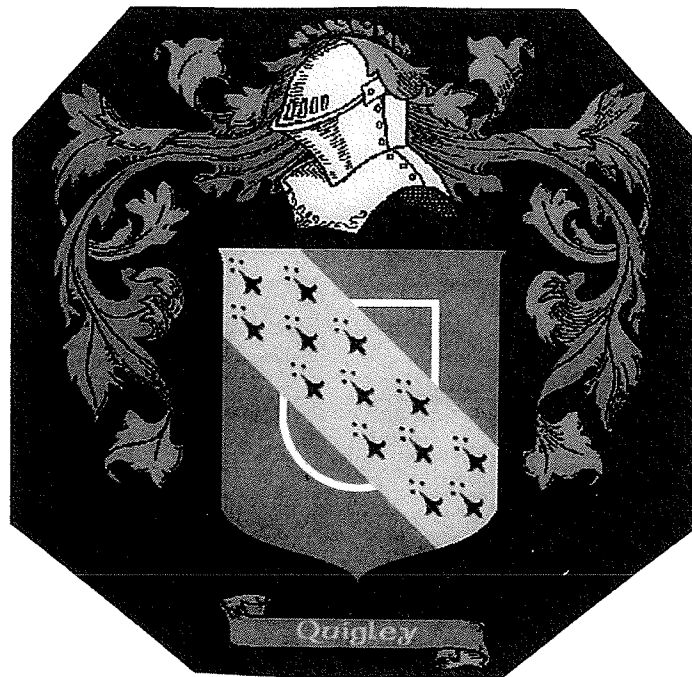


LOOKING BACK... & CATCHING UP



The Life Journal of
Bob Quigley

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PREFACE

This personal journal is written principally for my heirs, both living and yet-to-be born.

I retired in early 1992, and took a short course in memoir preparation. Since that time, I have kept a “memory sparker journal”, which by 2011 contains all of the data which will be detailed in this journal.

The Prologue herein traces my ancestral background. My parents left me but little information concerning their parents, grandparents and beyond. However, Mom and Dad did leave some information which has been expanded upon by visiting with my Aunt Betty Quigley and receiving the genealogical charts of the Curtin family from Mom’s first cousin, Alma Smith, as well as from my cousin Gay Steele (nee Curtin).

The only part of history a man knows for certain is the small part he experiences himself. However, a good narrator must guard against embellishment and strive to be objective by presenting both sides of controversial matters. I am the narrator. Each chapter ends with a section called “reprisal”. Each separate reprisal attempts to place that chapter in the context of growth of Bob Quigley as I progressed through life.

I have reproduced these stories from memory, attempting neither to embellish nor tarnish the events and characters herein. I may, in rare instances, have changed certain names or omitted minor events in order to spare the feelings of acquaintances. The names of the principal characters have not been changed.

PROLOGUE

All families start somewhere. Mine was in the deep past of Ireland (O'Quigleys and Curtins), as well as England (Ross' and Halpins). My more recent ancestors migrated from Ireland and England commencing on the Curtin side in the seventeen hundreds, and on the Quigleys towards the end of the nineteenth century. They all settled on the eastern seaboard and this journal begins to recognize relatives born and raised following the conclusion of our Civil War in 1865.

My life begins with my Mother and Father; however, their roots are my heritage, so let's start with them.

Quigleys

Dad was John Joseph Quigley, born on October 23, 1905, in New York City, and died in Watertown, Connecticut on May 10, 1992, at age eighty-six years old. Dad is buried in a family plot with Mom at Mount Olivet Cemetery in Watertown, Connecticut.

My Dad's father, William F. Quigley, was born in Brooklyn, New York, on September 20, 1871, the son of Daniel J. and Harriet (nee Halpin) Quigley. Daniel had immigrated from Ireland and Harriet from England. William F., (my grandpa), had two sisters, Mary Florence Quigley, and Harriet A. Quigley, both of whom never married. Grandpa had graduated from law school at New York University, a prestigious and private school. He initially practiced law with the firm of Bodine, Quigley and Whiting and later served as an assistant district attorney for Bronx County in New York, as well as twenty years as the Commissioner of Licenses. The latter assignment was held during the national prohibition era under the famous New York City Mayor James J. Walker. Grandpa was active throughout his life in Democratic politics. He was a recognized singer in various church related glee clubs and as a youth had stroked several winning rowing crews for the Nassau Boat Club.

Grandpa Quigley had an older brother, Jack, who was a police surgeon and died around 1918. Great Uncle Jack's wife and daughter had pre-deceased him. My Dad sort of hero worshipped Uncle Jack and I'm a little surprised that he didn't follow his uncle into medicine.

Grandpa Quigley married Mary Theresa Kerrin, daughter of John Kerrin and Mary (nee Buckley) Kerrin. The senior Kerrins were both born in New York City somewhere during the period of the 1840's or early 1850's. My Grandma Quigley was born in New York City on January 1872. She had one stepsister, Lillian McKenna Maddox. In the 1890's, as an adult, Grandma would become one of the first traveling saleswomen in

America. She then married Grandpa and settled down in New York City just prior to the turn of the 20th century. She subsequently had three sons: William Halpin (about 1903), John Joseph (1905) and Francis (1911). Francis, my dear Uncle Frank, was very close to his mother and took care of her following Grandpa's death in 1939. Grandpa Quigley died of heart problems at age 66 on August 24, 1939. Grandma also died of heart problems on July 26, 1941. Both are buried at the St. John Cemetery in Brooklyn, N.Y.

The William Quigleys resided in Brooklyn, the Bronx and much later in Manhattan, all boroughs of New York City.

My family lived in Nebraska from 1936-1942, so my actual remembrances of both Grandpa and Grandma are almost nonexistent.

Grandma Quigley will later appear briefly in remembrances of her trip to Lincoln, Nebraska in 1940, and our trip to the World's Fair in Long Island, New York during 1939. My Father spoke sparingly of his roots, so these brief comments will have to serve for my two paternal grandparents.

Dad's brother Bill was in the insurance business as a younger man and owned a pioneering motel south of San Diego, California, during the 1940's and 50's. He died of his own hand in 1958. Uncle Frank worked for the original Macy's on 34th Street in New York. Uncle Frank was an executive in the furniture department and in our family was "Mr. Macy." Frank met Aunt Betty at Macy's. He served in the U.S. Navy during World War II (WWII) and he and Betty bought a home under the GI bill in Baldwin, Long Island, New York. They had two daughters, Susan and Frances and one granddaughter through Susan, Francesca.

CURTINS

Mom was Alma Maigh (nee Curtin) Quigley, born on April 27, 1904, in New York City and died in Waterbury, Connecticut on December 17, 1986, at age eighty-two (82). Mom is buried at Mount Olivet Cemetery in Watertown, Connecticut, in a family plot with Dad.

My Mother's Father, Daniel Joseph Curtin, was born in 1867 in Bagenalstown, County Carlow, Ireland. His family moved to the United States in 1880, when he was 13 years old settling in the Murray Hill section of Brooklyn. The family later moved to the Bronx in 1901. He served in the New York City Sanitation Department as a Master Mechanic from 1890 until his retirement in 1915. He then ended his retirement after five years and was appointed as confidential attendant to the New York Bronx Supreme Court Justice's Edward Glennan and Albert Cohn. When these Justices were subsequently appointed to the Appellate Division, Grandpa was made confidential attendant to all Bronx Supreme

Court Justices and held that post until his death in 1938. Throughout his life Grandpa was active in Democratic politics.

Grandpa had two brothers, Thomas H. Curtin, an eye surgeon, and Leo Curtin, Superintendent of the Bronx Children's Society. He also had two sisters, Helen Curtin and Mrs. J.J. Donovan. I believe the latter sister was the mother of General Donovan who founded our C.I.A. during WWII.

Grandpa Quigley married Mary Alma (nee Ross) Curtin of Kentucky. Grandma Curtin was from Louisville where her family goes back to the 1700's. Grandma Curtin went by the name "Alma." I suspect that her birth name was "Maigh Alma" as was my Mother's formal name. For some reason my Mother as an adult signed her name "Alma Rita Quigley". I suspect the "Rita" was Mom's confirmation name.

Grandma Curtin was born in Nelson County Kentucky on July 17, 1872 to Benedict Joseph Ross (8-26-1840 to 4-8-1914) and Ann Katherine Hunter (2-7-1839 to 12-25-1925). The Ross' were my great grandparents. Mary Alma, my Grandmother, was the fourth of eight children. (re: genealogical chart in appendix under "Ross".)

My maternal grandparents were married during the 1890's presumably in Louisville, Kentucky where the Ross' ran a boarding house. They then settled in Brooklyn, New York, and later the Bronx section of New York City about 1901. The Curtin's had five children: David, Daniel, James, Alma and Mary.

Grandma Curtin traces both sides of her family back in America to the 1700's...Her maternal grandmother's mother was a Vincent, daughter of Lord and Lady Vincent of England who came to America with the famous Lord Baltimore.

My Mother, Alma, was raised in this very, very close Catholic family. Her brother, David, was injured at birth and remained at home his entire life. James became active in Democratic politics and managed investments....later taking care of his mother and David. Daniel was an attorney, who tragically died from a ruptured appendix in the pre-penicillin era of 1935. Mary (Aunt Puss) and Mom were always close. Grandma Curtin suffered the tragedy of losing her husband to cancer of the throat in 1938. Jim then opened a liquor store which he had professionally managed and the proceeds took care of Grandma and David for the balance of their lives.

Grandpa Curtin had a three storied house at 2980 Perry Avenue in the Bronx just north of 200th Street and about three miles from Fordham University and a ½ mile from the Mt. St. Ursula Girl's School. Mom and Puss attended the latter and their brother Dan, the former....The Perry Avenue address became the geographical focal point for four generations of our family.

Grandma Curtin's nine grandchildren arrived in the time span 1927 to 1936. Her son Dan married Aunt Gladys and they had Buddy (presumed to be Dan) about 1927 and Joan about 1931. Son Jim married Gertrude (Kelly) from Canada and daughters Jane and Grace (Gay) were born respectively about 1930 to 1932. Mary (Puss) married Leo Murphy and their children were Mary Lee, 1928 and Frank, 1930. My Mother Alma had myself, 1929, Bill, 1930 and Dan, 1936. Grandma's children and we nine cousins spent our early childhood in and around the three storied grandparental house in the Bronx. My memory is sketchy since we only visited twice from Nebraska during my childhood period 1936 to 1942.

In any event, Grandma Curtin lived a full and happy family life from the death of husband Daniel in 1938 to her ultimate death on August, 1968. She and her husband are buried in a family plot at Gate of Heaven Cemetery in the Bronx, NYC.

REPRISAL

Family heritage is important. It's a shame that I am able to share so little about the

ROSS FAMILY GENEALOGY CHART 1 OF 6

DATE November 25, 1994

PEDIGREE CHART

NAME OF PERSON SUBMITTING CHART
Alma Hutchins Smith

STREET ADDRESS
274 Washington Ct #21

CITY
Washington D.C.

STATE
DC

ZIP CODE
20007

1 Mary Ellen Ross
Born July 19, 1872
Where Nelson County, Ky.
When married
Died Aug. 31, 1968
Where New York City
Daniel J. Costello
Name of husband or wife

2 Samuel Joseph Ross
Born August 26, 1840
Where Kenton County, Ky.
When married
Died April 8, 1914
Where St Louis, Missouri

AT HOME OF HIS DAUGHTER
Lillian Ross of there

3 David Holloman Hunter
Born Feb 7, 1834
Where Near Bardonia, New York
Died Dec. 25, 1928
Where New York City

4 George Washington Ross
Born 1849
Where Kentucky
When married Jan. 10, 1834
Died October 31, 1859
Where Louisville, Kentucky

5 Lawrence McMill
Born 1817/18
Where Kenton County, Kentucky
Died April 28, 1884
Where Louisville, Ky.

6 William Alvarado
Born ca. 1802
Where Madison Co. Ky.
When married Oct. 4, 1826
Died 1897
Where Madison Co. Ky.

Remond of Joplin, Missouri
Bardonia, Ky.

7 Nancy Deal
Born July 8, 1909
Where Nelson County, Ky.
Died ca. 1900
Where Kenton County, Ky.

8 John
Born
Where
When married
Died
Where

9 John
Born
Where
Died
Where

10 David McGill
Born ca. 1770?
Where Maryland?
When married Nov. 14, 1812
Died 1828
Where Kenton Co. Ky.

11 John
Born 1790
Where MARYLAND
Died where in 1870 Census
Where Louisville, Ky.

12 Abraham Hunter
Born 1767
Where Pennsylvania
When married Feb. 16, 1792
Died ca. 1846
Where Madison Co. Ky.

13 Thomas Peak
Born ca. 1723
Where possibly Virginia
Died ?
Where Kentucky (Madison Co)

14 John Deal
Born
Where
When married ca. 1787?
Died Inventory dated 1801
Where Cumberland Co. Va.

15 William Vincent
Born March 14, 1829
Where Maryland
Died Sept. 12, 1864

ROSS FAMILY GENEALOGY CHART 2 OF 6

Family Group Sheet
Form F2
Use Reverse Side For Additional Information

HUSBAND'S NAME Samuel Joseph Ross **WIFE'S MAIDEN NAME** Carrie Mackinnon Hunter

When Born Aug 26, 1876 Where Boonville, Centre County, Pa. (Husband's Full Name) Samuel Joseph Ross

Christened Carrie Where "

When Died April 8, 1914 Where 3409 Huntington St., Harrisburg, Pa.

When Buried April 9, 1914 Where St. Ann's Cemetery, Harrisburg, Pa.

When Married 1894 Where Petersburg, Kentucky (Wife's Maiden Name) Carrie Mackinnon Hunter

Other Wives (if any) None

His Father Smith Mackinnon Ross His Mother's Maiden Name Susan McLean

This information obtained from Ross, Saml. Joseph, 1876

When Born Feb 9, 1839 Where Van Buren, Van Buren Co., Ky.

Christened Carrie Where "

When Died Dec 25, 1925 Where Harper City, Caldwell Co., Ky.

When Buried " Where "

Other Husb. (if any) None

Her Father " Her Mother's Maiden Name "

Male or Female	CHILDREN (Arrange in order of birth)	WHEN BORN			WHERE BORN			DIED		MARRIED	
		Day	Mo.	Yr.	Town	County	State or Country	Day	No.		Yr.
1	<u>Julia Ross</u>	15	Aug	1865	Hudson	Van Buren	Ky.	5	Oct	1944	Date <u>June 5, 1898</u> To <u>Charles Earl Gustafson</u>
2	<u>Joseph Hunter Ross</u>	23	Mar	1869	"	"	"	2	Feb	1956	Date <u>Mar 15, 1894</u> To <u>Robert James</u>
3	<u>May Belle Ross</u>	14	Mar	1872	"	"	"	29	Mar	1961	Date <u>Jan 10, 1896</u> To <u>Stella Catherine (Parker) Sha</u>
4	<u>Clara Ross</u>	17	July	1872	"	"	"	5	Aug	1928	Date <u>Nov 18, 1896</u> To <u>Arnold Lester</u>
5	<u>Caroline Ross</u>	1895	"	"	"	"	"	6	Feb	1956	Date <u>Nov 18, 1896</u> To <u>Robert James</u>
6	<u>Margaret Ross</u>	June	1899	"	"	"	"	9	Feb	1948	Date <u>Nov 18, 1896</u> To <u>Robert James</u>
7	<u>Franklin Ross</u>	1899	"	"	"	"	"	8	Jan	1961	Date <u>Nov 18, 1896</u> To <u>Robert James</u>
8	<u>John Ross</u>	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Date <u>Nov 18, 1896</u> To <u>Robert James</u>
9	<u>John Ross</u>	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Date <u>Nov 18, 1896</u> To <u>Robert James</u>
10	<u>John Ross</u>	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Date <u>Nov 18, 1896</u> To <u>Robert James</u>

Compiler Alma Ross Date Nov 18, 1896

Address 1000 Harrison Ave, 79 City Harper City, Pa.

ROSS FAMILY GENEALOGY CHART 3 OF 6

Group Sheet
Main, Logan, Utah

Form F2
Use Reverse Side For Additional Information

HUSBAND'S NAME Joseph Washington Ross (H)
 When Born 1809 Where Franklin, Ky.
 Christened Where
 When Died October 3, 1887 (aged 78) Where Washington, D.C.
 When Buried Where St. John's Episcopal Church, St. Louis, Mo.
 When Married January 11, 1834 Where Franklin, Kentucky
 Other Wives (if any)
 His Father His Mother's Maiden Name

WIFE'S MAIDEN NAME Lucy Mc Gill
 When Born 1815/16 Where Madison, Kentucky
 Christened Where
 When Died March 20, 1887 (aged 69) Where Washington, Ky.
 When Buried Where Franklin, Ky.
 Other Husb. (if any)

Name of Child	Sex	CHILDREN (Arrange in order of birth)	WHEN BORN			WHERE BORN			DIED	MARRIED
			Day	Mo.	Yr.	Town	County	State or Country		
1	M	Mary Ross	1834	3	1834	Franklin	Ky.			
2	F	Caroline Ross	1837							
3	M	Brookfield Ross	26 Aug	1846				57 Lou 15, Mo. 8 Sept, 1914		
4	F	Margaret Ross		1842						
5	F	Stephan Ross		1846						
6	F	Jessie Ross		1849						
7	F	Alvin Ross		1852						
8	F	Charlie Ross		1853						
9	F	Levina Ross		1857						

This information obtained from
 Date
 Compiler
 Address
 City

ROSS FAMILY GENEALOGY CHART 4 OF 6

HUSBAND'S NAME William P Hunter (6)

When Born ca 1800 Where

Christened Where

When Died 1859 Where

When Buried Where

When Married Oct 24 1831 Where

Other Wives (if any) None Where

His Father Alvin Hunter His Mother's Maiden Name

WIFE'S MAIDEN NAME Nancy Bond Her Mother's Maiden Name

When Born 8 Aug 1790 Where

Christened Where

When Died 1861 Where

When Buried Where

Other Husb. (if any) None Where

Her Father Her Mother's Maiden Name

Maid or Female	CHILDREN (Arrange in order of birth)	WHEN BORN			WHERE BORN			DIED		MARRIED
		Day	Mo.	Yr.	Town	County	State or Country	Day	Mo.	
1	<u>Nancy Spencer Hunter</u>			<u>1838</u>						
2	<u>Alexander Hunter</u>			<u>1830</u>						
3	<u>John Bond Hunter</u>			<u>1832</u>						
4	<u>Henry Frederick Hunter</u>			<u>1834</u>						
5	<u>Ann Madison Hunter</u>			<u>1834</u>						
6	<u>Ann Madison Hunter</u>			<u>7 Oct 1839</u>						
7	<u>Ann Reynolds Hunter</u>			<u>1841</u>						
8										
9										

William P Hunter
(Husband's Full Name)

Nancy Bond (m)
(Wife's Maiden Name)

This information obtained from

Compiler
Address
City State

ROSS FAMILY GENEALOGY CHART 5 OF 6

USHER'S NAME Alexander Hunter 2

When Born 1764 Where Baranymore near to Pitts, Pa.

Christened Baptist 3-1-1844 Where Yield, Geary, Ky.

When Died Mar 5-24-1849 1849 Where Yield, Geary, Ky.

When Buried Mar 5-24-1849 Where Yield, Geary, Ky.

When Married April 16, 1799 Where Washington, Kentucky

Other Wives (if any) _____

His Father Samuel John Hunter 7 His Mother's Maiden Name Rachel Jones (Cousins?)

Wife's Maiden Name 1764 1784 1784 1784

When Born 1764 1784 1784 1784 Where _____

Christened _____ Where _____

When Died _____ Where _____

When Buried _____ Where _____

Other Fuses _____

Her Father William Ross Her Mother's Maiden Name 7

CHILDREN (Average in order of birth)	WHEN BORN			WHERE BORN			DIED		MARRIED
	Day	Mo.	Yr.	Town	County	State	Day	Mo.	
1 <u>Barbara Hunter</u>			1792			Ky			Date <u>John Hunter & Barbara Hunter</u> To <u>1810</u>
2 <u>Thomas Maguire Hunter</u>			1794			"			Date <u>John Hunter & Barbara Hunter</u> To <u>1810</u>
3 <u>Rebecca Hunter</u>			1796			"			Date <u>John Hunter & Barbara Hunter</u> To <u>1810</u>
4 <u>John Hunter</u>			5 Nov 1801			"			Date <u>John Hunter & Barbara Hunter</u> To <u>1810</u>
5 <u>William Hunter</u>			ca 1802			"			Date <u>John Hunter & Barbara Hunter</u> To <u>1810</u>
6 <u>Mary Eliza Hunter</u>			20 July 1804			"			Date <u>John Hunter & Barbara Hunter</u> To <u>1810</u>
7 <u>Elizabeth (Bly) Hunter</u>			1808			"			Date <u>John Hunter & Barbara Hunter</u> To <u>1810</u>
8 <u>Alexander Hunter</u>			1812			"			Date <u>John Hunter & Barbara Hunter</u> To <u>1810</u>
9 _____									Date _____ To _____

Address 2322 24th Street, Louisville, Ky.

City Washington, Ky. State _____

Compiler John Hunter

Date Mar 5, 1849

This information obtained from _____

(Wife's Maiden Name) _____

(Husband's Full Name) _____

ROSS FAMILY GENEALOGY CHART 6 OF 6

(7)

HUSBAND'S NAME John Ross (or Beard)

When Born Maguire

When Died January 12, 1833-1837 **Where** Countdown, Va. Va.

When Buried January 17, 1837 **Where** Maguire

When Married 1837 **Where** Maguire

Other Wives (if any) None

His Father None

WIFE'S MAIDEN NAME Elizabeth Foxworth

When Born March 14, 1789 **Where** Maguire

Christened None

When Died Sept. 12, 1814 **Where** Maguire

When Buried None **Where** Maguire

Other Husband (if any) None

Her Father None **Her Mother's Maiden Name** None

Her Mother None

Other Husband (if any) None

His Mother's Maiden Name None

Complier Alma **Address** 2050 Avenue C, N.Y.

Date 1937

This information obtained from Family Bible, etc.

(Wife's Maiden Name) Elizabeth Foxworth

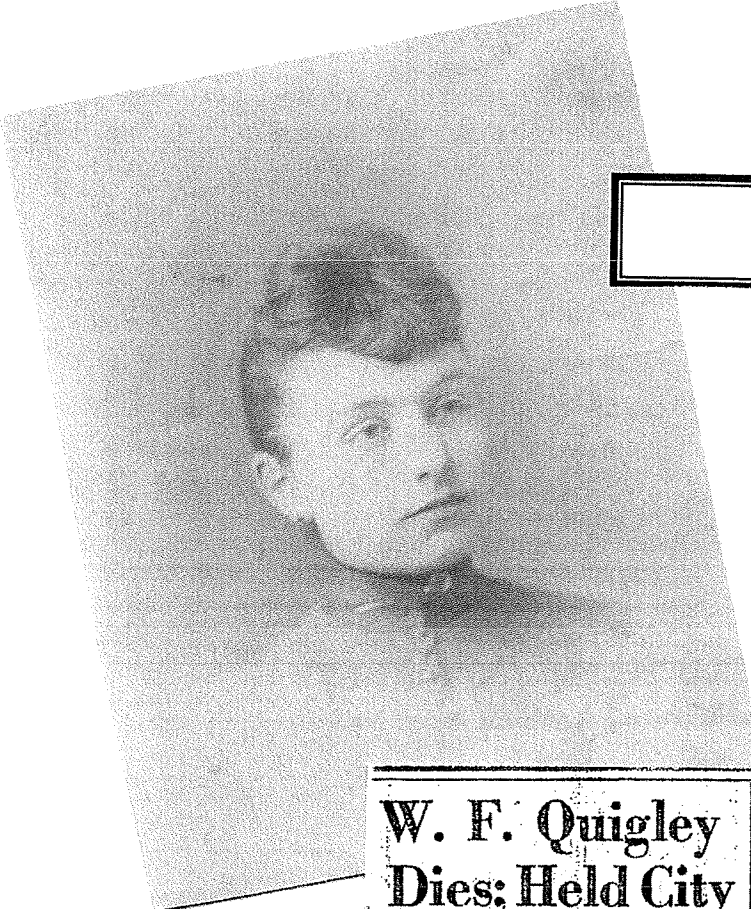
CHILDREN

Maid or Female	CHILDREN (Arrange in order of birth)	WHEN BORN			WHERE BORN			DIED			MARRIED		
		Day	Mo.	Yr.	Town	County	State	Country	Day	Mo.	Yr.	Date	To
→	1 <u>John Marshall Ross</u>	27	Apr.	1788			MD		14	June	1819		
	2 <u>Francis Beale Ross</u>	10	Oct.	1790			"		28	June	1834		
→	3 <u>George Alexander Ross</u>	25	Feb.	1792			"		18	Nov.	1818		
→	4 <u>John Pennington Ross</u>	29	May	1794			"		29	Oct.	1835		
	5 <u>Augustus Ross</u>	14	Jan.	1796			"		8	Jan.	1813		
→	7 <u>Martha Ross</u>	8	July	1799			MD						
	8 <u>William Ross</u>	17	Feb.	1802			"						
	9 <u>Jessie Martha Ross</u>	15	June	1804			"		27	Nov.	1835		
	10 <u>John Marshall Ross</u>	15	June	1804			"		27	Nov.	1835		



WILLIAM F. AND MARY K. QUIGLEY





MARY K. QUIGLEY

WILLIAM F. QUIGLEY OBITUARY

W. F. Quigley Dies; Held City Licenses Post 1933

Commissioner in Walker Regime Made Night Clubs Obey the 3 A. M. Curfew

William F. Quigley, of 169 Columbia Heights, Brooklyn, Commissioner of Licenses from 1924 to 1930, when he resigned, died of a heart attack on Thursday night at Brooklyn Hospital, DeKalb Avenue and Ashland Place, Brooklyn. He was sixty-seven years old. Before his appointment as Commissioner by Mayor John F. Hylan, he was an Assistant District Attorney of the Bronx for ten years. In February, 1931, he was appointed Deputy Clerk of Bronx County, retiring from this office in 1934. Mr. Quigley was a Democrat.

Commissioner of Licenses during one of the most exciting periods of New York history, Mr. Quigley's job was anything but routine as Prohibition and former Mayor James J. Walker's 3 a. m. curfew directed against night clubs provided work for his department. Mr. Quigley used his office to fight against the entry of underworld characters in night clubs and dance halls; campaigned against indecency on the stage and in magazines and saw to it that the 3 a. m. law was enforced. He reported in 1927 that his department had revoked thirty-seven licenses for disregard of the curfew law, issued five suspensions, and forty-one final warnings from Jan. 1 to Oct. 1. One of the licenses suspended was that of the club operated by Texas Gulnan on the roof of the Century Theater. He sought to extend the curfew on New Year's Eve of that year, however, until 3 a. m., but Mayor Walker said "No."

Commissioner Quigley was instrumental in toning down the dialogue of the play "What Price Glory?" the war play, and favored the adoption of an ordinance which would enable the Commissioner of Licenses to revoke the license of any theater or other place of public exhibition giving an "immoral" show.

He asked lenient terms for blind newsdealers and sought to improve their working conditions and to eliminate abuses by employment agencies. During his term of office disorders caused by a taxicab rate war led to the recommendation that taxicabs be licensed by the Police Department.

Mr. Quigley was born in Brooklyn, the son of Daniel J. and Harriet Halpin Quigley. He was graduated from New York University Law School and then practiced in Manhattan with the firm of Bodine, Quigley & Whiting. He first sought political office in 1913, when he was Democratic candidate for Alderman in the Bronx. He was active in Democratic politics in the Bronx for many years, and had been a member of the Woodlawn and North End Democratic Clubs.

He was formerly president of the Glee Club of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick and a former president of the Holy Name Society of St. Barnabas Roman Catholic Church, the Bronx, a member of Woodlawn Lodge, Royal Arcanum, and the Schoolboys of Old Harlem Association. He was a former member of the Wetherved J. Boyd Council, Knights of Columbus, and as a youth stroked several winning crews for the Nassau Boat Club.

Surviving are his wife, Mrs. Mary T. Kerrin Quigley, three sons, William H., John J. and Francis D. Quigley, and two sisters, Mary Florence and Harriet A. Quigley. A requiem mass will be said at 10 a. m. Monday in the Church of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Cranberry and Hicks Streets, Brooklyn. Burial will be in St. John's Cemetery, Brooklyn.

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ALMA R. ROSS AND DANIEL J. CURTIN NUPTIALS

Thinking of You
 When I think of love
 and gentleness,
 Of friendship tried
 and true,
 Of unselfish thoughts
 for others,
 Alone o'mine, I
 think of YOU.
 DAN.



ROSS-CURTIN NUPTIALS.

Reception Followed the Ceremony
 After Which the Happy Pair
 Started For New York.

The wedding of Miss Alma Rita Ross and Mr. Daniel J. Curtin, of New York, was celebrated at the Church of the Sacred Heart this morning at 7 o'clock with solemn nuptial mass. The sanctuary was handsomely decorated with palms and vines, and presented a most artistic appearance. Prof. Patrick O'Sullivan presided at the organ, and the music was beautifully sung by a picked choir. The bride, a lovely and graceful blonde, wore a most artistic gown of white Paris muslin over white silk. Her flowers were bride's roses, and instead of a veil she wore a large white hat covered with plumes. The bridesmaids, Misses Hunter, Ross and Curtin, were costumed in white muslin over light green silk. They also wore large white hats and their flowers were white carnations.

The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Father Hayes, of Bowling Green, assisted by Father Walsh and Father O'Byrne, of New York.

At the conclusion of the ceremony and mass a reception was held at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Ross, corner of Seventeenth and Chestnut streets. Mr. and Mrs. Curtin left later for New York via Niagara Falls, where they will spend their honeymoon.

Miss Ross is the daughter of General Manager Ross, of the Owensboro and Falls of Rough railroad, and is a lovely and popular young woman. Mr. Curtin is a member of Tammany and a prosperous young business man.

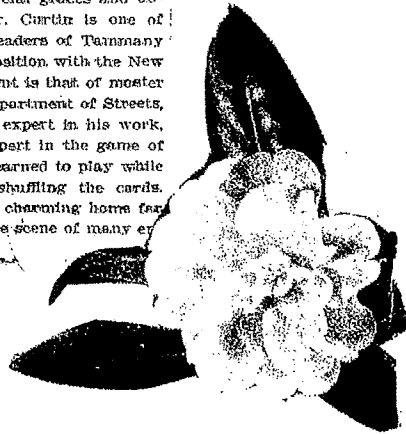
MORNING WEDDING.

Mr. Daniel Curtin and Miss Alma Ross Married at Sacred Heart Church.

Mr. Daniel J. Curtin, of New York, and Miss Alma Ross were married yesterday morning at 7 o'clock at the Church of the Sacred Heart. The decorations were palms and vines. Mr. Patrick O'Sullivan was at the organ, and a choir of selected voices sang the nuptial mass. The bride wore a gown of white Paris muslin over white silk, and carried bride roses. A large white hat with white plumes was worn. The bridesmaids were Misses Hunter, Ross and Curtin, all wearing white muslin over light green silk. Father Hayes, of Bowling Green, assisted by Father Walsh and Father O'Byrne, of New York, performed the ceremony. A reception was held at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Ross. The couple afterward left for New York. Miss Ross is the daughter of General Manager Ross, of the Owensboro and Falls of Rough railroad.

Mr. Dan Curtin Who Has Been Visiting In Louisville This Week.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel J. Curtin, of New York city, have been in Louisville, during the week, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. Hunter Ross. Mrs. Curtin was formerly Miss Alma Ross, one of the handsomest girls that ever left Louisville, and delightfully recalled by reason of her many social graces and accomplishments. Mr. Curtin is one of the brainy young leaders of Tammany Hall. His official position with the New York city government is that of master mechanic in the Department of Streets, and while he is an expert in his work, he is no less an expert in the game of politics, which he learned to play while Boss Croker was shuffling the cards. The Curtins have a charming home far uptown, which is the scene of many enjoyable gatherings.



Home Beginning.



Daniel J. Curtin Alma R. Curtin
 At Sacred Heart Church Louisville Ky

By New J. J. Hayes as Celebrant of mass

Father O'Byrne Deacon and Father Walsh Sub Deacon

Rev. Thomas White Master of Ceremonies

On 11th Day of August 1896

Witnesses James J. Curtin and Margaret Ross
 Bridesmaids Miss Lizzie Curtin Miss Bessie Hunter
 and Misses O. Smith, Frank and John Bell

DANIEL J. CURTIN OBITUARY

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1938

Requiem Mass on Monday for D. J. Curtin, of Bronx Supreme Court Staff, Dead at 71

Funeral services will be held on Monday for Daniel J. Curtin, 2980 Perry Ave., confidential attendant to Justices of Bronx Supreme Court, who died at his home late yesterday after an illness of several weeks. He was 71.

The funeral will be held from the residence, followed by solemn requiem mass at 10 a. m. at St. Philip Neri R. C. Church, 200th St.



Daniel J. Curtin

and the Concourse, with the Rt. Rev. Msgr. Thomas J. Hayes, pastor of St. Joseph's R. C. Church, Bowling Green, Ky., a cousin of Curtin, as celebrant. Interment will be in Gate of Heaven Cemetery.

Nearly all the members of Curtin's family were present at his bedside.

Curtin was born in Bagenalstown, County Carlow, Ireland. When he was 13 his family came to New York City and settled in the Murray Hill section. The family later moved to the Bronx, where Curtin lived for 37 years.

Retired as Mechanic

He first entered the Department of Sanitation and at the time of his retirement, after serving for 25 years, he was a master mechanic. Ending his retirement after five

years, Curtin accepted appointment in 1920 as confidential attendant to Supreme Court Justices Edward Glennon and Albert Cohn.

When these Justices were appointed to the Appellate Division, Curtin was made confidential attendant to all Bronx Supreme Court Justices and held that post at the time of his death.

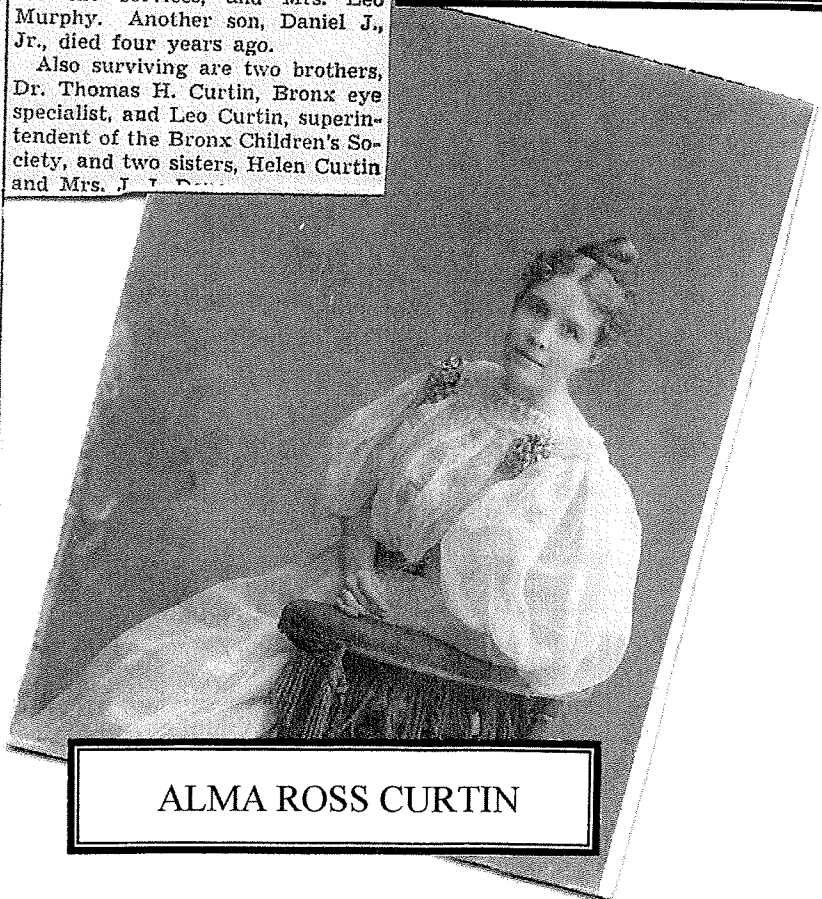
Throughout his life he was active in Democratic politics. He was a Democratic committeeman and a member of the North End Democratic Club for 24 years. He also was affiliated with the Eugene McGuire Assn., Royal Arcanum and Fordham Alumni Sodality.

Surviving are his wife, Alma Ross Curtin; two sons, David and James J., the latter associated with the State Liquor Authority; two sisters, Mrs. John J. Quigley, of Lincoln, Neb., who is coming here for the services, and Mrs. Leo Murphy. Another son, Daniel J., Jr., died four years ago.

Also surviving are two brothers, Dr. Thomas H. Curtin, Bronx eye specialist, and Leo Curtin, superintendent of the Bronx Children's Society, and two sisters, Helen Curtin and Mrs. J. J. D.



UNCLE TOM CURTIN



ALMA ROSS CURTIN

CHAPTER ONE
My Parents – Alma & Jack
New York City

The previous chapter introduced Mom and Dad by name and recorded the dates of their birth and ultimate deaths.

I have been told very little about the childhoods of Mom and Dad, except that Dad went to Evander Childs High School in the Bronx graduating in 1921. Note his age! During grammar school they skipped him along as an overachiever. Mom went to Mount Saint Ursula Academy for girls, a school just down the street from her residence on Perry Avenue, graduating in 1923. While at school, Mom enjoyed a dating life provided by the referrals of her two older brothers Dan and Jim. Dad was quite close to his older brother, Bill.

My Aunt Betty has shared that Mom and Dad met while attending some function at one of the beaches outside of New York City on the Atlantic Ocean. At the time Dad was an undergraduate at New York University (NYU), his Father's Alma Mater. Mom was eighteen months older than Dad, but because he had been pushed ahead two years, while in grammar school, they dated at a peer level. Following graduation from Mt. Saint Ursula's, Mom attended the Kathryn Gibbs School then worked in Manhattan, NYC as a legal secretary.

While at NYU, Dad was active on the debating team and dramatics. He focused on track, tennis and basketball, but was never better than intramural participation. I believe the two year age difference to his classmates had something to do with this. Dad would focus on running and tennis well into his thirties. He would later encourage Bill and myself to participate in track and tennis, but these just weren't our sports. Dad belonged to the Army Reserve Officer Training Corps (ROTC) at NYU and at graduation in 1925, received not only his Bachelor of Arts (AB) degree in economics and government, but became a second lieutenant in the Army Reserve Program. To my knowledge he never actively pursued the Army program following graduation.

Dad did become an Assistant Professor of Economics at NYU's downtown Washington Square College following his graduation in 1925. His fellow economists were Willard Atkins, Anton Friedrich, James Magee and Walter Spahr.

Mom and Dad commenced to exclusively date during 1926. Following a Christmas party, Dad relates that he told Alma that he loved her, but that they couldn't marry until he had better established himself at the University. Mom remembered that she replied, "Jack you didn't ask me to marry you." His retort, "Alma, I've never told anyone I loved

them, so when I did I intended marriage!” Well, in the current era, (2012), this type of dialogue may appear quaint, to say the least. However, to know my parents is to understand the innocence.

The next step was engagement in December 1926, followed by an eighteen month engagement period and finally their marriage on June 6, 1928.

Their engagement was announced at a breakfast brunch held at the Curtin residence. Their marriage was subsequently solemnized at the St. Phillip of Neri Roman Catholic Church in the Bronx Borough of NYC on June 6, 1928. Mom’s matron of honor was her beloved sister, Mrs. Leo Murphy (Puss) and Dad’s best man was his older brother, William Halpin Quigley. Miss Annie Haines, a cousin from Washington, D.C., was the flower girl. Mom was twenty-four and Dad was twenty-three at the time of their marriage.

Dad borrowed a Model A Ford automobile from a fellow professor and they honeymooned at the end of Long Island, New York. An area by the way close to where twenty-three years later I would meet Dolly, my wife to be.

REPRISAL

It seems strange to be the custodian of these rather personal remembrances of my parents. However, it’s a distinct privilege to document the beginnings of what would be fifty-eight years shared together by my parents in the wonderful ministry of a Christian marriage.

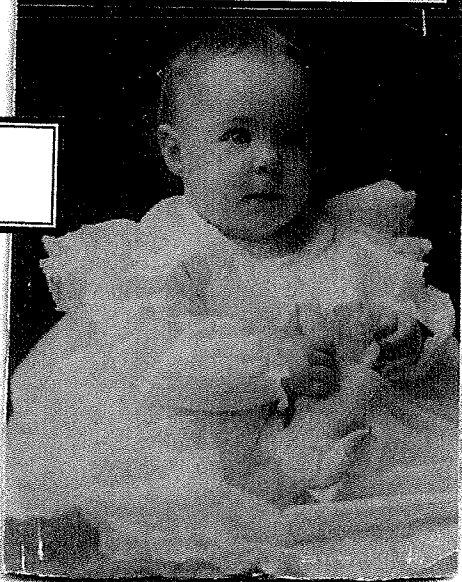
Mom and Dad experienced the nation’s Prohibition Period, as young adults, yet their respective moral compasses permitted them to experience and enjoy some of the excesses of that period without losing their Christian commitment to fidelity and a wholesome adult development. My Mom and Dad were special people!

One last comment....My grandparents were somewhat officious and very proper; so they expected proper respect in verbal relationships with their children and later grandchildren. My Dad addressed Grandpa Curtin as “the boss” and Grandma Curtin as “Mother Curtin”. Mom, as mentioned was not close with the senior William Quigleys, but used the titles “Dad” and “Mother” followed by the name Quigley.



THE CURTIN CHILDREN
(FRONT ROW LEFT TO RIGHT)
DAN, "PUSS", JIM
(BACK ROW) DAVID, ALMA

ALMA CURTIN



(BACK ROW LEFT TO RIGHT) ALMA, "PUSS"



Hunter Guthrie, Former GU President, Dies

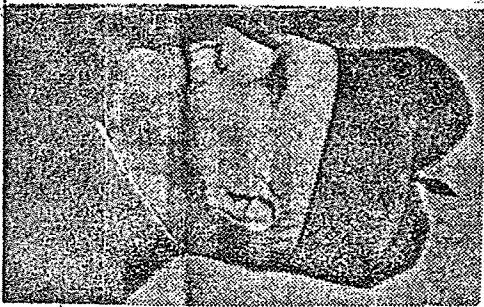
By Jean R. Hailey
Washington Post Staff Writer
The Rev. Hunter Guthrie, S. J., former rector and president of Georgetown University, died Monday at the Jesuit Novitiate in Wernersville, Pa. He was 73.

Father Guthrie, who had served as head of the oldest Catholic University in this country from 1949 to 1982, had been in ill health for some time.

At the time of his death, he was professor emeritus of philosophy at St. Joseph's College in Philadelphia. He had joined the philosophy department there in 1963.

Considered an Old World scholar with a modern approach to education, Father Guthrie was Georgetown University's 42d president. During his tenure, the university's McDonough Gymnasium was completed and football was temporarily abandoned as a Hoya sport.

He was best known for the application of his training in philosophy to political and social sciences. This training had been acquired during studies that took him to seven of Europe's oldest universities, and traveling and teaching around the world.



1949 photo

The Rev. Hunter Guthrie

At the time of his inauguration, Father Guthrie declared that the job of the educator was the same as it has been in the 12th century.

"The accidental differences of time and location, the 20th century and these United States make the greatest demands on the educator's ingenuity and power of evaluation. He must know what to emphasize, what new methods will highlight old truths," he said.

Father Guthrie also stressed that the "three means" by which man can attain full stature within the limits of his nature are the religious, moral and intellectual virtues.

Under his administration, many departments and facilities were expanded at Georgetown University. He left the presidency of the school because of ill health.

He originally joined the university in 1943 as dean of the graduate school and in that capacity broke a 150-year tradition by admitting women students to graduate courses.

During that period, he also was head of the department of philosophy and had served as chairman of the board of regents and deans and a member of the board of trustees.

Father Guthrie was born in New York City and began his Jesuit life in 1917 at the Novitiate of St. Andrew-on-Hudson in Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

After completing classical studies there, he was sent to Weston College in Massachusetts for philosophical and scientific studies but was transferred to Wood-

stock College in Maryland, where he received his bachelor's and master's degrees.

In 1925, he was sent to the Philippines, where he taught at Vigan Seminary and the Ateneo de Manila. He visited China, Japan, India, northern Africa and Europe on his return trip to this country.

Father Guthrie returned to Woodstock College for theological studies and was ordained in 1930. A year later, he received the degree of doctor of sacred theology from the Gregorian University in Rome.

This was followed by studies in ascetical theology at Tronohennes, Belgium, and then in modern philosophy at the universities of Louvain, Munich, Freiburg and Berlin. He earned a doctorate in philosophy with highest honors from the Sorbonne in Paris in 1937.

That same year, he returned to Woodstock College and taught philosophy until 1940, when he was named director of the department of philosophy in the graduate school of Fordham University, a position he held until coming to Georgetown.

Father Guthrie had

served as an exchange specialist for the State Department during the late 1940s, traveling to every continent except Australia.

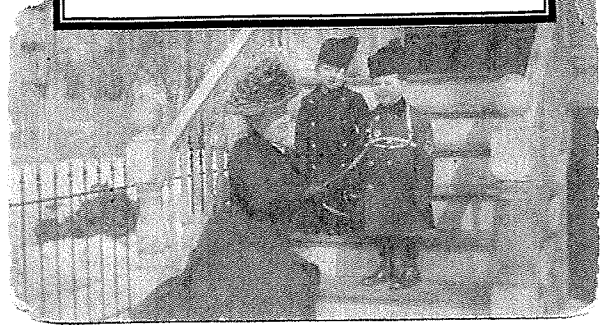
He held many diplomatic honors, including the Gran Cruz de Alfonso I, el Sabio of Spain, the Medaille d'Honneur et Merite from Haiti and the Freedom Award from the Freedom Foundation at Valley Forge.

The Society of Jesus also had sent him on missions to Haiti, France and Spain.

Father Guthrie was widely known as an author and editor. He wrote "Introduction au Probleme de l'histoire de la Philosophie" and also edited and wrote for a Philosophical Symposium on American Catholic Education. He was one of the first editors of the "Dictionary of Philosophy."

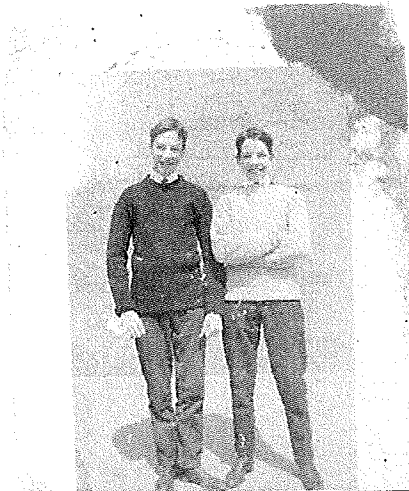
A founder of the Catholic Commission for Cultural and Intellectual Affairs, he had been a member of the American Catholic Philosophical Association, the American Academy of Political and Social Sciences, the U.S. Commission on Reconstruction of Education, and many other organizations.

MARY K. QUIGLEY, WILLIAM H. QUIGLEY, JOHN J. QUIGLEY



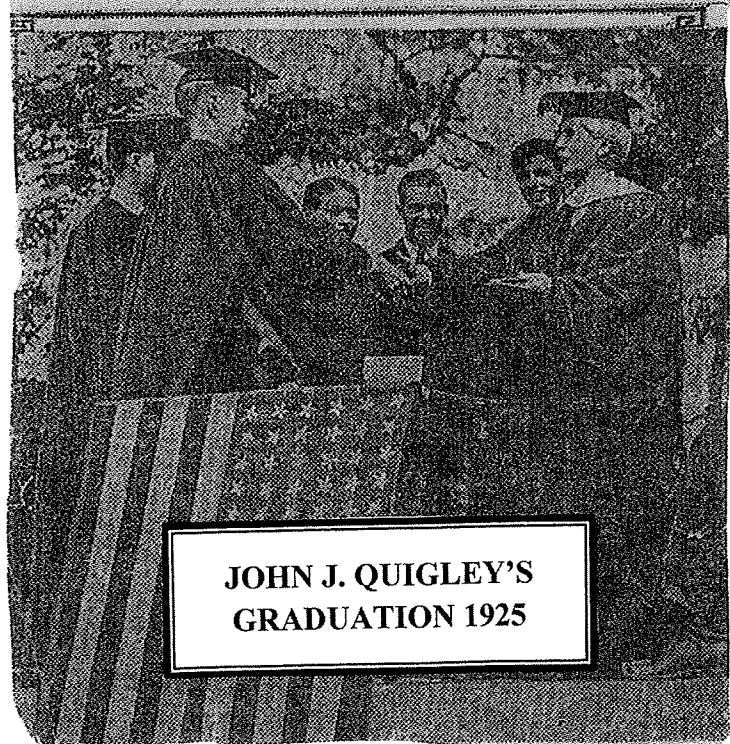
(LEFT TO RIGHT) JOHN J. QUIGLEY, LILLIAN MCKENNA MADDOX (MARY'S STEP-SISTER), MARY QUIGLEY, WILLIAM H. QUIGLEY

(LEFT TO RIGHT) WILLIAM H. QUIGLEY & JOHN J. QUIGLEY



(LEFT TO RIGHT) WILLIAM H. QUIGLEY & JOHN J. QUIGLEY, CIRCA 1920

HONOR STUDENTS RECEIVING DEGREES.



JOHN J. QUIGLEY'S GRADUATION 1925

JUNIOR SOCIAL LEADER
IN BRONX TO BE BRIDE
OF J. J. QUIGLEY, JUNE 8

ALMA R. CURTIN &
JOHN J. QUIGLEY'S
NUPTIALS
JUNE 1926

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel J. Curtin
announce the engagement of their daughter
Alma Ross
to
Mr. John Joseph Quigley
New York
December
One thousand nine hundred and twenty-six



MISS ALMA CURTIN

The wedding of Miss Alma Curtin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Curtin of No. 2980 Perry Avenue, the Bronx, to John J. Quigley, assistant professor of economics at New York University, son of Commissioner of Licenses and Mrs. William F. Quigley of No. 265 Bedford Park Boulevard, the Bronx, will take place the morning of Wednesday, June 8. There will be a nuptial high mass at 10 o'clock in St. Philip of Neri Roman Catholic Church, 201st Street and Grand Concourse.

The bride will have as matron of honor her sister, Mrs. Leo Murphy, while a brother of the bridegroom, William Halpin Quigley, will be best man. Miss Anne Haines of Washington will be flower girl.

Miss Curtin was graduated from Mount St. Ursula Academy, '23, and has been active in junior social affairs in the Bronx for several years. Mr. Quigley was graduated from New York University, '25, and received an M. A. at Columbia University.

Nassau Economist Named OPS Chief for NY Area

Dr. John J. Quigley of Rockville Centre was named today regional chief economist for the OPS in New York and New Jersey.

Dr. Quigley is a management executive, accountant and financial analyst with experience in government and private industry. The Rockville Centre man takes over his new position after service with three Mineola concerns.

He was with the Goble Aircraft Specialties from 1948 until last February as a vice-president and general manager. He also served Kelite Products and Fishangri-La, as a vice-president.

PREVIOUSLY HE served in major management and administrative posts with the Resettlement Administration, the Commodity Credit Corporation, in special assignments as administrative officer for the Department of Agriculture and with the War Assets Administration.

He received his bachelor's degree from New York University; his master's degree from Columbia and his doctor's from the NYU graduate school, where he specialized in economics, government, history and the social sciences.

While completing his graduate studies, he taught economics, money and banking, and related courses at NYU. He also served in several college administrative capacities, including organization of the evening college at University Heights.



DR. JOHN J. QUIGLEY
OPS Regional Chief

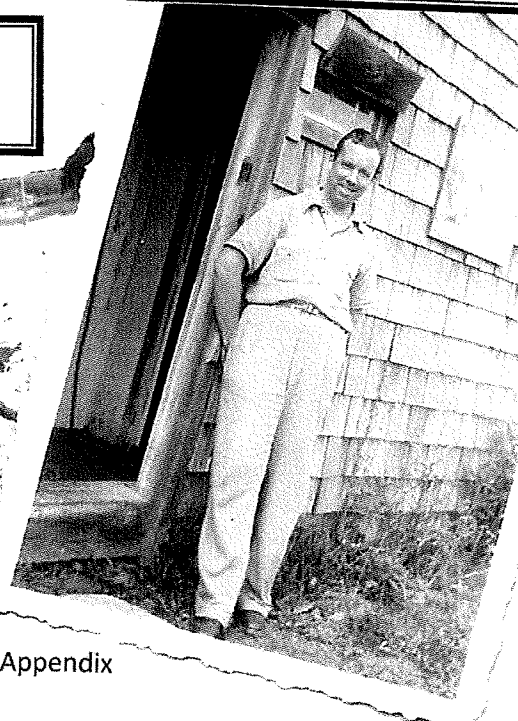
DR. QUIGLEY is the author of numerous articles in economic journals and in 1944, with Dr. John F. Sly of Princeton, prepared a study of inflation for the Consumer Banking Institute at Washington, D. C.

He lives at 1 Jefferson Avenue with his wife, Aina, and two sons, Robert, a recent NYU graduate and William now in his third year of pre-medical studies.

BETTY QUIGLEY



FRANK QUIGLEY ("MR. MACY")



**WILLIAM H. QUIGLEY, WINNIE QUIGLEY
(BILL'S WIFE), BETTY QUIGLEY**



GAY STEELE (BACK), AUNT LOU,
AUNT GERTRUDE CURTIN, EILEEN



Mrs. John J. Quigley 12/17/86

WOODBURY — Mrs. Alma (Curtin) Quigley, 82, of 1056 Main Street South, wife of John J. Quigley, died Wednesday morning at St. Mary's Hospital in Waterbury after a brief illness.

Mrs. Quigley was born April 27, 1904 in New York City, daughter of the late Daniel J. and Alma (Ross) Curtin, and had lived in Woodbury the past six years. Before that she residing in Waterbury for three years after moving from Hackensack, N.J. She was a communicant of St. John's Church, Watertown, and a member of the Women's Auxiliary of St. Mary's Hospital.

Besides her husband of Woodbury, she leaves two sons, Robert C. Quigley of Hobbs, N.M., and Dr. William F. Quigley of Watertown; a brother, David Curtin, and a sister, Mrs. Mary (Curtin) Murphy, both of New York City, 10 grandchildren, four great-grandchildren, four nieces and two nephews.

The funeral will be held Saturday at 9:15 a.m. from the Hickcox-Mitchell Funeral Home, 195 Main St., Watertown, to St. John's Church for a Mass at 10. Burial will be in Mount Olivet Cemetery, Watertown. Friends may call at the funeral home Friday from 2 to 4 and 7 to 9 p.m.

Memorial contributions may be made to St. Mary's Hospital Women's Auxiliary in care of St. Mary's Hospital, Waterbury.

May 10th, 1992
John J. Quigley

WATERTOWN — John J. Quigley, 86, of 75 Woodbury Road, formerly of Woodbury, died Sunday at St. Mary's Hospital in Waterbury after a brief illness. He was the husband of the late Alma (Curtin) Quigley.

Mr. Quigley was born in New York on Oct. 23, 1905, son of the late William F. and Mary (Kerrin) Quigley. He received a bachelor's degree and a doctorate in economics from New York University and a master's degree in economics from Columbia University. He spent many years working as an economist for different departments of the federal government. He was a professor of economics at Farleigh Dickinson University in New Jersey after he retired from the government.

Mr. Quigley was a member of the Phi Beta Kappa Society and a communicant of St. John the Evangelist Church. He had a lifelong interest in the Civil War.

He leaves two sons, Robert C. Quigley of Sun City Center, Fla., and Dr. William F. Quigley of Watertown, 10 grandchildren and 10 great-grandchildren.

Arrangements: Funeral Tuesday, 9:30 a.m. from Hickcox Funeral Home, 195 Main St., to St. John the Evangelist Church for Mass at 10:30. Burial: Mount Olivet Cemetery. Calling hours this evening, 6:30 to 9.

Contributions: The Development Fund, St. Mary's Hospital, 56 Franklin St., Waterbury.

FRANK D. QUIGLEY #2271

Age 80 of West Palm Beach, Fla. died Sunday morning, April 21, 1991 after an extended illness. He was a resident of West Palm Beach 18 years, coming here from Long Island, New York. He was a retired executive with Macy's in New York for over 37 years. He was a veteran of WWII serving in the U. S. Navy.

He is survived by his beloved wife, Betty E. Quigley of West Palm Beach; two daughters, Susan Capellini of Arlington, Va. and Frances Tschinkel of Chappaqua, N.Y.; one granddaughter, Francesca Capellini; and one brother, John Quigley.

Mass of Christian Burial will be Tuesday, 10 A.M. at St. Luke's Catholic Church, Lake Worth. Burial will follow at the Veteran's Cemetery, Bushnell, Fla. In lieu of flowers, memorial contributions are requested to St. Mary's Hospital, c/o Don Chester, 901 45th Street, West Palm Beach, FL 33407. LEGG-QUIRKE FUNERAL HOME, 427 S. Dixie Hwy., Lake Worth in charge of arrangements. 4-22-91

CURTIN—James J., on July 10, 1981, beloved husband of E. Gertrude (Kelly), devoted father of Mrs. Arthur (Grace) Steele, loving brother of Mrs. Alma Quigley, Mrs. Mary Murphy and David Curtin. Also surviving are six grandchildren and five great grandchildren. Reposing at The John J. Fox Funeral Home, Inc., Larchmont, Mass. of Christian Burial Monday 10:00AM Sts. John and Paul Church, Interment Gates of Heaven Cemetery. Visiting hours Saturday and Sunday 2-4 and 7-9PM.

OBITUARIES OF ALMA (CURTIN) QUIGLEY,
FRANK D. QUIGLEY, JOHN J. QUIGLEY,
JAMES CURTIN

CHAPTER TWO

My Birth – Fitch Sanitarium, New York City

First there was Abraham, then fourteen generations later King David, another fourteen to Jesus Christ, then roughly one hundred generations to me. Along the way, billions and billions of souls; so to spend time discussing just one soul seems relatively insignificant, unless that one happens to be me!

I was born on the 28th of February, 1929, which was 364 days after the celebration of the closest leap year of February 29, 1928. Pisces is my astrological sign, and February is the month of Presidents – recognizing George Washington and Abraham Lincoln.

I was a full-term baby and a quick calculation would reveal that I was conceived on my parent's honeymoon.

My parents lived in a small apartment in the borough of the Bronx, N.Y.C. I would be the first grandchild on Dad's side of the family and the third on Mom's side. It was expected in my family that my name would be William Daniel Quigley after my grandfathers William Quigley and Daniel Curtin. More momentarily about this naming process.

My birth was without complications and the delivery was during a Thursday evening at the Fitch Sanitarium in the Bronx, New York. Dr. Fitch was the family physician. I do not have records of my vital birth statistics, but would guess my weight at eight pounds and height at 20 to 22 inches. Mom and her mother, Alma Curtin, often verbalized in later years that I was a healthy, happy and beautiful baby boy.

My parents selected the name "Robert" (no middle name). Grandpas William Quigley and Daniel Curtin had a difficult time with this as they expected that a good Irish family would memorialize the grandfathers' Christian names. I never understood why no middle name since both of my parents had middle names. I now believe that this was a reaction to Mom's middle name of Maigh. Throughout life she elected to instead use "Rita" which I believe was her confirmation name. Later at my confirmation I would select the name "Charles" and have used this as my middle name for all of my adult life.

I was born during the last few days of President Calvin Coolidge's administration. Herbert Hoover would take office as president during early March 1929. Times were just fantastic with the stock market reaching daily new highs. Of course, all of this would shortly change with the great collapse of the stock market in October 1929. That would mark the start of the Great Depression, but that's a later chapter.

REPRISAL

This is a little sensitive, but in my role of narrator I can call the shots so to speak. Mom and Dad experienced their sexual side for the first time on their honeymoon. This union enabled God to create me as a reflection of their love. I was to feel this agape love from both of them for all of our future shared time together. They were wonderful role models in this respect for brother Bill and me as we would later prepare ourselves for our commitment to marriage.

We didn't have much in the line of material goods. Dad was just starting out as a teacher. Little did they dream or anticipate the difficult economic times ahead to last for us and our country through World War II and into the middle 1940's.



ROBERT QUIGLEY

Bureau of Records and Statistics Department of Health The City of New York

CERTIFICATION OF BIRTH

T HIS IS TO CERTIFY that Robert Quigley

Sex Male was born in the City of New York on February 28, 1929

according to Birth Record No. 3025 filed in the Bronx

Office of this Bureau on March 4, 1929

In witness whereof, the seal of the Department
of Health of the City of New York has been affixed
hereto this 31st day of May 1957

Carl C. Edwards Paul E. Stone
Director of Bureau Borough Registrar

X 35128

Warning: This certification is not valid if it has been altered in any way whatsoever or if it does not bear the raised seal of the Department of Health.



Hallmark

The Birthday Times

February 28, 1929

Happy Birthday, Robert Quigley!

TOP STORIES OF 1929

Oct. 29, prices collapse; 16 million shares sold in stock market crash. Vatican established as city-state in Lateran treaty; Pope as temporal ruler. Six Chicago gangsters are shot by rivals on St. Valentine's Day. Cruiser Act authorizes construction of 19 new cruisers and 1 aircraft carrier.

OTHER FEBRUARY 28 BIRTHDAYS

- 1896 Phillip Showalter
Physician, cortisone
- 1901 Linus Pauling
Chemist
- 1913 Vincente Minnelli
Film director
- 1940 Mario Andretti
Auto racer
- 1944 Bernadette Peters
Singer, actress
- 1945 Bubba Smith
Football player

AND THE WINNER IS...

- Best Movie..... The Broadway Melody
- Best Actor..... Warner Baxter
- Best Actress..... Mary Pickford
- Book..... A Farewell to Arms by Hemingway
- Radio..... Cities Service Concerts
- World Series..... Phil. A's over Chic. Cubs
- Rose Bowl..... Georgia Tech 8, Cal. 7
- Kentucky Derby..... Clyde Van Dusen - L. McAfee up
- Best Golfer..... ~~Bob~~ *to be in 1994* Robert Quigley

AMERICAN LIVING-- THEN AND NOW

	1929	1994
Population.....	121,767,000.....	252,177,000
3-Bedroom Home.....	\$4,825.....	\$109,800
Average Income.....	\$1,574.....	\$36,468
Price of a New Ford.....	\$695.....	\$13,650
Gasoline, 1 gallon.....	\$.21.....	\$1.19
Bread, 1 pound.....	\$.09.....	\$.71
Milk, 1 gallon.....	\$.58.....	\$2.32
First Class Postage Stamp.....	\$.02.....	\$.29

OTHER PEOPLE ROBERT'S AGE

- Bob Newhart
- Beverly Sills
- Dick Clark
- Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis

IN THE OVAL OFFICE

- Calvin Coolidge
President
- Charles Gates Dawes
Vice President

WHAT PEOPLE WERE TALKING ABOUT IN 1929

Every Shaver/Now Can Shave/Six More Minutes/Than Before/By Using/Burma Shave/ --Burma Shave signs appeared by highways ... First science-fiction comic strip, BUCK ROGERS began ... AMOS & ANDY featuring Kingfish, the beauty parlor & Fresh Air Taxi Co. debuted on network radio ... Fashion: hems below knee ... Radio comedy-drama THE GOLDBERGS debuted, Molly's phrase, "Yoo-hool Is anybody-?"

Personalized just for you by Dolly

© 1993 Hallmark Cards, Inc.

CHAPTER THREE
My Pre-School Years
New York

Mom and Dad lived in a small apartment in the borough of the Bronx, New York City. The Bronx, at that time was quite green with open country north of my Mom's parent's home near Van Cortland Park. The five greater New York boroughs were populated by about seven million people. Most of this total had emigrated from Europe in the 1800's and early 1900's. Our entire country totaled 5 million in 1800, 76 million in 1900 and 123 million by my birth in 1929. By comparison this total had blossomed to 287 million in 2005.

The migrants to New York City settled by nationality in small ghetto areas. In the upper Bronx, we had separate neighborhoods of Irish, Italian, German, Polish, Slavic, Jewish and others. Our ghetto was Irish.

Only the well-to-do had automobiles, at least in 1929. Again NYC thrived on a mass transportation system not unlike the BART system of today in northern California. These elevated electric trains called "ELS" cost 5 cents to ride from the upper Bronx to the outer reaches of Coney Island on the other side of Manhattan, Brooklyn and Queens....probably a two hour ride.

Dad commuted to teaching on the ELS. At the time he was also pursuing his advanced Doctor of Philosophy (PhD) teaching degree from NYU specializing in economics, government, history and social sciences. He received this degree in 1933.

Mom was a stay-at-home mother, as was her sister Mary (Puss). They would gather their children together daily and migrate by public transportation to 2980 Perry Avenue...so in my pre-school years, I was raised with my first cousin, Mary Lee and Frank Murphy, and Jane and Gay (Gayle) Curtin.

Somehow Dad negotiated the funds to purchase a used Model "A" Ford; however, it could have been the borrowed honeymoon auto. About this time, October 25, 1930, brother Bill joined the family. Although I was twenty months older, Mom raised the two of us as twins. Even bathed together up until I reached age nine. One Easter, probably about 1932, I received a live rabbit for Easter. This lasted until the rabbit nibbled the tops off of my high top white shoes. We also briefly had a dog. The Quigleys were not very successful with pets. Dad read the comics to Bill and me each Sunday. These fictional characters in some instances became life-long friends. Although, after the early 1930's, the "Katzenyammer Kids", "Smokey Stover", "Tillie the Toiler", "L'il Abner" and "Mutt and Jeff" fell by the wayside as their artists aged. Others such as "Blondie",

“Popeye”, “Prince Valiant” and “Dick Tracy” lasted longer. I do believe that Dad thoroughly enjoyed his narrating sessions. I know that Bill and I did. To this day (age 82), the comics are part of my daily reading enjoyment, although now my comic friends go by different names.

Mom was always creative with her hands. She and Dad painstakingly created a cloth tent, cages, and all of the trappings of the Ringling Brothers, Barnum and Baily Circus. This tent was about six feet long and was setup in the living room for Christmas. The whole circus was somehow misplaced during our forthcoming move to Nebraska.

I believed in Santa Claus well into childhood.

Dad received his Doctorate degree from NYU in 1933. My Dad had an excellent singing voice, taking after his father. On occasion he sang on the radio in NYC. His favorite song for these appearances was “The Isle of Capri”.

Sometime during 1935, Mom lost her older brother to peritonitis from a burst appendix. In those pre-penicillin days peritonitis was usually a death sentence. Later that same year I had an emergency appendectomy, which because of Uncle Dan became an emergency situation. I do remember entertaining the nurses by strumming on my ukulele and singing “The Island of Capri” at the top of my lungs. By the way, I would speak and sing with the volume turned up. This would later carry over (the voice) as an altar boy.

My brother Bill and I shared the normal childhood diseases, such as measles, chicken pox and strep throat. However, I was unique in developing early and life-long sinus problems.

To this point I’ve not mentioned the religious side of my life. Mom and Dad were both cradle Catholics. The Curtin family was the predominant influence on me, since we were with Grandmother Curtin and cousins on a daily basis during pre-school years. If she didn’t go straight to Heaven in 1968, then the rest of us are going to have a difficult time getting there. My early Sacraments of Baptism, First Confession (now Reconciliation) and First Communion were all administered at St. Philip of Neri in the Bronx, Grandmother’s church. My First Communion was May 17, 1936, for which my Grandmother Curtin gave me a small child’s Mass Missal. I still have this and the pages with the illustrations of the Priest with his back to the congregation make this a wonderful keepsake.

We were raised in our Faith and prayed together. My Father would become the stickler for all education, including religious and my Mother, the homemaker, was the nurturer of creativity and later the social graces.

I recall mini weekend vacations with relatives at the Chesapeake Bay near Washington,

D.C., and at the beaches in Long Island and Connecticut.

We didn't see the senior William Quigley's much, but my Father's younger brother Frank was single at the time and my brother and I relished time spent with him. Throughout life he remained my favorite relative.

Both of my Grandfathers were deeply involved in ward politics with the Democratic Party. Therefore, their off work hours were principally occupied with party commitments. I have but little recollection of either man and what little I had ceased in 1936 when my family moved to Lincoln, Nebraska. Both Grandfathers died within months of each other in 1938, and we would not return to the East until 1942. My Father's mother, Mary T. Quigley, did not socialize with Grandmother Curtin's family. Also, she was slightly estranged from my Mother. So my recollections of her are vague except for an extended trip she took to Lincoln, Nebraska, by train in order to spend Christmas with us as a new widow in 1939. She died in 1941.

We always had some type of car and reasonable modern conveniences such as an ice box (no refrigerator), a central coal furnace, telephone and a gas stove. My family ate dinner together during pre-school years.

I entered the first grade at St. Philip of Neri Parochial School in September 1935. We wore uniforms with knickers. I wouldn't graduate to long pants until about 1942. I have no recollection of school in New York except the physical school plant. St. Philip's is on the Concourse, a very busy north south boulevard in the Bronx. Everything is concrete and chain link fencing. Here I received my first introduction to the nuns. At that time, the nuns filled the entire teaching staff.

This then concludes my pre-school era. We would move to Nebraska during the summer of 1936, so my early school years will really commence there.

REPRISAL

Grandmother Curtin was a magnificent presence in my life. She was at Fitch's with Dad the night I was born. At one time during the long wait of Mom's labor, Grandmother had Dad on his knees half in and out of the lady's room saying the rosary for Mother and child (me). Would have loved to have witnessed this episode. She steered us to St. Philip Neri and my cradle Catholicism was carried by her over the years. Dad was my educator, my stimulus. Mom was my balance, my soul. Somehow these two made it possible for me to be receptive to my Faith.

We never had much in worldly possessions, but we had each other. The foundation received with Family in the Bronx for me covered but six years, but it became the compass of my life.



(LEFT TO RIGHT) BILL QUIGLEY, JOHN J. QUIGLEY, ROBERT QUIGLEY
WASHINGTON, D.C. 1936



(LEFT TO RIGHT) JANE CURTIN, GRANDMOTHER ALMA CURTIN, GAY CURTIN, MARY LEE MURPHY, FRANK MURPHY

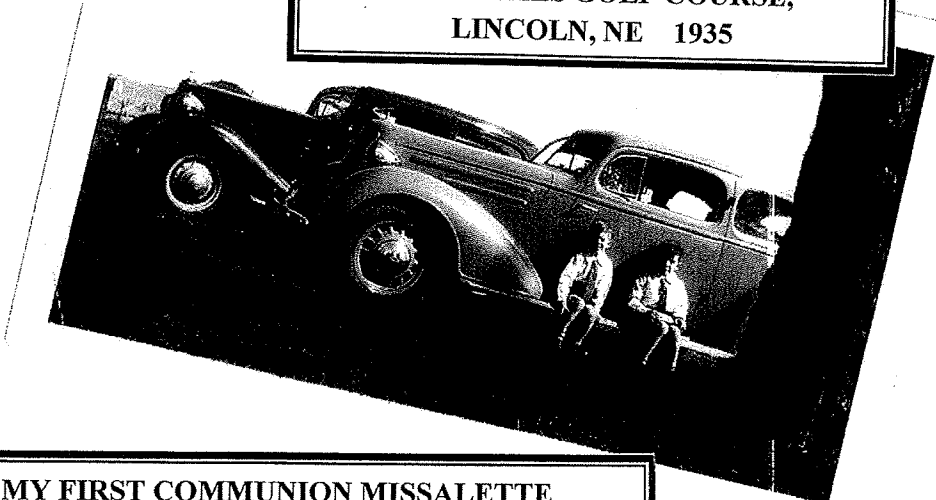
(LEFT TO RIGHT) ROBERT QUIGLEY, JANE CURTIN, GAY CURTIN, BILL QUIGLEY
LONG ISLAND, NY 1935



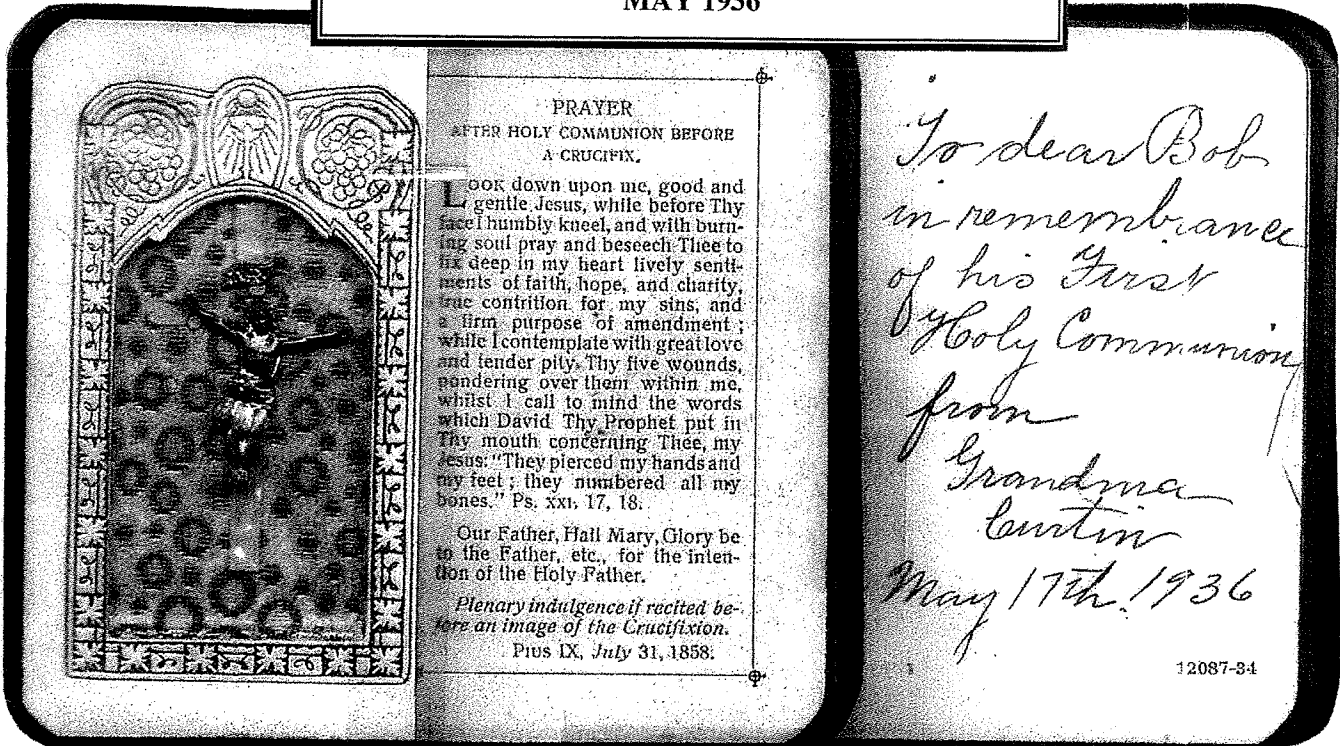
(LEFT TO RIGHT BACK ROW) GRANDPARENTS
 WILLIAM & MARY QUIGLEY, JOHN J. QUIGLEY,
 (LEFT TO RIGHT FRONT ROW) BILL QUIGLEY,
 ROBERT QUIGLEY
 WASHINGTON, D.C. 1936



(LEFT TO RIGHT) BILL QUIGLEY,
 ROBERT QUIGLEY
 EAST HILLS GOLF COURSE,
 LINCOLN, NE 1935



MY FIRST COMMUNION MISSALETTE
 INSCRIBED BY GRANDMOTHER CURTIN
 MAY 1936



PRAYER
 AFTER HOLY COMMUNION BEFORE
 A CRUCIFIX.

Look down upon me, good and gentle Jesus, while before Thy face I humbly kneel, and with burning soul pray and beseech Thee to fix deep in my heart lively sentiments of faith, hope, and charity, true contrition for my sins, and a firm purpose of amendment; while I contemplate with great love and tender pity Thy five wounds, pondering over them within me, whilst I call to mind the words which David Thy Prophet put in Thy mouth concerning Thee, my Jesus: "They pierced my hands and my feet; they numbered all my bones." Ps. xxi. 17, 18.

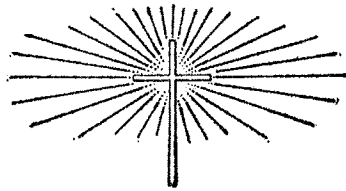
Our Father, Hail Mary, Glory be to the Father, etc., for the intention of the Holy Father.

Plenary indulgence if recited before an image of the Crucifixion.
 Pius IX, July 31, 1853.

*To dear Bob
 in remembrance
 of his first
 Holy Communion
 from
 Grandma
 Curtin
 May 17th 1936*

12087-84

Certificate of Baptism



Church of
St. Philip Neri
3025 Grand Concourse
New York City

This is to Certify

That *Robert Quigley*
Child of *John J.*
and *Alma R. Curtin*
born in *New York* on the
28 day of *February* *1929* was Baptized
on the *17* day of *March* *1929*

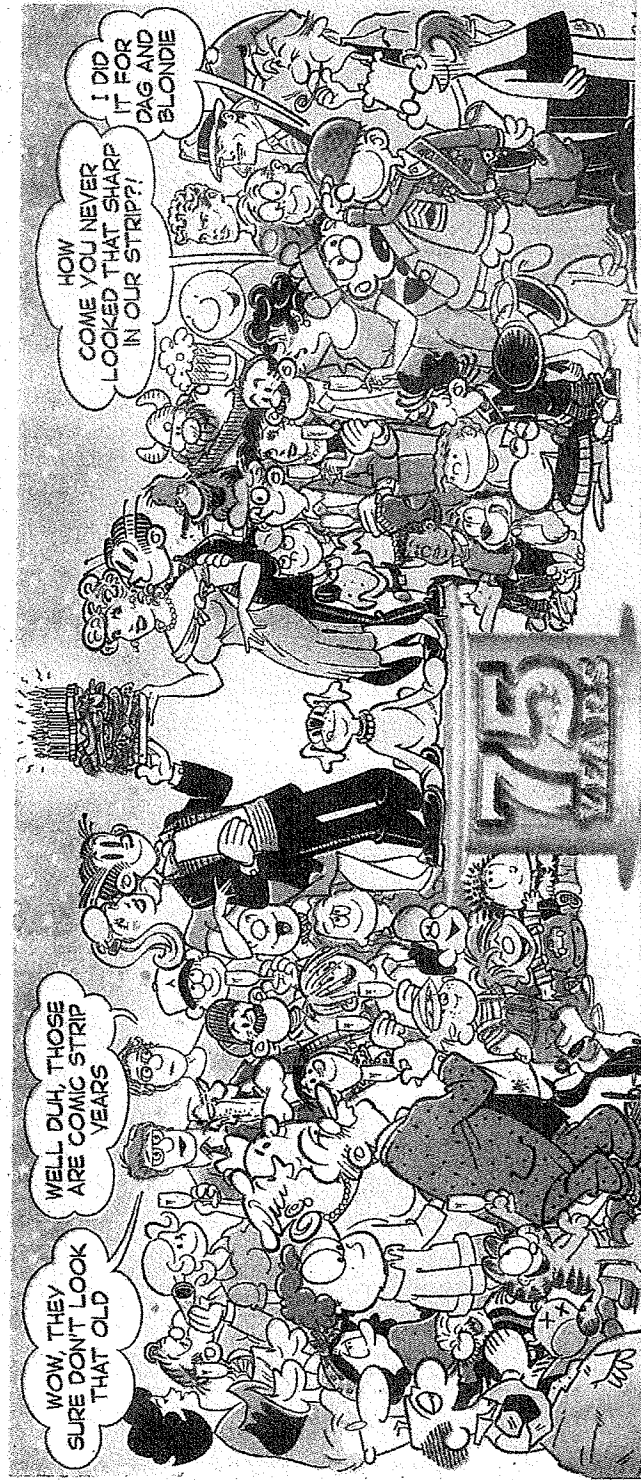
According to the Rite of the Roman Catholic Church
by the Rev. *Francis Caparina*
the Sponsors being *Francis D. Quigley*
and *Mary Murphy* as appears from
the Baptismal Register of this Church.

Dated *April 13 - 1939*

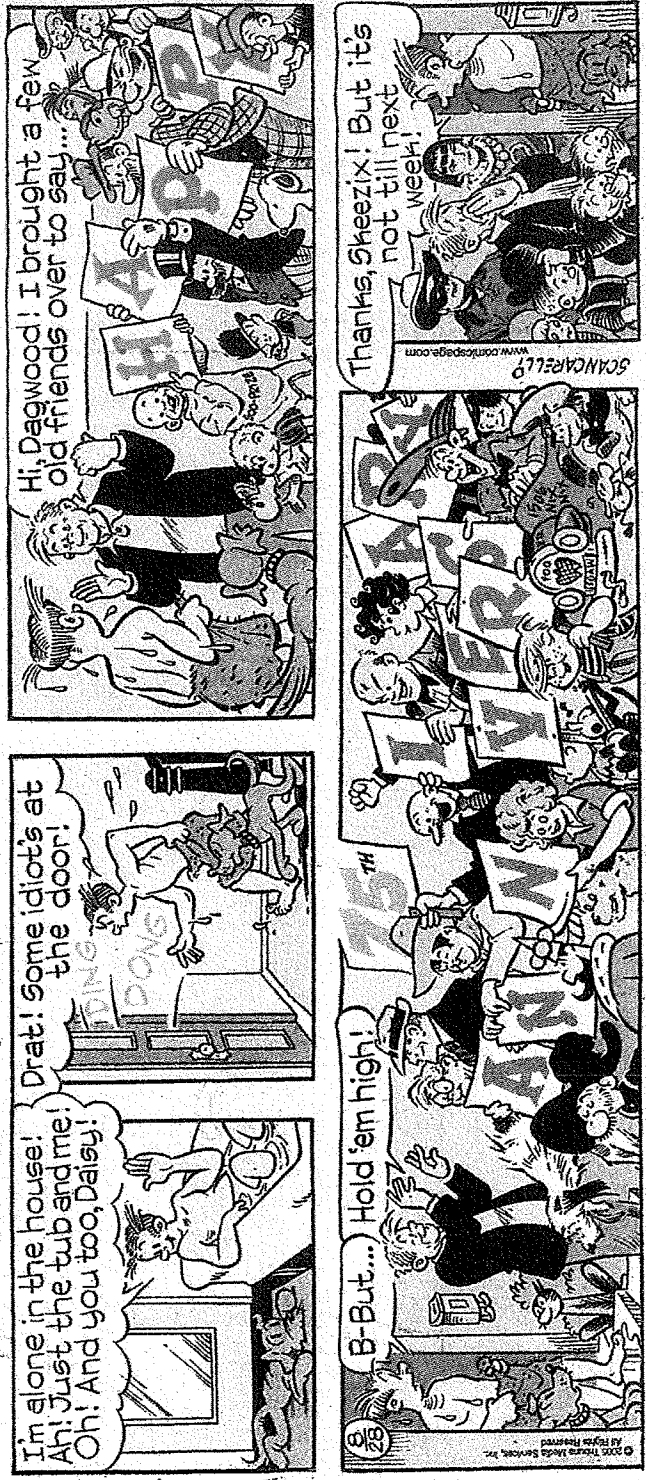
Rev. O'Connell Pastor.

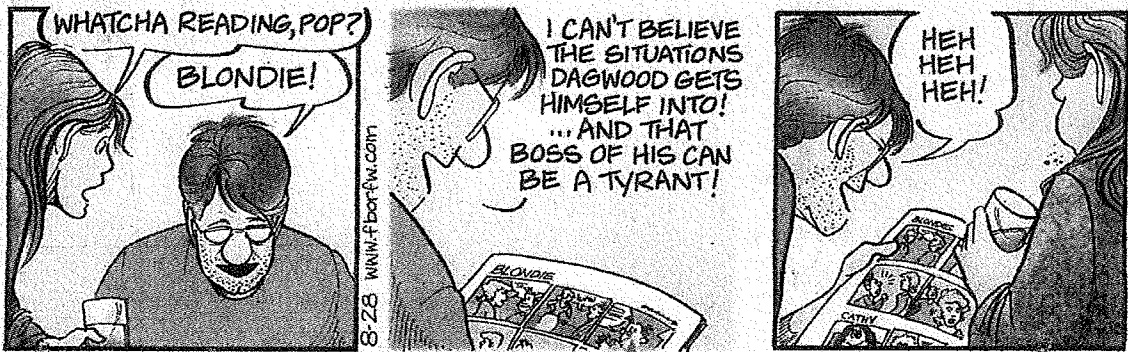
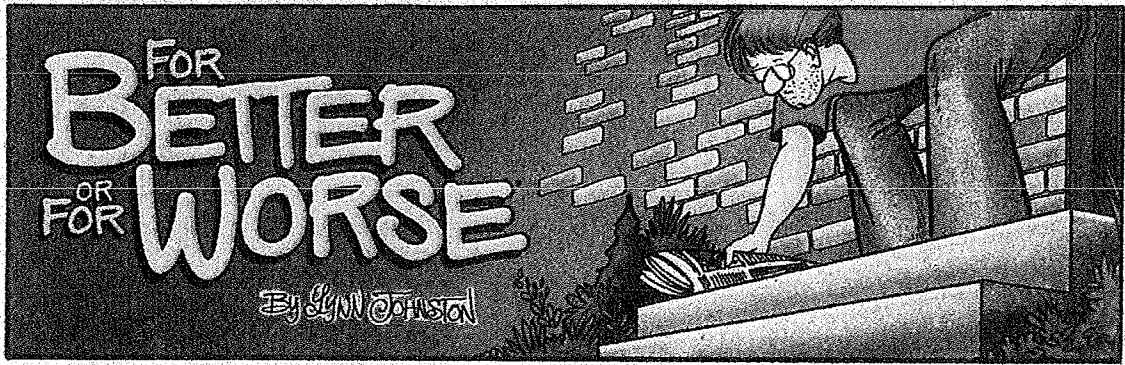
NO. 214 D. P. MURPHY CO., NEW YORK

BLONDIE/ by Dean Young & Denis Lebrun



GASLINE ALLEY/ by Jim Scancarelli





CHAPTER FOUR

Grammar School

The previous chapter documented my first grade year in St. Philip Neri in New York (1935 – 1936). I also mentioned the commencement of the Great Depression in October 1929, which was to last well into the World War II period or about 1943. This worldwide catastrophic economic development was to negatively impact universities, as well as business institutions. New York University, as a private educational institution lost large portions of its student population. Dad had studied at night and received his PhD (Doctor of Philosophy) Degree from New York University. However, the University faced sizeable student curtailments and he lost his teaching job at the end of the 1935-36 school year. Dad's speciality interest was the public support economic school of the worldwide economist, Dr. Keynes.

Through some family intervention Dad received a job with the U.S. Department of Agriculture's Resettlement Administration. The particular agency he joined was the Farm Security Administration (FSA), and his appointment was as area administrator for the states of Nebraska, North and South Dakota and Kansas. His office would be located in Lincoln, the capitol city of Nebraska and about 1,500 miles from New York City. The FSA's mission was to assist the farmers in this predominately agricultural region who had been devastated by continuing droughts and now the worldwide agricultural depression. About 25% of the United States was jobless so the domestic demand and price structure for agricultural products would not support the costs of production. FSA initiated regional crop set-aside programs, price supports and utilized other central government techniques to offer some aid to individual farmers.

So simultaneously our family experienced a celebration of and a wake. The good news was that Dad had a job and at \$3,500 per year a good salary for those days. The negative was that he had no practical experience with agriculture and the family had to relocate to what, at that time, would appear to be almost a western frontier outpost when compared to the cosmopolitan New York City.

There was no commercial air service in 1936. So, our journey west would be by steam train to Lincoln. Mom was pregnant with brother Danny, so Dad made the advance trip in August with Bill and me. Mom and the new baby Danny would follow before Christmas. We journeyed by steam train to Lincoln in August.....a three day (two nights in Pullman sleeper) trip by train. We had two engines pull our train over the Appalachian Mountains as we left the eastern seaboard and headed west. Just imagine, a large picture window vista of America as we made our way west at 45-60 miles per hour! Two nights in a Pullman car sleeper bunk....supervised tours of the observation car in the rear and

the coal car engine in the front. Plus all of our meals in the formal train dining car. What fun to briefly stop about six times daily for water, fuel and to load and unload passengers, mail and supplies. I can still conjure up the sights and sounds of that long ago trip. Maybe all the more so because it was an adventure with Dad and brother Bill!

Dad rented a house, arranged for a housekeeper and purchased a Hudson automobile. He would need the car in order to travel extensively over the narrow two lane roads throughout his new four state territory. A car, in those days, was a \$500-700 investment and we subsequently traded yearly due to the wear and tear of the travels and harsh weather conditions. I'm sure that Grandpa Curtin staked the family to the first car in 1936.

Mom moved in with her parents and gave birth to brother Danny on October 18, 1936. Up to this point I must have really been a delight! I wanted nothing to do with a new brother....I was satisfied with the one I already had. Mom and Danny would travel by train to join us prior to Christmas. I do believe that later they had to watch me at first because I deeply resented this stranger and his intrusion upon our lives. Yet, I would eventually look upon him as the greatest gift in the world. More about this in a later chapter circa 1947.

Dad enrolled Bill and I in the small Catholic school of St. Theresa's located on 36th Street between I and J Streets. Bill entered the first grade in September 1936, and I the second. This parish was across town from our first rented home. We would move, in 1937, into our second rented home at 33rd and J Streets, about three blocks from St. Theresa's.

The St. Theresa parish was founded in the late 1920's by a small group of Catholic parishioners in this predominately Protestant city. It was located, at the time, at the physical outskirts of Lincoln. The population of Lincoln at the time was about 75,000.

The parish plant was a two story tan brick building housing the church in the basement, a four classroom school on the first floor and an auditorium, lunchroom, and offices on the second floor. A dirt field adjacent was our playground. Father Kaczmarek was the pastor and sole priest. He was, at the time, in his early 30's and had arrived about the time we joined the parish. I would guess that the parish consisted of one hundred families in this southern end of the City of Lincoln. Father was a joy and committed 200% of this energy to his flock. He would, in time, become fast friends with Mom and Dad. His rectory was a small residence directly across from the church/school. An adjacent house housed the five Dominican nuns who operated the school. Four of the nuns taught and the fifth was the housekeeper. Sister Annunciatia was in charge. She, too, became a family friend. Each nun taught two grades of 8-10 students each in the

same classroom. Sounds confusing, but the system really worked. The teacher would alternate hours with the classes, so there was ample time for studying in class and personal research. Throughout I loved math, spelling, geography and sports. I was a good student; at or near the head of a small class. However, I was my own person and therefore regularly felt the nun's ruler on my knuckles. Sister DePores joined the school when I reach the fifth grade. She was a tomboy who, pre-convent, had piloted a two wing plane with her brothers. She understood boys and was always a step ahead of my creative mind.

This parish and its school became the focal point of our church and family life. Today, looking back, I wonder how all of this was possible in depressed 1936. We were in the central breadbasket part of American where the Depression and drought had brought about the worst of economic conditions. National unemployment at 25% was to continue at that level until well into WWII (World War II). There were no frills. School food menus were supported by U.S. Government care packages. There were no organized sporting events or athletic equipment. But we learned to use our imaginations! That big old dirt schoolyard was a ball diamond in season, the site of recess time coed team games such as "capture-the-flag" and "pump-pump pull away".....we kids would return to the school grounds after school to play our seasonal sports of sandlot baseball and football or just to mosey around building forts, playing soldiers or mimicking Tarzan or other celluloid heroes from our Saturday matinees.

I should stress at this point, that although Bill and I were twenty months separated in age, we were raised as peers. I was old for my class and Bill, young, so we were separated by only one year in school. I, as a second grader, was physically with Bill's first grade class....This class conjoining would occur every other year. I believe that Mom was influenced to some extent by Dad's negative social experience in skipping classes as a child in grammar school resulting in his graduation from college at age nineteen. They prepared Bill and me to be close in class years and to grow through childhood together. It was felt that although Dad excelled in scholastics, that he was at a disadvantage socially. His and our eras were before the age of mixing returning military service veterans with younger students as would happen following WWII.

Well, back to school.....Bill and I sopped up the scene at Sts. Theresa's like two dry sponges. This was Mayberry RFD before the 1960's.

Just a word about altar boys. We were eligible to serve by the third grade. Don't forget that the Mass was said in Latin then and the priest's back was to the parishioners. The two altar boys were on either side of the priest facing the altar. So the first chore was to memorize the Latin dialogue of the Mass. Sister De Pores worked with us until we were proficient. Mom, the expert seamstress, made special cassocks for Bill and me to wear.

It's amazing in recollection but one novel I read a few years ago had the following narrative to describe the hero's rite of passage while serving as an altar boy: "On the altar, he never forgot or mangled the Latin responses. When up there serving, wearing the red cassock and white surplis, he always imagined that the congregation was glued to his every move." Well, weren't they? Sister was always after me to recite my responses in a softer voice rather than my usual loud cant.

Please take a few moments to browse the outline of the Mass circa 1938 taken from a later edition of the St. Joseph Daily Missal (refer appendix this chapter). Today, I hear youngsters lament, "it's boring", i.e., the Mass. Actually, the Mass is a series of prayers and events in the form of an unbloody sacrifice. It's easy to make this interpretation from the content of the St. Joseph Missal.

I am what is called a "cradle Catholic" or one who was prepared for the gift of faith by his or her parents. My early exposure was from the tenants of the "Baltimore Catechism" which helped me to form a rather simple, but persistent belief in Jesus Christ, his divinity and the Catholic Church as His vehicle to provide guidelines and help me to form a right conscience for my ultimate salvation.

I'm fortunate in at least two respects: First, although I've challenged many secular beliefs during a long life, I've never doubted or challenged my Christian beliefs or the church itself; and second, I married someone who shares my belief and participation in the Catholic Church. The first reflects the gift of faith and the latter the blessing of a devoted female partner. The combination has assisted in my resisting most temptations that could have separated me and mine from my Creator and His church. Thank you Mom and Dad, Father Kaczmarek and later Dorothea my life mate!

My Nebraska school years from 1936 to 1942 were a textbook with respect to a Catholic scholastic education. Every day started with the pledge to the flag, followed by an opening prayer. First class was religion with the good old Baltimore Catechism and a lot of rote doctrine ultimately interpreted from the Bible by the central teaching body of the Church. Spelling was next with frequent spelling bees (word challenges between chosen teams). Penmanship was a subject with the good old Palmer Method of ovals, scrolls, and crosses. By grade four, we used a pen with real ink. No ballpoints until the 1950's, so we had ink wells, straight pens and pointed tips for writing together with ink stained fingers. English advanced to sentence diagrams and literature initiating a life-long interest in storytelling and using my imagination. That headless horseman and later the stories of O'Henry held my attention. However, the movies of the late 1930's (black and white, of course, but with sound) helped with the educational process. "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington", with Jimmy Stewart, introduced our sixth grade class to our central government and the process of filibustering. The curriculum for history started with

ancient history, and then progressed to American history with but little after the WWI in 1918. Dad attempted to fill this void by purchasing a set of encyclopedias, which helped when preparing research papers. Our school didn't have much of a library and, of course, the internet was sixty years in the future. Art was a special subject. I inherited my Mother's creative bent and I remember taking lessons at the Museum of History at the University of Nebraska and also painting large murals at St. Theresa's. Last, but not least, was mathematics, which turned out over time to be my favorite subject.....

Our teachers, the Dominican nuns, were just special people. Three of the five were very young women. Sister DePores was from the Midwest. Her brother had one of those old two wing planes; era 1920's...He had taught her how to fly. My brother Bill, just recently (2005) told me that he had a crush on Sister DePores. I know I did. Sister Annunciata was perhaps in her late 30's, early 40's....what a wonderful and charismatic woman. The nuns had a much older nun as their housekeeper and always two younger nuns who rotated in and out of the other two teaching slots.

We learned early on to use our imaginations. I lived every punch by our family radio as Joe Louis, the heavyweight champion defended his crown against Billy Conn and others. In reflection, probably because I "heard" instead of "saw", it mattered not to me that Joe was a Negro. (The term "black" would become a much later social descriptive term of the 1960's.)

My Dad was a real track and field and tennis buff while attending school and later teaching at New York University. About 1940 or 1941, the University of Nebraska hosted the National Collegiate Athletic Association's (NCAA) Track and Field Championships...quite a fete considering teams came from all over the county by steam train. Bill Hulse and Leslie McMitchell were vying for the honor of "Mr. Miler" hoping to accomplish the first sub four minute mile (a fete not to be accomplished until about 1955 by Roger Bannister, an Englishman.) Dad had Hulse and McMitchell over for dinner and brother Bill and I had a heady, but short- lived track addiction. Incidentally, the University of Nebraska ("Big Red") offered end-zone "knot hole" seats at 10 cents to grammar schoolers for all home football games. We literally froze our tukases off at times, but were loyal and avid fans.

Our Boy Scout troop was fun and Dad was our scoutmaster. At that time the entry age was 12, since reduced to 11. Dad prepped me and on the date of my 12th birthday on February 28, 1941, I appeared before Mr. Ed Becker, the head of our Troup Committee, passed all of my tests and received my full uniform from Mom and Dad. In those days we wore the Smokey the Bear hats and knickers with long socks....oh, by the way, my first ever long pants weren't purchased until probably the 8th grade. Boys in my days in Nebraska, New York and all over wore knickers with long stockings in the winter and

short socks in the summer. Pioneers Park, to the west of town, was our favorite camping area. We learned to do all of the cooking, compass tracking, first aid and other involvements standard with scouting. For some reason, I never progressed far in the earlier years, but later as an adult, I would become a scoutmaster of two scout troops: One in Long Island, N.Y. and the other in the Philippine Islands. I was also active as a Troop Committee head later in Eureka, California.

At St. Theresa's, my first love in the third grade was Mary Virginia Meehan. Mary Virginia came from an upper level economic family and was driven each day to our school. She tended to be a little snooty, but she was cute. Other girls in my class were Virginia Foster, a comely brunette and Kathleen Turner, a redhead with a zillion freckles. So, being a typical boy, my general approach was.....girls...bleh! Then in 1940, Mary Margaret (Peggy) McMullen moved to Lincoln and St. Theresa's. Her father assisted with the construction of the new Army air base at Lincoln. Peggy wasn't pretty in the textbook sense....she also wore glasses, but, well, she was just perfect! She wasn't good at football, baseball or marbles or particularly fast in races, but everything she did was feminine and most appealing. However, my "crush" was limited to sharing valentines, school parties and my 13th birthday party in 1942. The spin-the-bottle game netted me an anxious kiss! We were to move back to New York later that year, so Peggy will always be just a memory of the commencement of a new awareness of girls.

Dad's Farm Security Administration (FSA) did many family to family things together. Dad was very young (early 30's) to be a regional supervisor, and had grown up in the big city of New York, yet, here he was in charge of government programs to financially assist the depression downtrodden farmers in the Midwest. The FSA was quite active in his region. Many years later, in the early 1990's, I as a commercial bank president in California utilized some of the FSA successor loan programs to finance the startup of a small dairy and refinance almond groves near Modesto, CA.

Dad's chief coworkers, Heinie Meyers, Art Swanson and Blake Homes joined with Dad and others at the East Hills Country Club about five miles outside Lincoln. "Country Club" is maybe an overstatement; it actually was a simple clubhouse, outside swimming pool and a rough 18 hole golf course. Of course, in those days there were no sprinkler systems, so what we really had was maintained greens similar to tee boxes today and the rest of the course relied upon natural rainfall, which was almost nonexistent in drought ridden Nebraska. Farmers today would call East Hills "dry land golf" as in "dry land farming". To those of you who play golf, we had a setup for "improved lies" all season long. I believe we joined this club about 1938. For the first two years, Bill and I, with hand-me-down wooden shafted clubs, were limited to practice putting and chipping. Golf was definitely a grownups game, so our real interest was to learn to swim. We would be dropped off at the club to swim and use the practice putting green until Mom

and Dad came out after work. The lifeguard, a gentle giant with the nickname “Speed” taught us to swim. I remember that one of life’s grand achievements was making it solo across the pool for the first time. Then 1941, Bill and I were permitted to hitch hike out to the club and to spend the day swimming and golfing. I also had the opportunity around 1940-41 to do some caddying at the Lincoln Country Club. Thus began a life-long hobby on the golf courses of America.

Dad was expected to extensively travel throughout his four state district and when home to entertain....all of this on the then princely initial salary of \$3,500 per year. In 1936, he and Mom hired a young farm girl, Ellen Theasemeyer (age 22) for room and board plus \$1/day. She moved into Lincoln from her family’s farm just west of Lincoln. Ellen lived with us and took care of the household duties and we three boys. She had two younger sisters, Alice, about 20 and Gladys, about 18. All three girls actually became family during our stay in Nebraska. Mom and Dad were to continue their friendship with Ellen into later life. At the time we returned to New York, Ellen received employment at Golds the principal department store in Lincoln and she remained behind. From time-to-time (1936-1942) we visited the Theasemeyer farm. I can remember driving through clouds of grasshoppers which periodically ravaged the corn and wheat products. Don’t forget, this was the era of not only the Great Depression, but great droughts that decimated the farms of the central United States and before insecticides such as DDT.

I’ve skipped around, but I wanted to recapture the full setting of “Mayberry RFD”.....oops, Lincoln, Nebraska (1936-1942). Not a long period of time, but one that left an indelible stamp upon the John Quigley family.

I’ll skip around at the activities of a pre-teen and early teen in pre-war Nebraska. At Mom’s insistence I took piano lessons. Never amounted to much, but I did learn to read music and actually performed at periodic recitals. My old maid instructor was iron-willed and she despised the risk to my hands from sports of any kind, even including marbles. Also, the teacher required hours of practice. I was too much involved with sandlot sports and jobs to earn money to make the necessary commitment to the piano. Now as a senior citizen I regret this decision.

Sports was another matter! Our sandlot efforts were fueled by following Big Red (Nebraska) and the University of Michigan (Tom Harmon of Michigan). Baseball was principally played on the eastern seaboard, and was not especially popular in the Midwest at the time. Basketball was an evolving sport, mostly fueled at the college level.

So, sandlot football and infrequent grammar school games. Bill and I were the only kids with complete uniforms, as Mom wouldn’t let us play unprotected. No nose masks and I had several injuries to my nose. I played quarterback and end and the principal offense in

those days was the running game.

Baseball was always pick-me-up. Choose sides by grabbing the bat with one opponent's hand over end and fingers at the end of the bat. Never was much of a standout.

Springtime brought big ring marbles (ten foot diameter), kite flying and model airplane flying. I passed over winter, which was indoor roller skating and outdoor snow fights, etc.....Nebraska received a lot of snow November through March which stayed on the ground. Our church group rode big horse drawn sleds and the scout troop camped year-round.

While in Lincoln I became a junior entrepreneur while in the third grade when I negotiated a separate 45 cents weekly allowance for myself and Bill. This was really a lesson in the value of the dollar, so to speak. With this we were to purchase extra lunch goodies, our 10 cent Saturday movie matinee ticket, occasional Nehi or root beer products and all school supplies. At the time, this seemed like a bonanza, however, I decided to get outside the home and earn some real money! My goal was to purchase a new \$10 Schwinn balloon tire bicycle but my savings would only provide a very used \$5.00 bicycle. This would be used to deliver newspapers and to help me to start and service a magazine sales business selling the Saturday Evening Post, Colliers and Liberty magazines. I also contracted to cut grass, weed dandelions (this was the era before weed pullers) and pickup and delivery of groceries at the neighborhood store. (no supermarkets until many years later). This work ethic stood me in good stead, but more about this later in high school.

Mom and Dad were New Yorkers and would always remain as such, while we three boys rapidly became Midwesterners. During the Nebraska era, our sole contact with New York was the two car trips made there during the summers of 1939 and 1940 to coincide with visits to the New York World's Fair.

Dad needed a dependable car in order to travel his four state territory for the government, so each year from 1937 through 1940 we had a new Hudson or Terraplane automobile. (both brands now extinct). Incidentally, while on a Saturday downtown shopping trip in 1938, our car was stolen from its diagonal parked spot never to be recovered, so we had two cars that year.

Dad worked six days a week (lucky him with a job!)...but the work week was 48 hours over six days in that era). He did receive a 30 day vacation each year.

The International World's Fair opened in Flushing, New York, in 1939. We made the 3,000 mile round trip by car and stayed while in New York at Grandmother Curtin's house. The journey itself was really an adventure. There were no interstate highways in

1939, except for a small portion in Pennsylvania. Most roads were two laned and brought travelers enroute through the center of most small and large cities. Motels and national restaurant chains were still 15 years in the future. We stayed overnight at boarding houses, many of which had meals included. Gas was 20 cents per gallon and we purchased it five gallons at a time so that the station attendant could continuously check the car under the hood.

Now for the circus effect! Imagine Dad, Mom, Ellen, Bill, Danny and myself in a four door car of that era (very, very narrow) and baggage to boot for a whole month of clothes! Danny was only three years old, so a lot of baby stuff somehow got squeezed in; men of that era always wore suit coats, trousers, shirt and tie and were they ever hot, hot, hot! Ladies wore dresses, foundation garments, silk stockings, hats and gloves. All of this without automobile air conditioning.

In later years Mom and Dad remembered our making the 1,500 miles Lincoln to New York trip in three days...I do believe this was wishful remembering! We probably averaged 45 -50 mp (remember narrow roads thru towns and in a car with top speed of probably 55 mph and not hour after hour as today.) Also I can't imagine Mom and Dad not losing their sanity without frequent rest diversion stops. Regardless, we did it! Throughout we sang songs, played sighting games (remember the Burma Shave signs?) talked, joked and at times we kids just sulked under threat of some huge punishment.

Each year our New York visit was just great. Grandma Curtin's house and involvement with cousins the Murphys (Mom's sister Puss), the Curtins (Mom's brother Jim), our Uncle David, mentally handicapped and lived his entire life with Grandma (what a dear and gentle being!) and Uncle Frank Quigley and his soon-to-be wife Betty... We shared the ocean at Jones Beach with Frank and Betty, and with them and Grandma Quigley (Dad's Mom) visited the World's Fair. Boy, the wonders of tomorrow as displayed in futuristic housing and transportation were great! While in New York, Bill and I actually saw our first airliners flying in and out of La Guardia Airport which airport had just opened. The planes were DC 3's which were twin engine propeller planes with passenger capacity of maybe 20-30 people. Also toured the world's tallest building, the Empire State building.

After about two weeks, we pointed the family car back through the Holland tunnel (built under the Hudson River by the WPA during this depression era) and on the road via the short section of the Pennsylvania turnpike (one of the first interstate highway systems) to Lincoln, Nebraska.

My family repeated the New York trip in 1940. However, most of the world except us was at war by then. I remember being aware of the disasters overtaking Europe

commencing with our 1939 trip to New York. Remember the eastern seaboard population centers of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, etc., were nothing more than one ethnic ghetto after another of Polish, Jewish, Irish, Italian, German, etc. Our relatives closely followed the spreading Nazi German occupations in Europe more closely than we did in the Midwest. Not that we didn't care, but remember this was the pre-television, pre talk radio, pre airline era and we really were insulated from the world at large.

President Roosevelt's "New Deal" was helping the farm belt. Between 1937 – 1943, the Department of Agriculture's efforts thru such entities as the Farm Security Administration, the Commodity Credit Corp. and others was moving farmers into an era of better established prices for their commodities. The Depression was a world-wide event following WWI. The low world prices for commodities such as wheat, corn, pork, and beef made it impossible for small farmers to produce at a profit. Our Midwest was nothing but small farms. Nationwide demand for all products was devastated by what approached 25% unemployment. Despite the efforts of the central government this unemployment level continued up to and into the beginning of WWII in 1942.

My parents did a masterful job of protecting we youngsters from the throes of the economic upheaval of the 1930's but still had us face up to the reality of what the economic troubles were doing to our country and to the world. Years later I followed my Father into the field of economics, but I never could accept Dad's commitment toward the central government solving all of mankind's problems. I'll touch more upon this when I discuss my times at the university and beyond.

Back to Lincoln, Nebraska....Bill and I traveled throughout the Dakotas, Kansas and portions of Nebraska with Dad on his business trips. These jaunts were during the summers of 1937 and 1938.

We also took a family vacation week in October 1941 to travel by car to the Black Hills in South Dakota. We stayed in Deadwood and absorbed its culture of the late 19th century. I have recently (2006) been told by a friend from Aberdeen, South Dakota, that men still wore sidearms in Deadwood during 1941. So, the atmosphere was very realistic. Remember Wild Bill Hickok, Calamity Jane and Boot Hill Cemetery?

While in Deadwood, a daredevil pilot parachuted onto Devil's Tower, a huge volcanic butte located in eastern Wyoming. A sudden blizzard prevented his rescue by autogiro (pre-helicopter plane with helicopter rotor), so expert climbers from New York came out by train and climbed the formation in order to carry him by stretcher to safety by means of pinions and ropes. We diverted from Deadwood by car and ultimately witnessed the carnival-like scene at the foot of Devil's Tower. Enroute to the tower, I noticed huge

rock scaling next to our very primitive road. We had traversed the portion beneath Mount Rushmore where the huge granite faces of the early presidents were still emerging from drilling and blasting. Much later, in 1955, then again in 1994, I was to see this beautiful monument from the vantage of the Visitor's Center across the valley. Did I mention that this 1941 sojourn from Deadwood to Devil's Tower and return was on the edge of a major snowstorm?

Just a word about the weather in Lincoln, Nebraska. We lived there pre air conditioning, and the summers of the 1930's were during some of the worst droughts ever experienced in the Midwest. Some days of summer were like being in a blast furnace. Our rental home had an encased fan in the living room which blew over block ice, so it was quite pleasant in that one room as long as we had block ice! Winters from October through April were cold and snowy. The huge empty field across from our house (five blocks by four blocks), permitted the snow to drift. We had great times for most of the winter with snow forts, ice skating and other outside activities. Our house was heated by coal. We boys helped Dad with a lot of shoveling. Our icebox was just that – block ice for the freezing compartment. General Electric's electric refrigerator was still a few years in the future. Our milk was delivered to our door step in bottles and the molded cream portion on the top would pop up when frozen on cold days.

Finally, in this grammar school time line, I would like to mention the newspaper comics and later comic books. Bill and I were first exposed to the Sunday comics as read to us by Dad in New York City pre 1936. The menu was rather silly as were many of the silent cinema subjects of the time: The Katzenjammer Kids, Gasoline Alley, Mutt and Jeff, Tillie the toiler, Popeye (Olive Oyl) and Blondie. Many of these continued in later years under the pen of successor authors. In Lincoln, we moved to the adventure theme of Tarzan, Buck Rogers (space travel in the 25th center) Terry and the Pirates (pre WWII China), Dick Tracy, Prince Valiant, Buz Sawyer (WWII Navy pilot), Flash Gordon and Steve Canyon.

Now an admission: To this day I avidly read the comics, daily and Sunday. A recent strip (year 2005) of "For Better or Worse" recognizes the 75th anniversary of the Dagwood and Blondie strip with the comment, "...and even though it's only a comic strip, I feel as though I know these people".....I couldn't have said it better. I would add that "they're all family with whom I have spent my life." Comics to a teenager Bob Quigley evolved into the adventure strips. These subjects fed my early interest in flying, the Navy and the Far East. More about this later on.....

In 1938, Action comics introduced Superman. Batman followed in Marvel comics in 1939. These comic books were freshly printed monthly @ 10 cents per copy. You can really see where some of our allowance or earned money was directed. Trading comics

became a ritual of passage through early teens; just as some kids traded baseball cards.

Radio was our principal regular entertainment while living in Lincoln. This, plus the 10 cents Saturday matinee movie. My grandmother Quigley (Dad's mom) planted the seeds for reading. She sent me the Tarzan book series by Edgar Rice Burroughs, as well as the classic books of Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn. She was wise enough (she raised three boys) to associate reading and subject matter of interest to young boys.

We were limited as the amount of time we were allowed to listen to the radio. First, as a measure of discipline and then to permit the sharing of our single family radio.

We boys, while in Lincoln, were home from 4:30 to 6:00 PM daily to listen to 15 minute serial presentations of "I Love a Mystery", "Dick Tracy", "The Lone Ranger", Jack Armstrong" and the "Shadow". Homework after dinner, then we could listen with Mom and Dad to "fibber McGee and Molly", "Jack Benny", or other events such as boxing matches.

While prepping this material, I was reminded of the success of the censoring efforts such as the Catholic "League of Decency" covering the movies. Looking at releases in 1938 and 1939, we children were permitted a very narrow range of viewing; even such classics as "Gone with the Wind" were considered too advanced for children. In retrospect we were the winners!

The preceding "Nebraska" phase leads my Journal into World War II and the involvement of the United States during 1941 – 1945. Great Britain had been pressing us for not only assistance such as Lend Lease, but downright military intervention in their war with Germany. America sought isolationism. On the other side of the world, Japan's 1937 war with China had spread to other southeastern Asia areas in Japan's quest for oil and rubber. Japan thought that the United States Navy stood in its way. The upshot was their early morning attack on Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941. They hoped to disable our Pacific Fleet and thereby free up Japan to exploit the whole of southeast Asia.

December 7, 1941, was a Sunday. We in the Midwest paid but little attention to Hawaii in those days. First, our country was broke (depression) and travel to Hawaii and also Europe was solely by pleasure ship, so we really were insulated or isolated from both the Far East and Europe. On that Sunday, Bill and I were attending an Orville and Hardy matinee movie. Dad picked us up about mid afternoon and told us that the Japanese had just attacked Pearl Harbor. We asked, "Where's Pearl Harbor?" and then the questions tumbled out. Our family was glued to the radio that evening. The U.S. Pacific Fleet was all but demolished by the Japanese surprise air attack on Hawaii. Our battleships were lined up on "battleship row" at Ford Island and most were sunk or severely damaged. The battleship Arizona received a direct hit on its forward ammunition magazine,

exploded and sank immediately. Most of the 2,390 lives lost at Pearl Harbor were on the Arizona. It was sealed and left intact as a tomb and is the base still today for the “Arizona Memorial.”

In November 1952 as a young naval Ensign I visited Pearl Harbor while enroute on my ship, the destroyer USS Twining, to the Korean War zone. The Arizona was still a sunken wreck at that time and not yet the majestic white memorial seen today. We traveled out to its site by small boat. Oil was still oozing in bubbles to the surface after eleven years. Still more remarkably it continues to the present date (year 2011) or 70 years after the sinking. The battleship Oklahoma capsized and flipped at its Ford Island anchorage. I also visited Ford Island in 1952 and that huge relic was still in place, but now it has long since been dismantled.

Pearl Harbor was a rallying point for President Roosevelt’s alleged efforts to get the United States into the worldwide conflict.

Dad had just turned thirty-six in October 1941. I’m guessing that he was retired from his Army ROTC commission of 1925 and now was too old for the draft. Future events would have him just at the upper end of the draft eligibility range and he did not serve during WWII.

The following day, December 8th, was the feast of the Immaculate Conception and a school holiday at St. Theresa’s. I was glued to the radio throughout the day and heard President Roosevelt’s “Date of Infamy” speech to Congress, during which we declared war on Japan. A similar declaration of war on Germany and Italy (the so called “Axis Powers”) followed on December 11, 1941.

The ensuing days, weeks and months were a beehive of natural preparedness. We as a country were almost totally unprepared to fight. We had to gear up production facilities for the war effort, mobilize the armed forces and marshal or gather together scarce commodities. We were cut off from most rubber supplies in southeastern Asia, but thankfully most of our petroleum and foodstuffs were from the continental United States in those days. Women mobilized in the workforce and replaced men drafted to the armed forces. Scarce commodities such as sugar, gasoline, rubber, beef, coffee, etc., were rationed and would continue to be well into 1946. The automobile industry stopped domestic car production. Our last new family car was purchased in 1940 or 1941. Couldn’t get much use out of them anyway with limited gasoline rations; recapped tires and curtailed nighttime driving, particularly on the west and east coasts where enemy submarines patrolled. I leave my readers to the history books for the general recap and tenor of the war on both fronts, i.e., Pacific and European except for personal experiences.

Initially our family was not impacted severely by the death of a relative or loved one with the exception of Donald Curtin. Donald's father and my Mother's father were brothers and Donald volunteered about 1939 for the Royal Canadian Air Force. He later fought as a spitfire pilot in the Battle of Britain against the German Luftwafta and was shot down and killed in 1939. We continued to be spared since the members of Mom and Dad's families were too old for the war with the exception of Dad's younger brother Frank who served in the Navy. My first cousin, Buddy Curtin (served in the airborne in Europe and Mom's first cousin "Wild Bill" Donovan (her father's sister's boy) became first a General and then started the Office for Strategic Services (OSS), the prunner to today's Central Intelligence Agency (CIA).

I was twelve, almost thirteen in September 7, 1941. Our Boy Scout troop mustered for junior air raid warden duty and on many early evenings we patrolled a darkened Lincoln. Nebraska. I personally started a victory garden and provided vegetable staples for our family table. We all willingly conducted scrap metal drives and more than a few childhood rubber toys were used to trade in for tickets to special Saturday morning war effort movies. Tennis shoes had rubber soles and became scarce. Leather shoes were rationed and the old were traded in on the new. We collected newspapers and magazines to save on the cost of cutting forests. I do believe that all of these collective efforts brought us closer together.

You will recall that Dad supervised an older workforce. Most of his key employees had sons and daughters not only in the service, but in harm's way. When the new airbase opened in Lincoln we had a whole new group of service personnel to entertain in church or social group picnics. I must say that the word "picnic" must have definitive roots in the Midwest because we were always meeting at Pioneer Park or elsewhere for chicken, salads, drinks songfests and just good family times. Some of those servicemen probably met spouses-to-be at some of those events. Maude Meyer, Heines' wife, was our key organizer and could she ever cook and play the piano by ear!

The war eventually employed the unemployed, but as late as early 1942, the national unemployment figure was still 25%. By comparison we complain today if the figure approaches 9%. It's estimated that 16 million men and woman served the armed forces during WWII. Defense plants and priority farming and other jobs soaked up the balance of the huge unemployed pool. Oddly enough Dad found himself once again in the arena of the unemployed.

The huge social programs of the 1930's, such as Works Progress Administration (WPA), which among other projects built the Oakland Bay Bridge in San Francisco and the Triborough Bridge in New York City's East River, CCC, and Dad's FSA were no longer needed in this new war era of full employment. In Dad's case, the country needed all the

food it could raise, so the need to artificially support farm prices disappeared, at least for the present. Dad's FSA office was merged with another in Denver, Colorado and his supervisory position in Lincoln, Nebraska was eliminated.

It will be remembered that Dad had a Doctor of Philosophy (Ph.D.) degree in economics. Therefore, he was able to transfer, within the overall Department of Agriculture, initially to New York City and ultimately to Washington, D.C., as a practicing economist.

Our family returned by train to New York City during the summer of 1942. Unfortunately, we located in the downtown Borough (county) of Manhattan in high rise apartments called "Tudor City". This site was near the East River about 40th Street and 1st Avenue, and about two blocks from the future (1949) site of the United Nation's building. In fact, the U.N. was built, in part, on a concrete playground which Bill and I used for tennis and related activities.

Initially this move was a disaster. Bill and I were relocated from the wide open spaces and a rural life in Lincoln, Nebraska to a downtown tenement district near the 3rd Avenue elevated "El" tracks and huge skyscrapers of downtown New York City. We left our car in Lincoln and Dad would not own another until well into the 1950's.

Bill and I were enrolled in St. Agnes' Parochial School located near 42nd Street and 3rd Avenue. The school was taught by the Sisters of Charity. I was in the eighth grade and Bill in the seventh. Years later in Florida I met some golfing buddies who attended St. Agnes' during our time there. Bill and I walked to school. We wore uniforms (for the first time) and I'm sure our rather sour attitude kept us apart from classmates. Dad suddenly developed bleeding ulcers and we almost lost him during the winter. His brother, Frank, gave him whole blood transfusions (no blood banks then) which helped save his life. Dad was but thirty-seven years old. He would live for another fifty years and his stomach problems would trouble him throughout.

Four highlights stand out from our brief winter in Tudor City. First, Bill and I, for some reason, had our personal football equipment, i.e., jersey, pants, shoulder pads and helmets delivered from Nebraska to Grandmother Curtin's house in the Bronx. This was about a 45 minute ride on the third avenue El from Tudor City. Grandma didn't believe in contact sports. This, in reflection, amazes me because her two sons, Uncles Dan and Jim were "all American boy types", but apparently they didn't play even sandlot football. I put on some huge act of defiance and finally hauled my booty back on the El to Tudor City. I don't remember where we found some undeveloped sod to play, but play we did. Yet what an empty victory. I so loved my Grandma and knew that my actions were way off base.

Highlight number two occurred when the luxury ocean liner Normandie was being

refitted as a troopship at a Hudson River dock. This was on the other side of Manhattan. A welder's torch accidentally set it afire and it burned and capsized on its side at the pier. I hiked across downtown Manhattan and to this day remember this giant ship on its side at the pier.

Highlight three is actually a fun remembrance. A new friend at St. Agnes' had a dog walking business in the high rise apartments of Tudor City. Bill and I joined him. We walked dogs before and after school and in the evening for a penny a minute per dog. I well remember some of the special instructions from owners and especially one situation. Brother Bill hadn't returned with a "dog client" by evening meal time. The dog's owner called us and I went in search. Bill's dog didn't want to return home and it took the two of us to drag it into the elevator and safely home.

Highlight four involved my new wartime leather shoes. Thirteen year olds have a heightened sense of acceptance/rejection and my new shoes squeaked like the dickens. I was on the honor roll for the first semester of grade eight. To this day I can hear my squeaky march to the stage of the auditorium to receive my scroll award.

Tudor City turned out to be a very short term stop. Dad received a transfer in the early spring of 1943 to Washington, D.C., which is about 250 miles away from New York City. The Department of Agriculture was further consolidating bureaus, again reflecting the shifts from the 1930's to the wartime era.

We relocated to a small two story rental house at 1105 Merwood Drive in Takoma Park, Maryland. This was a rather rural suburb of the wartime beehive of Washington, D.C. Housing was almost impossible to find. So we were about four blocks from the end of a rural bus route and surrounded by forests and streams in a small housing development dating from the 1930's. Bill and I loved it! Imagine, out of downtown New York and more! However, initially without a car, the Quigleys were entirely dependent upon a rural bus system which curtailed its evenings after the ten P.M. run.

Bill entered the seventh grade at the local public school. This represented the first public school ever for one of us. Brother Danny was in the first grade. He and I were enrolled in St. Gabriel's School which was in towards Washington, D.C. I was finishing the last few months of the eighth grade.

Ward Guthrie was Mom's first cousin. His mother Mary and my grandmother Curtin were sisters. Ward and his wife Bernadine owned the Guthrie Lithograph Co. in Washington. Ward was an ambulance driver during WWI in France and was the victim of a mustard gas attack. He was retired from the Army and would later own and manage his dad's lithograph business in Washington, D.C. He and his wife Bernadine had a

wonderful family of four children. Ward got me into St. Gabriel's (their parish) so I was confirmed there that spring and graduated from St. Gabriel's grammar school in June 1943.

Just a word about scholastics...Bill and I received a very sound primary education in Lincoln, Nebraska. I likened that situation again to Mayberry R.F.D.. Recall the slow pace, wholesome environment and the wisdom of laid-backed elders. I can liken it to the talks of Andy Griffin to Opie or apple pie and honey. Anyway, Bill and I were continuously on the honor role. Certainly we had favorite subjects. Mine was math, but we committed ourselves and did well in all. It certainly helped to have an educator Father and an involved and interested Mother.

I worked at the Guthrie Lithography Co. during the summer of 1943. I ran a folding machine and later, while part-time on Saturdays during high school I would graduate to the big offset presses.

We spent parts of the summer at the beaches of nearby Chesapeake Bay with the Guthries.

I was planning to attend the local public high school in Takoma Park, maybe it was Silver Springs, however, I took an unscheduled (for me) scholarship test and my life would change forever. More about this in the next chapter on my high school/college years.

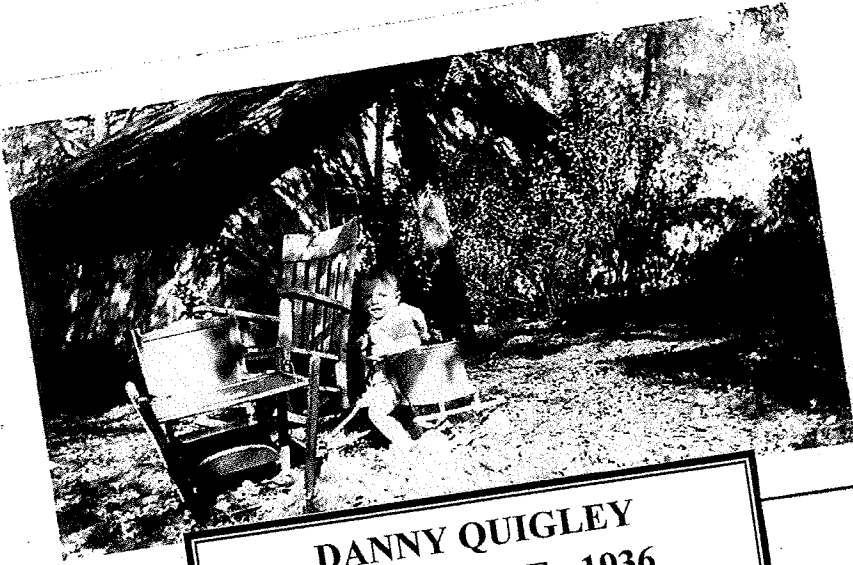
Reprisal

The Great Depression occasioned our drastic relocation from family and the known in New York, to Nebraska and the unknown. This was in a time period where our country was still young west of Chicago and St. Louis. But move we did and the six year Nebraska period 1936 – 1942 shaped my life. I developed as a mid-westerner while Mom and Dad would remain easterners. This would become evident after our return east to New York in 1942.

Mom and Dad, St. Theresa's, Father Kaczmarek, Sister DePores, Peggy McMullen and so many more would help me to successfully develop and transition from childhood to my early teen years. The small classes, individual attention and parental encouragement helped brother Bill and me to utilize our natural talents and succeed in scholastics. Neither of us was overly endowed with athletic ability, so keeping sports in the sandlot arena helped us to achieve and enjoy without undue expectations.

While in Nebraska, we experienced the beginnings of America's involvement in WWII, and as junior air raid wardens, Boy Scouts, and fellow rationed civilians, came together as a family and learned from deprivations.

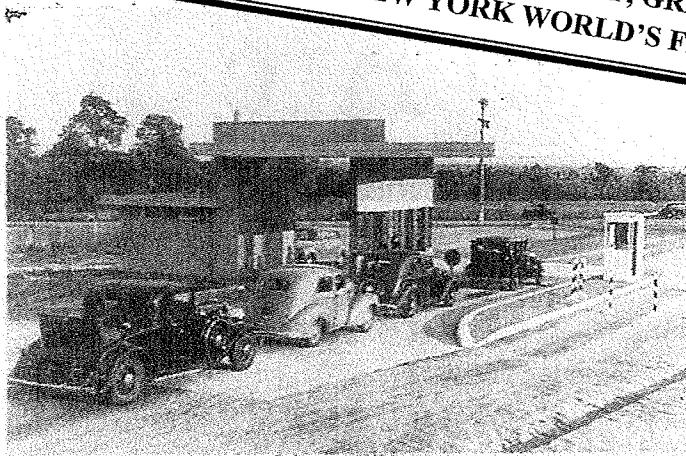
I can't imagine anyone enjoying his or her early school years more than I did mine in Nebraska. Therefore, you can imagine the shock when it all changed in August 1942 when our family returned to New York City. This move was, in part, eased by the successor move to Maryland and finally just the events of entering high school.



**DANNY QUIGLEY
LINCOLN, NE 1936**



**(LEFT TO RIGHT) JOHN QUIGLEY, BILL QUIGLEY,
DANNY QUIGLEY, AUNT BETTY QUIGLEY, ROBERT
QUIGLEY, ALMA QUIGLEY, GRANDMA QUIGLEY
NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR 1939**



**PENNSYLVANIA TURNPIKE – DRIVEN EAST
AND WEST TO THE WORLD'S FAIR IN 1939**

1938

Take a "Fond Flashback" as we look at the people, places and events that made headlines in 1938.

A Few Prices

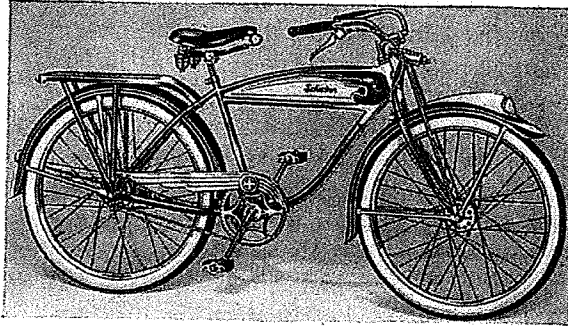
- Gasoline, 20¢ a gallon
- Custom venetian blinds, 39¢ a square foot
- Children's shoes, \$3
- Broadloom carpeting, \$3.39 a square yard
- Chenille bedspread, \$3.95
- Average income, \$1,221

New in '38

- Jefferson nickel
- Hershey Krackel bar
- Lawry's Seasoned Salt
- Mott's apple juice
- Nescafé, first freeze-dried instant coffee
- Nestlé Crunch bar
- Ballpoint pens



Spring Styles... Spring Colors
IN
Schwinn-Built Bikes



New and colorful as the first robin! That's the 1940 Schwinn-Built bicycle buyer's guide—a 24-page booklet loaded with natural color illustrations of America's finest bicycles, all guaranteed for life by the maker! Get your copy of this beautiful free booklet before you buy.

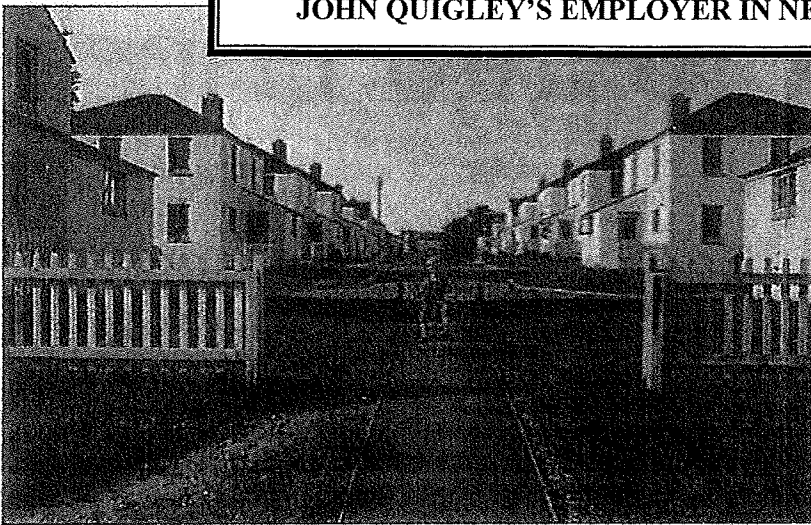


 Ride Schwinn-Built Bicycles

NICKEL-PLATED BB GUN



**FARM SECURITY ADMINISTRATION
JOHN QUIGLEY'S EMPLOYER IN NEBRASKA**



Library of Congress

Despite its cookie-cutter look, Greendale was built as a federal experiment to turn farmland into an affordable suburb for lower-income city families. This picture was taken in 1939 by a photographer for the federal Farm Security Administration.

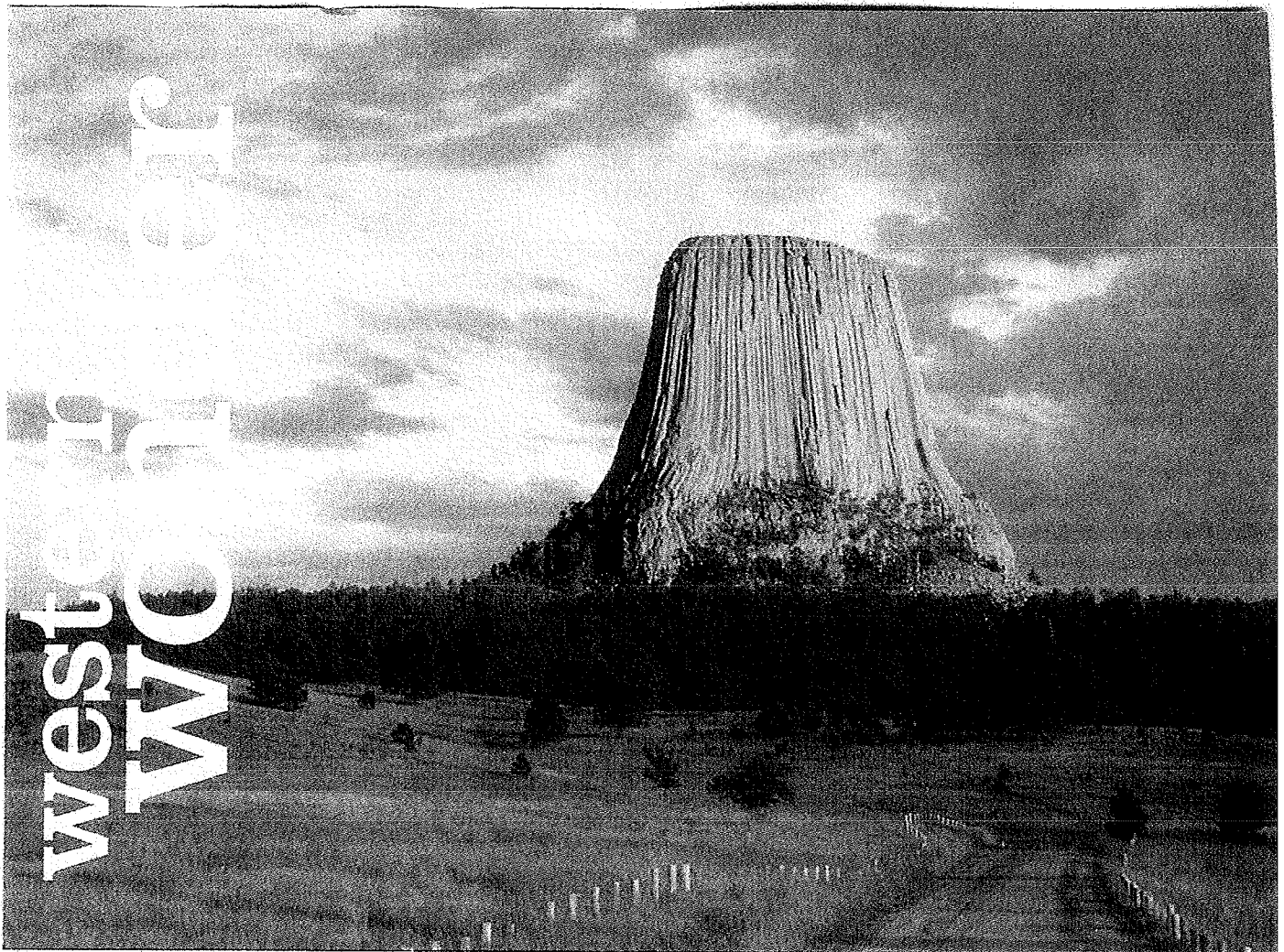
**JOE LEWIS, ONE OF MY CHILDHOOD
HEROES HELPED BREAK THE RACE
BARRIER IN THE 1930'S**



AP FILE/1971

Max Schmeling, right, holds the fist of fellow former heavyweight champion Joe Louis during a reunion in Las Vegas in 1971. Schmeling died at age 99 in Germany.

western
WOMEN



Devils Tower

Devils Tower is a mystery in plain sight: a monolith rising 867 feet above the northeast corner of Wyoming for no apparent reason. No wonder Teddy Roosevelt declared it the country's first national monument in 1906, and Steven Spielberg, some 70 years later, cast it as the ultimate alien landing pad in *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*. Who knows whether doe-eyed extraterrestrials actually do flybys? For hikers, climbers, and geology lovers, a visit is still out of this world.

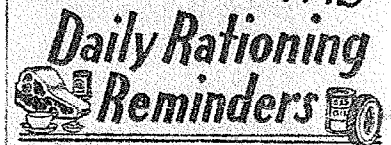
► **If You're Going** Devils Tower is located 30 miles northwest of Sundance, Wyo., and is open year-round. For more information, call (307) 467-5283 or visit nps.gov/deto.

Robert Quigley, 14, wins High School Scholarship

Robert C. Quigley, 14, son of Mr. and Mrs. John J. Quigley, 1105 Merwood drive, Takoma Park, Md., last night was presented a four-year scholarship to Gonzaga High School by Rosensteel Council, Knights of Columbus.

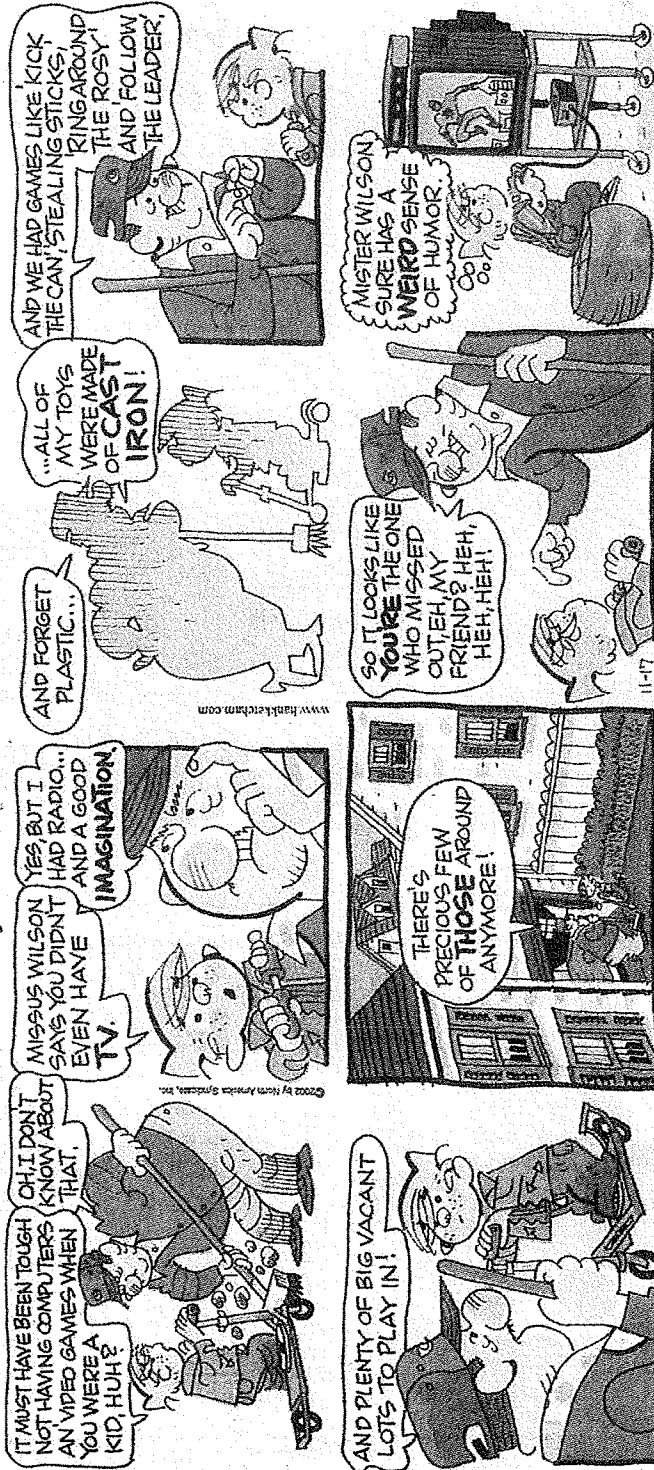
The presentation was made at Rosensteel Hall, Forest Glen, by Grand Knight Leo G. Koepfle and the Rev. Leo McCormick, chairman of the Scholarship Committee. A graduate of St. Gabriel's Parochial School, the youth won the scholarship in a competitive examination sponsored by the council.

1943



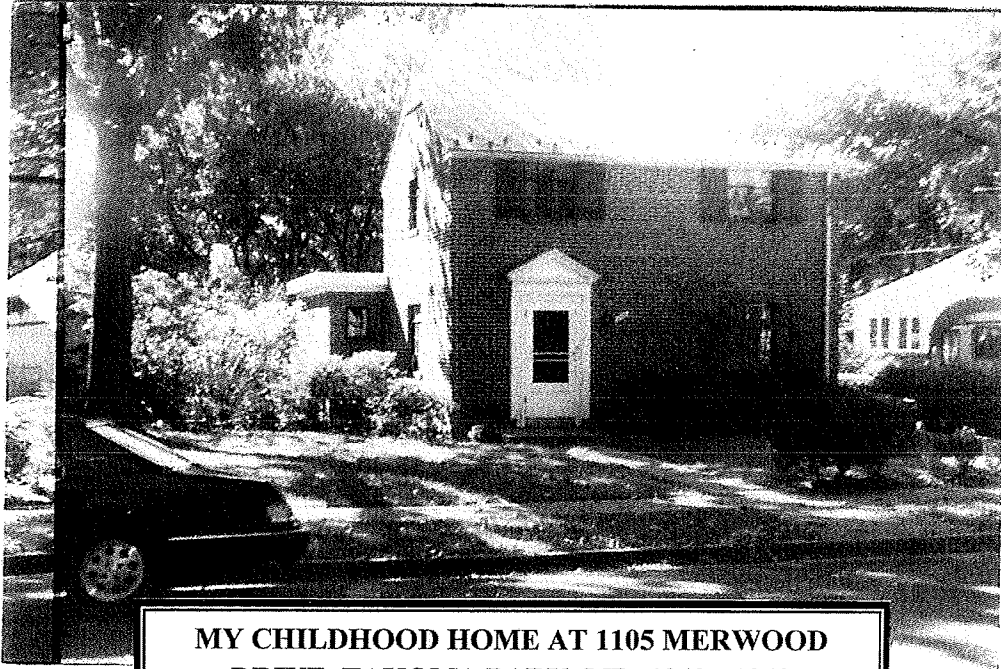
Canned and Frozen Foods, Etc.—
Blue coupons in Ration Book No. 2: R, S and T good any time through September 20. U, V, and W will be good September 1 through October 20.

DENNIS THE MENACE/ by Hank Ketcham

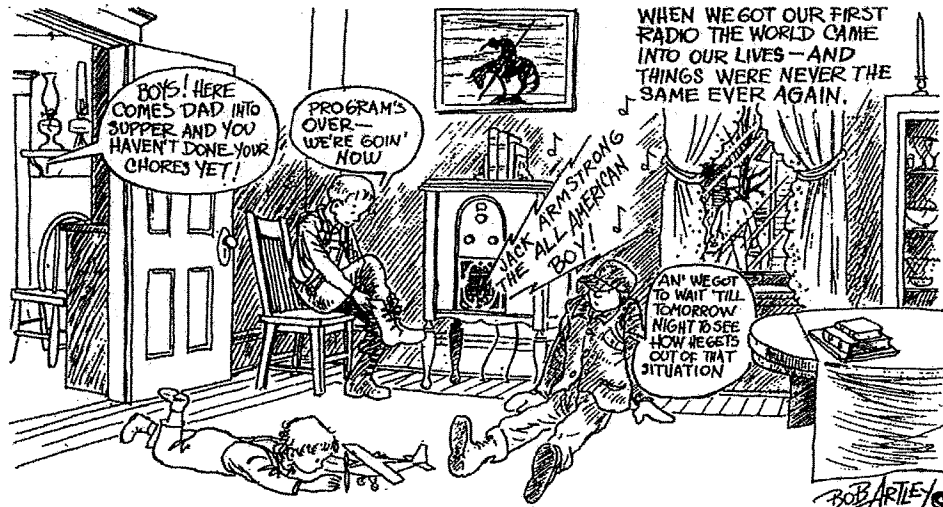


CLASSIC PEANUTS

Charles M. Schulz



MY CHILDHOOD HOME AT 1105 MERWOOD DRIVE, TAKOMA PARK, MD 1942 - 1943



Memories Of A Former Kid.

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