

INTRODUCTION

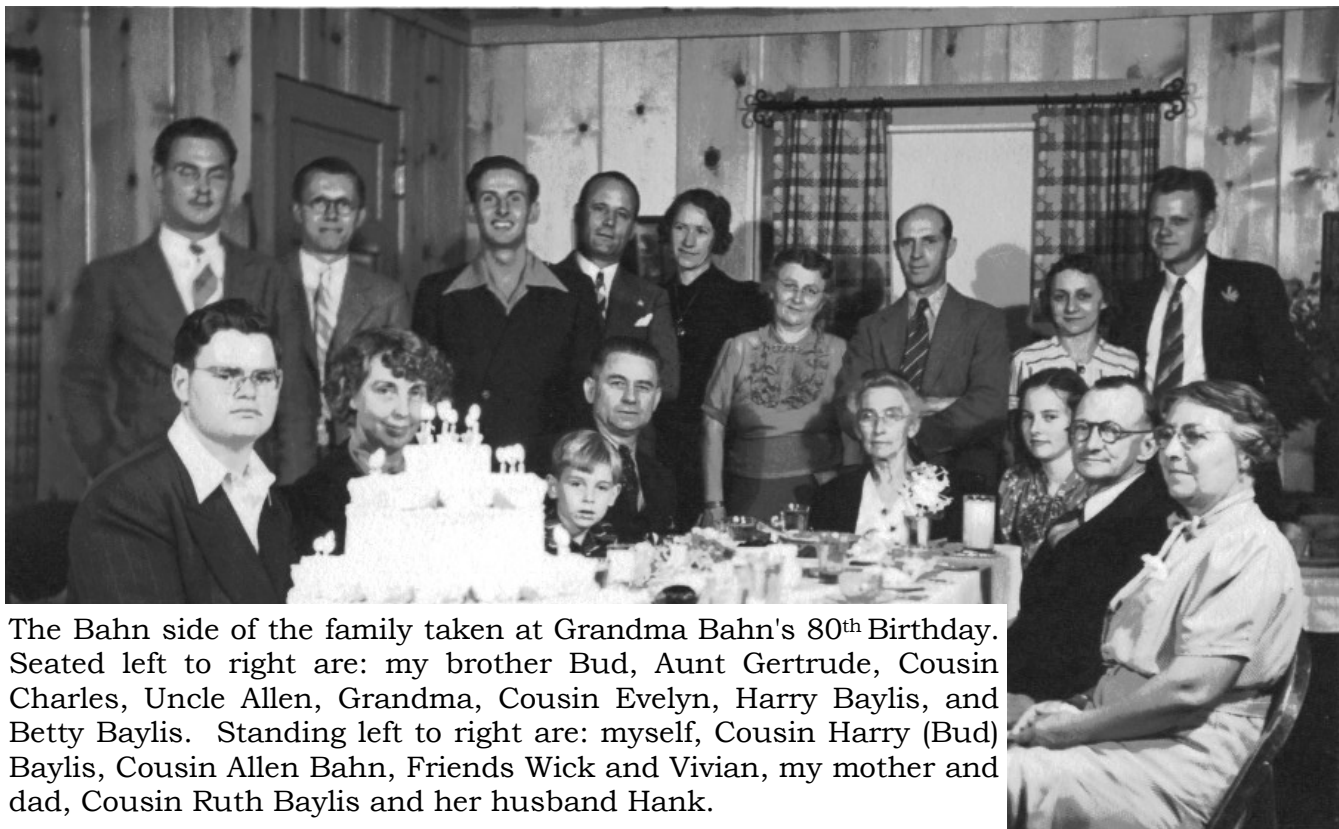


For some time I have been thinking of writing the story of my life for the edification of future generations of the Harker family. My daughter, Harriet Burger and my granddaughter, Lori Burger gave me the needed encouragement to get going on it, and so on this second day of February, 1999 at the ripe old age of 82 years and four months I'm going to start on it.

My approach will be to relive my life to the best of my memory, day by day and year by year. I understand this technique was used successfully by prisoners of war to retain their sanity during torture and incarceration. When writing about other individuals I will confine myself to only those that I knew personally.

As you know, life is never dull and I will be describing funny things as well as sad things, but will delete anything that might detract from my fine character and reputation.

Obviously, without grandparents and parents, I would not be here to write all this stuff for posterity. Therefore the following prologue will be devoted to writing about, and describing, those relatives who lived in my lifetime. We will start with my mother's side of the family and then go to my dad's side.



The Bahn side of the family taken at Grandma Bahn's 80th Birthday. Seated left to right are: my brother Bud, Aunt Gertrude, Cousin Charles, Uncle Allen, Grandma, Cousin Evelyn, Harry Baylis, and Betty Baylis. Standing left to right are: myself, Cousin Harry (Bud) Baylis, Cousin Allen Bahn, Friends Wick and Vivian, my mother and dad, Cousin Ruth Baylis and her husband Hank.



A gathering of the Harker, Finch, Kelly, Otis, and Lichty families. Grandma Harker is in the center. Cousin Alberta and my brother Bud are in front holding dogs.



Mother and me when I was little. I adored her.