

Forward

I'm writing this to tell you how I met Ronald Reagan. It starts out when we lived in Wisconsin and how and why we moved to California and consequently how my father met and worked for Ronald on his ranch near Malibu Lake as foreman for 20 years until he became governor of California.

If you have any friends that might be interested in my story and would like to see pictures of Reagan's two larger ranches (which I personally took from 1958-2003) and the USS Ronald Reagan (which I received from the Navy and are offered on the website) just send them to:

www.ronaldreagansyearlingrowranch.com

A. Part 1. First Chapter

1944 through 1948

I was born on the third of July 1944. My family lived above a grocery Store in Wisconsin Rapids, Wisconsin. My father owned the store and we occupied the entire second-floor in an area that was around 120 ft. long, 60 ft. wide and two stories high.

When I reached my fourth birthday I started to become aware of many things. The first thing I remember was running into my father's grocery store and seeing my mother standing behind the counter. I told her the back of my head had a bump. She asked me how I got the bump. I told her I was playing with a rock and had thrown it as hard as I could. I told her I threw it so hard it went all the way around the world and came back and hit me in the back of the head.

My mother told me this story several years later.

The next thing I remember is being invited by my father's best friend to go on a short fishing trip the next morning. My father gave his friend permission to take me fishing. My father's friend picked me up in his car and we drove to a nearby stream. When we got there he picked up his fishing gear and we walked over to the stream. After being there for a while I went walking along the stream. I became rather thirsty. Looking around I spotted a can in the stream with water in it. Being thirsty I picked up the can and drank the water. After that, he took me back to my father's grocery store. By that time I was having trouble breathing. My father became concerned and called my mother to see if she had any idea what could be wrong with me. When my mother arrived she became agitated about my breathing problems. She realized it might be something serious, so immediately she loaded me in the car and rushed me to the hospital.

By the time the doctors examined me my breathing was so impaired that they rushed me toward the operating room. Before they got to the operating room they had to perform a tracheotomy. The doctor opened a hole in my throat. After we entered the operating room they inserted a tube in my throat to complete the tracheotomy.

While I was in the operating room something strange happened to me. When thinking back I remember being in the operating room and seeing the doctors operating on me. That is quite strange because I was only four years old. I had never been anywhere near a hospital or knew anything about doctors, nor was I able to remember the inside of an operating room. I had never experienced anything like this before. Quite interesting!

After a long recovery period we went back to the grocery store. My mother was quite irritated about what happened and blamed my father and his friend for my problems.

For a long time before my illness, my parents had not been getting along well and my health problem brought their problems to a head.

The next day, not having a washing machine, my mother was doing the laundry by hand and was working very hard. She had taken the first half of the laundry downstairs and out back to hang on the clothesline. That portion of the laundry consisted of mostly sheets and white stuff. When the other half of the laundry was finished she went out back to hang it on the clothesline. When she opened the back door she saw that my father had started a fire to burn some boxes.

When she went to the clothesline, she found black spots from the fire all over her newly-washed sheets and white clothes. She rushed into the store and while everyone was around she started chewing my father out for ruining her wash. He grabbed her arm to pull her into the back and started screaming about her embarrassing him in front of the customers and basically roughing her up.

And just then my mother's brother, Robert came in the backroom and found my father roughing up my mother. Her brother's first words to her were, "Would you like me to take you to my attorney?" She said "Yes, she would like to see him."

After she finished seeing the attorney my mother decided she had had enough of the situation with my father and asked him for a divorce. She made arrangements to leave Wisconsin and head for California, where my aunt had a ranch in the middle of the San Fernando Valley.