**Elisa:** Good afternoon. This is Elisa Martin for the National Park Service. Today is the 20thof October 1994 and I’m at the home of …

**John:** Where’s your mic? Where’s your mic?

**Elisa:** Good afternoon. This is Elisa Martin for the National Park Service. Today is October 20th 1994 and I’m in the home of Mr. John Daly who came from Scotland in 1929 when he was six…

**John:** Six.

**Elisa:** … Six years old. Mr. Daly, can you please tell me your name and your date of birth?

**John:** John Patrick Daly born April 19, 1923.

**Elisa:** Can you tell me where you came from in Scotland?

**John:** A town called Dumbarton, which I had always called Dunbartonshire, which is now a suburb of Greater Glasgow.

**Elisa:** Can you tell me what your town looked like?

**John:** It was very rural, small houses along dirt roads. I happen to remember our street, which apparently the houses didn’t have bathrooms because on this street the middle of the road was an outhouse or a public blah, blah, whatever you call it, where you would go in a door and then you could see the people’s feet underneath so you knew what they were doing.

**Elisa:** What were the houses made out of?

**John:** Wood. Some of them had straw or thatched roofs, which always looked yellow.

**Elisa:** Your house, can you describe what your house looked like.

**John:** It was a wooden two-story house with a slate roof.

**Elisa:** How many rooms did it have?

**John:** I don’t recall. I remember it was kind of rumbly. There was 12 kids in the family.

**Elisa:** What was your father’s name?

**John:** His name was Patrick. He was a big guy with a black mustache of the Hitler type only wider and a thick mustache and he was Ireland. He was asked to leave Ireland by the IRA, which he was a leader in an IRA group. The English, at that time in southern Ireland, the English were running around there. They were called Black and Tans for some reason. Maybe the color of their cars or what the color of their clothes, whatever, they were called Black and Tans and that’s what the Irish called them.

They would just go around in these Lorries, which was a truck and they’d come roaring into a town looking for Patrick Daly if they heard he was there. They would burn down houses to get at him and they were arresting women and children, men, anybody at all, taking them out of the area. They were making it very unpleasant to have Patrick Daly around, very costly.

The IRA ultimately, because the price was so high on his head that they ultimately asked him to leave the country and he ended up in Glasgow where he met a girl named Annie McCann.

**Elisa:** That would be your mother.

**John:** Yeah.

**Elisa:** What did most people in this town do for a living?

**John:** I know that my father was one of four boys of whom … he was the first-born and in that culture, the first-born was sacrificed to a career of working to support the remaining children to go through college if they were able to. He with his help, he put his three younger brothers through college, they became doctors. He was a miner, a coal miner.

**Elisa:** He continued to do that when he was in Scotland?

**John:** Yeah.

**Elisa:** Now, your mother, could you describe her, what she looked like?

**John:** She was a … I don’t recall because they died when I was nine years old. All I know is the pictures …

**Elisa:** What did the pictures?

**John:** … And the vague recollection of my knowing her. The pictures were of a … I don’t know how tall she was but she was of average height and slender. She had auburn hair, which seems to be a trait that appears often on through the family, mostly in the girls not in the males.

**Elisa:** What was her maiden name?

**John:** Annie McCann.

**Elisa:** McCann. Do you remember a story from your childhood? Is there a story that you associate with your mother or your father?

**John:** Apparently, I was dyslexic mathematically but I excelled in English and from my earliest years, I had problem with numbers and math and whatever. My father was good at math and he just failed to understand why I didn’t absorb math and he used to beat me. The way he would do that is big motions about threatening … in these big motions, by threatening gestures, taking off his belt and he was going to whack me in the fanny with his belt.

That always set an uproar with my family and my mother who threw herself in the way of the train so I wouldn’t get hit. This is the thing I remember about my father. I think … and my other brothers and sisters don’t remember him as being brutal like that, just me.

**Elisa:** That’s your memory?

**John:** Yeah and I remember her as … I remember one incident with her. After we arrived in New York City specifically and we were in a town long railroad apartment with a lot of bedrooms along the way, this long hall. There was a loud thunderstorm with a lot of lightening.

She herded me and some of my sisters into an inner bedroom away from the most light, from the lightening. She got us into the bed and she pulled the cover over us and then she put her body over us so we wouldn’t be struck by the lightening and she prayed as fast as she could.

This left me with a horrifying fear of electric storms and thunder. I now love it. I could walk out naked in a storm and I love this porch, just to see it and hear it. And I love rough seas and I don’t mind a storm at sea. I had a boating business after the War, a fishing boat business in New York City and I used to love the rough weather like riding a horse to me. Everybody would be throwing up all over the place but back to Scotland.

What I remember about this dirt road is a toy that I had. It was a large thing about the size of a large hula-hoop but it was apparently some kind of a heavy metal, a ring. What we would do is we would have a little bar of metal about a foot long with a hook on the end. With the hook, we would steer the metal ring so that it got faster and faster. After a while, you would hear the metal singing on this little hook as you ran along. If it hit somebody, it’d knock them over but we used to run with that and steer it.

**Elisa:** Do you remember any other toys or games that you played with as a child in Scotland?

**John:** At the end of this dirt road, there was sort of the ground rising up into … towards the highlands. I remember about 200 feet up. There was a kind of a level area, which was rabbit farm. As small as I was some of these big, brown hares were bigger than me and when they’d sit up, they’d be looking down at me with this big, brown eyes. I have dreams about that as if it’s still real sometimes.

**Elisa:** Did you have any pets growing up?

**John:** I don’t remember any pets. I do remember being afraid of dogs because on that street there was a big Airedale, which was taller than my head on all fours. He just loved to play with these kids at the street but to me, I thought this guy wanted to eat me. When I see … the dog’s name was Roc, R-O-C and when I’d hear Roc barking, I would run to climb up on something.

I remember there was something like a telephone booth, which it wasn’t; it was a shed or something against a wall. I would have a way of making two bounds and getting on top on that so he couldn’t reach me but I remember him trying to get up at me because he wanted to play with me. All I felt was that hot breath and he wanted to eat me.

**Elisa:** How about a garden? Did your parents have a garden, do you remember?

**John:** I have no recollection of that. I don’t remember my houses as much as I remember an aunt called Aunt Susan who lived up on the corner of our street.

**Elisa:** Was that your mother’s family or your father’s?

**John:** My mother’s sister.

**Elisa:** Your mother’s sister, okay.

**John:** What I remember about that house is that they had a cat. The only way I remember that they had a cat is one day I was going out of their house. I closed the door and I got the cat’s tail caught in the door and the shrieking of that cat put me into shock.

**Elisa:** Do you remember your mother cooking? Do you remember what she used to make for dinner in your house?

**John:** One more thing about Aunt Susan’s house. What I specifically recall about that and why I looked forward to going there is because she doted on me. I was something special to her, which is good because I come from a family of 12 children and you don’t get a lot of doting especially if you are the third youngest.

What I would get in Aunt Susan’s house is when it was time to go to bed. This big bed and I’d go up two steps to get into the bed. Then in the bed, under the covers, these big quilted covers, she would have some kind of hot water bottles or something by my feet. Well, I was in heaven with these huge pillows and all that attention. What was …?

**Elisa:** What was the thing that your mother would make for dinner? What would you eat?

**John:** Well, I haven’t had it since but a big thing there was tripe. Tripe, which is the lining of the stomach, I don’t know, of a sheep or a … I think its sheep. It had …

**Elisa:** Do you know how she would cook it? Could you describe that?

**John:** Probably boiled along with carrots and potatoes and things.

**Elisa:**  Almost as if it was a stew?

**John:** Like as stew. I don’t remember much else about what we were eating except very specifically, I remember oatmeal and oatmeal was made and poured out onto a platter about two or three feet long. What we did was we’d cut out the amount that we wanted and put it onto your plate.

**Elisa:** It was very thick then?

**John:** Yeah.

**Elisa:** That was … would you eat that for breakfast, that was for breakfast?

**John:** Yes.

**Elisa:** Do you remember your grandparents?

**John:** I have absolutely zero recollection of any grandparents because my father’s would have been in Ireland. I recall hearing that my mother had originally come from Ireland herself sometime before that but she spoke Scottish and he spoke Irish. When he asked me to get a pin, what he wanted was a pen and I would go and get him a pin and he would just blow his stack, “Don’t you understand English?”

**Elisa:** He had a temper on him?

**John:** With me, he did. I set him off easily.

**Elisa:** Why don’t you tell me? If you come from such a large family, 12 siblings, tell me your brothers and sisters names and maybe something about them. Do you want to do it in a chronological order?

**John:** There are four boys. Jimmy is the oldest, deceased now. The other two are still living. Patrick is in Florida. He’s two years older than me and … today is the 20th?

**Elisa:** Yes.

**John:** Yesterday, Tommy, who lives in Long Island, flew to Florida with his wife because he just retired and he’s going to visit Pat. Tommy is the younger brother, two years younger than me who has paralytic polio. Married for many years and has four children and three grandchildren. He was a design engineer, just retired.

Jimmy the eldest had been a miner, coal miner and when he came to United States, he worked on the Lincoln Tunnel and the Holland Tunnel and the East River Tunnel, whatever you call that and the Battery Tunnel

**Elisa:** What kind of work did he do for that? It was some kind of work that he was doing?

**John:** He was a sand hog, where you had to go down and use this digging equipment and equipment that digs or whatever you call it. He wore a badge or carried identification so that if he was ever found unconscious because of the effect of [inaudible 00:18:51], which is a sudden deprivation of oxygen in the body and you collapse. So that people didn’t think you were a drunk or something you had this identification so that people could rush you to a decompression chamber to save your life.

My brother Patrick also was working as a sand hog like. A couple of times he experienced those problems where he was found lying in the street in New York and rushed to the 42nd Street in the east in the Hudson River where they had a chamber there because I think they had addresses on these ID things where they could take somebody to that place. He has horrible memories of that struggling for air and then collapsing.

**Elisa:** It must be a frightening experience. What about your sisters?

**John:** Eight girls and I make a joke about that. I say, from having eight sisters and wearing hand-me-down clothes, I was 11 years old before I found out I was a boy but that’s not true.

**Elisa:** What are their names?

**John:** The oldest one was Mary, who just died in Florida two years ago. Mary was a domestic for a wealthy family, a cook and she retired many years ago and went to Florida with another sister called Lena, who has died several years ago, also. Lena worked with AT&T all her time since we came from Scotland.

Another sister who is still in Florida is Kay. Kay was a fashion model, blonde, dyed blonde. Margaret was a college professor. She was [inaudible 00:21:43] but she recently died. Her son was a New York policeman who went to law school and became an attorney. He ultimately founded a security organization, started his own business in New York. Then his wife was an executive with some organization and she was being transferred to Paris so he went with her and presently and is running his own security organization in Paris. He has two girls

Another sister is Ann whose husband was a construction worker and she had three children, two boys and a girl. She died about five years ago, lived out in Long Island. I’m trying to think of the … oh, another sister, Elizabeth, she is the one that’s two years older than me. She presently lives out in Long Island. She and her husband Charles King have a business where they teach the finalists of the Harvest Moon ballroom dancers that you see on television. Then they also teach in schools, school of dance.

Another sister is Rose, who was two years younger than me, who … oh, all of the girls in my family had cancer at one time or another. Some operable and mostly they succumbed to it, the eight girls. The only two surviving girls now are Kay in Florida and Elizabeth or Liz in, her husband calls her Betty, in Long Island. The surviving boys are Patrick in Florida and Tommy, my younger brother who is visiting Pat in Florida now and myself. I guess there’s five kids left out of the 12.

**Elisa:** Let’s get back I think on to you leaving Scotland. Why did your family decide to leave Scotland?

**John:** That was … the depression at that time was a world depression, I mean, most countries their economy collapsed completely.

**Elisa:** You came in 1929.

**John:** Yeah and that was the height of the depression. That was the banner year. They called it the 1929 Depression and there we were. I remember in Scotland I’d hear people singing a song, “*I know a happy land far, far away where you get ham and eggs 10 times a day.”*

There was apparently this kind of image of this panacea country some place. My father had apparently succeeded in getting a job here before he left there so he was superintendent of a school, like the maintenance, in charge of the maintenance people.

**Elisa:** Did he go to America first and land this job or did he do that from Scotland?

**John:** No, we all came together.

**Elisa:** You all came together and it was his first trip was with his family?

**John:** Yeah, I understand that a couple of the older girls had come over here prior to us all leaving and gotten jobs here. Then when we all got this big apartment in New York City, a couple of those older ones were out on their own in an apartment.

**Elisa:** They already had found jobs?

**John:** Yeah.

**Elisa:** Now, do you remember what time of year it was when you left Scotland?

**John:** It was … it wasn’t the dead of winter. I know that because I remember just wearing like a sweater. I remember going to the train station in Glasgow and …

**Elisa:** That’s how … You took a train to Liverpool when you went to Liverpool?

**John:** Yeah. This train station was a … all I remember was this big platform, with some kind of glass roof. My brother Jimmy had been with the Gordon Highlanders Regiment and the regimental band was piping us off.

**Elisa:** Do you remember what you took with you? Is there anything special that you wanted to bring?

**John:** Yes, a bag of jelly beans. I hadn’t seen jellybeans before and I had this big bag of jellybeans. When the train came into the station and the wind almost blew us all away and the sound of the whistle I dropped the jellybeans. I would not get on the train until I had picked up all the jellybean. They had the …

**Elisa:** What ship did you come on?

**John:** The regimental band to help me pick up the jelly beans.

**Elisa:** The jelly beans. What was the name of the ship that you came on?

**John:** HMS Caledonia.

**Elisa:** Can you describe what the ship looked like?

**John:** I don’t know. I know that the ship’s horn, when it first went off, my reaction to that was I peed in my pants.

**Elisa:** It must have been a very loud horn.

**John:** Yeah, it was kind of a shocking sound.

**Elisa:** Do you remember your living quarters on the boat? Where did you stay?

**John:** No. I didn’t know until I visited Ellis Island last year that where I stayed was probably in steerage, what they call steerage. I don’t physically recall the shape of it or what I slept in or how many people were in the room or whatever.

**Elisa:** Do you remember eating anything on the boat? Do you remember having dinner or what ate when you were on board?

**John:** I don’t recall that at all but there are two specific incidents I remember about the trip. One was that it had these decks with the deck chairs. The people would come out with their coats and sweaters and sit around on the deck unit. Then I was up on deck and I found this wrench lying on top of a fire hydrant. I turned it and pretty soon the water begun to come pretty strong.

Then after a while, I was trying to shut it off but it was coming out stronger. Before you know it, I was washing people down the decks and all the chairs tumbling over. The people getting their feet knocked out from under them and screaming and getting washed down the deck by this force of this water.

Then finally, a sailor came out of the side door. He was trying to get up to me and it knocked him down and washed him away too. He ended up in the pile of deck chairs. I don’t remember the end to that story but I remember it left me in some kind of shock that this was happening because of what I was doing.

The other thing I remember was seeing quite a few whales. You would see them breaking the surface and coming up and down in long lines.

**Elisa:** Were the seas rough?

**John:** I don't remember experiencing bad weather. I don't remember the weather specifically but I remember coming into New York City. We came in …

**Elisa:** Was it nighttime or in the morning?

**John:** It was afternoon I think and as we came in to the lower bay, the Hudson Bay and we were approaching the Statue of Liberty. Everybody was up on deck and they were holding me up so I could see it the crowd. I remember people weeping.

**Elisa:** Do you remember how long it took?

**John:** No.

**Elisa:** That was an emotional time for these people?

**John:** Yeah.

**Elisa:** How about types of people? Were most of the people on this boat English, Scottish, from different countries?

**John:** Coming out of Liverpool, the only other people I recall was a family called Hickey, which were close friends of ours and that was another large family. One of the girls was Nan Hickey and then Tina Hickey and my brother was infatuated with Tina Hickey and so was I. She was older than me and she was more about his age so she was a couple of years older than me. She had this voice that cracked, “Wah-ah-ah,” like that. Wow, that’s all I had to hear was that voice and it turned me to Jell-O. Pat was in love with her.

**Elisa:** What else do you remember about coming to New York? Do you remember getting off the boat or coming to Ellis Island?

**John:** I didn’t know until last year that I had remembered something about Ellis Island because I had this terrific experience or re-experience of the registration room. I sat there stunned by this déjà vu feeling that I’d been there before. I could hear the sounds again as if it was happening now. The many, many voices, rumble of the many, many voices and the people’s name being called out and a big room at the very high ceiling and it just chilled me.

My wife asked me what was going on because I looked so strange to her and I told her I was just re-experiencing this thing, which I didn’t recall. I didn’t know that I had been there before and there I am reliving it.

**Elisa:** Do you remember who came to get you from Ellis Island? Did anyone come to get you? Were you greeted by anyone or did you just go to your apartment?

**John:** I don’t recall the Ellis Island experience other than … I sort of recall taking the ferry from there to Manhattan, to Lower Manhattan. When we got into Manhattan what I definitely recall is two large orange colored Desoto taxicabs, which we filled up and we had to use jump seats and we just loaded them up. We went to this apartment near Houston Street in Lower Manhattan. It was the Lower East Side and it was that polyglot mixture of many Jews and a lot of my friends, lifelong friends became Jews that I met there, these families.

In fact, I was what they called a Shabbat Goy. Do you know what that is?

**Elisa:** No idea.

**John:** On certain holy days of the week, on their Sabbath or Shabbat they are not permitted to do things like drive a car or turn on a gas or whatever so they could cook. They would have to have a Shabbat Goy, Shabbat is Sabbath and Goy is Christian, come in and be allowed to turn on the gas for them.

For that service, what they did is they would cook like a pail of challah, which is kind of a Jewish bread or cake and they would give that to me as thanks for being the Shabbat Goy. I remember loving that, the challah and was kind of a bread, a lumpy bread that you just grab the lump and you pulled it off and you buttered it.

**Elisa:** You still keep up relationships with people that you knew from that neighborhood, your very first neighborhood?

**John:** I did until I left New York and then we sort of dissolved.

**Elisa:** What did your house look like?

**John:** But the names of … there was the Fines, F-I-N-E. It was Milty Fine and Bernie Fine were my brothers’ and my friends and then the others were … I can’t think of the other name. Baranovsky, Baranovsky was another family, which had boys the same age as my brother and I and became our lifelong friends. When we lived up in the Bronx, we were near the Baranovskys and the Fines and we still saw each other. What was your question?

**Elisa:** What did your house look like in that neighborhood?

**John:** In New York?

**Elisa:** In New York.

**John:** It was probably about a six-story tenement building. I guess it would be a tenement building. About five years ago, I went back to re-experience that neighborhood and again, like the registry room I was experiencing something that I didn’t know that I knew, the Jewish stores along Hester Street or Delancey Street, the Lower East Side there. I walked into them and I had this feeling that I’d been there before because behind the counter were these guys, the Jewish guys with the very white faces and the hawk like nose and the black eyes and the Payot. The black velvety hat with the black cloak and the Payot, the hair coming down the side.

I re-experienced something that happened when I first came over there. There I am into a candy store, a Jewish candy store and a little kid. You have to look through this wall of glass and see the candy. You point to what you want and you see a face looking at you through the glass from the inside saying, “Which one kid? Which one?”And you are pointing. I went to give him the money for what I picked out and I was giving him [inaudible 00:41:19], Scottish money and he says, “What the hell is this kid? This is no good.”

I relived the experience of the Jews who were my friends there and it was such a warm feeling like I was back to my childhood and I was home. It was this crowded street with the kids playing out in the street and the cars double-parked and crowded and these tenement buildings one after the other. I was home.

**Elisa:** Do you remember any holidays growing up in your house? Can you describe a holiday, a Christmas?

**John:** In this big apartment we got in the Lower East Side, I remember that the parlor was the room festivities and parties. Because liquor was being served, they didn’t permit us little children into that room. We were back in another part and then we would have to sneak in there, peak in the door and see what was going on.

But there would be the dancing and the hornpipe, recordings of the hornpipe music. My sister Kay who lives in Florida now, she was a champion sword dancer. You know what the sword dance is? Where they cross swords on the ground and on tiptoe like ballet style, you dance over the swords without hitting them. Quite often males did that too.

**Elisa:** What did your father do for a living when he came to the United States?

**John:** He was in charge of the maintenance of schools, one or more schools.

**Elisa:** Did your mother work here?

**John:** No, she was too busy with her big family.

**Elisa:** That was enough work.

**John:** It wasn’t too proper for the maternal person in the family to work.

**Elisa:** Work outside the home.

**John:** Yeah.

**Elisa:** What can you tell me about school when you came? Do you remember any stories from when you were going to school, grade school?

**John:** In Scotland, I remember what must have been the first day of school and school was a long, long walk. I think school was in Paisley, [inaudible 00:44:48] and I walked from home to that school. I guess my mother or somebody would have taken me there and then I would come home with older kids or whatever.

I don’t remember the logistics of it but I do remember one day having to go to the bathroom while I was in school. The routine was that you hold up your hand and when you get recognized, then you have to come up to the teacher and she hands you a lump of wood with a key tied to the end of it. That becomes the key to the bathroom.

I was just thoroughly embarrassed by this whole routine so what I did was I decided to go home and go to the bathroom. Now, home is like I don’t know, half a mile away, a mile, which I was going to walk. The school had this high metal fence around it and what I had to do was climb over the fence and they had these spikes on to. In climbing over the top, the spikes caught my pants and I was hanging from the top of the fence by my pants and then I defecated and it was a mess.

Anyhow, I had to rip the pants to get down and then I went all the way home. My mother got a hold of me. She washed me up, changed my clothes and sent me to back to school. I go back into the school, over the fence and into the school. I remember the teacher saying, “Woah, woah, whoa, whoa, Jock,” she called Jock. She says, “Jock is back.” She says, “You must have really had to go Jock.” I must have been gone, I don’t know, two hours or something.

**Elisa:** What about religion? Was your family a religious family?

**John:** We were raised as devout Catholics. That ultimately changed for me personally, which I’ll tell you later but one of the things, we all went to church together. I remember sweating with a suit on in the church on I guess warm weather or something.

**Elisa:** Now, is this in America that you remember?

**John:** Yeah. I don’t remember church in Scotland.

**Elisa:** Just in America.

**John:** But in America, specifically, church going together walking to church.

**Elisa:** What can you tell me about maybe your first job or your family?

**John:** My personal family?

**Elisa:** Yes.

**John:** I’m presently married. I got married in 1950 so that’s 44 years ago. I worked in a company in New York City called Endicott-Johnson, which you may know is a shoe company. You don’t see Endicott-Johnson stores in New York but if you are up in the country, you’ll see the Endicott-Johnson Shoe Store. I was in finance there.

My friend and who ultimately became my best man when I got married, was a Greek fellow name Sam Protentis. He knew a girl from Bloomfield who came to work with us in New York. She’d take the ferry back to [inaudible 00:49:33] Railroad back to Bloomfield.

Then one day Sam asked me if I wanted to come to a party in Bloomfield. At that time, Sam had a car, a big Buick. We drove to Bloomfield and we came to this house. It was a … the party was in his girlfriend’s Lois’s house. When I walked into the house, I saw people dancing in this big living room and in another room behind the living room was a big fireplace. It was three women standing by the fireplace and just from seeing one of them that struck me in a certain way that if you’ve ever heard of somebody being rendered speechless or the other kind of effects that you can have from falling in love with a vision.

Anyhow, where it affected me was in my knees. I had the urge to sit on the floor because my knees weren’t working. I had to struggle to get over to the couch and sit down real quick before I fell on the floor. Sam happened to notice me and he said, “What’s the matter?” He says, “You are all white,” and I told him. I said, “You see that girl over by there?” “Yeah,” I said, “Well, that’s the effect she has on me.”

He had a big kick out of that because I was brought out to meet her and I didn’t know it. I married her in 1950 and we are still married and I still have that feeling.

**Elisa:** That’s wonderful.

**John:** We have three girls. The youngest one is Jackie, Jacqueline and she’s graduated from Montclair Claire State College and she’s an editor for a medical company. The oldest one lives in Nutley, New Jersey with her husband and two children and …

**Elisa:** Those are grandchildren there?

**John:** Yeah and he's an executive with Bell Telephone. The middle girl whose name is Siobhan, S-I-O-B-H-A-N, which she spells as C-H-E-V-O-N-E, two Ns because nobody can pronounce the Irish way of Siobhan. But she loves the name Siobhan because it’s different and she is different. She married a hillbilly and she's down in West Virginia with two children. He was a tobacco farmer. Do you have a question to...?

My three girls … and I just retired. I retired 10 years ago from the corporate world. I was vice president for finance of the National Farmers Organization in Iowa. Then when I came back to the East Coast, haunts of Nutley, the old haunts of Nutley where I had raised the three girls, all my friends are saying, "John, get into real estate." That was 10 years ago because the market was zooming up. The very first house I listed sold eight days later for 5,000 more than we rated it at.

**Elisa:** You went into real estate after retiring from your corporate career?

**John:** Yeah. Real estate, you became your own entrepreneurial … you become your own company. You set your own limits to what you can do or not do or how much you want to make or not. You are not in a corporate structure where you had to be the right age and all of this kind of thing. But the real estate market got so slow that last year I just got out of it, last summer.

**Elisa:** Is there anything else you'd like to tell us while it’s taping?

**John:** I've been back to Scotland and during the Second World War my brother Pat and I and my sister Liz or Elizabeth who was two years older and Rose who was two years younger, the four of us got together and we had our own apartment before the War. That was while I was going to high school.

That was some years of real stability because my parents had died when I was nine and I was handed about from brothers and sisters. I can imagine what kind of a burden I must have been and I tended to be a little bit undisciplined.

Imagine a guy like this going into a military thing like the United States Army but I did okay. My brother and I got drafted on the same day. The reason he got drafted is because I had come of age to be drafted and he was the head of household, which is why they didn’t draft him until I came of age and then we went in together.

Where did we go? We went into Fort Dix, New Jersey and we both succeeded in becoming … in testing you for aptitude. We both became radio operators with code, Morse code. We ended up in the same division in Camp Butner, North Carolina at the 78th Lightening Division. We were there for a year doing maneuvers and training and blah, blah and it got to be a kind of what is known as a hot outfit. We were rated highly in military circles because of maneuvers against other armies and what we did and blah, blah.

Anyhow, then in my camp I got a notice that I got to take a seven-day vacation and after the vacation report back because we were going to be shipped some place. I took the train up to New York and was off for a week. Then after the week was over, I went back to the camp.

I got back to the camp and the place had nothing but two military police men and that was all. Everybody else was gone and I had to go and find out where the hell is all the guys? They said, “Oh, oh. Where were you? They are all gone. They were shipped to Italy and they all died on the Anzio Beachhead.

**Elisa:** You were lucky that you weren’t with them.

**John:** They all had received telegrams to come back.

**Elisa:** We are beginning our second tape on here with Mr. John Daly and he was telling me some stories about the War. He had returned to his camp and had found that everyone was gone and he had not received the crucial postcard, which would have sent him …

**Male:** Telegram.

**Elisa:** … Telegram, which would have sent him almost surely to his death.

**[00:59:15]**