A letter to Emery
HPB

Nov. 11, 1985

A Letter to my Son

Dear Emery: --

As you know I'm nearing seventy five years of age so thought I'd jot down something about my full life and adventures. Lots of it you have heard but some might be interesting.

I'm not going into detail about the love and happiness I had with your mother but will just say I've always been proud of my family. Neither am I going into detail about the love and happiness I've had with my wife Gregory and her two girls.



The Baya family (circa 1966). L-R: Sara Baya, Rosalie Baya, Adeline Tillman Baya (Tillie), Harry P. Baya, Jr., Emery Baya.

As you know I was born in Tampa and I'm proud of my heritage. I come from a long line of good catholic Floridians our Baya ancestor came to Florida with a large colony in 1768.

I have been a Family man. I went to schools in Tampa and to high school at SFMI in Palm Harbour and graduated from V.M.I. I have been a horseman, a boxer, football player, fraternity man, society man, ordinary seaman, hunter, fisherman, boatman, had many jobs, joiner, military man, world traveler, business man, civil engineer, Real Estate Broker, General Contractor, Builder and developer.

Papa, Harry Porcher Baya Sr., moved our family out into the big old house at 1508. He owned the Bayshore lot and riparian rights way out into the bay. There were no seawalls then and our house was on an oyster shell street and outside the city limits.



The Baya house at 1508 Desoto Ave. (circa 1920's).

We had a happy loving family Mama and Papa, Joe, Emery, sister and me. In our back yard we had chickens and the pony also guava trees, orange and grapefruit trees a mango tree and avocado tree. Lily did the cooking on a wood stove and the washing in a big iron kettle in the backyard. Old Arthur came every day with his horse and wagon and brought us a hundred pound piece of ice for the ice box. The milkman delivered milk every day. There were practically no automobiles; the family took buggy rides with the pony pulling the buggy we rode street cars or bicycles to school.



The Baya family (circa 1920): G. Emery Baya, Harry P. Baya, Sr. (Papa), Rosalie C. Baya (sister), Jessie Bending Baya (Mama), Harry P. Baya, Jr., Joseph F. Baya



The Baya family in front of 1508 Desoto Ave. (1921):
Back row: Edward A. Bending (Uncle Ed); Eugenia Bending (Uncle Ed's daughter); Josephine Bending (Uncle Ed's wife); Joseph F. Baya (then a rat at VMI); George Emery Baya, Harry P. Baya, Sr. (Papa).
Front Row: Harry P. Baya, Jr., Frances Gertrude Bending (Aunt Fan); Jennie Code Bending (Grandma); Jessie Bending Baya (Mama); Rosalie Constance Baya (sister).

About being a horse man I'll ramble a bit. Our pony was an Indian pony (a small horse) her mother belonged to Papa in Lake City, she was trained to be harnessed and to pull a buggy and to be ridden. Her name was Princess but we called her baby. When I grew up to her as well as to outgrown pants and shirts I had the job of feeding, watering and currying her. I rode her everyday sometimes with saddle and sometimes bareback, rode out into the bay till she was swimming, hitched her to the buggy and rode out into the woods with friends on picnics.

When I was sixteen Mama, sister and I went up to Lookout Mountain to the Riverside Hotel for the summer. We had no car so I rented a big five gated horse I rode all summer and not being used to mountains almost killed her. I rode down the side of the mountain three miles to Valley Head to get a haircut. (I had hair in those days) coming back up the mountain in real hot afternoon I got her single footing and kept her that way when I got on top of the mountain some men said you are going to kill that horse, she broke into a terrible sweat and I was scared. I walked her back to the Hotel and rubbed and rubbed her down. She was all right in a couple of days.

At VMI I was put in the cavalry but transferred to the horse drawn field artillery. We took regular troop rides around the mountains. On one ride I happened to get a pretty wild remount. He pranced and stayed sideways in the road. I was trailing and trying to get the horse to settle down. We were in the middle of the road and a car going fast came around a bend in the mountain. I spurred him to get him to the side of the road and his feet went out from under him and he fell on my leg and pinned me down. Luckily the car swerved and didn't run over us. Another experience with horses came at Ft. Hoyle ROTC camp. One day I was assigned as horse holder I had 5 simple mounts and a 6 horse team of mustangs hitched to a reel Cart which was about the size and weight of a caisson. We were at the edge of a swamp and the horse flies were bothering the horses. All of a sudden one jumped up and they all started stampeding. I had my right arm around one of the lead horses and my left over the other. They soon split apart and knocked me off with their knees and all the horses ran over me including the reel cart which luckily straddled me. Many horses' hoofs hit me and one stepped on the brim of my campaign hat. I crawled over under a bush the horses ran for miles. I was bruised but not hurt real bad. An officer rode up and asked me about the horses. I didn't bother to

answer him. They sent a reel cart or caisson to carry me to the infirmary. I was allright the next day.

After I graduated from VMI as a 2nd Lt. in the reserves I joined the Horse drawn Field Artillery 116th FA in Tampa as assistant Executive and Horse Officer. I had to drill the battery in maneuvers limbered the caissons and French 75mm guns were pulled by six horses a lead team, a swing team and a wheel team. We had four guns to the battery. From a single mount I saw that the guns got into action fast. In summer camp at Ft. Jackson S.C. we shipped the horses and guns by train and then drilled there and fired the guns. We were allowed to ride the horses on weekends and sometimes took dates horseback riding out into the woods. I had some polo sticks and balls and we had some polo ponies and used to bat the balls around a bit. In a few years we were motorized.

In the spring of 1939 I was sent to the Field Artillery school at Ft. Sill, Oklahoma. I attended the Field Officers course, a 3 or 4 month course. We could feel the war coming on. While there I decided to go on one of their large fox hunts -- there were 100 or 150 officers and wives and older children all dressed with boots and ratcatchers and many with red coats and derbys. I hadn't been on a horse in a number of years and intended to drop out after a few miles but I was ashamed to. We rode for miles and jumped ditches and rock boulders and ended up in the impact area where we could see live duds on the ground and tried to be sure our horse didn't kick one. One horse did and had his belly blown out. We rode more hours back and ended up at the officers club where we had the Hunt Club breakfast. I was so sore when I got back to my room I could hardly walk for two days.

About being a boxer. When I was 17 at S.F.M.I. I got in a fight with one of the older ones. He was recruited to play basketball and was 21 years old. I was 1st Capt. and I guess he resented me giving commands. Any way one day he jumped me in the hall and we started fighting. One of the professors broke it up and said go to the gym and put on gloves and so we went and the whole school came to watch. I didn't know anything about boxing but we started fighting and I broke my right thumb hitting him and then I started coming down on top of his head with the heal of my fist and he quit and said that wasn't fair. Our Athletic Director (a former world champion wrestler) decided we all needed to know something about boxing and decided to teach us a little and then got up a team and announced we were going to Winter Park and box in the Olympic tryouts (with world champion Gene Tunney refereeing). I boxed a fellow from Tampa (we found out later he had been boxing professionally). Any way we beat each other up pretty bad and neither one of us could continue in any more tryouts. At VMI my 3rd class year I went out for boxing and made the varsity team. I boxed against a muscled guy from West Virginia (I found out later he was intercollegiate champion and undefeated for 3 years). We boxed for 3 rounds but he was still undefeated. Boxing season was right during midwinter exams and I found I couldn't go spar every afternoon and get any studying done at night so I quit boxing. I needed to do some studying. I always had confidence in my ability to take care of myself and I have had to fight all my life for the things I believed in and the things I wanted and I have never backed away from a fight but have never had to use my fists.



Harry P. Baya, Jr. as a cadet at the South Florida Military Institute (SFMI). Circa 1927.

As to football. I played for four years at VMI. In those days we had a quarter back, two halfbacks and a full back. I played half back and we had to play both offense and defense. I was never on the first team but my second class year I played in every game but one. We played all the big teams in the Southern Conference. I played against Maryland, Virginia, Duke, The Citadel and Kentucky and others. In my senior year when Kentucky was a powerful team and their star was Shipwreck Kelley I played and made a touchdown on our home field at VMI. My brothers said when they had it in the Tampa paper they spelled my name wrong but they knew it was me. I got my monogram that I had wanted for 4 years.



Harry P. Baya, Jr. in football uniform at the Virginia Military Institute (VMI). Circa 1931.

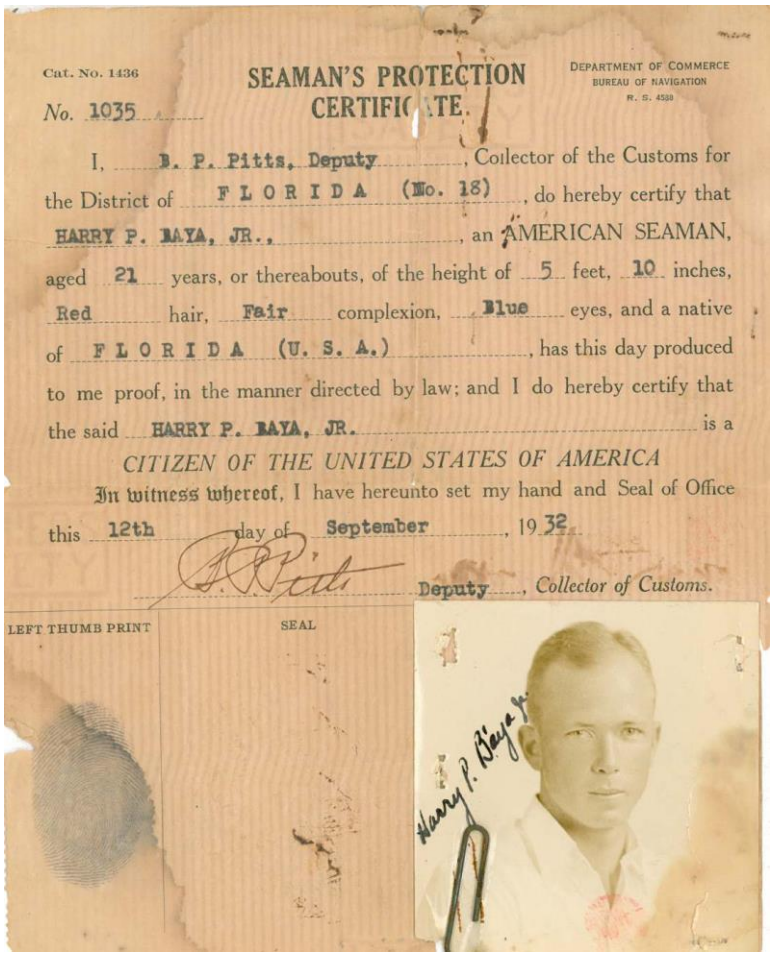


Harry P. Baya, Jr. as a cadet captain at the Virginia Military Institute (VMI). Circa 1932.

As a fraternity man. I joined the Kappa Alpha Fraternity right after graduating from VMI. VMI quit having fraternities in the 1880's when Papa was there. The KA's fraternity was founded at Washington and Lee and had its Beta chapter at VMI. It is strictly a southern fraternity and every year about 20 of the outstanding men of the first class are invited to join after graduation, so there are more KA's from VMI than from any other college. Tampa at the time was very fraternity and sorority conscious and many of the influential men in Tampa were KA's. I attended all the KA parties and found it very helpful in getting to know well the influential men of Tampa.

As a society man – My brothers took me to all the formal dances with them (there always seemed to be an extra tuxedo around). I met their friends and girls and danced with some. At VMI I had dates with lots of pretty Virginia girls. We traded dates a lot particularly dinner dates. We came home for the Christmas Holidays by train and picked up boys and girls from the different colleges on their way home. It was fun. During the holidays all the better fraternities and sororities had formal balls and Dansants in the afternoons. I was invited to all and attended one most every night and a dansant many afternoons. I got to know all of the "in" crowd in Tampa at that time and had dates or danced with most all of the attractive and pretty girls in Tampa. After college the dances still went on and we had balls at the yacht club, Palma Ceia Golf Club, Davis Islands Country Club, The Coliseum, The Forest Hills Country Club and the Temple Terrace Country Club. I joined the Merrymakers Club and the Tampa Yacht Club and was a member of the Officers Club. (We had a nice little Club House). Sometimes we'd get late dates at the dances and go to the Officers Club and cook breakfast. We also had a cabin on Lake Butler (now Lake Tarpon) a large lake 9 miles long, we took dates out there swimming and sometimes late dates after the dances. I joined the crew of Gasparilla and was elected a Courtier in the Court and of course I attended all the balls and festivities. I got to know and was part of the Tampa Society.

As ordinary seaman – After I got out of VMI in 1932 it was the middle of the depression and there were no jobs to be had. I decided to see Mr. Lykes and see if I could get a job on one of his ships. He said ok so I signed up as an ordinary seaman. John Lively did also and we boarded the old rusty tramp steamer (about 460' long) Winston Salem and left port Tampa waving goodbye to our families. It had a load of phosphate. We were assigned bunks in the forecastle over the stern. There was a motley crew of old time regular seamen. These were Spaniards, German, Austrian, Russian, Swedes and others. The Bos'n was a mean SOB. He was squat with bulging muscles and tattooed from his neck down to his toes. He worked us straightening cargo, hauling dunnage, chipping rust, coiling huge ropes, painting old rusty wenches, dipping oil in huge cans out of the bottom of the bilge and anything else he could think of. It was hot down about 4 stories in the bottom of the hold and he had us down there all day for days. When we came up at the end of a day and laid on the hatches exhausted the Bos'n would come up to me with a 5 gallon bucket and tell me to go up amidships and get him some water. We were allowed a small bucket of fresh water a day. We washed in salt water with salt water soap and cleaned off in steam. After about a week of getting water for the Bos'n every day some of the other sailors who hated his guts also told me I didn't have to wait on him. So from then on I refused to get his water and said I'd rather chip rust. We went to New Orleans first; they called us work-a-ways. We didn't have to work while in port. We were paid one dollar a month but we had our food such as it was and could buy a carton of cigarettes for 60 cents. John and I wandered around the French quarter. We saw many prostitutes beckoning sailors. They looked like negros but had some kind of phosphorescent paint on to make them look white. We went up some stairs to a speakeasy (this was during prohibition). They pulled back a panel from a slit in the door to see who we were. They let us in to get a beer. There was a huge canvas on the floor and an artist was painting about a 16' long naked woman lying down. They kept supplying him with liquor to keep him painting. We left N.O. and went to Houston. We left Houston and went past Dry Tortugas and around Florida. I hung a large line with a big hook on it to try and catch a fish when we passed Key West but the sailors tied their greasy clothes to it to get them washed. We went up by Newfoundland where we saw huge icebergs floating in the sea. We crossed the Atlantic and saw some Mother Carey's chickens out in the middle. We landed at Le Havre France where the tides rose 20 feet. In Le Havre John and I wandered around. We went in to a bar called the American Bar and had some wine. We met a nice old fellow who could speak pretty good English and he walked us around. We wanted a beer (you could get a large glass of Heineken pilsner beer for 1 franc)(3 cents). We went into a huge bar; I'm sure it was part of a Brothel and sat at a table and ordered a beer. There were lots of waitresses and all were topless.



Cat. No. 1436

SEAMAN'S PROTECTION CERTIFICATE.

No. 1035

DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE
BUREAU OF NAVIGATION
R. S. 4530

I, B. P. Pitts, Deputy, Collector of the Customs for the District of FLORIDA (No. 18), do hereby certify that HARRY P. BAYA, JR., an AMERICAN SEAMAN, aged 21 years, or thereabouts, of the height of 5 feet, 10 inches, Red hair, Fair complexion, Blue eyes, and a native of FLORIDA (U. S. A.), has this day produced to me proof, in the manner directed by law; and I do hereby certify that the said HARRY P. BAYA, JR. is a

CITIZEN OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and Seal of Office this 12th day of September, 1932.

Deputy, *Collector of Customs.*

LEFT THUMB PRINT

SEAL

Harry P. Baya Jr.

Harry P. Baya, Jr. as an Ordinary Seaman at age 21.

We got a train to Rouen and walked around. We saw a group of pretty American girls on a tour. We followed them into a huge cathedral where Richard the Lion Hearted's heart is buried. We caught a train into Paris and walked around the city and rode subways and sat all night in restaurants with a beer (we had no money for a hotel room). The only French I knew was sand-weech-de-jamon (ham sandwich) and ven-rouge (red wine) and that's what we ate. I bought Sister a little bottle of perfume and Papa a drip coffee cup. We went back to La Havre and boarded ship. We went out into the English Channel and there was a terrible fog at night and you could hear ships fog horns blowing. All the sailors were drunk. I went up to the galley for coffee and a big Russian able seaman was there and drunk as a lord. He thought I was the Bos'n and wanted to fight but I persuaded him to forget it. He said he was supposed to go on watch and steer the ship but he could hardly walk. I walked with him up to the bridge. I said I knew nothing about steering the ship but I could do better than the drunk. The first mate ran me off. We went to Brussels, Belgium and walked around the city and I bought Mama a lace shawl. We left there and went to Rotterdam and then caught a train to Amsterdam and met two Dutch college boys who were cousins of my friends in Tampa. They took us to a dime a dance place and we watched them dance with some of the Dutch girls. We headed back toward Rotterdam and stopped off at the University of Lerden where I had a date with a pretty little Dutch girl named Bink (another cousin). She met us at the station on her bicycle and took us back to her room where she had some other girls and we played an old hand-wound Victrola with lots of records. We headed back to Rotterdam and found the ship had moved. As near as

we could understand it had moved down to near a little Dutch town on the Zuiderzee. I had bought an Edam cheese to take home and we had very little change in our pockets. We got a bus and gave the driver what change we had and told him as best we could to take us as far as the money would. He let us out in the middle of nowhere and all we had to eat was the cheese. We walked for miles and came to a little town on the sea. Everyone there had on wooden shoes. There were lots of ships but we didn't see ours. I persuaded a boy in a row boat with an outboard to take us to find our ship and when I got there I'd give him a carton of cigarettes. It was dark and we came up to the side of many ships and finally found the Winston Salem. A sailor threw us down a rope ladder and we climbed up, the Dutch boy with us to get his cigarettes. The ship left early the next morning. Out in the North Sea I saw a whole fleet of 4 masted schooners under full sail. One old Swede when he saw a ship out on the ocean would say "Luke-a-sheep." I was pulling some dunnage up on a rope from the bottom of the ship to throw over board one day and it started sparkling. The Bos'n was down there and he started cursing me with the vilest words in his broken English. I hollered at him to speak English and he let out again so I pulled a hatch cover over and let it drop down 4 stories at his feet. I scared hell out of him. When he got on deck he pulled a switch blade knife on me but I had a chipping hammer in my hand and John was on one side with a chipping hammer so he looked from one of us to the other and backed off. The 1st mate gave me a chart and would give me positions every day and I plotted our course all the way back across the Atlantic. We didn't have much of a load coming back so they had piled sand on the rear deck to hold the propellers in the water. We ran into a terrible storm and the decks were all awash. We all wore high hip boots and Norwesters and had life lines to hang onto when going up amidships to eat. After the storm I shoveled pickled onions back into broken barrels. When we went by Miami real close I thought about jumping overboard and swimming in. I had had enough of being a seaman and doing labor work and wished I'd studied harder. We landed at New Orleans and there were three of us wanting to get back to Florida. We didn't have enough money to get a ticket home so we took what money we had and bought a car for $40. We drove to Brewton, Ala. and stayed with my former roommate at VMI, Oscar Gordon. I invited Oscar to come visit me and we took off and went to Tallahassee. We pulled up at the Chi Omega house where sister was. She wanted me to meet some of the cute girls and that is when I first met Gregory. We took a bunch to town to get something to eat and then headed to Tampa. We broke down in Brooksville, some gears broke. One of the boys with us was from Brooksville and we said we'd give him the car if he would get his Dad to drive us to Tampa in his truck so that is how we got home.

As a hunter -- When I was young I killed alligators (they preyed on our dogs) and snakes. I came up on one rattler 6 1/2 to 7' long. We used mostly shot guns to hunt. We killed quail. (Sometimes we had bird dogs to help.) We killed dove (sometimes around pea fields). We killed ducks, rabbits, squirrels (we'd go into swamps before daylight and shoot them in the trees at dawn). At SFMI we'd go out at night with our hounds possum, coon and little grey fox hunting. The hounds would take off and we'd follow their baying with lighted liter knots. Sometimes we'd sit on a fallen tree and listen and listen to their baying; we could tell which hound had treed something. Then we would head there and if it was up a small sapplin we'd cut it down and the dogs would grab it. We went wild hog hunting. We'd get in row boats at our camp on Lake Butler and row across the lake and up into Brooker Creek before daylight. We'd follow our hounds and dogs and found where they had been rooting on the edge of swamps and we'd follow for miles until we came up on them. Their tusks really tore up some of our

dogs bad. We would kill one and take it back to camp and butcher it and barbecue it and invite our parents over for a big barbecue. We saw many wild turkey on these trips. At Ft. Sill I saw large herds of deer and buffalo and many jackrabbits and prairie dogs. In the Army I fired expert with the 45 pistol and with the M-1 rifle. I have seen and killed lots of wild game in Persia. I have seen water buffalo, wild boar and gazelles and bear and Ibek and saw a full-maned lion and a black panther and pheasant and grouse and a huge timber wolf. Teheran is in a huge saucer shaped bowl, mostly barren, practically no trees. It is surrounded by huge mountains in the distance, some snow on top covered year round especially Mt. Demavend, over 18,000' high. We had our huge camp, Amiratad, surrounded by a barbed wire fence. One day in the evening while walking to the officers mess I saw a huge full-maned lion about 50' away. I ran back to the billet to get my gun but when I got back he had disappeared. Another day I went on reconnaissance by myself in a jeep out to the edge of the mountains. I came to a high knoll and decided to walk up on top to look around. I left my gun in the jeep. When I got to the top a huge timber wolf came up the other side and we looked each other in the eye from about 10' away. Thank goodness he turned and loped away. I watched him running over the hills for miles. On another inspection trip throughout Iran we were in a command car up near Kazvin in Kurdistan and a bunch of Kurdish tribesmen waved at us and pointed and there was a whole herd of wild boar at a distance. The Kurds had no guns and wanted us to kill them. We went towards them in the car as far as we could and I got out and shot the huge leader. He ran down the mountain for a way and stopped. I shot him again with a 30 cal rifle and kept following him down and shooting and finally killed him and counted 14 holes in him. His hide was ¼ inch thick and he had huge tusks. We estimated him to be over 550 lbs. We wanted to keep him but it was beginning to get dark and there were lots of tribesmen around and I didn't know how we could get him back up the mountain and I wanted to get away from there so by sign language I gave him to the Kurds and we took off. I never realized till later that the Kurds are Muslim and don't eat pork. Down in the desert we organized hunting parties to kill gazelle. I was in a jeep followed by a weapons carrier and two other groups a mile and two miles apart and we started across the flat rocky desert. You could go in any direction as fast as you wanted. I came on a herd going 45 miles an hour and with a carbine I killed one after another and the truck in back would pick them up. The mirage was so bad you couldn't see each other 200 ft. away so we waved things real high so we could see the other truck. We took the gazelle back to an engineer camp and they cut off steaks and cooked them for us. We were loaded with cans of meat and beans and meat and vegetable stew and water but the fresh meat sure tasted good. Going across the desert on our way we saw many pheasant and sand grouse and I shot many with a rifle.

When I was post commander at Dourud up in the mountains we organized a bear and Ibek hunt up in the mountains. There were two sergeants, one from the Everglades and one from West Virginia, who were great hunters. We went by contours in jeeps up the sides of mountains as far as we could and then walked at nearly 14,000 ft. We saw bear tracks and caves where the sergeants had killed bear recently and looking out in the distance we spotted a herd of Ibek. They looked like ants they were so far away. One shot got them running and the sergeants said they would run around the mountain and in about 40 minutes they would jump across a ditch to our right a few hundred yards away and when they jumped we could shoot them. I got ready and waited and sure enough they jumped one at a time and I shot one. Then we had to lug them back with their big horns. The one I got was about 125 pounds. We roped their front legs together and their back legs together and slung them on our backs like packs.

Up that high you could hardly breathe and it was a job carrying them, but walking down the mountain by contours we finally got them to the jeeps. At Douroud at our camp we had an ice house and it was loaded with meat. We had 2 or 3 big bear, about 4 boar, a half dozen Ibek and many gazelle. We ate and fed the railroad crews bear burger, boarburgers, Gazelle burger and Ibek burger.

As a fisherman -- I have fished mostly in the bay and in the Gulf up and down the West Coast of Florida and in the Bahamas. I have caught all kinds of fish including mullet, also redfish, blue fish, trout, flounder, grouper, mackerel, yellow tail snapper, red snapper, mutton snapper, permit, pompano and all kinds and shapes and colors of bottom fish. As for sporting fish I've caught big cobia, many kingfish, sharks, tarpon, barracuda, dolphin and a Blue Marlin. Also snook and bonita. A friend caught a large wahoo and another friend caught a 45-pound permit (mexican pompano) in Boca Grande Pass. It was a world record at the time. We hooked sailfish, but never landed one. We used to go out in the Gulf regularly at Kingfish season when they migrated south in the winter around Thanksgiving time and north in the summer around Easter time when the water temperature was 72 degrees. We would get up around 4 in the morning and catch hundreds of sardines for bait with cast nets and then go way out in the Gulf, out of sight of land, and find schools of king fish and load the boat. We caught many, many mackerel, quite often a hundred at a time and on two occasions two hundred at one time.

We used to go to Boca Grande regularly in the summer during Tarpon season, either the full moon in May or the full moon in June. We used to fish during the day and at night depending on the tide and I caught many tarpon. The largest weighed 135 pounds. We saw sharks in the pass as long as the boat and one night I had about a 100 lb. tarpon on a hand gaff and a shark came and swallowed all but the head which I pulled in. We fished in the Keys off Marathon a number of times and caught many dolphin and other fish. I fished in the Bahamas down off Man O War Kay. In the Atlantic I fished a number of times off Walkers Cay (the northern most Cay in the Bahamas). Two years ago I caught a monster 626 pound Blue Marlin and that tops my fishing.



Harry P. Baya, Jr. at age 72 with 626-lb. blue marlin caught at Walkers Cay, Bahamas.

As a boatman: I have had a boat most of my life and owned many boats. As a kid I grew up with boats. We had row boats and canoes and used to paddle over to big island and little island (now Davis Islands). When I was 17, Joe bought me a beautiful 24 ft. lapstrake sailboat. It had a bowsprit and was gaff rigged. It had a big blue spot in the middle of the sail and I named it the Blue moon. I sailed it all over the bay. I moored it out in the bay in front of the house while I was a rat at VMI. The movie Hell Harbour was being made at Rocky point and they borrowed it to be in the movie for effect.

In about 1937 I bought a boat from one of Papa's Greek clients in Tarpon Springs. It was hanging in the rafters of a warehouse where they built boats. It had been started during the boom and had never been finished. I borrowed money from an Insurance policy Papa had given me and bought it. It was a 24 ft. all mahogany speed boat. I got it finished up. It was beautiful and I kept it at the Tampa Yacht Club. Its name was Psyche. I had different motors in it. The last one I had it going 35 mph and it was the fastest boat in Tampa Bay. We used to tie lines to the back and catch mackerel trolling. I caught tarpon by myself off of it out in front of the Yacht Club. We used to go picnicking out to a little island off McDill with dates and come back at night. We had an aqua plane and used to have fun pulling each other on it. I used to take it to the Merrymakers house parties over at Indian Rocks and pull everybody on the aqua plane. One day I had a date with Tillie and sister and date were along and another couple. The girl, Virginia Redd lived at Pass a grille and when we got over close she said we could go across the bay to her home but we ran aground and stopped up the water intake and the motor got hot. I got it back into the channel and was going real slow so as not to overheat the motor but

everybody urged me to go faster. We had been drinking beer and everybody had to go and of course there was no head. It was in the winter and was real cold. When we got to the dock at Pass a Grille everybody got off and left me. When I got the water pipe unclogged and the cold water hit the motor it cracked the block, but I didn't know it at the time. We went out into the Gulf and around Mullet Key. We started hitting on about 2 cylinders and could only go real slow. The boat was made to go slow we headed back to Tampa real slow and it started getting rough and water was splashing over the sides and then it got dark. When we got off McDill, there was a quarantine station there at the time and we could see some lights. Everybody wanted to go in there but I had it going real slow on two cylinders so I went on back to the Yacht Club and we got there real late. I think that unsold Tillie on boats from then on. In 1940 when we were inducted into the Army I had to sell the boat real quick. I didn't know when I'd be back.

The next boat I bought was after the war in 1952. It was a 32 ft. Hacker Craft, a fine built fast day fisherman. I named it the Lady Tillie. We enjoyed the boat and went fishing a lot and to Boca Grande a lot. We had it full every Gasparilla day and joined the other boats coming up the river with the Pirate ship. Dick and Mary and Tillie and I went on a boat-a-cade to Ft. Myers, stayed there one night and left the next morning. I ran it all the way back to Tampa. Dick slept – the boat was fast. After a few years I sold it. It was taking up too much of my time and I was starting a new subdivision, "Seminole Crest." The next boat I bought was a 30' Chris Craft with a single motor. It had a large cabin. I named it the Sally Rose after Sara and Rosalie. We took Cindy on it one time when she was a puppy and she jumped in the bait well. We enjoyed the boat a few years until it broke a crank shaft and I decided to trade it. I looked over a lot of boats and decided on a new model Chris Craft was coming out with. It was a 32 ft. sea skiff and had everything I wanted on it including a stand up head. It slept 6 and was being built in Maryland. They shipped it down by truck and I named it The Sweet Adeline and had it launched. It was a good seaboat and fast. I bought it in 1960 and my corporation owned it. I used to take out FHA and VA officials and mortgage brokers and other business people I did business with and I charged off some of the expense as a business expense. We had lots of fishing trips out in the Gulf on Saturdays and had one trip with 4 other friends down the West Coast and up Shark river and thru the Everglades, White Water Bay and out at Flamingo and on to Marathon in the Keys. In 1962 I designed a Flying bridge for it and was watching my carpenters build it when above my eyes started aching. That was the beginning of my terrible bout with Temporal and or Cranial arteritis which left me blind in one eye, impaired my hearing and left me weak and numb on my left side. It messed up my equilibrium. After I was beginning to get better, Dr. Carter thought a boat trip would do me good, so he and Eddie and you and I went to the South Seas Plantation. (I had terrible headaches that you rubbed away.) Coming back we hit a pipe in the middle of the waterway near Midnight Pass. The boat started sinking and luckily a boat pulled us to a nearby marina, and we were pulled out just before sinking – we didn't get our feet wet. In 1969, after I was married to Gregory, I had two new motors in it and we took a trip way out in the Gulf. Dr. Rowlett, 90-years-old, and his date Marie, also Madge and Em, Rosalie and Caroline. Coming back a few hundred yards from the yacht club, we ran over a sunken telephone pole and knocked a 6" square hole in it in back of the propellers and it started sinking. Rosalie and Caroline started bailing down in the cabin. The motors went out just before we got to the dock, but we threw a line and got to the dock and everybody off and most of us didn't get our feet wet. That was the end of the Sweet Adeline for me. I decided the hull wasn't thick enough and decided not to repair it, but sell it as is. I then bought, in 1970, the Honey B (named after Gregory). It is a 38 ft. all fiberglass Chris Craft

Commander and we've had many fine trips on her. One trip Em and Madge, Ralph and Eva and Gregory and I went for a 10 day trip and slept and ate on the boat the whole time. We went to Tarpon Springs, Homosassa up Crystal River and on to Cedar Key. We caught many fish.



Harry P. Baya, Jr. on the Honey B. Circa 1970's.



Cruising on the Honey B. Circa 1980's.

Another adventure trip we had, Em and Madge, Gregory and I and two couples (friends) in their boat went to the Bahamas. We left Tampa went up the Caloosahatchee river past Ft. Myers and through Lake Okeechobee and to Palm Beach on the East coast and then crossed the Gulf Stream to west end and then around the northern Bahamas and then to the East in the Abacos. We stayed at Man O War Cay and visited Marsh Harbor and Hope Town and caught fish in the Atlantic. I plotted the course using English charts. A few years ago coming back from a visit to So Seas Plantation along the waterway, Gregory pointed to what looked like a lot of vacant land on Casey Key so I said we'd find a Gulf to bay lot and I'd build us a house. After 4 months of looking from Anna Maria to Stump Pass we could find no lot but we ended up with 532 (B-Haven) which is ideal. I had a dock built like I wanted and that is where the Honey-B is now tied up and waiting for the next trip.

As for cars: I have had many, all shapes and sizes I first drove by myself when I was 13. I drove around the parade ground in Joe's 1924 T-model Ford. He graduated in 1924. I inherited it when I was 16 at SFMI and I have had a car of my own ever since. In 1936 I bought a brand new Chevrolet two door sedan for $650. In all these years I've never had an accident.

I have had many jobs: - My first job I was put as manager of a large Transfer and Storage company that was about to go into bankruptcy. I was to just pay current bills and keep it running. We had a large warehouse full of furniture that nobody was paying their rent on. We had a number of small trucks and one large van and a winch truck. We had two freight cars come in every week loaded with fresh meat to be delivered to Bradenton, St. Pete and the surrounding area. We delivered furniture to Chicago and northern cities but the truck would break down and wire for a new tire or something and then it was a scramble to find the money to send. They were not money making trips so I stopped them. We paid 20 cents an hour for labor and had people begging to unload the refrigerated meat cars starting at 3 in the morning for 3 hours work. The N.R.A. came into being under Roosevelt and wages were upped to 25 cents an hour. The transfer company was eventually sold to the Mayflower Lines. I was making fourteen dollars a week. My next job was loading foreman at the U.S. Phosphoric Company. I punched the time clock; some shifts started at 4 in the morning. I made $18 a week. We had to wear gauze tied around our head so as to breathe. We loaded freight cars through hoppers with triple phosphate, a fertilizer made with phosphate and phosphoric acid. We had huge stacks of sulphur and also loaded big drums of acid onto freight cars. After a day's work you couldn't tell a white man from a colored man. After about a year I got sick from breathing that stuff and lost 40 lbs. I had a short job appraising a Ladies dress shop I found that all the dresses cost them the same but they put them in racks and priced them with what they considered the prettiest ones at a much higher price.

My next job was with The Tampa Abstract and Title Co. I was Asst. Secretary and had 22 women typists and verifiers under me. I was an abstractor and made up abstracts of title from the beginning to the present owner (Title Insurance was just beginning to emerge). I learned a lot about real estate and became familiar with the subdivisions and plots in Hillsborough County and learned to look up all kinds of information in the court house. I was raised to $75 a month and then they couldn't afford me and had to let some of us go. I then went to work for the W.P.A. as a civil engineer at $75 a month. I worked on road projects and drew up sketches and figured cut and fill for road ditches for laborers to work on. I also set grade stakes for the runways at the airport on Davis Islands and made tests for the foundation of a large Administration Bldg that was started on all that filled in land. I learned how to work the mostly hand operated calculating machines and a bit about estimating from an old estimator that was in the office. I was going drill every week with the 116th and to 2 or 3 weeks camp every summer (we were glad to get the pay). Papa gave me a lot worth $400 that had $400 taxes due. I drew a floor plan for a house to be built on it and then had plans made and I submitted them to FHA and got a firm commitment for $3200. I arranged for a construction loan and hired some people to build it. It was built for $2800.00 and I then paid off the taxes and owned it. Mama and I wanted to move the house at 1508 around onto the Bayshore lot. I had saved $3000 eating and sleeping at home and I was anxious to spend it so I drew up plans with a colonial front and hired a mover with a mule. They jacked it up and put it on wooden rollers and the mule went round and round winding up the cable and pulling the house inch by inch. We had

cables tied to the big oaks. I hired some people and they built the new front and relocated many of the windows. While this was going on Mom and Sis went to stay in the mountains and Papa, Emery and I moved into the little house that I'd built. The house was a mess from moving; most of the old plaster had fallen.





Moving the Baya house from 1508 Desoto Ave. to 2009 Bayshore Blvd. (circa 1936).



The Baya house at 2009 Bayshore Blvd. after renovations (photo sometime after 1936, believed to be 1940's or 1950's).

The next job I had was a political job. I was the probation officer for boys with the juvenile court I was paid $250 per month and had a car and office furnished. I had this job for 3 ½ years until we were inducted into the Army in 1940. In the spring of 1939 Marcus Owen and I were sent to a 3 or 4 months Field Officers course at Ft. Sill. When we returned I was made Captain of Battery "B" 116th FA and that fall of 1939 I met Tillie and started going with her. Politics were very corrupt in Tampa in those days and the Governor used to call out the Nat'l

Guard to try and keep order during elections. On one election during the middle of a hurricane the Guard was called out. A man was murdered in West Tampa. The city people and police were trying to steal the election. The County forces and Sheriff were on the other side. The city hired 200 gangsters and thugs and deputized them. Gangs were riding around in cars with guns and jugs of moonshine that they were drinking. A string of cars loaded with men would go to one precinct after another and all get out and vote. I think all the people buried in the cemeteries voted in that election. Our job was to go to troubled precincts and close it and take the poll boxes down to the County jail. There was big trouble down in a seamy section on North Franklin. Men were lined up on both sides with guns, pistols, shotguns and machine guns in the windows. I was a 2nd Lt in charge of a platoon and we all had loaded rifles and machine guns mounted on the trucks. I was ordered to go to a building on Scott St. and arrest two of the biggest known gangsters in Tampa. They had ballots printed in St. Pete to stuff the ballot boxes. I formed my platoon in squad wedges and pushed through the crowd. I was afraid one of my men would fire a rifle when some of the mob cursed them and called them SOB's. It would have started a war. I stopped the squad wedge I was with and then pushed through the crowd. I thought the squad was following me but they stood there waiting. I never saw so many shot guns and guns pointed at me on both sides. I went up to the door and the two said they would let the National Guard arrest them so I marched them back to the squad wedge and put them in it and took them to the truck and then to the County jail.

As to being a joiner: I joined the Knights of Columbus, the KA fraternity, the Merrymakers Club, the Yacht Club, the Officers Club, the Jaycees, and after the war, the American Legion, the Military Order of World Wars, the Realtors, the Associated General Contractors of America, the Builders Exchange, the Home Builders Association of Greater Tampa, was a director, the Chamber of Commerce (the Committee of 100) was on the Hospital Board.

As a military man: - In 1932 I joined the 116th FA Regiment, a Regt. of the 31st (Dixie) Division which was made up from Regiments in Alabama, Mississippi and Florida. I became commander of B Btry (a firing Btry). We had a good Btry of fine men and officers. We were well trained and had been to many encampments and on many maneuvers. We were the best in the Division. In November 1940 we were inducted into the Army and put on active duty. Our division was sent to Camp Blanding, which they had just started building and was mostly mud. The Btrys were formed into streets with paramoche tents on both sides but we didn't stay in them much because they kept us in the woods surrounding there and to the Ocala National Forest on maneuvers. We slept on the ground and got hardened to outdoor life. The Division went on many long maneuvers out in all parts of Louisiana and Texas and North Carolina. In 1941 they triangularized our division from the old square Division making combat teams of a Regt. of Infantry and a Bn. of Field Artillery. They took all the anti aircraft and anti tank platoons and made one Battalion out of it. It was a large Bn. and Col. Sagin was put in Command with me as his Executive Officer. I made up the TO&E (Tables of Organization and Equipment). We were a separate Bn., directly under Div. and not Artillery. We named it the 631st Tank Destroyer Bn. We took it to Army manuevers in Louisiana. Sagin was taken back into the Artillery and I was put in command. As a separate Bn. Commander I had to go to all the big critiques and saw and heard Patton and Krueger and all the big Generals of the time. After that maneuver was over we went back to Blanding for a short stay (I managed to get to Tampa a few times and have dates with Tillie or sometimes she would come up to Blanding

and stay with Em and Madge in the house they rented). I then took the Bn. to the North Carolina maneuvers in 1941 and we slept on freezing ground and went on reconnaissance at night during blackout. On Dec. 7, 1941 the Japs struck so we were at war. They got me back into the 116th Bn. and I was put on the Staff. They sent all the Btrys out to man positions in the Carolinas and at Key West, which left the staff with not much to do at Blanding. I managed to get to Tampa most weekends and when I couldn't get there Tillie came up to Blanding. After Christmas I proposed and we decided to get married. I thought I could get off for a week and we could have a nice honeymoon but they put us on alert. Our outfit was moving to Texas but we weren't supposed to tell it. I told Tillie and we had a hurry up wedding at her home with Fr. Nolan (our 116th chaplain) who came down and married us. I had a 24 hour pass and took Tillie back to Blanding to spend the night with friends. The next morning Ralph King as commander with me as Exec. took the battalion to Camp Bowie Texas. Tillie and some of the officers' wives formed their own convoy and drove themselves out and Tillie found a room in a home in Brownwood. We stayed at Bowie a while and then were sent to Ft. Sill as school troops to teach the officer candidates to fire. After that we maneuvered all around Texas, Louisiana and Mississippi. Tillie would go all around to different little towns and find a room in somebody's home. We ended up in Hattiesburg and they cadred us again and took most of the experienced men. We had a little apartment there for a few weeks.



Capt. and Mrs. Harry P. Baya, Jr. (circa 1942).

In October 1942 Col. Bushnell called from Washington and wanted to know if Bob Welbur and I would go with him on a secret mission. Bob was a graduate of Annapolis and Col. Bushnell, who had been with our outfit for years and who had a steel co. in Tampa, had designed the water buffalo that Robeling had invented and his Co. was building them for the Marines and Navy. I figured I was trained enough and didn't look forward to training a whole new batch that were being sent in. Tillie was pregnant with Sara and had to go home to be with her family. So Bob and I volunteered to get it over with and we were assigned to Mission 1616-

A. Bob and Tillie and I drove to Durham N.C. I was put in charge of 600 officers and men of Headquarters. We had a lot of ranking officers, colonels on down who knew nothing about military but who were experts or specialists in the Middle East. I organized the men into companies. The rumors flew but we didn't know where we were going or why. It was very secret. Tillie drove herself home and our outfit got on a train to go to San Francisco. We stayed at a camp a couple of weeks and then got on the huge British ship Mauritania. We had 13,000 aboard and sailed under the Golden Gate bridge and zig-zagged in the Pacific to confuse Jap submarines. The ship could go over 30 knots and could outrun the submarines. Bob had the job of assigning officers quarters and he put the two of us in a state room with a bathtub. We went to Pearl Harbor and saw what was left of the battleships the Japs had sunk. We left there zigging and went close to Christmas Island. We crossed the equator and it was terribly hot. The officers were crowded but the men were packed in down in the holds. The English caste system is terrible. We went way south. I thought we were going to the South Pole but came back up and stopped at Wellington. A cute little New Zealand girl latched onto some of us (all their men were off in the service). She took us up on a hill to a nice home for a party. We met some Maoris there (they are New Zealand originals). They played their instruments and sang the Maori war song. We left there and went to a party where there were a bunch of girls. We sat on the floor with our legs spread. We formed a long line, a boy then a girl for about 12 of us then we made out like paddling a canoe and sang the Maori war dance. Father Beck (one of our chaplains) played the piano. We left there and got in a hurricane in the Tasman Sea. The ship rode like a canoe. We then went past Ceylon and into the Indian Ocean and stopped at Bombay. The ship was too big to dock so they sent Dowhs out to take us ashore. Down by the docks we passed a huge brothel. The women were in cages behind iron bars and looked like a bunch of monkeys. We stayed at the Taj Mahal Hotel for a few days and toured the city. Lots of the troops with us were going to CBI (China Burma India) theatre. The rest of us boarded a British troop ship. Every morning a little Hindu would wake us and say 'Tea Saab' (Sahib) and bring us a cup of tea. A little while later he would come and say 'Baat Saab' and we'd have to go down the alleyway and he'd give us a bath. He'd pour water out of a pitcher on us. Before we went to Bombay we went to Australia and landed at Fremantle. Some of us took a train to Perth and stayed in a hotel there a few days. When we left Australia we had a Destroyer escort with us and a Jap sub fired a torpedo that went between the escort and our ship with 13,000 aboard. Our troop ship went up into the Persian Gulf and up the Shat al Arab River and landed at Kohramshar in Iran after 59 days. The 600 men and officers I was in charge of left the ship. There had been an unheard of downpour and the desert was a sea of tan clay mud. We moved back away into the desert and I designated an area for the Company and one for the officers and had guards posted around the encampment. We had no equipment, no trucks, no food, no water, nothing. Some grass woven mats were sent for us to sleep on. They were soon embedded in mud. The first night a bunch of jackals ran thru the camp and all the guards started shooting. I thought they'd kill us all. A little distance away was the village. We called them marsh arabs. They were starving. Their women walked gracefully across the desert with large clay jugs of water on their heads and their tits hanging out through their rags. We got hold of some oil and had little fires with black smoke going to boil water to drink. They sent some large cans of mostly beans and we put some men to act as kitchen help. We stood in line for hours to get a spoonful of beans in our mess kits. There was a large drum of boiling water with 3 inches of scum on top to wash our mess kits. The colonels and high ranking officers complained about standing in line so long so I had the formation by rank from then on. We had no water to shave or wash and our whiskers grew and all were covered with black smoke and our uniforms

covered with clay. Because of the mud we couldn't dig latrines and had to use large cans. We had a large square hole dug some distance away to dump the garbage and toilet cans in. It had water up to the rim and some of the marsh arabs got in up to their neck in water and feces and picked out the kernels of corn to eat. Two of our men were sent to dump the garbage and a group of Arabs stabbed them and killed them to get the garbage to eat. After a week we were a hell of a looking army with black beards and clay all over our uniforms. They finally sent some trucks to take us across the desert to Ahwaz where the railroad ended. We boarded the train to Teheran. We sat on the floor and had K rations, powdered bacon and eggs and bars of chocolate. We rode thru the desert past Andimeshk (the hottest place in the world) and then more desert to the mountains. We went into the mountains and thru many tunnels. Some made entire circles inside the mountains. We went real high and almost froze. I looked out the window and saw drifts of snow 30 to 40' deep. The train made many stops and we tried to wash our mess kits in the steam from the engine. The toilet was a typical Persian 2 step plates and a hole in the floor. After days we got to Teheran and Bob and I were met by Col. Bushnell. He took us to our room in a 2 story building on Sha-Reja Blvd. There were camel caravans coming by and horses but no cars. There was a typhus epidemic going on and dead people in rags were lying on the walkways and some almost dead and nobody picking them up. The few women we saw wore sherdahs that covered their faces. All Persian men we called Wogs (Wiley Oriental Gentleman). We had an office on the 2nd floor of a 2 story building about the distance of 2 blocks away. Bushnell was the G-3 and Bob and I were his Plans and Training Officers. I set up a war map and put the enemy front lines on it with pins and string. The Germans were in Baku only about 50 miles away. We had passed on the train a huge skeleton army the British had left, just tents and a few trucks to fool the German observer planes. The British had left and moved south back into the desert, back past Basra in Iraq. The Germans dropped parachutist spies down trying to instigate the tribes to blow up the tunnels. We had an officer's mess in a large room a 2 block distance away. We were served our spam and cans of meat and beans and vegetable stew by polish women (there was a large concentration of Poles, women and old men, hoping to be shipped by the British to some other place in the world to start their lives over again). After Eisenhower and the American Army landed in French North Africa things started changing fast. I had not heard from home in 3 months and thought I was at the end of the world and wondered if I'd ever see home again. I started getting V mail, a 6" square thin sheet with a couple of lines typed on. Then I got letters from Tillie and copies of letters from Papa. He typed out news of all the family and where we were and what we were doing and sent each of us copies. Things were changing fast and each day we were further away from the front lines as the Germans headed the other way to meet up with the American Army. Bob and I made numerous inspection trips up in the mountains and down in the deserts. We stopped at the Engineer and Signal camps. We loaded our command car with gallon cans of meat and beans and vegetable stew and spam and cans of water and gas. We kept track of the large nomadic tribes, the Baktiari's and Nasir Kahn Gasgaii, with his large tribe. The kahns or shakes (sheiks) owned their people and all their live stock. The British kept control for years, just buttering up the Kahn's. Back in Teheran Bob and I had dates with 2 sisters who were Kurdish princesses (their mother was American). We went to their house with an inner courtyard and took them in a droshky to a restaurant they recommended while then I went to the toilet (2 step plates and a hole in the floor and a brass water pitcher). When I came out a Wog sprayed me with perfume. We moved to a new room on the 2nd floor of a 2 story building a little closer to our office and where Bushnell was living. We slept on narrow cots with a hump on one end (no mattress). Down the hall was a room with a pipe for a shower and the typical 2 step plate toilet. Water

flowed down the gutters of the street, coming down contoured ditches from the mountains and diverted to different streets. From time to time the horses and camels did their droppings and the people washed their meat in the ditches. A Wog on a hand pump pumped water up from time to time so we could take a shower but were warned not to let the water get near our faces. I still had my eyes matted shut every morning and had to scrape away the matter before I could open my eye lids. I got the dysentery and for 3 days crawled down the hall and back from the step plates to my cot. More troops were coming in and the engineers with their bull dozers were making the mountains roads passable. (They could do more in a day than a 100 Wogs and burrows could do in a year). Bob and I made an inspection trip by train. We had a caboose and took our spam with us. A British captain got on with us and brought his bully beef and a bottle of White Horse scotch, which we drank by the time we got out of the station. We stopped at and inspected all the railroad camps up and down the length of Iran. There were quite a few West Point full colonels with us and they were constantly trying to figure ways to get to be made a general. They sent Col. Bushnell down to Karamshar to inspect the Port Battalion. (He was familiar with the Port Bn. in New Orleans.) They wanted to put another outfit with them so there would be enough troops to warrant making one of them a General in Command. Bushnell recommended after his inspection that they keep it a Port Bn. so he was banished and sent to Basra in Iraq. That left Bob and me by ourselves. The engineers had built a camp using Wogs. They put up U shaped billets out of mud blocks with belay poles (like bamboo) for rafters. There were separate rooms around the U. We got together the most influential nice guys from all the sections and moved into billet No. 8. The center room in the U we called Club Wog and built a bar out of crates. The camp was called Amirabad and was on the outskirts of Teheran with a barbed wire fence around. We drank plenty of Vodka and ate pistachio nuts. I think the vodka killed lots of germs (a test showed it contained 30% lye and was in old bottles with rotten corks). There was no such thing as cans or paper or anything in Iran. We had an officers' mess with Polish women waitresses and a bar with 2 nice looking Polish women bartending. One was a Duchess and one was a Countess. Bob and I got dates with them and took them for a ride in the mountains in a command car one Sunday afternoon. I went for a tour of the city with a friend Capt. Brinkman. He was a doctor and had been a medical missionary there and spoke the language. We stopped at a shop and looked at some paintings. One, he said, was a page out of a Koran and was over 800 years old and was painted with a single camel hair. I bought it and it's hanging on the wall in the family room. The Koran says that all water that runs is pure, but 80% of babies born die before age 5. I was surprised to find a little Catholic church down one of the side streets and stopped in to pray. We went thru a large bazaar and to the ancient city of Rey that was there before Teheran and where Genghis Kahn had massacred 700,000. All that was left were those living on dung heaps. We saw a large camel caravan coming in with their bells tinkling and whirling dervishes whirling on each side. I bought a camel bell off one of the camels. More troops kept coming in till the command had 30,000 eventually. When the American army landed in Sicily they sent planes over Italy and dropped bombs and landed in Russia and would fly back and drop bombs and land in Sicily. We started supplying them and the Russians. Bob and I took another inspection trip through the mountains and deserts. We stopped at many Caravansere's and at one of our camps that had been surrounded the night before by tribesmen on camels and horses that were shooting at them as they circled the camp. The camp had installed machine guns behind sand bags and ran them off. We stopped near Andimesk and stayed in a little one room hut. No humans move for four hours in the middle of the day because it is so hot. We gathered camel thorn that blew across the desert (like tumbleweeds) and put it in the window openings and had a Wog put a

big container of water above it with pin holes so the water would drip through the camel thorn and the wind would blow through it and drop the temperature inside a little. We crossed more desert to Ahwaz and stayed in a building in the middle of the day. We would lay on cots and put a wet towel over us that dried in minutes. We were so dehydrated that we couldn't urinate. We inspected a huge room or warehouse that was mostly underground. It had stacks of tires - we figured enough to last for 20 years and ammunition but it was on the wrong side of a river from where any troops were. We went through more desert to Karamshar and Abadan and stopped at Queen Esthers palace out in the desert. We decided to go see Bushnell and crossed the Shatt al-Arab River where the Tigres and Euphrates meet and went into Basra (there was a huge metal statue in the center of a lion raping a woman). We located Bushnell; he was in a Quonset hut by himself in that heat. We got Bushnell in our command car and headed across the desert to Al Kuwait. We went by compass course and passed many Bedouin tribes living in their black goat skinned tents. We went to Al Kuwait on the Persian Gulf. The desert and the water made a pretty wide beach. In the center of the village there was a parking lot with camels parked perpendicular like cars. They had them kneel down and tied a rope around both front knees to lock them. Kuwait is a pearl fishing place. We were the only white people and the only car there. We went into a long bazaar and I saw a pretty rug. It had been brought from Persia by a Mullah on his way to Mecca. When they had been to Mecca they could put knots around the rope on their head cloth and then were called a Hadja Mullah. The rug was a kashan and I counted the closeness of the stitches in a square inch on the back to try and figure the worth. I bargained with the shop keeper in rials or dinars and finally bought it. I slept on it a few times in the desert and it is now home in our bedroom. We went in a room where an old Arab was selling pearls. We had to take off our shoes and sit on the floor with our legs crossed. He brought out a chamois skin and spread out pearls. There were black ones and different sizes. I bought a pretty little gold colored one on June 8, 1943, the day Sara was born – she has it now. We headed back to Teheran, dropped Bushnell off in Basra. We crossed the desert toward Ahwaz and heard one of our friends had broken down and he and a Sergeant tried to walk hoping to intercept some trucks. They walked in circles and we searched and when we found their bodies they were charred black. We crossed more desert up to the edge of the mountains and a huge nomadic tribe was moving up into the mountains for the summer. They moved like an army and we sat in a car on the hill 100 yards away and watched them go thru a narrow pass. The shakes on camels and the head men on burrows, followed by their wives on foot, herding their flocks and sheep. We sat for hours and watched them and waited to get thru the narrow pass. The pass was so narrow when the herds of sheep would go thru they would scrape the sides and whole limbs would be torn off some of them and left in the road. We got back to Teheran and Bob and I were made Majors. They sent Bob off to be with the railroads (he captured a number of German spies). I was left as the Plans and Training Officer of the command and was on the general staff and wore the staff insignia. I sat in conferences and watched the West Pointers plan how to put one section with another so there would be enough troops under one command to make a general. The top general, Connally, decided to put on a parade for the Shah. They gathered thousands of men together from around the command and put on a parade in a large horse racetrack. I acted as Adjutant and had to march out and holler commands to the officers to march center. The thousands of troops stretched from one end of the race track to the other. I then had to march up to the Shah and salute. The top generals killed the morale. They broke up companies and battalions that had been together a long time and sent all the individuals off to separate places to do all kinds of jobs. They organized the command into districts - a gulf, a desert and a mountain district. They had posts and camps in

each district. Also we had a signal service, a motor transport service and a railroad service. They had a truck assembly plant and an airplane assembly plant down at the port. We trained thousands of Persians as drivers and they would convoy trucks with supplies up to Russia. Lots of the drivers stayed hopped up on opium (there were lots of poppy fields in the valleys). Many of the drivers drove off the side of mountains and they would thru herds of sheep and men in the narrow mountain roads. I came on one man so run over and bloody he couldn't be moved. We just sprinkled penicillin powder on him. Another we picked up and put in the car and dropped off at an engineer camp. I had written in a request some time before to be transferred away and sent to some artillery unit but was turned down. One day I was sitting in my room at billet 8 and in walks Col. Frank McCarthy, a friend and cadet mate of mine at VMI. He was the secretary to the general staff and General Marshalls right hand man. We took a ride into town and had a few drinks and he told me that he had come to arrange for the Teheran conference and told me who would be there. They came and General Marshall ate with us in the officers mess a few times. I helped with security and saw that roads and culverts were inspected. I was at the Russian embassy when the conference was going on and was within two feet of most of them from time to time. President Roosevelt and Churchill and Stalin, Malaton, Anthony Eden and the rest. Churchill and Stalin were little short fellows. They all sat around a big egg shaped table and I could watch them. When Roosevelt talked they all paid close attention; he was a great leader. When Roosevelt was to leave we had two big black Buicks. We sent one off in one direction and his two big body guards pushed him into the other and he straightened himself in the seat and smiled out the window. We had a Jeep go in front and one on either side and one in the back with me and a driver. The Jeep had no top and the windshield was down. I had no goggles. I had a Tommy gun in my lap and we headed for the airport and the filthy dust rose in clouds and we got it. Some camels almost got us stopped and the President's car straddled a huge hole 20 feet deep and almost as wide as his car. Luckily my driver saw it and swerved. When we got to the airport I was asked to come and shake hands with the President, but I couldn't see I had so much dust in my eyes. I have always regretted that I was unable to shake hands with President Roosevelt.

I was put under the Provost Marshall General (a West Pointer) still as the Plans and Training Officer for the Command. One day they unloaded a million dollars in gold bars in kegs and put them beside my desk till they could take it down to bolster the bank of Iran. The war in Europe was progressing and they started shipping some of our troops to CBI (China Burma India). The West Point Colonels were busy putting the Operations Section with the Signal Section and having enough troops in it to make one a general and then taking it away and putting it with mountain district and making another general. Lots of our people were being shipped away and I was getting close to being rotated. I was sent to be post commander at Doroud up in the mountains on the railroad. We had a Russian camp on one side, a Persian camp across the railroad tracks and a part of the British Indian Army back of us with a brigadier in charge. They were guarding the tunnels. They had Sikhs and Gurkas and Hindus. The Sikhs were tall fellows, 6'2" & over and were fire worshippers. They never cut their hair and wore snoods over their beards and turbans around their heads. I became friendly with the Brigadier and was invited to eat with them up in the mountains and I let some of them use our post exchange. We had bear and boar and gazelle and Ibek to eat in our mess. Coming back up to the camp from the desert one day I had a command car and driver who didn't know much and our brakes went out in the desert in the same spot as a truckload of our men had been attacked and murdered and the truck with its supplies stolen by tribesmen. I stood guard on a sand dune while the driver got under the truck and tried to fix the brakes but couldn't. It was beginning to

get dark and we had to go up into the mountains so I drove and coming down slopes on hairpin curves in low, low gear. We were going so fast I thought we'd go over the side. About midnight after a very scary drive I pulled into an engineer camp. After a stay at Doroud I had a raw place on my neck as big as a quarter and a place on my eyelid so I and driver drove down into the desert to Ahwaz where we had a big General Hospital. The head doctor put me on a table and cut out the place on my neck and wrapped a bandage around my neck that got all bloodied. They took a biopsy of the place on my eye lid and said it was a squamous cell skin cancer and they didn't have any plastic eye lids or radiation so I'd have to be sent back to the States. I tried to get him to let me go back to Hdqs and I'd get myself back to the States and have it taken care of but he let me know he was in charge so they took my uniform away and put me in a purple bathrobe. While there I received a cable telling me to report back to Teheran by the fastest means available - air, land or sea - signed by General Connally so I boarded a train and went back. I was met at the station by Mac McRae. He said your whiskey has arrived. (A year and a half before some of us had chipped in and ordered some cases of whiskey hoping space could be found on a ship. We heard most of the ships had been sunk in the Mediterranean and we had long since forgotten we ordered it.) We went back to Club Wog and all of us got out our whiskey and drank for 4 days till it was all gone. I went back to the hospital and waited. A ATC (American Transport Comd) C-46 landed in the desert. It came from India. Some of us put on parachutes and boarded it and sat on bucket seats down both sides. We flew over the desert and across the Dead Sea and landed at Cairo. We stayed there a few days and saw the pyramids and sphinx, then boarded another C-46 a little bit larger than a C-47. We flew to Tripoli and picked up another young pilot and 2 nurses. We left there and the pilot asked me if I wanted to run the plane. I sat in his seat and he took it off automatic pilot and said to watch the cross hairs on the instrument panel. The compass like instrument had a 1-inch plane I had to keep in the center of the cross hairs. I ran the plane for hundreds of miles. I could see the coast of the Mediterranean so knew I was going in the right direction. The pilot had taken a nurse down into the bomb bay. After over an hour I started hollering for him and finally got him to come take over. We landed at Casa Blanca, stayed there a few days and boarded a 4-motored plane for the Azores. When we got almost to the point of no return we found the place was weathered in and we couldn't land so we headed back to Casa Blanca and the clouds were so thick over it it looked like you could walk on them so we couldn't land and went to Marakeech and landed the next morning. We left and went to the Azores and from there to Bermuda and from there to La Guardia field in N.Y. After a few days I flew to Lawson General Hospital in Atlanta. I persuaded the Colonel in charge to let me go home for a few days. Sara was a year-and-a-half old. I hitched a ride on a cargo plane going to McDill. We landed about 3AM and a car drove me down the Bayshore and let me out at 2009. Tillie was there with Sara and came running down the steps to open the front door. I went up and saw Sara in her crib but didn't wake her and I saw Mama and Papa in their beds and then I hugged Tillie for hours. The next day old Lilly was there. She took care of me when I was a baby and had been helping Mama and Syd Pendleton, who I grew up with as a boy, somehow heard I was back and stopped by. (He was in the Navy.) I drove Tillie and Sara back to Atlanta and we stayed at the Atlanta Biltmore Hotel and I went to Lawson General and they put a gold cup over my eye ball and put radiation on my eyelid. I could come back to the Hotel at night and we went in the bathroom every night and sat on the edge of the tub till Sara got to sleep. On my blouse I had a Persian patch on my shoulder, 5 ribbons and a black patch over my right eye. I sure looked like I had been in a war. Joe Neikirk was in the Army in Washington and somehow heard I was back and got me in touch with two VMI friends who were in the Army and stationed with 4th Corps in Atlanta. They

invited us to dinner in their homes. (One said later that he could get me promoted if I would move to Atlanta to 4th Corps, but there was no place possible that I could find to live so I turned him down.) We stayed in Atlanta about 3 weeks and I was sent to the redistribution center in Miami. A good friend and fraternity brother who was with us in the 116th was just back from the Pacific with heart trouble heard somehow I was to be sent to Miami and he was to go there too so Whiskey Will Swearingen called and offered to drive me down and agreed to go halves with me on a case of whiskey. So we took the case and drove down and stayed at one of the swank hotels on the beach in a $100 a day room each. We were guaranteed that we wouldn't be shipped out for at least 6 months. They asked me where I wanted to go and the only place that looked like I might find a place to live was at Ft. Jackson in Columbia, S.C. I drove Tillie and Sara to Columbia and the only place we could find to live was a one room former real estate office with plate glass windows on 2 sides and a coal stove and open box of coal. It was cold and Sara had a cold and her nose would run and she'd get in the box of coal. I thought Tillie would have to go back to Tampa but I finally found a 2 bedroom house to rent and we set up housekeeping for the first time. I was made the Prison officer for 1,800 general prisoners in the Rehabilitation Center. We put them thru a rigid training course and graduated them and sent them to G Company. G Company was a separate compound with tower guards at all 4 corners and barbed wire surrounding it. We kept the ones who the psychiatrists said couldn't be rehabilitated, the ones who were serving life imprisonment for murder and rape etc. We kept about 200 there waiting to be sent to Ft. Leavenworth to serve out their time. The ones that graduated didn't get a dishonorable discharge, but went back into the Army. Some of the boys were just scared to get on the boat and went AWOL and that is the reason they were court martialed and sent to the Rehab. I was in charge of all the discipline. One night I was phoned at home - I got to stay at home every night - and they were having a riot in G Company. A bunch of the men had gotten hold of some benzadrine and were all hopped up and fighting both blacks and whites. I went out and was met by the guards and was told one had a baseball bat and was breaking out all the windows so I had to go by myself in among them and take the bat away from him.

We enjoyed our home and Ling and Maida were there. He was stationed at Ft. Jackson. We got together on weekends and went into town and shopped at gourmet shops and got all kinds of good things to eat. Rosalie was born on July 8 in a Army barracks hospital at Ft. Jackson. She was so little the nurses all called her doll baby. The war in Europe was over and when they dropped the atom bomb on Japan that ended the war in the Pacific. I was sure ready to get out of the Army. I had a lot of points so got out and we drove home to 2009 and had Xmas there in 1945. I was a Lt. Colonel in the Officers Reserve Corps. To finish my military life I was talked into in 1948 to join the National Guard as commander of the 116th FA Bn. to finish out my last 4 years to get 20 so I could draw Army retirement pay at age 60. We still had to go to drill once a week and to camp every summer. After one 3-week summer camp, when we got back to Tampa, and were ordered out by the Governor to quell a race riot in Groveland. So we got in the trucks. None had been unloaded so we took off at night with cook trucks cooking and arrived at Groveland. I took over the high school for headquarters and sent the batteries off to the trouble spots. I inspected by car and by plane (we had 3 observer planes in the Bn.). We took away guns from the mob and turned them over to the Sheriff who gave them back to the mob who were his friends. He was the main trouble. Two negros were accused of raping a white girl and the Sheriff killed one and said he was trying to escape. We had news correspondents from all over hanging around headquarters and the news was in all the papers. We got everything quiet and after 2 or 3 weeks we got released. It was really a hardship being

away so long. Men were afraid for their jobs and I had 6 houses going all over Tampa and didn't know what I'd find after being gone over a month. I was transferred to G-3 on the Div. staff the 51st Div. The Korean War broke out and I was scared to death they were going to call our Div. I bought Tillie a new Oldsmobile. She said she was not going to follow me around this time. They called many individuals out of our outfit but didn't call the Division. I later transferred to the Reserves to finish out my last year and finally made 20 and retired and am now drawing army retired pay.

As a world traveler - I have been around the world. I have sailed on ships on many Seas. I've sailed across the Atlantic four times and in the North Sea. I've crossed the Pacific Ocean and the equator, sailed thru the Tasman Sea and the length of the Indian Ocean. Sailed thru the Arabian Sea and the Gulf of Oman and the Persian Gulf. Sailed in the Mediterranean Sea and thru the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea. I've sailed on the St. Lawrence River north of Quebec and up the Mississippi. Sailed up the Orinoco and in the Rhine. Sailed up the Shatal Arab River and crossed the Tigris and Euphrates, the Nile, the Seine and Thames. I've been to the Hawaiian Islands to New Zealand and Australia and India, to Asia and the Middle East, to Africa and Europe and England and South America, to Cuba twice and the Azores and Bermuda and to Mexico and Jamaica. To the Bahamas many times and to the West Indies, to the Virgin Islands and the Leeward and Windward Islands sailed past the Grenadines. I've driven into Canada and to Key West, rode a train from North Carolina to the Pacific Ocean. I've driven thru many mountains in the U.S. and thru the Alps in Europe, thru Brenner Pass and into the Dolomites and driven thru the mountains in Iran and driven thru vast deserts. With car and chauffeur I drove in England and made the grand tour of Europe. I've driven in Ciudad Guyana in Venezuela. I've driven in Puerto Rico, St. Thomas, Guadeloupe, St. Lucia, Barbados, St. Vincent, Antigua. I drove in London, Paris, Rome, Barcelona, visited the Isle of Capri, drove in Wellington, Perth, Bombay, Tehran, Basra, Cairo, Tripoli, Casa Blanca, Marrakech in Morocco. I have flown across the Atlantic from Africa, flown to Mexico and the Bahamas and Puerto Rico. I drove in Mexico City, saw Montezuma's palace, drove in Acapulco, Ajijic and Cozumel.



Ruth and Ed Carter, Harry and Adeline (Tillie) Baya. La Zaragozana Restaurant, Havana, Cuba 1955.

As a business man - In late November 1945 after 5 years on active duty I drove Tillie, Sara and Rosalie home from Columbia S.C. We moved in with Mama and Papa to the old home at 2009 and took over the big old upstairs back porch. I had a wife, two babies, a car and 4,000 dollars in the bank, nothing else. No home and no job. It was cold on the upstairs back porch. Clark, my old driver in the 116th, came by to see me. He had driven a tank in Italy and Europe. There were no heaters to be bought so Clark and I drove to Blanding and got a heatilater Emery had left in the house he rented there. The people were using it but we took it still hot and brought it back. I had some brick masons build a little chimney in back and we installed it and I cut a hole in the floor right above it so some heat would come up. The house was in bad need of painting as was everything in Tampa. I hired a painter and got it painted. I wondered what I was going to do to make a living so I swung in the hammock under the big oak tree for 2 weeks. I decided I wanted to be my own boss so I decided to take the real estate exam and the General Contractors exam. I found some old exams and studied and passed them both. Papa had his office in one room in the 1st Nat'l Bank Bldg. Miss Hedwiga, who had been with him as his secretary since age 16 when she got out of the convent, was there and had studied under Papa and was an attorney. She was his secretary and the office had a partition running across that was just big enough for a desk and a chair by the front door so I moved in and sent out notices that I was open for business at 910 1st National Bank Bldg. I started selling some real estate. I started looking for a house to buy but couldn't find anything we could afford that suited us. Papa, remembering I had spent my money moving the home place, gave me the vacant lot at 1508 and I started drawing plans after 5 years away. I knew nothing about plans or costs. I didn't know how wide a hall was or the size of a door or a window or how much a 2x8 would span so I went to the library and studied and I drew a plan that all spans were 14 feet wide and all ceilings were 8 feet high. I drew it up with a foundation plan, a floor plan and all elevation plans and submitted it to the FHA. They gave me a firm commitment for $9500 payable in 20 years. I arranged for a construction loan and a permanent mortgage. I started building and got together a crew of carpenters. I had friends in the lumber business and a fraternity brother who headed a supply business. We poured the footing and Rosalie buried a penny in it. I got a brick mason to build the foundation and we then started building the house. There were no nails. People were standing in line to get a paper sack full. McRae, who was with me in Persia, was back with the Seaboard RR and was freight agent. He heard there was a shipment of nails in a freight car in Orlando and drove up and got 3 kegs and turned them over to me. So between selling real estate and hammering nails we got the house built. Emery wrote me about a new loan they were beginning to make - a G.I. loan - a 20-year loan at 4%. So I switched and got a G.I. loan payable at $57.59 a month and I wondered how I'd pay for it. There were no appliances to be had so we got an old ice box and hot plate and some furniture from family and moved in in 1946. I decided I liked building better than selling real estate so I bought 4 lots on Swann Ave and drew 4 2-bedroom plans. The lots cost $200 each and I submitted them to FHA and got 4 firm commitments. I got a crew together - a foreman and carpenters and laborers and painters. They were frame houses and we got them built in a hurry and I advertised and Miss Hedwiga and I went out on a Sunday and started selling them for $6,300 each and taking orders to build them on owner's lots. We built some all over town and I started building for friends all over the Interbay peninsula. Miss Hedwiga started keeping my books for me and I drove Papa to the office every morning and back every night. Charley Clewis had bought 300 lots for $75 each and had to sell off 150 by the first year to be able to pay off the next 150. They were all not far from Swann Ave. and on Henderson Blvd. and Lois Ave. and he got me to build on many of them for him. We were afraid some were too far out to be FHA approved. I got the plans up

and arranged for the commitments and built them and he sold them. He took a little on the lot and I kept accurate costs and took out my overhead and we split what profit was left. On Nov. 29, 1949 you were born and Papa got to see you. You were in your crib in your little bedroom and Aileen helped your Mama with you. On Dec. 22, 1949 Mama phoned me in the middle of the night and said Papa had fallen on the floor. I had driven him home from the office that night and he was fine. I ran over to the house and picked him up and put him on the bed and called Ed Carter who came immediately and gave him a shot but in a little while he said for me to call a priest. Papa was dead of a heart attack. He was 80 years old. That year all the family were spread all over and nobody was coming home for Christmas but Papa fixed that by dying and everybody came home. We saw that he had a proper funeral and was buried at Myrtle Hill Cemetery. In spite of our sadness we all had a nice Xmas being together. That started our families going to Heaven and leaving me with an ache in my heart and continual prayers for them in my mind. Aunt Fan and Uncle Ed moved over from Dunedin to be with Mama. I helped them move and Aunt Fan sold her house in Dunedin. The next to die was Joe in 1956. He had lung cancer and had his lung removed. I tried to get the doctor to say he got it all but he wouldn't say it. I was determined to get Joe well but for the first time in my life I kept bumping into stone walls that I couldn't push. I took him on the train to N.Y. to the Memorial Hospital (supposed to be the best to cure cancer). I stayed at the Plaza Hotel for 2 weeks and visited the hospital every day. I walked down 5th Ave everyday and prayed in St. Patrick's. After 2 weeks the doctors said there was no hope and that Joe had 3 months to live so I wired Emery in Venezuela and came home. Later La Fleta went up and got him. He wanted to come home to Tarpon Springs. Ed Carter and I saw him the night before he died. Emery came home and we saw he had a proper funeral and was buried at Myrtle Hill. The next to die was Aunt Fan, then Uncle Ed in 1960, then sister in 1966, then Mama then your Mama in 1968. I saw that all had proper funerals and all are buried at Myrtle Hill, except Sister, who was buried in Largo.

In 1949, I wanted a place on a lake so we could go swimming and have picnics. Charley Clewis had a little strip of land on beautiful spring fed Church Lake, but it wasn't deep enough to build on. He said if we dredged up a beach he'd take ½ so we hired an old Cracker with a homemade dredge and he sat on it day and night and pumped in a white sand beach. We paid him 30 cents a cu. yd. I estimated the yardage. Charley had 1st choice so I ended up with the N ½ and I drew a plan with a little upstairs balcony. I had the crew and my truck loaded with lumber and I met them early one morning and led them out. We built the whole shell including the roll roof in 1 day. I had a big Desoto 7 passenger car with leather seats and jump seats and a rack on top. We called it the bus. Papa loved it. It had big wide doors. We started going to the lake loaded with water, ice and food. You were a baby in a crib. Later Charley got additional land in rear and gave me an additional 85' in depth. A number of years ago I bought Charley's lot for $13,000. The place is now assessed at $108,000.



3 brothers (Joe, Emery, and Harry) with their mother in front of the lake cabin. Circa early 1950's.

I continued building in the Interbay area. I had built up quite a crew with a supt., foreman, carpenter, laborers and painters. We subbed out electrical, plumbing and the rest. We added men as the work required. We were open shop. My men didn't want to belong to a union but lots of subs we hired were union. I continued building all over the Interbay area down long blocks of streets. I found it didn't pay to build on an isolated lot because to advertise one house was too much. I had started building frame houses up off the ground but soon found building on a slab saved 10%. We went thru all the changes, asphalt, tile floors, then vinyl asbestos then parquet oak, then carpet. We changed from plaster to drywall and the demand was for concrete block houses so we started building with block. I built Morrison Court Subdivision and Schoolview Estates Subdivision and began to find no lots available in Interbay that we could use septic tanks. The FHA wanted me to incorporate so Joe incorporated the Harry Baya Const Co. with me as sole owner, President and Treasurer and Miss Hedwiga as secretary. I persuaded Dick Snead to join us as Vice President and sales manager. I had to scramble to get jobs to keep the crew busy as a Class A General Contractor I could get permits to build anything. We could go to the builders exchange and get architect plans and turn in bids but I was very careful not to get a job that would conflict with the unions. It took me a couple of weeks to get up a bid and I couldn't afford to spend that much time and then not get the job. I built lots of commercial jobs: doctor's clinics, dental clinics, additions to motels, offices and warehouses. I hunted for strings of lots I could buy all over town and I'd get commitments and we'd build a little 10 x 10 movable on our truck Field and Sales Office and Dick would stay in it and sell the houses. I hired many real estate salesmen over the years and as a Broker we split the commission 60/40. I hired one who had a string of lots on Lisbon that we built on and Dick Knight, who was with Metropolitan Life and who handled our permanent financing, turned over a bunch of contiguous lots he owned on North "A" St. for me to build on and pay him for the lots after the house was sold. Gene Knight with Metropolitan told me about a piece of land that would be a good location for a subdivision. I had borrowed sometime before $10,000 from a rich widow with no collateral. Papa later represented her and said he'd never have approved that. I also had borrowed another $5,000 from a widow. Miss Hedwiga was very careful to see that they got their interest checks the 1st of every month. We also paid all our bills by the 10th of

every month and got the discounts. If any failed to give discounts Miss Hedwiga just took it and all the suppliers were happy to get their money by the 10th because many of the builders would get way behind. We built up a great credit rating with Dunn and Bradstreet and I could pick up the phone and order any amount of lumber and supplies. Miss Hedwiga saved me many dollars and Dick Darby our CPA went over the books at the end of the year and got up the income tax. I inspected the land Gene Knight had told me about it was in North Tampa out 22nd St. near the Hillsboro River. We had to pass what is now Busch Gardens to go out. I found there was blue clay under the surface and a city garbage dump on land to the north. The first piece was wooded and on quite a hill and could be made into 32 lots. The 2nd piece was flat and could be cut into 100 lots. My civil engineering came in handy. I figured on the 1st piece that I knew had to have septic tanks that I could build a big ditch down the hill and put rock in it and make a kind of master septic tank. The 2nd piece I knew we'd have to have sewers so I figured costs to develop and then bought it with release clauses. I put in a master plan with 32 houses and bought a commitment so that I could close them out when sold at 1% discount. I arranged for both FHA and VA loans and the houses were inspected by both. We could sell the GI house for nothing down and the FHA for a small down payment. We built a 10'x10' sales office and I got the 1st piece platted and started building. Dick moved into the sales office and started selling. The garbage trucks would spill garbage on the way to the dump and the flies were terrible. I named the subdivision Seminole Crest and advertised and they sold fast. The 2nd piece I named Seminole Crest addition and had it platted and submitted a master plan to FHA with 30 or 40 houses and bought a commitment. We started developing and started 10 houses on what was to be the 1st street. They were a little more expensive houses $2,000 or better. I had about 4 bulldozers at 30/hr and a couple of tourneau trailers at 35/hour and other equipment and the rains came and every piece of equipment bogged down in the blue clay and nothing was being accomplished but the houses were getting ½ finished. I would stand and figure what it was costing per minute. I thought I would go broke. I knew I had to get the 1st street finished so I could close out the houses but it was impossible with the blue clay mud. We had to have a subdivision bond to be able to plat land and they were awfully hard to get and they would go over your financial statement with a fine tooth comb but I had a top credit rating and always managed to get one. That guaranteed the paving contractors that they would get paid whether I went broke or not. Finally after a bit of praying the rains stopped and we got the 1st street paved and then I pushed and got all the streets paved and started selling like hot cakes with no down payment for Veterans. We made a little on the lots, a little on the houses, a little on the financing and had no real estate commission to pay so profit wise we came out real good. We built good houses and I never permitted shoddy workmanship or materials. I felt I was doing a good job getting families a good home to live in with the best possible financing to be had. Frame on your lot shell houses were going strong so I thought I'd go them one better and I designed a 3 bedroom concrete block house with a wood floor. I had it approved by the city Building Department and built a model on the last lot. I advertised it as the "worth more" house and we built them all over the county on peoples lots. We could build one in 5 days. I took back mortgage on each and then sold the mortgages to different people. We started finishing out Seminole Crest and I had over $100,000 in my checking account and couldn't wait to spend it. I found 40 acres that I figured could be cut into 200 lots. I knew it had hard pan a foot underground and we couldn't use septic tanks. I figured what it would cost to hook up to the city sewers about a mile away. I knew we'd have to build a lift station and have a force main that would run under Hillsboro Ave. I agreed to buy it with release clauses provided I could get 100 FHA commitments of a new 221 40-year loan that had just come out. Ernie Rourke, my

mortgage broker, went to work to get them which we were entitled to, but the head of FHA had some land he was trying to sell and offered the loans to the builder who would buy his land. The Shinbergs, who were starting Town and Country wanted 100 and Ernie was pushing for both of us. Ernie finally got each of us 50 but he had to slip a case of scotch in the FHA man's car. I was plenty mad but Ernie was out the money so I paid him for ½ case. I have never paid off anyone to get something. I decided to go ahead and purchase the land with release clauses and only 50 221 loans. I designed a 3BR 1 bath house with carport, studying all the FHA books to get in everything required. We had templates of all the furniture so we could place them on the plan to be sure the rooms were wide enough to walk between the necessary furniture and placed the windows and doors so there was a nice traffic pattern. I got a subdivision bond and had the 1st 50 lots plotted. Each street had 10 61 ft. lots on each side that were 112' deep. I submitted a master plan for 50 houses. They all had the same floor plan but we put them sideways and lengthways and reversed them making 4 plans. We had different elevations and different set backs and painted them different colors and put on different color roofs. We moved the sales office out and Dick started selling them for $9000 with $250 down and a 40-year mortgage. The monthly payments were $54 per month. Today after some 36 years they sell for $28,000. We finished out the 50 and started on the next 50. We took the VA man out fishing and got him to approve the subdivision for GI loans. We stepped the price range up to $11,000 and better. We found everybody wanted the appliances in on the mortgage so we included ranges and refrigerators and heaters. It didn't make sense to me to put a refrigerator in and pay for it for 30 years, long after it had worn out, but that's what they wanted. We finished the second 50. We moved the sales office down street by street. As we sold off 20 houses on a street, we started on the next 50. About that time a group of big business men and bankers and influential colored people got a group of builders together and wanted us to build a 4,000 lot subdivision called Progress Village. Watson Engineering agreed to put in sewers and parks and shopping and school sites were laid out. Some of us agreed to take so many lots each to start with and were guaranteed we could get more as sales progressed. I was building in Pine Crest Manor and also in Woodland Terrace. I had a salesman and sales office out there. I was paying myself $28,000 a year and the corporation was making over $25,000. I knew that everything the corporation made over $25,000 came under the 52% tax bracket so I started a new corporation as sole owner and called it ABC Homes Inc. I went to Dick Griffin, president of the Exchange bank and borrowed $50,000 with no collateral. We started building in Progress Village $9,000 30-year FHA houses so I was building in 3 subdivisions in all different parts of town. By June 1960 we were going great guns. Dick had sold 18 houses in Pine Crest in March and we had more houses built and under construction and to be built that were sold to last way past the end of our fiscal year Sept 30. I figured there would be well over 80. Emery retired out of the Army and came home and he and Madge moved in the old homeplace to live and take care of Mama. He moved into the office that Miss Hedwiga and I had saved for him all those years hoping he would come back and take up his law practice. We still had some books and things that were left when he went into the Army in 1940. Tillie and I had decided to take a long delayed honeymoon barring no expense so Sister had agreed to take you in Largo. I had just finished building Sister and Henry a beautiful home in Harbour Bluffs. {*EEB note: Daddy had a good sense of humor - I've attached his "invoice" for the Harbor View Lane house as an attachment.*] Madge agreed to look after Sara and Rosalie and Emery agreed to run my business. We had our plans made so we left to be gone about 4 months. We got on the train and all the family came down to wave goodbye. We stayed two days in NY and boarded the Queen Elizabeth (the largest ship in the world). We went to our 1st class stateroom and it was full of bottles of

champagne and flowers. We dressed for dinner every night in dinner jackets and evening gowns and dined fabulously.



Harry P. Baya, Jr. and Adeline Tillman (Tillie) Baya aboard the HMS Queen Elizabeth, 1960.

We were met in South Hampton by our chauffeur and car. He drove us to London and we stayed at a beautiful old hotel overlooking Buckingham Palace. He drove us around for a week and then took us to the channel where we boarded a boat for France. We were met there by our chauffeur and car and we started on the grand tour of Europe. Our chauffeur was a delightful fellow, Maurice, and he had taken many celebrities on the grand tour and spoke most of the languages. We became very friendly with him. We stayed at the best hotels and he would put on his cap and open the door for us at the hotels but all other times we were buddies. We stopped at all the places and stopped when we wanted to. We stayed for a few days in the interesting places like Innsbruck and Venice and Florence. We would stop in the markets and Maurice would show us which pates and cheeses and hams and wines to buy. He got an ice chest and somehow had ice in it every morning with cold beer in it. We stopped many times on the side of the road and had a picnic. We went into all the old cathedrals and from the dates they were built they all led us to Rome. We stayed in Rome awhile and toured St. Peters and the Sistine Chapel. We went thru Naples and went to the Isle of Capri for a stay. We boated around the island and went into the Blue Grotto. We had fun stopping at the fine hotels and dining lavishly, but we stopped where and when we wanted and had fun with Maurice on our picnics. We drove the length of the Italian Riviera and stopped at Monaco and the length of the French Riviera and the length of the Costa Brava in Spain, all of it where we could see the Mediterranean. We stopped at Barcelona and for the 1st time looking in the telephone book (I had looked in cities all over the world) I found a few Baya names. We passed the Pyrenees and drove to Avignon and thru the Chateau country. We stopped at Lourdes and saw the unforgettable sight, thousands of people in long lines at night with their candles and singing the Ave Maria. Tillie bought a little statue of the Virgin Mary and a little bottle of the waters. We saw sounds and light festivals in the big chateaus at night. We ended up in Paris at the plush hotel Maurice. We stayed a week. They were having a strike and we didn't know whether we would be able to board the Queen Elizabeth to return. Tillie was ready to get home and see all of you children. She would have even flown back but the strike ended and we took the boat

train to the ship and went into our same stateroom that had our evening clothes in the closet. So we came home after a fabulous honeymoon that been delayed so many years. That year in 1960 was a good year, but the year things started changing. Many houses went into foreclosure. Our salesmen sold some but we were still building in Pinecrest but going awfully slow. When Kennedy became president it was announced that all FHA and VA houses could be bought by colored families and I was afraid to have too many houses ahead thinking a colored family might move in and I would be left with adjoining houses that I couldn't sell. We were struggling. Other builders were selling better than we were. They worked different. They didn't have their own crew. They would put in for 50 houses and then hire some people to build theirs and when they were all finished and landscaped they would put on a big promotion and advertising campaign and sell them. So we took a survey and found that as we built from house to house and had materials scattered around, the streets didn't look good till all the houses were built. So we stepped up our building. Progress Village was beginning to have problems. Salesmen would come out and offer families $100 cash to move out and buy some jerry built houses being built back in their old neighborhoods so lots of houses went into foreclosure and building in Progress Village came to a screeching halt. I had 4 lots with footings poured and I stopped them so I ended up with all houses sold but owned 4 lots and a little over 10 acres all of which I eventually sold. The other 2 builders had quite a few houses they couldn't sell. Then in 1962 I had my terrible bout with arteritis that left me blind in one eye, hard of hearing, numb on the left side and my nerves shot. Emery took care of things while I was laid up. When we were getting toward the end in Pinecrest I had spotted an old orange grove on Armenia Ave. It had good traffic and there were rumors that McDill was going to close and we had sold a lot of houses to McDill people so I wanted to get into a new area so I wouldn't have to depend on selling to them. Dick and Mary and Tillie and I went to a builders' convention in Miami Beach. We looked at all the subdivisions and got brochures showing plans of all their best selling plans. Then Tillie and I drove to Key West and then came home. I bought the orange grove with release clauses on each lot to be paid at closing. I was determined to make a going subdivision even though sales had slowed down. I went to the bank and made sure they would let me keep the $50,000 I had borrowed. I then hired advertising and promotion people and decided to name it Grovewood Court Subdivision and have winding streets and concrete curbs and sidewalks and all underground wiring, drainage sewers and water. I got it plotted and got up plans for 6 models. The advertising agency drew up an entrance with big stone columns and iron lamps on top and wrought iron fences and a gazebo and horse and surrey. They got up brochures with "Grovewood Court - where living has charm." I bought a horse and surrey and had old Joe put in charge (he grew up on a plantation in Alabama and knew horses). We then built the 6 models and had a decorator and bought expensive furniture and had 2 models furnished. One 1-story and one 2-story. We spent thousands of dollars advertising and people would come in droves and look at the furniture and have Joe drive them around the grove that was full of oranges and beautiful but they didn't buy houses and we struggled and I sweat. After awhile we designed houses for people and built there on one of the lots and I had to take a trade on a house which I had never done. We moved along slowly and after we were about half through the bank wanted their $50,000 back and I didn't know how I could pay it but Emery figured out a plan to put 2nd mortgages on the vacant lots, some without completed paving, to be paid off as a house was built and sold and the bank accepted it. Dick Darby, my CPA, told me when I bought the land to put the 500 ft. of commercial land facing Armenia in my name personally and not the corporation and I did and had a $30,000 mortgage on it. After we had built and sold more houses Ernie Rourke told me I could build an apartment complex on

Armenia and get a mortgage that the land would stand as sole security for the mortgage and not bind me personally. So I sketched apartments around a court. They said 60 units with 1 swimming pool and 1 manager was the best, but it would have to have all the goodies, disposal, dishwasher, refrigerator, range, air condition, etc. So I got the best architect in town to make suggestions and Emery and I went up to Lakeland and inspected some like he recommended that were already built and we liked them so I had the architect draw up plans. He fitted in 32 2-BR's and 24 1 BR's and I turned them in to Metropolitan to see how much loan they would make me and I started estimating. I got many bids on everything from reputable subs. Met came back with 400,000 mortgage at 6 ½% and I knew I couldn't build for that so I tried to get them up and started cutting back on some construction features. I eliminated the stucco exterior and used spraycrete and had the plans redrawn with some flat roofs instead of mansard and I estimated I could build if I had a 425,000 mtg. The Met decided to give me the extra 25,000 with a fast payoff but with interest at 7.25% so I decided to go ahead but I needed $30,000 to clear the land first. I was building a huge metal warehouse for the Consolidated Box Co. and Frank Kearney told me he could lend me $30,000 at 10% for 6 months so I borrowed it, paid off the mortgage on the lot and started building the apartments. We were well underway and Tillie died suddenly one Saturday. I was at home and heard a thump. I went in the bedroom and put her on the bed and called Ed Carter who came immediately. She had her eyes open and a sort of smile on her face. Ed said get her to the hospital. While waiting for the ambulance I sprinkled the little bottle of Holy Water we got in Lourdes all over her. She couldn't move or talk but was in no pain and seemed happy. Sara happened by and rode with her and I followed in the car. So you came home immediately and you know the rest. I was devastated and wanted to crawl in a hole and was feeling awfully old and just wanted to be by myself. Frank Kearney's $30,000 was due the day Tillie died. Emery got him a check on time. I realized I had to get the apartment finished or end up broke so I went everyday and pushed and came home and sat in the bedroom by myself. Rosalie was there and Cindy. I cooked myself a little piece of meat at night and drank some whiskey. We finally got the first building with eight 2BR units finished and I hired Sally to be the manager. We got them rented and the rent money started coming in. We got the whole complex finished in record time and got them rented. We closed the loan the first part of November and I owned the apartment complex. You were in your Rat year at VMI. As you remember, I had lost a lot of weight and was back down to normal and looking forward to you coming home for Christmas. I went out and bought a new Lincoln Continental and brought it home. Emery and Madge were out admiring it and Gregory waved from across the street and said what a pretty car. Gregory had invited Em and Madge and me over to dinner some months before but I couldn't wait to get home and crawl in my hole and get busy and finish the apartments. The apartments, named "Baya Court," were finished. I had always liked Gregory and had had a few dates with her starting when she was a freshman at Tallahassee. Her husband Henry Weidman and I grew up as boys. He lived across the street and we went to SFMI together for 4 years and had always been friends. I had built their large family room on their house back in 1962. Henry died shortly after Tillie did and Gregory was lonesome and I was lonesome so after she waved and said what a pretty car I went in and had a few drinks and got up nerve to phone her and ask her for a date. She said for me to come on over and I went and we had a few drinks and I invited her out to the Yacht Club for dinner. We saw a few people we knew that waved at us but we didn't talk to anyone, just ourselves. We had both grown up in Tampa and knew all the same people. Gregory had been married to Henry for over 30 years and Tillie and I had been married 26 years. After we finished dinner I invited her to go out in my boat so we took off at night and headed out into the bay. I was running the boat

and she was standing close and I put my arm around her and pulled her over and kissed her. I had kissed her before some 50 years ago but this was different. I started seeing her every night and we went out in the boat and out to dine a lot but we didn't want to see anybody. We just wanted to be by ourselves. I was supposed to be working everyday but I wasn't accomplishing much. I kept thinking of her. Papa always said "there's no fool like an old fool." I was 57 and thought that life was over but she made me feel young. We were kind of wild and went lots of places where we wouldn't see anybody we knew. We went to Homosassa one afternoon and dined that night at the Plantation. We thought of getting a couple of rooms and spending the night but got scared that we would see somebody we knew the next morning so we drove back to Tampa. One night late we decided to go to Bern's and Ernie stopped by and went with us. We were having quite a few drinks and when we finished eating I asked Ernie if he didn't think Gregory was pretty. He started in on a long discussion and I told him if he didn't say she was pretty I was going to put him on the floor and sit on him. He didn't say it so I put him on the floor and sat on him. I have been pretty wild at times during my life. I have drank plenty whiskey and been pretty drunk a lot of times. I have had lots of dates with pretty girls and have hugged and kissed lots of them that wanted to be kissed. At this point I won't go into my wild times but I married the two that were perfect for me. The next day after the Bern's night I was worried. I thought I'd messed up a fine romance, but after work Gregory phoned and told me to come over and I was scared but when I got in her house she put her arms around me and gave me a big kiss. You came home from VMI for Christmas and saw that I was happy having dates with Gregory and said the nicest thing that has ever been said to me. You said "Mama is happy. She is in Heaven and I want my Daddy to be happy too." That Xmas I asked Gregory to marry me but we kept it a secret. We planned to be married on Feb. 27 and go to New Orleans (she'd never been there) on our honeymoon. We were married in back of the church at the Jesuit quarters. I didn't want to be married in the church where we had Tillie's funeral. We had a small wedding, Em and Madge, Sara and Rosalie and Henry Glover and Gregory's father and her cousin Jean Nix and her cousin Hebert Hill were there. Father Rogge married us and asked Gregory if she would raise her children born as Catholics. She told him her age and he said well miracles do happen. Jean gave us a nice lunch and champagne after the wedding and we went home and Emery brought us more champagne and then took us to the airport and poured us on the plane. Gregory had only flown once years before and was kind of scared so I held her hand all across the Gulf. We went to the Monteleon Hotel and had a big room overlooking the Mississippi and it was filled with champagne and baskets of fruit and flowers. After a week we came back and Gregory moved into 1508. Rosalie was there and sitting around and doing nothing and Cindy was old and would sneak in and crap on the floor. I didn't have the heart to do away with Cindy. Rosalie had raised her from a puppy when she was a little girl. I wouldn't have blamed Gregory if she had moved out, but Gregory took over and started making everybody feel young. She hired an interior decorator and it was decided to close in the screen porch and change the looks of the house. I sketched a mansard roof for the front and got my carpenters out to close in the screen porch and build the new front. Gregory had the interior all decorated and brought some things over from across the street but we needed more room and a place for her Janie to sleep so I built the apartment in back where Janie could sleep and we could store some more of her things. I considered selling the apartment and getting involved in more things. I was offered a 40-acre orange grove to develop and build houses and pay for the land as the houses were sold but I didn't want to stick out my neck that far again. I found an ideal large piece of land on old Tampa Bay that had a bayou on the side. It was ideal for condominiums and I heard of new loans from FHA that looked like I could handle so I got

my architect to draw up a plot plan with lots of buildings and hi rises. There were no condominiums in Tampa at that time and it looked like a perfect setup but after a few consultations with FHA officials I found a catch. I'd have to build the first units and get them sold before I could go further. It took too much money so I had to give up that idea. We were still finishing houses in Grovewood Court and they tore down the parking lot where I had parked my car for 25 years and we had to walk 3 blocks to the office so I drew a plan for a 1-bedroom apt. that Emery and I could use for an office to be put where the sales office at Grovewood was. We moved the sales office to the lake and hooked in on to the back of the cabin. Years before we had hooked a 10' x 10' sales office onto the side. We moved some furniture out from Gregory's farm and Gregory did some redecorating at the cabin. We built the apartment and Emery and I moved in. I had saved a lot in back of our office to put a model on and tried to get involved with some manufactured houses but it didn't work out. When they asked you in hi school what you wanted to do when you grew up you told them you wanted either to be a civil engineer or take over my father's business. You had worked with us a little when we were going slow and never indicated that you wanted to go into the business. We were managing the apartment and I had a good income from it and Gregory didn't want me to sell it. I had taken fast depreciation on it and it was helping with our income tax. Gregory wanted me to retire. She had plenty money so I slowed down. My crew had all gotten old. Gregory and I took many boat trips and after we were married lots of friends invited us to parties and Gregory wanted to go so I took her. In 1970 I agreed to buy the Queen Mary and renamed it the Honey-B after Gregory. We went up to Roanoke to see Cretia graduate from Hollins and you came over in your new car I bought for you to go to ROTC camp – the same as Papa had done for me many years before. After the graduation little Greg and Gregory and I went over to visit Joe and Susie and attend finals. In 1971 we were just before leaving to come up and see you graduate and you called and said you had been kicked out so I said come home. I never got to see you in uniform. In 1972 we went up and saw Greg graduate from Hollins and then went to my 40th reunion and stayed with Joe and Susie. Rosalie had made up her mind what to do with herself and had gone to the University of Tampa and graduated which made me awfully proud. I wanted all my children to be college graduates like all my family had been. Cindy had long before died of old age. Gregory and I had many wonderful trips on the Honey-B and I became buddies with Cretia and Greg and we remain buddies and have good times together and I love them too with all my family. Gregory and I had many adventure trips on the Honey-B where we slept and cooked on the boat including the 10-day trip to Homosassa and Cedar Key with Ralph and Eva and Madge and Emery and one to Marathon. On one trip coming back from the South Seas Plantation, we were going down the Intracoastal and Gregory pointed over to Casey Key and said she wanted a house over there. It looked like all vacant land and I said we'd get a Gulf to bay lot and I'd build her a house. So we looked for 4 months from Anna Maria to the end of Manasota Key and couldn't find a lot but got educated on prices. We found the ideal place at 532. Gregory's uncle had died and left her a lot of money so she bought it in 1973. I had built a bedroom and bath out of what was the garage and storage area and a swimming pool and a dock in the bay and one on the Gulf and Bob and Joe would come down with lumber and finished the dock like I wanted and fix a slip for the Honey-B and built a Tea House on the Gulf. [*EEB note – The "Tea House" on the Gulf was often damaged by storms (see picture below). As another example of his sense of humor, see attached Letter to Florida DNR about getting a later permit to build a walkway across the rocks and a bench to watch the sunsets.*]



Harry P. Baya, Jr. and his son, Emery E. Baya at the damaged "Tea House" on the Gulf at B-Haven, Casey Key, Florida. 1982.

We continued to go on the Honey-B a lot and took an adventure cruise for 2 weeks to the Abacos in the Bahamas. We named 532 B-Haven but could only stay a few days because of business and because of Gregory's father who was 90. I started phasing out my business. We had closed out ABC Homes and were closing out Harry Baya Construction and I was selling off some real estate I had. I sold her house across the street for her and her Father died and left her his money and she became wealthy. I sold her farm for her and property on Gandy that her Father had left her. In 1978, I sold the apartments and Emery and I rented an office on Platt St. and moved in. The office was next door to a vacant lot where the house had been that I was born in. Emery said "After all these years you haven't gone very far." So then I really retired with a good income from Army Retirement, Social Security, a large 2nd mortgage on the apartments and some CD's. Gregory and I started really living it up and staying at Casey Key most of the time. We managed a few more adventure cruises including the one where we flew to Puerto Rico and boarded a small yacht like ship and cruised thru the leeward and windward islands and the Grenadines and 180 miles up the Orinoco where we saw the native indians come out of the jungles and get in their dugouts. We landed at Ciudad Guana and flew in a small plane over jungles and thru mountain passes and up over Angel Falls. We flew to Walkers Cay in the Bahamas and fished a few times and 2 years ago we flew to Mexico and visited our friends in Ajijic then flew to Mexico City and picked up Cretia and flew to Acupulco and then back to Cozumel and boarded a ship to Jamaica. So here I sit at 1508, the home I built 40 years ago. We got back from Casey Key 2 weeks ago. We love it there and it is the most ideal place in the world to me. Gregory is busy wrapping Xmas presents. She starts every year in January buying presents for everybody. She is the most generous person I have ever known and after 16 years of being married to her I love her more every day. I sit anxiously waiting for Xmas when all the family will be here. We will all open presents and have Gregory's fabulous Christmas dinner as we do every Xmas. I await you both and my grandchildren Renie and Ryan and Joe. Bob will put up the tree and decorate it as he does every year and I can't wait to be with all my family and play with my grandchildren.



Harry P. Baya, Jr. and Gregory Rowlett Weidman Baya, Christmas 1979.

I thank God for all the happiness He has given me and for all my family, the ones that have gone before us and all that are left here. I have been a very lucky man all my life and I'm still young at heart thanks to Gregory. After Xmas I look forward to going back to Casey Key and to our next cruise on the Honey-B.

Love,
Daddy
Dec. 2, 1985

Attachment 1 - "invoice" for Henry and Rosalie Glover's home at Harbor View Lane, Largo, FL

HARRY BAYA CONSTRUCTION CO., INC.
REGISTERED REAL ESTATE BROKER
REAL ESTATE DEVELOPERS — BUILDERS — GENERAL CONTRACTORS
1504 FIRST NATIONAL BANK BUILDING
TAMPA 2, FLORIDA

HARRY P. BAYA
E. E. (DICK) SNEAD
HEDWIGA WALICKI

PHONES
OFFICE 2-3121
FIELD: RE 6-6887—36-681

December 25, 1959

ITEMIZED STATEMENT TO DATE ON YOUR HOUSE

Materials - (giving you the benefit of my 2% discount) - - - - - -	$4,200.95
Labor - (this does not include my services as they are absolutely free	$2,985.00
Buick 1960 four-door "Economy" station wagon - - - - - - - - - -	$4,295.00
Gas for Buick -	214.00
(If you think this is a lot of gas, wait until you hear about my trouble.)	
Estimated cost of trip to Europe, summer of 1960. (Recommended by my physician to recuperate from anticipated nervous breakdown incurred as a result of building your home.) - - - - -	$3,000.00
Actual cost of Whiskey to get my private physician, Dr. E. F. Carter, Jr., in condition to make such a recommendation, Three bottles of Corby's bought on sale to save you money - -	$10.00
Chris Craft, 32 ft. 1960 six sleeper model - there is always the possibility of an electric light pole falling and obstructing the highway; thus my only means of transportation to and from Largo would be by boat. - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -	$11,998.10
Expenses incurred in having a Tampa Electric Company official, Mr. Ling Torres, make the statement regarding the light pole:	
Beer, 68 cans@ .25 - - - - -$17.00	
Whiskey, 1 drink @ .40 - - - - .40	
- - - - - - - - - - - - - -	$17.40
Entertainment of Mr. Ernie Rourke one evening in case you wanted a F. H. A. Title 221 Loan on your home:	
Beer, 215 cans @ .25 -	$53.75
A nice Christmas present for my dear wife Tillie to compensate for the long hours spent away from her in construction of your home. -	$2.98
TOTAL:- - - -	$26,787.18

Attachment 2 - Letter to the Florida DNR

HARRY P. BAYA
1508 DeSoto Avenue
TAMPA, FLORIDA 33606

April 14, 1986

State of Florida
Department of Natural Resources
Division of Beaches and Shores
Marjory Stoneman Douglas Building
3900 Commonwealth Blvd.
Tallahassee FL 32303

RE: Application ST-471

Dear Guys: (Sirs & Ms's)

I enjoyed your long letter of March 27, 1986. Being retired I needed some pen pals.

As your letter suggests I am re-designing a walkway over the rocks, not less than three feet higher than the existing ground elevation and not as high as eleven or twelve feet as originally proposed. Being seventy five years old and having a steel ball for a hip joint there is no way I can get across those rocks without a walkway. There is no opening between the rocks (see pictures and Engineers Survey in your files).

As your letter also suggests I am including a deck more than twenty feet back from the rocks and not less that three feet higher than the existing ground elevation, but not as high as eleven or twelve feet. We have enjoyed watching the sunsets from down close to the water for the past thirteen years and a deck with bench (seat) facing the gulf would be nice.

I am a native Floridian and have always had a home on the water and certainly don't like to see anything unsightly out front. Incidently, I am a retired Civil Engineer, Class A General Contractor, Real Estate Broker, Builder, Developer and Lt. Colonel. I have obtained well over 1,000 building permits in the past forty years and if they had taken as long to obtain as this one (over seven months) I would certainly not be retired. You guys remind me of when I worked for the WPA back in 1935, at seven months per permit you will never "give out" of work.

HARRY P. BAYA
1508 DeSoto Avenue
TAMPA, FLORIDA 33606

We bought this Gulf to Bay property on the North end of isolated Casey Key thirteen years ago and it is now worth approximately 500,000. dollars. I don't have to swim in the gulf but it is enjoyable for me as well as guests. I can always swim in my pool or in the bay but I'd like to swim in the gulf also.

I love to spend money and I'm sure the surveyors were glad to have the job of surveying our property and showing all the elevations and the mean high water line on the survey. (The survey was sent to you with my last letter).

Also, the Title Company was glad to get paid for the ownership I sent to you. The taxes are pretty high on this property and I hope some of the money helps pay for lots of salaries.

I certainly don't want anything unsightly in front of my property as ofcourse it would lower the value.

Buck this to someone with authority and common sense so I can get the required DNR permit.

Very truly yours,

Harry P Baya

Harry P. & Gregory R. Baya
Mr. & Mrs. Harry P. Baya