

## A Learning Experience

In Wilton, Connecticut during the early 1960s I was manager of the Analytical laboratory for the Research and Development site of Escambia Bay Chemical Company. The location of the principal production facility was near Pensacola, Florida on the edge of Escambia Bay. I had developed a some of the key chemical analyses used for quality control at the plant. Because of that I made a number of trouble shooting trips to Florida. By coincidence several of the trips had me in Florida on our wedding anniversary.

On one such trip my next door neighbor and fellow employee accompanied me. We made a side trip, related to the plant product, to Baton Rouge, Louisiana. On the way back to Pensacola we happened to be in New Orleans on my anniversary date. We had a marvelous dinner at the famous Antoine's Restaurant. My memory tells me that I had Pompano Pontchartrain. Thinking that Mary would enjoy seeing it, I asked for and received a souvenir menu.

A few marvelous white sand beaches were located within a few miles of Pensacola. On some quiet, moonlit summer evenings I could stand for hours listening to the gentle sound of the waves rolling onto the beach.

On one weekend during this trip I decided to join the crowd and have a daylight swim. The brisk wind was generating some rather large waves. One of the larger ones broke on top of me and sent me tumbling out of control. I could sense my swim suit and my wedding ring being pulled off. I had to make a split second decision about which one to rescue. Modesty prevailed.

Upon returning to Connecticut I was in the dog house on two counts. Mary was miffed that I didn't hang onto the ring, and she was not thrilled by the souvenir menu from the anniversary dinner. The trip was a learning experience.