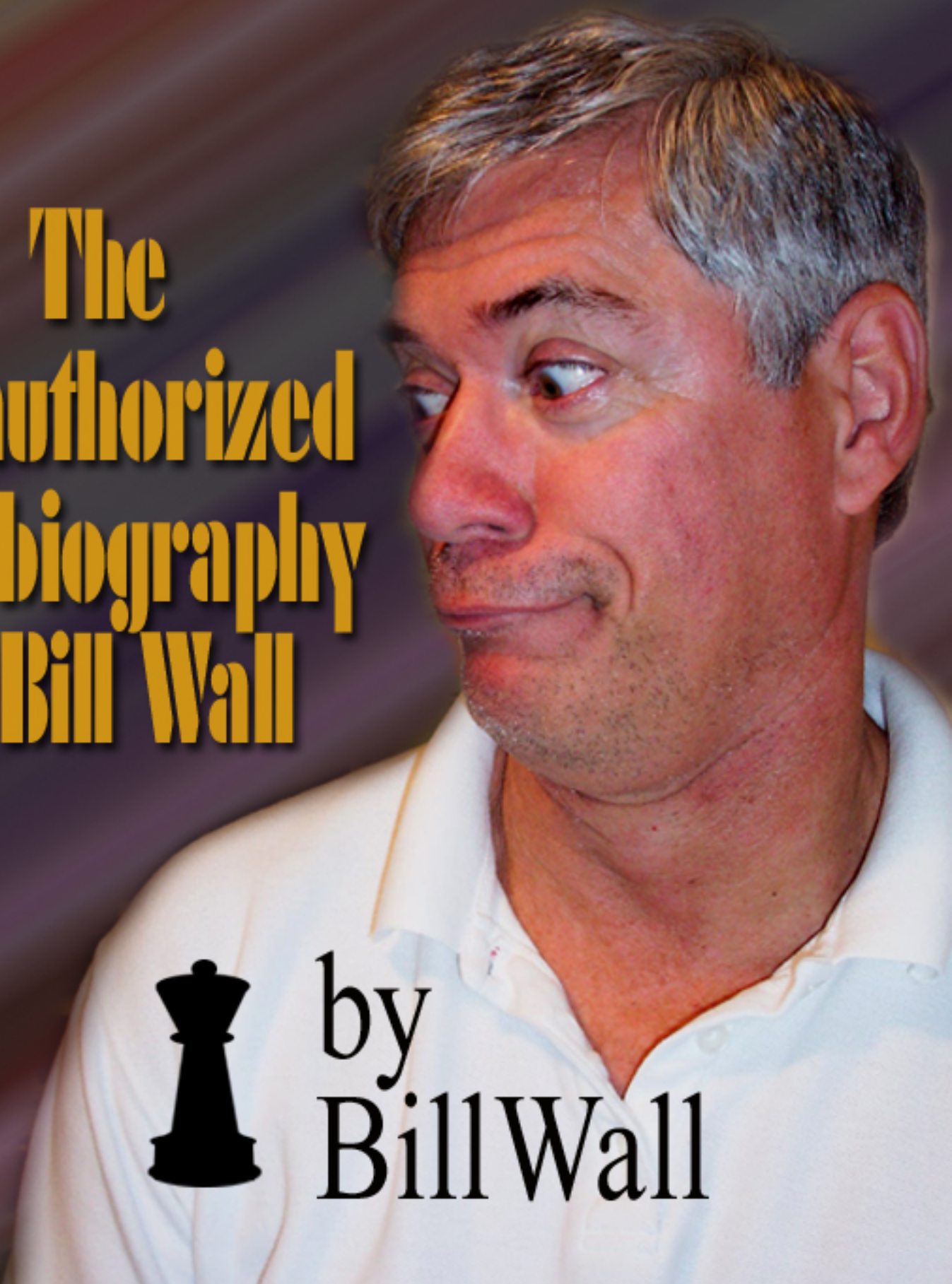


E-Book

The
Unauthorized
Autobiography
of Bill Wall



by
Bill Wall



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I was born at an early age in Raymond, Washington. I was the first child of William Raymond Wall and Bobbie Lugenia Brown. So I am a Brown Wall. Luckily my father wasn't named Noser. I was supposed to be a Mother's Day present, but was born on Friday, May 11, 1951, a few days before Mother's Day. I was named William (Bill) Dale Wall after my father's name and my mother's favorite act or cartoon, Chip and Dale. My father's side is English and Scottish and my mother's side is Cherokee (not the jeep). I am descended from the great warrior, Chief Sitting Bill (also known as Bill Sit). My great grandmother (Truelove) was full-blooded Cherokee Indian. Her tribe worshipped the number zero. Is nothing sacred anymore? She drank a lot of tea and it finally killed her. She drowned in her tea pee.

My great-great-great (well, not that great) grandfather William Wall-Ass led a Scottish revolt before sailing to America on the Wallflower. He soon got his ass out of Scotland because his reputation was ruined. He owned four sheep and the neighbor clan called him a pimp. That was back in the days when men were men, women were property and property was cheap. The Wall clan were mighty ship rowers, crossing the Atlantic in record time. The part they hated the most is when the captain of the ship wanted to go water skiing.

I looked up my family tree and found out I was the sap. We weren't the smartest family. During the Civil War, my great grandfather fought for the west. And still surrendered.

My dad owes his life to an Oriental girl who hid him in a cellar for two years during World War II. They were living in Seattle at the time. So he never got drafted or served in the military like my grandfather, Stonedwall Wall.

My brother, Gerald Lee Wall, was born in Raymond on July 13, 1952. Jerry was so ugly they diapered the wrong end for several months. He was such an ugly baby, mom was almost arrested for littering. I don't know if he was unwanted, but they bought him sandpaper diapers. Now that was rough. Dad

spent a year looking for a loophole in his birth certificate. My parents weren't sure if they were supposed to buy a crib or a cage. Jerry was a war baby. As soon as they saw him, my parents started fighting. He once fell out of his crib when he was brought home, but luckily he didn't get hurt. He fell on his head. Mom and dad refused to have him circumcised. They were afraid of brain damage. When Jerry was born, dad went around showing the kid's picture that came with the wallet. Never mind it was a baby girl. When Jerry was born, two nurses jumped on chairs.

Jerry grew up as the shortest of my brothers. He was so short you could see his feet on his driver's license. He modeled for trophies. He played handball on the curb. Mom washed me and Jerry in the sink when we were babies. I guess that's how I learned to tap dance. But it was too much work. We were drained by the end of the day.

Dad had a unique way of putting us to sleep at night. He would try to sing, then throw us up in the air and catch us, then throw us up in the air again and catch us. We had low ceilings. I remember my first 12 steps. My brother pushed me down the stairs. Dad would play tag with us, but he would drive. Dad liked to drink and invented a few drinks of his own. The first one was vodka, orange juice, and Milk of Magnesia. He called it a Phillips screwdriver. The other one was just vodka and prune juice. He called it a pile driver.

My next brother, Steven (or is it Stephen - I forget) Kim Wall, was born in Centralia, Washington on February 1, 1955. My parents were too poor to have Kimmy. A neighbor had him. I don't know if he was unwanted either, but I do remember his bath toys included an electric toaster and electric clock. When Kimmy was born, dad tried to collect on his accident insurance. Kimmy is descended from a long line mom listened to. People looked at Kimmy and asked where the organ grinder was. Mom was pregnant with him for 12 months. She always carried things too far. Years later, when Kimmy ran away and was missing for awhile, mom tried to get his picture off milk cartons.

It was around this period that I remember going on a trip to Winlock to see some relatives. After the visit, we were returning home and my mom opened the car door to shut it a little tighter. I then tried the procedure. In the meantime, my dad sped up to 30 miles an hour. As I opened the car door, I was pulled out when my dad turned a corner and I was hanging on the door. It was late at night and I finally fell to the road as Jerry waved to me, saying, "bye, bye." Fortunately I was unhurt as my dad stopped the car and mom found me. I still think my brother pushed me to steal my bottle.

Dad had a very old and lousy Dodge Rambler. To make it go faster you had to use a towtruck or push it over a cliff. It did have a heated rear window. That was so your hands wouldn't get cold while we were pushing it.

We moved to Tacoma, Washington and I remember kindergarten and learning how to read and write and take naps. Today, I still take lots of naps, but can barely read or write. One day I asked mom what was I. Mom said, "A little monkey." At school the next day when asked who were our ancestors such as Irish, Scottish, German, or Indian, I said I came from a long line of monkeys. When I finally went home I asked my mom where I came from. She said God sent me. When I asked where mom and dad came from, she said from God. When I asked where Grandpa came from, she said God sent him. I finally asked, "Hasn't anybody had sex in our family in the past hundred years?" I got my mouth washed out with soap after that. When I went back to school, some of the kids were bragging that their family records go back 10 centuries. I told them our family records were lost in the Flood.

Every night before we went to bed, we would kiss dad and mom goodnight. Mom would say, "Kiss me twice. I'm schizophrenic." She had such personality. Dad would shut the door and always say, "I don't want to hear a peep out of you guys." One night after he said that and shut the bedroom door, I just had to say, "Peep!" My dad came flying in and I immediately blamed my brother Jerry for saying that. Jerry got spanked that evening, despite denying he ever said a word. He should have blamed Tom.

Mom taught us early to be good and not to swear. I remember one morning she asked what we wanted for breakfast. Kimmy said, "Ah hell, give me some Cheerios." Mom was shocked, backhanded Kimmy off the chair and told him to go wash his mouth out with soap. She asked Jerry what he wanted for breakfast. He said, "Damn, I guess I'll have some Cheerios." He, too, got backhanded to the floor and was told to go wash his mouth out with soap. Finally, she asked me what I wanted for breakfast. I replied, "I don't know, but you can bet your ass it ain't going to be Cheerios." I had an Ivory bar of soap for breakfast that day.

Dad didn't like to work too hard. He told me that hard work may not kill him, but why take chances. He said that hard work fascinated him. He could sit and watch it for hours. He was always telling jokes and pulling practical jokes on the whole family. He said that he who laughs last probably didn't get the joke. My best practical joke against him was filling all the glasses high up in the cupboard full of water. I then asked him to give me a glass. He reached up, pulled a glass down and got soaked. I blamed my brother on that one. Dad

taught us always to be sincere, whether you mean it or not. He once told me to question authority. I said, "So?"

I lived near a library in Tacoma and read a lot (the library was warmer than our house and the toilet worked). I attended Fern Hill Elementary School. When I needed help in my homework, I went to my dad for help. He would always say, "I would love to help you out. Which way did you come in?" He wanted to make sure that school did not interfere with my education. After reading "The Time Machine" by H.G. Wells, I told my dad I was interested in time travel. He told me not to bother. There was no future in it.

My sister, Rochelle (Shelley) Lynn Wall, was born in Tacoma on May 15, 1957. Shelley was an only twin. When she was a baby, she bawled all night long. Now only the spelling has changed. I used to say to her, "Look at the dead birdie." She would look up in the sky and say, "Where?" Shelley had more brains in her head than most of us in our little finger. Shelley used to stay up all night to see where the sun went. It finally dawned on her. We used to give Shelley a jigsaw puzzle for her birthday. It only had one piece. You couldn't confuse Shelley. She was born that way. We used to make her laugh on Monday mornings by telling her a joke on Friday night. If you could stand close to Shelley and listen in her ear, you could hear the ocean.

Another sister, Linda Kay Wall, was born on May 17, 1958. Linda thought Cheerios were donut seeds. Her life's ambition was to be like Vanna White and learn the alphabet.

By this time there was 5 little Walls in the family. That's more Walls than a household should have. Dad thought about making a male birth control pill. You were to put it in your shoe and it would make you limp. It never got off the ground.

Dad was a smoker and once caught me smoking a cigarette. He told me that he didn't want to see me smoking a cigarette again. So, the next day I had a cigar (not the Clinton-Lewinsky kind - close, but not cigar). I told him it wasn't a cigarette. He didn't think that was so funny, so put me in reform school for one day. That broke my habit real quick. Dad hurt himself one day smoking. He threw down a lit cigarette in an open manhole and tried to step on it. For punishment, dad made us stand in the closet for 5 minutes without moving. We made a game of it and pretended it was elevator practice.

We didn't have Frisbees, but I discovered dad's old phonograph records worked just as well. I didn't know which traveled farther, the 45s or the 33 1/3 records. It was a toss up. I broke many records for the farthest distance of these objects.

My uncle George Deuber had a fish pond behind his house in Winlock, Washington. I once fell in it. When I returned home all wet my mom asked what happened. I told her I fell in the piss pond.

Winlock is a small town in Washington and the egg capital of the world. It is the home of the world's largest egg. My grandfather, Connie C. Wall, had been its mayor and postmaster for many years. It is famous for its poultry and eggs. They manufacture a razor that shaves the fuzz off a baby chick. It called Chicken Schick. Grandpa was the postmaster in Winlock for 30 years until he lost his zip.

Winlock is so small that the "Welcome" and "Come Again" signs are on the same post. The phone book only has one yellow page. There is only one newspaper and people pass it around. School had only two grades. The night life was over before dark. There was a massage parlor but it was self-service. There was no hospital. Just a first-aid kit.

Grandpa once took me to the Methodist church in Winlock to hear a new minister. After it was over, grandpa went up to the minister and said, "That was one hell of a sermon." The minister said he appreciated the comment, but there was no need for profanity in God's house. Grandpa replied, "Jesus Christ, you did a fine-ass job with your sermon." Again, the minister thanked grampa, but told him to refrain from profanity. Grandpa continued, "I was so damned impressed with your sermon, I am giving \$1000 to the church." The minister replied, "No shit!"

We moved to Winlock in 1959 and we lived at the edge of town near a creek. There was a lot of iron pyrite around, but to us it was gold. Being a minor, I did a lot of mining for gold. My parents asked me if I ever had any problems while digging. I told them they were just minor problems.

I learned how to swim in the old swimming hole near town. I really didn't want to learn (the water was almost freezing) but I was pushed into it. My father and grandfather were both fisherman, but I never got hooked into it.

I remember one of my cousins, Ina Kay, got married in the Catholic Church in Winlock. We all went to the wedding. There was also a baby being baptized in holy water. The priest asked me if I know what holy water was. I said, "Sure.

It's water that you have to boil the hell out of." I got my mouth washed out with soap after that one.

I remember one of my first Halloween costumes was a pirate. I had a pirate's outfit and a patch over one eye. At one house a lady asked me, "You are a pirate but where are your buccaneers?" I said, "under my buckin' hat, lady." I don't think I got any candy from her. My brother Jerry also went as a pirate, but he wasn't as smart. He put two patches over his eyes.

One Valentine's Day my dad and other dads came to school. I made a big red heart and stuck it on my father. Later, the teacher asked me which was my father. I told my female teacher my dad was the one with a heart on. Don't think she understood me very well.

I joined a softball little league as a kid, but the team was just awful. We were in the cellar so long, we were damp. Our players were horrible. One of them slid into home plate and broke his foot. and that was just coming to bat. Our hitters were so bad, they struck out on just two pitches. We had a lousy pitcher who couldn't pitch at all. Our pitcher tried to drink a glass of water and missed his lips. One of the kids struck out so much that his own father traded him. When it rained and the game was rained out, we had a victory party. We didn't have numbers on our uniforms. We had fractions. I was number $8 \frac{1}{2}$, which was 3 points higher than my batting average. On practice day, our pitching machine threw a no-hitter. Our mascot was a donkey. It had an IQ of 156 but no friends. Nobody likes a smartass. Our parents loved Little League. It kept the kids out of the house.

I had a dog named Shinny, but he found out we looked alike, so he killed himself by running under a car. We got another dog. I named it Seiko. It was a watchdog. He had a flat nose. Kept chasing parked cars. Truck finally flattened the rest of him. Had another dog and I named it Stay. Then I could say, "Come here, Stay." The dog finally ran away from me. My last dog was Skippy. It was a very small dog, but it once killed the neighbor's big pitbull. The pitbull choked on Skippy. Skippy was chomped in two and had to be buried in two coffins. To this day I cannot eat crunchy Skippy peanut butter.

I don't know if we were the poorest family, but I could put on my socks at either end. We went to the park and pigeons fed us. You would have to be careful in opening the refrigerator or else a roach would pull you in. Rats just roomed at our house. They usually ate out. We always had a messy house with so many kids. A moth once flew in our closet and threw up. We were so poor we went to Kentucky Fried Chicken as a family and licked other people's

fingers. We had to go to McDonalds and put a milkshake on layaway. We ate cereal with a fork to save milk. We bought Hefty bags when we needed luggage to move. We were so poor, our house ran on static electricity. We got a big charge out of it, but other folks were just shocked.

I once came home and told everyone I had been attacked by a weenie. Everyone laughed but I told them a weenie had bitten me. They still laughed. Finally, I looked out the window and told everyone there was the weenie that attacked and bit me. It was a Dachshund or wiener dog.

My brother, Gregory Scott Wall, was born on April 8, 1960. He was so ugly we used to push his face into dough to make gorilla cookies. We don't know what time he was born because his face stopped the clock. He was so ugly, we fed him with a sling shot. Scotty once looked out the car window and we were almost arrested for mooning. When Scotty was born, mom said "What a treasure!" Dad replied, "Yes, let's go bury it." With Scotty, he didn't need a costume at Halloween. When we used to go to the beach and lie on the sand, cats would come by and try to bury Scotty. Scotty was popular at our uncle's farm. He was used as a scarecrow. When Scotty was born, the doctor threw Scotty against the ceiling, telling mom, "If it doesn't come back, it's a bat." When Scotty fell out of the ugly tree, he hit every branch on the way down.

Our parents always bought the most popular toys for us at Christmas time. I remember getting a Junior Electrician Outlet Patrol kit complete with metal fork that fits in any electrical socket. The girls got Hasbro's Slippery Steps and Jerry got a Black and Decker Silly Driller. Kimmy got a Roof Ranger Paratrooper Outfit complete with umbrella. We got the Traffic Tag game and the Parker Brothers Will It Burn with a real Zippo lighter. And there was always the Chimney Explorer for the younger kids.

My cousin Jimmy was born blind and he would occasionally come over to our house to play. He could remember and hear everything. For laughs, we would wake up early in the morning and re-arrange the furniture or put a plunger in the toilet and see if he noticed. His favorite color was corduroy. He eventually got married and had several kids. Guess they met on a blind date.

Occasionally we would go over to my grandfather's house who lived on a farm. It was boring for us most of the time with the chickens and the cows. We did try to play matador with the bull once in awhile, then trying to escape through the electric fence without getting zapped. One day my grandfather gave me a gun and told me to take the dogs and go shooting. That sounded like fun, so off I went in the woods with the dogs. After a few hours I came back to the farm

house and grandpa asked me if I enjoyed the hunt. I told him, "It was great, grandpa. Got any more dogs?"

We moved to San Francisco, then Daly City, then Pacifica in 1960-61. We were evicted so often we had to buy curtains to match the sidewalk. When we moved, kids at school asked if the landlord asked a lot for rent. I said, "Yeah, at least four times last month." At least the new places had hot and cold running mice. I remember breaking a window and blaming my brother Jerry on it. When I broke the window mom asked me who did it. I said Jerry. She asked how did he do it. I said that I threw a baseball at him, and he ducked.

I didn't know San Francisco was a gay community when I was growing up. It was the start of the hippie movement and I lived a few blocks from Haight and Ashbury. It was years later that I realized one of the churches was a gay church. It had to be a gay church. Half the congregation was kneeling. The two pastors were named Bob and Neal.

As you can see, I come from a large family. I am the oldest of 9 brothers and sisters. In fact, I never slept alone until I got married. Now they all have kids and it's hard to remember who's who any more. For Christmas, I just wrap up something and sign it, 'To The Little Monkey, From Santa's Little Helper.'

We moved back to Tacoma, Washington where I attended Clover Park High School. It was a tough school. After football practice, I once counted 3 broken arms, 2 broken ribs, and 1 broken leg. And those were just the cheerleaders. Kids went to a psychic to have their fist read. I liked algebra. When I asked what $5q$ plus $5q$ was and my teacher would say $10q$, I would say "You're welcome." I thought algebra was the toughest course in school until the smartest kid in class said it was calculus. One of the football players disagreed and said, "You guys must be kidding. Ever hear of something called subtraction?"

My parents taught me chess and I played in high school. I joined a chess club in Tacoma and played almost every day. It was the only way I could mate. But I learned all the positions. At least theoretically. I was still a rookie. I learned about exposed bishops, long knights, and winning the Queen by forking her. Chess is 90 percent mental. The other half is psychological. Soon I was beating everyone. After that no would play with me. So I had to play with myself. That was pretty hard. It was usually a draw.

After graduation from high school, I attended Northrop University in Inglewood, California for a year, then enlisted in the Air Force. I had a physical

and there was a trace of albumin in my urine. I was pissed. On one of the physical forms the last question was, "Who should we notify in case of an accident?" I wrote down. "Anybody in sight."

Jerry became a hippie. His hair was so long that Moses couldn't part it. His hair was so long and curly that other men wouldn't undress in front of him. They just weren't sure. Jerry was rejected from military duty because he had an impediment in his back - he couldn't get off it.

I joined the Air Force and learned that the fatigues and food were the same color. Squadron punishment was seconds. My field jacket was so long it came with shoelaces. The pants were a little loose around the armpits. My combat boots were leakproof. When it rained, not a drop of water came out of my boot.

One day my training instructor, TSgt Fuller, came in and said he had a real easy job for the laziest guy in the flight. Everyone else volunteered except me. When he asked why I didn't volunteer, I responded, "Too much trouble." I got the job. Washing pots and pans for 12 hours was my reward.

I went to aircraft maintenance school at Sheppard AFB after Basic Training at Lackland AFB, then assigned as a crew chief on KC-135 tanker aircraft and B-52s at Beale AFB, California. I learned a lot about KC-135 tankers. There are no seatbelts. You fasten yourself with Velcro. The crew gets to elect the pilot. Sometimes we had to chip in for gas. Some of the pilots were women. We couldn't say cockpit anymore after that. There are no movies on the tankers. When we carry passengers, we just pass around pictures of the wife and kids. There are no parachutes except for the pilot. That's in case if there are a lot of problems, he can go for help.

As a crew chief, I flew alot in the KC-135Q tanker aircraft. That's after I fixed it. Hope I did a good job. Nothing better for motivation than fixing an aircraft to fly, then getting in it and hope everything worked right. I didn't mind flying. It was just the crashing and burning and all that JP-4 and JP-7 fuel igniting for one big fireball that bothered me. Once we had an engine go out on take-off. I asked the pilot would it affect our flight to Hickam, Hawaii. He said no, but it would delay getting there by an hour. A second engine went out during our flight. I asked if that would still get to Hawaii. The pilot said yes, but we would be 2 hours late into Hawaii. We than had our 3rd of 4 engines shut down. I asked if we could make it to Hawaii. He said yes, but we would be 3 hours late. I said, "Damn. Hope the 4th engine don't go out or we will be up here all day."

On one flight we had a lot of turbulence. One of the passengers was a priest. I went over to him and told him we were going to have a rough ride and to do something religious for the rest of the passengers. He started to call Bingo. When the tower called the pilot to get his height and position, the pilot responded, "About six-one and in the cockpit." Usually, new pilots would write up a problem that did not exist on the aircraft. I cleared the write-up with the corrective action of "short between the headsets. Removed and replaced Pilot." Usually fixed things with my metric crescent wrench.

I took leave to visit my dad and grandfather. My grandfather was in his 80s and was admitted to a hospital on his birthday. He said he got a nice birthday gift from one of the nurses. I asked what was it. He said, "An erection!" At his age, when something came up, he was proud and wanted to tell everyone. At his age, everything seemed to click - his knees, his elbows, his neck. To him, an early-bird dinner was lunch. I told him not to worry, that he would live to 80. He replied, "I'm 85." I said, "See, what did I tell you!" I asked if he needed a hearing aid. He said what for. He hears more now than he could understand. When I asked him to what attributed to his old age, he said, "I was born a long time ago."

Dad had a variety of jobs. He was with the FBI, then a salesman, then ambulance driver, then dog catcher, then finally a taxi driver. He told me that as a taxi driver, it was not just the work he enjoyed so much. It was the people he ran into.

Grandpa may have had Alzheimer's disease. It had its good points. He met someone new every day. He never watched re-runs. And he could hide his own Easter eggs.

Some of my trips as a crew chief was to Alaska in the winter. It was just too cold to work there. Snowmen begged us not to leave them out another night, so we brought them in the barracks to keep warm. It was so cold, my shadow froze on the flightline. Out in the field I saw a cottontail push a jackrabbit to get him started. We opened up the refrigerator in the barracks to stay warm.

I was later assigned to Okinawa and Thailand to support the air war over Vietnam. I was in the Strategic Air Command where our motto was, "When it absolutely, positively has to be destroyed overnight." Besides, we had more flights to North Vietnam than all other major airlines combined.

As an aircraft crew chief on KC-135 tankers, we sometimes had to take passengers aboard. If we had to take folks from Thailand to the Philippines, it

was me who gave them the safety lecture. I usually informed them that since most of our flight was over water, in the unlikely change that we crash in the water, there is an excellent chance that those who survive will be eaten by sharks. Those sitting near the designated exits, be careful as those doors have been known to pop open for no good reason at high altitudes, and those sitting near the emergency exits usually get sucked out first before we drop to a lower altitude and fix the door if we can. And in case of a depressurization, an oxygen mask will pop out of the ceiling. There really is no oxygen in those masks, they just muffle the screams as the crew and crew chief bail out (we know where the parachutes are at).

My best practical joke with a passenger run was out of Hickam, Hawaii to Okinawa. I just gave all the passengers their box lunch, then went up to the galley where I had a can of vegetable soup. I put a gulp in my mouth without swallowing then walked back to the middle of the aircraft. I pretended to get sick, then found a clear plastic bag and "threw up" in it. Then I said there is no place to safely throw this away, so I took the contents of the clear plastic bag (vegetable soup with lots of corn), and swallowed it all. No one ate their box lunches that day. When we landed, my assistant crew chief gave me a cold chocolate milk carton. They knew I loved chocolate milk, so I opened up the container real quick and gulped it down. Something was funny about this drink. It had chunks in it. Was it ice? I wasn't sure and took a big drink again. It was sour. The guys froze a spoiled carton of chocolate milk and gave it to me. I think I threw up the big chunks.

I used to go to a bar in Naha, Okinawa called the Deja Vu. The first time I was there, the bartender said, "Don't I know you?"

After 4 years of active duty in Southeast Asia, I returned home to start college. I attended Wilkes College in Wilkesboro, NC, Mitchell College in Statesville, NC, and Lenoir Rhyne College in Hickory, NC. I took a course in self-confidence, but wasn't good enough. I wanted to major in philosophy, but, what's the point? I took a course in long term goals, but didn't get anything out of it. I wanted to take a course in self-esteem, but they told me I was a useless piece of shit that would never amount to anything. I took up long-distance running, but didn't get far. I finally majored in physics and astronomy to see small particles of Uranus.

While in college I was elected Student Government Association President. I was also the editor of the school newspaper, Captain of the Tennis Team, President of a number of clubs, and still maintained academic honors. When I won the election I had a big party at my apartment complex. You know your

school party is successful when the police show up. You know your party is very successful when they lob tear gas through your window. As host, my job was to make sure none of the students got arrested. If the police show up and have to arrest someone, my job is to make sure it isn't me. So when the police did arrive and knocked on my apartment door, they asked if I was the host. I said no, the host passed out some time ago. The police said they were getting complaints about this party. I said was it the drugs? Was it the bad marijuana being grown in the extra bedroom? Was it the guns? Is someone complaining about the guns? Is someone complaining about the fireworks being set off inside the apartment? The police said no, it was the noise. I said who was complaining about the noise? Was it the neighbors? No, they fled inland hours ago. Most of the complaints were coming from Pittsburgh. At this point eight guests fell out of the second floor window and landed on the grass, moaning. See officer? The party is starting to wind down early.

I played a lot of poker in college. One thing I learned was not to play poker with Tarot cards. I once got a full house and four college students died.

My college has the worst football team in the state. We played against the Taylorsville Boy Scout 949 Troop, the Barium Springs Crippled Children's Home, the NC Academy for the Blind, Veterans of World War I, Stony Point Brownie Troop 14, Charlotte's Boy's Choir, VA Hospital Polio Patients, and Korean War Amputees and still lost every game.

Before I got married to my present wife, I was engaged to a contortionist while in college. But she broke it off. Man that hurt.

I met Lois Ann Hubbard and got married in 1977. She was only a moonshiner's daughter in North Carolina, but I loved her still. When we got married, she said I was one in a million. I found out later she was right. Over the years we have fought about money and sex. She charges me too much. Now my American Express card left home without me. My marriage was like life insurance. I paid, and paid, and paid, and never got anything back. My marriage has been like a bank account. I put it in, take it out, then lose interest. I've learned never to go to bed angry. We just stay up and fight. My marriage has been like mind over matter. If I don't mind, it doesn't matter. I swear my wife has ESP. She knows everything I am doing. And when she has PMS on top of that, she can be a bitch who knows everything. She likes to do it doggy style. I always have to beg and she rolls over and plays dead.

Lois and her family were true Southerners. Her family thinks beef jerky, moon pies, and grits are three of the major food groups. Her brother, who lives in a

trailer home, uses his belt buckle as an ID. His dogs and his wallet are both on chains. He lost his front tooth opening beer bottles. His trailer house does not have curtains, but his truck does. He was once fired from a construction job because of his appearance. To him, a three piece suit is a pair of overalls, a plaid flannel shirt, and thermal underwear. To him, a 7 course meal is a bucket of Kentucky Fried chicken and a six-pack. His formal wedding pictures actually have a toothpick hanging out of his mouth. Lois's relatives still think that TV pictures of man walking on the moon is fake, but professional wrestling (rastlin') is real.

One of Lois's cousins is a professional banjo player from North Carolina. That's all he does is play a banjo. I asked him if he could read music. He said not enough to hurt his playing. Playing a banjo is like throwing a javelin blindfolded. You don't have to be very good to get people's attention. One thing you will never say about a banjo player. "That's the banjo player's Porsche." The definition of perfect pitch in the banjo world is throwing a banjo into the toilet without hitting the seat. The best thing to play on a banjo is Solitaire. If you want to get a banjo player's eyes to sparkle, shine a flash light in his ears. Every Boy Scout should take up the banjo. They make good paddles. As they say in the South, "You can pick your banjo and you can pick your nose, but you can't wipe your banjo on your pants." Banjos are to music as Spam is to food. For a banjo song, the second verse is same as the first, a little bit faster and a little bit worse. You can tell if a banjo player is at the door because they can't find the key, their knocking speeds up, and they don't know when to come in. The best and fastest way to tune a banjo is with wirecutters. No matter how much you tune it, it will always sound like a banjo. How do you get two banjo players to play in unison? Shoot one. If you ever want to make a banjo player slow down, put some sheet music in front of him. To tune a banjo, tap a tuning fork on a hard surface and listen to the clear bell-like tone. Make sure none of your strings duplicate this tone. Banjo players always bring with them an old dog. This keeps everyone uncertain as to which is responsible for the odor. The most famous banjo tunes are Turkey in the Straw, Bug in the 'taters, Paddy on the Turnpike, Christ on a Crutch, Drugs in the Urine Sample, Monkey in the Dog Cart, Logs in the Bedpan, Ducks on the Millpond, Water on the Knee, and I Can't Get Over You Until You Get Out From Under Him.

I graduated from Lenoir Rhyne and went to Air Force Officer Training School to get commissioned in the Air Force. After commissioning, I attended the Air Force Institute of Technology at Wright-Patterson AFB in Dayton, Ohio for an electrical engineering degree. I was charged up over that.

I stayed at Wright-Patterson AFB and worked in the Avionics Lab on next generation aircraft. I came up with the Stealth bumper sticker. It said, "If you can read this, we just wasted \$40 billion."

One evening my wife wanted me to go pick up some groceries at the store. I went to the store but it was closed. I went to the Officers Club for a couple of drinks and met this attractive woman who was new in town. She invited me to her place for drinks so I agreed. Got to her place and lost all track of time. Before I knew it, it was 2 in the morning. My wife was going to kill me. I quickly ran into the bathroom and spread some talcum powder all over my hands. When I got home, Lois was waiting for me at the door. I told her the truth. The store was closed. I stopped to have a couple of drinks. I met an attractive woman, went to her house, and forgot the time. She said, "Let me look at your hands....You are lying. You've been bowling again." I was in the gutter after that.

In 1985 I was assigned to NASA-Ames Research Center in Mountain View, California. I worked on supercomputers and next generation computers. An additional duty was quality control engineer for the shuttle O-rings, the Hubble Observatory mirror (it took awhile to get the barbeque sauce off the lens), and the Mars Observer guidance system, then Delta III. I had nothing to do with the Mir. Somebody else broke the Mir, and now there will be seven years bad luck in space.

I was watching the Challenger liftoff at NASA when it blew up in 1986. After that NASA became known as Need Another Seven Astronauts and National Astronaut Scattering Administration. Ocean Spray became the official drink of NASA since they couldn't get 7-Up and OJ will kill you.

In 1989 I was in the Northern California earthquake. That shook me up. California has its faults and I happen to be on one - San Andreas. I attended a benefit for the earthquake victims. It was sponsored by the International House of Pancakes. They served pancakes and shakes. Santa Cruz, California elected a new mayor after that. His name was Barney Rubble. He won by a landslide. A lot of people converted to some sort of religion. I saw a lot of Quakers there. If you ever want to go to Candlestick Park from the airport, take 101 North until the freeway splits. I passed something that was 3 feet tall and had a 1,000 arms and legs. It was the San Francisco Hilton. Rice-A-Roni is no longer the San Francisco treat. It is now Quaker Oats and Rice Krispies with its snap, crackle, pop.

During the Persian War I had the horrible task of informing parents and loved ones of the death of their son or loved one. Luckily I didn't have to tell them how they died. One fell asleep on the flightline and got run over at night. Guess he had that run down feeling, being so tired. Another accidentally set off the ejection seat while the plane was on the ground and in the hangar. His last words were, "What's this handle for?"

It was really great to see a multi-national effort in the Persian Gulf. The United States provided troops, ships, planes, weapons, and huge quantities of supplies. Western Europe provided the potato salad and Japan chipped in with some real nice sun visors.

I hated seeing General Dugan, the Air Force Chief of Staff, get fired after revealing the top secret fact that if there is a war with Iraq, the Air Force would drop bombs on it. Previously, the public had thought that submarines would be used for this purpose.

My favorite actor was Rock Hudson, but when he died of AIDS that was quite a blow. I guess if you want to get AIDS, get a piece of the Rock. Actually, Rock Hudson had the clap, herpes, syphilis and AIDS. I guess he was an incurable romantic. His dog also had AIDS. Wouldn't heal. I am surprised they haven't done a movie about him called "Germs of Endearment." I now have a sign on my house that says "This property is protected by a pitbull with AIDS." My wife works in a nursing home as a dietician. Some of the patients have AIDS. She feeds them a diet of pancakes, pizza, and fried flounder. Not that the food will cure them, but they're the only things that will fit under the door. For the nearest AIDS hotline, call 1-800-TOO-LATE.

I hate eating in fancy restaurants. And the San Francisco area has lots of fancy restaurants that my wife or aunt and uncle want to eat at. I would rather go to Burger King and order a Big Mac just to see their confused looks. Instead, I have to get dragged to some fancy French restaurant when we have company from out of town and pretend I enjoy it. First, I am greeted by some maitre d' who asks if I have a reservation. It doesn't matter if you say yes or no. He will look at his clipboard which is really a roster of the San Francisco Giants. Then, no matter how empty or full the restaurant is, he will say it will be 10 minutes and try to get you to wait in the bar. Your table is ready when you order, but have not received your second round of drinks. Then you get the menu written in French and Middle English and the only word you recognize is "menu." Some waiter named Pierre wants you to try their appetizers such as Tete de Chou au Sucre Flambe or their superb Papier du Chien dans la Cage. Not me. I took French for 3 years and know the first appetizer is just a head of cabbage

dunked in sugar and set on fire. The other is dog poop. When the wine steward comes by with the wine list, I ask about their cheapest wine and if it is any good. They use it for disinfectant. So I order the next cheapest wine. When the wine steward returns, he pours some in a glass and asks you to taste it. No matter how bad it is, you say it is excellent. Otherwise the guy will stab you in the eyeballs with the corkscrew if you don't like his wine. They take their wine seriously. Then they bring the food with the stupid piece of parsley, not knowing if you are supposed to eat it or not. And the salad has a different color lettuce than you are used to. More like kelp. Maybe it is kelp. And I have no idea how to eat lobster. Last time I had lobster I broke off an antenna and said, "Would anybody care for my antenna? How about this eye stalk?" Then I spend the rest of the time tearing apart the lobster and try to guess what's inside ("What's this part? It looks like mucus!"). And all that for \$29.95 a person. I could have gone to Burger King.

After my NASA assignment I was assigned to Kelly AFB, Texas in 1991 to work with Air Force computer security. I was in charge of the Air Force computer virus lab. We had lots of different computer viruses. We had the AT&T virus which popped up every three minutes saying what great service we were getting. We had the Arnold Schwarzenegger virus, a terminate and stay resident virus. It'll be back. We had the John Bobbitt virus that turned the hard disk into a 3 1/2 inch floppy. It removed a vital part of the hard disk, then re-attached it, but it never worked again. It used the Clipper Chip. We had the David Duke virus which made the screen go completely white. We had the Freudian virus where the computer was obsessed with marrying its own motherboard. We had the Jimmy Hoffa virus and none of the programs were ever found again. We had the Ollie North virus that turned your printer into a paper shredder. We had the Pat Buchanan virus that shifted all the output to the extreme right of the screen and you couldn't abort. We had the birthday virus which advanced the computer clock by another year. We had the IRS virus which deleted a percentage of each incoming file. Came with auditing turned on. We had the Jack Kevorkian virus which enabled irreparably damaged files to delete themselves. We had the Menendez virus which deleted the parent directories. And we had the Warren Commission virus that won't allow you to open your files for 75 years. We had the Ronald Reagan virus which saved the data, but forgot where it was saved. It also altered the keyboard - no colon. We had the Mike Tyson virus which quit after one byte. We had the Ellen Degeneres virus in which the IBM suddenly claimed it's a Mac. We had the Woody Allen virus that bypassed the motherboard and turned on the daughter card. We had the Tonya Harding virus that turned the .BAT files into lethal weapons. We had the Monica Lewinsky virus which sucked all the memory out

of the computers. Then we got the worst two viruses of all - Windows 95 and Windows NT (never tested, not today)

In 1992 our office supported some of the law enforcement effort that was going on in Waco over David Koresh and the Branch Davidians. Waco stood for "We Ain't Coming Out" or "We All Cooked Ourselves." They soon called in the FBI, the Federal Bureau of Incinerators, who threw in the match. We invented the Mount Caramel ice Cream dish. But you had to melt it to get the nuts out. David Koresh didn't get to be a Pope, but he did become a Friar. The FBI's motto was, "Remember...only you can prevent Koresh fires." We celebrated the Branch Davidian holy day that year. That was Ash Monday. We made ourselves a Koresh sandwich for brunch alot. That consisted of fried eggs and burnt toast.

I watched the OJ Simpson trial with interest. I started drinking the Simpson cocktail, vodka and O.J. with a slice. I felt guilty drinking it. Another good drink is the Bloody Screwdriver. That's a mixture of O.J., sliced tomato and chopped fruit. This is better than the OJ Simpson breakfast special at Denny's. That consists of eggs, steak, and prune juice. First, you beat it. Then you stab it. then you get the runs. OJ Simpson has now become the most famous Los Angeles Dodger. The police treat him like a King. The difference between OJ and Rodney King is that OJ started out with millions. OJ really got acquitted because they found a Super Bowl ring at the murder scene. OJ may be making a new movie, called Sex, Knives, and Athletic Tape. His role will be Jock the Ripper. OJ wants his kids back real soon. And why not? Michael Jackson has been baby-sitting them.

I finished up my career in the Air Force and had my final physical. I told my doctor I felt like a deck of cards. He told me to sit down and he would deal with me later. I told him I felt like an Indian wigwam and an teepee. He told me I was too tents. I told him I felt like a pair of curtains. He told me to pull myself together. Darn. I passed my physical without any disabilities. In ceremonies marking my retirement, I was presented with a pen-and-pencil set, built by the General Dynamics Corp for \$2,784 apiece. I declined the set. I have enough government pens over the years.

I retired from the Air Force in 1995 and went to work for Trident Data Systems supporting the Air Force's Computer Emergency Response Team. I am so exhausted after work that I take a two hour nap from six to nine in the evening. I know I am getting older. My back and knees go out more than I do. My favorite drink is Geritol with a twist. I've decided to procrastinate a lot, but never get around to it. I now look forward to a dull evening. My favorite part of

the newspaper is "25 years ago today." I seem to remember all those events. My knees buckle, but my belt doesn't. Dialing long distance wears me out. Licking stamps on my letters to bill collectors is a hard day's work. I find that pushing the buttons on the remote control for the television is confusing. I still can't set that stupid clock on the VCR. I have finally reached the top of the ladder of success, only to find out that it was leaning against the wrong wall, and not Bill Wall. I now decide to put off one more day what I decided to put off one more day. I now get winded just playing chess. Every time I look in the mirror, I see my dad.

Now I am waiting for a package of chess books and magazines so I can write my next chess book. They were sent by UPS. I guess I will be waiting for a long time. Some Federal Express workers have joined some of the UPS workers to make their own company because they are tired of this strike. They will call themselves the FEDUPS. And the U.S. Postal Service is still losing \$3 million a day. It has announced that it must raise the price of stamps so it can pay for all those commercials telling how efficient it is.

I have written 25 chess books. Something to do. I have a couple of thousand chess books that I've collected over the years. I really don't take any royalty money; just more chess books. Otherwise, my wife will get all the money and buy furniture or something I can never use, touch, or get near. I used to tell chess players to buy my book so it could help my little brother Stephen have his operation. Well, he finally had his operation. Stephen is now Stephenie and works as a cocktail waitress in Miami and plays in Virginia Slims women's tennis tournaments.

While recently traveling with my co-workers on a business trip, we were going through the metal detectors at the Minneapolis airport, and somehow I walked past the metal detector with my briefcase in my hand, but stopped at the end of the metal detector machine as the carry-on bags of my co-workers were coming out. The lady asked me if I minded that she go through my bag. I said not at all. In fact go through all the bags. One of them may have drugs, but I couldn't remember. The other bag may have a handgun I forgot to declare. Made the same mistake as Barry Switzer and packed it away to keep it from the kids. I walked away and the lady went through all the bags of my co-workers. It was great. My co-workers didn't find it amusing.

Well, what's in the news. Those wacky Iraqis are at it again. They attacked a garbage barge in the Persian Gulf, but were driven off by courageous flies.

And in the former Soviet Union, secession movements break out in Armenia, Malaria, Amnesia, Anemia, Lusitania, Mauritania (hey, that's in Africa), and Gardenia. Some of these countries will become Amway distributors.

Elvis quietly turns 62 this year and living in Phoenix.

After the largest recall of hamburger meat (it tasted ok to me), McDonalds says it will start using only biodegradable hamburgers. And millions of bottle of Perrier are being pulled out of stores after a chemical analysis company revealed that it's nothing but water. And it came from the polluted Seine river. Workers at Perrier simply dunked the bottle in the river and capped it.

Financially troubled ValueJet has reached an agreement with its creditors under which it will give them back 50 percent of their luggage. After one of their planes crashed in the Everglades, their business has been swamped.

Political confusion deepened in Haiti when a tourist from Cincinnati accidentally wandered into the palace during Coup Hour and was declared President for Life.

Last month Vice President Gore received a gift of an anatomically correct Buddhist monk statuette that, when you pull his head back, becomes very masculine and hard (you know). Vice President Gore is reported to be suffering from neck pains lately. The White House denies rumors that Tipper has been pulling his head back.

Emelda Marcos is back in the news. She goes on trial in New York on charges of stealing several Philippine islands, which she allegedly conscealed under her skirt. She was earlier cleared of shoplifting charges and tearfully ordered the district attorney shot.

The Supreme Court is busy this year. The "multiple personality" legal defense is ruled to be constitutional by the Supreme Court, in a 107-56 vote. And despite strong lobbying efforts by the National Rifle Association, upheld the law that banned private ownership of aircraft carriers and nuclear submarines.

Clinton renewed China's preferential trade status after the Chinese government, responding to criticism of its human-rights policies, agreed to shoot civilians with a smaller caliber bullet. During the Asian Games, China will feature 250 bombers performing the spectacular Political Dissident Drop. These sky-divers will make the world's largest human ring without parachute.

Yasser Arafat arrived in Washington, D.C. for Middle East peace talks. In a welcoming ceremony by Mayor Marion Berry, he was given the Kilo to The City.

In golf, tension and high drama grip the U.S. Open as Tiger Woods and Fuzzy Zeller show up wearing the same pants. And showing great social awareness, the PGA announced that it will no longer hold golf tournaments at country clubs that own slaves.

In World Cup soccer action, Japan defeated everybody by purchasing two goals in the final minute. In World Cup Soccer Riot action, British fans easily defeated the Belgian Army.

In the annual Forbes magazine list of world's wealthiest individuals, Bill Gates is number one again for the third time in a row. Number two went to a guy named Bud who knows how to fix transmissions. Donald Trump failed to make the list, but he does appear in the magazine as part of a Rogaine hair growth ad.

In a wave of patriotic fervor, Nebraska became the 27th state to approve a constitutional amendment that would prohibit Roseanne Barr from singing the national anthem.

Exxon recently reamed the notorious Valdez. It is now called the "Baby Seal." How does a tanker captain like his liquor? On the rocks.

Chrysler announced that it will put two air bags on Lee Iacocca.

The movie Air Force One is a big hit. A lot of people don't know that the \$320 million aircraft was completed nearly two years late because of problems with the horseshoe pit.

World chess champion Garry Kasparov lost to IBM's DEEP BLUE supercomputer and has now challenged James "Buster" Douglas. The earlier challenge to Mike Tyson was turned down by FIDE on fears that Iron Mike might bite the heads off the Kings.

The new Nobel Prize for Best Bald Male Vocal this year went to Mikhail Gorbachev.

The College Board, responding to complaints that the SAT tests are culturally biased, announced that it will no longer be required to identify Barry Manilow as "The King of Soul."

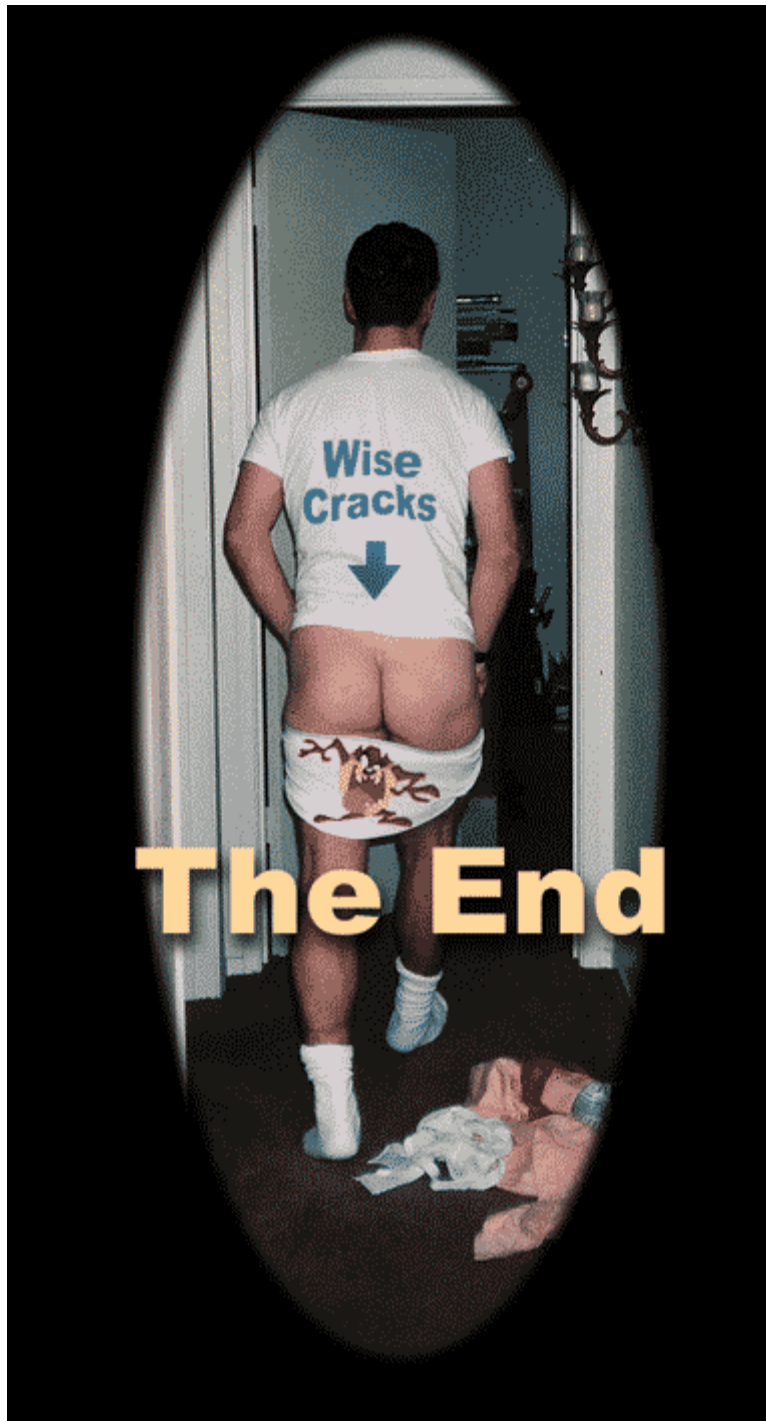
In a weapons deal that could upset the balance of power in the Mideast, France agreed to sell \$100 million worth of rocks to Palestinian youths.

And John and Lorena Bobbitt are back in the news. Mrs Bobbitt is now dating a golf pro to improve her slice. John is trying to get a John Bobbitt doll on the market. Some assembly required. Earlier, he was a spokesman for Sears snap-on tools. He tried to sue his wife for severence pay, but the jury decided that John was just nuts. Last year John was arrested for drunk driving. Seems he wad driving half-cocked. Actually the Bobbitts are getting back together. Seems John has had no hard feelings. John wasn't doing well with dates, telling them that he was unattached. He was using an alias of Les Johnson at the time. He tried to have phone sex but kept on getting cut off. In Oregon there is a new drink called the Tonya/Bobbitt. It's a club soda with a slice. Tonya Harding and Lorena Bobbitt are a tag-team wrestling team called Slash 'n' Bash.

The demise of Princess Diana has affected us all. I feel bad because she did run into a Wall and it killed her. As Pink Floyd would say, "that's another Brit in the Wall." I guess that's what happens to a princess when she stays out after midnight. She turns into a Wall. Her last words seem to be, "those paparazzi are driving me up the Wall." If only the driver had not been drinking 4 Harvey Wallbangers followed by 6 chasers, she would be alive today. Hope Elton John doesn't re-do another of his songs about the Princess like, "Goodbye Yellow Brick Wall." That Mercedes was just going too fast down the street, through the tunnel, into the post, off the Wall...nothing but wreck.

In December of 1997 I moved to Palm Bay/Melbourne, Florida to work for Harris Corporation. Trident was just another sugarless gum company and I was getting chewed out a lot. So I switched companies and moved close to Cape Canaveral and close enough to my parents and brothers and sisters. It was neat to see all the NASA launches from my back yard or at work in the parking lot. Hope nothing blows up over my head. Don't want NASA to be known as Need Another Several Astronauts or National Astronaut Scattering Association. So far 2 Air Force rockets carrying spy satellites have blown up. I can sometimes go to the beach and pick up a few cameras that wash up on shore. My job is to assess computer security products that Harris might use. One of my co-workers made slides for me that I didn't quite review until our customers were here and I had to make a pitch with these slides. Well, they renamed the product Secure Harris Information Tool, and I think the customers figured out the acronym. My co-workers were in back, trying to hold their laughter and leaving the room a few times. We all learned how to juggle, so if the product doesn't sell, we can all dress up as mimes and juggle for our food on the beach. A mime is a terrible thing to waste.

The only bad thing about the move from Texas to Florida was that my wife had her purse stolen while at a restaurant. But I didn't report it for a long time. Whoever stole her credit cards was spending less than my wife.



William D. Wall

*Photo Album
and Scrapbook.*



Billy Wall. the swinging Baby



Bill Wall, The swinging bachelor.



1961 -Age 10
Pre-Teen, Pre-Nerd



Most likely to wear tweed.



Nerd



Air Fource
of course!



Page 2



1976 - Long hair
but still square!



Chess King -my
crowning moment.



Life Guard Duty in
N.C. (Couldn't swim
but impressed the
Babes...



...with my
Michael Jackson
impression!



Caught this Babe...
Lois Hubbard 1977



1980-Back in the
Military.
"Can I get you a
table?"



Captain Wall

I'm your Captain,
Yeah, yeah, yeah,
yeah, yeah!



Cool-cat
Stone_Wall



Bill Wall
getting lei'd.



Early Chess Days
Looking for a mate



What's a Tsunami???



What's a Nerd??



My Dad, the Ambulance
Driver...
(Pet Ambulance [True!])



Wall Family Pyramid (naturally
I'm in the center of it all)

Our family of nine kids...
...some of them were
actually related!



Winlock, Washinton- You
think this egg is big...
...you should see the chicken!



Bobby Fischer up against the Wall



Bill Wall up against the Wall



Charlie's Angels wanting me to make a mating move!



Me on my Tramp



My brother the Tramp!
Jerry won the Charles Manson look-alike contest!



My best move was in my diapers!



Me and my brothers Steve and Jerry...
The Three Stooges!



Billy lending a hand!



Jerry lending a hand!

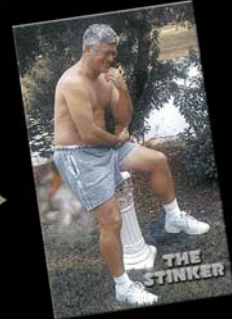
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Me and my parents
and their parents
Bonnie and Clyde.



I like wearing my glasses
when I take a bath...
It makes things look bigger!



A dumb Bill with
a Dumbbell!



Don't I look Sheik?
I'm a Billy dancer



Don't throw a fit. My super hero AFIT suit stands for
Always Farting In Trousers, not A Fool In Tights.