



*Anita Angelina Cerwi Raymond  
and Her Family*

Cerwi Family Reunion, "Cerwi Day", Denver, CO., May 31, 2009

**Anita Angelina Cervi Raymond and Her Family**  
2009 ©

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**Anita Angelina Cervi Raymond**

**1908 – 1961**

## **Dedication**

For Anita's nieces and nephews,  
of whom she spoke often and loved very much:

Mary Clare, Michael Eugene, Richard Daniel (+1994), Carla Anne  
Patricia Fay, John Arthur, Daniel David  
Francis Joseph (+1983), Stephen Edward, Terry Ann  
Sheryl Ann, Peter Edward, James Anthony \*  
(\* Born the year after Anita's passing)

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# *An Italian-American Family*

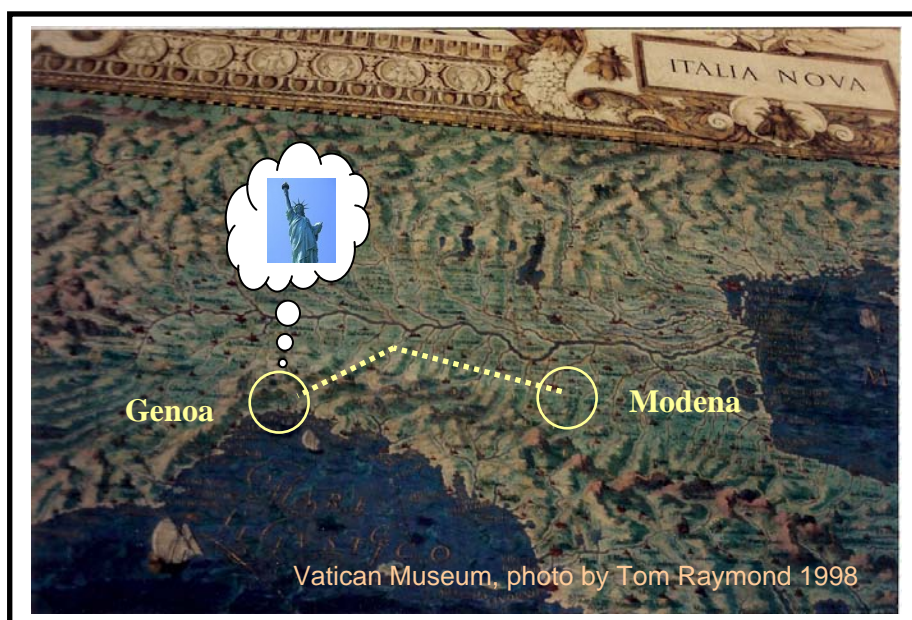
## *Cervi Family Roots*

*The name Cervi* is quite prevalent today throughout northern Italy, a region of fair-haired, fair-skinned descendents of the ancient Etruscans and Romans. In the Italian, a Romance language with its roots in Latin, *Cervi* translates to deer, buck, hart. One interpretation might ascribe to the clan the human tenants of steadfastness and resolve, as when the alpha stag – with the dexterity, virtue and righteousness of his inheritance – thrusts into the noble fray; yet knows when to temper pride with the wisdom of prudence and, if necessary, the swiftness of flight to fight another day.

Our branch of the Cervi family began its life in America in 1898 when a young man named Sisto, age 17, arrived at Ellis Island in New York’s harbor aboard an immigrant ship from Europe. Family records tell us that Sisto Cervi was born on March 28, 1881 in Vesele (Commune de Sestola), Italy, near Modena in the Po River Valley. He was the eldest of seven children of Francisco and Angiolina, she of the family Quercia Grossi. Sisto’s parents were native Italian; his father was born on October 1, 1854 and his mother March 25, 1860. Francisco Cervi passed away March 3, 1932 and his widow Angiolina on March 2, 1934.

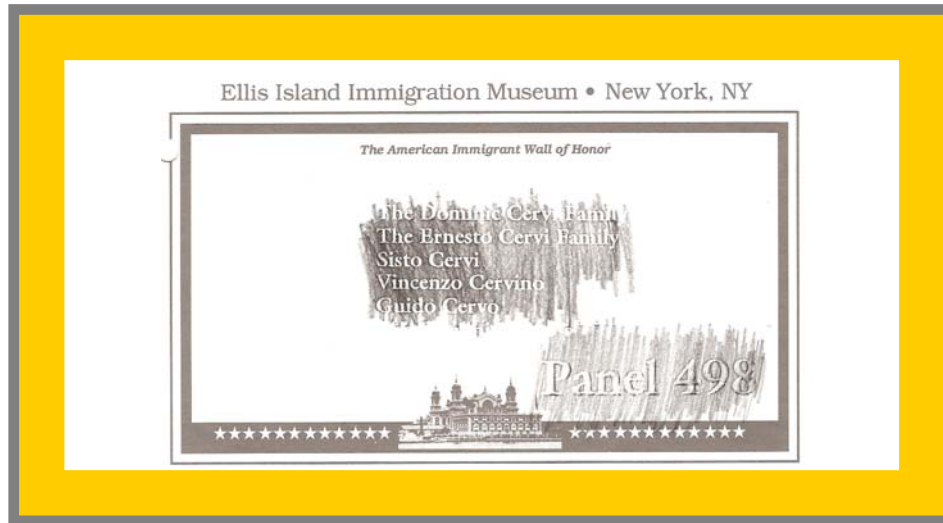
Sisto had six younger siblings. Eldest sister Mary (born?) married a young man of the Italian family Data. Beno was next in line (born, married?), and Dominic arrived March 7, 1894 and grew up to marry Louise Contri. Youngest sister Adelaide (born?) married Joseph Monti, and the youngest sons were Falvio and Aldo (born, married?)

With many mouths for the elders to feed, and after hearing from relatives already in America, Sisto, in the company of a 40-year old “uncle” (family name Giacomelli), bid farewell and headed west on foot, with a burro packing their goods, trekking more than a hundred miles to the Mediterranean port city of Genoa. From there they made their way to Le Havre, France, where they boarded the transport *La Touraine*. On August 20, 1898 they set sail for New York and the “Land of Golden Opportunity”, visions of *Lady Liberty* dancing in their dreams.



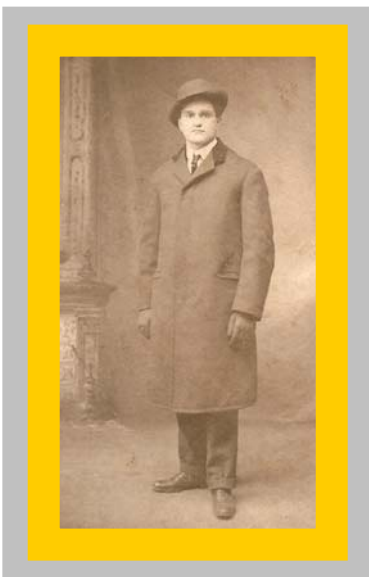


*Sisto arrived wide-eyed* in his new world on August 28, 1898. The ship manifest (from the Ellis Island Museum archives) states his destination as Ladd, Illinois, a tiny town 50 miles west of Chicago. Family was waiting for him there but the record is unclear exactly who. The ledger also notes he was healthy, could read and write (language not specified but likely only Italian at the time), and lists his occupation as “miner”, suggesting he’d either done some mining in Italy or simply planned for this in America.

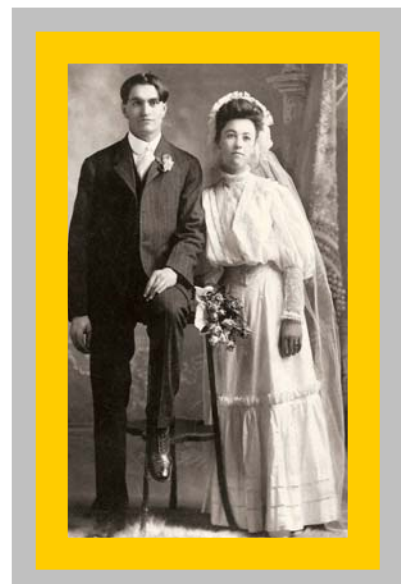
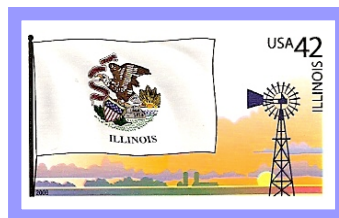
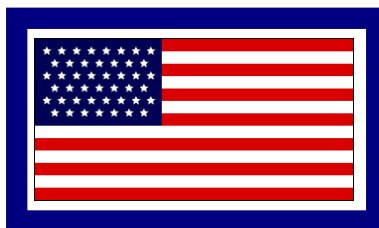


On behalf of Sisto and his descendents, in the early 1990's his granddaughter Sheryl Ann Cervi Hollingsworth submitted his name for placement on the Ellis Island Wall of Honor

Sisto was naturalized as a U.S. citizen on April 9, 1902 under the 45-starred flag of the day. He made his way to Centralia in southern Illinois, finding work in the local coal mines. It's said he also owned and operated a couple of taverns, and soon met Catherine Lenzini, daughter of Batista and Aldina (Mordini) Lenzini, who was born May 13, 1888 in Fiumallio, Italy. Sisto and Catherine were married in Centralia on October 3, 1905.



Sisto Cervi, 1900



Sisto & Catherine,  
October 3, 1905

## Anita Angelina Cervi: 1908

*Anita Angelina was born* in Centralia on August 20, 1908, as Sisto and Catherine's second child. Her older brother Eugene Sisto ("Gene") had been born two years earlier on September 20, 1906. Over the next eleven years, "Nita" would become the eldest sister to Mary Brunhilda ("Marie"), born April 1, 1910 and Darwin Dante ("Dar"), born on August 29, 1912. Then Francis Joseph ("Fran" or "Frank") arrived September 2, 1914, the last of the Illinois children.

In late 1914, the Cervis headed west across the mighty Mississippi and the Great Plains, onward to Colorado. Arthur Anthony ("Art") was born September 9, 1917 in Larkspur, just south of Denver, as was John Edward ("Johnnie"), on June 5, 1919.



Lenzini-Cervi family gathering, c. 1914, from the archives of Francis Cervi.  
(Anita's niece, Terry Ann - Fran's daughter - provides the best guess as to some of the "who's who" in the portrait.)

Center: Anita's Grandmother Lenzini with Anita (circled) and Marie on either side and Fran on her lap; behind Grandmother Lenzini is Anita's aunt, Catherine's sister (name?), and to her left is Anita's mother Catherine; sitting in the chair to her left is Sisto ("Pop"), and on his lap is Darwin, with Gene at Sisto's left. (The other gentleman seated is probably Sisto's brother-in-law, since this is essentially a Lenzeni family portrait; the others are likewise unknown.)

## Anita's Childhood

*As Anita grew,* her infant hair turned auburn and her eyes developed a hazel blue-gray. She and her siblings were raised by their parents speaking only English in their presence as Sisto and Catherine knew well the importance of the children quickly assimilating into the American culture. For a time the Cervis lived in Colorado Springs at the base of majestic Pike's Peak. But Anita vividly remembered her early years in Larkspur north of the Springs where her father worked a potash mine (see the sidebar).

Potash is the mineral form of potassium, commonly occurring in the deposits of ancient seas. When these dry up and are buried over the ages, they leave behind thick layers of mineral salts like sodium chloride, gypsum, and potassium. Growing crops requires three key nutrients collectively known as "NPK": nitrogen (N), phosphorous (P), and potassium (K), the last of which is the rarest.

Anita was instructed in the Catholic tradition of *The Catechism*, taking her First Communion about age seven and receiving Holy Confirmation from the bishop at 12. She acquired outdoor skills and learned to appreciate the mountain wildlife as a Camp Fire Girl, growing to adore the glorious Rockies and the four seasons, especially autumn with its vast stands of brilliant golden aspens.



Sisto soon moved his family into Denver to escape the gritty, grimy life of mining. He acquired master craftsmanship skills, became a union laborer and then the president of Denver's largest Local. He applied his hands and sweat, for example, to the terrazzo tile flooring at the Local's union hall. Later he was employed by the Denver Parks Department and left the legacy of a set of beautiful botanical gardens he'd laid out and planted. The Sisto Cervis resided at 1822 Clermont Street and Anita attended East Denver High School. She was proud to be the captain of the girl's softball team and graduated around age 18, in 1926 or 1927. She attended Denver's Children's Hospital for nurses' training and after three years or so received her Registered Nurse certification, with cap and pin, about 1931. As the nation suffered the Wall Street crash of '29, this was a good time for Anita to be in training for a profession rather than seeking employment.

## Lieutenant Cerwi, Army Nurse: 1932



Anita, 2<sup>nd</sup> from right, and her fellow nurses

*Anita was soon* performing civilian nursing duties, but then she entered the U.S. Army about 1932. As the Great Depression deepened, she was fortunate the military was adding medical staff, and she was commissioned a Second Lieutenant in the Army Nurse Corps, probably at Fitzsimons Army Hospital in Denver. Eventually she was stationed at Fort Sam Houston's post hospital in San Antonio, Texas (later a major army medical center).



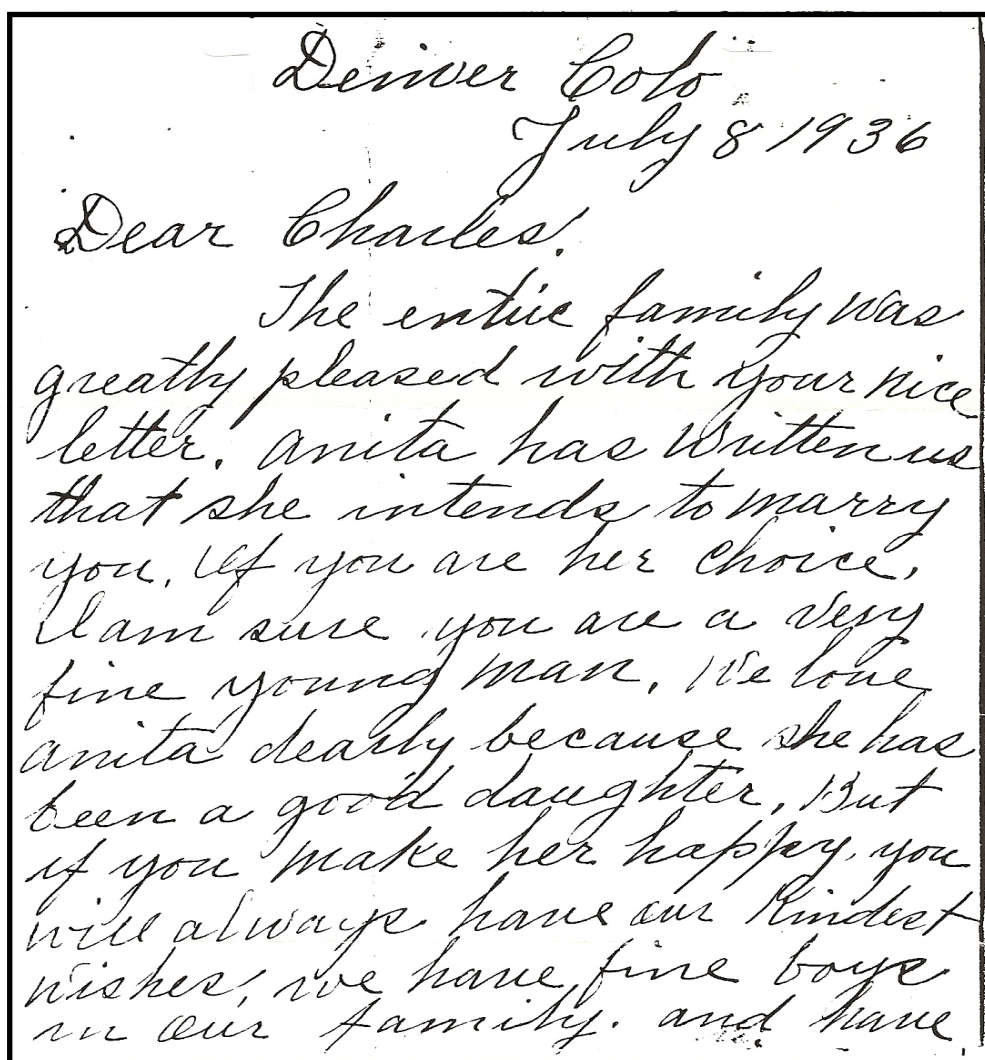


***Cervi-Raymond Family Union***

## *Marriage Proposal and Wedding: 1936*

*By the mid-1930's*, a young army officer, 1<sup>st</sup> Lt. Charles Walker Raymond 2nd, was assigned to Fort Sill, Oklahoma, in the Artillery Motors Course in an era when the Army was phasing out horse-drawn fire-power. At one point he evidently became ill enough to be evacuated to San Antonio for medical attention, where he met Anita. Charles was a 1931 West Point graduate and called upstate New York his home, in the small village of Cambridge about 40 miles northeast of Albany.

Anita and Charles started dating and soon became engaged to be married. A letter from Anita's mother Catherine to her fiancé Charles arrived several weeks before the wedding. In keeping with Anita's upbringing, a prospective husband would have to agree that any children would be brought up Catholic, essentially acknowledging the Cervis' belief that the Pope isn't just the Bishop of Rome but the one head of the world's Catholic Church and the canonical descendent of Christ. Charles, an Episcopalian in the Anglo-Catholic tradition, understood the theology and didn't withhold his consent.



Denver Colo  
July 8 1936

Dear Charles,

The entire family was  
greatly pleased with your nice  
letter. Anita has written us  
that she intends to marry  
you, if you are her choice,  
I am sure you are a very  
fine young man. We love  
Anita dearly because she has  
been a good daughter. But  
if you make her happy, you  
will always have our kindest  
wishes, we have five boys  
in our family. and have

**Continued ...**

reason to be proud of them.  
We know we will be proud of you too.  
We shall look forward to meeting you  
and I hope that when time and  
occasion permits, I may meet your  
family. Perhaps you and Anita  
can stop here on your trip East.  
I am pleased to know you will be  
Married under the laws of the  
Roman Catholic Church as this family  
has been Catholic for centuries. I am  
grateful for that. Everything else will  
be affairs for you and Anita to decide.  
Please appreciate that the mother of five  
boys and two girls and the grandmother  
of a darling 2 year old granddaughter  
necessarily is a very busy person, and  
especially so this summer. Otherwise  
your letter would have been answered  
more promptly. We all send our  
Sincere best Wishes and we shall pray  
for happiness to fill your life and that  
of our daughter. Sincerely yours  
Mrs Catherine Gerold and family.

Note: The two year old granddaughter mentioned, Anita's first niece,  
was Mary Clare ("Cle'"), daughter of her older brother Gene

***On August 1, 1936,*** Anita and Charles were married at Fort Sill. She resigned her commission as 2<sup>nd</sup> Lt., and he had orders to report immediately to Madison Barracks in western upstate New York on the shores of Lake Ontario. So off they set together toward new horizons and were probably just as happy to be leaving Oklahoma, at the time the center of the catastrophic Great Dust Bowl that was closing farms and driving folks west through its historic wrath of blackened skies and a desiccated landscape.



*Mr. and Mrs. Sisto Cervi  
announce the marriage of their daughter  
Anita Angelina  
to  
Charles Walker Raymond, II  
Lieutenant, United States Army  
on Saturday, the first of August  
nineteen hundred and thirty-six  
Fort Sill, Oklahoma  
At Home  
Madison Barracks, New York*



## *Madison Barracks: 1936-38*

*From Oklahoma* it's uncertain if Anita and Charles took the suggested detour to visit the Cervis in Denver before heading east. They drove his Model A Ford to Madison Barracks where he'd serve for two years in the 25<sup>th</sup> Field Artillery and also in the post's duty fire department. Their first child, Charles Walker, 3<sup>rd</sup> ("Charlsie", in his early years), was born on September 1, 1937 at Mary McClellan Hospital in the Raymond family hometown of Cambridge, New York, 250 miles across the state to the east.



Charles's first automobile, a 1931 Model A Ford, purchased at Fort Lewis, Washington state, his first duty station as a young bachelor 2<sup>nd</sup> Lt., fresh out of West Point

Officers Row at Madison Barracks, today restored to its former glory, much as "The Honeymooners" first home together appeared in the 1930's



Madison Barracks Fire Department  
Madison Barracks, New York  
April 24, 1937 / 3<sup>rd</sup> from left:  
1<sup>st</sup> Lt. Charles W. Raymond, II,  
25<sup>th</sup> Field Artillery



## *Hawaii: 1938-40*

*In mid-1938*, the young family headed out to a new duty station in the mid-Pacific on the Island of Oahu, Territory of Hawaii. They passed through the 25-year old Panama Canal aboard the military transport *USAT San Mihel* from the Atlantic/Caribbean Sea and into the rising sun toward the southeast - by virtue of the geographic quirk of Panama's lazy S-shape - up a set of locks, across Gatun Lake, down some more locks, and into the Pacific.



Once out of the Canal, they sailed up the coast to Fort Mason, San Francisco, then onward to Hawaii, arriving in Honolulu on 15 August to begin two years of tropical island life. Charles was assigned to a U.S. Army artillery unit at Schofield Barracks, outside Honolulu to the north. They discovered mai-tais and *mahi mahi*, stunning sunsets and jaw-dropping waterfalls, lush coastlines with steep *pali* plunging to the surf, bubbling caldrons and lava tubes, and Polynesian legends. Anita swayed to the hula and Charles plunked away on the ukulele. She joined the officers' wives for benefits and games of bridge and canasta, and together they were "project couple" for several Regimental parties. They also hosted Anita's sister Marie who met and dated an army officer named ... William Westmorland (yes, the one and the same).

The Raymonds left Hawaii in August of 1940, aboard the *USAT Leonard Wood*, a year before the "Day of Infamy", 7 December 1941, Sunday morning murder at Pearl Harbor. (Charles's sister Clara Spangler and family were present that day in Honolulu, physically unscathed but shaken as direct witnesses to this chilling chapter of American history).

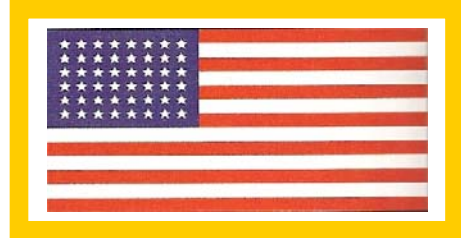
They sailed once again into The Bay just under the Golden Gate, then took a *Pullman* from Oakland via Cheyenne to Denver where Anita's second son, Robert Woodruff ("Bobby"), joined the family at Fitzsimons Army Hospital on October 4, 1940. He was named for his paternal grandfather Robert; Woodruff is a traditional Raymond family name. Anita, Charles and the two boys had several residences over the next year and a half: at Fort Knox, Kentucky; in Battle Creek, Michigan and at Camp McCoy, Wisconsin.



# *War and Peace*

## *Declaration of War*

*War against Japan and Germany* (and ironically Italy) was declared in December 1941 and it wasn't long before Artillery Captain Charles Raymond received orders for overseas in defense of freedom's cause. He'd serve three years under hostile fire during World War II in driving the Germans out of North Africa and Italy. The familiar 48-starred flag of the day (Oklahoma in 1907 and Arizona and New Mexico in 1912 had become states) waved bravely over America's fighting forces in two theaters across the oceans. And in front yards and town plazas and atop buildings across the land, it reminded Anita and her family, and all patriots in those days, of the harsh trials and sacrifices inevitably to come.



## *The War Years in Cambridge: 1942-45*

*In early 1942*, Charles and Anita decided a good place for her and the two boys to await his return would be in Cambridge in the company of the extended Raymond family. His father Robert R. Raymond (retired Army colonel, Corps of Engineers, USMA 1893), and his mother Blossom, along with his oldest sister Caroline (medical records librarian at Mary McClellan Hospital), lived at 120 West Main Street.



120 West Main Street, the home of Charles's father Robert, and mother Blossom, and sister Caroline. This was the Raymond family homestead from 1920 to 1972.

*Also in town* were Charles's youngest sister Virginia and her three young children, as her husband Col. Chester Ott was also off fighting the war (Charles and Chester were 1931 USMA classmates). Charles's father had ample land out back of 120 West Main Street, so he raised chickens and had a large plot tilled and planted with vegetables, which became a "victory garden" during the war.



Furthermore, assorted Raymond cousins lived about the surrounding countryside on farms and were able to provide other fare for the table, including apples and pumpkins, beef and lamb. So Cambridge seemed a sensible choice for Anita, as her brothers out West were themselves serving the nation at war and her parents in Denver probably couldn't have offered similar amenities of support.

Just down the street, 81 West Main (later 1 Gilmore Avenue), was the rental home for Anita and the two boys during the war years. In this summertime photo, c. 1929, an unidentified woman, probably the resident and a family friend, pauses in the back yard.



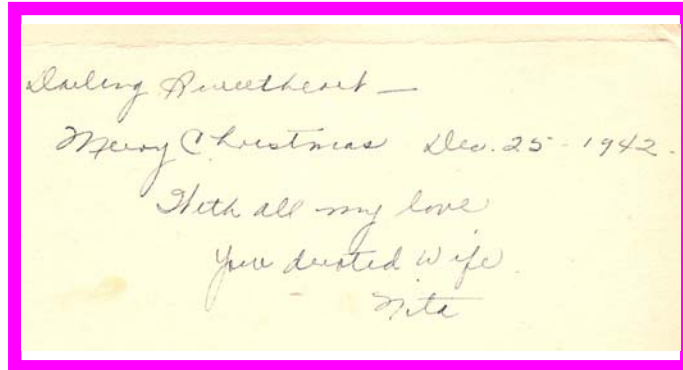
Anita's wartime jaunts about the village and countryside were gratis this latest of Raymond family autos, a beige 1940 Chevy sedan.

(Time-warp, if you will, to c.1949)

At 120 West Main St., L-R: Anita, Charles3, Blossom, Charles2 (holding some rug-rat), Bobby.

## *Devoted Army Wife*

*The lot of the army wife* is often spent in yearning for her absent husband, with many days and weeks, months and years passed in dutifully trying to bear up. For Anita beginning in early 1942, not knowing when, even if, her life's partner would return vexed her every waking moment, as it did wives across America, all facing an uncertain future with an unknowable end. But face this Anita did, through family support and prayer and domestic chores. Letters overseas were written and received regularly, packages mailed by each – as martial law permitted – slender threads of hope to help ease the painful passage of time.



Anita also returned to nursing duties at the local hospital. With America's younger women called to war duty, including "Rosie-the-Riveters" to factories and "Florence-Nightingales" into military medicine, local health facilities became depleted, giving the middle-aged moms of the land their own venues to contribute. So Anita dusted off her RN credentials up the hill at Mary McClellan Hospital, where son Charles had been born in 1937, and where, ironically, she was now also able to work with the doctors to save the life of her toddler Bobby, who'd developed severe pneumonia.

In the climes of upstate New York with its four dramatic seasons, a fur coat kept off the winter's chill while the summer's victory gardens of corn and other crops aided the war effort. And there was always the wash to smile away the day.



***Anita and her two boys*** attended the local Catholic church, Saint Patrick's, where she developed many friendships in community and faith, including Cambridge residents of her Italian heritage, the families Cristaldi and Canzeri, Estramonte, Russo and Sica. Young Charles started 1<sup>st</sup> Grade at Cambridge Union School with his cousin John Ott, and the boys also attended Sunday School at St. Luke's Episcopal Church taught by their grandmother Blossom. The years were otherwise bleak in this tiny upstate New York burg, with the frequent howling of winter winds and air-raid sirens and nighttime blackouts, of doled-out gasoline, groceries and goods, of Rationing Stamps and War Bonds by the month. To break the routine, Anita made a couple of trips to visit her own family in her beloved Colorado, in January through March of 1943 and again the same period in 1945. With two boys in tow, she traveled by *Pullman* coach from Albany through Chicago across the plains, to the Mile-High City at the base of the Front Range. On one occasion between trains in Chicago they visited some Lenzini cousins.

Sadly, in early 1944 with Charles still overseas, Anita's father-in-law Robert died of heart failure; he was buried at West Point later that spring. At long last in April of '45, Charles returned from the Italian campaign, allowing the family to joyfully reunite. Anita met him and his troop transport at the Brooklyn Navy Base, likely emulating the iconic photos we've all seen, drawn from the archives of *Life* and *Time*, of military wives and girlfriends draped in the arms of their returning heroes. Although he was scheduled to receive new orders to the Pacific Theater in May or June, on May 8, 1945 Germany fell to the Allies as they entered Berlin, and "VE Day" (Victory in Europe) was celebrated to the relief and jubilation of the Free World. Likewise, "VJ Day" (Japan) followed later that summer, so Charles would happily remain stateside for his next assignment.

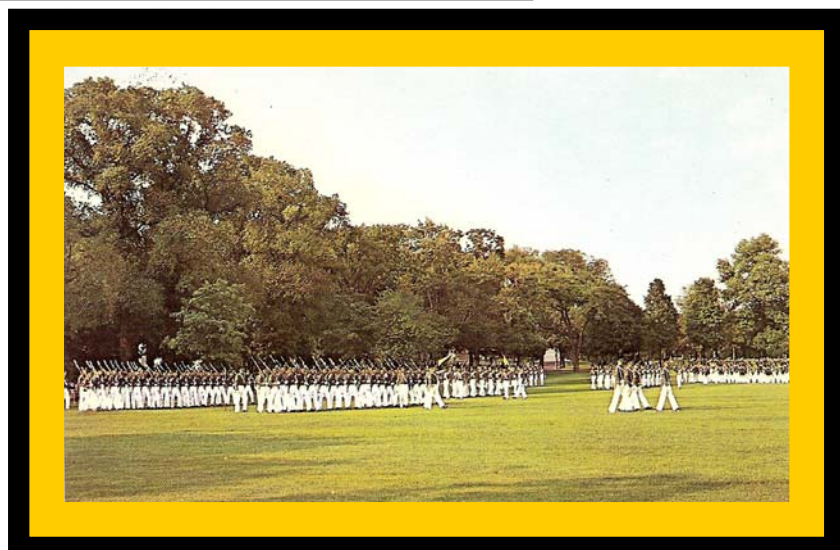
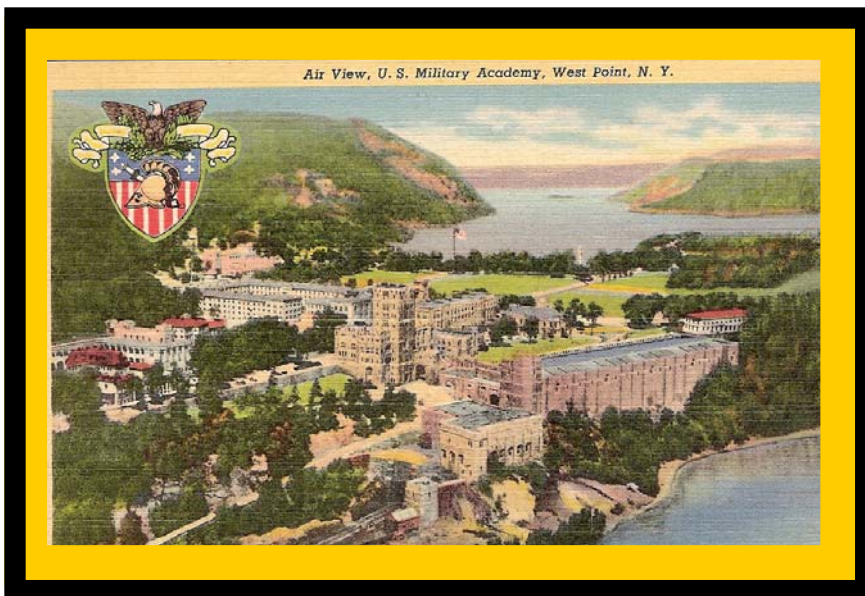


Charles joyfully rejoined Anita and youngsters Charlsie and Bobby in their Cambridge springtime garden

## *West Point: 1945-46*

*At the war's end*, Lt. Colonel C. W. Raymond received orders to his alma mater at the U.S. Military Academy at West Point, New York. Established in 1802, the school was (and is) the premier military engineering institution on the planet. Charles was the Executive Officer, Troops (later 1802<sup>nd</sup> Special Regiment), whose charter was to support cadet technical and military training. Here, son #3, Thomas Mayhew (“Tommy”), arrived on April 29, 1946, born at the Post Hospital; Mayhew is another traditional family appellation. (Tom likes to claim title as one of the *very first* of the post-war Baby Boomers, arriving nine months after the two bombs dropped on Japan.)

The family resided in an officers’ duplex typical of military posts, near the north Lee Gate. In her year there, Anita relished all the traditions and pageantry known to this classic of all U.S. Army duty stations, including “The Long Gray Line” on display in the shadows of the modern Gothic architecture of the massive granite classrooms, assembly halls, and barracks.



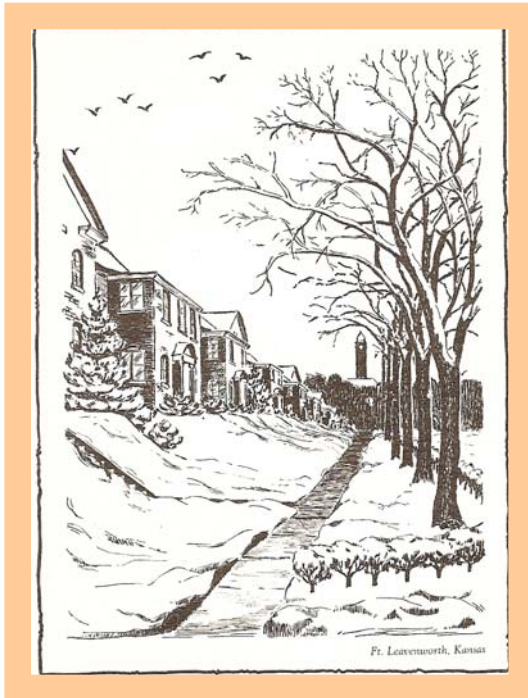




## *Post-War Duty Stations I*

## Fort Leavenworth: 1946-47

*After a year at West Point*, Charles was transferred to Fort Leavenworth,



Kansas for post-war classroom study in command and staff doctrine and functions. Lt. Col. and Mrs. Raymond, with sons Charles 3<sup>rd</sup>, Bobby and toddler Tommy were quartered at 321 1<sup>st</sup> St (Apt 3). The winters could be a bit snowy, spring and fall pleasant and colorful, and the summers warm and humid with an occasional tornado watch (but *Dorothy* and *Toto* were only just beginning to gain cult status).



## Fort Monroe: 1947-52

*In the summer of 1947*, Lt. Colonel Charles W. Raymond received new orders to historic Fort Monroe, Virginia on Old Point Comfort, which commands the entire southern waters of Chesapeake Bay and the entrance from the Atlantic Ocean (please see the sidebar, next page). He soon purchased a brand new gleaming black 1947

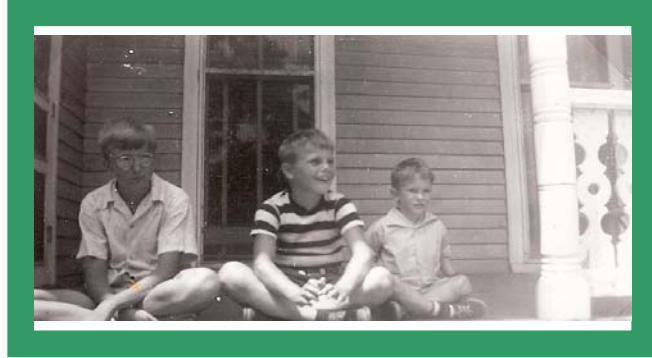


Buick Super, with its signature chrome grill-work, said to be Detroit's "million dollar grin" in this new post-War celebratory era in America.

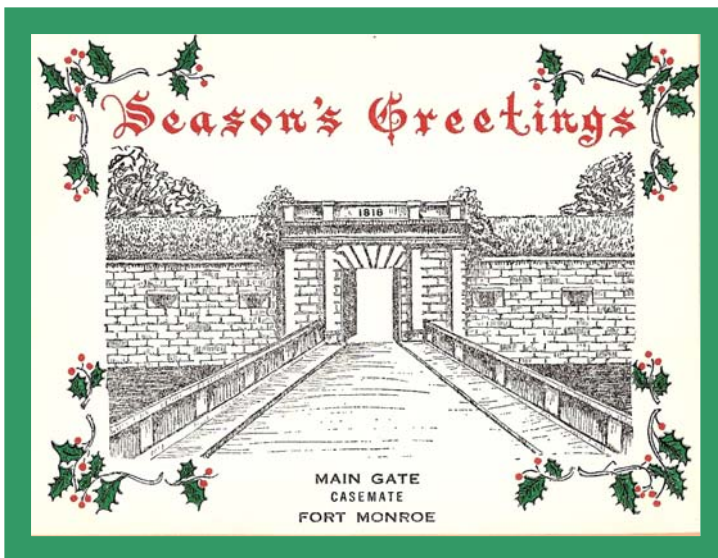


*The Col. Raymonds resided* the first year in housing near the seawall, but eventually settled into officers' quarters inside the fort overlooking the Parade Ground at 28 Ruckman Road, a white clapboard duplex also housing the family of another lieutenant colonel.

Mommy-Nita's three boys on the front porch of 28 Ruckman, in early 1950: Charles, Bobby and Tommy. Jonny-Cake was in the oven, as it were.



The construction of Fortress Monroe was begun in 1818 several years after the War of 1812 (which actually ran into 1815), and took a dozen years to complete. After the Brits burned The White House in 1814, this citadel became the nation's strategic centerpiece of the *Monroe Doctrine* with its statement to Europe in defense of the waterway leading to the nation's capital: "Don't try that again!" During the Mexican War it was the site of departure for our U.S. troops, and a dozen years later became a hero of the Civil War. Called Fort Monroe by then, the massive stone-masonry structure with a water moat and almost a hundred guns, served as the North's major point of command and control below the Mason-Dixon Line. During the early years of the "War to Keep the Nation Whole", the Union launched its Naval Blockade of Southern ports from here, and a couple of corps of Blue Jackets - infantry and mobile artillery - mustered here before moving up the Virginia Peninsula toward the Rebel capital at Richmond. In March 1862, Fort Monroe provided ringside seats for the historic ironclad battle of the *USS Monitor* and the *Merrimac (CSS Virginia)*, closely observed out on the waters of Hampton Roads. At war's end, a casemate prison housed Confederate President Jefferson Davis for some time.



90 years later, a 1949 Buick had to pass through this very portal - barely one car in width - for access inside the fort

Fort Monroe Officers' Club high-jinx in 1949 included this costumed affair. The Casemate Club was located in one section of the old stone-faced dirt-fill ramparts, a rock's toss from Officers' Row.



***On April 4, 1950, Anita's fourth son,*** Jonathan Wainwright, was delivered at the post hospital. He was named in the finest of military traditions: for the WWII Army general left in command of the U.S. and Philippine forces in April-May 1942 by General Douglas MacArthur ("I shall return"...which he did). The Allies were POWs of the invading Japanese and subjected to the harsh cruelties of the Bataan Death March. In September 1945, Gen. Wainwright justifiably stood at MacArthur's side on the deck of the *USS Missouri* in Tokyo Bay, as the Jap imperialists were ordered to sign the formal surrender. This, of course, was after two of their war-making cities were incinerated with "sun" bombs, saving probably another million Allied military and Japanese civilian lives when a planned land invasion could be aborted. Gen. Jonathan Wainwright shortly sent a letter of thanks to Col. and Mrs. Raymond for the honor.

Charles and Anita enjoyed "date nights" at a traditional Italian restaurant in the nearby hamlet of Phoebus. And among the culinary delights of the Tidewater, Charles shared his home-made oyster stew with the family, and blue crabs were pulled from the waters off the army piers to fill delicious dishes. Fish fare was the order of the day every Friday eve in the Raymond household in remembrance of Our Savior. Anita and the boys attended Saint Mary Star-of-the-Sea Catholic Church just outside the fort, while Charles attended Sunday service at the Post Chapel a few doors down from the colonels' quarters.

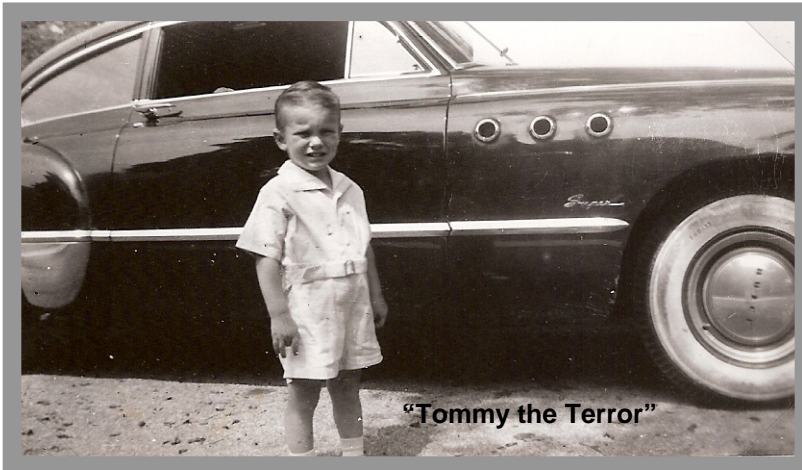
The Old Bay Line's fleet, including *The City of Richmond* and *Elisha Lee*, plied the waters of the Chesapeake between Norfolk and Old Point Comfort in the south and cities to the north. In the years before freeways, Anita and her men, the Buick aboard, would make the overnight passage to Baltimore, then take to the road and onward to Cambridge, a good day's drive. The car radio passed the miles with Anita's favorite tunes of the day: "*Cruising down the river on a Sunday afternoon...*"; "*Shrimp boats is a comin', their sails are in sight...*"; "*East is east and west is west ... and buttons and bows*".



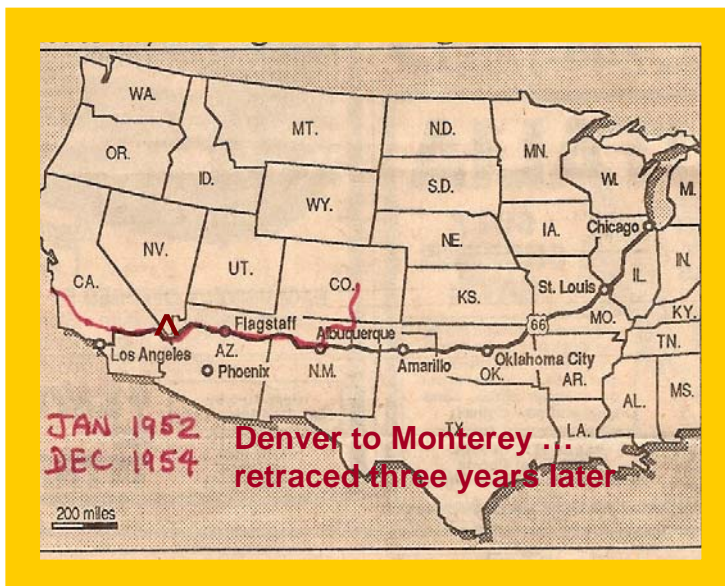
*One day in mid-1951*, July 5<sup>th</sup> to be exact, word arrived that Anita's mother, Catherine, had passed away back home. Anita took flight to grieve with her family in Denver for a while, but a modicum of joy would soon return as Charles was promoted to Full Colonel.

## California Bound

*In late 1951*, Charles received orders for duty in the Korean War zone, so Anita and the family packed up the pots and pans, had a crew load them aboard a Bekins Van Line truck, and headed out to the *Promised Land* of California. Dad, with the two older boys aboard, drove the Buick, first up to Cambridge then out to Denver, while Mommy and the little guys rode a *B&O Streamliner* via Pittsburg and Saint Louis to Kansas City, to see Anita's sister Marie and her husband Col. Walden F. ("Woody") Woodward at Fort Leavenworth for a couple of days. The three next tracked onward to Denver, joining the others for the holidays at Pop Cervi's. The six then hit the road together, along much of the route of the late Dust Bowl exodus that was to become iconic US Route 66 (\*), in an era before President Eisenhower's 42,000-mile Interstate Highway system laced the land.



*"Get your kicks on Route 66!"*



\* You can win a bet with this one:  
The US in US Highway 66,  
stands not for United States  
but for Unified System.  
("I didn't know that!")



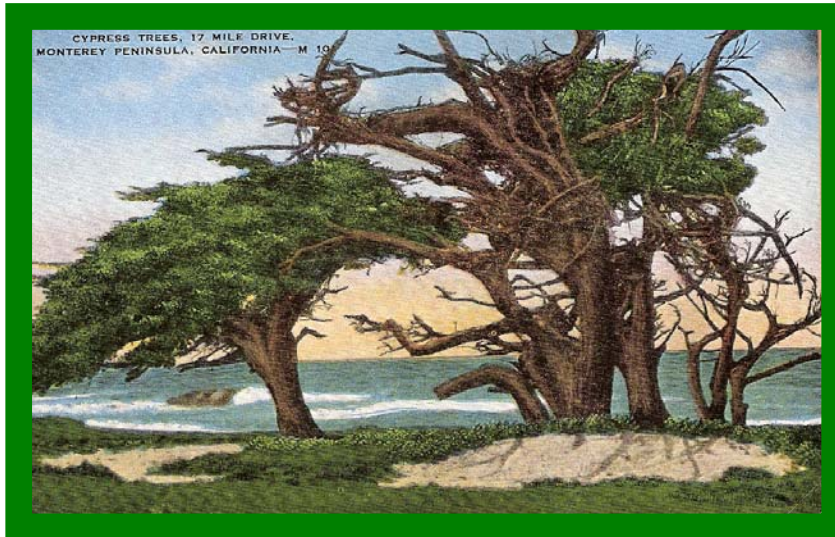
*The '49 Buick Super* made 400 miles a day from state to state, to AAA-Rated motels in Santa Fe, Flagstaff, the Grand Canyon at Fred Harvey's El Tovar Hotel, Las Vegas, Bakersfield, and on to Monterey. Interests along the way included Burma Shave poetry and the Continental Divide, gaudy yellow billboards pointing to Indian curio shops, the Painted Desert and lots of other sweeping desert vistas, Meteor Crater and Hoover Dam, and The Vegas Strip.

## *Monterey: 1952-54*

*After a week or so on the road,*

the Raymonds arrived on the Monterey Peninsula in mid-January of 1952. A rented two story house at 998 Alameda Avenue, in the Peters Gate neighborhood overlooking downtown, would become Anita's and the boys' home for three years. With its mild Mediterranean style climate, the Central California coast unveiled a spectacular venue – when the fog lifted – for the Raymonds to explore. Picturesque Monterey Bay, Carmel and 17 Mile Drive, the headlands of Point Lobos and the winding, oft-treacherous California Highway 1 heading south to Big Sur, would inspire outings for pictures and picnics. A series of early 1950's photo-art postcards captured the era.





*During the first year* in Monterey, Charles studied the Korean language and culture at the Army Language School, Presidio of Monterey. He then spent a few months back in Washington D.C. briefing for his upcoming mission to Korea as Army attaché to the U.S. Embassy, at the height of the Korean War. In preparation for his time overseas, Charles traded in the black 2-door '49 Buick for a brand new '52 “two-tone” (dark and light green) 4-door model that would be more reliable for Anita in his absence.

Monterey “date nights” were spent at the nearby Hill Theater where Anita and Charles enjoyed “art” movies (today called “indies”). One summer day the boys put Anita on a Greyhound Bus headed southbound down US Highway 101 for a week in Los Angeles where she visited a cousin (Cervi? Lenzini?). First time the little guys realized they missed Mom, so Dad took them to their first-ever drive-in movie, an Abbot and Costello yuk-yuk. Later that year, Anita drove the boys over to the Monterey Airport to receive a cargo shipment from Denver. Pop Sisto sent out an old B&W TV set, a fancy new technology for the Raymond household! With rabbit ears, though, there was only one station to pick up on the Peninsula, Channel 8 from Salinas. And it didn't come on the air until 4:30 p.m., a cooking show no less! Anita enjoyed the local and national news and dance shows (and Saturday morns *Flash Gordon* and *Superman* riveted Tommy and Jonny to the set).

In the fall of '52, Dwight Eisenhower ran for the White House. No question how Anita would lean considering that the five-star general, USMA 1915, essentially engineered the victory in the European Theatre less than a decade earlier, bringing her husband home sooner, rather than later.



In February of 1953, Pop's old TV delivered grainy images of Queen Elizabeth II's coronation from London into the living room of 998 Alameda. The pomp and ceremony of the Royal Court and Gilded Coach enchanted Anita. *Life* magazine arrived with the Queen's story in full color. That magazine also brought home the horrors of the Korean War, as did dispatches in the *Monterey Peninsula Herald*. The regular buzz of gun fire in the distance, target practice in the dunes of the Fort Ord Reservation ten miles up the bay shore, was a constant reminder of U.S. troops headed to Korea and whatever Pork Chop Hill they'd have to assault in the face of the Red Tide of oppression.

*Fully prepped for Korea* by the summer of '53, Charles himself took flight across the Pacific aboard a military transport out of Travis Air Force Base just north of San Francisco. But not before Anita and family visited her brother Dar and wife Helen, and the cousins Patty, Johnny, and Danny, in Pleasant Hill.



Crossing the Carquinez Straight by ferry north of Concord en route to deliver Charles to Travis Air Force Base

With Charles in the air, Anita and the four boys returned to Monterey. Once again, the heart strings of a lonely Army wife played the same plaintive refrain as it had a decade earlier; this time it would be for a stretch of a year and a half. To help defray her solitude from adult family conversation, in addition to the Dar Cervis on the West Coast, her newlywed brother John and bride Marge were in the nearby Bay Area as well, with occasional visits exchanged.

Also, one summer her brother Fran and family toured the West from Canon City with their tribe, "Terry and the Pirates" - their mom Doraine's quip from a popular cartoon strip of this Korean War era. Toddler Terry and her two older brothers, Joe and Steve, got to visit with their first cousins for a day or two.

"Then one foggy ..." summer Sunday, with the Cervis down from Pleasant Hill, both families piled into Anita's Buick with Dar behind the wheel. They headed over the hill to Point Lobos for a picnic at China Cove - one of the venues that inspired the B&W artistry of photographer Edward Weston and his moody portfolio of pebble beaches, tidal pools, and beds of kelp.

At home, Anita would pause in reflection in the backyard of 998 Alameda, an old estate with a more glorious past: an acre of winding garden paths, an abandoned fish pond, a greenhouse in ruins. And a musty old locked tool shed that inspired Charles's published ghost-story poem written for Jonny one Halloween, which began:

*At our house on Pleasant Street,  
Amongst the trees out back,  
Beyond the pond, behind tall weeds,  
There stands a wooden shack....*

Coveys of quail scurried beneath the acacias and azaleas as Anita planted bright red geraniums about the yard ... "under the Monterey sun".



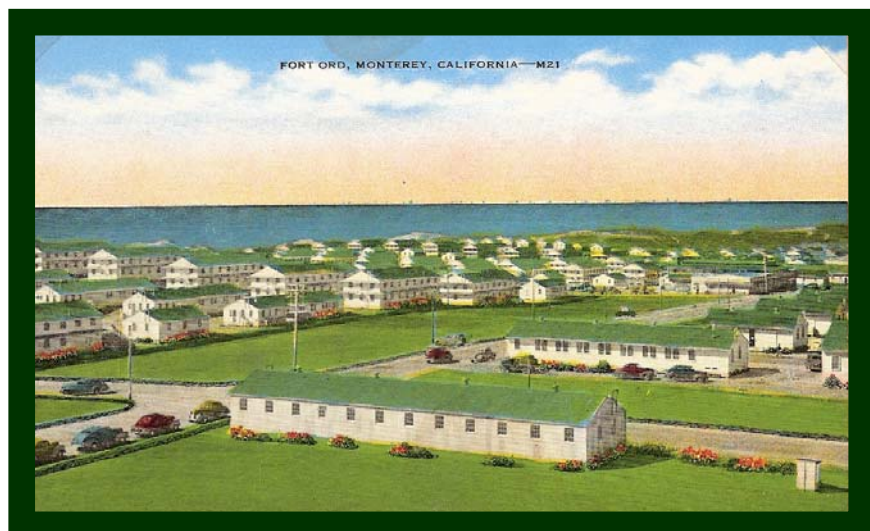


*Another new-fangled gadget* for the Raymond home and hearth, besides Pop's old TV, was a pair of pioneering commercial tape recorders – vacuum tubes humming and warming your hands – for both sides of the Pacific. Anita and the boys regularly exchanged recordings with Daddy, his familiar voice warming the living room.

After church one sunny morning, Anita and her troop posed along a California roadside for a snapshot (gratis another) using her always-present Kodak Brownie box camera. Charles 3<sup>rd</sup> had entered Junipero Memorial High School downtown, while Bob attended San Carlos 7<sup>th</sup> grade across the street from JM and later on to 8<sup>th</sup> grade at Saint Francis boarding school over in Watsonville. Tommy started 1<sup>st</sup> grade at Monte Vista Elementary, a half-mile walk up the hill from home (you could safely do that in those days), and Anita kept her eye on munchkin Jonny with his ever-present ball-peen hammer (at least she knew where he was at all times).



Mrs. Colonel Raymond frequented Fort Ord for goods at the commissary and PX. Medical services at the post dispensary included the occasional tetanus shot for neighbors' dog bites and stitches for little boys' tricycle pratfalls, as well as a six week rehab stint for young Charles's knee - injured in a football scrimmage; Anita had to chauffeur him daily to and from high school. She took Tommy and Jonny to the premier of Disney's *Peter Pan* at the Presidio movie theater, and they watched the Monarch Butterfly Parade in Pacific Grove each February.



*Anita and the boys regularly* attended San Carlos Church in downtown Monterey where they prayed for Daddy-Charles's safe return. Over the hill in Carmel stood the classic Spanish Mission of the late 1700's, the area's edition of *El Camino Real*. Anita often took the kids to visit the church and colorful gardens, and wonder about the life and times of Fray Junipero Serra, buried in a vault in the sanctuary.

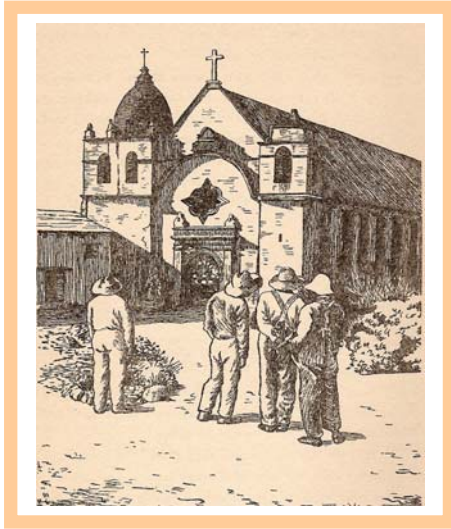
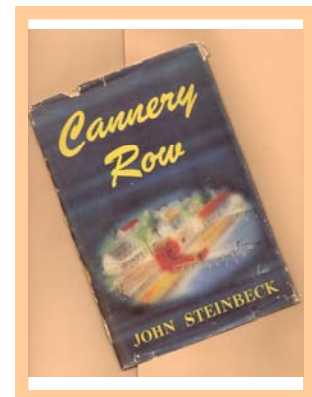
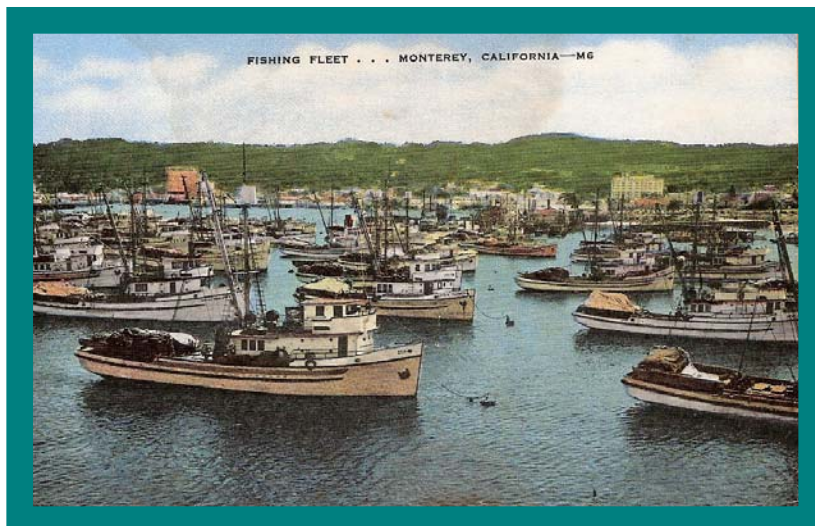


Illustration of Carmel Mission  
(Mission San Carlos Borromeo del Rio Carmelo)  
from Anita's 1950's volume of *Tortilla Flat*

In the 1930s and '40s, the fishing and canning industries were at their apex, but by the early '50's the sardines and anchovies had stopped running and the canneries began a slow decay. Charles and the kids chased the fire trucks for what seemed regular multi-alarmed along Cannery Row's abandoned warehouses. Rejuvenation as a tourist draw wouldn't begin until a couple of decades later, including the crown jewel, the Monterey Bay Aquarium. One chilly December morning in

1953, Anita was horrified to read the headlines in the *Herald* screaming "Young skin-diver off Lover's Point killed by great white shark". Son Charles and a friend had been diving in that very spot just the week before! (...and, incidentally, where the author would initially become scuba-certified decades later.)

At this time, Monterey was only beginning to take note of Salinas' son John Steinbeck who at first ingratiated himself with the locals with his seedy descriptions of their lives; only later in death would he be elevated to literary sainthood. Nevertheless, he was one of Anita's favorite reads of the day, Christmas gifts of original editions of the "trilogy" of *Cannery Row*, *Tortilla Flat* and *Sweet Thursday*. And one of her favorite films of the period was *East of Eden*, which turned out to be one of only three James Dean ever made, before his untimely end 100 miles south of the Peninsula where, speeding in a *Spyder*, he collided with eternity (and much later lent The Eagles some lyrics for the legend).



## Route 66 Redoux, and Points East

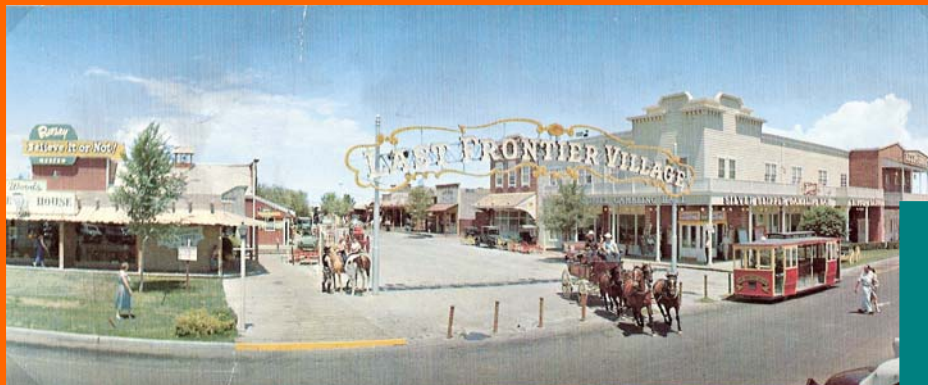
In the fall 1954, Charles was home from Korea and new orders were cut, this time to Hartford, Connecticut. So Anita and family packed their bags and headed east, back-tracking their path of three years prior, across the Mojave Desert and beyond, to visit the Cervi clan in and about Denver once again.



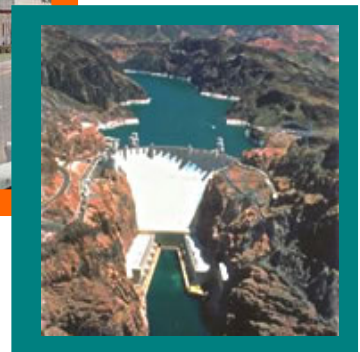
Jonny and the 3-port-hole '52 Buick Super, with Dynaflow



At Anita's and Charles's request, the Texaco man in his cap and uniform would top off the tank only with Sky Chief



After breakfast in Las Vegas, the family spent an entertaining hour or two "on the frontier" before getting underway, crossing over Hoover Dam and pausing to gaze over the massive project ... and to wonder at the concrete at its interior still curing after 20 years (indeed after eight decades today); then rejoining Route 66 in Kingman, Arizona





*Cafes and diners* fit the bill for breakfasts and dinners along old US Route 66. For lunchtime though, Anita filled baskets and coolers with veggies and fruit, sandwiches and cookies, and thermoses with lemonade and iced tea for the roadside stops at high noon under some high clear blue desert skies of the desert mid-winter.

In December of '54, Anita and the gang descended upon Pop Cervi for a few days en route to the East Coast. They also stayed a day or two with Anita's brother Gene and his wife Eulalia on Belleview Road - way out in the country back then - as the Raymond boys got to visit with their cousins Mary Clare and Mike, Richard and Carla once again as they had three years earlier. They also visited the Fran Cervis in Canon City. But Anita's brother Arthur and his wife May were out of town and they missed them.



1604 Cherry Street, Denver, where Anita and the guys visited Pop (and where grandson Tommy was fascinated by Uncle Art's rock garden including a huge chunk of petrified wood and some titanium ore).



Anita's brother Fran (1914-1992), WWII Infantry Captain, US Army; city councilman, private businessman, leading citizen of Canon City, CO

Anita's brother Art (1917-1964), WWII US Army Corps of Engineers, Captain, awarded Bronze Star Medal and Soldier's Medal; chemical engineer and miner



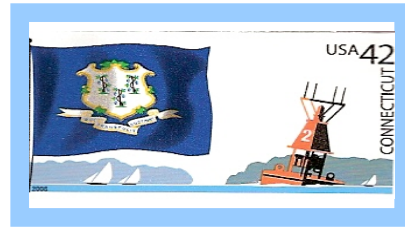
After a week or so, Anita and Charles, the boys and the Buick made a beeline across mid-America to the Northeast, over-nighting in alternate states along the way: KS, MO, IL, IN, OH, PA. Endless hours passed, relentless miles of cornfields; they skirted Saint Louis and crossed the broad and muddy Mississippi. They cruised downtown Centralia just out of curiosity. They edged around Pittsburgh and passed through a toll booth into a new era, the newest means of long-distance travel: a four-lane controlled-access highway, the Pennsylvania Turnpike, with its numerous tunnels punched through the Appalachians. The bright orange roofs of *Howard Johnson's Restaurants* beckoned for meals and, after three years out West, the Raymonds returned to 120 West Main in Cambridge for the holidays of 1954-55, to be with mother Blossom, sister Caroline, other family and friends.



## *Post-War Duty Stations II*

## West Hartford: 1955-57

*After spending Christmas and New Year's* in upstate New York, Anita and family settled into their new digs in January '55 at 73 Rumford Street, West Hartford. Years of army quarters and rentals moved Charles and Anita to their very first home purchase. He was assigned as a Senior Advisor to a U.S. Army Reserve unit in downtown Hartford. The state capital, which sports a golden dome like Denver's own, is known as the "Insurance Capital of the World". The family quickly immersed itself in New England lore and the history of the *Charter Oak* state. Rumford Street lies in the Webster Hill district of West Hartford, which boasts the restored period home of Noah Webster (godfather of *Microsoft's Spell Check*). After three years in California, the New England winter was a climate shock, as Anita and Charles had to deal once again with anti-freeze and tire chains. But the boys now enjoyed sledding the slopes of nearby Rockledge Golf Course.



Charles the teen entered William Hall High School for the second semester of his senior year. Bob attended Sedgwick Junior High and Anita enrolled Tommy and Jonny in Webster Hill Elementary for 3<sup>rd</sup> grade and kindergarten. When C3 graduated in June of '55, as was arranged for him by mail, he received his HS diploma from Junipero Memorial back in Monterey where he'd spent 3½ years. *Davy Crockett*, the movie and tune, entertained the kids. Elvis hit the big time with *Hound Dog* and *Rock Around The Clock* shot Bill Haley and the Comets into orbit, while the boys couldn't keep their eyes off Annette's ... Mickey Mouse ears. Future classics prowling the streets included white '56 Corvettes and black-and-turquoise '57 T-birds. The *Hartford Courant* and NBC's radio *Monitor* program tracked Ike for a second term (at a time before the US major dailies and the TV networks skewed the hard news with their political agenda). *The Saturday Evening Post* brought Norman Rockwell's Americana into Anita's living room.



73 Rumford Street, West Hartford,  
as it looks today, mid-summer...  
as it looked in 1957

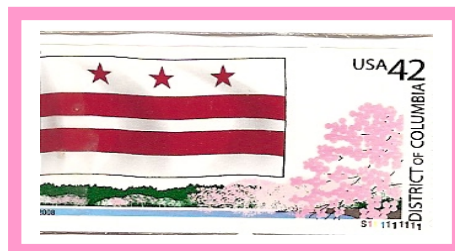
The family made frequent trips to Cambridge, 130 miles north in four hours, through every little hamlet strung along western New England, including Stockbridge, home to the Rockwell art studio (and a decade later featuring Arlo Guthrie's *Alice's Restaurant*).

Dogwood blooms across the countryside caught Nita's eye in the springtime, as did August's roses in Hartford's Elizabeth Park. A large apple tree in the back yard yielded her scrumptious home-made pies and cider in the fall, and on Friday nights her platters were piled high with swordfish steaks from the piers of Long Island Sound and the cold Atlantic when, before overfishing, the average sword came in at over 250 lbs. Anita's niece Cle' visited one weekend from her working-girl career in New York City.

## Family Overseas Assignment

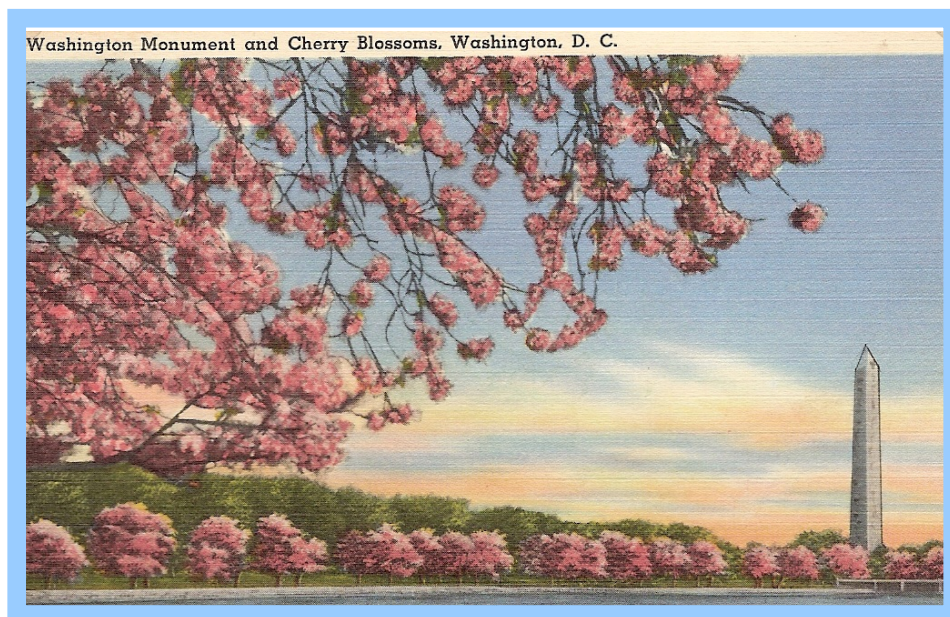
*In the summer of 1957*, Colonel Raymond received new orders for overseas, to Central America and this time he could take the family along. Through the years Anita and the boys had heard tales from returning dependents about foreign duty stations – Manila, Paris, Buenos Aires. It was their turn now for things exotic, mysterious.

As the family was leaving Hartford, the Ruskie launched *Sputnik over October Skies*, affording Bob, in his senior high year in Cambridge (remaining with Granny Blossom), bragging rights to the birth of the *Space Age* on his 17<sup>th</sup> birthday, October 4<sup>th</sup> !!! The Raymonds moved temporarily to Washington D.C. in the fall of '57, so Charles could brush up on Spanish at the Pentagon's Navy Language School and receive briefings in prep for his next assignment. He'd take command of a small U.S. military mission in Nicaragua, in the capital city of Managua. This, of course, was well before *Nicaragua*, the *Sandinistas* and *Iran-Contra* worked their way into the American lexicon in the 1980s.



During this period of transition, Anita and Charles, Tom and Jon, lived in a rental apartment, Naylor Gardens in Southeast D.C., for seven months until June '58. Charles drove to the Pentagon daily and Anita and the boys prepped for the grand tour overseas: geography, Latin American culture, basic Spanish: *?Como se llama? !Tengo hambre!* And for the two years abroad, medics at a local USAF dispensary zapped them with the requisite battery of boosters for dreaded diseases unspeakable: "Ow, ouch! Damn!"

In April of that year, as in every year, the pool by the Thomas Jefferson Memorial was in its full reflective mode, a dappled mood of cherry-blossom pink. Finally, before leaving for Central America, Col. Raymond purchased a new family car, a shiny black 4-door 1958 Buick Special, with rocket-ship fins and everything!



## Managua, Nicaragua: 1958-60

In July of 1958, Anita, Charles and three of their sons – Charles (“Chuck”), Tom and Jon – boarded the *USNS Gibbons*, a Navy transport out of Brooklyn Naval Base bound for Panama. Bob had just graduated high school and joined the Navy and was at boot camp north of Chicago. After four days at sea, the five Raymonds arrived in San Juan, PR;



another two days took them over to Guantanamo Bay Naval Base, Cuba; and in two more days the ship crossed the wide open maw of the Caribbean Sea, to Colon, Canal Zone.

Col. C.W.Raymond 2<sup>nd</sup> received missions briefings at the U.S. Army Caribbean Command, CZ, over another week or so. Then the family flew by commercial air – an American Airlines DC-7 turbojet – to Managua, touching down on July 16<sup>th</sup>. In a sign of times long passed, Anita’s 8- and 12-year olds were allowed to peek into the cockpit over the pilots’ shoulders at 35,000 feet to check out all the gauges and dials. “Cool!”

Upon arrival in Managua, Charles assumed the leadership of the U.S. Army Mission to Nicaragua, a tactical training task force working with *La Guardia Nacional*, *Generalissimo* Anastasio Somoza (USMA 1946), Commanding. The American post would come not without abundant political baggage for the region



and era – Fidel Castro grabbed Cuba the next year – in this most quintessential of banana republics. Anita and Charles presented the best face of U.S. diplomacy other than that opined in the pages of *The Ugly American*, a book of the day. They were true ambassadors for our country, always treating their hosts and hired help with the utmost of dignity and respect ... anything but so-called “arrogant, dismissive, even derisive”.



Anita attended many a joint Nicaraguan-American military function with her husband



The colonel's wife shared some time with the U.S. Ambassador's wife, Mrs. Thomas (Mabel) Whelan



*After a brief stay* in downtown Managua (in the resident mansion of Charles's departing Mission Chief predecessor), the Raymonds moved out to the country to *Colonia Frawley*, about five miles south along the Pan American Highway at Kilometer 7 (the distance outside Managua's center). This community of homes was populated by Americans and European-Nicaraguans. Anita's rental home was canary yellow, a single story, slump block structure with an oddly interesting inverted roof line, sloping from the outside to the center line like a butterfly; OK as long as it shed the torrential rains, which it did. This '50's era house had no AC, though lots of fans and gentle winds off Lake Managua made life a bit bearable in these tropical lowlands, along with a small plastic pool erected on the patio. The seasons were twofold: eight months - April through November - of deluges, and four months - December to March - of dry, hot and hotter, high blue skies.



Covered patio and the small pool in the cool shade



Anita's house for almost two years



Lots of flora about the yard



Anita's helpers (left to right): Rosita, the maid; Caesar, the gardener; Ernesto, Charles's chauffeur; and Juana, the cook. (Caesar and Ernesto were in *La Guardia Nacional*.)

*When the Raymonds arrived* in Managua in the summer of '58, Chuck was along only for the ride as he soon returned Stateside to continue his studies at the University of Connecticut. Tom and Jon entered classes at the American-Nicaraguan School, a private establishment (with tuition paid by the U.S. Embassy). Tom's 7<sup>th</sup> grade teacher was the wife of his dad's Executive Officer, Mrs. (Major Gene) Erickson. Class was six days a week – ugh! – 7 a.m. to 12:30 p.m. *Siesta* followed in the heat of the day, but by 3 p.m., people were out and about until 7.

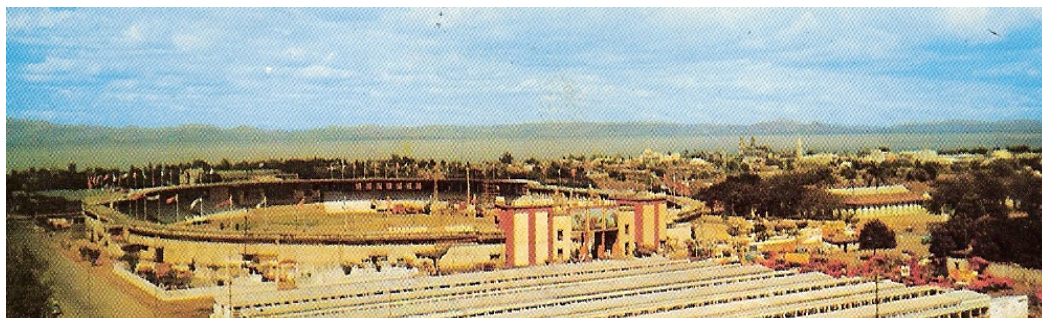
After a month or so, the new Buick arrived by United Fruit Line freighter, through the Canal to the Nicaraguan west coast port of Corinto where it was retrieved for Anita's use. The Nicaraguan military also provided Charles with an official car, a black 1957 Oldsmobile, and a driver.



The exchange rate of the day was 7 cordobas = 1 US\$

The U.S. Army Mission, where Charles worked daily, was on the campus of the Nicaraguan Army training corps just off *Avenida Roosevelt* (please see the sidebar). Downtown Managua along the shore of Lake Managua was a frequent destination for Anita and the gang. *Estadio Somoza* (of all places) launched Tom's lifelong passion for baseball during the Nicaragua Winter League season of 1959-60. The kids got their haircuts at the *Gran Hotel* across the plaza from the Roman Catholic Cathedral, where they could also badger autographs from American baseball players like future major league stars Jim Kaat and Don Mincher. Anita only smiled, maybe recalling her own school days on the softball diamond.

*Avenida Roosevelt* interestingly got its name from U.S. President Franklin D. Roosevelt, during the era of his *Good Neighbor Policy*. Roosevelt assisted Nicaragua with a contingent of Marines during political unrest in the 1930's, helping to install the senior Anastasio "Tacho" Somoza as *El Presidente*. (Read dictator: "He may be an SOB, but he's our SOB", to quote FDR.) However, Tacho was assassinated in '56 and his eldest son Luis had assumed the presidency by the time the Raymonds arrived in Managua. Luis would die in the early '60's and his brother Tachito, known as "*El Vampiro*" to his considerable enemies – he sold his peoples' blood to The Red Cross – took over and ran the country like his own little fiefdom. World aid for the devastating '72 earthquake generally lined only Somoza coffers so, in 1979, socialists – funded out of Havana and Moscow – chased him and his cronies out of town. The next year in Paraguay, he was tracked down: a bazooka rocket "executed his sentence for crimes against the people"; only his wrist watch remained for identification.



Muddy Lake Managua in the distance laps up against Nicaragua's capital city, with the Cathedral's twin towers and that of another nearby church poking up. In the foreground is *Estadio Somoza* and the stockyards, owned by ... you guessed it ... Somoza.

*Anita never settled on* any one particular Catholic parish for herself and her two boys, though she did find an order with an English-speaking nun to give them regular *Catechism* lessons. A small venue downtown held mass in English but only once a month, so they also attended a couple of churches near the house, with homilies in the native Spanish.



The classic Spanish era style cathedral downtown, on the main plaza overlooking Lake Managua, would be destroyed in the massive 1972 quake

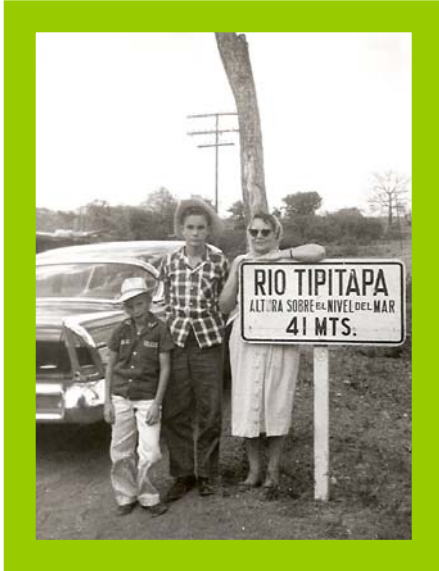
Social events Anita and the guys would attend included picnics sponsored by the American Society: a holiday event at a downtown park and another party on a Pacific beach. Tom joined the local contingent of American Boy Scouts with adult leadership by the officers and enlisted men of both the U.S. Army and Air Force missions. The troop raised the Stars-and-Stripes at dawn over the U.S. Ambassador's estate on July 4<sup>th</sup> 1959, camped several times in the jungle on the shores of nearby lagoons using GI-issued trucks and tents, and hiked to the rim of a steaming, bubbling caldera (please see the sidebar).



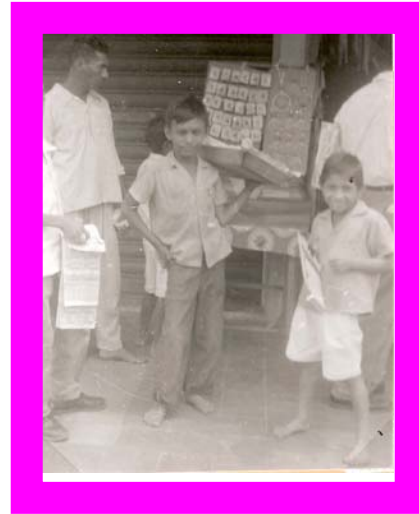
Nicaragua is home to a dozen volcanic throats thrust up from deep within the earth's lithosphere, spewing out steam and ash, pumice and poisonous gasses, yet oozing no active lava fields in the present age. In eons past, though, an arm of the Pacific was closed off by massive flows creating Lake Nicaragua, in which evolved the world's only freshwater sharks.

From her home, Anita lent her charity to the local community to the extent a foreign military spouse might. One day a few miles south down the main highway at Kilometer 13, which bisected another *colonia* of homes, a flat-bed truck piled high with bags of cement strapped in place took a curve too fast, blew a tire and rolled over onto its side. It screeched along the concrete pavement a couple of hundred feet or so in a roar, a cloud of cement dust erupting over the scene. Two guys climbed out of the cab through the upright side window covered in gray dust, appearing shaken but fine. However, a third chap sitting atop the pile of bags was thrown off the truck, skidded down the rough pavement alongside and came to a halt in a crumpled heap. The residents gathered around and did what they could but by the time medical help arrived from some distance the man had died. Across the highway sat a small Catholic chapel and when Anita heard about the tragedy, her nursing instincts kicked in and she managed to acquire some basic medical supplies from the U.S. Army Mission to establish a neighborhood clinic at the church. Thus she made her presence felt by the local residents, including not only well-heeled foreigners - owners of the *Gran Hotel*, an American Airline pilot and family, and other U.S. military personnel - but also their *Nica* staffs of maids, cooks and gardeners, and their families. The local *padre* was thoroughly grateful to Mrs. Anita Cervi Raymond.

*When Charles was able to get away* from his duties, the Buick and some local rail routes carried Anita and her charges about the Nicaraguan countryside to sample the flavors of the local culture (“but don’t drink the water!”) They visited colorful markets and plazas and churches in the outlying cities of Leon and Granada, Corinto and Masaya. They crossed Rio Tipitapa, which connects Lake Managua to Lake Nicaragua.



*Nica* ninos hawking their wares



Ox carts were the preferred (only!) mode of transport for the *Nica* farmers and their crops en route to early morning market, ever rumbling along the dusty country lanes

Another interesting trek Anita could write home about was a week-long trip south to San Jose, capital of Costa Rica, 350 miles down the Pan American Highway. The Buick motored along paved roadways, then long dusty stretches of graded desert gravel. Charles was to attend a joint session of the Central American U.S. Army Mission Chiefs, and Anita and the boys went along for the ride and to soak up a bit of the *Tica* culture. If nothing else, it afforded a respite from the heat of the teeming lowlands of Managua since San Jose sits up on an ancient volcanic spine, a bit cooler at several thousand feet above sea level. In fact, the Hemisphere’s southern most stand of pines stretch skyward here.

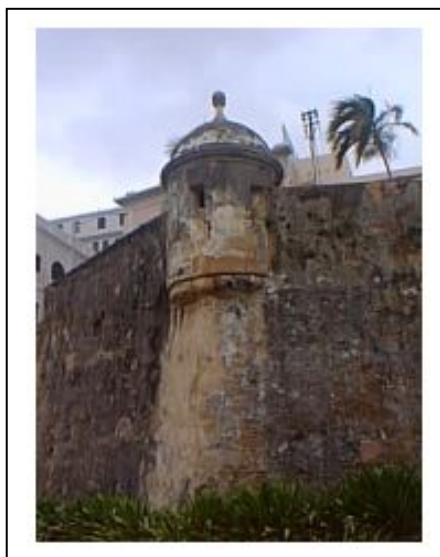
## *Return to The States*

*In April of 1960*, Charles received new orders, so the Raymonds reversed their travels of two years earlier, first by air to the Canal Zone and the Army base at Balboa on the Pacific Coast. After Charles's debriefing at HQ, the family did some sightseeing in an army motor pool car, with driver. Quite sobering was driving past a section of Panama City's *barrio*, slum-life up close and personal - that they'd seen only from a distance in Managua ("how can people live like that?") Their destination was a cathedral at the outskirts of the city, a *tourista* draw with a huge elaborate altar of solid gold, but tarred with pitch-black by the residents three centuries earlier – it remained so to the day – to keep it from falling into the hands of the privateer Henry Morgan.

The Panama Railroad (active since 1855 to carry the 49ers to their own dreams of gold) soon carried the family along the Canal, 50 miles over to Colon on the Caribbean coast. They absorbed the sights and sounds (and smells) of the local shops where Anita picked up some fine table linens at bargain prices (think of that scene in *Casablanca*). The next day, the transport *Gibbons* – and schools of porpoises and flying fish – escorted them once again to Guantanamo (much to Castro's chagrin by now), then on to San Juan. They rendezvoused with Bob, a Navy electrician's mate stationed in PR, his ship in port at the time. They also did additional sightseeing here (please see the sidebar) as their Navy transport was docked for an entire day.

El Morro Castle (US National Park Service), at the entrance to the harbor of San Juan, PR

The heyday of El Morro Castle was during the era of the Spanish Main of the 1500's, of swashbucklers and pirates and Jolly-Rogers, of Manila galleons laden with gold and silver and spices from the Orient – first across a broad "pacific" sea, then overland Mexico and yet another ocean – to the Spanish Court and dominance of the Western world ... until Sir Francis Drake's smaller yet more nimble fleet crushed the Armada and altered the course of Western Civilization.



With movies and bingo to pass the time while gliding over crystal blue waves, the last leg of the voyage carried Anita and family up along the Gulf Stream and into New York's harbor where they arrived in early May. Charles reported in from his Central American assignment to the brass at Fort Hamilton, Brooklyn, and they stayed several nights at Fort Jay, Governor's Island, set between lower Manhattan and Brooklyn. Chuck, down from UConn, greeted his returning family and brought along his future wife, Lucy Calahan, to meet the folks. They took in the sights and sounds of New York, the American Museum of Natural History, the Hayden Planetarium. They ate hotdogs at Battery Park and Anita relished shopping for goods she'd missed for two years. As the Buick was aboard their Navy transport, they shortly headed 200 miles upstate, to hometown Cambridge, and then pressed onward, west to Columbus in Ohio, for Charles's very last active duty station.

## *Fort Hayes: 1960-61*

*For his final assignment*, in the summer of 1960 Col. Charles Raymond assumed the role of Commander, Western Sector, XX Corps, at Fort Hayes, Columbus, working with US Army Reserves throughout Ohio. This, however, was a position to last only through the following winter as he had plans to retire in early 1961. In late summer of '60, Anita made the trip by air to see Pop, her brothers and their wives, her nephews and nieces, and the bold rugged mountains of her native Colorado. She visited her mother Catherine's gravesite for a prayer.



Painting by Anita's brother John E. Cervi; gift to his nephew Tom, 1977

*For the presidential election cycle* of 1960, Anita didn't hesitate to join the legions of her own Roman faithful to put the first Catholic into the White House,



John F. Kennedy, much to the dismay of her ever-Republican husband Charles. Together the family watched the first-ever televised presidential debate, the one between JFK and Richard Nixon ... you know, the one in which Bobby Kennedy turned up the studio thermostat to make Tricky Dick sweat in buckets and seeding other conspiracy theories in the years ahead. Anita, however, became a quick

fan of Jack and Jackie's *Camelot*, of pill-box hats and their toddlers Sweet Caroline and John-John.



# *Transitions*

## *Retirement, January 1961*

*In January 1961*, after well over 30 years of active military duty beginning as a plebe at West Point in 1927, Charles retired from the U.S. Army as Colonel of Artillery, seen here with Anita inspecting his official retirement certificate. They stand in front of the American flag he, and she, so proudly served in peace and in war over the decades - he even placing himself “in harm’s way” for a few years so their children and their grandchildren could be free of tyranny’s rule.



During the late ‘50’s, in planning for the retirement years, Anita and Charles discussed such locales as Highland Falls, NY, outside the main gate at West Point, and Monterey, California. Of these, Anita was probably happiest in Monterey, and while in Hartford and Managua, she was looking forward to settling down on the mid-California peninsula. This would be a compromise of sorts between their respective hometowns of Denver and Cambridge, both with picturesque seasons but with winters to tax the hardy.

The final choice, however, would be 1 Gilmore Avenue in Cambridge, where Anita had lived during the War years with the two older boys (81 West Main Street back then). Ironically, it had come on the market at an affordable price and they felt they couldn’t pass up the opportunity. Anita and Charles settled into their new home with the two younger boys, Tom and Jon. Bob was still in the Navy and Chuck was on active duty in the Army.



Once she unpacked the household goods to set up shop, and renewed old acquaintances from the War era living in the village and the intervening visits over the years, Anita began receiving her own visitors from out of town. These included sister Marie from Fort Devens in the spring of 1961 and brother John and family returning from an overseas Air Force assignment in Germany later that summer.



*In prepping to downsize* for the retirement years, Charles at first bought Anita something new out of Detroit, the nation's answer to the VW, an air-cooled, high compression, rear engine thing from GM: the *Corvair*. A black two door 1960 model (seen peeking out of the garage below) carted Anita about town at 35 MPH on 35 cents a gallon. The next year Charles traded in the '58 Buick for a new '62 blue four-door Corvair. Both Chevys, supposedly posing high accident risk, yielded nothing remotely catastrophic in their service through the decade of the '60s (so Ralph Nader's *Unsafe at Any Speed* would have to wait to launch his storied, multi-pronged career).

Marie Cervi Woodward  
(1910-1995),  
with niece Sherri and  
nephew Jonny (1<sup>st</sup> cousins),  
Cambridge, NY,  
summer 1961



On August 1, 1961, Anita and Charles celebrated their Silver - 25<sup>th</sup> - Wedding Anniversary. A month later, on Labor Day September 6<sup>th</sup>, a short trip over the Hudson River to the historic Saratoga Battlefield, 15 miles west of Cambridge, offered a photo op (taken by 11-year-old Jonny), believed by the family to be ...

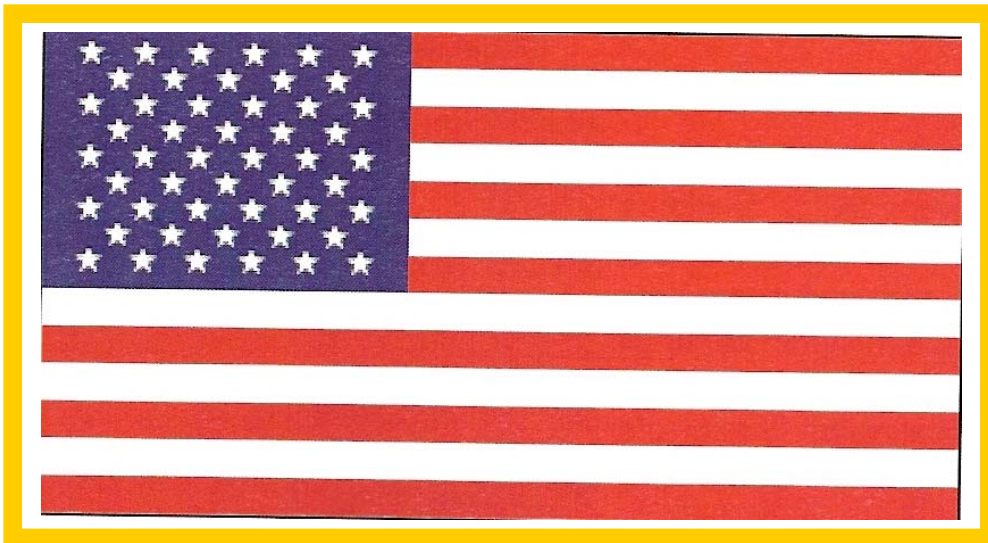
*Anita's last picture*, because ...



***September 21, 1961***

*On the last day of summer* of 1961, just a month past her 53<sup>rd</sup> birthday, August 20th, Anita passed away, a sudden and shocking loss for the family, the community of Cambridge and her old Army nurse friends. She'd had a stroke, was taken to Albany Medical Center Emergency by ambulance, but suffered a cerebral hemorrhage on the operating table. The clock read 3 p.m., a Thursday not a Friday: no curtains were torn asunder and no earthquake shook the land, but temblors were felt in the hearts of those who loved her. And in one of the cruelest of human commentaries – for a parent to lay one's own child to rest – Anita's father Sisto arrived from Denver for the bereavement. At age 80, he was escorted by air to Albany, then on to Cambridge by sons Gene and Fran. Anita's sister Marie and niece Cle' joined the grieving from nearby East Coast homes, as did son Bob, stationed then in the New York metro area, as well as Chuck and his wife Lucy from Fort Devens, MA.

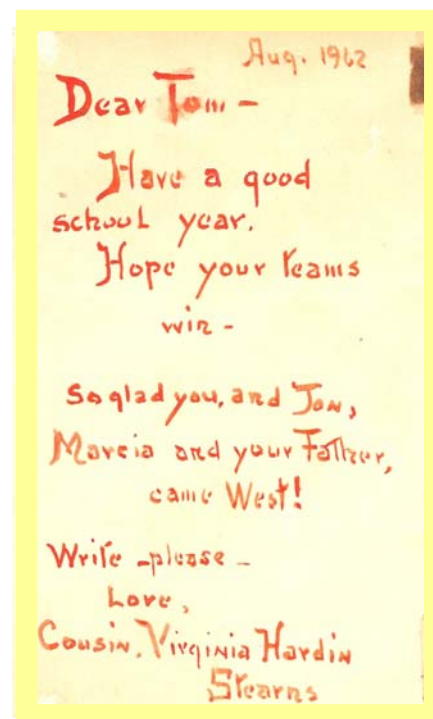
Funeral Mass was held at St. Patrick's in Cambridge and Anita was interred at the West Point Cemetery in the Raymond family site overlooking the lordly Hudson. For her period of active service in the 1930's, 2<sup>nd</sup> Lt. Anita Cervi Raymond, Army Nurse, earned full military graveside honors with Color Guard, 21-gun salute and *Taps*. Since the territories of Hawaii and Alaska had just entered the Union as full-fledged states, a new 50-starred flag draped her casket. This bolt of cloth, rather pedestrian yet then so sacred, was presented to the family, and it flew proudly for her high atop the flagpole at 1 Gilmore Avenue for many years to come.



## Carrying On

*In keeping with his promise* to Anita when they married in 1936, Charles encouraged Tom and Jon to remain practicing Catholics, to continue attending St. Patrick's Church. In June of 1962, partly believing the boys would be better served through the teen years with a woman's presence in the home - a "new mom" if you will - Charles remarried. Marcia Clark, whom he'd known as a youngster in Cambridge, became his new bride, but not before asking his sons for their approval, which they gave. The boy's dad also sought the views of Anita's kin, and John replied to his brother-in-law, "Charles, life is for the living, so yes, with my blessing." Fran also sent a nice note thanking Charles for being a good husband and taking care of his sister over the years, giving her a good life.

Then in August, Charles and Marcia, Jon and Tom took the train out to Denver to introduce her to the Cervis in hopes of reassuring them that Anita's two younger boys would be well looked after in the years ahead. They were warmly greeted by Pop Sisto, brothers Gene and Fran, and the boys' aunts and cousins. One of Anita's old army nurse buddies, Jean Perdola, also met Marcia, so the new Mrs. Raymond was well received into the extended family. From the archives of "It's a small world", yet another relative they rendezvoused with was a Raymond cousin, Virginia Hardin Stearns, niece of Charles's mother Blossom. Virginia was a long-time Denver resident and a teacher at Denver East High in the early 20<sup>th</sup> century. Affectionately known as "The Duchess", she was familiar to the Cervi clan well before Anita had come to meet Charles! "VHS" was an accomplished artist, watercolors and Colorado being her forte', and she regularly offered her works to family and friends as holiday and other occasional gifts.



**Pop and Anita's sister Marie**, and brothers, Gene and Art, Dar, Fran and John could only move on with their lives in the absence of their beloved daughter and sister. Just as they'd missed Catherine the past decade, both would be remembered now in Rosaries the living Cervis would pray. In early 1962, Pop visited the West Coast families of Dar and John, as his sons began to look after him more closely then. Two years later, in the winter of '64, Pop laid yet another of his own to rest, son Art, who also died far too young. Later that spring, Sisto's grandson Tom approached high school graduation with a formal announcement and his senior portrait shared with his Cervi relatives.



Sisto and Dar Cervi in January of 1962, at the christening of grandson and nephew Jim

A 1964 letter to Tom from his grandfather Sisto

Concord Calif. 1-25-1964

Dear grandson Tom

I have just received your nice letter and your beautiful portrait. Thank you very much. I have been moving around from place to place that is the reason why I did not receive your mail earlier, it just now caught up with me.

I am very happy to know that you are doing good in school and also to know that the family is well.

As for me I am in as good a shape as it can be expected considering the Octogenarian stage of the game.

Much love to all from  
Cervi



Cambridge Central High School  
Cambridge, NY, 1964  
New York State Regents Graduate  
Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4  
Football 3, Basketball 2,  
Intramural Basketball 3, 4  
(Hossmen Champions 4)  
Washington County Post and  
1964 CCS Chieftain Yearbook  
Sports Editor 4  
Sock Hop Disc Jockey 2, 3

# Sisto "Pop" Cervi: 1881-1966

*Through the years* since the 1940's, Anita's brother Gene published a weekly business and finance paper in Denver, *Cervi's Rocky Mountain Journal*, which seated him in the community as a well-known and highly respected civic leader. It arrived regularly in the Raymond mailbox, a practice maintained well after Anita's death, continuing the boys' connection to their mother's immediate family and her hometown. In 1966, Pop passed away and son Gene remembered the family patriarch in his column.

Good Journalism Begets Good Government

*Mile High Observations* \_\_\_\_\_ By Gene Cervi

Sisto Cervi  
1881-1966

● He was a man of many parts, stamped in his time and his environment. He telescoped his situations backwards. How did this happen? How did we get this way? What am I? ... That sort of thing.

From the beginning it was a cheerful adventure. He wasn't afraid of man or beast and yet he could be brought to bow wisely before arrogant force. He learned early to roll with the inevitables without cooperating with them. I think I learned from him that nice guys don't have to win. And he was a nice guy.

Pop took the challenges on the upbeat. He was an optimist about it all. He was simple, uncomplicated and it never occurred to him to lie when it might have been helpful to do so. I never knew him when he wasn't direct, forthright and open-hearted about matters. It never occurred to him that to be less might be expedient.

This is not to say he was without the power of thought. He had been influenced in his youth by a book about the world before there was man. He had known a respected and trusted Frenchman who had told him that all property was theft.

Somehow, even though he named me for Eugene Debs, Pop never went over to the Socialists even tho he departed still passionate at 85 in the cause of social justice. He understood the tenets of the natural law without having them explained to him by formal tutor.

Names had been a measure of the family interests and preoccupations. Eugene was acceptable in the contention because it also was the name of four popes. His own name honored the Sixtus line. Pop never quarreled with his five sons. His two daughters adored him.

Considering the conditions under which he came to manhood, it is not difficult to understand why I was to be called Eugene. He shouldered more than his share of the grief and the burden. He rather enjoyed it. He did for others what they lacked the courage or direction to do for themselves. He fought the vested interests — and — God knows they needed to be fought. He organized the men. He made them stand fast. They won and they lost. It never occurred to Pop to count the wins. He was forever concerned with the why of the losses.

His dominion, and he had an extensive one, was of the spirit. After the naming of his first born, he permitted orthodoxy to prevail and the second was Angelina Anita (now deceased and represented in these mortal precincts by four sons named Raymond). Hegel and Schopenhauer, after all lie north of the Etruscans and it is easy to understand why the third was called Brunhilda even tho this became Mary, corrupted later to Marie, for the purposes of the christening records.

To my own mind, however, emotion and passion and anti-clericalism reached triumphant heights when the in-laws had to accept the fact that the fourth born was to be named Darwin Dante. Ponder that awhile and decide what manner of man we have here.

He knew Galileo in the pre-Galileo sense of the Galileian. Late in his life, he was brought in out of the cold by one called John XXIII. It was a fitting victory for one who had stood firm so valiantly against the superficial rules and regulations and the fakers while never deserting the spirit. He eschewed the Philistines even as they beckoned. And he took his bumps. He didn't leave a dime — not a lone dime. I suspect he planned it that way. None of us ever ceased to respect him — and he was great fun, right up to the last.

About the names. He knew when enough was enough and as he grew older he became more compassionate about the tortured needs of those who cared and if it would help he would let the orthodoxy and the safe and the conforming prevail. The fifth and the sixth and the seventh became Francis Joseph (hail to the holy roman empire); Arthur Anthony and John Edward — a bit of stray Victorianism there, don't you know.

He was quite universal towards all human beings. He was 80 when he found a salamander in his diggings in his little Fremont county nursery and carried on at great length about elements of evolution that led him into endless good-mannered argument with parish priests even as he protested charges of heretical reasoning.

This was a distinct contradiction that added puzzlement to my own tenuous comforts. This was the same man who fought a tiger's fight for the integrity of Local No. 720 and the principle that carrying hod ought to be worth at least \$1.85 cents an hour back in the Thirties. At one time, he was president of the then largest Local in the Denver metropolitan area. With Pop, human dignity was the sum of it all. He followed my career with an avid but silent interest. Once he read in the public prints that I was associated on a committee with a mighty satrap of the realm.

"Ask him how he likes the terrazzo floors in his front hall," Pop said to me one day. "Tell him that I put them in and that they'll last longer than he will."

He had wonderful expressions: After disaster he would say, "We're still breathing, aren't we?" He made defeat an exciting and learning experience.

continued

● Wednesday, Oct. 5, 1966 ● Denver, Colo. ● Cervi's Rocky Mountain Journal ● 28





# *Inheritances*

## *The Family's Military Tradition*

*Anita and her siblings* served in the U.S. armed forces or federal government during the WWII era. In the Raymond family tradition, she was proud that her eldest sons did likewise. By 1955 Charles was making Army National Guard roll calls and in 1958 Bob enlisted in the Navy. But she didn't live to see that all four of her boys would eventually serve in the nation's defense, all *voluntarily*. During the Vietnam War draft in 1965, Tom enlisted in the Navy for four years, and Jon joined the Army in 1972 for a three year hitch.

*Charles, a 1960 graduate of UConn,* was the ROTC Cadet Corps Colonel and Distinguished Military Graduate. He was commissioned a 2nd Lt. in the Regular Army Field Artillery and, like his father, made this his career. He married Lucy Calahan, mother of his two boys, in 1961; Anita beamed at her son's military wedding at a chapel outside Washington DC. After two tours in Vietnam in the 1960's, he served as ROTC instructor at the University of Delaware in the early '70's among other assignments. He married Lorraine Santerre of Cambridge in 1976 and retired from the Army as Lt. Colonel in 1983, working in the defense and medical industries over the following years and settling in the Albany area.



*Charles Walker Raymond 3<sup>rd</sup>*



*Robert Woodruff Raymond, 1940-1995*  
*After years of declining health including crippling arthritis, Bob passed away on April 5, 1995 from a heart attack. He was buried at New Skete Monastery, Cambridge.*

*Bob served three years* as a Navy Electrician's Mate 3<sup>rd</sup> Class in Puerto Rico aboard a rescue and search ship whose mission included chasing down booster rockets in the Atlantic after launch from Cape Canaveral. In private life back in Cambridge, he worked as a tool & die engineer for many years. He was an accomplished model builder and an oft-published local historian with an interest in preserving the area's covered bridges. Bob became close friends with the Monks of New Skete, an Orthodox monastery just outside Cambridge, and designed and constructed the *banyas* – the gold-leafed onion-shaped domes sitting atop the church built in the late 60's, which stood up to 25 years of the ice-blasting winds of upstate New York's harsh winters.



***Tom trained in Navy avionics*** and served aboard the aircraft carrier USS Bon Homme Richard in 1968 and 1969 as an Aviation Fire-Control Technician 2<sup>nd</sup> Class in the Vietnam war zone. Afterward, he graduated from Hudson Valley College, Arizona State and San Jose State universities, and established a career as an engineer in the semiconductor industry including many years in Silicon Valley. Tom was married to Melinda Goodwater from 1979 to 1991. He married Rebecca Worley Gerhold in 1996 and she brought two adult children into his life, daughter Elizabeth and son Christopher. Liz soon married, as did Chris, and they presented Rebecca and Tom with two grandchildren each: Natalie and Paul (father, Pete), and Jaelyn and Emma (mother, Julie).



***Thomas Mayhew Raymond***



***Jonathan Wainwright Raymond***

***Jon served in the Army*** primarily in Germany as a Field Artillery surveyor, after graduation from Cambridge Central High and Adirondack C.C. After his enlistment he returned to his home town and studied at Hudson Valley C.C., then Syracuse University, majoring in Forestry Science. He became a master forester running his own business in Cambridge and in woodlots across the Northeast, maintaining healthy renewable forests while turning trees into lumber and jobs. He enjoys fishing, hunting, and canoeing in the Adirondacks and Green Mountains. He also collects and refurbishes pocket knives, digs into his paternal family history, hikes to the top of the network of fire towers across the Northeast, and taps sugar bushes for classic New York and Vermont maple syrup.

Since Anita's passing, all four boys honored their mother's memory by remaining true to her teachings and her reverence for God through an active practice of Christianity ... yet tempered by the words of the Reverend Henry Ward Beecher (1813-1887):

*"The Church is not a gallery for the exhibition of eminent Christians, but a school for the education of imperfect ones."*

# Anita's Grandchildren: Joys She Never Knew

Anita's two grandsons were born one year and two years after she passed away, Charles Walker 4<sup>th</sup> on May 22, 1962 at Fort Devens, MA - with his father stationed there - and Peter Timothy on September 16, 1963 at Dover, DE - just as Chuck arrived in Vietnam for his first tour of duty.



Chuckie and Peter with their dad on the Batten Kill outside Cambridge c. 1970, entered in the *Annual Predicted Log Race*, on a raft named *Claw-Rocks*, constructed with dozens of ... *Clorox* bottles!



Grandpa Charles and Grandma Marcia, summer of 1984



Seven Raymond men, Christmas 1985:  
Tom, Bob, Pete, Chuck4, Jon, Chuck3;  
Seated: Charles Walker the 2nd

Beginning in 1962 and for the next 27 years, Marcia was Charles's partner until he passed away in March of '89. Through 2008, for a full 46 years, she was Anita's surrogate mom to the Raymond men and their wives, and fill-in grand-mom and great-grand. Young Chuck (Charles 4<sup>th</sup>) and Pete grew and matured through the 1970's and '80's, and by the early '90s had married and begun their own families. They've brought four more with Sisto Cervi blood into the world as Anita's great-grandchildren. Of Chuck 4<sup>th</sup> and his wife Robin, they are Kaitlynn Marie ("Kaite", born on October 15, 1990) and Kassidy Ann ("Kass", April 27, 1999). And of and Tracy, we have Michael Patrick ("Mike", January 21, 1990) and Kathryn Jeannette (April 22, 1993).

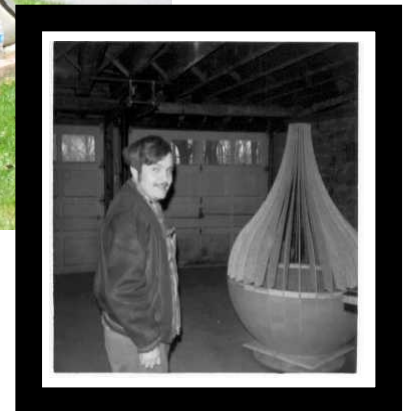
Marcia passed away from natural causes at the age of 90 in June 2008. Many of her family and friends gathered for the memorial service at St. Luke's Episcopal Church in Cambridge and at West Point for burial beside Charles and Anita, as was Charles's wish. Anita would have understood.

Memorial brunch for  
Marcia Raymond, June 2008,  
Hotel Thayer, West Point, NY  
  
Peter Timothy Raymond  
Charles Walker Raymond 3<sup>rd</sup>  
Charles Walker Raymond 4<sup>th</sup>



## *Cervi Blood Lives On*

*When the Raymond side of the family* arrived at West Point to lay Marcia to rest, eight of ten of Anita's blood were in attendance. Her son Bob had passed away the decade before, and her great-grandson Michael – a recent high school graduate and college prep, and a new BSA Eagle Scout – was unable to attend.



Back Row (**Cervi blood bolded**): **Tom**, **Chuck 4<sup>th</sup>**, **Chuck 3<sup>rd</sup>**, **Pete**  
Middle: Row: Rebecca (Tom's wife), Robin (Chuck 4<sup>th</sup>'s wife) Tracy (Pete's wife), **Jon**  
Front Row: **Kaite** (Chuck's daughter), **Kass** (Chuck's daughter), **Kathryn** (Pete's daughter)  
Insets: **Mike** (Pete's son) / **Bob** (At peace, 1995)



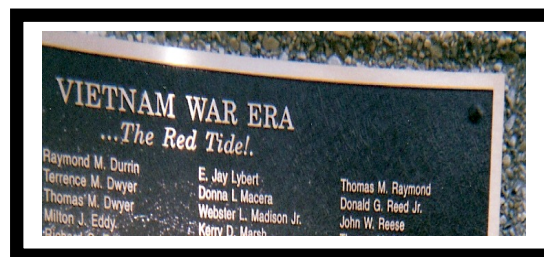
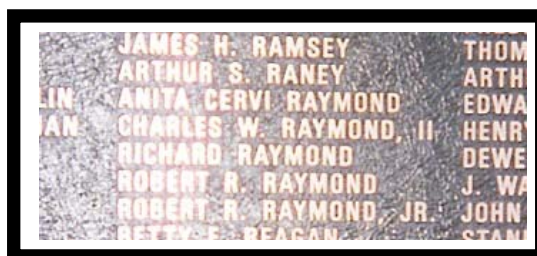


# *Reflections*

## *Of Anita's Patriotism*

*In 1958 and again in 1960*, while traveling to and from Nicaragua, history reminded Anita and her men that Guantanamo and the Canal Zone were remnants of an earlier age in America: At the gateway of the 20th century the U.S. emerged as a leader on the world stage as Teddy Roosevelt issued his, “Walk softly and carry a big stick”. But after two world wars, and by virtue of America’s blood shed on foreign soil for the liberation of hundreds of millions, our nation ascended to its then rightful role as *singular* leader of the Free World. Had Anita and Charles lived to see the “Fall of the Wall” in 1989, they’d have believed it must remain so: From the Nazi Swastika and the Rising Sun, to the Iron Curtain, such were the icons of ideologies against which Charles railed his entire adult life over six decades, as an active-duty soldier and in retirement.

Likewise for Anita, from her early career as Army nurse and in the following years as supportive military wife and mother, she held true an unmistakable level of American pride and patriotism. Her code was her husband’s, West Point’s own *Duty, Honor, Country*. Thus she earned for herself a permanent place for her name, her maiden name Cervi, on the Veterans’ Honor Role in Cambridge, NY, along with those of her husband, her sons, and other Raymond relatives. (Son Bob was on the committee to make it so.)



## *Anita's (and Charles's) Echoes*

*Anita and her husband Charles* taught by example, if not the words themselves, that our founding documents can and do offer the best hope for humanity for lasting popular governance given their roots in Judeo-Christianity and English Common Law. The only validation one needs to cite lies in the historical record of the past century: Before 1900, less than 20 states across the globe were truly free, yet by 1961 – the year of Anita’s passing – there were 50 or more as colonialism was quickly retreating to self-rule. Disparate Eastern cultures such as found in India, Turkey, and Japan had embraced much of the wisdom of America’s founders in transforming ancient orders into free societies through Western Jeffersonian-style democracy.

*Anita and Charles taught* us to believe that God *blesses* America, does not *damn* her. They didn't confuse "arrogance" for confidence, "meddling" for offering a path to freedom's fighters. They felt we owe no apology for what warts we have – all nations have them; that no one can lecture America on atonement and certainly not on virtue, under the guise of "Oh, we can do better". Of course we can *and we do*, they'd rebut, in defense of the most just and generous nation in the annals of man.

"Gitmo", ironically a place for a brief moment in Anita's time, sat for decades below the radar yet has become a political hot-button with indignity expressed by some towards some perceived national malady. She understood the balance between national security and civil liberty, but she'd likely rankle at "enemies foreign and domestic" who begrudge our country rather than laud its greatness, or as Ronald Reagan would later effuse, *The Shining City on the Hill*. She'd wince at today's "main" media that's lost, not only its relevance through high-tech, but too often drapes fact with spin on the front page above the fold; she might cite her brother Gene's *Journal* catchphrase "Good Journalism Begets Good Government". She recognized that dissent nurtures America's conscience but it's proffered wisely only in time of peace, not in war, as it only feeds the enemy (this she knew before the age of newsflash from the front, before net-blogs and *Photo Shop*.)

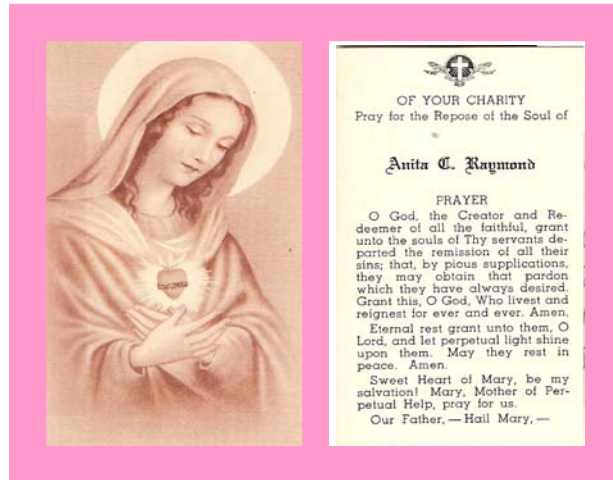
Anita never lived to see the collapse of the USSR and the end of the thermonuclear finger-on-the-button shroud of four decades, the psychological pall cast over her growing kids and those of her kin's, basically all we knew in our youth. While Anita and Charles both witnessed the line drawn in the sand in Korea as the Eagle's wings spread over a nascent and progressive Seoul (Pyongyang might as well be on Mars today), only Charles lived to see the same line erased in Vietnam, as Saigon fell prey to the vulture's talons, to a police state (he never forgave Jane Fonda or Dan Rather for their seditious part in the lost war). But by the mid-'80's, Anita's widower sensed pending victory in Reagan's indictment of "the evil empire" and, just after Charles died, the Soviet Union crumbled. Indeed, by century's end over 120 of the 192 U.N. members were extolling in large part the virtues of America's framers.

Had the Cervi kids' aunt and uncle greeted the new millennium, they'd probably have opined that Augustinian-Aquinian *Just War Theory* is as valid today as it was during the Crusades, the Revolution, during WW's I&II and the Cold War. They understood that war is not mankind's worst creation, but is trumped by two others: subjugation and annihilation, i.e. slavery and holocaust. They'd likely tout "Freedom is Not Free" and other bumper stickers. They'd likely support today's *all-volunteer* military and its mission from the start and wouldn't flinch. They firmly believed that America's warfare has never been an end in itself, but is an honorable (yes harsh) means to an end called peace, lasting peace, not appeasement. While they'd grant to diplomacy its nobility and preference in world affairs – "Blessed are the peacemakers", says Matthew – they'd also invoke the prudence that "someone has to look out for the peacemakers while the peacemakers are out making peace" (to quote latter-day general Norman Schwarzkopf).

This latest chapter in the march of American and world history, immortalized by scholars and pundits alike, alas outlived Anita's (and Charles's) own mortal lives. But Anita's legacy and that of her parents Sisto and Catherine live on. Mrs. Anita Cervi Raymond would be pleased that her sons and nephews and nieces (none of whom, incidentally, burned draft cards and dashed off to Canada) have carried on, in the names of Cervi and Raymond, "the never ending battle for truth, justice and the American way" ... to cite *Dell Comics*, if not the founding documents and their sales pitches, the *Declaration* and the *Constitution*, and *Common Sense* and the *Federalist Papers*.

## *Of Anita's Faith*

*Anita Angelina Cervi Raymond*, as her mother before her, and arguably most if not all her siblings and Cervi offspring alike, spent a lifetime devoted to the Virgin Mary, the mother of her Savior Jesus Christ.



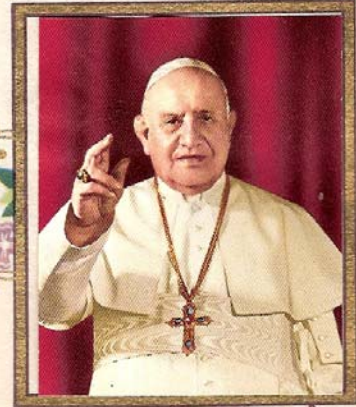
Anita recognized that humanity resides not in one universe, but two, one of science and one of faith, not parallel but intersecting, and where they intersect is called truth, human truth. She was devoted to *Il Papa* in Rome and to the Holy Roman Catholic Church and, though she had the yearning, sadly never visited her parents' native Italy and The Vatican. (At least one son's mission was to do just that one day ... "Do this in remembrance of me" ...and he did.) Anita died shortly before Vatican II, The Second Ecumenical Council. She never lived to see her Church in revolution, was never able to question her cherished traditions being challenged, many soon eradicated. But she did live to see the nation hail a Roman Catholic president so she may have sensed, no doubt hoped for, significant changes on the horizon, whether in Washington or Rome.

In keeping with the Cervi family's own rich history of Catholicism, Anita and Charles and the four boys received a papal blessing from Pope John XXIII (1958-1963), dated 23 September 1960 – gratis Anita's brother John who'd visited the Holy See at the time with wife Marge and kids Sherri and Pete (Jim was still in the crystal ball). This certificate (please see the next page) arrived a year before her death. Anita probably lived her last months believing that The Holy Father himself had read her name silently, if not uttered it aloud in prayer at least once. That might have been her faith's crowning moment, and perhaps even made her feel close once again to her mother Catherine while still walking the earth ... before, in God's own time, they'd walk hand-in-hand together down some long, broad golden boulevard.



Anita's brother John R. Cervi (1919-1992), Lt. Col. USAF retired, defense contractor; Denver sports and Notre Dame football fanatic





Most Holy Father



Anita and Charles  
Raymond and children



humbly prostrate at the feet of Your Holiness  
beg the Apostolic Blessing and a plenary  
Indulgence at the hour of death, on condition  
that being truly sorry for their sins, even as  
though unable to confess them and to receive the  
Holy Viaticum, they shall at least invoke  
with their lips or heart the Holy Name of Jesus.

*Si vero Devotus benigno eumit precibus  
Excedit in Vaticano die 2 Sept. 1963*

*Adrian*

*Archiep. Adanen*



## A Prayer

O Lord,

Thank you for this gathering today, we the descendants of Sisto and Catherine Cervi and our spouses, in remembrance of our parents, aunts and uncles, siblings and cousins, who have gone before us to your Eternal Peace. Thank you for your gifts, for our children, for our good health and sustenance. And thank you for your grand majestic vistas and the songs of soft breezes rustling in the aspens.

Bless those of us who have remained faithful to our parents' teachings but guide us to even deeper faith. And just as our grandfather Sisto eventually returned to Mother Church, let us who have strayed, or have never known you, do likewise and return to your path and let your Light shine upon our faces.

Allow us to gather again soon in similar celebration of the Family Cervi in America, and in thanksgiving to you for the power of the love of your Son Jesus Christ ... *in nomine Patris, Filii, et Spiritus Sancti, Amen.*

- The Children of Sisto and Catherine, May 31, 2009, Denver, CO

## Addendum

### *Breaking News*

As this work was going to press, word was received by the author of the latest and greatest of Cervi-Raymond family news, one that would have made Anita very proud. She'd beam with the fine news that her eldest great-granddaughter (great-grandchild #2), Kaitlynn (Kaite) Marie Raymond, had not only just graduated from high school in Dover, Delaware as second in her class, the Salutatorian, but she had also chosen a career path in the U.S. military – as an Army Nurse. The daughter of Charles Walker Raymond IV and Robin LeHowit Raymond, Kaite was off to boot camp in early June at Fort Jackson in South Carolina, and was looking forward to nurses training at Fort Sam Houston in Texas. That's where Anita Cervi herself had practiced nursing seven decades prior, only to be introduced to the family name Raymond through her future husband Charles W. Raymond II.

Kaitlynn Marie Raymond  
Polytech High School  
Dover, DE  
Class of 2009, Salutatorian  
Health and Services Academy:  
Student of the Month April 2009  
Color Guard  
Stage: *Grease* (Lead "Sandy")  
Hobbies: Reading, running,  
swimming, travel  
Career Path: US Army Nursing



## **Contributions and Sources**

Contributions to this Cervi family story, oral history and photographs and their captions, were provided by Cle' Symons, Charles W. Raymond 3<sup>rd</sup>, Jon Raymond, Pat Somerhalder, Stephen E. Cervi, Terry McGrail, Marjorie Cervi, Sherri Hollingsworth, Pete Cervi, and Jim Cervi. Other sources include family records from Marie Cervi Woodward, various family artworks, and the national archives of Ellis Island Immigration Center.



**At 120 West Main Street, Cambridge, NY, probably July 1948.**

**Bottom row: Blossom King Raymond, paternal grandmother of Tommy Raymond (in the arms of) Anita Cervi Raymond; Anita's sister-in-law, Caroline.**

**Top row: Sisters, and nieces of Blossom -- Clara Hardin (of NYC) and Virginia Hardin Stearns (of Denver).**



Virginia Hardie Stearns 1957 -

HARVEST TIME NEAR BASALT COLORADO