

Law Offices

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Jeff;

Got Webb's info on NYC in September, and am trying to see if schedules etc can be arranged. Then of course, a week or two in the land of "8 Million Stories in the Naked City" needs a few bucks out of the cookie jar. Come to think of it I still have my "will work for food" sign, and I do know where there are a lot of Aluminum cans (and if you are buying that my Pacific Ocean beachfront property in Denver is available!!)

What I did do is go through the site and read your piece, which was superb. So let me add a couple of FH things for the history books. In 1939-1941, Dad was very busy teaching First Aid to a large number of people, because a number of his patients, when he was a Resident at Bellevue Hospital, were immigrants from Europe, and they knew what was coming. The only place in FH with a large enough Hall was OLQM, and I do not remember the name of the Priest (but he was right out of central casting) provided that space. After the War, OLQM was really interested in "us kids" and I know they did some things to support him, but I do not know what that was.

When he got back, he and a bunch of other Dads AND Moms were determined to keep us so damn busy, that we would have no chance to get into trouble, and you really brought that point home. The Room in our house was the starting point, and at first we went to places for visits, and on Saturdays we all piled into family cars and went to the ice skating rink at the '39 Worlds Fair grounds. We had races around the rink for "prizes" None of us could ice skate, so we spent more time on our butts than on blades. One of the funniest "and most memorable" incidents involved I think Bob Bruns and one of the originals, who died very early from some strange disease, Bob Schmidt.

Keep in mind there were no zambonis then. Ice was water hosed on the old ice surface and you waited until it froze over. Right?—Wrong! Here we were, and it looked like we had a smooth surface. So Dad got the finalists (I was not one of them) on to the "ice", and off they went for the win. Lets just say the slick surface was more slush than ice. So here come Bruns and Schmidt skating like hell in mush toward the finish line. Schmidt caught a skate, and to make sure he would win actually dove on his belly across the line, and the best way to describe it was he looked like a Dept. of Sanitation snow plow.

After the Dads put together the deal for the CH, you know the rest, and for all that he and the others did, believe me the Moms were there 24/7. What all of those parents did created that environment that we all vividly remember and appreciate. I have heard that