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A Collection of Stories
for
Jim Treanor

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Foreword

This book is about my dad, but not *just* him.

The stories have mostly been contributed by other people. As a natural consequence, those stories describe their own lives, where they've intersected with his.

So this book is really about a wide variety of people, whose lives could fill books in their own right, but who also happen to have John James Treanor in common.

Some credit for the inspiration for this project goes to Jim's older brother Chuck. He assiduously recorded the family genealogy going back generations and off into Ireland. In fact *he* would go to Ireland and muck about through churches, graveyards, and village records for the few details he could glean of our ancestors. He trusted me with these collected documents for scanning and archiving a few years ago. In reading through the slim details of birth, marriage, and death, with the occasional tantalizing bit of an occupation, a tragic illness, or an accomplishment, I was instilled with a sense of the vastness of the lives lived between the tiny details, and a certain sense of loss. Who *were* these people?

Dad and I had talked for years (with much more enthusiasm on my part) about doing a biography of his travels, but it was the perspective gained from working on Chuck's genealogy project that motivated me to finally put out the call for stories. It's really not so much for Dad. It's for me. I confess to being greedy for the details.

Thanks for your contributions everyone (especially Mom and Mary Jo, for recording and soliciting even more stories, and Mickey for finding so many great photos). It's a pleasure working with such good story-tellers. I hope you enjoy the collection. I do.

Happy 80th birthday, Dad.

-Margaret Eleanor (Treanor) Frey

Chapter 1: Early Family Life

The Family

Jim's father, William John Joseph Michael Treanor, was born Feb 14, 1884 in London, Ontario. He left Canada for the USA as soon as he could, possibly around age 18, because he resented the English influence there. He was a true Irishman, through and through. He died on his birthday in 1954 in Buffalo. William had a sister (May Duggan) and brother who lived in Canada. The sister died in childbirth in Alberta.



May (Treanor) Duggan. Submitted by Mickey Werick.

Jim's mother, Margaret Mary Powers, was born on August 9, 1890 in Buffalo. She had two sisters and one brother- Esther (who married Charles Piper), Katherine (who married Tony O'Donnell), and Walter Powers.

William and Margaret met because they lived next to each other on Greene Street in East Buffalo. Margaret lived with her parents and worked as a ribbon clerk in a department store in downtown Buffalo. William was renting a room in the house next door, and worked for Pullman Railroad Company. He had finished the 6th grade in Canada which at that time was the end of school for most kids. He was self-taught in working on electric motors, and even had his own shop at some point. For Pullman Company, he repaired train cars and electric features of the railroad, but his true passion was for baseball. He was a renowned 3rd baseman for Pullman's commercial baseball team.

Following dating for an unknown period of time William decided to ask Margaret for her hand in marriage. Being an unconventional fellow, he had the engagement ring in his pocket and was waiting for Margaret in the parlor of her family home. Margaret's sister Esther came into the house and William showed her the ring. He had Esther take it upstairs to

Margaret, who was still primping. That was how they became engaged.

They were married Thursday August 17, 1916 at 10 a.m. in the Church of the Visitation in Buffalo by Rev Henry J. Kingston.

Their first son, William, was born in June of 1917. He was tragically killed by a truck behind a trolley on Oct 16, 1923.

Mary Louise was born July 25, 1918 followed by Margaret Esther July 3rd 1920. Eleanor was born on August 4, 1922, and Charles Edward followed October 22, 1924. Katherine was born April 23rd, 1927. With all these children, and a successful shop, located at 885 Niagara St., it was time to move to the suburbs. Margaret And William moved to Mang Avenue in 1928, where they lived for only a year before Margaret insisted they move due to the flooding in the cellar. They then bought a small house at 61 Tremont Avenue in Kenmore, located in St. Paul's parish. The upstairs was one giant open room in which all the children slept, sharing double beds.

The Depression was hard on the Treanor family. They lost their house in Kenmore and moved into the city of Buffalo. This house at 384 Pennsylvania Avenue was bigger and had more room. They were able to rent it for one year. Following that rented house, they rented a second house at 55 Ketchum Place. A year later they bought the house next door, number 51. Theresa was born June 22nd, 1929, followed by **John James Oct 12, 1931** and Joseph Ambrose August 29th 1934. The only child born at a hospital (St. Mary's, at the corner of Elmwood and Virginia) was Joseph. None of the children had birth certificates (except possibly Joe), using baptismal certificates as proof of citizenship.



Jim Treanor at 20 months, Summer 1933. "Gonna water Aunt Essies's garden."

Submitted by Mickey Werick.

Treanor Family Tree

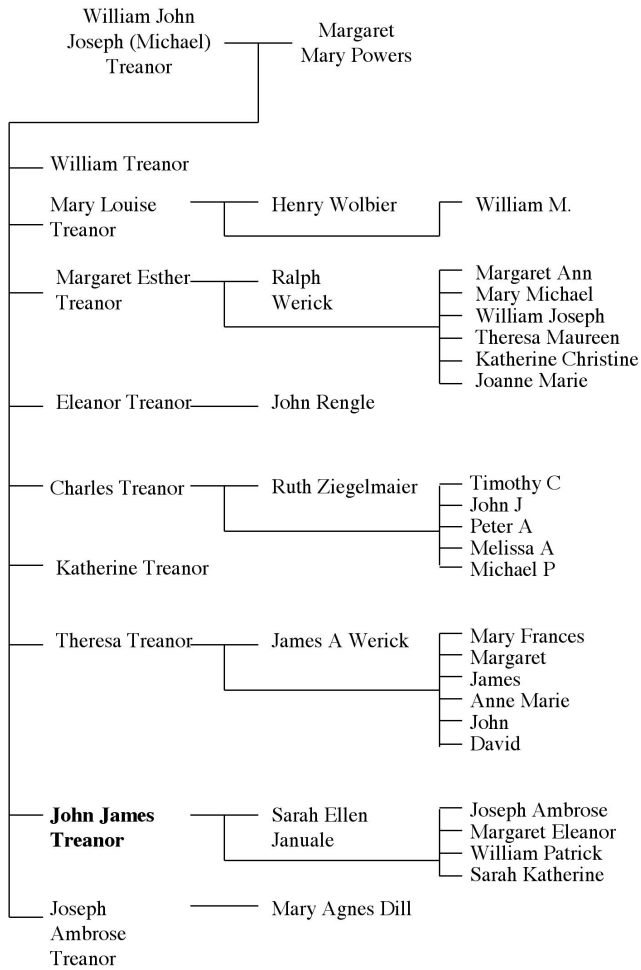


Chart 1. Treanor Family Tree beginning with William and Margaret Treanor, inclusive of three generations.



Jim Treanor at 24 months. *Submitted by Mickey Werick.*

Mary, Esther and Eleanor attended Catholic grammar school in Kenmore. Following the move to Buffalo, Mary and Esther high-schooled at Mt. St. Mary's. Esther spent a year at Grover Cleveland after they moved to Buffalo, but transferred back to Mt. St. Mary's before graduating.

Mary was very self assured, outgoing, physically strong and tough. She never feared altercations. She played the piano and was an excellent student. Mary graduated from college at D'Youville and worked as a secretary in downtown Buffalo. Jimmy recalls that when they were kids, the family had the kind of phone with a separate ear piece. When his older sister wanted to use the phone, Mary whacked Jim over the head with the ear piece, saying, "Give me the phone!"

Esther was exceptionally pretty, very lady-like and thoughtful. Esther also attended D'Youville college, but married after her

third year and did not graduate. (The D'Youville College faculty had a rule that married women could not attend.)

Eleanor was a very private person, and could be seen as somewhat brusque. She was the only one to attend public school, going to Grover Cleveland High School. Eleanor did not attend college, but worked as a legal secretary downtown at Hodgson, Russ, Andrews, Woods, and Goodyear.

Charles (Chuck) was easy going. He attended Holy Angels grammar school and Annunciation High School, where he was dubbed *Stinky the Mouthpiece* (smart mouth). He could talk anybody into anything, and would defend the misbehavior of other students who got into trouble. Chuck worked in Bill Cash's deli, several hours each day, every day of the week. During WWII he served in the U.S. Air Force where he was a communications officer. He later received a BA in Physics from the University of Minnesota, and a PhD in Physics from SUNY Buffalo.

Katherine (Kiko) also attended Holy Angels and Annunciation. She was academically brilliant, but her extreme scoliosis limited her activities. However, she attended college and attained a PhD in Biology from SUNY Buffalo. She later taught at Canisius College.

Theresa was outgoing, humorous, smart, and even-tempered. She attended Holy Angels and 1 year of Annunciation. She then transferred to Holy Angels Academy for girls. She took Latin from 'Kate the Great' at D'Youville College, and was passed on the promise that she would never take Latin again. Theresa studied English or History at D'Youville for two years before she also had to leave because she got married.

Jim was a very handsome child. Aunt Esther and many others said he was the cutest boy they ever saw. Jim always had good relations with his elders. He attended Holy Angels followed by one year at Canisius, completing High School at St. Joes's.

Joe also attended Holy Angels and Annunciation. Joe is remembered as a warm, caring person who loved to sing. William in particular loved to hear Joe sing. One night Frank Paresi, Chuck's High School friend, slept overnight. He was greeted by Joe in the morning, as Joe asked him "Did you have a good sleep?" This was an example of how Joe could always warm your heart. Joe was an electrician with no college

education, and had a union job. He had taken some college courses, but had to quit and start working when their father died.

William's strong dislike of the English was recalled by Chuck Treanor in one particular instance. Prince Edward was going to come over the Peace Bridge to Buffalo. Every one who lived on the West Side would be able to go and see him. Chuck wanted to go and asked his dad for permission. He said "Son, if Prince Edward was coming down Ketchum Place, I wouldn't even get out of my chair!"

As for family life, Margaret could cook, but Aunt Esther was the real chef of the family. Everyone tried to be home for dinner, the time which centered around when William got home from work. Margaret was quite religious and known for adoration of the saints and prayer. William was not as religious but did attend church with the family at Holy Angels, most Sundays.

William became close friends with Father Daniel Ward who called him Billy. Father Ward was a missionary captured by the Chinese. Following a long imprisonment in China, he returned in a very feeble state. Father Ward was not able to drive but bought a new car, a 1936 Chevy. This was for Billy to keep at his house and use for the family, driving Father Ward around whenever necessary. Father Ward was among many priests who were frequent dinner guests. Father Ward and "Billy" took many fond trips together.

The early years were busy and noisy. The sisters were quite assertive, resulting in the younger boys having to follow a lot of commands. It was a full house, with Aunt Esther moving in after Charlie Piper died. Everyone pulled together and



Essie and Charlie Piper.
Submitted by Mickey Werick.

supported each other. There weren't a lot of parties until Frank O'Donnell (no relation) started visiting. Most of the parties happened as the children grew. Respect, love, faith, and family seemed to be the motto.

Nickels, Cookies, and Joe – Peggy and Mickey Werick

We thought we'd pool our "Jimmy stories" since we lived most of them together and could help each other remember the details. We took our duty seriously, realizing that, as the oldest of the grandchildren, we alone would know many of these. Some of our Jimmy stories also come from lore passed on to us by Nana, Aunt Essie, Mom and Kate.

When he was little, Nana sent Jim to the store with a then precious nickel to buy some bread. Sometime later Jim appeared, but without the bread. When Nana asked where the bread was, Jim told her he'd met a mother who really needed the nickel, so Jim gave the nickel away. Nana couldn't be angry. After all, she was known to be a bit kindhearted herself.

That curly headed, charismatic, blond 'boyo' with the beautiful blue eyes and the sunshine smile was a charmer from the start. He'd go outside to play with the others but his idea of fun was to visit with all the neighbor ladies up and down the street. Aunt Essie wondered why Jimmy never seemed very hungry for his lunch 'til she discovered that all the ladies were giving Jimmy cookies as he made his rounds.

Jim and his brother Joe had a unique bond right from the beginning. When Joe was little, he didn't bother to learn to talk for a long time. It wasn't really necessary 'cause Jim always knew what Joe was saying and acted as his interpreter.



The Billo – Jim Treanor

Jim's father, the Billo, was quite a character. He was a licensed electrician and proud union member and quite rough and tumble. Jim would often be dispatched on payday to bring the Billo home from a local bar before he could spend his whole pay check. Bill would sit him down at the bar and order him a

root beer. Bill couldn't tolerate profanity or vulgar language in front of his children. As would oft be the case, when Jim arrived to retrieve him, someone would blurt out an expletive, necessitating a brawl to defend Jim's young ears. Thus the retrieval would also include extrication from a fight.

Something Billo would say when he shook hands with people was, "You just shook the hand that shook the hand of John Sullivan."

When Jim's older sisters started to date, they would often invite their beaux home where they would sit visiting in the parlor. When Billo, who had a glass eye replacement from a fall, would decide that the suitors had overstayed their welcome, he would come out into the parlor, place his false teeth on the mantle, and his eye on the teeth, muttering, "Have to keep an eye on my teeth."

For all Bill's gruffness, he and Margaret had a life long love affair. He would often arrive home to a parlor full of children and say, "Where's your mother?" Being told that she was out, he'd say, "Oh, nobody's home."

Bill had quite a sense of humor, often directed at Margaret's sister, Aunt Essie, who was frequently in the house helping with the children. About the time that television came on the scene, Bill convinced Essie that if she would just be quick enough when the doorbell rang, she would be able to see who was at the front door by looking in the mirror that housed the doorbell chimes that hung in the kitchen. Essie was short; the chimes hung high. She would have to grab a small stool, drag it over under the chimes, climb up and peer into the mirror. She never got there in time.



Grammar and High School

Playing for Nuns – Jim Treanor

When I was in grammar school, I used to play marches on the piano for the students filing in and out of school. Bobby Chambers and I vied for this honor and whoever was in favor got to do it. I was always corrected by the nuns for playing too fast. Bobby played more. He was the son of the church organist

and they were neighbors of ours on Ketchum Place. He became the organist and soloist at Holy Angels Parish (same church) and is still there.

I also used to have music lessons with Sister Margaret of the Cross at D'Youville College. I had to enter through the kitchens and the cooking sister always gave me a doughnut. My hands were always pretty messy, which always brought a demand from Sister Margaret: "John. You must wash your hands."



Wax Factory – *Jim Treanor*

Old man Nick Schifano helped me get a job at the wax factory. I was only 14 at the time, but lied about my age to get the job. They gave everybody IQ tests, and put me in charge of quality assurance based on the results.



Shut the Door – *Jim Treanor*

When Jim was about ten years old (he always lied about his age when he wanted a job), he had a paper route on the old west side that included some of the fancy houses on Richmond Ave. One of his customers was a curmudgeonly old judge. Whenever Jim went to collect for the paper, the housekeeper would answer the door and ask him to wait while she went and got the money. A garrulous cranky voice would always yell out, "God damn it. Shut the door." Ever his mother's son, Jim would politely lean over and pull the door shut. On one such occasion in the dead of winter, the housekeeper invited him in out of the cold. As she left to get the money, the raucous old voice sounded out. Jim looked around the corner to see a huge old parrot yelling out the orders.



Good Night Jesus – *Jim Treanor*

Jim was an altar boy for a short time. One evening, he was assisting Father William Lawless at a novena at Holy Angels Church. Jim and Father John Morrissey were in the sacristy behind the altar as Father Lawless concluded the service and turned from the parishioners to deposit the monstrance (a device used for display of the communion host) in the tabernacle. The tabernacle at Holy Angels also opened from the rear so that the sacred host and chalices could be removed for safekeeping. Father Lawless, in depositing the monstrance, reverently said, “Good night, Sweet Jesus.” whereupon Father Morrissey said back, “Good Night, Bill.” Jim’s loud and appreciative laugh effectively ended his career in the church.



Top: Chuck, Jim, Mary, Theresa, Kate. Bottom: Nornie, Joe, Nana, Daddy Bill, Essie Marg. *Photograph submitted by Mickey Werick.*

Dimes, Bricks, and Forbidden Tree #1- Peggy and Mickey Werick

Before he went in the Army, Jimmy put red linoleum on the floor in the dining room at 51 and pressed a dime into the corner of the linoleum near the doorway going into the sitting room, so it would never be that they “didn’t have a dime!”

Nana always wanted her yard to look beautiful, front and back. So, when the city decided it was time to repave Summer Street, and get rid of the bricks, Jimmy collected the discards and used them to pave the backyard at 51. Ever after, any kids who visited Nana were enlisted to help weed between the bricks.

Another time, Nana was upset that she couldn’t get the grass to grow on the piece of lawn between the sidewalk and the street in front of 51. The problem was that the roots of a big (city owned) tree were absorbing all the nourishment from the earth. So, ever the dutiful and loving son, Jim took the tree down. (It was the first of many trees that met similar fates at Jim’s hands throughout the years.) Problem solved. You can just imagine Jim’s utter SHOCK when the city came to tell him he wasn’t allowed to do that! But, of course, alas and alack, by then the tree was gone and the Treanors had gained a parking space off street.

(Addendum submitted by Mike Treanor, heard from Charles Treanor)

Jim was apparently in the middle of the process when he was told he wasn’t supposed to be taking down that tree. But he presented the view to his father that there was no turning back and the deed would draw less attention if it were down completely. That’s how he got Billo to help him finish the job.)





Treanor Men. Back: Mick McGuire (Lifelong friend of Chuck), Jim Treanor, Billo; Front: Chuck Treanor, Joe Treanor, and Paul Burns who, together with Bill, was hoping to make Jim the next heavy weight Champion of the world. That's how Jim lost his teeth.

Flunking German, Acing Algebra – *Jim Treanor*

In High School I flunked German and had to go to summer school at Grover Cleveland High School in order to continue into the next year. I figured I might as well take intermediate algebra there too, so I could take the first morning hour to work in a garage for Ralph Werick. But the Christian Brother who taught the course made me take it over again even though I had gotten an “A”. I remember him telling me, “You will take it over again and we will see how much algebra you know.” He called on me to recite in every class. It served me well.



Borrowing the Car – *Charles Treanor (recorded by TC Treanor)*

We all know that Jimmy is a great talker, but I knew him as a man who could keep his silences -- and as a great believer in home schooling, which is to say, self-education.

For example, he educated himself in the field of driving on his Uncle Charlie Piper's car. I guess he figured Charlie wouldn't mind, being dead at the time. I know that Jim let many of his young nephews and nieces have their first driving experience driving their Uncle Jim's car. He was just returning the favor Uncle Charlie extended to him -- or would have extended, Jim was sure, had he known about it. Of course, Jim, unlike his nephews and nieces, was soloing in Charlie's car.

He kept his silences about his adventures in Uncle Charlie's car. I remember another time he kept his silence -- for several days. But eventually we learned that he had joined the Army.



Club 51 in 2011 – *Peg Ackley*

On a whim, Mickey and I decided to drive past Nana's old house at 51 Ketchum Place – “Club 51” as it was called in the old days. Margaret Dunn, the daughter of the woman who bought the place, happened to be walking outside, spotted us taking pictures, and after querying, “Treanors?” asked us if

we'd like to come inside for old times' sake. We said yes!

The front door is not the same – it's now a glass door with grille work. But the famous front stairs are exactly as they always were – brown, extending into the stratosphere, and rickety in spite of the reinforcing rod. Remember how the banister used to wobble as you ran up the stairs? (We didn't actually go upstairs this time – just looked.) The floor in the front hall is now blond hardwood, but the brown coat cupboard under the stairs is still there, still brown. The little table with the tiffany lamp is gone of course. The door frames with the circles in the corners are as they were, though everywhere where there used to be sliding doors, the doors have been removed and the woodwork sealed as if they had never been there. The parlor no longer has the piano, topped by the "Rogues' Gallery." (Remember all the pictures? Everybody in the family, every priest who ever came to dinner, and friends who had been adopted into the family.)

The windows are different, of course. Was it Kiko or Margaret who took out the floor-to-ceiling windows and replaced them with smaller ones in the interest of heat conservation? [Kate gets credit for the "port hole" windows - energy conscious, but really ugly... – *Margaret Paroski*]

Nana's room is missing its sliding doors, and it looks way too small to have housed a double bed and a dresser. It is now a little sitting room. The real sitting room still has its fireplace. The dining room no longer has the red linoleum tiles with the dime embedded next to the radiator near the door leading from the sitting room, but the old radiator grate is still there. The floor is now brown wood – not sure if it's the underlying wood or if they put something over the top of the linoleum. They've left the half bath that was installed in the butler's pantry, but the secret door into the kitchen has been plastered over.

The kitchen is totally different. The sink where we all took turns doing the dishes is no longer in that little room off the kitchen where the cellar door is. No sink, but the cellar door looks the same. The kitchen has been done over with a dropped ceiling and recessed lighting, so of course the heating grate in the back bedroom (Joe's room) that allowed us to eavesdrop on the adults when the parties were going on is no longer in evidence. There are now wrap around counter tops and built in appliances. And of course no red kitchen table with the spoon

container in the middle of it. [I have the spoon container, and put it to the same use. – *Sally Treanor*]

The back yard still has the raised rock gardens, but the ivy is gone from the Dodd's Dairy brick wall. Most of the bricks that Jim brought from Summer Street to pave the back yard have been removed, but Margaret, sensing some history in them, saved them and used them to border the gardens in the front of the house.

Lillian and Jordy Macro still live next door. The Chambers still live down the street.

It was eerie to stand in the dining room, thinking of all the times I had stood there in that exact spot in a lifetime now long past. I kept expecting Nana to come back from a secret jaunt to the store or church. Nana, of course, would have been wearing her lavender dress with the Blessed Mother pin, and would have smelled of Yardley's April Violets. The house would have smelled like a combination of Aunt Essie's season salt, Nana's perfume, and maybe some oxtail soup, sautéed liver and onions, deep fried doughnuts, peanut butter cookies with fork marks in them, and coffee – always coffee. There would have been a glass dish on the buffet in the dining room with hard candy in it. And the dining room table would have been buried in papers from somebody's school project. (Nana always dreamed that when everybody finally had a P Haych D, the dining room table would finally reappear!)

Today, the house is cool and really doesn't smell of anything. The back stairs leading up from the kitchen are now painted white, and the accordion pleated door is gone. No curtain either, just the white stairs.





51 Ketchum Place in 2011. *Photograph by Peg Ackley.*



Margaret and William Treanor
Submitted by Mary Jo Treanor.

Chapter 2: Joining the Army, Finishing School

Jim volunteered for the Army at age 18, having as of yet received only a high school diploma. His early years of military experience (before coming back on active duty as a physician and serving in Viet-Nam) are described below.

After the Korean War ended, Jim went to Germany. This year of service is also responsible for the large number of German drinking songs in Jim's repertoire. Upon return, Jim was removed from active duty and relegated to the reserves, due to his lack of a college degree. He took those years to continue his education, attaining a college degree, and then a medical degree.

It should be noted that Jim was activated from 1961-1962 during the Berlin crisis, delaying his entry into medical school for a year.



Jim Treanor 1952. 2nd Lt, Korea.

Submitted by Sally Treanor.

Army Experience 1951-1968

TREANOR, JOHN JAMES: Summary of Non-Medical Military Experience

1951-1952 Regimental Machine Gun Sergeant, 9th Infantry Division, Fort Dix, New Jersey. This initial tour of active duty included basic infantry training, Non-Commissioned Officer School, and finally responsibility for the operation of the machine gun ranges at Fort Dix and culminated in attendance

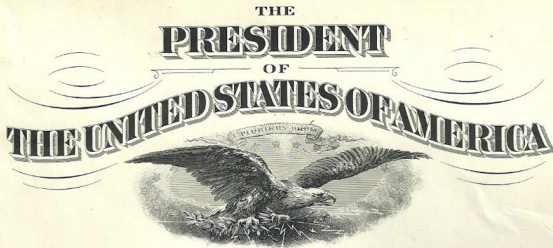
at the Engineer Officer Candidate School at Fort Belvoir, Virginia.

1952-1953 Combat Engineer Platoon Leader, 45th Infantry Division, Republic of Korea. This assignment required supervision of a 40-man platoon of engineer soldiers with limited earth moving equipment and primary mission of direct infantry support including emergency road and bridge construction, mine placement and removal, and occasional employment as infantry.

1953-1954 Company Commander, The Engineer Center Headquarters Company, Fort Belvoir, Virginia. This was primarily an administrative job involving personnel and disciplinary matters for a 750-man company with technicians employed by the Engineer Center.

1954-1957 Company Commander, Airborne Engineer Company, 11th Airborne Division. This assignment required supervision of tactical deployment of the unit, administrative supervisor of personnel matters (120 man unit), maintenance and logistical operations and morale and discipline functions. The mission was airborne deployment (by parachute) for tactical support of the Infantry Regiment (road net construction and repair, and minefields) and engineer support of retrograde movements (bridge demolition and construction of obstacles).

1957-1968 Operations Officer (S-3), 969th Engineer Construction Battalion (Reserves) at Buffalo, NY. This period of military service was as an active reserve officer and ran concurrently with civilian undergraduate and medical school but included one year of active duty (1961-1962) due to call-up of reserves. Operations officer duties were primarily concerned with construction job estimates, construction supervision, reports, and coordinating subordinate construction and maintenance units, and scheduling.



To all who shall see these presents, greeting:
Know Ye, that reposing special trust and confidence in the patriotism, valor, fidelity
and abilities of
John James Treanor
I do appoint him _____ Second Lieutenant, Corps of Engineers _____ in the

Army of the United States

such appointment to date from the _____ eighth _____ day of _____ April _____
nineteen hundred and _____ fifty-two _____. He is therefore carefully and diligently to
discharge the duty of the office to which he is appointed, by doing and performing all
manner of things thereunto belonging.

He will enter upon active duty under this commission only when specifically
ordered to such active duty by competent authority.
And, I do strictly charge and require all Officers and Soldiers under his command
when he shall be employed on active duty, to be obedient to his orders as an officer of his
grade and position, and he is to observe and follow such orders and directions from time
to time, as he shall receive from me, or the future President of the United States of
America, or the General or other Superior Officers set over him, according to the rules
and discipline of War.

This commission evidences an appointment in the Army of the United States under
the provisions of section 37, National Defense Act, as amended, and is to continue in
force for a period of five years from the date above specified, and during the pleasure
of the President of the United States for the time being.

Done at the City of Washington, this _____ eighth _____ day of _____ April _____
in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and _____ fifty-two _____, and of the
Independence of the United States of America the one hundred and _____ seventy-sixth _____

By the President:

W. B. Bergin
Major General
The Adjutant General



W. D., A. G. O. FORM NO. 0650 C.
15 OCTOBER 1946

2nd Lieutenant, Corps of Engineers, 4/8/1952. Photograph submitted by Mickey Werick.

The Messenger – Terry Werick

This story is about Jimmy in Korea. It seems to me he actually did write this story out years ago and I saw a copy of it, but I'm not sure where it went.

One night a red-haired messenger boy Jim recognized woke him up to tell him another company needed Jimmy to get his troops up and come to their rescue as they were outnumbered on the battlefield! Jimmy did so pronto and when they arrived to back up the endangered company, they asked how he knew they needed him. He was surprised and said, "Well, you sent that red-haired messenger boy to get me!" Impossible. The red-haired messenger boy had been killed the previous day in battle!



Peanut Butter, Bellies, and Knees – Margaret Paroski

I remember Jim put peanut butter on everything. I was totally grossed out watching him eat peanut butter spread on a hotdog!

My favorite sleep-over was a visit to Nana's. The household at that time was Nana, Aunt Es, Kiko, Jim & Joe. Joe was not a fan of young children (except Mary Fran, because she liked his Doberman). Kiko told me not to talk to her until I was 14. But Jim saw the fun in children. He would stick his tongue out at me, and when I stuck mine out in response, he would say, "Why would a pretty little girl like you do something like that?" As if he wasn't doing the same thing! Jim would pretend to be asleep on the sofa (or davenport, as Nana called it). I would sneak up and sit on Jim's stomach. He would pretend to snore, and suck his breath (and stomach) in, and then suddenly force it out, which would throw me off the couch onto the floor, resulting in hysterical laughter.

Jim taught me the days of the week in German – I can still recite them!

One day in early grade school, I was walking to school and slipped and fell. I tore my tights, skinned my knee, and ended up sitting in a puddle, soaked. I walked home crying. My mother cleaned up my abrasion, got me a new pair of tights,

and changed me into dry clothes. Uncle Jim happened to have stopped in to visit my mother that morning, and he offered to drive me to school (a big two blocks). I was thrilled! But the best part was when we got to Nardin, instead of letting me out at the curb, he drove up the sidewalk to the front door. Only Uncle Jim could get away with that!



Jim, Joe, Nana. Submitted by Mickey Werick.

Contact Lenses, Sailors, and Toilets, the '50s – *Peggy and Mickey Werick*

As was often the case, Jim was enlisted as chauffeur, this time to drive a carful of passengers to some school-related (Canisius College where Kate taught) convention in NYC. The passengers included a couple of “the good fathers” and Kate. Jim missed a stop sign and when the cop called “Hey, Buffalo!” Jim pulled over while the officer checked his license. The officer mentioned that Jim’s license indicated that he needed glasses which he was not wearing. Jim started blinking, his eyes watered, and he screwed up his face which he turned to the side, opening his eyes wide and said “Officer, I have contacts.” (Contacts were a very new thing at the time.) Also, the cop, no doubt a good Irish cop, looked at Jim’s blinking eyes and the car full of Roman collars and said, “Oh, yes, I see.” and sent them on their way. Jim did indeed have contacts. Of course he didn’t have them in that day.

Nana told of waking one morning at 51 to find two young men she did not know asleep on her sofas in the front room and her sitting room. In the kitchen, Jim was ironing a Canadian sailor’s uniform. Seems Jim had found two sailors the night before and felt sorry for them ‘cause they had no place in town to stay. After a hearty breakfast the two young men went on their way well rested and in their freshly pressed uniforms with a glowing opinion of the people of Buffalo in general and Jim and Nana in particular!



Jim Treanor and Nana Treanor.
(submitted by Maureen Brady)

While Jim was in the Army, Joe decided to take him to task for his lack of correspondence. Joe wrote Jim a lovely letter ... on toilet paper, with the promise of nothing more to come until Jim mended his ways. Jim and Joe were a grand match and provided us all with countless hours of entertainment!

We all prayed for, and worried about, Jimmy while he was away at “the war.” Of course, we all knew that Nana’s prayers were the most efficacious. Nana prayed to the Blessed Mother asking her to wrap her cloak around Jimmy to protect him from harm. One of the many stories of that protection that we heard later was of the time Jimmy woke on the battlefield in the middle of the night and headed for the latrine. On his way back, Jim saw that a bomb had hit right where he had been sleeping moments ago.



Jacket and Jeep – Bill Werick

My earliest memories of Jimmy Treanor were of his return from the Korean War. I don’t trust them; I was about three, the memories are as indistinct as peripheral vision, but here’s what I remember. My household was filled with happy anticipation; people were so excited about his return that it imprinted on me at that age. And I remember Jim brought me a present, a pea-green silk jacket with a red-orange dragon on the back.

Throughout the rest of the 1950s I stood in a small crowd next to him while he played the piano, sang, and smoked a cigar so many times that they blur into one memory. My cousin Billy Wolbier, the son of Jim’s oldest sister Mary, was almost my twin brother, being only six months older. Billy and I both wanted to emulate Jim, but Wolbier had more musical talent, and learned piano well enough to play in front of others. Jim credited his skill to his Aunt Esther’s insistence, and the recordings Chuck Treanor made in 1948 and 1949 show that Jim was already good before he was 20. I remember that he went through periods where he bore down to improve his skill. Watching Jim play the “Chariot Race” was a thrill, and I can bring those pictures and sounds back with ease; I appreciated the Irish songs more as I got older.

My father taught me how to drive, but Jim let me practice long before I had a permit. While there were many occasions, the clearest memory I have is sweeping down the entrance ramp onto Delaware Avenue in the Delaware Park esses headed south, either to Lancaster or Ketchum, I'm not sure. He let me drive his Jeep, which was probably a mid-fifties model, close in appearance to today's Wrangler but much more primitive – if the windshield and canvas top were up and it started raining, you turned the wipers either by hand, with a little crank on the flat metal dash, or, in later fancy models, used vacuum wipers which worked pretty well except when you stepped on the gas, when they stopped altogether. This day the windshield was down and Jim was smoking a cigar in the passenger seat and I was about as happy as I could be.



Club 51 - Peggy and Mickey Werick

Some of our Jimmy stories come from the times we “stayed over” at Nana’s.

On a beautiful weekend day in the summer, Jim and Joe were “volunteered” to transport several people to Aunt Essie’s cottage. All were gathered on the front porch waiting, none too patiently, for the boys to line up their cars in front of the house so the passengers could load. Suddenly, with no preplanning, Jim and Joe burst through the front door, leaped over the porch railing onto the driveway, jumped into their cars, and **backed** at top speed down Ketchum Place and around the block to land back in front of 51. (Ketchum was One Way!) Everyone screamed with laughter!

“Topper,” also sometimes expressed as “Topper T. Topper” was one of the nicknames that Joe had for Jim. Joe explained that it was bestowed because Jim was more entertaining than a three ring circus under the Big Top!

One day Jim was getting ready to go out and was complaining that he couldn’t find his shoes. Joe, who couldn’t even see Jim, so had no idea where he was, yelled from the front room: “Topper! Stop! Lean over! Now reach out!”

Sure enough, Jim came up with a pair of his shoes! (Joe knew that Topper's shoes were everywhere so the odds were with Joe!)

When we stayed at Nana's, we had a special "wake-up call": ... Jim, playing the piano in the front room as he drank his first cup of coffee. One of my (Mick) favorites was "Nola."

We spent many weekends helping Kiko with her fruit fly research as she worked toward her PhD at UB. Jim was also going to the UB campus at that time. He was studying for his BS. (Physics courses stand out especially at that time.) So, it was only natural that Jim was appointed chauffeur-in-chief for all UB project related transportation. One of our biggest treats was to get to ride to HAA (Holy Angels Academy) on a Monday morning with Jim in his Jeep. It wasn't a namby-pamby, watered down, domestic version of a Jeep. It was a real Jeep! It was open on the sides and top, and looked like war was declared, rolling down the street! We'd come flying up the drive, to the side door of HAA, the envy of all we surveyed! We loved it!



Jim Treanor at 65 Lancaster.

Submitted by Mickey Werick.

Drosophila Melanogaster – Jim Treanor

Kiko got me a job in college (in the lab where she was doing her post-doc) working on drosophila DNA/RNA to make money. This was before electron microscopes, when DNA was a new area of research. I worked on fruit fly characteristics: curly and straight winged, fuzzy and clean legged, different colored eyes.



A Summary and A Hug – Terry Werick

My Mom, Es Marg or Essie as she was known to everyone else, had lots of sisters and brothers. That was great for us; because they are all amazing characters, each with an interesting story and each with a different place in our lives and our understanding of the world.

When I was born, fourth child in a family of six, Jimmy was only 19 years old! When my oldest sister Peggy was born, he was not yet 13. So, we never really got into the Aunt and Uncle titles for Mom's siblings, we just called them by their names, straight up.

Jimmy was the coolest, wildest uncle, in my mind. My first really clear memory of him is saying my prayers each night and praying that he would be safe because he was at war when I was about five years old. I was already snagged. A soldier, brave and bold.

Well, we were all praying for his safety and evidently it worked because he made it out of Korea. It wasn't the last time I would think "Whew!" at the end of a Jimmy Treanor story! And like Jimmy Durante (I think), I got a million of 'em!

At first, Jimmy was an engineer, building roads and bridges like good army engineers do. But never one to stop at one profession, Jimmy decided to go to medical school and become Dr. Treanor. I remember reading an article that featured Jimmy as the oldest student in the class. He was over 30! Quite unusual at the time, but then, that was Jimmy Treanor!

One of the best parts for us was that at some point Jimmy rotated through some part of his learning at Millard Fillmore

Hospital, which was just down the street from us. During that time I remember coming home from school and opening the door and smelling that signature cigar! “Mom!” I would call “Is Jimmy here?!?!?” Well no, he just came for lunch when he could to visit with his older sister and had to go back to the hospital long before we made it home! But somehow it was great to smell that cigar in the house and know he had been there! And it made Mom happy! She liked his visits! At some point though, he came over on the weekend and we were around. I remember he was talking to Dad and he put his arm around my shoulders. I felt lucky! I tried not to shift my position but of course as soon as I did he shifted too. Well, still, a hug from Jimmy was a hug from Jimmy! And nobody else got one! Cool!



Shoe Shopping and Convents – *Peggy and Mickey Werick*

Since our mother couldn't drive and had a million kids hanging off her all the time, Jim would often help her out by taking one or the other of us to run an errand. Such was the case when he took me (Peg) to get shoes for my high school class day outfit. We went to the women's shoe department in Bergers where he sat down next to me.

This pompous sales clerk came over and asked if she could help us. Jim said, “Why, yes!” as he put his big boot up on the measuring stool. “Have you got something pretty in a size 12?” The woman was flabbergasted. She didn't have a clue how to deal with Jim. It was the best!

Later, when I (Peg) was in the convent ... the novitiate, actually, Jim had to be in the Philadelphia area and decided to take a chance that the powers that be would allow him to visit me if he showed up. (Jim has always been a specialist at manipulating the “clerks” of the world with their preponderance of petty, nitpicking rules.) It seemed reasonable. He was in town. Why not visit? Isn't that what any proper and polite relative would do?

Remembering how I enjoyed my art projects when I was home, he'd also brought along a gift of a lovely set of paints.

Needless to say, Mother Ann Rita (the mistress of novices) would not allow the visit. So Jim asked her to at least give me the paints. When Mother Ann Rita said that painting would be a distraction from my serious studies, Jim took one look at the nun, terror of our novitiate, smiled and said earnestly, “Why, congratulations, Sister! There are very few proponents of that narrow minded school left!” She almost missed being insulted!



History and Neuroanatomy – *Jim Treanor*

While in college my lowest grade was a “D” in history. When being interviewed for medical school, one of my interviewing physicians asked me why I got that “D”. I told him that I found history very uninteresting. I told him that it was dull to memorize all those names of dead people and added that “what we learn from history is that we don’t learn from history.” It was much later that I learned he was an avid historian!

In the first year of medical school, I flunked neuroanatomy and had to take it over again the next year. As a result of the repetition, I got an “A” which helped me greatly later when I studied psychiatry in medical school, and much later during my psychiatry residency. Dr. Oliver P. (OP) Jones was my anatomy professor. He insisted that I had to stop my evening job playing piano at Esmond’s, a classy supper club that paid well and produced great tips. I met him again when I came back to Buffalo and was asked to join the Medical School Admission Committee. I think I had proven to him that I was worth the second chance.



Calspan – *Charles Treanor*

Chuck, who worked at Calspan, was quite surprised to find Jim working during vacation as a technician in the aerodynamics department. Jim said he had not wanted to impose on Chuck to try to get him a job. Jim made quite a name for himself in that department.



Charles' Influence on Jim's Education – *Jim Treanor*

As a young sergeant, I almost quit OCS (Officer Candidate School). I told Charlie what I was intending while on Christmas leave. Charlie bawled me out, saying, "You've got to become an officer." I stuck with it and graduated third from last in a class of 33 (50 to start).

When I got riffed (reduction in force) in the mid-fifties (because I was an officer without a degree), I came back to Buffalo and went to work at the steel mill. Chuck also intervened then and encouraged me to go to college instead. I went to UB and got a degree in Physics, just like Chuck.



Charles' Influence on Jim's Education – *Charles Treanor*

Jim often says that I was a big influence on him going to school. I really do not remember this as being a monumental conversation, but more as straight-forward advice by an older brother. There was no question that Jim would go to school, college, and advance his degree.



Letters Home – *TC Treanor*

As a storyteller, Jim Treanor has a friendly and easy relationship with the facts, rather than a pinched and exacting one. Since I seek to emulate him in this (and in most things) I can't warrant the absolute truth of these stories. They're true to me, though.

The earliest example of Jimmy's unique take on things of which I am aware is a letter he wrote to his mother while he served in Korea. "The boys and I went on a nature walk yesterday," it began. Indeed he had; the nature walk was on Pork Chop Hill, during the worst of that war's carnage. I have no doubt they saw plenty of nature.

Another letter, somewhat later, explained to his mother that he was being sent to diplomat's school, in Alaska. This was also true, if "diplomat's school" means the same thing as "paratrooper's school" and "diplomacy" means the same thing as "jumping out of an airplane at twelve hundred feet." In a sense it does, I suppose; a strike force of paratroopers is a significant aid to diplomacy.



More Than Your Uniform – *Margaret Paroski*

About 10 years ago (2001), Jose had a high school project which involved interviewing a relative a generation older than his parents. He selected Uncle Jim. One of the questions he had to ask was "What was the hardest thing you ever faced?" Jim recounted a tale I have called "You have to be more than your uniform."

Jim always admired (and competed with) Chuck. When Jim finished high school, Chuck was already well established. He had fought in the "Big One" (WW II) and was an academically accomplished physicist. Jim started college at Canisius, while working at Harrison Radiator. He did not enjoy a particularly peaceful relationship with his father. Jim was overextended and not doing well in college. He decided the solution was to enlist in the Army during the Korean conflict. In the Armed Forces, he was in his element! He rapidly rose to the rank of Captain. But when the war was over, he didn't have a college degree, and was told that if he remained in the army, he would revert to his last held enlisted rank of sergeant. The alternative was to exit and join the reserves.

Jim said he was devastated. Everything he had worked years to achieve was about to be wiped out in one fell swoop. He was scared to return to civilian life, where he felt he had previously not been successful. He said he was so distraught that he actually contemplated suicide. He spoke to Chuck about his concerns. Chuck encouraged him to join the reserves, retain his rank of captain, and go back to college, assuring him that he would be successful. Jim took Chuck's advice, and the rest is history. Jim's lesson learned was "You've got to be more than your uniform."

He went on to say that he was glad that he had encountered adversity early in life, because it gave him a skill set that was important in dealing with life's bumps. As a psychiatrist, he said, some his most difficult situations were dealing with people who had always been successful, and then had to deal with their first crisis at age 40-50. They had no skill set for dealing with failure, which was a huge disadvantage. It certainly put a positive spin on dealing with adversity early in life!

I have used Jim's story many times in counseling medical students, residents, and physicians dealing with crisis situations. I have also used it as a guiding principle in my own life – you have to be more than your uniform – who cares how many stripes you have on your sleeve?



Captain 1/18/1959.

*Submitted by Mickey
Werick.*

The Reserves – *Frank Parisi*

Jim and our Gang had many great times together and sometimes in reflecting I felt (but only for a brief moment) that I may have been corrupting the life of a minor (or major or colonel or it may have been vice versa)!!!

It was the summer of 1962 when I arrived in Buffalo. I had just graduated from college and was going through the training program at IBM. I was introduced to several people, two of which were in the Army Reserves and were friends with Capt. John James "Jim" Treanor (every male at that time had a Military Obligation). At that point I had a pretty simple

philosophy of life which seemed to work just fine.....a meal when I'm hungry...a drink when I'm dry.....keep a woman handyand Jesus when I die!!!....in other words, I enjoyed the good times and was always ready for one, as it appeared my new acquaintances were also!!!

I would see Jim at parties, but it was a couple of years later that I would get to know him better, as one day I received a nice letter in the mail saying that Uncle Sam would like the pleasure of my company for an extended period...at which time I decided to join the Reserve Unit where Jim, Don Smith and John Sassaman were members. That is when most of the tales that follow were enacted...or as one might say "Vintage Jim Treanor"!!!

First I had to go to basic Army training as well as advanced training in some engineering discipline as our Company was the 969th Engineering Battalion (as in Construction Battalion, who build roads and bridges and operate heavy equipment....none of which we did but we were supposed to be ready to do it)...what we *did* do was to go to 4 meetings a month which consisted of two Monday night meetings and a Saturday and a Sunday meeting.

The biggest challenge was to make sure everyone was stopping at the same place after the meeting to have a beer. But during the meeting there was an occasional lecture and the best were always given by Capt. Treanor who had been on active duty and had also been called up during the "Berlin Crisis". The only way to adequately describe the lecture is that it was 100% pure bullshit with vignettes of actual Army situations....however to keep interest on the part of a hundred or so enlisted men he would refer to himself as "Captain Baggaassholes" in the process of executing a particular assignment!!!

A few years earlier the reserve unit had been called up and was deployed to Berlin, Germany when the border was closed and they "required additional support". Since I was not there I can only relate some of the stories. As you know Jim is a self taught piano player and at that time had a Caruso blast of a voice. He also had a fine taste for alcoholic drinks and felt that "Corby's and water" was just fine as was beer and other products, especially when they were complimentary. Between the piano playing and the loud voice he would take over

complete German Beer Halls that had UMPA bands and not only play German songs (many of which were in German), but would also play Irish songs, such as Danny Boy and Mother Machree, to add ethnic balance, especially for those far from home!!!

Upon returning from the call-up Jim somehow purchased a vintage Army Jeep. We had a motor pool at the reserve center and we also had several vehicles for troop transport. Somehow the Treanor Jeep confused the motor pool gang and it would receive servicing, so the motor pool would have something to do during meetings. Every Army Vehicle has the Company designation on the front and rear bumpers as did the Treanor Jeep. On the left side they painted "969 ENGBN" and on the right "AWOL" which in the military stands for "Absence Without Leave" – not a good position to be in! However the Jeep was Jim's POV and he was frequently seen traveling up and down Richmond Avenue, Porter Avenue, Elmwood Avenue etc. going to and from Ketchum Place. It would also be found parked on wide sidewalks as well as in no parking zones since it really appeared as a military vehicle obviously on a critical mission!

Army Summer Camp provided an extraordinary venue for antics. It generally consisted of going to Camp Drum, NY and idling about for 2 weeks. We used old WWII billets which probably were not updated since the end of WWII. Jim was always very quick with the one liners and once the Battalion Commander asked Jim as he was coming out of the shower and the Commander was going in – "How's the water?"

Jim replied, "Just the way you like it."

He found out very quickly that it was cold, so cold, and was very unhappy. Of course those around him had a laugh at his displeasure! Every year at Summer Camp (which was officially known as ANACTDUTRA) there was a Company Party and I suspect Jim was the official song writer and several verses of the "Official Reserve Song" were sung...it goes something like this:

*Here's to the regular Army
They write up a great lesson plan!
But they call out the God damned reservists
Whenever the shit hits the fan!!!*

Jim always had a way with words, especially with new people. One day a new officer was introduced to our company who happened to be a Chaplain. Jim quickly introduced himself and must have told him if he could do anything to help, just let him know! The Chaplain asked him what parish he belonged to and Jim told him the one on Porter Ave near Ketchum Place. He also established that he had served as an altar boy and so he was asked to be the server at the mass later that day. I suspect a task in which he would rather not participate. At mass time, Jim did not show up so the Chaplain sent for him and held up the mass until he posted. Finally he did come, but you could easily see he was not overly happy!!!

Our favorite spot in Buffalo was “Brinks” on Elmwood Ave and was usually the “stopping place” after the Saturday and Sunday reserve meetings. While Jim had played in front of audiences, it was the beginning of a short lived professional singing career for John, Don and me. There were several older Irishmen there along with the owner – Francis J. Brinkworth who loved to hear the old Irish songs and would supply the drinks and encouragement for us to perform. We sometimes worked the complete shift and would arrive home close to midnight which was fine when single but a little bit of a strain after I was married. Between the reserve meetings, Brinks and the Bills football games which were on Sunday ...Mondays could be somewhat unproductive!!!

One more reserve story! Every year we had to take the complete Reserve unit to the rifle range to qualify. The range was southwest of Buffalo near Warsaw and it took a convoy a couple of hours to get there. We met at the Reserve Center in Tonawanda and would travel by Army Vehicles to the site. On this particular day John, Don, Jim and I had a couple of vehicles and happened to stop in a pub along the way that was similar to Brinks. After a few hours a couple of us had to leave and left Jim and others behind. When Jim left, he must have had bad directions, because for some reason he went off the road and ran into a farmer’s chicken coop with his AWOL Jeep. The next morning about 4:30 and suffering from too much refreshment, Don Smith woke me up and said that we needed to retrieve Jim’s Jeep which was on private land, and that we needed to act very official because the Farmer was seen as a problem. So off we went looking very official and got to the site and we explained that we were there on official

business and needed to get the vehicle back to the center and that any damage would certainly be taken care of by the appropriate parties. After a few tense moments and sympathizing with the Farmer, we finally departed with the Jeep!!!

Another vintage one liner was when Jim decided that he wanted to become an MD. He had applied for admission and had to have an interview with a Dean of Admission. They spoke and the Dean was trying to establish reality and he looked at Jim and asked if he realized that it would take 10 years to become an MD and in 10 years he would be 40 years old??? Very quickly Jim replied that in 10 years he would be 40 years old whether he became an MD or not! Probably a good answer since he was accepted into the program!!

Jim is truly a remarkable person and has excelled in all areas of pursuit in a very distinguished career. If I ever had to assemble a team to go to Hell to give the Devil an enema, Jim would be first on the list and I would probably only need one person – Jim - except we may need more than one witness! He is the epitome of a person who works hard and plays hard and puts fun into the game of life and has inspired many folks around him. If you had the opportunity to run into people in all corners of the world that have crossed paths with Jim..... Berlin, Vietnam, Hawaii, West Point, DeClopper Reserve Center, Brinks, Ketchum Place, and many more.....They would without a doubt remember, and with good reason, Jim, and with a huge smile on their face!

Finally, anytime I need an inspiration by Jim all I do is merely go out at night and look up in the sky because “Jim is the one who hung the moon!!!



Deciding on Med School – *Margaret Paroski*

I remember Jim telling me how he ended up going to medical school. One day he was having a severe asthma attack. My father (James Werick) stopped by and gave him a shot of epi, with instant relief. Jim said in that moment he decided – I want to do what that guy does for a living.



Airborne – Charles Treanor

Jim's paratrooping position in the Army should be noted. Jim always had a taste for action. He enjoyed people saying "He joined the what?" His family and friends thought that joining the Army was bad enough, but being a paratrooper was quite a risky job. Jim kept a record of his jumps and it is quite a high number.



Driving the Jeep 1966 – James Werick

Many of my fondest memories relate to the Jeep, and Uncle Jim's liberal policies regarding who was allowed to drive. In particular, I recall a cold winter's day when I and my brother John, ages 10 and 6 respectively, accompanied Jim in his Jeep to Uncle Chuck's house in Williamsville.

Blizzard conditions outside the Jeep, and a thick cloud of cigar smoke inside, reduced visibility to zero, which really didn't matter, as the driver, my brother John, perched on Jim's lap, couldn't see over the dashboard, anyway. But he could drive, just like he had seen people drive on TV, steering left, then right, then left, then right, then left, then left...

Ever positive and encouraging, Jim exhorted, "You're doing a hell of a job Johnny! Hey, you fellas have been to Charlie's new house, right? I suppose you'll recognize it when you see it? Good men! Let me know when we get there..." As we barreled down Maple Road at 75 m.p.h., weaving all the way to one side, then to the other, then back again, I remember thinking "Man, wait until my turn!"

At the time, Maple Road resembled an unimproved cow path, with six-foot-deep drainage ditches on either side, and I'd seen lots of war movies and all the cool ways Jeeps can handle ditches, and snow banks, and other rough terrain. Although I can't seem to recall any additional details about how we got there and back, I also like to remember Jim's equally liberal policies regarding who was allowed to smoke his cigars and drink his beers.



More Jeep, and Teflon – *Mike Treanor*

As youngsters, one of our greatest excitements was knowing that Uncle Jim was coming out to watch us. The rules always changed for the better.

Briarhurst Park, at the end of our street, offered a baseball diamond, a basketball court, and a great expanse of open lawn. The lawn just wasn't that interesting until one day when Uncle Jim arrived to take care of us. He had his Jeep. A ride in the Jeep, especially with the top off, was always a thrill. The idea that it could get better by riding it up a curb and into that park had never occurred to us. It never occurred to us that we could be popular with all the kids who played in that park. We learned a lot that day. After many trips around the park and after many rides, people knew who we were. Days and even weeks later, strangers were asking us if our uncle was visiting.

I know that one of the times Uncle Jim was taking care of us, Teflon® was a new non-stick coating for pans and my parents had bought a set. The dark color was new and didn't seem right, and Uncle Jim was quite possibly the strongest guy we knew. That was a bad combination. After a bit of scrubbing, the pans were all shiny and new looking. They may have been under warranty.



A Ride to Church – *Terry Werick*

One day, I cannot imagine why, Dad was not available to drive us to school. We actually went to Mass at the New Cathedral on Delaware first, and then walked over to the New Cathedral School after Mass each morning. Jimmy somehow filled in for Dad that morning and we piled into the Jeep and headed off.

Jimmy decided he would deliver Es Marg's overprotected children right to the door (well, the steps) of the church. In order to do this, he drove up onto the broad sidewalks leading up to the church as we waved to our surprised schoolmates who quickly jumped out of our way! With big grins on our faces, we jumped out of the jeep and headed up the stairs of the huge Cathedral to say our prayers.





Jim Treanor as a resident on break from Millard, practicing on Jody Werick at 65 Lancaster. *Submitted by Mickey Werick.*

The Daring Jump at 169 Lancaster – James Werick

Uncle Jim's visits were always a tumult. James and his siblings would flock to him as soon as he entered the house, clamoring to learn what feat of amazement he had come to perform.

One nice autumn day, Jim volunteered to put storm windows on the house at 169 Lancaster Avenue. He climbed out onto the roof of the porch through one of the bedroom windows (about 18 feet off the ground) and proceeded to install the old wooden storm windows. Once they were installed, Jim realized he couldn't get back inside, and he didn't have a ladder to get down.

Jim did what only Jim could do - he jumped, to the horror of his sister Tracey and the delight of James and John. They watched in awe as he leapt off the roof and hit the ground - dropping, rolling, and rebounding to his feet in one seamless

move. Not only did the cigar never leave Jim's mouth, his nephews would later claim the ash never fell from the cigar!

When asked how he was able to perform the feat, Jim responded simply with two words, "Paratrooper Training." Tracey spent the next several weeks making sure the windows were locked to prevent James and John from attempting their *own* Paratrooper Training.



Brains – *John Treanor*

Uncle Jim did a lot of babysitting for us when he was in medical school at UB. Late one night when I couldn't sleep I came down the stairs to get water or something - I was probably around 12 years old or maybe a little older.

The house was dark except for one light on in the dining room, where Jim was studying and looking at slides on a microscope - he must have been doing some sort of pathology class at the time. Anyway, there he was, with a real microscope at our dining room table, looking at parts of some actual dead guy's brain.

He put me on the chair and showed me how to use the microscope, and then we looked at some brain slides together. That wasn't the only thing that made me want to go to medical school many years later, but I can tell you honestly that I thought it was fascinating and made me realize that studying the biology of humans could be a really interesting thing to do with my life.



Brides – *Terry Werick*

Sadly, for the most part, while we were younger, we didn't get to hang out with Jimmy Treanor much. At some point before medical school and after Korea, he was stationed in Germany. He came home and everyone was excited – he was coming over to our house to visit! He told Mom he had married a good German girl while he was in Germany. Mom believed him of course and practically fainted. I don't have any of the details

of the German bride story but there may have been an elaborately developed saga that became more elaborate with each telling!

The next time I got to see a lot of Jimmy was the summer after junior year in high school. I was hanging out with Kiko (Jimmy's sister Kate and my godmother), taking her summer school Genetics class with Sally Januale.

Sally was Kiko's ride for many of the classes that summer and so attended some of the classes too. It was great fun hanging out with her! We even went to a showing of the Orson Welles movie *Rosebud* with Billy Wolbier one night which was neat.

At some point even I become aware of the fact that Sally and Jimmy were an item. And sure enough, by the end of the following school year, they got married. Their wedding day, June 1, 1968, was also my Class Day, something seniors did at Holy Angels where I went to high school and Mom said I had to attend the event. I wanted to go to the wedding but instead attended Class Day as instructed, doing the required Grey Nun bow when my name was called and I walked to the front of the stage. And that's how I missed Sally and Jim's first party!



The Engagement – Sally Treanor

Jim's Internship year in general surgery was grueling, full of 100 hour weeks and little time for socializing. He and Sally saw one another seldom and those times were usually associated with something formal to do with the reserves.

In early spring 1968, they had been to a dinner at the Air Base in Niagara Falls, and stopped on the way home at a sing-along bar in North Tonawanda. As usual, Jim had no money on him but the folks in the bar knew him and gladly cashed his check. He and Sally then joined in the raucous singing, with Jim typically taking a turn at the piano, yodeling *My Gal Sal*. Next day, he received a call from the bar asking him to replace the check that they had cashed that he had written for *twenty-five enemas*.

Not long after this incident, after almost a year of little contact, Sally arrived home from work to find a fabulous bouquet of red

roses awaiting her. Aunt Esther (who lived with Sally and her grandparents taking care of Margaret Siedler) was eagerly awaiting her arrival, much later than usual because of a faculty meeting. Essie pulled her over to the flowers, not even allowing removal of coat and scarf. A card was posted prominently midst the flowers. When slipped from its envelope it said, "I love you. Will you marry me?" Essie, being ever helpful, had opened it when the flowers were delivered so Sally would know immediately who had sent them. She was bursting all day long with this news not able to tell anyone.

That same day, after calling Jim to accept, they made their way to the Club 51 (family home of the Treanors at 51 Ketchum Place). They had decided that since they both lacked money, they would reuse a large zircon that was in a ring that family lore held had been presented to Jim by an Indian Princess. (Jim was recipient of many mythical gifts and awards during the years away in the army, transformed by lively Irish imaginations into quite grand booty.) After announcing their news to his mother Margaret, Jim asked if she knew where the ring was. She looked thoughtful and excused herself go look for it. She came back with an impish look on her lovely face, grasped Sally's hand and slid a beautiful diamond ring onto her finger, saying, "This doesn't look so good on my old hands any more."

Six weeks later, on June 1, 1968, they were married at St. Joseph's Cathedral, attended by Sally's sister Margie and her little daughter Ellen and Jim's brother Joe. Sally's mother Eleanor and step father Joe Gersitz pulled together a great reception at the Williamsville Inn attended by the whole family, including all the little kids who had a great time.



The Engagement Ring – *Sally Treanor*

The Depression was hard on the Treanors. Bill lost his electrical contracting business, the family had to move from their home in Kenmore over to Pennsylvania Ave. on the West Side of Buffalo. Jim (age 4) lost a whole assortment of female admirers, most prominent being Mrs. Bedard, and Margaret sold her engagement ring.

The whole family felt pretty bad about this, none more than the youngest, Joe, who swore that when he made any money he would buy a new diamond for his lovely mom. Joe grew up, became a licensed electrician (like his Dad), and made good on his promise with a beautiful, perfect blue-white quarter carat diamond set in yellow gold with smaller diamonds on either side. This was the ring that Margaret gave to Sally.

Many years, children, miles, and moves later, young Joe Treanor (named for his uncle, the ring giver) sat at a family dinner with Kim Shoop, whom he had been dating for four months, and announced that they would be getting married the following summer. Sally worked the ring off her finger and presented it to Kim. Seemed right!



Wink, Wink – Paula Simon

I was invited to help serve at Sally's bridal shower. It was at the house on Harlem (which I just went through a few months ago (2011) when it was up for sale- really cool and just about the same as when I was six years old, and when my mom was little!). I was very excited to be included.

Anyway, I was standing in the dining room after the shower and Jim came in the front door. He turned to me and winked. I was shy (at the time!). He kept trying to get me to smile or say something, and winked at me a few more times as he was interacting with all the others there. He was a little loud and laughing but he kept doing that *winking* thing at me. He was totally different from any other man I had met. On first meeting, he made me feel like I mattered, even to a grown-up.

I will never forget that meeting and since then have seen Jim wink many times at others, too. Even though I was shy about it I found it very endearing.

I have winked at all of my children many times. It is our secret little signal to say, "I am thinking about you, I see you, you're terrific, I love you!"

I also have taught all my kids, at a young age, to wink back. Even today, I will sometimes see one of my children from across the room and they will wink at me and I will wink back!



The Honeymoon – *Sally Treanor*

The first night of their honeymoon did not go exactly as Sally expected. It wasn't fancy. Jim was about to be stationed in Hawaii, and they didn't have the money or time to do anything romantic, so they stayed in a crappy hotel court outside Fort Drum. That's not the part that was surprising.

The first unexpected thing was when her new husband took out his false teeth before going to bed. The fact that they were false had not previously been revealed to her.

The second unexpected thing was when they woke up in the middle of the night in the hot, humid hotel room to Jim's raging asthma attack, which Sally had never seen before.

Luckily Jim had some epinephrine with him. An auspicious beginning.





Joe and Mary Agnes Wedding. Kiko, Mary Agnes, Joe, Jim. *Submitted by Mickey Werick.*

Chapter 3: Vietnam, Having Kids, and Stateside

Jim and Sally were posted to Honolulu, Hawaii shortly after they married in 1968. Jim was called up for the Viet Nam war, as a medic this time, and spent much of his time out of the country, while Sally was home producing babies.

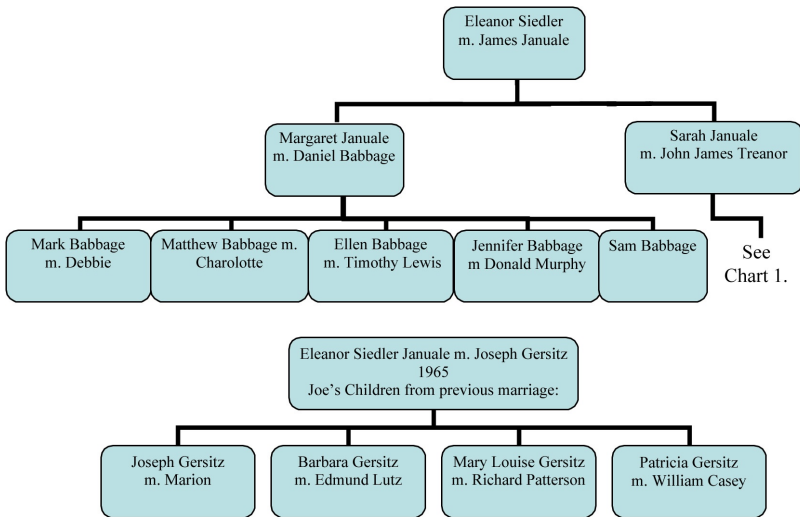
Joseph Ambrose was born March 8, 1969.

Margaret Eleanor was born May 17, 1971.

Patrick William was born September 16, 1972.

Sarah Katherine was born February 4, 1976, but survived only one day.

After the war, in typical military fashion, the Treanor family was moved from Hawaii to Texas, to Alabama (Fort Rucker), and then to Georgia.



Family Chart 2. Sally's marriage to Jim brought her sister Margie's children, as well as her step-siblings from mother Eleanor's second marriage to Joe Gersitz, into the family. *Submitted by Sally Treanor.*

People Will Talk – Margaret Paroski

When Sally got pregnant with Joe quickly after their marriage, I heard Jim tell my mother, “I hope he’s born early so that everyone will talk!”



Showing Off Baby Joe – Sally Treanor

Jim was sent to Viet Nam when his first born son Joe was 5 days old. Three months into his tour there, his younger brother Joe (for whom his son was named) died in Buffalo. Jim received compassionate leave, flew from Viet Nam to Hawaii, picked up Sally and the baby, and flew to Buffalo.



Jim’s younger brother Joe Treanor. *Submitted by wife Mary via Bill Werick.*

While proudly walking through the Honolulu airport, the baby on his shoulder, he spouted, “All these people are looking at me because of this beautiful baby.” Sally replied, “No. It’s because your fly is open.” He of course peered down and found his attire intact. It was the only time in 43 years (and still counting) of marriage that Sally ever got him.

Later, silly with delight over his smiling, drooling, gabbling son, he sat in the plane holding the baby up, spouting nonsense, such as, “Enunciate every syllable!” After about ten minutes of this, a whiskey voice growled out of the aisle seat, “If you want that kid to talk, why don’t you get him a set of teeth?”



Incoming or Outgoing – Sally Treanor

Jim, Sally, and Little Joe came back to visit after Jim's younger brother Joseph died, and stayed the night at Club 51. Nana insisted that the young couple take her bed. After visiting until 1 a.m., they got into this awful, lumpy bed which slanted to the middle and may have contributed to an uneasy slumber. There were sirens in the night, and Jim sat bolt upright to ask, "Is that incoming or outgoing?" before laying right back down to sleep.



Missed Parties, Measles and Scotch – Margaret Paroski

Jim was always the life of the party. I loved listening to him play the piano – Chariot Race was my favorite! But I also loved the sense of tradition and belonging when everyone would get around the piano and sing. I can still sing Ilene Og (for that the darling's name was..) and Whistling Phil McCue!

I remember being bitterly disappointed when I found out that children could not attend Jim's medical school graduation party (at the Connecticut Street Armory!).

I was similarly disappointed when I could not make an appearance at a party at my house where Jim & Sally were guests. Sally was pregnant and I had German measles, so I was not allowed downstairs. I still remember my mother telling me about how Gene Tierney ended up with a daughter horribly disabled from congenital rubella because a Marine with German measles broke sick bay to see her perform.

The next morning I heard hushed stories of the "great tragedy" - turned out that a large bottle of scotch that Jim had brought from the PX had fallen off a table and broken – only in our family is breaking a bottle of scotch a tragedy!





(left to right) Sally Treanor, Eleanor Gersitz, Jim Treanor, Joe Gersitz, Joseph Treanor. *Submitted by Mickey Werick.*

Faux Dermatologist – Charles Treanor (recorded by TC Treanor and Mary Jo Treanor)

(First part – submitted by TC Treanor)

Ruth and I used to visit Jim and Sally in their different incarnations, in Alabama, and Georgia, and Hawaii, and at West Point. I'd travel around with him and be treated like Royalty. Which is what Jim was pretending that I was -- or a visiting Congressman, or a reporter, or a member of a fact-finding organization. I vividly remember one time in Hawaii when he took me on medical rounds. There was one patient with some sort of abrasion or rash and Jim pronounced what he said was a tentative diagnosis. "But I brought a specialist," he said, gesturing toward me. "This is one of the leading dermatologists in America. Would you care to take a look at my patient, Doctor?"

The patient immediately unwrapped his bandage, and I viewed his unfortunate skin. "Um-hum," I said for what I hoped was the appropriate amount of time. Then I said, "I agree with your diagnosis, Doctor Treanor."

We all left satisfied -- Jim, the patient, and most of all, me, who had managed to pull off this impersonation. But as I

walked out of the hospital, I had a thought.

What if I had disagreed with him?

(Second Part – submitted by Mary Jo)

Following that exam they continued on to the base, where Chuck was once again introduced as a renowned dermatologist. Towards the end of the tour, one of the other doctors asked Chuck if he really was a dermatologist. Chuck said “No”. The officer was not surprised. He said it was a game Jim played, and it didn’t bother anybody.

Jim said it was good for the officers as well as his own family members to learn to expect the unexpected.

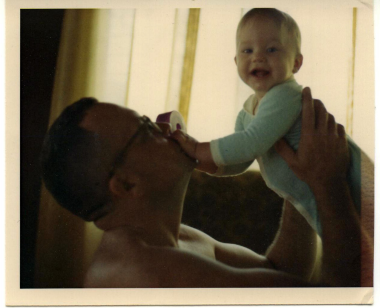


Grenade - Frank Parisi

Missing Jim from the reserves in Buffalo, late at night, when John Sassaman and our wives were socializing, we would occasionally pick up the phone and call Hawaiijust to make sure he was ok!!!

From Hawaii, he went to Vietnam as a brigade surgeon (probably similar to Hawkeye on MASH). While bringing a wounded soldier in from a helicopter, he saw a person running and a hand grenade land at his feet! So he quickly picked it up and threw it back at the person running and scored a direct hit! Of course, when asked how he had the presence of mind to do that, he replied “What the hell was I supposed to do with it?!”





Jim Treanor with wig (upper left) and with son Joe Treanor in 1969 (upper right). Son Joe Treanor in 1970 (lower right).
Submitted by Sally Treanor.

The Babies – Terry Werick

Jimmy and Sally went off to Hawaii where Jimmy was stationed and their first child, Joseph, was born March 8, 1969. By then Jimmy had volunteered for duty in Viet Nam and was scheduled to leave shortly after Joey was born (and named after Jimmy's younger brother and best bud Joe). Sadly, Jimmy's brother Joe died on June 10 of that same year. Jimmy came back from Viet Nam, stopping to pick up Sally and the baby and they all stayed at 51 (Nana and Kiko's house at 51 Ketchum) for about a month. I stayed with Nana during much of that time, too, and was absolutely taken with that great sweet baby boy! I just couldn't get over how calm and happy he was! What a great baby!

Sally and Jimmy left Buffalo and Jimmy went back to Viet Nam. Not long afterward, I was lucky enough to visit Sally and spend some time with her and the baby Joey. Toward the end of my visit, Jimmy came home as a surprise!!!!!! So I got to see him and he looked great! Of course we felt like we should leave immediately, (I think Diane Bella and JoanneShea (Sally's cousin) may have been there at that visit) but our tickets required a couple more days so we played babysitter so they could go out.

Oddly enough, their second child was born 9 months after that surprise visit home. By then Jimmy was back from Viet Nam and I think working at Tripler General Hospital – the pink hospital on the hill as I recall. I flew out toward the end of Sally's pregnancy to help with the baby and in the meantime had lots of fun with older sibling Joey! We would dance to rock music, (which meant I picked him up and danced all over the kitchen with him) laughing and giggling while Sally would go do her Army Community Service work. As it came closer to the due date for the new baby, I was talking to Jimmy, possibly discussing baby names, because I said, "What if it's a girl?"

"It won't be a girl." He was sure. He couldn't imagine that! His brother Chuck had to have 4 boys before a girl snuck in to the family and even then a boy came along with her! (Twins Michael and Melissa Treanor, of course.)

I said, "But it could be a girl." Nope. He couldn't picture it.

Well of course eventually, the day came when Sally went to the hospital to have the baby and Joey and I stayed at home

reading *Peter and the Wolf*, waiting for news. After what seemed like forever to me, and probably longer to Sally, the baby made an entrance and Jimmy called to tell us, "IT'S A GIRL!" And so Margaret Eleanor, named for her two Grandmas, entered the scene.

Jimmy knew he would remember her birth date because it was May 1-7-7-1. Handy!

While Sally was in the hospital after the birth of Margaret, it was my job to take care of Joey and fix dinner. Now normally, Sally, a master chef, would fix mouth-watering dinners and I would gratefully clean up the kitchen. I had very little experience as a cook and so, looked through one of Sally's many cookbooks to find a suitable dinner for which I had all the ingredients. Ah! Pork chops with orange! Yum! It sounded great and seemed do-able! Sure enough, I followed the recipe and dinner was pretty good! It had none of Sally's flair or creativity, but it was dinner! Joey and I ate at the usual time and Jimmy called to say he would be home late. Joey and I played and danced. I reheated Jim's dinner around the time I thought he would be home. Not too hot, just warm enough to be ready to eat. Perfect. Joey and I read *Peter and the Wolf*. I reheated Jim's dinner again, not too hot, just warm enough so it would be ready to eat. I got Joey ready for bed. Still no Jimmy. A few hours and many reheatings later, Jimmy made it home and hungrily ate his dinner. Needless to say, that was the night I learned that reheating dinner was as much an art as was making dinner in the first place! And Jimmy learned to eat dinner at the Officer's Club, until Sally was back home with the new baby!!!

I was even there for the birth of the third baby, but that was my shortest visit because I had to get back to school. Of course it was as exciting as ever, waiting to see if the baby would be a boy or a girl and how big and blond or brunette. And as we now know it was Patrick, the biggest of the babies and with curly brown hair and a sweet disposition. I changed diapers as often as anyone and I think at some point I noticed that something was wrong with his umbilicus. Or maybe worse yet, I DIDN'T notice! One day Jimmy was changing Patrick's diaper and as he cleaned Patrick up and took care of the umbilicus, he casually mentioned - oh, just a little gangrene...

I almost flipped with guilt - How could I not have known!!! To

this day I don't know if it was gangrene or just Jimmy's way of half joking, half saying PAY ATTENTION!

Of course we didn't just dance in the kitchen in the Hawaii house. Sometimes we ate there too! In that kitchen, the table and one bench were attached to the wall. Jimmy would slide onto the bench with the table tucked up next to him and I do believe this may have been the origin of the infamous Jimmyism: "Could you get me a (insert desired object)? I'm all hemmed in here!"

The thing we always waited for, was for Jimmy to play the piano. We usually begged him to play The Chariot Race – You remember – bum bada bum-bum **BUM** bada bum-bum **BUM** bada bum-bum! Deedee dee dee dee dee dee DEE. That was our favorite as kids – it was loud and fast and tricky and we liked it a lot! Jimmy's fingers would fly over the keys as he practically leapt at the keyboard all the while grasping his cigar in his teeth as the ash grew longer! Never a dull moment when Jimmy was around!

Later, Sally and Jimmy moved from Hawaii to San Antonio. I went to visit and be with the kids and one night was helping with dinner preparations when I cut my thumb trying to slice something frozen. So when Jimmy came home from work he took a look at it and decided he better put a few stitches in it. We went back to the ER and he sutured the laceration nicely, bandaged it, and told me to keep it dry for some magical number of days. Of course we were starving by then, not having eaten our dinner, so we headed out to the nearest ice cream parlor and had huge ice cream treats!



Discipline – Sally Treanor

Jim came home on a surprise visit when Joe was one year old, and the neighbors made a gorgeous chocolate cake, which Sally put on the kitchen table for the evening. The next morning, Jim got the baby up and thought he would let 'Sweetie Face' sleep in, but then fell asleep on the couch.

Sally woke later to find Joe happily sitting in the middle of the cake, plastered with frosting. She woke Jim up and said, "Joe got into the cake! Weren't you watching him?"

To which Jim replied, “If you would only discipline that child, it wouldn’t have been a problem.”



Candy Lady – Barb and Ed Lutz

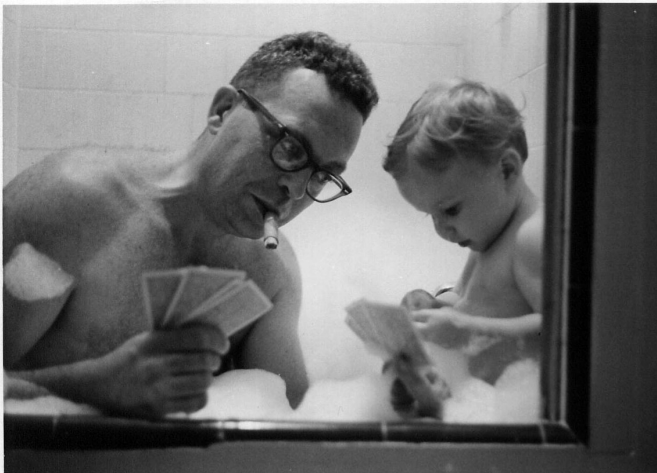
The young Lutz children- Marce, Clare, Paula, and Edmund loved to visit Jim's mother Margaret. They called her *The Candy Lady*.

Jim shares her great love for children and happily interacts with them. He is always interested in what's going on with our grandchildren. He was taken with Patrick's and Elijah's piano playing abilities.



Bubble Bath Poker – Joe Treanor (son)

Dad and I used to play cards and smoke cigars in the tub in Hawaii. He would accuse me of cheating by hiding the cards in the bubbles.



Jim Treanor with son Joe Treanor *Submitted by Sally Treanor.*

Professor of Physics, Underwear, and Pig! – *Bill Werick*

I was 25 in 1973, working as a surveyor for the Corps of Engineers, and I had a temporary assignment in Memphis to sound the Mississippi in January and February, when the Great Lakes were frozen over. One weekend, I drove further south to visit Jim, Sally, Joe, Margaret and Patrick in Enterprise, Alabama. Jim was by then practicing as a doctor with a specialty in aerospace medicine, and had to give a lecture in New Orleans that weekend. He took me with him. He piloted an Army plane part of the way, getting his flying hours in, and then we rode the rest of the way in a large Army helicopter, flying a few hundred feet off the ground with two or three other Colonels. The noise was deafening, so when Jim introduced me as a Professor of Physics who had also been invited to lecture, all I had to do was nod.

I remember Jim's advice on that trip, which was that I was more likely to survive a plane crash if I sat in the back and wore cotton underwear. He recounted the difficulty of picking melted nylon from the skin of survivors, and explained that the heated, melted plastic increased the severity of the burn.

I attended his lecture, and it was the first, but not the last time I heard his "Pig!" joke, which he told to explain the importance of clear communication between pilot and tower. Jim's story and joke telling skills complemented his piano playing and singing, so you could hear a joke more than once from Jim and still enjoy it.

That night in New Orleans he took me to a hospital lab and showed me the concept of accommodation by resting one end of a sliding device against my face asking me to tell him when a tiny eye chart at the other end of the slide came into focus. I did, he pulled it off and announced I was 25 years old. He was the first to diagnose my complete lack of depth perception when I couldn't even see the reference test on his depth perception machine.

That night, we abandoned science and he took me on a tour of piano bars in New Orleans. I remember naked women on swings swinging out onto the streets and barkers hollering to us that they had entertainment for everyone inside. It was nice to witness the sinfulness of the town, but we only went into the

music joints. I remember that we drank and talked about family, religion and philosophy. He was the only uncle I could have done this with.



The Good Stuff – Sally Treanor

Jim had a driver in Viet Nam named Bruce Paynter. When they were on the road in the jeep one day, Jim had an asthma attack and made Bruce pull over to the side. Bruce watched Jim give himself a shot of epinephrine and remarked, “Damn Doc. What are you on?”



New Zealanders – Jim Treanor

Jim was Brigade Surgeon of the 173rd Airborne in the highlands of Viet Nam. Nearby was a MILFAB hospital staffed by a bawdy bunch of New Zealanders who Jim’s staff often supported when the hospital was overwhelmed. The New Zealanders were neutrals and treated anyone who was brought to them, including Viet Cong. Jim tells of injured people being brought from miles away, accompanied by whole families who would stay on location and provide their nursing care. Needless to say, there were many raucous get togethers to relieve the stress, out of which arose the Bong Son Chorale which included certain tenors and piano players, Jim among them. The most prominent of the tenors was a surgeon named Brian McMahon who went on to become Surgeon General of New Zealand. One of their most famous tunes was ‘The Cow’s Lament’.

The Cow's Lament

*Though I've just given birth to a heifer,
And of milk & of pride I am full,
But I'm sad to relate
That my lacteal state
Was not brought about by a bull!*

*I have never been naughty, I swear it,
In spite of the calf that I've borne,
Like Farmer Brown's tractor*

*I'm Virgo Intactor.
I've ne'er known a bull with a horn.*

*How dreary the farms & the meadows,
The sheep yards are gloomy & grey,
And the one bit of fun
In the year's long run
Has by science been taken away!*

*I know that the farm is a business,
In which we must all pull our weight,
But I'd pull & I'd pull
For a strongly built bull
For this phony arrangement I hate!*

*Now you may not think that I'm jealous -
There are things that a cow should not say,
But these dairy board tarts
Who handle our parts,
Still get theirs the old-fashioned way!*

At one such party, a very drunk, portly sergeant got up on the bar, and, dancing, attached a long strip of toilet paper to his anus, lit it on fire, and farted, creating quite an explosion. He was thereafter known as the 'Flaming Asshole'.

The group was known for its parodies. One example is the following:

Original words:

*If you ever go across the sea to Ireland.
Then maybe at the closing of your day.
You will sit and watch the moon rise over Claddagh
And see the sun go down on Galway Bay.*

Would become:

And watch the turds float out on Galway Bay.

In addition to the New Zealand hospital, they also assisted a convent of French nuns who had been in Viet Nam forever. (The French were the first "colonizers" of Viet Nam.) One of the nuns had asthma, and Jim was occasionally called in to help. The first time he was called in to administer an epinephrine shot, Jim explained to the Mother Superior that he was going to have to get at the young woman's buttock. The

Mother Superior consented, but admonished him, “Just don’t get into the habit.”

The nuns ran an orphanage where Jim and fellow medics volunteered, providing inoculations and treatment of the full gamut of childhood ailments. They would also provide scarce antibiotics and dressings when they could scrounge them. In thanks, the nuns would prepare sumptuous gourmet meals for the men, again, in the middle of the jungle.



Teeth – *Margaret Frey*

Dad has had dentures since he was young, I’m told because of an early boxing career. He can pop them loose at will, and stick his teeth out of his mouth without using his hands.

We didn’t know about dentures when we were kids, and wasted a lot of time trying to replicate this trick.



Hessian and Faith – *Jim Treanor*

Patrick Hessian was a Lt. Colonel in Viet Nam, and a Catholic priest. (He later became a general and Chief of Chaplains of the US Army.) Jim and he were both stationed at LZ (Landing Zone) English in the Viet Nam Highlands with the 173rd Airborne Brigade. They became and remained very close friends. (Pat died a few years ago.)

Pat later received the Silver Star for bravery having gently disarmed a distraught young soldier who was threatening his comrades with his rifle screaming that he wanted to go home. Pat used to be ferried around by helicopter to remote sites to say mass for the soldiers, taking Jim and a portable keyboard along to provide the hymns. In the evenings on the LZ, senior officers dined together at the General’s Mess (dining area). After meals, often of steaks and other delicacies, they would all retire to an area with comfortable chairs for movies and brandy and cigars, this in the middle of the jungle. When shelling started, everybody else ran for cover while Dad and Pat often sat and finished their drinks, trusting, as they would say, that God would protect.

Pat once threatened to excommunicate Jim when Jim got a \$25 mail-order Doctorate of Divinity so that he could perform weddings and funerals and claim a few more initials after his name. Jim often complained that he could have been a bishop if Sally had coughed up another \$25.



Insufficient Cover – *Jim Treanor*

In Saigon, Jim shared a room in the BOQ (Bachelor/Officer Quarters) with another doctor who was there for the same meeting. The other doctor was a draftee and relatively new in country, still a civilian at heart. In the middle of the night in question, the base was bombarded. Jim awoke to the noise of incoming rockets and his rotund companion trying to squeeze under his bunk for protection (a meager one at that.) Both survived.



A Poker Game and a Vasectomy - *Roberta & Pete Muller*

On May 18, 1968 right after the Tet Offensive in Viet-Nam we found ourselves moving from beautiful Maui to Schofield Barracks on the Island of Oahu. The Hawaii 29th Infantry Brigade was called to active duty for two years. Pete had already served three years of active duty from 1956 thru 1959 but had stayed in the active National Guard and was subject to recall. We had been married for a little over four years and had a daughter "Malia" who was three and little Maui boy called Michael, who was 6 months old. Overnight, we became an Army family thrown into a neighborhood called Officers Quarters. Pete was an Infantry LT and we were surrounded by a bunch of young doctors and non-doctors who were recently drafted into the Army. We were young and lived from day to day. Some had just returned from Viet-Nam and some were waiting for orders sending them there.

There were the Youngs (three boys), the Richardsons (no kids yet, but a very loved little dog), Ruth and Leaton Cofield, Sally

and Dave Cope, the Stones (no kids yet), the Schneiders, Ron Kienlen, Ed Rude (the Provost Marshall), the Bashams, the Ernsts, the Brock Hopkins, and a bunch more.

Then we met Sally and Jim who were living off post in Honolulu, in a crooked house in Palolo Valley.

Jim and I had a lot in common- both he and I were former enlisted men, both he and I were former paratroopers and of course Jim was the War Hero we all looked up to. We had a lot of great parties where we consumed a lot of alcohol and told a lot of great stories. It kind of was like the movie "Mash".

We always enjoyed Jim's piano playing and stories of past adventures, which of course came with a big price of free beers. Then one day my orders came and I left for overseas and Roberta and the kids had to move to the Officer's wives' waiting area on Schofield Barracks. But of course she kept in touch with all of our friends, including Sally and Jim.

I was finally discharged in January of 1970 and we moved to nearby Pearl City and kept in touch with our former military friends.

While at Schofield, we always had a moving Poker Game which met once a month at different homes. When I became a civilian I was told that I was still a member of this club, so every once in a while the Army guys came to Pearl City to play Poker at the Muller house. On December 21, 1970 our last baby (Mark) was born and shortly thereafter during one of our Poker games I was mentioning that now that we have our three kids I was planning to get a vasectomy. I also mentioned that "WOW" they sure are not cheap. That's when old Jimmy spoke up and said, "Pete, why don't you come out to Schofield some Thursday and I'll do it for you! I do them every Thursday morning."

I said, "How can I? I'm a civilian now."

He answered, "So what. Only you and I know that, right?"

I said yes.

So one early Thursday morning I drove out to Schofield Barracks to have my balls snipped illegally by a future colonel in the US Army.

Thank you Jim, you're an Officer and a Gentleman.

By the way, I have been peeing slightly to the left ever since.

We had many great get-togethers until the Treanors left Hawaii, at which time we inherited their Baby Grand (on which Malia played for many years until the Hawaiian termites finally finished it off).

I also met Jim in San Francisco once, when he was there to take some Boards. We went to the airport to pick up Roberta and he put on a leg cast and we pushed him in a wheel chair.

Roberta will never forget that evening. I admired his discipline that night also. I said, "Let's go have a drink," and he replied, "Pete, you don't understand. A drink to me is like grapes. They come in bunches." He had to get up early to take his Boards.

We also fondly remember our first re-union in Breckenridge, CO. The first night there, we all stayed up and partied and told stories until the early morning. The second night we all went to bed by 8pm.

Things had changed. The Warriors were starting to age. The Breckenridge re-union coincided with Jim's 60th birthday.

Roberta secretly had a local bakery make a sheet cake wishing him "Hauole'la Hanau"... Happy Birthday. We were at 10,000 feet, and she lit 60 birthday candles downstairs, then nearly passed out from lack of oxygen on the way up.

We have had two more reunions since then and hope to have another one soon. It's been a great circle of friendship. Roberta and I are still in Hilo, Hawaii, in the same house since 1976, and we have had many visitors from our old Army.

Aloha Nui Loa Brother.



Working at the Schofield Dispensary - *Bill and Judith Stone*

Many times over the years Judith and I have spoken about the good times at Schofield Dispensary in the early 70's when Jim took over as the OIC. Initially, we were not sure how to take him, with his brusque mannerisms and cold smoking stogy. I remember his old Toyota Jeep in which he hauled tons of rocks back to a project at their home. Weekend parties were great and

very spontaneous and there was much piano playing by Jim. We left for a residency at Letterman in June 1971 and missed out on much of the fun. However, at our first Colorado reunion following Jim's return from Desert Storm, we had a ball.

Jim is a great person and gets people motivated to do things by setting high standards and delivering on them himself. Of all the physicians I ever worked under in the Army and in private practice, he always seemed the most comfortable in adverse conditions and always found a way to poke fun and make jokes to reduce stress. It must be a combination of his basic personality and excellent training.



Jim Treanor at the piano in Hawaii. 1970.
Submitted by Sally Treanor.

Neutralizing the Enemy, Peeing, and Amway - *Bill and Corinne Richardson*

One of the best stories Jim told, in his most engaging W. C. Fields voice, was a retelling of his response to a question about why he would be a good candidate for a surgery residency. He explained that, one night on a hill in Korea, he single-handedly killed 200 charging Chinese. That is more than the average surgeon kills in a lifetime. He got the residency. Though it didn't last, we benefited because he became the CO of Schofield Barracks Dispensary, where the FUN began!!!

While stationed in HA, there were the peeing contests between Jim and Mike Young, Tony Traynham and others, after way too many drinks. The goal was to see who could pee furthest. Jim won by a yard. Thank God for Sally being able to drive home.

Then there was the 'April Fools Day Party' at the Hopkins house, that was actually an AmWay party unbeknownst to the rank and file of us. We figured Brock and Melba were up to something, being that the party was on April 1st. Through the afternoon we individually called to tell Brock and Melba that we couldn't come because of a huge accident on the North Shore. Claimed all the docs were being called in to the infirmary at Schofield. We all met at the Stones and changed clothes. Like good soldiers we marched up the street and knocked on their door ALL in our PJ's. Brock and his AmWay guest speaker greeted us in utter disbelief with Brock muttering unkind words. APRIL FOOL!!!!



War Perspective – Charles Treanor

Chuck asked Jim once, after the Vietnam War, what Jim thought of what he was doing. Jim replied "It is strange to think of while you are hanging from the strap of a helicopter, looking for those who were shot down. You just have to ask yourself – why the hell are you there?"



Free Flight – Dick Patterson

In the summer of 1977 or '78, I was part of a Command visit to one of our units at Redstone Arsenal, AL. I called Jim and asked if I could fly down and visit for the weekend. He said sure and he would get back to me.

He called back and told me to be at the Redstone airfield on Thursday about noon. I had intended to come by commercial air, but I dressed in fatigues and went to the airfield. An Army 2 engine plane landed, the pilots were Captains and there was a Full Bird as a passenger. I got in the back with the Colonel and we took off for Ft Rucker. It was a nice flight but the Colonel never said a word.

After landing, I met Jim, and he asked if the Colonel said anything. I told him "No". Jim said he was most likely scared. To authorize the flight, Jim had told him there was a Reenlistment NCO out of "Army" checking the Reenlistment Programs at southern bases. The Colonel went along for flight time. Jim couldn't because he had to do a check flight for one of the first female helicopter pilot candidates. As he put it....he put a parachute under her ass and she qualified. It was a good weekend.



Jim Treanor in Viet-Nam, 1970. *Submitted by Sally Treanor.*

The Snip Snip Doctor – KC Georgulas and Harry Omensetter

My (KC's) grandmother Ginger recently died at her home. I was there visiting, and a couple of days before, we did many things around the house. She told me she had spoken with a friend's ex-husband this past week (his name is Harry.---He (Harry) was asking Ginger if she remembered the "snip-snip" doctor at the base. He was talking about Uncle Jim - I didn't know that he performed vasectomies back in the day, and I told her I didn't know that, and she replied, "Yes. He didn't subscribe to all of the Catholic beliefs." (-KC)

(Follow-up by Harry O.)

Not really knowing HOW MUCH Ginger had passed on to you, and assuming you want the gory details of the "Big V", all I can say is that Dr. Treanor asked me prior to beginning the procedure if I had any opposition to having a couple of medical persons observe. Since I am, and always have been, a teacher (electronics, flying, etc), I said, "No, of course not Doctor."

By that time a Corpsman had positioned me on the table and proceeded to shave the necessary parts. Dr. Treanor then came back in the room with two very pretty enlisted women. Yes, they were in medical smocks! I thought, "Oh well" and proceeded to relax as much as possible.

Dr. Treanor made the necessary incision, vocalizing everything he was doing, as any good teacher. I remember specifically him saying that "these two vesicles are just like two rubber bands and I'm now tying them off. And now I'm going to snip them." To me he said, "You're going to feel a sensation like two rubber bands suddenly pinging in your groin." He was exactly correct, and being male I can still remember the feeling!

He then put my scrotum into a plastic sack which he taped quite liberally to the groin area. He cautioned me that I had to wait a day or two to take a shower, showed the two women out, and then he and the corpsman helped me off the table. A Rx for some type of antibiotic pills (in those days probably aurieliomycin) was written, and I was sent on my way.

I followed his instructions to the letter and never had any medical (or psychological) problems from having the procedure done.



Full House – Sam Babbage

In 1975, my two brothers (Matt and Mark), two sisters (Ellen and Jennifer), very ill mother (Sally's sister Margie) and I were all living with Aunt Sally and Uncle Jim while he was stationed at Fort Rucker in Alabama. The six of my family, along with the five resident Treanors, plus the occasional and various other cousins passing through, all added up to a full house, a full dinner table, a packed-full green van and loud, wet afternoons in their packed swimming pool.

That September, Tropical Storm Eloise turned into a category 3 hurricane and hit Alabama hard. Early on in the storm, power was knocked out at the house for days.

I remember waking up in the middle of one of those nights, and, tip-toeing down the stairs, finding Uncle Jim awake. Actually, I should say he found me—a 5 year old afraid of the dark and the howling wind and the rain.

Reassuring me and explaining away the loudness of the storm with jokes, and chomping away on his signature, ever-present cigar, Uncle Jim helped me back upstairs and tucked me back into my little bed. As a doctor, he had one of those little pen light flashlights, the kind you use to look into a patient's throat. He gave me that flashlight, leaving me safe and sound, helping me ward off the very dark darkness.

Thank you, Colonel.



Motto - Frank Pettyjohn

I recall when he changed the motto of the Army Aviation Center at Fort Rucker, AL, from "Above the Best" to "Beneath the Least". I have used that many times.



PT Challenge - Col (retired) Bill Carroll

The post got a new commanding general who was very big on physical fitness. At the welcoming reception as Jim went through the receiving line, the CG alluded to Jim's portliness. He asked Jim, "And what do you do?" Jim replied, "I'm in charge of physical fitness!" This really took the CG by surprise, of course.

A few days later when the post PT (physical fitness test) test date was set, Jim sent a DF (disposition form) to the CG challenging his staff to the PT test. The CG told his staff that they'd better not lose to a doctor! (The line always looked down at the medical corps.) When I heard about this challenge, I went to Jim's office and told him, "Damn, Jim, you're not in any shape to beat the CG's staff!" Jim said, "I know, but I won't be there. I'm going on leave!" Cracked me up!



Who Is That Piano Player – Molly Edgette

I met Jim Treanor in the mid-1970's. I had a glass of wine in my hand and was standing around a piano at the Ft. Rucker Officer's Club. Peter and I were attending a hospital function.

A gentleman was taking piano requests and could play any tune and sing the words to the Irish songs with a credible Irish brogue. I was curious who this talented person was, and turned to the lady standing next to me (also an alto) and asked her if she knew. She told me that the gentleman was her husband Jim Treanor, and her name was Sally. I raved about Jim's ability and told Sally that it reminded me of days growing up in Buffalo. Sally told me that she and Jim were also from Buffalo. I asked Sally how their last name was spelled. When she told me, I asked Sally if she was any relation to a micro-biology professor that I had at Canisius College by the name of Dr. Kate Treanor. Sally, with wine in hand, ushered me aside and said, "Come dearie. We have to talk..." I learned that Dr. Kate Treanor was indeed Jim's sister "Kiko". Thus began an instant friendship that spanned the next 35 years. This was a relationship that could be called love at first sight.

While at Ft. Rucker, whenever Jim and Sally, Peter, and I were at one another's homes, there was always a sing-along. One time I asked Jim if he knew an IRA song my brother brought

back from Ireland with him entitled, “The Merry Ploughboy.” Jim asked me to write down the words and this ditty became a part of Jim’s sing-alongs – much to all our joy. Even though I have NO VOICE, when we were all together, Jim would ask me to sing while he played this tune.

My mother was hospitalized at Ft. Rucker, and Jim came to visit her. Sally brought us the most delicious homemade apple cake I have ever eaten. Jim and Sally are the salt of the earth.



Jim Treanor with mother Nana, wife Sally, and children Margaret, Joseph, Patrick. *Photograph submitted by Mickey Werick.*

The Cast at Fort Rucker – Peter Edgette

The old hospital area at Fort Rucker and the road to Level Plains really don't mean a thing if you don't include Jim. What's a cigar without Jim? And what's Jim without a cigar?

It's hard for me to remember all the characters we worked with at Fort Rucker. Some that stand out: Dan Berliner, Ray Dinapoli, Bill Campbell, Frank Pettyjohn, Billy Covington, and who can forget the grandson of Lister – a doc who sat at his desk with no pants on to flash the students walking down the hall to the night vision classroom (-he may have been the reason Jim went into psych).

The flight surgeon students both Jim and I worked with received a doctorate worth of humor and reality from Jim. Jim's story about the hedge grove and the pig in the road – “Hog!” “Bitch!” etc., has been told around the world in classes on communication.



The Cremation of Sam McGee – Joe Treanor

Jim regularly recited the Robert Service poem *The Cremation of Sam McGee* from memory. One notable instance was in Fort Rucker, when he was invited to speak at a celebratory address, the topic of which he billed as “Cold Weather Survival.” The audience for the event was several generations of officers, including the warrant officers (the instructor pilots, or ‘crème de la crème). Rather than give a lecture, Jim recited *The Cremation of Sam McGee*.

Years later his son Joe, now a father himself, and a cub master, was asked to lend his expertise as a physician's assistant by their den leader to contribute to their cold weather training for events < 60°. Joe included a recitation of *The Cremation of Sam McGee*, and was surprised to find that some of those old cubsters already knew the poem.





Paving 'cookies'. Submitted by Mickey Werick.

Pouring concrete – Barb and Ed Lutz

Jim has a love for wearing casual clothes, and a fondness for mixing cement and applying it in all sorts of projects on different continents no less.

Cigar, Meet Carpet – Diane Carroll

While we were stationed at Ft. Rucker, 1975-1977, we had the pleasure to know the Treanors. One evening after a dress blue occasion at the Officers' Club, a group of us came back to our quarters for a night cap. Of course we'd all imbibed earlier and were feeling no pain. Jim was smoking a big cigar and as he was walking into the living room, he fell face forward, cigar in mouth, onto the floor...like a tree in the forest...never putting his hands out to catch himself or anything! Then he picked himself up, unhurt, and the party continued.

At the time, my mother was living with us. The funny part of this story was the next morning. I went into the living room, and she was there on her hands and knees with a tiny cuticle scissors, cutting out the burnt fibers in the shag rug where Jim had 'made his mark!'

This was just some of the fun we had at Rucker. I still think of Sally when I crack my garlic heads with the side of a cleaver, just like she taught me! ;-)



More Jeep in a Ditch – Joe Treanor (son)

When I was around 9 or 10 years old in Georgia, Dad wanted to teach me how to drive his jeep. Never mind the fact that I could not reach the pedals even with the seat pushed all the way forwards, and it was a standard shift which required a fair amount of might to push those pedals.

But Dad had that much confidence in me and in his teaching ability. I quickly proceeded to make us both regret the decision. With my tiptoes on the gas and the clutch and the stick in 1st gear, I revved the engine up (probably to near red line) and proceeded to “pop” the clutch instead of easing it out. This launched us through the dirt road he made in the swamp behind the house and into a ditch.

This scared the bejesus out of both of us and he spent the rest of the day digging the jeep out of the ditch. Dad never tried to teach me to drive again until I was ready for my license.





Jim Treanor with children Joseph and Margaret in the Jeep with the new plow. November 1976
Submitted by Mickey Werick.



Aunt Essie, Jean Werick, Nana Treanor. *Submitted by Bill Werick.*

Settling the Argument – *Jody Harkrider*

I first met Jim and Sally in August, GA, by way of their 9 year old daughter, Margaret, who announced to my daughter, Dana, one Halloween night, “Hey, I know you!” and without another moment’s hesitation, the friendship began for us all.

Jim was not the easiest person to get to know. His service at Ft. Gordon made him a personality who appeared and disappeared at the most unscheduled times.

For example, one afternoon when I was in the front yard of my house, I spotted a familiar car proceeding up the road from the Treanors’. All of the windows were down in the car and you could hear three children having quite a disagreement. As I watched, I noticed that the car was picking up speed and that the driver was holding something out of the window. In a split second of wonder, a butterfly net was thrown over the car and into the grass in front of me. I picked it up and went back inside.

The following day, young Joe Treanor walked up the block and asked for the flying net. When I asked about it being thrown out of the car, Joe tilted his head to mimic his father and said, “I settled the argument!” Joe left with the recovered butterfly net and I chuckled at the really good imitation of his father.

Since Augusta, Jim and I have disposed of a couple truckloads of shrubbery (in a slightly illegal spot), shoveled and dumped snow (in a slightly illegal spot), pulled tree weeds, consumed Sally’s Jameson’s and Wild Turkey, and enjoyed each other’s company.

Now, I do know John James Treanor. I am his friend for life and he knows that I treasure every moment spent with him and Sally.



Chapter 4: West Point & Retirement from the Army

After Augusta, GA, the Treanors moved to West Point, NY, where Jim was stationed as the post psychiatrist. This was his final post before retiring from the Army.



Joe Treanor, Sally Treanor, Patrick Treanor, Margaret (Treanor) Frey, and Willy and Tilly on the back porch on Thayer Road, West Point. *Photograph by Ray Aalbue.*

A Tree Strikes Back – Joe Treanor (son)

I was really sick with mono in maybe 11th grade, and home from school for 3 weeks. Dad took me on one of his many tree cutting projects. This one was in Cornwall on the Hudson where he was clearing about an acre of land for one of his secretaries and her husband Jerry.

One of the trees was a mammoth 70+ feet tall, and he really wanted to control its descent. To that end, he had the tree rigged with 1-inch braided rope which was lashed to another tree with a friction wrap which would allow us to slowly lower

the tree. In addition, we thought we could control the tree by only making a back cut and not making the wedge cut on the side it was to fall to.

Well, as we got over half way through the tree, in the blink of an eye, it proceeded to split in half vertically from our back cut, and up to about 25 feet, where it snapped that 1-inch rope like it wasn't there, and then the base of it came barreling back to where we were standing. It happened so fast Dad hopped back just in time to avoid being crushed, and the base stopped within a few feet of me. Little did we know our life "wasn't worth a nickel" standing where we were, doing what we were doing.

It was a very impressive lesson on always first making a good wedge cut on the side you want the tree to fall.



The Plow at West Point – *Al Squitieri*

Jim and Sally were great neighbors at West Point, and Harriet and I could only repay Jim by keeping him well supplied in cigars as he cut our grass and plowed us out with his red, yellow and green dump-truck plow – (which incidentally made it to daughter Margaret's wedding in Buffalo at a later date). Jim also led by example, loved the slide for life, and did his part in preparing and taking the PT Test.

I loved when we played the pianos together - they had two pianos and he sang "Mother Machree" or "The Old Orange Flute" - a couple of Irish ditties.

Jim and Sally visited Philadelphia quite a while back and we all had a grand time.



Math and Refrigerators – *Harriet Squitieri*

Thanks Jim, for tutoring me in math when Sally was in China and Al was in San Antonio. I felt like one of the school kids as I was coming home from school in the afternoon, at the same time they were. I could never have done the math without your help.

I also recall you downsizing the family basement refrigerator - you gave the big one back to family housing to be used elsewhere, and replaced it with a smaller one from Hoffman's. Also many of Sally's paintings were rehung by you from the ceiling crown moldings - quite high.

The case of Mateus wine bought by you for Sally did nothing to smooth over the situations described.

There was never a dull moment.



Performance In Reading – TC Treanor

My favorite story about Jim is one I heard at his retirement party. There I learned about the time he and two of his buds were obliged to put down in Reading, Pennsylvania because of a spate of bad weather. They decided to wait out the storm at the local Holiday Inn, and repaired to the lounge for some nourishment. The piano player was almost ingeniously mediocre; Jim took about as much as he could and then excused himself briefly. Shortly thereafter, someone from the hotel walked up to the pianist.

"There's a young lady on the phone for you," he said.

The pianist declared an intermission, and walked out to the hat check room, imagining, perhaps, that the lissome blonde who had sat at table twelve during the last set wanted to compliment him on his technique. But when he got to the phone, there was no one there.

In the meantime, your father had assumed the stage, and was rolling out a bevy of familiar and unfamiliar tunes. You would know what they were. German drinking songs. Irish shanties, to be sure. A snatch of Mozart, undoubtedly. Perhaps the Chariot Races.

People liked it. They broke off their conversations and cheered and applauded. Only the fact that Jim was still in uniform prevented them from filling his tip jar; they figured he had another job.

When he was done he confirmed their expectations. "Thanks for listening," he said. "I haven't had much of a chance to do this since I was named *Surgeon General of the Army*."

But that wasn't enough. He gave himself the Surgeon General's name, *and his home address*. "If you're ever in the Washington area, be sure to look me up!" he said cheerfully.

And I'm sure they did -- that for the rest of his life, the Surgeon General received visits from total strangers who would befuddle him by recalling how well he played the piano in a Holiday Inn in Reading, Pennsylvania.



What Do They Teach Kids These Days – *Barb and Ed Lutz*

Jim's affinity for the piano and singing almost every song that was ever written without the sheet music is legendary. Although, he occasionally would express impatience with West Point cadets who didn't know Irish tunes.



Margaret (Treanor) Frey with father Jim Treanor on Colonels' row, in front of the famous view of the Hudson. *Photograph by Ray Aalbue.*

Reunited, Tree-Trimming, Morning Mass – Molly Edgette

We were stationed together again at West Point, NY, where a group of us who share similar birth months would eat, drink, and celebrate birthdays ~ always with music and a sing-along. Jim's Irish humor, ability to tell a joke, as well as his TALENT made Jim everyone's darling. St. Patrick's Day was a particularly good time because Jim not only provided wonderful songs and music, but his elf hat and shoes with the curled up toes were a huge hit.

Jim and Sally's quarters at West Point afforded a lovely view of the Hudson River, but some over-grown trees obscured the view slightly. So Jim, my husband Peter, and I am not sure who else "trimmed" the trees one night with terrific results (and no visits from the military police).

Jim is no stranger to hard work. One fall weekend Sally and Jim, Peter and I went to the Adirondacks to visit relatives. At the owner's request, Jim pitched in and cut down trees and bushes on that property as well.

With Jim's brilliant mind and board certification in several disciplines, Jim was also a great physician. One Christmas I was sick. Peter called Jim, who met Peter and me at the emergency room, took an X-ray, and treated me for pneumonia. Our own personal MD; what a blessing Jim is in our lives.

Our quarters at West Point were beside the Catholic chapel. Early morning weekday Mass was convenient. A not well known fact is that more often than not, Jim could be seen in the back of the church at 6:30 am daily Mass.

While at West Point, I worked as a nurse. Jim's office was not far from where the Occupational Health clinic was located. Jim would walk through the clinic to see Dr. John Francis, our Occ Health MD and brighten the day of all the staff and patients alike with his winning friendly smile, quick wit, and banter.

At a party at Treanor's one time, I asked Sally why Jim wasn't eating. Sally told me, "It's the Irish in him. He wants to make sure there's enough food for everyone." At Sally and Jim's? Really? Anyone who's ever been to Treanor's knows that there is ALWAYS more than enough food and then some!

Jim always gives the best he has while seeing the best in you. He does not need an audience or a laugh track, but he just naturally attracts people to him and can always elicit smiles and laughter.

When I reflect on my life and think of the most memorable people that I have known, Jim Treanor is at the top of the list.



The PT Test and a First Person Account of the Reading Incident – *Peter Edgette*

We were happily sitting at West Point, quietly doing our best for God and country, when the need for a new psychiatrist reared its head. Then who appeared as if by magic - the big guy with the cigar. I was concerned about Jim's interview, considering the image of West Point – slim, trim, etc., but needn't have worried. Don't ever underestimate Jim Treanor. He came into my office after his interview smiling, happy. It was a piece of cake. Not only did they love him, he ran into a guy (a head of a department) that he was in Korea with, and not just in *Korea*, but the Korean *War*. West Point was never going to be the same.

The influence Jim had on West Point will continue on through the lives of its students and faculty/staff for decades. We started out with a cast of non-traditional, life-loving, party-seeking, ex-combatants, and tossed them into the traditional, round-peg-in-round-hole, follow-the-leader, stay-in-line atmosphere. Voila. It was a natural milieu for Jim to stir his oar.

The PT test is a great example of tradition versus originality. Jim and I trained hard for him to pass the Two Mile Run. Everyone was on hand to see Jim conquer this Holy Grail. Not only did he pass, he was so fast, he was able to walk the last quarter mile, light up a cigar, and stroll across the finish line.

The trip to Fort Rucker to have all the flight physicals recorded and approved was history in the making. The normal time for a flight physical to be approved at Fort Rucker was about two to three months. Jim and I said we could reduce that time to a total of 5 days, all we needed was a T-42 (Beach Baron

Aircraft) and 5 days TDY. Imagine Jim letting me fly the two of us to Fort Rucker. What a trusting soul!

We accomplished our mission after three days, and headed back to Stewart Air Field. That's when the fun began. We ran into a snow storm and had to put down in Reading, Pennsylvania. We found a landing strip and safely landed. There was a town nearby with a great bar and grill and we spent the next two days there. Fortunately, the bar had a piano. Jim and a piano and spirits are like the Blessed Virgin and Fatima. They fit together and make converts of all that are near. Jim had the bar and patrons in his hand. At the end of the second evening, Jim stood on the piano, introduced himself as the Surgeon General of the United States Army, and invited all present to come visit him in Washington. What a guy. We exited to cheers, applause and calls of "Please come back again!"

Moonlighting, for me, was the greatest. I was the Robin to Jim's Batman. Night time, when the moon causes strange things to happen, would find Jim and me driving to Goshen, or other interesting locations, so James could minister to the ill. Those trips with Jim will always be part of me. I speak for the many: Walt, Curl, Squit, Posner, Markey, Service, Hennessey, and especially Jim's favorite of all time, his mental health secretary, when I say "Thank You" Jim Treanor, for letting us share in the great life we had at West Point. Of all my military duty assignments, the total family of the hospital staff at West Point, fathered by James, was the best.



The Edgette Parties at West Point – *Pete Edgette the Younger*

What I want to share is not as much a single memory, as it is several memories and feelings from when Jim was around.

Colonel Treanor and his wife Sally were good friends with my parents, Peter and Molly Edgette; and they remain good friends to this day. I am not sure when they met, but they were good friends at West Point, NY from roughly 1980-1983.

At least once a month, Colonel and Mrs. Treanor and some other families would come over.

The children played downstairs, while the adults were upstairs. I would occasionally come up to talk to my parents, to get something to eat or drink, or just because I was curious, and I would sit and stare at Colonel Jim Treanor. He was mesmerizing! He would be sitting at the piano, having a drink, perhaps a cigar, playing the piano, singing loudly, and pretty much providing some of the best live entertainment this 6th grader had ever seen. It was amazing how he could do it all at once. His voice, the fact that he could play with no sheet music at all, the fact that he would play and play....drink and drink. I am sure everyone in the room felt the exact same way, but I will never forget the way it seemed he would be playing, singing and periodically making eye contact just for me as if to say, "I hope you are enjoying this because that's why I am here - to make everyone around me happy."

I also remember feeling so safe whenever he was in our house. Not that I was often ill, but I knew if I was, he could make me feel better.

Lastly, I guess I just wanted to say thank you to Colonel Treanor for sharing all those wonderful times with my family. Thanks also to Sally Treanor for sharing him with us.

He taught me a great deal by example. I learned that you can get as much if not more joy than those around you, by helping them have a good time. I have learned to have a few drinks and sing along with my friends regularly.

In short, Jim Treanor taught me that you can work hard and be a professional, but it is equally important to play hard and enjoy life as much as you possibly can.



Running Gear and House Calls – *Gordon and Peggy Hennessy*

We were stationed at West Point, NY from 1980-1983 and were neighbors of the Treanors on Thayer Road. Gordon and Jim were at Keller Army Hospital as colonels together.

We would often see Jim trot past our quarters on his run, frequently in his orange shorts and combat boots. One morning we heard noises in the front of the row of our

quarters. Gordon went out to find Jim - bare-chested, in his orange shorts and combat boots, with his ubiquitous cigar clenched in his teeth. He had a power saw and was chopping down tree branches on The Hudson River side of the wall across from the quarters to give us all a better view!!! We were sure the MPs would come by at any time and drag him off, but they didn't.

Another time, he helped out with our son Garrett, who was a senior in High School and an avid runner. He had qualified to run the Boston Marathon in April, however, he contracted mono and had to stay home. We were going to attend a family wedding in Syracuse and were torn at leaving Garrett behind, however, the worst was over. Jim volunteered to look in on him. Garrett later told us Jim would come over daily or more to check and minister, but also to read poetry and philosophy to Garrett. What a great guy.



A Table With a View – Paula and Jimmy Simon

When we were newlyweds and taking the long way from Buffalo to Fort Rucker, AL, for helicopter training, we were delighted to be able to spend an evening with Uncle Jim. We were truly impressed with Colonels' Row and of course how they were so lucky to have one of the only views of the Hudson unobstructed by trees...

As we recall, Aunt Sally was somewhere in the Far East, and so Uncle Jim was fully in charge of Operation Host. And while the sights and sounds of that singular place would have been enough, and the 5-star restaurant-on-the-Hudson would have been enough (you know - the one with the wine list which resembles a tome of the complete works of Shakespeare, yet with no prices), and the graciously offered accommodations to spend the night would have been enough, one particular memory stands out above them all.

It was during the opening tactical phase of the pre-dinner operation that we found ourselves sitting at the kitchen table with Uncle Jim. The conversation involved some obligatory sips of wine. We sat and talked and that was, essentially, it. And like so many great moments in our lives it was simple yet elegant... and memorable, 30 years later. Do we remember the exact words that were spoken? No. We shared our thoughts

about everything from service academy football and being an officer in the profession of arms, to the meaning of life, the size of the cosmos, and whether there was a correlation of certain musical notes and the emotions they incite somewhere between the hypothalamus and the pituitary.

They say that everything happens for a reason, that nothing happens on accident, that our lives - though freely chosen - are part of a bigger picture, a bigger plan. That night, sitting at the kitchen table with Uncle Jim was one of the glimpses we had of something bigger than ourselves. Somehow that night our melodious voices were inexplicably part of the chorus of divine providence.



Flight Time – *Joe Treanor (son)*

In high school, Dad took me up in a helicopter. In order to be able to get me up there, he dressed me in a military nomex flight suit and told everyone I was his sergeant.



Retirement Party – *Frank Parisi*

I lost touch with Jim for a while, until one day we received a call from the Assistant Deputy Commander of the West Point Army Hospital...none other than Col. John J. Treanor, who said he would be in Philadelphia for the Army- Navy Game. We were delighted to get together and renew old times and went to dinner and also after the game, when everything had settled down, had Jim and Sally out to our house. They arrived in an Army vehicle which was parked in our driveway. We also had invited some good friends of ours – Mike and Marrienne Stapf. Mike was a Captain in the Navy Reserves. Jim explained to Mike that he was there on official business and that he had a “Command Post” set up in the driveway. Mike still laughs about this as a command post is evidently a huge deal in the service!

While at the house, Jim insisted that we come to West Point for the Officers’ Club Christmas Party. I said I would be delighted as well as honored to go, but there is one small problem. I am not an officer! Jim said just wear a tuxedo and it should be

fine! So, if it is fine with Jim, it's fine with me! (I figured maybe a couple of years and no more with time off for good behavior!). We arrived on a Friday and got settled, dressed and off to the races. Jim was really working the crowd and knew everyone there and had some "Rubber Chicken" awards to give out for performances above and beyond or below the call of duty. He also introduced special guests to the crowd. Among them were Major J.J. Sassaman, Battalion Commander in Syracuse and Brigadier General (retired) Frank Parisi, Head of Genetic Engineering, Loma Linda Army Hospital, Loma Linda, California. It was a great party and the next day we were given a totally VIP guided tour of places in West Point that are rarely seen by anyone except four stars and above!!

A couple of years later, we received an invitation to come back to West Point to be at the retirement of a full colonel, none other than J.J. Treanor. There was also an invitation to a party directly following the ceremony, which is one of the best parties I have been to with great speakers and great jokes! I made up a banner and hung it on the wall of the hall in honor of our military time together.....I believe it said "Col. John J. Treanor 969 ENG BN – AWOL"



Ashes – Sally Treanor

Sally is a watercolor painter, and was a member of an artists' group at West Point. Early on in her involvement in the group she offered to host one of the meetings at their home on Thayer Road. Jim absented himself for the evening.

After the meeting, a new acquaintance, Ray Aalbue (who later became a close friend of the family), stayed to help clean up the mess left by their fellow artists. While tidying, Ray knocked over a small vase, spilling ashes across the floor. Meaning to reassure him, Sally said, "Don't worry. Those are just my husband's ashes."

In response to his horrified look, Sally then had to hurriedly clarify that that they were his *cigar* ashes.





Jim Treanor, Sally Treanor, Joe Treanor, Patrick Treanor, and Margaret (Treanor) Frey at Jim's retirement ceremony.

Photograph by Ray Aalbue.

More Deaths of Trees at West Point/Retirement Party - *Raymond Pare Aalbue*

Our friendship began around 1982 when Sally started teaching Watercolor classes at the West Point Craft Shop. I believe the Treanors retired around 1988 and moved to Buffalo, the dirty bums!

I commented to Sally one day on the view the Treanors enjoyed from their quarters on Thayer Road, informally called Colonels' Row. "Ask his nibs about it," she said. So I did. Jim had wanted the Forestry Department from the West Point Public Works Directorate to cut down a few trees so his missus could have a view of the majestic Hudson River. Jim would do anything for Sally. "They were pretty busy when I asked them to cut a few trees down below our house on Thayer," Jim said. "The guy didn't even look up at me. He said they didn't have the manpower to do it, and besides, you just can't cut trees down; there was a protocol. I said OK and as I walked out the door, I muttered, "you wouldn't mind if I did it myself would you?" As I said, they were pretty busy and he was pre-occupied and he said, "OK, take care Colonel." I interpreted

this to mean he didn't mind if I did it myself, so I cut down all the trees in front of our house." No one is sure exactly how many trees bit the dust but I can say subjectively that we all enjoyed the view from the porch on Thayer Road and I have so many great memories of sitting there with Jim and Sally and friends. This dubious deed also paid dividends.

I was extremely fortunate to have Jim live with me in the church I owned on Main Street in Highland Falls when he was transitioning from his military to civilian career after 36 years of service. They had to move away from the view on Colonels Row and I think Sally was in Buffalo with the kids. I had a wood-burning stove in the church and you guessed it: Jim said he knew where to get some firewood. We decided to deploy along Cullum Road in my Ford Pick-up. That's the road that went down to the old train station at West Point...yup...the road just below Colonels' Row. Of course Jim knew where to get some firewood. We trudged up through the fallen trees with two chain saws. I was really excited because we were going to get enough wood to provide heat for me for the entire winter in one fell swoop. Plus I was going on a mission with Jim Treanor. Of course Murphy's Law prevailed, something both Jim and I could relate to almost on a daily basis in both our professional and personal lives. The chain saws wouldn't cut butter. So Jim said, "Go below and I'll throw logs down to you." Yeah, great idea...I'm on the receiving end...this will run really smooth.

So I went down and waited for the first pitch. A ten foot length of fir came crashing down and I immediately recognized I wasn't catching anything. The man was throwing whole trees. So I yelled up to him, "Keep 'em coming....I'll make sure it doesn't land on any of the cars driving up or down Cullum Road and doesn't crush my pick-up." In typical Treanor style, we accomplished the mission, loaded up a good amount of lumber on my pick-up without killing anyone or crushing anything and hauled the load back to the church. Jim cut up all the trees from the haul and stacked it for me. Like I said, I was lucky to have Jim stay with me, but even more lucky to have him as a friend.

Without hesitation I said yes when Sally asked if they could have their retirement party at my church. Jim asked if I would help him with the invitation. Of course I would, this was Jim Treanor. "The ultimate ego-maniacal gesture is to give a photo

of yourself to someone,” he said. So we immediately proceeded to make up the invitation to his retirement party with two photos of “his nibs” on it. One when he was an enlisted Soldier, and a current shot I took of him with his Legion of Merit. It was quite a crowd of Treanor lovers on the altar that day, which was a suitable setting.

There were many presentations and speeches but the best was when Jack Ryan said that Jim was his long lost father and threw his arms around him on the altar, yelling, “Dad!” It brought the house, or I should say, church, down. Jim helped me so many times over the years at West Point. I’m forever grateful to him and Sally and the kids for including me in their journey. I would do it again in a heartbeat.

VIGNETTES:

While Jim was cutting up some wood behind the church, one of my past tenants came by to pick up her rubber tree which led Jim to comment, “Geez, I didn’t know they grew on trees.”

Pointing at one of Sally’s paintings in the Gallery, he asked me, “Know what I am the most proud of?” He then pointed at her signature and said, “She married me and took my name.”

Jim spelling out Beat Navy on the plow of his truck in the craft shop, using duct tape.

He was always front and center at the bonfires at West Point before football games. There are some photos around with Jim and Roy Flint and others bare-chested in what was frigid temperatures. An avid fan of Army football, he is much, much more: a fan of everything Army, because he has green blood.

Jim doing the dishes in his apron, with the ever-present stogie in his mouth. Never got it wet. But then again, it didn’t matter if it was wet or dry, did it?

Playing the piano in the church, which was woefully out of tune. He still played the hell out of those ivories.

Cutting limbs off the tree next to my parsonage on Main Street with a stogie in his mouth. I felt bad when one of those limbs

hit him and he was hobbling around for a while. Didn't stop though. Nothing ever stopped him.

First moving the concrete slab in front of the parsonage so I could dig a trench, and then pouring a new slab and placing it back in the same spot, without any help.

Doing a physical on a young soon-to-be first lieutenant who wanted to fly helicopters. For the hearing test, Jim told the cadet to stand by the wall with his right ear against the wall and his right hand over his right ear. From the other side of the room Jim asked the cadet, "Can you hear me?" Of course the cadet said yes and passed the test with flying colors.

Jim told me once in Hawaii he had an appointment to have his photograph taken, a priority for his official file. He was busy and decided to send one of the dentists, a Major for the photo. "He was a lot better looking than me," he said.

The pride he always had for his three kids and his wife, and his service to his country.





Dave Suttle (above), Jack Ryan (below) and Jim Treanor at Jim's retirement party at Ray's church.

Photograph by Ray Aalhue.

Chapter 5: Moving Back to Buffalo, Several More Retirements

After retiring from the Army, the Treanor family moved to Buffalo, where both Jim and Sally had grown up. Jim immediately began another career, working at the Buffalo Psychiatric Center. He was called back up for Desert Storm in Saudi Arabia, but eventually came back to retire, again, from his state job at the Center.

After that retirement, he attained yet another board certification (this time in forensic psychiatry), and continued to work as an expert witness, and several days a week at the County Jail.

A late-life development of Celiac Disease (a severe gluten-sensitivity) caused him to retire completely in his seventies.

Jim's son Joe settled nearby in Lockport with wife Kim, and works as a physician's assistant. Their two children are Joseph Patrick Treanor, born January 1, 1999, and Isabel Faye Treanor, born July 22, 2001.

Jim's daughter Margaret started married life in Buffalo with husband Mark, but then moved several times to follow his research career. She has a CPA (accountant certification), but is unemployed due to their most recent move to Los Angeles, and spends her time writing and collecting stories. [ahem] Their daughter is Sarah Ann Frey, born February 8, 2009.

Patient Records – Stacey Calhoun

I have been working in mental health for the past 41 years. In that time I have been blessed to have many fine mentors. One of the very best and most unique is my dear friend and colleague Jim Treanor. I had the good fortune of meeting the “Colonel” in 1987 while working at the Buffalo Psychiatric Center. Jim was the hospital’s clinical director and also the medical director for community services. Whether Jim was putting out the Hunt Realty For Sale sign while acting director or working on the 4th floor of the Richardson building in his “war room” reorganizing the hospital, his energy, commitment, and great sense of humor was unlimited.

One of my favorite Jim stories comes from a time that I was Community Services Director and Jim was my Medical

Director. This story speaks to both Jim's brilliance as a clinician and client advocate as well as his cantankerous spirit and willingness to disregard what he considered foolish bureaucratic requirements. Take note, others like myself, were more limited in our vision and thought of those as legal requirements and were more apt to abide by them.

One morning the BPC's medical records chief was in my office with a complaint. Jim was seeing a client as an outpatient of the center and there was no medical record on file for that client. This was not just any individual; she was one that the system decided they could not help. Which translates into 'this is a client for Dr. T'.

I immediately started to problem solve. Was this client officially registered as a patient at the BPC? Had she been receiving services for more than the last ten days? Had we checked with the community services secretary to see if the record might have been misfiled, etc, etc., etc? No, no, no she told me. Dr. Treanor gave the record to the client. Unheard of, "Stacey, get it back before we are surveyed".

Enter Dr. Treanor, who with great reverence shouts out "Oh. Hi you cute thing! What's the problem?"

"Jim is it true that you gave Ms. M. her medical record to take home?"

"Would I do something like that? Certainly sounds like something I'd do. Well, yes, I did. She didn't trust what I was writing, so I told her to take it home and read it."

"Jim, you have to get it back."

"Why?"

"Because legally we're required to have a record of everyone we treat."

"Well there is a record. It's just kept outside of the facility. After all, it is her record."

On and on we went in circles round and round, playing our version of who's on first. I knew Jim well enough to know that the battle was lost. I'd have to find a way to cover with medical records.

Although my brain told me that not having that record could be a big problem with our surveyors and auditors, in my heart I

knew Jim was right. This client needed to be in charge of her recovery. Holding her own medical record was to her a symbol of being in charge. Needless to say, Ms. M., with Jim's help, did recover. And thirty years later the field has just about caught up with Jim's approach and is finally looking towards 'shared records' which encourage clients to write in their own records and is beginning to redefine who really owns the record.

Just one of a hundred lessons learned from my dear Dr. Treanor. Do the right thing and you can't go wrong.



Differential Diagnosis - *Rich Panell*

The first contact I had with Jim Treanor was when he applied for a job with the Buffalo Psychiatric Center. He was in the process of "retiring" from the Army, and was moving back to Buffalo. He indicated he was considering one of several jobs in public psychiatry

I wondered why Jim would take this job. It was most likely the poorest paying, and came with the most headaches. He was overqualified, and could have his pick of jobs anywhere in the area. Well, we pursued Jim aggressively and to my surprise he accepted the position. I called to confirm his decision and his wife Sally answered the phone. She almost immediately said to me, "You probably think he is too good to be true." I admitted that was accurate. "Well," she responded, "he's actually much better." He took this job because it presented the most challenge, and Sally was right. He was actually much better.

Jim's first job at the Center was as a Medical Unit Chief of the Admission Unit. He was quickly promoted to Medical Director of the Hospital. Jim brought both a sense of professionalism and mirth to the job. Every day was an opportunity to connect with a patient, to awaken some hope, to bring some laughter and dignity into their lives. He saw the Center as a place of last resort. No one should be kept there unless it was absolutely necessary, and then they should be given the best care possible. While many of the staff at the Center saw a high census as job security, Jim saw it as a

tragedy.

There were a number of patients who had frequent admissions, short stays, and were discharged from the Center. We referred to them as 'frequent fliers'. They were an unusual group, since all admissions were supposed to first go through the County's acute system. The theory was that since these individuals were well known to the system, and had failed to respond to acute care, they took a short-cut to long term care at the Center. They were almost always societal pariahs, for whom any attention was positive, and having burned up all positive attention were feeding on anger and rejection. One of the most well known was a person we will call Dan.

Dan was a young man who never had much of a chance to succeed at anything. Abused as a child, he had experience both in the mental health system as well as juvenile justice. Not knowing a family life, Dan got put out on the street at an early age and learned that the safety net for him was either jail or the institution. His peers consisted of minor criminals, drug dealers, street people and individuals with histories of hospitalizations in mental hospitals. Having a lot of experience with many kinds of drugs, he was diagnosed early on as having a psychotic condition. He was comfortable with this label, as it helped him quickly get out of jail when he was caught for one of his many offences: prostitution, drug dealing, stealing, assault, etc. Once in the Center, Dan became the kingpin. He could manipulate, steal, assault others, and ultimately create the chaos he craved.

If you were to see Dan on the street, you would notice no remarkable features. He was short, thin, with ropy muscles, had a self administered buzz cut, and usually a series of cuts and bruises as a result of physical altercations. His teeth were chipped and he always moved as if he were attempting to avoid notice. He looked almost frail, however, once in the hospital, he could quickly scope out victims. They were usually women he would attack without provocation or warning. In spite of his appearance he proved himself quite dangerous.

Originally diagnosed as having schizophrenia, it almost immediately became clear to Jim that this was wrong. After several sessions, where Jim was called in to help devise a treatment plan that would address the mayhem Dan caused, Jim came to the conclusion that Dan suffered from a personality

disorder, not a major psychotic disorder. Dan had a diagnosis that dictated that inpatient hospitalization was contraindicated and in fact harmful.

At this time Jim decided it would be best to discharge the patient. To assuage the fears of the attending doctors, Jim took it upon himself to evaluate the patient when he created chaos on one of the units. Finally Dan almost was killed when several patients threw a 'blanket party' for him. This consisted of cornering him in an unattended location, throwing a blanket over his head, and beating the daylights out of him. "Enough," said Jim, "He's going to be killed one of these days."

He was transferred to a medical hospital and discharged from there.

To avoid any further incidents, Jim ordered Dan not to be admitted unless Jim was called and had an opportunity to evaluate Dan's need for hospitalization. True to his word, Jim came in at all hours (whenever the system tried to get him into the Center), evaluated him, and discharged him back to the community.

The problem with this approach was that it simply moved Dan's act from the Center to the community. Soon the emergency rooms, hospitals, clinics, and jails were screaming, "Get this young man out of here." The Center was the ideal spot in their minds, as it wasn't in their backyard. Soon the pressure to get him into BPC became great. Calls were made to the Regional and Central Office. Admit this man, and get him out of their hair.

Jim, however, refused to move. Admission was actually illegal. Dan did not qualify for inpatient involuntary admission, and Jim refused to lie about it. There were many phone calls and pleas to have Jim relent, but he wouldn't.

Finally in an act of desperation the Central Office sent out the Deputy Commissioner for Forensic Services (who was a PhD psychologist) to hold a case conference on the best way to manage Dan.

The case conference was simply a kangaroo court. Neither rhyme nor reason prevailed, and after a thorough case review which resulted in the conclusion that Dan was accurately diagnosed as having a Borderline Personality Disorder, the Deputy Commissioner proceeded to ignore all of the evidence,

discussion and deliberations to declare that Dan's diagnosis was unclear, that he could potentially benefit from trial doses of antipsychotic medication, and that he should be re-admitted to the hospital for further work-up and evaluation. In other words, he never had any intention of really understanding the case, or developing a community-wide plan to manage the patient, but only had the intention of telling us, regardless of this patient's needs, "Admit him, and keep him incarcerated." When he finished his pronouncement, the Deputy Commissioner bolted from the room so he wouldn't have to entertain any rebuttal.

Jim and I walked back to the facility and I asked him what he was going to do. He laughed and said, "Ignore the bastard," explaining "He's a psychologist. He doesn't have the authority to diagnose a patient and order treatment. In fact, if I did what he asked, I could lose my 'ticket' (license)." It was poor practice to give anti-psychotic drugs to a person who didn't have a psychotic disorder, or admit someone to a psychiatric facility involuntarily, when they didn't meet the admission standards.

At the end of the following day, Jim's secretary came to my office and gave me a copy of a letter Jim had written to the Deputy Commissioner. After reading it, I asked her "Did this go out yet?" She told me that it was in the mailroom, and perhaps if I hurried, I could pull it from the day's outgoing mail. I ran to the mailroom and retrieved it. While the letter was one of the funniest I had ever read, I knew it would be received with anger and outrage in our Central Office. (Copy of the letter is attached). People who take themselves so seriously usually have no sense of humor, and their immense pride is easily bruised, leading to swift and harsh responses.

The next day I had to tell Jim that I prevented his letter from being sent. Unlike Jim, I was not fearless, and thought we would be fired if it had gone out. Jim forgave me, but I think part of him was sorry he didn't get to see the reaction of the Deputy Commissioner.

Normally the story would end here, but all of us who know Jim understand that almost every story involving Jim has an epilogue. In his working with Dan, Jim had made a number of video tapes of his interviews with the patient. Jim had these edited and put together for a very impressive case conference

to be put on at the monthly Grand Rounds at the Erie County Medical Center. During the presentation Jim methodically played a section of the tape and then reviewed the diagnostic points between Borderline Personality Disorder and Schizophrenia. He went through all of the tape and then asked the sizeable audience (including officials he invited from our Regional Office), to indicate whether they had come to a conclusion about Dan's diagnosis. Overwhelmingly about 95% of the audience supported the diagnosis of Borderline Personality Disorder. The remaining audience may have been asleep.

Several months after this presentation, our friend the Deputy Commissioner wrote an article in the Office of Mental Health News, titled, "Am I a man or a gallbladder?" The point of the article was that when he had a recent experience with a gall bladder operation he was referred to as 'the gall bladder' which he felt depersonalized him. It was a poorly disguised attempt to portray him as a sensitive person, likening his experience to those with serious mental illnesses who were frequently referred to as a diagnosis rather than a person (e.g. a schizophrenic, a manic, etc). Jim saw another opportunity to ascertain the true identity of the Deputy Commissioner, and he made a poster size blow up of the by line, but changed the voting categories to 'gall bladder' and 'pompous fool'. He placed it in the lobby of the main patient building at the Center and urged staff to vote. We know which title won.





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PATRICIA T. OULTON
Executive Director
John J. Treanor, M.D., M.P.H.
Clinical Director
Stacey S. Cathoun
Director, Community Services
Robert A. Coffey
Director, Facility Administrative Services
Richard C. Panell
Director, Quality Assurance

October 5, 1989

[REDACTED]
NYS Office of Mental Health
44 Holland Avenue
Albany, N.Y. 12229

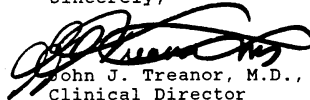
Dear [REDACTED]

Thank you for your brilliant analysis of the [REDACTED] case which you conducted for us on October 4, 1989. It was impressive to witness your grasp of the differential diagnosis and treatment modalities. Your interpretation of scatter on the WAIS to pin down the diagnosis and your disdain of electroencephalograms stirred the whole crowd. We were excited by your description of treatment by refusing to speak to the patient and also your system of taunting the patient to get him to "beg for medication." A true high was attained as you instructed us in the use of Lithium in combination with "other drugs." There was awe and wonder as you summarized a coordinated treatment plan by utilizing assets that don't exist. You must come to Buffalo again when you are in a pontifical mood. Perhaps you could lecture us on Nuclear Physics or Galaxy Formation. Maybe [REDACTED] could schedule a series.

The facts in the [REDACTED] case remain the same:

- (1) The State Hospital has demonstrated an inability to provide him safe asylum.
- (2) The mental health system has demonstrated an inability to provide therapeutic intervention in his case.
- (3) He is a demonstrated danger to female workers.
- (4) He is responsible for his action and should be held accountable for his behavior in a consistent manner.

Sincerely,


John J. Treanor, M.D., MPH
Clinical Director

JJT:cp
cc: Regional Director
CEO

Dessert Storm - *Frank Parisi*

When Dessert Storm hit, Jim, now retired, wanted to sign on, be reactivated, and go as an MD, and in fact did! I learned about this and when he got back gave him a call to thank him for his service and learn about the experience. He relayed to me that he had to first pass muster with the commander, whom he was able to quickly convince of his battle readiness. But being “the oldest person being deployed in Dessert Storm” he was assigned a Sergeant whose duty it was to be in his shadow at all times. One night while camped in the desert Jim needed to use the latrine and got up and went there, only to be followed by this Sergeant. He asked what he was doing there and the Sergeant explained that he was performing his line of duty to which Jim explained he might be going a bit too far!!!!

Now most folks who are students of correctness are probably saying the writer doesn’t know the difference between Dessert and Desert. As you know dessert is after the meal and usually very enjoyable and a desert is sandy and a God forsaken place to be Except for our subject who after a distinguished Military Career got to truly enjoy a Dessert in the Desert!!!



Solemnly Swear – *Ric Patterson*

When I wanted to reenlist in the active ready reserve, I got a letter back from the Army saying that any field grade officer (active or retired) could administer the oath. So we headed over to Jim’s house on Richmond. We stood there, Jim in his Hawaiian shirt, and me in my Buffalo Bills football jersey, while my Dad held an American flag. My Mom, Mary, took pictures. We signed the paperwork, then celebrated with *7 and 7s* (Seagram’s Seven Crown Whisky and ginger ale).



Retiring to Buffalo, the House on Richmond – *Barb and Ed Lutz*

We have always been impressed with Jim's tour of duty in Vietnam and re-upping in the Gulf War after retirement. We have a sneaking suspicion he thought it was fun. What a way to serve your country. GOD bless him!

We've always appreciated Jim's love and respect for Sally and her many and varied artistic endeavors. Who else has hand carved chess pieces bordering their back yard or a full size dump truck handy for yard chores and snow removal? It goes with the cement mixer.



Public Speaking – *Bill Werick*

I had visited Timothy and Lorraine Treanor in Chicago while they were contemplating marriage, and they asked me and a few others to speak at their wedding about the secret of a good marriage. In our Chicago hotel right before the wedding, my wife Patty and I argued with the skill of a seasoned couple - unbeknownst to us Patty's outlook was chemically altered because she was on the verge of rupturing an ovarian cyst.

We recovered our composure during the ceremony and Patty was close to giggling at the thought of me talking about our undying love. I tried to remember it was about Timothy and Lorraine, and I wanted to offer good advice, so I said something really important (wish I could remember) roughly on the subject of how Chuck and Ruth made it look easy, but it was hard when you tried it yourself, that we found true love had something to do with looking out for each other when you couldn't stand the sight of each other.

It made me cry, and it made people in the audience cry, and later men came up to me and said my words had changed their lives. My uncle Jim shook my hand and said, "My God, Bill, that was so sincere. Can you teach me how to do that?" Never get tired of that one. Hypocrisy is underrated. If my hero was Jim Treanor, his might have been W.C. Fields.



They're All Hands – Margaret Frey

I began dating my future husband in my first year in college. I realize now that it may have seemed kind of young to other people. But at the time, I was very offended at my father's reaction when he found out that Mark was (among other things) a keyboard player- He growled over-protectively at me, "Watch out for those piano players. They're all hands."

Of course, I suppose he would know.

I didn't actually marry Mark until after I graduated, and by then, Mark had lived with Mom and Dad for a year as he was pursuing graduate school at Roswell Park in Buffalo (waiting for me to finish up undergrad in Chicago).

By then, Dad had come to appreciate Mark as a future son-in-law, and even drove me to the church for the wedding, in his green and red dump truck.

(I got to ride in the front...)



Assorted Jim Memories – Jennifer (Babbage) Murphy

All of the Babbage siblings (Margie's children) lived with the Treanors briefly in Alabama. However, Jennifer also lived with the Treanors for a couple of years at other times, including at West Point and in Buffalo.

Singing *Ave Maria* with Marg at my wedding

Buying me flowers for my 28th birthday when I deserved a swift kick in the ass

Ice cream, always ice cream

Ordering us a round of cokes at the Officer's Club with extra cherries

Teaching me to play Chopsticks (It's still the only thing I can play on the piano)

Holding my first daughter Maureen in one hand, practically, when she was born

Missing the smell of cigars in the house when he would quit

Being tickled to death at my younger daughter Hannah's latest comment, story or observation



Private Math Tutor – Yolanda Barrera

Anyone seeking a college degree at an advanced age knows that you need plenty of support and sometimes that support comes from unexpected events.

I was in my 50's and had been seeking a college degree on and off for many years. My major was Spanish and I felt proud of myself for never even considering giving up, at least, until my advisor said that under a new Texas requirement, I would have to include College Algebra in my curriculum package.

My high school education was provided by the Sisters of (Something) and never included algebra in any form. Looking back, I think the Sisters must have thought that all of their female students would either be wives and mothers or nuns.

Having become friends with the Treanors through a common friend from Texas, I explained my plight to Sally and Jim while visiting one Thanksgiving. The following semester, I took a noncredit course for students who needed remedial math. By the end of the course, I still did not have the skills I needed to pass algebra. I couldn't believe that I had come so far, to be stopped by one requirement.

That's when Jim and Sally stepped in with a plane ticket and an invitation to spend three weeks with them during the summer in order for Jim to help me learn algebra. During my time there, Jim not only helped me with my algebra, but he dished out self-confidence by providing many stories about his trials and tribulations of receiving a parochial education.

To make a story short, I passed College Algebra. When I received my BA in Spanish, I paused to remember all of those who supported me along my long road, but most of all, I remember Jim.



A Walk, Kuwait, and the Gang – *Bill and Corinne Richardson*

On his 60th birthday in Breckenridge, CO Jim imbibed a birthday bottle of Jameson Whiskey. The next morning, before anyone else was up, he walked about 4 miles into Breckenridge. We all met him for lunch later in the day.

The stories flew fast and furious in Breckenridge. Jim had just recently returned from Desert Storm. He told of driving a dump truck to Red Stone Arsenal to volunteer to go in country. He got to go to Kuwait and got on the battle field only by a fluke - the designated captain got sick.

Some of the most wonderful times with Jim and Sally were when we gathered around him playing the piano - in San Antonio, and Colorado, different places, many times different friends, but always the same love shared - Leaton and Ruth Cofield, Bill and Judy Stone, Dorine and Mike Young, Bill and Corinne Richardson, Dave and Sally Cope, Mary Lou Pritchert, Ed and Sally Rude, Father Felix Lombardy, the Ernsts, Jerry and Joyce Shefran, Brock and Melba Hopkins, just to name a few - our singing was nothing to brag about, but Jim's music was. And to think he earned his way through med school by playing piano in a bar!!!



Jimmy's Prescription - *Joe, Sandy & Kris Kaminski*

In the mid nineties, after Jim got back from the Gulf, we would generally host an annual Christmas open house. Jim, Sally and many of the Treanors were always there to share in the festivities. With a bit of Jameson's and a little coaxing, Jim would sit down to play the piano and get everyone singing. Word soon got out around the neighborhood that we had a great piano player at these parties, so one year our neighbor came over saying he had to hear this great piano player, but he would not be able to stay very long, since he had not been feeling very well. Jim in his usual charming manner introduced himself as the piano player and encouraged the gentleman to sit in the chair close to the piano. Jim started playing Irish tunes and of course everyone started singing &

whistling (that would be Terry). The gentleman started joining in, and before you knew it about 4 or 5 hours had passed.

Finally, late in the evening, the gentleman's wife convinced him that it was time to go home. He reluctantly got up and told Jimmy that he was a really good piano player and that he could get Jim any number of bookings. Jim of course went right along and said he would be in touch with the gentleman as soon as he checked his calendar.

On the way out the gentleman said, "This guy could really have a nice side business for himself playing that piano. He's better than all those doctors that I have been to see in the last three months. In fact he is better than any doctor I have ever seen. I feel better tonight than I have in years."



Jim vs. the Bird Avenue Back Yard – *Mark Frey*

In June of 1993, Margaret and I moved into the house on Bird Avenue that we would occupy until heading for Nashville in 2003. The house has a small but very useable back yard. When we bought the property (with Jim and Sally's co-signature), this yard was typical for the West Side of Buffalo: a few scrubby bushes/trees, a mixture of grass and dog-induced bare patches, and a general sense of cheerful disorder hemmed in by mismatched, decaying old fences.

This state of affairs clearly alarmed and offended my new father-in-law. Over the next couple of years, Jim launched an ambitious project. He would design and build fences and a deck for the Bird Avenue house. Plans were drawn on napkins. Ideas were bounced around. Phase one was built: the fence on the eastern edge of the yard, a beautiful and sturdy wide-picket fence with a scalloped line, anchored by 4x4 posts buried in a couple feet of concrete. Everyone loved it.

Everyone except Jim, that is. He pronounced this fence, already over-engineered by the neighborhood's standards, a little flimsy for his tastes. The fence's other three sides would get an upgrade to 6x6 posts, sunk at least three feet into concrete. Several years later when a large limb from a neighbor's tree fell onto the fence, the tips of two pickets broke off (about 6 inches); the fence sustained no other damage despite taking a

direct hit from a limb that was a small tree in its own right. And this was the “flimsy” side of the fence.

In the end, the fence was a mere opening act for the Deck to End All Decks. Jim built a grand vision out of lumber, with 2x12 stringers and giant posts sunk in concrete down to somewhere between the bedrock and the magma. Among its many features: built-in bench seating for about fifteen, places to set everyone’s drinks, enough open space in the center for a grand piano, covered storage space beneath (with concrete floor), and a full roof overhead.

I learned that Jim’s ideas of building a structure were formed in Korea, where he served as an engineer tasked with putting up bridges. Everything he builds is designed so that, in a pinch, you can roll a tank battalion across it. Should Buffalo ever be struck by a major earthquake, this deck will hold the house up. Even if that particular need never arises, we are still left with one of Jim’s favorite sayings: “It’s the only one of its kind on the block.”



Death of Trees on Starin – Terry Werick

When my youngest child, Mary Michael Smith Werick (MM), was about to enter high school, we moved from Connecticut back to the place of my roots, Buffalo, New York. We bought a house in North Buffalo on Starin Avenue, a beautiful roomy corner house that I could see MM bringing her high school friends over to for studying and for parties and just hanging out.

The property around the house included a gigantic tree which had completely taken over the space between the houses on the Starin side. It was beautiful, but its massive trunk had started to split right down the middle. I pictured myself sleeping soundly, as the wind whipped around outside, tipping the final balance and sending the old tree crashing down, through my bedroom windows onto my unsuspecting head. We couldn’t do a thing about it! It would cost thousands to cut down that tree!

Thousands we just didn’t have after scraping together the down payment. I resigned myself to sleeping as obliviously as I could.

Jimmy Treanor had also noticed said tree and mused that he would be up for taking it down to the tune of a cup of coffee and the room to work. Well, the tree was now taking up most of the space between our house and the house next door, so the room-to-work clause was definitely the more difficult to meet. None the less, Jimmy Treanor, MD, engineer, and tree surgeon extraordinaire, smoothly navigated through all aspects of the task. This did not go unnoticed by neighbors and passersby, several of whom stopped to ask if he would be free to work in their yard!

I did what I could, but wisely mostly stayed out of Jimmy's way as he worked. Three days later, the task was completed, the wood mostly hauled away by neighboring fireplace owners, and the grounds raked clean. Jimmy, face and clothes smudged by the day's labor, was starving. He loaded up his truck, made a show of wiping his hands on his shirt, and said "Let's go eat!" And off we went, to a fancy restaurant a block away. The owner knew and loved Sally and Jim. He saw Jim and rushed over to seat us, hot and grubby as we were, and we proceeded to eat, drink and be merry, celebrating another of Jimmy's jobs well done!



Grampa Tricks – Joe (*grandson*) and Isabel Treanor

He always sticks his tongue out at me.



A Toast – Joe Treanor (*grandson*)

I opened a champagne bottle and the cork hit Hampa in the eye.



Death of Trees in Maryland – TC Treanor

Like many of you, I have vivid memories of Jim from my childhood, when he was larger than life -- no, more than that, larger than *television*. Like you, I sat in his canvas-backed jeep, awed as he drove it over parks and through school-yards. I stared at the other kids, staring at me. For the first time in my life, I felt cool by association.

But many of you have told those stories, and better than I could. My favorite story about Jim is actually from about ten years ago. There was a 50-foot tree in our front yard that had become somewhat unmoored and was swaying dangerously over our house. Oh, better take it down, he said. I explained that people were asking fifteen hundred dollars or more, which was way outside our price range. It was all the fancy equipment they'd need, they'd explained to me.

Three weeks later himself was in my front yard, with his fancy equipment: a jeep and a chain saw. The tree was down in half an hour. By the end of the morning, it had turned into a half ton of firewood.

There remained the business of the root system. With a tree as massive as the tree we just cut down, the root system would be similarly massive. In fact, with most trees, the root system is as large as the crown. Cutting it up was crucial to prevent it from growing up again where it had been cut off.

It was hard work, which I hate. I sawed vigorously at the roots for about half an hour, then looked for an excuse to do something else. Jim looked at me, pityingly. "You're on holiday," he pointed out. "Why don't you let me finish this up?"

Well, it was true -- I had taken some vacation time for this project. I moved things around on the porch while I watched Jim expertly cut up and remove the stump. Maybe I'll get that sort of energy, too, when I'm seventy, I thought.

When Jim finished with that tree, he pointed out several other trees which we might remove, too. When I expressed reluctance, his mind moved to another subject.

"You should have a patio under your porch," he said. And, after that, building the patio became the alpha and omega of our existence. Bill Werick came down from Alexandria to help. Joe Treanor arrived from Buffalo. So did Sally.

Before she flew east with me, Lorraine lived in a tough, working-class neighborhood in Chicago. She ran a newspaper for kids, by kids. They adored her, and periodically they'd come out to visit her in Maryland. At the time, we had a kid name Elusar staying with us. He was about nine years old, and enjoyed two things: trouble, and big trouble.

Jimmy Treanor was like a god to him.

Elusar soon began to walk like Jim, talk like Jim, even sit like Jim -- with that little half-lean forward, grin on his face, as though he would leap up any minute if the party got too dull. I'm sure he would have grabbed one of Jim's cigars if James had been a little less vigilant. "I like him," Elusar explained to me. "It's not like he's a grown-up or anything."

Elusar meant it, too. At a party toward the end of Jim's visit, Elusar presented him with a toy truck he had bought, which had a man sitting in the cabin. "I thought you would like it," he said gravely.

On the big day -- the pouring of the patio -- we all tucked in to the viscid cement. Scraping, leveling, pushing, under Jim's gentle direction, we saw, astonishingly, this solid piece materialize where previously there had been nothing but mud. It was beautiful! For five years, we hosted 4th-of-July parties with food cooked on that patio, and it remains sturdy today, earthquakes and hurricanes notwithstanding.

We were ecstatic, and full of ourselves. We all signed the patio -- me (who had done not much beyond cheerleading) in the boldest script. But Jim wouldn't sign it. In some unknowable way, the project had not reached his requirements for perfection, and he would not sign it.

But a couple of days after everyone had left, and I was outside, admiring the porch and pretending I had something to do with it, I noticed a childish scrawl in green. "Jimmy Trainer" it said. It was magic marker, and was gone in a couple of months.

And Elusar is gone, too -- I don't know where. I never kept track of him. But if you were to tell me that he had suddenly joined the Army, or had boosted somebody's car to teach himself how to drive, or was this minute, cigar in hand, pouring a patio under somebody's porch, well, I'd take it on faith.



Cleaning Up the Yard – *Kim Treanor (daughter-in-law)*

When Little Joe (grandson) was a baby, Hampa would come out to Lockport and spend the day with us. He had this old rusty kitchen chair and he would sit out in the woods with a pair of clippers snipping twigs, cleaning up the yard. At lunch time, he would come inside, have a bite to eat and visit with Little Joe and me. Both LJ and I enjoyed our Hampa visits.



Donuts – *Nicky Fera*

We still talk about Dr. Treanor here at the Erie County Holding Center (2000-2007), and we do miss his kindness and never-failing cheerfulness. He had a way about him that made you feel important to him and respected by him.

The story I would like to share with you is the "Donuts". No matter how many times a week he came to Forensic, Jim always brought at least two dozen Dunkin Donuts for our pleasure. He brought us boxes of chocolate, chocolate hearts for Valentine's Day, and silly little stuffed animals that talked or sang a seasonal tune.

Needless-to-say, he is responsible for many a pound gained, but they were pounds of love and caring given to us by him. Those of us who had worked with him and gotten to know him consider it an honor to have been a small part of his life. We certainly treasure his part in ours.

And in closing, a Hawaiian shirt never looked so good! :)



Gender Confusion – *Deb Richter, MD*

Many years ago Jim, Sally, my husband and I went out to dinner in an upscale restaurant on Virginia Place in Buffalo's Allentown. We shared a few bottles of wine before dinner.

Jim excused himself to go to the bathroom. Several minutes

later I also excused myself, and wandered over to the ladies' room. Much to my surprise, Dr. Treanor was exiting the Ladies' looking like the cat that swallowed the canary.

It wasn't only me who was surprised. I heard a flurry of excitement in the Ladies' room, with several women talking about this person who looked like a man walking in and greeting them with "Hello ladies" as if he had every right to be there. One of the women said she thought at first that perhaps this person was really a woman, even though Jim was looking every much the man that evening. Then the other one said, "Well I realized what was going on when I saw the shoes pointing toward the toilet while peeing."

I finished up and rejoined our party. There was Jim, sipping his wine as if nothing was amiss. When I told Sally and my husband what had happened they laughed disbelievingly, then laughed again, and finally laughed so hard we were almost thrown out of the restaurant. This event was so typical of Jim. The man who could think on his feet, who could turn whatever happened to his advantage, and turn it to the humorous advantage of friends.



Snickers and Rides - Darleen Warnica

Darleen met the Treanors through Calasanctius School where she and Sally were working. She also lives in an apartment in the house on Bird (upstairs), for some years concurrently with Mark and Margaret Frey (downstairs).

I've known Dr. Treanor for 21 years and I still call him Dr. Treanor. We've often had long conversations about the old days, all his jobs as a boy when he worked at the wax factory and at the garage shuttling cars and about me being in the WAC (Women's Army Corps).

For years, he would drive me to the theater and pick me up when I couldn't get any other ride.

He really loves his cookies and we share a love for Snickers Ice Cream bars.

I really admire all the things that he's built – the fence with the chess pieces, the pergola, the fence and deck at the house on Bird. He's amazing.

I am happy to be considered a part of the family, taking part in all the family celebrations. I've known all the relatives for almost as long as I've known him. And I'm proud that he likes my son Andy so much.



Shoulda Paid His Bill – *John Werick*

I recall a classic moment at one of the many great Thanksgiving dinners hosted by Aunt Sally and Uncle Jim. I believe it was around 1992.... give or take... My sister Ann and her crew had made it in from Burlington, Vermont.

After dinner, we were all enjoying our tradition of sitting around, talking, drinking, laughing, and waiting in hopes that Uncle Jim would play piano. Uncle Jim was enjoying an after-dinner whiskey and cigar, seated at a folding card table (one of the 'kids' tables') where he was engaged in conversation with Ann and Jose Rincon, and John and Mary Jo Treanor.

The kids were running up the back stairs and down the front as they explored the many corners in the great old house on Richmond Ave. My nephew James Rincon (who would have been about six years old) came downstairs by himself with a concerned look on his face. He approached my sister Ann and said to her, "Mom.... there's a real skeleton head on Uncle Jim's desk!" (One of Uncle Jim's mementos from medical school.... I do believe.) "Where did that come from, Mom?" he asked. Ann suggested that they put the question to Uncle Jim, who, with his trademark cigar parked in one side of his mouth, quietly replied, "That's from a patient who didn't pay his bill."

I would give my right arm to have a video of the look on James' little face as his eyes opened-up to about three or four times their natural size! His silent expression was a mix of true terror and awe! While all the rest of us were laughing, little James walked away slowly, quietly muttering to himself, "I think that guy shoulda paid his bill."



Difference of Opinion – Bill Werick

Patty and I left Buffalo in 1987, but we came back three years ago (2008) when Patty asked some old friends to get together for my sixtieth birthday party.

Sally came. Jim couldn't, but she read a note from him that brings tears to my eyes even as I remember her reading it. When I started Canisius College in 1966, I protested the war and the requirement to take Reserve Officer Training Corps, and I got into trouble for wearing inappropriate regalia on my ROTC uniform. I have no regrets about that; my position was heartfelt and was not a general condemnation of Army service or even of all wars, but I worried that it would drive a wedge between me and Jim. It didn't – as Jim would say, I don't agree with but I like the way you think. He remembered that forty years later.

And that is one way to express what Jim meant to me, that he, more than anyone else in my youth, showed how adventure and accomplishment could reinforce each other. He saw the flaws in people with the greatest clarity but found a way to look around the flaws to see the rest, and to love with a little leeway.



Mary Frances Werick, Bill Wolbier, Bill Werick.

Submitted by Bill Werick.

Indexes:

Curriculum Vitae

PERSONAL: Born 12 October 1931 at Kenmore, New York.

ACADEMIC:

- 1961** **BA** (Physics), University of Buffalo, Buffalo, NY
- 1967** **MD**, State University of NY at Buffalo
- 1973** **MPH** (Epidemiology), University of HI, Honolulu, HI

CLINICAL CERTIFICATIONS:

- Diplomate:** American Board of Preventive Medicine (Aerospace), 1974, Certificate #1286
- Fellow Emeritus:** Aerospace Medicine Association, 1987
- Fellow:** American College of Preventive Medicine, 1976
- Diplomate:** American Board of Family Practice, 1977; Recertified 1984, ID #16350
- Fellow:** American College of Family Practice, 1979
- Diplomate:** American Board of Psychiatry and Neurology (Psychiatry), 1982, Certificate #24258
- Diplomate** American Board of Psychiatry (Forensic Psychiatry) 1998, Cert. # 551
- Fellow:** American Psychiatric Association, 1994
- Member:** American College of Mental Health Administration, 1990
- Fellow:** American College of Mental Health Administration, 1993

LICENSES: New York (#101887) 1968. Hawaii 1970. Alabama 1973. Georgia 1978. Pennsylvania

(MD-044833-E) 1989.

PROFESSIONAL TRAINING:

- 1967-1968 Internship (Surgical):** Buffalo General Hospital, Buffalo, NY.
- 1973-1974 Aerospace Medicine Residency:** Brooks Air Force Base, San Antonio, TX.
- 1978-1981 Psychiatry Residency:** Eisenhower Army Medical Center, Fort Gordon, GA.

MAJOR EXPERIENCE AND POSITIONS:

- July 2002-2008 PSYCHIATRIC CONSULTANT,** Msgr. Carr Institute, Buffalo and Niagara Falls, NY. Duties include risk management, utilization review, and incident review.
- Aug. 2001-2008 PSYCHIATRIC CONSULTANT,** Behavioral & Organizational Consulting Associates (BOCA). Perform annual regulatory and special clinical reviews of state-licensed and private psychiatric facilities to ensure quality of care and compliance with state standards, as member of a private firm under contract with the NYS Office of Mental Health.
- 1988 - 2008 CONSULTANT IN FORENSIC PSYCHIATRY,** Erie County, New York. Duties include evaluation of prisoners to determine competency to participate in court proceedings and evaluation of sanity at the time of alleged offenses.
- 1988 – 2008 MEMBER,** Medical School Admissions Committee, SUNY at Buffalo
- 1991 – 1998 MEDICAL DIRECTOR,** Outpatient Clinics, Buffalo Psychiatric Center (BPC), 400 Forest Avenue, Buffalo, New York. Duties include supervision, coordination, planning, and direction to professional staff of nine outpatient

clinics serving approximately 2500 patients in the greater Buffalo area. This position also requires frequent consultation to the clinic psychiatrists providing direct patient care and focuses emphasis on psychopharmacology, geriatric consultation, program utilization, and forensic dispositions.

1990 - 1999 **NATIONAL BOARD MEDICAL EXAMINER in Psychiatry**, American Board of Psychiatry and Neurology, Inc., 500 Lake Cook Road, Deerfield, IL 60015. Professor S. Mouchly Small, M.D., Section Director.

1988 - 1998 **INVESTIGATOR IN CLINICAL PSYCHIATRY** (Clozaril Study) This study was performed at BPC in conjunction Professor Marvin Herz, M.D. with Jeffery Grace, M.D. as co investigator, with support from SANDOZ Company utilizing their protocol, involving approximately 30 patients who have been diagnosed as schizophrenic and considered unresponsive to all other neuroleptics.

1988 - 2000 **CLINICAL ASSISTANT PROFESSOR**, State University of New York at Buffalo School of Medicine, **Department of Psychiatry**, 462 Grider Street, Buffalo, New York. These duties include supervision of psychiatry residents in training for psychotherapy and medical students rotating through clinical psychiatry in the second year of training, as well as participation on medical school committees.

1991 - 2000 **CLINICAL ASSISTANT PROFESSOR**, SUNY at Buffalo School of Medicine, **Department of Social & Preventive Medicine**. This position involves participation in a newly developed residency-training program in preventive medicine with emphasis on aerospace medicine training and requires some didactic presentations and conducting of seminars in aviation medicine.

1988 - 1991 **CLINICAL DIRECTOR (Psychiatrist III)**, Buffalo Psychiatric Center. Duties included clinical supervision of professional services provided by this 600-bed inpatient psychiatric center and outpatient clinics serving four counties in Western New York, including the greater Buffalo metropolitan area. In addition to clinical supervision, associated administrative duties included formulation of staff policies and expansion of continuing medical education programs and coordination with community activities in support of mental health programs.

October 1990 - March 1991 **FLIGHT SURGEON**, Operation Desert Storm. This was an exciting recall to active duty and involved aviation medicine with psychiatric consultation at the U.S. Army Aeromedical Center, Fort Rucker, Alabama. In January 1991, I took a research team to Saudi Arabia to study manipulation of circadian rhythms using benzodiazapenes and amphetamines. The project was conducted with the 101st Airborne Division and during the invasion of Iraq, I went forward as the flight surgeon with the 2nd Squadron of the 17th Air Cavalry Regiment and remained with them until they withdrew from Iraq.

February 1989 - October 1990 **CONSULTANT IN PSYCHIATRY**, Albion State Prison, Albion, New York. Duties included clinical evaluation of prisoners to determine degree of care required and provide care for those capable of outpatient management. Evaluations were provided for parole or transfer, lethality, competency and culpability, coordinated psychopharmacology and other modalities with prison treatment staff.

October 1987 - April 1988 **INPATIENT WARD PSYCHIATRIST (Psychiatrist II)**, BPC. Duties involved direct patient care for a screening and admissions ward with a patient population varying between 20 and 42 patients with a wide spectrum of psychiatric illnesses. Efforts were primarily

directed toward exploration of differential diagnosis, short-term stabilization, triage, disposition, and coordination with outpatient therapists and facilities. Modalities included individual psychotherapy, pharmacotherapy, milieu and group therapy and electrocorticotherapy. There were extensive interactions with forensic authorities requiring court testimony as an expert witness and acting as chairman of hospital forensic committees. Additional experience was gained by providing medical and surgical care during evenings and holidays (approximately 20 hours per week) to accomplish immediate treatment of acute medical and surgical cases.

**July 1981 -
October
1987**

CHIEF OF COMMUNITY MENTAL HEALTH ACTIVITY, SENIOR FLIGHT SURGEON, Keller Army Hospital, West Point, New York. Duties as Chief of the Community Mental Health Activity included direct patient care as well as supervision of a clinical psychologist, a psychiatric social worker, and several psychiatric technicians and administrative personnel. An additional duty was medical supervisor of the Drug and Alcohol Rehabilitation Program. Consultation service was provided to the Hospital professional staff and to the United States Military Academy. Inpatient psychiatric care at Keller Army Hospital was limited to short-term crisis intervention and diagnostic evaluation. Senior Flight Surgeon provided direct supervision of an active aviation medicine program requiring direct patient care for aviators and their families.

**July 1985 -
June 1987**

PSYCHIATRIC CONSULTANT TO OCCUPATIONS, INC., Scotchtown, N.Y. This position required one full day each week evaluating patients and adjusting medications in consultation with a team of therapists utilizing several different modalities, including a large sheltered workshop. Most of the patients were

dually diagnosed as having mental retardation and a psychiatric disorder. A large percentage were afflicted with Down's Syndrome, Turner's Syndrome, or seizure disorders.

**July 1985 -
June 1987**

PSYCHIATRIC CONSULTANT TO CASTLE POINT VETERANSADMINISTRATION MEDICAL CENTER, Beacon, New York. This position involved consulting one morning per week to attending physicians caring for patients with psychiatric problems who were hospitalized for a physical injury. Castle Point has no attending psychiatrist and this consultancy resulted from a mutual sharing agreement between Keller Army Hospital and the VA Center. Many of these veterans were stroke or spinal cord injury patients. There were also many patients evaluated in conjunction with the Prisoner-of-War study and Post-Traumatic Stress disorders.

**November
1981 - July
1987**

STAFF PSYCHIATRIST, Arden Hill Hospital, Mental Health Unit, Goshen, N.Y. Duties included performing as on-call psychiatrist (evenings and weekends) at this 32-bed inpatient facility providing psychiatric and medical care to resident patients and psychiatric triage of new patients.

**July 1981 -
February
1985**

DEPUTY HOSPITAL COMMANDER, Keller Army Hospital, West Point, N.Y. Keller Army Hospital comprises 65 beds and a staff of 32 physicians serving a population of approximately 35,000. Duties as deputy commander included supervision of Chiefs of departments of Medicine, Surgery, Nursing, Pathology, Radiology, and Outpatient care.

**July 1978 -
June 1981**

RESIDENT IN PSYCHIATRY, Eisenhower Medical Center, Fort Gordon, Georgia.

1976 - 1978

CHIEF AVIATION LIFE SUPPORT EQUIPMENT BRANCH, Bioengineering

Division, US Army Aeromedical Research Laboratory, Fort Rucker, Alabama. Chief acted as laboratory manager and primary investigator. Directly supervised research in: biomechanics of impact and vibration; development and evaluation of protective headgear; physiologic and engineering aspects of aircrew personal protective (life support) equipment; physiologic aspects of helicopter, parachute, and long range troop operations; economics of aviation accident morbidity and mortality; aircrew and passenger seat crashworthiness development; crash injury investigation. Disciplines under supervision included: medicine, physics, electrical, mechanical, aeronautical engineering, and physiology.

- 1974 - 1976** **CHIEF, DEPARTMENT OF PROFESSIONAL EDUCATION**, US Army Aeromedical Activity, Fort Rucker, Alabama. Direct supervision of Altitude Chamber operation and training. Conducted the flight surgeon course and personally instructed altitude physiology, physiology of unusual force fields, aviation safety, protective equipment, aviation medicine and management. During this tour, accomplished the revision of the Army Flight Surgeon Manual and published the new manual.
- 1973 - 1974** **RESIDENT IN AEROSPACE MEDICINE**, Brooks USAF Base, San Antonio, Texas.
- 1972 - 1973** **GRADUATE STUDENT**, School of Public Health, University of Hawaii, Honolulu, Hawaii.
- 1970 - 1972** **COMMANDER AND POST SURGEON**, US Army Health Clinics, Schofield Barracks, Hawaii. Supervised a general medical clinic serving a population of 37,000 with 14 physicians, 20 dentists, and 150 paramedical personnel.
- 1969 - 1970** **BRIGADE SURGEON**, 173rd Airborne

Infantry Brigade, Central Highlands, Vietnam. Supervision of 11 tactical surgeons and senior medical advisor to a 7000-man infantry brigade. Experienced about 200 combat casualties each month and many tropical diseases. Organized and conducted a school for native public health workers. Assisted in organization and training of airborne Vietnamese military medical personnel and Special Forces medics.

1968 - 1969 **RESIDENT IN GENERAL SURGERY**,
Tripler Army Medical Center, Honolulu, Hawaii.

1967 - 1968 **INTERN IN GENERAL SURGERY**, Buffalo
General Hospital, Buffalo, N. Y.

PUBLICATIONS:

Treanor, J J, Skirpol, J N, "Marijuana in a Tactical Unit in Vietnam", *USARV Medical Bulletin*, Jul-Aug 1970

Treanor, J J, Revised *Army Flight Surgeon Manual*, 1976

Treanor, J J, "Stress and Fatigue: One Point of View",
Aviation Digest, Nov 1976

Treanor, J J, "Cold Weather Aviation Psychology: A Case Report", *Aviation Space and Environmental Medicine*, April 1977

Johnson, G L, Treanor, J J, "The Helmet Protects the Aviator's Head -- Or Does It?", *SAFE Journal*, July 1977

Guilmette, T J, Treanor, J J, "Baseline and Comparative Neuropsychological Data on US Army Aviators", *Aviation Space and Environmental Medicine*, October 1986

Treanor, J J, Cotch, K E, "Staffing of Adult Psychiatric Inpatient Facilities", *Hospital & Community Psychiatry*, May 1990

Donnelly, K Z, Bellus, S, Grace, J, Treanor, J J & Herz, M, "Improvements in Cognitive Functioning among Schizophrenics Treated With Clozapine", *The Clinical Neuropsychologist*, August 1991

Ginsburg, B E, Werick, T M, Escobar, J I, Kugelmass, S, Treanor, J J, Wendtland, L, "Molecular Genetics of Psychopathologies: a Search for Simple Answers to Complex Problems", *Behavior Genetics*, Vol. 26, Nol 3, 1996

VIDEO TAPES:

Treanor, J J, *Aeromedical Aspects of Nap of Earth, Part I: A Flight Surgeon's View* (Introduction), Program No. TVT 46-83, TRADOC #-2C-011-0625-B, 17:45 minutes

Treanor, J J, *Aeromedical Aspects of NOE, Part II: Vertigo*, TVT46-84, TRADOC #-2C-011-0626-B, 19:40 minutes

Treanor, J J, *Aeromedical Aspects of NOE, Part III: Visual Problems*, TVT 46-85, TRADOC #-2C-011-0627-B, 14 minutes

Treanor, J J, *Aeromedical Aspects of NOE, Part IV: Survivability*, TVT 46-86, TRADOC #-2C-011-0628-B, 14:42 minutes

Treanor, J J, *Aeromedical Aspects of NOE, Part V: Fatigue*, TVT 46-87, TRADOC #-2C-011-0629

Treanor, J J, Johnson, G L, *SPH-4 Aviator's Protective Helmet*, ETV #-2C-011-0693-B, 22 minutes

PROFESSIONAL AWARDS:

Aerospace Medicine Specialist of the Year Award 1976, Society of US Army Flight Surgeons for "Outstanding Leadership in Aviation Medicine"

Order of Military Medical Merit 1986, Health Services Command, US Army for "Outstanding Contributions and Service to Military Medicine"

Order of Aeromedical Merit 1991, Society of US Army Flight Surgeons for "Contributions to Advancement, Growth and Maintenance of US Army Medicine."

ORGANIZATIONAL ACTIVITIES:

President, Western New York District Branch, American Psychiatric Association

Fellow Emeritus, Aerospace Medicine Association

MILITARY AWARDS:

Legion of Merit

Bronze Star Medal

Bronze Star (First Oak Leaf Cluster)

Bronze Star (Second Oak Leaf Cluster)

Meritorious Service Medal

Army Commendation Medal

Saudi Arabia Liberation of Kuwait Medal

Southwest Asia Service Medal

Viet Nam Cross of Gallantry

Air Medal

Civic Action Medal

Armed Forces Reserve Medal

Army Achievement Medal

Viet Nam Armed Forces Honor Medal

Republic of Viet Nam Valorous Service Medal

Republic of Korea United Nations Service Medal

Korean Service Medal with two Bronze Campaign Stars

Good Conduct Medal

National Defense Medal

Non-Commissioned Officer Development Award

Overseas Service Ribbon

Enlisted Training Award

Combat Medic Badge

Senior Parachutist Badge

Master Flight Surgeon Wings

Viet Nam Jump Wings

Army Medical Department Order of Merit

Legal Experience summary:

Military Justice/Forensic Law/Civil Litigation

Military:

Trial Counsel to military court (as line officer)

Defense Counsel to military court (as line officer)

Article 15, Uniform Code Military Justice Authority (as Company Commander)

Expert Witness, Military Courts, Aviation Accidents

Expert Witness, Military Courts, Psychiatric Defenses

Expert Witness, head injuries & mechanical correlation

Forensic:

Expert in Psychiatry for D.A., Erie County N.Y. (1987 - present) for pleas of *Not guilty by reason of insanity* and mitigation due to *Extreme Emotional Disturbance* (manslaughter rather than murder)

Expert Witness for Defense in Malpractice Cases (psychiatry)

Expert Witness for Defense in Murder and Arson cases

Chairman, Buffalo Psychiatric Center Forensic Committee, over 100 cases for patients committed U/P Criminal Proceedings Law 330.20 NYS, Not Guilty by reason of insanity.

Civil Litigation:

Expert Witness for civil cases involving *Aircraft accident fatalities* (Certified in both Aerospace Medicine and Psychiatry) and *Automobile accidents* (Trauma – Injury correlation).

Military Summary:

Total of 37 years of military service

Entered Military Service 5 Feb. 1951 as regular army enlisted and attained rank of Sgt. (E-5) and NCOIC of Regimental Machine gun Sergeant in 9th Division at Fort Dix, N.J.

Commissioned as 2nd Lt. Corps of Engineers, 8 April '52

Korean War Platoon Leader, 45th Infantry Division, '52 - '53

Post Korean War Assignments

Commanding Officer. Engr Center, Ft. Belvoir, Virginia

Parachute School, 82d Abn Div, Ft. Bragg, N.C.

Commanding Officer, Airbourne. Engineer Co., 11th Abn. Div., Munich, Germany

Active Reserve 969th Engr. Cons. Bn. (In University))

S-3, 969th, "*Berlin Crisis Call Up -1 year*"

Active Reserve, Buffalo, N.Y. (Medical School)

Return to active duty Viet Nam war (see C.V.)

Recalled to active duty Persian Gulf (see C.V.)

Military Service Summary: 3 branches

Infantry (Sgt)

Engineers (Maj)

Medical Corps (Col)

Battlefield experience in 3 wars:

Korea (Corps of Engineers)

Viet Nam (Medical Corps)

Persian Gulf (Medical Corps)

Forensic Experience:

Trial Counsel to military court (as line officer)

Defense Counsel to military court (as line officer)

Article 15, Uniform Code Military Justice Authority (as Co. Cmdr.)

Expert Witness for D.A., Erie County N.Y. (1987 - present)

Expert in Psychiatry for pleas of *Not guilty by reason of insanity* and mitigation due to *Extreme Emotional Disturbance* (manslaughter rather than murder)

Expert Witness for Defense in Malpractice Cases (psychiatry)

Expert Witness for Defense in Murder and Arson Cases

Chairman Forensic Committee for patients committed U/P Criminal Proceedings Law 330.20 NYS, over 100 cases of *Not Guilty reason of insanity*.

Expert Witness for civil cases involving *Aircraft Accident Fatalities* (Certified in both Aerospace Medicine and Psychiatry)

Certified in Forensic Psychiatry, April 1998 Certificate # 551

Performed temporary services at:

Hepburn Med. Ctr., Ogdensburg, NY (Attending Psychiatrist)
Indiana State Hospital, Logansport, IN (Forensic Psychiatrist)
VA Med. Ctr., Buffalo, NY (Attending Psychiatrist)

Continue Medical School Activities (Admissions Committee)

Continue with Executive Committee of WNY APA (Past President)

Continue as Forensic Consultant to Erie County Holding Center

Continue as Forensic Consultant to NYS Mental Hygiene Service

Continue as Forensic Consultant to Chautauqua County Public Defender

Continue Medical Education Programs (Grand Rounds and special conferences)

Served as Forensic Consultant to Niagara County Jail in Lockport, NY (8 months in 1999)

Forensic consulting duties include primarily:

- Competency to stand trial

- Competency for medical decisions (Treatment over objection)

- Competency for financial management (Guardianship appointments)

- Mens Rea* at time of alleged offense (NGRI, EED)

- Serve as volunteer with the "Friends of Buffalo Psychiatric Center", an all volunteer organization dedicated to improving care and activities of patients residing in the center.

Repertoire

Songs

Traumerei

Lieberstraum

Ben Hur Chariot Race

My Gal Sal

Second Hand Rose

Galway Bay

Sweet Molly Malone

Isle of Inisfree

Garry Owen

Molly O'Rourke

Danny Boy

Edelweiss

Mother Machree

The Yellow Rose of Texas

Dixie

Blue Tail Fly

Chop Sticks

Oh, Susannah

The Camptown Races

My Old Kentucky Home

The Trail of the Lonesome Pine

On Top of Old Smokey

They Called the Wind Maria

Clementine

Aloha Oi

Red River Valley

You're in the Army Now

The Erie Canal

Amazing Grace

Swing Low, Sweet Chariot

*Nobody Knows the Trouble
I've Seen*

*He's Got the Whole World
in his Hands*

America the Beautiful

You're a Grand Old Flag

The Marine's Hymn

*The Caissons Go Rolling
Along*

*Columbia, the Gem of the
Ocean*

*Hail! Hail! The Gangs All
Here*

Good Night Ladies

Whiffenpoof Song

Gaudeamus Igitur

*For He's a Jolly Good
Fellow*

*There is a Tavern in the
Town*

Joy to the World

Jingle Bells

The First Noel

Auld Lang Syne

Long, Long Ago
Beautiful Dreamer
I'll Take You Home Again
Kathleen
She Wore a Yellow Ribbon
Annie Laurie
Silver Threads Among the Gold
Daisy Bell
The Daring Young Man on the
Flying Trapeze
Take me out to the Ball Game
Grand Father's Clock
The Teddy Bear Picnic
The Long, Long Trail

Nola
The Mountains O' Mourne
Eileen Og
The Old Orange Flute
McBreen's Heifer
Are Ye Right There
Michael?
Ich Hab Mein Hertz in
Heidelberg Velorin
Mein Hut, der hat drei
Ecken
Eins, Zwei, Drei, g'suffa
Wer Soll Das Bezahlen?

Poems

The Cremation of Sam McGee – Robert Service

Favorite Sayings & Jokes

Memorable Quotes – Joe Treanor (son), Jennifer (Babbage) Murphy, Margaret Paroski

“Who writes your stuff?”

“Hey Topper” (to Joe and Little Joe)

“If you don’t like it, just throw it on the floor”

“I’m all done in” (when going to bed)

“It’ll put a chill on your liver” (when describing how cold it is)

“I’m all hemmed in” (as if unable to get up from the table)

“I see you brought your bodyguards with you” (when someone brings their small kids with them)

“You bring dignity to what would otherwise be a vulgar brawl” (he really means –you’re no better than the rest of us)

“You bring a lot to it” (you’re making it more complicated)

“It is a sin without temptation” (something done in poor judgment for no reason – at least of which dad could not tell)

“The sun sets on your ass” (the future is yours for the taking) usually stated after a few glasses of wine

“Laugh at that” (as he holds his finger out to spontaneously make small children giggle)

“I’ve got your nose” (as he pretends to have your nose between his fingers)

“You’re looking good” (a favorite greeting)

“Your life isn’t worth a nickel in one of those things” (in describing being in civilian aircraft, or being in any other very dangerous situation)

“Cutie” (to Mom)

“Hello, you cute thing.” (to anyone female)

“How’s my pretty <insert name>?” (to girl children)

“THAT kid scares me!”

“Holy Jesus!”

“SHUT the DAMN door!”

“Can I get you a coffee?” (code for anything from coffee to a cigar to a nice glass of Jameson)

“On the other hand, port...makes me fart” (reference to one of his favorite jokes)

“The people in Hell want ice water!”

“There is nothing as exciting as getting shot at and missed.”

“If you don’t know the words, sing louder.”

“Get the money.”

A few words to live by

As you travel through life, brother

(No matter what your goal)

Keep your eye upon the Doughnut

And not upon the hole!

Ever one door closes, another opens.

Keep your eye out for the opening door.

Decca divisa exeunt. (Break a ten and it's gone!)

Et non comebackitybus.

Jokes

Preparation H and Strangers in the Night – *Frank Parisi*

I would be remiss if I didn't mention that Jim told two jokes which I still use today. ...the first is about a person who is suffering from hemorrhoids and goes to the doctor who quick prescribes "Preparation H" and instructs him to come back in a week. The next week he comes back and the Doctor asks him how things are going to which he replies that they are the same. This goes on for several more weeks and finally the frustrated patient tells the Doctor that "Preparation H" is absolutely not working and that for all the good it is doing he might as well stick them up his ass!

Second joke: A student was studying to become a mortician and had passed all the class work and was ready for the next step which was to be in charge of the morgue by himself. The mortician told the student that if there were an emergency he could call him but only in an emergency! As luck would have it he got a call and picked up a body and brought it back to the morgue to prep. He noticed a cork in its butt which was not in any book he had studied. He removed the cork at which time it started to sing: Strangers In The Night! The student pushed it back, calmed himself down and pulled it out again only to have the same thing happen. He immediately called the mortician and frantically insisted he come right away to which the mortician reluctantly complied. By the time the mortician got there it was about 3:00 AM, the student showed the mortician the cork and then removed it and sure enough it started to sing "Strangers in the Night". The mortician looked at the student and said "Do you mean to tell me that you got me out of bed at three in the morning to come all the way down here just to listen to some asshole sing "Strangers in the Night"!"



Pig! – Sally Treanor

This is the infamous joke Jim tells when lecturing on the importance of communication.

An Englishman and a visiting American were driving down a country lane in Hampshire one stormy night, the Englishman gesturing widely at the passing sights, the American terror-struck by driving on the wrong side of the road. They were speeding along when the winding lane entered an area with tall hedgerows on either side whereupon the Englishman launched into a detailed description of English land tenure and how ancient the hedgerows, all the while barely braking around turns. All of a sudden, a careening car came toward them around a steep curve. The car, driven by a frizzy haired, overweight woman, bounced off the wall in front of the two gentlemen, veered to the other side and swooped by them with the woman screaming, “Pig!” Our Englishman yelled back, without missing a breath, “Bitch!” and then drove around the bend into a 500 pound pig.

