

Molly Graham: Well, I like to start at the beginning. If you could say when and where you were born.

Craig McLean: I was born in 1957 in Passaic, New Jersey, right across the river from the town that my parents lived in, Rutherford. There's no hospital in Rutherford, so Passaic was the closest hospital.

MG: I'm curious about your family history. Can you trace it as far back as you know, maybe starting on your father's side?

CM: On my dad's side, we were Scottish Highlanders, who moved from the Western Isles in the Highlands with the Industrial Revolution into the industrial center, and for Scotland, that was on the River Clyde. Basically, that's Glasgow. So my dad was born in Glasgow. His family's distant relatives - some had emigrated to the United States early in the last century and referred back to my grandfather what opportunities there were in America. My grandfather was under the title of engineer - it was very different than what an engineer is today. He used hand tools. He turned wrenches. As an engineer, he kept a plant running that was in part fueled by the movement of the waters of the River Clyde. There was great shipbuilding there. There were industrial centers there. So that's what my grandfather's life was like. He chose to bring his young son and wife over to the States. That was in the early '30s. So my dad arrived here [and] grew up somewhere between being a Scottish immigrant with a brogue, but because of their economic position, they lived with other basically poor people who happen to be mostly Italian. Of course, Italian immigrants were not richly received in the States in that time. Being raised in an Italian neighborhood as a Scot with a brogue, I think he quickly must have lost that, or so he explained to me, during his life. He saw the way people were treated. He found it interesting that being Scottish was a bit more acceptable by people outside that neighborhood than being Italian. I think that was his first experience of how an unwarranted prejudice can arise. But then my dad went on to serve - sorry. He lost his dad early in life. He was fourteen years old when his dad passed. So being the only son and just he and his mom, he started working and then enlisted in the Navy at the beginning of World War Two. Told a very humorous story. My dad was a thin guy early in his life, as I used to be. He and his friends walked up to the United States Marine Corps recruiting station because they thought the marine uniforms really looked sharp. The marine looked at it and said, "What the heck do you guys want?" Perhaps there was more colorful language there than that, but that's the way he related it. They looked at each other and said, "Well, maybe we better go to the Navy." So they signed up for the Navy, and away they went. So my dad spent World War Two out in the Pacific on an amphibious ship and helping to move the Army and Marine Corps soldiers and vehicles into those invasion spaces. I've delighted in being able to tour some of those areas myself and see what they look like today. But the horror of the Pacific War is something that I think very few folks talked about, and those who did probably weren't where all the action was. On my mom's side, my mom is Sicilian by her parent's birth. She's a native New Yorker. She was born in New York City, but her parents were Sicilian immigrants coming from the very center of Sicily, almost the geographic center of Sicily. I've not visited the town that they're from, but I still plan to. But it was described to me by cousins and uncles who had visited [as] kind of a dirt-poor region in the time of their departure. My grandmother came to the United States. She was a seamstress. She came to the United States in order to earn enough money and buy a Singer sewing machine. That machine is still in

the family. My cousin has it, and she deserves it. She enjoys sewing and the like. My grandmother worked in what today we would call sweatshops in New York City. Then they moved from New York to Passaic. My dad was in Passaic. That's where they met and moved just across the river to Rutherford and raised my brother and I.

MG: I have a few follow-up questions. I want to go back to your father's family history. Did your grandfather serve the industries in Glasgow? You mentioned shipbuilding. What else was there?

CM: To be honest, Molly, I'm not sure exactly what they were producing. It was machine parts, I believe. In the factory that he worked in, there was a milling side and a machining side. He was at the point of servicing those devices – in order to avoid the redundancy of the word machinery. But he serviced those devices to keep them running so that the machine parts could be generated. I could imagine lathes and other sorts – casting and foundry – and it was a combination of things. I'll digress for a moment. My brother and I managed to make it to Glasgow. In fact, my brother was studying for a year abroad in Scotland. So I went and visited him. I think I was still in college. He was in his intersessional year on this scholarship between his undergraduate and then law school. We jumped into a taxi cab, and we asked the cabbie if we could go to the Maryhill section, that's the Maryhill section of Glasgow. The cabbie stopped the car, turned around, looked at us, and said, "What would you folks want to be doing in the Maryhill section?" His eyes are really wide. He says, "That's a dangerous place." So, obviously, with urban succession, it had gone in a different direction, I would imagine since my dad lived there. So my brother said, "Well, maybe we shouldn't go." I said, "What are you talking about? Look where we grew up." So the cabbie says, "Where are you boys from?" I said, "We're from New Jersey, like Passaic, Newark." He says, "Oh, you boys have no problem. I'll take you right there." [laughter] So we went down and saw the place. There was really just a framed vestige of the address, and it was in a part of what today is the renewal of Glasgow – it's been renewed. It's just an absolutely vibrant and arts-rich city instead of an industrial center.

MG: Have you had a chance to visit the Highlands as well?

CM: Oh, gosh, yeah. I just love it. I just absolutely love the Highlands. The family is rooted in the Western Isles. Mull is the area that most of the family, as far as we could tell, has been from. There was a fire in Edinburgh, and it destroyed much of the church records. So my trail runs cold at the time of the fire, but coming out of the Western Isles and Mull, then down with the migration into the industrial section, or as many others did, they came to the United States or Australia.

MG: It sounds like you've done some genealogical research. Have you done this in bits and pieces, or is this something you've been revisiting recently?

CM: Bits and pieces. It's part of my ambition to get further into this in retirement now that I have time. The funny thing, Molly, was I spent about a period of a week and a half, late at night, three o'clock in the morning, just trying to dive into the online archives and chase names. I was new at it, so it took me longer than a skilled person could find their way in. Then, I opened up a family Bible after my dad's passing, and everything that I had found – there it was already

written in the Bible. It confirms – I went as far back as the information was that he had, but there's some old photographs which are rather charming – my grandfather in a kilt as a small, maybe six or eight-year-old boy, and in a Highland regalia, a gathering of the clan, gathering of the MacLean clan. We were not aristocracy, certainly; we were the rank and file, if you will.

MG: That leads me to ask what happened to the “A” in “Mac.” I think I saw your dad's name spelled M-A-C.

CM: Yes, the abbreviation to a Scott in writing one's name is either M-apostrophe L-E-A-N. M-A-C-L-E-A-N is the family name, the clan name. But upon arrival in the United States, writing with the brevity that is customary for M-A-C's, my dad's immigration papers, or actually, his birth certificate was M-apostrophe-L-E-A-N, which was understood in the country to be M-A-C. So my birth certificate was M-C. Now, you're too young to remember this, but when I was a kid, if you had a system of file records, the oak paper file records, and you go through the alphabet, there'd be an M, and then an M-C, and the C is elevated with an underline. That's an additional abbreviation for M-A-C. So that's how it fell out. It reminded me of a good friend of mine who was in the NOAA Corps with me; his last name was O'Clock, O-apostrophe-C-L-O-C-K. One late evening, we're all having that kind of roundabout getting to know each other, and I said, “Bill, tell me the origin of your name.” He said, “Well, we're Polish.” You look at Bill, and if you can look at facial recognition [and] understand people's roots – I probably look more Italian than anything else. I look at Bill, and I'm thinking, “Yeah, I get it. That's the part of the world that Bill is from.” His family, when they went through Ellis Islands – which Scots didn't; the Scots just walked off the boat, the papers were signed, and away you went. But the Italians, the Poles, Irish, [and] everybody else had to go through Ellis Island. Actually, the UK [United Kingdom] – the UK came straight off the boat. Bill said, “They couldn't pronounce my family name, apparently. So the technical guy or the person doing the paperwork just said, ‘You'll be O'Clock from now on.’” I thought what a harmful thing to do to someone's pride and heritage, but that's my friend. There he is.

MG: And it becomes so much harder to trace the family history before that moment because you've lost the official surname.

CM: Absolutely, absolutely. I'm kind of dry on the Sicilian side. I have an uncle who was a principal of – I'm trying to remember what state he was in. He's since retired to Florida. Lovely, lovely man – he and his wife. He did a lot of the genealogical research, but he wound up with a lot of dry wells because, in the poverty of Sicily, there weren't a lot of records kept other than church records, and those were not rich and robust either.

MG: Also, so many institutions in Italy suffered a lot of damage during World War Two, with the Germans coming through and buildings being destroyed.

CM: We probably took a few of those buildings out ourselves in fighting the Germans. I think of the Monte Cassino history if you're familiar with that. [Editor's Note: On February 15, 1944, the monastery at Monte Cassino was destroyed in a massive Allied air raid. On March 15, 1944, Allied bombers attacked Monte Cassino and, mistakenly, Venafrò, but the mission resulted in eighty-five Allied deaths, nearly 300 wounded, and over 150 civilian deaths on the ground.] Of

course, you're a historian. The reality, there were not a lot of rich records. It wasn't a pleasant life, I believe, that my Sicilian side had. Of course, on the Scottish side, I think it was more pleasant, but not financially endowed in any sort of way.

MG: I was curious about that. Did your grandfather think there'd be more economic opportunities in the United States?

CM: Yes, I believe so – the way my father had described it. That was really the driver for them [and] for every family that's made that immigration journey, that courageous journey to take a small boy, your wife, and say, "There's something there for us." They had the benefit – I think both families, the Sicilian and the Scottish side, had the benefit of relatives who were already here. They, I wouldn't say, paved the way, but they at least offered the informed promise of what America had to offer. I'm just grateful that they made that journey because I don't know if I would be or where I would be if not.

MG: Where in the United States did your father's family end up? Was it New Jersey initially?

CM: The relatives that my father had were – and I don't know whether they were on his mother's side or his father's side. I believe his father's because I think there was a trail of McLeans. It was out in Ohio. Where in Ohio, I'm not exactly certain, but they had a relation there, and I believe that was the route that attracted them to the States. There must have been some intervening opportunity that emerged. If I remember correctly, I think my grandfather wound up working for US Rubber, the US Rubber Company, and I believe they might have had an installation in [Ohio]. I don't recall anything of my dad saying that they lived in Ohio. But it was from that Ohio route that an opportunity in a Passaic plant – and I think it's even still there today. It might not be owned by US Rubber, but there was a prominent structure on the Passaic River. That's where my grandfather landed his job, and they stayed right there. It was because of where the factory that he worked in [was] as to why they settled in Passaic.

MG: At that point, did they have any other family members in the Passaic area?

CM: No, no.

MG: Was your father an only child?

CM: Yes, he was.

MG: And I was curious – do you know how old he was when they immigrated? And you said he was fourteen when his father passed away.

CM: I think he was eight years old when he came over. And he was fourteen. I do know he was fourteen when his dad passed.

MG: Do you know how his dad passed?

CM: Stomach cancer. I'm not sure the exactitude of medical diagnoses at those points in time, but he had stomach cancer. I remember my dad telling me the story that his father had surgery in the same hospital that I was born in. For whatever reason, I believe it was – certainly, it would be financial. But basically, he had to leave the hospital at a point where he was still in pain and healing, and my father describes him basically just in extreme pain. I can imagine just moaning or showing outward signs of his discomfort post-surgery and had to walk home and recuperate at home. I could only guess that there was no money to pay for extra days' stay in the hospital. I think that's something that, as a young boy, would stay with you for a long time. So maybe he was thirteen, fourteen at that point in time, but he was fourteen when his dad did pass. So apparently, the surgery had perhaps some beneficial effect but not a lasting effect.

MG: You said he went to work to help out your mother. Did that mean he had to leave school?

CM: It did. My father did not graduate high school. So my brother was – well, sorry, my mom certainly graduated high school, but my brother was the first one to graduate college. So, let me get to that. My dad did have to drop out of school and work. My mom was one of several children. Her father was not exactly the breadwinner. So, my mom was ready to drop out of school in order to be able to help to contribute to the household finances. She had one sister and two brothers, and her mom. Her dad was not always, I guess, in the picture, if that's an easy way to put it. A very kind teacher, whom my mom stayed in touch with throughout this teacher's life, made arrangements for her to find a part-time job after school, including transportation arrangements to get there – buses and just laid the whole bus route out for her. She worked in wool bleachery that was also right on the Passaic River. So the river was literally the stream of commerce, to abuse that phrase, but it literally was the place where all this work was aligned. So my mom then was able to graduate high school, and she always regarded this teacher whose guidance had helped her in such a wonderful way. She always held her in such high regard. So my dad worked a number of different jobs as a kid. I reflected back on that because I started working when I was fourteen, but I didn't have to drop out of school in order to do it. I didn't have to pay for my family. I was able to just earn what I needed to spend in order to get my diving lessons. [For] my dad, that was food on the table. That was bread and milk. Very different life.

MG: Yes. I was curious if you knew anything else about your father's service, such as his job on the amphibious ships. Did he ever share stories about that time?

CM: Oh, goodness, yes. The stories were innumerable, and they were always humorous. It wasn't until after the fiftieth anniversary of the Second World War that his mates got together and had reunions, and I got a chance to meet these men, who were these admirable characters described around the dinner table with these humorous events. Only when they got together and started talking did I hear about the unhumorous events and the woes of war. My dad was a signalman. He was an enlisted man, signalman second class, and he was on an LST transport vessel, LST standing for [landing] ship tank. In military designations, there's always [inaudible] structure for a title, but they could onboard tanks, they could onboard amphibious assault craft, and the like. But typically, the LST itself would beach once the beachhead was secured, lower a bow door down, and an out would come – actually, the doors would open in front, and out would come the watertight door, and out would come the vehicles and the men and the like. Much of

his service was in and around the Philippine campaign. But several of the other island campaigns he was in as well. I heard the stories of two typhoons, which I've read about in naval histories from Samuel Eliot Morison's excellent works and other books as well. The experience that they had in these typhoons was eye-opening because apparently – I don't think my dad remembered this; a handful of the other fellows didn't remember it, but the engineering section remembered it mightily. The ship developed a crack in the deck while the ship was literally working, as you would say, and flexing in the typhoon. The welders were out on deck putting a patch over the top to tack it down and then weld it down to try and get it stable. Of course, the captain was trying to maneuver the ship to give them the greatest stability, but they actually had the concern of the ship breaking in half. Anyway, that was interesting. My dad also told me of the experience where a gentleman named Ernie Pyle, who was a marvelous World War II reporter and was killed by a sniper. Mr. Pyle was always upfront with the troops right at the front end, an embedded reporter we might say today. He was very close to and basically was right in attendance when Ernie Pyle was shot. He was so loved – Pyle – by the troops whom he wrote fondly of. I guess the phrase today we would use is they just lit it up wherever this sniper was – not my dad. My dad was not a combat soldier, but the Marines that were down there on the island just lit it up, and no more sniper. But, of course, Mr. Pyle was killed in that. But my dad generally related his experiences in the Navy as a fond and fulfilling pastime and way of life. I grew to admire it to the point where in the family folklore around the table, literally in my backyard – my backyard was the Passaic River. If Navy ships came to call in New York, we would get in the car, [have a] family outing, drive to New York and tour every one of the Navy ships that were there. I think it was the fascination that my brother and I showed for this that reinforced my dad's interest in taking us back over the next time a group of ships would come in. So Fleet Week, for example – what we call today Fleet Week was always something that we would attend, and it was a nice day out for us. I think we're only eight miles from New York. I've actually never measured it. I've only measured it by clock. With no traffic from my house to Times Square is twelve minutes. Once again, I stress no traffic. That's [at] two o'clock in the morning. But to go through the Lincoln Tunnel, it would usually take us about a half hour to get to Manhattan.

MG: Yes. A New Jersey mile is a different measurement in other places. I think you said in your notes that he took you to see the *Queen Mary* and *Queen Elizabeth*. Do you have memories of those visits?

CM: I do. My dad was always fond of the *Queen Mary* because of the stately lines of the ship, the beauty of the ship. My dad had an eye for, obviously, the maritime, but as a sailor – and he stayed, to a certain extent, in the marine world. But it was a grand ship. I remember climbing aboard. The funny part I remember is climbing aboard and realizing that my dad, being a New Jersey guy, decided that parking where he chose to park would be something he could probably get away with until he saw from the deck of the *Queen Mary* the tow truck starting to remove these cars one at a time. So he raced down, got in the car, and relocated the car to perhaps a more appropriate parking space. But when I visited the *Queen Mary* in Long Beach as an adult, the marvelous interior, the Art Deco, the whole style of the ship, none of it came back to me. I think really it was just the grandeur of seeing it from the outside, being on this amazing ship, the promenade. I don't even really remember much other than being with my brother and my mom, watching my dad run over to get the car from the promenade. We could see that. But I've

always had an eye for ships, and that was a piece of what drew me into the *Titanic* work as well. I don't know if I mentioned it, Molly, but part of the *Titanic* work was to go and visit the ship. But the other part of the *Titanic* work, which I had done years earlier than my dives to *Titanic*, was to reinvestigate the circumstance of Captain Stanley Lord, who was the master of the SS *Californian*, and the *Californian* and was alleged to have been within five to eight miles of the sinking *Titanic*. Upon reinvestigation, we came to conclude – myself and a very able investigator who was a professional police officer and investigator who later went to work for the House of Representatives, the standing Investigations Committee, and that's where he was employed early on. Then he eventually went to work for a federal agency. He and I made a collateral investigation. I took the maritime side of this, the navigation side of this, and Mr. David Eno, E-N-O – David took the personal interviews. He went and interviewed people whose grandparents were involved in the *Californian* and then also a sealing – S-E-A-L – a seal harvesting ship named the *Samson*. Anyway, maybe I can get back to that. That's a piece of what drew me into the marvel of great ships. So, I've always been a sucker for ships, and it was logical that when I was able to navigate a pathway with the help of some wonderful, wonderful people who could guide me that I was able to find my way into a maritime career.

MG: Did your father get his citizenship through his service, or did he already acquire that beforehand?

CM: He got his citizenship through his service, as I recall. In fact, Molly – yes, excellent point. Once again, let's look at the political situation in the United States. I believe it was not upon the occasion of his enlistment or the conclusion of his enlistment, but it was the McCarthy hearings – McCarthyism – that drew my father to attain his citizenship. [Editor's Note: In 1950, Senator Joseph McCarthy's claims that Communists had infiltrated the State Department sparked a Red Scare. The witch hunts of the McCarthy era relied on innuendo and unfounded accusations, tactics that earned the ire of President Dwight D. Eisenhower after McCarthy alleged that Communist spies were operating in the Army. When McCarthy launched an investigation of the Army in 1953, the Senate countered with an investigation of McCarthy. The televised Army-McCarthy hearings in the summer of 1954 exposed McCarthy's unscrupulous fear-mongering. Soon after, the Senate censured McCarthy, and he died from complications related to alcoholism in 1957.] I think it was something that he just said, "Yeah, whatever." He was not remarkably compelled to wave a card around and say, "Yes, I'm a citizen." He had fought for the country. He had been in the tumult of the times. But it was his very compassionate supervisor in his job, which was for the utility company, Public Service Electric and Gas company in northern New Jersey. Today, they're still called PSE&G. It was his supervisor there who said, "Things are tight, and you want to be a citizen if this gets out of control." Perhaps historically, one could look and reflect that it was out of control. "You want to make sure that you're a citizen. Don't put yourself at risk." So he did.

MG: So, it was a few years after the war that he applied for his citizenship.

CM: Yes, yes. I wouldn't know when. But it was right after the war that he went to work for public service.

MG: Did he spend his whole career with PSE&G?

CM: He did. He retired from there. He was a serviceman. He'd be the guy to go to a fire and shut off the gas in an apartment or tenement, as one would more commonly find in parts of Passaic. I remember even during the civil unrest, during the riots that took place in Passaic, I said, "Dad" – I was a little guy. I must have been ten or eleven – doing the math as to when the riots were. But I asked him, "Dad, are you safe there?" Because if something would happen and a building would be ignited, my dad had to show up, the firemen showed up, and all that. My father said, "No, people are nice to me. They know I'm the guy that brings them heat in the winter and makes sure the electricity is on for their fans in the summer. So, I'm okay. People know me, and they just let me go." I thought it was a little scary as a young guy, but there we were.

MG: Yes. That was a tumultuous time. New Jersey really became the epicenter of civil conflict. I'm thinking of the 1967 Newark Riot or Rebellion.

CM: Yes. Newark, Passaic, Paterson. They were urban centers. With urban centers, you normally find, as my parents found in their immigration, or at least their family's immigration, the lesser economic parameters are there, and that's where things rise. Certainly for race – hell, we're still fighting for racial equality in this country.

MG: Yes. I want to ask a few more questions about your mother's history. Do you know about her experience growing up?

CM: I don't think it was very pleasant. They lived not too far from where my dad lived because, as I mentioned, the Italian neighborhood that my dad grew up in was relatively adjacent to the Italian neighborhood that my mom grew up in. I actually think they were in kindergarten or first grade together. There's a marvelous romantic story that I'm sure my brother wouldn't mind me telling. But later in life, my mom found a ring on the street in Passaic. She picked it up and said, "I know an I.M." The initials I.M. were engraved in this ring. She said, "I know an I.M. It's Ian McLean." She thought, "I haven't seen him in so long." They eventually passed each other on the street and met. The ring had nothing to do with that. But that was her only intersessional recollection of my dad since kindergarten. Then she met him on the street, and then they started to date and get together after the war, of course, and got married and moved over to beautiful Rutherford.

MG: What became of that ring?

CM: I believe my brother has it. It's a family heirloom, I guess, is the best way to put it, more recently acquired than something that went on for multiple generations.

MG: What do you know about your mother's life up to the point where she married your father? You mentioned she was working as a seamstress.

CM: Well, my mom was working more administratively. My grandmother was the seamstress. But my mom learned to sew, and many of the clothes that my brother and I had as kids were made by my mom. My parents were very – I shouldn't say frugal, but they were very wise with

what they did with their money. My dad was very handy. He rebuilt parts of the house we lived in. He rewired the house. He knew electricians work. He acquired that through his work. But my mom's life, as I say, [was] probably not very happy. I think her charm in life blossomed when she got married and had kids and just so enjoyed that experience. She talked about that quite a bit that the best time of her life was when my brother and I were little, and the charm of having two little boys – all that. She was a stay-at-home mom. I guess that was the nature of the times. It wasn't until we were in junior high school that she went and found a job in order to help save money for my brother's and my education. Fortunately, my brother and I were okay academically, and we found ways to supplement our own tuition billing. So my brother was so good in school, and his later career in law reflected that, but he had a full scholarship for his undergraduate studies. So, returning to my mom, I guess not all that happy because her dad wasn't in and around the house that often. I just don't get a lot of pleasantries from her recollections of that period. I think it was tough. I'm not even sure that there wasn't an arranged marriage. In fact, my recollection may be that they didn't exactly fall in love and decide to get married, and I think that spoke to the nature of the relationship throughout. But [they had] four kids.

MG: Did you get to know any of your grandparents?

CM: Only my mom's father. He was this sweet, little old man who liked cigars. And he was in what we would call back then a nursing home that was run by an enclave of nuns. We would visit him periodically. My mom was kind to her father, but it's not clear how kind her father was to them while they were growing up. He's the only one I knew, but not even to the point where I could have a conversation with him. He was just grandpa who always smoked cigars. I remember he'd give me a hug, I'd give him a hug, and that was the nature of our relationship. I was very young when he passed away. My dad's dad – I spoke of his demise. My father's mother passed early in their marriage, but I have no recollection of her. My mom's mother passed, I believe, prior to their marriage.

MG: Were you close with your mother's siblings, your aunt and uncles?

CM: We were. Geographically, we had a separation with my mom's two brothers. My mom's sister we were very close to. I remember when my dad had a heart episode – today, we would just classify it as an arrhythmia; it was probably something much more common, but it was pretty scary as a roughly eight-year-old kid or so – I guess I was. My dad had to spend a couple of nights in a hospital. My mom's sister and her husband came over, and they were close. They basically stayed at our house and made sure my brother and I got to school on time and such. They really stepped in and stepped up.

MG: Were there cousins nearby to play with?

CM: The cousins from that aunt and uncle, their children – they, unfortunately, lost one son. I believe he was seventeen. I don't have any recollection of this. They were older. When he was seventeen, I was quite young. But ice skating in the winter, this young fellow fell through the ice and drowned, which was understandably devastating to any parent and certainly was to my aunt and uncle. But my uncle was this cheery, go-along, get-along guy. He was always fun to hang

with as a little guy because he could relate to the kids and just be playful with us. But his older son was much older than my brother and I, so when we would visit, that older son was already out of the house on his way, I guess in college and then also making his own life. We weren't particularly close to our cousins. I remember going to a wedding of my cousin – because they lived in Florida. I didn't put that part together. The aunt and uncle – my mother's one brother lived in Florida, and the other brother was in the western part of New Jersey, but for whatever reason, we didn't spend a lot of time with really either of the cousins. We went to this wedding. I discovered my cousin and her brother. She came up to visit us because she had never been north in winter. I remember her delight in seeing snow for the first time. But yes, we weren't really that close. We didn't spend a lot of time together.

MG: How would you characterize your parents' marriage? Were they happy? What were they like?

CM: Very happy. Not rich, but rich in heart, rich in love. I think my mom explained at one time that there wasn't a lot of love in her house growing up, and she was going to make sure that she had it in her life and in her house. They supported each other. They were very involved in anything my brother, and I did. At three o'clock in the morning in high school, I'm playing hockey because it's the only time we could rent ice time. They're there. Every football game unless my dad had to work a shift, but my mom would ride with friends, and they were everywhere. Every activity that we were involved in, they were part of.

MG: She sounds lovely. I found her obituary, actually, and there was a line that said something about her lovely singing voice and that she'd love to garden. She just sounds like a lovely person.

CM: She was a sweet dear lady. She did have a beautiful singing voice. When she was younger – because Molly, you're historically aware of so many things – there was an actress named Donna Reed. My mom looks very similar to Donna Reed when she was a younger woman. She sang beautifully. Our house was always very musical. That's another piece I should add. My dad [was] not formally educated, but my dad could fix anything, whether it was the car, the house, masonry, concrete, electric works, gasworks, anything; he was able to do that. He also taught himself the organ, the guitar, the clarinet, and the saxophone. When I was little, he started me on the clarinet. He was teaching me the clarinet. Then, when I got to school because I had started earlier – the age of music in school – I was a little bit ahead of the other guys. But I eventually got to the age when, of course, the Beatles are out now, and a few other things are happening with music, and you suddenly discover in junior high school that the clarinet is not cool. I also would bang around on pots and pans, and my dad had a snare drum, in addition to all those other instruments, and I would bang around on that, but also bang around on the floor with drumsticks, which he had. So eventually, I got a drum set. My parents got me a drum set, and it was not a good one. It didn't sound great, but it was something that I could learn on. I had that drum set all the way through high school and got additional bits and pieces of equipment here and there. But they always supported me in the music. I can't say that my dad liked the music that I would play and listen to, but as I got involved in bands, he always supported that. Of course, those were the '70s. He would always look at me and say, "Just be careful of where you are. Watch out where you are." I knew what he was talking about. It was a good bunch of

musicians, a good bunch of guys, and [we] made a lot of great music at an early age. But the house was always musical. My dad would, at least weekly but sometimes daily, after supper, as we would call it – most today would say “dinner,” but after supper, my dad would play the organ. When my mom was doing the dishes, she'd be singing. So there was always music. Then, when my brother and I got old enough, we would [play] with my brother on trumpet or guitar, but mostly the trumpet. My dad would play the guitar. I would play the drums. And my mom would sing. We would just have music. When we would go away – once a year, we'd go away for a week down to the beach area not too far from where I am here. We'd bring the instruments, and we'd be singing and playing music inside this little cottage that we rented.

MG: It sounds like a lot of fun.

CM: I had a ball growing up. The other thing, Molly that I'll add to the culmination of where I went in my career was my dad had boats. They started with just a little outboard motor and a skiff, and they eventually, saving their money, bought used boats and wound up with, I think, it was a twenty-four-foot cabin cruiser. I had a fascination with looking at ship wakes at the formation of the wave, and that goes back to my earliest days. I remember my dad telling me, “Yeah, I know where they came from. Because you were throwing some of my tools into the wake to watch the splash on that curvature of the wave as it was formed until I saw what you were doing.” [laughter] I asked him, “Well, did you get mad at me?” He said, “No, I just put the tools away because I realized it was my fault. I left them out, and you did what a three-year-old would do.” But I was on a boat when I was two weeks old in not a bassinet but a basket. My mom said a clothes basket, and she had the flotation around it. They just went for a little cruise right after I was born. So two weeks old, I was in a boat. Then after my dad had his little cruisers, he had that heart episode; he was afraid that something would happen to him and that my mom would be stuck having to sell the boat. So my dad, not the risk – well, in some ways, a risktaker, but not the ultimate risk-taker, he said, “Going to sell the boat.” So he did. So we were boat-less for a good number of years. Then, when I was about, I guess, ten – yes, I was about nine or ten years old – my dad came home one day, and he said, “I saw a sign for a boat for sale. It was a fourteen-foot runabout, a skiff, and he bought a brand-new twenty-five horsepower motor for that boat. That's how I found myself on the river, up and down, becoming the river rat that I described. But once again, it was his support and his encouragement to say, “Yeah, that's a good thing for you to be doing as a kid.” All my other mates, my schoolmates, were shooting baskets, basically, or doing other things. I had the river. I had the boatyard. I had free reign of the boat yard because the owner was very familiar with us, watched us grow up, and all. Other kids would go into the boatyard; they'd get thrown out. My brother and I? “Here, you want to ride on the tractor? Sit over here. You can ride here while we tow this boat.” I had a wonderful time growing up.

MG: That must have given you so much freedom to be a young boy and have access to a boat and all the places it could take you.

CM: It was freedom, but also a sense of responsibility. My dad was stern enough that you knew what was right and wrong, and you knew what you could do and what you couldn't do. He always reinforced in me the value of trust. So later in my life, with things like the [Donald] Trump issues and the lies that were told by the officials in the Department of Commerce, I had a

chance to address the Deputy Secretary of Commerce, whom I would just characterize as less than forthright in disclosing the events of that Hurricane Dorian episode. I talked about, as an adult, as an Assistant Administrator, and my role, and we had all the senior executives of NOAA in this room. I said, "I've got to go back to my youth. My dad taught me that a bottle of something of value" – to me today, that would be a bottle of scotch whiskey. So that's the example I used. "That is your trust. And when you drop it and break it, you can never put that liquid back in that bottle." That's generally an analogy that my dad taught me. But the funny Scotch story that goes back to my dad was – my dad was not a big drinker, but he had a liquor cabinet in the house. If I fell in the river, or my brother, we'd come in, and we'd have to wash our mouth out with whiskey and spit it out. So the joke was that Craig started to fall into the river more frequently when he became a teenager. [laughter] But in reality, it killed the germs right there. I think there was an understanding in those days of how biologically polluted the river was, but not wholly understanding the chemistry until that river was declared a Superfund site with cadmium and Mercury embedded in the sediments of that river. I just knew that it was bad stuff. We didn't really know everything that was in it. But upstream factories were just dumping into the river and letting the river carry it on out, and it would then go down the Passaic River to Newark Bay, lower New York Harbor, and then out into the ocean. But it was a great – yes, I don't have any negative memories other than the fear when my dad was sick, and he had to go to the hospital. We were a happy bunch.

MG: I want to ask you some more questions about your childhood. You were born in 1957, so you were a little bit young during the cultural movements of the time. But does anything about the 1960s stand out to you?

CM: Music and Kent State. [Editor's Note: On May 4 in Ohio, National Guardsmen opened fire on anti-war protesters and bystanders at Kent State University, killing four and wounding nine.] Music – it just was a birthing. I got caught up in the whole wave of the British invasion and later took an ear to the guys that were just down the river from me, which was Frankie Valli and the Four Seasons because they were cranking out music at the same time that the Beatles were around, but I didn't get to them until a little bit later. Yet, it was very local. But by then, I had my drum set. Let me do the math. Shortly after the Beatles, I guess, the drum set came along. So they were probably around the Sergeant Pepper era when the drums came around for me. My brother started to learn the guitar around that same point in time. But the '60s and '70s, the social tumult of it, dinner table conversations – I remember my dad always trying to give us the open-minded view of things. My mom was not very politically opinionated. She was, I think, the more classical 1950s wife – support your husband and such. Not that she was incapable of original thought. She had values, and she gave us those values. But it was mostly more on being able to share and spread love in the house and be that person to hold the family together. My dad, being more of the outside guy, was a little bit more opinionated politically. It was kind of fun to listen to the debates at the dinner table because my brother, who became a very successful lawyer, and my dad would argue, and I could see that they each took the counterpoint just to challenge the other. I think that's the way my brother stretched his growing out of the domain of parent control. And that's, I think, one of the reasons why he was such a good lawyer. But, for me, the memory in that time was, as I mentioned, the riots. I was concerned for my dad. But as I got a little bit older, I came to realize, number one, this is not right. We shouldn't be doing this. But why are people doing this? And Kent State, the Vietnam War – every night watching the ten

o'clock news, there were two things that are burned into my brain. The news would either sign off or commence with the statement – Molly, your parents may remember this – “It’s 10:00 PM. Do you know where your children are?” I thought that was a good, positive social reminder to keep people together and well-organized. But the other was the silent flow of names that would just stream past for those who were killed in Vietnam. My dad's co-worker had a son who was over in Vietnam. I remember the very tough day when we learned that his son had been wounded, only that he was wounded – still alive. Eventually, the man came home, minus a few bits of his back, but he was physically fit to become a police officer, and he wound up in a career as police [officer]. So, he survived. But the whole Vietnam War thing, I just didn't understand it. Then, when Kent State happened, I got angry. I realized as the rest of America did, that something is very wrong here. In my junior high school days, which was probably around that time, we had people who were very much part of the peace movement. In fact, I'll just be overt with it. We had some really cool hippies as our teachers, and they were good teachers, but I remember my English teacher mimeographing – if you remember. Well, historians know what those things are, right? Mimeographing the lyrics to Barry McGuire's song “Eve of Destruction.” The song speaks to the social strife and everything that was going on in the country at the time. Our English teacher in seventh grade taught us to sing that song. That was our exercise. She was creative. I’m sure there was some sort of scholastically-minded enterprise to get to in English, but nonetheless, there we were as a class of seventh graders singing Barry McGuire’s “Eve of Destruction.” I still like that song today.

MG: Yes. There was such a great connection between the music of the time and what was taking place on a national level. I’m, of course, thinking of the Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young song “Ohio” about Kent State.

CM: Yes. You’ve got a good music mind. That was a compelling song. Musically, it was engaging, the melody, the riffs, and the key changes. It was engaging, but the lyrics just really spoke to it. So many other songs, I think, too, in terms of the Black experience, and some of the artists who went from, as music generally did – earlier ’60s, it was doo-wop migrating into beautiful harmonies and love songs into protest music. Marvin Gaye, for example – he’s just a wonderful, wonderful artist to study how he migrated and his own personal values trumping what the record companies wanted to hear from him. He just became his own person, his own artist, and really spoke to the race issues that were around. But he had some amazing, inspiring music as well.

MG: You were in a band. What inspired your lyrics and your music?

CM: Well, we mostly did covers, and I can't say we were good. Well, a couple of the guys were good enough and smart enough to write. But we basically did covers because that's all anyone really wanted to hear. Then later, as I got into high school, I was starting to play with some guys that were older than me. But once again, it was mostly all covers. I remember I think, I was in ninth grade, and a group of seniors had a band. Some of the band members were out of school. They asked me if I would play and cover for their normal drummer, who was older than I was. So I went, and I played. It was at a bar, and I wasn't allowed to be in a bar. But there I was, playing music in this bar. I'm not exactly sure that I looked any older than I really was. But, as they said, I had the chops. So, come on, I could play. I think I was a little bit less than fully

disclosing to my parents as to where that particular gig was going to be. But it was Led Zeppelin time. It was a little bit of Beatles, but to get the Beatles' harmonies, you really have to have some good singers, and there weren't that many good singers around. But we played some Alice Cooper stuff, and we played the top 40 stuff at the time. So, later in time, I had a chance actually to jam one time with one of the members of the Alice Cooper band, and I thought fondly back on that and said, "Yeah, it's interesting to go full circle." But talented musicians all.

MG: I was curious if you could describe yourself back then. What would you look like when you went to a gig? What were you wearing? What was your hairstyle at the time?

CM: I kept my hair parted on the side, and it just grew longer. So I was the classic cast call for *That '70s Show*. It wasn't until I got to college and made that transition where I had the self-confidence to just change my hairstyle and comb it back. So my hair just got out and curly. I'm trying to think of an example of what it would have looked like, but it was just wild hair. But it wasn't terribly long. We would just wear jeans and T-shirts. That was kind of the uniform of the day. I joked with a friend who was very conservative. His spouse was very conservative, and [they were] an interesting couple. He was very liberal; she's very conservative. And he introduced me and said, "You know, Craig used to play in bands." I said, "Oh, yeah, we were good. We had the big hair, the spandex, all of that stuff." She's just looking with this horrid look, like, "Who am I talking to here?" And then my friend came in and just busted the whole thing. He said, "Oh, he's just kidding you." But yes, jeans and a T-shirt. The typical place – they were small. They'd be school dances, that sort of stuff while I was still in high school – school dances, parties, events, other towns' graduation parties because we had some members from other towns around the area. But we never thought we were going to go anywhere. The one guy who had the greatest potential in that band, I understood that he lost his life while I was in college and no longer was I playing with those guys. I was playing with college bands. But he lost his life. I think he was just a bystander and got shot in Newark. But the music scene was fun. The kids were a lot of fun and supported us.

MG: Was he a Rutgers person? The person who was shot?

CM: No, he wasn't. By the time I got to Rutgers, I got pulled up into a band by a good friend who's a trombone player. Today, he owns a marvelous place over in Scotland. It's a whiskey bar. It's a pub. It's a restaurant, and it's a hotel – all four. He's got all four. But he was a trombonist, and he fell in with a guy – these are all Rutgers lads. We put an oldies band together. While I liked the whole vibe of the Frankie Valli sounds, this one kid was really, really into it. He was a good guitarist and also could sing. So we put this oldies band together. We played there a little bit together and then a Southern rock band – Charlie Daniels, Marshall Tucker, that sort of stuff. I think we lasted for two years there, and we played some pretty good open spaces in Rutgers when we were there; different university events, we would play. That was a lot of fun. But Molly, in those days, as popular as Southern rock might have been, and I think it was more a style of music than any affirmation of a cultural lifestyle, that was the popular music in the fraternities and in and around. We'd be playing, and you'd watch, and the guys would all stand around together with a mug of beer. The girls would all stand around together. It was a separatist movement, it seemed. Right? It wasn't that everyone's out dancing. My good buddy, who was the leader of the band, the organizer of the band, had an older brother who was playing

in New York professionally. He came down one weekend to hear us. So we were playing a Friday night and then a Saturday night. So Friday night, he's listening to us play all this Marshall Tucker, Charlie Daniels stuff, and Allman Brothers. I shouldn't forget them; they have some beautiful music. He said, "Hey, you guys are good. You're good. But no one's going to pay to come and listen to you because no one's dancing." So he said, "Do you mind if I sit in tomorrow night?" So we're at a pretty good-sized hall, same thing. He starts with a disco riff on his guitar. Of course, disco is pretty easy music to play. So we all just jump right in, and away we go. Immediately, it was like the *Night of the Living Dead*. People just rose up and started to slowly migrate in the middle of the dance floor. Next thing you know, everyone is dancing. We're looking at each other thinking, "Maybe we got to dump Charlie Daniels, if we're going to make some money and have some fun here." That was a lesson for me.

MG: Maybe we should play some disco for Congress. It brings people together.

CM: [laughter] I like that. But music is a – gosh, what should we say? It's a way to bring people together, and it really is strong in voice. In my high school band, we had a kid – I'm just going to straddle a guess here that we might have had fifteen to twenty percent African American population, the balance Caucasian. Hispanics were not prominent, a lesser percentage than African Americans. But we had a Black kid in our band. I say that with caution because he wasn't a Black kid in our band; he was Teddy. He was a good musician. But the idea of bringing the sound of soul into the music was just on everyone's mind because, "Hey, we're right next to New York. This is where music is. This is where it's going." There weren't Black bands; there weren't white bands, right? Our football team – same thing, right? We were football players. I see even more of that because in New Jersey, and probably Long Island too, if you made reference in my day to a playmate, you wouldn't necessarily say, "Oh, that Irish kid Danny, or the Italian kid Johnny." But there still were folks who would make reference to "Oh, my Black friend, Johnny." We didn't really have a whole lot of that, which I felt very good about. I delight in what I see in my stepdaughter's world as her school friends emerged. She would talk about her friends [and] have no ethnicity root. But growing up in and around New York, there was a lot of that description of someone's ethnicity. It was just culturally part of how you would relate to people.

MG: Being so close to New York, did you have opportunities to go into the city to see shows and speakers and things like that?

CM: We did. From the age of my parents bringing us in, we knew the route; we knew where to go. So then, by the time I was a kid, dating, girlfriends, that sort of thing, I knew where to go. Drive into the Port Authority Terminal, park the car, walk wherever. We would go to the theater. We would see musical acts. A highlight for me was seeing both George Harrison and Ringo Starr in the same performance, one of Harrison's Madison Square Garden concerts. But yes, we'd get in and around. We'd even go out to Long Island because there were some good venues in Long Island that we would go and see. The first time I ever saw Deep Purple was out in Long Island. But we had, for music in Passaic, there was a place called the Capitol Theatre. That's where I fell in love with the Eagles. I was a pretty avid Eagles fan. We'd see them. They didn't play New York much. They played Jersey City. They played Passaic. They got in and around the periphery [of] New York, but they weren't as well-followed inside of New York. That was

more Billy Joel – back to Long Island. That was more Billy Joel territory and the like. But I liked New York. I liked visiting New York. I don't think I would live in New York. But it's fun. It's an education. I have interesting memories of walking down Times Square before it was cleaned up. It's kind of hard these days to credit [Rudy] Giuliani with much, but he was behind a lot of the cleanup of Times Square. This male approaches my brother – I think we're in high school – and offers him what I would consider to be a rather indecent proposition. My brother, being the polite guy that he was, didn't hear what the guy said. He stopped, and he said, “I beg your pardon.” I just grabbed my brother by the arm and kept pushing him, and I had a few New Jersey words to say to this lad as we disengaged and moved on. [laughter] But that was always one of the things that you needed to look out for. I take that New York with me. Some of my work carried me to Paris. On an afternoon off, I was walking along the Seine. There are the riffraff guys who are trying to beat you into a game of chance. So I'm standing there looking at the guys, and I could see what they're doing. Their sucker, if you will, is standing elsewhere, not seeing what they're doing, to literally hide the ball in the shuffle game. The guy turns to me and says, “You want to play?” I looked at him. I said, “I'm from New Jersey.” And that's all I had to say to the guy. “Okay, okay.” That wasn't going to work. So I'm grateful for the education that we had walking in New York, going to concerts, taking a girlfriend to dinner at – gosh, what was the name of it? It was a great Italian all-you-can-eat place that was in the theater district. Then we'd go to the theater and come on home. I liked it. I liked it. But I wouldn't want to live there.

MG: Tell me a little more about your brother and your relationship growing up. Yeah. Was he a couple of years older than you?

CM: He's just a year scholastically. He's eighteen months older than me. He was very successful academically. I think because of that, I would try to be the opposite. But I was in the same classes, the enriched classes they call them today, or we called them accelerated classes. So I was surrounded by a bunch of really smart kids growing up, and my brother was one of them. We played a lot together when we were little. When we started to get into music, we were really together. We would play with each other, his guitar and my drums. We had a two-person band right to start with. But as we got older, the avenue my brother went in was student council president, class president, top of the honor roll, and my brother was in the marching band. I was on the football team. I was not very good, but I was on the football team. In fact, I make the joke now that because they have numbers on the side of the jerseys, that would have been very, very convenient for my parents because I was on my back most of the time during the play, and they could say, “Oh, there he is.” My brother and I went different avenues, but we were still buds. I think today, excluding my wife and now that my parents are passed, my brother has always been my biggest fan. I just love that so much about him. He's just a wonderful guy. He's a sweet guy, very accomplished, as I say. Obviously, going on vacations together, we'd be walking on the beach together, doing all the things. Literally, we grew up together. We discovered dating girls together and all that stuff. I used to enjoy going down to visit him when he was in college. He went to Washington and Lee University down in Virginia, a beautiful place. I didn't make that many trips, but it was just always fun to get down there and see him. Yes, a very good relationship, very close relationship with my brother. When I started sailing, we grew apart simply because I wasn't close to anybody except my shipmates and keeping in touch with my parents. Now I'm loving retirement because we're due to get together next

month. I'm going to spend some time with him in his recording studio because he likes creating music, and he said he needs some good drum tracks. I'm ready to lay it down for him.

MG: Good. I'm glad you're getting the family band back together.

CM: That's true. I didn't think of it that way. But that's true.

MG: Tell me a little bit about the area where you grew up. Rutherford is a really small township. What memories do you have from growing up there?

CM: Most of my memories – it's like *Leave It to Beaver*. All the moms were Mrs. Cleaver. Everything was nice and polite. There never really was any tumult or challenge in there. But as I got older, it might have always been there, or it started moving in; there was some Tony Soprano coming into Rutherford. I certainly wouldn't want to denigrate the town. It's a lovely town today, and it was a lovely time when I was growing up, but right about the time that I was leaving to go to college, either, as I say, it became more, or I became more aware of the influence of basically the mob. It was the suburban expression of the mob. It wasn't distracting in a major sort of way. You didn't see it every day. But if you knew where and what to look for, you could see it. But I believe it was my college freshman year, three of the guys that my brother had graduated high school with were walking down the street, and they see fluid dripping out of the back of a car. It turned out that there was a disposed-of body that had been, I believe, dismembered inside that car. So that was shaky and shocking. But if you knew what else was going on inside the town, it probably wasn't. But we had some amazing people there. We had Fairleigh Dickinson University in Rutherford, and the campus was always quiet. Got to play music there a couple of times and such. But it was always a neat exposure for me to just see a college campus, a small college campus right in town. It was kind of charming because, later in life, I taught scuba diving at Fairleigh Dickinson while I was still in high school. I was an assistant instructor, and the guys who took the course wound up going down to the Hydrolab, which then was in the Virgin Islands. It was an undersea habitat that Fairleigh Dickinson had been awarded by NOAA – I didn't know what a NOAA was at the time – had been awarded the grant to go ahead and run this. So I was training the kids that would go down to that facility. And then later, I wound up down there myself in my NOAA work. So we had the university. We had a nice little downtown area where you would cruise “the ave” – that was the jargon – and just go up and down the ave to see who was where, and then you toot the horn and figure out where you're going to go rally up and get together. The football team was very much part of my social structure. Also, so was the band. Those were two different communities, two different groups of people. Yes, just a nice town to grow up in. I'll stay with the *Leave It to Beaver* thing. It was just a nice, innocent town to grow up in. Close to New York. Some kids, if you wanted to find trouble, you could find it. It didn't turn out too well for some of them; either arrested and in jail for a long time, or one kid apparently was interested in trying to go really highline, and he wound up in the East River floating face down. He was the only other kid that had a boat on the river. I didn't know him very well. He was older than me, but [I] understood that's what happened to him, which was very unfortunate.

MG: In your notes, you said you and your father discovered a body when you were about ten years old floating in the river.

CM: Yeah, I'd have to check myself. It's either ten or eleven. But a boy my age – and that's why I think I was ten because the boy was ten years old. He was upstream in Passaic. After a rainfall, a typical summer thundershower, a lot of rain comes down, and a creek swelled. Apparently, this little boy was playing along the creek with his friends, and he slipped and fell into the fast-moving water. The fast-moving water then went underneath the roadway, and the culvert came out and emptied into the Passaic River. Very heroically, the Passaic Fire Departments crawled through that culvert to try and see if the boy was in there because his friends witnessed his demise. I'm trying to remember the conversation. There's no way that my dad decided we're going to go look for the boy. But we were in the habit in the summertime of going for a boat ride. That was part of the way I learned my skills, but also he enjoyed it too. So my brother and I usually would go out. But this time, my brother didn't; it was just my dad and I. I remember, at the dinner table, my dad saying, "In a river like this, somebody who drowns goes down and stays down." When we read in the newspaper that fire departments were dragging the river – it was almost like *Tom Sawyer*; they were dragging the river downstream several towns. My dad was saying, "That's a waste of time. There's no way that that's where they're going to find him." I don't remember the discrete words my dad used to describe the little boy because there's no question that this little boy was dead. But we go out, and the body floats – in our temperate environment, summertime heat, [in] three days, you're going to start floating. Once you start floating, you're a piece of debris, and you're going to go up and down with the tide. This was about day three or day four. Underneath the tree was something suspicious looking in. There it was. I remember he literally grabbed my face with his hand, and he turned my face away. He said, "Don't look at that." On the way back, he was concerned, and I know my mom was very concerned with how I was going to react to that. My dad – I guess it was part of his culture and just the stark truths that the Scots will tell you, whether you like to hear it or not. I wish our politicians would do that today. But he said, "You got to realize that what you saw there was just a piece of meat. That little boy's spirit is now up in Heaven. He's being comforted where he is." It's just a piece of meat. You're not looking at anything scary or spooky. I rationalized that, and I thought, "Okay, I got it. I can accept that." The poor boy – I feel sorry for his parents and all that. But there was nothing spooky about what I saw. If my dad didn't say that to me, I probably would have evolved to that point. But it was pretty easy for me to accept and understand. It distressed me. I certainly was impacted by it. Then I realized that my parents were worried that I would not want to go out on the boat anymore. Well, not a worry about that. Next day, "Mom, can I take the boat out?" She said – my recollection – "Why don't you just go with your father?" My dad saw that I was cool. Not a problem. He dropped me off. *Boom*. I remember that next day. Also, there's a photograph of me on my boat that next day. I think what happened when we found the boy was my dad came back with me, dropped me off, and called the police. The police and the fire department came to the boatyard where they could easily launch the boat, and they went out. The firemen are not mariners. So they were having difficulty getting in there. I do believe, although my dad didn't give me the details, that he went in with my boat and recovered the boy's body. Then got it out to the point where the fireman could transfer over to the fire department boat, which was a little Boston Whaler. You're probably familiar with those as a Long Island lady and a coastal resident. There is a possibility that that little boy was resting on the bow of my boat. I remember the next day, in my mind, I wanted to show my parents that, yes, I'm cool with all this. I went and sat on the bow as my dad took my picture. I think that was my own little way of basically saying, "I'm good with this. I'm

okay.” So then, the next year, I'm out, and I'm doing figure eights underneath the abutments of a highway bridge that was just down the river from us. From my backyard, you could see the highway bridge. As I'm doing the figure eights, you just get it going, and the waves bounce off of the bulkheads, protecting the bridge abutment. It's a fun bumpy ride. I come out of a slow turn and come about, and I see a man treading water in the middle of the river. And, of course, a body treading water, maybe chin-deep, and the arms are out. He had what I can now understand after reading World War II histories, the thousand-mile stare. He was dazed, and he was just looking out and away. He didn't look at me, although I was in his potential field of view. So when you're eleven, you know that everything that happens in the world is your fault somehow. So right away, I figure, “Oh my gosh, might he have been in a canoe?” There weren't too many canoeists on the Passaic River. But on a rare occasion, you'd see someone in there. I couldn't tell what the guy was wearing. But it turned out he had business clothes on because he left his jacket and a note on the top of the bridge. But I didn't know any of this at the time. So I'm thinking, “Oh my gosh, maybe he was in a canoe, and my waves caused him to tumble. My god.” So I was just kind of frozen. This I remember just so clearly. He made a surface dive as you and I would in a pool, and down he went and didn't come up. I had a boat pole. We always had a boat pole in the boat to help get the dock lines, especially as a solo operator. And I'm fishing around with the boat pole, trying to get him – trying to find him and get him. I'm still thinking, “My god, this is my fault.” I was not successful. He's been down a long enough time that I figured, “I got to go home.” So I put the pole back in, *boom*, put the boat in full speed, zip home. I'm home and probably less than two minutes. But as I'm going – as a kid – “Should I tell mom?” Of course, I got to tell mom. But I mean, little things pops into the head. I'm eleven years old. So I tie up the boat. We go in. Call the police. Down they come. Fire department wasn't there yet. These two cops come by, and they say, “Well, tell us, son, what you saw.” I explain it. Now, Molly, you got to remember the Passaic River – pretty dirty. Basketballs go floating by. Prestone antifreeze cans go floating by – all this. So I'm out in the boat with the two cops. They're getting in the boat. The one cop says, “Who's going to drive?” My mom says, “Craig is going to drive? Of course.” [laughter] So I'm driving these two cops around. We'll pass a basketball. “You sure that's not what you saw?” “No, no, I saw a man. I saw a man's head.” “How about that antifreeze can? You sure that's not what you saw?” “No, no, I saw a man. I'll take you right to where it was.” So I take them there. Fine. Then we get back. The cops are deliberating as to what's real, what's not real. The fire department arrives at that time, and so did a detective who was familiar with the boatyard. He spent time at the boatyard. The debate is going on as to whether there's a real target out there or not. This Lieutenant puts his arm around me, and he says, “I know this boy. If he says there's a man out there, there's a man out there. Because this boy found the little boy last year. He knows what he's talking about.” I felt like a million bucks. I was the king of the river. But there's still a man out there. So they put the boat out. They're dragging, etc. Then they went to the top of the bridge to make an investigation. They found the guy's jacket; they found the note. I don't know what terror was in this man's life, but he took his own life. My dad later said, “You're lucky he didn't land in your boat.” That was kind of the way my father could philosophically deal with some of these things [was] to try and put a little light tone to it. But then, the next year, there was a poor man who stepped off a railroad train. There was a railroad bridge right next to the highway bridge. The jumper the year before was the highway bridge. This poor guy left the railroad train believing that he was on the station, and just stepped off into nothingness, fell in the river, and

was killed. My dad took us away for that weekend. He didn't want me around there because I had bad odds. So we didn't stay home that weekend.

MG: Yes, and the cops might establish a pattern.

CM: “Watch this kid. What about Sopranos? What's he up to here?”

MG: These moments didn't give you pause to continue in a life on the water? Were you getting a sense of the risks at sea and on water?

CM: Not so much there. I started to understand the risk at sea when I started diving and realized that there could be a fine line [between] who gets hurt and who doesn't get hurt. It was all the adventure of it, [and] couldn't wait for the adventure of it. But after being out for a bit – I started when I was fourteen. By the time I was fifteen, my friends, whom I was certified with, would take me in their cars to get places I couldn't go, and certainly couldn't expect my father to be driving me up and down the coast to these different locations. So a couple of times, guys would get hurt; they would either have the bends or other things would happen. I was the smallest guy and the fastest swimmer. So they would tie a rope around me, and I go swimming – go grab somebody and haul them back. That happened a couple of times. I just became the guy. I wasn't the kid. I escaped that. I wasn't the kid. I did discover beer a little bit earlier than my parents might have anticipated. But my mom would make sandwiches for everybody that was part of our crew. There was a group of four of us, and each of these other four were considerably older than I was. They would take me. I'd bring the lunch. We all went diving together, and we all treated each other equally underwater. That was so stirring to me that I was accepted underwater as an equal to these guys, and we all helped each other out. So the buddy system was something real. But then, when we would see people get hurt, I realized what responsibility we had to carry for each other. Fortunately, none of my three other friends ever had anything serious. But we had people on our boats who embolized or another boat where a diver didn't come up and was trapped underwater and died. We tried to help out by doing the searches and that sort of thing. So, it was an awakening. That got to the point – I think I mentioned to you – where some of the experiences that I had diving were absolutely thrilling, but some of them were a level of responsibility that most of my peers were not yet confronted with. That's when my friends, who were ripping off the arcades at the boardwalk, met us as we were leaving. Now, I didn't put it in the writing, but I'll share with you. As we're pulling away, one friend said, “Don't get killed,” something like that. Later, very soon later, he came back to me. He said, “I really want to apologize. I didn't know what else to say. And I said something really stupid.” I said, “Man, that wasn't stupid. I get it. That's cool.” We always remind ourselves don't get killed. But we had this dark sense of humor that almost as a joke when we begin each dive – we would refer to doubles as the pair of tanks that were on our backs because we were diving deep enough that a single tank wasn't going to carry you. You had to have more air. So, as you jump in the water, you'd say, “Hey, anything happens to you, I got your doubles, right? You're giving them to me.” And it was a joke. But it was a way to just deal with the idea that yeah, there's just a little bit of risk here, and we got to be careful what we're doing because we were going down and inside of shipwrecks. That's how that one fellow lost his life; he went inside and couldn't find his way out. So, it was a good sense of responsibility. By the time I got to NOAA, I think that helped carry me in the confidence that I had in how to lead people, how to manage

situations. It was kind of funny that when I first got to the training center, which was at Kings Point, the Merchant Marine Academy and NOAA had its own installation for training officers there, relying on the talents and skills of many of the Merchant Marine Academy instructors. But at the same time, we were treated as one cell. We were not mixed in with the normal four-year baccalaureate cadets of the academy. But the majority of the training was, yeah, the technical stuff, but it was also to figure out how do you deal with pressure. And I didn't have any problem with that. If you remember the movie, *Airplane*, there's a couple of humorous anecdotes on airplanes where the guy says – oh, I forget the line, but they're in the tower. “A hospital? What is it?” “It’s a place where they have a lot of sick people, but that’s really not important right now.” So, I started doing that stuff to the chief instructor, who would try and put pressure on all of us and see who would crack, and some did better than others. But I got that vibe pretty quick. Part of it, too, was the Jersey/Long Island, New York thing. Like, yeah, I get it, okay. But when it came time to graduate, the commander – he was a commander, three full stripes. He calls me into his office, and he says, “McLean, your lightheartedness here is a real distraction to me, and you're poised to graduate first in your class, but your attitude is something that I got to raise.” And I said, “Well, Commander, I understand and obviously respect your position. You'll have to do what you have to do whether you're going to award me first in class or not. But I came here to do two things. One was learn as much as I can, and I think my scores show that I'm doing that well. And the second was to have as much fun as I can. And the fact that we're having this conversation lets me know that I've achieved that as well.” I just stood there deadpan, looking at him. He couldn't help but crack half a smile. He said, “Okay, you're dismissed. Get on out of here.” So I have my little plaque on the wall that says I graduated first in my class, and I was quite happy about that.

MG: I wonder if these experiences you had as a young person, encountering deaths on the river was perspective-setting for you. These are the worst things that can happen. So things that don't rise to the level of that can't concern you as much.

CM: That’s a good way to put it. Yeah, that’s a good way to put it. And later in my career, I had an incident where a politically-appointed person – this was during the Obama administration. Once again, I disparage all equally. During the Obama administration, a politically-appointed person was remarkably overreacting to an event that we had. This individual was really leaning on another woman, who was a career person who had innocently made a mistake that popped up in the newspaper. I pulled the appointed person aside and said, “I understand what you're here for. You're here to get your president reelected. I'm here to defend my employee. And I got to tell you, the tone of voice you're using, the direction you're heading in, in my world, we don't raise our voice unless it's safety of life, somebody got killed, or we smashed up a ship or an airplane. And none of those things are happening here. So, you either set it straight or get out of my space. You're not welcome here if you continue to conduct yourself that way.” That actually began a level of relationship in that candor with this individual, who I later came to find out grew up in Bergen County, as I did, and we actually had so many things alike. But at that point in time, I just had to call that out and just let her know this doesn't cut it. You don't treat people that way. So, I think it had something to do with formulating how I developed my style of leadership, which was never – I don't think anyone could ever accuse me of being a micromanager. I don't think anyone could ever accuse me of avoiding bringing humor into any

situation. But when it was time to be serious, we're dead serious. We get it done and bring everybody home safe.

MG: The other thing I wanted to ask you about is this conversation your dad had with you about the boy's soul being in heaven. Was your father religious? Was religion a part of your growing up?

CM: It was a part of our growing up. My mom was raised Catholic, but she had cause in the family, because of their poverty, to not find everything she was looking for in her heart in that particular version of Christian faith. My dad was raised Presbyterian. Of course, you had a fifty-fifty shot in Scotland; you're either going to be Presbyterian, or you're going to be Catholic, and eventually, as time evolved, more and more Presbyterian. So my dad was a deacon in the church, in the Presbyterian Church in Passaic. We would go to Passaic for church. There was a Presbyterian Church in Rutherford, but we went to the one in Passaic because the pastor there was the closest thing I had to a grandfather, though I wouldn't see him frequently. I had a trip to the hospital when I was a kid. He came in and looked in on me, even though he was in the hospital himself, for what I think turned out to be eventually lung cancer. But we weren't a remarkably religious family. But my parents wanted to make sure that we understood faith and church, and I went to Sunday school and all that. But then we got to one point where – I can't remember exactly how old we were, but my dad set my brother and I down, and he said, “Fellows, we're going to give you the choice. Do you want to keep going to Sunday school, or would you rather do something else on Sundays?” So, that's when we just started to back away from it and be less focused on church. So, we weren't a very religious family, but we understood faith. As faith comes and turns around, I wound up finding a church that I have felt very comfortable with, that I was coming back from – I can't remember whether it was work or pleasure, but I was diving in Central America, and I was in Houston, waiting for my plane. Turned out a group of people with T-shirts all the same color were coming back, and they had done a mission trip in Central America. I started chatting with the guy who I know today is just an amazing force of nature, getting people organized. He explains what the church was all about and how they were looking for everyone to join the church. He told me a funny story. He said, “Yeah, there are other churches in the area where they look, and they say, ‘Well, we don't want those people in our church.’ And my comment to him was, ‘Well, isn't that the opposite of what Jesus was all about?’” Yeah. And I thought maybe one day, I'd want to get to know these people. But life went on. Son-of-a-gun, if I don't find my way through friends and bandmates to be playing music in that same church and then coming to realize that those were the people that I met in Houston, waiting for an airplane to get home to Baltimore. So a lot of things make connections, but I enjoyed playing music. The guy I mentioned, who was the fellow I spoke to, organized a hundred-man choir. Just recognizing that men could be more of a role model to their families and children than they might be encouraged to be in society recently. I think, at the high point, we had almost two hundred men in the one-hundred-man choir. I'm really drifting here, Molly, so bring me back if you need me to. We played in a rather large theater. I think it was a two-thousand-seat theater in Frederick, Maryland. In Frederick, there's the Frederick [Rescue] Mission, where people are recovering from various stresses and strains in their lives. We also had doctors, lawyers, police sergeants, and lieutenants. As the choir leader said, “We've got the people who were arrested. And we got the people who arrested them in this choir here.” It was a neat group of guys. This one man is telling his story. This is where I find space and passion for

religion and faith. It is a brilliant moral compass. But this guy is heavily inked and obviously led a rough life. He gets up to offer his story. I'm sitting in the band, and we're off to the side but upfront and on the stage. So I could see everything, but I'm hidden behind the cymbals. The guy is talking about the pain he knows he has caused his parents because every time he calls them to tell them he loves them and to thank them for their support, he knows that they're wondering whether he's calling to say, "Yeah, I'm in jail, and it happened again." As that's happening, this figure stands up in the middle of this two-thousand seat [theater], works his way to one of the two aisles, walks – he's walking straight down towards this guy. We're all looking at each other. The bandmates, we're all looking at each other. "Whoa, what's going on here?" It was the man's father. He gets up on the stage and just gives the guy a hug and stays up there – I still get chills when I think about that today, and [he] stays up there and sang the rest of the songs. He didn't know the songs, but he's up there singing, holding on to his son. It was special. I don't think you get that without some sense of a higher authority that is hard to explain. But it's human origin to believe whether it's in whatever realm. Right? Spirituality has always been a part of the human-to-human form. If you subscribe to some version of it, you probably will be behaving better than if you didn't. But then I come back from a trip to Israel, and I realize the one God everybody believes in, three prophets everyone recognizes but is ready to kill each other because you're not believing in that other guy's prophet. So it's all over the map. Anyway, that's my take on religion.

MG: Well, speaking of religion, the '70s was a time of religious cults and movements. About fifteen minutes away from you, in Montclair, New Jersey, was the Rajneesh movement. Do you have memories of that?

CM: Never, never bumped into it. No recollection. The closest thing I came to that was my brother, and I managed to – with some money my mom squirreled away, we were able to go and visit family friends in California. They were in Southern California. We drove up to San Francisco. So we started down south and then flew out to come home. We went out by train, come to think of it. We went out by train and then flew back. That was my first airplane ride, flying back from California. We pulled in somewhere around Big Sur. This is getting into Joni Mitchell and Crosby, Stills – all that. We pulled into some cult place. We thought it was access to the coast and a beautiful strip of coastline. My brother and I are looking at each other, and the radar was going like, "Hmm, this isn't looking right." The people were just too beautiful and too welcoming. We decided it was too long we had stayed there. Let's get out of here. So we didn't get out of the parking lot. We just got back in the car and left. But that was the only other cult. The other cult that I have to say I'm rigorously exposed to is the cult that today exists within the Republican Party and has flawed beliefs in a false icon. That Montclair thing, I don't know that I was even ever aware of it, Molly.

MG: It might have been when you were already off and out of college.

CM: Yeah. That probably was after I had left.

MG: I think so. I was curious about the schools you attended growing up.

CM: Starting from the beginning? My grammar school was an easy walk of maybe six blocks in a small town to get to my grammar school, but my mom would walk us up to, I guess, second or third grade or so. Then I went to a farther school, which was probably about a half-mile walk home. Then I would move to junior high school because we were at the time where there was no middle school; there was a junior high school. Walking home from junior high school, which is probably about the same distance as my fifth and sixth-grade experience, I remember being followed home one day. Talk about missing children and the fate that awaits in the proximity to large urban centers, and who knows? Crazy people arise everywhere and anywhere. But this car kept following me to a point where – this is once again a tree-lined *Leave it to Beaver* environment. I had one long block to go on that I couldn't easily ditch out of. So, I doubled back, knocked on a door, made it look like I was knocking on a door, and then went back around. That car kept following me. It was pretty clear. Then, still walking, I make a turn, and I ditched down a central driveway which was in the middle of a block. It was right near my grammar school, where my kindergarten through fourth grade [was], so I knew the area very well. This guy just kept coming. So, in the back of my mind, I knew nothing about missing children and exploitation. I just knew that this wasn't right, and this guy was up to something no good. So I'm kneeling down in this alleyway, which is not an urban alleyway; it's green and verdant, and bushes and stuff. There's half a brick that my hand just happens to fall on. The guy, who's now going by for – it wasn't his first time, and he's still trying to figure out where did this kid go. I come running out from there, I throw the brick at his car, and it hits his windshield. And I ran like hell. I have no idea whatever happened to him, but because I destroyed his windshield, I never told my parents. But that always left me with an awareness of another horror in life that has taken a long time for people to be speaking of. I remember when I was in law school, we had a speaker who was dealing with, among other things – a feminist speaker who was talking about the horrors of pornography. I fully recognize that and don't dispute that. But I raised the question as to do you have enough room in your campaign to be including children and the horrors of children because there's probably a pretty close alignment to lechers if you will, that are on all sides of that equation. It got into a really good debate. That's why I enjoyed law school so much is that you could bring those ideas up and not inappropriately challenge people, but just to try and broaden the thinking. But that episode scared me. Then another time growing up, I was walking home from football practice. I wasn't yet driving. It's a county road, so there's a fair bit of traffic, and this lady, who was probably in her thirties, but back then, when you're in high school, that's a significantly older person – I was pretty sure she was already stoned. But she pulls up, rolls down her window, and she says, “Hey, you need a ride.? You want to get high? ” You just know not to go anywhere near this stuff. “No, thank you, ma'am. I'm doing just fine.” *Boom*. Keep walking. But there were plenty of things to get distracted with, but it wasn't hard to stay undistracted and just keep going – barring that guy's windshield.

MG: It's incredible that your instincts were in tune with that situation, and you weren't oblivious like, I think most children would have been and that your instinct was to fight, not take flight. I'm impressed by that.

CM: Yeah, I don't know where I got that from, but probably just credit my father because typically, my dad – well, yeah, I will give my dad credit for that. You don't tolerate a bully; you fight a bully. You may get a bloody nose. But he's not going to come back and pound on you again if you give him a bloody nose as well. I look at that with my grandson now, where life is

very different now; you don't raise a fist to anyone. Every once in a while, I got to pull him aside and say, "Hey, look, here's what you need to do." But I don't know what would happen if somebody said, "Hey, Mom, I just threw a rock and hit a guy's windshield. Well, the whole story is ..." Right? I just, for whatever reason, figured – I guess it kind of goes back to who I was at eleven. No matter what happens in the world, it's your fault. That's kids. That's kids growing up. But yeah, that was a unique circumstance.

MG: I'm wondering if the woman who pulled you over had come from the era of hitchhiking, which was popular in the decade before, the 1960s.

CM: Oh, yeah. Well, because I was not hitching. I don't think I've ever hitchhiked in my life. But I was just walking home. She pulls over, and who knows what that would have turned into. But I just knew I didn't want any part of it.

MG: Well, I know we're running low on time. So I'll ask you some more questions about school, and then we'll put a pin in it for today and pick up with your diving experiences.

CM: Okay.

MG: You mentioned an English teacher, Mr. Hugh Thomas, as being particularly influential to you. Can you tell me about him?

CM: Mr. Thomas – at a time when young kids [in] seventh grade didn't really know what the gay world was all about, but clearly that was the world that Mr. Thomas was from. I will always hold tremendous respect for Mr. Thomas. He described himself as a thespian. He had performed professionally. As I got to know him through the course of the year I spent with him, I realized the very logical question was, with Mr. Thomas's career history, why does he not coach the acting in our school? He just didn't have the patience for it. He was a perfectionist, and teaching young kids to act unless they had the potential to act was not going to be a draw for him. But his heart was in everything that he brought into that classroom. He treated every one of us with respect. But if we didn't treat him with respect by doing our best work, you would have a price to pay for that in your grade or with a verbal reprimand. And he did it in a classy way. He spoke perfect grammar all of the time. There was never a casual off-the-side moment with Mr. Thomas. But if you submitted a paper that had a spelling error in it – F. His point was, I'm sure at home, but I know here in this class, there's a dictionary; use it. He taught me discipline in writing. But I had an affinity for the man because of the heart that he brought to the classroom. He was a senior man, and with great sadness, it wasn't very long after he retired that he passed away, had a heart attack. I was gone from that point in time, but my parents told me because they saw it newspaper and such. He brought a discipline to academic rigor. Whereas each of the other teachers I had had up to that point in time wanted to be halfway your buddy but then also your teacher. He didn't care whether we were buddies; he was just very professional and very solid in wanting to establish standards of expectation.

MG: You would go on to earn a degree in zoology. Were you taking science classes at this time that you enjoyed?

CM: Science was most of my thrill. I enjoyed biology, chemistry, physics, as I had in high school, and I wound up in college thinking that I was going to be a chemistry major simply because I had a very wonderful chemistry teacher, Mr. Lazar, L-A-Z-A-R. Mr. Lazar was, once again, very professional but collegial with a degree of respect, right? We weren't buds, but he was a mentor to every one of us. We were in his advanced chemistry class. I was so spun up by the thrill of being able to take chemistry in any direction. Whatever you wanted to explore, Mr. Lazar was ready to help you explore it. So, that influenced me in chemistry. But a quick aside, Molly, Mr. Lazar was a widower, and he then targeted his life towards school. He was a commercial chemist. His wife died of cancer. He felt that it was the chemicals in our food that contributed to his wife's demise. So he quit commercial chemistry and went into teaching chemistry and thought, "What can I do good with my life?" He was rare to crack a smile, but behind the face, he was always smiling. He wrote music, and he had a country song that he wanted to record and enter into a music contest. He said, "I really would like your band to back me on this." So I talked to the guys, and they said, "Oh, for Mr. Lazar, we'll do anything." None of them had him because he only taught the accelerated class, and most of my bandmates were not there. So, that was the first record I ever cut was Mr. Lazar. But I went to Rutgers expecting chemistry. When I went into the hall of chemistry, there's about two hundred kids in the general chemistry section. Then you get into your smaller section. I got back more to biology, and I refined to zoology. Rutgers was a magnificent institution to go to, and I had no idea how much it offered once I first signed up. I was more concerned with what's the proximity to visit my girlfriend at home, what's the cost, and how's this all going to work out. As a state-based university, it was affordable, and I discovered the marvels of what Rutgers had to offer. So my first year, I was still trying to figure out the what, the where, and get over love in a forty-five-minute distant relationship but living on campus. That's when I got into my first band, playing with my buddy who started the oldies band and such. But very soon then, I realized I'm not here for anything other than to get an education. So I really got appropriately serious my sophomore, junior, [and] senior year. Sophomore year, I took microbiology because it was a prerequisite to take marine microbiology, where I met Dr. Litchfield, and Dr. Litchfield's familiarity and opportunity to be sailing on NOAA ships was astounding to me that I could actually find myself there. The Coastal Studies Institute that Rutgers had on Busch campus – at the time, it was nascent. Today, it's a proud and marvelous department that's run by Scott Glenn and Oscar Schofield, two friends of mine, really, really gifted teachers and highly regarded by their students. So Rutgers has really blossomed. I enjoyed the campus experience. I enjoyed the friends I made there. That one friend who owns the place in Scotland is one of the guys I somewhat still stay in touch with. But I think Rutgers was a tremendous opportunity. I know nothing of Rutgers-Newark, Rutgers-Camden, but Rutgers-New Brunswick, both Busch and College Avenue, and now what was formerly Douglas College but is part of the Cook College campus. Just a wonderful experience. I love it. Anything I could do for Rutgers, I would like to do.

MG: Okay, I'll pass that on. I think this is probably a good place to stop for today. I have a million more questions that we won't have time to get to. But we'll pick up with the start of your dive career next time, and then we'll talk much more about Rutgers then as well.

CM: Very good. Very good. Molly, thanks so much. If I'm going too deep, just slap me out of it, but this is fun.

MG: There's no such thing. I'm going to pause the recording real quick, and we can talk about the next steps.

CM: Okay.

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Reviewed by Molly Graham 10/26/2022

Reviewed by Craig McLean 11/9/2022

Reviewed by Molly Graham 1/7/2022