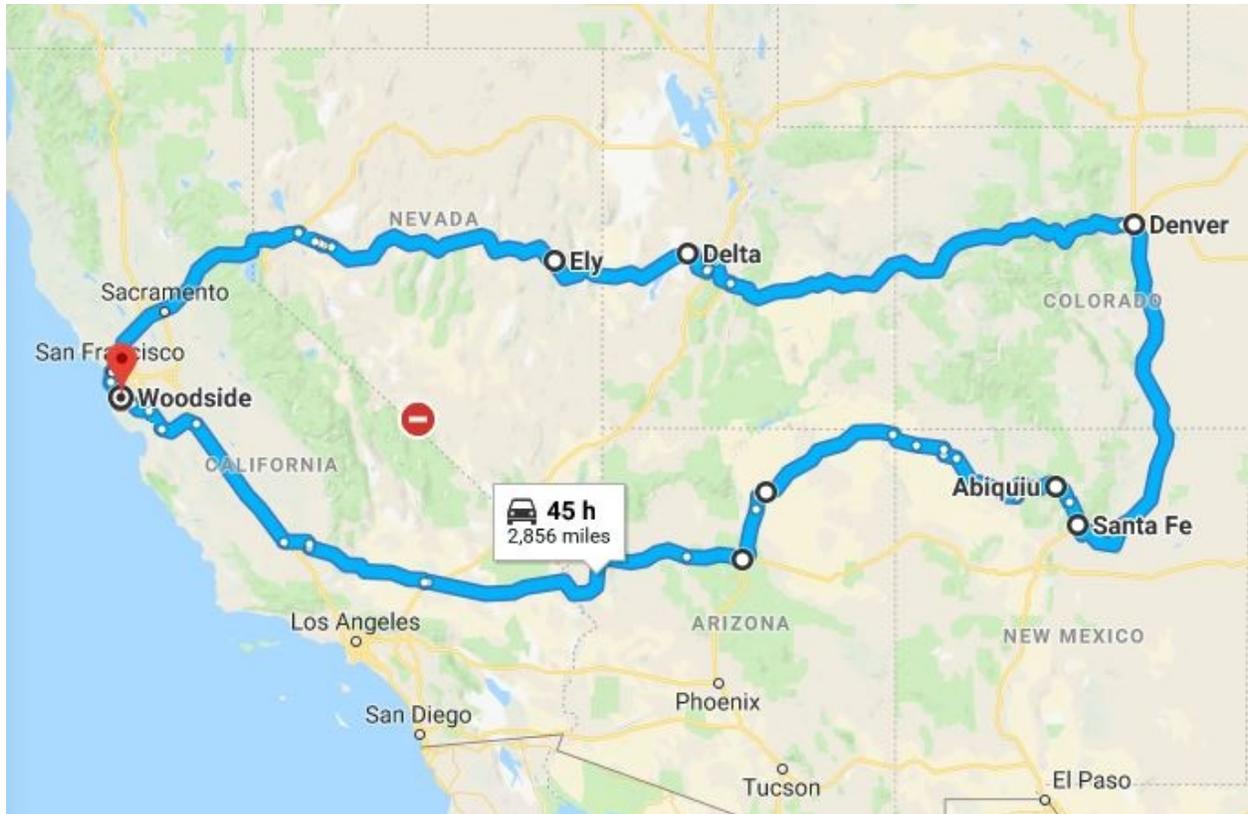


Dear Friends (and sundry gentle people!),

8 / 1 / 2018

Back on the 7<sup>th</sup> of July we embarked on what is for us a relatively short trip of about 3000 miles and roughly 12 days duration in order to attend a 16-member family gathering at our middle daughter Julie's recently acquired 17-acre "casa + casita + studio + garage + dog run" on the high plains of northern New Mexico (at roughly 6500').



During our trip we managed to slip unscathed through the multiple 10,000- to 100,000-acre fires occurring in the area to the West and South of Denver (a phenomenon which more and more seems to be turning into a devastatingly regular one throughout the western United States and beyond!). Our daughter Julie works as a family-practice physician in a rural area north of Santa Fe, rotating between four different clinics (and a Santa Fe urgent care facility!) in the course of each week. It's quite a contrast to life in the crowded San Francisco Bay Area, and Julie invited our whole family to visit her and share a taste of her everyday life. This is actually an area we have visited repeatedly over the years, beginning back in 1948-49 when Bruce and Kim (then in the fifth and sixth grades) and Jimmy and Tedi (always known by their first names as part of the heady social hopefulness of the depression-era mid-1930s) moved there after being forced to abandon a failed (childrens') dress manufacturing effort in Los Angeles. From 1969 on there were also a series of repeated journeys for Bruce and Kathy, culminating in a completely new phase beginning in 2007 when Julie transitioned from OHSU in Portland, Oregon to Albuquerque (and in 2008 to Santa Fe) in the course of completing her internship and residency as a family-practice doctor. Julie has been working out of Santa Fe for the past few years, but she has more recently transitioned to the Abiquiu area, while still retaining strong Santa Fe connections both in her work and living situations. It's all a bit dizzying for the two of us who have been living in the same little Woodside/Skylonda cottage for the past 50 years and who have come to feel that our 15-mile round-trip "down and back up the hill" is a great adventure of sorts. Ah, the brutality of aging ...

A quick family precis as a reminder: We have three children – Karen, Julie, and Kevin – all in their early to mid 40s. Karen and Kevin have focused on family goals – Karen with six children and Kevin with three – while Julie has pursued a long and arduous path towards a medical career, currently working as a family-practice physician in various parts of north-central New Mexico and focusing on a wide variety of both culturally and educationally handicapped ethnic populations. Julie was the instigator and architect of this mass family reunion, and we are mightily indebted

to her for the gargantuan effort and expense that went into hosting the whole thing – not to mention the follow-on trip to Paris she has set up for Carly, Luciano, and Angelina (all recent HS grads) as well as for Kristina (a recent college grad!) with both Julie and Kathy along as chaperones!

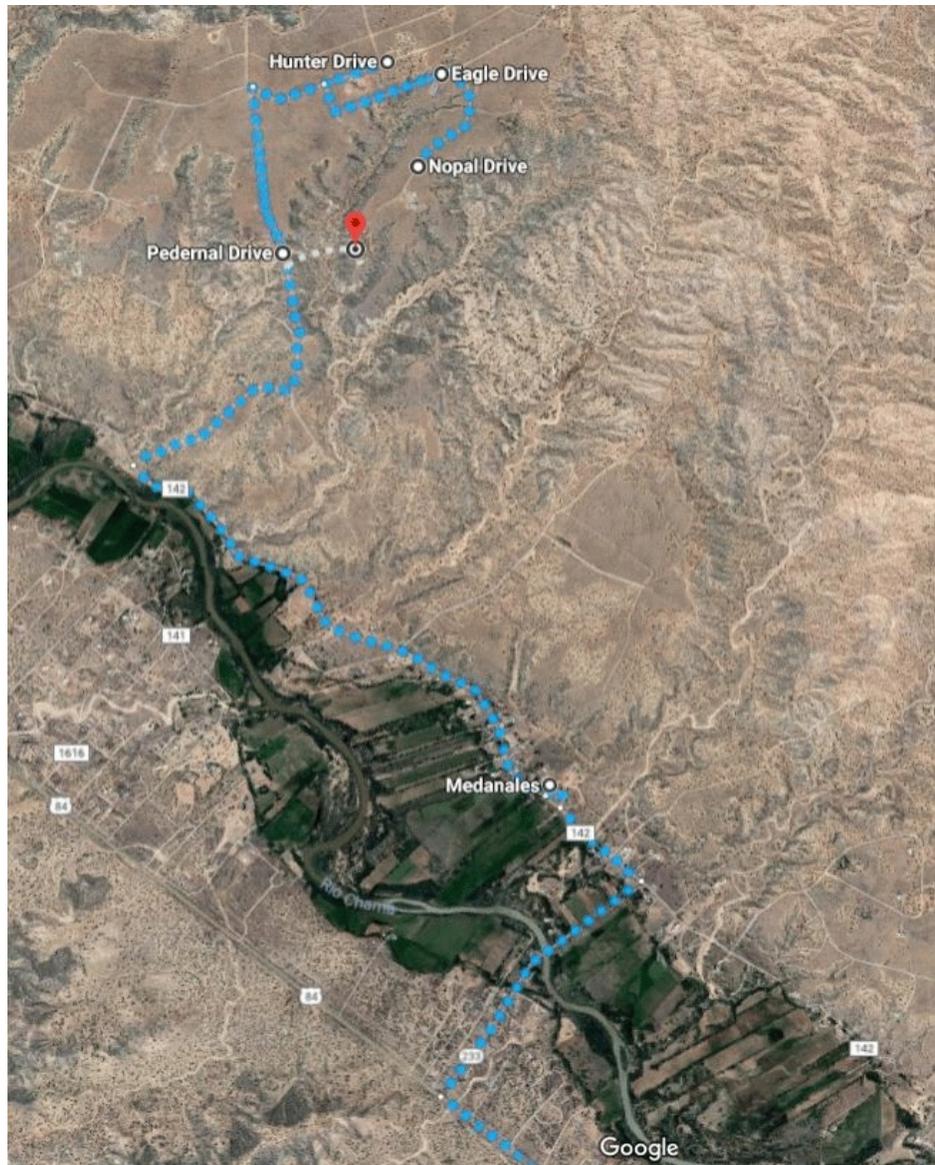
Below is a picture of 15 (out of 16) of us at a spot just a few yards from where Tedi had her shop "Southwest Derivatives" in Manderfield Plaza (428 College Avenue) in Santa Fe back in 1948-49... Cast of characters is (main row from left) Stephanie, Jake, Bruce, Angelina, Luciano, Catalina, Kristina, Julie, Kathy, Karen, Kevin. Behind are Briella and Gabriella. In front are Isabella and Carly. Jerry (Karen's husband) is taking the photo. Lots of folk -- hopefully no more due any time soon! A quick refresher -- Stephanie is our son Kevin's wife, while Carly, Jake, and Briella are their kids; Kristina, Luciano, Catalina, Gabriella, and Isabella are our oldest daughter Karen's kids. The only non-family member present is Angelina (Luciano's long-time squeeze!), while Gilbert, Karen's oldest, is no longer living at home and didn't come on the trip. Both Luciano and Carly (as well as Angelina!) are newly-minted high-school graduates with the inevitable uncertainties surrounding that status rising to greet them ...



In addition to hosting this ambitious get-together, Julie has also undertaken the even more complex project of arranging an early August post-graduation trip to Paris for Luciano, Angelina, and Carly (with Kathy tagging along as an additional chaperone and Kristina coming along for good measure and nostalgia's sake!). Julie arranged a similar trip for Kristina when she graduated from high school five years ago, and Kristina is looking forward to returning with a fresh perspective after having graduated from UC Santa Barbara last year and working hard to prepare herself for a career in veterinary science.

As an example of the logistics involved in accommodating a crowd of people this size, Kathy has compiled the following information concerning Julie's shuttling of the family crowd between Albuquerque, Santa Fe, and Abiquiu (there will be a quiz!): Karen and Jerry and their six arrived in Abiquiu July 8<sup>th</sup> by 12-passenger vehicle(!). Kevin and Stephanie and their three flew into in Albuquerque the 9<sup>th</sup>, stayed over that evening at Julie's condo in Santa Fe, and

arrived the 10<sup>th</sup> in Abiquiu. Kristina flew into Albuquerque the night of the 10<sup>th</sup>, stayed in Julie's condo that night, and arrived the 11<sup>th</sup> in Abiquiu. Kristina left Friday, the 13<sup>th</sup> to take the shuttle from Santa Fe to fly home from Albuquerque. Karen and her posse left in their van Saturday, the 14<sup>th</sup>. Kevin and his crowd also left on the 14<sup>th</sup> to drive to Santa Fe and overnight at Julie's condo before arising early, early on the 15<sup>th</sup> to drive to the airport in Albuquerque (only to be thwarted by a 10-hour freeway shutdown in both directions when a tractor-trailer, passenger bus, and car collided, which was further complicated by a police standoff which shut the freeway south of Albuquerque while the police pursued a murder suspect!). Amazingly, they were able to re-book their flight so as to manage to make their connection in Dallas to fly back to Columbus, Ohio. This sort of thing is definitely for the young ...



Following are a series of somewhat random photos which give a feeling both for the unique flavor of Julie's newly acquired property, as well as of the surrounding landscape – a rather unique (for New Mexico) “green valley” formed by the Chama River flowing from the dammed Lake Abiquiu immediately upstream – a place which lends itself to water sports such as boating, fishing, windsurfing, and – most accessible for a younger crowd – paddleboarding ...



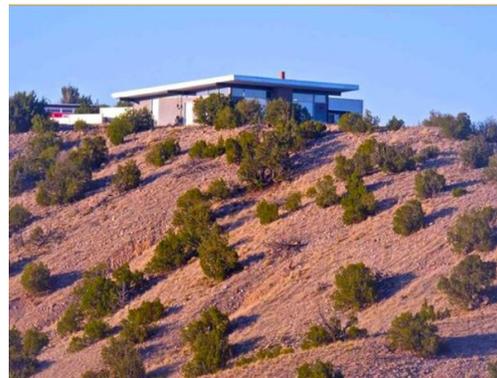
Santa Fe School (Manderfield) where Bruce/Kim attended 5<sup>th</sup> grade  
In 1948-49 ( now converted to upscale condos, sob!)



Cristo Rey Church next to Manderfield which  
Kim will definitely remember (from 1948-49)



Julie's complex in the distance as seen from the road across the arroyo



As seen from down in the Arroyo



Main House (left) and Studio (right)



Much-used scenic side patio + General Parking Area



Very cute and handy Casita (commandeered by B and K)



Casita Inside



Casita Bathroom



Garage and Workout Area (including half a dozen snowboards!)



All kids except Kristina!

Karen and Kevin



Off for Some Serious Shopping ...



Checking out Palace of the Governors (Indian craftsfolk) in Santa Fe ...



Steph, Jake, Briella on Canyon Road (possibly a bit up-market!)



Back to the van with what we could afford ...



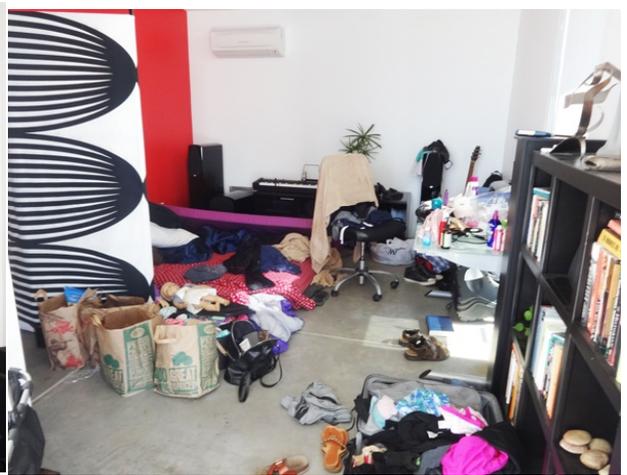
Second Team ?



First Team !



Chaos (in studio) – Minor



Chaos (in main bedroom) – Major!



Julie, Isabella, Karen, Gabriella, Kathy, Bruce at Echo Amphitheater



Chama River Valley (distant green area by river) as seen from Julie's



"Hey, man, why's the chick doing all the paddling ..."



"We seem to have a problem with someone lagging badly in the rear ..."



"Yo, dude, any aviators hereabouts?"



"Allright, Sarge! At ease! Duty time's not over..."



Jerry, Karen, and girls caving at Bandalier National Monument



**Nota Bene:** Nobody in this picture is under 80 years old!

In addition to the infusion of youth into the Casa/Casita scene, a more sobering scenario was scheduled to unfold after the departure of Karen/Jerry (with their six) and Kevin/Stephanie (with their three). Namely, time for the greybeards to rule -- as old friends from 50+ years ago, John and Shirley Rollinson arrived on July 15<sup>th</sup> from their domicile in Clovis, New Mexico for a celebration of John and Bruce's 80<sup>th</sup> birthdays, which occurred only 4 days apart in mid-July -- on the 20<sup>th</sup> (Bruce) and 24<sup>th</sup> (John). It seems like only a few years ago (58 actually) that John and Bruce (as recent college graduates and therefore immediate military draft fodder) were diligent 22-year-old students at the Army Language School in Monterey, California, preparing themselves to serve on the European cold-war front as Russian-language linguists -- and are now celebrating the advent of their ninth decade on this planet (or what is rapidly becoming left of it!). As John and Shirley might say -- "Hallelujah!" -- or perhaps in a disambiguated variant "Alleluia!" -- as it happens, Major John (Ret.) is an Episcopal minister of many years standing, while Doctor Shirley is a professor of Biblical Greek and Hebrew at Eastern New Mexico University in the high plains of Portales, and the two of them could probably be persuaded to parse this in much greater detail were we to press them on the matter -- for details, see <https://www.enmu.edu/about/enmu-news/general-news/1638-dr-shirley-rollinson-had-green-fingers-in-lab> ).

As a final statistical wrap-up, John and Shirley and ourselves all left Abiquiu on July 17<sup>th</sup> -- John and Shirley headed back south towards Clovis, while we turned north onto Interstate 25 through the very icy and stormy Raton Pass (even in the middle of July!) in the direction of Denver. After staying overnight on the 17<sup>th</sup> at the former Aurora Travelodge (a rather dumpy motel, familiar to us from our many visits to Denver in the early 90s), we drove up to the little Denver suburb of Louisville outside of Boulder and had a very pleasant breakfast visit with Kathy's sister Rosalie on the morning of the 18<sup>th</sup>. By skedaddling out of Louisville by mid-morning we were able to traverse the rest of Colorado and part of Utah just in time to overnight in our favorite mid-Utah resort town of Delta (\$45/night for a very comfortable double -- shades of the 1970s!) on the evening of the 18<sup>th</sup> and arrive back home on the evening of the 19<sup>th</sup> after having once again conquered Nevada's "loneliest road" -- the stretch of Hwy 50 from Ely, Nevada to Fallon, Nevada -- try it, you too will learn to wonder why it's there!

**Hans and Sue** -- While in New Mexico we received a sad letter from an older German/English couple, Hans and Sue Dietrich, whom we had fortuitously met back in 2010 during one of our return trips to Berlin where Bruce had served in the Army back in 1962-63 (think "Berlin Wall" and "Cuban Crisis"). Hans had just died at age 92. His story was a fascinating one which bears repeating as a reminder of human fragility to a younger generation for whom the Second World War and its searing lessons have become a distant memory (abridged from a eulogy delivered at Hans's funeral in 2018 by Sue Dietrich):

*Hans had been the only child born to a Jewish mother and a German (Protestant) father who had served as a decorated officer in the German army during the First World War. His father worked as an artist and painter, and his mother was an artist and illustrator who worked for a highly regarded Jewish publishing firm in Berlin. In 1935, after the publication of the Nuremberg Laws depriving German Jews of all civic rights, Hans's mother fled Germany and became one of the 70,000 German-Jewish refugees who came to the United Kingdom to escape Nazi persecution. Hans was looked after by his elderly paternal grandmother until, at the age of 16 (in 1942), he was instructed to report to Berlin and was conscripted into Organization Todt, a massive army of young men who, for various reasons, were not considered eligible for conscription into the German Army, and who were forced into what can only be described as slave labor between the years of 1933 and 1945. They were all sorts of men: men from defeated, German-occupied countries, Italians opposed to Mussolini, homosexuals, criminals, half-Jews. By 1942, they numbered almost one and a half million men, and they did forced labor of many different types all over Germany, Belgium, and Holland. They built gun fortifications, cleared bombed-out buildings, repaired railroad lines, built air-raid shelters, and built camps for the anticipated influx of Russian prisoners of war (which would never take place). Hans labored on many of these projects over almost two years. Through the winter of 1944/1945, Hans was in Belgium clearing the roads of bombed-out tanks, dead horses, and fallen trees blocking the route ahead of the eastward retreating German Army in the final days of the Battle of the Bulge. This came to a sudden halt early one morning in May 1945, Easter, when one of his friends came back to their camp and announced in stunned amazement: "Die Wachen sind weg!" ("The guards are gone!") They started walking to the West, hoping to meet the advancing American army (and avoid the Soviets advancing from the East), but were eventually rounded up by Irish soldiers, spending two years in a POW camp together with 60,000 German soldiers being submitted to a process of "de-Nazification." Eventually, after several more years, Hans was able to be reunited with his mother in England. For 20 years Hans worked with a Jewish/German firm of*

importers/exporters of small goods, called Oppenheimer's. Then Hans and his then-wife Colette established their own retail shop in Tamworth (near Birmingham), where they specialized in fine china and porcelain, running it successfully until they retired to Bexhill on the South coast of England. Colette and Hans were happily married for 45 years until Colette sadly died of ovarian cancer at the age of 69. Hans said that when he lost her, he thought that all he had left to do was to sit on the bench under the tree next to the church in Brassey Road and wait for Death to carry him away too. He was then 74 years old. Sue and Hans met while both were living in apartments in the same Bexhill complex and formed a long-lasting relationship that carried through to Hans's death in 2018 at the age of 92. Sue's description of Hans: "With Hans, there was nothing that was dirty that did not get wiped and polished, or scrubbed. Nothing that was broken that did not get securely mended. Hans had a deep and wide-ranging appreciation of beauty. In music, he loved the great classical composers, as well as having a deep appreciation of jazz. He appreciated beautiful art, classical and modern, as well as architecture. And he himself was able to draw and to paint, and to copy the works of others with extreme attention to detail. He could have been an excellent forger, people said, if only he wasn't so insistent on being honest! On our bookshelf in our Bexhill flat, there is a thick paper writing-pad in which is collected a series of drawings and photographs of broken pieces of porcelain and china and photographs of how these were expertly repaired by Hans, who had studied the art of invisible porcelain repair. On each page, five or six pieces of porcelain fragments are laid out on a tartan rug. A photograph is taken. Then, piece by piece, the item is painstakingly repaired, meticulously glued together and painted, missing fragments replaced. Invisibly mended. Photographs are taken as the item is resurrected. Like Botticelli's Venus emerging from the waves, a Victorian lady, her feathered hat, slender arm holding a parasol, long skirts swirling around her ankles is reborn in all her splendid elegance. Not a crack, not a fracture in sight. Perfectly healed. Chaos and wreckage turned to order, beauty and grace. Such was Hans's life ..."

**Photo taken in 2013 at Anne Boleyn family estate "Hever Castle"**



Sue (Kramer) Dietrich, Hans's long-time companion (after Colette's death) and the author of the above eulogy, was herself an exceptionally accomplished professional who made a wonderful helpmate for Hans. We had the great pleasure of initially becoming acquainted with Sue and Hans while staying at a bed-and-breakfast in Berlin in 2010, and they later hosted us at their Bexhill flat during our Irish trip in 2013 – a real bit of luck for us! Hans was extraordinarily fortunate in having run into Sue at a sudden transition point in his post-war life, and Sue's Eulogy serves as a beacon for us in our own racially troubled times, illuminating a period in history that we forget at our own peril ...

Cheers to all, as always, Bruce and Kathy Craig and family