



CHRISTMAS
2009
From Dante

HI THERE -

"The Best way to judge a person is to observe how he treats those who could do nothing for him."

To you 2,900+ folks out there: (Rotarians, SEALs, other Military, schoolmates, civic leaders, politicians (both parties and libertarians), railroad folks, railroad "freaks", regular customers, trip companions, parents of employees, former employees, stock-holders, law enforcement folks, foreigners and of course close friends & family....plus 3 complex categories & a few jerks! (Wow! that was a mouthful!) I need feedback as follows!

Most of us are facing **tough** times and my Jazz supper club is no exception. I have cut this letter to 8 pages (leaving 36 pages for next year). It will be sent via email to as many as I have. This alone will save over \$900 in postage plus printing costs, about \$3.00 per letter. Now this plan may be awkward for some of you, and if you want to receive it by snail mail, I need to know! Also, if you are currently getting it by snail mail & can give me an email address, please do. OR update your email. You can also say, "Please remove me from the list". Reinhardt will try to not experience hurt, offense or denial, if that happens to be your choice...

Summary:

1. My jazz club appears to be winning its **tax fight** and maybe a court fight, meaning, we will be able to stay open and I will not be **forced** to retire. It's a long story, but briefly, there are actually some empathetic **realists** in county government. No final decision yet, but please keep your fingers crossed for my 50+ employees, a zillion loyal customers and me. **We have just entered our 40th year.** Yeah!
2. Trips? Only one major trip...**India**. I was able to use my frequent flyer miles and flew **first class** via Singapore Air, notably the best airline in the world. I left a small package at security in Tokyo; Singapore Air found it and promptly mailed it to me. Wow! Also had 2 U.S. train trips, one by steam, but both on **someone else's** RR cars. The advantage? No responsibility fixing things that may go wrong.
3. **Crusades?** Still embroiled in many, sit on many boards, did some lecturing, continue to mow 3 1/2 acres of hilly terrain (good for the heart) where I park my RR car, and remain involved in many areas (resulting from my Montessori upbringing, great parents and countless mentors). Workweek still 84 hrs.

As you regulars know, I am a bit of a story teller, so shortening my annual letter will likely cause me severe emotional distress. On the other hand, after a lengthy recovery, a catharsis may occur.... (^_^)

Stinging Reality About Politicians. I do not wish to oversimplify, BUT! Here are my conclusions from a lifetime of political activism and membership, at different time periods, in all three major parties: I began as a Harry Truman Democrat.

Conclusion: There are two basic types of people, (mostly men), who enter politics:

Those who want to *give of themselves to better our nation* and those who *want/need power & believe voters are stupid!*

Below are 5 simplified points that should be in every book in every middle school classroom in every state in our great nation. I believe our teachers need to share with every student of our United States the following:

1. We must stop **legislating** our poor **into** prosperity by **legislating** our wealthy **out of** prosperity! (Doesn't work)
2. What one person receives **without** working for, another person must work for **without** receiving.
3. A government cannot give anybody anything it does and not first **take** from somebody else. (other citizens)
4. When half of a people get the idea that they do not have to work because the other half is going to take care of them, and when that second half gets the idea it does no good to work because somebody else is going to get what they work for, that, my friend, is the beginning of the end of any nation, **(and it is happening)!**
5. One cannot multiply wealth by dividing it...and finally;

"The problem with socialism is that you eventually run out of **other peoples' money"** *Margaret Thatcher*

A holiday REFLECTION, not by Hans Christian Andersen, but triggered by one of his stories read on Public Radio

The below experience occurred many years ago on a train trip in Mexico. It flashed in my mind when The Little Match Girl by Hans Christian Andersen was read Christmas day, 2008. I wrote this true experience that day, one year ago. Hearing the Andersen fairy tales was an important part of my early childhood. (Yes, they stimulate me today, too!)

Background: In late 2008, based on a snow premonition, (which turned out to be *true*), I did not travel to see my brother in New Hampshire. On 12-25-08 en route to my jazz club, (we're closed Christmas day) I was enjoying a silly reality; *very few cars were on the road...* I was listening to National Public Radio on which someone was reading the tragic fairytale by Andersen called, The Little Match Girl. (For those of you who do not know the story or who never had it read to you as a child, it is about a poor little girl of about 8 trying to sell individual wooden matches on a bitter cold day in Copenhagen so she could bring home a few coins for food. Nobody in the hustle of Christmas was interested in her wares and shivering from the bitter cold she began lighting the matches, one by one, in an effort to keep warm. From the glow of each match was created a wonderful vision, so wonderful she ran out of matches, leaving her penniless and matchless. Rather than return home...I'll let your curiosity find out the rest....☺. Read the story.

Reminiscing over the above tale and contrasting it with a similar real experience brought immediate tears to my eyes: Years ago I was traveling with a bunch of fellow train guys on two private RR cars exploring parts of Mexico where few American gringos venture. Our cars were on the rear of a regular train and at one station our unique and colorful wagons caught the eye of a *similar* 7 year old who was selling toiletries on the train platform to the travelers in the regular train. As the little Mexican girl spotted our circus-looking passenger cars, something she had probably never before seen, her eyes lit up with a sparkle beyond description, and since I had spotted her, I empathized with her excitement. She cocked her little head to one side, her brown eyes glistening and her long thick locks dangling as if she was being framed for a photo. She cautiously, but with intense concern and obvious curiosity, eased towards us for a better look. She was in near rags, but clean and adorable and soon caught me staring at her. We both smiled and immediately were drawn to each other. I am sure she was awed by this bunch of gringos who began chatting with her in our broken Spanish. She tried to help us with our pronunciations, this 7-year-old *proudly* becoming our teacher. She was so picturesque I imagined she had been a queen in a prior life. I asked her, in my broken Spanish, if she would pose with me for a photo by our funny cars and she shyly but gleefully agreed. I then bought a toothbrush and bar of soap from her and she excitedly beckoned me to follow her. I met her mother, a picturesque young woman, who had a table on the station platform selling a variety of items to travelers. In my marginal Spanish, I asked this little girl, where she lived and she beckoned that I follow her. I glanced at her mother, who nodded approvingly, and the little girl led me behind the train station where I saw two mats lying ever so *neatly* on the ground, a tiny kerosene lamp at the head of one and a rather ragged portrait of the Virgin Mary attached to the outer wall of the train station above their sleeping mats. The Virgin Mary and cross were obviously handmade and it was apparent to me that those two pauperized women were being guarded from above. Fortunately the mats were protected from rain by the natural overhang of the train station roof. My little queen proudly showed me her neatly made little mat (to her, of course, it was the queen's throne). She had surrounded it creatively with knick-knacks, discarded items she had probably found lying around the train station, but to her each had great meaning and yes, she had a story for each. My Spanish was too meek to know what she was saying, but that didn't matter because *in her heart, she knew I understood*. I knew each item had real meaning to her because she handled them so gently. As our train pulled out, I stood on the back platform with my fellow travelers and we all waved to her. She stood there in tears, as if seeing us off to battle, knowing we would never return. Yes, I too wiped my eyes; her insight and wealth of character reminded me to count my blessings, often.

I had pangs for adoption, a feeling I often get when I meet impoverished children around the world. Did I imply poor? Shame on me— This little girl was not poor, **she was rich!** Granted, by our standards, she owned little, but by her standards, she owned and ruled the world, or at least she so believed...that world within this train station somewhere in Mexico. She had things no other person had, and with the innocence that only a child possesses, she was a queen who had proudly showed me her throne. I have never forgotten her and often I say a little prayer and wonder about her.

Since I dumbly brought it up, **let's talk about the word "poor"** Might I point out, *poor* is not a reality, it is a "frame of mind"; often imposed on others by those who *set themselves up to judge others*. This angers me for it as an unfair imposition, more likely it fulfills

a need within the perpetrator, a disease we call **CHILDREN LEARN WHAT THEY LIVE** a **superiority complex**; Those who find solace in imposing superiority on those who possess less material things are only to be pitied. Happiness is in the eyes of the beholder, not the eyes of some liberal who needs to be uplifted. As a child, the youngest of six, we **never** owned a house, and we **never** owned a new car. One could not tell us we were poor. In fact, my family would laugh in their faces for we were rich in ethics, dignity, honesty and honor. We were a morally wealthy family and I have tried to stand with that flag in my heart, as my life has progressed. Wealth of character is much more important than wealth and property.

If a child lives with criticism, he learns to condemn

If a child lives with pity, he learns to feel sorry for himself

If a child lives with hostility, he learns to fight

If a child lives with jealousy, he learns to feel guilty

If a child lives with tolerance, he learns to be patient

If a child lives with praise, he learns to be appreciative

If a child lives with acceptance, he learns to love

If a child lives with approval, he learns to like himself

If a child lives with recognition, he learns to have a goal

If a child lives with honesty, he learns what the truth is

If a child lives with encouragement, he learns to be confident

If a child lives with security, he learns to have faith in himself and those about him

If a child lives with friendliness, he learns the world is a nice place in which to live . . .

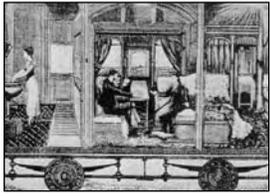


Once can empathize her sad farewell by the way she is standing.

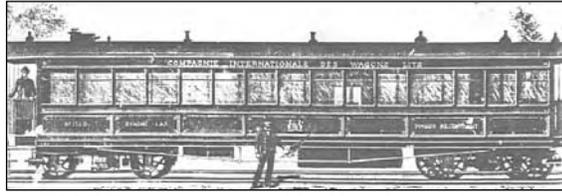
The Orient Express, history of a great train by Garry Hogg pub'69. (PART 1_of several parts: Enjoy)

Next year: Marooned in snow in 1929.

20 years ago I both read this book and marked it up as if I would write a book report. Misplacing it, I rediscovered it this year. The book shares the **Birth, Life and Death** of **this great train**, which had its **maiden voyage in 1883** not long after its founder, a Belgian named Georges Nagelmackers, enamored by the success of our US cross country trains, chiefly the Union Pacific, organized a maze of 7 countries and many railroads into a 2000 mile **80 hour journey** between Paris and Constantinople (Istanbul). Turkey.



Pre VSOE 4-wheel sleeper



1st VSOE Express sleeper, 1883. Note 8 vs 4 wheels.



Plush interior of bedroom 1883.



Dignitary Lounge

Not too long after a nondescript 1883 article appeared on page 10 of the Times of London, a group of mustache-waxed pompous men in long coats and elegant hats, (“some of hefty prominence and some of the press”) waited patiently on the platform of the Gar de l’Est (east) Paris train station for the maiden voyage of this new train. **Please bear in mind**, until the Orient Express, train travel in Europe was, at best, **unpleasant** as one rode on carriages with almost no springs, lacking in heat or light, dusty to dirty and traveling with a jolted action that made rail travel not unlike **“being dragged down a rocky mountain side inside a 55 gallon metal drum, or a mobile prison cell”**. I experienced in The Ukraine, as late as 1992, that if one did not continually tip the car attendant, heat on the cold winter nights from the small pot bellied stove at one end of each car, would not reach 40 degrees. Nagelmackers learned a lot in the USA; most significant, he learned that 4 wheels per car in Europe did not hold a candle to the U.S. 8 to 12 wheels per car and he learned that the proper use of pre-tested springs **could actually make a train ride almost pleasant**. Back in France, none of this group of men was looking forward to this 3+ day trip until they saw the new train. It actually appeared **PLUSH** with proper light in each carriage or van. Lamps that burned steady allowing one to read, and fed with proper oils so they didn’t stink and/or soil clothing. Yes, Nagelmackers learned well (in the USA) that people with money would travel if the vehicles on which they traveled were clean, comfortable and just a bit plush. Here is a quote from 1883 from his book, page 25;



1884 Diner

“Backing into the Gare de l’Est, from the darkness of the tunnel beyond it came the rearward coach of the new train. Against the dark background from which it was emerging, and even beneath the lighting of the station itself, it sparkled like a Christmas tree lit by fairy lights. A ripple of excitement ran through the party standing waiting for it: the moment had at last come when they were to see for the first time the fabulous train on which they had been invited to be the first privileged guests.”

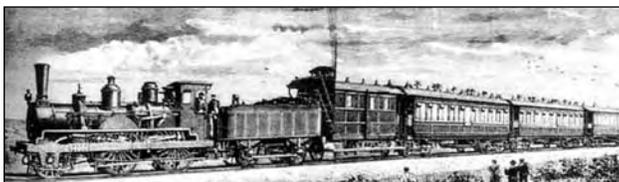
This first train consisted of 5 carriages; the rear for baggage, storage and carried a lavish kitchen, next was the dining car, longer than any car any of the guests had before seen, (and it was lit with a new type of lamp that none of the guests had before experienced. Next were two equally long sleeping cars, above them the famous words, **“Wagons-Lits et des Grande Express Europeens”**, and finally a mail car, a contract garnered to help offset costs to build more cars. The 1883 train was pulled by a small, but spicy steam locomotive configured 2-4-0. For those of you who do not know what that means, it looked a bit like one of our steam engines out of our old west. I have made three trips on the more current VSOE that runs or ran from London to Venice. Is it the best trip to take? No, **but it possesses the most intrigue**. I would include it with the top 10 train trips to experience. One way is enough because the French engineers have a **thing** against the “rich” who ride it. As a result, through the night, the engineers refuse to make smooth stops. Instead, one is/was literally lurched out of bed by uncomfortable lurching station stops. Even I, who can sleep through anything, found myself awakened at each night stop. This was not a problem in the other countries on whose tracks we traveled. Other engineers were kinder.



Wine Cellar



Private Bath



1883; Compagnie Internationale des Wagons-Lits et des Grands Express Europeens.



My adventures on this fine train; 1983, 1986, 1991.

Dedications have been an important part of my annual letter for years. It is an ugly reality that as we age, more and more contemporaries important to and close to us pass away and that figure appears to grow each year. This year is no exception so I begin by dedicating this letter to the passing of many teammates within the UDT/SEAL community to which I have dedicated many important years of my life.

In 1961 I was honored as one of three men selected to help create our first east coast team, **SEAL Team 2**, commissioned January, 1962. We began with only 38 men and our West coast counterpart, **SEAL Team 1**, I believe, had 60 men.

This year we lost our first skipper, **John Callahan**, our first executive Officer **Roy Boehm**, my sidekick **David Graveson**, our first Chief Storekeeper **Hoot Andrews**, **Dick Brozak** & **Swede Tornblom**. In previous years, SEAL Team 2 lost **Joe DiMartino**, **Tex Hager**, **Red Cannon** and **Jose Taylor**. I pray heaven has them, but some may not belong there.



CO ST2 **John Callahan** (ctr) & XO **Roy Boehm** (rt)



Dave Graveson (lt)



Hoot Andrews (lt)



Dick Brozak (ctr)

Significant losses to our community and/or our nation were **Griffin Bell**, Attorney General for Jimmy Carter; **Jack Kemp** pro football, former Senator and Candidate for VP; **Tim Russert** & **Bob Novak** two of our nation's gutsy Journalists; **John Levine** college classmate and dear friend; **Dave Hawthorne**, founder of the Madam Tussaud wax museum in Underground Atlanta; **Mac Norris** President of the BC Rail; and a handful of my Rotarian brothers from my large club.



Griffin Bell



Jack Kemp



Tim Russert



Student body president and dear friend **John Levine**



Old Friend . . . **BC Rail Pres.**



Dave Hawthorne escorts wax figure of President Geo. Washington in 1st class on a 737.

Our fine SEALs: I am eternally proud to have served my nation as a Navy SEAL in the '60s.

In case you do not know, the Maersk Steamship line **donated** that life boat in which the Pirates were deleted by several SEAL snipers to our UDT/SEAL museum in Fort Pierce, FL. GO SEE IT. That event, which was heavily covered by the world's press, has a few aspects you may not know. With the Captain of the Maersk in the life boat as a hostage, our Navy arrived on the scene and prevented it from escaping. Eventually it ran out fuel so we coyly offered to tow it and the pirates had no option but to accept. **Now the bobbing of a big ship and small life boat was in balance.** The life boat was then gradually drawn in to a critical distance so the snipers could get the best bead on the 3 pirates. However, they and the captain were very close to each other which meant a shot being off just a hair could cause injury or death to the ship's captain. The wait was intense...all 3 pirates had to be in view simultaneously or risk harm to the captain. The seconds became minutes which became hours, but our patience paid off. Shots were fired within a second of each other and the 3 pirates dropped. Then our camouflaged SEAL boats, stealthily following behind, allowed other SEALs to quickly board the life boat to be sure all 3 pirates had been deleted. They WERE! And the captain, who sensibly sat very still, was uninjured. Yes, our intense training paid off once again.

Captured Life boat given to Museum



Exec. Dir. Capt Howard accepts Life boat

SEALs & outer space. As of today, I am damn proud to report that two former SEALs became astronauts. Our first, **Capt. William Shepherd**, (Annapolis '71 and ST 1 '72), ventured into space 4 times in '01, spending 141 days there. Now we add Cmdr. **Chris Cassidy**, who made his 1st trip into space this July, a complex operation with 13 international astronauts.



Capt. Shepherd
←
Cmdr Cassidy
→



Did you know: The initial splash-downs of our Mercury flights were to be retrieved by the Air Force Pararescuemen. Well...after a capsule was allowed to SINK, the job was turned over to our NAVY Frogs (Pre SEALs) who saved the rest. Some might call that politics.



Space Capsule before it sank.



I was again honored to speak at Annapolis



UDT Tr. Cl. 22 celebrates 50th Hammerle, A.D., Dante, Poulnot

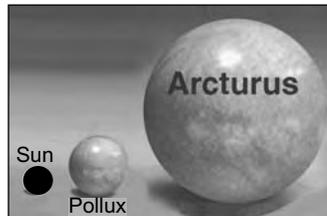
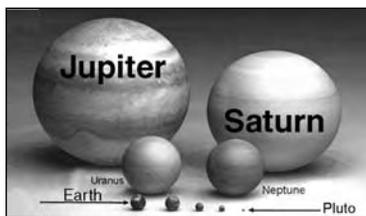


Grady, Andy Norm Olson and Rudy



Chief Bruh joins our Museum Advisory Bd.

Are we, the human race, significant? And if so, Why; and to what or to whom?



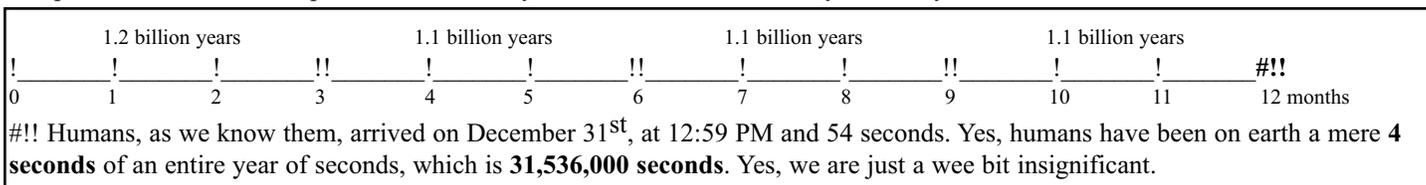
Does the above make you feel a little less significant? Well our downward plunge continues;...read on.

“To feel or be significant”, one must have *direction and one must contribute to the lives of others*...and that goes beyond living on an insignificant blah straight line. So listen up...here’s my challenge!...I want you to ponder one or more people or courses from middle school, high school, college, and/or beyond that helped **make your life more significant than it was**. *Take some time and think about that question*...write down some names. I have written in previous letters about some of my mentors; For example, in **middle school** there were several. One, **Mr. Zaconi** was my Civics teacher. He helped make us unruly kids understand why our form of government **worked** and why it has been able to last longer than any other type of governing system. I would also include my gym teacher, Mr. Katz, who made a critical difference in my moral outlook on life. Fact is I’m alive today because of him. In High School (**New Trier - Winnetka, Illinois**) beyond my fine English teachers it was my sophomore Physics teacher, Mr. Windows. Yes, that may sound a bit strange, but **Mr. Windows**, was more than a science teacher; *he was a philosopher and an ethicist* and almost daily compared and contrasted ethics and science. Then in college, (Carleton) it was the Ethics taught by the chairman of our Philosophy department, Doctor Martin Eshleman. Why? Because in addition to reading about and discussing the field of **ethics**, our 2nd semester assignment was to write our entire *philosophy of life*, complete with *metaphysics*. Gad what an assignment... But wait...for me, in retrospect, it was the most important paper I have ever written ...it forced me into serious introspection at a time in my life when numbness, from long hours of study was the norm. Who, my wise readers, thinks about one’s inner beliefs while a junior in college? But I did! And as part of the application process I use at my Jazz Supper club since its opening in 1970, all my prospective employees are asked to write a similar short introspection about their inner selves. Would you believe it? Many thank me outright for forcing the issue. When one has not thought about their philosophy of life, hedonism has a tendency to creep in, drugs too, and yes we saw that in the ‘60s...

In **1957**, Dr Eshleman shared with his students what he believed was going to happen by the ‘60s...and not unlike Ayn Rand’s 1938 vision about Hitler’s goals for Europe, Dr Eshleman laid out was about to happen, **Yes the hippie/LSD generation**. We laughed then, and even though Dr. Eshleman was a bit of a nerd, he was 100% correct.

But let’s go back to **square one!** How **dare** me challenge **your** Personal significance? Isn’t that a bit rude? **Sorry!** ‘But we humans just are not as important as we’d like to think we are...and here’s another reason why: You’ve already seen in the above photos how tiny we are!

Now let’s examine the age of our earth, which scientists estimate to be about **4.5 billion years**. That is a figure most of us find next to impossible to comprehend. Heck, I can’t even comprehend a thousand years. So let me try to help you out. Look at the below ruler and pretend the 12 inches represents 4.4 billion years....which is 1.1 billion years every 3 inches. Got that?



Now let’s peek at what’s going on 5 or more miles down in our ocean trenches. Scientists are beginning to say that may well be where living things on this earth of ours began. Life is thriving down there because the depths are protected by that giant wall of water above them. New equipment is capable of creating significant light at depths allowing us see through that intense pressurized darkness. Previously it was **assumed** that **nothing** could live down there. **WRONG!** If you not have seen the History Channel series called “The Blue Earth”, go rent it. You will be surprised! Then you will know what I am talking about when I refer to human insignificance. The fact that there is an **abundance** of very unusual life existing in the deepest parts of our oceans, is truly mind-boggling. Poisonous sulfur is emitted, absorbed by plants that convert it to sugar and they thrive.

Our most imaginative artist could not create the “weird living things” shown in this one-hour TV special. Again, if you missed it, rent it and see for yourself. And this year Hubble has taken photographs of space darkness and discovered **billions more suns out there**, each with its own system of planets, not unlike our system. Yes, we are quite insignificant in the scheme of things. Do I have a conclusion? Yes, **Do something with your life**, contribute to our earth, help save it from various evils that suggest or predict doom. **(Next year, the Mayan calendar restarts on 12-21-12 and why it is NOT dooms-day).**

My New Trier HS class celebrates it's 55th. (with a few more memories)

Distant & local friends enjoy comradeship and my class is far from the exception.

As we look back at our high school years, it is easy to lose touch, causing us to forget hundreds of childhood experiences. My public HS class was large, graduating about **570 (a prayer for the 130 classmates who are lost or missing)**. I believe 92% of us attended college, quite a feat for a public HS. We connect regularly, but for me, Chicago is not a convenient drive. So once a year I hook up at **Jim Huyler's** annual luncheon, a tradition since our 50th. These luncheons allow us to reminisce over our old haunts recollecting countless adventures. Winnetka has changed a lot; all businesses of my childhood, the last being Abe Fell, are now all GONE! Old Abe helped me get a small Rotary Scholarship for Carleton College. I visited Maple Beach, where I won a 10 yd swim at age 8.

Following are a few other childhood memories:

1. **Isaac Newton's gravity discovery reaffirmed.** While on my **tricycle** I noticed 4 men digging a hole. A kid with intense curiosity I leaned over to look in it....You guessed it, **tricycle & I toppled in!** I remember how worried the workmen were, but I was too embarrassed to admit pain and didn't cry until I got home. Yes, it was one of those valid lessons we learn; luckily 5 year-olds tend to **bounce**.
2. The **Winnetka Public Library** was located in my block. I was prideful receiving my library card at a very early age, about 7. I loved to pretend reading as I watched the librarian spinsters fuss at each other. It was difficult not to giggle as our 2 pudgy librarians tended to their duties, constantly putting their fingers to their mouth, issuing loud **Shushing noises**. I was sure no librarians would ever marry.
3. **How to spoil a soft ball game.** Along Green Bay Road was a grassy lawn between my house and the library; one day one of my bigger friends hit our only ball hard. It landed, **unnoticed**, in the back seat of a passing convertible. It was our only ball and to this day I remember how disturbed we were. We shouted after the car, chasing it on our bikes, but it didn't hear us. And so it goes.
4. The **Winnetka Fire Station** was a block to the other side of my house. In it were two **open** elegant highly polished **LaFrance** fire trucks (a 1927 pumper and a 1928 ladder truck). Our chief drove a red 1937 Packard coupe which I thought was **very** cool. In the quiet of the winter nights, I remember hearing the hand-cranking of each truck. They would spit, sputter, and pop but finally catch. Then I dashed to my window to watch the firemen hanging on in near zero weather, their beards flowing.
5. My **mother's Montessori School** was on our home's first floor; we lived on the 2nd. My father drove our 1928 Model A Ford station-wagon he rigged to carry young children. Even though it had no heater, I do not remember ever being cold. We may have been **tougher** back then. My mother studied under Dr. **Maria Montessori** in Letchworth, England and opened the 2nd Montessori School in Illinois after assist-teaching at **Dorothy Sears** Montessori School. Our famous educator, **Joseph Sears**, was her father. We kids mimicked spinster Sear's very funny "proper" British accent.



'09 our gals also had a luncheon and guys added 12 new faces. Plus dinner Sat evening for us all.



See Dick, there IS a God.

I still love working the floor of my jazz club, which includes visits from a few prominent folks.



Actress Kathryn Heigel



Sen. Johnny & Mrs. Isakson, GA



The Carters still dine with us.



Fmr. Sec. Defense Dick Cheney



Academy Award Winner Francis Ford Coppola



Sen. Joseph Lieberman, CT



Baseball Great Mark Grace



Rev. Andy Young



Sen. Tom Carper, DE



Sen. Saxby Chambliss, GA



Freddy Cole; Nat's brother



Newt Gingrich, Fmr. House Speaker



Minority Whip Eric Cantor MD & GA Cong. Tom Price MD



Sen. Isakson & Barbara Lynn



Even Admirals sail with us.

This page is a condensation of the many pages that are not included in this year's letter.

1. **Steam across America.** The normal Mpls. loco that "stars" at Michigan's **steam days** is presently in a train hospital and was replaced by SP's Freedom loco, allowing a group to have a one-of-a-kind 8-day adventure from Portland to Minneapolis with her pulling 10 privately owned railroad cars. Bringing a big engine cross-country is expensive, so word went out to private car owners to sign on, sharing the cost; who found travelers, like me, willing to pay a fare. Since my car, The Survivor is awaiting some complex replacement leaf springs, I booked on her sister car, **The Chapple Hill** and the rest is history...traveling by day and stopping each night. Our overnights were **Spokane, Wa., Whitefish & Havre, MT., Minot & Fargo N.D., Minneapolis & Chicago.** We had daytime travel across beautiful western mountains.



SP 4449 pulled 12 cars



Wm Howes & Robt Downing



Wm Howes, Eng. Doyle McCormick, Rollin Bredenberg



Leaving Portland



At my psychiatrist's office.

2. **India:** This year was my first (but not last) trip to India to study her many religions and ride 5 of her steam railways and see high mountains. Words cannot capture what a wonderful experience this was. I saved my frequent flyer miles for a 1st class round-trip on our world's finest airline, **Singapore Air.** I make anthropologic trips to include STEAM railways with a small group of British professionals and we discovered how good vegetables can taste when cooked correctly and how wonderful the people of India are. I did NOT miss meat! Our trip included **Amritsar** (in the north) where we rode the 2 1/2 ft. gauge **Kalka Shimla** mountain RR; the **Delhi Railway Museum** where we rode a one-wheeled steam engine; Then a 20 hour climb by a 2-foot gauge RR, the **Siliguri** zig-zag railway almost to the Himalayas; The **Nilgiri** meter gauge **Rack RR** etc. Yes, we visited many historic sites; most co-travelers traveled with their wives. Analysis in 2010.



Children of India



India Put-Put (Taxi)



.....
 You've heard this before? "History repeats itself". Written in 1937 by Ayn Rand, 2 years before Hitler took Poland. The () are mine.

"The greatest guilt today (1937) is that people who seek protection from the necessity of taking a stand (acting with courage), tend to hide behind the empty assertion that they are lovers of freedom, with no concrete meaning attached to the word: People who believe that the content of ideas need not be examined if it comes from an authoritarian source; (our media???) , that principles need not be defined; and that facts can be eliminated by keeping one's eyes shut. Then, when they find themselves in a world of bloody ruins and concentration camps, to escape moral responsibility, they wail, 'but I didn't mean this!'"

Next Year: (Items that did not appear in this shorter letter: 1) The critical role played by volunteer frogman solving a major space problem; 2) four never used WWII Japanese Submarines that were to carry planes to bomb the Panama Canal. This would have prevented Navy ships from getting to the Orient; 3) Clearing a myth about the Mayan calendar that restarts 12-21-12; 4) a short summary of the Pullman RR car company; 5) more on my fine trip to India in '09; 6) my battle over running a red light; 7) Down the Hatch and our property tax fight; 8) The Drake equation as it relates to new discoveries by The Hubble as it explores "dark space"; 9) Edgar Cayce and how one of his prophecies about what is under the Sphinx is turning out to be true which may confirm that Atlantis DID EXIST; 10) the annual "STUPID AWARDS; 11) What has and has not come back to life in Alaska many years after the ship Valdez ran aground and spilled lots of crude oil; 12) my 2nd trip to Annapolis to mentor students about the SEAL program; and a bunch more.

1778: A few wise words from PATRICK HENRY, "GUARD WITH JEALOUS ATTENTION THE PUBLIC LIBERTY. SUSPECT EVERYONE WHO APPROACHES THAT JEWEL! UNFORTUNATELY, NOTHING WILL PRESERVE IT BUT DOWNRIGHT FORCE. WHENEVER YOU GIVE UP THAT FORCE, YOU ARE INEVITABLY RUINED."
 Our nation's debt of 12+ trillion dollars is a crime against **all** Americans, especially the poor. Will our politicians, most of whom are lawyers, ever wake up to *honor & integrity*? What are they are doing to us...? Get madder.

2009 closes with a quote from the annals of **Maria Montessori MD** with whom I have a 2-fold connection: My mom was honored to study under her in Letchworth, England In the 1920s (then taught her system for 42 years), and I am one of the lucky graduates of that system. As Italy's first female physician, her goal: *Develop in our children, starting at age 2, the ability to run tomorrow's world.* Part of my lifelong quest is used to befriend and inspire the world's children, as displayed in the photos below.

"No adults exist who were not made from the children they once were...It is the children of the world who absorb the world around them; they mold into the adult leaders of the future." Maria Montessori, MD (my mother's favorite teacher and one of my mentors)



Philippines



China



Poland



Equator Indians



Israel



Syria



Russia



Botswana



Mexico



Tibet



Myanmar



Honduras



Czechoslovakia



Yemen



USA



Peru Indians



Inner Mongolia



Guatemala



Zimbabwe



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