

BEGINNINGS



In this book of glimpses of my life, my families have played an enormously important role. So I want to give you a glimpse of who the early ones are, and where they came from. My Dad, Wesley Vernon Morgan, was born in 1903 in Penn Yan, New York. He was an accomplished athlete (especially a baseball pitcher), an inventor, & an electrical engineer. He was descended from a Welsh immigrant, who arrived in New England in 1636.

My Mom, Martha Dorothy Oliver Morgan, was born in 1897 in Ilion, New York. She began teaching school when she was just out of high school, in 1916. She taught 22 children in eight grade levels in a one room school house near Cooperstown, New York. She was fond of reminding us that she umpired some of the first games at the site of Baseball's Hall of Fame, Doubleday Field. Her father, George Oliver, was one five men who persuaded Baseball's Commissioner, Judge Kennesaw Landis, to support the creation of the Baseball Hall of Fame.

Martha and Wesley had two daughters: me, Anne Elizabeth, and my sister, Mary Catherine (3 1/2 years younger). Our parents took us to ball games to watch our Daddy pitch. We picnicked often on weekend nights, including in the snow! Everyone ice skated. Our summer vacations happened outdoors, & in the water, either in the Adirondacks or New England or

in the lakes near Rochester. And in the mountains of New York State & New England.

My four high school years as a scholarship student at The Harley School changed my life. I became aware of my keen intellect & curiosity, my capacity for learning, and my desire to make a positive difference in the world after the horrible invention of nuclear weapons. I notice that our high school year book was dedicated to international peace & the United Nations.

I met “Dr. Dimples” my senior year in college at the University of Rochester. My roommate was taking a freshman biology course taught by Dr. David Stadler who had just gotten his PhD from Princeton. He was known among the freshmen women as Dr. Dimples. He wanted to meet me, & the male graduate students wanted to meet women, so he hosted a tea party for all of us in his lab. My roommate invited me, at Dave’s request, & that afternoon was the start of an amazing 55 years of living & learning: co-creating a family, working together to end war, support non-violence & the civil rights movement, travel & play in parts of the world we’d never heard of... let alone, be able to know about first hand!

We travelled across the country in Dave’s snaggle-toothed Chevy, to spend four years at Cal Tech, with me insisting on getting fresh tomatoes at every farm shed we passed. And after Cal Tech, we settled in Seattle where Dave had a very satisfying job teaching & researching genetics at the University of Washington. That’s a very brief glimpse that with the pictures & my short stories will give you an impression of my wonderful life.



When I was a child, after my father died, my Mom, Martha, my sister, Mary, & I always vacationed somewhere in the Adirondack Mountains in New York State. There were several places that we liked to go. My Aunt Polly had a beautiful house in the forest on the shore of Rainbow lake. It was near Lake Placid and Saranac lake, but smaller and more isolated than those places. I remember there was a little house that I got to sleep in-sort of a my own private little house- out in back of the main house. It was both special and scary. I did not know what the noises were in the forest around me at night, so I was frightened that outside my safe little house were fierce animals. But it was my special private place so I wanted to sleep there anyhow. Aunt Polly’s house was in a forest with tall evergreen trees. One day, exploring near by, we found a railway train: two cars & an engine just abandoned in the middle of the forest. No rails. Or anything! My sister and I played in it pretending to be the Engineer & the Conductor!

My uncle Bill had a cottage on an island in Brantingham Lake. Just his house and one other. You pumped water from a well into the kitchen sink. Our toilet was an outhouse with Sears Roebuck catalogues to read. Behind the wood stove in the main room there was a huge stack of Redbook magazines. In the back of each magazine was a short story. I loved reading those magazines. Especially on rainy days.

Uncle Bill had a boat- a little small canvas row boat- that I appropriated the whole time I was there. We would stay for two weeks. Every day someone-usually me- rowed across the lake and walked into the little

post office in the woods to get our mail. One time I brought a new axe that I was given as an award for being the best camper at Camp Joncaire, a camp I'd attended earlier that summer. I was using it to chop wood at Uncle Bill's and I cut my foot right straight through the top of my foot to the bottom, luckily it was between two toes. I remember Uncle Bill & I had to go in the row boat and then in a car to a nearby doctor who gave me some kind of shot and stitched up my foot. I can still see the scar! That put an end to my getting the mail because I had to use a crutch to get around.

Uncle Bill also had a victrola that you wound up with a crank so you could play a record. I remember doing that when it rained: sitting on the front porch looking out at the lake while music played! That was another very special thing that we had to play with when we were there. And we played a lot of cards in the evenings. Both my Mom & Uncle Bill were good card players.

The other favorite vacation place was Seventh Lake. It was one of a chain of lakes near Saranac lake. We stayed in a tent, on the back of which was attached a wooden kitchen with a roof on it. It had a table & chairs and a nice woodstove. That was a great place to sit and play cards or read or just to keep warm on rainy days. Mostly I remember swimming in the lake that was very clear & the color of tea. Pine trees circled the lake. The air smelled like pine needles. There were so many pine needles in the lake that the water was brown.

The place we stayed in had canoes. I could canoe to other lakes in the chain of lakes. I loved canoeing, so

canoeing was one of the things that I did a lot while we were there.

At night we lit an Aladdin lamp in the kitchen that gave us enough light to play cards and to read.

When I got older and was in college, I would go for a week of camping with some of my college friends. We were all part of an Outing Club. We would put on backpacks and hike into the high peaks region of the Adirondacks. We'd make a base camp that was in a place where we could access a lot of mountains, and stay there for long enough to climb the different mountains- without our heavy packs, coming back each night to our base camp. I learned to make a reflector oven. I could cook pies & cookies & pancakes in it. We always did this vacation after we finished our summer work and before college began.

My family didn't spend a lot of money on vacations because we actually didn't have much money. But we all loved the outdoors so these were wonderful experiences of living in nature, and making the kind of fun that being in a beautiful outdoor environment gives you.

WHAT WAS YOUR FIRST BIG TRIP?



My first big trip:

My first really BIG trip was when I travelled across the United States from Woods Hole Ma. to Pasadena Ca. It was my honeymoon. Before that I'd never been west beyond Cleveland, Ohio. My new husband, Dave Stadler, and I drove in his black chevy car that looked as if it had been in a prize fight. It had a broken-out front grill, looking like a mouth with teeth missing. We were accompanied by his brother John as far as Columbia, Missouri where Dave's family lived. John was returning from Israel where he'd spent the summer. First we stopped in Rochester, New York, my home town, so that we could stay with my mother and I could pack up my things to move to Pasadena. We had a nice time there, enjoying the summer and our new status as a married couple!

Poor John had to ride along with the newly weds who would smooch every time John took over the driving. I bet he was happy to get home to Columbia, Missouri! While we visited Dave's family, we went to a St. Louis Cardinals Ball game in St. Louis. I was very excited! When I lived in Rochester, as a high school kid, I had "Knot Hole gang" tickets to the Rochester Red Wings, an AAA team of the Cardinals. I was a big fan because my father, Wes Morgan, had been a semi-pro pitcher, who'd been offered a try out with the Philadelphia

Athletics. He didn't take it cause his Mom wanted him to go to college. (Being a professional ball player wasn't very well thought of in those days.) So getting to go to the CARDINALS was really very special. AND it was special that Dave was a Cardinal fan too. (We were definitely meant for each other!)

After getting to know my new family for a few days, and seeing Dave's old stamping grounds, we headed out across the flat midwest: Kansas stretching forever, then eastern Colorado. Our next exciting stop was Denver, gateway to the mountains that rose up behind the city. I only remember we saw another ball game there, in an amphitheater-like stadium, at night, under the lights. The rest is mystery. But we did go up into the Rocky mountains out of Denver, through lovely fall golden leaved trees: called quaking aspens. They shimmered in the slightest breeze all along the road we took through the mountains. That night we camped out in our tent. The stars were awesomely bright. And the night was very dark. I remember I had to go to the washroom before getting into my sleeping bag. I was petrified I would run into a bear as I went to and from the public restroom in the campsite.

On to San Francisco. I only remember going to a movie there. I had to wait outside the theater for Dave to park the car. While I waited several strange men came up to speak to me. It was scary. That is my only memory of the first experience I had of San Francisco. Before leaving, I did touch the Pacific ocean and then we finally headed for Pasadena! First we stopped in San Jose where we stayed at Dave's Uncle Phil and Aunt Evelyn Hammer's house and met some of the cousins. Phil and Evelyn were expert card players. I remember