

## **Life After CCHS (There was much after High School)**

**After graduation, we went to London, England for the summer. (My Dads work). My parents then decided to move to Beacon Hill, Boston. Trying to decide on a vocation, and knowing that I was good at cooking, I took a job at Sheraton Boston as a Roundsman. I wrote to Julia Child to see what her recommendations were. She invited me to her and Paul's house, where she showed me her fabulous kitchen, and together we prepared lunch for the 3 of us. She recommended C.I.A (The Culinary Institute of America). We discussed about what I would do after schooling too. She recommended an apprenticeship in France, in as many places as I could, and then move on from there. She gave me one of her personal cookbooks from her collection (written totally in French), which has traveled most everywhere, and I have it on my bookshelf now.**

**She and I corresponded for many years. She would write from France, (sometimes in French) [I knew high school French was good for something] and I would get the letters in Vietnam. Spent 2 years at CIA, and right upon graduation got a letter from Selective Service, saying "we need you for our Army." Pictured myself carrying an M-16, and wading through rice paddies. So I joined the Navy. Got out of boot, at Great Mistakes (I mean Great Lakes) and got orders to MCB-10, a seabee unit, where I got an M-16, and went on land to Vietnam.**

**Worked as a cook in the navy, volunteered for assignments, and got to go to the delta and cook for PBR's (Patrol Boat River), and delta crews. Used a field range, and never knew what the entree would be till it came in on a boat (hopefully). When the Seabees came and built a nice kitchen, then Chief of Navel Operations, Admiral Zumwalt came to visit. The day he came, I had shoulder length hair, (no barber within umptynine miles) cooking in just shorts, no shirt, no shoes. He just said "food was delicious, keep up the good work, as you have the moral of the men in your hands."**

**After Nam, went to Sigonella Sicily, Italia volunteered again, and ended up cooking for 7 days in a row, every other week for my crew of 6. They got to eat a lot of fancier food than the other crew did. Even crepes for breakfast.**

**In 1971, got out of Navy, and went to help with the opening of Walt Disney World. Stayed for a few months, but, wasn't doing the cooking that I wanted to. So moved onto Sheraton, where I met my Wife Ruth. She was the night Hostess, and I was the night chef. One day I went out the wrong door into the dining room and she was coming in. Lightly tapped her with the door, looked at her, and said to myself, I am going to marry her someday. She told me later the same thing that she had said to herself. We were married within 6 weeks, and stayed married for 11 years, when she died from complications of her MS. We had 2 boys, and it took me over 5 years to grieve. She was my life. And I drank myself through a lot of liquor.**

**In those 11 years, we weren't making a lot of money, so I suggested I join Navy Reserve. She said all (full-time) or nothing. Signed for 6, to get 2 in Orlando. Upon expiration of 2 years, we moved to Charleston, SC as I went submarines and we were based there. When she got really sick and I was on sea-duty. I tried to get the boat to put me on shore duty, Captain said NO. XO understood, his wife had cancer he suggested talk to my Senator (Hawkins, from Florida) who was taking forever, so I contacted Senator Strom Thurmond's office, and with in 1 week I was on shore duty,**

working for a 2 star admiral. Nice to get something over on the Captain. Ruth and I had become Christians right before we had children, so after she passed, we continued in Church.

Needless to say, have been married now, a total of 3 times. Ruth, Linda, Lola. Lola, I met online, she is Colombian, basically didn't really want to live in USA, so I moved to Colombia, after having lived as husband and wife, with her in Colombia, and me in USA for over 6 years apart. Not why I got married to live so far apart. It was a lot harder, not because of language though, living there. Seemed like everyone is more important than I was. Lack of other things, like trust, her being jealous. So, me divorcing her, and moving back here, but, not Florida (gotta wait 6 months for divorce to file)(and Mass one had to be married in the state in order to be divorced in the state) , so here in Kansas, its 2 months.

In the process of Ruth and I being together, worked at a lot of French and Italian restaurants, and then branched off into Baking, mostly for health-food. Then restaurants/bakeries, as well as other bakeries. Developed a lot of Macrobiotic cookie recipes, as well as sherbets. After the closing of Kash N Karry supermarkets, I did get a really nice position at Publix Super Markets as a Baker. The guy that did my tattoos, was a friend of a Publix Store Manager, so I got a foot in the door. I retired in 2008, and went to Colombia then. One does not really need to know the language to live there. But, oneself and ones spouse must truly be able to communicate in some language. That was part of our problem. She spoke English, but, not comprehending a lot of it. I spoke enough Spanish, not to want for anything when shopping. So here I am in Alice in Wonderland. I found that death for Family members to be very trying for me. Probably for you all too. First my Ruth, then my Dad, then one of my sons, Mark, then my Mom. All within 12 years. I pray the other side will be a lot nicer, and we will all be together again!

I have lived in mostly warm places after military service (because I was in warm and hot places with the Navy.) Have lived in: Vietnam, Italy, Colombia, Japan, England, California, Connecticut, Florida, South Carolina, Kansas, Massachusetts, and headed back to Colombia.

Sorry it flips and flops, and I ramble. But, that's me. Even had to leave my yearbook in Colombia, no room in the suitcase, or Natalie my tabby cat's case. My cat, Natalie has slept thru 7 flights on the plane. She did better than me. She passed away last August.

Well life has a way of repeating itself sometimes, and my Colombian Wife and I have worked through our issues, and I am preparing to return to Colombia for us to re-marry. I know God will work it out for us this time around, as He has pointed out how much more we need to communicate and REALLY understand what the other is saying. My Granddaughter seems like she is the most happy, and can't wait to work side by side with her abuelo (grandfather) baking cookies and making chocolates.

I am sure I have missed some things, my memory is not always clear. Also, not able to make reunion as need funds for proper wedding, this time around. I have a website: <http://www.materialtattoos.com> For Zazzle Print on demand products.

Check out my site. We do all: mugs, Tee shirts, iPhone Cases, Pillows, etc.



**David 2013**



**(Left to right) Mom, Ruth, David, Dad 1973**



River Patrol Boats, Vietnam



**PBR's in Tra-Cu, RVN**



**(Left to right) Marmita (Mother-in-law) & 3<sup>rd</sup> & 4<sup>th</sup> Wife Lola**

**Below is a letter from Julia Child to me, when she was in France:**



BRAMAFAM-PITCHOUNE  
PLASCASSIER  
ALPES-MARITIMES (06)  
T 56

Dear Dave:

Here we are back in France again, but just on the 3-week air-flight tour, as we have to get back to Cambridge to pound away on Volume II of the big cookbook. Managed to do quite a bit of cooking here, as well, as my colleague, ~~Ann~~ Simone Beck lives right next door and James Beard spent the New Year's week with us. Did quite a bit of fresh foie gras, and am always surprised that one goose can have 1 enormous liver weighing over 1 1/2 pounds and being 8 to 9 inches long! We did some in terrines, some in mason jars, and one batch just sauteed in butter -- not bad. The veal in the markets here is first class, pale pink, large, tender and full of flavor. Lamb is delicious, quite a bit smaller than ours. Beef for roasting and steaks is of very poor quality, about 3rd grade with no marbling (or rarely) and not at all up to Navy standards. Except in summer, when local vegetables are in the markets, the produce is poor by our standards, just because few of the shops have any refrigeration.

Now I'm wondering if you have gotten into the first-class bake shop? I should think it would be very useful indeed, as I do think it takes quite a while to get used to yeast and all its tricks; it's only by doing a lot of it that you can learn. Don't you think feel and smell ~~havam~~ give you a pretty good idea of how things are progressing?

Hope all is just fine with you, that you feel you are really getting your money's worth out of the Navy, making some good friends, keeping well, and that 1969 will be a fine and successful year for you.

All the best from Paul and me,

*Julia Child*