

[A Vintage Trip in Time via More Honey-Due Memories From Photos Recently Received from My Sister's Family](#) (reads better via the title's link above and photos display full image by clicking)

As reported previously, Honey works is much better than vinegar when bridging family relations when not everything is going well. This 'Facebook post contains some classic photos just recently received that are warmly appreciated for the memories they bring me in yet another 20 pound box from my niece that contains photos and documents I have never seen before. I'm so grateful that I have these "Hallmark" artifacts as an important part of my family's Life Story of who we really are going back to my grandparents.

At the age of 16 years, my father entered the U.S. Navy under age as a delinquent with no real incentives but just to get away from his environment in the slum tenants of Passaic, New Jersey. He couldn't get admitted at the age 15 ½ years of age because he was too skinny and didn't look his age even with his parents' consent. So he ate bananas for 6 months. Once in the service, he learned a trade as a radio operator and traveled around the world on the USS Naval Destroyer, Smith Thompson, including action in the [Bolsheviks](#) Revolution in the Black Sea (1920). He eventually became an electrician as a profession, got married and reared a family. Not bad for someone who never went beyond the sixth grade in school which allowed me to attend college, study music, meet Roslyn, get married and reared children with my humble family roots from rural Poland, Ukraine, Czech Republic and Slovenia. See the crew/officers below.



Here's his birth certificate of 1903 and his marriage record of 1931.



Here's his naval discharge papers and his Federal Radio Broadcast Commission License of 1933.

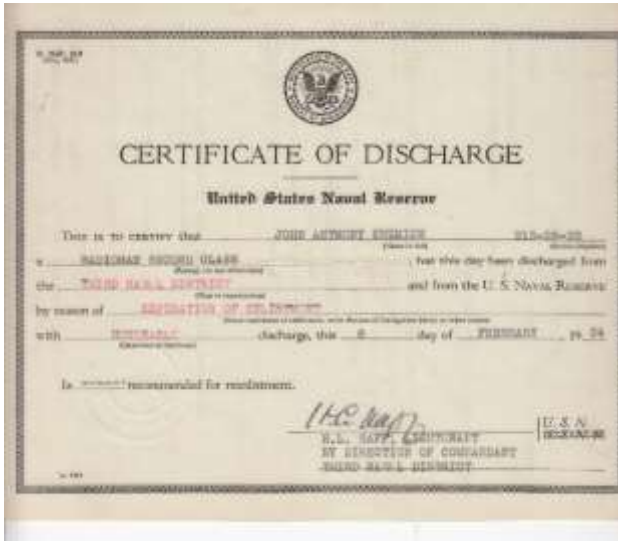


Photo of My Maternal Grandparents when they were single in the Sokol Organization and their wedding photo in 1910.



Photo of my mother and then with my sister in the 1990's could have been Miss America via a few more beauty genes inherited from me. As it was, she tied for fourth and won the most outstanding talent award.





Photo of my parents wedding photo in 1931 and then later in retirement years about 1980.



Photo of me nearly 60 years upon graduation from high school and a retirement photo of Roslyn and me between 50 to 60 years later.



### Closing Comments

See any of my Eastern European roots fascial resembles from generation to generation? Photo memories can be priceless especially when they are labeled properly. Without these honey-photos, my family history story would be incomplete to share with my children and grandchildren and well beyond my years. I can't image how to obtain some of these photos/documents. Believe me, the honey-due theory works wonders for family history even when I was completely ignored at my sister's memorial reception in Beverly Hills, California just 15 months ago.