

CT
247
D86
2007

An Interview with M. Dean Dupalo

An Oral History Conducted by Claytee D. White

The Boyer Early Las Vegas Oral History Project

Oral History Research Center at UNLV
University Libraries
University of Nevada Las Vegas

©The Boyer Early Las Vegas Oral History Project
University of Nevada Las Vegas, 2007

Produced by:

The Oral History Research Center at UNLV – University Libraries

Director and Editor: Claytee D. White

Assistant Editors: Gloria Homol and Delores Brownlee

Transcribers: Kristin Hicks and Laurie Boetcher

Interviewers and Project Assistants: Suzanne Becker, Nancy Hardy, Joyce Moore,
Andres Moses, Laura Plowman, Emily Powers, Dr. Dave Schwartz

The recorded interview and transcript have been made possible through the generosity of Dr. Harold Boyer and the Library Advisory Committee. The Oral History Research Center enables students and staff to work together with community members to generate this selection of first-person narratives. The participants in this project thank the university for the support given that allowed an idea the opportunity to flourish.

The transcript received minimal editing that includes the elimination of fragments, false starts, and repetitions in order to enhance the reader's understanding of the material. All measures have been taken to preserve the style and language of the narrator. In several cases, photographic sources (housed separately) accompany the collection as slides or black and white photographs.

The following interview is part of a series of interviews conducted under the auspices of the Boyer Early Las Vegas Oral History Project. Additional transcripts may be found under that series title.

Claytee D. White, Project Director
Director, Oral History Research Center
University Nevada, Las Vegas

Table of Contents

Family history and background of mother (Eva Auge) and father (Milton Dupalo); importance of military service in the family; making friends of all races and nationalities while on deployment to foreign countries; mother chose Las Vegas; father discharged from Army after 21 years; parents divorced; father decides to attend UNLV (1976); detailed recollections of tough years living in Mark Twain Apartments, father working and going to school; remembering schools attended; mementos of father and memories of early years in Las Vegas.....1-15

More details of father's jobs; anecdotes and stories concerning UNLV campus in late seventies; memories of being enrolled in Summer Thing at UNLV; living briefly with mother, comments on two negative incidents; father's friends, professors, and contemporaries; more on father's efforts to work, raise two boys, and attend college; story of uncle and cousin in the military.....16-23

Athletics at UNLV and mention of Myers, Harvey Hyde, and Tarkanian; details on home bought near Eldorado High School and Nellis Air Force Base; comments on prom, cruising downtown (Fremont Street), the Strip, first job, prostitution; entertainment included trips to Mt. Charleston; mention of traveling in Europe with parents; further comments on early UNLV campus.....24-30

Attending UNLV, 1985; comments about Professors Bigler and Simich; qualifying for Truman Congressional Scholarship; graduation in '92; graduate studies at Carnegie Mellon in Pittsburgh, PA; becoming a firefighter and entering the Air Force officer training school; active duty, marriage, divorce, and reserve duty.....31-35

Background in emergency management; addressing an African-American studies class run by Stan Armstrong; opinions and comments on race relations; shifting racial demographics in Las Vegas; discussion of multiracial mixing in family, military, and in Las Vegas; importance of UNLV to self and father; mention of 09-11-01; summation of family's role in world events; opinions on war.....36-41

Preface

Martin Dean Dupalo was born February 20, 1967. His parents were Eva Auge, a German citizen, and Milton Dupalo. Martin shares many stories and anecdotes concerning his family background, his father's 21 year military career, his mother's tribulations in WWII Berlin, and the many sites the family visited all over the world.

Martin gives a wealth of details regarding Las Vegas and UNLV in the seventies and eighties. He lists the schools he attended in Clark County and recalls some of the friends and professors his father knew while attending UNLV. Martin graduated from Eldorado High in 1985, attended UNLV, and was selected for a Truman Congressional Scholarship at Carnegie Mellon in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. He describes the house and surrounding area in which he and his father and brother, Michael Dean, lived. He also includes comments and anecdotes regarding entertainment in the Vegas Valley.

After a stint as a fire fighter, four years in the Air Force and Air Force Reserve, and a brief marriage, Martin began teaching at UNLV in 2003. He discusses race relations as he has experienced them in his family, the military, Las Vegas, and at UNLV. His closing comments are in regard to war, world population, and the possibility of peace.

ORAL HISTORY RESEARCH CENTER OF UNLV
The Boyer Early Las Vegas Oral History Project

Use Agreement

Name of Narrator: Martin Dean Dupalo

Name of interviewer: CLAYTEE D. WHITE

We, the above named, give to the Oral History Research Center of UNLV the tape recorded interview(s) initiated on 10/24/2015 as an unrestricted gift, to be used for such scholarly and educational uses as shall be determined, and transfer to the University of Nevada at Las Vegas, legal title and all literary property rights including copyright. This gift does not preclude the right of the interviewer, as a representative of UNLV, to use the recordings and related materials for scholarly uses. There will be no compensation for any interviews.

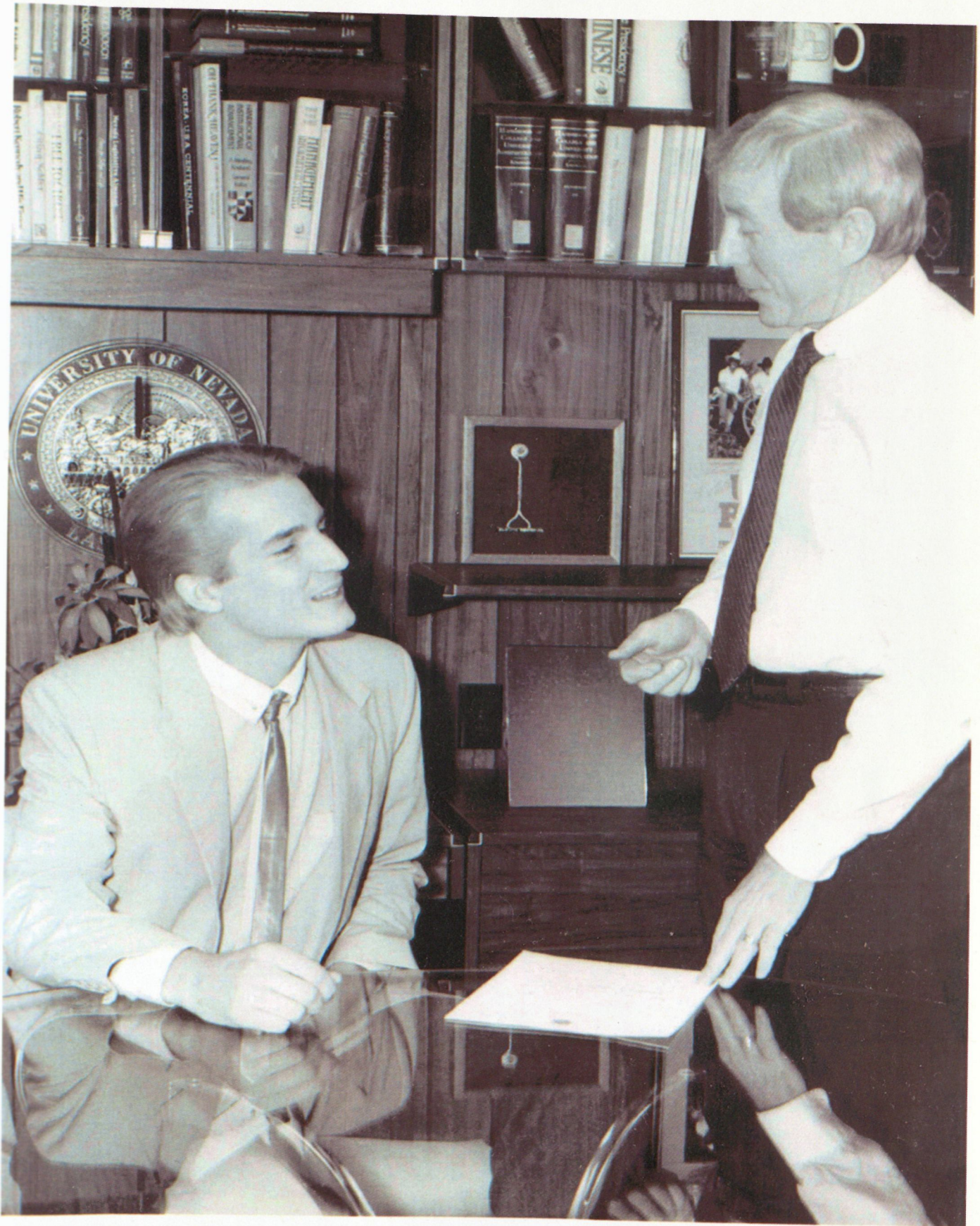
Martin Dean Dupalo 10/24/15
Signature of Narrator Date

209 Oakford Street
Las Vegas, NV 89110-4729

Address of narrator

Claytee D. White 10/24/2015
Signature of interviewer Date





M. Dean Dupalo, 1987 Harry Truman Congressional Scholar with President Maxson

This is Claytee White. And I'm with Martin Dean Dupalo here in the UNLV Library. It is October 24th, 2005.

How are you this morning?

I'm fine. Thank you very much.

So now, would you rather be called Martin or Dean?

Dean is preferable.

Okay, Dean. That's what it will be.

And as I mentioned earlier, it sort of changed a few years back when I was serving in the military and a general had asked me what my name was. And seemingly he pinpointed Dean, my middle name. And from that point on in the military, it was Dean by my superiors and it sort of caught on. I like it.

My brother, also, by the way, is called Michael Dean Dupalo. So there is some confusion at times.

What is Dean? Is that your mother's maiden name?

No. My mother is Eva Auge, A-u-g-e. She is German. And she has no middle name, nor did my father. But my mother was impressed by Dean Martin. So the Dean part was there. They were both fond of it and they liked the idea that both sons would have the same middle name. Again, neither of them had a middle name. So my brother and I are both Deans.

In fact, my brother has two children: Melissa Serene Dupalo -- the Serene is sort after an offshoot of it -- and Dustin Dean Dupalo. So we do have a second generation, which isn't very long. But it's a nice thought that perhaps Dean might carry through for a generation or two.

Right. You know, we had a book signing here a few months ago where Dean Martin's daughter came up to sign her books.

Wow.

So I just want you to know that we have a connection with Dean Martin, as well.

I want to start with your early life. You just started talking about your parents just a bit. Tell me where you were born and tell me something about the way you grew up.

I had a wonderful early childhood, although I don't remember much. I can say this: that I was born in 1967, February 20th. I was born nine months after my father had come back from serving

one of his two tours of duty of Vietnam. Basically, he had served 21 years. Of that time ten years of it approximately was overseas. And of those ten years, three and a half years were in a combat zone, two single tours of Vietnam, one and a half in Korea for which he was drafted. So there was a total of 21 years in the military for my father. And that's the paradigm I grew up in.

My mother has an interesting history, and how they met is very interesting. They met in Berlin. My father was there. He was actually a guard at one point at Spandau Prison, which guarded several notorious Nazi criminals. My father was actually one of the guards, one of the rotating guards for the Americans as they rotated in and out with the other powers, the victorious powers.

My mother was actually one of those Berlin airlift children. She was age seven when the Americans, who had fought a very, very hard war with the Nazis, turned around two years later and saved Germans. And it speaks to the character of America and the Americans that fought that they were able to go to a savage war and fight a wholly wrong effort on the part of the Nazis, defeat them, and yet distinguish between an evil government and a good people. And to turn around two years later and to go nonstop with the Goonie Birds and I think it's C-47s and to continuously re-supply the people of Berlin as the Russians were attempting to starve them -- my mom was seven years old. And she was one of those little girls. And although she was directly in one of those pictures, it's only because of the Americans saving her -- which again I'm just amazed by.

Just absolutely at every point I look to that and think, wow, there I go but for the grace of God. On both sides of my family there are some minor history points that are just amazing. And I digress quite a bit into that.

Does your mom remember this history?

My mother does. She's still living. My father, of course, had passed away year 2000, December 27th, just after Christmas. My mother recalls some of it. Unfortunately, she was traumatized because for three of her first five years there were thousand-plane raids over Berlin. We have several generations from Berlin. So for her as a little girl, as literally a toddler, to witness members of her family being killed and others around her in the destruction was horrific.

So her first three out of five years there are thousand-plane raids. And then there is

occupation. And then there is -- the Soviets literally occupied from '45 to 1960 until they built a wall. And my mom had met my father just before that and left. And so our family is tied into World War II and the Cold War and end of the Cold War at every point. And I'm so thankful that my mother survived, obviously. And then my father, again, met my mother. And, lo and behold, I'm here.

So what was it like for him to marry a German woman at that point in history?

It must have been interesting. I can only speculate on certain things. My father was a quiet man, a quiet man for all the right reasons I believe. He said being a military person -- he would never talk about being in Vietnam or Korea, necessarily. He said no good military man would ever talk fondly of killing anybody. And I always respected that and some of the other things that he had shared with me, and only very briefly over the years. As his son I spoke with him more than anybody. I'm not so sure he talked with my brother. He may have spoken to him a little bit more towards the last few years of his life.

But I was always very proud of the way my father viewed the military, viewed Germans, Germany. His family -- we are Serbian, Yugoslavian essentially, on the one side and German on the other side. So in Buffalo where he was born, his family wasn't so fond of him marrying a German girl.

Many people talk about likes and dislikes and discrimination over the years. And it's quite common when you go to war with a country that people don't like people who represent that country. The United States has been at war with Germans twice in a century, and so like other groups, Germans were not held in high regard at certain times. And my mother was no exception.

But at the same time -- and this is a good point that my father brought up to me and this is a point that I bring up in my classes that I teach here at UNLV: my father made this distinction and the U.S. military made this distinction that when you go to war, you go to war -- the U.S. goes to war I should say more accurately -- the U.S. goes to war with a government and not the people. Granted, the people represent the government. And it is unfortunate you have to go through that process of destroying and killing those people in order to put that government aside, to rid the world of the Nazis, to rid the world of the aggressors.

And in his later life, his second career, my father worked at a hotel. He worked up to be

the manager of a Holiday Inn South and assumed the second place guest services manager because of his heart condition and diabetes.

But, basically, what he said was that it is not that common person that you are at war with. It is the government. And he was simply one of those -- quote, unquote -- Joes that was fighting. And he never held any animosity. Three and a half years in a combat zone in Korea and Vietnam and seeing the ravages of Germany, although be it a few years later, he was never one to hold a grudge.

And in his direct experience he fought Chinese, Vietnamese, and Koreans. And in his second career his three best coworkers, superiors and subordinates, were Chinese, Korean and Vietnamese. They were his good friends, and he was able to distinguish the difference between the governments and the people.

I so respected that, and I carry that forward to this day when I look at governments around the world and when I teach my students to understand the distinction between a government and the peoples.

I think that's important especially today because it seems that we're having a problem with Iraq and distinguishing the people here.

Absolutely. And it's always frustrating. Again, in general people dislike -- and rightfully so -- things that represent the opposition. But to take it to an extreme would be incorrect and improper. I do understand why people have bitter feelings. And my dad did, as well. You know, it was life and death. There's this unfortunate circumstance where you go to war, and the way to resolve that -- and remember war is an extension of politics and when politics fails you go to war -- the way to resolve that is by killing that average Joe. And my father was part of that and he understood it.

So he was a simple individual. And I mean simple in a positive way. He was able to see through a lot of things I believe and observe. And that was one of my father's greatest strengths.

Give me your father's name.

Milton Dupalo.

Now, once he got out of the military, he resumed -- well, assumed a second career; is that right?

A second career. I'm very proud of my father because -- if I may digress a little bit here into my father's birth.

Please.

And I'll share something with you that I think only a few people -- well, few people know. And that is my father never had much of a chance at life because during the first few weeks of his life he was abandoned. Circumstances aren't so important. But this was Buffalo, New York. And he was abandoned and he was placed at a spot where he would surely die in a matter of minutes. He was purposefully placed there, unfortunately.

It's something that he shared with me. My father, again, was a quiet man and a simple man. And when he shared it with me, he cried. And I had only seen my father cry a few times. As I learned when my father passed, he was more of my rock than anything else in my life. I find difficulty with it. I know that's part of my history and his history. And had he not been saved in a matter of minutes, literally two, three, four minutes, then I wouldn't be here.

So who saved him?

That is questionable who saved him. Somebody in the family structure in Buffalo saved him.

Someone in his birth family?

We don't know. But I do know this. I do know that an individual named George Dupalo stepped in. And George Dupalo is not his biological father, is not my biological grandfather. But I have a tremendous amount of respect for this normal man, George Dupalo, who stepped in. He raised my father. And I respect him by calling him my grandfather. Now, I've never met him. In fact, I don't have grandparents.

We don't live very long on our respective sides of the family, very short lives where at 65 years of age that's pretty much it. But we do work hard on the German side, the Serbian side. Simple military, simple workers, very straightforward, decent families. Our fair share of dilemmas, problems, and challenges.

But George Dupalo is somebody that we respect. I have some pictures of him. Again, I've never met him.

You've never met George?

I have never met George Dupalo. Everybody passed away pretty much before I was born. Again,

that speaks to the fact that we don't live very long in our families, unfortunately.

My father never had much of a chance. And so he told me a story once. And I only know a few stories about my father. I took him for granted. And like many of us, until we lose something we take it for granted. One thing as a son or daughter, our parents have always been there all of our lives and it's something that we take for granted. They're there. And when they're not there, you understand, you know, what you're missing. And you understand how important they were, for better or worse. In my case it was definitely better.

But my father at one point had done something in high school. He had taken -- and this is my father being very frank and honest with me -- he had taken a joy ride in a vehicle. At some point he had been stopped by the police and they brought him home. They saw that although he did have a father and he did have a mother, things were very difficult where he lived. He grew up on the wrong side of the tracks. He was one of those individuals that did have to fight in high school. It was difficult. It was a different time. But when the police officer actually brought him home, he sort of said good luck and left it at that.

So it was a different time. This is a time of factories. This is a time of Buffalo, New York, being a factory town where factories were dominated by various groups. The Serbs would have this factory, the Polacks another factory, and so on.

So my father had a difficult life, no doubt. I have a few pictures of him when he was a child, not many, but a few. I show him in a basketball uniform when he was at the Boys Club. And back then it was not the Boys and Girls Club. It was the Boys Club. He went to Kenmore Senior -- I think Kenmore Senior High School. And he was a normal student back then. He graduated. Just after he graduated actually, he was drafted for the Korean War. And that starts another chapter in my father's life.

And before you start the military chapter, I do want to ask a question about the military. It seems that the military plays a very, very important role in all the lives of the men in your life.

Absolutely.

Your brother, your uncle, your father.

Absolutely. My father had served 21 years total time. He reached the top of the enlisted ranks. In

the United States Army he went from being a Private E1 to a Sergeant Major E9. So if 85 percent of the military is enlisted, you reach the pinnacle of the enlisted side as a sergeant major. And we were very proud of that, my brother and I and others. He had served so much combat time and done an outstanding job.

And one thing in particular that my brother and I are very proud of is that my father served in several capacities, not just in conflict. He was a drill instructor at Fort Leonard Wood. We grew up overseas and that was a tremendous benefit that influenced us. My father was an Army Ranger in a time when it was very tough to have to be an Army Ranger. And it always has been and it always will be. But back in '56, he went to Ranger training and graduated. So he was always proud to wear the Ranger tab on his uniform.

And my brother and I -- my brother now in his 25th year of service of active-duty Guard and Reserve, mixed, he's been activated for the Iraqi war effort. And he deals with returning soldiers from the Guard and Reserve in California. And myself, I served four years as an officer. I was the first officer in the family. So there's the two of us, the two sons that were tremendously influenced by the military. And we fondly refer to ourselves as military brats.

And tell me, where are some of the places that you lived?

Oh, that's great. Well, my brother was born in Berlin. So that makes seven generations we believe on one side that were born in Berlin, quite a few. So we're very German I suppose on one side of the family.

My brother for the longest of times thought he couldn't be president because he was born in a foreign country. And we even had this discussion last week. You know, teaching U.S. government, teaching political science I had to remind him that, yes, he can still be president.

Is he thinking about running?

Well, I tell you. He's a late bloomer. And he's pushing things now, which is good to see. But he was born in Berlin in 1961. So he's five years older than I am.

I was born at Fort Benjamin Harrison in Indianapolis, Indiana, which since my father's retirement and since his passing has now closed as many military bases have. But it was the largest finance center in the U.S. Army at one point. Next to the Pentagon it was the second largest building in the military. And my father, who had been a Ranger, switched over to finance.

Tell me about being a Ranger. What is that like? Do we relate it to the sales or --

Very similar in the sense that you have special operations. And under special operations you have various groups that are very specialized, obviously, and they accomplish these tasks. But Rangers are a little bit broader. And the Rangers are actually more of the fighting troops and not the special ops. But at the same time they've got the specialized training that takes them from infantry to a very effective shock troop sort of outfit where if you want something accomplished -- there's an adage that says "Rangers lead the way." And that's what they did.

So was it just the two locations, Berlin and then Indiana, or were there other places that you lived?

We lived actually quite a few places. In my respect -- let's see -- born in '67, born in Fort Benjamin Harrison. Three months later, as a baby, I find myself in Germany. And for the next six out of seven years I grew up in Germany.

There's a break in there. Why I say six out of seven is because for one year my mother has to go back stateside. The policy was if you go to serve in combat -- and my father did -- then the family for purposes of support has to come back stateside. And my father had previously been to Vietnam before my birth and this was his second tour. So I came back obviously with my mother to Santa Monica. So we were back in California for one year.

But other than that, I grew up in Germany. And it was excellent. It was fantastic. I spoke some German, my mother being German. My friends were very diverse. And that plays a part even now for me and my brother and our views on everything that we see. It plays a view in our race relations. It plays a view on how we see the world. It plays a part in how we deal with people every single day.

Military brats, we're -- somebody asked me if I was offended by that once. And I was taken aback because all my life it was something very positive. It's like I'm a military brat. I have the ability as a child to go somewhere not just once, but to live it and to meet people. And one of the -- probably the most profound effect it had on my brother, myself and other military brats -- speaking on behalf of military brats at some point -- is that we're able to -- forced to -- but eventually able to make friends with everybody.

In our culture, in the American culture, there are so many difficulties of people getting

along and these paradigms about race and how people view things and it's only this and it's only that. My brother and I had to make friends and we did make friends. Our friends were German, French, Puerto Rican, black, they were other, and they were everybody. There are so many other groups out there in ethnicities, and it was never simply this group or that group.

And it was because of the army. It was because of being a military brat. It was because we saw ourselves as being together under green or being together as representing the U.S., not as in we were white males and we had our own group. It was never that way for us as kids. There's some naiveté in there, granted, but it's a great upbringing to have where you see the world.

What was the connection with Santa Monica?

None, absolutely none. For one year we came stateside and that was, perhaps, just a nice place to live for a year. And there was no actual connection there.

So your mother was pretty brave.

Well, yes. Yes. She had to deal with it. At one time she said we moved 17 times in 17 years. Now, there is some exaggeration in there, granted. But, nonetheless, even if it was halved -- and it was more than that -- we moved all the time. Now, when we were in Germany we moved all the time. In those seven years we were in Stuttgart, Heilbronn, Ludwigsburg and Nürnberg. So even in Germany, we were moving around. So there was quite a bit. My mother had a lot to speak about when it came to moving my brother and me and even my father's goods in his absence.

When did your father -- after that last tour of duty in Vietnam, how much longer was he in the military?

Several more years. War in general is a young man's game. In fact, I think my brother right now is helping out those returning from the Gulf War the second time around. He will even say that the injuries that he sees for the older soldiers are age-related and not combat-related. And the younger ones' injuries actually are combat-related because they don't have those age-associated problems. It's a good insight into somebody who would actually know it because he's the one that deals with them.

But my father remained in the military until 1975. And that's when they made a decision albeit there was a negative circumstance here. He did retire. My mother had tired of the military life, unfortunately. She had chosen Las Vegas, Nevada, as a place that -- they had visited here

before -- as a place that she wanted to come to.

What reasons does she give for that?

My mother aspired to what she believed to be a better life at that time. Unfortunately, it did not necessarily work out for her or my father at that time. It's a negative time frame for the next say -- '74, '75, '76 -- where my father retires because he wants to save a marriage of 17 years and my mother wants a better life.

My mother had seen my father progress. And because my father had topped out on the enlisted side, he worked for generals and colonels. Their wives had a better lifestyle than my mother did. So by comparison, even though my father was in that same grouping, they did not necessarily share in all the activities or the benefits, but rightfully so by position. And my father understood that.

They had both come from hard, hard lives where they were fortunate and we are fortunate that they survived and made it out. But then the divorce occurred around that time frame.

So where were you living at that point?

My mother had decided about Las Vegas. My father -- when you retire you have to come back stateside. So he came back to Fort Hood, Texas. Then he separated out of the military. He came to Las Vegas.

My brother and I were discussing this recently about my father. My father is a very honest individual and, quite frankly, a better person than I could ever be in a sense that his integrity was unmatched. I could never match my father's integrity or his ability to follow through. When he had divorced, after being in combat, after all those years of traveling and moving, basically he decided he was going to finish his degree. And so he went from being in charge of numerous men to literally obtaining a job in the luggage department at J.C. Penney at the Boulevard Mall. He was showing customers about the benefits of Samsonite luggage. He went from being in charge of men into being a former combat soldier, a Ranger, to working in a luggage department at a retail store.

But that allowed him to reach that next goal.

Absolutely. Absolutely. They had divorced. It was not an amicable divorce. My father had tried. My father was still in love with my mother. To this day that unfortunately plays a small part

between my brother, me, and our mother. Certainly, you know, you always hope the best for your parents. And my father kept trying and trying, to no avail. But he had set forth that he was going to get his degree, obtain his degree.

(End Tape 1, Side A.)

You were talking about your father and his degree.

My father decided he was going to obtain a degree. He only had a few credits from prior colleges, literally and of course when he came here they said, well, you get credit for P.E. because you've served in the military. And so he obtained a few extra credits that way. But he set about in the spring of '76, as I brought in the transcripts and it shows here. And over the course of the next three and a half years, he obtained his four-year degree while raising two sons.

My brother more so than I do recalls no lunch money, bologna sandwiches, and a very, very sparsely situated apartment at what's called Mark Twain Apartments, which is sort of in a rundown area of town a good mile, mile and a half from here. For a few years that's where we were. We were in Mark Twain Apartments. My dad was working in luggage, he was going to school, and he was raising us boys.

So where were you going to school?

When we first came here, I went to a place called John F. Miller, which of course there's some humor in it now. My friends tease me. John F. Miller is now a special education site, so I am teased somewhat. I have to remind them that at the time it was a normal, small elementary school.

But after a year at John F. Miller -- and I must say this that there was a woman there, a teacher, Mrs. Stevens, and she was very important in helping me overcome some difficulties with English my first year. I remember her more so from what my mom said and from a picture or two. But she was apparently a very good teacher in my background. And I was only an average student, by the way. I was never a great student. I was never a bad student. I was a fairly bright student, but probably sort of a B student, and that's always continued even until today.

Then I went to Ruby S. Thomas. And I had these bright spots that sort of showed up in fourth and fifth grade, even in sixth grade when I was bused across town -- I was part of the busing program here into a black community -- and then seventh grade. So it was fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh. In seventh grade I came back over to Orr Junior High.

You went to a sixth grade center?

A sixth grade center.

Tell me about that.

Kit Carson. It was in the black side of town. It was the west side of town over the freeway. It was a black community. And the students weren't necessarily black. So I thought it was kind of interesting. It was an attempt to bring groups together. The community was black, but at the same time the students weren't necessarily black. . So it was a little bit awkward. I don't think, looking back at it, that it was so effective.

But, then again, the fact that I grew up in a community where every single day my friends were black, but they were black African, black American, black European, Puerto Ricans, Germans, Turkish, French, it lost its meaning on me because it didn't really matter. It was sort of a different paradigm for me because good people were my friends as far as I could tell and that was that. It was a simple way of looking at it because my experience, my background was six years of a different background.

So it was good, but it didn't -- I don't know if it had an effect on me. Good or bad, I don't know if it did. I just remember long bus rides over.

And later on as time progressed, several years ago, I had an opportunity to go back and actually instruct. I was just a substitute teacher, a simple one-day turn. And it was interesting; the memories that started to flood back. I remember it was kind of interesting because I was -- it was good because I was actually not popular, but I was comfortable. I was comfortable in my sixth grade. I was comfortable in my fifth grade, but maybe not so much in fourth grade. I was still adjusting to coming back. Still working my poor English. It's not that I spoke German fluently. But my English and German were a little bit mixed in there. So I had the ability to speak some German and, of course, that's what I was surrounded by with my mother.

And my father, of course -- I must digress a little bit here about my father. My father would get up before the light, before the dawn. He would come back when it was dark. My father was of a different generation. And there's that reference about the greatest generation. My father is not necessarily a part of that. He missed that definition. But he has the same traits of that grouping of individuals.

Which is supposed to be the greatest generation?

That's the Tom Brokaw reference about those that went through the Depression and those that fought in World War II selflessly. In World War II, of course, 50 million people died around the world.

So that was supposed to have been the greatest generation. Okay.

Right. It's just a normal tagline, a normal way to reference the individuals that went through so much. My father was born in 1935 in Buffalo. So as a baby, as a toddler and growing up, yes. I mean the Depression lasted throughout much of the 30s.

It lasted until World War II.

Right. And so he grew up in that time frame. Then, of course, you know, he's a child as we're going through a world war, like others I'm sure. And then, of course, he's drafted. So he served his country well, extremely well. I like to say that our whole family has at various points and in various capacities served in the military -- we're a simple family, once again -- and this has gotten me to where I am and my brother to where he is today.

But my father I remember -- as a child I remember certain points in my life in Germany. I used to sneak by my father's office -- and this is one of those nice memories for me -- because for some odd reason as a little kid I liked those little packets of dairy creamer. And so I used to sneak by. And back then I mean this is a time when typewriters dominated. This is a time when you had a little room and there was a coffee machine in it and little condiments. You know, there was a stirrer -- a simple stirrer, not a plastic stirrer. It was a simple wooden stirrer. And there were these little solid cream packets.

Oh, the powder?

The powder. You know, this is probably the time frame of the early 70s, maybe '70, maybe '72, thereabouts. I simply remember as a little kid sneaking by his office, and I don't think I got away with it, necessarily. I think it was pretty obvious that there was a four- or five-year-old sneaking by my dad's office when his door was open. But I do remember making my way a few times to that little door and that coffee pot. I had no interest in the coffee whatsoever, but I got some of those cream packets. I would open them up and put them on my tongue and that was just good. It was that simple. And I accomplished my objective.

But I didn't see my father very much growing up. He was doing the right thing as he saw it. And my mother -- I think that's what also led to the divorce eventually -- was being a supportive military spouse. It was difficult when you go off to war. It's as difficult now as it was then. Some things don't change dramatically. That is the same paradigm, unfortunately. I didn't see my father very much because I always woke up after him. Literally, he'd come by and if I had been a bad boy, he would spank me. And so, yeah, sometimes it's like, okay, great. I don't see him very much and he spans me.

So when you were here he was working over at the mall.

Right, which was just down the way. So he used to walk to the mall. And when he started school here at UNLV, it was in its early stages. It had just separated from -- it was now independent of the northern campus in Reno. And this was '76.

So he took his finance background after becoming a Ranger and serving in combat capacity. It wasn't necessarily as a Ranger. But in finance I think his tour, or perhaps both tours, he was the forward individual that was handling huge amounts of military script and military monies.

I do recall one story. He was at one or two places when the president was actually on the radio at the time saying we were not in that country. And my father was in that country as a military adviser. He was one of those individuals. My dad was one of those Cold War warriors.

But he was good in finance. My father was very, very good. And that was his -- that's what he sought as Bachelor of Science, which, of course, is slightly harder in my opinion than a Bachelor of Arts. Having two Bachelor of Arts myself, I would never dream of going for a Bachelor of Science. And in three and a half years he accomplished that. He set out and his perseverance -- his planning was fantastic because after three and a half years he went from there to graduating in '79 -- and, by the way, he utilized the summer sessions. He loved summer sessions. He was good. He did this in three and a half years, only utilizing a few credits from before and he got his four-year degree. He raised the two boys, my brother and me.

I have a little board that I've always kept. In 1979 he wrote his goals down on a chalkboard. And it says on it, "Degree, home, car." And in 1980 he had achieved all of those. It was the pinnacle of my father's life. He was able to purchase a new home where, in fact, I live

today here in Las Vegas near Stewart and Nellis. He had purchased a vehicle and he had achieved his degree. And I apologize. I left out one thing. He wrote down "job".

I don't have those chalkboards here today because I don't want them to ever get erased because it's chalk on a chalkboard, literally. It's now 25 years old and I have it in my closet. I don't know why. I just do.

Well, just keep it. I think that's wonderful.

So he achieved his goals. He achieved them all. What happened is -- I say he had two careers. He only had a few jobs in his life, unlike me, unlike people nowadays. And the first career was the military. Most of our family has done very well by the military. We haven't saved the world, but we've played our part. We've made our mistakes, but we've played our part. We're not high-ranking officers or -- well, actually my father was. And so I guess that's why I look up to him even more so. But the military has served us well.

My father during this time frame -- although my brother had the peanut butter and jelly and the bologna sandwiches, literally the bologna sandwiches all the time -- was actually using a version of the GI Montgomery Bill. Back then it wasn't called that. It was a different system, and this helped him to go through school. I'm currently using my GI Montgomery Bill and my brother is using his as well. He's also used tuition assistance, loan repayment and so on. So I can't emphasize enough in our family that the military has been a tremendous boon in that sense.

At times my brother and I talk about it and we say, gosh, you know, you haven't done much. It's more of an accusatory tone between the two of us at times. Well, you haven't done much either. But the idea is we both chuckle and laugh it off in a sense that my father did. My father served enough for a few generations, we believe.

Okay, good. Now, on that chalkboard he also wrote career or job.

Job. Right.

What did he mean by that, do you think?

Well, he had reached the pinnacle and he had departed the military after 21 years. He had topped out and then he was at J.C. Penney selling luggage. He wanted to have a good job, simply a good job. And that falls in line with my father. There was nothing that said CEO. There was nothing that said rich. There was no pull of a slot machine that said, well, one day I'm going to get lucky.

It was never that. It was hard work. It was consistency. It was honesty and integrity.

And those words with my father rang true. My brother and I don't even compare ourselves to my father. We are normal people. My father was a normal person, but to a much higher plain in our opinions.

He started out at J.C. Penney. He became a night auditor over at a place called Carriage House and then King 8 and then -- he had received more money at one place, so he left the other. And then he became a nighttime auditor over at the Holiday Inn South on the Strip. The Holiday Inn South has been in the news because it became the Boardwalk recently. And this past week they are setting to destroy the entire area and structure and build essentially a whole new downtown area where the Holiday Inn South used to be.

My father back then -- and I have a picture today of what the Holiday Inn South looked like -- worked his way up from night auditor to auditor to front desk clerk to front desk manager to guest services to general manager and then eventually stepped back because of health concerns. He was intermittently the general manager and assumed the responsibilities at the Holiday Inn South. It was one of the two or three places on the Strip that did not have gaming. It was small. It was owned by Holiday Inn. It was the Holiday Inn Center Strip, now known as Harrah's, which had gaming. My dad was part of the Holiday Inn community for quite a long time and he was good. He was good at what he did.

Tell me about UNLV at the time he was going here. What did it look like? Did you ever come to campus with him?

Absolutely. Here we go with some of those few memories that I do have. When my father started here in '76, I was nine years old. I had a paper route. I had about a hundred papers. And that was my first job when I was about ten years old or so with the paper route. There were some limitations even then on how old you could be.

But my father used to -- people make jokes about, well, you know, I had to walk in the snow both ways -- walk a mile and a half, two miles each day. He would walk it in the heat and there was no street there between Mark Twain and the university. There was a street named Cambridge and there was a bridge there. And it used to be just a wash area going through there.

So my dad used to go to work and deal with us boys, whatever good or bad things we had

done. There were probably more bad things on my brother's part, but he's a great human being. I really do love my brother and respect him nowadays. He's grown up quite a bit. He reminds me of my father, actually. I see more and more of him, less of me, but definitely more of my father in my brother nowadays.

My dad used to walk to school every single day in '76, '77, '78, and '79. I remember once that he talked about how he went down in that ditch every single day. He had this briefcase, by the way. It was from the military, essentially. But he always had a briefcase with him. And I don't know if that's because that's where the money or the military script was or if that was simply his paradigm. Simple, he had a briefcase and he kept a briefcase. He's always had the briefcase. I have the briefcase now. I don't use it, but again I keep it.

One day he was chased by a snake. A snake sort of was next to him and then came towards him. You know, my father being a former Ranger, it's not that he was in danger. He fully understood. But he just got a chuckle out of it because there was some sort of rattlesnake down there one day. It literally made a five- or six-foot movement towards him. It was just one of those stories, just one of those interesting things. That's what the area was like back then, back in the late 70s. It wasn't like it is today.

What about childcare for you and your brother?

We were latchkey children. It was a different paradigm. I mean nowadays --

How safe did you feel?

I felt safe. My brother felt safe. It was a different time in that era and we were young. We had heard about what combat was and we had watched TV, certainly, but we didn't necessarily have crime in our small area of Mark Twain. Nowadays, unfortunately, I think the Las Vegas Metropolitan Police Department lists two streets down as actually having the highest crime rate in all of Las Vegas.

So did we feel safe? There were times I suppose we didn't. But for the most part we were latchkey kids. We could have used more supervision. My father acknowledges that. And I think it was one of the best things about my father. Because of that integrity he did the best he could. I find it nearly impossible to be critical of my father when he was working, going to school, and raising us boys the best he could. You know, we call them latchkey children today and that's what

we were. That's fine to a certain extent. He did the best he could.

Tell me about the university at that time and what you remember.

There weren't that many buildings here. There really weren't. If you look at some of the older pictures, we were just spawning at that time. And there were just a few buildings. Being here today and having been a part of UNLV for so many years, it's hard to remember exactly when all the buildings came into play.

But I do remember the old library. That was always funny because the old library is round and I always thought as a child, well, books are square; why would they make a round library? That doesn't make sense. So that was one part.

I know Frazier Hall was here. I remember that small building. And it's been dwarfed.

Where were your father's classes?

He was actually in the same building I'm in now, as I remember, and that's in Wright Hall, which was recently rededicated. And it's Professor Tom Wright -- his father -- for which it's named. Interestingly enough, Professor Wright and his wife, Professor Dina Titus, both wrote letters of recommendation to place me into the Ph.D. program here at UNLV. So at some point -- there's that common phrase now days that there are only six degrees of separation between Kevin Bacon and somebody you know. You know, quite honestly, there are a lot of connections between me and the history of others on this campus.

But there weren't too many buildings back then, obviously. I remember that my father had no money and he didn't like the idea that I was a latchkey child. My brother was older. But he put me in a program called Summer Thing. It wasn't called anything else. It was Summer Thing. I don't know if they were being overly creative or not creative enough. But to this day I think it was the best thing that ever happened in my life because --

How old were you at that point?

Probably just about -- I think about 12 years old. And it was a summer program, as you might imagine. It was pretty much eight to five where -- and these are memories, of course. They're not very clear. But I remember having a crush on the lemonade girl...Desirae? I think it's Desirae. But during the day we learned how to play archery and how to canoe, all here at the MPE building. I think it's McDermott Physical Education Building. That's about to go away now, in

fact. They're going to remodel or redo that as well. But in the huge Olympic pool we were able to kayak and canoe, and outside we were able to play archery. I'm not sure that I would even trust kids with archery today, but we were able to do all these things.

I know that I wasn't able to take very much for lunch even then, as my brother wasn't able to, but I remember my dad paying \$50 a week or \$250 for the length of program. All I know is my dad didn't have that money and yet I attended.

What did your mother do for a living?

My mother became a hostess when they divorced. She lived down the street, and I was briefly with her for approximately a year. Something negative occurred in my life at that time. I was a latchkey child with her, as well. Essentially, some kids started a mattress fire at the apartments where my mother lived. It was called Tara Hill back then and now they've renamed it Clark Towers? I saw smoke coming out of a place and so did my friend. And we started to put this place -- well, essentially we put out a fire. We ran up the stairs to the second floor. It was across from the apartment where my mother and I lived. It was a difficult situation because we put it out. Some other kids had started it. We knew who the kids were. I mean all kids know who the other kids are, but we put it out.

I felt like a little hero in this kind of a complicated situation for me because I was like, wow, I put this out. I felt very proud of myself. It wasn't ego or anything. It was like, wow, I put out a fire. I'm like an adult. And that was pretty neat.

Unfortunately, my mother had just arrived home from a long day at work and didn't speak with me first. Back then for a child things were different. Adults spoke with adults. They didn't speak with children. My mother believed I had started the fire, but the firefighters had no idea. They just said kids started a fire. I suppose she believed one of the firefighters and treated me very poorly in front of many people. I was very scared and ran away because I went from the elation of "I put out this fire and this 16- or 24-unit building is safe" to "Wow -- my mother thinks I started it". And she let me know it physically in front of everybody. So that and the fact I was a latchkey child and one of those things -- in fact, just to reference something current, Oprah Winfrey --

Everybody knows who she is.

Everybody knows who Oprah is. She talks about child molesters and so on. And it was at this time in my life when I was with my mom that, unfortunately, I fell into that same category. And it's difficult being a male and to have endured, you know, that aspect of it.

Because of those two events that happened when I was very young in that first year after my parents divorced, I went to stay with my father permanently. To this day, unfortunately, that plays a part, a negative part, in the relationship between my mother and me. I mean, you know, there's good history and bad history.

Your father was older when he returned to school.

Right.

Tell me about some of the people that he met here on campus.

Well, when I had said some of the good things about my father, one of them was the fact that -- I mean obviously he had to raise us two boys and go to school and go to work and pay for that apartment and try to get lunch money for himself much less his kids and keep going. He made a lifelong friend with a gentleman named Mark Scheppmann. Mark Scheppmann is an insurance agent, whose own father was an insurance agent here, Gene Scheppmann. And they took classes together.

Well, good. Could you spell that last name, Scheppmann.

Scheppmann has the two Ps and the two Ns. So it's S-c-h-e-p-p-m-a-n-n. And I worked for him at a certain point part-time running errands, later on, in fact, when I had a car and so on. Mark was a good friend of my father's, and they helped each other out going to school. I don't know to what extent they helped each other out, if they just studied together. But I do remember him early on. And he's always been good, Mark Scheppmann. I know his wife and some other family members of his.

So my dad wasn't there. My dad, again, having had a difficult childhood and being in the military, he wasn't necessarily lonely. But his lifestyle wasn't one like mine or my brother's. He wasn't necessarily gregarious. He was amiable. You could talk to my father. My father was very, very nice and normal. But at the same time his nature was one of a quiet individual.

Do you remember any of his other friends or any teachers from UNLV at that point?

You know, there was a Professor Terry Ridgeway. I remember that. And I do remember there's

an individual who still is here -- in fact, two of them. One -- and I forget her name. I met her once myself. But a heavyset black woman that works in the library. And she's retiring this year.

Ida.

Ida. That is her. I had talked to her recently, in fact, about the past and about the first library, the second library and now the third library. And just --

(End Tape 1, Side B.)

Ida -- it was very nice. It brought a smile to my face to know that there was somebody that had a -- although she didn't know my father -- that somebody had a connection to the same time, the same place and the same history as my father. So Ida and I spoke recently. Of course, she's retiring sometime this year I believe after many, many years in the same time frame that my father was here, in fact. In fact, I think she predates my father by just a few years.

But, also, there's somebody in the bookstore here, whom I recognized, and I asked him. His name is Mike. He's a slender man. He's always been a slender man. He has a mustache. He's always had a mustache. He works in the back of the bookstore, and through all the iterations of the bookstore, he's still there. It's funny because sometimes you have memories in your mind's eye so to speak about what somebody looks like. And I look at him and I go, well, that's how I remember him as a kid. This is the same person 30 years later. So he's been here indefinitely.

I really can't say that I remember too many people because they were all adults and I was a kid.

Did your father ever tell stories about coming to school or his classes or anything like that?

My father was a normal student. And because he did this in three and a half years, he had a difficult schedule, again between the three priorities.

So when did he go to school and when did he work?

That was interesting because he had to work full-time to support us. And the GI Montgomery Bill wasn't so lavish back then as it is now. Maybe lavish is an overstatement. But relatively speaking back then it was extremely minimal. It helped, but it certainly didn't pay very much, especially when you have two boys that you have to feed and also pay rent and tuition.

So he worked at night. And that was one of the difficult things, working at night, because that meant he had to sleep during the day. And that meant that we didn't have the supervision that

we needed, especially my brother.

And, again, my brother is a tremendous human being as I see it now days and smarter than myself. Although he has a master's and I'm working on my Ph.D., I think of my brother, not because of his age, but his insights and his questions. Gosh, I wish it was switched around. I wish he were in the Ph.D. program because I think he would perform better and he would appreciate it more than I do, even.

But going back to my father, he worked at night and he worked hard. My father, much like in the military, would arrive early. He would brief and debrief and he would prepare. It wasn't that he was at work eight hours. He was at work ten hours plus, whatever it took. And then for class he would go early and study and take the class and stay later. So it was a struggle. It was a challenge for my father. He was always proud of the fact that we were his two boys.

And probably also proud of the fact that he got a degree at the same time.

He was proud of the fact that he was the first person in the family to get a degree. My father is the first in our family. I am the third. His brother or my uncle, Robert Dupalo, was the second.

Did he also go back to school after military service?

My uncle's collegiate career I'm not too familiar with. I'm more familiar with my uncle as also serving 20-plus years in the military in the Navy Marine Corps. And even to this day, as I mentioned earlier, I'm very proud of my uncle. He's 63 and he is a State Department official. And he just got back from Iraq, from the combat zone, from the green zone in Iraq. And he's 63.

Here's a little offbeat story. His son is a scout in the U.S. Army. And he was there, as well. And one day -- of course, a father wants to know where his son is, especially in a combat zone. Because he is high ranking (he's been in the State Department 20-some-odd years), he speaks with generals. That's his group of individuals. So he puts the word out that he's looking for Michael Dupalo, Jr., same name as my brother, but junior. It's almost like Saving Private Ryan. There are all these people looking for Michael Junior, this young enlisted kid.

Finally, some general finds him and calls him. And it turns out that Michael Junior is so embarrassed by this whole thing that he doesn't even want to talk to his dad. He's like that's it. I'm not talking to you. Don't ever do that again. You embarrassed me. That's it. And, you know, it's not every day that you have generals looking for an enlisted guy.

Did you ever hear your father talk about the coach here on campus when he was going to school here?

You know, my father spoke about the athletics here. We talked about it, not necessarily when he was here. But I remember growing up talking about Myers and Harvey Hyde and Tarkanian. In fact, now I know Mrs. Tarkanian, for that matter. We're friends because I volunteer for the city and she's a councilwoman. We have a lot in common, interview points. And I remember him talking about the sports.

My father, unfortunately, even as a Ranger -- he went through Ranger training as I mentioned earlier back in '56. He had been struck as a child in his ear. And he had damage and he didn't have hearing in one of his ears.

And he was able to go into the military?

He was able to go in the military. He was able to feign the fact that he couldn't hear out of one his ears. He was able to go through Ranger training. But in Vietnam they wanted chopper pilots. And my dad qualified to be a helicopter or chopper pilot. Then they gave him a test and he failed the test. Quite honestly, you don't know where things go. I mean being a fly boy or a flier or chopper pilot, that's a neat thing. But in Vietnam those UH-1s were underpowered and were shot down quite a bit. So even though he was a leg, as they say, he was infantry and a Ranger at that, we're glad that things worked out the way they did.

Yes.

So although it was difficult for my father not having that hearing, when we would go places he couldn't -- but sit in the water. He could never swim. So something we took for granted he couldn't do, and it was awkward.

But going back to UNLV and the sports, he was of a different opinion. He was a supporter of sports. But at the same time he wanted to make sure that this was a state school focused more on the academics and, secondary, it would focus on the sports. He supported it. But at times he found himself opposed to certain things that occurred later on. Early on it was so minimal. So it was almost negligible. It was hard to even comment early on.

But I do remember running into some of those myself, running into a lot of the players, football players and basketball players and tennis players and baseball players as my time here

evolved, but not necessarily with my father.

So when your father finished school and got his degree...

...in that great time frame '79-80, when everything happened for my father, that pinnacle of his life. It was a very good time.

Great. That is wonderful.

So you eventually finished high school here.

1985, Eldorado High School in Las Vegas, Nevada.

Now, what was high school like?

One of the things my father said is that he wanted us boys to be able to go to one school for the entire duration. And my brother didn't necessarily have that. His was closed. But he was pleased I was able to. My father was able to provide a home and to allow me to go to one place for four years. And that was very good for me.

Eldorado is near Nellis Air Force Base. One of the reasons our parents settled out here is because they like the warm weather. My mother had asthma, so the warm weather was better. And the fact that there was a military base here meant that they would have military privileges.

There's a place called the commissary, which is a supermarket on base. We still called it post because in the army lingo a post is a base. Air force, they call theirs bases. So we had to get used to the base exchange, not the post exchange, and the commissary and so on. Sort of a long history there, as well, at Nellis Air Force Base down the street.

But where he moved and where he bought the house eventually in 1980, five years after coming here, was right next to Eldorado High School and right near Nellis Air Force Base. And back then, even in 1979, '80, it was sort of in the boonies so to say. It was far out there. Today it's a hop, skip and a jump. It's on the freeway. It's fairly close-by by any city standards. But back then we didn't have neighbors for the most part.

So now, is this a house that your father designed and had built? Did he buy it already constructed?

It was a tract home. It was in Stewart Place.

So when you said out there by yourself, you're talking about a whole tract of homes?

A whole tract. We didn't have anybody -- we didn't have any development. All we had is one

Smith's Food King nearby. Commercial development didn't exist in that area. We had one police -- we never saw police. We never saw police except for a neighbor, Ken Rodgers. Kenny Rodgers we called him, and a good man. He's a residential officer now out in Logandale I believe. But we never saw police officers. Nowadays it's unfortunately quite the opposite. Not an hour goes by that there's not a police officer. But at the time it was nice.

And the area was interesting. It was primarily military and Asian. And the reason that was is because the military bases -- if you look at Nellis Air Force Base and you look at where the military is around the world, you would know the history, the demographics and understand that a lot of people would marry overseas as my father had done. Sometimes it's difficult to point out if they fit in so to say like my mother. She's German, but you don't see that German aspect of it. But if you're Asian or Korean or Japanese -- my aunt is Japanese, by the way. Uncle Bobby married Motoko Dupalo, so my cousins are half Japanese -- the fact is that our area had a lot of retirees and a high number of Asian spouses. There's been a huge demographic shift in that area. But that's what it was in 1980. There were a lot of military retirees and so on.

So what was Durango High School, the population, the student body?

Oh, Eldorado High School. Eldorado High School was one of the largest back then and is one of the largest now. Now it has two other schools that are right next to it. So my area --

Two other schools?

Major high schools.

Oh, high schools next to it.

Right. The old Las Vegas High School downtown has now moved. It's called something else. I believe it's Las Vegas Academy.

Downtown it is. It's the Arts Academy.

They moved the new Las Vegas High School up there on Sunrise Mountain where I live.

Actually, I live at the bottom of Sunrise Mountain at Nellis and Stewart. There's another high school over on Washington, and I think it's Desert Pines.

Rancho's a little further away. And they were always sort of the object of anything that Eldorado did at the time. They were the other school. It was kind of funny. Rancho used to come spray paint our school. We were always scared of going to Rancho, so we'd spray paint our own

school. You know, Rancho would paint Eldorado is, you know, this or this or that. We wouldn't dare go over to the other side, so we'd spray paint Rancho is this and this and this on our own school. I thought, oh, my goodness. No. You're supposed to go to their school and do the graffiti.

It was a good school. I was an okay student. I was an average student. They were called honors classes, AT, academically talented. And I was just a B student, always a B student.

So they weren't AP; they were AT?

Right. And they sort of switched over. Today there's a benefit, a one-point benefit for having an advanced placement or academically talented class. What used to be a three-oh is now a four-oh because they sort of bump you up that one class. I missed out on that, so I've always had that little hang-up.

I see. The high school proms in this city were usually a little different. Tell me about your high school prom.

High school prom for me was fairly simple I have to say. I only went to one prom. It was fairly simple. I can't say because I hadn't gone to any others and I really didn't know about my brother. And my father I don't believe ever went to one. So for me it was the first time that I went to a prom. I was able to take my girlfriend at the time. It was the first, last and only prom I had gone to. But it was a good experience.

So you didn't go to the Strip?

Well, referencing back the fact that my father worked on the Strip, I had been to the Strip quite a bit. It had lost its uniqueness quite early because my father worked there. And back then south Strip ended pretty much right there where my father worked at Holiday Inn South. There was just -- the Dunes existed -- everything existed back then I should say. Nothing had been blown up at that time.

But a lot of people would go to the Strip. That's absolutely right. Instead of in your smaller towns where family and friends would show up at the Holiday Inn, which seems kind of unique to us here, yes, my friends would go and we would all go to the Strip and at various times. You'd try to rent a limo or get in the biggest Trans Am or biggest Mustang. And you go down the Strip. It used to be downtown. In fact, downtown, of course, used to be an open street and you could cruise downtown. And the canopy is actually fairly recent.

Oh, yeah. That's in the 90s.

So we used to go downtown just as much. The Strip hadn't been built up by that time. And so downtown, it was kind of nice just to go up and down. You had seen it in movies and it was kind of neat. The Strip used to be just four miles and downtown was sort of half a mile. These days the Strip is dominant, absolutely dominant compared to downtown. And, of course, you can't drive downtown. So, yeah, we went downtown and we went on the Strip.

I always remember people on top of limousines or sticking out of the sunroof of a limousine. That was always interesting. I know that came to a halt after a serious incident about a limousine stopping and I think a young lady was in one of those and sort of hurt herself and her stomach. So they quashed that after a certain time.

Tell me about adult entertainment for your father. After he finished this part of his life when he was working so hard and going to school, what kind of entertainment did he have for himself once he started working on the Strip?

Well, my father's focus was fairly simple, those three. But I can say this. I can say that at the Holiday Inn South he got me my first real summer job and he allowed me to be a bellboy. I was 16 years old. And I was a bellboy with these three older black gentlemen that I remember fondly -- unfortunately, none of them are with us any longer -- Jule, Julius and another individual. Over the years, of course, they've all passed away. But I learned a lot from them when I was 16 that summer.

Back then they had the prostitution, as well. It used to be run -- not solely of course -- by the bellman. Bellmen used to sort of have a number and they would call a number. And they would I suppose -- and I never saw this directly myself -- but they would meet people in the back of the property in a back room of a property. This was sort of a given at the time. It wasn't necessarily something that was -- gosh, how do you say it? As far as I know now days -- in my classes I basically teach public policy -- it seems to be that if you keep something at arm's length, it is somehow acceptable. In other words, these days we have escort services, and that is prostitution. When I ask my students if we have prostitution, they say no. And I say, yes, we do. We have it here, now.

But it's not legal.

But 99 percent of what occurs actually is prostitution. Those escorts that come to your room, that's what that is.

But is that legal in Clark County?

No, it is not legal. Right. But the idea -- it does exist and they advertise every single day in every single magazine and on the vehicles that go up and down the Strip. And that's what that is. So we call it by a different name, but it exists every day to a very large extent.

But back then as long as it was out of view, it flourished. So brothels are legal in certain counties, 15 out of 17. And the escort services, because of the way they work it, are legal as long as they don't engage in that. However, they do engage in that. But it's arm's length away. It's not in your face so to say.

Going back to when I was 16 and my dad gave me my first job -- I did some dish washing, but then I moved over to bellboy -- that's what they were doing. And that's how a lot of bellmen made that extra money. In fact, I think that's how Julius -- or is it Jule? There were two of the individuals, Julius and Jule. And that's how they purchased some of their vehicles outright in cash. And for the most part as best I could tell, they were nice, normal people. Those three were fun. They were good. And that was part and parcel of what was going on at the time.

Now, what did your father find to do? He had some free time now. The boys are older. Did he do things like going to Mount Charleston or Hoover Dam? What was entertainment like?

He did. He did. I remember going to Mount Charleston. Mount Charleston was great for that one year. It was still when I was younger. I didn't have any boots and he was very disappointed in that because he hadn't had boots in Buffalo. And so he bought me boots and so on. And he took us boys to Mount Charleston. That was one of the places that we went to, not so much Lake Mead. But Mount Charleston was definitely one of them. Then we just did some traveling.

One of the fantastic things about my father, although we didn't see him very much, was that when we did see him, we would always go traveling throughout Europe when we were over there. And mind you out of the 21 years, 10 years of it was overseas. So we spent a lot of time overseas. And we would always travel. We've been to Italy. We've been to the Netherlands and to France and to all these countries. That was the norm for us. And we would always eat as best he could afford. So that was always something that we remember fondly, my brother and me.

Switzerland was a given, all these places because they were all within a day's drive away.

Now, do you still travel today?

I travel less so today because of the circumstances now as a Ph.D. student. But, certainly, I do go to Lake Mead and Mount Charleston. And I do follow up -- in fact, I remember fondly the days when I used to go with my dad. We used to go inner-tubing over Mount Charleston. I remember Church's Fried Chicken was our favorite thing coming back. Those were some very good memories about coming back. My father, in fact, taught me how to shoot a weapon on the way to Mount Charleston out off to the --

Oh, because there was nothing out there.

There was nothing out there. These days I look at it and I think, oh, my goodness, everything is time-sensitive because right now it's a housing development.

Oh, yes.

And a mere 20 years ago, nothing. Nothing was there. You know, I would hope to digress here one more time about UNLV.

Please.

When I went to the Summer Thing, my father would basically -- he wasn't coming to school every single day at the same time that the Summer Thing was on. So he would drop me off or he would walk me to a certain place and drop me off. A few times he'd go to school, I'd go early or he'd go early.

But always the one thing that I remember, how desolate or sparsely populated UNLV was, is it was a long, long walk. And when you're a kid everything's a long walk. But I remember coming from the very front, from say about the Flora Duncan, Wright Hall area, down this pathway that went all the way to the west and there were these telephone poles on both sides of it. It went all the back to the west. Then it took a right turn to north and that was the MPE building right over there. And now they call that area Tarkanian Way, the turn to the north. And all I could remember was all these lizards always scurrying about. There were horned toads. And I don't even see horned toads any longer. They were geckos. The Thomas & Mack wasn't there, obviously. Nothing was there.

This little walkway was just the neatest thing. It was long. And I did it a lot. But it was

just one of those fond memories. And I see the development all around it. And there are vestiges of it still left at a certain point or two. But as a university we've come a tremendously long way.
Oh, yes. Definitely.

Now, at what point -- after you finish high school -- we've been to the prom now. You're finishing high school. So at what point do you start UNLV?

I started really quickly. My father had explained to me about universities. He said sometimes it's the university; sometimes it's the individual. I had actually wanted to go elsewhere, as most kids want to leave. So I got a few minor scholarships. I came in second in a lot of scholarships in 1985. The summer of 1985 is when I started.

Basically, my father had sat me down when I was just a kid. And he sat me down in front of this newscast. It was ABC News Tonight. And there were Max Robinson, Frank Reynolds and Peter Jennings. I wanted to solve the world's problem. Every night they were reporting from another world what was going on. And I just sat there and I watched and watched. I watched the evening news. To this day I watch the evening news or CNN or Fox News or so on. But I remember growing up with those three and then Peter Jennings after that. It led me to an interest in political science. So I knew early on in summer of '85 what I wanted to study.

My first class was taught by Professor Bigler. I remember it well, but not for the right reasons. I received a 94. He gave me a B-plus. And I just was so disappointed in that.

I don't understand. What did you receive a --

He curved it. He had curved it. He had curved it upwards, though. He said there were 40 students and only the top 4, 10 percent, because he was going by the bell curve, would receive an A. And for me being an 18-year-old kid it was such a disappointment. I thought B-plus, what? And that's where it started. Then I understood my father better because he said sometimes it's the university and sometimes it's the individual. And then I just took everything for what I could learn. I sort of didn't follow the rules. My grades were about a 3.3, 3.4 for the first two years.

In between 1985 and 1987, I was approached by Jerry Simich, Professor Simich. He shows up to me one day. And I had never met him before. And he says, so your uncle, he's part of the Serbo-Croatian Fraternal Order. I'm like who are you? Why are you talking to me? How do you know my uncle? And I don't know if he is or isn't. So I had no idea what was going on.

Simich, of course, has been a benefactor of mine for many, many years, a good man, Serbian. And I took Serbian politics -- or Yugoslavian politics from him later on.

But it was a small community. There are a lot of small communities where people follow their peers. And he followed the Serbian and Croatian Fraternal Order here. Here they were friends, here in the United States, but more recently, of course, we know Serbs and Croats were bitter enemies in Europe.

Simich was very, very supportive of me. In fact, it was through him and another individual that they pointed to a scholarship, the Harry S. Truman Congressional Scholarship. And I competed for it and I was selected. So I picked up a Truman Congressional Scholarship. At that point it probably exacerbated my thoughts about certain classes. I would pick up what I wanted, what I needed, what I thought was pertinent. Unfortunately, I didn't have the ability of my father to be a hard worker. I was never as hard of a worker as my father. And so I should have earned better grades. I should have. That would be my first experience.

I thought I didn't have to pay attention to a lot of things because I had achieved my goal earning the scholarship because I had volunteered. It wasn't strictly for academic services, just a lot of volunteerism. And that's been with me forever. My resume is not filled with achievements. It's filled with volunteerism. In fact, this last year I picked up a national Point of Light for starting a food program at a shelter downtown.

Oh, good.

Fortunate. So I'm not a strong academic type. Nor was my father nor is my brother. We have tenacity because we want to move forward, do the right thing. You know, all those clichés do apply to us. You know, '87 was -- especially for me earning that.

And then I stayed a few years. I stayed until '91. I earned two degrees. In fact, one semester I took 27 credits, 9 classes. I pretty much took care of all the requirements for a second degree for communications. I graduated from UNLV in '91-92. There was a technicality. So I left here in '91, but I didn't graduate technically until '92. And I had already gone on to my graduate studies.

Now, were your graduate studies here, as well?

My graduate studies were at Carnegie Mellon in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. And I was so fortunate

to be selected by them because my grade-point average had actually gone down at this point and it had faltered. I probably have more A's and F's than anybody you've ever met.

(End Tape 2, Side A.)

I think when you watch Rain Man, you see Dustin Hoffman and his character. And at times I compare myself to him because -- I'm not that bright -- every now and then I pop out with a good idea. So no disrespect to idiot savants. But I'm sort of that idiot savant type at times. I wish I were more steadfast and thorough, but perhaps not.

But Carnegie Mellon saw something in me. So for two years they allowed me to attend. I didn't actually finish up at Carnegie Mellon for a few years to come. After a year I stepped away from my graduate studies.

So now, was this a Ph.D. program at Carnegie Mellon?

It was a master's in public management. I stepped away in '92. I had attended for a year and I stepped away in '92. At that time my high school sweetheart -- the one I had gone to prom with -- and I had split apart. That was the first crisis in my personal life, so I stepped away for two years. I decided that I wanted to be a firefighter and I wanted to enter the military as my father had.

From there I became a wildland firefighter for a semester in '94. I had earned two degrees at community college in the interim. I just quickly applied all the credits I had at UNLV from my two undergrads here in political science and in communications and took some classes and became a wildland firefighter for a summer in '94.

But before that I was selected to attend officer training school as an Air Force officer. And you may recall in this time frame, in '91, we're downsizing because the Cold War has been won. And this is the first time, 1994, that they're accepting officers again through officer training school.

So is this '91 or '94?

This is '94. '91 is when they started to cut the military. And they shut down the officers' training. There was no need for officers at that point. So after three or four years, the military was saying, well, we need to get some more officers.

My dad was proud. But my dad had encountered health problems at this time. I trace it not just back to his genes, but my brother and I look at it as my father's difficult upbringing and

hard life, the combat, the long days, long nights, just a difficult life overall. So we --

But he probably didn't look at it that way at all.

He didn't. He didn't. He was proud of the fact that my brother was serving, that I was about to serve, and that he had two healthy sons. He kept saying that, two healthy sons. I don't know if it was because he couldn't look at anything else that we had done. But he was saying that was the highlight of his life that he was able to have two healthy sons.

He always questioned -- the one thing I feel sorry for my father in one instance. And that is he questioned God. The one question he could never have answered is why did God allow deformed children to be born? He doubted God because of that one aspect, yet he was always thankful. He was raised Greek Orthodox, which is very -- how do you say it? -- strict form. So he was thankful and he had believed in God, but he had difficulties with God.

I think we see that recently. People are questioning Katrina and Rita and earthquakes all over the place and mudslides and all of that. So I don't think your father --

In Vietnam he had seen death. In Korea he had seen death. And he actually -- I have some photographs of him. He actually helped out at an orphanage, which I'm very proud of, when he was in Vietnam. Certainly, this is something that weighed on his mind until the very last. And it was difficult. His health had started to deteriorate at this time, and in '91 he had a minor heart attack.

My father actually suffered a heart attack and never told anybody. It was on his medical records. He never told anybody. But that's who my father was. It wasn't for us to worry about him. It was for him to worry about us. He was our dad.

He had said something to me that I always think of and I always sort of -- it takes me down a lot of notches. He said something to me. He said, you know, no matter how old you are, you're always going to be my son. And it was sort of awkward because once you're 22 and 25 and you're a man and you're tough and you can do it all, no matter what you're always somebody's son or daughter. My father, who was not an emotional person at all, had said that to me. It was one of those moments that my father and I had. And there weren't that many of them, maybe about ten in my entire life because of his nature and just the fact that it was just the two boys and my father.

But when I was a firefighter back in '94 -- and my father had suffered a second heart attack

just before that. Back in '91, he had suffered the second, actually. The one before he hadn't told us about. In '94, there was a phone call. My dad never called me. Never called me. And I was a firefighter. I was on a heavy engine, and all of a sudden he had called my work. My dad never calls work, never. You don't bother people at work. People work. That's what they're at work for, simple, straightforward. He called.

I was so scared because back in '91 when he called, he was having a heart attack and he was calling me, not the paramedics. So, you know, even four years later or three years later from that point, you know, he calls. And it's like, oh, my goodness. And I lost it. Here I am, you know, this wildland firefighter and I lost it. I thought, you know, my father is having a heart attack. And he wasn't. He had called to say I had been accepted to officer training school. So quite the opposite. Quite the opposite.

So I went in the military for four years. I went in for two and a half years active duty, and then I came out for a year and a half of active Reserve. I had met somebody as a wildland firefighter, a young lady. We fell in love and in trying to save our relationship, I had left active duty after two and a half years. That way I could train at a unit nearby, a Reserve unit nearby. I did the four years and I was discharged after four years, and that was my time in the military. And that brought us to about 1999.

So did that save your relationship?

No. We had actually married as soon as I left active duty. I had a great wedding, great wedding. I had a secret wedding and an actual wedding. The secret wedding was with all my intelligence friends down at Goodfellow Air Force Base and that was great. Then we had a big wedding in the small town of Portola, which was over on the California side of Reno. That was great. But, unfortunately, we married and then divorced in about 2001. No children. Just some dogs. That was pretty much it.

Getting back to just a couple of things I want to look at over the years, tell me about race relations in Las Vegas. And the reason I want you to look at it is because the way you grew up is completely different.

You know, recently I had an opportunity to co-teach with a friend of mine, Stan Armstrong. And Stan Armstrong and I have a lot of history here. We're good friends. Quite often we see things

differently. He is black and I am white. But our politics tend to be a little bit different. They're both fairly practical, though. And so we have discussions over the years.

Who's more liberal, you or Stan?

Stan is. I'm a Democrat, but a conservative Democrat so to say. And our views on race relations -- we talked about it and particularly about Katrina and perceptions about Katrina in one of his African-American studies class. I went in there to discuss more factual matters concerning the media and the government and try to reassure students who questioned ineptitude in certain positions. And it wasn't necessarily the president, but part of the president's team. In other words, some inept action. In other words, it was sort of a twofold event, not just a hurricane, but a flood, and that there were certain factors here.

I had served in combat search and rescue. I had been a firefighter. I had two degrees in firefighting management. And I had been an emergency actions officer in the military. I was the go-to-war. I was the exercise individual. And I worked in a command post. So I understand what it is to coordinate in times of emergency. I had spent three months in Saudi Arabia. I had spent three months in Kuwait with combat search and rescue. So I have a strong background in emergency management.

I wanted to assure that students in that class didn't take to heart these poorly worded statements when it came to race relations and how things weren't done and were done and why they were and weren't done. One of the accusations was, well, the community down there is black. The response was poor because they were black. And we went through several different levels explaining why it's difficult to do certain things.

And I think the students -- I received applause or ovations three or four times because I don't think -- unfortunately nowadays few people, especially those who are Caucasian, actually address race issues, particularly with an African-American studies class. And I think that you'll find more liberal individuals that do that, perhaps. But this class I don't think had anybody address it who actually was Caucasian at this school. I know sometimes instructors stay away because of political correctness or because of controversy, good or bad.

I've never felt that way. I've always felt that being from this different paradigm that I will dismiss certain arguments. I won't dismiss people's experiences. I never would even contemplate

that, good or bad. People's experience is their experience. But at the same time I point to the fact that this world has six billion people. We are about four percent of that population. We are 297 million people. We are but 1/20th of this world. And this world doesn't necessarily care at all if it's a black or white or Hispanic issue. There are greater issues --

Okay. But I'm asking you about Las Vegas and race relations here.

Right. And so put it in that context that I've had a lot of friends, not just going to Kit Carson, but I've had a lot of friends because of the military and because of Eldorado High School. Rancho and Eldorado, that's where all the military brats -- that's where we went -- and even at Eldorado, my friends were black and Asian and Hispanic, though Hispanics were fewer in number at that time.

Stan and I have seen a lot of things occur actually in Las Vegas, not just the things that hit the headlines, but among our friends, good and bad. For the most part Las Vegas, of course, now has changed. There's no longer necessarily a West Las Vegas because --

Well, the Westside is still there.

It's the Westside. But what's happened is you have the growth that's occurred around the Westside Las Vegas and so it's hard to distinguish and say that's West Las Vegas when North Las Vegas has growth that's come around it. So you have a historical area that's referenced.

Stan actually speaks to that. He's currently making a documentary on just that, so Stan and I talk about it. I learn a lot from Stan. He learns some things from me. But he's got some great pictures of his father and some of the people from the Strip, the Moulin Rouge and some of the interactions.

For me I know that going back to my father, it had more to do with his military service and Asians than it did anything else because of his experience and where we grew up. And I always admire that fact. My dad looked at the fact that if you work hard, good. It didn't matter who you were. I have this great photo of my father in the military. The military was the first actual place where people basically said here is where we're going to desegregate. Harry Truman pushed it.

Right. Right.

And people didn't like it. Anyway, I have this great photograph of my father and there are these names on the back. And our name is misspelled. It's mangled, but that's common. Dupalo, and it was separated and capital "P" and so on. In this photograph of seven or eight individuals, you

have two black individuals, two Hispanics, some Italian-Americans and my father and one or two others. And it was neat because back then that's not how things were done. In fact, back then when they -- in the army in particular, not necessarily the air force -- would get together, they had coloreds in one area and whites in another area. So when they would group together, it was real obvious. And back then, yes, it was colored or it was Negroes and it was everybody else.

And my father was in that time frame. And he had -- I guess this is one of those common things. His appreciation again was the fact that people who fought in combat were always comrades in arms. It didn't matter who, what, where. And he understood better than anybody in our family that that's what mattered. Good people were good people and good people didn't talk about bad things. Good people just worked hard.

So getting back to Las Vegas and having gone to school at a sixth grade center in the Westside, looking at your life here from your background in Europe, how do you see Las Vegas race relations over the years since you came up until let's say the time that you entered UNLV?

That's interesting because the demographics have shifted tremendously. At one time you had West Las Vegas, which is predominately black. In fact, I work at a shelter in that area right now. The demographics have shifted: instead of a larger white community with a smaller black community, we now see a massive growth of the Hispanic community. You see large growth in the Asian community. And the concept of multiculturalism or the fact that there are several different cultures here has just increased tremendously over the past two decades, actually more recently, but certainly over the past two decades of my experience here.

Many of my friends that are black actually have come from the South. That's why, in fact, a large part of the army is situated in the South. And, thus, you also have larger number of blacks that are in the U.S. Army. And so my friends like Stan and some others came from the Louisiana area and there was a lot of growth that came out of there at various times.

Tallulah and Fordyce.

Exactly. You know, with the dam there was a major draw. With the casinos there's been a draw. With the opportunities there's been a draw. But it's interesting to look at the demographic shift, the Hispanics in particular not only being the second largest minority grouping, but Nevada also

about to become -- not about to, but in about --

They will be the majority real soon.

Right. And Nevada will become as California, a non-majority state.

Oh, yeah, the majority will be Latinos.

Right.

Whites just won't be the majority anymore.

Right. And so what's interesting is -- and here's that idea about ethnicity and race -- there's a lot of mixing. There's a lot of confusion between race and ethnicity as well. And we look at our census. Our census asks are you black, are you white, are you Hispanic, are you Hispanic other? Well, you know, now there's actually quite a bit of crossover that you didn't have a hundred years ago with no transportation readily available. Today there is so much of a mixture. My friends because of military have been quite mixed of black and white, Asian and white, black and Asian, and so many different types of mixes. It's been very enriching in that sense for me over the years. Are there problems? Absolutely. So what? So you move on. They're challenges.

But I've had the opportunity to meet a lot of people from a lot of different backgrounds. And, of course, Las Vegas is a destination not just for jobs but people visiting. When I was a bellboy and I was on the Strip and with my dad, I've seen so many people from so many different cultures. That was always a bonus. And because we had traveled it was neat to see those people sort of come visit us at the same time.

And our family is very diverse. Our family in the sense that, yes, we're German and, yes, we're Slovak. And those are a little bit -- not necessarily from the same grouping of individuals. They're a little bit at odds over the years. But we're also Japanese with Aunt Motoko and my cousins who are of mixed race as well.

Is that your brother's wife?

That is my Uncle Robert Dupalo and, of course, Michael Junior, who I had referenced earlier, and his three sisters. And, actually, right now -- they're American citizens and go to school here, but they just happen to be back in Japan at the moment.

Oh, yeah, my uncle finally learned Japanese. He was forced to. At this advanced age he was forced to by the State Department to learn Japanese, finally. And his wife's very happy about

that.

Ooh, I can imagine.

Finally, after 20 years.

So as we wrap up, is there anything else that you would like to -- any other stories about your father, stories about UNLV that you would like to add?

UNLV has played an instrumental part in my life and my father's life since 19 -- the end of '75 to present. That's 30 years. My father attended for three and a half years. I attended from '85 to '91, and now I'm back as an instructor. I've worked my way up from two years at community college, a year out of state college, and have now been here for two years as instructor. For me it's a privilege. For me in my small world, in my small continuum it's a privilege.

I wish my father, who passed away in late 2000, December 27th -- he now rests at Southern Nevada Veterans Memorial Cemetery -- I wish that he could've seen just this one aspect of it. But I temper that with the one thing that I had said before we had started and that's when 9/11 struck in 2001, the one thing I was glad about was that my father, who was 65, wasn't around to see it.

I figured out to the best of my ability that I was being protective of my father; that I didn't want my father to get hurt. I didn't want him to see that after all his years in the military, his sons and everything that our family has done, although minimal compared to many other people, that somehow we were being attacked and he couldn't do anything. My dad would have been the first person to say, okay, what do we do and how do we take care of this? And I was glad that he wasn't there; that he wasn't hurt.

But don't you think that he would have looked at it as a Pearl Harbor-type thing all over again? Don't you think he would have seen it -- I mean as a military man?

I think what's good about him is that he would have had the same attitude and he would not have lashed out either. So he would have said, okay, let's look at this, let's be level-headed, and let's get about our business.

Yeah. From what you've told me about your father, I think that's the way he would have looked at that.

That's certainly how I feel about it. I think that's how my brother looks at it as well. Dad was

never the toughest of the tough guys, but he was always there and he was always steadfast in everything that he did.

So one of the things that we're planning to do with this project is that eventually, we will transcribe some of these interviews that will be the bulk of our UNLV project. And we'll want some photographs to go along with these. So if you have any UNLV-related photographs of your father, of yourself, related to UNLV or some that are maybe not even related to UNLV, if you could scan those for us, we would just really, really be grateful. And if you want to include this as part of the transcription, your father's transcript, that would be wonderful.

Okay.

So I thank you for this interview. Is there anything else you would like to add before I turn off the tape?

My last part in summation was that when I look at it and as an instructor I realize that generations pass and history tends to reveal a lot of things and some things are still hidden. But I know that our family is so much a part of the events of World War II and so much a part of the Cold War. Our family was profoundly influenced by the Cold War, by World War II, the end of World War II and the beginning of the Iron Curtain, by Vietnam and by Korea before that. And we are just examples of having lived through that. I look at my father and I'm very proud of my father, and my brother and my uncle as well, and all those that have served. But UNLV and the military -- very important.

My last question: As we are in another war right now and you're from a military family, how do you see war?

I always tell my students it is good that war is abhorrent and terrible. Otherwise, we would grow too fond of it. And there's a famous adage. I don't do it justice by saying that. But militarily speaking, we've done excellent; politically speaking, poor. It's difficult. War is never good.

And I must tell my students this. My father had told me please understand that the last people that want to go to war are the military. We don't want to go to war. They're the first people that die. And my dad was that person on that line. My uncle was that person on the line. And my family, they've been those people on the line. I've sort of shown up in between wars and

been in bad places and participated. But they are the last people that want to go to war.

Is peace possible?

Peace is one of those relative terms. There are always wars going on at all times. It's shades of gray. So more peace, yes. Is it possible? Absolutely.

But remember the growth of the world is at six billion now. It took us 10,000 years to get to a billion people, and it's only taken us ten years to add a billion people. And when you have a billion more people the chances of conflict are even greater. So that's my political science background speaking there.

But it doesn't look like it will necessarily improve. The United Nations is a great idea and for the most part it works. But I'm not necessarily the optimist. The way the world is going, who knows?

Okay. Well, thank you so much.

Thank you.