

BARBERSHOPS, BASEBALL CAPS AND BUDDIES¹

By Gerald F. Merna



A visit to the Barber is not a normal topic of discussion among Men, especially compared to such topics as the ladies, sports, cars, motorcycles, gaming, and other favorite male subjects. Haircuts are just something “we have to get” from time to time and are otherwise forgotten; talking about them is certainly not on the list of the “Top 100 Exciting Subjects for Men.” And normally that held true for me, regardless of where I’ve lived, until I developed a friendly attachment to my local Barber.

Little did I know when I served a 13-month tour with the Third Marine Division in Vietnam (1966-1967), that included considerable time in the cities of Hue, Phu Bai, and Dong Ha, that *many* years later I would become a long-term customer (over ten years) of a Vietnamese-owned and operated barber shop in a small shopping center here in my Loudoun County, Virginia community.



PARC CITY BARBER SHOP

(Regal Center)

20921 Davenport Dr, Suite # 129 Hours:
Sterling VA 22165 Mon-Fri: 9am-7pm
Off Route 7 Next to Countryside Saturday: 8am-5pm
(703)-450-6667 Sunday 10:00-5:00

In Vietnam I probably never got a haircut more than twice in the same place; usually utilizing an amateur Marine barber, but occasionally got one in a local Vietnamese shop. A check on the internet disclosed a couple of *current* pictures of Barber Shops in Vietnam, and they don’t look any better *today* than the Shop in Hue, Vietnam where I got a haircut over 40 years ago in 1967. Nor do I recall seeing a barber shop as *primal* as one shown in a back alley, or as *modern* as one shown “indoors”.

¹ This is an update to my earlier, “A TRIP TO THE BARBER SHOP” story, a “tongue-in-cheek” tale, (not to be taken seriously but intended to be humorous), about meeting someone who significantly impressed me on one particular visit to my local barber shop that I have been going to for more than ten years (almost the entire time this shop has been in business). This *revision* includes an additional “meeting” of another Gentleman that subsequently occurred, and the addition of pictures and images not in the first version.



(L.): Vietnamese Barber Shops of recent vintage in Hue and (R.) Ho Chi Minh City (formerly Saigon)
(Source: Internet)



1stLt Jerry Merna in Barber Shop, Hue, Vietnam, March 1967 Lt Jerry Merna with Vietnamese Children, Hue, 4Mar67
(Pictures by Gerald F. Merna)

I fondly recall our “hometown” Barber Shop in Piermont, (Rockland County) New York, where my wife Dot (Sedlack) was born and raised and we both attended Tappan Zee High School. (I was then a resident of St. Agnes Home and School for Boys in the nearby town of Sparkill, NY). Piermont’s Barber was simply called “Frankie,” (his last name was Scalera) and he had a choice location on Main Street where, after getting a haircut, you could also buy two necessary and/or desired liquids, *gasoline* and *liquor*, while your car was being serviced or repaired. (One may have been “desired” by some, while for others, one was more “necessary”).

All three businesses were only doors apart, and owned by Kurt Gerhardt, the proprietor of *Kurt’s Garage* (which was also a Shell Gas Station). The other two were *George Walters’ Liquor Store*, and *Frankie’s Barber Shop*. Kurt’s Garage was the *only* place to get gas (or have your car serviced) in Piermont. Kurt not only fixed almost everybody’s car, oftentimes putting the charges “on the books” for those “a little short,” but also made minor repairs to the Village’s *Volunteer Fire Department* trucks. And he “entertained” as hard as he “worked,” expertly playing American and German Songs on his accordion he lovingly called his *Oom-pa-pa* at every party he could go to, and he didn’t miss many. Kurt, and his wife Elsie, lived next door to my wife’s parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Sedlack, Sr., who were life-time friends, and my wife and I always enjoyed them as well.

While I got an occasional haircut from “*Frankie the Barber*,” I never developed the relationship with him or any other Barber such as I have today with my Vietnamese barber.



“Frankie the Barber” Scalera gives our Nephew Al Sisolak Jr. his first haircut, Piermont, NY (circa 1954)

When ladies go to the same Beauty Salon and hair stylist, it’s not unusual to hear them refer to “*My Beauty Parlor,*” or “*My Beautician.*” Well it’s not all that different for a lot of men (including *me*), though most men I know speak very little about going to a barber shop, and I am unaware of anyone else who has *written* about such a visit. I am one of the latter.

Being retired I can pick the time and day to get my haircut so usually I do not have to wait. However, when the time for my three to four weeks haircut arrives the shop may be busy, and when I arrive, another customer may already be getting his hair cut in *my* chair, with two or three others waiting. To pass the time I read whatever newspaper or magazine similar to what is found in doctor and dentist’s offices available on the shop’s table or on empty chairs possibly left by other customers. Otherwise un-entertained, I’m left wondering who the heck that guy is “sitting in *my* chair right now,” and oftentimes it is not unusual to strike up a conversation with one another to pass the time.

Referring to *my* Barber can get a little confusing because her name is “*My*” (My-Nhung Ngo), a very pleasant young lady and Sister of the owner (who does not work there) who cuts hair in the *first chair* who also manages the barber shop. *My*’s husband *Fien* is the barber in the *second chair*, and Kim, who on those rare days *My* isn’t working cuts my hair, covers the *third chair*. (A variety of other Barbers tend the remaining two chairs). *Fien* and *My* have a daughter who attends a local college.



Kim and Fien cut hair while clean up goes on



“*My* Barber,” My-Nhung Ngo



Kim and Fien cutting customer’s hair

As a regular customer for these many years, I’ve come to know these very nice people and most of their staff fairly well. Another reason we all hit it off very well is because they know I served in Vietnam and we are able to discuss various aspects of that. *My* also knows my wife Dot, and always asks about her, and goes out of her way to say hello to her when Dot occasionally uses the also (no relation) Vietnamese nail salon next door.

A couple of years ago I wrote a short story about Major General Bruno B. Hochmuth, U.S. Marine Corps, Commanding General of the Third Marine Division, who I worked for in Vietnam.² He was the only *Marine Corps* General to die there, though there were five or six flag officers from the other military services who did also. I left Vietnam on Sept. 6, 1967 and two months later (Nov. 14) his helicopter exploded in the air and crashed near South Vietnam's "*Street Without Joy*."



Major General Bruno B. Hochmuth, U.S. Marine Corps

I used to ride in the same "chopper" with Gen. Hochmuth when we visited the *First Army of the Republic of Vietnam Division (1st ARVN Div)*. I gave a copy of the Gen. Hochmuth story to *My* because it also has a lot of photos I personally took of Vietnamese cities, personalities and people, some of whom *My* and her husband had knowledge of, notably South Vietnam's then *Premier and General of the Republic of Vietnam Air Force, Nguyen Cao Ky*, who recently lived in Northern VA. Little did I know how much that story meant to her, as she told me not only her husband and daughter read it, but other family members and visitors to their home as well, and she keeps it in her library.

One visit while waiting to get my haircut, I sat next to a man I presumed was waiting for a haircut from *My*, while another, very distinguished looking elderly gentleman (*any* man who is at least *one day* older than me is always a "*distinguished, elderly gentleman*"), was getting his hair cut by *My*. I thought to myself that his haircut wasn't going to take very long because his hair was, shall we say, "not abundant," (though I hope *I* have that much when I reach his age)! With the intention of making a joke rather than a serious comment or suggestion, I said out loud to *My* (and the man getting his haircut) that even with the "senior discount" advertised on the sign on the outside window and above the cash register, we shouldn't have to pay as much for our haircuts as men with "full heads of hair." They both laughed, after which we got into an extended discussion, including my good-naturedly kidding this Gentleman about his being in *my* chair.

About this time the man sitting next to me joined in and I learned he was the Son of the man getting the haircut, waiting to give his Dad a ride home. Our ensuing three-way conversation undoubtedly complicated *My's* work and probably extended my "wait time," all of which turned out to be most worthwhile, at least for me.

The Gentleman getting his hair cut noticed my Marine Corps baseball cap I had positioned on the empty seat on the other side of me, and noted that it was a "Marine hat." We chatted about that briefly, leaving me to suspect that perhaps he may also have been a Marine, or possibly some other military service. My hunch was heightened when, between talking to him and his son, I learned that he was then 84 years old and lived in *Falcon's Landing*.³

² "A Great Marine Corps General Died in Vietnam," <http://www.stagnosalumni.org/StoriesGenHochmuth.shtml>

³ A gated and separate Air Force retirement Community and assisted-living facility within our overall (Cascades) Community, a mile from our home, for retired military officers and senior retired government officials (e.g., Senior Executive Service).



The "other" man in "my" chair" (or "The Other Man in My's Chair")



Falcon's Landing, Potomac Falls, Virginia
(Photos by G. F. Merna)

When I asked the son if his Dad was a retired military officer he said no, but that he was "*retired from the government.*" I told him that my wife and I considered Falcon's Landing before we bought our present home over 15 years ago, but decided that after my career in the Marine Corps I didn't want to live on any more military-related "Posts." When I laughingly added that another reason was because I didn't want to have to "*salute General's and Admiral's every day,*" that brought chuckles all around, including from *My.*

The Son told me that his Dad was traveling alone the following day to visit his Dad's slightly younger sister in a Colorado nursing home. He said that on a recent flight his Dad was singled out as a "*likely terrorist prospect*" at the airport check-in, and rather imagined he would be again tomorrow, so Dad thought it best to get a haircut.

By now *My* had completed her "magic" of making this Gentleman *look and feel* ten years younger (as I indulge in the fantasies of my imagination when I jokingly tell her she does that for me). As he was rising out of *my* barber chair, his son handed him a cane, which I had not seen propped against his chair, telling me he *personally* made it for his Dad. I suggested to the father that he could use that cane on the plane tomorrow if there were any "suspicious" passengers on his flight, whereupon he jokingly swung his cane slightly upward in agreement to demonstrate how he would use it if he had to.



At that time *My's* barbershop was charging senior citizens the ridiculously low price of only \$12.95 for a haircut, (about one-third of what my wife is paying each week for hers elsewhere), though it went up from the two previous years of \$9.95 and \$10.95. So while the Gentleman was paying for his haircut, I said to him and *My* there should be an "additional discount" for those of us who have "thin hair" as it didn't take as long to cut. Everyone except *My* thought that was pretty funny. (I'm only kidding, *My* did too)!

My brief and chance encounter with this Gentleman, sprinkled with pleasant conversation, was coming to an end as he and his Son prepared to leave. When I said good bye to each of them and wished the father a pleasant and safe trip the next day, he came up to me as I was about to get into *my* chair that he just vacated, extended his hand to me, smiled, and said, "*Thank you, I enjoyed talking with you*" with emphasis on the "you," adding,

“my name is Harlan Cleveland.” I told him my name, and that it was a pleasure meeting him and his son, and they both left.

As My was cutting my hair she commented sincerely what nice men they were, and when I asked if she knew them very well, she said no, just that they came in regularly.

Mr. Cleveland’s name sounded slightly familiar and stuck in my mind, so when I got home I did a "Google search" to see what I could learn about him. To say I was *awed* when I read his impressive background, many accomplishments and earned honors is a gross understatement.

This man was indeed *distinguished*: It’s not every day one meets a former *U.S. Ambassador* to The North Atlantic Treaty Organization (NATO), and an *Oxford Rhodes Scholar*⁴ in a little out-of-the-way strip mall Vietnamese barbershop. He also just happened to be a Supervisor of the *Marshall Plan for European Recovery*,⁵ the former *Publisher of the Reporter Magazine*, a former *Dean of the Maxwell School at Syracuse University*, the *author* of hundreds of magazine and journal articles and *eleven* books (even more *Marine* books than I’ve read). And as if that wasn’t enough to impress me, my new "barbershop buddy" is a past *President of the National Academy of Public Administration (NAPA)*.⁶ My Masters' Degree from The George Washington University is *in Public Administration—this man ate guys like me for breakfast!* Further, he received not only 22 *honorary degrees*, but also Princeton University's *Woodrow Wilson Award*,⁷ the *Peace Corps' Leader For Peace*

⁴ Rhodes Scholarships are the oldest international fellowships, initiated after the death of Cecil Rhodes in 1902, that brings outstanding students from countries around the world to the University of Oxford. The first American Scholars were elected in 1904, selected through regional selection committees who choose 32 each year from those nominated in each of the fifty states. Intellectual distinction is a necessary but not a sufficient condition for election; excellence in qualities of mind and of person are, which offer the promise of effective service to the world in the decades ahead. They are elected for two years of study at Oxford, with the possibility of a third year. All educational costs and certain other fees are paid for. (Source: Oxford and the Rhodes Scholarships, rhodesscholar.org).

⁵The Marshall Plan or European Recovery Program project was instituted at the Paris Economic Conference (July, 1947) to foster economic recovery in certain European countries after World War II. The Plan took form when U.S. Secretary of State George C. Marshall urged (June 5, 1947) that European countries decide on their economic needs so that material and financial aid from the U. S. could be integrated on a broad scale. In Apr., 1948, President Truman signed the Economic Cooperation Administration (ECA) to administer the program. (Source: Infoplease).

⁶ NAPA is an independent, non-partisan organization chartered by Congress to assist federal, state, and local governments in improving their effectiveness, efficiency, and accountability. The academy comprises more than 550 fellows, roughly a third of who are distinguished federal executives, a third distinguished academics, and a third distinguished state and local officials. Fellows advise and participate in studies and testify before Congressional committees. (Source: NAPA, www.napawash.org).

⁷ The Woodrow Wilson Award for Public Service is given to individuals who have served with distinction in public life and have shown a special commitment to seeking out informed opinions and thoughtful views. Recipients of this award share Woodrow Wilson’s steadfast belief in public discourse, scholarship, and the extension of the benefits of knowledge in the U.S. and around the world. (Source: Woodrow Wilson International Center for Scholars).

⁸ The Medal of Freedom, re-established as the Presidential Medal of Freedom, is awarded to individuals who served with distinction in public life and have shown a special commitment to seeking out informed opinions and thoughtful views. Recipients share Woodrow Wilson’s steadfast belief in public discourse, scholarship, and the extension of the benefits of knowledge in the U.S. and around the world. These leaders devote themselves to examining the historical background and long-term implications of important public policy issues and encourage the free and open exchange of ideas that is the bedrock of our nation’s foundation. It may be awarded by the President to any person

who has made an especially meritorious contribution to (1) the security or national interests of the U.S., or (2) world peace, or (3) cultural or other significant public or private endeavors. The President may select any person otherwise recommended to the President for the Medal, or any person selected by the President upon his own initiative. (Sources: Woodrow Wilson International Center for Scholars, and About.Com: U.S. Government Info).

***Award, and the U. S. Medal of Freedom!*⁸ He has so many other achievements and record of service to our country that I could fill a book listing those alone. WOW!!**



North Atlantic Treaty Organization

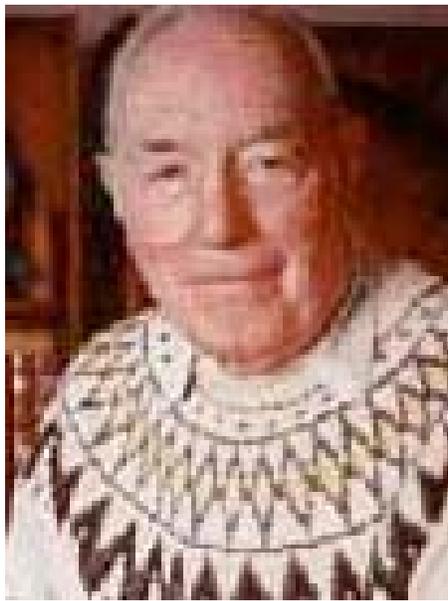


U.S. Medal of Freedom



Woodrow Wilson Award

Re-checking my data to write this story, I learned that two years *after* I met him, Mr. Harlan Cleveland was the *Keynote Speaker* at the *2006 Cold War Symposium* sponsored by the *National Archives and Records Administration*, shown in a picture at that event carrying that trusted cane made for him by his Son!



Harlan Cleveland (with Son's crafted cane) as Keynote Speaker, 2006 Cold War Symposium; World Academy Fellow, Ph.D.

Now I know there will be a few of my fellow Marines asking, "*But was he a Marine?*" Well while this would really be additional icing on the cake, and I wish Mr. Cleveland's already absolutely fabulous résumé included that honor, it did not. But then again, I was never an Ambassador, a Fellow, a PhD, or a Medal of Freedom recipient for that matter! 'Nuff said about this *very distinguished elderly gentleman!*

On April 18, 2008 I made another visit to the Parc City Barber Shop and had another met another customer who was also very interesting. Significantly younger than Mr. Cleveland, when I came in he was also sitting in *my* chair getting a haircut.

Ironically, as did Mr. Cleveland, this man also remarked about my Marine hat on the seat next to me, and I learned almost immediately that he was also one of "*The Few, the Proud,*" as during our conversation when I asked if he had been a Marine I got an emphatic, "*Yes, in fact I was,*" giving me the impetus to include this meeting to my story.



U. S. Marine Corps



Verizon Corporate Attorney



ROBERT D. LYND – My's Customer



Georgetown Univ. Law Ctr.

The name of this latest “trespasser” in *my* chair is Bob Lynd, a very friendly and amiable fellow, and we had an enjoyable and general conversation as I did with Mr. Cleveland. Bob told me in 1969 he successfully graduated from The Basic School⁹ and served as an Officer until 1971 when he left the Corps to attend and graduate from law school. He then went to work as an Attorney for Verizon¹⁰ and just recently retired as one of their Corporate Attorneys with 30 years of service.

He noted that he was visiting this area (from North Carolina), but previously lived here for a number of years and was planning to re-locate back here again. Having a camera with me, with the permission of Bob and *My*, I snapped a couple of pictures and promised I would drop off copies to for all of them on my next visit, that *My* will give them on their next visit to her barber shop.

After *My* finished cutting my hair Bob and I shook hands goodbye, I asked another customer waiting for *My* if he would take a picture of *My* and me, which he was glad to do; his reflection can be seen in the mirror.

As with Mr. Cleveland I also did a “Google search” on Bob Lynd’s name, and *assuming* (that very dangerous word), I got the correct name and person, learned that Bob was at one point in his career an Assistant General Counsel for Verizon and a graduate of *Georgetown University Law Center* in Washington, D. C. I’m certain he has many more accomplishments than those I’ve outlined here, and perhaps if we meet again we can learn a bit more about each other. For now, we have the Marine Corps in common, and that is more than enough!

Twice in this story I mentioned how prominent my “Marine caps” were in meeting both Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Lind, which brings up a minor issue I have about men wearing *covers* (Marine lingo for hats) indoors, especially in the finer restaurants (or *any* restaurant for that matter). As borne out by this story, I am a big fan of Marine baseball hats, own a wide variety of them and wear all of these shown, and others, *almost everywhere* when I’m informally out and about, and guess I always will.

⁹ The Basic School at Quantico, Virginia, teaches new lieutenants tactics, weapons, and leadership. They spend approximately half of their training time in the field, learning combat tactics and techniques.

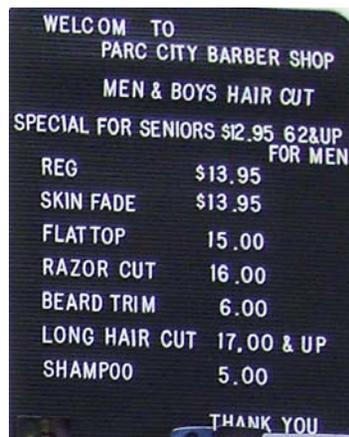
¹⁰ Verizon Communications, Inc. is an American Broadband and telecommunications company and a component of the [Dow 30](#). It was formed in [2000](#) when Bell Atlantic, one of the Regional Bell Operating Companies, merged with GTE. Prior to its transformation into Verizon, Bell Atlantic had merged with another Regional Bell Operating Company, [NYNEX](#), in 1997. The name is a [portmanteau](#) of [veritas](#) and [horizon](#). (Source: Wikipedia).



You can take the Man out of the Marine Corps, but not the Marine Corps out of the Man

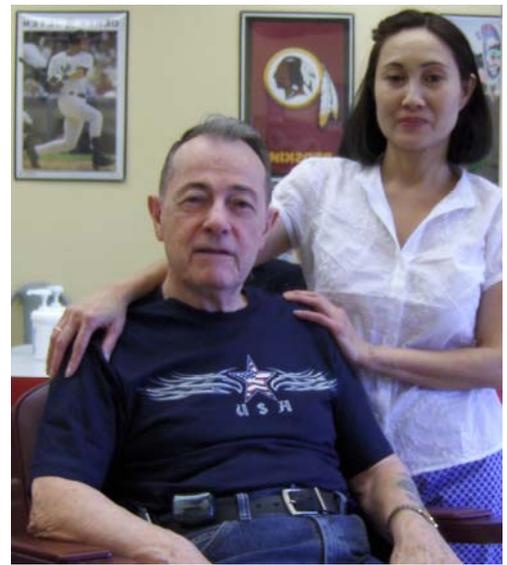
The key words here are *“almost everywhere!”* I learned in the Marine Corps that *“A Marine’s cover (Marine lingo for hat) is always removed when indoors unless that Marine is ‘Under Arms (and that means visible arms, not concealed weapons).¹¹ Further, during my time in the Corps (1947 – 1968), Marine Corps “Clubs” (Marine lingo for “Bar’s”) had a mounted bell with a sign over or near the bar that said: “He, who enters covered here, will buy the House a round of Cheer.” So if any male walked into a club wearing a hat of any kind, the bell would be rung by the bartender (or whoever first witnessed this), which immediately focused all eyes on the “culprit” and indeed that person had to buy a drink for everyone in the club! You only have to do that once to never do it again. (The “embarrassment” hurt worse than the deduction from your wallet)!*

And by the way, Miss My, about your *“SPECIAL FOR SENIORS \$12.95 62&UP FOR MEN”* sign, it seems like only yesterday it was \$9.95, and now, only a couple of years later, we have to pony up \$12.95! I understand there’s a town in nearby West Virginia that charges seniors only \$7.95! If the \$4.00 a gallon gas prices ever come down, maybe I’ll drive over there once or twice a year and save five bucks? (I’m only kidding, My, because even if the hair cut was “free” they’d never make me look ten years younger like you do)!”



³ The term “Under Arms” means equipped with a pistol, rifle or sword, an indication that the Marine is on duty. It is the only time that a Marine may remain covered indoors. (Source: Unofficial Dictionary For Marines compiled and edited by Glenn B. Knight.

¹¹ The term “Under Arms” means equipped with a pistol, rifle or sword, an indication that the Marine is on duty. It is the only time that a Marine may remain covered indoors. (Source: Unofficial Dictionary For Marines compiled and edited by Glenn B. Knight.



Jerry Merna “looking ten years younger” thanks to the “magic” of My-Nhung Ngo at the mere price of \$12.95

Meeting these two wonderful gentlemen left me with the opinion that I really have to get haircuts more often; where else can I meet such interesting people while renewing my friendship with my Vietnamese friends?

THE FEW, THE PROUD, THE MARINES

KOREA: 1stMarDiv 1952- 53; VIETNAM: 3rdMarDiv 1966- 67

GERALD FRANCIS MERNA
Mustang 1stLt U.S.Marine Corps (Retired)

46386 Bluestem Court
Potomac Falls, VA 20165- 6461

Home: (703) 406- 3590
Cell: (571) 332- 6007
E- mail: gfmerna- usmc@verizon.net
<http://www.stagnosalumni.org/Stories.shtml>



UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS 1947 – 1968

Private to Master Gunnery Sergeant; 2ndLt. to 1stLt.

UNITED STATES POSTAL SERVICE 1968 – 1987

Executive Assistant to the Postmaster General
Sectional Center Manager/Postmaster of Northern Virginia

ARMED FORCES COMMUNICATIONS AND ELECTRONICS ASSOCIATION -AFCEA

Director of Advertising SIGNAL Magazine 1987-1992

NATIONAL DEFENSE INDUSTRIAL ASSOCIATION -NDIA

Vice President/Assoc. Publisher, National DEFENSE Mag. 1992 -2001

THE GEORGE WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY, WASHINGTON, D.C.

Bachelor of Science 1973; Master of Science 1977

SEMPER FIDELIS (ALWAYS FAITHFUL)



Harlan Cleveland; Dean, Author, Statesman and Lifelong Learner

By JOE HOLLEY
Washington Post Staff Writer

Harlan Cleveland, the founding dean of the Hubert H. Humphrey Institute of Public Affairs in Minneapolis, hated the ubiquitous valediction "Have a nice day!"

"What I want is exciting days, passionate days, blessed days, wondrous days, surprising days," he told the World Future Society in a 1989 speech. He suggested to his listeners an alternative response: "Thank you, but I have other plans."

Mr. Cleveland, who died May 30 of multiple myeloma at his home in Sterling, had a number of engaging "other plans" during his 90 years. He was a journalist, an assistant secretary of state, a NATO ambassador, a university president and the author of a dozen books on leadership and public policy, and he was interested in almost everything — in part because he believed that everything is inter-related.

He was quick to anticipate the implications of the information revolution and predicted the arrival of the knowledge worker in the global marketplace. He also believed, as he wrote in his book "Birth of a New World" (1993), that "flexible, uncentralized systems work best," whether the system is a government, a business or a charitable endeavor.

"He seemed to get himself on the cutting edge of a lot of ideas," said Walter T. Anderson, a San Francisco author and political scientist who with Mr. Cleveland examined the changing paradigms for global governance.

In his book "Nobody in Charge: Essays on the Future of Leadership" (2002), Mr. Cleveland explored how global governance was increasingly being influenced by the ever-shifting interplay of a growing list of participants: not only governments, governmental and nongovernmental organizations, but also multinational corporations, foundations and non-state actors as varied as Brazilian rubber-tree workers and al-Qaeda.

"His intellectual curiosity was amazing," said Patrick Mendis, a

visiting scholar at the Johns Hopkins University School of Advanced International Studies who accompanied his mentor on a tour of the Middle East when Mr. Cleveland was president of the World Academy of Art and Science. "He learned how to count to 10 in Arabic from a taxi driver on our way to meet with King Hussein of Jordan in Amman," Mendis recalled.

Born in New York, Mr. Cleveland studied in Switzerland as a child, where he became fluent in French, and then graduated from Phillips Academy Andover in 1934. He graduated from Princeton University in 1938 — his only degree — and then studied at Oxford University as a Rhodes Scholar. In 1981, he was awarded the Swiss Prix de Talloires and honored as an "accomplished generalist."

Blinded in his right eye in a childhood accident, he was ineligible for military service during World War II but was eager to be involved in public service. He worked with the Allied Control Commission in Italy and with the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration in Italy and China.

In the early 1950s, Mr. Cleveland was executive editor and then publisher of the Reporter magazine in New York before becoming dean of Syracuse University's Maxwell Graduate School for Citizenship and Public Affairs in 1956.

In a 2003 interview with a columnist for the Post-Standard of Syracuse, he recalled how then-Sen. John F. Kennedy gave the commencement address at the Maxwell School in 1957. "It fell to me to squire him around," he said. The men became friends, and three years later Mr. Cleveland joined the Kennedy administration as assistant secretary of state for international organization affairs.

He served primarily as an intermediary between Secretary of State Dean Rusk and Adlai Stevenson, the U.S. ambassador to the United Nations. In the Post-Standard article, Mr. Cleveland recalled leaving the office late one night during the 1962 Cuban mis-

sile crisis and saying to Rusk, "I'll see you in the morning."

"I hope so," the secretary of state replied.

After Kennedy's assassination, Mr. Cleveland served as President Lyndon B. Johnson's ambassador to the North Atlantic Treaty Organization.

From 1969 to 1974, he was president of the University of Hawaii. During that time, the university added a medical school, a law school and an international astronomy project.

He served as director of international affairs at the Aspen Institute from 1974 to 1980 before becoming the first dean of the Hubert H. Humphrey School of Public Affairs at the University of Minnesota.

In 1983, Mr. Cleveland walked into an IBM store in Minneapolis, where a young clerk took note of the 65-year-old customer's gray hair and asked, "You're not buying this for you, are you, sir?"

Not only was he slightly miffed, but he also realized he needed to get up to speed on a phenomenon he had been ignoring. "He proceeded to buy everything in the store," recalled his daughter, Melantha Cleveland, "and became a philosopher of what it meant to have all this information flowing around the world."

In his book "The Knowledge Executive: Leadership in an Information Age" (1985), he posited — years before the Internet — that the information revolution would make it impossible for leaders and so-called experts to hoard information. Leadership, he predicted, would increasingly bubble up from new sources rather than trickle down from established leaders.

Mr. Cleveland retired from the Humphrey Institute in 1987 but continued to write books, articles and newspaper columns until shortly before his death. His final writing project was to contribute two chapters to "Adlai Stevenson's Lasting Legacy" (2008).

In addition to his daughter, of Palmyra, Va., survivors include his wife of 66 years, Lois Cleveland of Sterling; two other children, Zoe Cleveland and Alan Cleveland, also of Palmyra; and a grandson.

From: thelynds@suddenlink.net
Date: Monday, August 04, 2008 1:40 PM
To: gfmerna-usmc@verizon.net
Subject: Greetings!

Jerry--

We have been at our North Carolina house for most of the last two months and just returned to the VA apartment last week. I had hernia repair surgery and my wife had gall bladder surgery, three weeks apart with the same surgeon at Duke University Medical Center in Durham. All is well and we are both feeling great. If you have to be in a hospital, Duke is a great place to be. We have given them a lot of business over the last three years.

So I stopped in today for a haircut at the Parc City Barber Shop after not having been there since we met in April. I was absolutely delighted when My presented me with the material you had prepared. My wife was also very impressed when I showed it to her. Thank you so much. Yes, you got my information correct. Although I left active duty in 1972. And I did serve in the active reserve until 1975 when we moved to Charleston, WV for a two-year day job assignment.

Your comments on wearing the "cover" indoors hit home for me, as did the tradition of ringing the bar bell in the event of violations of this rule. I have always been mildly annoyed when people wear hats indoors, no doubt due to my Marine Corps training.

We leave Thursday for a family wedding in Ontario near Niagara Falls. Then on August 17 we will fly to Prince Edward Island for a two week vacation. We have good friends there who are like members of the family to us. After that we hope to be in northern Virginia for most of the fall, with a couple of trips to NC for medical and other business.

Let's keep in touch. Hope to see you at the barber shop in any event.

Semper Fi!

Bob Lynd

--

Bob and Janet Lynd
thelynds@suddenlink.net