

THANKS FOR ASKING!

Responses to Kaydee's Questions and Requests in 2022

Dan & Donna Kohlhepp

Third Draft Edition

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Preface to the Third Draft

Dan

This book has been inspired by Kaydee's Christmas present to me. In January 2022, she bought me a subscription to Storyworth, a company that would send me weekly writing prompts that Kaydee provided. After a year, the Storyworth Company would gather these responses present me with hard-bound book as a "present." As of this writing, we have received nothing from Storyworth, so we decided to publish this project through Lulu.Com

At first, I over-responded to Kaydee's questions and requests, but then I got overwhelmed by them when I had a knee replacement in April. But finally, I realized what a wonderful opportunity this was to share my life-stories with Kaydee and her sisters. This was really a great Christmas present even though I had to do the hard work of writing about myself (oh, poor me).

Donna started to over-respond with me in January 2022, but then life got in the way too. Our daughter Joanne and son-in-law Dave Bish along with our favorite grandchildren Henry and Alice moved in with us as they waited for their house to be built. Thus Donna became a caregiver and housekeeper for a family of six. The Bish Family move into their new house over Christmas 2022.

Donna included 12 articles and numerous photos for the Second Draft Edition, and Kaydee sent a comment for the Third Draft Edition. I hope to include more stories, comments, and photos as well as comments from Donna, Kaydee, Joanne, and Kimberly in future draft editions.

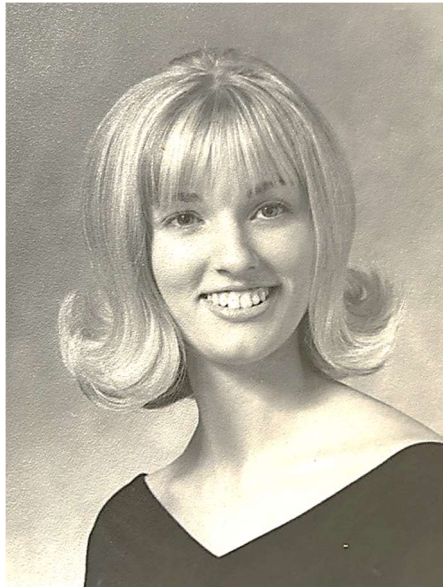
I am referring to these as Draft Editions as I realize that there will always be more data, stories, and photos to include in future drafts. The First Draft Edition was printed on December 30, 2022, and the Second Draft Edition was printed on February 28, 2023. This Third Draft Edition is printed on July 17, 2023, but there are still lots of blanks and missing details in these stories and footnotes. The Third Draft Edition also includes more photos, a subject index, and more footnotes as well as a new chapter, "Coming of Age Stories." For sure, there will be more Draft Editions.

Jayne Magee, PhD has provided invaluable editorial assistance in this project, just like she has on all of my writing projects over the 35 years. Also, college friends and fraternity brothers, Gerry Curtin and Rocco Simonetta, have provided valuable editing and accuracy suggestions.

Chapter 1: How Dan and Donna Met

Question: How did you meet each other?

Donna:



As a nursing student at The Ohio State University in 1973, I was not allowed much flexibility in my schedule for electives. So I, like several of my nursing classmates, chose Personal Finance as an elective. The time slot fit perfectly into my schedule and the reports were that it was an interesting class and not too difficult. I signed up for the class. Those were the days before computer scheduling. Students would submit a list of the classes that they wanted and then a few weeks later the school would send them their official class schedule. When I received my schedule it said, Personal Finance. “Closed Out.” I was frustrated. I really wanted that class. I decided to do whatever I could to get in.

On the first day of classes I went to the class with my friend Karen Packard even though I was not enrolled. Karen had gotten in. The instructor introduced himself as Dan Kohlhepp. He said to just call him Dan, “If you call me Mr. Kohlhepp I will look around for my father.” I sat through the class and then asked to meet with Dan. He told me, along with several other students, to meet him in the hall after class. I don’t remember what the other students wanted, but after they left, I stood face to face with Dan and firmly told him that I wanted to be added the class. I remember him looking me up and down with an ornery smirk behind his dark mustache. He said that it was not up to him to let me into the class. He said it

was up to the Dean of the College of Business. I asked where that office was, and I walked right on over. I met very briefly with the Dean, and he said that it was all right with him if it was all right with the instructor. I went back to the next class and told Dan what I was told by the Dean, and he simply replied, "Okay."

Karen and I both agreed that Dan was very good-looking, and entertaining. Karen was always checking him out trying to determine his dating or marital status. He started every class with a joke. I remember sharing his jokes with my friends and with Jack, the guy I was dating at the time. I may have shared more than the jokes because I remember Jack at one time making some jealous remark about not needing to hear any more about my instructor or his jokes. He must have known something before I did! I couldn't imagine any romantic interest. Dan was my professor, and I was dating someone else after all!

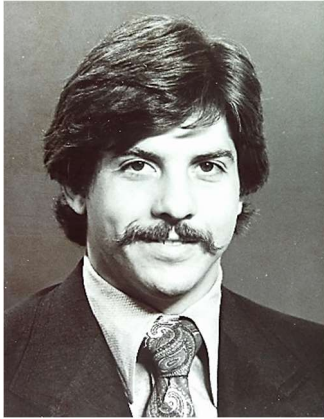
I thought that, of course, such a cute guy who tells jokes couldn't be too tough of an instructor. So, I probably did not study as much as I should have for the first test. I got a **B**. I was horrified! I could not get a B in an elective. I immediately signed up to take the class pass-fail. I passed and I got my elective credit.

Dan asked me out at the end of the following quarter so there was no longer an issue about dating a "student". I was living at home at the time (where I lived all but one quarter during college). I don't know how Dan got the phone number, but when he called, I was not home so he talked to my mother. This was before cell phones, just one home phone line. Dan asked mom to have me call him back, "Something about the class, or some papers, or something." Mom was so excited! What did he want? My college professor was calling! I too was excited but a little nervous and confused, "Something about papers?" We had not spoken since the end of class three months ago, and we had hardly spoken during the class.

I called him back. We talked and talked. We planned a date!

Dan took me to a play for our first date. I had not been to many plays before that. Going to plays has become something that we have continued to do often. After the play I suggested that we go to Diebles, a restaurant-bar in German Village where my sorority sister Carolyn Wyatt worked. She said that she could get us a free pitcher of beer if we came. Diebles was a fun place where a German woman would walk around entertaining patrons singing and playing an accordion. We had a good time there and then went on to another bar in German village. We drank more beer and talked and talked. It was a memorable night and a telling beginning to our future life together.

Dan:



Winter Semester 1973

I had just ended a long relationship over Christmas, so I was looking forward to getting back to a normal schedule at The Ohio State University. I would teach Finance 105, Personal Finance, and take two graduate classes: Quantitative Math 801, Stochastic Analysis; and Geography 647, Locational Analysis. My plan was to move to a house on Summit Street with two buddies and then to party hardy.

First Class at Finance 105, Personal Finance

The classroom at 210 Hammond Hall had a seating capacity of 64, 8 rows with 8 seats each. The instructor stood at the front of the class next to a table with a small lectern on it. Looking out at the class, the right-side wall was all windows, and the left side wall had two entrance doors, one at the back of the room and one in the front of the room. Inside the room was an aisle on the left and a small aisle down the middle of the seats.

As I handed out the syllabus to each student, I noticed that this would be a full class since 15 people were standing in the back of the room. There are no empty seats. This was a popular class because it was an acceptable elective for most non-business majors. It also had the reputation of being an easy course (How hard could Personal Finance be?).

I introduced myself and briefly reviewed the course outline. “The emphasis will be housing, insurance, and budgeting. Of course, we will discuss stocks and bonds, but only fools played the stock market. There will be two mid-terms and a final exam; all questions will be true/false or multiple choice.”

At that point, I had to repeat that moratorium that had been given to me by the Dean’s office, “No one can be admitted to the class who’s not on the official roll. Only the Dean can make an exception.”

So, I read the official roll and said simply, “If your name is not on this list, you are not enrolled. See me after class if you have any questions.”

The attractive blonde coed who had been sitting in the second row waited for me in the hallway. When the other students had left, she pressed her case and literally backed me up against the wall. She was beautiful with amazing blue eyes that drilled right through me. She was tall and slender with her blond hair in two long ponytails (pigtails, I think they’re called.) She wore bell-



bottom blue jeans and a blue sweater vest over her white blouse. I smiled but she wasn't flirting at all. She was dead serious. She stood-up straight (I think she was taller than me).

"You don't understand. I really need this course" she emphasized.

"I'm sorry but you need to see the Dean for admittance. His office in in Haggerty Hall next door."

"I'll go see him now."

I thought, "Good luck Dean!"

Second class

I had just started the class when the pretty blond showed up at the rear entrance door with three other coeds, all dressed in their blue nursing uniforms.

I stopped talking, and the class and I turned together to look at our good fortune!

Two nurses split off and headed towards two vacant desk/chairs in the back of the room. But the pretty blond smiled brilliantly and headed with the other nurse, a cute brunette, to the front of the class where she sat in the second row on the right center of the class.

She smiled and nodded that I should continue with the class.

I thought, "Who is this person?" Composed, self-confident, clearly in charge (of men)."

After class, she came up to the lectern announced, "The Dean said it's ok with him." (He didn't have chance).

She also explained that it's a long way from the Nursing School to the Hammond Building, "Sorry I'm late." She turned and left with (I imagined) a self-confident swagger.

Subsequent Classes

At every class, the pretty blonde showed-up late with her three-girl entourage in tow. She flashed a dazzling smile and then walked to the front and took a seat in the second row on the right-hand side. Then she would give me the nod to continue.

The other students gazed with respect and admiration as they watched her entrance march. I just stopped speaking and waited to get the nod. More than a couple times, the pretty blond adjusted her blouse or sweater after she sat down and possibly stretched a little. I ignored this of course, except that I couldn't.

"Assigned seating" was not considered cool or necessary in the 1970s, so I never knew her name, until the first test. After the students finished their tests, they walked up to the front desk and placed the tests on a pile in front of me. When the pretty blond put her test down, I put my finger on

top of it and then waited for a break in the students leaving to pull out the test and figure out her real name. There it was: “Karen Packard.” For the next three weeks, I knew she was Karen Packard until the next exam. I used my sly method again to verify her name. There it was “Donna Sell.” I was confused.

When she handed in her final exam, I checked her name again and got “Donna Sell.” There it was: one vote for Karen Packard and two votes for Donna Sell.

We nodded goodbye as she and all the other students left the classroom and moved on with their lives. I figured that I would never see her again, but I knew that she was truly special. (Later on, I learned that she was named An Outstanding Senior at The Ohio State University.)

The Bull Pen

Two-and-a-half months later, the Spring quarter was ending, and I was grading the final exams in the Bull Pen.

As business graduate assistants we had a “Bull Pen” on the third floor of Haggerty Hall. The Bull Pen was just a bunch of desks crammed into two adjoining rooms. It was wide open, and the major diversion was playing bumper chairs. It was all-male (because at that time women were not considered smart enough to do the math required in business courses) so when a women came in the bull pen, all conversations and the bumper-chair derby stopped, and everyone waited to see why she was talking to Joe Biggs.

Joe Biggs was a large-sized, good ol’ boy from southern Ohio and a veteran of the Vietnam War. We were good friends because he taught me the mathematics of absorbing states in Markov chains. (“Just like a bull frog jumping from lily pad to lily pad until he misses one and lands in the water, never to be seen again. That’s the ‘absorbing state,’” he explained in his slow hillbilly drawl.)

We were all listening to Joe’s conversation with the pretty sorority girl and determined that she was a new student in the MBA program. I noticed that she had a charm on her necklace that looked like an arrow, a Pi Phi arrow, so I interrupted their conversation. “I think that one of your sorority sisters was in my class last semester.” Clearly sorority gossip was more interesting than math programming, so she picked up on my interruption.

“How do you know? What was her name?” she asked.

“She had an arrow like yours on her necklace,” I said inadvertently admitting that I did look at her sweater. “Her name was Donna Sell or Karen Packard, I’m not sure.”

“That was Donna Sell. Was she a really pretty blond?”

“No doubt about that.”

“You should ask her out. She’s a really nice girl.”

“Quite frankly, I’m not looking to meet a ‘really nice girl,’” I said defensively.

“She’s really nice, and she’s not going with anyone. I’ll get her phone number for you.”

With that remark, she ended the discussion with Joe and left the bull pen, no doubt feeling that



her “Cupid role” was set. “That’s Pam Parker,” Joe said, “her daddy invented the drumstick ice cream cone.”

Two days later, there was a note on my desk, “Donna Sell 451-6870.”

Our First Date

I looked at the note for a week, so when the quarter was over and I had submitted my grades, I finally got the courage to call her. Her mother answered the phone and explained that Donna was not home, but she could take a message. I said that I was her former instructor, and I wanted to talk to her about her grades last semester. It was lame, but the best I could do under pressure.

Later that night, Donna called me at my house on Summit Street. We talked for an hour just like we were old friends. Clearly, there were no old grades to talk about. Finally, I asked if she would like to go out on Saturday to see a play, Oscar Wilde’s “The Importance of Being Ernest” (one of my favorites). Donna gave me directions to her house at 1820 Lynnhaven Drive in Upper Arlington.

When I parked my beat-up Ford Fairlane in front of her house, I took a deep breath, checked the review mirror (I should have gotten a haircut), and walked up to the doorbell. What would I say?

Suddenly, the door swings wide open and the most perfect girl in the world appeared with a brilliant smile. “I’m ready,” she said.

“You look beautiful,” I stammered and so our conversation began.

After the play, we went to German Village to a bar restaurant called “Diebles” where one of her sorority sisters was a waitress. It seemed that all the Pi Phis were good looking. (Carolyn Wyatt, the waitress, became my student in the Fall Semester Personal Finance Course.)

We left Diebles and walked two blocks to Plank’s restaurant on High Street. We ordered a pitcher of beer and continued our conversation. We talked about everything, and Donna had an opinion about everything: education, women’s liberation, Vietnam, religion, family, and children. She was smart, articulate, and quick.

Donna had planned to stay at her sorority overnight. So when I parked the car and walked her to the front door of the giant Pi Phi House, I noticed some movement at a second-floor window. We said good night, and when I walked back to the car, I waved at the girls on the second floor. “No good night kiss tonight,” I thought.

Second Date

A week later we had our second date. Again, the door opened quickly, and I heard “Tada!” in my mind. No doubt, she was beautiful, perfect in every way. I bought a bouquet of lilacs from a guy on the side of the road that was very well received. However, my dating behavior was questioned when I fell asleep during the movie! Luckily, we went to Larry’s, a bar on High Street, to continue our conversation from a week earlier.

That night, Donna was concerned about her upcoming trip to Europe with her friend Karen Packard. (Yes, this was the cute brunette that sat beside her in class.) Donna’s parents were against this trip and quite concerned for her safety as a young woman travelling around Europe with a backpack.

Five years earlier, I had done the same kind of trip through Europe with my buddy Jim Alspaugh, so I was full of information, advice, and encouragement. Again, we talked a long time, and the bar finally closed. I drove her home to Upper Arlington. We kissed good night at her front door, and she promised to call me when she returned from her European adventure.

After her European adventure, Donna didn’t call. Instead, she showed up in person at my house on Summit Street driving a Ford Mustang convertible! And so our conversations continued ...



Chapter 2: Dan and Donna's Wedding

Question: What was your favorite/most memorable moment at your wedding?

Donna:



In 1975, we had a simple wedding by today's standards. Although I always wanted a big ball gown, my mother and her budget and my more conservative sister had me settle on a lovely \$100 dress from the Lazarus' bridal department in downtown Columbus, Ohio. It was a nice dress and the store used pictures of me in the dress in some of their advertisements. When they asked my permission to use the pictures I was flattered and said, "Of course." I also asked if it meant that I would get a discount on the dress. They said "No."

On January 5th, we married in the Covenant Presbyterian Church. It was just down the street from my family's first house on Ridgecliff Road in Upper Arlington, and I attended it growing up. We had a mostly traditional wedding in the sanctuary. I had bridesmaids and Dan had groomsmen. Somewhat different was that Dan had his dad, Doug Kohlhepp, as his best man. That was not often done.

All the girls were dressed in long green dresses, with hoods that they wore during the ceremony. I am not sure what the hoods were about, but it seemed to be a fashion trend that year. I carried an all-white bouquet of Fiji mums as a nod to Dan's fraternity. The guys, including my dad wore tuxedos and black shoes. Andy (Dan's brother) was the exception wearing brown shoes. He apparently forgot to pack his black ones for the trip. I think it upset his mother quite a bit, but I didn't care, or hardly noticed. The tuxedos were gray with shawl-collars. I think I remembered Dan saying something about them being the only ones available at the time. This was the only time I ever saw my dad in a tux.

The actual ceremony was mostly traditional although we did go off script a bit when Dan told the minister "Not to talk too long and factor out God as much as possible." Yes, he really did say that. We also had the minister read Desiderata, which is something we still refer to today. We made the usual vows of "Do you take this man, this woman....." except Dan forgot the part about in "Sickness and health." I guess it turned out okay though; he has stayed with me through flu, colds, and thyroid.

The wedding reception was in the church reception hall across from the sanctuary. We had the perfunctory nuts, mints, and a beautiful wedding cake. The ladies of the church served the cake and punch. We had a receiving line; we made it around the room to greet our guest; and my Pi Phi sorority sisters gathered for a song circle. I changed into the orange leather suit that Dan's mom bought me, and we were off to the Bahamas. Everyone threw dots of ribbon (that I had saved while working as a gift wrapper) rather than rice as we left the church for our honeymoon.

In contrast to our simple wedding, Dan's mom made arrangements for the rehearsal dinner the night before the wedding at an expensive hotel. The wedding party and many other guests were invited. She also reserved a large suite at the hotel for entertaining everyone after the dinner, with alcohol! It was a great night of partying.

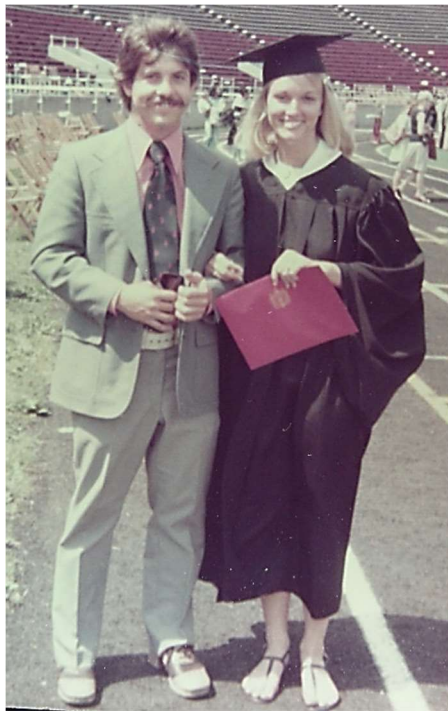
I recall being somewhat embarrassed about my family and the simplicity of our wedding. Dan always says it was just right!



Dan:

My most favorite part of our wedding on January 4, 1975, was when Donna said, “I do!” What a relief. Our lives together could start.

When we got engaged on Mother’s Day, we knew that we had a lot of things to do in the next three months. Donna had to graduate in June from The Ohio State University, and I had to finish my dissertation in July and then defend it in my oral exams in August. I also had to move to Norman, Oklahoma to start a new job at the University of Oklahoma as an Assistant Professor in Business.



Each time we discussed how we could take care of all this and get married before mid-August, I started to hyperventilate (probably panic attacks) even though Donna said she would take care of all the wedding details. Finally, we decided that in Mid-August we would go to Norman together to find an apartment, move-in, then Donna would fly back to Columbus to work and plan for the wedding in January.

Incidentally, when we got to Norman and found a townhouse to rent, my car broke down. After we unhooked the U-Haul trailer and got the car started again, we drove to several car lots, but we never turned the car off. At a Honda dealer that had just started to sell cars as well as motorcycles, we bought a 1974 Honda car. The dealer said that he would give us \$200 for my Ford Fairlane, and he didn’t care if we left there or took it home! We left it on the lot with the motor running. Donna and I just fit in the car,

but it became the most reliable car that we ever owned. We drove it from coast to coast and back East every Christmas for four years. Unfortunately, a defective paint job caused the paint to peel off like dead skin after sunburn.



Meanwhile, I agreed to attend The Ohio State University fall graduation in Columbus on December 13, 1974. To make matters worse, I committed to writing and presenting two academic papers and doing a consulting report¹ in addition to teaching two new courses on a 16-week Fall Semester schedule. However, there was a method to my over-scheduling madness. If I presented a paper, OU would pay air fares and

hotels for my trips to Chicago and San Francisco, and the Board of Regents would pay me \$1,500 for the report. Besides, I rationalized that since Donna wouldn't be with me and that I knew no one in Norman, I would have 16 working hours a day!

Donna joined me in Chicago in November. The presentation went well enough, and we had an early Thanksgiving Dinner with steak tartar at the famous Pump Room restaurant². Other than the trip to Chicago, our communications for the months before the wedding was limited to handwritten letters and to long- distance phone calls, which cost several hundred dollars a month. (Remember this is all before cell phones, personal computers, and Wi-Fi).

My wedding responsibilities were minimal, I thought. However, two weeks after I announced that I didn't want "to get married in a rented suit so we would just wear dark suits," my mother, Jackie, called me and said that we needed to rent tuxedos. It seems that no one had a dark suit, and no one could afford to buy new a suit. She was right. I was broke and so was everyone on my side of the family.

My other responsibility was to arrange the Honeymoon. Luckily, we had a travel agent who did all the scheduling for me: Oklahoma City to Columbus for graduation; Pittsburgh to San Francisco and back for the academic meetings; Columbus to Miami to Nassau for our honeymoon; and then Nassau to Miami to Dallas to meet my parents and drive to Oklahoma City. The travel agent also booked us a "package deal" for our honeymoon in Nassau. (It turned out that the package deal didn't include meals.)

¹ The papers were presented at North American Regional Science Association meetings in Chicago (November) and the American Real Estate and Urban Economics Association in San Francisco (December).

¹The report was financial feasibility study for the University of Oklahoma Regents who wanted to renovate the South Base, WWII Army base that became part of OU's campus. The report was due for their November meeting.

² **The Pump Room** was a restaurant established on October 1, 1938 by [Ernie Byfield](#). It closed in 2017, then reopened under different names.^[1] It is located in the [Ambassador Chicago](#) hotel, formerly known as the Ambassador East, on the northeast corner of State Parkway and Goethe Street in [Chicago's Gold Coast](#) area.

I had maxed out my credit card, so to finance our honeymoon, I went to the local bankers with my invoice to the Oklahoma Board or Regents. After 30 minutes, they (three of them) decided to lend me \$1,500 for sixty days based on my invoice. Perfect.

Our wedding was perfect too. My family and out-of-town guests were staying at Olentangy Inn where my mother arranged a rehearsal dinner for the wedding party and close friends. She also reserved a suite for a reception afterward for our out-of-town guests and our Columbus friends. After the rehearsal dinner, Donna and her parents stopped by the suite briefly to say hello and then went home. Everyone else stayed and joined the party at the suite. The hotel also had a good band at the bar, so eventually we all migrated there to dance and party on.

I wish Donna could have stayed for the party, but a tradition was a tradition or at least it was back then that the bride and groom could not be together the night before the wedding, and they could not see other until the bride walked down the aisle.

Our wedding was executed to perfection. Everyone was on time, dressed appropriately in rented tuxedos, and happy all over. I think the minister smiled at me when he read “Desiderata” in lieu of his usual wedding homily.



Donna was beautiful and recited her vows exactly. I was terribly nervous and regretted that I told the minister that I didn't need his prompting. Donna said that I forgot a few vows, but we finally got to the best part. I don't remember the exact wording of the question, but I remember thinking “of course” and then hearing Donna say, “I do.” We were married at last.

The wedding reception was in the church so there were no alcoholic beverages which I knew that my friends and family didn't miss after the rehearsal party! We did the “traditional” wedding things like the bride throwing her bouquet to the unmarried women, and the groom throwing the brides garter to the unmarried men. And as instructed, we fed each other wedding cake. The pictures were terrific. My actual specific memories are little fuzzy because I was

focused on going on our honeymoon and starting our life together.

It's been quite a life together; all because Donna said, "I DO!"



Chapter 3: Christmas Traditions

Question: What was your favorite Christmas tradition growing up and what is the most memorable Christmas morning?



Donna:

Every year at Christmas, starting at age 15, I would wrap gift packages at Walkers men's clothing store in the Tremont Shopping center in Upper Arlington, Ohio. My sister Diane worked there before me, and I couldn't wait for my chance. Every year I would ask if I could work too, but I was told that legally I had to be 16 to have a job. Finally, after some nagging and the need for more help at the store, Mom and Dad let me start working a few hours after school and on Saturdays. I don't remember how we worked out the "legal thing." I think we just ignored it. I worked for Christmas every year after that through High School and part of college.

Working at Walkers was a family affair. My grandfather, Ted McCague, worked at the store as a salesman. He was the one who got us the job in the first place. It was always nice to spend time with him and share the packed lunches my grandmother had prepared for him. Lunch typically included a banana and a meatloaf or turkey-and- cranberry sandwich since it was just after Thanksgiving. I remember when credit cards first came out. Before that, everything was paid in cash or put on store credit. My grandfather was great at doing math, adding up sales and making change, but he just couldn't figure out how to fill out the credit card slip, dial the number, and slide the card through the machine. Diane or I would have to do it for him. We were happy to do it. My grandfather, who only finished the eighth grade, was the one who first got me thinking about a PhD. He would always proudly share with me when one of his customers had a P H D!

On occasion when neither Diane nor I could work Mom would fill in. Having been a stay-at-home mom our whole lives it was very different to see Mom get all dressed up, out of the house, and working! She seemed to really like it.

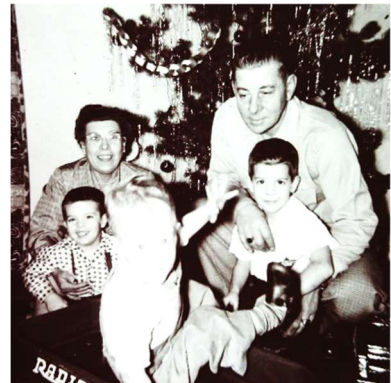
Gift-wrapping was fun and I got paid for it! The money was always nice at Christmas time and working with pretty paper and bows always put me in the Christmas mood. It was fun figuring out how to wrap awkward shaped items like hats, with or without a hatbox. Shirt boxes were the easiest. Diane and I would have contests to see who could wrap one the fastest. If I remember correctly, we could wrap one in about two minutes. I still can! For a short time, I also worked in the gift-wrap department of the new Lazarus department store that opened in the Kingsdale shopping center near our home.

So clearly, I can say, “I am a professional gift wrapper!”

Dan:



Christmas has always been a family holiday for me. It was never a religious holiday probably because the Catholic church that my mother took us to never included “public school kids” in Christmas events. But I never noticed or cared



since our family Christmas was always fun and memorable.

My earliest Christmas family was defined by my parents, brothers, and two sets of grandparents. Each year, my Grandmother Ruth Kohlhepp would set up a “Christmas Club” for me, which involved her depositing 25 cents a week into a savings account throughout the year. She would cash in the account for \$12.50 in December and take me shopping for Christmas gifts for everyone. I remember buying my mom an embroidered hanky, which was an appropriate gift for a lady at the time.

On Christmas morning my brothers, Ben and Andy, and I would get up at dawn and run downstairs to see our living room totally filled with presents! It was a mad house as we tore into Santa’s wrapping paper. In 1962, a five-year-old neighborhood boy showed up at our front door at dawn’s first light dressed from head to toe in his new Cowboy outfit (boots, chaps, hat, and pistol). This unforgettable sight stopped everything until we figured out that it was Andy’s friend, Toby McIntosh, who then joined into our gift-unwrapping frenzy! My mother called Toby’s mother to confirm that he was at our house and that he had not run away on Christmas. To this day, Ben and Andy recall this incident as a Christmas highlight!



My biggest challenge during this time was the existential question, “Does Santa Claus exist?” I was skeptical, and my skepticism was confirmed when I found some Christmas gifts hidden in the basement a week before Christmas. I remember asking my parents directly on Christmas morning, “Exactly who gave Ben this football?” When they said “Santa,” I knew that Santa was fiction. My dilemma however occurred because I had a vested

interest in continuing the “Santa” tradition. If I didn’t believe, who would bring me all these gifts? Consequently, I helped to perpetuate the Santa myth with my younger brothers for five more years.³.

My Christmas memories in high school focused on wrestling matches, practices, and “making weight.” We practiced every day during the Christmas break, and the coach would invite other schools to practice with us which was another way of having informal matches. The biggest problem was keeping my weight down during all the Christmas feasts, which seemed to occur daily. I learned that I could eat all the meat and vegetables that I wanted, but I couldn’t eat potatoes, stuffing or desserts. My younger brothers didn’t understand how good they had it until they started wrestling and making weight in high school too.

In the Catholic tradition, Christmas Day was a “Holy Day of Obligation,” which meant that we had to attend Mass on Christmas Day. In a show of adolescent independence, I took my girlfriend Janice Stolte to Midnight Mass in 1964 so I wouldn’t have to attend Mass with my brothers and mother in the morning. I had never been to a midnight mass before (it started at 11:30 pm), but I knew that it was a high Mass with the men’s choir singing in Latin. The whole event was a bust! First, I kept falling asleep every time I closed my eyes because I had wrestling practice at 8:00 am, and then, midway through the Mass, the priest and altar boys made a procession up and down the isles spreading incense (smelly smoke) among the congregation. My allergies kicked in, and I started to sneeze, my nose ran, and my eyes watered ... what a mess! Decades later, Janice said the Midnight Mass was the most beautiful thing that she had ever seen, and the reason she converted to Catholicism!

My Christmas memories after Donna and I got married and lived in Oklahoma seem to center around traveling to Columbus, Ohio (17 hours) to visit Donna’s family and then on to DuBois Pennsylvania (five more hours) to visit my family and then back to Oklahoma. The weather was always bad.

In 1978 a blizzard shut down Interstate 44, and Donna and I got stuck in cheap hotel in Rollo, Missouri for two nights. All we had for food was a case of sweet wine and Christmas cookies that were going to be Christmas gifts. Lucky for us, our hotel room had a shower with steam bath feature. For two days, it was: steam, drink, eat, repeat!

From 1980 to 1984 with our daughters Kaydee and Joanne, we usually celebrated Christmas in Columbus first because it was closer to Oklahoma, and it was calmer and more relaxing. The logistics of getting our daughters’ Christmas presents to Columbus and back to Oklahoma City was always challenging. Remember this was before FedEx and Amazon existed.

After we moved to Reston, VA and built a vacation home in Treasure Lake in 1986, we continued our Christmas travels to DuBois which our three daughters⁴ accepted as just what we

³ My parents knew that I didn’t believe in Santa, but we never discussed it, never ever.

⁴ Kaydee, Joanne and Kimberly

did over Christmas. Of course, when my brothers had a True Value Hardware store, it became the place to be. Along with their cousins, the girls got to shop for every toy and try out every bike, scooter, and riding toy in the hardware store on Christmas day.

A particularly dramatic Christmas memory occurred when we were opening gifts at our home at Lake Sabula (DuBois, Pennsylvania). I obtained two grown rabbits for our children as Christmas



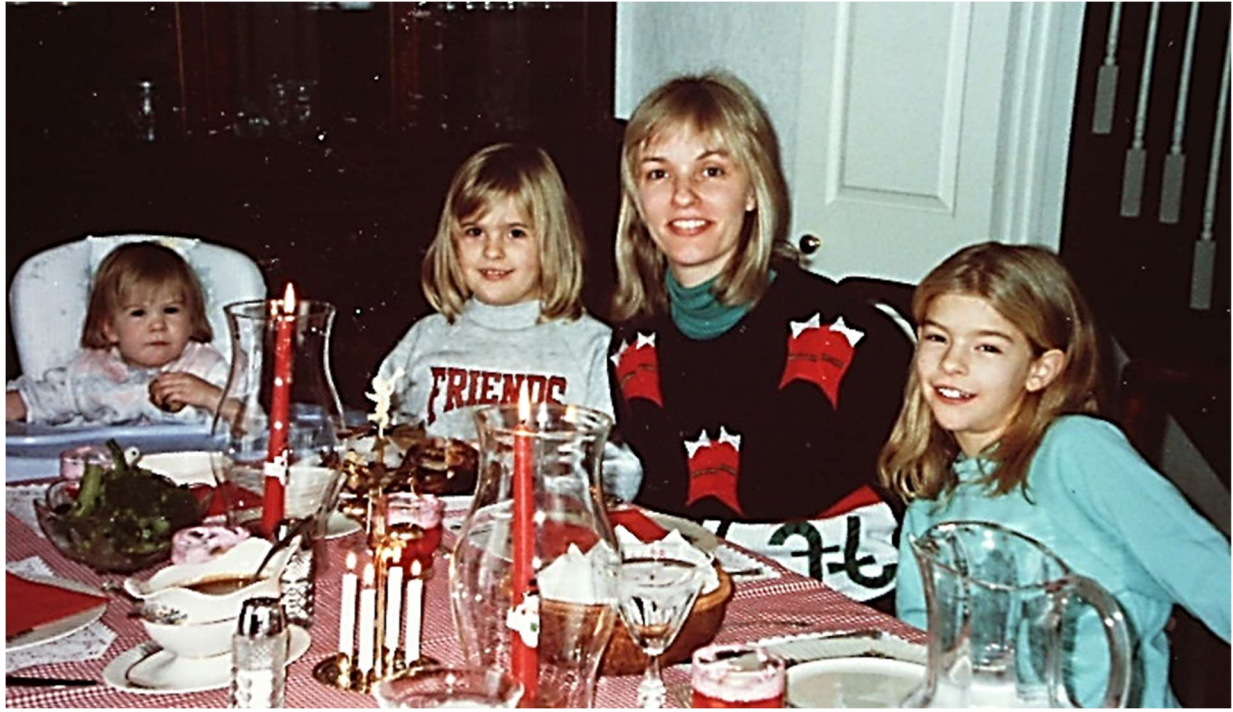
gifts, which I hid in a cage on the front porch. After all the other gifts were opened, I triumphantly presented these special gifts. Kaydee was so excited that she picked up a full-size rabbit to cuddle it against her chest. Unfortunately, the rabbit needed to urinate more than it wanted to be hugged so it peed all over the front of Kaydee. Kaydee screamed, but she was a little slow to let go of the rabbit. She was instantly drenched. We all discovered that rabbit urine smells very strong!

For Christmas in 2011, we all met at our condo in Arlington, Virginia. Luckily, Cousin Kathy Kunkle had a condo in the building next to us, so when she went home to DuBois, she offered her condo for our guests. Our Washington Christmas started with a Christmas Eve visit to the White House Christmas tree and then dinner across the street at the Occidental Restaurant. That year Joanne decided to cook our first and only Christmas goose. It involved carrying the goose back and forth in a roasting pan, between Kathy's condo and ours. Joanne drew lots of sideways glances as she carried the raw goose across the connecting lobby and even more glances and comments when she carried it back, a great smelling, golden roasted goose.

On December 24, 2014, Christmas Eve started as usual. After dinner and socializing, Kaydee, Kim, Donna and I went to bed and fell asleep. Joanne and Dave Bish continued to watch the fire, snuggle under the Christmas tree lights, and exchange their gifts. Suddenly, Joanne yelled up the stairs, "Get up, get up!"

We assembled in our special Christmas pajamas and robes to have Joanne explain in her rapid-fire voice that Dave had just asked her to marry him. This was not part of our Christmas expectations, but Joanne thought it was great! We, of course, had so many questions: the wedding date? the wedding venue? the maid of honor? So many questions and so few answers. The excitement and happiness kept us up for several more hours!

Do I have only one favorite Christmas Memory? No not really. But I have lots of good memories. My first draft of these memories was 16 pages long!



Kaydee:

The most memorable Christmas tradition I remember growing up was that we would always go to Columbus, Ohio and wake up Christmas morning with Grandma and Grandpa Sell. We did this every year until we moved to Reston, VA.

The first year we lived in Reston, I was really worried that Santa would not know where to find us. That year I wrote him a letter on Christmas Eve with our new address! This letter was a follow-up to the year before when I had asked Santa how old he was. Santa's response about his age was written in "dad's handwriting" and said, "I am as old as time and as young as a new born baby." In response to the new address, he wrote, "Thank you for the milk and cookies," and left plenty of gifts to keep the tradition alive for one more year.

When I was in high school, Kim announced that we were breaking Christmas traditions by not reading the *Grinch Who Stole Christmas*. I recall thinking, "we did read this last year," but most of my life this was not something we did. I asked eight-year-old Kim⁵, "what makes a tradition?" she said, "anything we do more than one year in a row!"

I am not sure that tradition survived more than two years but thank you to Kim for always being the one to keep family traditions alive!

I was fortunate enough to spend every Christmas with Mom, Dad, Kim and Joanne and the first Christmas I "missed" was the year after I got married. I was 36! It was a great 36 years of family Christmas traditions. I hope there are many more to come with Ian included.

⁵ Kim's nickname was Encarta because of her encyclopedic knowledge and willingness to share it with us! (*Encarta* I was a digital multimedia encyclopedia published by Microsoft from 1993 to 2009s)

Chapter 4: Family Vacations as a Kid

Question: What were some of your favorite family vacations as a kid?

Dan:

It was August 1966 when we had our last family fishing vacation in Canada. We went to Spider Lake in Ontario, just north of Parry Sound, at the lodge operated by former DuBois native, Earl Buttons and his wife. On the trip were my two brothers, Andy (age 14) and Ben (age 16); my mother (age 41), my father (age 42); my grandfather, Russ Kohlhepp, (age 69), and me age (age 19). This trip was memorable for many reasons, but most of all it is remembered as the beginning of the Legend of Snaggerpus.

My grandfather was not too agile as a broken hip in a car accident several years earlier had hobbled him. His eyesight wasn't that good either, so his general mobility was severely compromised. Consequently, my brothers and I fished together most of the time, and my mother and father and grandfather fished together.

It was our second day when Andy, Ben, and I were casting plugs in a sunken forest. Andy complained bitterly about the mosquitoes and smacked a mosquito that was biting him in the back of the head. As he smacked the mosquito, he also hit the edge of his glasses knocking them off his head and into the water. We tried to snag the glasses with our fishing lures, but no luck. We realized that Andy had a predicament because he really needed those glasses! (He didn't have a spare pair either,)

Our fishing continued, and Brother Andy consistently threw his lures into trees and bushes, snagging virtually everything imaginable. Whether this was due to his marginal eyesight or a general perversity on his part was never entirely determined. But both Ben and I became somewhat exasperated with our little brother whose cry of the day was, "I'm snagged again!" By the end of the day, we began to call our brother "Snaggerpus."

The next day we portaged to Grass Lake, where the three of us tried to change our luck. As we began to fish, Andy, true to form, got a snag: this time on the bottom of the lake. He was able to pull the snag up as we were using 25-pound test line and 6-inch daredevil lures with tempered steel hooks. He slowly worked it to the surface. It was with utter amazement that we realized our brother, the proverbial "Snaggerpus," had snagged a huge snapping turtle in the tail! Each time he would bring the turtle to the top, the turtle's shell would break the water, and the turtle would dive down to the depths of the lake. Time and again Andy would work it back up, and the turtle would dive back down. While this provided great entertainment, it didn't help the fishing.

I decided that intervention was necessary, and that it would come in the form of an oar to the head of the snapping turtle. So as Andy brought the snapping turtle up, I hurled the oar harpoon-like at the turtle, hitting the turtle on the shell. However, the ineffective blow so scared the turtle, it shot downward, breaking the line with a crack like a 22 rifle. At this time, Ben and I realized that our brother's legendary prowess for snagging had taken on new dimensions. But more was to come.

Later in the afternoon, we were trolling for Northern Pike when Andy announced, with some chagrin and a profane utterance, that he once again had a snag. We stopped the boat and complained bitterly about Andy snagging everything he could find. He said, "Don't worry. It's coming in. It must be some weeds." To be sure, he slowly reeled in the weeds, and we expected to see a string of weeds being dragged behind his lure. As the line came under the boat, all the weeds came into his sight (maybe five feet of weeds), but in the middle of the weeds was the head and body of an enormous Northern Pike. When the pike saw the boat, even with the weeds in its mouth, it took off and peeled the line off Andy's reel as the drag was set somewhat lighter since the earlier encounter with the snapping turtle. We had never seen such an enormous fish in our lives.

Snaggerpus now was in his glory fighting the trophy pike. Numerous times it got close, saw the boat, and shot off again. Finally, the pike was tiring, and as Andy brought it close, we attempted to land the fish with our only net, a little trout net. Sweeping the net, we hit the pike's tail and three-fourths of the pike was still outside the net. As its tail hit the back of the net, the fish exploded with new energy. The next time, as the pike came by the boat, we attempted to net the fish in the middle. However, the pike was so large that it just laid horizontally on top of the net and flipped off. The pike was at least 48 inches in length, but the five feet of reeds in its mouth made it a magnificent spectacle. Despite Ben and my best advice, we couldn't figure out how to get the pike in the boat.

Two failed landings later, the pike dove under the boat and the line was sliced on the engine propeller. While we were unable to land the World's Largest Pike, the Legend of Snaggerpus had been born. The legend grows to this day.

Several years later when Andy was earning his MBA at the University of Oklahoma, he and I were fishing at Lake Thunderbird for bass. Andy was casting his lure into incredible brush and pulling it back again, never getting a snag. After remarking about his incredible snag-less casting ability, he suggested that he had finally lived down the Legend of Snaggerpus. I acknowledged that his skills were truly incredible and conceded the point. However, several casts later, I closely examined his lure; it had no hooks on it!

The Legend of Snaggerpus continues.

Donna:

We never went on many vacations when I was growing up. Mom and Dad were not very adventurous, and Mom didn't like being in "strange places with strangers." They also did not like spending money.

My dad worked for the Bell Telephone Company for almost 50 years (1937 to 1986). He started as an engineer in the switching office and retired as a managing engineer. He was at work every day at 8 AM and home for dinner at 5:30 every night. He only had a one-week vacation every year in the early years. Eventually, he worked his way up to two weeks. Several years I remember he got the flu and Mom would always comment on how he only got sick during his vacation time.

We did, however, manage a few vacations. For several years, we drove to Washington DC/Virginia to visit with my mother's sister, Aunt Joanne Laurents, and Uncle Bob Laurents and cousins, Jody, Jan and Bob. The cousins would all have a good time playing, and a few times Uncle Bob would take us out on his sailboat at Annapolis. We would sail out into the Chesapeake Bay by the Naval Academy and wave to the boys. Sometimes we'd drop anchor to catch blue crabs by tying chicken parts to a string and then dropping them in the water. If we were lucky, we would catch dozens and dozens of crabs: enough for crab races and for dinner later that night.

More memorable for me were our trips to High Lake in Michigan. The 60-acre lake is near the border of Wisconsin on the upper peninsula of Michigan. My dad's friend vacationed there and recommended it to us. It was a 12-hour drive that included crossing the recently constructed five-mile-long Mackinac Bridge.

Like most kids, my sister Diane and I would often fight in the car. We fought over the back seat, who would sit where, and who could lie down. My dad did not have much patience with us, and he really got irritated when we fought, so I can only imagine how nervous Mom would have been when we were fighting. Much to our surprise, in preparation for the trip and hoping to limit the amount of fighting, my dad built a bench that fit behind the front seats making the back seat wide enough for two of us to lie down. Mom padded it with blankets and pillows. It was great! Mom packed snacks and bought us travel games to play in the car, as well as snacks to keep us busy. This was before there were McDonalds on every corner. I remember at one point being very thirsty and complaining to Mom. We were all out of drinks, and I was desperate, so I asked Mom if I could have some coffee from her thermos. It was awful! Lukewarm coffee with milk and sugar. I never drank coffee again until I tried it hot and just black. That, by the way, happened after I started dating Dan. He would always order coffee after dinner while we sat and

talked. After several dinners watching him enjoy his coffee, I ordered some for myself. It wasn't bad, hot and just black.

The drive to High Lake was very long and required us to stay in a hotel. Remember, Mom did not like staying in strange places. I don't remember much about the one room we all stayed in. What I do remember is Mom carefully handing me a clean washcloth in the shower so as not to touch anything with it. I washed a little and then dropped the washcloth onto the floor of the shower to "get it really wet." Mom was horrificed!!

At the lake, we stayed in old, dark, rustic lake cabins that were typical for the times. Not at all fancy. After a couple of nights my mother complained that her bed was so hard; it felt like she was sleeping on a board. After another uncomfortable night, Mom and Dad did some investigating. There was, in fact, a board under the mattress!

My sister and I had a great time. We swam in the lake with the kids whose parents ran the campsite. They taught us how to jump off the dock and swim out to a diving platform. We played in the water for hours, no adults and no life jackets. Diane and I were also allowed to take out the rowboat whenever we wanted. We would row around the lake and find a pretty place to stop and read. There was a little camp store just down the road. Diane and I would often walk down to buy candy or Slim Jims, something we had never had. We even bought little turquoise rings as souvenirs with our own money. We had so much freedom and so many wonderful experiences that we never had as suburban kids with protective parents!

One year, we took our grandparents, Flora and Ted McCague (Mom's parents) with us. Again, we had a great time playing in the lake, but we also had fun playing games with Grandma and Grandpa and Mom and Dad at night. Of course, we played their favorite Yahtzee as well as cards games with betting involved. We used unshelled peanuts as chips. I remember everyone laughing and having a good time with peanut shells and peanut skins all over the table!

Chapter 5: Favorite Meal

Question: What is your favorite meal and who did you share it with?

Donna

I must begin my favorite food memories with warm memories of visiting with my grandparents, my mother's parents, the McCagues. (My dad's mother died before my parents were married, and we did not see much of my dad's Dad.) Mom and Dad would take my sister Diane and I to stay with Grandma and Grandpa almost every weekend when we were young. Diane and I really liked going there, and I realize now what a great break it must have been for my parents. For lunch, dinner, or just a snack Grandma would make us our favorite, "Friskies and Springies". Not sure why Grandma called them Friskies but they were fried chicken gizzards. The springies were actually the Italian noodles Fusilli that resemble springs, thus the name springies I guess. Grandma served them simply covered in butter. We thought they were delicious. I have had a lot of noodles since then but never Friskies. Diane and I would stay overnight, and then Grandma and Grandpa would drive us home on Sunday afternoon. On the way home we would often stop at Grandpa's favorite bakery, and he would get each of us a big dough pretzel with salt on top. Yum! We thought it was a real treat. Such simple, inexpensive foods are associated with such warm memories.

I don't have many memories associated with foods growing up other than Friskies and Springies at Grandma's. We were basically a stay-at-home, meat-and-potatoes kind of family. I do, however, remember always asking mom to make me a chocolate cake with vanilla icing for my birthday. I remember one year she made my cake the night before my birthday and left it out on the kitchen counter. When we got up the next morning the cake was covered in little black ants. Yikes! Mom and I never forgot that cake.

Dinners

My relationship with food and eating changed when I met and married Dan. Food and eating have been a big part of our life together. I now have many memories of great meals, great recipes, great restaurants, and good times.

There were Christmas dinners at Doug and Jackie's with deliciously seasoned prime rib and twice baked potatoes. Then there was the shrimp appetizer at Doug and Jackie's when Jackie told us we could eat as much as we wanted; she "had lots". (I was never allowed more than a few pieces of shrimp growing up because shrimp was expensive, and we seldom had that treat).

Always special and memorable have been the Thanksgiving dinners at our house in Sabula with 12 to 27 guests (Kohlhepps, Fricks, Molly Ingold, Jewells, Springborns, Callahans.). Lots of good food, good company, and fun times!

I will never forget my birthday dinner with the Magee's when Joanne cooked one kind of pizza after another on the grill, all of which were better than the ones before. We all ate and ate! I know I gained weight and I still remember it every time I step on the scales. I am afraid to ever have that meal again.

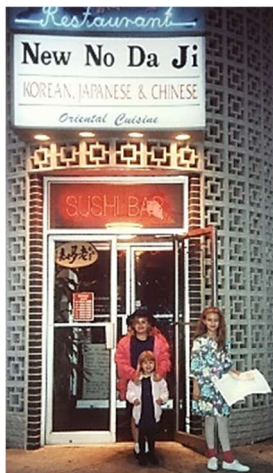


Another pizza memory was the pizza that Dan and I had in Berlin. It was 36 inches in diameter, and it was just for the two of us. The taste was not memorable, but its size was unforgettable.

There have also been lots of Thai foods and Pu Pu platters wherever we lived. Pu-Pu Platters are fun thing to say and the one thing we all (Dan, Donna, Kaydee, Joanne, and Kim) could agree on.

Restaurants

When Dan and I were living in Norman, Oklahoma before we had children we enjoyed going to “Legends”⁶ for dinner. It was a nice “white-tablecloth” restaurant. In Oklahoma at the time restaurants could serve and mix drinks but they could not sell alcohol. Customers would have to bring their own booze. So that customers would not have to bring a bottle each visit or carry an opened bottle home, restaurants would provide frequent customers with lockers to store their personal booze. We had a locker and I believe we kept gin in it. We could order any drink made with gin: gin and tonic, gin Bloody Marys, Tom Collins. Strange way of doing things.



The dinner at New No Da Ji Korean-Chinese- Japanese Restaurant in Baltimore for Kaydee's middle school project was memorable. Kaydee's homework assignment was to try something new. So of course, we thought, “Try new foods.” Odd choice now that I think about it because Kaydee never really liked to eat. I don't

remember much about the food, but it was an eating adventure for all of us, and we all liked saying the name, “New No Da Ji”.



⁶ **Legends** is a stunning, intimate, casually up-scale family owned restaurant which has served **Norman** and the University of **Oklahoma** for 52 years



Meals at the Greenbrier were special for our family. We (Dan, Donna, Kaydee, Joanne, and Kim) had so much fun getting dressed up and being formal ladies and gentlemen in the elegant setting. We were particularly impressed by the waitress at the Greenbrier with the basket of small muffins. Kim named her “Muffin Lady.” Muffin Lady would come by the table repeatedly offering more tasty muffins.” I am sure we ate our share fair. It was also after dinner at the Greenbrier where the girls and I met Sissy Spacek⁷ in the lobby with her daughter. Her daughter introduced us to her mom, “This is my mom, Sissy.” I think that I was supposed to be impressed but I didn’t realize who she was, so I just answered, “Hello I am Donna. Nice to meet you.” We spoke briefly, and we went on to our rooms.

So many memorable restaurants: Hudson’s⁸ in Hilton Head, SC for buckets of steamed oysters, Old Ebbitt Grill⁹ in DC for raw oysters happy hour, Chez Billy Suds¹⁰ in Georgetown for French cuisine, Tony Roma’s¹¹ in Oklahoma City for deep fired ravioli, just to name a few.

⁷ Mary Elizabeth "Sissy" Spacek is an American actress and singer. She received Academy Award, three Golden Globe Awards, and a Screen Actors Guild Award

⁸ Hudson's Seafood House on the Docks is one of Hilton Head Island's oldest and most famous restaurants with 44 years of casual dining experience featuring fresh, local seafood and spectacular views of the Intracoastal Waterway.

⁹ Established in 1856, Old Ebbitt Grill is Washington's oldest saloon, just steps from The White House and museums downtown.

¹⁰**ChezBillySud.** Neighborhood bistro and wine bar with chef Brendan L'Etoile featuring regional French cuisine. 1039 31st Street NW Wash. DC

¹¹ **Tony Roma's** is Steakhouse Restaurant in **Oklahoma City**. **Tony Roma's** is located at 1800 S Meridian Ave, **Oklahoma City**, OK

Dan

My earliest food memories were about getting enough to eat. Brother Ben ate meat; Brother Andy ate vegetables; and I ate everything I could get. I was called “the locust,” and my mother made me eat a slice of bread between each helping. Our family meals were more like “feedings.”

My earliest memories of “going out for dinner” were going to Carmella’s Restaurant (at the corner of Long Avenue and Franklin Street in DuBois, Pennsylvania) on Friday nights to meet my Grandmother Jean Callahan and my Grandfather Russ Kohlhepp. They were always there before us sipping on a “highball.”¹²

Since Friday was a day of abstinence from meat in the Catholic tradition, we always ate fish rather than meat. My mother hated to cook fish, probably because of the smell, and she always burned the fish sticks. Carmella’s on Friday was a sure bet if she could talk Russ and Jean into meeting us there (and probably paying for dinner.)

My brothers and I had to wear dress clothes instead of school clothes or play clothes. We were always annoyed by the inconvenience, but the deep-fried haddock was much better than the burnt fish sticks. We also got cocktail sauce, shrimp cocktails, and Cokes -- things we never got at home.



It seems like my mother always cooked a Sunday dinner and invited my grandparents and/or great aunts. We had a “dining room” which was really an alcove and much too small for the 8-10 people at the dining room table. My memories of Sunday meals were not good ones because our table manners

were on trial, and my mother always put something on the table that we just had to “try” so we would learn to eat more than just meat and potatoes. These extras usually included canned vegetables like beets or asparagus or vinegar-base vegetables like “piccadilly”¹³

Donna and I always had dates that included a meal at a reasonably priced ethnic restaurant. Once at the Olentangy Village Inn¹⁴ (Chinese), Donna and I were having dinner with our friend, Molly

¹² I know now that their Highballs were ginger ale and whisky.

¹³ Brother Ben actually threw up on his plate when he was forced to eat his asparagus.

¹⁴ The Olentangy Village Inn was a Chinese restaurant on High Street in Columbus, Ohio

Cressor. When the waiter brought the dessert menu, (the flip side of the regular plastic menu), I noticed that it said that they did not take credit cards. And I was out of cash! I told Molly and Donna and to order tea and dessert, and I would be right back. I left the restaurant, jumped in my car, and drove 10 blocks south to the City Bank that had one of the first “cash machines” (up to 20 dollars) in Columbus. Loaded with money, I sped back to the restaurant to find Donna and Molly relaxing over their tea and fortune cookies. “Ready to go?” I said casually as I sauntered up to the cash register to pay with cash.



For the last 20 years or so my favorite family meal has been our Thanksgiving Feast. We usually have 10 to 20 people, half of whom are spending the night and related to us, one way or another. Daughter Joanne, our resident culinary expert, actually taught classes on how to prepare Thanksgiving dinner at her Mint culinary Studio that included a 25-page booklet that detailed ingredients for 15 dishes, cooking instructions, and quantities for a “Table for Twenty.” These recipes included “Grandma Tootie’s 24-Hour & 7-Layered Salad” and “Grandma Jackie’s Corn Casserole.” Each dish had special memories.

In 2009, we had our largest Thanksgiving dinner, 27 guests. I found Joanne’s notes on who did what on that day:

Appetizers

- Oysters Rockefeller (Debbie)
- Bacon Wrapped Asparagus (Chris)
- Relish Tray (Jenn)
- Tomato, Caramelized Onions, and Cheese Tart (Joanne)
- Collection of Cheeses and Crackers (John)
- Assorted Nuts (Diane)

Entrée’s

- Two Turkeys (Dan and Ben)

- Smoked Beef Brisket (Dan)
- Venison sausage and apricot Stuffing (Joanne)
- Green Bean Casserole (Joanne)
- Loaded Mashed Potatoes (Donna)
- Classic Mashed Potatoes (Jackie)
- Classic Cranberry Sauce (Joanne)
- Cranberry Relish (Debbie)
- Baked Pumpkin Ziti Alfredo (Joanne)
- Cranberry and Custard Filled Cornbread (Joanne)
- 24-Hour and 7-Layer Salad (Kaydee)
- Glazed Carrots and Parsnips (Joanne)

Deserts & Drinks

2 Pumpkin Pies (Kim)

- Apple Pie (Joanne)
- Lemon Tart (Kim)
- Collection of Penn State Creamery Ice Cream (Jackie and Andy)
- Lemon and Ginseng Tea (Lisa)

Since we have four family birthdays to celebrate in July, many of our most fun and unusual meals occurred at the grill on our patio. We had at least one cookout and sometimes two every week of July. The attendance varied depending on who was visiting, vacationing, or just available. My favorite birthday meal is hamburgers on the grill, corn on the cob, and watermelon salad with pistachios. However, we also had paella, seafood boil, grilled oysters, and mini pizzas on the grill.

As a special July treat and since Donna doesn't like lamb, I decided to do a full leg of lamb on the grill, all by myself. I inserted whole garlic cloves all over the leg and rubbed the leg thoroughly with olive oil. The olive oil made the leg incredibly slippery, but I finally got it securely skewered on the electric rotisserie, a device that I had never used before. Triumphantlly, I turned on the electric rotisserie; set the gas burners to medium; checked my watch; and closed the grill lid.

"We're all set," I announced to Donna as I sauntered into the kitchen.

Behind the sink and facing the patio, she just nodded toward the grill and said, "Really?"

I turned to see what she was looking at and gasped, "Oh my god!"

There were 15-foot flames engulfing the entire grill!

I ran outside and was hit in the face by an incredible heat wave when I tried to get near the flaming grill. Finally, I found a garden rake and crawled close enough to pop open the lid.

Several weeks later, after an appropriate grieving period, Joanne grilled a lamb roast that was delicious.



signing

administrative assistant on Wall Street. Like our other daughters, we agreed to lend her the money for graduate studies, but we would forgive the loan if and when she graduated. Even though Joanne had a windfall profit through loan forgiveness, I felt that we should get her a graduation present. “Oh, let’s just go out for brunch,” she suggested, “I have a place in mind.” Thus, we went to Le Bernardin at 153 West 51 Street, just a short taxicab ride away.

I was impressed when the doorman met the taxi in the driveway and led us into the restaurant. We were greeted by a lady who seemed to be expecting us and led us to a lovely table with a street view. Evidently, Joanne had already made reservations.

The menu was impressive and quickly overwhelmed my high school French. “Tell us about the Chef’s Tasting Brunch,” Joanne asked the waiter, who took a deep breath, smiled, and proceeded to explain a 12-course brunch.

“Is there a wine pairing with that?” Joanne continued nonplussed. When the waiter assured us with a knowing smile, Joanne said, “We should all get the Chef’s Tasting with the Wine Pairing.”

I agreed, “It’s your graduation present!” and so, the most elaborate and expensive brunch in my life began. Each course began with a new wine or aperitif and included special silverware to eat the meat, fish, poultry, crustaceans, amphibians, or dairy products. We had quail eggs that I thought were a joke because they were so small. But with the paired wine, they were the tastiest eggs of my life! There were at least two desert courses. The entire meal took about three hours, and the final bill for the three of us was \$1,800! I have never had such an amazing meal in my life, nor have I ever paid that much for a meal. This was truly memorable. I tipped the doorman generously when he got us all back in a cab. I admit that I was dizzy and relieved that I was not driving!

I later learned that Le Bernardin had a four-star New York Times rating and a three-star Michelin rating. Also, Chef Eric Ripert was voted the Outstanding Chef in New York that year, he said, “For me, food is about memories, feelings, emotions, and so is Le Bernardin.”

Because of this writing project I have enjoyed thinking about favorite meals, restaurants, and parties. Donna and I always enjoyed our dinners in the Washington, DC area because we got to experience so many different cuisines. Our trips to Europe were never food-oriented, but as we dream of again traveling in a post-pandemic world, the dining opportunities are becoming more important.

Our organic garden has also become an important part of our meal planning and so has our annual harvest of venison as well as our organic beef buys. Donna has become a very accomplished cook, so I no longer view meals as a “feeding opportunity.” Our meals now are a time together to reflect on memories, feelings, and emotions. Perhaps Chef Ripert was right.

Chapter 6: Moments as Grandparents



Question: What are your favorite moments as Grandparents?

Donna

When people ask me what my grandchildren call me, I am happy to respond, “UP”.

Apparently asking what your grandchildren call you is a common question when one becomes a



grandmother. I am not sure why. Maybe it is because some women don't like being called grandma because it makes them seem old. Maybe it is because the response is often something cute that children may have come up with themselves. The most common response seems to be Grammy, Nana, Mamaw, Nanny, or some other combination of sounds the children can say. I think that I am unique in saying, “They call me UP.”



When Henry was very young and before he could talk, he would point up the hill to my house on Lake Sabula when driving by. Eventually he would say “up” as he pointed. Up was one of his first words. Up then became the word he used whenever referring to my house or to me. I am the grandma who lives ‘up’ the hill. Alice also calls me “Up”. I am

not sure if the word up was just easy for her to say or if she just learned it from Henry. I am now known as Grandma Up, or just Up.

By the way, Henry and Alice call Dan, “DAHN” or sometimes grandpa Dan as they get older. The children call their paternal grandparents by their first names, Bob and Ruth, easy words for late talkers to say.

Dan:

Henry is now almost six years old, and I have memories of his early years that he will never remember, but I won't forget. Henry started to talk late and always yelled my name as DAHN! but he learned to run before he learned to walk. After he turned two, Henry and I would go outside to "play" in our backyard. Mostly I would just follow Henry around and make sure that



he didn't eat dirt. However, one summer afternoon, he took off on a dead run, up the dirt road to the log cabin. I called for him to turn back and go down to the garage. However, he just kept running. I didn't want to chase after him mostly because of my "unfortunate groin injury," but Henry didn't care and kept running up the road.

I picked up my pace and figured that Henry would get tired when he got to the end of the road. Unfortunately, he came to the end of the road and kept going up the hill on the path through the woods. I thought the brush on the path would stop him, but again he pushed on through the woods past Coble's pottery shed and on up the hill to the Dixon Farm. I knew that he would get tired soon and that I only had to keep him in sight.

Unfortunately when he hit the Eastern Continental Divide where the woods stop and the Dixon Fields begin, he didn't stop to enjoy the spectacular 20-mile view! Instead, he turned left and headed out across the pasture ridge. Since I could see him for another mile, I stopped and waited for him to tucker out. At that point, I started to think about the coyotes that have returned to our area and how they may mistake Henry for a tasty treat, so I yelled and started out after him again.

When I closed in to about 30 yards, Henry sat down in the field. At last I had a break and tried (between breaths) to explain that ticks lived in the grass, and that we needed to head back home. He jumped up and ran another 30 yards across the ridge in the wrong direction and sat down again. He tried to show me the grass and the clover. However, I was more interested in getting home, which was now up the pasture hill and then down through the woods, at least a half-mile away!

We had established that Henry was in better cardiovascular condition than me, but I was still bigger and stronger, so I picked Henry up and put him on my shoulders. After walking 100 yards with Henry on my shoulders up the pasture in foot-high grass, I realized that this plan would not work. Ignoring the ticks, I put Henry on the ground and encouraged him to look at the grass while I worked out new plan.

Gazing at the 20-mile view and then looking at Showers Road that was about 150 yards downhill, my new plan became clear: call Donna. Luckily, at that very moment, Donna called on my cell phone. "Where are you?" she demanded, "You've been gone for 45 minutes!"

“We’re on Showers Road just down from the Dixon Farmhouse,” I explained matter-of-factly.

“Do you want me to come and get you? How did you get there? Is Henry all right?”

Ignoring Henry’s condition and focusing on my new plan, I said, “It would be great if you came and get us in the Blue Car.” (Henry nodded approval because he liked the Blue Car best.)

“I need directions.”

“Go up Hubler Road then turn left on Showers Road. Go another 300 yards. We’ll be in the road. You can’t miss us.” I loved how easily my new plan came together.

Until Donna said, “Where’s Hubler road?”

I repeated my directions using only lefts and rights and no proper names.

“How’d you get there? Is Henry all right?”

“We’ll be watching for you,” I closed and thought, “Clearly, I had a lot to explain.”

Henry and I walked down to Showers Road and waited. Not a single car came by. After 15 minutes, we saw UP/Donna coming down the road in the Blue Car. I was so happy. Luckily Henry started talking at that very moment and tried to tell Donna (or “UP” as Henry calls her) everything that happened as we drove home: straight to Route 255; turned left; then turned left again at Hubler road; and another left turn to our house on Sabula Outing Club Road.

Later, both Donna/UP and Joanne tried to explain to Henry, “You can’t run away from DAHN.”

Alice is only two and a half now and talks in full sentences. However, she learned to say my name from Henry, so she also calls me “DAHN!” (She always says it loudly with an H in the middle.) Alice and I locked eyes when she was only a couple months old. She always holds my gaze, and she may or may not smile, but she always gives me a hug. Lately, she has started to run towards me, and she doesn’t stop until I pick her up and kiss her on the cheek! (Then she insists



to be put down immediately).

Alice wants to do everything that Henry does and everything that Donna/UP and Joanne do too. She wants to be helpful and always wants UP’s attention. When the competition for UP is too keen, she seeks me out for food (usually oranges) or to read her book of choice. I’ve noticed that she has also picked up Henry’s early habit of running everywhere. No



doubt when Spring arrives, Donna and Joanne will need to instruct her on our family rule: “You can’t run away from DAHN!”

Chapter 7: Vacations with Kaydee, Joanne and Kimberly

Question: What was your favorite vacation with Kaydee, Joanne, and Kimberly?



Dan

Madden's Lodge at Gull Lake¹⁵

¹⁵ [Madden's on Gull Lake: Minnesota Golf & Family Resort](#)

[Madden's on Gull Lake: Minnesota Golf & Family Resort](#)



[Madden's Resort](#)

<https://www.maddens.com>



Our vacations with children were never meant to be relaxing or restorative. In fact, they were always challenging and exciting. I confess they often included a business meeting or a site inspection. For example, our trip to Minnesota in July 1988 included a business meeting with the Ryan Construction people, a visit to the International Three building site in downtown

Minneapolis, and a keynote speech by Donna to a nursing convention in Minneapolis. Kaydee was eight; Joanne was six; and Kimberly was seven months in Donna's womb. Our friend at Northland Financial, Jim Paulsen, arranged our meetings and suggested that we visit Madden's Lodge at Gull Lake after the meetings to recover. Madden's was a Minnesota tradition he explained. We agreed. Everything went well until we got to Madden's and realized that we had half a cottage, and all the meals were served family-style at the Big House. Donna was expecting room service and elegant dining, but after our first dinner and a short walk, we could see the possibilities. There were probably 75 people at the Lodge, but nothing was crowded, and the sandy lake beach was only 100 feet from our cabin. The food was delicious and bountiful,



and they always accommodated our little girls with snacks. By the second day, we fell into the groove of walking up to the big house like cows going to the barn to be milked and fed.

Kaydee and Joanne loved the beach. There were all sorts of gear to play with on the beach, and Joanne and Kaydee were fascinated by the kid-sized plastic kayaks. I showed them how to get in the kayak and how to use the double-

bladed paddle. They caught right on and quickly maneuvered all over the beach area. The water was 2-3 feet deep. Donna and I got in two adult-sized kayaks and joined our daughters for a "family kayak ride."

There were buoys all around to denote the swimming area. Joanne was doing quite well, but for some reason she headed for the deep-water buoys. Like a water bug, she sailed right over the buoy-line and headed out to the big water of Gull Lake! Joanne screamed with terror in her eyes. Donna yelled, "Stay Calm," while I looped around so Donna and I could capture her kayak between ours and head back to the beach. Joanne was never really at risk, just scared, but when she went back to school in the Fall, she wrote a story titled, "My Scary Kayak Ride!"

It turned out that everyone that I have ever met from Minnesota knew about Gull Lake and Madden's Lodge. It was a Minnesota family tradition.

Nova Scotia Auto Trip

On July 1, 1989, USF&G exercised the termination provision in my contract, so I instantly became an unemployed, rich guy. Two days later, Donna was diagnosed with a thyroid problem. We did the only reasonable thing we could think of: we left on a driving trip to Canada's Maritime Provinces. Clearly, we had a lot to talk about, so every night with three kids, we got an expensive motel and ordered room service. We talked after the kids fell asleep.

The scenery was magnificent, and we saw it through the girls' eyes. Our most memorable stay was at a cabin-like, rustic resort in Nova Scotia that had an outdoor checkerboard with life-size chess men! The chess pieces were about three feet high, so the girls could drag them around, and we all learned to play chess. (Donna still wants me to build an outdoor checkerboard.) On our way home we stopped in Freeport, Maine to visit the L.L. Bean complex. It was overwhelming, and when I lost Kim in the store, I almost cried. "Kim, Kim!" I shouted in the store. Finally I could hear her faint response coming from the endless clothes rack. Evidently, Kim had decided to hide among the vests and crawled inside a down vest that was on a hanger. She was having a great time, and I was having a panic attack.

Driving Around the World to Colorado and Back

In July 1996, my brother Ben lent me his one-year-old Suburban for our trip to Colorado and Oklahoma "to look at colleges" for Kaydee and Joanne. We arrived in Sidney, Nebraska on Kaydee's birthday, July 16th. Sydney was the headquarters of Cabela's ("world's foremost outfitter"), and I had almost worn-out my Cabela's credit card, so the stop was particularly significant to me since I felt that I knew Dick and Jim Cabela personally. Kaydee bought a pair of boots there, and she wore them for 25 years.

If there was a business purpose of the trip, Donna and I can't remember it, but we discovered that she and Kaydee and Joanne all kept personal diaries of the trip. It turns out that this may be the most well-documented vacation ever.

I remember that we visited several colleges including Colorado State University, the University of Colorado, the Colorado Institute of Mine and Geology, Denver University, and the Air Force Academy.

On our way to Oklahoma to visit the University of Oklahoma and several of our old homes and friends, I got arrested for speeding outside of Guyton at 10:00 pm (80 miles per hour on a 60 miles per hour vacant highway). I'm sure that the police were just hassling Yankees, but they made it difficult for me to explain whose car I was driving and what insurance I was covered by. (The Suburban was owned by JA Kohlhepp Sons and covered by its auto fleet insurance.)

We finally made it to the Oklahoma City Airport where we stayed at a Sheraton Inn.



Unfortunately, the airport was hit by a tornado that night, and the through-the-wall heater/air conditioning units blew into our rooms! The roar was deafening, and the winds were indescribable! We finally got the units pushed back into the walls, but our tour the next day was a flop. There were blown-down trees everywhere, and the treeless plain looked pretty bleak. Kaydee and Joanne weren't interested in their old homes or where they were born or the campuses on which Donna and I studied as scholars. They just wanted to go home.

On our last day of driving, everyone was tired, cranky, and irritated. I announced that we only had four more hours until DuBois, and as a joke I said, "Where should we go on our next family vacation?" Unbelievably, every girl had ideas, and we talked about our next vacation for the rest of the trip. Go figure.

Stratford Festivals

In 1994, I discovered the famous Shakespearian Festival held every summer in Stratford, Ontario. With a repertoire cast, plays started in May and ran through September. Different plays were started at different times so scheduling and pre-purchasing tickets were critical. Our first trip was in June 1995, and only our immediate family was included. Three plays were opening that week, so we got to experience "dress-up" first nights that included champagne at intermission and after the play. We also learned about morning seminars where a dramaturge¹⁶ discussed the plays and helped to better "communicate" with the authors, actors, and story characters. There were usually 75-100 people at these seminars, which are intimidating and really very interesting. Donna and I were totally flummoxed when our 13-year-old daughter, Joanne, raised her hand and asked questions that we were thinking, but were too shy to ask, "What kind of education or training do these actors get" After that, the seminar leader would look to Joanne as she did her "air quotes" and thanked us all for "communicating." (These air quotes are still an inside joke in our family).

In 1996, our theater group expanded to my brothers', Ben and Andy, families¹⁷. We had a great time. No one wanted to miss anything, so we all attended morning seminars, as well as backstage tours, and warehouse tours. We had "dress-up dinners" and special treats at intermission. Everyone went to bed early, right after the plays.

The next year, Andy's crew dropped out, but my parents, Doug and Jackie, were eager to fill in. Our first play that year was Romeo and Juliet, and we got the "kids" front row seats that were only a few feet from the low stage, and the grown-ups sat in the second row. In Scene One,

¹⁶ Dramaturge or dramaturg is a theatrical adviser who assists with the production of plays. The role of a dramaturge is often quite complex and varied, with different theatres using their dramaturges in different ways.

¹⁷ Ben's Family included Debbie, Daniel, Julia and John, and Andy's family included Chris, Kelly and Lisa.

Romeo and Benvolio crash a party at the Capulet House and a great fight breaks out. The actors were all over the stage in a terrific fight scene that featured swords and thrown bodies that fell off the stage and into the kids' laps!¹⁸ The kids were totally enthralled and had to lift up their feet as the actors literally slid under their seats! The grown-ups were astonished. This is still a favorite memory shared by all of the cousins.

In 1998, John and Betty Brinick joined us, along with Doug and Jackie and Ben's crew. It was another great season at Stratford for us, but it turned out to be Doug's last theater vacation, since he died of pancreatic cancer the next summer.

In 1999, I bought the tickets in early May because our kids wanted to select their own plays. We had developed a group of theater critics who also criticized the playhouses (there were three). We had the tickets in hand when Doug died two weeks before trip was scheduled. Evidently, Doug and Jackie had discussed this before he died, and they had determined that Jackie should attend the Festival with her good friend Jerri Poole, a PhD in English literature. However, it was an enjoyable yet tense trip as we were all grieving. That was the last Stratford Festival that we attended.

Meeting in Stockholm and a Baltic Sea Adventure

In the summer of 2002, Kaydee was doing an internship in Stockholm; Joanne was on a six-week, eight-country culinary tour of Europe; and Kim was learning French (and surfing too) at a summer camp in Biarritz, France. Donna worked it out so that she and Kim would meet Joanne in Paris where their cousin Julia would join them. When I dropped Julia off at the Washington Dulles Airport, I reminded her that, when she landed in France, everyone would be speaking French to which she replied, "Really?" Remarkably and despite my skepticism, they all met at the same hotel in and toured Paris!

After a week, they would travel to Stockholm to meet Kaydee, and I would join them. When my taxi woke me in front of their hotel, I saw all of them on the sidewalk waiting for me. I was tired, to be sure.

Now our world traveling crew toured Stockholm then drove to Unnaryds, the ancestral home of the Bloomgrens, my father's mother's side of the family. We then drove to Copenhagen and got a boat to take us to Finland and Estonia. What a group. Eventually we got back to Stockholm and boarded a plane for Washington.

I was the only male, so I always picked up the check(s). Dinner was a major part of our daily entertainment, so Donna always found a very nice restaurant (\$\$\$\$). We enjoyed the local cuisine, and I was amazed at all of the different ways that Scandinavian could serve herring. The ladies were amazed at all the different ways that they could serve vodka! Each lady would order

¹⁸ In Shakespear's play, Romeo and Benvolio did crash the party, and Juliet's cousin, Tybold, tries to start a fight, but Lord Capula forbids it. Evidently, the director knew that the audience would love a real fight scene, and he had the athlete-actors to carry it off. Our kids were hooked forever to live theater

a different type of Vodka so they could sample a lot of the different kinds. To me vodka tasted like jet fuel, so I usually ordered a sparkling wine for dessert.

Renaissance Weekend in Scotland and Trip around Ireland

In 2003, Donna and I were invited to a Renaissance Weekend in St Andrews, Scotland. These were special events that were started and hosted by Linda and Philip Loder, the former U.S. Ambassador to the Court of St James. Truly, this was a special event for special people. The co-hosts for this event were Linda Bird Johnson Robb and her husband and former Governor of Virginia Charles Robb. Donna and I were intimidated so I asked around if anyone knew what the real deal was.

A native Englishman, Doug Carter was our architect for Potomac Yard, and he knew everyone. So when I told him about the invitation, he exclaimed, “My brother is the manager of the resort where the event was to be held. ” He immediately picked up the phone and called his brother. They had a lively conversation so when he hung up the phone, “My brother can’t wait to meet you. He will take care of everything.” At that point, Donna and I and our three girls were going to Scotland as special guests of the best resort in Scotland.

Our Renaissance Weekend was amazing for all of us, so more expanded description is necessary since we were all required to speak on a panel. Donna discussed alternative medicine; Kaydee discussed nuclear energy (“it should not be a bad word”); and Joanne discussed the merits of gun control. I was on a panel that presented our best ideas for President George W. Bush to do better. I was introduced as a true “Washington Beltway Insider.” Kim attended the meetings, but she was too young to have a speaking role.

Perhaps the most amazing part of the weekend was our suite, truly the Presidential Suite. It had three bedrooms, a large separate dining room, an enormous living room, and full kitchen with a fully stocked bar. Of course, the terrace and views were amazing. On Joanne’s birthday, we returned to our suite and found the biggest birthday cake ever, beautifully displayed in the dining room along with a small basket of gifts.

After St Andrews, we flew to Dublin to meet Kaydee’s best friend, Vyshali Belagodou, who would join us for a five-day trip around Ireland in a rented van with a driver. The driver met us at the airport with an 18-passenger van, really a bus. He shrugged his shoulders and explained with a perfect Irish accent, “Isn’t that the way it always is? Either too big or too small.” I liked him right away.

On our first night in Dublin, we split up and each pair took a different “Pub Crawl.” Donna and Kim took the “Music Pub Crawl,” and Joanne and I took the “Writers’ Pub Crawl,” and I don’t remember what “Crawl” that Kaydee and Vyshali took. When Joanne and I finished our crawl, I was a little lightheaded, but I was really impressed with what serious drinking problems that these famous Irish writers had!

Our driver drove us everywhere in our giant bus at high speeds on narrow lanes. Each girl had her own row to stretch-out on and sleep on until we got to the next must-see place. We visited historic castles, kissed the Blarney stone, toured crystal factories, poured the perfect pint of Guinness at the Guinness at the St James Brewery, viewed the Book of Kells at Trinity College, and stayed in very economical hotels. Vyshali didn't drink alcohol or eat meat, so we had to be sure that there was a vegetarian entrée on the menus of these authentic Irish restaurants.

Again, I was the only man at our dinner celebrations, but twice our driver invited me to go "have a pint" after dinner at a local pub. I was surprised how dark the pubs were, and I had to admit that our conversations were more interesting at our family dinners.

We had a lot of family vacations, and each one was different. I also realize that each family member had a different and unique experience. Clearly, we need to expand this chapter to include the other points of view.

Donna

We were invited to attend the Renaissance Weekend in Scotland in the summer of 2003. I believe that it was Art Fields who got us the invite. I heard that after attending himself he felt that “Dan Kohlhepp would be perfect for the event.” “ Renaissance Weekend is an invite-only American retreat for leaders in business and finance, government, the media, religion, medicine, science, technology, and the arts. Conversations are off-the-record and subject matter ranges widely, tending to focus heavily on policy and business issues.”

The event was held at the St. Andrews Bay Resort and Spa. “It is a luxury hotel amidst the rugged coastal landscape of the North Sea” The facility is impressive by itself, but because Dan had done business in the US with the hotel manager’s brother, we were upgraded to the presidential suite! It included one large beautifully furnished bedroom and one large master bedroom suite: a grand living area, as well as a large dining area with a table for eight. An additional perk was a birthday cake for Joanne that we probably should have shared with 20 of our new friends, it was so large.

The actual event involved lectures, and small group meetings and workshops. Kaydee and Joanne participated along with the adults. Kimberly was in a “less pressure more fun” youth group. Everyone was randomly assigned to different group discussions, but occasionally one or more of us were assigned together. I found it very interesting! We met all kinds of impressive, and famous people including: the future Congressman from Virginia, Don Beyers and his family; the man who started earth day, Julian Koenig a peace prizewinner, Lynda Johnson Robb (president Johnson’s daughter) who invited Dan to attend lectures as an audience member for the Great Courses lectures; and diplomats. Kimberly was very excited to meet and talk with the ambassador to Mauritius, the county she had just been doing a project on for school. The ambassador was very nice and happy to speak with her. He even gave her a commemorative pin. At the end of the weekend each participant had to give a short presentation. Wow, that was intimidating, but we all made it through it! I would go to another weekend, but I don’t think the rest of the family feels the same way.

We did have time for some other activities and site sightseeing. We ventured out one evening in our rental car. The roads were very narrow and winding. Dan just couldn’t take the pressure of driving on the opposite side of the road. Joanne had to take over. She did great! Dan, Kaydee, and I played golf at the resort. It was a traditional Scottish links course with wide-open greens with tall grasses. It was difficult! I was not interested in doing it again. We also took a trip to the Old St. Andrews golf course. The public can play the course but only by reservations that need to be made far in advance along with the requirement of a low handicap. The day we visited it was very windy, and the course was closed so we walked a couple of holes just for the experience.

I really liked Scotland. I thought it was beautiful.

After the official Renaissance weekend was over, we traveled to Ireland. Kaydee's friend Vyshali Belagodou joined us there. I had booked us a small van with a driver to take us on a site seeing trip around Ireland. The van turned out to be a small bus. What I remember most about the trip were the hotel rooms and the long drives. I worked long and hard with a not very knowledgeable travel agent to book our trip, including economical hotels. The rooms were all very small and uncomfortable. I made the additional mistake of reserving a double bed room for Dan and me. Something I learned that one should not do in Europe. It turns out rooms with double beds are smaller than any other rooms. We hardly had space to walk around the bed. The rooms were hot and somewhat depressing. The drive, however, was interesting and the van was very comfortable. We each had our own row and could even lie down if we wanted. It was so comfortable in fact, that the girls kept falling asleep every time we got on the bus. I think the driver was a little hurt that they weren't more interested.

We also made a trip to the Guinness brewery in Dublin. We took the tour and visited the tasting room where Joanne and Dan learned how to "pour the perfect pint." We tried the beer. It was fresh, cold, and delicious. I have never had it taste that good again. I also enjoyed drinking Jameson whisky while in Ireland. We visited Blarney castle and kissed the stone. Dan complained of the difficulty maneuvering the steep stairs in bifocals, and I remember feeling a little claustrophobic myself. We visited the Waterford glass factory and got some great "souvenirs", and also visited Trinity College to see the famous book of Kells.

All in all it was a great trip!

Chapter 8: Memories of your Grandmothers

Question: What is your favorite memory of your grandma?

Donna

Grandma Flo



My grandmother's name was Flora Herdt McCague¹⁹. Her parents came to America from Alsace Lorraine. Although her father was German, her mother's family was English and spoke French. She liked to tell us that her mother saw the Statue of Liberty being loaded on the ship to be sent to America. Grandma also was very proud of the fact that her mother's families were Burbages, and that one of our ancestors was the famous Shakespearean actor, Richard Burbage.

My grandmother was a loving, kind, and fun-loving person. She always had a smile on her face and would often tease or make jokes. She always wore a cotton dress and usually had on an apron. One time she bought a pantsuit to wear on a train trip out west. Grandpa laughed and laughed when he saw her. "Women do not wear pants." She eventually wore pants most of the time.

Grandma was always taking care of people. If she looked out her window and saw children walking by on their way to school without their hats, or with their coats unbuttoned, she would run out and bundle them up and close their coat with a safety pin to keep them warm. I don't think that would be something that would be appreciated today.

Grandma was superstitious. She would not let us help her make a bed. She believed that it was bad luck, and if someone did, someone would end up sick in that bed. She wouldn't walk under a ladder; she thought a broken mirror would bring bad luck. She did not like the call of a mourning dove because it meant death or grief. On New Year's Eve, grandma would burn bayberry candles for luck, and at midnight, we would have to go out on her front porch and bang on pots and pans to scare away the bad spirits to start the New Year fresh. On New Year's Day, we would have to eat pork and sauerkraut, and we would have to make a new pillowcase to sleep on that night for good luck in the New Year. We thought that Grandma had ESP (extrasensory perception) or some other sixth sense. She had premonitions and even saw and talked to a ghost once. It was during WWII. She and grandpa had just moved into a new home. During the night a young man dressed in an army uniform came and stood at the foot of her bed. She asked him what he wanted, and he merely said, "Mother." Grandma told him that his family had moved away. The next morning, news came that the previous residents' son had been killed in the war. We always

¹⁹ Flora Herdt McCague (1898-1985)

believed grandma and never thought her perceptions strange or unusual. Several other women in our family have reported similar experiences or premonitions.

Grandma loved Christmas. She always had presents for us wrapped in white tissue paper and tied up with ribbon and a bow. Sometimes there would be little stickers holding the edges together because there was no scotch tape. There were always ribbon candy and anise cookies on the buffet. One year, my Uncle Jack bought grandma one of the first silver aluminum Christmas trees and some colorful glass ornaments. As I said, it was one of the first silver trees, and they were not perfect. In fact, the limbs were all the same length not even tapered toward the top of the tree. Rather than strings of lights the tree came with a spotlight to shine on it with revolving colors. The tree was not particularly pleasing to look at and not at all traditional, but grandma was so proud of it. She thought it was just beautiful!

I loved being with my grandmother. She made me feel loved and important. I loved being at her comfortable old house with plastic curtains at the windows. I loved sitting on her lap in the big brown rocker in her living room and hearing the creak as we rocked. I loved planting petunias with her in her back yard and walking up the street with her to get ice cream. Grandma was a wonderful grandmother. I never knew my father's mother Margaret Gamwell Sell (1896-1940). She died before my parents were married.

The photos's below show Margaret with her mother-in law MaryEllen Alexander Sell Chetam (Bronner Sell's mother) Robert Sell and his sister Eveline Sell Esterline.



Dan

Grandma Ruth



Grandmother Ruth Bloomgren Kohlhepp²⁰ grew up in Ridgeway, Pennsylvania, but her father, mother, and two brothers had immigrated from Sweden. Ruth and two sisters were born in America, but they were raised in a Swedish-speaking household. I'm not sure how she met Russ Kohlhepp, but she graduated from the DuBois Business College so she may have met Russ at the local Swede Club (there had been no German Club) which was only three blocks from the Kohlhepp's office/residence on DuBois Street. My memories are few since Ruth died of breast cancer when I was ten years old. I remember that she was very short, possibly four foot ten, and a great cook. My father was her only child, so my brothers and I were her only grandchildren. Ruth spoiled us with food and presents. I don't remember the presents, but I remember her giving us hot Swedish "coffee" with lots of milk and sugar along with "scorpers" (dried toast) that we would dunk in the coffee. We had lots of meals at her house because she was teaching my mother how to cook (I think)!

On several Saturday mornings before Christmas one year, my brothers and I walked to Grandma Ruth's house (423 Knarr Steet) after Catechism where she would help us make candles for Christmas presents. We made all kinds of candles: in milk carton boxes, on dipped wicks, big ones, little ones, colored ones. Everybody got a candle that Christmas.

There were lots of kids my age in her neighborhood (aka First Ward), so I had lots of friends (including Bruce Fye) to play with when I visited. Unfortunately on one visit, I got bit by the neighbor's Irish Setter (a big red dog) and needed twenty stitches in my face. The next year, I fell off the playground monkey bars that resulted in a broken elbow and my arm in a cast for three weeks. I remember my grandmother asking, "Does he always cry this much?"

Ruth's sister Ellen Robinson lived in Ridgeway, so she drove to Ridgeway often with her friend, Mrs. Allen, and I was their backseat passenger. On one trip Ruth had a tire blow-out and veered

²⁰ Ruth Bloomgren Kohlhepp (1900-1957)

off the road into a ditch. I was sitting on the “cowboy seat” in the back (the fold-down arm rest), and I was thrown forward into the front dashboard. My front baby teeth were knocked out; I still have a big scar on my bottom lip. I went front-toothless for a year and a half until my adult teeth grew in and out as “buckteeth.” It was ironic that on the day of her funeral, my brothers were “playing” upstairs in her bedroom when Ben threw a “Lincoln” log at me that broke my front tooth. Thus, a long litany of front tooth experiences began. I’m writing this memory with temporary front teeth as I’m waiting for permanent implants to be set.

My mother said that I was Grandma Ruth’s favorite because she willed all her new china to me. It seems that by clawing onto her lace tablecloth, I pulled all of her good dishes off the dining room table, crashing them to the floor. Consequently, I now have her replacement Lenox and crystal displayed in our dining room. It’s never used.

She died of breast cancer in 1957, She was only 57 years old.

I remember Grandma Ruth as kind, loving and always happy.

Grandma Jean



My Grandmother Jean Marie Hayes Callahan²¹ was different from Grandma Ruth in every way. Grandma Jean’s father (Senes Hayes) was a medical doctor in Bennetts Valley so she grew up in a professional family, went to a private high school in St Marys, and then graduated from Lock Haven State Normal School. Before marrying Hugh Callahan, she was a teacher and principal at Penfield High School. She would take the Hoodle Bug²² to DuBois to shop where, no doubt, she met my grandfather Hugh Callahan at the Callahan Dry Goods and Dress Store at 233 West

²¹ Jean Marie Hayes Callahan (1899-1990)

²² The Hoodle Bug was a one-car, residential passenger train that served the Bennetts Valley as a Street Car, only 30 miles longer.

Long Avenue.²³ They must have been quite a couple! They had five children and those five had 25 children. Thus, I had 25 Callahan cousins.

Grandma Jean was outspoken, opinionated, and confident of her view of the world. She played the piano, golf, and gin rummy. She drank and smoked too. She knew how to throw dice and taught my uncles and their high school friends how to shoot craps. She loved the New York Yankees and travelled often to New York on shopping trips for the Callahan Store. My mother remembered that when she was growing up Grandma Jean always had a “working girl” to help with her family’s meals (her brothers always had an extra friend or two for dinner). Jean always had dogs. Grandma Jean was a character in every way.

My earliest childhood Grandma Jean memories were at gatherings at her house (640 West Long Avenue) with our cousins, aunts, and uncles. Since Ben, Andy, and I were her only grandchildren living in DuBois, we just blended in and looked for cousins our own age. Grandma hosted dozens of cousin sleepovers on her covered front porch and always gave a nickel or two to my cousin Pat and me so we could walk downtown for cherry Cokes at Cowdrick’s Drug Store. At one gathering, our cousin Laura Shroder fell out of a third-floor window onto the front yard; miraculously she wasn’t hurt. The old schoolteacher lectured us about not pushing on the window screens!

Each year after her husband died, Grandma Jean visited all her children and their families who lived all over the country. Returning home to DuBois, she loved to tell me about my older cousins Lela (three years older) and Pat (13 days older). I remember being jealous that I could never live up to their accomplishments. They became my heroes. Leila was a great athlete, and Pat was the smartest kid in school. I promised to work harder.

Our time together came in the early sixties when she worked part-time at the Lumberteria (650 DuBois Street). She would stand at the center check-out counter and talk to all the customers all over the store. When someone asked a question, she just told them, “Go look down that aisle and read the labels. See if you can find what you’re looking for.” She was so confident! My father called her “Mum” so everyone in the store called her Mum too. In the summertime, I was sent to the Lumberteria after dinner on my bike “to help Mum close-up.” The summer hours went to 7:30 pm, so it was usually just the two of us except for a stray customer or two in the store. I pulled down the overhead doors and got the double doors locked together and did what she said. She didn’t really need me, but I think that my father felt better with the two of us there at closing.

As Grandma Jean got older and her health failed, she moved to Boca Raton, Florida to live with her oldest daughter, Celia. Before she died in 1990, I took Donna and our girls to visit her in Boca. She was bedridden, but in very good spirits. When I said that she looked great, she

²³ Their wedding on October 29, 1920, was reported on the front page of the *DuBois Daily Express*. The headline read, “Hugh Callahan and Jean Hayes are Married,”. The subheading was, “Local Business Man Weds Well Known Byrnedale Physician’s Daughter.”

reached over to her side table and pulled out a tube of make-up, “Liquid Beauty!” she said. I teased her about the New York Yankees dismal record and gave her a Baltimore Orioles hat, which was our home team. She put on the hat, and we took lots of pictures.

When Grandma asked where I was working, I said “USF&G.” “What the hell does that mean?” she shot back. I explained that this was a large insurance company that was formally called United State Fidelity and Guaranty. “How do you spell guaranty?” she asked. So I spelled it for her, and she said that wasn’t the correct spelling. “It should be spelled g-u-a-r-a-n-t-e-e with two e’s.” I said that that my spelling was correct for what they did, and then she just announced, “Not in my world!” “That’s my grandma,” I thought. We had a very nice visit, all things considered.



My last conversation with Grandma Jean occurred when I called her to offer my sympathy over the death of her sister Dorothy. “What are you talking about?” She obviously didn’t know about her sister’s death, so I tried to explain that Aunt Dorothy had died two days earlier. “Was she sick?” Clearly, I was the first to tell her about Dorothy. She got quiet when she realized that her last sibling had died. “Oh,” she said. “Thanks for calling.” I later found out that my Aunt Celia was waiting for the right time to tell her.

When Grandma Jean died, she was cremated and her ashes were put in a crypt in Boca Raton. Most of her 25 grandchildren showed up for the funeral service. That evening we all got together and told Grandma Jean stories. Cousin Pat Shroder did the best imitation of Grandma, and his stories of living with her cracked us up. (Yes, they smoked a joint together.) All the cousins had their own special Grandma Jean stories. They were hilarious, poignant, sincere, and all vaguely familiar. It seems that the character I knew as Grandma Jean was the same character that they all knew so well. She was truly a full-sized, bigger-than-life character, in every way!

Chapter 9: Memory of your Grandfathers

Question: What is your favorite memory of your Grandpa?

Donna

Grandpa Ted



I remember my grandfather, Frederick “Ted” Buell McCague²⁴, as a tall, slender, nearly bald man with glasses. He looked like a “Grandfather” and never seemed to change. He was somewhat quiet and always seemed happy and easy-going. He was very good at math although he never went past the eighth grade in school. I was told that Grandpa played the drums, but I never heard or saw him play. I never met my grandfather’s dad, but I was told that he had a band and played vaudeville shows around town. Those musical genes seemed to have gone to my cousins

rather than me.

When he was young, my Grandfather worked as a train conductor. I always thought that sounded exciting, but he didn’t talk much about it. Later he became a tailor, having been taught the skill by his father-in-law who was a tailor. Grandpa worked as a tailor and salesman at various clothing stores in Columbus, Ohio.

²⁴ Frederick “Ted” Buell McCague (1896-1978)

Grandpa liked to tell us the story of the first time he met my dad. He told us that one day while at work an acquaintance, Bronner Sell²⁵, stopped in the store to show off his newborn son, Robert W. Sell²⁶, my Dad! Little did Grandpa know that one day that boy would be married to his own daughter Alice, not yet born. Grandpa retired from Walker's men's clothing store in Upper Arlington, not far from where we lived and where he got me my first job as gift wrapper.

Grandpa enjoyed playing cards and games. I remember my grandparents having grandma's



sisters and their husbands over on Saturday nights for "cards". There was a lot of fun and laughter. They would snack on pickled pigs feet and crackers with stinky Limburger cheese. I did learn to like pickled pigs feet but never did get past the smell of Limburger cheese! I think they drank coffee. No one ever drank alcohol.



As I got older, I learned that grandpa had an ornery side. He liked to tell "colorful" stories, but never around the grandchildren! He also enjoyed gambling. He and my grandmother would take the train out West every summer to help out with my cousins while my aunt and uncle went to work. On their way, Grandma and Grandpa would always spend a few days in Las Vegas. Grandma played the slot machines, and Grandpa liked to "shoot craps." Grandma, being the careful one, would save their gambling money all year long and was careful not to let Grandpa "over spend" at the casinos. Every year they would bring back a silver dollar for my sister and me. We thought that was really special. Neither Diane nor I ever spent those "valuable" dollars.

I really loved my grandpa, and I always felt that he adored me. I was lucky to have him in my life until I was 27 years old.

²⁵ Bronner Sell (1896-1960)

²⁶ Robert W. Sell (1918-1996)

I hardly knew by Grandpa Bronner Sell (186-1960) The pictures below are of my father and Bronner during dad's Army leave during World War II, and of Mary Ellen Alexander Sell Cheatham (dad's Grandmother) and Henry Cheatham (Mary Ellen's second husband). My father always spoke highly of his grandparents, especially Henry Cheatham.

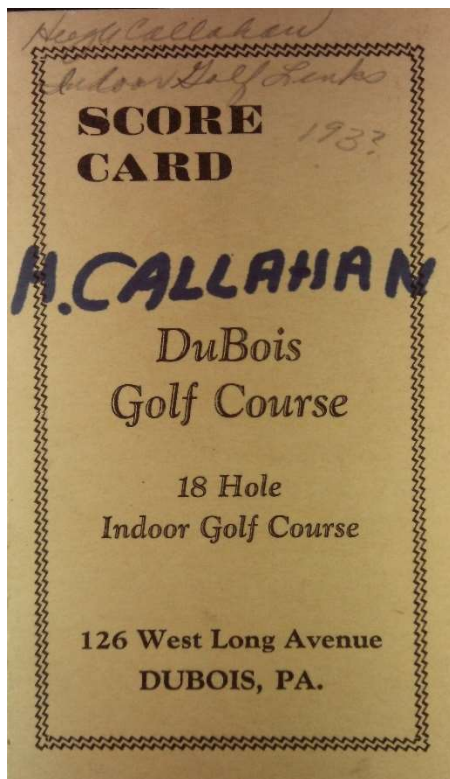


Dan

Grandpa Huey



My mother's father, Hugh Paul Callahan²⁷ died when I was only seven years old, so my memories are limited. He lived in DuBois at 640 West Long Avenue, so he walked to work every morning to the family store, Callahan's Department Store, at 233 West Long Avenue. Legend has it that he went to Mass every morning on the way to work and visited a bar every night on the way home. He ran the store with his sister Mary Callahan. He sold and installed window treatments, and he also bought and rented houses (about seven) near his home on Donegal Hill.



He loved to golf so as a sideline for many summers he opened and operated a driving range at the confluence of Thunderbird Road, Kiwanis Trail, and US Rt 322. He also opened an indoor miniature golf course at the corner of West Long Avenue and Jared Street. The golf course was on three floors so a successful putt on the third floor would drop the ball down to a t-box on the second floor. Another successful putt would send the golfers to the 18th hole on the first floor. I never played there, but I heard stories.

During our short time together, he taught me how to make "Cowboy Sandwiches": take a slice of white bread, slather it with mustard, add a slice of bologna, and fold it over. Voila! Take the first bite right in the middle.

He also watched TV with me. This was special since we didn't have TV at home, and he had one right in the middle of his living room. We watched the first episode of *Superman* when Superman crashed to earth as a baby and was found and adopted by the Kents who named him Clark.

To this day Superman is my favorite superhero.

Grandpa Huey always promised to buy me a pony when "his gas well" came in. Several times I rode to Benezette at dusk with Grandpa Huey and Uncle Garby (his brother-in-law, Leo Garbarino) to watch their gas wells "come in" with blazing flames shooting in the air. Their

²⁷ Hugh Paul Callahan (1889-1954)

wives' family (the Hayes) owned a lot of oil and gas properties in Bennett's Valley, but the sisters' husbands seemed the most interested. To my knowledge, they never did strike gas or oil, but my dreams of my new pony were always vivid and real!

Grandpa Russ



My father's father, Russell Eugene Kohlhepp²⁸, lived until 1973 so I had much more involvement with him throughout my childhood. Grandpa Russ was in partnership with his brothers, Virgil and Anson. They operated JA Kohlhepp Sons, a building supplies and contracting business. Grandpa Russ ran the outside building operations and

construction crews while his older brother, Virgil, ran the office, and his younger brother, Anson, never worked because of a "bad heart." I was always fascinated by how big Grandpa's arms were, and how his skin from the elbows down was dark brown and his upper arms were pure white. His hands were so huge that we could pass a quarter through his wedding ring.

Grandpa Russ was also known for his athletic abilities. We were told by several of his old friends at his funeral, "You know that Russ was offered a contract to play pro baseball!"

Grandpa Russ could lay blocks, but he wasn't a mason; he could finish concrete, but he wasn't a cement finisher; and he could build things out of lumber, but he wasn't a carpenter. However, he could build things that were "hell for stout," as he would say. For example, our back yard attracted all the neighborhood kids because Grandpa Russ installed a swing set that was ten feet high, and constructed out of two-inch steel pipes which were anchored at each leg with a concrete footer that was 24" X 24" by 12" deep. We could swing higher than anywhere else in town! Our sliding board was 12-feet high and, of course, anchored in concrete. He built our "horizontal bar's vertical poles out of six-foot, four-inch pipes connected with a six-foot steel bar. Our sandbox was 12-feet square and constructed out of 2X12's that were braced on each end by 2x12's. Grandpa's truck could back up to the sand box and dump three tons of mason sand! It was a big hit in our neighborhood.



²⁸ Russel Eugene Kohlhepp (1895-1973)

When my mother asked Russ to build a “toy-box” for in the kitchen to help organize our mess, Russ built a toy-box out of 2X6’s just like the toolbox he had on the back of his pickup. When four men carried it into her kitchen, my mother protested, “it looks like coffin.” In fact, two of us could hide in it when we were in trouble. The toy box stayed in our kitchen for six months until my mother got another crew to carry it outside. We loved it.

Grandpa Russ’s name is invoked today when Donna says “it looks like a lot of Russ” as she admires my garden trellis. Building “hell for stout” may be a family trait that goes back to “old Russ.”

Besides over-building things, Russ had a gruff manner, but he seemed to shoulder his grandfather responsibilities by taking me “fishing and hunting.” Fishing involved driving around, buying pop at roadside stands, and looking for blue gill holes, while hunting involved driving from camp to camp and visiting with his friends on the first day of deer season. This was my introduction to “road hunting.” In my mind for whatever reason, Grandpa Russ always represented a “Man’s Man.”

Our relationship changed one Saturday afternoon in September 1963, when he took my brother Ben archery hunting at Home Camp. They were involved in a terrible car accident: a drunk driver lost control of his car and veered off the side of Morning Side Cemetery and plowed head-on into the passenger side of Grandpa’s car. Since this occurred before seatbelts, Ben was thrown forward into the broad-head tipped arrows on the floor. Ben suffered terrible cuts, broken facial bones, and the loss of his left eye. Grandpa Russ broke his hip. I know that it wasn’t Grandpa’s fault, but I hated him for several years after the accident. “It just wasn’t fair,” I thought.

Grandpa walked with a cane and a limp for the rest of his life even though the doctors said that there was no reason for his pain. Perhaps, Grandpa’s pain was because he couldn’t forgive himself either. I eventually got over my grief and quit hating my grandfather, but his hip pain never went away.

For three summers (1967, 1968, and 1969), Ben and Andy and I worked in DuBois at the family business and stayed at Grandpa’s (423 Knarr Street). We shared grocery bills on a 50/50 basis. Each week, the grandsons would contribute \$5.00 each, and Grandpa would contribute \$15.00. What a deal!

We almost starved to death. At least it seemed that way, not because we didn’t have enough money, but because we didn’t know how to cook ... anything. In the mornings, Grandpa boiled water for his eggs and then used the same water to make his instant coffee. “You boys want some breakfast?” We assured him that cereal was just fine.

Our dinners weren't much better. This was before fast-food restaurants, so our strategy was to get everything in frozen bags that we could boil and serve. We could boil entire dinners that way. In a generous gesture one afternoon, Grandpa made spaghetti, so it would be ready when we got home. He used an entire box of spaghetti and two jars of tomato sauce. I had never seen so much spaghetti in one bowl in my life. After our initial helpings, Grandpa tried to offer us more. Andy egged him on, "Dan wants more but he's too polite to ask." Grandpa served me more.

Unfortunately, Ben said that he, too, wanted more. "I could eat the whole bowl."

At that, I suggested a wager and pulled out a twenty-dollar bill, "I'll give you \$20.00 if you can eat the whole bowl!" Ben agreed.

"It's too much son, it'll kill you!" Grandpa blurted out in his gruff voice.

Ben said, "A deal's a deal. For twenty dollars, I can eat the whole thing." I slid the bowl across the table to him.

With that, Grandpa reached down, grabbed his cane, and WHAP! slapped it on the table, right across the spaghetti bowl and yelled, "I forbid it!"

Wow! We were totally stunned and surprised. The bet was off!

When Grandpa died of stroke in 1973, Ben and I were living together in Columbus, Ohio, and Andy was living in Athens, Ohio. We all arrived in DuBois, and for some reason, Dad needed some help on Saturday, so he had a chance to work together for the last time at JA Kohlhepp Sons. That night, Ben and Andy entertained us with Ol' Russ Stories. They had quite a time living with Grandpa for three more summers that included many visits from their Johnstown friends, some of whom were evading the law (I think).

Twenty years later, my brothers, father, and I and another 15 men had a "work party" at JAKS Duck Farm. We had several projects going on, and I was trying to organize our efforts probably by yelling. It seemed natural for me to be in charge since I knew what had to be done. Later in the day, my father came up to me and said, "You remind me a lot of your Grandpa Russ!" Go figure. I never asked him why.

Chapter 10: Hunting Stories

Request: Tell us your favorite hunting story

Dan

The Goose That Wouldn't Die or Ben Kicks the Goose

In November 1989, we had all assembled at Horace Pugh's garage in Leipsic, Delaware, the headquarters of his son's, Craig, Pugh, Delaware Waterfowl Outfitters. This was not our first hunt with Craig, but he always wanted us to be there two hours before sun-up. So we sat around, drank coffee, ate day-old sweet rolls and wondered why we were there two hours early. Horace Pugh (Craig's father) was officially designated as our guide for the day, but Horace was always our guide. It seems that several years earlier Horace decided he liked us and wouldn't let other guides hunt with us.

Our hunting party included Mike Jones, Gary Magee, Ben Kohlhepp, and me, along with two Springer Spaniels: Brownie and Sam. The day's hunt was for Canada Geese, and Craig had several good leases. We were directed to a productive blind pit in the middle of a corn field about ten miles away. I've always hated hunting in underground blinds, but the success of these pits is unquestionable. Consequently, in the dark of the night we laid out our decoy set, which included numerous "stuffers." Stuffers are taxidermist-mounted geese that look incredibly alive, unlike plastic or shell decoys. Unfortunately for the stuffers, at least one of them gets shot on every hunt. (Never by me, of course!)

We settled in the blind and covered the top with cornstalks. As the sun began to rise, we began to wait, and wait, and wait. It has been my experience that geese never fly first thing in the morning. They are much more casual about their morning breakfast than their duck cousins. In fact geese, to my way of thinking, are more "brunch type" birds. As it was, we sat in the blind, drank coffee, and told jokes that we'd all heard many times before.

Goose blinds are usually about 10 to 15 feet long and 3 feet wide, and 4 1/2 feet deep with plywood sides and a half-roof over head. Covering the overhead opening are bundles of corn stalks. Seats are invariably 2 x 8 planks on concrete blocks.

Goose blinds are a peculiar form of social activity. Not only are you underground with straw over your head, but you're sitting in a straight line facing a wall 18 inches in front of you. The persons on the ends of the blind are really out of the conversation so the people in the middle must continuously transmit insults and punchlines to jokes back and forth between the ends.

The two Springers added a certain amount of randomness to our seating comfort, as their natural effervescence caused them to move around a bit. The command "Hup!" had an effective half-life of two to three minutes. I have always been comfortable in goose blinds, but my friend Mike Jones (sometimes called Too-Tall Jones) is a different story. At 6'4", his legs are too long to comfortably sit on the bench, and when he stands up to shoot, the half-roof hits him between the shoulders! All in all, Mike is pretty uncomfortable underground, so how he always falls asleep is a mystery.

Horace gave the command, "Get down boys and cover up," as he mysteriously heard honking in the distance. Horace is quite a character. He's old with pure white hair and bifocals, but he can see and hear geese before anyone else . . . and he's never wrong! He started blowing on his goose call, and the geese started to circle overhead. We kept our heads down, looking sideways out of the corner of our eyes through little cracks in the cornstalks, trying to get an idea of where the geese were. On the end of the blind, Horace watched as they set their wings. "Take 'em!" he shouted in a whisper, and with our cat-like reflexes, we jumped up and began to shoot at the geese silhouettes in the sky. The first shots at geese were problematic as our nerves were on edge, and we shot too fast. It was not until the second and third shots that we settled down and lead the geese properly. It is amazing how we could miss a goose that appeared the size of a boxcar in the air. As it was, we had two geese down, and it was time for the dogs to do their thing.

We crawled up our blind on the ladder on the far side next to Horace and lifted the dogs out of the blinds for their retrieves. Had we been better shots, the geese would have fallen in front of us, but one fell 75 yards to the front and another 100 yards to the left. Sam went straight out to the goose in the front. Some waterfowlers have unkindly referred to our Springers as "toy dogs" as the usual goose dog is a Labrador or Chesapeake Retriever. However, these "toy dogs" had great hearts as evidenced by our 30-pound canines proudly retrieving 15-pound geese.

As Sam pranced back with the goose held high in his mouth and his tail wagging, we noticed something slightly unusual . . . the goose was holding Sam's ear in his mouth! However, as a loyal Springer Spaniel he brought the giant goose to Gary's hand. Gary at once took the goose from Sam and threw it down into the blind. This is a sure indication that Gary didn't shoot the goose as he handles other people's kills as though they are somewhat despicable and untouchable. The second goose was retrieved by Brownie, and it too was thrown in to the blind. We began to reassemble ourselves. First the two dogs went down into the hole, next Brother Ben, followed by me.

As I entered our underground pit, Ben was in front of me exclaiming, "Oh my God, it's still alive!" There at the end of our blind, ten feet in front of him, was a robust Canada Goose, alive and well, standing on the bench. As Ben made his exclamation, our two trusty Springer Spaniels, having sensed a danger at hand, exited the blind. That is, they climbed the ladder by themselves and ran to daylight!

Now geese are not necessarily life-threatening; however, a large drake goose is a formidable (and should I say disruptive?) force in any pit blind, especially with their territorial nature, and this one being roughly handled by a Springer Spaniel.

As I gazed in wonderment, Brother Ben attempted to kill the goose. Now Brother Ben is legendary throughout the collegiate wrestling world as a person with incredible foot skills and his "Japanese leg sweep" is unstoppable. Anyone who would dare tie up with Ben in a wrestling match would be subject to his leg sweep, and the only defense was to hope for a soft landing. Consequently, it wasn't surprising when Ben crouching forward, took two steps forward and did a side Karate kick to the goose's head, at which time he screamed, "Ahhhh!!!", which was the Korean tradition. I was impressed, and Ben's scream was even more impressive. However, the scream emanated from Ben's sprained back resulting from his twisting and kicking maneuver, and he was in terrible pain. The goose was untouched and undaunted.

Ben crawled past me as we changed places, and Ben moaned, "Shoot it." A quick evaluation of the impact of a 12-gauge magnum shot on my ears in a 3 x 15-foot underground pit indicated that Ben was being more vindictive than reasonable. It was my thought to take off my Gore-Tex shell and throw it over the goose, which I did, and I pounced on the goose. Unfortunately, the goose was still rather feisty as suddenly its 18-inch neck popped up from under the side of the coat and its head started to hiss and snap at me! I immediately grabbed my coat and backed off. The goose was still standing, and the score was now: Goose--2, Kohlhepps-- 0.

About this time, the questions came from above ground, "What's going on in there?" to which Ben groaned, "The gosh darn goose is still alive." My next attempt at goose capture was more intense, and as I threw the coat over him, leaped on top, and grabbed the neck through the jacket. I put a kink in the goose's neck and squeezed and squeezed. Finally, the goose died with a shudder, I gave a sigh of relief, and our group continued our hunt. This goose now hangs in Ben's office at the True Value Home Center as a reminder to us all of the gallant retrieving abilities of our Springer Spaniels and the last time that Ben kicked a goose.

Kim's First "Buck"

Kim's first deer was shot in 2001 from Tom Hartzfeld's deer stand, sitting between Donna and me at 100 yards. It was an amazing shot. But after that event, Kim hunted at the Duck Farm with her uncles, cousins, Magees²⁹, and me.

At first, Kim would share a blind or stand with an older man, but finally she graduated to her own blind in 2003, which became known as "Kim's Tent Blind."

²⁹“ Magees” include Gary Magee and his son, Gabe; Garth Magee and his son, Channing; Alex Anto and his son, Jess; and Greg Magee

After lunch on the first Saturday of Deer Season, I drove Kim up Route 255 to the point where she could cut across the railroad track to her tent blind. My job was to scare the deer as I walked up the bottom toward Kim and the other hunters further up Sandy Lick Creek. I started at Sher-De-Lin Road and slowly moved up-stream, through the bottom. When I finally got to Kim's tent blind, she said that she had not seen anything, but she was quite comfortable inside the blind. (She probably was taking a nap.) I was leaning down to talk to her when we heard deer coming up the creek. I laid down in front of her tent so we both could see what was rustling the leaves. One lone deer moseyed along and didn't see, hear, or smell us. "When it's clear, take the shot" I whispered as I laid down in front of her tent so she could use my shoulder as a dead rest for her gun, a .243 caliber, single shot.

I covered my ears and waited and waited and waited. "When you have a shot, take it!" I whispered more loudly and covered my ears. Finally she shot.

"I missed it," she said and stepped over me and started after the deer. I meant to tell her that you can't chase deer, but she was already out of earshot. At that moment, my brother Andy called me on my cell phone to ask, "Who shot?" I tried to explain that Kim had shot and was now trying to chase the deer. "You can't do that, can you?" Andy asked and then said, "Wait, I see her. She's 50 yards away."

"I can see her, too; she's 50 yards away," I puzzled, "Where are you?"

"I just crossed the Creek, Wait, she's getting ready to shoot"

BANG!

"I don't see anything"

"I don't see anything either. What did she shoot?"

At that point Kim raised her arm and yelled, "I got it."

Andy and I quickly joined Kim as she stood over her dead deer that she shouldn't have been able to shoot.

Andy spoke first, "That was amazing. How did you do that?"

"I was following the deer's tracks when it turned around and came back toward me. It was an easy shot."

"Oh, the confidence of youth," I thought to myself knowing that Andy had never shot a deer in his life (at that time).

Upon closer examination, we saw that the deer was a button buck with two one-inch horns just sticking up through its hair. It was a perfectly legal antlerless deer.

I field dressed the deer, and Kim, Andy, and I started to drag the carcass the long drag across the Sandy Lick Creek , across the swampy forest bottom, and finally to Granite Road, so we could load it into our pick-up truck.



Everyone wanted to have their picture taken with Kim including her mother and sisters. Andy and I are still amazed that we both saw Kim shoot at the deer and never saw



each other. I expected that the deer attempted to double-back behind Kim, then saw Andy, and then he turned around toward Kim, who was still on his trail!



Several years later, Andy shot his first deer, and Kim was there to help him drag the dead deer back to Granite Road! We've shot lots of deer at the Duck Farm, but a kid's first buck is always special and memorable.

Pheasant Hunting at Warriors Mark



We "hunted" at the Warrior Mark Shooting Preserve³⁰ on several Thanksgiving holidays. On this hunt, we had our Springer Spaniel, Rusty, who Kim had qualified as a Senior Hunter at several AKC trials. Also with us were her cousins, Andy and Jamie Frick, as well as Gary Magee and his son Gabe. Since Kim was the dog handler, she became the "Mistress of the Hunt" and directed the dog's movements as well as the hunters.

³⁰ Warriors Mark Wingshooting Lodge & Kennels is located at 548 Hunt Club Drive, Houtzdale PA 16651

Rusty had a nice flush, and Andy made a nice shot. When Rusty retrieved the bird to Kim's hand and sat at attention, I was so proud! However, it was clear that the bird was not yet dead. Kim grabbed the bird by the head and twirled it round several times to wring its neck.

Unfortunately, the head came off in her hand. Nonplussed, Kim threw the head aside, picked up the headless bird, and stuffed it into the back of Andy's hunting vest. Neither Andy nor Jamie said anything, but the looks on their faces told an incredible story. They had just watched their "little girl" cousin tear the head off of a pheasant without a comment or second thought. What else was she capable of? They had looks of admiration and fear!

The re-telling of this story gets better every year.

Chapter 11: Vacations Without Kids

Request: Tell us about your favorite vacation without kids

Dan

Honda Car Trips and Cheap Hotels

My favorite vacation without kids had to be our Honeymoon in the Bahamas. As we discussed earlier in Chapter 2, we borrowed money for that vacation. However, after we got back to Norman and started our married life, we never borrowed money for a vacation again! Instead, we



drove our little Honda Civic all over Oklahoma and the southwestern United States. I often think that these driving vacations were the bedrock of our relationship. We drove thousands of miles side-by-side drinking coffee and talking about everything and never making eye contact! Remember, these trips were before Sheetz Markets, Love Country Stores, and other chains of roadside coffee shops so our most valuable travelling

equipment was a half-gallon Thermos brand coffee jug. We had to tape on a makeshift handle because the factory handle couldn't take the abuse!

One of our first trips was from Norman, Oklahoma, to Santa Fe, New Mexico. With an early start, we were able to make Santa Fe by dinner time. We were bushed but decided to try the “best Mexican” restaurant in Santa Fe, the Bull Ring. It was just a short walk to the restaurant from our unique adobe-style hotel³¹, so we just walked a short block and asked for a table. “It will be just a few minutes,” we were told, “But you can have a drink at the bar.” After our long drive, this seems like a great suggestion.

Neither Donna nor I had ever drunk Margaritas, and this restaurant made the “best Margaritas in New Mexico” according to the bartender. Our first Margaritas went down quickly; clearly, we were parched. Our second round was just delicious as we marveled at the interplay of salt, lime, and tequila. By the third round, we drank more slowly, but we had just finished them when the hostess said our table was ready. “Only a twenty-minute wait,” she said.

³¹ La Fonda on the Plaza

We slipped off the bar stools and miraculously caught ourselves before we hit the floor! “Those margaritas can get you,” the hostess said flatly as she took Donna’s arm and guided us to our table.

When our waitress appeared, we ordered another round of Margaritas and studied the menus. We agreed that the altitude must have been catching up with us since we were over a mile high. We sat for an hour eating and sipping, and then we carefully headed back to our hotel.

The Santa Fe cuisine was nothing like the Mexican food that we had in Norman. We loved the food and learned to drink Margaritas slowly and deliberately. Two days later, we headed to the Taos Pueblo and ski-resorts and continued to fall in love with New Mexico!

We joined the Oklahoma Historical Society, which was celebrating its centennial anniversary, and learned all about the young state of Oklahoma. Thus, for our weekend trips, we drove to every state park in Oklahoma. At that time, we would see if we could stay in cabins or motels for under \$20 per night (usually around \$15). Finally, we stayed in a little cabin near Lake Texoma State Park, and Donna wouldn’t get in the moldy shower. We had taken our game too far. After that we upgraded to \$25 per night!

After we had our oldest daughters in 1980 and 1982, we continued to travel in Oklahoma with a specially customized van that had a porta-potty and a play pen, and of course we upgraded our nightly housing allowance.

Berlin in January or the International Real Estate Investment Challenge

Donna and I had a series of working “vacations” that started early each January as we travelled over our Anniversary (January 4th) to Berlin for the International Real Estate Challenge (IREC)³². We accompanied my Johns Hopkins MSREI students to Berlin where they were assigned to an international team. Each team was then assigned to a city for its case study analysis. The students were always great, and the international faculty was unique, qualified, and very friendly. We always enjoyed ourselves. Invariably, we hosted dinners for the Johns Hopkins students and then another dinner for the IREC faculty. Berlin was always dark and cold in January, but as we learned more about the city, it became more friendly. We still would like to visit in the summer, when, we’re told, it’s beautiful.

Each following year, we would join an international team as its advisor/coach and go to its assigned city.³³ In this way we also visited Prague, Amsterdam, Vienna, Munich, Bratislava, and Hamburg. In 2015, my Munich team won the overall competition. They were a talented group

³² We attended IREC in 2011, 2012, 2013, 2015, and 2016

³³ Nineteen Johns Hopkins Carey Business School graduate real estate students joined 45 other real estate student from nine European universities in Berlin, Germany to participate in the International Real Estate Challenge (IREC) from January 3 – 13, 2015. The competition was based around a case study involving a real, on-line university that wanted to re-locate its office somewhere in Europe or the United Kingdom. Officials of the company shared the vision, goals and operational objective for the next five years along with growth expectations and budgetary restrictions. All of the students were divided into eight student teams, and each team was assigned a city to analyze: 1. Amsterdam 2. Bratislava 3. Gothenburg 4. Helsinki 5. London 6. Milan 7. Munich 8. Warsaw After developing a “strategic brief” over three days of classes and interviews with company officials, each city team went to its assigned city for five days where it met with building owners, developer, and real estate service brokers and visited several office buildings to determine which specific building would be the best fit for the “client”.

who looked like a bunch of movie stars who spoke perfect English³⁴. Their presentations were excellent, and their graphics were sharp and on point.

Because my mother was very sick, we were not able to attend the 2014 IREC , but Kimberly did go as part of her MSREI program, and her international London team won the overall event! I was so proud.

In 2015 to celebrate our 40th wedding anniversary, we left early to go to Paris, and we learned that even Paris is not very beautiful or romantic in the middle to winter. We are still looking forward to re-visiting many of the cities that we visited on these “vacations.”



³⁴ The “official” language of IREC was English and all of the students spoke very good English except the Irish!

Chapter 12: Favorite Street

Question: What is your favorite Highway, Street or Location?

Dan

My favorite highway is the George Washington Memorial Parkway³⁵ which runs along the Virginia side of the Potomac River from I-495 to Mount Vernon, George Washington's home.



As the National Parks Service' Shawn McCabe (aka Ranger Rick)³⁶ reminded everyone at every public meeting that I attended with him, "The Parkway is named after George Washington who was the first President of the United State and considered by most as the Father of our country. It is the third-most-visited National Park in the United States." Shawn's purpose at these meetings was to protect the park visitors from any

adverse effects caused by my (Crescent Resources') development of Potomac Yard, a 360-acre, former railroad yard. Ironically, Shawn and I were on the same side since preserving the Parkway's beauty and accessibility was my high priority too. By the way, the George Washington Memorial Parkway became the third-most-visited National Park because they counted every passenger in every automobile headed to work in the District of Columbia as a "visitor," and they counted the same car and passengers again as "visitors" when they headed home to Northern Virginia.

I used the Parkway as my commuter route when I lived in Reston and Falls Church, Virginia. It was always a beautiful drive with great views of the Potomac River, as well as the Lincoln and Jefferson Memorials and the Washington Monument. I used the Turkey Run Park as a weekend hiking trailhead and pathway to fishing on the Potomac River. When we moved to Rosslyn, Virginia, I walked to the Theodore Roosevelt Memorial and then around the entire Roosevelt Island almost every day.

³⁵ The George Washington Memorial Parkway, colloquially the G.W. Parkway, is a 25-mile-long parkway that runs along the south bank of the Potomac River from Mount Vernon, Virginia, northwest to McLean, Virginia, and is maintained by the National Park Service

³⁶ Shawn McCabe attended every public meeting about Potomac Yard and the George Washington Parkway wearing his forest-green, Ike jacket (US Park Ranger official uniform) with his stiff-brimmed Ranger Hat. He looked good and was quite sincere. We became good friends.

The George Washington Memorial Parkway provides access to the President George W. Bush Center for Intelligence (the CIA headquarters), Reagan National Airport, and old town Alexandria. The Parkway also provides access to our Potomac Yard Development in Arlington and Alexandria. It borders the Potomac Yard Development for over six miles!

The Parkway now has a speed of 50 miles per hour, but it used to have a limit of 40 miles per hour. Exiting off I-495 with its 70 miles per hour limit, it was hard to slow down quickly to the lower limit. I fell into a speed trap set up by the Park Police near the Chain Bridge Road exit because they said I was going 61 in a 40 mph zone. I also was charged with reckless driving since I exceeded the speed limit by 20 mph. Even worse, I had to appear personally at the Alexandria Federal Courthouse because this was a federal offense!

I took a day off work for my court appearance, and when I arrived there were 60 people who were charged with speeding on the same night. The court attendants went to each of us waiting to enter the courtroom with the same deal: if we pleaded guilty to speeding, they would drop the reckless driving charge. But, they explained, we would need to plead guilty in front of a federal judge.

As our names were called, each speeder had to plead guilty and then the judge would ask, “Do you have anything to say?” While I thought that I was being treated unfairly, some of my fellow defendants argued vociferously that they were trapped and that they were good, law-abiding citizens who were unfairly targeted and abused! The judge apologized for the rather arbitrary nature of the police action and explained over and over that he did not make the rules.

My bad luck continued as I was the last person called to plead guilty to the judge. After the judge wearily read my charge and asked if I would like to say anything, I just took a deep breath and said, “No your Honor!” and paid my \$100 fine.

However, I still love the George Washington Memorial Parkway even though any activity that occurred on Potomac Yard that could be seen by “visitors” (really commuters) to the park, had to be approved by the Department of Interior. This meant that every street, building, or physical improvement on Potomac Yard had to be blessed by the Feds. Our development team became so good at dealing with the Department of Interior that the municipal governments of the County of Arlington and the City of Alexandria made requirements for us to get concessions from the Federal government (Department of Interior) because they just couldn’t deal with “those people.”

As neighbors to the Parkway, I always bragged about how fortunate we were to have the Parkway next to us, and often times I would take people to the Parkway’s only restaurant, Potomac Landing, for lunch just to show off this beautiful National Parkway.

While I had a love/hate affair with the National Park Service and the US Department of Interior, I always smile when I think of the George Washington Memorial Parkway, “named after the Father of our Country.”

Other favorite streets highways and locations include:

226 East Sheridan Avenue, DuBois, PA. was my childhood home, and it was the first house to be built on our block.

Sabula Outing Club Road, Sandy Township, PA. is a private road in front of our home. We have a steep, u-shaped driveway coming up to the house that becomes an icy toboggan run each winter.

Granite Road, Sandy Township, PA. is a self-made road through the Duck Farm with limestone debris from JA Kohlhepp Sons block plant and with granite and quartz remnants from the stone fabrication cuttings.

Armed Forces Retirement Home, Washington, DC. is the location of the Anderson Cottage which was the Summer White House for three Presidents including Abraham Lincoln. This is where Lincoln wrote the Emancipation Proclamation. Recently it was made a National Monument and renamed Lincoln Cottage. It was located on the campus of the Armed Forces Retirement Home in Washington, DC. We got the Armed Forces Retirement Master Planned approved by the District of Columbia only to have the U.S. Department of Defense to back out of our deal because of an “imaginary impasse.” This is a great address and property, but the Department of Defense is incapable or developing 270-acre site, since it has tried unsuccessfully for the last 15 years!

Chapter 13: Home Improvement Projects

Question: What has been your favorite home improvement project?

Dan and Donna

Donna and I have had a lot of homes during our married life, and every one had some kind of project, either required or elective. Below is a matrix listing of our homes and the major projects that we undertook. Every project has been different, satisfying, and frustrating in its own way. Next to the project descriptions are our comments.

Address	Project	Dan Comments	Donna Comments
204 Justin Drive Norman, OK			
	Gluing Rocking Chair	I glued my hand to the chair rocker with my new hot glue gun	
	Refinished Uncle Anse's Table: White paint stripped off and then stained black walnut stain	It turned out better than expected. We still use it today.	
227 Orr Drive Norman, OK			
	Planted 36 cedar trees around the house	All dug up from Arnold Parr's vacant land outside of Norman	
	Constructed backyard fence: It had a special door for Little Kelly	We needed it to block out our neighbors' lives and outdoor antics.	
	Developed an organic garden that grew mostly corn, okra, and cucumbers	We learned every way to use cucumbers and learned to like okra and eggplant.	
	Constructed rabbit hutch to raise rabbits for meat.	Finally ended this project when I butchered old Buck!	
317 Gill Street State College, PA			
	Painted third floor apartment	Diane and I got paint all over us from painting the small closets	
	Remodeled first floor bathroom with a shower.	We had three full baths and no shower, only antique, claw-foot tubs	
	Removed giant oak tree in backyard that literally leaned against the house.	The neighbors complained that we were ruining the neighborhood.	

	Painted the Kitchen Cabinets		
	Sanded the oak first floor		
North Shore Drive Reston, VA			
	Constructed basement outdoor patio/deck	This was very satisfying, but it was hardly ever used	
Fish Cay Court Treasure Lake, PA			
	My dad built a new vacation home for us out of semi-solid concrete blocks and split concrete blocks.	Under the front deck we had a hot tub that was used almost daily with Andy and Chris Budget was \$40 K but actual cost was \$80 K!	
South Shore Drive Reston, VA	Landscaped the yard for an appraisal for USF&G	An excellent idea! House appraised for \$330 K and we bought it for \$230 K	
5208 N. Charles Street Baltimore, MD			
	Remodeled the basement after it flooded	This became our office for 5 adults	
	Constructed a side yard fence to keep in kids and dog	This was very reassuring because Charles Street was a racetrack!	
	Built a dog kennel for Suzie	We still have this kennel, but it was a bust as a duck house	
	Cut an opening in the wall between the kitchen and the hall for Mike Jones	Our happy hours were pretty crowded so Mike stood in the hall and looked in through the opening	
Duck Farm 2500 Sher-De-Lin Rd Sandy Township, PA		WE never lived here, but we have spent a lot of time and money here.	
	Built a picnic pavilion with two heated bathrooms	A necessity!	

	Added a workshop to the pavilion	Another necessity!	
	Built a metal storage garage from a green house frame	Another necessity!	
	Built a dozen deer stands	Another necessity!	
	Built a floating dock	Another necessity!	
	Built a shooting platform	Another necessity!	
708 Highland Ave. Falls Church, VA			
	Moved into a new house that only needed toilet paper holders in the bathrooms	We loved the house and hated the general contractor	
	Constructed a stone-walled garden area around the deck	We loved the pond with the fish and aquatic plants	I even took the pond plants into the bathtub for the winter one year.
	Planted apple trees and elderberry bushes	These grew great! The elderberry bushes were cut down, but the apple trees have survived.	
	Planted lots of tulip bulbs		
Belvedere Condominiums 1600 N. Oak St. Arlington, VA		This was a two bedroom, 1400 sq. ft. unit with knock-out views of the National Mall and the Iwo Jilama Memorial	
	Painted the entire unit	Bold colors from Donna	
	Replaced the kitchen	The kitchen got views of the mall and joined the rest of the unit.	
	Remodeled the bathrooms	Countertop and sinks were great additions.	Lights and mirrors wee great too!
124 Sabula Outing Club Road Sandy Township, PA		This is our full-time residence, and now we are ready to remodel again	
	Remodeled kitchen, twice.		
	Re-sided the house		
	Removed front door exterior staircase and replaced it with an interior staircase in the front porch		
	Removed fireplace chimneys in Kim's room and popped up the ceiling		

	Added master bedroom, bath, and hot tub room		
	Added two-stall garage		
	Added she-shed		
	Constructed raised garden beds		
	Replaced and expanded driveway		
Star Bar Camp 124 Hubler Drive Sandy Township, PA			
	Built a new hunting camp on an old trailer site and survived dumpster fire! We saved the old concrete block addition and added to it (quite a bit).	Great idea as a guest house, but Andy loves it as his new home!	Enjoyed taking 3-year-old Henry to watch the construction
Flowing Well Road Union Township, PA			
	Built a new house for Joanne and Dave (and Henry and Alice)	This has become a dream home that started out as a remodel of an old trailer site. We saved the basement.	



We are thinking about remodeling our Sabula Lake house again, but we don't know where to start. Next year will be an interesting time for new project!

Chapter 14: Kaydee's Birth Story

Request: Tell us Kaydee's Birth Story



Donna

I loved being pregnant. I felt good. I enjoyed buying and wearing maternity clothes. Maternity clothes helped to make becoming a mom real while waiting for what seem to be an endless nine months. The maternity clothes in those days were roomy and comfortable, not like the tight-fitting clothes the women wear today. I also enjoyed buying things for the baby and decorating the nursery. The nursery was our large extra bedroom. Dan chose a heavy-duty crib saying we would need it. Not sure what he expected. We had three gentle, small baby girls. Dan also constructed a very useful changing tabletop for the white dresser that I had growing up. I chose large pink, blue, and yellow plaid wallpaper for one accent wall in the nursery and a pink and blue quilt for the baby bed. Everything was pink and blue because those were the days before sonograms and learning the gender of the baby before birth.

Dan and I attended birthing class. It was a series of classes preparing couples for what to expect and how to have a natural birth with limited medical intervention. Fathers were included and instructed on ways that they could assist their wives during labor and birth. We learned the relatively new Lamaze method of breathing for pain control. A whole new way of giving birth! Not like my mother's experience of twilight sleep, alone in a hospital bed, with my dad in the waiting room. Mom said she had no memory of her labor or delivery at the hospital. She also said that because of the twilight sleep she was too sleepy to even hold her babies after they were born.

I woke up at 4:00 in the morning of July 16th thinking that my water had broken. I was not having many contractions and my due date was not until July 21st. Because I had been told to go

to the hospital once my water breaks to avoid the possibility of infection, we packed up and headed out at around 6 AM. Dan said that there was one stop that we needed to make. He said we needed a camera. We went to the only place we could think of that would be open and might have a camera, Skaggs Albertson grocery store. We got what we needed and drove to Baptist Hospital on Northwest Expressway in Oklahoma City. Would this be the day, or would Kaydee wait to share Dan's birthday on July 17th? We had not even finished our Lamaze classes. I was a little anxious but excited.

When I was examined at the hospital, I was told that my water had not in fact broken, but that I must have a "high leak." I often say that Kaydee was moving so much during the night she must have torn her own sac. She was a gymnast even before birth. While at the hospital, the doctor went ahead and fully ruptured the amnionic sac. There was a whoosh of fluid and I remember thinking, "Oh, now that is what a break feels like!" The doctor then told me to go home and wait until the contractions got stronger but to be sure and come back in no longer than eight hours to "reduce the possibility of infection."

We went back home to wait. I made some calls to family and friend. My next-door neighbor Bobi Hancock came over to visit and share the excitement. Dan and I also discussed baby names AGAIN. We had decided on Diane after my sister for a girl and Drew Benjamin, "DBK" like Dan and Dan's Dad (Douglas Bruce Kohlhepp) for a boy. But, after more discussion, we for some reason changed our minds about the name Diane and decided on Katherine for a girl. We would make Diane her middle name and call her KD, Kaydee for short. Thus this unique name would be spelled: K A Y D E E.

Dan and I went back to the hospital at 6 PM. We went to the newly opened Birth Center in Baptist Hospital. Birth centers were a new concept at the time. The Birth centers were typically in hospitals. They consisted of one or sometimes two rooms furnished with homey furnishings similar to a hotel suite. No medical equipment was in sight other than the baby's bassinet. Husbands and family or friends were welcome, as well as food and drinks (for guests only of course). The rooms were reserved only for mothers having natural births. Natural births, fathers present for delivery, and non-medical rooms for birthing were all new trends at the time (1980). It was just Dan and me in the suite except for an occasional visit from a nurse, and I did most of my labor in a recliner. Labor seemed to progress rather quickly, but I remember the nurse saying that the baby probably would not be born until her dad's birthday, the next day. Kaydee, in true form, and I couldn't wait. We couldn't even wait for the doctor to get to the hospital. He only arrived in time to "catch" Kaydee, who was born at 9:30 PM, July 16, weighing 6 pounds 12 ounces, and 18 ½ inches long. She was perfect!

I spent the rest of that night in the hospital. I remember wanting to have the baby in the room with me, but I was told that the only room available was a double so I could not have the baby in the room. There was no one in the other bed, and no other patient ever came in. I was lonely and uncomfortable all night, so I called and woke up Dan very early the next morning and asked him

to come and be with me. It was early even for him, and he was still tired. But he hurried over to the hospital to be with me. I remember him napping on the floor of my hospital room. I am sure he could not have been comfortable, but I really appreciated him being there! True love!

Eventually, I was moved to a private rooming-in room where I could have Kaydee with me.

Rooming-in was another new concept in those days. The nurses seemed to be confused by what their role was, so they left me alone most of the day and night only checking on me occasionally.

I wanted so badly to hold Kaydee that night, but the nurses had put up the railings on my bed, so I could not get out to get her out of the bassinet. Another lonely night! The new ways of doing things still needed some work! But all in all, Kaydee's birth was an amazing experience. A wonderful memory!

Dan

Kaydee's birth on July 16, 1980 was a relief, all things considered. Donna and I had just moved to Oklahoma City a year earlier, so we were new to everything: neighbors, businesses, and hospital services. When Donna became pregnant, we joined a Lamaze class to learn about natural childbirth. There were seven couples in the class: all about our age and all expecting their first child. At the first class we needed to introduce ourselves and give our names with a rhyming adjective, e.g. Looney Lucy, Silly Sally, and so on. I told them that my name was Daniel and that I was a dog trainer and author of a training manual for Springer Spaniels that I published every year. The book was called, "Daniel's Annual Spaniel Manual." After the groans, I became Daniel Spaniel.

This was a great group, and we all quickly became good friends. We learned a lot about babies and birthing that I never knew before. Donna, on the other hand, could have taught the course, but she was a good sport and played along.

From my point of view, the father's role in childbirth seemed to focus on helping the mother breathe through all of the painful contractions. We practiced, "Ha ha, he he" over and over.

When the big day came, we were sent home from Baptist Hospital to wait until the contractions got closer. It was a long day, but finally we went back to the hospital, which was only a mile away. I was ready with my special bag and primed to execute my responsibilities flawlessly. As we walked across the parking lot, Donna stopped, looked me straight in the eyes and said, "Don't talk, don't breathe, don't touch me! I've got this." She could tell that I was devastated so she compromised and said, "OK you can hold my hand, but that's all."

As a spectator, I watched Donna have contractions, nurses come and go, but no doctor was around. At one point, Donna gave a low animal-like moan and flushed red. I knew this was "transition" because I had studied the course guide. Still no doctor appeared. The nurses said, "Try not to push." Donna looked at them and convinced me that these were idiots!

After several minutes of "Try not to push," Kaydee's head was crowning, and suddenly the doctor appeared. He must have done an episiotomy, because Kaydee popped out so fast that professional baseball player would have dropped her. Luckily, the doctor caught her, so I didn't have to kill him. The nurses cleaned up Kaydee and presented her to me wrapped in a blanket like a burrito. I had the good sense to immediately give her to Donna so life was as it should be.

For some reason, the nurses seemed indifferent to us, and the doctor disappeared. Later when I was allowed to visit Donna and Kaydee the next morning, I went to the nurses' station, but the nurses couldn't find Donna's room until one said, "Oh yeah, she's one of those," and pointed down the hall. Donna was glad to see me for sure, and after we asked nicely, the nurse brought

Kaydee to us from the nursery. She was carrying two babies wrapped like burritos on her hip as she opened the door. I was glad to get Kaydee into Donna's arms and started to plan to get them out of this hospital as soon as possible!

Finally, we were home with our new baby, and our life has never been the same ever since!

Donna and I were invited to speak to our Lamaze class since we were the first in our class to actually have a birth experience. Donna and I enjoyed telling our story together and entertaining our friends with the "real deal." Several suggested that we become comedians and take our show on the road! They all thanked us, and they all had perfect babies just like us.

Those Lamaze ladies became Donna's closest friends and support group for the next five years.

Chapter 15: Favorite Teacher or College Professor

Question: Who was your favorite college professor or teacher?

Dan

When I started kindergarten and all through elementary school, I was afraid of my teachers, except one, Mrs. Jeanne Hayes. She was my second-grade teacher, and that was her first year of teaching. I never understood how we were related, but she was nice to me. Evidently, she was Cy Richard's daughter and had just married Al Hayes from Luthersburg, and Al was my mother's second cousin. She was young and pretty and smiled a lot. My mother even had the audacity to invite her and several other elementary teachers to our house for lunch! Just two years ago, I met her at a Hayes Reunion, and we had a wonderful visit. She only taught one year, and luckily for me that was my year in second grade.

In junior high school, several teachers were not well liked by my dad, probably because they were friends of my mother's brother Kip. Also, my mother got in a yelling match with the band leader when I went to the State Wrestling Tournament rather than his required rehearsal. But one teacher stands out: my eighth-grade geography and homeroom teacher, Miss Gertrude Buchanan. She kept me after class once and told me that we needed to talk about my grades. I asked what the problem was because I had all C's and B's, and even one A. She explained to me that I should be getting much better grades, and that I should apply myself and be more serious about grades. Quite frankly, I never thought about grades, and I was just happy to get by. She "watched" me more carefully, and my grades got better and better. I owe her a lot for raising my academic expectations.

In high school, my favorite teacher was Sam Richards who was Cy Richard's son and Mrs. Jeanne Hayes brother. Sam taught me art for one semester, but more importantly, Sam was my track coach, and he seemed to like me. The Richards Family never missed a wrestling match, home or away.

But my most memorable coach was Don Shobert who coached me in wrestling from fourth thru twelfth grade. He was also my junior varsity football coach. Don was a high school friend of my parents, and he was even my father's roommate during his first semester in college at the University of Pennsylvania. Coach Shobert and I became linked to each other forever when I became his first and only State Wrestling Champion. I gave a heart-felt tribute to him at his retirement dinner, but we never talked again.

As an undergraduate student at Penn State University, Professor Sam Wherry became my insurance professor, and later, I became his graduate assistant in the MBA Program. Sam held the William Elliot Endowed Professorship, and I was the William Elliot Scholar³⁷. Professor Wherry was the department chairman when my father went to Penn State³⁸ in the '40's and majored in Commerce and Finance.

J.D. Hammond taught me several graduate insurance and risk management courses and encouraged me to continue my graduate education to earn a PhD, something that never occurred to me. Like Miss Buchanon in eighth grade, he raised my personal dreams and aspirations.

At The Ohio State University, Professor Ronald L. Racster was my senior professor who taught several real estate courses and chaired my dissertation committee. Dr. Racster became my role model and ideal. He loved to study and teach real estate, and his integrity was absolute in a very difficult academic environment. He showed me how to interact with fellow grad students as well as truculent faculty professors. He encouraged me to write and publish in scholarly journals as well as professional magazines. He launched me into academia!

³⁷ William Elliot was the president of Philadelphia Life Insurance Company who funded Sam's chair and my assistantship

³⁸ My dad left the University of Pennsylvania to enlist in the Marines in World War II, but attended Penn State College on the GI bill after the war.

Chapter 16: Inspirational Quotes

Question: What has been your favorite inspirational quotes related to your career?

Dan

I have several quotes that I reflect on most of the time. These quotes were given or directed to me by people I remember and by no one in particular. In any event, these sayings have just stuck with me, and I have repeated them numerous times to others and just to myself.

1. “This above all to thine own self be true.”

“This above all, to thine own self be true; it must follow as the night the day, a then thou can be false to man.” (Hamlet, Act 1, Scene 3 78-82). This is advice that the court jester, Polonius, gives to his son, Laertes, as Laertes prepares to leave for school in France. The entire soliloquy is one of favorite Shakespearean passages.³⁹ It is full of good advice.

However, I did not get his quote in English class, but rather my father gave it to me when I was in eighth grade and struggling to write an editorial for our school newspaper. He didn’t cite

³⁹ The entire passage is:

*There, my blessing with thee.
And these few precepts in thy memory
Look thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportioned thought his act.
Be thou familiar but by no means vulgar.
Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them unto thy soul with hoops of steel,
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatched, unfledged comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel, but being in,
Bear 't that th' opposèd may beware of thee.
Give every man thy ear but few thy voice.
Take each man's censure but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy—rich, not gaudy,
For the apparel oft proclaims the man,
And they in France of the best rank and station
Are of a most select and generous chief in that.
Neither a borrower nor a lender be,
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all: to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
Farewell. My blessing season this in thee.*

Shakespeare, but I liked the quote so much that I used the quote as the title for my article. It spoke to me more than my lessons from the Catholic catechism.

I learned to love Shakespeare, and this passage has been the guiding star of my life.

2. “No problems; only opportunities”

This was Professor Sam Wherry’s favorite saying. Sam was semi-retired and serving his last semester at Penn State when I was his graduate assistant. I pretty much ignored his idioms as I thought they were just a cover for his minor mistakes (like “Don’t sweat the small stuff”). His retirement speech was to be the highlight of his career, and it would be published in insurance journals, alumni magazines, and Philadelphia Life’s Annual Report. My job was to record the speech so it could be saved, transcribed, and prepared for publication. I set up the reel-to-reel recorder and checked the microphone before his speech. When he started his speak, his voice sounded very soft, so I literally crawled up toward the stage on my hands and knees and turn the recorder on “high.” After his speech and congratulatory remarks from the Dean and others, I checked the recorder and realized to my horror that I had turned the recorder to “off” rather than high. There was no recording!

I took Sam aside and confessed what I had done to his speech, and he looked straight at me, took a deep breath, and said, “No problems; only opportunities!” We never talked about the event again, but I always treasured his equanimity and optimism.

3. “Illegitimas non carborundum”

Professor J.D. Hammond, my Master’s thesis advisor, had a carved wooden sign on his desk that said, “Illegitimas Non Carborundum.” When I questioned its meaning, J.D. told me proudly, “It means, ‘Don’t let the bastards grind you down!’ You should never forget that,” he advised. J.D. was the most reserved, self-contained person that I had ever known so the idea of this profane saying on his desk took me aback, and I never forgot it. This saying has served me well.

4. “You can always tell them to go to hell tomorrow.”

There’s a story about a big New York investment firm that recruited the best and brightest young minds and immediately put them through a six-week course to make them better and brighter. At the end of the course, the firm held a special luncheon and arranged for the most successful New York Investment Banker of all time to speak to them. After lunch, he was introduced and congratulated the young rising stars, and said, “This is the best advice I can give: Remember, and never forget, that you can always tell the bastard to go to hell tomorrow!”

When I heard this story, I regretted that I was in my 40’s before I got this advice. I use this advice all the time in all kinds of situations and negotiations. It has made me a better businessman and human being.

5. “Beyond a wholesome discipline, be gentle with yourself.”

Desiderata⁴⁰ was on a very popular poster during my undergraduate days. I always liked it, but it became more meaningful to me after I gave up religion during my graduate school days. The seventh paragraph is, “Beyond a wholesome discipline, be gentle with yourself.” I find this to be very reassuring since I have a tendency to be overly compulsive and tough on myself. I could say to myself, “Just relax,” but the words in Desiderata sounded better to me. Nowadays in my eighth decade on planet Earth, I think of another passage, “Take kindly to the counsel of the years, gracefully surrendering the things of youth.” I read Desiderata almost every day, and I keep a copy of it in my Day-Timer.

Donna and I had Desiderata read at our wedding in lieu of the minister’s homily. Also Joanne, Kaydee, and Kimberly had Desiderata read at their weddings. My mother and father both asked that Desiderata be read at their funerals. It seems that this unknown author keeps speaking to all of us with his poem.

6. “It is easy enough to be pleasant when life flows along like a song, but the one worthwhile is the one who can smile when everything goes dead wrong.”

As long as I can remember, there was a tacky, wooden sign over our kitchen table on 226 East Sheridan Avenue that said, “It is easy enough to be pleasant when life flows along like a song, but the one worthwhile is the one who can smile when everything goes dead wrong.”

We never discussed it, but it was always there. Somehow, I can’t get it out of my mind, especially when everything goes dead wrong.

⁴⁰ **DESIDERATA**

Go Placidly amid the noise and haste, and remember what peace there may be in silence. As far as possible without surrender be on good terms with all person.

Speak your truth quietly and clearly; and listen to others, even the dull and ignorant; they too have their story. Avoid loud and aggressive persons; they are vexations to the spirit. If you compare yourself to others, you may become vain and bitter; for always there will be greater and lesser persons than yourself.

Enjoy your achievements as well as your plans. Keep interested in your own career, however humble; it is a real possession in the changing fortunes of time.

Exercise caution in your business affairs; for the world is full of trickery. But let this not blind you to what virtue there is; many persons strive for high ideals; and everywhere life is full of heroism.

Be yourself. Especially, do not feign affection. Neither be cynical about love; for in the face of all aridity and disenchantment, it is as perennial as the grass. **Take** kindly to the counsel of the years, gracefully surrendering the things of youth.

Nurture strength of spirit to shield you in sudden misfortune. But do not distress yourself with imaginings. Many fears are born of fatigue and loneliness.

Beyond a wholesome discipline, be gentle with yourself.

You are a child of the universe, no less than the trees and the stars; you have a right to be here. And whether or not it is clear to you, no doubt the universe is unfolding as it should.

Therefore be at peace with God, whatever you conceive Him to be, and whatever your labors and aspirations, in the noisy confusion of life keep peace with your soul. With all its sham, drudgery and broken dreams it is still a beautiful world.

Be cheerful. **Strive To Be Happy.**

Chapter 17: Historical Figures

Question: Who is your favorite historical figure?

Dan

Depending on the day and the most recent book I've read, my favorite historical figures change quite a bit. However, usually my favorites always include George Washington, Benjamin Franklin, Abraham Lincoln, and William Shakespeare. This list may look obvious, pedestrian, or trite, but after years of reading about them and reflecting on their lives, they seem like old friends.

William Shakespeare's life is mysterious, but his body of work is incredible. Not only did he write the plays, but he also acted in and directed them. As though that weren't enough, he financed the productions and even built a theater to house them (twice). I have wondered how man could be so productive in his life, and so have others. Currently there is a body of literature that claims that Shakespeare was not just one man but rather a series of authors. I don't believe these suggestions for a second! I want to believe that Shakespeare was a single incredible man who was so talented and productive that the rest of us can only admire his achievements. Even now, we wonder how his knowledge and creativity could span such a broad spectrum of history and human emotions. I have trouble reading his plays, but I could attend a Shakespearean play every day. I love his stories even though he borrowed them from everyone and everywhere. Shakespeare gave us the English language, and he has given me a lifetime of admiration. You go, Will!

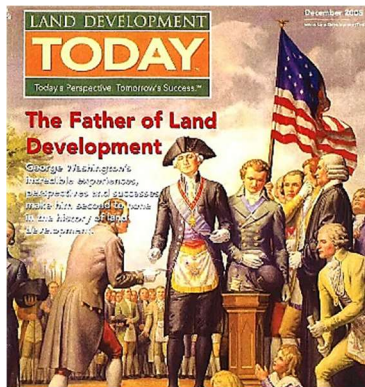
In my mind, Abraham Lincoln should be revered as a savior figure right alongside of Jesus Christ. Lincoln's life and untimely death demonstrate how our lives should be lived and how we should treat each other. My work at the Armed Forces Retirement Home development in Washington, DC gave me an occasion to see how Lincoln retired to his "Summer White House," also known as the Anderson Cottage, to get away from the constant craziness of the White House, which was only three miles away.

Lincoln started out as a remarkably common man and rose to become a leader of our country during such unbelievably difficult times. He also had a crazy wife, and he lost two children. He gave us a new vision of democracy that was focused on human rights rather than property rights.

Benjamin Franklin is one of my favorites not only because he rose from his brother's apprentice to become our first Postmaster and Ambassador to France, but also because he was such a

critical observer of the human experience with a keen sense of humor.⁴¹ As a writer and printer he has no American rival. He had a vision for thirteen English colonies to become the United States of America, and the pragmatism to make it happen through persuasion and diplomacy. His scientific discoveries and inventions were resisted by his countrymen who preferred to stay in the dark ages. His audience was worldwide, and he was rightfully recognized as Dr. Franklin by the European scientific community.

Franklin's *Autobiography*⁴² is considered as a model and masterpiece for those of us trying to write our own biographies. He wrote his biography as instructions to his children about living their lives based on his own experience. I have read it several times, and I may get a copy for each of my children this Christmas!



George Washington's legendary life also seems too big to be true, but I love to read about him. I probably have read at least one book a year about him. This year, I read *Travels with George*⁴³ about his travels during the first year of his presidency and another titled, *George Washington, Entrepreneur*⁴⁴. I routinely give my students an article titled, "George Washington, the Father of Real Estate Development."⁴⁵

Washington seemed over-shadowed by the political writing of our Founding Fathers, but he, like Franklin, had the pragmatism to turn their pronouncements into a successful Revolutionary War! He was a dedicated sportsman who developed a breed of dogs to hunt foxes on horseback. He also developed our modern-day mules.

He was the first plantation owner to abandon cotton farming because it ruined the soil, and he developed his own system for crop rotation. He was motivated as a businessman to grow vegetables that required less labor and had a higher profit margin.

Unlike his fellow plantation owners who considered slave ownership a divine right, he was troubled by the ownership of enslaved human beings. He truly was a man of his times, and yet he was a man way ahead of his times!

At his death, he operated the largest distillery of whiskey in America! The more I read about his life and times, the more I like him. By the way, his home on the Potomac River, Mount Vernon, is a favorite tourist site for all our Washington visitors.

⁴¹ "Man's best friends are an old dog, an old wife, and ready cash!"

⁴² Franklin began writing *Autobiography* in 1771 and finished it just before he died in 1790. His critics called it a "disjointed, inaccurate, and mangled manuscript." However, it speaks to me.

⁴³ Nathan Philbrick, *Travels with George*, 2021

⁴⁴ John Berlau, *George Washington, Entrepreneur*, 2020

⁴⁵ Washington's surveying skills were used to define our western frontiers in Virginia, Pennsylvania, and Ohio and make it available for purchase and development by investors like himself. He would be considered a "Land Packager," in our Real Estate Development Matrix.

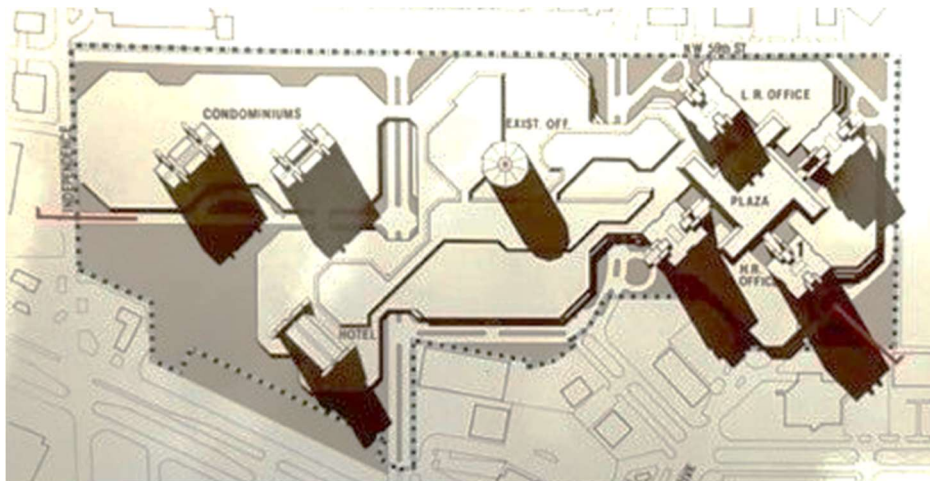
Chapter 18: Real Estate Projects

Questions: What was your favorite real estate project?

Dan

I have been writing reports about my real estate projects for the last 45 years. Most of these reports are in my website under “Real Estate Investments.” At each phase of my real estate career, I had a favorite project.

United Founder’s Investment Portfolio, Oklahoma City, 1977



As a college professor at the University of Oklahoma, I wrote a real estate investment proposal for Wes Finley and his client, the United Founders Life Insurance Company. The proposed investment package included a 20-story cylindrical office building with a revolving restaurant on top, a 200-room Hilton Hotel, and 50,000 square foot Service Merchandise store. The portfolio was eventually sold as the largest real estate deal in Oklahoma history to a prominent investment group, and Wes Finley thought I was the smartest man in the world. The next year Donna and I moved to State College, Pennsylvania where I become a real estate professor at Penn State University.



Wes made an enormous amount of money on the United Founder portfolio sale, and Wes called me weekly begging me to return to Oklahoma and become his partner. I finally agreed to his generous financial offer, so Donna and I moved to Oklahoma City after only nine months as Penn State professors.

4141 Northwest Expressway, Oklahoma City, 1981-1982

Wes and I formed a general partnership that did business under the name KAFCO (Kohlhepp and Finley Company). We did a lot of consulting and analysis work until Liberty Bank asked us if we would buy and develop a 3.5-acre land parcel that it owned on the Northwest Expressway and turn it into a suburban office building. We quickly agreed, especially when they agreed to finance the entire cost of the land building! Thus we began the development of 4141 Northwest Expressway, a 35,000 square foot, three-story, brick-clad, steel-framed speculative office building.



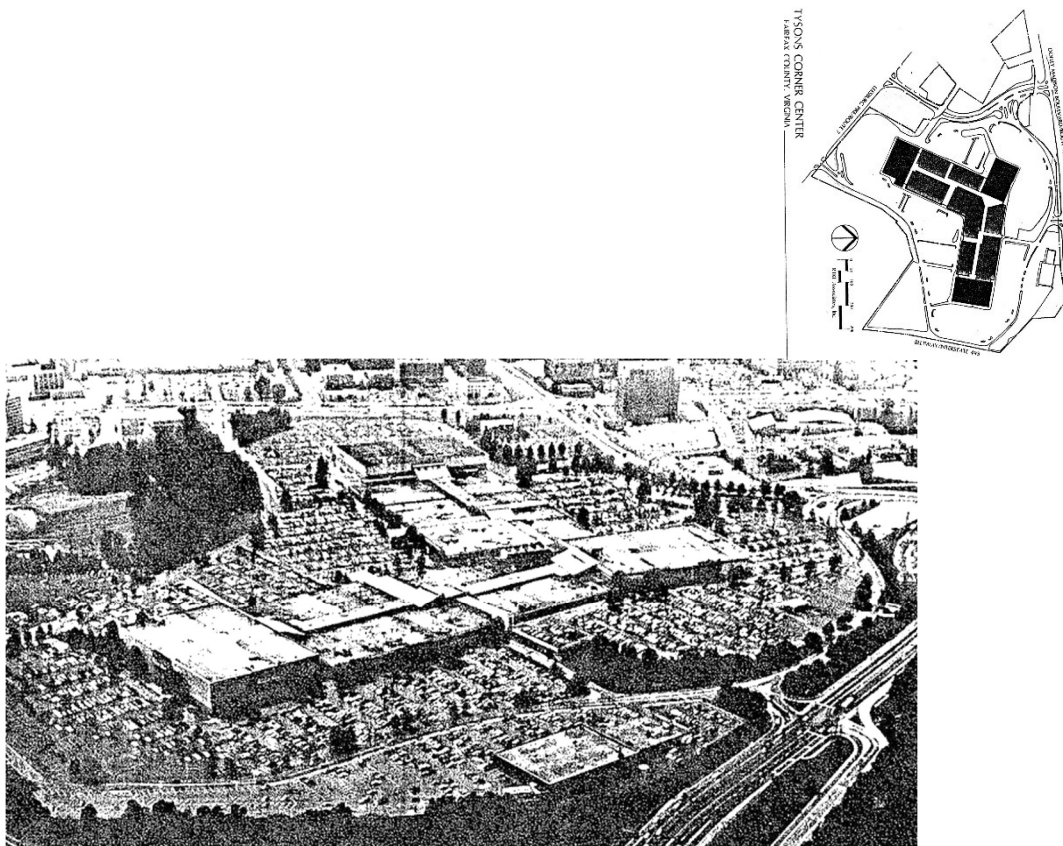
Wes had a reputation as a hell raiser when he was younger, but he had been sober for seven years and seemed like a model citizen, until I became his partner. Wes started to drink again when I became his partner, and he would go on drinking binges for weeks at a time. Wes was drunk when we purchased the land from the Bank; drunk when we set the steel for the building; and drunk when we sold the building to Circle Energy on July 29, 1982. (There is more to this story in a latter chapter.) We terminated our partnership immediately after the sale.

Tyson Corner Shopping Center, McCain, Virginia, 1987- 1991

After Oklahoma, City Donna and I moved to Reston, Virginia so I could be a real estate investment advisor to the United State Fidelity and Guaranty Company (USF&G). Our main goal was to find participating mortgage opportunities, but there was a small fund set aside for equity investments.

We found a Texas Partnership that contracted to purchase the Tysons Corner Mall in McClain Virginia for \$178 million, and it needed to raise \$21.5 million in equity capital.

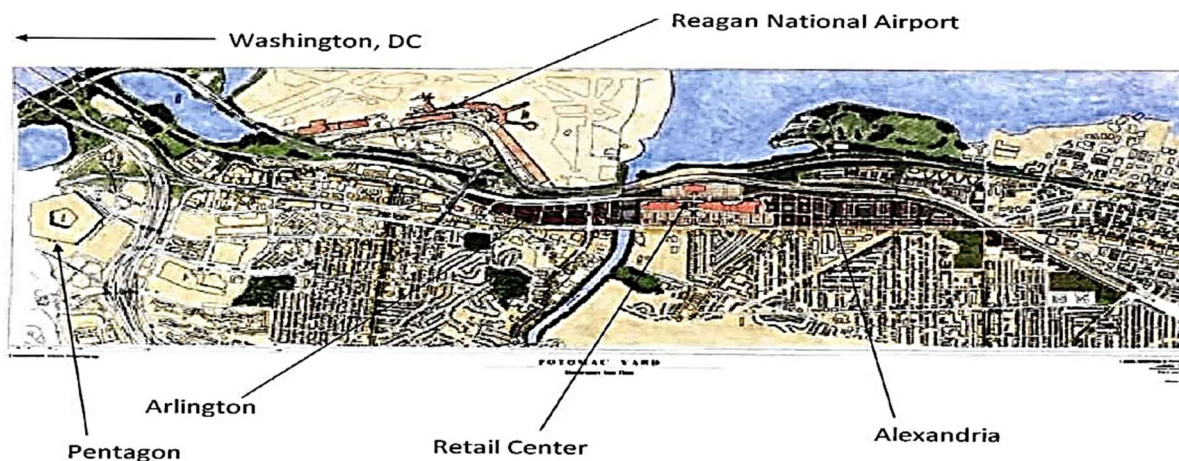
Donna and I had shopped in this mall many times, and I knew it was a guaranteed winner. The 85-acre, triangular site was improved with 1.5 million square feet of retail space and all surface parking. The plan was to increase the mall by 240,000 square feet, add a 250-room hotel, build five parking structures, and free up five building sites for future development. USF&G's Investment Committee knew the mall since it was one of the biggest retail centers on the East Coast, so of course they approved the equity investment of \$7.8 million.



The expansion plan was perfectly executed and extremely successful: three major anchor retail tenants pre-leased most of the space; the parking structures were well received; and the hotel development was a slam-dunk winner! Retail sales were at record highs when the property was appraised three years later, so the estimated market value was sky-high.

At our quarterly Partners Meeting, the general partners announced that they wanted to hire Goldman Sachs to sell the property at twice the appraised value because it was a world-class property and Goldman Sachs was a world-class broker. I strongly disagreed. I told the partners that USG&G would be glad to sell its interest at the appraised value. The Alaska Permanent Fund accepted our offer, and USF&G made an extraordinary profit on this investment! Mike Jones and I had to travel to Juneau, Alaska twice to seal the deal, and, of course, to go salmon fishing with our Alaskan partners!

Potomac Yard, Arlington County and Alexandria, Virginia, 2001-2007



The Potomac Yard project made me famous, at least in the Northern Virginia area. This 300-acre, former rail yard was six miles long, half in Arlington County and half in the city of Alexandria. It had been recently rezoned for 1,000,000 square feet of development. It was bordered by the Pentagon, Reagan National Airport, the George Washington Memorial Parkway, the Washington area subway line, and the CSX main rail corridor that carried 350 trains a day. I figured that this development would take at least 10 years. We bought it on March 22, 2001, for \$122 million, and six months later, World Trade Centers and the Pentagon were attacked by terrorists on September 11th. It looked like our project was dead, as everything closed, especially the Reagan National Airport.

I had convinced Duke Energy that its subsidiary, Crescent Resources, could become a really big-time urban land redeveloper because this deal was big, high profile, complex, challenging,

and truly worthwhile. It would require patience, imagination, and total resolution. I must confess that during this development, I faltered and lacked all of these qualities at one time or another.

As economic conditions changed, we reversed our development plan and scheduled the residential projects first. This required us to dig a three-mile trunk sewer under Old Town Alexandria. This sewer was constructed using a micro-tunneling technique. The sewer line was 30 feet deep, which meant it was below the Potomac River. My secret weapon was Bobby Zeiller, at 36-year-old Virginia Tech engineer, who had only built warehouses in his short career. Bobby was energetic, ambitious, and double-jointed smart! He was also charming and good humored and convinced both the Arlington and Alexandria municipal staffs that we could and would do anything we said.

We sold out the project in six years with over \$600 million in sales and \$400 million in expenditures. Thus, it was a cool \$200 million for Duke Energy. I received many awards and accolades for our team's work and our energy efficient improvements. Potomac Yard is still being developed and redeveloped today, and it has become the most successful urban redevelopment in the United States ... at least in my mind.



One Potomac Yard, in the foreground, is connected to Two Potomac Yard, in the background. © Josh Partee 2009

Chapter 19: Hypothetical Vacations

Question: Where would you like to spend 2 weeks that you have never been able to? Who would you take with you?

Dan:

As a compulsive planner, I think about vacations all the time, literally every day. Donna and I have taken lots of vacations together, and they are usually in the form of trips, rather than destination vacations. On all of my planned trips, I would take Donna who is an excellent travel mate.

Around the World on a Private Jet

We have often discussed taking a package tour around the world in a private jet. Usually sponsored by Ohio State or Penn State Alumni Associations, these trips are about three weeks long and feature a dozen stops. Complete with tour guides and university development people, these trips have about two dozen travelers. The price of these trips is about \$125,000 per person. Thus, we pause and think, “Do we really want to spend that much time and money with old, rich people?” They also advertise that they can handle most disabilities and health problems. Since we both feel pretty good right now, I doubt if this hypothetical trip will ever materialize.

Auto Trip from Alaska to the Panama Canal

Another trip that probably won’t ever happen is an automobile trip from Barrow, Alaska to the Panama Canal. The current political and economic unrest, as well as notorious gang activity, within the borders of our Latin America neighbors makes me nervous, and my survival instinct overrides my need for this travel adventure. However, a coast-to-coast road trip is imminent.

African Photo Safari and South African Wine Country

A “hypothetical” trip that has a higher probability of happening is an African photo safari and tour of the South African wine district. My lifelong dream has always been to hunt big game in Africa. However, several friends have actually lived this dream, and they are overwhelmed with the mandatory taxidermy trophies, which invariably require a new structure on their properties or at least a major addition to their existing homes to accommodate these stuffed animals. At least the results of the photo safari can be stored on a flash drive and shared with anyone with a cell phone.

Sailing the Atlantic Ocean

Donna has already agreed to accompany me on an adventure sailing the Atlantic Ocean on the Queen Elizabeth II. I don't care if we sail east to west or west to east, but I only want to go one way. I need to figure out what kind of business event to include so this can be tax deductible!

Climbing Mount Kilimanjaro⁴⁶

Another dream vacation that I have always had, and which Donna has assured me that she wants no part of, is to climb Mount Kilimanjaro, a mere 19,300 feet above sea level. However, after climbing Grays Peak⁴⁷ (14,300 feet) in Colorado, I realize that I don't have discipline or physical wherewithal to even train for this trip!

Greenland and Antarctica

I also would like to stand on the rapidly disappearing Greenland Ice Fields and to visit Antarctica. Again, Donna is not interested so these trips may not happen.

Continents Not Yet Visited

Finally, I have never visited Australia, or Africa, or South America, so I am planning these trips with first class accommodations so Donna will enjoy our travels and feel special!

⁴⁶ Mount Kilimanjaro is a dormant volcano located in Kilimanjaro Region of Tanzania. It has three volcanic cones: Kibo, Mawenzi, and Shira. It is the highest mountain in Africa and the highest single free-standing mountain above sea level in the world.

⁴⁷ Grays Peak is the tenth-highest summit of the Rocky Mountains of North America and the U.S. state of Colorado.

Chapter 20: Newspapers

Question: What is your favorite newspaper or news source to follow?

Dan

I still get most of my news from newspapers, such as they are or becoming. I'm jaded by television news, which seems like news made for television entertainment, and I'm not sure how to get reliable news on-line except from my favorite newspapers

The DuBois Courier Express

Growing up in DuBois, I read (or more accurately studied) the *DuBois Courier Express* every day to check the sports scores and to see if my picture was in the paper. The epitome of success in my young mind was to have my picture in the paper. The *Courier* defined my world. My world got bigger as I learned to read more of the *Courier*. Besides the sports and "school news," I learned to read the want ads and other advertisements, especially ones with my name in, Kohlhepp Lumbertia or JA Kohlhepp Sons.

I still get the *Courier* every day, both on-line and in paper. But now I scan the obituaries for my friends and their families. I have come to appreciate the importance of writing my own obituary ahead of time. Otherwise, "He liked hunting and fishing, working in his garden, and spending time with his grandchildren" will define my life!

The Wall Street Journal

When I got to college, the *Wall Street Journal* was delivered free to our dorm every day. "What a great paper!" I thought. I was impressed with its world and national news as well its coverage of economic issues. When I moved next door to the Fiji House, I ordered a personal subscription to the *Journal* at special student rates. I have continued to subscribe to the *Wall Street Journal* ever since so I get in on-line (not good) and in paper (really good) *Journal* every day, except that the paper version gets to me usually a day or two late. I didn't realize that the *Journal* was a conservative paper until it was vilified by the liberal Left. Today, I read the editorials from the *Journal* and compare them to the *Washington Post* editorials, and if they ever agree, I re-read the articles!

The Washington Post

When we moved to the Washington, DC area, I subscribed to the *Washington Post*. True happiness, I discovered, occurred when both the *Journal* and the *Post* were outside my front door

at 6:00 in the morning! The *Post* was, and is, legendary, for tis political reporting, but it also has much more that I have found interesting. I still get it on-line, which is not very satisfying.

The New York Times

Lately, I have been getting the *New York Times* on-line. I always found the *NYT* overwhelming as it really does try to report on “everything that’s fit to print.” The on-line version that I get directs me to articles that it thinks that might think interesting. I don’t know how this works, but it has been a valuable aid for me as I try to stay up to date!

My “portfolio approach” to newspaper reading reflects my eclectic tastes for political, economic, sports and local news.

Chapter 21: Business Partner

Question: Who has been your favorite business partner?

Dan:

Without a doubt, Mike Jones, aka Michael W. Jones, CPA, has been my favorite business



partner. While I have several partners who vie for the Worst Business Partner Award, Mike stands alone as the favorite and the best business partner that I have ever had. Mike got out of the U.S. Army⁴⁸ and enrolled into the University of Oklahoma's MBA program at the same time that I got out of graduate school and took a position at the University of Oklahoma's School of Business, August 1974. Mike wanted to take a real estate valuation and appraisal course in the Winter Semester, but he had no undergraduate pre-requisite courses since

real estate had not been offered at the United States Military Academy in West Point, New York. I assured Mike that I believed in the "right to fail," so if he wanted to take the course, it was fine with me. Mike got the highest grade in the class. When Mike and I met at a cocktail party for graduate students and business faculty in May, we quickly figured out that Mike liked to hunt and fish as much as I did. Furthermore, Mike was a part-time rural mailman, so he knew all of the great fishing ponds around Norman. We quickly agreed to take our wives home (Mike's wife was 9 months pregnant) and then to meet at 5:00 am (only four hours later) at Dee's Diner to go fishing. This was the beginning of a very profitable (and productive) friendship. After taking my real estate course, Mike got his real estate license. The next year, Mike sold me our house at 227 Orr Drive in Norman, which is still the most profitable investment that I ever made (a \$12,000 profit on a \$300 investment in only 18 months⁴⁹).

A couple years later when Mike was a CPA in Pawhuska, Oklahoma, and I was a real estate developer in Oklahoma City, we did several oil well deals together. We never made much money, but it gave us the right to hunt deer on the oil leases each fall. During this time Mike became my CPA and took care of my tax returns, so we stayed in touch.

⁴⁸ After graduating from West Point in 1961, Mike served a tour of duty in Vietnam as an artillery officer and another tour in West Germany before his honorable discharge and his acceptance at OU's graduate program.

⁴⁹ See Chapter 41 for a more complete description of this deal.

When I was in Washington, DC and just starting Potomac Realty Advisors, USF&G's financial consultant, Gene Howard, stopped by my office⁵⁰ and wanted to see my business plan so he could assign some real estate investments to our firm for "asset management." I assured him that I had a plan and would present it to him next Wednesday when he returned from Atlanta. As soon as Gene walked out of my office, I called Mike and left a voice mail at his office. I told him that I had reserved him an airplane ticket from Tulsa to Washington at 7:00 pm that evening and that I had also made a hotel reservation for him at the Mayflower Hotel. I suggested that we should meet for breakfast at 8:00 am the next day. At 8:00 am, I was at the Mayflower dining room and so was Mike! We worked over the weekend and by Tuesday, Potomac Realty Advisors had a business plan with a one-year pro forma, future growth projections, Strategy statements, and, of course, an organizational chart. I would be the CEO and Mike would be the CFO.

Two years later, USF&G proposed to buy our firm, but we would need to move to Baltimore. We were allowed to keep ownership of 20% of the new company, USF&G Realty Advisors. Mike and I agreed to the sale, put some cash in the bank, and moved our families to Baltimore. Three years later, USF&G's new CEO wanted to buy out our 20%, so Mike and I agreed, put some more money in the bank, and were fired!

We formed REDDI, a new company that did real estate due diligence and real estate financial analysis for insurance companies. We met in our home (basement) on Charles Street in Baltimore, and then moved to a Towson, Maryland office when Donna had her thyroid removed. We did well, but over 18 months, Mike was ready to move back to Oklahoma, and I was ready to move back to DuBois.

Mike is still my accountant and takes care of the financial side of five companies that I have accumulated. We talk almost every week and get together once or twice a year.

Mike and I are entirely different. Mike is a "detail guy," and I am a "big picture guy". Mike likes to work from "the bottom up," and I like to work from "the top down." He makes me crazy, of course, but ... Mike is the most honest, hard-working guy I know. We are both still working every day and joke about "really" retiring someday. He is thoroughly decent in every way. I trust him completely with my life, my finances, and my family. We have been through a lot together and my respect for him has never failed. To be sure, Mike Jones is the best business partner that I have ever had.

Did I mention that Mike is really smart, too!

⁵⁰ At 1150 Connecticut Avenue NW, Washington DC.

Chapter 22: Memories of the Duck farm

Question: What have been your favorite memories of JAKS Duck farm and/or Granite Road?



Dan

The Duck Farm is a mile and a half strip of ground (about 160 acres) between two railroad tracks (one is abandoned) that have Sandy Lick Creek running through it. In the 1960's it was a "wild game park" that was called the Sher-De-Lin game Farm⁵¹. Unfortunately, it went broke because Interstate Highway 80 was two years late in opening. For years it was in disrepair and used mostly as a dumping ground for home remodeling trash by sleazy building contractors. I bought it in 1994 and started to clean It up.

Morning Walks

Today it is used almost daily by me for morning walks with my brother Andy and our good friend (and possible cousin) Gary Magee, except during hunting seasons when we chase deer instead. Our deer hunting has historically focused on lunch at the picnic pavilion that has heated

⁵¹ Dean Schreckengost started the game farm and named it after his three daughters, Sherry, Deanne, and Linda.

and handicap-accessible restrooms. On many occasions, there were twice as many people at lunch as there were hunters!

Deer Hunts



Over the years we have shot many deer, and we have always had venison in our freezers. Kim's first buck is a favorite memory and so are the first deer shot by my sons-in-law, Bryan, Ian, and Dave on the property. Every deer stand (and we have a lot) has someone's name attached to it to remember a special hunter, such as Gary's Shack-O-Lay, Ben's Hut, Greg's Dog House, Randy's Gas Well Shed, Kim's Tent Stand, and Dan's Amish Buggy

Chukar Partridge Shoots



We also have had some legendary chukar⁵² shoots over our Thanksgiving holiday that included Brad, Andy and Jamie Frick Ian Gunter, Bruce Fye, Gary Magee, and several dogs such as Rusty, Coho, and Lucy. We discovered that placing chukars in the field so they could be flushed by the dogs was a lot harder than it looked at the professional game preserves. Probably, thirty percent of our "purchased chukars in the boxes" never got flushed by the dogs. Many

just flew away as we bungled our planting tasks. Others just walked away. But we always shot enough chukars to brag about our shooting, to report what amazing dogs we had raised, and to pose triumphantly as successful hunters.

⁵² Chukars are partridges that are considered great game birds in the western United States. In Pennsylvania they are considered barnyard birds, just the same as chickens, so we can buy them from a breeder and use them for dog training or for shoots, without requiring hunting licenses or meeting state game restrictions.

Reunions

The Duck Farm has been a favorite place for family and class reunions, and these will be discussed in Chapter 45.

Wedding Receptions



On April 29, 2016, we held Kaydee and Ian's Night-before-Wedding Reception at the Duck Farm in a cold, drizzling rain, but everyone had a good time, one way or another. We also had Kim and Bryan's Sunday-Morning-Wedding Reception on September 22, 2019, at the Duck Farm with a special coffee trailer/bar, and Joanne's cinnamon rolls.

60th Birthday Parties

A very memorable event occurred when Andy and I planned a surprise 60th birthday party for our brother Ben that included a Fran Gutowski's catered dinner and specially printed t-shirts. As Andy and I made our celebratory toasts, Ben noted that we had the wrong date for his birthday printed on the t-shirts. We were totally embarrassed, but Ben saved the day by simply explaining that he was a Cesarean baby, and the date on the shirt was really his due date!

Raising Ducks

Many people's favorite memory of the Duck Farm was the summer that I actually tried to raise ducks. I bought ducklings that I had to raise in our basement, and they disappeared when I put them on the special duck pond that I had built. I bought larger ducklings that were fully feathered and ready to swim. However, when I put them on the special duck pond, they also disappeared! Finally, I bought fully grown, mature ducks that I put on the big pond, and they too disappeared! Of the 75 ducks that I had put on the pond, there were only two piles of feather that indicated that they had been killed by varmints.

Everyone had a theory about what was killing the ducks. Gary announced with authority, "No doubt they are being eaten by the snapping turtles." While the size of the snapping turtles in the pond was legendary, I was skeptical. Nevertheless, we decided to drain the special duck pond to reveal and kill the snapping turtles. Steve Petrini brought his two-inch, gas-powered water pump

to drain the water, and the rest of us had shotguns ready to shoot these deadly turtles. Alas, after 30 minutes, the pond was drained and only a small catfish was discovered!

My theory was that our local birds of prey (hawks, eagles, and ospreys) were plucking the ducks out of the water and taking them to their nests to enjoy their duck feasts.

Finally, I decided that the best way to recoup my financial losses was to publish a self-help book entitled “How to Raise Ducks for Under a Million Dollars.”

The Duck Farm has been a valuable part of my life as I make new “favorite memories” every day!

Chapter 23: Kimberly's Birth Story

Request: Tell us Kimberly's Birth Story

Donna

Kimberly Kohlhepp was born September 24, 1988. Pregnancy and childbirth were different this time having already had two babies. The older girls kept me busy for the nine months, getting them to and from school, to gymnastics and all of their other activities. In fact, I remember at one point in early September telling Dan that we really needed to take some time to prepare for the new baby!

When I found out I was pregnant, I started seeing a local obstetrician in Reston, VA. At my very first appointment, I was told that at the age of 37 years, I was a high-risk mother. At each following visit, a different test was recommended, or another risk was explained. I found myself dreading appointments. I thought pregnancy was supposed to be a happy time, but instead I was becoming worried and depressed. I had had two, very easy, healthy pregnancies before, and I didn't think 37 was that old!

One afternoon I shared my feelings with one of the mothers, Connie, at Kaydee's gymnastic class. Connie sympathized with me and suggested that I consider seeing a midwife instead. She knew the name and number of a birth center in Bethesda, MD that she had worked with. I did not like the drive to Bethesda, but I was willing to check it out. I called and made an appointment. What a different experience from the OB visits. The center was in a very comfortable older home and staffed by nurse aids and midwives. Everyone was very positive and encouraging. Pregnancy and birthing were seen as a natural phase of a woman's life and should be treated as such. Home birth was an option, or a woman could give birth at the center. I assumed I would give birth at the center. However, after working with the center, I became more and more interested in a home birth. Dan and I discussed it, and one day he said that we should have the baby at home! I was a little surprised. He argued that with my history of quick deliveries, it probably would not be a good idea to be in labor trying to get through Washington DC traffic to Bethesda. I agreed.

My pregnancy with the midwives went along fine. The only problem I ran into was an incorrectly calculated due date. The date was set for early September. I never believed that date was right, but I was hoping that the baby would be born before the girls went back to school. But school started and still had no baby. Finally, the midwife told me that if I went too far beyond my due date, they could not deliver the baby. I would need to have a physician. Neither the midwives nor I wanted that to happen, so they scheduled me for an amniocentesis. The test came back fine. The baby was not overdue. Dan and I and the girls were in DuBois when we got the results. We also learned that the baby was a girl. We were all excited. We went to Perkins

for breakfast and discussed names. We all agreed on Kimberly with a K for Kaydee and Jean with a J for Joanne. Thus, Kimberly Jean got her name.

More waiting, and still no baby. The deadline was getting close. Rules are rules. The midwives had me come into the office for a visit where they manually stretched my cervix. They said it would likely start labor. Dan and I drove to the center wondering if it would work and how quickly. Nothing urgent seemed to happen so we stopped for a nice lunch at Tyson's corner.



Still no baby that night.

Around dinnertime on September 23rd, I started feeling some contractions. I didn't say anything because I thought it would take a while. After dinner I told Dan to go ahead and take Kaydee to her gymnastics lesson. When it was time to pick up Kaydee from her lesson, I told Dan that I thought labor was starting so not to be gone too long. Dan left to get her and made a quick stop at the hardware store to get a sheet of

plywood that we would need for the bed. We had a waterbed at the time (Dan was always having back issues), and the midwives said waterbeds were not conducive for labor and delivery. Dan made it home and labor progressed slowly. I put the girls to bed.



Both girls had expressed interest in being at the birth. The birth center helped us prepare the girls and my friend Connie offered to be the girl's caregiver during the delivery. Joanne decided that she did not want to be there after all, and she had gotten sick to her stomach earlier that night, and I worried about caring for her. I called our dear cousin Kathy Kunkle⁵³ to be with Joanne. She came right over. The birth coach (a midwife in training) came to house around 10:00 PM. We all sat around talking while Dan sharpened knives. I finally settled into bed and things started

progressing quickly. The birth coach called the midwife around 4:00 AM. I remember the conversation in the background. Dan was making bets on what time the baby would be born. I looked up at the clock it was



⁵³ Kathy Kunkle (1945- 2021)

5:00 AM. I declared 5:10 AM. Kimberly came promptly at 5:10 AM. Dan, the midwife, the coach, Kaydee and her coach Connie were all present. Joanne heard the baby's first cry, and she and Kathy quickly got up to come and see.



The midwife examined the baby saying, "She was perfect and not a day overdue!" The nurses and coaches cleaned up and said goodbye. Dan, Kaydee, Joanne, Kathy, and I all had pistachio ice cream cake and champagne to celebrate.

Dan

“If you can’t go to the party, bring the party to you!”

This old saying accurately describes Kimberly Jean Kohlhepp’s birth at 11761 South Shore Drive in Reston, Virginia. After two healthy birth experiences, we felt sure that Kim’s birth would be easy and natural, so it was surprising that the medical community considered Donna to be a high-risk mother because of her “advanced age” of 37 years. Consequently, we were very interested in using a midwife at a non-hospital, birthing center.

Northern Virginia had terrific traffic congestion during the morning rush hours (6:00 -9:00 am) and the evening rush hours (3:00 – 7:00 pm), so when driving to the hospital or birthing center, we would need to consider the traffic jam effect. Also, we had two young daughters (ages 8 and 6) who were in school from 8:00 am to 4:00 pm during the day. Added to this scheduling dilemma was the fact that Donna progressed from early contractions to birth quite quickly, typically in three hours or less! Since I was probably the one to drive my laboring wife to the hospital/birthing center, I was concerned about the logistics of the birth, not to mention the fact that my office was in downtown Washington, DC⁵⁴, at least an hour away. I really didn’t want to deliver our new little girl in our van on the side of the road.

Donna worked everything out. We would have a mid-wife who came to our house when the contractions began. She would be accompanied by an assistant as well as a birth coach for Kaydee and Joanne. I was confident that this three-person entourage could handle whatever happened.

Late afternoon on September 23, 1988, I took Joanne with me to pick-up Kaydee at gymnastics. Donna called me and said, “Don’t dally, I just started labor.”

I immediately called the mid-wife and left a message! I continued to call her hourly until the assistant mid-wife arrived around 8:00 pm. At this time, our daughter Joanne got sick, so we needed another person to take care of Joanne. Our obvious call was to my favorite cousin, Kathy Kunkle, who promised to be “right there!”

We had converted the lower-level family room into our bedroom. It could accommodate a large birthing crowd, which turned out to be prescient. We had six adults, including Donna, and two kids, waiting for Donna to deliver.

I prepared a snack tray (a crudité) for everyone and then ate most of it myself. At that time, it seemed like a good time to sharpen all of my knives. (I was doing my best.) I now realize that a

⁵⁴ 1150 Connecticut Avenue, NW

man has no place in a birthing situation, but I was determined to be helpful by entertaining everyone by telling stupid family stories.

After two earlier births, I recognized when Donna went into transition. Everyone got much more serious. The girls had gone to bed, so the kids' birthing coach woke them up, and Kaydee came downstairs to watch her sister being born.

The birth was pretty normal with no drama, (a la the male obstetricians). Kathy bought Joanne downstairs, so everyone was together as we celebrated with an ice cream birthday cake and champagne!



As the mid-wife and her assistants were cleaning up, the mid-wife asked me what I wanted to do with the afterbirth. I had no idea, so she explained that there were strict state laws governing the disposal of body parts. Overwhelmed I asked, "Can you take care of it?"

"No problem," she said, and that was that!



Around sunrise, everyone was gone; the kids were in bed; and Donna and I were admiring our new baby when the doorbell rang. I forgot that I was supposed to go fishing.

When I opened the door, Mike Jones smiled broadly and asked, "What's new?"

"You won't believe it. Come on downstairs and meet our new baby!"

Needless to say Donna was surprised, but always gracious, she introduced Kim to my partner and best friend.

What a day, all things considered!

Chapter 24: Sibling Stories



Donna

Question: What memories of your brothers still make you laugh years later?

Dan



Brothers Ben and Andy are great story tellers, and I have always laughed when they recall their adventures. I wish I could have them tell me all their stories again!



Pete's Frosty Freeze

When Andy was seven, Ben nine, and I was eleven, our parents and the Kohlhepp grandparents (Ruth and Russ) took us on a Sunday ride that ended up at Pete's Frosty Freeze, a drive-up ice cream shop that was just outside of Reynoldsville on US Route 322. Pete's was famous for its milkshakes that were so thick that you could turn them upside down, and they would not spill. So, of course, Andy, Ben, and I ordered large, extra thick, chocolate milkshakes. They made them from scratch and served them out the window to us all at once.

“Look,” I said, “you can hold them upside down, and nothing comes out!” I shook mine upside down to prove my point.

“Mine won’t come out either!” Ben said and held his upside down.

Andy watched us carefully and then held his milkshake upside down over his head and looking up he said. “Look!” At that moment his entire large, extra thick, chocolate milkshake fell on to his face.

It was the funniest thing that we had ever seen. Andy couldn’t talk, and we couldn’t stop laughing. THEN, Andy took off his glasses, and his clear eyes bulged out at us like a raccoon! We all laughed even harder! The poor kid was devastated, but it surely made for a good laugh. Eventually, his mother and grandmother comforted him and cleaned him up and chastised us for making our little brother spill his milkshake.

Hello Jackie, This Is Florence

Our sixth-grade teacher and principal at the Third Ward Elementary school in DuBois, Pennsylvania was Florence Swallow. She was a strict disciplinarian, but Andy’s problems started long before sixth grade. He complained that he was always being compared to his older brothers. “Why can’t you be more like your older brothers?” each exasperated teacher asked before they sent him out of class and up to Mrs. Swallow’s principal’s office, which was adjacent to her sixth-grade class room. Mrs. Swallow would ask Andy why he was being sent to her office, and then she would call our mother. Each call began, “Hello Jackie, this is Florence.”

Even in kindergarten, Andy would get a report card that said, “He would not take naps.” We thought it was hilarious that he failed “Nap Time,” but there was more to come as he moved up to each grade. The third-grade teacher, Miss Purdy, diagnosed Andy with “Rump-up-itis,” (failure to stay in one’s seat). What a great name we all thought, but unfortunately, naming the problem didn’t help, and Andy kept getting sent out of class and up to the principal’s office.

When Andy was in sixth grade, there was a very heavy, wet snowstorm during one day, so that snow coated the windows and piled up on the outside windowsills. When Mrs. Swallow had to leave her classroom to answer a phone call in her adjacent office, Andy popped out of his chair, ran to the window, threw it open, and gathered enough snow for a giant snowball. He quickly packed it hard and threw it across the room at his friend Terry Wineburg whose desk was in front of the principal’s office door. Just as Andy released the snowball, and while it was in mid-air, Mrs. Swallow opened her door and walked right into the snowball. It hit her squarely in the face. Simultaneously shocked and infuriated, she commanded, “Andy, into my office!” By the time he got to her office, she was already speaking into the phone, “Hello Jackie, this is Florence!”

The Anchorage Alaska Airport Scene

In 1998, Ben and Andy went on a two-week rafting trip down the Alexandria River in Alaska. They had a good time, but they were eager to return home and get caught-up to date on the outside world's activities. Andy was still wearing a cowboy hat as part of traveling, outdoor look. But it kept sliding off his head, so he tied a strap around the hat and cinched it tight under his chin. On their way to catch their plane at the Anchorage Airport, Andy stopped and told Ben, "I really need to get a newspaper paper to see what has been going on in the world."

Ben said, "OK, but I'll go ahead and meet you at the gate. You know we're late."

Andy crossed the concourse to a newspaper dispensing box that he had just seen. He deposited the correct change, pulled open the spring-loaded door, bent over, grasped the newspaper, and let the spring-loaded door slam shut. Except that the door slammed shut on the drawstring of his cowboy hat that was cinched tightly under his chin. He struggled to re-open the locked door to pull out his tightly cinched drawstring, no luck. He then tried to remove his cowboy hat, which was tightly cinched to his head, no luck. Then Andy found change in his pocket to put in the dispensing box, but as he got it out, it fell on the floor and rolled ten feet away; more bad luck! At that time, Andy reached down to pick-up and carry the dispensing box toward his coins on the floor, but he quickly discovered that the dispensing box was bolted to the floor, even more bad luck! Totally exasperated, he called out other passengers who were hustling to their gate, "Help me, help me, I'm stuck to this box!"

Passengers heard his cries, looked at the strange man hugging a newspaper dispensing box, and hurriedly moved on.

Finally, Ben returned to find Andy crouched over the newspaper dispensing box. "What in the hell are you doing?" he demanded, "They're holding the airplane for us."

Andy started to explain how the draw string on his cowboy hat was caught in the spring-loaded box door, but finally just said, "Do you have any change to put in this box?"

"No, but I'll go get some," Ben said and took off to a nearby coffee shop. A crowd was starting to gather around Andy, who was showing signs of a psychotic break.

Finally, Ben returned, told Andy to quit struggling, and put in the correct change. The door opened, Andy was free, and the crowd cheered!

Ben and Andy ran to their gate just as the ramp was being pulled away from the plane. Andy tried to explain his ordeal to a bewildered and disbelieving gate attendant who finally said into her lapel microphone, "Hold-up, let's get these two characters on-board."

Andy still has his cowboy hat!

Gary and Jayne's Wedding

Gary Magee married Jayne Parrot in August, 1970, at the Lakeside Methodist Church in DuBois, Pennsylvania. My brother Ben was the Best Man. I wasn't at the wedding, but here is what I was told:

The entire wedding went flawlessly. It was a perfect day as Gary led his new bride outside the church to a waiting crowd of rice-throwing friends and relatives. However, their car was not there.

"Keep walking! Keep walking! Turn left!" Ben whispered quite loudly into the happy couples' ears.

It seems that the Best Man forgot to bring the car around to the front of the Church, so the wedding couple walked down the sidewalk to the church parking lot up the sidewalk to their parked car. The Best Man sheepishly opened the door and offered to drive, but the newlyweds, said, "No thanks."

For the record, Jayne and Gary are still married, and Ben is still the Best Man.

Chapter 25: Real Estate Development Matrix

Request: Tell us the story of how you wrote Real Estate Development Matrix Book

Dan

Writing our textbook, *Real Estate Development Matrix*, was the culmination of a career



dedicated to explaining the real estate development process to investors, students, planning commissions, lenders, city councils, investment committees, and the general public. I have used a schematic diagram to demonstrate the seven-stage process for the last 30 years. Finally, a friend explained that the only people who liked flow diagrams were engineers and computer programmers, who have never been my target audience. Since then, I have used other graphics to explain this process: a box diagram, a Venn diagram, and a circle diagram.

When I started to teach at Johns Hopkins University, I added the Critical Tasks for further explanation, and consequently added the Y-axis to the Stages' X-axis and got the Development Matrix. The National Association of Industrial and Office Park (NAIOP) called about this time (2014) and asked me to write new real estate development courses for their members to be presented on-line. Kimberly was enrolled in the Master in Science of Real Estate and Infrastructure (MSREI) in academic year 2013-2014, so she was exposed to the Matrix project daily. It was relatively easy to enlist Kim's help in writing the courses and organizing the volume of material and examples that I had accumulated over the last 40 years.

I started to attend the American Real Estate Society (ARES) and presented a couple papers about the Matrix at its annual meetings⁵⁵. At one meeting, I had the good luck to have lunch with Ed

⁵⁵ 2017 my paper was earned the award "Best Research Paper by a Practitioner."

Needle, Editor of Construction and Real Estate for Routledge Publishing, who had attended one of my presentations in the morning. Ed suggested that I consider making the Real Estate Development Matrix into a book that he would publish as part of Routledge's Construction and Real Estate series. He also suggested that I broaden the material to engage a broader professional audience. I promised to send him a proposal, which he sent out for review and evaluation by several experts (many of whom were my friends).

Writing a textbook required more time and energy and focus than I expected. I quickly engaged Kim Kohlhepp, MSREI, and Jayne Magee, PhD, as part of my writing team. Later, Miller Hopkins, MSREI, joined us as well. We had a process that started with me writing a draft and then sending it to Jayne and Kim for review. They were gentle, but Jayne once replied, "Can you write this in English," and Kim once asked, "Are you trying to alienate everyone that you have ever worked with?" They both made valid points. I realize now that the parts of the book that are complex and confusing, I had written, and the parts of the book that are clear and straightforward, Kim had written.

We struggled with the integration of this book and with an interactive web site to present the Real Estate Development Matrix both simply and completely. Thus when Shane and Lauren Burroughs joined the writing team as website consultants, the development of a simple and complete companion website became a reality.

I found the completion of this book very satisfying. It truly represents my life's work. I thought the subtitle should be "The Life and Times of Dan Kohlhepp. I also found that teaching my graduate courses with this text to be very humbling. The students' questions were sincere and insightful.



The editors at Routledge have asked us to prepare a second edition of the book. My heart says, "Yes," and my good sense says, "What! Are you kidding?" Kim and I are trying to come to grips with this new "opportunity."⁵⁶

⁵⁶ "No problems, only opportunities."

Chapter 26: Gifts Never Received

Question: What's a gift you always wished someone would give you?

Dan

“What do you get for the man who has everything?”

I truly am the man who has everything, especially at this point in my life. Christmas shopping 25 years ago for my brothers, I would pause and think,” What do you get for a people who own a hardware store?” Clearly these are first world problems.

In 1991, when my parents came back from their Peace Corps stint in Malawi, Africa, they were overwhelmed by all of the “stuff” they had acquired. They made a rule, “we will not accept any gift that cannot be consumed in one week.” Clearly, they felt they had everything they needed. Consequently, we bought them food that we liked to eat and gave donations to their scholarship fund for Penn State DuBois students⁵⁷.

I have heard people say that you can never have too much money or good looks! And I have joked that I would like to have three more inches of height or ten pounds less weight! Seriously, I would like to receive a well-trained Springer Spaniel, but don't get me one (yet).

Gifts that I always get for Christmas and really look forward to receiving are a jar of dry roasted peanuts to eat, a 12-pack of Heineken Beer to drink, and a good book to read. Life is good.

⁵⁷ The Doug and Jackie Kohlhepp Endowed Scholarship for Penn State students living in Clearfield, Jefferson, or Elk Counties.

Chapter 27: Joanne's Birth Story

Request: Tell us Joanne's Birth Story

Donna



Dan and I were very excited when we learned that I was pregnant. "Would it be a boy or a girl?" Those were the years before the gender was known before the birth of the baby. We had to decide on a name. I liked Drew Benjamin for a boy. DBK like his dad, Daniel Bruce and his grandfather Douglas Bruce Kohlhepp. Dan liked more unusual names such as Bronner, after my grandfather Sell, or more southern names like Joe Dan, or Jim Bob. Dan especially liked Joe Dan, but I thought it sounded silly. For girls I liked Alice or Alison after my mom. I thought we could call her Ali. Dan said, "No, absolutely not! It sounds like a narrow, curb-less road, an alley."

Joanne was due on July 21, 1982. It was a popular due date in our family. However, it never turned out to be accurate. Dan, Joanne's dad, was due on July 21st but was delivered by cesarean section on July 17, 1947. Kaydee, Joanne's sister, was also due on July 21, however she came early on July 16, 1980. Joanne missed the date by a week. Joanne was born on her cousin Jamie Frick's birthday, July 28, just one year apart.

My mom and dad came to our home in Oklahoma City around July 18th to be with me and help with Kaydee once the baby arrived. I had asked them to come a little early before my due date because "second born children always come early". We kept busy and had a nice visit, but we waited and waited for the baby. Mom worked on a beautiful skirt for an antique baby bassinet that Linda Jones had loaned us, and dad helped out with some projects around the house. Around the 26th of July, Dad said he thought he should go home but that Mom could stay. Dad made his plane reservations for July 30th. Finally, on the morning of July 28th labor began. We were excited that Dad would get to see the baby before leaving town. I remember calling my sister Diane to tell her that I was in labor. She said, "I knew it would be on Jamie's birthday. "She was very excited.

Later that afternoon Dan and I went to the hospital. At the hospital Dan and I checked into the Birth Center. I was asked if it would be all right with me to have a nursing student observe. I said, of course it would be alright!" I had, after all, been a nursing student myself. Having had Kaydee just two years earlier, I felt prepared for labor and delivery. Things proceeded as expected until suddenly I had the urge to push! I remember saying something to the student about feeling like my insides were coming out. The nursing student tried comforting me saying, "Relax, take deep breaths it will be okay." But I knew that this meant the baby was coming and coming fast. "No", I shouted, "the baby is coming now!" I remember the student nurse jumping up with a shocked look on her face running out into the hall yelling for the nurse. The delivery nurses came into the room just in time to deliver the baby. Thank goodness for nurses!!

The doctor arrived a few minutes later, apologizing for being late, saying that he had even run a red-light to get to the hospital in time knowing how quickly I deliver. Dan never forgave him and felt cheated that we had had to pay him in advance.

Joanne was born at 5:30 pm. She was 7 pounds and 15 ounces, and 20 inches. She was a big, beautiful, healthy girl!

I remember at one point the nurse trying to take Joanne from me, saying that the baby needed to be wrapped and in the bassinet under the heating lamp to keep warm. Dan quickly reached for Joanne saying, "Give her to me I will keep her warm!" And he did. He was a great dad from the start!



After a few hours, I was ready to go home. The nurses helped me get ready to leave while Dan went down to the office to check us out. Apparently when he got there, he was told that we could not check out because "we were not checked in yet." This was still in the early days of the Birthing Center, and patients were not required to stay at the hospital after giving birth. I don't remember how Dan worked it out, but he came back and got Joanne and me, and we went home. I am sure the hospital figured out a way to bill us.

When we got home my mom, dad, and Kaydee met us at the door. Joanne was only a few hours old, and Mom said she was amazed and a little nervous, never having seen a baby that young before. Mom had twilight sleep for her labors in the hospital. She doesn't remember even holding her babies until the next day. Kaydee slept in bed with us that night and for the next few nights. Dad left for home on the 30th, but Mom stayed another week. It was a lovely special time for all of us.

Joanne was an easy baby. She ate well and even started sleeping through the night early.

Dan

When I teach a class about real estate closings, I always emphasize that Murphy's Law in in full force and in effect at real estate closings⁵⁸. To make the point, I always tell this story:

We were scheduled to close the sale of our interests in 4141 Northwest Expressway⁵⁹ on July 28, 1982. This would be the biggest payday of my life. I would make more money that day than I had over my entire life! EXCEPT that Donna woke up early and said that she was starting labor. I knew she was pregnant, but she wasn't scheduled to deliver the baby for two more weeks. Since this was our second child, I figured that we could handle both the birth and the closing. EXCEPT that my partner showed up drunk at my front door at 8:00 am!

"Good morning, Professor. Let's see what you have in your bar!" Holding up his water glass, he walked right past me, over to our bar, and poured a half bottle of gin into his glass.

"Donna's in labor! You've got to go! I'll postpone the closing!" I literally pushed his six-foot-two, 300 -pound body out the door.

"Focus. Focus. Focus." I told myself. "Set priorities. First, we'll have the baby; Second, we'll have the closing; and Third, we'll terminate our partnership." I had a plan.⁶⁰

Donna came out of our first-floor master bedroom suite and asked what the commotion was all about. I told her my plan. "Good" was all she said. (She, too, focused.) "I'll tell my mother."

My mother-in-law, Alice "Tootie" Sell was staying with us taking care of Kaydee and waiting for Joanne's birth.

We gave the Baptist Hospital's Birthing Center and our obstetrician heads-up calls and waited for her contractions to get more serious. Around 2:00 pm, we went to our nearby hospital and checked in. We didn't take birthing classes for this birth, but I knew what I was supposed to do: "Don't talk, don't touch, maybe hold Donna's hand." I was ready.

We made a couple adjustments from Kaydee's birth. We a graduate nursing student as a patient advocate to help Donna, and we arranged to leave the birth center six hours after the birth and go home. Little did we know that our patient advocate had never seen a live birth, and that the hospital would not let us check out until we checked it, but our check-in papers would not be processed until the next morning. Clearly, we needed to keep focused.

⁵⁸ Murphy's Law: "Anything that can go wrong, will go wrong."

⁵⁹ 4141 NW Expressway was a 3-story, 35,000 square-foot office building.

⁶⁰ Dan's the Man with the Plan!

In the birthing center, Donna went through her labor, the nursing student asked questions and took notes, and the hospital nurses looked in once in a while. No obstetrician checked in.

When Donna started transition, she seemed to be struggling so I jumped up on the bed and helped her breathe (as I had learned two years earlier). When the contraction passed, I was so dizzy from my deep breathing that I started to fall off the bed! Donna caught me before I slipped to the floor.

The hospital nurses became more interested and advised Donna “not to push,” as Joanne (the baby) started to crown, and the obstetrician had not arrived yet.

When Joanne arrived, she was caught by the nurse and “cleaned up.” Baby Joanne had broad shoulders and a big chest and cried loudly right away. She gave me confidence!

Meanwhile, the obstetrician showed up just in time to stitch-up Donna’s tearing. I hated the guy. Donna was a saint.

When the nurse put Joanne under a heat lamp to keep her warm, I finally spoke up. I gathered Joanne in my arms and told them that I could warm up Joanne better than any heat lamp! Properly warmed up, Joanne was put in her mother’s arms, and everything was right in the world.

I was able to use the hospital pay phone to call our attorney and partners and explain that we needed to postpone the closing. I also called Tootie to tell her that Donna and Joanne were perfect. Everything was cool, UNTIL we tried to leave the hospital.

At the front desk, I was told that we couldn’t check out until we had checked in and that would not occur until the next morning. I couldn’t believe that mature, fully grown adults were talking to me like this! I said that was their problem and that we would be leaving shortly.

I snagged a wheelchair in the hallway, and soon got Donna and Joanne out of the hospital, into the car, and home in less than 15 minutes.

Tootie and Kaydee were in the driveway waiting to see our new family member. I don’t remember helping Donna inside, but she was excited, tough, and determined. Her family was healthy and safe, everything was right in the world.

I knew that Kaydee had never seen a newborn baby, but I didn’t realize that Tootie had never seen a newborn either. She delivered her two children with “twilight sleep” and didn’t see her daughters until they were two days old. She had never seen the white stuff on the baby’s skin or the black gooey ink-like poop in a newborn’s diaper. She was also reluctant to hold Joanne, for about two hours!

July 28, 1982, was a day that will always be vividly remembered. I’ll never forget it. Our lives would never be the same again.

P.S. Later that week, we closed our deal, put money in the bank, emptied out my office next to Wes, and told our attorney to terminate our KAFCO partnership.

Chapter 28: A Wrestling Story

Request: Tell us your favorite wrestling story

Dan:

My Favorite Wrestling Match

My favorite wrestling match occurred Saturday evening, March 13, 1965, when I beat Jeff Paxton 6-5 and won the PIAA State Wrestling Championship at 133 pounds in Penn State's Rec Hall. It was a close match, and I had to come from a four-point deficit to win by one point. (Noted wrestling historian, Jim Baker said it one of the best matches in the history of PIAA Championships.)



Jeff was a state -runner up the year before, and he had 26-match winning streak. By comparison, I had a 7-match winning streak and didn't qualify for the Regional or State Championships the year before. He was an inch or two shorter than I and twice as thick.

First Period

We shook hands, the whistle blew, and I started my "take down dance."

Jeff just dove for my legs, no setup, no dance. I sprawled my legs, cross-faced, and we went off the mat. Back in the middle again, the ref blew the whistle to start, and Jeff just dove for my legs again! I sprawled, cross-faced and slid off the mat. He wasn't giving me anything to work with, no time to set-up, just shoot, shoot, shoot. Takedowns were my strong suit; most wrestlers would stay away from me and my slick moves. But this kid didn't appreciate how good I was (no respect). Towards the end of the first period, he shot a double leg again then he switched to a single leg, and with his free arm, he reached up, grabbed my right arm, and dumped me onto the mat. I was surprised, to be sure. No one had taken be down in two years! I resisted for only a second, but long enough that the referee was looking at back points as I was being tilted toward my shoulders. The timing bell

sounded, and the referee put up two fingers twice. “Two points – takedown; two points -- predicament,”⁶¹ he called out. I had never been behind four to nothing in my life!

Background Digression

DuBois Area High School really had a great team that year, especially at the middle weights. Our team was so strong that Jimmy Joe Caldwell and Ron Delp couldn't even make the Varsity even though they had both been, on the first team the year before. However, they both received offers for college wrestling scholarships.



Don Knisely (127) and Henry Shaffer (165) were both undefeated, and Bruce Fye (145) and I each had one loss. Don and Henry were the undefeated stars of the team, so it was gratifying when the four of us won District titles, then Regional titles, and now we were all wrestling in the State Championships. We had been wrestling together since

grade school, nine years.

Don, Bruce, and I rode to State College in the back seat of Ralph Boyer's Buick Convertible. Ralph was Coach Shobert's best friend, so the Coach was co-pilot, Ralph drove, and the three of us were squished into the back seat. There was no room for Henry, who rode over to the States' with his parents.



At the morning weigh-ins at Rec Hall, I got my first glimpse at the “state-level competitors.” We all stood around (semi-nude) the “official scales” that showed the exact weight of each

⁶¹ The rules for wrestling matches have changed a lot over the last 70 years. The 1965 official PIAA program said the objective in wrestling was to pin an opponent's shoulders to the mat for an “appreciable length of time” (two seconds. Interscholastic wrestling bouts were divided into three, 2-minute periods. Match points were scored as follows:

“**Two points** for the first take down by each wrestler and **one point** for each subsequent take down by each wrestler (when a man can take his opponent to the mat while either his points of support or those of his opponent remain on the mat proper.)

Two points for a reversal (when a man is able to completely reverse his position and gain control of his opponent.)

One point for an escape (when a man goes from a position on the bottom to a neutral position.)

Three points for a near-fall. **Two points** for a predicament.

A maximum of **one point** may be earned by a man for a full minute of time advantage. (Time advantage in this case means the difference between the total length of time each man has maintained the top position.)”

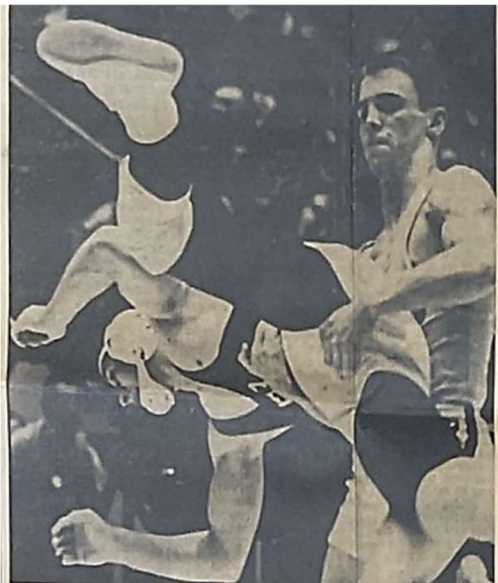
person on a 24-inch dial. The kid in front of me was taller and more muscled so I assumed he weighed more. He stepped forward when they called the 120-pound wrestlers, two weight classes below me! My heart sank.

I always weighed-in wearing boxer shorts, a tee-shirt, and over-the-calf socks, so the tape marks on my legs wouldn't show. Also, I had been keeping my weight down during the post season tournaments, so I knew that my weight was good. However, when I weighed in, my weight was so low that I qualified for the weight class below me. Clearly, I wasn't the dominating physical specimen in my weight class.

My girlfriend, Janice Stolte, and I had a tournament routine. We would go out on a date to the Avenue Theater's early movie the night before each tournament, drink a cherry coke at the Keystone Restaurant, and then head home for an early night. Since one-third of our team was wrestling in the State Tournament, the school sent Janice and four other cheerleaders to the State Tournament in full cheerleader regalia, including pom-poms! We were the only wrestlers with official cheerleaders, pretty cool.

Second Period

I had the bottom position when the second period started, and I knew that I had to score. I started with a quick stand-up and immediately became airborne. The guy reached across my chest and pinned my right arm to my side and then he crotch-hooked me and lifted. My butt was above my head, and I smashed headfirst into the mat. I then tried an inside stand-up and got smashed down into the mat again. I tried another stand-up and again got smashed down into the mat.



Each time we went off the mat and walked back to the middle, Coach Shobert yelled, "Danny, Danny, Danny!" I tried to ignore him because I needed to figure out a plan very quickly. When I finally looked over at him, he just yelled, "Let's go!"

"Obviously," I thought.

Wrestling Coach Digression

Ever since last year's District tournament, the Coach had been cool toward me. He wanted me to go up a weight class to "help" the team win the District Championships. I had wrestled the entire season at 127 pounds, but the Coach thought that I would have an easier time winning Districts if I moved up to 133 pounds. He also didn't think that I could beat the guy from Clearfield who pinned me in the second period. (For the

record, the loss was a fluke.) He offered Ron Delp, our regular 133 pounder, a chance to wrestle-off with me. Ron looked devastated; he simply shook his head and said, "I can't beat him." I felt terrible.

Still upset when I got home after practice, I explained to my father what the Coach wanted to do. The Coach and my father had gone to high school together and were roommates in college for a semester. Clearly, it never occurred to my father that the "coach was always right,"

My father asked me, "Where would you rather win the tournament?"

Head down, I mumbled, "127 pounds."

Then he asked me, "Where would you prefer to lose the tournament?"

Meeting his eyes, I told him, "127 pounds."

He paused a second, puckered his lips, started to respond, stopped, and then simply said, "I don't see a problem."

He was right of course. I immediately called Ron Delp to let him know that I was not going to take his position and that he should keep his weight down and plan on wrestling in the District Tournament.

I told the Coach the next morning what Ron and I agreed to the night before. "We're teammates," I tried to explain.

Coach said nothing then and never has since.

(By the way, Ron and I both lost in the District finals that year.)

Back to the match: Still Second Period

My best series-move was a stand-up with a side hip roll, but every time I started to stand up, he reached across my chest, grabbed my arm, lifted me up in the air with a crotch hook, and slammed me into the mat, face first. After the match, my right eye was almost swollen shut, and my right lip was huge. He was a tough kid.

In the process of being slammed into the mat, I realized that I needed to stay low, sit out and turn in. However it was not that easy; the kid was really strong.

Finally, I did a short sit-out, arched my back and spun. Unbelievably, we were face-to-face with each other, and the referee shouted, "One point -- escape."

My opponent looked surprised, so I gave him a sharp push that set up a quick snap-down and spin around. "Two points -- takedown," said the ref, and the bell rang.

It was four to three at the end of the second period. I was still behind.

Conditioning Digression

The third period began with me on the top. I felt good and knew that I was in great shape. For the last two weeks, I had been running with my family every morning before school. My brother Ben ran with me on Mondays, my father ran with me on Tuesdays, my mother and brother Andy ran with me on Wednesday, and Jimmy Joe Caldwell ran with me on Thursdays.

Also our daily work outs were amazing; this was Coach Shobert at his best! I think that the entire team showed up every afternoon for practice just for the four of us. Coach had us wrestle a series of matches during the practice. Each period was one-minute long, and we had a new, fresh opponent for each period. This was each opponent's chance to 'beat the champs,' and it was the champs' opportunity to show that no one could beat them. Ken Hunter, Ron Delp, and Jimmy Joe showed up every afternoon to help us train. They were seniors who never had to wrestle again, "all-time good guys" in my book. For two weeks, Don, Bruce, Henry, and I never wrestled each other (for the first time in history).

A Father-Son Digression

In his own way, my father got me mentally prepared for the Regional and State Tournaments.

On the morning of Regionals, I was standing on our front porch waiting for Coach Shobert to pick me up to go to Altoona, when my father came up behind me and said, "You look scared."

I muttered, "They have a lot of good kids at Regionals."

My father replied acerbically, "Well if you're going to lose, tell me now, so I won't waste my time traveling to Altoona to watch you lose."

At that moment, he just pissed me off so much. How dare he get in my face like that! I snapped back, "Don't worry. I'm going to win today, and I'm going to win the whole god damn thing!"

I never swore at my father.

After the Regional finals, he just shook my hand and said, "Good job."

Third Period

As the third period began, I was still one point behind and two points from winning. Jeff Paxton did a quick stand-up from bottom, and I ran him out-of-bounds. Again he stood up, and this time I tripped him to the mat as we eventually went out-of-bounds.

At the ref's whistle, he sat out, and I hooked his chin and underarm and dropped him onto his back. I had done this move a 100 times to my friend Jimmy Joe because he was always sat in front of me in our classes and would stretch back onto my desk. "Jesus Christ," he'd say when I hooked his chin and arm and pulled him backwards over my desk.

However, this time I had Jeff Paxton on his back in the State Finals in the middle of Rec Hall. I held on as tight as I could, and the referee was trying to get into position to look for a pinning situation.

Jeff thrashed furiously, and I lost my grip. As he was turning away, I threw a head-and-arm lock on him and shifted my hips sideways to tighten the hold.

Jeff continued to thrash, and I held on for dear life. Suddenly, he was loose, and we were facing each other on all fours. I immediately did a snap-down-spin series and got behind him.

“Two points -- predicament,” the referee yelled and held up two fingers. (I thought that I deserved three points, but there was no time for discussion.) He then said, “One point -- escape, one point -- take down.” The score was now 6-5 in my favor.

Coach Shobert was apoplectic. After four “Danny’s!” I looked over at him, and he gave me a thumbs up and a “hold on” sign. I marveled at his insight. Later, I realized that he had done the math and knew that I would win if I rode out Paxton!

With 30 seconds left, Paxton started to stand up. I drove him forward and somehow got my head stuck between his legs. A ridiculous situation to be sure, but the clock ticked away until a stalemate was called. At the ref’s whistle, I chopped his left arm and his right side; he collapsed; and I knew I had won. A couple seconds later the bell sounded. The final score was six to five. He had missed earning a riding-time point by one second. He had 241 seconds of riding time, and I had 182 seconds. Sixty seconds of net riding time was required for a point. That was it

(By the way, if it had gone to overtime, I still would have won. No one was going to beat me that day. I had already told my father.)

Wrap-up Digression

My teammates weren’t so lucky in their final matches. Donnie had an overtime victory in the afternoon and then had to wrestle a great match against a great kid in the finals. He lost 6-3⁶².

In his semi-final match, Bruce wrestled a lanky, laid back, double-jointed guy who was at least ten inches taller. Every time Bruce shot in for a takedown, “Mr. Angularity” would just collapse around him like a net. It didn’t seem fair. He lost 2-0.⁶³

In the finals, Henry wrestled a giant man who had muscles on muscles. Henry was really muscled-up, and this guy made Henry look slender. He lost by one point.⁶⁴

⁶² In the semi-finals, Donnie beat Larry Britton (South Williamsport) 3-1 in overtime, and then lost to Barry Souder (Mount Lebanon) 6-3.

⁶³ Bruce lost to Charlie Houser (Allentown Dieruff) 2-0.

⁶⁴ Henry beat Bill Groening (Marple-Newtown) 12-5, and then lost to Mike Gudiness (Mount Lebanon) 8-7.

After the match, I met my family and Janice under the bleachers for hugs, high-fives, good jobs, and lots of photos. Ben and Andy just beamed. My mother was flummoxed for the first time in my life. Cheerleader Janice held my hand!

My father acted like everything was normal. Finally, I shook his hand and said, told you I would win!”

He just smiled, “I knew you would.”

Monday



“I

The high school had a big pep rally first thing Monday morning to celebrate our State Tournament successes. The four of us sat in special chairs in the middle of the gym, the students cheered, and the principal and Coach said nice things. I thought it was just fine, and it seemed like the right thing to do.

But my teammates said that they just felt embarrassed by the whole thing. Bruce complained,



“We had to sit in front of the whole student body as a bunch of losers. It was really stupid.”

I felt so bad for my friends, Don, Bruce, and Henry. It never occurred to me how they felt!

PS: One Year Later

Almost exactly one year later, Bruce, Donnie, and I met in Annapolis,

Maryland at the Naval Academy Plebe Tournament. Bruce wrestled for the University of Pittsburgh, Donnie wrestled for the University of Maryland, and I wrestled for Penn State. Also at the Plebe Tournament were fellow teammates Ron Delp and Rik Carr who wrestled for Steven Douglas Trade School and Slippery Rock University, respectively.

Even though Henry and I were born in the same month and year, he started school late, so he had another year of high school wrestling. He got to the State Finals again but didn’t win.

One year later, Janice was married, but not to me. That’s another story.

Chapter 29: Advice

Question: What is the best advice you ever got?

Dan

I have received lots of advice over the years, but I have only remembered a small amount of it. That said, here is some of the best advice that I can remember:

Russ Kohlhepp on fishing and hunting trips:

“Take half as much equipment and twice as much money.”

Donna Kohlhepp on public speaking:

“Just tell them a story.”

Wes Finley on selecting real estate projects:

“Aces, Straights and Flushes!”

Ben Kohlhepp on recovering from knee surgery:

“At least shave. You may not feel better, but you’ll look a lot better.”

Gary Magee on everything:

“I have a 10- CD set filled with unused advice that I can lend you.”

Jackie Kohlhepp on grooming:

“Cut the grey hairs out of your nose!”

Doug Kohlhepp on managing your crews:

“Always pay your men on time.”

“Don’t push your men when the temperature is over ninety.”

Boy Scout Law on daily behavior:

“Be trustworthy, loyal, helpful, friendly, courteous, kind, obedient, cheerful, thrifty, brave, clean, and reverent.”

On Dog Training and Raising Children:

“Keep it simple, be consistent, and smile a lot.”

Several Attorneys on acts of kindness:

“No good deed goes unpunished.”

Father Minot on non-Catholic religions:

“They are sins of heresy.”

Arnold Parr on giving advice:

“Advise not, lest ye be advised.”

Arnold Parr on waterskiing weather in Oklahoma:

“Too good for students; just right for faculty.”

Ken Lusht on drinking:

“Never leave a bar without going to the men’s room.”

Milt Friedman on investing:

“Invest in education and travel. The government can’t tax it, and no one can take them away from you.

Ross McDonald on playing cards, restaurants, and sleeping:

“Never play cards with a man named Doc.”

“Never eat at a place called “Mom’s.”

“Never sleep with someone whose personal troubles are worse than your own.”

Appalachian Trail Conservancy on hiking:

“The journey is the destination.”

John Wesley on doing good:

“Do all the good you can,

By all the means you can,

In all the ways you can,

To all the people you can.

As long as you ever can.”

Wayne Dryer on love:

“Love is for giving.”

“Love is forgiving.”

Rene Descartes on thinking:

“I think therefore I am.”

Je pense donc je sais

Cogito ergo sum!

Ben Franklin on best friends:

“Man’s three best friends are an old wife, an old dog, and ready cash!”

Tecumseh on getting up in the morning:

“When you arise in the morning give thanks for the food and for the joy of living. If you see no reason for giving thanks, the fault lies only in yourself.”

Wade Jones (Mike’s Father) on raising kids:

“If your kids don’t live up to your expectations, lower your expectations.”

Edna St. Vincent Millay on candle burning:

“My candle burns at both ends; / It will not last the night; / But ah, my foes, and oh, my friends
— / It gives a lovely light!”

Ella Wheeler Wilcox on laughing and weeping:

“Laugh and the world laughs with you;

Weep and you weep alone.

For the sad old earth must borrow its mirth;

But has trouble enough of its own.”

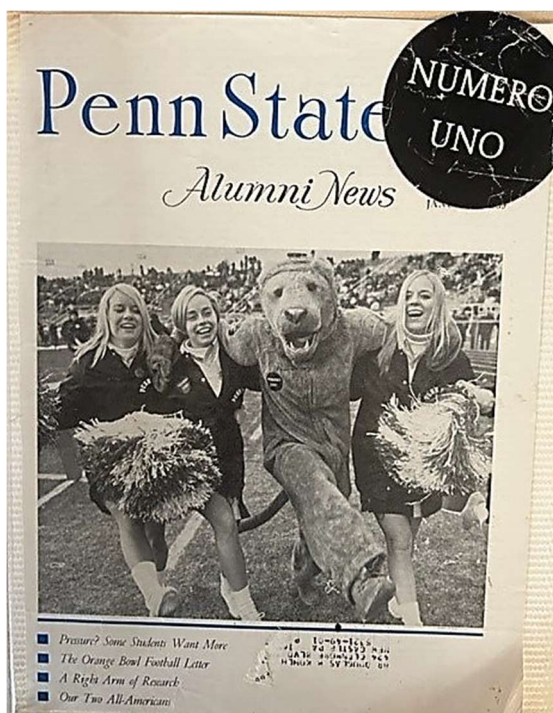
This list will continue to expand since I am receiving more advice every day. I’ll include them in subsequent editions if I can remember them.

Chapter 30: Nittany Lion Mascot Stories

Question: How did you become the Nittany Lion? What was your favorite part?

Dan

I had the opportunity to be the Penn State Nittany Lion Mascot for the 1967 and 1968 football



seasons, which were Joe Paterno's second and third years as Head Coach. At that time, the Nittany Lion Mascot only performed at football games and related football events. Coach Paterno was blessed with a stable of great players and personalities as Penn State football was just starting the "Paterno Era." I like to tell people that the Nittany Lion is chosen through a university-wide competition to find the one student with the optimum combination of intelligence, personality, good looks, and, of course, athletic ability. This probably is an accurate characterization of the current selection process, but not in 1967. Here's what really happened:

The Selection Process

During the first football game in 1967, the Lion was being passed up the stadium by the students⁶⁵ when he was dropped and seriously hurt his back. He was out for the season. So, for the second game a gymnast and eventual All-American, Bobby Emery filled in as the Lion. The week of the third game, the captain of the cheerleaders and my fraternity brother, Joe Nealon, said, "Dan, why don't you be the Nittany Lion? You're not wrestling this year, and you should be able to fit into the costume. How tall are you and what's your shoe size?"

"Five foot-seven and size eight and a half shoes," I answered standing as erect as possible.

⁶⁵ Today, this is called "crowd surfing."

“Perfect,” he said, and so I became the Nittany Lion for the remaining 1967 and 1968 football seasons, and a lifetime of special friends and great memories began.

On Starting the One-Arm Push-Up Tradition

Today after every Penn State score, the Lion Mascot does one-arm push-ups equal to Penn State’s total point score. But that wasn’t the way in 1967. The tradition of the Lion doing push-ups had already begun, but I really milked the performance for all it was worth. You see, I went to Penn State on a wrestling scholarship, but I blew out my knee in my sophomore year, 1967. I had an unsuccessful knee operation that summer so I couldn’t run very well. In fact as the Lion, I strutted and skipped, but I never really ran. I discovered however that the only transferable skill from the wrestling room to the cheerleader squad was push-ups, and I could really do push-ups: regular, wide-arm, clap-your-hands, wave-at-the-crowd, handstand, one-arm, and alternating-one-arm push-ups.

Penn State had really good football teams in ’67 and ’68, so as the victories rolled up so did the push-ups and so did the press coverage. The crowds loved to yell, “We want the Lion,” and I loved to do push-ups. In fact at the 1968 Pitt game, I set a school record for the most push-ups done by a Lion at a single game. Penn State scored on each of its first nine possessions and put 63 points on the board. Coach Paterno put in the second team to avoid running up the score, so of course, the second team defense promptly scored a two-point safety! The final score was 65-9, and I did a record 380 push-ups that afternoon.



In January 1969, Penn State held a giant, standing-room-only pep rally in Rec Hall to celebrate the Penn State’s Orange Bowl victory over the Kansas University Jayhawks. Everyone was on stage at the rally: players, coaches, the Blue Band, cheerleaders, athletic department officials, Penn State’s President Eric Walker, and Raymond P. Shaffer,

the Governor of Pennsylvania. After Governor Shaffer made his congratulatory remarks, he announced to the crowd, “Let’s have the Lion do a one-arm push-up for every victory that Joe Paterno has had at Penn State. Let’s see, that’s 5 in ’66, 8 in ’67 and 11 in ’68 so that’s a total of 24. Alright Lion, let’s have them.” The crowd started “We want the Lion.” I did the 24 one-arm

push-ups and finished with a flourish bouncing off the floor for the last five. After this stunt, all of the Nittany Lion Mascots have done one-arm push-ups for every score by the Nittany Lion football team. So that's how the tradition began, and for the record, all of the Lions since me have done more one-armed push-ups than I ever did! These Lions have been amazing, and I congratulate them and apologize for all of their sore arms.

Other Mascot Traditions



With sincere and good intentions, I may have started a tradition that ended the same day. In 1967, there was a lot of collegialities among the football players and the wrestlers from the training rooms, the West Hall dorms, and the on-campus fraternities. So it was not unusual that my fraternity roommate in 1967 was Jack Curry, who was holding all of the pass-receiving records for Penn Statewide receivers. Before the Homecoming Game on a beautiful afternoon, I was strutting around the field as the players were doing their warm-up drills. I saw Jack waiting in line for a passing drill where he would catch a pass from Tom Sherman, our quarterback. Jack

introduced me to several of the players waiting in line who didn't know that I had become the Nittany Lion mascot two games earlier. We thought that it would be a neat idea for me to warm-up with the team. Our initial idea was that I would have Tom throw me a pass. But as I watched Bobby Campbell catch a pass, put several moves on an imaginary defender, and run down field and then watched Ted Kawalik make his patented one-hand catch in full stride, I realized that these guys were really good! My new idea: "Jack, you go out for a pass, and I'll pretend that I'm a defender."

So Jack went out for a pass, I back-peddled, and Jack juiced several times and turned and caught a perfectly thrown pass. I slipped and fell. At that time, the Lion costume was complete with shoulder pads and the Lion's head was essentially a football helmet, so my "new" bright idea was to tackle Jack. I nailed him (from behind) and landed on top of him. As I sat on his back, pounding his helmet, and yelling "I got you son-of-a-gun," I heard that distinctive sharp, shrill voice screaming "get that gosh darn Lion off the field!" I looked to the sideline and saw Joe Paterno running full blast at us, shaking his fist.

Always one for the under-statement, Jack advised, "Kahuna, you better get going."

I took off for the other side-line hearing Joe's voice repeating his threat, "Get that gosh darn Lion off the field." Thus the new tradition of the Lion warning up with the football players was

quickly ended, as Coach Paterno, for the first and probably last time, chased the Lion off the field!

Penn State Cheerleaders

I never spent much time with the cheerleaders except on game days and away trips. We never practiced together and just ad-libbed on the field during the games. This was to my regret because the coed cheerleaders were good looking really good looking! (I expect that the male cheerleaders were handsome, but who am I to judge?) The girls were always good sports and would dance with the Lion whenever I was so moved, which was a lot. I always thought that dancing with the cheerleaders was one of the best parts of the job. We did the twist, the Watutsi, the monkey, the funky Broadway, and of course, the chorus-girl line dance. A photo of Jane Grove, Linda Mehlman, and Karen Van Halen and I appeared on the cover of the Penn State alumni magazine⁶⁶! This photo got a lot of newspaper coverage as well, and now a poster of this picture hangs in the Penn State Sports Museum at Beaver Stadium. At away games, I always liked to host a cocktail party at our hotel room the night before as a gesture of goodwill. At one party, several coed cheerleaders thought that we should go out to a bar since the drinking age was 18 in that state. So four girls and I went to a neighborhood bar about 11:00 pm. I knew immediately that this was a mistake when we entered the bar. Four good-looking young women with flashy smiles and extroverted personalities instantly brought this “downtown drinking bar” to life. We found a table, and I went to order drinks at the bar. When I returned one girl was already dancing, and the other girls were talking to strange “older” men at our table, go figure. One of the girls complained that some guy was bothering her and asked me to take care of him. “Quit smiling!” was my only thought. We left after one drink, and I never did that again. Now when I go somewhere with four women, they are my wife and three daughters!

The Blue Band

I had a great relationship with the 75-member, all-male Blue Band, but we started out a little rocky. During half-time of my first game as the Lion, I went up into the end zone seats where all of the freshmen were assigned. I got the crowd worked up cheering and jeering which was remarkably easy to do when you’re in the Lion costume. The next Monday, I got a call from the Blue Band Director’s secretary asking me to meet with the director at his office in the afternoon. I thought, “This is really cool.”

But when I got to his office, there was Dr. Dunlop, Dr. Deihl, and four other grim-faced men who were all part of the Blue Band staff. Over the next 30 minutes they explained to me how it takes tens of thousands of man-hours to prepare and present at half-time performance, and how one irresponsible Nittany Lion Mascot could ruin the whole show. I apologized profusely and promised that I would simply disappear at half-time from then on. They agreed, but they also

⁶⁶ January 1969

suggested that at the third-quarter time-out, I should come over to the Band where I could lead the Band and dance with the music. Of course I agreed, and we got along famously for the next two years. The Blue Band guys became my new best friends! Since the Blue Band was all-male, the members were as anxious to meet pretty girls as I was. At pep-rallies and away games, they always wanted me to bring the coed cheerleaders and other pretty girls they spotted over to talk to the band. I remember the percussion section as the most enthusiastic participants. So it was with these co-conspirators that I realized what a babe-magnet the Lion costume was!

Leading the Blue Band was one of the most exciting experiences of my life. They were so good, so responsive, and so powerful that I felt magic in my hands. I have never led a band since then, but I can see why conductors lead long, happy, and healthy lives.

Penn State vs Maryland, 1968 (57-13)

At the Penn State – Maryland game at College Park, Maryland the PSU rugby team played in the morning and then came to the football game in the afternoon still in their uniforms. The outcome of the game was already determined by the third quarter so I went into the stands to meet alums and to visit the rugby team whose captain was Larry Kuhns, a great guy who wrestled at 191 pounds for Penn State. I visited with the rugby team for a while and took some snap shots when a group of students about 30 rows up started chanting “We want the Lion!”

“My fans are calling,” I told the ruggers as I headed up to the chanting students. When I got to the students, they attacked me, started punching me, and throwing me around. (A more perceptive Lion would have noticed their Maryland sweatshirts.)

I was in trouble and yelled out, “Help! Help! The Lion is being attacked!”

In a heartbeat (really several heartbeats as my heart was racing), the rugby team was on the scene, and I was freed from my attackers. Since the Lion suit is not made for hand-to-hand combat, I quickly scampered down the stadium with cat-like agility. When I looked up at the scene above, the entire section of Byrd Stadium seemed engulfed in the melee’. I never saw anything in the papers about the incident nor did any “university official” call me, but I’ve always had a special spot in my heart for the Penn State rugby team!

Syracuse vs. Penn State, 1968 (12-30)

The last game of the season in 1968 was on a very snowy, cold day at Beaver Stadium and against the Orangemen of Syracuse, the only team between Penn State and an undefeated regular season. Also earlier in the week, Penn State accepted an invitation to the Orange Bowl. In 1968, Beaver Stadium was a much more “intimate” setting since it only held 46,000 people, and I felt like I knew half of them by name. The students and fans were only separated from the field by an eight-lane track so we all felt connected in a strange way. Even though alcoholic beverages were prohibited in the stadium, students and fans would smuggle in selected spirits for a hot toddy or

something to brace themselves against the cold weather. In any event, the crowd on that day was very “spirited” especially in the fourth quarter when it became obvious that Penn State was going to have an undefeated regular season. Some well-intentioned genius bought several cases of oranges to the sideline for the cheerleaders to throw up into the stands. As the cheerleaders threw the oranges at the students, the students caught the oranges and threw them back at the cheerleaders (no good deed goes unpunished). Unfortunately, the sincere but not too savvy cheerleaders continued to throw the oranges at the highly spirited students, and the highly spirited students continued to throw the oranges back at the cheerleaders until a full-fledged orange fight was on. Meanwhile, more and more students came out of the stands and onto the sidelines expecting to storm the field at the end of the game. It was then I spotted three of my fraternity brothers: Red Rat, Greenie, and Youngest running toward me and yelling “Kahuna! Kahuna!”

As they grabbed me, hugged me, and horsed around in their own highly spirited way, some other highly spirited fans, who were also on the sidelines started screaming, “They’re attacking the Lion! They’re attacking the Lion!”

It was incredibly awkward as I tried to keep two, well intentioned and highly spirited groups from killing each other while dressed in the Lion suit. Fortunately, the game ended, and all the highly spirited fans charged the field.

Bowl Games

I had the good fortune to participate in two bowl games as the Lion Mascot: the Gator Bowl in Jacksonville, Florida on December 30, 1967 and the Orange Bowl in Miami, Florida on January 1, 1969. At the Gator Bowl, I was assigned to a hotel room with red-shirt Mike Reid, a wrestling teammate and a future all-American defensive tackle, and Pat Smith, an offensive lineman transferee who had to sit out a season. Our double room was crowded, but that night, two friends and Penn State lacrosse players, Gerry Curtin and Steve Yost, showed up unexpectedly with hopes of sharing the room with us for the next three nights. Mike and Pat were good sports about the over-crowded arrangements, and we all got along fine, including a trip to the beach and the requisite plunge in the ocean.

Immediately after the game with Florida State that ended in a 17-17 draw, the University tour guides hustled the Blue Band, the cheerleaders, and the Nittany Lion Mascot onto a north-bound train so we wouldn’t be partying in Jacksonville on New Year’s Eve. Mike and Pat flew back with the football team, and Gerry and Steve drove back to Philadelphia. While the train ride was rather long and uncomfortable and the New Year Eve celebration was non-existent, I got to spend a lot of quality time with the cheerleaders and Blue Band.

The Orange Bowl was easier in every way. I had a hotel room with just one male cheerleader and no unexpected guests. The schedule was well organized and included numerous pep rallies, alumni events, and the famous Orange Bowl Parade.



One special event was a trip to Lion Country Safari which was arranged by a company that was bringing out a new men's cologne called Numero Uno. Penn State Numero Uno posters and stickers were distributed to everyone who looked like a Penn Stater or was otherwise alive. The trip to Lion Country Safari seemed like a good idea at the time and probably turned out just fine, all things considered. After a brief tour, I put on the Lion suit and the Safari people

brought out a cute and cuddly, African lion cub. It was about the size of a Labrador retriever, but its paws were twice the size of my hands! They had a leash on the cub, but it seemed so well behaved that they let it go as we took lots of photos as the cub got comfortable with the Nittany Lion.

The cub actually jumped up and put his paws on my shoulders. Then one of the Numero Uno promoters tied a Numero Uno sweatshirt around the cub. The cub got a little anxious and actually bit the mouth of the Lion head that was on my head. Its teeth were about two inches



from my nose. As the Safari people tried to release the cub and its mouth from its new best friend, the cub's cute little claws came out of its cute little paws and clamped on to me. I saw the headline: "Nittany Lion Mauled By African Lion!" Using kind and gentle words to calm both Lions, the Safari people gradually got the lion cub to release me. I promised my young fellow lion that I would never forget him as we ended the photo shoot and I haven't.

We celebrated New Year's Eve at a special Penn State party-reception-pep rally, and after changing into street clothes, the cheerleaders and Lion partied hard the rest of the night. Fortunately, the Orange Bowl didn't start until 8:00 pm the next

day, and by then, the Lion was ready. On the sidelines, the cheerleaders and the Lion were pushed aside by television crews, newspaper cameramen, and other official sideline operators who were really focused on the game and not our dance routines. It was always hard for me when the Nittany Lion Mascot wasn't the center of attention! However, revenge was sweet when

Bobby Campbell scored in the final seconds and then Chuck Burkhart rushed for the two-point conversion after the game was over! It was a great day for Nittany Lion fans all over America. Penn State football and Joe Paterno had arrived big time!

Penn State Students, Alumni, and Fans

For Penn State students, alumni, and fans, the Nittany Lion Mascot is a powerful symbol that always elicits a warm response, a laugh or smile, and a flood of memories. When I wore the Lion costume, students, alums, and fans everywhere hailed me, wrapped their arms around me, laughed and told me about their best Penn State memories. Even now in my everyday street clothes when people find out that I was the Nittany Lion Mascot, they wrap their arms around me, laugh and tell me about their best Penn State memories.

Every time I see some of my older friends in DuBois, they say, “Remember when you were the Lion and you came to our bus and hung out with us when we tailgated at Beaver Stadium? Wasn’t that great!” It was.

It might be easy to say that 1967-68 was a simpler time, but that wouldn’t be true. On campus, we debated the Vietnam War, which hung heavily over everyone’s future plans. We were concerned about racism, and in fact Penn State had only 300 black students at University Park. We argued about the role of women in society and whether the “official” admittance policy of five men to two woman was appropriate. We also were concerned about the future of America where the political assassinations of Martin Luther King Jr. and Robert Kennedy seemed to foreshadow a dark future for our country. With sincerity, righteousness, and passion we wrestled with these issues, as our world seemed out of control. But my classmates and I had a special and unspoken agreement among ourselves. We agreed that on every football Saturday, the only thing that mattered was Penn State football. We embraced this illusion and celebrated the ritual of college football: the big game, the cheerleaders, the Blue Band, and the parties. We were idealistic optimists who thought that if Penn State won, all was good in the world and perhaps we would meet a pretty girl along the way.

Today as then, the Nittany Lion Mascot is a powerful symbol of all that is good at Penn State University. Putting on the Lion suit is about personal humility and responsibility every bit as much as it is about capturing the power and unleashing the exuberance of a common good, a common goal, and a common happiness!

As I’m typing these musings, my wife Donna asked me what I was smiling about. “Just old memories,” I told her, “Some really great memories!”

Chapter 31: Friends

Request: Tell us about your best friends

Donna

Old friends in photo Molly Cressor Ingold, Karen Keene Maringer, Jeanne Warye Troxell

Others: Jayne Magee, Judy Heitfield, Bobi Hancock, Carolyn Wyatt Carlson



Dan

Grade School

In grade school, Jack Royer was my best friend. We became friends as soon as my family moved to 226 East Sheridan Avenue and Jack lived four houses away. We did everything together in school: sports, and outside activities that were mostly related to fishing, Boy Scouts, and playing in John DuBois' 30-acre orchard behind our house. Jack's father, Gene, taught us how to shoot a 22 rifle when we were in grade school, which I thought was the coolest thing ever. Every Wednesday night, we would shoot in his garage. We had a mutual friend named Tom Sawyer, and the three of us were always the three shortest boys in our class. Our teachers always made us "line up by height."

We stayed friends in high school, but our sports interests drifted apart. Jack's interests went to basketball and golf, and my interests went toward football, wrestling and track. Our grade school passion for baseball faded as we started junior high.

Junior High School

In junior high school, Jack and I made a new friend named “Jimmy Joe” Caldwell. Jim became my best friend in junior high school because we shared a consuming interest in girls. Jim had two older brothers John and Buzz, and Buzz would drive us on our “dates.” Jack had three sisters, and he was not at all fascinated by the fairer sex. Ironically, Jack’s older sister, Janet, married Jim’s older brother, Gary aka Buzz.

I thought that when Jim called me on my fiftieth birthday, it was to gloat about how much younger and vital he was than me. However, he was really calling to tell me that Jack had died of a massive heart attack when he was driving to work. Giving a eulogy at Jack’s funeral was one of the hardest things that I have ever done!

High School

In high school, Jim and my interests in girls continued, but a new best friend entered the picture: Bruce Fye. Bruce was my teammate in football, wrestling and track. Jim and I double-dated together every weekend, and Bruce and I worked out together every weekday. Bruce and I were close to the same height, but Bruce was always 15-20 pounds heavier, depending on the sport. We both ran the low hurdles during track season, but Coach Sam Richards ran out of uniforms for Bruce and me. Undaunted, Bruce and I made our own uniforms of shorts and tee-shirts that we dyed blue. We called ourselves the Blues Brothers, and we won the low hurdles at the track meet! Afraid of the precedent, the coach found two official uniforms for us at the next meet.



Bruce and I sat together on all of our bus rides. I guess that we thought we were good luck for each other. Our last ride together was to the State Wrestling Tournament in 1965. As I reported in Chapter 28, Bruce placed third, and I placed first in our respective weight classes. We both rode home with our parents.

Penn State University

As I report in Chapter 33, Bob Abraham and I were roommates during our first semester at Penn State. Bob has been my best friend since then. When we joined the Phi Gamma Delta fraternity, our

circle of friends expanded to include Gerry Curtin (lacrosse), and Rob Lee (golf). We called ourselves the ALCK’s (pronounced Elks),⁶⁷ and our famous wiffle ball team won our fraternity

⁶⁷ The first initials of our last name spelled ALCK, Abraham, Lee, Curtin, and Kohlhepp.

championship in the Spring Quarter 1968. The ALCK's Club beat the Howard Gillespie Supper Club and the Third Floor during a very spirited spring season of competition.

The ALCK's club got together annually for a Penn State Football game from 1978 to 2017. Rob Lee developed Alzheimer's Disease and hasn't recognized us for several years. We can't forget him and always remember his laugh, good humor, and iconic political perspectives. Rob was a real estate developer, so I lost my confidante and advisor on all things real estate!

The Ohio State University

During my first quarter at The Ohio State University, I met Charles "Chuck" Bidek, or Casmir Bizinski in Polish. We became great friends, eventually became roommates as we rented a duplex on Summit Street, and finally became co-owners of a 1957, 19-foot, deep V Henry Lohrs cabin cruiser boat. We had it towed to our back yard, then we rebuilt the four-cylinder engine and painted and refinished all of the wood. We launched in Lake Erie at Port Clinton. We had a wonderful time during three great summers on that boat, named the "Stroh-up."

Hunting and Fishing Best Friends

As I described in Chapter 21, I met Mike Jones as a graduate student at the University of Oklahoma and discovered that we shared a passion for hunting and fishing. Besides being my "best partner ever," Mike has also become one of my best friends ever.

Gary Magee, who I have known since he was eight, has been brother Ben's best friend since time began. Gary and I became best friends when we connected through hunting and dog training. We hunted turkeys, doves, ducks, geese, deer, and even crows together. Gary is inexhaustible as a hunter and as a friend. When the day's over, Gary is still there cleaning game, repairing gear, and developing strategies for the next day's hunt!

Art Fields, who I describe in Chapter 43 as the "best boss ever," is also my best hunting partner and hiking partner and all-around best friend ever. Art and I have been good friends since 1985. We still check in on each other every month.

Academic Friends

Finally, I should mention my academic friends, who all fall under the category of "best friends." Norm Miller and Jeff Fisher are both Ohio Staters and Ron Donohue is a University of Michigan graduate, but we have all stayed together primarily because of the Homer Hoyt Institute. We meet several times a year via phone or Zoom, and usually we get together physically at least twice a year. Besides sharing an intellectual curiosity about all aspects of real estate and urban development, these are incredibly decent guys, who clearly belong on my "all-time, good-guy" list.

Even though Mike Anikeeff and I both graduated from Ohio State in 1974, I didn't meet Mike in real life until 1992 when he took over the graduate real estate program at Johns Hopkins

University. Mike and I are kindred spirits and share common visions for real estate education. Mike hired me as an adjunct professor in 1992 to teach real estate, and then he hired me again as a full-time lecturer in 2010. He was my mentor for starting a new career as a real estate educator after wheeling and dealing in the private sector for 25 years. He surely is my best friend who belongs on the all-time, good-guy list.



Clubs

Judy's Hiking Club⁶⁸ tries to get together every summer for a two-to-three-day hike. That is, we walk and talk together for 2-3 days. Our most loyal members include Mike Anikeeff, Mike Jones, Art Fields, Gerry Curtin, and Jim Caldwell. Quite a crew to be sure and best friends all.

This year, Bob Simmers, Rocco Simonetta, and Bob Abraham and I started an "old guys book club." We were all fraternity brothers, and we got together accidentally when Rocco and Bob Simmers moved back to State College, Pennsylvania. We were all avid readers and shared many common interests, but none of us had ever belonged to a book club. Also none of us has ever arranged a Zoom call. However, reading and sharing books together has been a terrific experience. Also we consider a meeting a success if we are able to zoom in together once a month. It's always nice to use technology positively. (I must admit that Kimberly has been instrumental in our quest to master technology.)



⁶⁸ Judy's Hiking Club was named after Judy Caldwell. Judy's best line ever was, "It's not about the hike; it's all about the Outfit." Judy had both knees replaced at the same time, but she still joined us two months later for our hike up Mount Grey in Colorado. She didn't hike of course, but she never missed a party! (She always brings her husband, Jim, too.)

Chapter 32: College Fraternity

Question: Why did you decide to join a fraternity and how did you choose the one you did?

Dan

I chose to join the Phi Gamma Delta Fraternity at Penn State for several reasons.

Bob Abraham and I were living in West Hall, and our lives revolved around wrestling, which was located in Rec Hall, which was just across the street, Burroughs Avenue. The Phi Gamma Delta house, or Fiji House, was right next to our dorm, like 20 feet away, so if we chose Phi Gam, would stay close to the center of our universe. Also when we toured the house during an Open House, we agreed that it was the most beautiful house that we had ever seen, a giant, beautifully furnished mansion.

During our freshman year, we had met Gerry Curtin and Dan Glathorn, both of whom were from Philadelphia and on athletic scholarships, Gerry in lacrosse and Dan in soccer. They thought that Fiji was the place to go, and quickly accepted their bids..

Bob and I got several bids to join other fraternities including a couple well known “jock houses.” We visited all of the house for dinner and then compared notes. At the Fiji House, I was impressed that the “waiters” who served diner in white jackets were also fraternity brothers. They were also athletes who got jobs at the house to make up the difference between their athletic scholarship and the fraternity’s room and board charges. The guys were the real thing too: Bob Andronici was captain of the football team; Jack white was the quarterback on the football team; and Bill Huber was the tight-end on the football team. I had dinner for the first time with Jack Curry, the wide-receiver on the football team who was the most charming guy I had ever met! Everyone I met at Phi Gam seemed to be the real thing! They were varsity athletes at Penn State, and they were also the presidents of their high school classes (just like me). The president-elect for the next academic year was Scott Yard, who was a varsity golfer, and was from Bob’s high school in Greensburg. Scott was smart, handsome, and very persuasive. Bob was sold on Phi Gam, but I was also interested in Beta Theta Pi where my Garbarino cousins, Barry and Jack had been. Jack was still at college in this fifth year to make up for some earlier bad grades. Bob and I had agreed to join the same fraternity so neither of us had committed yet.

Bob and I (with Scott Yard's help) analyzed the people that we knew at the Fiji House⁶⁹. There were 12 varsity football players, two varsity golfers, and two varsity baseball players. Scott also noted that there were three cheer leaders, and that most of the graduating seniors were going to graduate or professional schools. (Andronici and Huber were going into Penn State's MBA program, and White was going to Pitt's dental school.) Other brothers were involved with university governance councils, but that didn't interest me.

While Bob and I were analyzing the existing fraternity brothers, other freshman were accepting their bids to Phi Gam, so our pledge class was forming as we watched. It looked like at least seven other pledges would be scholarship athletes, so with Bob and me, the majority of the pledges would be on athletic scholarships⁷⁰.

⁶⁹ 1965-66 Penn State Varsity Athletes at Phi Gamma Delta

Football

- Bob Andronici
- Joe Bellas
- Rich Buzin
- Bob Capretto
- Jack Curry
- Roger Grimes
- Bill Huber
- Bill Lenkaitis
- Mike McBath
- Bob Riggle
- Bob Vukmer
- Jack White

Golf

- Scott Yard
- Don Hanbly

Baseball

- Toby Frymire
- John Featherstone

Cheer leaders

- Bill Oliver
- Joe Nealon
- Ron Psaris

⁷⁰ 1969 Pledge Class Scholarship Athletes

- Robert Abraham -- Wrestling
- Dan Kohlhepp -- Wrestling
- Bob Absalom -- Baseball
- Scott Frymire -- Baseball
- Dan Glathorn -- Soccer
- Tom Cherry -- Football
- Fred Caligiuri -- Baseball
- Gerry Curtin -- Lacrosse
- Tom Apple -- Golf
- Other pledge brothers

Bob and I were impressed with just how much time and energy is involved with athletic programs, so we were gratified that other fraternity brothers and other pledges would appreciate (sympathize with) our commitments to the wrestling program.

We were concerned about pledging and hazing, but we found out quickly that no one hassled the athletes. When our pledge class was “disciplined,” the punishment was to do push-ups. When they saw that Bob and I were laughing when we had to do 25 push-ups, they made us do twice as many from then on. Bob and I could do push-ups forever so this was no worry, but we did quit laughing at our pledge brothers.⁷¹

Bob and I pledged Phi Gamma Delta, and a new phase of our collegiate experience began. I should note that my Big Brother was Bob Simmers, a six-foot-four basketball player and the smartest guy I had ever met.



-
- Ned McFarlane
 - Thomas W. Kuster
 - James Beerer Jr -- Cheerleading
 - Eric Johnson -- Cheerleading
 - Ronald Moehler
 - Dave Sebastian
 - Mark Thomas
 - Gerard Schultz
 - MacDonald Heebner III
 - Ken Thomas

⁷¹ When I had “phone duty” one evening as a pledge, Bill Lenkaitis stopped by to visit with me. Bill was a big, charming, outgoing, and confident guy who played center on the football team. Bill suggested that football players were in better shape than wrestlers, and I scoffed at the thought. I contended that football players only competed for six seconds at a time and then stopped for a break. Bill was 6’2” and weighed 230 pounds, and he was offended that a 5’7”, 140-pound kid didn’t respect his conditioning.

“I’ll bet I can do more push-ups than you can,” he challenged me.

Without hesitation I said, “I can do twice as many push-ups as you!”

By this time, a group of brothers had gathered and listened to our banter.

So, in the living room, Bill did 80 push-ups, and his brothers applauded his incredible show of strength.

Then I did 80 push-ups, then 40 more push-ups, and then 40 more push-ups where I clapped my hands in the middle of each push-up!

Bill walked away without comment. One of the brothers said as an aside that I shouldn’t have embarrassed Bill. I smirked and thought, “That’s Bill’s problem.” Bill went on to be a professional football player and team dentist with the New England Patriots. Clearly, he recovered from our push-up contest.

Chapter 33: Penn State Stories

Question: “What is your favorite Penn State Story?”

Dan

One of my favorite Penn State stories is that I was one of the few 140-pound, high school seniors recruited by Joe Paterno. My parents and I visited Penn State in the spring of my senior year after Penn State offered me a four-year, full scholarship for wrestling. We first visited Rec Hall and met the assistant athletic director, Tor Toretti⁷², a famous football player who knew my parents when they were at the DuBois Undergraduate Center (now called Penn State DuBois). After a brief visit, he introduced us to Joe Paterno, who was an assistant football coach to Rip Engle. To my surprise, Joe and my parents had met several times at parties that were hosted by Homer Barr, a really famous Penn state wrestler who lived next to my parents when they rented a trailer at Penn State for my dad’s last two years of college on the main campus. “Uncle Homer,” as we knew him, was the wrestling coach at State College High School. It seems that the new Penn State wrestling coach was busy and couldn’t have lunch with us so Joe would be our host at the Nittany Lion Inn. Joe and my parents talked like old friends, and I don’t remember anything that Joe said to me. I had no idea that Joe would become Penn State’s most famous football coach and probably the greatest coach in the history of college football. However, we did have lunch, and I did go to Penn State, so my contention is that I’m the smallest athlete that Joe Paterno ever recruited. (I never met the wrestling coach.)

Another favorite story involves meeting my roommate, Bob Abraham, on my first day on at Penn State. I knew that Bob was a scholarship wrestler from Greensburg who was already moving into 350 Hamilton Hall when I arrived. His parents were just leaving (his mom was crying), and my parents just dropped off my suitcase, wished me luck, and said goodbye. While Bob wrestled 165 pounds in high school, he quickly admitted that he really wanted to play football at Penn State. Freshman football practice started the next week. Bob and I were very different, but very much alike. We didn’t know anybody else at college, so we spent the freshman orientation week together trying to figure out where everything was and how everything worked. The first morning, Bob asked me “When will the lady come to make our beds and clean up our room?” I hated to tell him that no one cleaned our room and that no one made our beds.

⁷² Sever “Tor” Toretti, was a Penn State lineman from 1936 to 1938. He was an Assistant Penn State Coach from 1949-1963, and then he became the Assistant Athletic Director for Recruiting from 1964 through 1980. He recruited such famous athletes as John Cappelletti, Jack Han, and Franco Harris. He was the Brockway High School football coach for a couple seasons, so that is how my parents may have met him. Most likely, they met him through their good friends Homer and Blanche Barr. Homer was the State College wrestling coach and a three-time All-American wrestler for Penn State.

The dorm room was rather spartan, and our floor had a community shower and toilets and only one phone to be shared by everyone. There were no other athletes on our floor, but we had lots of characters who seemed as confused as we were. In the first-floor lobby, there was a TV and a snack bar. Needless to say, we didn't have a refrigerator, microwave, or radio.

Bob's football career at Penn State only lasted four weeks. The other football players called him "little feller," and the coaches made him a running back because of his small size. Bob was a star linebacker and offensive guard at Greensburg High, but that didn't matter here. For that matter, Bob and I were both important people at our high schools (in our minds), but that didn't matter here, either.

Bob and I landed a windfall profit opportunity our freshman year when scholarship athletes were allowed to sell programs at the home football games. If we started at 7:00 am and sold all of our programs, we could make \$25 each and still make the second half!

We were relieved when preseason wrestling practice started and gave our lives some structure. We would run from Rec Hall to Beaver Stadium and crawl up and down the stadium steps on our hands and feet. (Going down the stands headfirst was the worst.)

Running back to Rec Hall after the stadium crawls, we would stop by the Creamery to buy ice cream cones with money that we had stashed in our shoes. However, as we stood in line one day, our coaches appeared behind us! Coach Koll asked, "What are you doing?" We said, "Just catching our breath." We dashed out of the Creamery and never included ice cream in our stadium work outs again!

Our freshman wrestling season began as the "best ever" as neither Bob nor I had to lose weight as we wrestled up above our "walking the street weight." I was at the 145-pound class, and Bob was at the 167-pound class. We were undefeated until we wrestled Maryland's freshman team and got manhandled. Goebel Kline outmuscled me, and Bob got clobbered by a body builder named Gary BLOOD. After reviewing the situation, we both decided to drop down a weight class. Three weeks later, we both won the Naval Academy Plebe Tournament: me at 137 and Bob at 160.

That spring we joined the Phi Gamma Delta fraternity, and we were introduced to our new "best friends forever" and to the evils of alcohol. I still can't stand the taste of hard liquor, and Bob never drinks at all.

The summer between my Spring Quarter and Fall Quarter, I had my knee "reconstructed" at Geisinger Clinic, and the result was that I never wrestled again. I did keep my scholarship, but I envied Bob's ability to keep wrestling! But after the Nittany Lion Mascot got hurt during the first football game while crowd-surfing, Joe Nealon, my fraternity brother and captain of the cheerleading squad, said "Why don't you become the Nittany Lion? You're the right size for the costume? What size shoe do you wear?" When I said, "Eight and a half," he said, "Perfect," and I became the first Nittany Lion Mascot to transfer from the wrestling quad to the cheerleading squad. What I deal!

I described my Nittany Lion Mascot experiences in Chapter 30.⁷³

Needless to say, I had a great time socializing with the cheerleaders, attending every football game (home and away) and, of course, attending the Gator Bow and the Orange Bowl. The pep rallies were always a hoot, and the Blue Band and its smaller Pep Band were always the best. I truly enjoyed being the “class clown,” as the Nittany Lion could and did get away with all kinds of stunts and antics that would no longer be socially acceptable. For the record, the only transferable skill from the wrestling room to Beaver Stadium was my ability to do push-ups, which I did to celebrate every score. We had great teams during ’67 and ’68 seasons that scored a lot of points, so I did a lot of push-ups.

My undergraduate education didn’t really prepare me for my graduate school experience. As an undergraduate, I tried to maintain a 3.0 average with one A, two B’s, and one C. I considered more than that as over-achieving. However, I was well known as a wrestler and Mascot, so I was awarded an assistantship in the Penn State’s College of Business Insurance and Real Estate Department. The assistantship gave me a monthly stipend and waived all tuition. Also I was able to teach a life insurance course for Philadelphia Life Insurance’s undergraduate recruiting program, for which I received a monthly salary. All things considered, I was making more money than I could working full-time at our family business in DuBois or at Philadelphia Life’s headquarters in Philadelphia.

I studied hard in graduate school, overcoming many of the neglected academic details of my undergraduate career. However, the most important aspect of Penn State’s MBA program was the many opportunities to which it exposed me: academically, professionally, and socially. My worldview and personal horizons expanded to thoughts, ideas, and possibilities that I never before imagined.

I did a six-credit “professional paper” for my MBA that exposed me to regression analysis and statistical research, which I found that I enjoyed. Professor J.D. Hammond was my mentor for this paper, and one day toward the end of the winter semester he said, “Why don’t you consider getting a PhD next year? You’d be good at it.” I never considered that possibility, but now I would.⁷⁴

I liked the possibility of continuing my academic studies, but I was really much more intrigued by real estate and land economics. With Dr. Hammond’s support, I applied to Ohio State’s Real estate and Urban Analysis program. I later found out that J.D. was a very popular faculty member in The Ohio State University College of Business before he moved to Penn State. Thank you J.D.!

I have fond memories of living in State College in 1978⁷⁵ and being an Assistant Professor at the Smeal College of Business, and I also have many fond and poignant memories of my daughters,

⁷³ and in an article, “Mascot Musings,” that was part of a collection of stories in a short book celebrating Penn state DuBois’s 75th anniversary, Penn State DuBois, 75 years of Memories.

https://dankohlhepp.com/uploads/3/4/3/6/34366166/penn_state_dubois_75_years_of_memories.pdf

⁷⁴ I remember that my father had me tested at the Pittsburgh Psychological Center in the fall of my senior year in high school to see if I was really college-level-material. He explained that he didn’t want to get me in over my head, so to speak.

⁷⁵ Donna and I were both Assistant Professors, Donna in the College of Nursing, and me in the College of Business.

Kaydee and Joanne, attending Penn State in 1998 through 2003⁷⁶. Of course, the friendships from my Penn State and State College days have lasted forever and get more precious every year.

Over the years, I have had a love/hate affair with Penn State, but I expect that is a normal relationship between sensitive human beings and complex institutions.

⁷⁶ Kaydee graduated in 2002, and Joanne graduated in 2003.

Chapter 34: Relatives Never Met

Question: What is your favorite story about a relative you never met.

Dan

My great grandfathers have always fascinated me. They all “broke the mold” and did something different from the rest of their family.

Michael Callahan⁷⁷



Michael Callahan left Ireland during the potato famine to find work in America. He met his wife, Roseanne (Annie) McGlinchey⁷⁸ on the trip across the Atlantic. He was a coal miner in Red Bank Valley and then moved to DuBois where he mined coal, and his wife opened a store to

⁷⁷ Michael Callahan, (1848-1906)

⁷⁸ Roseanne (Anne) McGlinchey (1854-1938)

sell sewing supplies and fabric, “M. Callahan Dry Goods” at 233 Long Avenue in DuBois, Pennsylvania. They had nine children including my grandfather Hugh Paul.⁷⁹

Senes Hayes⁸⁰



Senes Hayes was a school teacher for 18 years, who decided that he wanted to become a physician. He took courses in the summer at Edenborough University and to qualify for admittance to the Pennsylvania Medical College in Philadelphia. He was married to Cecelia Moore⁸¹, and they had four children when he left Luthersburg to go Philadelphia and when he returned to start a medical practice in Bennetts Valley he had three more children including my grandmother Jean Marie⁸² He also sent his brothers and sister to medical school.

John A. Kohlhepp⁸³



John A. Kohlhepp left the family farm in Rossiter, PA to start a coal delivery business in DuBois, PA. He married May Agnes Overdorf⁸⁴ (who was half Irish), and they four sons, including my grandfather Russel Eugene, and three daughters⁸⁵. His business evolved from J.A. Kohlhepp, to J.A. Kohlhepp, and Sons, to J.A. Kohlhepp Sons, Inc.

⁷⁹ There children were: Mary Ellen(1887-1996), Rosanne Agnes (1879-1963), Catherine Eunice (-1947), John (1885-1918), Daniel (1886-1905), Hugh Paul (1889-1954), Francis (1893-1905), Loretta (1895-1895), and Grace Claire (1897-1935)

⁸⁰Senes Edward Hayes (1858--1923)

⁸¹ Cecelia Irwin Moore (1863-1927)

⁸² There children were Ollie Kate (1883-1967), Annie Margurete (1885-1968), Reubin Moore (1891-1891), Ralph Barret (1887-1973), Rachel (1892-1978), Jean Marie (1889-1994), and Dorothy Maude (1902-)

⁸³ John Andrew Kohlhepp (1857-1931)

⁸⁴ Mary Agnes Overdorf (1860-1937)

⁸⁵ Their children were Ernest (1883-). Edna (1892), Virgil (1897-1957), Russel (1895-1973), Anson (1800-1986), and two sisters that died very young

John A. Bloomgren⁸⁶



John A. Bloomgren had a family in Unnaryds, Sweden. He married Emma Burlander in 1884, had three children, and was desperately unemployed. He left his wife and three children and said, “I’ll be back when I find work.” He travelled to Amsterdam and then to the United States. In 1894, he returned to Sweden to get his wife Emma⁸⁷ and three children and then moved back to Ridgeway, Pennsylvania where he found factory work.

He had four more children, including my grandmother Ruth.⁸⁸ My parents said that I met him once when I was one-year old,

My dad’s stories about visiting his Grandpa Bloomgren in Ridgeway to get honey to sell on his “honey route” were his favorites. I remember his stone house on top of the mountain and admiring his copperware at my grandmother’s house. Donna and I still have one of his inlaid tables in our living room. He lived a long life on his small farm on top of the mountain. Family legend has it that he just quit working one day and refused to answer another factory whistle the rest of his life.

⁸⁶ John A. Bloomgren (1858-1950)

⁸⁷ Emma Charlotta Burlander (1857-1945)

⁸⁸ Their children were William Noah (), Anna (1886-1959), Gus (), Jenny (1898), Carl (1896), Ellen (1895-1876) Jenny () Ruth V. (1900-1959)

Chapter 35: Mother Memories

Request: Tell us a story about Grandma Jackie and Grandma Tootie. What do you remember most about them during your childhood?

Donna



Dan

My mother, Roseanne Jacquelyn Callahan Kohlhepp⁸⁹, had a big effect on me throughout my life: as a child, as a teenager, as a young adult, and as a mature man. She was a high-energy, extroverted, social director. She was interested in everything that we (Ben, Andy, and I) did and involved with everything in the community.



Jackie was the President of the Parent Teacher Association in 1954 and was instrumental in merging the DuBois and

⁸⁹ Roseanne Jacquelyn Callahan Kohlhepp (1926-2014). She was called Jackie by most of her friends, but her brothers called her Rosie (after her grandmother) and “Little John” (after the mythical friar in the Robin Hood story).

Sandy school systems. She organized the first DuBois Area United Way campaign with Paul Reitz. Also, she could whistle very loudly, so the whole neighborhood knew when it was time for the Kohlhepp boys to go home!

Jackie was the Cub Scout Den Mother for me and my friends, Ben and his friends, and Andy and his friends. She held weekly Cub Scout meeting in our basement after school for six straight years. She knew our friends better than we did; she was fabric that held all the neighborhood boys together. We all became Boy Scouts and had very positive scouting experiences.⁹⁰

She was extremely social. She arranged birthday parties and held major dinners for every holiday. We got to know our Great Aunts Dorothy and Rachael Hayes, Great Aunts Mary and Rose Callahan (Swift), and numerous second cousins (Linnans, Garbarinos, Kunkles).

Jackie hosted cocktail parties at our house for her friends for any occasion or no occasion, where Ben and Andy and I learned to say hello, shake hands, serve hors oeuvres, call people by the correct names, and then to disappear into our TV room. She was an expert in social etiquette and table manners. She also arranged parties for her sons' occasions, like graduations or wrestling matches. She would invite our friends, and often, she would invite our girlfriends, too.

She had a keen sense of fashion for her sons as well as herself. When she dressed up for her parties or other social events, I thought that she was the most beautiful woman in the world!

Mom bought all of our clothes, which she categorized as play clothes, school clothes, and dress-up clothes. She also introduced me to the mainstay of my wardrobe: the blue blazer. My girlfriend, Janice, was elected the Laurel Queen at DuBois High School so she had to attend the state-wide Laurel Festival Pageant at Wellsboro, Pennsylvania, and I was to be her escort. Unfortunately I didn't own a suit or a sport coat that fit me right. Mom took me to the Young Men's Shop on Brady Street and bought me a blue blazer and Calvary gray trousers, which she explained were the same as a suit. (I always thought that Betty Sheesley was behind that move, but who knows now?) A Penn State Blue Bazer is still the cornerstone of my wardrobe, such as it is.

She was a fearless traveler and took us boys, without Dad, on road trips to visit relatives in Chicago, Indianapolis, and Jacksonville, FL. On our trip to Florida, we were fighting in the car so much that she stopped the car on the side of road (a lonely empty road) and made us get out of the car and then she drove away. Ben and Andy were still blaming each other for the fight as I tried to figure out where we were and how long it would be before she came back to get us. Meanwhile, Andy started to hitchhike with his thumb out on the side of the road. I knew that this could become a disaster. We got Andy to sit down and wait with us until Mom returned. It seemed like a long time, but I now think that it was only 10 or 15 minutes, but she made her point.

⁹⁰ Ben said that he learned to swear, smoke, and play poker at Boy Scout camp. Go figure.

She was very competitive with our wrestling, and she even demonstrated to me how to get up from the bottom position when I was being held down. “Just get up!” She exclaimed. I said nothing but made a note to be sure never to get stuck on the bottom.

She was always interested in my girlfriends, so I tried never to discuss them with her. My only mistake was to let her talk to Becky Wenrick, who talked to her mother, who then called my mother. We broke up immediately, a lesson well learned.

One Lenten season when I gave up going to the junior high YMCA dances, she taught me how to dance. I learned the box step, but I could never figure out the jitterbug. She loved to watch Dick Clark’s “Bandstand” every afternoon as she ironed our clothes.

When she was in her 70’s and living at the Penn State Village, I suggested that our relationship should evolve so that we could become friends and not just “mother and son.” She immediately replied, “That’s the dumbest thing that I have ever heard!” She was our mother and that was that.

When she completed her application to buy an apartment and to move into the Penn State Village, she forged her sons’ signature. I asked her about this later when I reviewed her paperwork, and she said, “I don’t need my sons’ approval to do anything.”

She also served as a medium for my father. For example, most of conversations included one of the following phrases: “What your father says ...”, “What you father thinks ...”; “What your father wants...”, “What your father wants to know ...” It took me a while to figure out that she was just using my father’s good name and authority as a front for asking her own questions!

When I was sixteen, I finally figured out how to handle her. When she got mad at me or was yelling at me for something, I would put my arms around her, and tell her, I love you.” She wilted!

She was full of life, boundless energy, and endless friendliness. I still miss her.

Like my brothers and I always say, “If it’s not one thing, it’s our mother!”

Chapter 36: Oklahoma Memories

Question: “What are your favorite memories from living in Oklahoma?”

Dan

Donna and I lived in Norman, Oklahoma from Fall, 1974 to Summer, 1977 and in Oklahoma City from Fall, 1978 to Summer, 1983

First Week in Norman, Oklahoma

Donna and my first trip to Norman, Oklahoma is a very special memory because we were really beginning our adult lives together. While Donna and I were getting married in January, I was starting my new job at the University of Oklahoma in a week. We had to find a place to live and to buy a car that would run. And we were confronted by people that didn't talk like us and by weather that was totally unhospitable.

We didn't know anyone, and we needed a road map to find the grocery store from the Holiday Inn, just off Interstate 35. We were excited and enthusiastic rather than being scared or intimidated. We felt that the world was ours to discover, and the discovery started right here in Norman, Oklahoma.

We found a three-bedroom, two-bath, furnished townhouse that was available for an incredibly low rental rate. The whole complex had gone bankrupt the year before, and it was just being brought back on the market: \$350 per month including utilities!



We also found a new, little Honda-car that was on sale for \$2,000 less a \$200 trade-in allowance. It started every time. It had a little engine, about the size of a loaf of bread, and an add-on air-conditioning unit that was the same size as the engine. What a deal!

We also drove to Oklahoma City to check where the University of Oklahoma Health Science Center was, since Donna was still considering her graduate school options.

There was a reception at the Dean's house for the 16 new hires in the College of Business and their spouses. Donna lit up the room! They chattered, "Who is the beautiful blond?" "Who is she with?" "What's her name?"

Donna flew back to Columbus the next day, but all semester my colleagues would ask, "How's your fiancée? When is she coming back?"

I knew how they felt.

Arnold Parr

Arnold Parr was a middle-aged finance instructor who had an unusual background. As a younger man he was a petroleum engineer who made a lot of money in the oil business in Venezuela. Unfortunately, he got crosswise with the "Authorities," was pistol whipped, and kicked out of the country. He moved back to Norman, bought a lot of land, and enrolled in his alma mater's graduate school to earn a PhD in Finance. After graduation, he was hired as an Assistant Professor in business. He loved math, and he loved to water ski at Lake Thunderbird.

We became fast friends. He needed a crew to water ski, and I didn't have any domestic obligations. We just needed one more, and we were off to the Lake. Arnold had a big, ol' station wagon and a big, ol' boat and outboard. He would pick me up at my townhouse complex, and we would stop at a gas station for a case of Coors. "Coldest beer by a dam site!" its sign advertised.

We water skied until late October. We would have lunch at the Faculty Club, and Arnold would look out the window and declare about the weather, "Too good for students, but just right for faculty."

We usually left about 2:30.

George Gau and Mike Jones

George Gau started my academic publication record. George graduated from the University of Illinois with a major in finance and a minor in real estate. We met and became good friends immediately. Our joint interest in finance sparked our first paper and refereed journal publication together.

We demonstrated the role of the reinvestment rate in internal rate of return calculations mathematically and with a series of simulations. George found a graduate student to do the computer simulations for us, but he didn't know computer programming. He said that he could learn. I was skeptical, and then I met our new graduate student, Mike Jones!

Mike learned FORTRAN, and our paper was well received. It was our first, refereed Academic Journal article. Thank you, George and Mike!

George stayed in academia and became the Dean of the College of Business at the University of Texas. Mike went on to become my "Best Business Partner Ever."

When Donna and I both received offers to become Assistant Professors at Penn State University, we left Norman with a heavy heart, and lots of great memories.

Moving Back to Oklahoma City

After one year at Penn State, I was ready to leave academia and move into the private sector, which meant moving back to Oklahoma. Donna reluctantly agreed after we negotiated a one-year leave of absence. This would give her time to finish her dissertation, and maybe get pregnant and maybe move back to State College.

The highlights of our time in Oklahoma City were Donna's Graduation, and the births of Kaydee (Chapter 14) and Joanne (Chapter 27)! On May 10, 1980, Donna earned her Ph.D. in public health from the University of Oklahoma. Her dissertation was titled, "Patient Satisfaction: Is it Related to the Mode of Health care Delivery?" She had already earned her BS in Nursing (BS) from The Ohio State University and her Master of Science in Nursing (MSN) from the University of Oklahoma. Donna was a good student and good-looking too: beauty and brains!

I learned a lot in Oklahoma City, and usually they were hard lessons to learn: like don't trust your partner, your accountant, your attorney, or your banker. Not to be negative, but a Yank seemed like fair game for the good old boys in Oklahoma City.

I was glad to leave Oklahoma the second time.



Chapter 37: College Lectures

Question: What was your favorite college lecture you ever gave?

Dan

Development Matrix	1. Land Banking	2. Land Packaging	3. Land Development	4. Building Development	5. Building Operation	6. Building Redevelopment	7. Property Redevelopment
1. Acquisition	1.1	1.2	1.3	1.4	1.5	1.6	1.7
2. Financing	2.1	2.2	2.3	2.4	2.5	2.6	2.7
3. Market Studies & Marketing Strategies	3.1	3.2	3.3	3.4	3.5	3.6	3.7
4. Environmental Studies	4.1	4.2	4.3	4.4	4.5	4.6	4.7
5. Approvals and Permits	5.1	5.2	5.3	5.4	5.5	5.6	5.7
6. Physical Improvements	6.1	6.2	6.3	6.4	6.5	6.6	6.7
7. Transportation/Connectivity	7.1	7.2	7.3	7.4	7.5	7.6	7.7
8. Sales and Disposition	8.1	8.2	8.3	8.4	8.5	8.6	8.7

Daniel B. Kohlhepp



Presented to:
University of San Diego
Graduate Real Estate
Program

**The Real Estate Development Matrix
And the
Potomac Yard Story**

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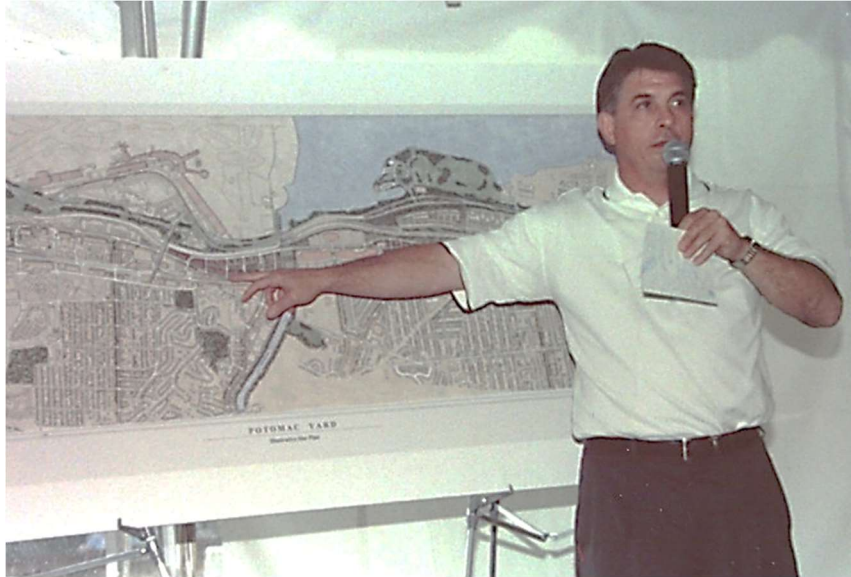
My favorite lecture was the “Real Estate Development Matrix” that I gave during the first day of class at Johns Hopkins University’s Master of Science in Real Estate and Infrastructure program. I have also given this lecture at the University of San Diego, and to numerous professional meetings. I also used this lecture to begin on-line courses for the National Association of Industrial and Office Park Developers (NAIOP) and the Realtor’s Certified Commercial and Investment Members (CCIM).

Since most people already have firm ideas about real estate development, they are surprised that the process can be broken down to seven discreet stages. Each stage has specific tasks to be done, capital infusion, professional talents, and, of course, risk-taking (the chance that you don’t accomplish the required tasks in a particular stage).

I usually ask students (or audience members) to stand up and to play roles in the process. I place the students around the room to make the difference among the roles more obvious. We have a great time, asking the students in each role who their best friends are, what their worst fears are, what their goals are, or how much money they expect to make. The other students in the audience are asked to help their fellow students as much as possible with suggestions or answers to my questions. Invariably, there are a couple characters in the class who have answers, quips, and jokes for everything. I loved these guys and gals.

When time permitted, I moved onto the eight required tasks for each stage. Again, after our role playing, everyone had ideas. By providing two dimensions of the development process, Seven Stages and Eight Tasks, I presented the 56-cell Real Estate Development Matrix. Again when time permitted, the example that I loved to use was the re-development of the Potomac Yard.

I presented the real estate development matrix in 15 minutes, one hour, three hours and three days. Just give me an opening, and I will pitch the Matrix. In 2017, I wrote and presented the Real Estate Development matrix at the American Real Estate Society's annual meetings, and it was given "The Best Practitioner Research Award."



Chapter 38: Toasts

Question: What is your favorite toast?

Dan

I have made lots of toasts over the years, and some are better than others. Of course, some were a bust. Here's a summary of some of my most memorable toasts.

Worst Toast at Ken Miller and Sharon Todd's Wedding (1974)

"Here's to the happiness of our best friends, Shen and Karen!" I sat down oblivious to my mistake. After having the entire audience correct me, I had to get up and make the toast again. The audience clapped.

A Toast Never Given at Chris Kohlhepp's 40th Birthday Party (1991)

Brother Andy threw a big dinner party at the DuBois Country Club to celebrate his wife Chris' 40th birthday. After dinner I was sitting next to Andy when he leaned over and whispered, "Do you have a toast for Chris?" When I nodded "yes," he said, "What is it?" so I whispered back, "Here's to fine wine, rock and roll music, and Chris Kohlhepp ... things that get better with age."

"That's great," he whispered back, and stood up, held up his wine glass, and said, "I have a birthday toast." He dramatically waited for everyone's attention and announced,

"Here's to fine wine, rock and roll music, and Chris Kohlhepp ... things that get better with age!"

After acknowledging the group's approval, he turned to me and said, "Dan, to you have a toast?"

Chagrined, all I could say was, "Here's to Chris!"

A Well Researched Toast at Joanne's and Dave's Wedding (2015)

Donna and my first sponsored wedding was Joanne's marriage to Dave Bish. This was a large wedding crowd since Dave and Joanne were both from DuBois and both attended Penn State so they had lots of high school and college friends, as well as lots of relatives nearby. It was my job to welcome our guests and make a toast:



“I would like to welcome everyone to Joanne’s and Dave’s wedding. There are at least 11 families with two or more generations in attendance tonight.”⁹¹

“Our guests have come from cities and towns all over Pennsylvania⁹², as well as from 21 other states plus the District of Columbia and Amsterdam, Holland.⁹³ This geographical diversity is especially amazing considering that six of Joanne and Dave’s grandparents were raised here in DuBois. I knew Dave’s Grandfather Bob Bish who was one of the nicest persons in the world. When he smiled, his eyes would soften, and his entire face would light up! No doubt that Dave has inherited his grandfather’s smile and his “nicest guy” genes.

“Speaking of grandparents, Joanne and Dave have known each other for over 20 years yet there is one person who claims unequivocally that she was the person who truly brought them together, that’s Joanne’s Grandmother Jackie Kohlhepp. She said Dave was a great catch being from a very good family.

“I am sure that all of the grandparents: the Bishes, the Kriners, the Sells, and the Kohlhepps are raising their glasses in heaven in a congratulatory toast to the newlyweds.

“For the rest of us; Our toast⁹⁴:

“Here is to Joanne and Dave

“ For your lifelong happiness together and

“For food, for raiment, for life and opportunity, for friendship and fellowship, and for our families.

“Congratulations and best wishes.”

⁹¹ The extended families attending included the Kohlhepps, Bishes, Kriners, Callahans, Zitzelbergers, Fricks, Cornelissens, Newmans, Garbarinos, Kunkles, Lennans, and Magees

⁹² The wedding guests came from the following Pennsylvania cities and towns: included Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, State College, Coudersport, Clarion, Clearfield, Reynoldsville, Rockton, and DuBois

⁹³ Our guests came from the following states: California, Colorado, District of Columbia, Florida, Georgia, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, New Jersey, New York, North Carolina, Ohio, Oklahoma, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Carolina, and Texas

⁹⁴ I offered a modified Philmont Grace to Joanne and Dave that is also her grandmother’s favorite prayer before meals. Ben and Andy learned the Philmont Grace at the Philmont Boy Scout Camp in New Mexico and brought it home on a plaque. That plaque hung over our kitchen table forever!

An Anti-climactic Toast at Kaydee and Ian's Wedding (2016)

Kaydee and Ian's wedding was smaller than Joanne and Dave's since Kaydee and Ian were living in Seattle, and Ian's family was from Oregon. Donna and I agreed to both give the welcome and express how happy we were to welcome Ian into our family. Donna introduced Ian's parents⁹⁵ along with Ian's Oregon State friends Chris (the Best Man) and Teresa Jorgens and Andrew Gilmore who now lived in Seattle, Washington.



Just as Donna was handing the microphone back to me, Chis Jorgens stood up at the Bridal table and with a beaming smile said, "I'd like to say something."

A little surprised, Donna promptly turned the microphone over to Chis who said, "I'd like to thank all of the new friends that we made over the last three days. We knew no one when we arrived except Kaydee and the Gunters, and now we feel like one of the family. You all have made us feel so comfortable, included, and welcome. I calculated that the five of us are about four percent of the total crowd here today. So on behalf of the 'Four Percenters', we would like to thank you, the 'Ninety Six Percenters', for all that you have done to bring us into this family. We appreciate being here and being part of the wedding celebration. Thank you everyone!"

He handed the microphone back to Donna who handed the microphone back to me. I didn't know what to say, but suddenly, everyone applauded. We were all touched. Chis stood back up, took a bow, and waved to everyone.

My toast was anti-climatic. But I pressed on:

"Here's to Kaydee and Ian

"For your lifelong happiness together, and for food, for raiment, for life and opportunity, for friendship and fellowship, and for our families.

"Congratulations and best wishes."

The Philmont Grace saved the day.

⁹⁵ Hollis Gunter (1945-) and Susan Gunter (1945-)

Most Embarrassing Toast at Kimberly and Bryan's wedding (2018)



Two years later, Donna and I celebrated Kimberly's and Bryan's wedding. We were getting comfortable at our weddings, welcoming guests and giving toasts so we weren't too nervous. Donna did a wonderful job taking over the welcoming responsibilities and then she turned the microphone over to me and sat down. I noted that this day was the largest gathering of Johns Hopkins University graduates and faculty in the history of DuBois. There were eleven graduates⁹⁶ and two faculty members.⁹⁷ Of course they all cheered, and I continued with my toast to Kim and Bryan.



I held up my glass, started to give my familiar Philmont Toast, and then stammered. Somehow, I couldn't get out the words correctly. I paused and started over. Again, I started, stammered, and then panicked. I couldn't remember the words!

⁹⁶ The JHU graduates included: Mehr Patakia, James McChristy, Aaron Pyle, Shalako Mangle, Christian Pollard, Kimberly Kohlhepp, Miller Hopkins, Colleen Callahan, Elizabeth McDonald, Patricia McDonald, and Ali Ahmed.

⁹⁷ The JHU Gary Business School faculty members were Michael Anikeeff and Dan Kohlhepp.

Bride Kim realized that I was in trouble, so she stood up in her beautiful wedding dress, gently took the microphone, (whispered “let me help”) and gave the Philmont Grace:

“For food, for raiment, for life and opportunity, for friendship and fellowship, and for our families. We thank thee oh lord Amen.”

Everyone raised their glasses to her toast, and I said, “Congratulations and best wishes.”

We both sat down. Thanks Kim!

A Toast at Kim’s Hard Hat Ceremony (2014)

A special ceremony is held for the MSRE graduates at Johns Hopkins University where each student is given a special Hard Hat to recognize their achievements. As the Director of the MSREI Program, I was the master of ceremony, and I gave this toast at the end⁹⁸:

Don’t ever lie, cheat, steal!
(pause)
But if you do...
Steal a little time for yourself,
Cheat the Angel of Death,
Lie with the one you love.

Doug’s Favorite Toast

My father had a favorite toast that he actually wrote down and used it all of the time:

Here’s to our friends,
May they always love us.
Here’s to our enemies,
May they learn to love us.

⁹⁸ This toast has also been modified for giving at all-male drinking parties.

Don’t ever lie, cheat, steal, or drink!
But if you do...
Lie with the woman you love,
Cheat the Angel of Death,
Steal a little time for yourself,
And
Drink with good friends like you!

But if they don't learn to love us,
May God twist their ankles
So that we may recognize them by their limp!

A Thanksgiving Toast (2021)

Last Thanksgiving, I gave a toast that I particularly liked:

First some traditional advice –
Love many.
Trust few.
Learn to paddle your own canoe.

A toast:
To a table of great canoe paddlers!

A Favorite Toast that I had to Write Down and Read

For some reason, I couldn't recite this toast by memory, so I always had to read it.

Here's a toast to all of your worries.
There are only two things to worry about;
Either you are well or you are sick.
If you are well,
There's nothing to worry about.
But if you are sick,
There are only two things to worry about.
Either you get well, or you die.
If you get well,
There's nothing to worry about.
If you die,
There are two things to worry about,
Either you go to heaven or hell.
If you go to heaven,
You have nothing to worry about.
But if you go to hell,
You'll be so damn busy shaking hands with your friends,
You won't have time to worry!
Here's to old friends!

A Beer Drinking Toast for All Occasions

I'd like to say that I got this toast at a pub in Dublin. Maybe I did.

Here's to a long life,
And a merry one.
Here's to a quick death,
And an easy one.
Here's to a pretty girl,
And an honest one.
Here's to a cold beer,
And another one!

A Toast to Jayne Marie Parrot Magee on her Sixtieth Birthday Party

The Literary Reference:

"What's in a name? That which we call a rose by any other word would smell as sweet."

Juliet, Romeo and Juliet

The Set-up:

In the early 1990's, when Jayne and I worked together in Doctor Lewis's converted veterinary offices at 415 East DuBois Street, we had adjoining offices with the door between us always open. Thus, I was able to hear Jayne on many occasions attempt to explain who she was to dunder-headed people on the other end of the phone: "Jayne like Mansfield; Parrot like the Bird; Magee, M-A-G-E-E."

For my own amusement, I would replay Jayne's quote in my head and tried to find a suitable finish for her simile trifecta: "Jayne like Mansfield, Parrot like the bird, Magee like Gary? No, not obvious. Like Greg? No, too obscure. Like Garth? No, Really obscure, Like HK? No, don't go there."

Over the years, I got to know Jayne and her family better. While Jayne was like her mother and father, I realized Jayne was like her daughter, Meghan. She was also like her daughter Amanda, and, in fact, she was very much like her sons Gabriel and Galen. So I finally had my similes and her toast.

The Toast:

"Here's a toast to Jayne Marie Parrot Magee, our friend:

To Jayne, like her mother's best friend who battled polio and today survives as a tribute to the power of the human spirit.

To Marie, like her mother, Ruth Marie, who is a touchstone for her life's realities.

To Parrot, like the man her mother loved and the father who raised her.

To Magee, like the spirit of her progeny, Meghan, Amanda, Gabriel, and Galen, who carry her dreams, passions, and many kindnesses. And

To our friend, like the person we thank for making us smile and our lives richer!”

Chapter 39: A Brand-New Career

Question: “If you had to go back in time and start a brand-new career, what would it be?”

Dan

When I was young, I wanted to be a famous baseball player like Mickey Mantle, or a football ball player like Joe Namath. I also thought about being a comedian like Johnny Carson. They all had their own problems with bad knees and alcohol. I also wished that I had the talent to be a rock star, but it turned out that being a rock star was a tough life, emotionally and physically. Clearly, these are not the best role models for a new career.

Growing up, I studied *Outdoor Life magazine* every month. My favorite author was Erwin Bauer who lived in Columbus, Ohio and had a beagle named Homer. (I had a beagle named Billy Boy.) Erwin’s “cousin,”⁹⁹ Eddie, who also liked to hunt and fish, started a chain of retail stores to sell outdoor gear, and clothing. His retail stores are now nation-wide, and “Eddie Bauer” is now a well-known brand name of quality outdoor gear and clothing. I loved reading Erwin’s stories and wanted to write stories like his myself. I thought for sure that I should be an outdoor writer when I grew up. Life happened, and my “writing career” became one of writing articles and reports as a professor, investment advisor and developer. I have never been very good at writing fiction although I have tried! Knowing my nature, I am more like Eddie, the businessman, than Erwin, the writer.

I enjoy travel and food, and I have enjoyed writing accounts of my trips, meals, and adventures. Travel, culinary, and outdoor articles have a structured format that works for me. Such stories have a beginning, middle, and end, with unexpected surprises, interesting characters, and knotty problems to solve. The finished stories are published in print and electronic formats as well as new venues like videos and podcasts. Today’s writers and journalists “publish” in a very complicated environment.

I think that if I had to go back in time and start a brand-new career, I would be a writer/journalist who specialized in outdoor travel and the culinary arts.

Caveat: My pragmatic self, however, would have always been concerned about how to make a living to provide for my family with such a career. No doubt, I would probably start my own publishing company!

⁹⁹ For 60 years, I thought that Erwin Bauer and Eddie Bauer were brothers. However, my research indicated that they weren’t brothers or even closely related. Thus I loosely used the term “cousins”, which is probably true but not confirmed.

Chapter 40: Relatives Your Kids Never Met

Request: Tell us your favorite story about a relative that your children (Kaydee, Joanne, and Kimberly) never met.

Dan

My Great Aunt Dorothy Hayes¹⁰⁰ was a character who led a very different life in a very different time. She was the youngest child of Senes Hayes, MD and Cecelia Moore and my Grandmother Jean Callahan's sister. As a very young child, she became very ill. Near death, she was



prescribed a very unique diet by her father/physician. She ate only saltine crackers with sugar and drank only milk. She lived 82 more years. Unlike her older brothers and sisters, she didn't go to college. Instead she stayed home and helped father as his driver and assistant. She was diminutive, but she could drive a Model T as well as a horse-drawn buggy (or sleigh as the weather required).

She was well known in Bennet's Valley, and she kept meticulous notebooks and scrapbooks of the local happenings. Her scrapbooks were of a professional quality and are still on display at the Elk County Historical Center. The DuBois Area Historical Center has a display of all the medical equipment that her father used.

However, we only knew her as our crazy aunt who only ate crackers and took pictures constantly. She came to all of my mother's dinners and events, but she never sat down at the table. Instead she would walk around and take pictures of everyone (usually with their mouths open and their heads partially cut off).



While a marginal photographer, she took copious amounts of pictures and scrupulously labeled and dated every one. I tried to ignore her, and my brothers tried to eat her crackers, much to my mother's consternation.

She lived with her sister, Rachael Hayes¹⁰¹, after they sold the homestead in Brynedale and moved to a large house on Highland Street

¹⁰⁰ Dorothy Hayes (1902-1988)

¹⁰¹ Rachael Hayes (1892- 1978)

Avenue in DuBois. To support themselves, the sisters took in borders, and Rachael made and sold slip covers in their basement.

Dorothy's sister Margarite Garbarino went to college and dropped out to marry an Italian Catholic, Leo Garbarino. They had 10 children and lived nearby in Clarion. Her other sister Jean Marie Callahan went to college, graduated, and then married an Irish Catholic, Hugh Callahan.



They had six children. Thus her sisters provided Dorothy with nieces and nephews and dozens of grandnieces and grandnephews. Family events grew, and her photographic energy grew as well.

Every event is well documented thanks to Aunt Dorothy. At a recent Hayes Reunion (Garbarinos and Callahans) we had everyone make and wear a name tag. At least a dozen cousins, all with cameras, wrote "Aunt Dorothy" on the badges. She has been dead for over 30 years, but her legend still lives!

Aunt Dorothy was diligent, hardworking, and totally dedicated to her extended family. She was quirky and opinionated too. We still miss her.

Dr. Elizabeth Hayes¹⁰² was my first cousin twice removed. She was Dr Leo Hayes's youngest child, who had graduated from Temple Medical School and was practicing medicine in Newfoundland, Canada when in 1942 her father died unexpectedly from an infection on his foot caused by a lump of coal. She was called back to Bennett's Valley to take over her father medical practice because her older brothers didn't want to live "up in the woods." As she cared for the coal miners and their families, she was horrified by the filth and unsanitary condition that the miners live with. When she reported a suspected typhoid case and the toxic conditions in Force, Pennsylvania, she was ignored by the Pennsylvania Department of Health. Eventually she led the miners on a strike and won national fame as the miners' problems and the mine owners'



¹⁰² Elizabeth O. Hayes, MD (1912-1981)

indifference became national news. The living conditions in the mining towns of Force, Byrnedale, and Hollywood improved as the 100-pound dynamo wouldn't quit her crusade. Her life has been recently reported in a new book by Marcia Biederman, *A Mighty Force*.¹⁰³

I hope that my children and relatives will enjoy reading about this incredible person. A person who lived before women's right, public health, and environmental concerns were popular.

¹⁰³ Marcia Biederman, *A Mighty Force, Dr. Elizabeth Hayes and Her War for Public Health*, Prometheus Books, 2021. 191 pages

Chapter 41: Financial Decisions

Question: What were your best financial decisions?

Dan

Probably our best financial decision was to marry each other. Donna was naturally frugal, and I was naturally capitalistic.

The fact that I taught Donna personal finance in college came into play during the first month of our marriage. When Donna joined me in Norman, Oklahoma, I had already set up our checking account, and I was paying our few bills. Unfortunately, when I wrote the checks for our bills after our first month of marriage, I forgot to enclose them when I mailed out the bills. This unfortunate oversight caused us to be behind in everything! Donna took over writing the checks and paying the bills, and we have never been behind in the last 48 years!

Another fortuitous decision that we made during our first year of marriage was to buy an FHA Section 235 house that was re-possessed by the federal government, renovated, and then sold with a 97% mortgage. Our realtor and good friend, Mike Jones, said we would be crazy to not buy it for \$19,500. We only needed a \$600 down payment and he would give us back \$200 of his commission after we closed. This deal became a “great deal” when we sold it 18 months later for \$32,500. I couldn’t believe that we made \$13,000 on a \$400 investment in less than two years! This was and is our best investment ever. Thanks Mike.

This would remain our strategy for buying houses. We never stretched to buy a house and always mortgaged it to the max.

We left Penn State in 1979 when our joint income was barely \$25,000 per year, and I could make \$100,000 per year in the private sector. Clearly my talents were more highly valued in the private sector than in the academic world! We also made the decision not to go back to academia even though our academic friends asked us about the security of tenure. I believed that I could always get a low paying job, so the “security” was suspect. As an entrepreneurial couple, our family income varied from year-to-year, so we always kept a good cash reserve, and we have always enjoyed the excitement and the freedom to pursue new challenges.

We also agreed to set our family budget rather modestly, and then to save all of our bonuses or raises. We would only increase our standard of living by rational decisions. “Deal creep” was verboten at our house. The only monthly debt payment was on our home mortgage. I never personally guaranteed any business loans, as I tried to protect our family from the vagaries of the marketplace.

We never bought new cars (although I did lease a couple vehicles from Jamie Osborn).¹⁰⁴ Our frugality and capitalistic nature made my mother crazy. She encouraged us to buy houses, cars, and entertainment that was more keeping with “our station in life.”

I worried that I was too stingy until I read *The Millionaire Next Door*¹⁰⁵. It exonerated our lifestyle. Two academic researchers studied how people became wealthy, and they came up with seven factors:

1. They live below their means.
2. They allocate their time, energy, and money efficiently in ways conducive to building wealth.
3. They believe that financial independence is more important than displaying high social status.
4. Their parents did not provide economic outpatient care.
5. Their adult children are economically self-sufficient.
6. They are proficient in targeting marketing opportunities.
7. They chose the right occupation.

Donna often said that she would feel “rich” when she could go to the grocery store and buy anything that she wanted. On the other hand, I felt that I had really made it when I owned my personal copy machine, a wood-burning stove, and a hot tub.

Even though Donna can now grocery shop without worrying about prices, and I own a copier, a wood-burning stove, and a hot tub, we still shop for bargains, good deals, and profitable investments. It’s just our nature.

¹⁰⁴ My brother Andy often said, “If Dan won the lottery, he would buy everyone a used car!”

¹⁰⁵ Thomas Stanley and William Danko, *The Millionaire next Door*, Longstreet Press, Inc, 1997, 245 pages

Chapter 42: Father Memories

Donna



Question: What was it like to work for Grandpa Doug when he ran the family business?

Dan



I worked for my dad, Douglas Bruce Kohlhepp, as a junior high, high school, and college student. I never worked for him as a full-time employee. We were so much alike that I knew

that our strong wills would always be putting us at odds with each other. However as a student, I did what I was told.

My best memories were when we did home improvement contracting jobs like kitchens, baths, garages, or room additions. I was 14, 15, and 16, and always the youngest on the job, but the other workers always asked me what I thought should be done when we were out on a job. When I complained to my father that I didn't know what to do, he said, "Just ask them what to do; they know what to do!"

I used this advice. When men asked what to do, I would listen and ask them what they thought, and then I would repeat back what they said! It worked. They'd say, "OK, if that's what you want to do. You're the boss!"

I have found that this advice works with strong-willed daughters, hard-headed contractors, and sophisticated academics! It also worked on my dad.

I talked to my dad a lot about business, economics, and politics. In high school, I would go downstairs after my homework was finished and my brothers were asleep, and we would talk in the living room eating Cracker Barrel Sharp Cheddar Cheese and drinking V-8 Vegetable Juice. I found high school to be boring and mundane, so our conversations kept me interested in the bigger world.

I planned to go to college, get a degree, and then run our family business. However, things got turned upside down during my senior year in high school when my father took a job selling cement, sold our house in DuBois, and moved our family to Johnstown. Dad literally became a traveling salesman who ran our family business at night. He visited ready-mix concrete companies, concrete block manufactures, pre-cast concrete companies, and masonry contractors all over Central and Western Pennsylvania. When I was at Penn State, he scheduled his calls so that he would spend the night in State College about once a month.

On those occasions we would go out for dinner and talk. Sometimes Bob Abraham would join us, and sometimes a customer would join us. One night we had dinner with two Teamster Union thugs who threatened to burn our family business if we didn't sign their standard contract.¹⁰⁶ "You know lumber yards can burn up very quickly," the giant, 300-pound enforcer said as he rubbed his fist into his hand. I was amazed at my father's stoicism. We had a "sick out"¹⁰⁷ the summer after the Union thugs threatened us. Dad came to DuBois, two days later to settle the dispute. For two days, Ben and Andy and I decided that we would keep things running! It was an adventure, to be sure.

Mostly, though, we talked about the family business, how it worked, and the challenges it faced. I understood better the difficulties that he had with dealing with his father and uncles, and how he tried to make the business run while he worked full-time as a cement salesman. I appreciated

¹⁰⁶ We only had six people who were members of the Teamster Union. The standard contract was 30 pages long and was aimed at large companies who had 100's of members.

¹⁰⁷ A sick-out is when the workers don't come to work because they are sick. Since it isn't a strike, it doesn't have to be sanctioned by their Union.

how the closing of the railroad repair works and Goodyear Manufacturing, along with the natural gas bust, caused the loss of hundreds of jobs and a local depression. (The DuBois unemployment rate was in double digits for ten years.)

We also discussed the need to sell the ready-mix concrete business and to get out of the home improvement business. I was involved with both of those endeavors during the three summers that I worked in DuBois as his “representative.” It wasn’t much fun. He told people that I was his “representative,” and that I would handle the problems in DuBois, or if I couldn’t, I would call him.

Our checkbook was constantly in the red. We could “float” about \$5,000 before our checks would bounce, and the bank would call.

Dad sold the ready-mix business to a local firm, DuBrook. I met with four DuBrook people who complained that one of the mixer trucks we sold them was half full of concrete. I knew that truck well since I was driving it when the mixer broke down, and the concrete hardened. I assured them that we would not charge them extra for the concrete! That was the highlight of three summers of work.

Dad would tell me what he wanted me to accomplish and seemed impatient when I didn’t understand how to do it. I now understand that he didn’t know what to do either.

My last summer working at JA Kohlhepp Sons, Inc. with my brothers was telling and resolute. I had just graduated from college with a degree in business; Ben was a freshman in college majoring in art; and Andy had just graduated from high school. My dad paid each of us \$1.65 per hour. When I questioned the fairness of the situation, he just replied, “You’re all the same: temporary summer employees.”

I resolved then and there never to work in our “family” business. In retrospect, I see that my father was doing me a favor. At that time, I saw no future in the family business and in DuBois, and probably he didn’t either. Dad and I became good friends over the years, but we never worked together again.



My father finally quit selling cement and returned to run the family business and to live in DuBois. Both of my brothers, Ben and Andy, joined the family business, and they enjoyed prosperous and challenging lives working with my father. Their relationship was very complicated as Doug was their father, boss, partner, co-worker, advisor, mentor, and mediator.

Dad was happiest when he was doing special projects, like installing the first stone saw in the basement of the three-story warehouse, as the following pictures attest.



Chapter 43: Boss

Question: We all know that Dad needs to be the "boss". When you were not working for yourself, who was your favorite boss?

Dan

I don't need to be the boss. It's just that everything works better when I'm in charge! Once, after I had taken a new job, my brother, Ben, was asked, "How long do you think Dan will work for this company"? Ben said, "Until someone tries to tell him what to do!" I'm not really that bad, but who am I to say

Seriously, my best boss ever would be Art Fields, who was my boss at Crescent Resources LLC. Art and I first met in 1986 when I was the real estate investment advisor for USF&G, and Art was a Vice President for the Matthews Company in Nashville, Tennessee. We arranged for a \$32 million participating mortgage where Vanderbilt University and The Mathews Company were



the equity partners and USF&G was the debt capital partner. Since I represented the capital, I was essentially the boss. The broker who arranged the deal, Jim Paulsen, was gregarious, personable, and an all-around good guy. He arranged multiple outings for his clients, so Art and I went on numerous "business trips" together: skiing in Vail, hunting in Minnesota, golfing in Atlanta, and fishing in South Carolina.

During this time, Art left the Mathews Company for Crescent Resources (Duke Energy) and I started Potomac Realty Advisors, which became USG&G Realty Advisors. The PGA's Bell South Classic in

Atlanta was sponsored by Crescent Resources, so Art sponsored several get-togethers as well. After I left USF&G (whose CEO tried to tell me what to do), I did several consulting jobs for Art, such as valuing all of Duke energy's timber holdings, structuring deals with sovereign wealth funds, and finding Crescent a land development deal in the Washington, DC area. During this time, our professional relationship was Client (Art) and Consultant (Dan).

We found the Potomac Yard Urban Redevelopment project that Lazard Freres, a New York investment company, was offering for sale. The project was 340-acres that had recently been re-zoned for one million square feet of building area on a former rail yard that was adjacent to

National Airport, the George Washington Parkway, the Pentagon, and the Jefferson Davis Highway. It was half in Arlington County and half in Alexandria, Virginia. This was a giant deal that captured our imaginations and yet was just overwhelmingly complex. Neither Art nor I had ever done anything this big and challenging before. Our land development experiences were pale by comparison, and neither of us had ever tackled a development with this many political, environmental, geo-technical, legal, and financial problems, all at once!

After an all-day “team” meeting, Art and I were sitting in the Crystal City Hyatt Regency hotel lobby, which was next to Potomac Yard, sipping drinks. Our “team” was still in the bar complaining about the problems that Potomac Yard presented. We were lost in our thoughts, until I suggested, “Art, I think that we can do this deal.”

“What?” Art said, “Say that again.” When I did, Art said, “I can’t tell you how long I’ve been waiting for you to say that. My guys think this deal is crazy.”

“It’s crazy, no doubt, but ...” I started to explain when Art interrupted.

“I want to do this deal too, but if I support it, everyone will be against it. They are just scared to death of it.”

We finished our drinks in silence and went to bed. The next morning after breakfast, we briefly discussed the report that I would prepare for Duke’s Board of Directors. “A deal this big has to go to Duke’s Board since it exceeds all of our investment guidelines for real estate,” Art apologized. I knew that this would be a hell of a report that would require tons of market and financial analysis.

Two months later, I introduced the Potomac Yard deal to the Duke Board of Directors in Charlotte. A month later I was back in Charlotte presenting the deal for a second time. I dazzled them with my site description, but I knew I was losing my audience when I delved into the complexity of the project. Finally I summarized, “Here’s the deal: we buy the land for \$12 per square foot: we add \$10 per square foot of improvements, then we sell the land for \$30 per square foot. We do this over 10 years.”

I heaved a sigh of relief when they asked, “Who’s going to do this Project?”

“I will, with Art and his team, of course.” I flew back to DuBois.

Art called on Monday and reported that the presentation had gone well, and the Board approved the project with one condition: “You need to become a Crescent Resources’ employee. They can’t swallow a deal this big being run by an hourly consultant.” Art knew about my need to be in charge, so he was gentle and generous. We agreed that I would become the Mid-Atlantic Regional Vice President of Crescent Resources, and I could live anywhere I wanted to. I would report directly to Tony Byers, but Art would be my boss.

I became a Crescent employee on July 1, 2000; we signed a Letter of Intent with Lazard on August 15th, and we closed the \$122 million land deal on March 22, 2001. Art and I had hitched our careers to the Potomac Yard project.

Art and I had a great relationship, even though he was my “boss.” We were very different people with very different problem-solving algorithms. I tried to figure out the deals mathematically, and Art always looked for the “human equation.” We had a good partnership, even though he was the boss. Art had the “last say” and the final approval, and we both respected the fact that the Duke approval protocol was sacred.

When Tony Byers retired, Art promoted me to be President of Crescent Resources Commercial Division, and we promptly got involved with the sale of Crescent Resources since Duke Energy could no longer own it as a subsidiary. In the end, Duke sold 50% of the ownership to Morgan Stanley. Six months later, it became obvious that a Crescent residential land development subsidiary, Landmar, was out of control even as the nation went into a recession. Art asked me to go with him to Landmar’s headquarters in Jacksonville. At 8:00 am the next morning, Art called a company meeting where Art announced that I was the new president of Landmar. After six months at Landmar, I had fired over 100 people and shut down at least two dozen land deals. I was exhausted.

When I told Art that I was retiring, he said that he understood and that he was glad that we had gotten to work together as long as we had. He was always gracious.

Our friendship continued after our days at Crescent Resources. I became the Academic Director of Johns Hopkins Master of Science in Real Estate Program (MSRE) so Art became a regular and popular guest speaker. We hunted turkeys every year at his lodge in South Carolina, and we shared several family weddings. Art and his wife Julie have joined us on numerous hikes



including Mount Katahdin in Maine, Mount Washington in New Hampshire, and Mount Grey in Colorado, as well as more pedestrian hikes on the C&O Canal in Maryland and Pine Creek Trail in Pennsylvania. We are planning our next hike as I am writing this.

Art was my favorite boss probably because he never acted like one. We also agreed on our real estate decisions and personal relationships.

Chapter 44: Thanksgiving Traditions



Question: What are your favorite Thanksgiving traditions?

Dan

Our Thanksgiving Traditions have morphed over the years as our families have changed, and our locations have changed, and our interests have changed. My earliest memories always include big dinners with lots of relatives crammed into our dining room alcove on East Sheridan Drive in DuBois. My mother was always very nervous (hyperactive), and my dad always carved the turkey at the table. I remember waiting to be dismissed from the table.

When I went to college, my Thanksgiving memories were usually tied to wrestling practices and football schedules. My brothers had the same experiences, so “family” Thanksgiving dinners were relatively rare. As the brothers and I graduated from college and got jobs and got married, family Thanksgiving dinners became even more complicated as we all got spread around and had other family and work obligations.

Deer hunting was always a prominent event in our Thanksgiving weekends as the first day of “Buck Season” was always the first Monday after Thanksgiving. One year, I used my father’s hunting license, so I didn’t have to pay for an out-of-state license. Ben’s brother-in-law had permission to hunt on a great property near Treasure Lake, so we headed out early before dawn on the first day. We hiked for a mile and then posted up. I found a good tree to sit under and

promptly fell asleep. I woke up when a hunter poked me with his gun and said that I was trespassing and hunting on private property. He wrote down my hunting license, and later on he sent it to the justice of the peace and charged my father with trespassing. My father was found guilty, paid the fine, and never hunted again. I still feel bad about that event, and I have never “borrowed” someone’s hunting license again (nor have I ever again hunted with Ben’s brother-in-law)!

In 1995, Donna and I (and our three daughters) moved into our current house on Lake Sabula, and we began a string of Thanksgiving dinners and traditions. We’ve had lots of relatives with lots of people, and we bought an expandable banquet table just for this occasion. Usually at least six people stayed at our house for the extended weekend. We usually cooked several turkeys, and Joanne always directed her well-intentioned helpers. Chapter 5 describes our special dishes and individual responsibilities. Joanne’s book, *Thanksgiving Dinner for 20*, is a local bestseller. Every year, she still gets calls for advice from her devoted fans.

Donna’s brother-in law, Brad Frick, has always memorialized our Thanksgivings with great pictures and amazing videos. His work has become treasured Christmas gifts for our family. Through Brad, we have been able to keep track of who was here and when, and how much everyone has changed, grown-up, gotten older, and sometimes died.

Over the last ten years, our Thanksgiving Family has grown to include Molly Cressor Ingold, Donna’s life-long friend, who is now part of our family and a trusted advisor to my daughters at work. Of course, our Thanksgiving family has also grown to include three sons-in law¹⁰⁸, two grandchildren¹⁰⁹, Donna’s sister, Diane, and her sons, Andy and Jamie, and Jamie’s significant other and two kids¹¹⁰. Currently Jamie is working for Federal Express, so we haven’t seen him or his family for several years.

Campfires are always popular on our patio, but over Thanksgiving they grow into bonfires. Ian taught us to play “campfire Jinga.” Regardless of the weather, we still sit around the campfire and recall old memories and make-up new ones. We talk sports, politics, and whatever else enters our minds on the brisk nights. (With six inches of fresh snow one year, our bonfire was noted by the crew on the US Space Station.) Betting on the “campfire Jinga” got so intense one year, that people in the kitchen would wrap a coat around themselves and run outside to place their bets!



¹⁰⁸ Ian Gunter, Dave Bish, and Bryan Wood

¹⁰⁹ Henry Bish and Alice Bish

¹¹⁰ Cathy Star and Emma Frick and Jay Frick

For several years, we hosted chukar shoots that featured our keen shotgun skills and finely trained dogs. Still, every year we shoot several boxes of clay pigeons. Brad has captured all of these events on tape, so you really have to see the movie version of these historic events.



Our Thanksgiving Traditions have changed over the last several years so now we have a full week of “Thanksgiving Events.” Monday is a “prep day” for all the events which officially begin on Tuesday.

On the Tuesday before Thanksgiving we have our Board of Directors Meetings that include all of the shareholders, officers, and related parties, which means there are eight people trying to figure out how two corporations and four limited liability companies work together in our “family business.” Kimberly has taken a leadership role in discussing our financials, challenges, and future plans. Everyone participates, one way or another. Joanne makes sure that we always have a nice catered lunch to reward our hard work.

On the Wednesday before Thanksgiving, we have a big dinner at Luigi’s Restaurant in downtown DuBois for all of our friends and relatives who are in town. Attendees include brothers, sisters, cousins, nieces, nephews, grandchildren, grandnieces, grandnephews, and special friends. Each year it has gotten bigger, but Eddie Tate (Mr. Luigi) always makes sure that we are well served.



On Thursday, the traditional Thanksgiving Day, our daughter Joanne, and her family have dinner with her in-laws, Bob and Ruth Bish, and Andy and Ben have Thanksgiving feasts with their families,



Kimberly and Bryan host a “tasting” for the rest of us who will have our Thanksgiving Feast on Friday. These “tastings” are quite an event. Bryan and Kim prepare a beautiful table of heavy hors d’oeuvres, and then Bryan leads us through the mysteries of alcoholic beverages. In 2021 we sampled four kinds of gin with three kinds of mixes, and in 2022 we learned about the nuanced lives of sparkling wines. Evidently, champaign, cava, and prosecco are very similar, but very different as

we confirmed by controlled comparison tastings and along with several kinds of mixed drinks that featured sparkling wine. As Bryan said, “Fizz the Season.”



The Friday after Thanksgiving is now the Official Thanksgiving Feast, so we start early with special cinnamon rolls and turkey preparations. Joanne leads the charge, and everyone has a role to play. The highlights, in my mind, are the two turkeys (that are always prepared differently) and the multiple pies (at least three and sometimes more) for dessert. Lately, we have been playing silly games where everyone gets different questions (drawn randomly).

Everyone seems to enjoy answering each other's questions, just not their own. Brad's "table photo" is always welcome, as it begins the dessert course!

The Saturday after Thanksgiving is the first day of Deer Season, and that means a lot. The hunters meet at the Pavilion at the Duck Farm at "dark-thirty" to decide who goes to which blind and, most importantly, when to meet for lunch. However, in the past few years, Brother Ben has not taken a leadership role in lunch planning, and the Ohio State vs Michigan football game has been scheduled to begin at Noon. Thus, deer hunting is a morning affair with a late afternoon possibility, and the Buckeyes win over the Wolverines is always expected. Of course, probably the best part of Saturday is the endless supply of leftovers and desserts!

Sunday is a chance to sleep in and to say goodbye, as all of our guest prepare to leave for home.

Diane, Brad, and Molly are off to Ohio, Andy Frick is off to Florida, Kaydee and Ian are off to Seattle. Everyone else is just "off."

It's a full week, but we love it. I can't wait to verify what we really did. Brad sends out the "official Thanksgiving video" at Christmas, so we can re-live our great memories.¹¹¹

¹¹¹ Hpyerlink to Brad's Thanksgiving Videos <https://vimeo.com/showcase/6620124>

Chapter 45: Reunions

Question: What was your favorite family reunion?

Dan

Hayes/Garbarino/Callahan Reunions

My mother loved to go to the “Hayes Reunion” every year at Uncle Garby’s Camp, but I always found it all a little confusing. Everyone was a “Garbarino,” except for us. We had lots of Callahan cousins, but none of them were there. Instead, we visited my mother’s cousins and their kids. “Those ‘kids,’ she explained, “were ‘second cousins,’” so they were my cousins too.

Why did she call the Garbarino Reunion the Hayes Reunion? She had to explain that two Hayes sisters, her mother (my Grandma Jean) and her sister(Aunt Marguerite) had lots of kids, and those sisters visited each other for a couple weeks every summer: two weeks in Clarion and two weeks in DuBois. There were ten Garbarino cousins and five Callahan cousins, so, of course, these first cousins all got to know each other quite well. My mother’s brothers and sister all moved away from DuBois and most of the Garbarino brothers and sisters stayed in the area so most of the attendees were Garbarino’s.

The Garbarino’s were a fun-loving, close-knit lot who enjoyed each other. The Hayes Sisters Reunion was quite a party. Lots of food and drink, lots of music and dancing by my older second cousins, and lots of football and baseball by my younger, male cousins. My brothers and I matched up best with the Linnan cousins, who included an older cousin, Paul, a girl cousin, Katie, who was my age (and really cute), and a younger cousin, Tony, who was my brother Andy’s age. The Linnans had two older girl cousins (Georgie and Gingie) who were beautiful, smart, and very cool. I played sports with Paul and Tony, ogled Georgie and Gingie, and flirted with Katie. We are still close today!

At the 1964 Hayes Reunion, we drove my dad’s white Buick convertible that had a smashed front hood tied down to the bumper with a wire rope. It seems that my friend Jimmy Joe Caldwell and I accidentally hit a deer the night before on our way home from a date (that’s our story). My mother was so determined to go to the reunion that we tied down the hood and drove to Clarion.

To be clear, we all knew that the Kunkles’ were our cousins who lived in DuBois, but we only saw them at the Hayes Reunion. They went to the Catholic school and didn’t do sports so they were never in our world. Kathy Kunkle was a year or two older than me, but Donna and I looked her up on a trip to Boston and had a great time for two days of touring and dining. Kathy later moved to Washington, D.C., so when we moved to Washington, we looked her up again. Kathy became part of our family as she babysat our kids, helped out at Kimberly’s birth, and loved to shop with Donna. Kathy’s major focus in life was her Garbarino cousins, and the “Hayes

Reunion” was the social highlight of her year. Kathy also had an open-door policy (mi casa es su casa) so that any Garbarino cousin who visited the Washington area would stay at Kathy’s, and, of course, Kathy would invite us to join them for lunch, dinner, or whatever. Singlehandedly, Kathy tied Donna and our daughters into the Garbarino cousins.



Now we (my brothers and I) host the Hayes/Garbarino/Callahan Reunion every year at the Duck Farm on the second Saturday in August. Kathy Kunkle died last year, so we push on with the Reunion without her, but it’s just not the same!

Callahan Family Reunions

My mother had three brothers and one sister, and consequently I have 22 first Callahan cousins. All of her siblings lived out of town, so in my early childhood when each one of her siblings came to visit Grandma Jean Callahan in DuBois, we would have lunches and dinners together every day for a week. Consequently, we didn’t have Callahan Reunions, but we got to know all of our first cousins quite well.

However, over the last twenty-five years, the first cousins have had several Callahan Reunions:



- Two in Texas hosted by our Texas cousins (mostly Mike Callahan’s kids);
- Two in Florida hosted by our Florida cousins (mostly Ben Callahan’s kids);
- One in North Carolina hosted by our Schroder cousins, Celia Callahan’s kids; and

- One in DuBois hosted by my brothers and me, Jackie Callahan’s kids.

Over the last ten years, I have tried to sell the idea that the Hayes Reunion include the Callahan’s’ too, and I have had varying degrees of successes. If Aunt Ann “Dolly” Callahan comes¹¹², then she will bring at least three or four of our first cousins. Cousin Leila Schroder always comes and usually brings at least a couple more cousins with her.

Other Family Reunions

My father was an only child, so my brothers and I didn’t have any Kohlhepp or Bloomgren first cousins. We had a handful of second cousins, but we never got to know them very well. My father tried to arrange a couple reunions, but they were not well received. Somehow, family reunions need a champion (usually a female) to lead and round-up her relatives to get together. Without this champion, family reunions don’t seem to work.

Sell Family Reunions, aka Thanksgiving Holidays

Donna and her sister Diane have made Thanksgiving into a Sell Family Reunion. We don’t call it a reunion, but we all look forward to seeing everyone in Donna’s family every year. Chapter 44 discusses our Thanksgiving Traditions and Chapter 5 discusses our favorite meals and focuses on Thanksgiving.



¹¹² Ann “Dolly” Callahan is Ben Callahan’s wife and mother to eight first cousins. She is the oldest living member of my mother’s siblings and their spouses.

High School Class Reunions

The DuBois Area High School Class of 1965 has held a class reunion every five years thanks primarily to Kathy Zawislak Bowser and her eight, like-minded, member Reunion Committee.

These determined women organized and promoted every Reunion as though it was the last one. Recently we held a 75th Birthday Party, and now they have decided to have a “party” each summer just to be with those who are still alive! We have held the latest Reunions and parties at the Duck Farm, so I have been able to “host” these reunions.



Deer Season



I have tried to explain to dozens of people that deer hunting in Pennsylvania is a very complex social event. It's really not about hunting at all! It's about a reunion of friends, who are mostly relatives, getting together to catch-up, share memories, and review their life plans. Each year the actual participants are uncertain until 6:00 am on the First Day. After that, attendance is on a day-to-day basis.

My Favorite Reunion?






Our Reunions become more treasured to me each year. I am grateful that my friends and relatives choose to take time out of their busy lives to share time with me. I take it very personally. I understand that others don't feel the same as I do, but I embrace those who do, for whatever reason. The penultimate line of Desiderata says, “With all its sham, drudgery, and broken dreams, it is still a beautiful world.” Reunions are part of that beautiful world.







Chapter 46: Places Lived


Request: You have lived in a lot of places, write down a timeline of each house you lived and fun memories of each place.


Dan and Donna:

We lived in 15 different houses over our brief 48-year-old marriage, some places longer than others. Each place left a special memory in our mind. We would like to ask Kaydee, Joanne, and Kimberly to add their memories to ours.

Address	Dates	Dan Comments	Donna Comments
1			
204 Justin Drive Norman, OK	August 1974 to June 1975	This was the best deal ever. A three-bedroom condo for \$300 per month including electricity.	Our first home that was fun setting up
2			
227 Orr Drive Norman, OK	July 1976 to July 1978	Andy and Chris were part of daily lives. We carried our color TV over to their house every night to watch <i>Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman</i> .	Andy and Chris and baby Kelly moved in next door to us. Great organic garden
3			
317 S. Gill Street State College, PA	August 1978 to August 1979	Donna and I worked hard re-painting and redecorating the entire house. Jackie found this house for us. We didn't see it until we arrived with the moving van. Donna and I walked to Penn State every morning and back home to Gill Street every night.	Grandma Flo visited us for a weekend of playing cards This was her first trip since her husband Ted died. Being part of Penn State was fun.

4			
7013 N Roff Ave Oklahoma City, OK	Sept 1979 to Sept 1983	We had two babies while living in this house and great neighbors. Working with Wes Finley was stressful but, working with Michael C. Thomas was fun.	Bobi and David Hancock lived next door, and Bobi and I spend a lot of time together.
5			
11761 North Shore Drive Reston, VA	Sept 1983 to Sept 1986	A four-bedroom townhouse with rooms for everyone, but a killer commute to downtown DC. Doug said, "You paid \$175,000 for an apartment!"	Good friends in the townhouse community, especially Judy Heitfield and her family.
5			
Fish Cay Court Treasure Lake, PA	March 1986 to Sept 1995	This was a solid concrete block house that my dad built for us as a vacation home. Budget was \$40,000 but actual cost was \$80,000. "If you wanted to save money, you shouldn't have built it." We lived their full-time from 1991 to 1995. Andy and Chris joined us for hot tubbing almost every night. Campfires on the wooden porch were very popular, but dangerous.	Record snow Fall all winter long (1992-93)
7			
South Shore Drive Reston, VA	Sept 1986 to Sept 1988	We had Kimberly's home birth in the lower level, an incredible experience for a party of eight. Kaydee had a horizontal bar in the door to her room so she could practice fly-away dismounts	Great fun Birthday parties
8			
5208 N. Charles St	Sept 1988 to Aug 1992	The kids had to cross Charles Street every day on their way to Friends School. When we moved our office to the basement, we had five adults working there, and we all went up	Good friends

Baltimore, MD		to the kitchen for Happy Hour with Donna, Kim's nanny, and three kids!	
9			
Remington Apartments Sterling, VA	Sept 2000 to August 2001	Brand new 3 rd floor apartment,(I credit the walk up to the need for my knee surgery), we lived there so I could look for real estate development opportunities in Northern Virginia and Kim could go to Loudoun Country Day School in Leesburg.	We watched Phase II of the apartment complex be constructed and went to the Apple Circus that set up its tent next to our apartment.
10			
708 Highland Ave. Falls Church, VA	August 2001 to June 2009	A new house that was perfect for us. However, we never used the metro station that was two blocks away and Kim only went to Falls Church High School for two years. However, Andy Frick and his Marine buddies used it for weekend R&R during their OCS training at Camp Pendelton. (They all graduated!)	
11			
124 Sabula Outing Club Road Sandy Township, PA	June 1994 to present	We renovated this house for a year before we moved in. However, we have been renovating it ever since. This has been the "money pit" as well as our house of dreams. I hope to age-in-place here. This house has defined much of our family lives.	
12			
Apartment in Charlotte NC	Dec 2006 to Dec 2007	Rented a new industrial-chic apartment when I became president of Crescent's Commercial Division and had an office in Charlotte. Not many amenities, but it was adjacent to a micro-brewery and one-block from a cooking school. No one ever visited us here, and we drove/flew back to DC or DuBois every weekend.	
13			
Condo in Jacksonville, FL	Sept 2007 to Aug 2008	Rented this 5,000 sqft condo on the Jacksonville Beach when I became president of Crescent's Landmar Development. Donna had a good time furnishing and decorating it. But even though we walked on the beach every day, we never learned to like beach front living! Kim and Kim's friends, Chip and _____, visited us for Spring break, and we caught a lot of fish on a charter boat!	
14			
#301 Aliceanna Baltimore, MD	Aug 2010 to Sept 2011	Leased this industrial chic apartment when I took a job as the academic director of the Johns Hopkins Accelerated MSRE program. Kim lived with us for four months until she	

		had an opportunity to move into Kathy Kunkle's Belvedere condo in Arlington with her cousin, Ben Kunkle. This place was a bust. We got flooded on the third floor!	
15			
Belvedere Condominiums 1600 N. Oak St. Arlington, VA	August 2011 to Feb 2020	This 1400 sq. ft. condo had knock out views of the Washington Mall, the Ijma Memorial, and Arlington National Cemetery. It was also just two blocks from the Metro Station. Everyone visited us there, but the July 4th fireworks were the most memorable events. We loved living there and being part of Washinton. Kathy Kunkle was our neighbor, and Donna and Kathy became best friends.	I loved the views, shopping, and condo lifestyle. I also appreciated being so close to the airport!

Chapter 47: Words of Wisdom

Question: What are your words of wisdom for your children?

Dan

Thankfulness, gratitude, and humility are strengths, not shortcomings.

As I have grown older, I appreciate my limitations, and I realize that the hard work of other people has led to my good fortunes, successes, and accomplishments. I am thankful and grateful for their help: ironing out my flat spots, figuring out the unfathomable, guiding me through minefields, and stopping me when I go too far! I realize that luck (both good and bad) has played a role in my life: my good health, avoidance of major injuries, and freedom from debilitating illness. Finally, my Plan B's were available to me when my Plan A's blew up.

Family Mission

In 1990, I realized that I needed to articulate what I wanted to do with my family. I knew that old adage, "If you didn't know where you were going, any road will get you there," was true. So with good intentions I wrote a mission statement for my young family:

"The Mission of the Kohlhepp Family is to provide a loving and supportive environment which promotes the spiritual, intellectual, emotional, and moral growth of all family members. Family members are committed to non-violent conflict resolution and will abide by the Rules of Fighting Fair.¹¹³ Also each Family member will read Desiderata¹¹⁴ at least once per week and will do their

¹¹³ Rules for Fighting Fair: 1. Tell the truth; 2. Take turns speaking, 3. Attack the problem, not the person; 4. Focus on the problem not the fear; and 5. Focus on the present, not the past.

¹¹⁴ Desiderata.

Go Placidly amid the noise and haste, and remember what peace there may be in silence. As far as possible without surrender, be on good terms with all person.

Speak your truth quietly and clearly; and listen to others, even the dull and ignorant; they too have their story. Avoid loud and aggressive persons; they are vexations to the spirit. If you compare yourself to others, you may become vain and bitter; for always there will be greater and lesser persons than yourself.

Enjoy your achievements as well as your plans.

Keep interested in your own career, however humble; it is a real possession in the changing fortunes of time. Exercise caution in your business affairs; for the world is full of trickery. But let this not blind you to what virtue there is; many persons strive for high ideals; and everywhere life is full of heroism.

Be yourself. Especially, do not feign affection. Neither be cynical about love; for in the face of all aridity and disenchantment, it is as perennial as the grass. Take kindly to the counsel of the years, gracefully surrendering the things of youth.

Nurture strength of spirit to shield you in sudden misfortune. But do not distress yourself with imaginings. Many fears are born of fatigue and loneliness.

Beyond a wholesome discipline, be gentle with yourself.

You are a child of the universe, no less than the trees and the stars; you have a right to be here. And whether or not it is clear to you, no doubt the universe is unfolding as it should.

Therefore be at peace with God, whatever you conceive Him to be, and whatever your labors and aspirations, in the noisy confusion of life keep peace with your soul. With all its sham, drudgery and broken dreams it is still a beautiful world.

Be cheerful. Strive To Be Happy

best to incorporate its themes into their daily lives. The Family will not support drug or alcohol abuse, nor or support bigotry, sexism, or racism.”

I still like it.

Basic Beliefs: Honesty and Integrity

Integrity is an extension and application of honesty. Integrity means acting consistently with our values. The first step is to define a hierarchy or system of values, and the second step is to act in concert with them. As I hired a large number of people to be part of my real estate investment advisory business, I quickly realized that a core set of values about the way I wanted to do business needed to be articulated and enforced. These “***Guidelines for Business***” are as follows:

“We are committed to a code of business practices and basic beliefs, which are focused on honesty, integrity and creative problem-solving:

1. Be honest; always tell the truth.
2. Never be too busy to be nice to people; remember the Golden Rule.
3. Never lose your sense of humor; keep things in perspective; don’t take yourself too seriously.
4. Keep an open, flexible mind.
5. Stay in good physical condition; get enough sleep.
6. Keep a positive attitude; there are no problems, only opportunities.
7. Good ideas are simple ideas.
8. Judge people by their actions; don’t be naïve; get agreements in writing.
9. Persevere; Illegitimus Noncarborundum (don’t let the rascals grind you down).”

These guidelines effectively became a contract between me and my employees and between our company and our clients.

Rules for Choosing a Job

In 2003, I received a Penn State Alumni Award, and consequently I participated in the Alumni Fellow program. Thus, I presented a series of lectures to several classes at Penn State DuBois

Responding to a student’s question about getting a job, I noted that, unfortunately, job-oriented thinking misses the point. How do you find a job, get a job, and keep a job? This thinking focuses on a limited commodity that is provided by others. Conversely, seeking out and looking for problems to solve, focuses your thinking toward unlimited possibilities and opportunities. You don’t need to find a job; you need to find a problem to solve! Problem-oriented thinking leads to the question, “What problems should you personally attempt to solve?”

I have three criteria for selecting a problem to solve: it must be (1) interesting, (2) worthwhile, and (3) potentially profitable.

First for me, problems must be interesting, that is, intellectually stimulating. I can't be paid enough to be bored. Psychologists say that "life is a show between our ears," and I want my show to be an exciting and interesting one.

Second, a worthwhile problem is one that deserves the investment of my human capital: my energies, my imagination, and my skills. A worthwhile problem should be one whose solution makes a difference to society, to a group or to me. For example, a crossword puzzle can be interesting but hardly worthwhile, at least to me. On the other hand, providing decent housing to every household in America is very worthwhile.

Third, an interesting and worthwhile problem must be potentially profitable for me to undertake its solution. While the solution to problems may not end up being profitable, they should at least start out to be potentially profitable. This pragmatic criterion addresses the economic reality of our lives. We all face the challenge of funding our cash-flow enterprises such as our households, our companies, our non-profit organizations, and our political entities and organizations.

Rules for Real Estate Development

After discussing and teaching real estate development to students, professionals, and college professors for many years, I finally came up with the Three Commandments of Real Estate Development. To disobey or break these commandments is a mortal sin and perhaps may lead to economic ruin. Here are the Commandments:

1. ***Know Thy Markets.*** Developers must keep a keen eye on real estate trends, both locally and globally, to make better predictions of rents, vacancies, and absorption.
2. ***Know Thy Costs.*** Developers must know historic, current, and future costs. These include costs of operations, costs of construction, and costs of professional services.
3. ***Know Thy Self.*** Developers must know their strengths, weaknesses, biases, special skills and resources. Self-delusion is unacceptable. Brutal self-honesty is critical to survival.

Are these words of wisdom? I don't know. I'm still thinking about them.

Chapter 48: Your Legacy

Question: What do you want your legacy to be?

Dan

I have often pondered the legacy of our Baby Boomer generation. Lately, it's become pretty obvious that our contributions to the U.S. Presidency have not been very impressive. However, I would hope that our legacy would reflect our effort to expand the American Dream by increasing access to education, voting booths, and economic opportunity to a greater portion of our population: women, Blacks, Latinos, Special Needs, and LGBTQ people.

I believe that our generation has supported:

1. the rights of disabled Americans to access to our buildings and institutions.
2. the need for sustainable building practices; and
3. the environmental movement in all the right ways.

The Vietnam War taught us not to trust the federal government, all kinds of authority, or flag waving patriots. Skepticism seemed like the order of our day.

Specifically though, I find thinking about my personal legacy to be much more puzzling. A legacy is what other people say about you after you're dead, so as I am a compulsive planner, I think that I have finessed this problem. When planning my future, I have two basic assumptions: First that I will live forever, and second that I will always be in good health. Consequently I don't need to think about my legacy since I plan on living forever! If I do die, I want my headstone to say, "He died unexpectedly."

When Kaydee was sixteen (1996), she wrote a clever Father's Day poem. I liked it so much that Donna framed it and put it in our library. Here it is:

Dan

Outgoing, eccentric, on-time, outdoors man.

Father, son, entrepreneur, dog trainer.

Who needs more hours in a day, a hot tub every night, to become more of a night person.

Who wants daughters to go hunting, all of his buildings to be leased, and to have great experiences in our new house.

Who feels proud of family, hopeful for the future, and excited about new things.

Who would like to see every place at least once, DuBois and Sandy to be united, and all of his daughters graduate from college.

Who believes that honesty, integrity, and hard work pay off.

A resident of Plant Earth

Kohlhepp

I like this poem because it is what I want to be. Perhaps, if I keep working hard and dedicate myself to being a being a better person, then I can live up to Kaydee's expectations. Perhaps, that should be my legacy: "He tried to be as good as his sixteen-year-old daughter said he was."



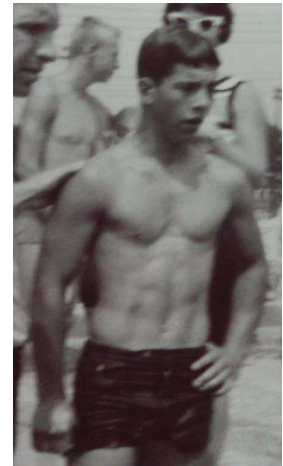
Chapter 49: Coming-of-Age Stories

Question: Do you have any coming-of-age stories?

Dan

My First Varsity Letter

For me the summer of 1963 started in late May: the end of my high school sophomore year. I was 15. I had placed fourth in the low hurdles at the District 9 track meet in Bradford, and I couldn't wait to show my parents the yellow ribbon I won when I got back to DuBois. (They didn't attend the meet because my father had to work, and my mother had to accommodate my younger brothers' Little League schedules.) Also I figured this would qualify me for my first varsity letter "D". I badly wanted to be a "Letterman" and join the Varsity elite at our school. My good friend, fellow hurdler, and seat mate, Bruce Fye, had already earned two letters, in football and wrestling. But because I sprained my knee early in the football season, I couldn't play football or wrestle at all. I had no letter to wear on a sweater that I didn't have. Track was my best hope for a letter. When I confessed my concern to Bruce, all he said was, "Don't worry about it. No big deal!"



We had taken a school bus to and from Bradford, and Bruce and I always sat together. I had my towel, spikes, and new ribbon stuffed into the small gym bag I carried. When I got home, our house was empty, so I poured my gym bag onto the kitchen table. My ribbon fell out in a crumbled mess. I was devastated as "Fourth Place" was hard to read or even to see on the crumbled fabric.

So I got out my mother's ironing board and plugged in the iron. I had never used an iron before, but desperate times required desperate actions. I carefully smoothed out the ribbon and touched it with hot iron. The polyester fabric smoked, melted, and curled up like a wiggly worm on the tip of the iron. The smell was pungent too! I had ruined my precious ribbon!

I had just put the ironing board away when my younger brothers burst through the back door. Ben was 13, and Andy was 11.

"Dan! I got two hits," Ben announced.

"I got a hit too and caught a fly ball," Andy chimed in.

I gave them both a pumped fist, "Yes"!

My mother appeared, all smiles and looking snappy, at the screen door with her arms full of grocery bags. I opened the door for her and announced eagerly, "I got a fourth-place ribbon at Districts."

"That's great. How about bringing in the rest of the groceries out of the trunk of the car?" she said with a head nod toward the open car door. She didn't exactly ignore me, but I knew she was pre-occupied with getting dinner ready, so I let it go. After two trips, the groceries were inside. and my brothers were arguing about who was the best baseball player.

"Want to play catch?" they asked expectantly and simultaneously.

"Sure," I said as we grabbed our baseball gloves and headed outside.

"How did you do today?" my mother asked over her shoulder as she was putting away the groceries.

"Just fine," I said and went out to play catch. It realized that my ribbon didn't really matter to anyone but poor me. Life had moved way beyond my silly, burnt-up yellow ribbon. I threw it away.

Lettermen's Day occurred before the track season was over so there were no awards ceremony for Varsity Track. Finally, on the last day of classes, I stopped by Coach Richard's office and asked him if I had lettered. He looked surprised to see me and puzzled by my question. After a moment, he said, "Sure, didn't you get one?" He opened his top desk drawer and rummaged around for a white felt 'D'. "Here you go."

Obviously, earning a varsity letter wasn't a big deal to anyone but me. I may have been the center of my universe, but the rest of the world certainly didn't revolve around me.

My father was bushed when he finally got home. It was a hard day for him. I usually helped him behind the sales counter on Saturdays, so my District track meet just meant that he had to work twice as hard. He was beat: one whisky, dinner, and sleep. I felt bad for him since this was a particularly hard time for his business. Several manufacturing plants in DuBois had closed over the last two years, and his sales were down and not looking to get better.

My First Deal

The week after the District track meet, my father asked me to look over an announcement in the local paper in which the DuBois Area School District was soliciting bids to tear out the old concrete gymnasium and bleachers from the basement of the old high school and then re-pour a new concrete floor, so it could be used by the new junior high school students when the high school students moved into their new school. At that time, our family business included building supplies, ready-mix concrete, and concrete blocks. We also had a small crew that did remodeling work.

"This may be something that you and Chester could do this summer," he said.

Chester Paulinelli was a cement finisher and block mason, and I had worked with him for the last two summers. Tall and rangy, he was an Army Ranger in World War II and had been shot and left for dead by the Germans when the Rangers found him in a pile of dead bodies. I loved that

guy. He would laugh and work and sing and tell all kinds of stories including war stories and boxing stories. I would do the arithmetic, and he would show me how to do the work. He was probably dyslexic and hated responsibility of figuring things out.

"I just like to work," he'd say, 'you're the boss.'" He had already started asking my dad, "When will Dan start this summer?"

I knew that our remodeling business was very slow this year, and also, I had been bugging my father to let me estimate my own job.

"I'd love to figure this out and submit a bid," I told my dad.

At this time, Dad had just bought the business from his father and two uncles in what today we would call a "leveraged buy-out."

I had been estimating and pricing materials all winter when I worked at the sales counter in the building supplies office on Saturdays. Customers would say:

"How many blocks do I need for a two-stall garage?"

"How much concrete do I need to pour my driveway?"

"How many shingles do I need for my roof?"

The math for these estimations wasn't too hard, and my father had prepared "cheat sheets" for the sales staff which included him, Lohman Miller and me. Lohman was one of the best "counter guys" in town, but he didn't work on Saturdays, just my dad and I behind the counter.

"Why don't you figure out a bid and go over it with Ed Toney. Maybe he will want to do this with us. He's pretty slow right now and looking for work too," my father suggested.

Ed was a general contractor who did a lot of concrete masonry work with us.

On the last day of class (just after I picked up my varsity letter), Ed met me at school, and we went down to the old basement gymnasium to figure out what was involved with this job. We looked at the bid package that Ed had picked at the school board office. Ed said, "It doesn't look too hard. I'd figure on a week to get set up, four weeks of demo work, and one week of prepping and pouring the concrete."

He held the dumb end of the tape measure as we verified the dimensions of the finished floor, and I jotted the numbers in my school notebook. "We'll need a dump truck, an air compressor, two jackhammers, and at least five men," Ed continued to think out loud, and I continued to take notes.

"No problem!" I said. "I'll figure it out."

"Let me see what you have when you're done. The bids are due next Friday."

"I'll have the numbers ready in two days," I promised.

I couldn't wait to start. I figured how much it would cost to rent the air compressor and the jackhammers. I thought we could use our 1956 International Harvester dump-truck to haul away the broken concrete.

To get the broken concrete out of the basement and up into the truck, my father suggested that we build a series of ramps up the existing stairways. I estimated that we had enough scrap lumber from old jobs to build the ramps, and I gave Chester and me three days to build them. As Ed said, I allowed four weeks to demolish and remove the existing concrete floor and bleachers, one week to prepare the forms and pour the new floor, and one more week just in case. I rounded to six weeks total.

I reviewed my calculations with Ed, and he approved them. We submitted a \$15,000 bid to the DuBois Area School District on Friday. The winner would be announced at the next school board meeting that was only four days away.

Ed and I attended my first public meeting where five guys in suits and two guys in work clothes comprised the DuBois Area School Board. It looked like the white-haired Reverend Sigler, my father's parents' minister, was in charge. After an hour of school board business, Reverend Sigler announced that he would announce the four bids for the gymnasium renovation in descending order.

He began, "The Peterson Company - \$30,000; General Building Contractors - \$25,000."

I elbowed Ed and whispered, "We got it."

Reverend Sigler continued, "Tri-County Construction - \$22,500."

At this point, I felt sick to my stomach. How could we be so low? I thought that I was going to throw up. I was sure that I had forgotten to put something in the bid, the new concrete perhaps. I wanted to jump-up and tear our bid out of the Reverend's hand. I knew that I had screwed up.

Finally Reverend Sigler said, "The winning bid for \$15,000 goes to J.A. Kohlhepp and Sons. Congratulations to the Kohlhepp firm."

I flushed red and couldn't swallow. My estimate was a bust, and I knew we would lose money, for sure.

After the meeting, Ed and I poured over my calculations and concluded that they looked alright. When I got home, my father asked me how we made out.

"We were the low bidder by \$7,500, but I think I made a mistake. I must have left something out. Ed said it looked alright."

My father held out his hand, "Let me see what you have."

He studied the bid sheets for several minutes and then said matter-of-factly, "Your calculations are correct, but you forgot to include profit and overhead. At least you'll be able to keep your crew together this summer. You'll just be working for wages and experience."

That was all he said.

My career as a building contractor was off to an ignominious start.

“A week later, Chester Paulinelli and I were building the wheel-barrow ramps from the basement to the truck bed. Besides us, our crew would include Tom Freemer and Wilber Wright, who worked for my father and Blair Kuntz who worked for Ed Toney. We had two jack hammers pounding concrete into pieces so we could put them in the wheelbarrows and pull them up the ramps into the waiting truck. Each time the truck was full, I volunteered to drive the truck to the dump site that was only a mile away. Even though I didn’t have my driver’s license yet, Chester always let me drive. He had lost an eye in World War II and complained that he didn’t have any depth perception. Of course, I agreed with him even though I knew that Chester Marshall, who drove our ready-mix concrete trucks, only had one eye, and he was our best driver.

The other guys shook their heads in disapproval every time I drove the truck but acquiesced when I told them I was getting my license next week.

My First Drivers License

“You’re the boss so don’t blame us when you get arrested,” they’d say, and then go on to tell harrowing stories of guys getting arrested and going to jail. I hated those stories, but I wanted to drive more.

A week later, I had my sixteenth birthday and got my Junior Pennsylvania Driver License, which had a midnight curfew for drivers under 17. I didn’t care. I was driving legally and could go anywhere I wanted. The only problem was that my ‘summer car’ was the International Harvester dump truck that we used all day to haul broken concrete out of the old high school. Even if I unhitched the air-compressor and washed the truck, it still had ten running lights along with my name, address, and phone number on both doors:

J. A. Kohlhepp Sons

Building Supplies

DuBois, Pennsylvania

371- 5200

My parents’ car, really my mother’s car, was a white Buick convertible with red leather interior, a V-8 engine, and turbo-glide automatic transmission. I was allowed to drive it, but there were always conditions. My best friend Jimmy Joe Caldwell wouldn’t be 16 until December, so he was ready to go out anytime that I didn’t have the truck.

One evening, Jimmy Joe and I were allowed to take the Buick convertible to the new miniature golf course across town near the Blinker Light provided that we took Ben and Andy with us. I readily agreed, thinking that my little brothers couldn’t be too embarrassing at a miniature golf course. I liked my little brothers, but they didn’t help me feel cool at all. I felt more like a babysitter, and they would tease me to see what I would do when I was annoyed. Consequently, I tried to ignore them, and pushed forward with my own sense of cool.

My First Girl Friend

With the top down and Jimmy Joe, my brothers and I cruised through town and over the railroad bridge and out to the new sign, ‘Putt-Putt Golf.’ We paid greens fees, got our putters, and were

given a few instructions since none of us had ever played miniature or full-sized golf before. When we got to the third hole, two gorgeous girls started playing golf behind us. The one had brown hair, perfectly fitting blue stirrup pants, and a white sleeveless shell while the other girl had blonde hair, red stirrup pants, and a yellow sleeveless shell. Jimmy Joe and I agreed that they were both “stacked,” whatever that meant. I didn’t know either girl, but Jimmy Joe said that he thought he had seen the blonde at school. When we completed the first round of golf, we signed up for a second round immediately, and to our delight, so did the two beauties behind us.

After the second round, we dallied turning in our clubs and stood around the car as we added up our scores. Luckily, Ben and Andy argued about the scores so our waiting for the girls to finish wasn’t too awkward. After the girls turned in their clubs, all four of us walked up to them.

“How was your golf game,” I asked lamely.

“How was yours?” the brunette asked back and cocked her head. This was really awkward. She had cobalt blue eyes!

“I almost beat them, I had a forty-two. We never played miniature golf before.” Andy piped up and would have continued, but his brother Ben punched him in the back. Ben had a keen sense of the seriousness of this encounter.

Finally, I introduced myself and Jimmy Joe.

“Who’s your little friends? My name’s Janice Stolte,” the dark-haired beauty said to my brothers.

Their giant eyes indicated that they, too, thought they were in the presence of feminine greatness.

The blonde half-smiled and looked at Jimmy Joe. “I’m Cindy Solida. I’ve met Jimmy Joe before. We live nearby.”

I pointed to the convertible; offered them a ride home; and they said, “Sure.”

I couldn’t believe our good luck. Unfortunately, the convertible had only two doors, so Ben and Andy hopped in the back seat and made room for Jimmy Joe so that the two girls could sit in the front seat with me. Jimmy Joe looked totally mortified sitting in the backseat with my little brothers, but he did have the composure to get Cindy’s phone number before we dropped them off at Cindy’s house. In my mind, Jimmy Joe was gifted in the art of talking to girls, and I envied his suave composure. I was lucky to have him as a friend, a “wing man” in today’s jargon.

Two days later, Jimmy Joe had set up a double date for us, and I got the convertible, sans little brothers. Our date included a movie, Cokes at the Keystone Restaurant, and then home. I dropped off Jimmy Joe and Cindy at Cindy’s house and then drove to Janice’s house where she said “good night” in a way that I immediately suggested another date. I drove back to pick up Jimmy Joe at Cindy’s, and then I took Jimmy Joe home to Falls Creek, a small town adjacent to DuBois, only seven miles away. I was home by 11:30, well before the midnight curfew. It was a perfect night.

The four of us had several more dates through August, and my arrival home got closer to midnight as the good night kisses were becoming more complicated. Jimmy Joe and I were completely in love. I had never met a girl as totally sensuous and provocative as Janice, and Jimmy Joe felt the same way about Cindy.

Janice never giggled. She looked me in the eyes, wore bright red lips, and smelled arousing (White Rain Hair Spray). These ladies were the epitome of womanhood in our adolescent minds.

Meanwhile, Chester and I and our crew completed the junior high school gym renovation on time and on budget, and everything was ready for the first week of school.

When Jimmy Joe had to go visit relatives with his parents the weekend before school started, I had my first chance to have a solo date with Janice. That Friday we went to a movie, had cherry Cokes at the Keystone, and marveled at all the people out decorating Main Street for the Old Fashion Days Parade that was scheduled for Saturday afternoon. Afterward, we sat in the car and talked in front of her house. When we got out of the car and stood at the bottom of her front steps, our goodnight kisses got quite involved. Finally, she pulled my head down so she could whisper in my ear, "I really like you."

I stood up straight and thought, "*What does that mean?*"

She just stepped back and said, "You have to go now."

"I was confused, and I knew I was over my head.

My First Arrest

Janice was right. It was almost midnight, and I had to drive back across town to get home. My mind was racing. What did she mean? I pondered this as I drove slowing through newly decorated downtown and drove slowly through the red-light right in front of the police car!

When I stopped at the next red light, a police car was behind me with its flashing lights alerting the world to a criminal driver in a white convertible. When the traffic light turned to green, I panicked and decided to outrun the policeman. I floored the gas pedal, the engine roared, and the Buick turbo-glide transmission slowly moved the car forward. When the police siren blared, I pulled into the closed Light House gas station. I checked my watch, 12:10 am, and I had just run a red light and tried to out-run a cop.

I got out of the car and tried to look contrite rather than guilty. I recognized the police officer, Mo Simcox, who took my driver's license with JUNIOR stamped in red across it. He left me standing next to the convertible while he got in his cruiser and wrote something on his clipboard, an arrest warrant no doubt. When he came back to me, he just shook his head and handed me my license. "Am I going to be arrested?" I blurted out.

"No, you are not going to be arrested, but you're in a lot of trouble. I'm going to talk to your father."

At that moment, I preferred arrest and jail time to what I expected to get from my father.

It was almost 1:00 am when I got home, and luckily my parents still had guests from their bridge party. When I walked in the living room, my father looked at the hall clock and said, "Is everything alright?"

"No problems. It just got late," I lied and went up the stairs to bed.

A Dark Day

The next day, I worked alone in the building supply yard re-stacking lumber, rebuilding concrete block cubes and loading customer orders. I was grateful that there was not time to talk to anyone, especially my father. We closed at 3:00 pm to accommodate the Old Fashion Days Parade traffic, and I was almost run over by an ambulance when I tried to pull out of our parking lot with the truck. "He must be late for the parade," I thought.

I was in the field behind our house with our beagle, Billy Boy, who was chasing a rabbit when my mother pulled into the driveway, jumped out of the car, and started screaming for me to come home immediately. I was sure that Officer Simcox had talked to her instead of my father, so I was preparing for trouble, to be sure.

"The police said that Ben and Grandpa Russ were in a terrible automobile accident. They're on their way to the Maple Avenue Hospital in the ambulance. Your father is already on his way there. Where's Andy? Oh yes, he's at the Parade with Grandma Jean. He'll be alright. You need to take me right now," she inhaled deeply, and I felt her panic.

I started inside to change my clothes when she grabbed my arm, "Right now!"

The only way to get to the Maple Avenue Hospital from our house was to cut across the parade route. When we were stopped by the parade on Brady Street, both sides of the street were lined with people, and the parade was in full progress. I didn't know what to do when my mother reached across the car seat and started hitting the horn. When the annoyed people turned around, she yelled out the window, "My son's at the hospital! We've got to get through!"

Miraculously, the crowd stepped aside, and one of the orange-vested volunteer firemen walked into the street to stop the parade and open a path for us on the other side of the street. I was impressed and thankful. "Good luck Mrs. Kohlhepp," he said as we passed. My mother sat quietly, looking exhausted, as we continued to the hospital.

I dropped her off at the front door of the hospital and drove on to park the car. When I got back to the hospital entrance, a nurse took me to the Emergency Ward where I was told, "Wait here."

I had never been in a hospital before and it smelled awful, like sickness and disinfectant combined. I started to gag and looked for a bathroom.

Finally, my mother came out, took a deep breath, and clasped her hands together by interlocking her fingers and began: "Your brother's hurt very badly. He has big cuts on his face and may lose his eye. He's got broken bones in his face, too. The doctors are working on him now. Your father's in there with him. They don't know if he'll live. He may have had a concussion. All we can do is pray. Your grandfather broke his hip, but he'll be alright. Do you want to see your brother?"

I just nodded, but when she led me into the ice-cold surgery room, someone said, "There's nothing to see; he shouldn't be in here," so I was led back outside to the waiting area. My mother and father stayed with Ben.

As a good Catholic boy, I learned to pray saying the Our Father, a Hail Mary, a good Act of Contrition, and the Grace before Meals. I said all these prayers and realized how stupid this was.

That's when I decided to bargain directly with God: "If You let my brother live, I won't drink pop or eat candy for a whole year!"

I sat there thinking how awful it would be to lose my brother. It was unthinkable, inconceivable. I'd couldn't live without him. Right then and there, I realized that I really loved him.

I don't know how it happened, but my brother Andy and my Grandma Jean suddenly showed up in the waiting room with me. I told them what I knew and told them that everything would turn out fine. It would just take time. I hoped I wasn't lying too much. Andy just kept looking at me. We couldn't talk so I punched him on the shoulder, then put my arm around his neck, like brothers do. I think that I realized that I really loved him too!

"Later that night, we gathered in Ben's hospital room where he lay with his head totally bandaged and his arms pierced with needles and tubes. My father, mother, Andy, and I just sat there unable to speak or look directly at anyone but Ben. "I guess that now I'll have three guys with one-eye working for me," my father rationalized and started to cry. The grief was palpable. The nurses told us to go home. They would take good care of Ben, and we should get some rest.

The Priest's Miracle

We were all back at the hospital at 8:00 the next morning. Ben's bed was in the hallway, so my parents went to find out why. Andy and I went to Ben's side and told him about the parade he missed and how Andy got to ride on a float. Ben nodded and reached out to hold our hands. I knew then that he would live.

When my parents returned, my mother said that they were taking Ben for tests, and then Dr. Cochran appeared. My mother asked if Ben should still be sleeping, and he said, "Hell No! We need to get him to Pittsburgh right now."

Andy and I didn't have a chance to tell them that we had talked to Ben just a moment earlier. At this moment the puffed-up, parish priest appeared and said that Ben should have the last rights immediately. I had heard about Extreme Unction in catechism, but I had never seen it performed. The overly important priest had a little bottle of oil and mumbled the prayers in Latin as he rubbed oil on Ben's hands and feet and administered the sacrament. At the end, the priest said in his loud, deep, nasal voice, "Ben, can you hear me?"

As though on cue, Ben sat up and said, "I need some water!"

The priest clapped his hands together, looked to the ceiling, and announced, "This was truly a miracle." With that he left, thank God.

My Frist Driving Trip to Pittsburgh

The plan going forward was that my mother would ride in the ambulance with Ben to the Pittsburgh Eye and Ear hospital, and my father would drive behind in the Buick and join them there. Andy and I would attend the first day of school on schedule, and Grandma Jean would stay at our house and take care of us.

We learned the details of the accident from the front page of the local paper. My grandfather and Ben were coming home from archery hunting, when the driver of an on-coming car lost control, swerved over road, up a hillside, and then turned back into the road hitting Ben in the passenger seat. This occurred before seat belts so on impact Ben was thrown forward into ventilation grill

and arrows. We later found out that the driver was drunk. The driver and his three passengers were not injured.

By Wednesday, I was ready for new plan. I told Andy that I would meet him after school on Thursday, and we would drive the old Packard down to Pittsburgh to see Ben. I would take care of Grandma.

I left school early Thursday afternoon, left a note on the kitchen table for Grandma, and took the brown Packard to pick up Andy at school.

Andy and I didn't talk much until he said, "Are we going to be in trouble?"

"He's our brother, we've got to go." I could see that Andy was really concerned, and I tried to explain, but I knew that Andy was right to be concerned about disobeying our parents.

Somehow, Andy and I got to the Pittsburgh Eye and Ear Hospital where we surprised our parents and Ben. No one was mad or upset with us. In fact, our mom and dad seemed to be a little relieved to have us altogether as a family.

Ben was talking by now and the doctors were assessing his injuries. His right eye was removed, and all the bones in his face were set. We just sat around the hospital room, and my dad read us Jack London short stories. "White Fang" and the "Call of the Wild" are still my favorites.

I was walking down the hall on my way back from the hospital's snack bar when I saw my dad in the hall. I braced for trouble. My dad said, "Mo Simcox stopped by to see me last Saturday morning." He took a deep breath, "He's an asshole."

That was it. He walked on.

The Summer was Over.

Andy and I went back to school on Monday, and my grandmother was still mad when we got back, but, at some level, she understood. Ben came back home about three weeks later. He didn't return to school until January, and he was held back to repeat the balance of eighth grade.

I took Janice out one more time, and we went to visit her mother in the hospital. It was an awful experience for me. The noxious smells made me gag. We never went out again until a year later. I heard that her mother died In January, but we never talked. I was a coward and ashamed that I couldn't face death.

The summer I turned 16 seems simultaneously trite and profound in many ways. I learned that earning a varsity letter wasn't really a big deal, that getting a driver's license can cause a lot of trouble, that bidding a job is not that obvious, that meeting women that smell good is confusing, and that my brothers were the most important thing in the world to me.

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