 8N coming. My next plan was to throw all the hay off my wagon, then take the big tractor to the top of the hill. Nose to nose I could ease Dad and the second load down the hill. But as I tried to

turn to race up the hill, I got the tractor and wagon stuck between trees. I then sprinted for the hill trying to stop Dad before he started down the hill. I was too late.

150 bales maybe weigh 4 ton. The wagon started pushing Dad's 8N and it jackknifed to the right— pushing him sideways. It then jackknifed to the left. I will never know why the tractor didn't roll. I yelled for Dad to jump off the tractor. If you knew Dad you knew there was no chance he would jump off the tractor. I even cussed at him. I was terrified.

The undramatic ending of the crisis was— Dad got the tractor stopped at the bottom of the hill. Fear can express itself as anger. I'm sure I yelled at him. His response was that he had been worried he would take out the barbed wire fence. It did not make me feel any better that he had saved the damned fence. I was so scared/angry, I just turned and walked to the pole barn and started stacking the hay I had just thrown off. Jan, Dave, Dad, and Terry joined me. We worked in tense silence.

Then I noticed Terry had disappeared. I saw her at the 8N. We were ready to start unloading the second wagon, so I hopped up in the tractor seat. But Terry was standing in front of the 8N—and she had the famous duck lip out and lowered brow scowl. I explained everything was OK now, and I needed to pull the tractor over to the pole barn. She didn't say AN-Y thing. She continued to scowl and just shook her head. I found out later she wanted to take the tractor key and throw it in the river. (8Ns

don't have keys.) Her plan B was to take the battery out and throw that in the river. She wanted to insure that that tractor could never be driven again.

I had been married for some years at that point, so I knew there was no point in forcefully arguing. I continued to gently explain I just needed to gently (and safely) ease the tractor and wagon the 15 yards to the pole barn. She finally relented. And we finished unloading and stacking.

Later we got back to Mom's house. As Dad came into the house he told Mom that "people seemed to be upset" with him. Mom gave him no sympathy. She simply asked, "What did you do this time, Keith?"

There was the time in 1964 maybe when Dad was pulling the Bowman kids, me, and maybe Jan in a homemade trailer. This time he was going up the same hill as in the last story. Dad tried to pop the tractor into a lower gear, but he missed. So the tractor with no brakes and a trailer filled with kids starts flying backward down the hill. The trailer jackknifed and the wood tongue snapped leaving us watching Dad as he was flying down the hill backward. I'm guessing Dad had at least a squad of guardian angels. A just God would not ask one angel to take on that task by himself.

Maybe around 1980, Terry and I and Mom were at the barn beside the church. We stored ear corn and hay there. We were unloading one wagon and waiting for Dad to bring a second load

(with the 8N Ford!) I saw Dad coming down the hill from the Kump house to Cold Stream Road. He had tried to use engine compression to slow the tractor, but it had popped out of gear and he was barreling down the hill. Poor Charles Love Miller was sitting peacefully on his porch when he saw Dad and his load of hay heading straight for him. A left turn toward Slanesville is slightly less sharp than a right turn. Dad made the turn on two wheels. Amazingly he didn't even lose a bale of hay.

I hope Dad's guardian angels got some special award for their years of protection.



2003, Dad and Buddy

Restaurant Regular



I enjoy having a relationship with the people where I eat out. I was probably feeling lonely and isolated in Taiwan in 1999. There were certain street vendors I really enjoyed seeing and trying to communicate with.

When Terry Lynn and I returned from Taiwan, Ming's in Winchester was a favorite restaurant. Ming knew I was interested in Chinese culture. He would tell us not just what was on the menu, but what the cooks were eating in the back— a more authentic Chinese cuisine. When the Chinese New Year rolled around he invited Terry Lynn and me to come to a private dinner that featured Lion Dancers. Waiters that knew us would spend time with us.

I really enjoy folks at El Puente in Capon Bridge. We have been friends with Cruz and Lupe and other siblings since they were fairly new. I learned much about our immigration policies since they were El Salvadoran. I feel many of our policies are arbitrary, without compassion, and wrong-headed.

Terry Lynn and I stumbled on a great little Indian restaurant in Winchester, Sana. The owner, his son, and his wife would “hang out” and chat. One time, Jan and Dave, Lynn and Brian, Terry Lynn, and I went there for dinner. Rather than giving us a menu, he asked us to, “trust him”. He put together a delicious family-style dinner with many varied dishes.

If I have a choice I will select a “Mom and Pop” establishment, privately owned. I feel these restaurants often demonstrate more pride in their dishes. And we have a better chance of establishing a relationship.

Other Careers



I know there was a time when I wanted to be a veterinarian. At some point, I wanted to be a Park Ranger. I loved the idea of working outside. What I did NOT consider for two decades was—my becoming a teacher. And Heaven forbid— I definitely did not consider teaching adolescents. (I was too much of a jerk as a teenager myself to consider teaching other teenagers.

I went off to WVU in Morgantown, WV. In my sophomore year, I started volunteering as a tutor for young kids in a mined-out village outside Morgantown called Canyon. The volunteer organization was S.A.A.P. (Student Action for Appalachian Progress.) I found this experience to be really rewarding. One young man I tutored was a reasonably gifted mechanic, but he was also a bit of a juvenile delinquent. He knew the local police as he had been a little trouble. I was driving my '69 LTD. This young man would maybe show up a little late. After the tutoring session, tutors like me might find their car that had been running fine was now running erratically. At this

point, the kid would wander over, pop the hood and mumble something indicating I had a severe problem. He would then reattach the carburetor wires in the correct sequence. Voila! Wonder of wonders— my car now ran smoothly.

The fabricated car problems weren't so much fun. But I realized he did it because he wanted to give something back. The tutoring sessions were actually lots of fun. One day it occurred to me: "Hey! I can get paid to do this."

At that point, I declared my major, elementary education. My specialization (minor) in Social Studies meant I could teach grades K-9. Later I would earn a Master's degree in reading instruction K-12.

Before I leave the story of the Canyon kids, I'll share one more story. I was taking a carload of Canyon kids to the Morgantown airport on a field trip. As you climb the hill to the airport there would be an additional third lane. I passed a slow car a little precipitately. The slow car didn't bother looking to his left, and he started pulling into my lane. So there were two other cars going up the hill, and I swung into the oncoming lane. That's when a state trooper came around the corner coming down the hill. Somehow we managed to fit all four cars into those three lanes. The trooper did a U-ie and followed me to the airport. When we stopped he had his tickets out and I expected a serious fine. But before he could speak, the juvie leans out my window and yells, "Hey, Trooper! Did you see how Steve avoided

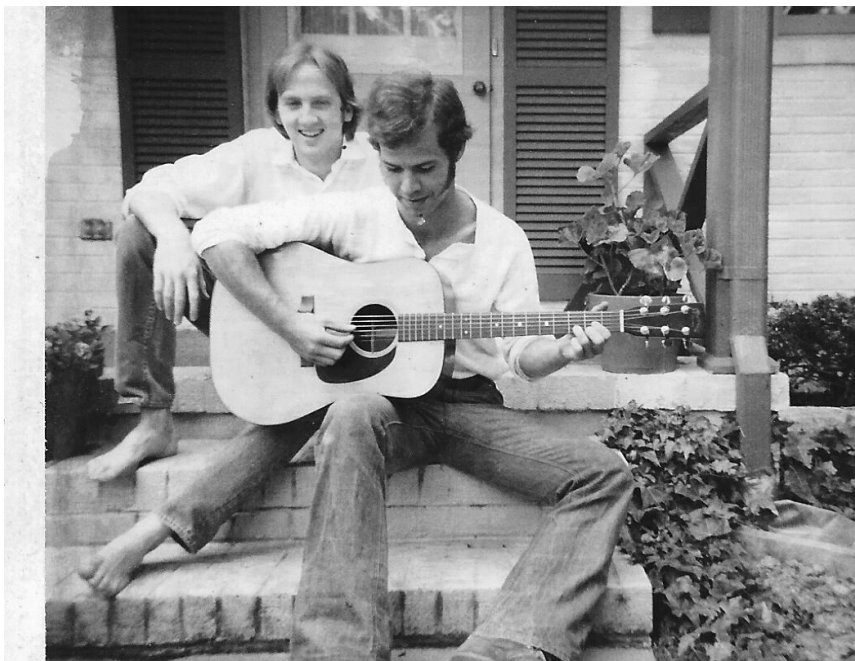
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a serious accident back there? The trooper obviously knew the kid well and liked him. As the kid wove his creative story, it sounded like I deserved a medal. The trooper smiled and mussed the kid's hair. I think he just told me to be more careful, and he drove away.

(Photo: 1975, Boreman North guys, WVU, Terry Stubna, Steve, Blair, Jeff Anderson. 2nd photo is Dave Savold and me in Williamsburg, VA)



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Flooring



I was putting what was supposed to be the very last coat of finish on our upstairs hardwood (ash and hickory) flooring. I looked up and saw Matai. Our dog had gotten through a barricade I had made to keep him out of the upstairs.

Matai was a great dog— and dearly loved. But he had apparently experienced rejection as a puppy. He had been dumped out on the road, and he became a pound puppy. He didn't like being separated from his humans— especially Terry Lynn. His head was smaller than his neck, so collars pulled off easily. We tried shutting him in a corn crib. He chewed through the inch lumber. We tried putting him in a chain link cage. He chewed and clawed and escaped. We tried shutting him in a 2nd story room. He broke through a window and was preparing to jump off the roof. He broke through other windows. Mom bought him an indestructible halter. It was guaranteed. Matai chewed through it. After several returns (it was guaranteed) Mom gave up.

We left him in a kennel. We warned the proprietors that he was an escape artist. Matai broke out of the “maximum security cage.” The lady that ran the kennel loved Matai. She found if she would let Matai run free so he could be near her he was fine.

Maybe in 2005 Terry Lynn and I went to Ireland. My sister, Jan lived near Dulles airport, so we left Matai and our car with her. We suggested if they needed to leave they could put Matai in our car— “he should be fine.” Matai WAS fine. The car? Not so much. He ate the ceiling!

So back to Matai who broke through the barrier. He had walked the length of our house leaving what looked like ripples in water. He knew he had done something really bad, His expression said, “I love you. Don’t kill me.”

There was nothing to do but let the finish dry, My father-in-law, Francis saw it a day or so later. He suggested I just paint lily pads and go with it.

One other part of the story made it appear that someone was eloping at our house. When I was applying a floor finish, the only way to get into the bedrooms was a ladder at the window to Steph’s room. For Terry Lynn and I to get to our bedroom we had to jump across the hall. Steph was home for the summer. She was watching Terry Lynn go in or out the window. Steph started cracking jokes and got Terry Lynn laughing so hard she got stuck. I think we were finally able to get her free that evening.

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Taiwan 1999



There are so many places I could visit over and over again. And yet I think of much more importance is— with whom would I visit those places. In 1997 the travel bug was biting hard. I mentioned to Terry Lynn that I wanted to go overseas (for the first time.) I wanted to go somewhere where English was not the main language. But Terry Lynn said, “This is Steph’s senior year. We can’t go this year.” In 1998 I again suggested we go teach in another country. But Terry Lynn said, “This is Steph’s first year of college. We can’t go this year.

In 1999 I told Terry Lynn, “I love you dearly, but I am going to go teach in another country.” She grudgingly agreed to go with 3 caveats: 1. She didn’t want to have to wear a flack jacket or helmet, 2. She wanted to be allowed to take her Bible and attend an English-speaking church. 3. No mystery meat!

So we found jobs in Taiwan. When we landed in Kaohsiung, we found we were illiterate. Can you imagine landing at an airport where you understand nothing being said? (But I need a

bathroom!) You don't even see letters of your alphabet. Chinese characters were just mysterious squiggles for us. We could not read signs, we could not ask for help, and we could make no sense of the money.

We were in such an alien culture. We would ride our 50 cc motorbike around the city that had a higher population than all of West Virginia. In West Virginia, if we saw something unusual we might turn to the other and ask, "Did you see that!" But things seemed so strange (and often marvelous), when we saw something totally foreign to past experience, we often turned to each other and asked, "What did we just see!" And at that point, I realized how important Terry Lynn's presence was to me. It was so important to share the experiences. It seemed to make the experience more real. I will be forever grateful that she agreed to travel with me.

We found the Taiwanese to be among the most gracious and kind people— 99%. Unfortunately, Terry Lynn ended up being employed by the other 1%— who were into drugs and criminal activity. More on that later.

Terry Lynn and I worked for different Chinese employers. We taught at bu-xi-bans (English language school for little students.) Terry Lynn worked near our apartment in Kaohsiung. Kaohsiung is the 2nd largest city in Taiwan with a population of around 2 million (about the same as West Virginia.) I commuted to Tainan.

One of the first misunderstandings had to do with us living “apart.” I had indicated to the employers that Terry Lynn and I wanted to live apart— meaning the two of us together with no other housemates. Apparently, it was typical for foreign teachers to share apartments. Our employers decided I wanted to live apart from Terry Lynn. After maybe a week I got that straightened out, but I was still working in one city with my own apartment, but I commuted so I could live WITH Terry Lynn in another apartment.

I thought I had “seen it all” when we had snakes crawling on the floor of the restaurant. Moon month was an extended Halloween type of time. They burned “god money ” This is money the living burn for their dead relatives. A payment for getting into heaven?

There was a parade down our street. The different units carried little temples. They would set these down in the road to go get drinks, look at something, talk with friends—whatever. Other units would just go around and of course, the road isn’t closed so there are cars, scooters, and other things going in and out of the parade. My favorite was the group who got tired of waiting their turn and cut up a side street, playing” their drums, bells, and pipes the whole time. They entered the parade about 3/4 of the way finished.

The Taiwanese also had banquets laid out to feed the dead. That may seem strange, but do we think our dead can smell the

flowers we leave on their graves? I was told the Taiwanese are very superstitious, and they might well see me as the boogeyman.

We worked in Taiwan for forty days. I was paid each week. I received as much pay for 2 1/2 days of work each week as I had back in West Virginia working full time. Terry Lynn was not paid a penny. Terry Lynn's boss was not nice. The other teachers at that school confirmed the school was bugged. Terry Lynn's boss helped us find our last apartment, and we learned the boss was friends with the landlord. Not too surprising that the apartment was bugged as well. We had planned to spend a year there. But she had been working for a drug ring before she had been fired, and if we didn't get out of town, she was going to jail. We hid out in the Citizen Hotel (Kaohsiung.) I talked with the American Institute Taipei Kaohsiung Branch (the closest thing they have to a consulate.) I told them some of the things Terry's boss had done. As I expected, they were sympathetic but could offer little help. I also took my complaint to the Foreign Affairs police. It did not seem many of the American teachers in Taiwan had work permits. We always knew when government inspectors were coming. On those days I was told not to wear my uniform shirt, and when the inspectors came in the front door, I was to slip out the back.

Soon after arriving in Taiwan, we found an English-speaking church. and at the last service in Kaohsiung before we slipped

out “in the dark of the night” the pastor shared the story of Joseph. Every time something bad happened to Joseph, God turned it into something good. We felt like the sermon was speaking to us. And indeed, in many ways, bad things led to better things.

While we were in Taiwan the Hampshire Review allowed me to blog about teaching overseas. You can find some of that blog here:

[HTTP://WWW.STEVEBAILES.ORG/SAMOA/JAN12/SBAILES.HTM](http://www.stevebailes.org/samoa/jan12/sbailes.htm)

I picked up a guitar in Kaohsiung. I proudly brought my guitar back to our apartment. There, I wanted to play for my girl. The first song I sang for her (in my WVU dorm in 1974 in Morgantown, WV) was “Follow Me” by John Denver. So I started playing/singing. But as I listened to the lyrics I was singing, it hit me, and I choked up— and I couldn’t continue. “You see, I’d like to share my life with you and show you things I’ve seen. Places that I’m going to, places where I’ve been. To have you there beside me and never be alone. And all the time that you’re with me, we will be at home. Follow me where I go, what I do, and who I know. Make it part of you to be a part of me. Follow me up and down, all the way. Take my hand and I will follow you.”

That’s exactly what she had done. Follow me. And I am the most fortunate of men because she did.

So there are many places I would love to travel to again. But I’ve found who I travel with is much more important than where

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I travel.



Wo Sho Shan (Monkey Mt. Kaohsiung, Taiwan)



Jeff Cheng invited us to have dinner with his mom and grandmother in Kang Shan, Taiwan.

fa'aSamoa 1999–2000



When it appeared Terry Lynn would end up in a Taiwanese jail we left Kaohsiung in the dark of the night. I cried as we lifted off from Kaohsiung airport. This was August 1999. I felt our big adventure had come to an end. But we talked with an artist friend, Eileen George, who we had met on the Internet. She was sure there would be jobs and housing available on island, American Samoa. So that's where we went.

To get Terry Lynn out of Taiwan quickly we bought 1st class seats from Hawaii to Pago Pago. 1st class means you get as much free booze as you want. Our first exposure to Samoans was witnessing how hard it was to get the Samoans in their seats for take-off. They “just wanted to talk to auntie and (whoever) a little bit.” They had enormous carry-ons in black plastic bags that had to be stowed. Many of them needed seat belt extenders. So it was a long time before we were able to take off. Meanwhile, Steve wants to get his money's worth of free booze. By the time we lifted off, I was plastered. I had to use the barf bags. And

sitting beside us was the head of the board for the school that was our best chance at employment. (I didn't even bother interviewing at that school when we got to Samoa.)

We had most of a year-long sabbatical left. Terry Lynn pointed out we had a week to look for jobs and housing, and she wanted to find an English-speaking church. If we couldn't find those things in a week we would have to fly home to West Virginia, cancel our sabbatical, and get our jobs back.

Samoans are big dark people. They called little white guys like us, palagis [pa LAHN gee]. It was a little disconcerting the first time young Samoans pointed at me and yelled, "Palagi!" I knew cannibalism was common on the island in the 1800s. I wondered if the young Samoans were pointing at me and yelling, "Dinner!"

On the second night on island we set out on foot to find an English-speaking church. Feral dogs on the island could be aggressive. It troubled me that dogs would advance on us, growling and snapping. I learned later that all you needed to do was yell "Alu!" (go) at them. If they were particularly persistent, you could act like you were picking up a stone and they would run away. We gave up and turned around. We found out later we had almost made it to the church. We actually turned around at the compound where we would soon be living.

That night we stopped at a bush store. This was a culture shock. There were so many things for sale that were foreign to

us. For example, sea cucumber guts were sold in Pepsi bottles. So Terry Lynn and I were staring wide-eyed around the store. A tall palagi came up to me and asked if he could help me find anything. My seemingly disconnected answer was, "We are looking for an English-speaking church." I was surprised to see his pleased reaction and eyes raised to Heaven. He was a pastor of an English-speaking church. He had been in his car in the parking lot praying that someone would arrive from the mainland to join his church. Jim Civale and his family became dear friends.

A few days later Terry Lynn found a palagi house we could rent (with walls as opposed to the traditional open fale.) Our neighbor, John Scott, was the pastor of the first English-speaking church we had been looking for. Jim and John were friends, and both of these great friends introduced us to so many wonderful and kind people in Samoa. We learned that fa'aSamoa, the traditional Samoan culture, stressed family and hospitality.

We found we could live very affordably if we didn't need all the foods from the mainland U.S. Velveeta cost a fortune. Camemberts, bris, and other great cheeses from New Zealand were very reasonable. Fala Samoa (the incredibly sweet bumpy island pineapple cost a quarter. The local lobster was \$4. They would sell bonitos (small tuna) and faisua (monster sea clams) cheaply along the road. Go to the bush store and they would have

exotic beautiful fish like parrot fish—that day's catch iced in the cooler, again very reasonable. We didn't have to buy coconuts (ripe popos, green nius, or sprouted), bananas, avocados, or papayas— they grew in our yard.

The islanders didn't seem to regard money as very important. I thought I was being ripped off at the gas station (by a big Samoan— who I wasn't going to argue with) when he didn't give me change (under a dollar). The next time I went to the same gas station I was fishing in my pockets for change, and the guy waved me off— don't bother.

There was an unofficial motto, "Popole fua, fia fia. Don't worry, be happy." They ARE the happy people."

Eating was almost a competitive sport. My student, Warren, learned I was going to an umu which is similar to a luau but the food is cooked on top of the ground. Warren warned me that it was rude to say you were full. It was socially acceptable to say you were too tired to eat anymore.

I remember going to a bush store in Tafuna. I was trying to figure out what was good to eat. They opened coolers with iced-down fish of amazing colors. I was still unsure. The owner suggested the beautiful parrotfish. "They are good for babies and old people." Emi fixed a delicious local hot drink, Koko Samoa.

Turkey tails were prized at cookouts. My boss, Mara introduced me to pani popo, a delicious bread in coconut cream cooked in an umu. Palusami was taro greens and coconut cream.

It was also cooked in an umu. Oka was raw tuna in coconut cream (seeing a pattern), onions, and spices.

We attended a Fijian Metotisi (Methodist) service at Susana Uesli (Wesley). We understood very little but really enjoyed it. There was an ava ceremony for the guys before the service started. When invited, I followed the guys to a low dark structure. There was a circle of men and the tuapou (village princess?) was on one side. Someone indicated I should sit on the far side of the circle. The taupou filled a coconut shell half with ava (kava) and it was sent around the circle. When it got to me I tried to pass it on, but apparently, since I was the guest I was to drink it. I learned later I was supposed to dip my fingers in it and sprinkle some in front and some behind me. Instead, I just chugged it. Nobody showed any displeasure with my rudeness/ignorance. The shell was returned to the tuapou who refilled it and sent it back around. Again, the guy next to me indicated I was to drink this one too! Now, I've heard how bad this experience could go for palagis (little white guys.) I could already feel a numbness in my tongue and fingers. Apparently, it progresses to the limbs— then a day or so later the drinker has to figure out what happened, where he has been, and what happened to his clothes. So— I did not drink the second shell. And again nobody seemed to mind my rudeness.

After everybody had some, we returned to the sanctuary. A big Fijian guy came to my wife and me and made rather insistent

gestures. Terry Lynn thought he wanted the hymnal back. She couldn't read it anyway. But, rather he wanted us to follow him to the front where we would join the Faifiau (pastor). Beautiful music erupted, and the congregation rose— so WE rose. The pastor adamantly indicated we were NOT to stand... so we sat. Next, a different song began and the pastor rose... so WE rose. Alas, the pastor adamantly indicated we were NOT to stand... so we again sat.

For the next hour or so we only understood the words for God and love. The young people would participate in the service and then different groups would be dismissed. We didn't understand anything until... the pastor turned to us and said, "You can go now."— in English. So we left.

Our experience teaching on island was eye-opening for me. Terry Lynn and I taught together (for the first time) at a private school, Pacific Horizon School. Little attention was given to paperwork or bureaucratic nonsense. The focus was always on what the student needed that day.

Field trips were so different on island. I took my Jr High and Hi School biology students to Fagatele Bay, an NOAA preserve. Stateside everything was so litigious. We arrived at Fagatele at high tide. There was a rope down the final rock face. The rock face was wet and slick. One of the student's feet flew out and she conked her head Loudly! I thought, "OK. That's the end of my teaching career. I'll be sued." No-no. Samoans don't think that

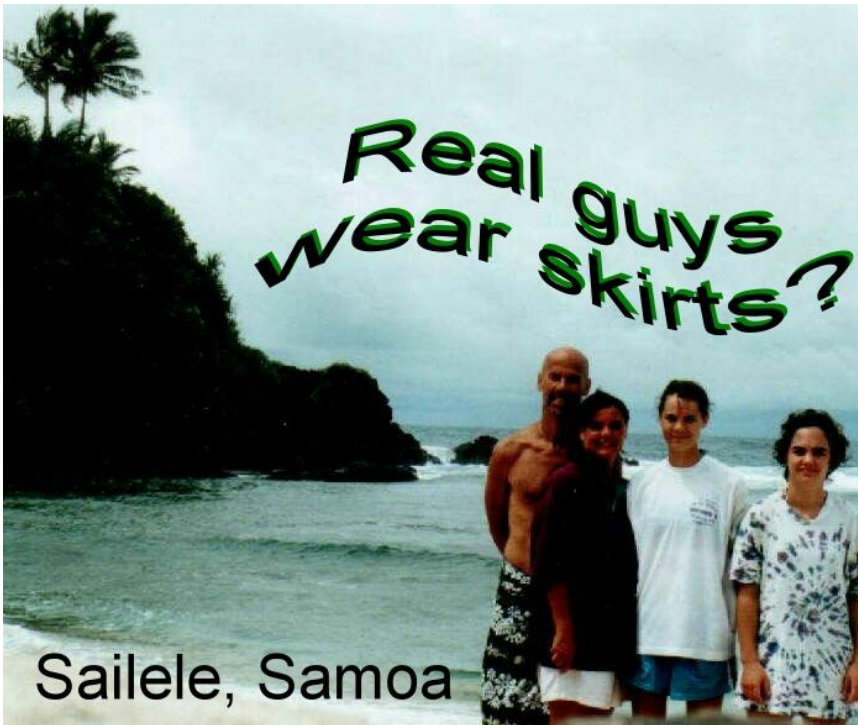
way. No repercussions or discussions of culpability. A couple of NOAA employees were at the bottom to catch kids and keep them from being swept out to the ocean. I loved it.

We enjoyed a magical month-long visit from Heather and Steph at Christmas. It was summer (13 ° South of the equator.) I think we went to a different beach every day they were there. I loved to snorkel the coral reefs. Tui tui (kui kui) are the little white-ish sea urchins. I could stick one on my bald head and swim back to the shore. I was told the Samoans liked to split them open and slurp out the urchin. But then again the Samoan who told me might have been somewhere watching and laughing at the gullible palagi. I was not thrilled by the taste, but they weren't bad. They tasted like blood. Am I a bad person for using sea cucumbers as squirt guns? Another gullible palagi story... they told me it was good luck to kiss the sea cucumber.

We could write a whole book just about this incredible place. I would enjoy writing more about 1. albinism 2. opinions about U.S. citizenship 3. opinions about Margaret Mead's book, "Coming of Age in Samoa" 4. fafaine (the cross-dressing subculture) 5. If you are interested, I highly recommend, "My Samoan Chief". A great read that addresses the sometimes polar opposites of Samoan and mainland US culture. 6. Joe Fa'amuli, served as aide to Rep. Faleomavaega in DC. He was the father of one of my students. I met him by chance in the office by the Capitol in DC.- 7500 miles from his daughter's school. Wilson

Fitiou is a traditional tatau (tattoo) artist and chief. He (and Joe) are related to Tisa (of Tisa's Barefoot Bar). 7. Freak waves at Larsen's Cove. Blow holes at Vaitagi. 8. Steve's brake job almost killed Terry Lynn. 9. Throwing ulu (breadfruit) at my head. 10. Do white boys climb coconut trees? 11. Golf lessons at Ili Ili. 12. Heather and the shark. 13. Terry swims with eels, moray eels, octopuses, and stone fish.

There is more posted here:
<http://stevebailes.org/blogs/home/travel/samoa/>



Finest Moments



Maybe around 2000, I had heard the Native Americans used the corm (the radish-like part) of the Jack-in-the-Pulpit for tooth pain. It's also called Indian turnip. Being a cautious, careful person I just touched it to my tongue— nothing. I took a little nibble— nothing. Then I bit it in half. All of a sudden, it was like I had a mouth full of yellow jackets. Then my mouth went numb— much like novocaine.

I'm stealing this from Stephanie. (Terry Lynn says you can't be convicted for plagiarism if you give birth to them. Steph wrote, "Hay season brings out the crazies in the Bailes family. We all have our quirks. Dad gets more stubborn (for those of you who know Dad know this is quite a feat). Heather and I take our personas Muscie (as in muscles) and Mighty. We become as stubborn as Dad and drive a standard truck together one for steering and shifting and one for the clutch. What about Mom? I'll let you guess what her special Hayfield Talent is after this story. Sometimes the hay field brings out that extra crazy in

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Mom. My mom with the help of my aunt Janet Thomas wrote songs out in the hay field. The one that stuck with me is, "Jesus Loves the Little Children".

Jesus loves the little children.

All the children of the world.

Blue and green red and purple
they taste good with maple syrple.

Jesus loves the little children of the world."

Photo: Hay season, TTerry Lynn, Steph and Steve



What Is "Old?"



It might have been in 2013. I was baling hay, and I hired a high school kid to stack the hay on the wagon. I began to reminisce. It seemed like just yesterday when I was the high school kid stacking hay for John Whitacre. Then I began to wonder, “What was that old guy (John) doing out in the hayfield.” I began to calculate, and I was shocked to realize John was only 50 years old. It struck me that I was 60 years old. And I heard my own question, “What is that old guy (me) doing out in the hayfield? It was reassuring to think Dad was still baling hay in his 80s.

Another thing that has really surprised me is how I think of the age of others. My daughters— I am amazed to realize they are grown, successful “young” women. But in my mind, they will always be “kids.”

Some of my former students are now pushing 60. There was a time I thought that was old. But again those students will always be kids.

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What is old? Jan and Dave, Terry Lynn and I purchased the Miller Inn in North River Mills around 1994. It was built in 1790 while George Washington was still alive. I think it is old. But Terry Lynn and I chaperoned a Hampshire High trip to Italia in 2004. There, we were able to walk among Roman ruins maybe 2000 years old. I was amazed to learn there was more archaeology work UNDER those ruins from Etruscan days. The Italian word was vecchio (old). But the Italian understanding of old was so different from mine.



TashunkaTech

Our Italian host family. Tanto amore.

Georgia On My Mind (Shudder) 2020



After Christmas 2019, we 1st went to the Savannah, GA Visitors Center. I inquired about carriage rides. A grumpy old guy tells us, “Don’t be a candy ass. Get out there and WALK Savannah.” Where should we eat? “Oh, the missus will like this tea and quiche shop. You [me] should go to this beer and burger place.” How about seafood? “Oh, you like dead fish— [derogatory sniff] then you can go here.”

So we ventured out, and walked maybe a 1/2 mi. I said to my sweetheart, “I’m going across the street to the Juliette Gordon Low home. I read the signage, turned around, and didn’t see Terry Lynn. I recrossed the street and still couldn’t find any trace of her. I started crossing and recrossing the street. No trace of her. The mind is a strange beast. It can become so creative at the worst times. I imagined her being kidnapped. But I hadn’t heard a scream, and there was no apparent concern from the crowd. I

thought maybe she had been struck by a car, but I realized I had heard no ambulance siren. So after doing my best “chicken-with-the-head cut off” routine, I decided to call her. But... I had left my phone back at the Visitors Center. I sprinted (or my best facsimile of a sprint) back to our car, dialed Terry Lynn’s number and... Thank God! she answered. “Where are you?” I asked.

“I don’t know,” she responded. I started describing where I had been. She claimed she could not find any street signs. (Was she actually trying to ditch me?) We finally figured out she had wandered several blocks further from where I had last left her.

“Don’t go anywhere!” I implored. She promised she would stay at the entrance of the park toward the waterfront. But when I got there, the city had joined the conspiracy and placed an enormous Christmas tree at the entrance of the park. AND they had rerouted traffic so I still could not get to Terry Lynn. I called her again and told her I was parking and that I would come to get her on foot. So... we were reunited. I have no plans to return to Savannah— EVER!.

2019, Terry Lynn and Forrest Gump Ditching Me in Savannah.

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Gratitude



Well, this is the end of this writing project. I want to thank Stephanie. For Christmas, she gave us a subscription to Storyworth. I would get a weekly “assignment.” I would get email prompts asking about my life. I could write about the prompt question, I could request a different question, or I could write about whatever I wanted to.

It was a challenge to decide what stories to tell, and what to leave out. Possible alternatives might have been

1960’s, Dad’s scary panther story, and the ghost with the vacuum hose: “I want my watch...”

1970’s Rosebud the skunk. When Alma was buried in insulation. Lyle’s midnight snacks. Terry Lynn melting the ice house wall finish.

1980’s sleeping upstairs in below-freezing temperatures. Honeybees on our roof. Entry into the computer world. When the sofa (or Terry Stubna) tried to eat baby Heather. Submission to Redneck Olympics: “Possum Flingin.” Lost Capon Bridge

School's master key.

1990s Terry and my 200-mile tornado bike ride, when Terry almost got a ticket (on her bike!) C&O bike rides. Charlie Streisel a.k.a. Mr. Yamaguchi and other shenanigans. Stephanie learning to fly, "Is that Stephanie?"

Taiwan 1999, I might have written about the snake restaurant.

Samoa 2000, I might have written about the freak wave at Larsen's Cove, or the blow holes.

The 2000s, I could have written about torching my leg. Bugs. Rain Crow. Colonoscopy and palolo.

I learned so much in the process. It is one thing to tell family stories, but when you know it is going on paper, there is a little more pressure to "get the facts straight. (Hey, it's my book. So I still claim to tell the story the way I remember it.) Lynn was able to clarify some of my earliest memories.

I am immensely grateful for all the wonderful people in my life— whether I mentioned them by name or not. The family members, neighbors, and friends— they all were the stars of these stories.

I was so privileged to become part of Terry Lynn's family, Pat and Sandy, Joyce and Randy, and the nephews. I have many fond memories of Doris, Pat, and Francis.

I think I could write a whole book about the grandchildren, Piper, Memphis, Ellie, and Charlie. But maybe that is for their

parents to write, or maybe they will write their own story. I know their stories will be fascinating. Each of the grandchildren has enriched my life in ways I never really expected. I heard friends and family extolling the wonders of grandchildren. But I had raised my daughters. I thought— “Big deal. Grandkids are just more babies. Been there— done that!” Oh, I was so wrong. Grandchildren provide their own special magic, Love you all.

I am so thankful for the sisters I got. Sharon died in 2014. Lynn and Brian Hall now live nearby. Jan and Dave also live close enough that we can get together fairly easily. (Look out when those girls get together with Terry Lynn.)

I am not listing the many great folks I had for uncles and aunts— or their families. You know who you are.

I always loved it when the extended family gathered at the farm. Terry Lynn and I put an easement on the farm so it could never be subdivided. I worried a little that Heather and Steph might be disappointed to lose the development value of the land. But they both made it clear they never wanted the farm to be chopped up. Steph gave us a sign that said something like: “The farm, where cousins become best friends.” That’s the way it was when I was a child and I believe it still serves that purpose.

My life changed suddenly and wonderfully when Heather was born. It has been such a joy to watch her become the amazing woman she is.

ALL TRUE and ACCURATE As I Remember It. Steve Bailes

Steph, thanks so much for your initiation of this project. And thanks for all the stories you inspired. Isn't it ironic that this little girl who had little use for kindergarten— now is teaching and inspiring her own kindergarten students? So very proud of you. I kin ye.

I think I learn more every day about just how lucky I have been to be loved by Terry Lynn. I will never understand how I have been so lucky to have this amazing girl as my partner in crime.



Christmas 2022. Ellie, Terry, Charlie, Heather, Steph, Piper, Sam, Memphis, Steve, Craig, Josh

