

Col. Robert L. Metcalf, Jr.
10/25/1917 – 7/28/2018



This is my philosophy, BOB

Life should not be a
journey to the grave
with the intention of
arriving safely in an
attractive and well
preserved body,

but rather to Skid in Sideways,
Chocolate in one hand,
Wine in the other,
body thoroughly used up,
totally worn out and screaming

**"WOOO HOOOOO
what a ride!"**

Apologies to Hunter S. Thompson

Bob, Dad, the Colonel, Grandpa, as he was affectionately known to family and friends, died peacefully in his sleep. He was preceded by his father, Robert L. Metcalf, Sr., mother Mabel Barr Metcalf, brother Richard B. Metcalf and sister Jean M. Knapp. He is succeeded by daughter Marcia M. Hatfield (75), daughter Barbara J. Metcalf (72) and son William A. Metcalf (70); 5 grandchildren Michael C. Bowers (55), Mitchell R. Bowers (55), Harrison K. Metcalf (26), Jordan S. Metcalf (25) and Maxwell N. Metcalf (18); 3 great grandchildren Samantha N. Bowers (20), Makayla M. Bowers (14) and Jacob M. Bowers (10). Dad wrote his own obituary.

I'm leaving behind a family tree of 3,169 names, the result of my painstaking work on the family tree starting back with microfiche in the library. I also had my DNA traced to find ancient ancestors. I'm taking with me the knowledge of a celestial navigator (use a sextant instead of GPS to know where I am on the ocean).

When at OSU I applied for Advanced ROTC, the sergeant took one look at me - where are your stripes? I don't have any. Everyone had at least one after 2 years. I'll let you in, but if you flunk out, you pay for the uniform! I showed up at the beginning of my senior year as number 2 man in the corps of several hundred cadets. Graduated from Ohio State University with bachelor's degree and Wharton School (Univ of PA) with an MBA and Phi Beta Gamma (business school equivalent of Phi Beta Kappa). Made it in the military (full Colonel) and civilian world (CPA). Made my high school football team playing guard at 135 pounds (can't imagine playing today with kids over 300 POUNDS).

My new 1948 Packard was my pride and joy forever (I was a rich Major and very into autos). In 1948 the Packard design went all out by eliminating the running board and had the first slab-sided auto - it is TOP secret what I had to pay for a car already promised another, but I bought it in Chicago - it was a joy to behold.

My first job was working at Kroger Grocery & Baking Co after school for 25 cents per hour WHILE THE STORE WAS OPEN, but you put produce in the frig, restocked shelves, and swept out for free if you intended working tomorrow. 25 cents compared favorably with 17 cents a pound for Kroger's top of the line French Brand coffee and \$100 per month salary at Republic Steel in 1940.

I tried my very best, but never made it past tenderfoot as a boy scout. Was church choir boy until age 12 when voice changed. At 15 I began caddying and became friends with a black caddy. After signing in we walked about a mile away to the pump hole at the stone quarry. It had pea sized gravel around it, you lost your footing easily. I lost mine, panicked - was down. My friend saved my life!

It is very hard to believe we won WWII. I went to summer camp for reservists in 1940. Half the guys were older and could not call the artillery battery to attention, much less conduct fire. They brought a battery of the 68th field artillery for us to see - we could look but not touch. It had pneumatic rubber tires versus wooden metal bound wheels, an American panoramic sight vs a device you could not look through. A howitzer gun instead of a rifle - and much more.

But in the end, I've outlived my good health. It is my hearing that slows me down. I have a profound hearing loss - no trouble with mature 50-year olds but lots with senior citizens and their faint voices, and with young pretty things (they are the ones I want to talk to). But, if I have to lose one thing I am thankful it is my hearing and not my sight, AMEN!

I'll be there to greet you on the other side - Robert L. Metcalf, Jr