

Robert L Metcalf, Jr Oct. 25, 1917 – July 28, 2018

I was born during WWI and my momma called me Bobby since my dad was already called Bob. I was the first born and got all the attention till my sister came along and spoiled it, but it was fun while it lasted. Then my brother showed up, but by then I was the older brother and had all the status associated with that title.



I grew up in Grandview Heights, a suburb of Columbus, OH. By the time I was 10 all my friends were calling me Mickey and I liked it.

You can see what a handsome devil I was turning out to be.

When I was 13 I got my first pair of Long Pants. Now that was a Big Event! Well, time rolled on and I became quite a legend in high school. Football and basketball were my sports and I was active in Boosters, Newspaper, Theater, Student Council and a fraternity

called the Brotherhood of the Rooks. I graduated in 1935. During these years my family took a yearly camping trip. We were a fun-loving family as you can see from the message we kids painted on the back of the trailer [It says, "PASS QUIETLY DRIVER ASLEEP THANKS!"]. Dad was amused, I think.



I had various jobs during this time including a paper route and working at a grocery, Krogers. I got paid 25 cents a day provided I stayed late to sweep floors and stock shelves. That's what you did if you wanted to keep your job—and you did not get overtime pay!

Next thing you know I was off to college, The Ohio State University. It was the local school. After classes I worked at the University Bookshop to help pay for my tuition. I was a member of Delta Upsilon fraternity. Not until my sophomore year did I apply for ROTC and the Top Sergeant never thought I had what it would take to make a good soldier. But he let me in on the condition that if I flunked out I had to pay for my uniform! Well, I succeeded and became the #2 man in the command. I also became a legend there. I wore chains on my boots and they made a jingling sound as I walked and earned me the nickname, "Jingles". Of course, I was noticing girls, too, and it is a wonder that I was able to work all of this into my schedule. While marching on the OSU Oval I noticed one girl who had the prettiest legs of all. It turned out to be the skinny girl who moved in across the street a couple years ago, but



I'll tell you, she was gorgeous. Yes, I asked her to marry me and got lucky...Marty Liter said YES!



We were married on June 21, 1941...holy cow! She chose the longest day of the whole year, but that also meant the Shortest Night of the year. So after the festivities I could not wait to be off on our honeymoon! You can see that I was hurrying with our suitcases in hand, but I was smiling.



I graduated and was commissioned a 2nd lieutenant in the US Army Reserves. My degree was in Business Administration. In 1940 had a good job at Republic Steel in Cleveland as an accountant, but got a better one with McMillen Feed in Alliance, OH. It lasted only 2 months! WWII was looking bad for the U.S. and Uncle Sam needed me so I was called to active duty in July 1941, just 2 weeks after getting married.



Our first duty was Erie Proving Ground where I met Heber Bullock who became a life long friend. We were there just 22 months when I got the call to go over seas. Greenland! Of all places! However, as the finance officer, I was a Very popular guy because every time I showed up at a camp I brought money and mail. I left my

bride in the care of my parents and while I was there Marty gave birth to our first child. I had bragged to everyone about having a BOY and did not believe the Red Cross telegram telling me my baby was a Girl...but 2 weeks later Marty's letter reached me and I had to accept the fact that Marcia was my new baby. So I left as just a husband and returned as a father. By 1945 we were about to have our second child, another girl, Barbara, and we talked about whether to stay in the Army or not. I had never planned to make a career of the military but we decided to stay in and the life of a vagabond began in earnest. My son, Bill, finally arrived in 1947 and although we were on the move during the 4 years that my kids were born, all were delivered in my hometown on Columbus, OH.



As a Finance officer the Army wanted to keep me close by so we spent 3 tours of duty in the Finance Center in Indianapolis over the 25 years of service. I took the family to Panama with me,

but they stayed behind when I went to Viet Nam. In between we lived in Colorado, Pennsylvania [to earn my MBA], Kansas [for Command and General Staff College] and Virginia. We just missed a tour in Germany in the late 50's because a General who had worked with me saw my name on the transfer list and had me reposted to VA to work with him. We no sooner got to the Pentagon than he got orders to go to Indianapolis. So our whole reason for being in the Puzzle Palace was gone. Those years were very



demanding. Then I went to VN and after 14 months was returned to Ft Meade, MD. At that point I had to make a decision, stay in and probably be promoted to General or get out and start a new career. Since I was only 48, I decided to retire and tackle the civilian world in my hometown of Columbus, OH. I retired as a Full Colonel, Regular Army, not Reserves, in June 19, 1965

Ernst and Ernst [now Ernst and Young] hired me as a management consultant and I worked for them for 10 years before retiring again. This job was incredibly demanding. I remember days when Marty could be found in my dressing room feeding me breakfast while I was tying my tie and zipping my fly in order to get to work on time.



So now I was still a young man of 59 and I decided to try my hand at teaching again. [I had been an instructor at Ft Ben in Indianapolis.] Franklin University offered courses in accounting and I took up the challenge. It was not long before I discovered that I was working harder than my students and decided to retire once and for all.

The Blizzard of '78 was very bad in Columbus and I had to take my daily walk in a shopping mall. Well. Enough of that! We started looking for a warmer place to live. Tega Cay, SC, just south of Charlotte, NC seemed like a great place. Snow was very infrequent and usually just a dusting. All 4 seasons could be enjoyed. A big city was near by for culture, sports and medical help. And we found a place in a development that had a gate and a lake, a huge TVA lake, and I could have a boat. So we packed up our belongings, bid our friends and family a fond farewell and headed for our Retirement Home.



Since we had learned to make friends wherever we went, we soon had a nice circle of new friends. We met some where we lived, others through Power Squadron [USPS]

and boating and still more through church. Marcia soon retired and drove down from Columbus regularly and Barb and Bill visited now and then, but they were still working. We got a dog! A cute little Maltese. Finally, we moved to the ARC, Army Residence Community]. It was not affiliated with the Army, but you had to be a retired officer to buy in there.

Our first home was a cottage, a 4-plex of 1 story units, on Bannocks and we thoroughly enjoyed the time we spent there. I was active in volunteering for Texas Cultures Institute, Brooke Army Medical Center, San Antonio Zoo and the Red Cross in addition to Power Squadron and searching for Geodetic Markers.



Marty had been diagnosed with MS just before we left SC and she started having to use an electric scooter. We decided it would be easier if we were in the high-rise so we moved to flat 601. It was so easy to just go downstairs for our evening meal. And we widened our circle of friends again. One year we had an “It’s YOUR Birthday” party in the ballroom during which everyone got their own personal birthday cake. The

decorations were the 12 astrological signs and we danced under 16-pointed stars that Marty made. Another year we celebrated our 50th anniversary in the Sky Lounge with a theme of the 50th Round and unknown to us, each of us had a gold boxing glove made for our true love. I gave Marty a big one set with a diamond and on a substantial chain. She gave me a pair of gold gloves mounted on an agate shaped like the state of Ohio attached to a bolo.



Then came the day that Marty had to go to Health Care because the MS had completely taken her ability to stand. It was a very sad day. We were going to be separated for the rest of our lives. She was a remarkable woman all her life and with this move her ability to adapt to whatever life dumped on her came shining through. She was always looking on the bright side and for the best in everyone. It did not take her long to learn all the names of the staff and all about their families. She also knew when they were busy and refused to call for help during those times. Everyone said I was the greatest asset she had since I ate every evening meal with her in her room. Even she said that she saw more of me then than she did before because of all my volunteering. She had my undivided attention for 4 hours every evening.

I kept forgetting to take my meds and the kids were getting worried. Finally, after having 3-4 TIA’s in one year culminating with a stroke, it was time for me to move into Personal Care [assisted living]. I had already talked to friends who lived there and



they said it was the best move they made. They were free to come and go to all their activities, but someone was watching out for them. I recovered fully from the stroke and a room opened up in PC and I moved in; it was 2008. I have been quite happy here and I have all that is truly important to me; my desk, my computer, my wall of photos, my mini dinette and my recliner. Memorabilia surround me and I am well cared for. My girls come to visit almost every month and keep me on my toes.



It is now 2017 and I am 100 years old. I never thought I would make 90, but when I did I decided to go for 100. Unfortunately, it has been a downward spiral. The girls keep a close eye on me and it seems that they are coming more often...I guess I need a closer watch. They are truly advocates for me as they were for Marty. If the ARC does not perform their care up to snuff, Marcia and Barbara are there to encourage them, pressure them, or demand that they do a better job. They come so often from OH and FL that the staff knows them well and knows that they will be watching to be sure their daddy gets the best service possible. I might be the most carefully cared for person here because in addition to the very good staff in assisted living, my girls see everything that needs to be done and tends to it.

When they visit me I get to eat in the main dining room, the Bistro or out to eat somewhere. That is a real treat because I get tired of eating the food here. They also take me to all my medical and dental appointments; shopping; visiting local places and on vacations. We have been on cruises to Alaska, New England and the Caribbean and to Churchill CA to see the polar bears, to Phoenix to see one of my nephews, for a bed and breakfast tour of wine country in NC, to the TX shore.