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CRUISE NEWS

What a night for a cruise, and the good ship USS Engineer didn't even have to embark from the Miami River!

Calypto music, a jazz band, casino tables, prizes, a country singer/ventriloquist, a ship's photographer, commemorative glasses, palm readings, magnificent ice carvings, comedy and magic, gourmet food stations and seafood and chocolate dessert extravaganzas—it was a night to remember!

The eagerly awaited highlight of the evening was the drawing to win a four-night Royal Caribbean cruise and airfare to the Bahamas. Would you believe that Doris and David Ponitz were the lucky winners? At no time did

Captain Olinsky's hand leave his arm during the drawing, so we can't accuse the Ponitzes of hanky panky. They just returned from a trip around the world, presented to them by Sinclair College! Guess they live right and everyone loves them. The rest of us are lucky if we win a trip to Xenia!

To all of you who missed the boat and didn't attend, you missed a terrific time. The USS Engineer can really put on a party.

Special thanks to the Associates Board, Penny Wolfe, Jackie Lockwood and Dennis Nolan who worked so hard to get the ship out of the dock.

I Was There

By J. Richardson Johnson

Back in 1928, I was just a little kid who loved to hang around with my dad. It was really an important chapter in my life, 70 years ago, to "go like 60" in the family car. Dad and I had an unusual relationship—he was a good-hearted daredevil, while I smothered fits of good heartedness. I loved my father, but he frequently "scared the stuffings" out of me!

When my Uncle Bud wanted to replace his Dodge touring car with something more up-to-date, Dad found a powerful Buick for him at Mr. Nabor's Used Car Lot in Cleveland. It was our task to deliver the Buick to my uncle, who lived 100 miles southeast of Cleveland. We were on our way before sunup, taking a country, one-lane brick road with fearful dips and sharp turns. When meeting an oncoming car, both drivers were expected to swing right and keep right wheels in the curb grass, and each would wave and yell as they passed. One hundred miles was a full day's drive in those days.

With hard seats and no seat belts, I would keep my eyes closed and hang onto anything within reach. I remember Dad waking me once and pointing to the speedometer, which showed big numbers I had never seen before—six zero—60 miles an hour! I was relieved to know that I could breathe at this speed! Would my friends be surprised to hear this!

Except for a stop for Dad to "kick the wheels and tires, lift up the hood and check the plugs and jiggle the carburetor," we had no problems—no flats, no refueling and no "getting stuck in the mud." I was even successful in hiding my fear and car sickness.

There are times today when I grumble that nothing much has been done to improve cars and roads, but when I realize what we went through 70 years ago—when I WAS THERE—we have made some real progress in automotive advances in many ways—fuels, passenger comfort, reliable systems and parts, and improved highways. These advances become personal when I feel the energy of Barn Gang discussions regarding across-the-board improvements in many fields from friends across the table—and which will continue to flow in the future—from these and other members of the Engineers Club of Dayton!