

Summer vacations, we would go to Macys, Penneys and Sears a lot. And we went to Chinatown frequently. So, who knows?

I definitely left my heart in San Francisco. I have fond memories of riding the trolley and watching the fog roll in over the hills. That is one fine town! By the way, I am still - and always will be - a Giants' fan.

I am 1/16th Cherokee (at least). My maternal grandfather's maternal grandmother was full-blooded Cherokee. She married an Irishman (a Patrick).

Since completing your book, I have begun reading more about the history of the Cherokees. I have completed: Thurman Wilkins' "Cherokee Tragedy - The Ridge Family and the Decimation of a People"; Gary E. Moulton's "John Ross Cherokee Chief"; and am presently reading Kenny A. Franks' "Stand Watie and the Agony of the Cherokee Nation."

I was totally amazed to learn of a John Walker's attack on John Ross in March 1819. My mother's maiden name is Walker. I plan to research more on my grandfather's paternal line. It would not be inconceivable that he has some Cherokee blood from his father as well.