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Robert McMorris

Fancy Meeting You

Here, Mr. President

THE guest list didn't mention his name, but Omaha showman Don Romeo was among those very much present when astronauts Virgil Grissom and John Young were honored in Washington Friday.

While some men seek public attention, others, including himself, have it thrust upon him, Don says, adding: was unbelievable.

There he was in Washington, he said, shrinking like a violet and minding his own business, when it happened—although one of the men he was doing business with happened to be a White House staff member.

"Say," said the staffer, "the boss is having a little shindig for the astronauts. Why don't you drop over?"

Don couldn't think of any good excuse, so he dropped over and joined President Johnson and others out on the lawn, where they greeted the space men as they came down in their helicopter.

When the handshaking and back-clapping seemed to be over, Don headed toward the east gate with the rest of the crowd, when he suddenly found himself being steered toward the White House. "They apparently thought I was a reporter," Don said.

Always the obliging sort, Don was unprotesting as he was maneuvered into the East Room and ushered to a seat four places away from the President.

Hello, There

AFTER a press conference and presentation of medals, the President retired. Don got autographs from Messrs Grissom and Young. He was then about ready to steal away when somebody bumped his shoulder. He

Why,

turned just in time to stick out his hand and say, hello, Mr. President.

Hello, said the President. He had Luci Baines with him. She wanted to meet the heroes.

Don insisted on retiring at that point, but as fate would have it, he was swept away in a procession that carried him, along with LBJ, out the front door. There was more flashbulb popping.

Don says he probably could have ridden in the parade that followed, but his retiring instincts held him back.

Don was pictured, incidentally, in a photo that was published in The World-Herald. He was represented by an unidentified top of a head. He would have shown up better, Don said, except that Astronaut Young got his head in the way.

A Suspicious Mind

IT HAPPENED in McPherson, Kans.: An irate utilities customer complained about his gas bill.

The company investigated. The meter reader said he wasn't able to get a reading because the meter was covered with debris. So, he said, he estimated it.

The customer was not at all satisfied. "Estimated t?" he repeated. TII bet he guessed it!

A First, Maybe

THE Rev. John Markoe, S.J., retired Creighton University faculty member who will be honored at an appreciation dinner Saturday night, led what is said to be the first "sit-in" demonstration in Omaha, or, perhaps, anywhere.

It happened in 1946 at a downtown restaurant. Father Markoe and other members of the DePorres Club, including several Negroes, went to the restaurant to eat. They were asked to leave. They declined. After a long wait, they were served.

The Demonstration

WHEN eating soup, Jamie, four, had a bad habit of picking up the bowl with his two hands and drinking from it with loud, appreciative smacks.

On the night guests were coming to dinner, Jamie's mother took special pains to avoid that kind of behavior. Jamie practiced the correct way of eating soup.

Came the moment of truth, however, when the guests were assembled at the table, Jamie was seized with an awkward self-consciousness. He couldn't seem to hold the spoon in the prescribed manner.

Finally, he saw a way out, and his face lit up. "Here's the way some folks do, he announced. Thereupon he picked up his soup bowl with his two hands and drank from it with loud, appreciative smacks.

And Furthermore

JAMES DENNEY, of our Magazine of the Midlands staff, was discussing taxes with Dale Studley of North Platte's Rosedale Ranch. Commented Mr. Studley: About the only thing around here that isn't assessed is the herd of deer down by the river. I don't think the assessor knows they feed on my land.'