

**Take Away One**  
**The Story I Wish I Did Not Have to Write**  
**By Bob Baratta-Lorton**

**The Need - 1978 – Brother Joseph – Four Back Stories – The Movie**

**The Need**

The need for the Take Away One story that I wish I did not have to write is because Google exists. A simple Google search for Mary Baratta-Lorton leads the searcher to a film about Mary's life called Take Away One.



Tale Away One is a documentary film produced by Mary's and my nephew Bill. I was a willing contributor to the making of the film. However, when Bill asked me for information about a particular person that Mary and I both knew, I declined. My reason for declining was that using this person as an information source for the film without Mary's being able to rebut his statements had the potential of damaging Mary's reputation. Bill said he understood, but if he didn't ask me, it would be assumed it was only because he was my relative.

I knew that this person's view of his and Mary's relationship was not at all what Mary's view had been. Since Mary would not be able to refute his nonsense, including this person's statements about Mary in the film would be really unfair to her. I agreed to talk to Bill about this person, but only if Bill promised not to reference him in his film. Bill promised he would not.

Bill made his film and submitted it to various film festivals. It was selected as an official entry for the Austin, Texas Film Festival. Festival dates: October 24 through October 31, 2013. I was definitely going to be in Austin for every showing of Bill's film.

The Center website posted an ad for the Film Festival on its Home page and a link to the film's preview. Once the film was available, we were planning a promotional mailing to the Center's database of more than 300,000 teachers. Our more than 300 workshop instructors were also looking into ways to promote the film locally in their areas.

I attended Take Away One's first showing in Austin. That first attendance was my last. The first hour of the film was excellent. It was all about Mary and the curriculum she had created. After that hour, the person Bill had promised not to reference at all was the film's star. Because Bill knew I did not want this person in the film, he had not let me know of any of the absurd things this guy had to say, so there was no counter-narrative disputing his absurdities included in the film. This one person's nonsense was not the only nonsense in the film. When I would later tell people of my frustration with Bill's Take Away One film, they would wonder why Mary's and my own nephew would make a film like that. Their wondering would cease when I would add that Bill is (or now was) the main editor for the Doctor Phil TV show. They would then just say, "Oh, that's why!"

I have never watched an episode of Dr. Phil's show. However, I do know that for TV, ratings are the measure of success. Apparently, a simple story about a teacher creating a different way of teaching mathematics to children would not be an attention-grabber. Adding a non-existent drama to the mix might do the trick. It would seem that Bill's Dr. Phil background prompted him to choose ratings over facts. I left the film festival before any second showings. I, of course, told Bill how upset I was, but I added that he was still my nephew in good standing. It was his film, not mine. I asked him why he broke his promise. He said he didn't remember making one.

The ad for the film was removed from the Center's website. The plan for a 300,000-teacher mailing was abandoned. I conveyed to the Center's instructors my disappointment with the film. Instructors cancelled efforts to promote the film locally. The film is still available online, but Bill's opportunity to have the Center promote his film for him nationwide disappeared just like his promise had.

The story of Mary's death, the effects it had on me, on the Center, and on those who knew her are included in the story that follows. Also included is why the actual facts related to her death were so deliberately distorted over time.

## 1978

### **Two Weeks in the City**

The last of the Center's six-day summer workshops that summer were to be conducted in San Francisco from Wednesday, August 16<sup>th</sup>, through Wednesday, August 23<sup>rd</sup>, with the weekend off. Mary really enjoyed spending time in the City, so she suggested that she and I rent a place there for two weeks and simply live there.

Mary and I were scheduled to give workshops in Germany in September. We were to be gone from Sunday the 17<sup>th</sup> through Saturday the 30<sup>th</sup>. Robin and Vivian, the Center's only full-time employees at that time, had already arranged their vacation times to make sure they would be at the Center while we were on our European adventure. Their vacation times happened to be during Mary's and my workshops in San Francisco.

The Summer workshops were always much harder for Mary than for me. I liked the idea of having Mary's last workshop for that Summer also be a two-week semi-vacation in the City. It would serve as a reward for all the hard work she had put in that Spring and Summer.

San Francisco was less than an hour away from the Center's Saratoga office. The workshops were from 8:00 AM to 1:00 PM each day, so conducting my workshop and then heading back to the Center to supervise our part-timers would not be a problem. Mary could spend two weeks in the City, and I could make the commute each day.

Mary and I rented a house in San Francisco for her two-week semi-vacation. The rental period was from Saturday, August 12<sup>th</sup>, through Sunday, August 27<sup>th</sup>. However, there was no way I was going to let Mary spend two weeks in the City by herself. Since the publishing of *Mathematics Their Way* in 1976, Mary had received a steady stream of requests to conduct her workshops in new areas. However, Mary's policy was that she would only conduct a workshop in a new area if a teacher or teachers from that area took one of her workshops, then returned to their area, used the ideas from her workshop for a year in their own classroom and then invited Mary to conduct a workshop there. That summer, we had given our first out-of-state workshop in Portland, Oregon, because a teacher in Oregon had done just what Mary had said she should do.

Since Mary would now be spending two weeks in the City, she invited people who had contacted her about having her come to their States to come to San Francisco and live with her rent-free in the home we had rented, while taking her workshop. Rent-free, but everybody would chip in for food, of course. They could then meet the Center's requirement of taking a workshop first before inviting the Center to their State and also

keep Mary company in her San Francisco adventures. Seven teachers took Mary up on her offer. People came from as far away as Michigan. All the out-of-state workshop attendees came days early and stayed days late. A great time was had by all.

This was my solution to not having Mary live alone in San Francisco during her two-week semi-vacation. Having seven out-of-town visitors there to keep her company for the whole time was the perfect plan.

### **Sunday, August 27th**

On the Sunday after the conclusion of our workshops, Mary halfway moved out of the rental home. I say “halfway” because she had taken so much personal and workshop stuff to the rental home over her time there that she still had a full car’s worth to bring home in a second run.

Mary’s plan was to return to the City, finish packing her car, spend a last night there, and then drive directly to the airport Monday morning. On Monday, we were flying to British Columbia to speak at a math conference. My talk was scheduled for 10:15 AM on Tuesday. Mary’s talk was split into 11:30 AM and 1:30 PM sessions on Tuesday, as well.

Mary asked me to join her for her last night in the City. I said yes, of course. However, Mary then realized that the suitcase full of the materials she would need for her Canadian presentation was at a warehouse we had leased. Mary had used that warehouse for gathering and assembling all the materials needed for the one thousand *Workjobs II* kits she made to accompany her recently released *Workjobs II* book. The kits remaining to be sold were still stored there.

Change of plans. I would go to the warehouse, which was in the opposite direction, pick up the suitcase, and bring it with me to the airport on Monday. Mary would return to the City to finish her packing and meet me at the airport Monday morning. Mary and I walked out to her car with our arms around each other’s waists. That’s not usually how we walked places. Holding hands was our more common practice. But it had been a long two weeks since we had been this close to one another. We had really missed each other’s company.

### **Monday and the Saddest IFs**

On Monday, I drove to the airport and waited for Mary to join me at the check-in counter. Mary was a no-show. I used the counter’s phone to call the rental’s number. No answer. After we had missed our flight, I left the airport and drove to the rental house. I walked up the stairs and opened the unlocked front door. Mary was lying dead a few feet inside the entryway. Mary was wearing her jogging clothes, which she only used for jogging and not for lounging, so she had been out running. It

was apparent that she had been either shot or stabbed by someone who had followed her into the home after her run.

IF only Mary had brought everything with her from the rental that first trip home on Sunday. IF only I had gone with Mary when she returned to the City that evening. IF only Mary had not gone out jogging. Our lives are filled with IFs, but none of the other IFs in my life left me as heartbroken as did these three IFs.

### **The Police**

I called 911. The first officer on the scene determined that Mary had been shot, not stabbed. He asked me if Mary had access to a gun. I said no. He said Mary's death was likely the result of a quarrel between gays. He said that kind of thing was common in San Francisco. I did not volunteer just how stupid I thought he was.

The homicide team arrived, headed by Detective Frank Falzon. Falzon asked me if Mary and I owned a gun. I said yes. He said my statement now was inconsistent with what I had told the first officer on the scene. I said I didn't consider a gun in a box high on a shelf fifty miles away to be "access to a gun". Falzon asked me to bring the gun to him the following day. He also asked if I would agree to a lie detector test that same day. I said yes to both asks. He ended our conversation by telling me that his department had an 85% success rate of solving crimes like this. He was confident Mary's case would be included in that 85%.

That same Monday, my father hired a lawyer for me. I did not see the need, but the first thing my now lawyer told me was not to take the lie detector test. I said I had nothing to hide. The lawyer said that the test would not be admissible in court, so my passing it would mean nothing. He also said that the police would want to interview me as many times as possible in their search for anything I might say that was inconsistent with any earlier statement to chip away at my credibility. So, no lie detector test and no more talking to the police at all without a lawyer present. Since Falzon had already accused me of making an inconsistent statement about the gun, I took my lawyer's advice.

### **Mary's and My Gun**

The only guns we had in my home as I was growing up were my brothers' and my Red Ryder BB Guns, the same BB gun that Ralphie wanted so badly in the Christmas Story movie. On the other hand, Mary's father had always had his gun from his Army Officer days at home. I first saw his gun when Mary and I spent a few days with her parents camping in Yosemite. Mary's father carried his gun in his pocket everywhere he went during our stay.

At one point during our marriage, Mary and I had a female friend who woke up one night to find a stranger in her apartment. The stranger ran out of the apartment as soon as our friend woke up and said, "Who are you?" After hearing our friend's story, Mary said she would feel more secure if we had a gun at home. So, I purchased a gun and one hundred rounds and put the gun, still in its original box, and the one hundred rounds on a high shelf in our bedroom closet.

On Tuesday, accompanied by Richard (my longtime friend from my Mayfair school days and a Mathematics a Way of Thinking instructor in training) and my brother Jack, I delivered that gun in its unopened box and all its ammunition to Falzon. Falzon opened the box, pulled out the gun, sniffed the barrel, and said, "This gun has been fired!" I said, "No, it hasn't. It has never even been loaded, and all its hundred rounds are here and accounted for."

Falzon said he would return the gun to me when ballistics had finished checking it. I told him to keep it. I didn't want it. Falzon had already been contacted by my lawyer, so he knew I would not be taking a lie detector test that day or be answering any questions unless my lawyer was present. All that was left to do during that very brief meeting was for Falzon to give me the keys to Mary's car. He did. We left. Jack drove Mary's car home for me.

### **One Possible Explanation**

There had been a lot of cash lying about the rental house while Mary was staying there. In addition, anything Mary had purchased in the neighborhood during her stay there had been paid for with cash. No checks. No credit cards.

While I was waiting for the police to arrive, I looked around and saw that there was no cash anywhere in that house. Mary had not brought any of that cash home with her on Sunday. She would still have been making use of it when she returned to the City to finish packing. She also would have been paying in cash if she had stopped to buy anything while she was out running.

While Mary had been paying for everything with cash the whole time she was there, she would always have been in the company of others before that Sunday night. Sunday night would have been her first time out by herself, spending cash for everything. For whatever reason, whoever shot her had taken all the cash that had been lying around. I had brought this up with Falzon during the Monday interview with him, but he paid no attention. He had his own theory of the crime. He didn't need any input from me.

### **The Cash Source**

From its inception and continuing to the present time, the Center has made and sold anti-textbook materials to teachers that children can use in their classrooms. All the materials were created by Mary for use in Mathematics Their Way classrooms.

For workshops within commuting distance of the Center, as was the San Francisco workshop, teachers could order materials one day and have them delivered to the workshop the next. Since new materials were introduced each day, new orders were processed each day, as well. Each day, Mary would give me a stack of orders to take with me to the Center. The Center's staff would then fill the orders for me to deliver to the participants the next day.

Richard and I were both aware of the obvious fact that Mary was only giving me the checks that were written for payment. She was keeping all the cash received from the sale of her materials to fund her San Francisco adventures. In the Take Away One film, one of the people interviewed by Bill, who had visited the rental, reported having seen stacks of cash lying about.

### **Cult Leader**

I mentioned that Falzon had his own theory of the crime. Falzon contacted me a few days later, not to question me, but to give me an update on his investigation. Falzon said he had been interviewing people who knew both Mary and me. He said he learned that Mary was a really nice person, and that made him really want to catch her killer. He then said that he heard that I was also a nice person. That convinced him I was the leader of a cult who was manipulating people's minds. Yes, he said "cult leader." And my being a cult leader convinced him that I was Mary's killer. Charles Mason? Jim Jones? Falzon was not specific about which cult leader I was supposed to be emulating. Who were supposed to be my followers? Apparently, anyone who had nice things to say about me. From that day forward, Falzon told everyone he talked to, including all my Center employees, that I was Mary's murderer.

Falzon included another 85% statistic in his update to me. He said that 85% of murders were committed by a person known to the victim. I don't think Falzon grasped the significance of what he was saying. He had said earlier that his department had an 85% success rate in solving crimes like this. Now he was saying 85% of the victims knew their assailant. The logical implication of this was that his only way of catching Mary's killer was to pin it on someone who knew her.

### **The Blonde on the Balcony**

Falzon was assuming that I was a cult leader. However, being a cult leader was not a motive for murdering a cult follower, as I guess he assumed Mary must have been. So, what then could possibly have been my motive for killing Mary? Cult leader was nonsensical, but Falzon managed to come up with something even more nonsensical. Falzon said he had interviewed Mary's and my neighbors at our condominium complex. One of our neighbors there told him that she had seen a blonde female on our condo's balcony at some point the week before Mary's death. It was clear to Falzon, therefore, that I was having an affair, and I had killed Mary so I could be with this blonde.

I don't know if Falzon lied about the balcony story, just like he lied about saying my gun has been fired, or if there really was a neighbor who claimed to have seen a blonde on our balcony. Either way, apart from my not having an affair with anyone, blonde or not, there hadn't been a blonde in our house anywhere, let alone on that balcony, in months.

Falzon's great detective work led him to believe that the blonde with whom I was having the affair and for whom I had killed Mary was Kris Nelson, the Center's very first employee. At Mary's invitation, Kris had lived with Mary and me for a few months when she was between rentals. Kris was blonde and had most likely been on our balcony while she was staying with us, but that would have been many, many months earlier.

I don't know why Falzon focused his attention on Kris. Kris had only worked part-time at the Center while she was attending the local Community College. At the time of Mary's death, Kris was a full-time student at the University of California's Santa Cruz campus and no longer working at the Center. When Kris first started working at the Center, the Center's physical location was our home. At the time of Mary's death, however, the Center was no longer based in our house. So, even if Kris were still employed by the Center, she would not have been anywhere near our balcony.

Even though Kris was no longer working at the Center, she was still a good friend with whom I remained in contact. I knew her whole family well (mother and father included) and was just as close with her sister Kim, who had also worked at the Center, and on friendly terms with her sister Cindy (not the Cindy who eventually came to work for the Center). In fact, when Kim was later in an off-Broadway play in New York, I traveled there to see the play. Her sister Cindy and I (who was also there to see it) both stayed with Kim while we were visiting her.

Sometime that Fall, Kris called to tell me that the Santa Cruz Sheriff's Office had contacted her about her supposed connection to Mary's

murder. She was told something to the effect that since I had killed Mary because of my affair with her, she could be implicated. The sheriff wanted her to take a lie detector test and not tell anyone about it in advance. This was Falzon's way to get around my refusal to take the test. Once Kris took the test, Falzon would have the proof of the affair he needed. Things didn't work out the way Falzon wanted. Kris submitted to the lie detector test and easily passed it. No affair. End of story.

### **Dan White, Mayor Moscone, Harvey Milk**

Now that Falzon's theory of the crime had fallen apart, one might think he would focus his attention in a different direction. After all, he had said that knowing Mary was a really nice person made him really want to catch her killer. However, shortly after Kris passed her lie detector test, a former police officer turned Supervisor named Dan White snuck through an open window at San Francisco's City Hall to avoid the metal detector, shot and killed Mayor George Moscone in his office, and then shot and killed Supervisor Harvey Milk in his office. Falzon was the lead detective in the Dan White investigation. Mary's case was never again brought up. At least in the Dan White case, Falzon was right. The victims did know their assailant.

### **Our Own Detective**

While Falzon was busy with his obsession of blaming Mary's death on me, my lawyer and I hired our own detective to see what he could learn about Mary's death. One thing he found out right away was that the police had not followed up on any of the things I had told them.

As an example, when I was traveling to the warehouse that evening to pick up the suitcase that Mary needed for our trip to Canada, there was a Highway Patrol car just pulling out of the nearby substation as I was passing by at about 10:00 PM. There is no way the car's driver would have been able to identify my car as it passed him by. However, if there was a patrol car heading out at that point in time, it could confirm that I was in San Jose and not in San Francisco. According to a neighbor who heard the shots, Mary's shooting took place at 10:30 that night. There was, in fact, a Highway Patrol officer who had headed out on a call as I had said there was, but Falzon's people never thought to ask.

Falzon's people never checked with any of Mary's rental housemates about all the cash I had said had been lying around that was not there anymore. Falzon's statement to the press was that Mary's purse with all its contents in it, was found inside the home, therefore, robbery could not have been a motive. Falzon also stuck with the assumption that Mary must have known whoever killed her because there were no signs of forced entry and no signs of a struggle. He paid no attention to the fact that Mary had been out jogging. He never gave a thought to the

possibility of person following her in from outside and shooting her before she even turned around.

Our detective questioned the rental's neighbors and merchants in the neighborhood. Yes, groups of the rental's residence were often seen out jogging at all hours and yes, Mary paid cash everywhere she shopped. Despite his best efforts, though, the detective was unable to come up with any potential suspects.

Our detective had talked to me at length at the beginning of his investigation. He then reported something that he regarded as unusual about me to my lawyer. What he commented on was how calm I was. Given the stress of Mary's just having been murdered and my being Falzon's only suspect, he was expecting me to be at least somewhat agitated. What he found odd was just how calm I was.

### **Calm**

For whatever reason, when I am faced with something bad, I am calm, not indifferent, just calm. I do not know why this is. As an example, when I returned home from college at the end of my Freshman year, I wanted to give my brother Bill a demonstration of the racing dive I had learned as a member of the Freshman swimming team. I wanted to demonstrate to him the importance our arms played in controlling the speed of entry of the dive.

To demonstrate the importance of arms in the dive, I did my first demonstration dive with my arms at my side. What I intended to do was dive in and, in that dive, show how hard it was to get my body quickly back to the surface without having my arms involved. This demonstration would have worked at the Stanford pool, where the water depth at the starting blocks was six feet. Our backyard pool was definitely not the right venue for this diving display.

As soon as I dove in with my arms at my side, my head hit the bottom of the pool, accompanied by a loud cracking sound. The pain was immediate. My assumption was that I had just broken my neck. For whatever reason, assuming I had just broken my neck made me calm. My thought was that a broken neck could easily paralyze me from the neck down. If I am paralyzed, Bill won't be able to lift my paralyzed body out of the pool. I must keep my head 100% rigid to minimize the potential of any broken neck bones severing the nerves in my spine, and get myself out of the pool right now.

Once on the edge of the pool and still with my head held rigidly in position, darkness descended before my eyes. I thought that meant I was about to black out, but then I noticed the darkness was descending

in waves. I glanced down at my chest and stomach, which were now covered in bright red blood. The darkness was the blood streaming down my face. As soon as I saw the blood, I scooted across the pavement by the pool onto the surrounding grass. It was better to bleed on the grass than into the pool or on the cement surrounding it. I had Bill get the garden hose and hose me down.

I was basically covered in blood, and I didn't want my mother to peer out the window and see a child of hers covered in blood from head to waist. Too late. My mother came out the back door before Bill reached the hose. The expression on her face was what you might expect. I asked her to bring me a clean dish towel that I could put on my head to stem the bleeding once I had been hosed down. Once hosed down, I went to my room and got just dressed enough for a doctor's visit, keeping my potential broken neck as still as possible. After I was dressed, I filled my bathroom sink with cold water and dropped my bloody suit in.

At the doctor's office, the X-ray showed no broken bones anywhere. My head was stitched up, and I was sent on my way. No broken neck, which was nice to hear. The resulting bump on my head was the biggest bump I had ever seen. My head looked like someone had pushed half of it to one side and crammed another half-head on top.

### **And Calm Again**

When I walked into that rental and found Mary lying dead on the floor, it made me sad, of course, but it also made me calm. My friend Keith died in a one-car accident while driving home after a party. I was called and informed right after it happened. That night, I was out with a friend and saw the report of a student's death on the front page of the Palo Alto Times in a newspaper rack. Had I not known in advance, that newspaper headline would have been how I learned of Keith's death.

I did not want any of Mary's friends or family to learn of Mary's death through an article in a newspaper or a nightly news broadcast. I also knew I would not be capable of making all the needed phone calls myself. I might be calm, but I also knew I would not be able to handle the emotion of having to say over and over again, "Mary is dead," and then give an explanation. This was a time before cell phones, emails, and text messages. Every person would have to be called individually, and I couldn't be the caller. I planned to have my brother Jack be the caller for Mary's and my relatives. Richard would contact all the Center employees and instructors in training.

When the police finished questioning me, I walked out the front door of the rental, giving the best impression I could of just being one of the investigators returning to his car. There were already reporters

swarming the front of the house. I did not want to submit to questioning. As I walked to my car, I could see two reporters turning towards me and then losing interest.

I stopped by Jack's office and explained the situation. I then called Richard from Jack's office and asked for his help, as well. I then drove to the Center to break the news to the people working there. I also purchased and installed an answering machine. Before that day, we answered calls as they came in. After that day, people had to leave a message, and only calls relating to the Center's business were returned.

### **143 – A Cherished Message Sent Accidentally**

On Wednesday, August 23<sup>rd</sup>, at the conclusion of the San Francisco workshop, Mary and I took all of our instructor trainees to lunch at a local restaurant. Mary charged the meal on her Center American Express card. After she added the tip and totaled the charge, she looked at me across the table, laughed, and said, "I didn't do it on purpose!" I said, "Do what?" She said with a smile, "You'll see."

When Mary's American Express statement came in September, I could see that the exact total of the bill had been \$143.00. For Mary and for many other people in the English-speaking world, "143" is shorthand for "I love you". 143 - A last message from Mary I will always cherish.

### **Brother Joseph**

#### **Budapest, Hungary**

During the year that Mary and I had taken off from teaching to travel around Europe until our money ran out, we paid a two-day, one-night visit to Budapest, Hungary. We also visited East Berlin and Czechoslovakia, two other destinations that were then still behind the Iron Curtain, but our visit to Budapest was particularly enlightening.

Date of our arrival: Tuesday, January 28, 1969. Budapest's train station was quite drab, and the walk from the train station to our hotel was rather depressing. Our walk around town was depressing, as well. There were many more stores in Budapest than there had been in East Berlin, but the quality and variety of merchandise were just as low. The people walking around also just didn't seem that happy. That was not the enlightening part, though.

Wednesday morning, we took a three-hour bus tour of the city. The tour bus was the size of a Greyhound bus in America. January is not exactly peak season for tourists. Apart from the driver and the tour guide, Mary and I were the only two people on the bus. Since there were only two of us, the tour guide took off her microphone and sat with us near the back of the bus, out of hearing range from the driver. She then proceeded to

give us a three-hour tour of this communist city that we never expected. Our guide told us different things that were wrong at each place the bus passed on its customary tourist route.

Bad morale. Incompetent leaders. Corruption everywhere. Young adults unable to find housing of any kind and having to keep living with their parents. Construction sites with more people assigned to non-working supervisory positions because of party connections than there were people actually doing the work. Three hours of our tour guide airing her grievances about communism in Hungary.

### **You are Lying**

Mary and I returned to the States on Saturday, February 15<sup>th</sup>. Our first stops were to visit people and places related to our being teachers. We also visited one of our fellow teachers from our intern program, who was now teaching in Washington, D.C.

On Thursday, February 27<sup>th</sup>, we made our way to Baltimore to visit Mary's brother Joseph, his wife Gay, and her parents. We were telling the four of them about our experience with the tour guide in Budapest and what she had to say about life in Hungary. Partway through our storytelling, Joseph stood up, said, "You are lying!!!" and left the room.

I had met Joseph twice before. The first time was at Mary's and my wedding. The second time was at his wedding. Joseph and Gay had married a few weeks before Mary and I left for Europe, and I had been at their wedding. At this third meeting, Joseph was now so upset with what he was hearing, he was calling his own sister a liar in front of me, his wife, and his in-laws.

Joseph had a view of what life in a communist country was like. Our story did not match his view. Rather than adjust his view to fit reality, the only explanation his mind could come up with was that the person with information he didn't want to hear was, without any doubt at all, lying. His "reality" was the only reality that mattered.

### **You Didn't Need Mary Anymore**

Mary's parents and Joseph flew to San Francisco as soon as they learned of Mary's death. Mary's parents were heartbroken, of course, but still very consoling. Mary and I had spent many good times with them, and they had gotten to know Mary and me as a couple. Also, at that point, Falzon had not come up with, or at least gone public with, either his cult leader or affair-with-a-blonde fantasies.

Joseph had his own explanation for what had happened. He told me on our first meeting that I had killed Mary because the Reading Program we

had been working on was finished, and I didn't need her anymore. Joseph didn't need anyone else's input. His truth was all he needed.

How on earth did Joseph come up with the notion that I killed Mary because the Reading Program was finished? First of all, I loved Mary, and I would not have killed her for any reason, even if I didn't love her. It was not my custom to go around killing people for ANY reason. Second, our Reading Program was not even close to being finished. Third, Mary was definitely needed, whether the Program was finished or not. When it was finished, Mary would have been the very best person to promote it. But, as I said, Joseph's truth was all he needed. Even so, I still have no clue as to how he came up with something so stupid.

I met with Joseph only one time after that. At Joseph's request, Richard brought him by Mary's and my house. Joseph came by to ask me to give Mary's car to Mary's father. Mary and her father used to do oil changes and things like that on their family cars together. Joseph felt that Mary's car would be a good keepsake for her father.

Joseph was convinced either that I had killed Mary or that I knew who had killed her. It is not a good bargaining strategy to accuse someone of murder while at the same time saying, "Can I have that car over there?" I told Richard to take Joseph away and never bring him back for any reason. I gave Mary's car to Robin, the Center's first full-time employee and Mary's favorite. Robin's only method of transportation at that point was her bicycle. Great exercise, but not the best for commuting.

I heard nothing more from Joseph for seventeen years.

### **Joseph's Letter - 18 May 1995**

Dear Bob:

I would have liked to speak very briefly with you on the phone before writing, but I can understand your reluctance.

I apologize for any unfairness or unfounded accusations at our last meeting, seventeen years ago. My sister had just been murdered, and I hardly knew how to respond.

I am planning to travel to California in mid-July, and while I am there, I would like to talk with you. My purpose is to try to find out the truth about Mary's death in order to complete my grief. I assume that you, too, have had trouble getting through the stages of grief, and have had to bear being regarded as a suspect in this case. I am ready to tell you what I know about Mary's death, and I invite you to tell me what you know in order to be done with it.

I promise you that I am coming entirely in a private, personal capacity. I have not involved, nor will I involve, anyone from the Center for Innovation in Education in the content of our discussions, for I do not in any way want to injure the work you and others are doing to carry on your and Mary's ideals and efforts to improve education in this country. I will not repeat anything you say to your colleagues in the Center, to your friends, or to any legal authorities. Our discussion will be entirely private.

Why should I talk frankly with you, and invite you to talk frankly with me? I do not quite believe in the Christian God, but I try to live this life, ethically, of a Christian. Two of the maxims from my religious upbringing apply here:

"Know the truth, and the truth will make you free."  
"Love one another, as I have loved you."

I think we both would be much relieved, after years of bitter memories, if we shared the truth together. I do not want to suspect you, or to think ill of you, and I hope that you will do the same toward me. After all, we were once brothers.

I plan to be in San Jose, at times when I could meet you, July 22, from about 12 noon to 3 PM, or on Sunday, July 23, all day until 4 PM. In a pinch, I might be able to meet you on Monday, July 24.

I suggest some private spot where we won't be interrupted and can talk freely.

Sincerely yours

Joseph

**My Response to Joseph - May 29, 1995**

Joseph,

I have no desire or reason to communicate with you beyond this letter.

My memory of you from the talks we had before Mary's death is of a person capable of understanding only his own point of view. My last meeting with you added to this memory an image of ignorance and cruelty on your part that, while upsetting, was not a surprise. Your recent letter to me did nothing to dispel this view.

You promise me in your letter that you would not share with anyone at the Center or my friends or any legal authorities the information I might share with you. You have no clue how ignorant and cruel your promise is. You demonstrate no understanding of another's point of view. Your blind view causes you to believe that I must know more than I have shared. You cannot accept that I have already told all that I know of Mary's death. You cannot even grasp the insult of implying that I have information tucked away inside of me that I need shielded from the police. Your view has always been the only truth you need.

It does not cross your mind that I have already shared with my friends all I know about Mary's death. It does not cross your mind that I have already told the legal authorities everything I know and answered every question asked. It does not cross your mind that I would want Mary's murder solved even more than you and that to this end, I have already cooperated in every way I can. It does not cross your mind that I have nothing to hide from friends or the police. These things do not cross your mind because your mind has not changed in all these years. You are now still the same person you were back then.

You say that you would come here for the truth. What truth would that be? Your letter implies in a most insulting way that I know something that I have not revealed. You refused to believe me years ago. Your letter continues your refusal to believe. The truth you need to find does not exist inside of me. Life is not a movie script. Answers are not always revealed in the last reel.

You do not know me. You do not know anything about how I have dealt with the grief in my life. I have no desire to share any of this knowledge with you. We were never "brothers" as your letter suggests. I have brothers. They were by my side in my time of need. Where were you?

Please do not write or call again. There will be no response next time.

Bob

Nothing more from Joseph for eleven years, and then...

### **Saratoga News – November 15, 2006**

The front page of the Town of Saratoga's weekly newspaper had Mary's picture prominently displayed. The picture had been taken without my permission from the tribute I had written about Mary twenty-eight years earlier.

Article Headline: Cold Case – Mary Baratta-Lorton was killed nearly 30 years ago – the case remains unsolved – By Jason Sweeney

Follow-up sentence: Saratoga teacher Mary Baratta-Lorton was shot in 1978 – someone got away with murder.

Jason Sweeney had contacted me before he wrote his article. He said he had read the tribute I had written about Mary and that made him want to do a story about her. That sounded great to me. However, once his questioning started, it was obvious to me he was only interested in doing a story about Mary's death. I declined to participate.

Sweeney's article identified Mary as a Saratoga teacher. Not only was she not a Saratoga teacher, hardly anyone in Saratoga had even heard of her. The only ones in Saratoga who knew Mary were our next-door neighbors and my brother Bill's family. Bill and his wife Lia had moved to Saratoga after the birth of their third child.

Mary and I lived in Saratoga, and the Center had office space there. However, we hadn't given any workshops there, and while we sold materials, we had no storefront there or anywhere else. We were a strictly mail-order business. We were also not at all involved with the Saratoga community. All our social interactions were with teacher friends, none of whom either lived in or worked in Saratoga.

Sweeney said Mary's book on teaching math had gained national attention and had become financially lucrative. Financially lucrative? Not by 1978. And financially lucrative for whom? Neither Mary nor I made any money from our math books. All our math book royalties went directly to the Center.

National attention was years away at the time of Mary's death. *Mathematics Their Way* had only been published in 1976, and *Workjobs II* was not published until the Spring of 1978. Mary gave only four workshops that summer, three in Northern California and one in Portland. Everything was just beginning, and Mary's 1978 death had the potential of ending it all.

Sweeney quotes Falzon as saying, "For an arrest to be made today, new evidence would have to be found. Perhaps over the years, the murder spoke of the crime. If someone would come forward with new evidence or new testimony, Mary's murder might still be brought to justice."

If the article was to find someone who might come forward with new information, why wasn't Sweeney's article appearing in a San Francisco newspaper? What was the point of placing his article in a newspaper of a town where Mary was practically unknown, and when her murder had taken place twenty-eight years earlier in a city fifty miles away?

It was not hard to figure out the motivation behind Sweeney's decision to post his story about Mary in Saratoga's weekly newspaper. The bulk of the information for his story came from just two sources – Brother Joseph and Falzon. Sweeney did not contact a single Center employee or instructor who knew Mary. Whatever Joseph told Sweeney was taken at face value, with no effort made to confirm the accuracy of any of it.

Neither Mary nor I had been involved in the Saratoga community back in 1978. However, from 1988 forward, I had become actively involved. 1988 is when my godsons Aaron and Kyle entered kindergarten. From kindergarten through high school, I was extensively involved in my godsons' school lives. All my now many Saratoga acquaintances were the parents of Aaron and Kyle's classmates. None of my Saratoga friends knew anything about Mary. No one thought of me as anybody's husband. I was simply known as Aaron and Kyle's godfather.

I see no need to include a copy of that ridiculous Saratoga Newspaper article here. You can get the gist of what the article had to say in the Letter to the Editor response that I wrote.

#### **Letter to the Editor – December 7, 2006**

Baratta-Lorton offers response to story.

When Jason Sweeney first contacted me about writing an article about my wife Mary, he said he had been inspired to do a story about her because he had read the tribute I had written about Mary that was posted on the Center for Innovation in Education's website ([www.center.edu](http://www.center.edu)). I loved Mary very much and would have been very willing to help Mr. Sweeney write an article sharing her many accomplishments. However, it quickly became apparent in my e-mail exchanges with Mr. Sweeney that he was not at all interested in Mary as a person. To him, it seemed, she was an opportunity to gain a front-page byline for himself writing of some old unsolved murder.

At the point I could see that Mr. Sweeney had little interest in focusing on Mary's accomplishments, I declined to cooperate further in his efforts.

The front page of the Wednesday, November 15, 2006, issue of the Saratoga News had splashed across its cover a picture of Mary that Mr. Sweeney downloaded from my tribute to Mary. However, Mr. Sweeney did not use this picture as a tribute to anyone. Instead, he used it as a lead into an article that is a shameful depiction of Mary's and my loving relationship.

Ordinarily, I would not respond to Mr. Sweeney's article, because his innuendos have no impact on those who know me. However, in the age of the Internet, there is no such thing as local news. Mr. Sweeney's article is now available for anyone in the world who searches either for my name or Mary's to see. For the good of Mary's legacy, which I have been advancing for the past 28 years, I cannot let Mr. Sweeney's article go unanswered.

Mary's death was very painful for me, for her family, and for everyone who knew her.

The facts of her death were that she was out jogging at night in San Francisco in the area around 19<sup>th</sup> Street, someone followed her into the home in which she was staying, shot her in the back of the head, and then robbed her. Although Detective Falzon, who is used as a source in Mr. Sweeney's article, was presented with evidence of both the robbery and what was taken, he rejected the information, preferring his own theories to the facts of the matter.

Detective Falzon told me that during his investigation, he learned what an incredibly nice person Mary was, which made him all the more anxious to catch her killer. He also told me that people said I was a very nice person as well, which he said led him to believe that I was the leader of a cult and was controlling the minds of everyone with whom he spoke.

Since Mr. Falzon was convinced I was the leader of a cult, he had no qualms about telling everyone he spoke to that I was, in fact, Mary's killer. This "everyone" included all my family members, all of my employees, and any of my friends who lived locally. Mr. Falzon's pronouncing to everyone that I was Mary's killer had no effect on anyone who really knew Mary and me, because it was simply nonsense. It did, however, have an effect on Mary's brother Joseph, who lived in Boston and had very little knowledge of Mary and me as a couple. Joseph became obsessed with the idea that I either killed his sister or knew who did. Over the years since Mary's death, Joseph has even written to me asking me to confess to him, on his promise that he will not reveal anything I tell him to the authorities.

I do not blame Joseph for his obsession. He loved his sister Mary nearly as much as did I. I am sure he meant well by providing the information he did for Mr. Sweeney's article, no matter how factually misleading his information may have been. I do not wish to rebut each and every point made in the article about Mary's and my relationship. It should suffice to say that Mary's talk of leaving me had been an annual event for the three years since we had started the Center in 1975, but it was not because we were at all upset with one another.

Mary frequently found the stress of writing books and running the Center to be overwhelming. What she wanted to do at those points in time was move to Oregon, live in the woods, and make pottery. She knew if she were to go, it would be without me, regardless of how much I loved her. However, in each year, Mary's obsession with making pottery wore off with the passing of summer, and she knew, occasionally to her frustration, that I never took her talk of going off to live in the woods very seriously.

Mary's friend Kathy said to us once that she had never seen a couple contemplating separation who got along so well. It is too bad that Joseph did not get to know Mary and me better as a couple.

I wish Mr. Sweeney had chosen to write about Mary's life with the respect her life deserved. I would hope anyone who reads Mr. Sweeney's article would also read the tribute I wrote for and about Mary at the time of her death. To do so, please Google Mary Baratta-Lorton and click on the "A Tribute to Mary" link.

Bob Baratta-Lorton

### **The Second Letter to the Editor – December 7, 2006**

Upon seeing the Saratoga News article, more than one of my friends in Saratoga wanted to write Letters to the Editor in response. I asked them not to. None of those people had even known Mary, so their responses would just be statements of what a nice guy I was. Just the kind of statements that had convinced Falzon I was the leader of a cult.

There was one person who did write a Letter to the Editor. He was living in Los Angeles at the time. I didn't even know he had seen the article. His response appeared below mine in the paper that day. He did know both Mary and me. He was my nephew Bill.

### **Nephew Bill's Response**

Murder story was a meaningless article.

Why has the Saratoga News written an irresponsible, tabloid, meaningless article about the 28-year-old murder of my late Aunt Mary? The paper has uncovered no new evidence on the circumstances of her death. This year is not a numerically significant anniversary of her demise.

The phrase "Saratoga teacher," which leads the article, is used only as a hook. Mary didn't teach in Saratoga, she lived here. This phrase makes it sound like she was a community figure everyone remembers because her

death traumatized a lot of Saratoga students, which is not the case. The paper reports only one side of the story, unfairly implying my uncle is unusual for not discussing this most intimate tragedy with a bunch of strangers in the local paper. Why?

The Saratoga News uncritically accepts slanted information from Mary's brother, who mentions how distraught his family was over their daughter's death. Yet neither Mr. Baratta nor the Saratoga News thinks to acknowledge the trauma and loss suffered by the numerous local members of our family (including my 8-year-old self), not only from Mary's senseless killing, but the misguided actions of the police, and in particular Mr. [Frank] Falzon (colleague of the infamous political assassin Dan White), in the impotent 1978 investigation. The paper has not tried to contact any of us. Why? Because they would have had to report that scores of people refused to participate in this sensationalized and disrespectful rehash, rather than just my uncle.

Does the Saratoga News seriously believe it's helping to solve this case by suggesting someone within its readership may have overheard the killer discussing the crime? Give me a break. Mary's murder was committed in San Francisco, which, last time I checked, is 50 miles from Saratoga. The odds of the killer residing in Saratoga are remote, unless one is making amateurish, unsupported, very, very leading assumptions.

Why has this community newspaper gone out of its way to write an unbalanced, voyeuristic, lurid piece on the tragic death of my late aunt?

P.S.--Call the Saratoga News immediately if you've heard anyone mention the words "Dealey Plaza," "Operation Mongoose," or "East Wind Rain."

William Lorton

### **One Last Try – The Burner Phone**

Months after the Saratoga Newspaper article didn't produce any new leads, someone surreptitiously placed a manila envelope outside my front door. Inside the envelope was a burner phone and a note.

The note claimed to be from the hit man I had hired to kill Mary. Apparently, I had not paid him enough. He wanted thousands of dollars more right now. And, if I didn't pay him what he asked, he would contact the police anonymously and turn me in. I was to use the phone to call him by 3:00 that day.

I took the phone and note to the local sheriff's sub-station and suggested that someone there call the number at 3:00 that day. I don't know if

anyone called. However, it would seem that the hit man decided not to turn me in after all.

One thing I can say about Joseph that remained true for all those years. Joseph never let the actual truth get in the way of the truth he wanted to believe.

### **Four Back Stories**

#### **Nephew Bill - The MTBI - The Sexual Revolution - Bob Larson**

#### **Nephew Bill**

Addison-Wesley, the publisher of Mary's book *Workjobs*, decided to make an edition of the book for use by parents, aptly titled *Workjobs for Parents*.



Most of the pictures in *Workjobs* were of children doing the activities by themselves. Very few pictures included any teachers. For the parents' edition, a few pictures of parents with their children were needed to replace the teacher pictures. Mary's and my friend Richard posed with

his son. My sister-in-law Lia posed with my brother Bill's and her three children.

The pictures on the previous page were taken in Mary's and my kitchen. John is in the baby chair, Janet is watching. Nephew Bill is the one working with Lia.

John was born in August 1973, so it can be assumed that the pictures were taken in late 1973 or early 1974. That means our two nephews and one niece would be spending an additional four years with their Aunt Mary after this visit to our kitchen.

In Bill's Letter to the Editor, he was speaking from his own personal experience when he talked about the trauma and loss suffered by our family from Mary's senseless killing.

This is the response Bill gave to an interviewer after the release of *Take Away One* when asked about Mary and me. Question: What was it like to play at Mary and Bob's home? Bill's answer: Great. As you can imagine, they were experts with children and knew how to keep your mind constantly engaged with no budget. I think my brother, sister, and I (incorrectly) perceived them as "hippies" because they had green shag carpet, wore sandals and were authors. So, I at least perceived their place as a "freedom zone" in contrast to the kind of disciplined atmosphere parents are obliged to provide.

Bill was also an early user of the Center's Reading Program, having used it to start reading at the age of three. You will see a little evidence of this in the *Take Away One* - **The Movie** section.

### **Bill as a Filmmaker**

Bill was actively interested in making films early on. In high school, he and his friends made films that they, in turn, showed their classmates in school-wide settings. I remember one such presentation where Bill and someone else pretended to be Public Television's Siskel and Ebert at the Movies and proceeded to review short films they made for the occasion.

After high school, Bill attended USC to major in filmmaking. He submitted his junior-year student film "Cheating, Inc." to the 1992 Cannes Film Festival in France. It was the only American film of the dozen accepted for the short film competition. It was also the first film from the USC School of Cinema-Television ever to compete at Cannes.

Bill missed his USC graduation ceremony because he was at Cannes, instead, where at age 22, he was likely the youngest director in attendance. I personally had always wanted to attend the Cannes Film

Festival. I was unaware of the fact that attendance at Cannes was reserved for film industry professionals and the press. Accreditation, screenings, and entry to official venues were tightly controlled, with the vast majority of the festival off-limits to the public. I was unaware of this when I offered to fund a share of Bill's trip to Cannes. Since I was a funder, Bill declared me to be a member of his film crew, and I was on my way to Cannes. Actually, the first time I ever saw Bill's "Cheating, Inc." was at the festival. The film was great!

As a side note, after Bill added me to his crew so I could go to Cannes, I had him add a friend of mine as well, so I could take someone with me to hang out with. I didn't want Bill to have to include me in any of his activities with his actual crew.

Bill is and was an excellent filmmaker. However, in his making of "Take Away One", Bill had now become Jason Sweeney. In Bill's Letter to the Editor, he asked of the Newspaper and Jason Sweeney, "Why?" Why has the Saratoga News written an irresponsible, tabloid, meaningless article about the 28-year-old murder of my late Aunt Mary? Why has this community newspaper gone out of its way to write an unbalanced, voyeuristic, lurid piece on the tragic death of my late aunt? For Jason Sweeney, the answer was: Mary was an opportunity to gain a front-page byline for himself writing about some old unsolved murder. For Bill, the question is still, "Why?"

## **The MTBI**

### **Mary's Counselor**

In advance of the teachers at Mayfair School, where Mary and I both taught, becoming part of a federally funded voucher experiment, the entire staff participated in several sessions with counselors who were assigned to guide us through the process of forming into mini schools that would be competing with each other for students without ending up killing each other.

Mary formed a connection with one of the counselors and decided to go to her for individual counseling. Mary felt a need to come to grips with problems in her own life. The problems Mary was dealing with had nothing to do with me or with our relationship. They had to do with her feelings about her own family and their treatment of her.

After one session, Mary came home with a couple's assignment her counselor had given her. It was to measure how well Mary and I knew each other. We were each separately to look at the counselor-provided list and pick the three items on the list that represented the three most important things to our spouse. The spouse, in turn, would pick the three items on that list that were the most important to him or her.

Once the choices had been made, we were to see how close we had come to naming our partner's most important three items.

With choices made, I had selected all three of Mary's most important items. Mary had not picked any of my three. What Mary and I had both known about her was the importance of things like friends and family and cooking. Things that related to her personally. What Mary had not known about me was that the most important things to me were not personal at all. What was important to me had more to do with making the world better place for everyone.

When Mary shared our results with her counselor, the counselor's told Mary that I was lying. A strange thing for a councilor to say about a person she hadn't even met. Mary arranged for me to meet with her councilor so I could explain my feelings to her.

My favorite K-Pop group is Twice. I am such a big fan of Twice that I follow them on YouTube to learn more about the nine of them as people. There are no other singers or singing groups that I follow in this way.



I mention Twice here because it is the members of Twice who taught me about the MTBI. Here's what Google says about MTBI: The Meyers-Briggs Type Indicator (MBTI) is a self-help assessment test which helps people gain insights about how they work and learn.

The members of Twice would often refer to the MBTI and the results of their own assessments. The results were always given in sets of four

letters that had no meaning to me. So, I decided to take the test online and see what my four-letter score might be. My results: INFJ.

### **MBTI Test Results - INFJ = Advocates**

The detailed results for INFJ were contained in an article that was twenty-eight paragraphs long. I found it fascinating that such a simple on-line test could know so much about me and how I feel about the world. I will only include the first two paragraphs of that article here.

**Advocates** may be the rarest personality type of all, but they certainly leave their mark on the world. Idealistic and principled, they aren't content to coast through life – they want to stand up and make a difference. For Advocate personalities, success doesn't come from money or status but from seeking fulfillment, helping others, and being a force for good in the world.

While they have lofty goals and ambitions, Advocates shouldn't be mistaken for idle dreamers. People with this personality type care about integrity, and they're rarely satisfied until they've done what they know to be right. Conscientious to the core, they move through life with a clear sense of their values, and they aim never to lose sight of what truly matters – not according to other people or society at large, but according to their own wisdom and intuition.

### **Not Lying**

I have included the MBTI Test Results here because it would have been so nice to have had the INFJ results to show Mary's counselor. Mary, of course, knew I was not lying. She knew I valued the choices I made from that list. She simply had not realized how very important those things were to me.

However, my not lying was also the reason Mary had said she wanted a divorce in the late Spring or early Summer of 1976, 1977, and 1978. Regardless of how hard it might be for me, I was doing something that was really important to me, and I was going to keep on doing it. Whatever might be hard for me was much, much harder for Mary and not always as important to her.

When it was becoming too much for Mary, she would envision a simple life in the woods in Oregon, making pottery. She picked Oregon because we had driven to a Shakespearean Festival in Ashland and passed through the wooded Oregon countryside. Pottery because Mary had taken a pottery class while we were at Cal and really loved the whole pottery-making process.

### **Three Days in a Row**

Mary and I began living together right after she broke up with her boyfriend. Mary knew I wanted to marry her, but her choice between simply living together or getting married would change on a near-daily basis. What I told Mary was that we would only get married if she told me three days in a row she wanted to marry me. That three-day goal was reached.

Mary had informed me early in our relationship that she never wanted to have children of her own. Her reason for this was because she was afraid she would be the same kind of mother to her children as her mother had been to her. Occasionally, though, Mary would say to me that she “Wanted to see Little Bobbies running around.” The same three-day rule applied for baby-making. To show she was really ready to be a mother, Mary had to say she wanted to see Little Bobbies three days in a row. The Little Bobbies running around never even reached day two.

In each of the years Mary said she wanted a divorce, she would be as on and off about her feelings as she had been about marriage and children. But like the Little Bobbies, she never even reached two days in a row. The desire for divorce was real, but it was not steady, and by the end of giving workshops in all three summers, and the corresponding end of the pressure, the feeling simply faded away.

Mary’s desire for a divorce was not personal. She wasn’t trying to escape from me. She would love to have me come to Oregon with her. But she knew, despite how much I loved her, I would not be going.

### **The Sexual Revolution**

#### **Why This Section?**

Why is there a section on the sexual revolution? Because Bill’s Take Away One film exists. As I said earlier, when Bill asked me for information on a particular person, I declined. My reason for declining was that using this person as an information source for the film without Mary’s being able to rebut his statements had the potential of damaging Mary’s reputation.

Bill broke his promise to not refer to this person in his film, the promise he says he forgot. That person’s name is Bob Larson. In the **Bob Larson** section that follows I will provide the Take Away One answers that Mary would have given if she could have been asked, or that I would have provided in her behalf if Bill had thought to ask me.

#### **Women’s Liberation**

When Mary and I were in Washington, D.C., giving workshops for a teacher’s center there, the black female director of the center took Mary

and me to lunch at a local restaurant. When the bill came, the waiter gave it to me, of course, because I was the only male at the table. The director corrected him. She then said to Mary and me that she had faced more discrimination in her life as a woman than she had as a Black person.

When Mary and I applied for a home loan, the bank officer said he could not count Mary's wage in determining the amount of the loan for which we would qualify because Mary would have a baby at some point and have to drop out of the workforce, so her earnings didn't matter.

A Stanford organization whose purpose was fundraising for athletic scholarships, to which Mary and I were both contributors, sent me an invitation to a dinner that would introduce current athletes to successful alumni. The invitation stated specifically, "No women allowed." I called the organization and asked, "Why no women?" Their answer was that this was about making business connections. Women being present would only detract from the evening.

In both the bank's and the Stanford fundraising organization cases, I had them reverse their decisions. There was nothing like experiencing discrimination against women first-hand to make me acutely aware of its existence.

In parallel with the civil rights movement of the 1960s, whose focus was on civil rights for Black Americans, women began focusing their attention on ending the extensive discrimination they faced in their own lives. Discrimination in the workplace. Discrimination in the bedroom, too.

Women's liberation brought with it the concept that women, just like men, enjoyed sex and had sexual needs. Feminists asserted that single women had the same sexual desires and should have the same sexual freedoms as single men enjoyed.

### **Virginity**

The notion instilled in me and every other young man in my generation was that the woman you married had to be a virgin. It was okay for the man to have had sex in advance of marriage, but a definite NO for the woman. In my view, if I expected my wife to be a virgin, then, in all fairness, I had to be one, too. And, in all fairness, when I gave up on being a virgin, I also gave up on requiring my future wife to be a virgin.

When I first met Mary, she and her then-boyfriend had been a couple for the past five years. During those five years, Mary and her boyfriend had never slept together. Mary and I met in 1966. The pill was introduced in 1960. So, effective contraception had existed throughout that whole five

years. I had assumed that the not-sleeping-together thing had been a mutual decision. However, early in our friendship, Mary asked me if I was a virgin. When I said no, she said she would have been disappointed in me if I had said yes. I didn't think anything of what she said to me at the time. In retrospect, though, I could see their decision not to sleep together had not been mutual.

Over Easter Vacation of our first year of teaching together, Mary flew to Colorado, where her soon-to-be ex-boyfriend was attending medical school. He assumed she would be there for the whole week. Mary did not announce the purpose of her visit to me, but it was obvious to both of us what the trip was to be about. I had even bought Mary the new outfit she would be wearing for the journey.

Mary spent one night there and was back with me again the next day. Mary had broken up with her boyfriend, of course. However, she apologized to me for having had sex with him before the breakup. I told her that I would have been disappointed with her if she hadn't. You can't wait five years for something and then just walk away, pretending you never wanted it after all. I wondered, though, how it would be to be the guy who waits five years and then, when he finally does it, his girlfriend dumps him.

### **Living Together and a Whole New Life**

Mary and I began living together immediately. Back then, living together before marriage was not accepted by society as a whole. In fact, two of Mary's three housemates stopped talking to her when she moved in with me while still paying rent with them. The one housemate who was okay with it was also one of our intern-teaching friends and Mary's Maid of Honor at our wedding.

Mary's life with her now ex-boyfriend had been much more restrictive than I had realized. As one of many examples, she was not allowed to wear red because prostitutes wore red. I was surprised at how many other things were not allowed that she had gone along with.

Mary was not going to wait five years in our relationship. She didn't even want to wait a day. We got her on the pill immediately and used other birth control methods until the pill kicked in. Mary's goal in sex was to experience for herself those orgasms she had heard so much about. Mary never told me while we were in the act of lovemaking what particular thing or things she wanted me to do. She would wait for a period of time after we had finished to tell me what new thing(s) she wanted me to try next time. Mary also rated her orgasms, or lack thereof, on a scale from one to ten. Even after she was reaching tens on a regular basis, she still continued instructing me.

Then one morning while staying at a rental cabin we were sharing with two of my brothers during ski season, Mary experienced what she rated as a twenty. She had to skip skiing that morning, so she could recover. After that twenty, Mary made no more suggestions, and no more ratings were provided. Mary had been a pretty good teacher and she I were both pleased with the results.

Mary's boyfriend had a bunch of rules for her. I had just one. No closing of the bathroom door. A strange rule, I know. But I didn't want there to be anything we kept from one another, and I didn't want there to be any doors we closed on one another in any home we shared.

Mary and I eventually bought a townhome in a 163-unit condominium complex. We purchased our home when it was still just a cement slab without a single wall in place. Since the building process was just beginning, we could suggest changes to be made. Mary asked for the downstairs bathroom to have all its fixtures left out, so she could use it as a pantry instead. The plumbing for the fixtures would be in the floor and walls, so a bathroom could still be added years in the future if ever the need for a downstairs bathroom arose. Mary's passion was cooking, and cooking needed a place for all its supplies. Mary also told the builder to leave the door off the bathroom connected to the master bedroom. Mary had my one rule built into our house.

### **Bob Larson**

#### **Book Tours**

Thanks to an article in Learning Magazine, Mary's book *Workjobs* had sold 100,000 copies before Addison-Wesley even began advertising it, in a teacher market where selling just 15,000 books counts as a best seller.

By the time *Mathematics Their Way* was published in 1976, *Workjobs* had sold thousands of additional copies, making Mary's name quite well known in the educational community. Addison-Wesley decided to send Mary around the country on a series of tours to promote her *Mathematics Their Way* book by giving mini-workshops to local teachers.

#### **The List of Don'ts**

After one of these promotional tours, Mary asked me if it would be okay if she occasionally had sex with any of the men she was now meeting. While her teacher-audience was almost entirely female, the district representatives and Addison-Wesley salespeople assigned to accompany her to the various locations were most often male. The opportunity was presenting itself to her. Was it okay if she took advantage of it?

I understood Mary's request and was not at all offended by it. She liked the fact that I had more than one sex partner before we met. On the other hand, except for one quickie with her ex-boyfriend, I was the only person she had ever slept with. She was curious to know what sex with someone else would be like. However, giving Mary permission to have sex with other men had to be done in a way that would not harm her reputation. Having Mary being known as a cheating wife would not be great for either of us. In addition, anyone Mary had sex with could end up boasting of his experience with her.

Mary had now strayed quite far from her conservative upbringing, and that was fine with me. But we couldn't even begin to assume that any of her teacher-admirers would think this particular life choice was acceptable. It was okay for us to live life any way we wanted, but not equally okay to live that life openly. I was okay with the sex part, but we had to agree to some rules to guard her reputation.

The list of don'ts. Don't have sex with anyone in any way connected to Addison-Wesley. We did not want anyone at Addison-Wesley to have even the slightest hint of what Mary would now be doing. Don'ts also included never having sex with any school personnel in any place Addison-Wesley had arranged for her to visit. No future partner could have any link to our professional lives.

I was not interested in having the same freedom as Mary was now requesting. In a way, all she was doing was catching up with me. I already knew what other partners would be like. I much preferred just one partner with whom (thanks to a rather good teacher) sex kept getting better and better.

Mary did have one rule for me, though, just in case. I could not have sex with Wendy. Wendy was a person I had dated in college but had never slept with. Mary and I had run into Wendy recently at an educational conference. She was now working for a company that had a booth at that conference. A rule I easily promised not to break. I learned much later from Wendy that her husband convinced her that they should have a threesome. He had a third person in mind. When the three of them were all in bed together, her husband turned to the other woman first. He was now her ex-husband.

### **The Perfect Candidate**

Dale Seymour of Creative Publications had loaned us Bob Larson, his company's resident artist, for the artwork we needed for our first version of our Reading Program. Larson was no longer at Creative Publications. He was now on his own, working out of his home. I don't know if he was fired, laid off, or just decided to go it alone. It didn't make any difference

to us. We had hired him now as the artist for our to-be-published version of our Reading Program.

Mary decided Larson was the perfect candidate. He was not in contact with anyone we knew. Since Mary was in charge of supervising the artwork, her frequent visits to his home would raise no red flags. And, his bumbling shyness and apparent lack of self-confidence made her want to boost his ego.

The one “Do” I added to our list of “Don’ts” was that whoever Mary elected to partner up with had to know that I knew what Mary was doing, and she had my approval. It was, “Do tell him!” Regardless of how weird our arrangement might seem to her sex partner, he had to know she wasn’t cheating on me. She had my permission.

I don’t know exactly how Mary went about letting Larson know she was available. However she let him know, he got the message, and her fling started. Larson was the perfect candidate in terms of our “Don’ts” list. However, Mary’s nickname for him was something she definitely had not anticipated. He was to her a “Pencil Dick”. She never called him that to his face. But it was how she referred to him to me and to all her female friends who knew of our arrangement.

Mary was not a tidy person, but her messiness was at least clean. I could not say the same for Larson. Larson or Larson’s residence gave Mary a case of the crabs (pubic lice) which, before she knew she had them, she passed on to me. Easily curable, but definitely annoying.

Mary was now experiencing her second major sexual encounter. It was not going exactly as she might have imagined it would, but she was stuck with it until the artwork for the Reading Program was completed. Mary did enjoy building Larson’s confidence, and she did admire his artistic ability, so her time with him was not completely wasted.

### **Complications**

Just like a pencil-dick was a surprise and crabs were completely unexpected, there were other complications we had not anticipated. We had thought about what rules we needed, but we hadn’t given any thought to the needs of any eventual partner.

Mary and I were both envisioning short-term flings between Mary and her eventual partner(s), like the hook-ups Mary was contemplating on her book tour. However, in our search for the perfect candidate, we did not consider that the perfect candidate might end up wishing for a long-term relationship.

There were over one thousand unique illustrations that needed to be drawn for use in the Reading Program. Larson was the person creating every illustration, and he was doing an excellent job. However, the first complication was that he was falling in love with Mary. Then, in the Spring of 1978, for the third Spring in a row, Mary was once again talking about divorcing me and going off to Oregon to make pottery. The reason for the divorce talk was the pressure Mary felt as a workshop giver, and not how she felt about me. She was, as usual, serious about leaving, but not every day serious. My rule for Mary was that she had to express any sentiment like that three days in a row for me to act on it. She never got past day two, but this Spring, like the previous two, had more than one two-day bout. The second complication was that Larson thought he was the reason she was contemplating leaving me.

This was not idle speculation on Mary's and my part. Mary told me that Larson had even come by the Center one day when we were both there to tell me he was taking her away from me. I knew he had come by, but I didn't know the reason. I didn't know because he came and went without saying anything to me.

In my Letter to the Editor, I wrote that Mary's friend Kathy said to us once that she had never seen a couple contemplating separation who got along so well. Mary told me that what Larson saw on his visit to the Center was just what Kathy had seen earlier - a couple getting along so well that Larson just left without saying anything.

The fact that he had not said anything to me did not mean that he had given up on ending up with Mary. He might not be the reason for the divorce, but he would be there waiting for Mary when it happened. Mary and I both knew of Larson's crush on her. But we also knew we really did not want to lose him as the Center's artist. So, we would just live with this situation until all the artwork was completed.

Larson wasn't bad company for Mary, and he was a break from the pressures Mary had piled on herself that Spring and Summer. I never regarded him as a threat to Mary's and my relationship. And Larson never paid any more visits to the Center. Regardless of Mary's on-and-off talk about divorce, neither Mary nor I expected the Larson affair to last beyond the completion of the artwork.

After Mary's death, Falzon asked me if I thought Larson had anything to do with Mary's death. I said absolutely not. Falzon told me Larson had said the same thing about the likelihood of my involvement - absolutely not. In the Take Away One film, I could see that Joseph had converted Larson's "absolutely not" into "he's the one who did it."

In that same Letter to the Editor I wrote, “It is too bad that Joseph did not get to know Mary and me better as a couple.” Bob Larson had seen Mary and me as a couple and had walked away without saying anything because he had seen what Kathy had seen. So, in retrospect, it seems it really would not have helped if Joseph had gotten to know Mary and me better as a couple. It had not helped Bob Larson.

### The Movie



The movie poster above is one that appeared online after the Austin Film Festival. It remains online even today.

I mentioned in the **Nephew Bill** sub-section of the **Four Back Stories** section that Bill was an early user of the Center’s Reading Program, having used it to start reading at age three. The poster above pays subtle homage to the Reading Program. Just below the Take Away One title written in letters, Bill has written Take Away One in the Reading Program’s sounds.

As I wrote earlier, my reason for not wanting Bob Larson involved in Bill’s film was because I knew that his view of his and Mary’s relationship was not at all what Mary’s view had been. Since Mary would not be able to refute his nonsense, including Bob Larson in the film would be unfair to her. But of course, Bob Larson was included, and even given a prominent role. The result was as expected. The film review included on the poster above is too small for you to read, so I will quote it here:

“...a good yarn about educational philosophies, curriculum, and textbook publishing, not to mention marital infidelity and murder...I’d like to see another education documentary that can say that.”

Marital infidelity and murder - much better for enticing viewers than a discussion of educational philosophies and curriculum.

Definition of infidelity: The action or state of being unfaithful to a spouse or other sexual partner. Definition of unfaithful: Engaging in sexual relations with a person other than one's regular partner in contravention of a previous promise or understanding. There was no infidelity because Mary was never unfaithful to me. You would not know that from watching the film. Mary was not around to defend herself, and although I was around, I was never given the chance to speak Mary’s truth.

### **My Response to Take Away One**

After I returned home from the Austin Film Festival, I put my thoughts about the film in writing and sent them to Bill. Months later, I wrote Bill a follow-up letter. Just as reading my Letter to the Editor to the Saratoga News paints a picture of what the article itself said, I think you can tell from the two letters I wrote Bill, what his film contained.

### **First Letter**

Bill,

In 1978, the year of Mary’s death, Mary gave just four Math Their Way workshops. She was the only Math Their Way instructor at that time, although there were a total of eight trainees spread out over three of the sites.

At the time of Mary’s death, Math Their Way was only known to a handful of teachers. While Workjobs was selling quite well, Workjobs and Math Their Way were two completely different approaches to teaching, and there was no reason to believe that the success of one would lead to the success of the other. In fact, Stewart Brewster was confident that Math Their Way would NOT be successful. That was what his “bomb the teachers“ comment was in reference to.

The difference between the two books was night and day. Workjobs was like a cookbook - every page a new recipe. You use a cookbook to plan the meal for the night or to create a tasty dessert. What is on one page has no real bearing on what is on the next. It is a pick-and-choose book. Math Their Way, on the other hand, was a complete curriculum - each page building on the page before it.

The Center has given workshops for about 500,000 teachers. Only a tiny handful of these teachers ever met Mary. Their introduction to Mary was and still is through the tribute I wrote about Mary that appeared in the first of four Math Their Way Newsletters the Center authored during the 1978-1979 school year. It is also the introduction for the Math Their Way Summary Newsletter book. That is the Mary teachers have come to know and revere. Who is this new Mary that your film introduces? Is she a person to be revered and respected?

I wrote that tribute with a very special purpose in mind. Mary was gone, and with her death, the very real potential that the Center would be gone, as well. The tribute ends with the two lines, "Mary is gone. Who will protect the children now?" When my father read it, he said I should add the line, "Will you?" I can understand my father's suggestion because he was not a teacher. For every teacher reading that tribute, however, the "Will you?" did not need to be stated. Teachers know the answer to the question is they, themselves. The purpose of the tribute was to have teachers take up where Mary left off. Mary was just like them, so they could be just like her. The purpose – passing the torch.

My father did not understand this, as I said, because he was not a teacher. You, too, are not a teacher, and you, too, do not understand how teachers think. I helped you promote "Take Away One" to teachers because I thought you were making a film about Mary's life that teachers would find worthwhile. As I sat through the film, one of the many thoughts that passed through my mind was "I hope none of the teachers I had contacted are in this audience now". You might have noticed that I avoided even going into the lobby after the film until pretty much everyone had left. I was too embarrassed to make an appearance out there. My main thought was How fast can I get out of this town? This was not a movie about passing a torch. It was about a cheating wife and a murderous husband. The contents of the second half of the film were all too painfully disconnected from the contents of the first.

Even though you had promised me not to include anything about Bob Larson in the film, Bob was the central actor of the second half – the broken-hearted lover. To what purpose?

Earlier, I told the Center instructors about your film. When I returned home, I sent them a new email with my reaction to the film you had made. The teachers you had used in your filming all had the impression that you were going to make an inspirational film commemorating Mary's life, passing her message on to a new generation. Instead, you made a film that focused on her death. They and I were greatly disappointed.

When I was sharing my reaction to your film, I did not mention the Bob Larson part in my email to the Center instructors. The focus on Mary's death and not her life was the turn-off for them. I did, however, mention Bob to Richard and Susan, as they were already aware of him. Richard's reaction was that we all have secrets that we would like to keep that way. He felt that you really should not have revealed Mary's secrets without her permission to do so.

Did you really think you were honoring Mary by divulging that part of her past without her permission and specifically against my admonition? I knew as I was writing my tribute to Mary that Mary would have been pleased with the stories I told. Can you say the same thing? Would your Aunt Mary be pleased with the picture of her life you chose to present? And what was your purpose in doing so?

In my view, you have made half of what could have been a great film. In the first half, you drew me in with the story of an ordinary classroom teacher setting out to change education. Why didn't you finish telling that story, as all the teachers who contributed to your film expected you to do?

How did a book from a teacher who only lived for two years after its publication end up selling 300,000 copies in a 300,000-teacher market? How did it end up spreading around the world? How did Mary's 1978 summer of just four workshops for about 75 teachers balloon to a peak summer of over 700 workshops for over 21,000 teachers? How did Mary's book become the first ever non-textbook adopted as a textbook by the State of California? How did Mary end up having so much influence on curriculum in America and in the world? How exactly did Mary's book "bomb teachers" away from their workbooks and textbooks? There was a great story for you to tell, but you chose not to tell it. The telling of that story would truly have honored Mary and the thousands of teachers who believe in her and who carried her work forward.

I wish you had chosen to make a film about Mary's life and not her death. However, as I told you before, it is your film. So here are a few questions I have about the film you did make.

Why did you let so much of what was untrue stay un rebutted? Bob makes the statement that Mary was shot twice in the back of the head, so it was clearly a hit man. But Mary was NOT shot twice in the back of the head. Bob says the pictures of Kris in my room offended Mary, but there were no pictures of Kris in my room. The only picture of Kris that Mary and I had was a photo of the three of us taken at a show in Las Vegas. That picture is the one you use in your film to show Kris. Bob says I had a live-in girlfriend. Absurd. First of all, Kris was never, by

any stretch of the imagination, my girlfriend. Second, Kris lived with Mary and me briefly (at Mary's suggestion, by the way) when she was between rentals, but she was long gone and off at college at U.C. Santa Cruz.

Did you think to ask Bob if he was aware that Mary's talk of divorce was an annual summer event? Did you know that Mary and I never separated, which is why, after the San Francisco workshop was over, Mary was bringing all her possessions home? Mary had none of her clothes at Bob's house and only spent an occasional night there. Did you not ask me to counterbalance any of Bob's erroneous statements because you actually believed them, or because you did not want me to know he was to be such an important part of your film?

Why was Mary living in San Francisco for those two weeks when I was commuting daily to the workshops? Did you think to ask? It would not have been important for you to know if you were honoring your "Don't mention Bob" commitment. Mary loved the City, and she took the fact that we were both giving workshops there as a great opportunity to live in the City for those two weeks. So, we, together, found a rental close to Golden Gate Park. I would never have left Mary alone in the City, but as it turned out, we had workshop participants coming from as far away as Michigan. Mary's thought was to invite all the out-of-towners to share the rental with us.

With Mary now not being alone in San Francisco, we decided that I would commute to my workshop each day and return home each afternoon to run the Center. We were going to Germany for two weeks shortly after the workshops were over, and this plan would keep us from getting too far behind in work in advance of our trip. The only night Mary spent alone in that house was the night she died. When she had company with her, she and her housemates who were capable of it would go jogging through the neighborhood each afternoon or evening. Mary had continued her jogging routine alone that fatal night, since all her guests were gone.

I thought I had told you that my response to the police when they said my gun had been fired was, "No, it hasn't". The gun had never been fired. It was in its original box with the factory shipping oil still on it. It had never even been loaded, and every round purchased with it was still in the box I turned over to the police with the gun. The thought Richard expressed in the film that the gun may have been discharged at a firing range was simply his gut reaction to hearing that the gun had been fired. He did not remember my actual response. No one mentioned firing ranges at the time. There was no need since the gun had never been fired.

A measure of the sharpness, or lack thereof, of Richard's memory can be seen in his Cuisenaire Rod story from my classroom fire, where he sees me picking up a single rod and has me commenting that the loss was not total. Cuisenaire Rods were the first manipulative material I purchased for my classroom. I had them even before Mary and I went to England. The student sets came in little bags, but when I was in England, I purchased special student boxes for the rods and had them shipped back to the States. Once home, I carefully covered each box with contact paper. The rods in their boxes were on a high shelf in my room that was one of the few places not destroyed by the fire. Every other thing on the shelf had been ruined by the water from the fire hoses, but the contact paper covering had saved the rods. Every box of rods survived the fire, not just a single rod, as Richard remembers, which is why I had said it was not a total loss. Richard's memory of past events has always been a bit shaky.

I understand that Mary's death had a big effect on the eight-year-old you, and this film may have been your best way to exorcize those demons. But did it ever occur to you what it was like for me back then? My wife, whom I loved very much, had just been murdered. I am the one suspect, and everyone I know is being told I am a murderer. One of my employees tells me her parents say she should not work for me because I am a murderer. She kept on working at the Center, though, because she knew what a silly statement that was. In one workshop, a participant was surprised that I was the instructor because she thought I had been arrested for Mary's murder. I had to deal with the loss of Mary while trying to keep the Center going, with Mary dead and me accused of being her murderer. Very, very hard times.

You say you might have felt the same way as I did about your film if you were in my place, but that is clearly not true. If you had any inkling of how painful it would be for me to have to sit through a film rekindling all the murder charges, you would have warned me to stay away from the festival, rather than encourage me to invite my fellow teachers to join me in the (for me) nightmare experience.

I wish you had been more concerned with Mary's life than with her death. I think you made a good start on a movie about Mary's life, but ended up making a film that, if ever distributed widely, would do much harm to Mary's and my reputation among her followers. As I said earlier, when I wrote my tribute to Mary, I had a very specific goal in mind. I am curious, other than responding to your own death-obsession, what was your goal in creating a film about Mary that portrays her as an unfaithful wife whose husband (according to Bob Larson) is the man who either

murdered her or hired a hit man to do the job for him? And, whatever your goal, do you think your film accomplishes it?

Bob

### **Second Letter - Written a Few Months Later**

Bill,

I spoke with your father today at Kindall's first communion event. He said you might not be coming to Jack's beach day this year. I had been planning to ask you a question about "Take Away One" and share a few observations with you about how faulty people's memories are if you were at Jack's. So, here is what I would have shared.

Because the film was on Vimeo, I watched it again, so I could send Susan and Richard my more detailed thoughts on it. It is likely that any of the Center instructors who watch the film will contact Richard or Susan after watching it and not me.

My one question is: Did you really think Mary asked me to view her first hour lesson on that first summer school Friday because I was five years older, or was that simply poetic license on your part?

Mary and I had not spoken more than two words (and probably less than that) to each other before she invited me to observe her, and I doubt if she even knew how much older I was than her at that point. In addition, two-thirds of our fellow interns were older men and women who were returning to school after having raised families. Mary and I, and our third of the interns were all the babies of the group. If Mary were looking for someone older, I would have been far down that list.

I am not asking you this because it makes any difference in the film why she asked me to observe her. I am just curious to know if you know.

What I found when watching the film the second time is how bad people's memories really are. Nothing I share with you now is meant to suggest there should be any changes to the film. It is your film, and it is fine the way it is. I understand that the least reliable evidence in court is witness testimony. The film makes that point very clear to me.

Jack's talking about how the police were shouting at me until he finally had to come in and end the interrogation is quite dramatically and effectively stated. It is even backed up by brother Bill. But it NEVER happened. It is a complete fabrication of Jack's own mind and has nothing to do with reality.

On the first day, the police interviewed me at the crime scene. At that point, they asked if I would be willing to take a lie detector test. I said, Yes, no problem. However, before the end of that first day, my father had already obtained legal counsel for me, and my lawyer had already called the police to say there would be no more questioning. When I told my lawyer that I had agreed to submit to a lie detector test, the lawyer explained to me why that would not happen.

On day two, when Jack, Richard, and I went to the police station, it was only to turn in Mary's and my gun and to pick up Mary's car. Apart from the police saying, "This gun has been fired!!!" I had no other contact with the police that day or at any point thereafter. Any messages the police wanted to send me, they sent through Richard.

Had there actually been any questioning on that second day, you can bet the first thing the police would have done was hook me up to the lie detector. But there was no questioning and no lie detector test. The police NEVER shouted at me, and there was NEVER any questioning of me at any time past that first day. I don't know where Jack came up with that whole hours of questioning and shouting, but I know Bill came up with it only because Jack told him it happened.

I think I told you in my original interview about the time Bob had come by the Center to confront me about his plan to steal Mary away, but left without saying a word after seeing me at the Center with Mary. So, at the time of Mary's death, he already knew his place in the great scheme of things. But now, his mind has transformed the man Mary derisively called "pencil dick" into the love of her life.

At the time of Mary's death, Bob knew that Mary and I were about to head for Germany for what amounted to a two-week second honeymoon. As I said in the film, Mary was already coming out of her annual "divorce Bob" tangent. Over the years, however, Bob created a new reality for himself, totally separate from actual reality. That's how he can say and believe that I had a "live-in lover", even though at the time of Mary's death, he knew quite well Kris was both not my lover and long gone. The young female at the Center at the time of Mary's death was Robin, not Kris, and Robin was Mary's favorite employee.

Robin comments in the film I was surrounded by young women, which is then followed by two photos of me with the Center's young women, both photos taken well after Mary's death. Yet, while Mary was alive, no one at the Center was doing any work for me. They all worked for and were hired by Mary, including Robin. So, the only person surrounded by young women was Mary. And, in the first of the two photos of me being surrounded by young women, the full-time women employees in the

photo are Susan Iwamoto, who I hired to take over Mary's instructor training role, Vivian Bailon, who was Mary's teachers aide at Mayfair School, and Robin. Well, at least one of them was "young".

The second photo is definitely one of me surrounded by young women, but it was taken well after Mary's death, and several of the young women in that photo I actually met for the first time at the photo shoot, as they were working at the warehouse, and I had never met them before that day. My later friend Cindy Brown, who is standing next to me in that photo, is one example of someone working for the Center that I had not even met before that group photo was taken.

None of the things I just shared with you are meant to cause you to change anything in the film. I clearly do not hold you responsible in any way for the fact that people's memories can conjure up images so far from reality. I just find it interesting that people trying to respond truthfully to questions can be so unintentionally untruthful in their answers.

Bob

### **Closing Thought**

As I said in my first letter to Bill, when I wrote the Tribute to Mary and added in the closing lines, "Mary is gone. Who will protect the children now?" The "Will you?" did not need to be stated. Teachers know the answer to that question is they themselves.

What I was hoping for in Bill's Take Away One film was that he would use his creative filmmaking skills to inspire teachers everywhere to be like Mary. The film is technically well-done, but it inspires no one.

If Bill had focused on Mary's life and not her death, and told the story of Mary's summer of just four workshops becoming a summer of more than 700 workshops for over 21,000 teachers, then his technically well-done filmmaking could have become a film that inspired thousands.