

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF HUBERT E. DILLS

I was born on the 8th of December 1917, in the ^{small} ~~small~~ town of Newcastle, Indiana to Robert Clinton Dills and Bertha Mae Wallace Dills, ~~the~~ second child of a total of six. The day I was born the snow was so deep that the Doctor could not get to the house in his horse and buggy and had to walk the last few blocks.

My Mother, ^{was} the oldest of nine children born to Mary Catherine King Wallace and John Wilbern Wallace, tobacco farmers from Mumfordsville Kentucky, who ~~had~~ moved to Louisville Ky. ^{for him} to work at Avery's Plow Co. From there they had moved to Newcastle, IN ^{where he} to work as a drop forge hammer operator at the Maxwell Auto Factory, which was later bought out by the Chrysler Corp.

My Mother, being the oldest of nine children, was responsible for taking care of all of the younger children to the extent that they all called her "Sis" instead of her first name. As a result of this upbringing, as long as I can remember, if any of Mom's brothers or sisters had a problem they came to our house to see Mom. When Ted, her oldest brother, had an appendectomy they brought him to our house to recuperate, and when his wife was to have a baby they brought her to our house where she died giving birth. The baby survived, and now lives in Florida.

Mom was not a very demonstrative person and was very reserved as opposed to Dad who was much more emotional and outgoing. He was born near Paintsville, Kentucky, on a farm in a place called Horse Branch, to George and Rose McCloud Dills. He grew up on the farm where he broke his arm ^{and} but they couldn't get to a Doctor for several days. As a result of this delay, his arm tendons drew up causing his right hand to draw up to a ninety ^{degree} ~~degree~~ angle. This did not seem to hamper him too much for he learned to do almost anything that most normal people could do. It did warp him emotionally because his Mother spoiled him very badly and made everyone give in to his every wish, and until his dying day he would throw temper tantrums to get his way. She passed away when he was fourteen and his half sister continued to spoil him.

Although my father only went thru the sixth grade in school and his father could not read nor write, he was a very smart man. He played football for a semi-pro team around Ashland, Ky. and he learned to dance what was called the 'Buck and Wing'. His main attribute was that he could fix almost anything. He worked at all sorts of jobs, from delivering groceries, delivering furniture ^{to} delivering the mail from the Railroad station to the Post Office, ~~where~~. While working at the furniture store he learned to repair furniture.

I can't remember much of the first six years of my life except that when I was six I fell off ~~of~~ the roof of our house and broke right elbow. It was shattered so badly that the Doctor couldn't set it properly because the Doctor, ^{and} the nurse

couldn't hold me down and finally gave me ether, which was also a tough fight. As a result my arm never did grow back straight.

Sometime prior to my sixth birthday we moved to Paintsville, Ky. ~~where~~ ^{where} my sisters Mary and Thelma were born, ~~why~~ we moved there I will never know for we moved back to Newcastle after three years ~~there~~. This left a family of five children—Robert ^{born} Nov. 11, 1916; Myself ^{born} Dec. 8, 1917; Walter, born Mar. 1919; John, who was born in very poor health and died shortly after birth; Mary, and Thelma whose birth dates I'm not sure of. ^{born July 13, 1921; and Thelma whose birth date I'm not sure of.}

I never did know what Dad did in Paintsville, but when he returned to Newcastle he worked for the Hoosier Kitchen Cabinet Co. for a while then drove a truck for a Company that delivered the mail from the train Station to the Post Office, I remember that one because He carried ^{his} a gun on ~~that~~ job. The job that I remember the clearest was, working for the Holloway Bros. Furniture Co. as a delivery man and while ~~there~~ he learned to repair furniture.

During this period we lived on 15th street and one of the things that I remember about this period was ~~Dad had a fellow~~ named Bill Galvin who worked with ~~him~~ ^{him}, who was a rather old fellow to be unmarried, and he lived accross the street from us. He bought a brand new Willies Overland Touring Car which he was very proud of and spent a lot of time polishing. One day Walter and I were standing in the street when he backed the car out of ~~driveway near us~~. As he got near us the thing backfired and he immediatly jumped out of the car and accused us of hitting ~~it~~ ^{it}. ~~the car~~. We had a hard time of convincing him that we hadn't done anything to his car ^{so} he appologized.

It was durring this period ^{HE had} on 15th street that my sister Thelma developed diphtheria, which lasted about two weeks, during which time we were quarantened in the house with a sign on the door warning everyone to stay away, which was the law in those days. Walter also contracted a mild case of the ~~désease~~ ^{disease} but survived, but poor Thelma did not. She passed away early one morning after she seemed to be getting better. She was about 5 years old. The family was devastated. It was durring this period ^{that} on 15th street Dad was making \$25.00 a week at Holloway Bros. The Depression was getting pretty bad when Dad came home and told us that they had cut ^{his} salary in half to \$12.50 per week. That was quite a blow since We had ^{been} barely been getting by on the \$25.00 per week. Then, shortly after that, Dad got sick and unabled to work for a few days, ~~so~~ he sent Robert down to the store to pick up his weekly pay, and ~~and~~ ^{and} on the way home Robert lost the money, and we never did find it, so things really got tough for a while. It was so bad that my teacher at school sent me home one day with a note to my mother that I wasn't dressed properly for the cold weather and my Mother was to dress me better before returning me to class. I don't recall how my Mother resolved that for I think ~~that~~ I had on the best that I had.

Another incident that sticks in my mind during our residence on ~~fifteenth~~ ^{15th} street was the bigger kids walked by our house going to the high school, and we used to watch them go by and joke with them. There was this one big fat boy ~~that~~ ^{who}

we used to joke with ~~and~~ On a snowy day I thought it would be fun to slide up behind him and scare him, but unfortunately I was going so fast that I couldn't stop in time and hit in the back of the legs, ~~and~~ He sat down on my back and damn near killed me, so I didn't try that again.

Our social life revolved around the First Baptist Church of Newcastle. The Minister was Rev. Kinnet. Every year the young adults produced a stage production that was usually very good. It was Dad's job to design and build the stage and settings. He did most of this by himself, and they always looked very professional. In addition to that He would present a monologue which He would get from a Company called Denisons from Chicago. This usually required Dad to dress like a country Bumpkin coming to the big city for the first time and giving his impressions on the big city. All of us kids thought that this about the funniest thing we'd ever seen.

Walter and I both belonged to the Boy Scouts and once a year we went ^{to} the Indiana University for a Boy Scout Jamboree, ~~which~~ ^{this} which consisted of many of the Boy Scouts from all over the State of Indiana meeting there and competing against each other in the various skills that Boy Scouts were supposed to master. Some of the fathers would drive us down on Friday and bring us back on Sunday. Walter and I never got past the tenderfoot stage which was the lowest you could get.

When I was about 8 or 9 years old we moved from 15th Street to Broad Street, ~~which~~ ^{was} which was a big old farm house ^{which} that the city had grown out to encompass ~~it~~ within the city limits. Dad quit his job at Holloway furniure Co. and started ^a furniture Repair Shop in our garage. After a year or two he moved the business to a store down town. He got involved with fellow who owned a loan company, ~~so~~ If someone wanted to finance some work Dad would send them to the Loan Company. Then the fellow with the Loan Co. got the brilliant idea of giving Dad some money to go to Auction sales to buy up old furniure, ~~and repair them,~~ and then sell ~~them~~ for a profit. This venture did not turn out to be ~~a~~ profit making ^{venture}, ~~so~~ for dad eventually went broke.

This period on Broad Street was an Idyllic situation for Walter and I. ^{for} ~~we~~ we had a house with a big yard to play in, ~~and~~ almost an acre of land in the back of the house with apple, pear, peach, & walnut trees, a huge grape arbor and a large garden area that Dad would hire plowed in the spring and he would plant vegetables for us to take care of ~~all summer long~~. Mom would can the fruit and vegetables all summer long. In the fall we would take the hulls off ~~of~~ the walnuts, ~~and~~ spread them out on the roof of the garage to dry ~~them~~ out and then have black walnuts all winter long.

Dad would bring home wood from the packing cases at the store ^{from} ~~and~~ we would build shacks in the back yard ^{we would} ~~where~~ we sleep in them sometimes, but in the summer we never slept in the house. We usually slept in the yard with most of the kids in neihgborhood joining us, ~~and~~ If it rained Mom would wake up to find most of the kids in the neighborhood on the floor ^{of} of the house.

Walter and I roamed the countryside, hiking across the farms and woods and streams. Sometimes we would hike out to the Park

about 4 or 5 miles the other side of town. The Park had a nine hole golf course and we worked caddying for \$.25 per round. On the way to the Park we would pass a Bakery and if we had a few pennies we would buy some day old donuts or rolls to eat.

We were the poorest family in the neighborhood, the Mayor lived directly accross the street, his name was Sid Baker and he had a son the same age as I was and we became very close freinds, his name was Paul. Paul was a real problem because he bragged that his ambition was to grow up and become a bum, at which he worked at very diligently. He was always getting into trouble at school and being expelled but his Mother would take him back to school and pull rank on the principle, being the Mayor's wife and get Paul back in school. Paul was a big boy for his age and I saw him knock down the Biology teacher who was over two hudred pounds himself.

Our neighbor on the north side was a bootlegger and was selling liquopr out of his back door, so the Mayor made a call on him to advise him that since it didn't look right for him to be selling lquor that close to the Mayor and asked him to move, which he did and was promptly raided by the police. The man next door had grandson whose Mother had divorced and remarried and lived on a farm outside of town, The boy was a little older than Walter and I so one day he asked us if we to walk with him to his mothers house which wasn't very far so we started walking and it turned out to be cver twenty miles It was late in the evening when We arrived and his Mother was very upset so she called our Mother to let her know where we were and after feeding us they drove us home.

One of the problems that we had on Broad Street was that there was a street that ran paralerll to broad street behind our ouse that ended right up against our garden and started up again on the other side of our garden so everybody walked accross our garden. Walter and I would hurry home freom school so that we could stop all of the other kids from walking accros our garden. This resulted in mighty good fist fights. It even involved the farmer, that lived behind us and a Surveyor who the owner of our house hired to survey the property. I don't know what the arguement was about I just know that the Surveyor was out there doing his thing when the Farmer went out there and started a big argument that culminated in a big fist fight that Walter and I enjoyed very much.

Wjhen I was fourteen years old, and a freshman in High School I went out for football, which I enjoyed very much. My problem was that I was awfully slow so the coach advised me to go out for the track team in the spring to improve my speed. The Coach put me in the high hurdle team, due to my height, but what he didn't reallize was that although I was six foot five inches tall I had very short legs for my height, and since you were supposed to take only three steps between each hurdle I could notdo that. I managed to place second in the State Meet, which was a fluke because the guy was running against quit after the last hurdle and didn't go to the tape. The next year, in my Sophomore I got to play some football.

In 1934 Dad's business went broke so we moved to

Charleston, W.V. Dad went to work for the Nelson Transfer and Storage Co. Uncle Walter lived in a two story ouse on West Washington street and we moved into the lower floor.

That summer I got a job woprking for a guy named Robinson who owned the Mineral Wells Motel near St Albans. That fall when it was time for me to start to school he talked med into staying with and not go to school, his arguement was he never finshed school and was doing O.K. I soon learned that he wasn't doing so great. First he disappeared for three or four days and suddenly reappeared drunker than a skunk, and I had to take care of him. Not long after that about three oclock in the morning a couple drunks woke me up banging on the door yelling for Robinson, My room was off the front porch and since nobody would answer them I opened the door to see what was going on one of the fellows attacked me knocking me back into my room onto my bed. I managed to get my feet under him and drive him back out the door. Robinson locked his door ans refused to come to my assitance. The other fellow who was with him pciked him up and got him into their car and took off. The next day I quit Mr. Robinson and went home. Unfortunately I missed a whole semester of school as well as one year of football.

One of the things that I forgot to mention was that when we left Newcastle we had left Robert there because he had been expelled from school in his Senior Year for skipping school. How that came about was that Robert had met this girl from Anderson Ind. thru our Cousin Belvadore McNalley and Dad had let Robert drive our old Model "T" Ford to school and he went to Anderson every day to see this girl instead of going to school. We didn't know anything until they expelled him from school. So it was decided when we left that he would stay in Newcastle since he hadt a job drivingh a Taxi and lived with our Aunt Delia and Uncle Frank.

The next Fall I went out for football at Charleston High but didn't make the Varsity because we had a new Coach who stated he would not use any Seniors on the Varsity because he was building a team for next year, so I played tackle on the B Team and only lost one game, and that was by only one point. The Varsity had a bad season and as far as I can recall they had Losing seasons for several years after that, until they got rid of coach Garrity.

When I graduated from High School I was too poor to go on to College and we were still in the great depression and jobs hard to find. One of the Assistant football Coaches had tried to get me to go to West Virginia University and go out for Football but I didn't have the money even to get up there much less pay my Tuition. He said that if I could get there and thee Coach saw me play they would take care of me, but I just couldn't make it. So I got a job driving a laundry truck, where I met Ernie Carter, Pauline's Brother. Also about this time I discovered Wine, Women , & Song and since I didn't sing very well I concentrated on Wine and Women. This was the sowing of my wild oats period. Up to this period I had been quite active in the Emanuel Baptist Church and had fallen madly in love with a girl named Dorthy Simmons, why I'll never know

why for I had a thing about fat people and she was quite heavy, but I guess Puppy Love is blind.

About this time I went to work for Nelson Transfer & Storage Co. where Dad and Uncle Walter worked. Speaking of Uncle Walter he was my favorite Uncles he was my drinking Uncle and I could write a whole book about him but my favorites were; When he had all of his teeth pulled. He insisted that I had to go with him. The Dentists Office was just accross the street from our house so I went with him. He had a bottle of whiskey with him which he finished in the waiting room. When the Dentist called him in he had me to run down to the Lquor Store and get another bottle which he took into the Dentists Office. When he came out again it was difficult to tell who was the drunkest he or the Dentist and both of them were covered with blood. I really had a difficult time getting him home because he insisted on going with me on my date. We lived on the side of a hill with a lot of steps I finally got him up there.

Another story that I like was one night he got drunk and vomitied his false feeth down the comode. The morning after going to work he called his son up and asked him if he had his breakfast yet and if his stomach was settled and his son said yes so he said would you mind running your hand down into the comode and see if you can find my teeth

I starterd at Nelson Transfer delivering meat to the grocery stores in the area. The Meat Companies would ship the meat to the warehouse by truck or rail car and we be there at midnight to unload the meat and sort it out to where it was supposed to be delivered then load them onto the trucks for delivery. Then at seven or eight oclock in the morning start delivering the meat to the stores. This resulted in about sixteens hours of work. This wasn't so bad if you got some sleep the night before, but my problem was that I would never sleep the night before going out to work.

About this time I met and fell in love with Ernie Carters sister Pauline. This put a damper on my Womanizing and caused me to mend my wild ways. Also I had graduated to the big trucks and was doing a lot of long distance ttraveling. My partner on these trips was a very good friend named Jim Cummings. In November of 1940 , while in Ogdensburg, New York I had to register for the Draft. Everybody who registered was assigned a number then they held a drawing to determine the order of being called up. I dont remember my number but it was low enough so that would be called up fairly early. I was called up to report on June 10, 1941. My friend Jim Cummings was called to go one week before I was to go, and he tried to talk me into volunteering to go with him. I guess it was one of the smartest things I ever did by turning him down because he was sent to the Infantry while a week later I was sent to the Quartermaster Corps which was a non-combat outfit. Later, while stationed at Randolph Field in San Antonio, Texas I visited Jim at Mineral Wells, Texas and had beeh accepted to go to Officers Candidate School at Fort Benning, Ga. and he tried to talk me into volunteering and go with him. Fortunately I was smart enough

to turn him down for three years later he was killed during the invasion of the Phillipines. He had managed to stay in the States for three years while I was in Europe and he would write me to rub it in that if I had listened to him I could have been with him and I never got the chance to get even with him.

On June 9, 1941 I was taken by bus to Huntington where I was given a physical but failed it because my blood pressure was too high and was told to come back the next day and they would try again. I called Pauline and she came down to Huntington and we had another evening together. The next day I reported back where my blood pressure was still too high and the Doctor sent me in to the Officer in charge to reject me. While I was waiting for the Officer to sign my rejection paper the Doctor came in and took me back in for another try at my blood pressure. He had me to lie down on a couch and every so often he came over and check my blood pressure until it got to the acceptable number then he passed me.

From Huntington we went by train to Fort Thomas Kentucky where we were given our uniforms and shots. From there we boarded a train for Fort Francis E. Warren, Cheyenne, Wyo. In Cheyenne they had a saying that they had only two seasons "Winter and Frontier Days and Frontier Days only last for two weeks". We were issued winter uniforms.

Fort Warren was an old Cavalry Post of the army and they just added a facility for giving basic training for Army Quarter Master Corp. whose responsibility was to supply the Army with all its basic needs. I was assigned to the Truck Drivers School to learn to drive a truck. After a few days they discovered that I already knew how to drive a truck so I was made an Instructor.

While at Fort Warren I learned one lesson the hard way. We were bivouaced on the Rifle Range for learning how to fire our rifles when just before dark the Range House caught fire and we were called out to put out the fire but when we got there they wouldn't let us near it because a lot of ammunition was going off, so we just stood around until it burned itself out and we were dismissed and were walking back to our tents when this Sergeant came along and ordered us to fall in and he would march us back. I refused, because I could see no sense in marching since we were off duty. When we got back to our area the Sergeant reported me to the Company Commander who sent the MP's over and arrested me for insubordination and put me in the Guard House. After being incarcerated for a couple of weeks a second Lieutenant showed up to advise me that I was to be court-martialed the next day. I asked what would happen at the court-martial and he said that it was put up job and that could get up to six months in the Guard House. I said what would he do if I got six months and he said that he would jump up and bitch like hell. The Prosecutor had several witnesses but I had none. The Officer at the Drivers school heard about the court-martial and rushed over and asked if he could testify as a character witness. So they let him tell what a nice guy I was. Then they sentenced me to Thirty Days in the Guard House

and the time already spent would count so I didn't but a couple of weeks left to do. Later on I found out that I had been railroaded; that I should have had two weeks notice after an attorney had been appointed to prepare my defense. When I got out and reported back to my Company Comander he appologized and had written a letter to go into my file explaining what had happened and this shouldn't be held against me. He also offered me the choice of staying on at Ft. Warren as Cadre or I could choose my next assignment. I opted for assignment to Randolph Field Air Base in San Antonio, Texas, which was the West Point of the Air Corps which was still part of the Army and had not become its own branch of the Service. The reason that he was so nice was that he knew that I had been contacted by my attorney wanting me to agree to reopen my case and publicize how I had been "Railroaded. Originally we had been drafted for one year and Congress had extended to two and a half years and there was a lot of backlash, particularly from the press on the mistreatment of the Draftees. I didn't want any part of that so opted to go on to Randolph Field. Another little trick that the army was pulling on us Draftees was trying to get us to sign up in the Regular Army with the promise that we would start getting \$30.00 per month instead of the measely \$21.00 we were getting and you could choose your next post assignment. A lot the fellows that fell for that found out that their next assignment was outside the Continental U.S.A. because the Draftees were not allowed to be sent outside the U.S.A. Thats when I learned not to trust anything that the Army told you, I would just go to Randolph, which was cosidered a plush assignment and serve out my 2 1/2 years.

I had one immediate problem and that was that Pauline was coming to Randolph Field to see me and I didn't know where I would be located when I got there and also I was flat broke since I had not been paid for three months. Also Fort Warren had on base facilities for guest and Randolph didn't. We managed and had a glorious week visiting San Antonio, which consisted of 300,000 Soldiers and only less than 200,000 civilians, which made it tough for the soldiers.

At Randolph Field we had a Master Sergeant in charge who who was a real big time Operator, he would do anything for a dollar. When we arrived there the first thing he did was to form a basketball team so he picked out the men he thought would be good basketball players and formed a team. He had some ratings open so passed them out to the team members. I got a Sergeants rating, because I so tall that he thought that I would make a good basketball player. We won the first game and then managed to lose all of the remaining games. The Master Sergeants name was Bloch and every crooked scheme going in the book they finally caught up with him and Court Marsalled him. He got reduced in rank to Staff Sergeant and transferred out to another post. He would have gotten a dishonorable discharge if he hadn't had so much nearly every Officer on the Post.

On December, 7, 1941 Carl Lester & I hitch hiked into San Antonio to see a movie. We got a ride with an Officer who was listening to the radio that was broadcasting the news of the

bombing of Pearl Harbor. When we got back to the Base that night we had a problem getting on to the since we weren't in uniform and didn't have a pass, but we managed. Our biggest problem was that Carl and I both had put in for a furlow for Christmas and they canceled all leaves. WE both put in for a three day pass for Christmas, to go over into Louisiana with a friend who was school teacher over there then the mornong we were to leave they declared an alert which confined everybody to the Base Then we tried the same thing for New Years but someone tipped us off that they were going to call an alert again like they had for Christmas so we took off before they could call the Alert, and had a good visit.

Carl and I both got Furlows on Mar.2,1942, Carl got married but Pauline and I decided to wait

In June they split our outfit into two groups; The group that I was in would go to Hill Field in Ogden Utah to be part of a new group being formed there called the 11th Air Depot Group. The other group would stay at Randolph Field.

We went by train to Ogden Utah and met our Commanding Officers, Lt. Stone, our C.O. and Lt. John Naramore, our Maintenance Officer, both just out of OCS. We got our act together at Hill Field then in August they sent us to Wendover Field, Wendover, Utah. for a month of desert training then back to Hill Field. The first of Sept. we left by train for Fort Di. N.J. for shipment oversea's. We sailed out of New York for England on Sept,5 1942 aboard the Queen Mary with a total of 18,000 troops and landed in Grenock Scotland five days later. It was a very rough voyage, and I think almost everybody on board, except Carl Lester and I were seasick. It was very rough weather in addition that since we were traveling without escort the ship changed course every nine minutes.

We went from Grenock, Scotland to Lythum England by train took over an Airbase that was still under construction. We were given three Months of rgorus training by the British Comandos. This was very pleasant assignment for we were very near to Blackpool, which is a resort on the Irish Sea and being the first Americans there we were treated very royally. Sometime early in November we shipped out of Liverpool for the invasion of North Africa on the HMS Derbyshire, a British troop ship. We joined up with a large convoy of ships and for fourteen days we mutton stew while the convoy was under attack by German U Boats. We Put into Gibraltar and split into ships making a run for their destination singly without an escort. We landed in Oran, Algeria. The fighting was all over when we arrived so we took over the airbase there.

The first night there our C.O. not to bother pitching our tents since it rained ther and he proceded over to the Officers Quarters. We had just gotten rolled up in our blankets when it started raining had didn't quit for three months. The next day we pitched our tents where the C.O. told us to and got comfortable. About 3 o'clock in the morning we were sleeping in a swamp. We didnt have any food so scavenged some oatmeal and hardtack fromm some British Soldiers nearby. At daybreak we went scavenging around to see if we could a better to camp. We found some cold storage

lockers that weren't being used so we moved into them. Later we got some regular tents and set up a regular Army Compound. We finally found out what the problem was. We weren't getting any the equipment that had so we went down to the docks and saw that it was utter chaos. There was no one in charge and ships were being unloaded and people just taking what they could grab and hauling it off without authorization. We did find one piece of our equipment and was the wrecker that I drove, and it was in water up its roof. It had evidently been dropped into the Bay when they were unloading it. We managed to get it out of the water and towed out to the base. We took it all apart and oiled it up and got it running.

Carl and I were the only ones working, we ran the wrecker 24 hours a day pulling the trucks through the mud then used the wrecker's hoists to unload the trucks since we had not gotten our regular cranes yet.

We decided that the only way we would ever get our equipment was to do like everybody else and put someone down at the docks and take anything that was available. We even took a flatbed tractor and trailer. While driving it out to the Base some Captain stopped us and wanted to know what we were doing with his tractor and I referred him to our C.O. who admitted that we had stolen it and talked him into letting us use for a few days until we got all of our stuff hauled from the Docks.

We stayed in Oran until August then moved up to Tunis and took over there. That was a tough move because it was a thousand miles in the blistering heat. Carl and I made a little money selling mattress covers to the Arabs along the way. Everybody had been issued two mattress covers to fill with straw to sleep on, so when we broke camp in Oran most of the bother to empty their mattress covers and just threw them away. Carl and I gathered them up and loaded them on the wrecker. Since we were the last vehicle in the convoy the Arabs try by anything that we had. The going rate was \$25.00 for a carton of cigarettes and \$20.00 for a mattress cover. When we got down to our last mattress cover we tied it to the back of the wrecker and would dicker with the while sitting the cab with the motor running and as the convoy started out he would hand the mattress cover to the and hop on the wrecker and I would pull out jerking it out his hand. This worked real good until the C.O. made us stop.

We took over the Air Base at Tunis which pretty badly by our bombers but we were able to clear it up and use it. We moved into some barracks that had one wall knocked out so just covered it with canvas and made it comfortable. The Germans had abandoned a lot of equipment. Carl and I found a three wheel

German Motorcycle that had automatic transmission and all three could drive or you select one wheel or two wheel drive. We learned that if you had it in three wheel drive you had to lift the side wheel off the ground or it wouldn't turn. We were in Tunis until November during which time our troops had invaded Sicily and Italy and the Italians had surrendered but the Germans had continued fighting.

We were ordered over to move over to Bari, Italy, which is on the other side Italy. Before going into the Italian phase, I would like to pass on some of my observations regarding the political climate in both Algeria and Tunisia. Both countries were ruled by the French as Colonies and the rule was very harsh. The Arabs were treated as second class citizens in their own country. The Arab culture was different than the European Culture but I don't see why the French had impose their Culture on the Arabs

Some of the strange Arabic practices that I recall were:

1. When visiting an Arab home for a meal you must remember that the men eat first and the women eat what is left so don't eat everything on the table. You must leave some for the Ladies
2. When an Arab girl marries she must be a virgin. So the day before the wedding the Bridegroom throws a big party that lasts all day and that evening they all go over to the bride's house to see if she is a virgin. While the rest of the party stays outside the Bride Groom goes inside, and if she is a virgin he holds a white cloth with blood on it and if she isn't he displays a clean white cloth, which signals that the wedding is off.

We moved from Tunis to Bezerte, which was only a few miles from Tunis and had been bombed into a pile of rubble by our bombers. It had been bombed so badly that when they rebuilt it they moved it across the bay. Most of our outfit sailed out of Bezerte on LCI's which were Infantry Landing Craft. But Carl and I with several other fellows were to accompany the equipment on a freighter, which was the Liberty Ship the Patrick Henry which was the first Liberty Ship built. We camped out in Bezerte for a few days waiting for the ship to be loaded. The Mess Sergeant drew rations for the whole outfit but since there was only fifteen of us so we had more than we could eat. We had Chicken and real butter, which was the first that we had seen since leaving the States. We proceeded to make pigs of ourselves. We sailed out of Bezerte for Naples, Italy on the Patrick Henry, which didn't have accommodations for troops and had to camp out on deck and eat "C" Rations, which weren't very appetizing. I made friends with the Oiler so that I could go below every so often to get warm and drink some hot tea. The Oiler was Scotsman who had been in the British navy and gotten his ship shot out from under him on the Murmansk run and had been discharged from the British Navy and had joined the American Merchant Marines,

We landed in Naples while the Germans were still fighting

outside the city. We joined up with the rest of our outfit and convoyed accross Italy to Bari on the Adriatic side which was virtually untouched by the except fop a couple of buildings which had been destroyed by bombers. I was able to see first hand what war does to inocent civilians, and it was heart wrenching to see children begging for food, boys selling their sisters, husbands selling their wives for food. It was much worse in Naples than Bari, because the war was closer to Naples.

We moved into downtown Bari and took over a Garage for a place work in and an old plumbing warehouse a few doors down the street for our living quarters. We needed some lumber to build rooms inside the warehouse and a mess hall out back. Someone told us about a Lumber Mill a couple hundred miles south of Bari so we took a couple of trucks and our wrecker and went down there to purchase some lumber The guy who owned the Lumber Mill said that he didn't have any lumber cut but would cut whatever We needed

He cut some boards to the size we needed, the only problem was that the wood was English Walnut but were not seasoned. This worked out alright for us because we didn't care that after few months the boards shrunk so badly that you could stick your hand between them. While they were cutting the lumber several of the families took us in for dinner and breakfast and a place to sleep. They picked the poorist fmilies because we were going to furnish our food, which was "C" Rations, and we would give them some of it. The place where Carl and I slept had two bed rooms so the family all of the kids into their bedroom and gave Carl and I the kids room, the only problem was that the beds real short, and Carl is pretty big we wernt arey comfortable. The kitchen had pens of rabbits and chickens and a gig hog running loose.

When we got back to camp we found that every one of us wetre infested with fleas, The Medic sprated us with DDT and made us put all of our clothing and bedding into a mattress cover with some kind of a bomb and tie them up in there and discharge the bomb and keep them in there for twenty four hours then take them out and boil everything. This seemed to work for we got rid of the fleas.

We stayed in Bari until February 1945, when the Government instituted the Rotaton System which allowed local Commanders to rotate his troops back to the states for furlough if they been overseas over two and a half years. There were twq types of Rotation, Temperary and Permermanet. Temperary allowed you to get a thirty day furlough and return to outfit and Permanent allowed you to a fifteen day furlough and be reassigned to some outfit in the States. Our Commander ruled that single men would get the Temporary and married men would get the Permanent. I was single so I was one of the first to get Rotation

I was shipped over to Naples and was bivoughaced at the local Race Track and slept in the horse stalls, which were pretty miserable accomodations. After a week there we boarded brand new Victory Ship that was on its maiden voyage. I was assigned to the 8 to 12 gun watch which was on the top deck next to the Bridge. When we hit the Atlantic off Gibraltar the

sea was so rough that after a couple of days they wouldn't let us out on deck. They had wedgers working around the clock trying to keep the ship together. When we arrived in Newport News, VA. the Pilot came out to take us in to Dock, immediately ran the ship aground on a sandbar. They had to send someone out to take the Pilot off because too drunk to steer the ship in. Finally after sitting there all day the tide came in and with the help of tugs pulled us off.

I went from Newport News to Camp Attabury in Indianapolis, where Mom and Dad had moved to and I had asked Pauline to meet me there but not to let Mom and Dad know because I was going to surprise them. They weren't too surprised because Uncle Walter had called and wanted to know I had arrived before I got there. Robert and Walter had both been drafted into the Navy and were able to get furloughs so that they be there with me. Pauline arrived the next day and planned to be married on Feb. 22, 1945 but that was a holiday so we couldn't get our blood tests on that we made it the 23rd. We spent our honeymoon at the Warren Hotel in Indianapolis. The first morning I had to get up early and take the car to the garage and when I came back to the Hotel, I couldn't wake Pauline up to let me in the room so I had to get a Maid to let me in to room to call her to let in,

Dad had kept my old "37" olds in good shape except for tires which were rationed, so we drove to Charleston via Louisville where we stopped over to see Grandmother and Granddad. I got notice from the Army that they extended my furlough 15 days longer. But at least Pauline and I had forty five days together before I had to go back. When we arrived in Charleston I woke up the next morning to find one of my tires flat. I got that one fixed and when we got back to Indianapolis we just got into the when another tire blew out on us. The next day I got some ration coupons and four new tires installed.

When I reported back to Camp Atterbury they sent me back to Camp Patrick Henry in Norfolk, VA. While there waiting for transportation back to Italy. Several times every day they have us fall out and they would read off the names of the outfits that were coming back to the States and if your outfit was coming back then you would not have to go back. Unfortunately my outfit was never on that list so I had to go back.

We sailed back on Liner The George Washington which was The Mount Vernon in Peace Time. This was another miserable trip for me because the ship was run by the Coast Guard with Marine Security and the Passenger list was made of old disgruntled Soldiers like me, a bunch of Sailors who were being shipped to Oran in Africa, and a bunch of Recruit Soldiers who were being shipped over to Italy as replacements. There were fist fights breaking out constantly between the Soldiers and the Marines. It didn't help matters any when the story got circulated that one of our soldiers had died aboard ship. He supposedly reported sick at Camp Patrick Henry with stomach and the Medic thought he was just trying to get out of going back overseas and told him to check with the Medics when he got back to camp. Unfortunately it was a stomach ulcer and it ruptured on board

ship and they couldn't save him.

We landed back in Naples on V. E. Day, but unfortunately we couldn't get off because everybody was celebrating. The next day when we did get off they took us to the Replacement Depot to make arrangements to get us back to our home base but when we got there they had moved out for their trip back to the States. They had left one man with a tent and a telephone so that we could call our out and have them make arrangements. I called and they had a plane fly down and pick me up.

When I arrived back in Bari I found that all of the fellows that had been there when I left had all gone back to the States and replaced with new recruits. Even our C.O had been replaced by some crooked 1st Lt. I had left some of my belongings behind when I had left and when I asked him about them he said that he was told that I wasn't coming back so he shipped them to my home address. The other fellows told me not to believe that he had actually sold the stuff to anyone who wanted them.

Major Naramore, who was my C. O. when I had been promoted to Lt. Col. and transferred out to the Airbase told me that was putting me up for promotion to Master Sergeant then came back later to tell me that might be some time before it would come thru because he had just learned that all promotions had been frozen. A couple of months later he came by to tell me that my promotion had been approved, then later the same to ask me if I was interested in going home and I said yes he said that he had just gotten a call from the 99th Bomb Group in Naples wanting to know if he had anyone with 85 points, which was the magic number for getting out of the army and since they were flying troops home he just assumed he wanted somebody to fly back to the States. I said that I was ready to go. He said that under those circumstances I wouldn't get my Master Sergeants rating. I didn't care, all I wanted was to get home.

You can understand how I felt when I got to Naples and a Captain greeted me with a tool box and told me to get to work that they were in the business of flying troops home and when we got them all home we would go home. I soon found out that the reason for me being here was that they were sorting out their motor vehicles to which ones they wanted to keep and which ones they wanted to get rid of. The good vehicles would go back to the States with them and bad ones would be cut up for scrap and given to the Italians. The problem with this set-up was that had gotten a Civilian from the manufacturer in the States and had the final say on what was good or bad so of course he was cutting up some almost new vehicles and keeping some of the older ones.

Thank goodness VJ Day came and they couldn't hold me any longer. I repeated the process of going back to the Replacement Depot to sweat out a ship to return to the states. I was discharged from the Army at Camp Atterbury and went to Charleston. Pauline and I rented an apartment on Randolph Street from Mrs. Partlow. She had added two apartments to the back of her house and made the front part, except for her room,

into apartments which she also rented out.

I had to decide what kind of work I wanted to pursue and see if I could get a job in that field. I started looking around and finally landed a job with the duPont plant at Belle, W.V. as a laborer at \$35.00 per week. I worked there until the first of 1946 when I was laid off. I was looking around for another job when Walter and his friend, Bill Starkey, came by the house and asked me to drive them up to Morris Harvey College. They had decided to go back to school. While I was waiting for them to register, the Dean of Men talked me into registering. The Government was offering to pay for four years of college plus paying a married couple \$90.00 per month for living expenses. I enrolled in a two-year Pre-Engineering course.

Morris Harvey was a small college which was overwhelmed by all of the ex-GI's wanting to go back to school. Their headquarters were located in the old library building in downtown Charleston with classrooms scattered all over town in public schools and churches. Pauline worked all during the war for the Office of Price Administration which was the price-fixing segment of the Government. When the office closed at the end of the war, she went to work for the Steptoe & Johnson Law Firm. Her job was taking dictation and typing bills to be introduced into the legislature. She didn't care for that type of work and left to work for the Elk Refining Company.

After completing my two-year Pre-Engineering course, I scouted around for a school in which to complete my Mechanical Engineering Degree. I settled for Marshall College (now Marshall University) in Huntington, W.V. While still at Morris Harvey I had gotten involved in a service station business in Dunbar, W.V. How I got involved in this was Pauline's brother, Ernie, became interested in the service station and wanted me to go into it with him. At the last minute he backed out and my brother went into it with me. After enrolling at Marshall, I needed someone to take care of the business, so I got J. T. Shank to buy out Walter's interest. J. T. wasn't the smartest businessman, so I finally had to get out. I learned a valuable lesson from that experience: 1. I don't ever want to be in business for myself, and 2. I don't ever again want to be in business with the oil companies because they have it rigged so you will take all the risks and never get rich. I sold the service station and concentrated my full time on getting my Engineering Degree at Marshall. Pauline was still working at Elk Refining Co. We continued to live in the apartment, and I had a room in the dormitory at Marshall. I would go down on Monday morning and return to Charleston on Friday evening.

While attending Marshall I made three very close friends I would keep for life. Abe Littleton and Glen Reitenour were in man of the classes with me. Jim Hamilton was ten years younger than I. He was from Elmsford, N.Y. Jim was one of the sweetest people that I have ever known. Able Littleton passed away in 1981 of a massive stroke, and Jim Hamilton died in 1981 of lung cancer. Glen Reitenour and I are still hanging in there.

The four of us, along with our wives (except Jim who wasn't married at the time), did a lot of socializing together, mostly

playing bridge. For the big homecoming football game we agreed to go together and have a party after the game. When the time came to leave for the game Pauline didn't feel well but told me to go ahead and have a good time, which I made the mistake of doing. During the party Glen called Pauline to let her know we were having a good time, and they weren't going to let me drive home until I had sobered up a bit. When I did get home, carrying the mum flower I had gotten Pauline for the game, she was so mad that she made me eat the mum. I guess I wasn't supposed to have that good a time.

Returning to school after ten years out of high school wasn't easy, but I had a lot of help and encouragement from Pauline. She was a real incentive for me. There were 350 students who started in the Engineering class I was in, but only nine of us graduated. That meant the advanced classes I was in during the final two years were very small. For this reason I could get a lot of individual attention, and this made it much easier for me.

Another thing in my favor was knowing Glen Reitenour. He was very sharp and could help me. The only problem was that he was a ladies' man and was kept busy dating four or five girls at the same time in addition to working six nights a week as a projectionist at the local movie theatre. We had a system worked out whereby I would work all the problems I could and then meet at his apartment after work so he would do the ones that I couldn't. Also, I became a lab assistant in Dr. Hron's Physics Dept. which kept me busy five afternoons each week. For this I was paid fifty cents an hour.

Glen and I graduated in June, 1950. Glen married Joanne Sparks the same day. My dad was there to see me become the first Dills to obtain a college degree. He was very proud as was Pauline. Abe Littleton had graduated the year before and was working at Aberdeen Proving Ground, Md. He came down for the ceremony. Glen was still living in an apartment with two other fellows. Pauline and I cleaned the place up while Glen worked until 11:00 P.M. When he came home, he hung a sheet around the bed, and that's where he and Jo spent their honeymoon.

With my education complete, it was now time for me to find a job. We had made up a booklet with all nine of us graduating engineers in it and sent it out to most of the industries, but it didn't yield any offers of employment. Abe's uncle was an officer in the Pipefitters Local in Charleston, so he had me talk to him. Ford, Bacon & Davis Engineering Co. was building a plant for Union Carbide at Institute, W.V., so Abe's uncle got me an interview with Red Lindsay, the pipe superintendent. He offered me a job as his office superintendent. My duty was to run his office and keep him up to date on the progress of 800 pipefitters. It was an interesting job, and I was able to get Glen and my brother-in-law, Buck, jobs also.

I worked at the above job until September, when I got a call from Abe Littleton telling me that the Proving Ground was looking for engineers and he thought Glen and I should come up and apply for a job. Glen and I drove up and made applica-

tion for positions as engineers. We both received offers at \$263.00 per month. This was less than we were making but would be permanent instead of the temporary status we now had.

Glen's wife, Jo, was working for duPont at Belle but was able to get transferred to the duPont Experimental Station in Wilmington, De. Glen and Jo had bought a house trailer and had it towed to Wilmington while Pauline and I moved in with Abe and his wife, Doc, in Port Deposit, Md. Pauline got a job at the Proving Ground as a stenographer, and we applied for an apartment in some new apartments on base. We didn't have any furniture, so we borrowed an old daybed from Doc and Abe for our first bed. I made a lamp by sticking an extension cord through an old hat box and tied it to the end of a broomstick. It wasn't much, but we were happy to be in a home of our own.

The job I had at the Proving Ground was as a Research Engineer on recoilless rifles. It was interesting but not very satisfying because I ran the experiments and passed the results on to someone else who applied them to the overall project. The three of us stayed there until June, 1951 when we started looking around for something better. Abe landed a job with the International Resistance Co. in Philadelphia, Pa. Glen got a job with Hercules Powder Co. in Wilmington, De. I went to work for the duPont Co., Wilmington, De. My assignment was as an Inspector in the M&E Section of the Construction Division, stationed in the Philadelphia area and living in Haddonfield, N.J.

My first assignment was to develop some vendors to machine stainless steel tubes for the atomic reactors being built at the New York Shipbuilding Co., Camden, N.J. duPont had received a contract from the U.S Government to design, build and operate the Atomic River Plant at Savannah River, S.C. I found out later that the reason I was assigned the job of developing vendors for machining s.s. tubes was that since I worked with guns I must know how to make them. The problem that I was presented with was that there is a world of difference between machining carbon steel gun barrels and stainless steel tubes. I started out by finding one vendor who knew what he was doing then showing several others who didn't what I had learned from the one who did. Then I helped them to get started. Another big problem was that when I was assigned to the Philadelphia area they figured I would spend \$100.00 per month for travel expenses, so they gave me \$200.00 advance. With my having to travel all over the United States that didn't last very long, so I had to use my own money. You must remember that this was before credit cards. It got to the point that one time when I was in Warren, Pa. I got a call from Wilmington, telling me I had to be in Houston, Tx. the next day. I told them I didn't have any money. They said for me not to worry that they would forward me some money in Houston. I took a bus to Pittsburgh and sat around the airport until 2:00 A.M. I couldn't get a flight, so I went down to the train station and caught a train to Houston which took two days, but it gave me some much-needed rest.

When I got to the Rice Hotel in Houston there was no money waiting for me. I called Wilmington, and they said not to worry that it would be there. This went on all week with no money and when I asked them to wire me some money, they said it was against the rules. On Friday I was at the vendor's when I got a call from Wilmington, telling me that they wanted me in Birmingham, Ala. the next day. When I reminded them I didn't have any money, they said they had wired the money to the hotel. I replied "that's against the rules." They said "Oh, this is an emergency."

On the following Monday morning I went to the Wilmington office and raised hell with Chuck Veith, Head of the M&E Section. He said he would see to it that I would receive \$200.00 every Monday morning, but a week later they moved me into the New York Shipyard, and I didn't have to travel anymore.

At this particular moment in time duPont had reluctantly accepted the contract to build the Atomic Energy Plant near Aiken, S.C. They did not want to accept this project, but the Government insisted that they were the only company large enough to handle such a project. duPont agreed to accept the project for cost plus \$1.00 and all records would become the property of the Government. This stipulation was insisted upon by duPont because they had built the Manhattan Project during the war and had lost a lot of money. After the war, everytime some congressman wanted to make a name for himself, he would instigate an investigation of the Manhattan Project which meant that duPont would have to drag out all of their records and have their lawyers take them to Washington and defend themselves before Congress. This entailed a lot of expense.

duPont was in the throes of building up their Engineering forces to handle this project. The M&E Section of the Construction Division had approximately 100 employees when I was hired and built up to over 500 at its peak. Our responsibility was to inspect the equipment in the vendor's facility to see that it met the purchase order specifications and to expedite the delivery to meet the needs at the construction site.

duPont had signed a contract with the New York Ship Building Co., Camden, N.J., to build the five reactors for the project and ship them to the Savannah River Plant. duPont assigned a project manager to oversee the construction and 25 inspectors to perform the quality control during the construction phase. The first reactor was to be set up after construction at the shipyard so that the Operations people could run some dry-run operations. After the operational test, that unit would be altered to comply with the changes needed due to the mock operation.

Chuck Veith had put Carrol Dunn in charge of the inspectors at New York Ship. Why I'll never know. In my opinion he was an incompetent idiot, but for some reason Veith was always giving him plush assignments and he always fell flat on his face. Before coming to New York Ship, Veith had put him in charge of all Atomic Energy work and he couldn't handle that. When I was sent to New York Ship I reported to Carrol who told me that I was being sent there because I had screwed up my other

assignments, and he put me on the midnight shift. I was really teed off and spent that week looking for another job. At the end of that week he called me into his office and said he was making three shift supervisors and I was one of them. My first shift was back on midnight. The two other shift supervisors were Bill Loughlin and Al Piatek.

After a couple of weeks, it was obvious to the three of us that things were in one hell of a mess. They had talked one of our older inspectors into staying beyond the mandatory retirement age to oversee the welding at New York Ship. He was supposed to read all of the x-rays, but he had turned that chore over to Al Piatek who had never read x-rays before. When he would question a weld, Aubrey Hughes, who was the older inspector in charge, would OK the weld without even checking it. As a result of this poor inspection procedure, the first tank shipped to the field had a crack in the weld of the expansion joint that leaked when they filled it with water. We three shift supervisors got together and decided that something had to be done about this situation, so we appointed Bill Loughlin to go to Wilmington and report to Veith what was going on. Bill came back with Chuck Veith and Joe Johnson who relieved Carrol Dunn as supervisor of inspection. Joe immediately started reorganizing the whole Inspection set-up. He had all x-rays pulled out and re-examined. Any questionable images on the film had to be re-examined and cleared before it was accepted. Bob McNew, who was the first Construction Manager at New York Ship, was transferred to the Savannah River site and was replaced by Woody Gosney. Woody was a much more aggressive person than Bob McNew and seemed to get things done with less trouble.

The story I like to tell on Woody Gosney was when one evening some of the fellows from New York Ship decided we should go drum fishing down at Cape May. So I took Woody and Pauline's father in my car and met the other fellows at Cape May. We hired a boat and went out for several hours but did more drinking (mostly beer) than fishing.....that is everybody but Woody who was drinking whiskey. By the time we got back to the dock Woody was feeling no pain. The fellows in the boat next to ours had caught a large drum fish, so Woody bought it from them and threw it in the trunk of my car. On the way home Woody seemed to be getting sick, so I asked him if he wanted me to stop, and he said "no". When we got to Woody's house I asked him what he wanted me to do with the fish. He said to dump it on the front lawn and he would take care of it in the morning. Well, the next morning, when he came to work, he said his wife got him out of bed at 5 A.M. and told him to get rid of that fish because every cat in the neighborhood was out there with the fish. He threw it into the trunk of the company car and brought it to the office where he got one of the workers to take it home. I asked Woody if he had gotten sick in my car because I couldn't find any evidence. He said he had gotten sick, threw up in his hat and tossed it out of the window.

The first reactor was shipped from New York Ship via barge down the inland waterway and up the Savannah River to the site.

Prior to my being assigned to New York Ship, we had lived in Haddonfield, N.J. Pauline was working for a small oil company called Dealers' Petrol Corp. We decided it was time to start thinking about a family. After all, I was making \$350 per month, and we felt like we could manage on that salary. Jim Hamilton had graduated from Marshall in the Spring of 1951 and hadn't found a job, so we invited him to come and stay with us while he looked for a job in the Philadelphia area. He came up and looked around for a couple of weeks. He received an offer from a small loan company at \$50.00 per week and was about to accept it when I talked him into going down to duPont in Wilmington and applying for a job as an Expeditor. I told him when they asked how much salary he expected to tell them \$350.00 per month because I knew that was what they were paying. When he came back that evening, he said he thought he had the job. I asked how much salary he asked for. He said he was afraid to ask for the \$350.00, so he only asked \$250.00. They said they couldn't offer less than \$275.00.

Pauline and I moved over to Gloucester, N.J. which was closer to New York Ship. Doc and Abe also moved over there. Our first child was born at Our Ladies of Lourdes Hospital on June 17, 1952. We decided to name him "George" after Pauline's father with "Michael" for a middle name and call him "Michael." This was quite an adjustment for us since neither of us knew the first thing about raising a baby. To make matters worse he started life with the colic. I'm sure this was mostly due to our insecurity which, I feel, the baby sensed. It didn't help a lot having Doc and her two girls so close by to spoil him. Somehow we managed to get the courage to have another child. Geoffrey Eugene was born in the same hospital on May 28, 1955. By this time we had moved to Wilmington, De. and Doc and Abe to Boone, N.C.

It was a stressful time when Geoff was born for I had just been transferred to Wilmington. We bought a new home in an area that was just being developed. At that time there were no paved streets or telephones. The biggest worry was getting from Wilmington to Camden because you had to take a ferry across the Delaware River. Often it would get stuck in the middle of the river. Fortunately, Pauline had an appointment to see the doctor in Camden on Friday night, May 27. We had moved on May 3, so she was in pretty bad shape with all the work that had to be done. Her feet were so swollen she had to wear her mother's bedroom slippers to the doctor's office. Because of her condition, the doctor decided to put her in the hospital that night so she could get some rest. He felt we were some time away from the time she would deliver. Little did he know. Geoff arrived around 4:00 the next afternoon. You have heard the expression "Someone was really looking after me." That was Pauline to a "T".

I had continued working at New York Ship until we shipped the last Reactor then was transferred into the Wilmington Office in early in 1955 and classified as a Technical Inspector.

This might be a good time to express some of my feelings about Chuck Veith. Chuck was one of the most self centered persons that I've ever known with absolutely no scruples at all. He got to be the head of the M.& E. Section by Kow Towing to G. M. Read, who was Chief Engineer when I came to the Company. G. M. liked to be Kow Towed to and Chuck was just the man to do it. I've seen G. M. on the putting green at the golf course with several of his "ass kissers" running to pick up the ball for him when he would putt, and Chuck was right in there with them. Everytime we had a Christmas party Chuck would invite G. M. and ply him with drinks and have some of the girls from the Office entertain him. It was a disgusting display of "Broen Nosing" which I found to be disgusting.

Chuck worked every Vendor that he could for everything that he could get out of them. I'll never know how he got by with all of the sleazy deals that he pulled. One deal that I was familiar with was with the Camden Copper Co. Chuck and Bob Good, a duPont purchasing agent, persuaded the vendor to invite them and their wives to Atlantic City for a weekend of golf on two different occasions. The first time Bob Good's wife bought a set of golf clubs and charged them to the vendor and the second time she bought a fur coat and charged that to the vendor. The third time the vendor didn't invite Bob Good and another couple went, When Bob Good heard about this he called the Vendor into his office and asked him why he was not invited, and the Vendor replied that he couldn't afford him. Bob got mad and told the Vendor he would never get anymore business. The Vendor went to Tom Stevens, Bob's Boss and reported what had happened and Tom immediately fired Bob Good. All Chuck got out of this fiasco was good "Butt chewing".

Another of Chuck's characteristics was that he was a big bully and loved to intimidate people. When I started with duPont I was assigned to train under Howard "Bob" Roberts, who was a real gentleman but would let Chuck walk all over him. Chuck loved to get Bob on the phone out in the big office, where everybody could hear him, and give Bob a real tongue lashing, and Bob would take it. It was a display of a bully picking on someone smaller than himself.

In June of 1953 Dad passed away in Charleston, Mary was visiting us in Gloucester, and I had just bought a new car, so started out for Charleston with Mike, who was only two years old. We got to almost fifteen miles west of Baltimore when

the car overheated and quit. I was able to coast down the hill to a service station and called Abe and Doc who were visiting freinds in Baltimore. They came out and took us to the Washington D.,C. Airport where we were able to get a flight to Charleston. After the funeral we flew home and I went back to the dealer that I had bought the car from and he refused to do anything. He said that it was my problem and not his. I called the local

Studebaker Factory Representative who had the car towed into a garage in Baltimore and put a new engine in the car. The local Dealer had his Franchise for Studebaker lifted and went bankrupt.

After being transfered into the Office We purchased our first house in Wilmington. It was a two story brick with three bedrooms with a basement but no garage. It was in a new development called Fairfax and we lived at 2212 Robin Road. This was a neighborhood of young people like ourselves who had bought their first home, but we were a little older than most, due to our late start in life. Our best friends were Bernie and Jeanine who lived next door. They didn't have any children so enjoyed our two boys. Bernie and I built a picket fence that surrounded both of our properties so the boys could use both as if it were one.

We lived in Fairfax until March, 1959 when I was transfered to Cleveland, due to reduction in forces by duPont. We rented a house in the northwest edge of Cleveland. It was a working clas neighborhood, although I made some remarks that labled me a "Nigger Lover" we did make a few good freinds there. We had a real good vacation while in Cleveland. Wo rented a cabin for a week on Lake Jack in northern Canada in early June. We took Buck & Chris and Mr. Carter with us and had a great time. Also on the way back from that trip I gave up smoking to help Pauline, who had been told by our Doctor in Wilmington that she should quit.

On Halloween Day of that year we got a call from Charleston that Mr. Carter had passed away so we flew down for the funereal.. I came on back after the funeral but Pauline and the boys stayed fora week longer.

In February 1960 I was transfered to Alameda, California. We flew from Cleveland to Chicago and took the train from there to San Francisco. This was a really fun trip although Mike got sick on the train. I also shipped my car out there via. rail.

The reason I was transfered to Alameda was to follow the construction of a Nuclear Reactor being built by the Paceco Co. for the Savanah River Plant. Originally Chuck had given the asignment to Carrol Dunn, why I'll never understand after the way he had screwed up the New York Ship asignment. Carrol screwed up again by telling Chuck that he was going out there by himself and leave his family in Wilmington. Chuck said I couldn't tell him he had to take them so he took the asignment from him and gave it to me.

Along with the Reactor assignment I had to cover the entire West Coast so I hired a retired Navy man named Art Sullivan to help me. Connected with the Reactor was an order at the General Electric Plant in San Jose for the controls for

the Reactor and an order at Bingham Pump Co. in Portland, Oregon for some huge pumps for the Reactor, so I had to make quite a number of trips there.

We found a house to rent in San Leandro and moved in. We found the neighborhood to be very nice and made a lot of good freinds. We knew that our time would be limited so we did a lot sightseeing that would never have done if we were to be there for a long time. On one of my business trips to Los Angeles I took Pauline and the boys to Disney Land which they enjoted very much. I took a weeks vacation and had my Mother, who was living with my Sister, Mary, in Coronado to come up and take care of the boys while we drove over to Yosemite Park. From there we drove over the Mountains thru Death Valley to Las Vegas and from there to Phoenix Arizona to vist my Cousins, Linna McNally and her Daughter Belvadore.

My next assignment was Buffalo, New York. We left Oakland in the middle of October, 1961 on the California Zepher going back east by the southern route and arrived in Buffalo 2 1/2 days later. We found a house to rent in the Amherst area, which is in the northeast section of Buffalo. Our furn- was lost and it took them two weeks to find it. they found the truck parked along the street in some little town in Iowa, the driver had an ulcer rupture and was in the hopspital. The weather had been beautiful for the two weeks we'd been there but the day we moved in it started to rain and turned to snow and never stopped until Spring.

The winters in Buffalo were really vry harsh with temperatures as low as 25 degrees in the daytime accompanied with very high winds and snow. The boys seemed to like it. The house that we lived in was a duplex and our nwhighbors were the Sayles, a very nice Jewish family with two boys, a little older than our boys but we all got along very well together.

My main responsibility was the J. & A. Keller Machine Co., which always had a lot of work for duPont. In addition I covered the whole area from Erie Penn. to Rochester, N.Y. The

J, A. Keller Machine Co. was started by a Mr. Art Keller and his father to build equipment for the Celotex Corp. which was just starting up. They gave Mr. Keller stock in their company in payment. Art Kellers son plated a violin for the Movies, which were silent movies so got him to quit his job and go to work for him. That Mr. Keller was still around but had turned over the day to day running of the business to his son Bud. They did a lot of work for duPont because they could trust them to work on some very highly confidential equipment and not disclose it to our competitors and also never over-charged for experimental work.

We found that the people in Buffalo to be , as a whole reserved and not as frienfly as most places that we had lived but we made quite a number of very good friends. Mike made good friends with a boy who lived three or four doors down the street whose fayther was a Truck Driver. There was a boy the same age as Mike who lived next door to us but would have nothing to do with Mike and his friend because his father had said that

Mike had written some dirty words on the front of their house. When I confronted the boys father he said it was Mikes friend so when we asked to see writing it turned out to some words that had been embedded into the concrete sidewalk. All of this involved Mikes friend and his Truck Driver father, who wanted to fight and Sid Sayles, his sons name had been mentioned as the author of the story, but ended when the boys father decided he was too badly out numbered and retreated into his house. Not long after that the guy packed up and moved back to England

After being in Buffalo for a couple of months I started getting phone calls from the Office in Wilmington wanting me to come back into the Office in Wilmington. I kept telling them that I didn't want to but I was ordered back anyway so in June of 1963 we moved back to Wilmington, De. We decided to rent for a year then if we were still there we would buy a house. I found a nice little house in the McDaniel Heights section of Wilmington and rented it. It was brand new house that a gardener for the duPont Estate had built for his retirement. When Pauline saw the house for the first time she said there's no linen closet, which I had never noticed. The owner did put some shelves in the bathroom to offset the lack of a linen closet. I learned to never rent or buy a house without Pauline's approval.

We lived in that house for one year then bought a two story colonial house in the Chatham section of Wilmington. We were again close to all of our friends from Fairfax. The house was in pretty bad shape so we were going to take a month fixing it up before moving in but unfortunately I was sent Buenos Aires Argentina for a couple of months which delayed the fixing up for a while.

The reason for my trip to Buenos Aires was that our plant there was building an expansion to the Plant and the Field Project Manager was concerned that the local Quality Assurance people were not doing the proper quality inspection and wanted someone to review what they were doing. My trip disclosed that their quality assurance was totally inadequate so I was appointed to reorganize their Quality assurance group which required me making several more trips down there and spending a lot of time down there.

. In 1965 my Sister-in-Law, Nellie passed away from Cancer of the breast, after suffering for years with Multiple Sclerosis. In January of 1966, my brother Robert dropped dead of a heart attack while trying to dig his car out of an ice storm.

In 1964 We lost a very good friend, Bernie Chesler, We were at a New Years Eve party at the Sunderland's when Bernie was dancing and complained of not feeling well and was perspiring profusely. I got him to lie down on the couch and one of the fellows there knew of a Doctor who lived nearby and called him over. He said he wanted to get him in the hospital. While he was calling the hospital to make arrangements I was sitting with Bernie when he suddenly had a heart attack but the Doctor could not revive him and he died on the way to the hospital. He was only 37 years old and had a son 2 weeks old.

One of the strangest things happened to us during our stay in Wilmington was a visit from Johnnie Bristow, Earl Bristow had taken my place in Cleveland and we got to know them fairly well. I got a call one morning and it was Johnnie saying that she was in the Wilmington Bus Station and wanted me to pick her up. Well I went down there and she was sitting there in her fur coat and said she had left Cleveland the night before because she was scared because someone had been in her house and scattered Atomic Dust all over everything and she didn't know how to get in touch with Earl. So I took her out to my house and went to the Office to get a hold of Earl. Earl had already called the Office saying that Johnnie. So we told him to come on to the Office and pick her up. Pauline took care of her until Earl got there and she was as crazy as a loon. They spent the night at the Hotel and left the next day. He did her some help and seemed to get along better after that.

I made my last trip to Argentina in October 1965 to survey vendors for a planned expansion of the Buena Vista Airies Plant. This required me to travel all over Argentina. One of the vendors that I visited arranged for me to visit a Winery that Pete duPont had visited on one of his trips. I went out there and the Director gave me the V.I.P. treatment, and said he would give me some samples of his wine to take home with me. Sure enough when I arrived back in my hotel room the day before I **was to leave there sat this big box with twelve bottles of wine.** I managed to carry it onto the plane and got it home.

My next assignment was Dordrecht Holland. We were scheduled to leave on the first of June 1966 so we put the house up for sale and booked to leave New York on the SS Rotterdam on the third of June. We got a contract on the house but at the last minute the guy backed out so we had to put it back on the market. It sold again but settlement was scheduled after we would be gone so we gave the Realtor the power of attorney so he represent us at settlement. We put our furniture in storage with the understanding that we would notify what we wanted shipped after we found a house in Holland. This turned out to be a problem, I had told the office when I booked my ship that we were sailing on the third of June but they didn't schedule my moving date and called me a couple weeks before I was to leave wanting to know when I going to let the movers know when to pack my furniture. This made a problem because the first of June is a very busy time, but we made it.

As soon as the movers pulled away from the house we drove to New York City and spent the night and boarded SS Rotterdam the next morning. Jeanine, her boyfriend and Ned Charlotte came up to see us off. Pauline drank too much champagne and didn't see us leave, she was in bed asleep. The trip over was eight days rest and relaxation. Mike pulled a dirty trick on Geoff. We had inside cabins with no portholes so one night Mike woke Geoff up at midnight and told him it was time for breakfast so Geoff got up got dressed and went to the dining room only to find it was closed. The ship stopped at Southampton England and Le Havre France before arriving in Rotterdam.

England and Le Havre France before arriving in Rotterdam.

We arrived in Rotterdam and checked into the Rotterdam Hilton where we stayed for six weeks while waiting for our furniture to arrive . We took over a house that had been occupied by a duPont family and the father had dropped dead of a heart attack so the family had returned to the states. It was very sad taking over a home after someone had passed away so suddenly. Dordrecht was a small town fifteen miles south of Rotterdam. The first thing that we learned was that there were very few traffic lights or signs so the rule was that the car coming from the right had the right of way so you always had to keep a sharp look out from the right because the Dutch would take the right of way even if it killed them.

The reason that I was sent to Holland was that duPont was going to build a big Fibers plant in Uentrop West Germany and they had moved Bob Martin over there and I was to take his place working for J. B. Whitworth. Bill Poffenbaugh was the Field Project Manager at Dordrecht while Earl McSpadden was the Field Project Manager at Uentrop. When I arrived Whitworth had an American working for him who was not an Engineer but was able to handle the simple tasks of running the office. Whitworth was a very nice guy but was very lazy so I wound up running the office.

While in the Hotel we became acquainted with Chic and Nancy White and their three children Jan, Alan, and Linda. Even though they were young enough to be our children the close friendship lasted through the years until Chic's untimely death. I will cover that in a later chapter.

When we arrived in Holland they were still living by the same ways as they had for years but were just beginning to move into the twentieth century. Most people were still riding bicycles and going to the store every day carrying their shopping bags. The Americans, including Pauline buying up their old junk at the Flea Markets. While we were there we saw them change from bicycles to automobiles, and corner grocery stores to Super Markets.

Mike was old enough to start to school at the International School in the Hague while Geoff started to school in a local Grade School in Dordrecht. The International School in the Hague required that the kids had to ride the train everyday to and from the Hague. Our kids acted up so badly on the train that we had to finally hire buses to transport them back and forth to the Hague. This didn't completely solve the problem for they were just as bad on the bus as they were on the train. Another problem was that the Dutch had Bicycle Paths with a 25 Kilometer speed limit. Some of our kids rode motor bikes and would get them souped up so that they could go faster. Bill Moore's Son got caught three times for speeding on the bike paths and the third time the Police seized his bike and returned it to him pressed into a cube. Mike got caught for speeding just before we left Holland and thought he would get away with it but the day before we to leave I got a letter from the Police and had to go down to the Police station and pay the fine.

One of the American couples that we became friendly

with while in Dordrecht was Elmer and Madge Whiley. Elmer was the Mechanical Superintendent and Madge was busy buying up all of the antiques she could find, as a matter of fact she had one room in her apartment completely crammed full of the stuff she was buying. One day Elmer came to my office and wanted to know if I wanted some marble because he knew where he could get some real cheap. I told him that I interested if it was cheap enough. He said that they were demolishing an old Butcher shop in Rotterdam and he could get the marble counter tops real cheap. Then we ran into transportation problems because marble is pretty heavy so we had to hire a truck. when we found out the cost of cutting and polishing it got rather expensive so Elmer decided that he only want ine small piece and I was stuck with remaining marble. For a long time I was giving marble to anybody who wanted a piece. This went on for quite some time until one day Elmer came into my office and I asked him if he knew where I could get more of that marble that I had sold all that I had and had made a nice profit. That really upset Elmer and to this day still thinks I had made a profit on that marble.

While in Holland most Americans would go to Austria or Switzerland at Christmas time for skiing but we usually went to Spain or Majorca. One Christmas we went to Malaga Spain and took a boat to Tangiers Moroco and toure around Moroco for a couple of days, and spent the remaining part of our two weeks vacation lounging on beaches of Spain.

In Holland I started playing golf again. I joined the Golf Club at Breda, which was only a half hours drive from Dordrecht. Also Bill Poffenbaugh and I joined a group of International Golfers who arranged golfing outings all over Europe. Bill and I made several trips for golfing weekends, but the best one was to Jersey Isls, which are off the coast of France, and are owned by the British. We took our wives with us and they spent the weekend shopping. Later on Bill and I spent a week playing the different Golf Courses in Scotlaand. I was in London on business and met Bill in Edenburg. We rented a car and drove to St. Andrews And played both course there then drove to several other courses. Bill and I had our cameras and took pictures of each other. When I boarded the train back to London I discovered that I didn't have any film in my camera so hadn't gotten any pictures of Bill. I asume that Bill had gotten some of me but I never did get to see them.

In 1967 Whitworths five years in Holland expired so he moved over to Uentrope and I was left in charge of the Holland Office. This was no big deal because Whitworth didn't do any work anyway. In 1970 they started a big project in Luxembourg and Whitworth went back to the Wilmington office & Bob Martin went back to the States where he died a few months later of lung cancer. I was able to see him when we were in Wilminington on vacation, before he passed away.

I was made Manager of European M & E with headquarters in Luxembourg. In 1970 I got a call from my sister Mary saying that Mom had cancer of the kidny and they were going to perform surgery. Pauline and I decded that we would go back to be with

Mom and if she survived she and Geoff would stay in the States and I would come over in September and this would count as a vacation trip. Mike would stay in Dordrecht since he was working at the plant. When we got to Coronado We found they had performed the surgery and Mom was doing fine. The Doctor said that the cancer was encapsulated in the kidney and they thought that Mom would be OK so I went back to Dordrecht and left Pauline and Geoff back in the States.

Around the first of September the movers came and packed all of our belongings for storage until we found a place to live in Luxembourg and Mike and I moved into a Hotel in Dordrecht. The car was loaded with our belongings so the manager said don't bother to carry all of that luggage into your room leave it in front of the Hotel and someone will be watching it all night. So when we got up the next morning someone had broken into the car and stolen everything.

When we arrived in Wilmington I called Pauline and found out she was going to have surgery to have a tumor removed from her jaw so Mike and I flew on to Charleston. Pauline came thru the surgery very well. Chick and Nancy White came from Parkersburg to see her and the nurse ran us out of her room because we were talking so much and Pauline was trying to sleep. On Friday after my arrival I got a telephone call from my sister Mary saying that Mom had cancer of the liver. I had already told Mary that if anything happened to Mom that I wouldn't come there. Pauline and I discussed whether I should go and we agreed that I should so I made reservations to go on Monday. Sunday morning I got another call from Mary that was pretty bad and may not last thru the day so I told her I would be out there tomorrow. That evening Mary called back to say that Mom had passed away.

Before we left to return to Holland I received a call from Whitworth telling me that the powers to be had classified my trip as a death in the family and all of my expenses would be taken care of under the "Death In The Family Policy". When I arrived back in Dordrecht, Whitey Campbell, the Construction Services Superintendent called me into his office to tell me that he had personally ruled this as a death in the family trip and he would reimburse me for all of my expenses, not knowing that I had already been informed of this from Wilmington, and that he didn't have any part in this decision.

We drove from Holland to Luxembourg and checked into the Kahns Hotel. We met an American family by the name of Bill and Lillian Smith and their five year old son Mike. Bill was coming over to Luxembourg as Piping Superintendent for the duPont Project. Bill was the typical construction superintendent who had worked his way up from craftsman to superintendent except that he was one of these individuals who if he was confronted with something that was against the rules he would do it in spite of anything you could do about it. They were real nice people and we became good friends.

We were in the Hotel for six weeks while looking for a house. We finally found a place that suited us on Rue Albert Premier. The owners mother had lived there with a maid to look

after her and had just passed away so had put it up for rent. It was a big old house locate right down town. We had to install a modern kitchen and put up drapes and new carpeting to make it more comfortable for us. It had three floors and a full basement with a huge marble entry hall on the first floor.

We moved in and the stress from all of this immediately after the surgery on her jaw was just too much for Pauline and she had a nervous breakdown. I was at work one afternoon when Geoff called to tell me that when he got home from school he found his Mother had taken an overdoes of sleeping pills. I called Dr. Harf to meet me at the house. When we arrived at the house Pauline had vomited the pills up and Dr. Harf felt that she would be all right if we kept her awake for the next ten to twelve hours. Dr. Harf recommended she see a psychiatric Physician who had her admitted to a Hospital. She was kept heavily sedated for several weeks. Geoff and I would go to the hospital every evening to see her. We went on a Saturday night, not knowing that visitors weren't allowed on Saturdays. The Hospital was operated by the Catholic Church and all of the nurses were Nuns. The Nun kept coming into the room but didn't say a word to Geoff and I. Finally she came into the room and swept and mopped the ^{floor} and covered Pauline up for the night. We got the message that we weren't wanted in there so we left.

This period was the most trying time of my life and I had to learn how to deal with it. First I had to accept the fact that this was just like any other disease and support her in her convalescence, and realize that it's not her fault that she has this disease and try to be sympathetic and caring. It's too easy to say to her "straighten up", or some other silly comment because that is not going to help.

Pauline did finally recover after coming out of the hospital. All of us Americans had a Thanksgiving Party right after Pauline got out of the Hospital and she went through that ordeal.

Our organization at Luxembourg was one of the finest that I had ever encountered. Walt Samans, one of the finest Bosses that I had ever worked for. John Egbers, Assistant F.P.M. one of the finest human beings I have ever met. Mike Croskery, Field Superintendant, an excellent Superintendant. Paul House Employee Relations Superintendant, A real sharp individual. All of the Craft Superintendants were first class.

I had to set up an office in Luxembourg as headquarters for M & E Europe. I had three men in Germany, Three men in Holland and Two men in England. I had some difficulty in getting an acceptable Secretary because Helen Mariano, who was my secretary was so good that she spoiled me. After several tries I finally found an acceptable one, She was an American girl married to a Frenchman.

In early 1971, on our vacation trip back to the States while in Charleston I decided to have surgery on my prostate. While in the Hospital, Mike who had been working for the summer at the Luxembourg Plant, came to see me. I was surprised to see him and also disturbed to see that he could hardly walk. He said that both of his legs were getting numb. Pauline took

him to Bucks Doctor Eckman who became very alarmed when he examined him for he suspected a brain tumor and had him committed to the hospital immediately. We suspected Multiple Sclerosis, After a week or two of tests they diagnosed it as Acute Transverse Myelitis and predicted that it would clear up in time with very little damage. The Doctor also recommended that he go to the Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore to confirm his diagnosis. So We decided that Pauline would take him there and I would return to Luxembourg. It was a very difficult time for me since I was trying to recover from my surgery and worrying about Mike.

It didn't help much that when I got back to Luxembourg that I had to go to Poland for two weeks. It seems that duPont had struck a deal with the Polish to sell them our know how for making Corfam, in return they wanted us to buy something from them so duPont agreed to review what they had to offer. So they picked me, Chris Whitcomb from Purchasing, and a Designer from the Design Division to go Poland and see what they had to offer. We flew to the duPont Headquarters in Geneva Switzerland to get our instructions and then on to Warsaw Poland to meet with their Government Representatives. They assigned us an English Speaking Guide to show us around, a Mercedes Benz and a driver whom we suspected to be with their secret police, because every time our guide made a decision he would get a big argument out of the driver. This was always in Polish which we couldn't understand but the driver seemed to always prevail.

Poland is a very depressing place even to us who were being given the V.I.P. treatment, I hate to think what it would be like if we had not been treated so royally. When we arrived back in Warsaw, we had made reservations before leaving two weeks ago, the clerk said that they didn't have three rooms could we get along with two rooms so we agreed. He said then it would take a while to get them ready. so we decided to go into the dining room and have dinner while we waited. When we went back to the desk he said he was sorry they had only one room but it had two beds By this time we were willing to settle any place just so we could sleep. It suddenly dawned on me that had to be a reason for this so I took the other fellows out into the hall and told them that the room was probably bugged and we wouldn't discuss any business in that room.

Later on that evening we were meeting with the Big Wigs from the government something else very strange happened. Before leaving Warsaw our Designer had asked them for a sample of their drawings and been assured that they would have some available upon our return. When asked about them they replied that it just so happened that the head of their design department happened to be sitting in the restaurant at the moment and would hand them over to us. I swear that I looked around and here is this guy sitting at a table that was empty only few minutes before who came over and gave us the drawings and after chatting with us for a few minutes then excused himself saying that he had to go back to his dinner. He got up and left put where he went I'll never know for when I looked back at

the table where he had been sitting it was empty. The next day we flew back to Geneva where we reported our findings to the duPont Europe which was basically that we didn't see anything of particular interest. They could manufacture equipment for us but were only interested in building complete plant site facilities which we weren't interested in. One of the interesting things when leaving Poland was that you could not take any of their currency out of the country and they would not exchange it for you. They would open a savings account for you in their bank and whenever you came back you could draw it out.

When I arrived back in Luxembourg I received word from Pauline that Johns Hopkins had confirmed the same diagnosis Mike had received in Charleston and they felt that it would clear up and Mike would be all right. Mike went back to Marshall and went to the Airport to meet Pauline's return from the States in her summer clothes in November, because it was summer when she went to the States.

Our group in Luxembourg had its share of problems. First Walt Shipley's Mother came over for visit and after a short time she suffered a stroke and was hospitalized for a few weeks then died and her body had to be shipped back to the States. There were no airplanes big enough to hold a casket scheduled in or out of the Luxembourg Airport so her body had to be driven to the Brussels Airport and flown back from there. Then Jim Johnson's wife Joyce had a stroke and lingered in the hospital for several months before passing away. During this period we more or less took care of their two boys, Jim and Ralph since they were good friends of Geoff. There was an American girl who had come over from the States to work as Secretary for Walt Sammans and Jim started dating her before Joyce passed away which raised quite a few eyebrows to say the least. After Joyce died Jim and Nancy were married and eventually had two children of their own.

Three families had babies while in Luxembourg: Walt & Nancy Shipley and Buz & Elen Moenter had theirs in Luxembourg and Joe & Peg Michaels had theirs in the States. Joe & Peg said that I was to blame for them having another child. Joe would come into my office and talk about his boy Andy and how Joe was going to make him a Brain Surgeon, and Joe insisted that he could make Andy be anything that he wanted him to be. I told Joe that he was badly mistaken if he really believed that he should have another child and should never have a single child to raise alone. Everybody believed that they had another child was so that they could get a bigger house.

Then we had John & Rita Rush to keep everybody amused. John was a good Engineer but was a confirmed alcoholic and he and Rita fought all of the time. One day John came to work at about noon and came into my office wanting some sympathy. He explained that his dilemma was that Rita was mad at him for being out all night. He said that the problem was that at about three A.M. he was quite a few miles out in the country when his car broke down and there wasn't anything he could do about so he just slept in the car until daylight when he could get someone

to fix it and he didn't understand why Rita was so mad. My reply was "What were you doing that far out in the country at that time of night". He said that exactly what Rita asked him.

Ray Wilkinson and his wife Ruth provided us with a lot of gossip. Ray was in his late fifties with several grown children and was an excellent Electrical Superintendent but his problem was that he must have gone through the male menopause and

thought he was gods gift to the ladies that he met. He seemed not to have any compulsion about chasing other women while still living with Ruth. She put up with it for sometime and even after their grown son talked to Ray. It didn't do any good so she left and went back to the States.

Another good friend that Pauline and I made was Dr. Otto Brant and his wife. Otto was an Austrian Jew who had gotten out of Austria just before the war and came to the United States and joined the American Army. He was with the army when they took over Luxembourg. He met his future wife there and stayed there after the war. We were invited to their home several times and enjoyed their company very much.

We had many good trips while in Luxembourg, flying down to Spain or Majorca for a weekend of golf or going over to Spa Belgium for a weekend of golf, but the most memorable was a tour of Greek Islands with Mike and Sue Croskery. We flew down to Athens and spent a couple days seeing the sights of Athens and boarded a boat for a cruise to the various Greek Islands. The problem was that as soon as we boarded the ship the weather turned nasty. They claimed that this was the worst weather that they had encountered in years. Most of the passengers were sick the whole trip and some even got off at some Island and flew back to Athens. One morning when I got and went outside there were two girls in the cabin next to ours and they were sitting on the stairs soaking wet, one girl said as I came out, "Oh I'm going to be sick " and the other girl said, "Look at my hair " and it looked like a wet mop. I looked into there room and the Purser was trying to wipe up the water out of their bunks but wasn't having much luck because the gasket around the port hole was leaking faster than he could wipe it up. I went up on deck and this one fellow and his wife were sitting on a deck chair with his feet up in the air and a bucket balanced on his chest to vomit into. That was the day they gave up and flew back to Athens. The last night on board they had a big dinner but not many people were able to come . The next table to ours there was a group of American School Teachers. There was one male and five females and he was the only one to show for dinner so since Mike didn't make it for dinner we invited him to join us. It was a lovely dinner and we enjoyed it very much.

The next day we were to fly via Lufthansa to Frankfurt and change to go to Luxembourg. We had the girls to stand by the gate until they called the flight so they could be the first ones on and could save us a seat. When they called the flight a group of German Tourists came charging thru the gate and left Pauline and Sue standing there. When we arrived in Frankfurt normally if your a Transient Passenger you dont have to go thru Customs but for some reason or other, that only the German Beuracracy knows, they made us go thru customs. Mike was so mad that he went thru Customs about ninety miles an hour just daring anyone to stop him. I'm surprised that one of those Customs Officer s didn't arrest him.

While we were in Luxembourg Jim and Molly Hamilton with all five stopped by on their way to Iran, for a visit. It proved

to be a good thing that we had that huge because it was able to accomodate all of their luggage. We had a grerat time showing them around Luxembourg. Jim was being transfered to head up the employee-relations for Bud Hartnet, F.P.M at the Isfahan Site in Iran. It seems that duPont had agreed to build a Fibers Plant in Isfahan for the Shah of Iran.

Before I go any further I've got tell the saga of Otis Belk, which happens to be one of the most hillarious events of our stay in Luxembourg. Otis was working at the Site keeping track of costs. He had his wife Nancy and their two children, a boy Geoff's age and a girl a little older. Their was also an American couple living in Luxembourg named Bob and Flo RAYP Otis and Nancy and Bob and Flo started socializing and doing things together when one day Otis walks into my office and anounced that he was in love with Flo and was going to marry her. I asked him if he had told asnyone else and he said no he hadn't but he wasn't hiding anything and going to let everybody know about it. He had already told Nancy and she was pretty upset but would get over it. I asked him how Bob felt about this and he said Bob was in ageement with the situation. I also advised him to let everybody in the American Community know also. At the next staff meating he announced his plans so everybody would be aware of the situation.

This set off a storm of ters and recrimination from Nancy. Every day she would go to Walt Sammans house and cry on his shoulder for an hour or so then come our housr and cry on our shoulder. This always coincided with our dinner time, which didn't help my digestion. Then Dr. Harf our Luxembourg Docter heard about this and called Otis up and told him he couldn't do this to Nancy . So Otis called Flo and told her the whole thing was off. Evidently told Bob who immediately got on the telephone and called Otis and told him he couldn't do this to his wife. So Otis gets back on the phone and tells Flo that everything is back the way it was before he had called her and the weddig was still on. On one of Nancys visits to our house Pauline tried to cheer her up advised her to go to the Beauty Shop and get her hair done and she replied that she had just come from the Beauty Shop. This whole affair wnt on for several months and almost drove Walt and Sis Sammans and Pauline and I nuts. to our relief she decided to Fly back to the States. Walt and Paul House accompanied her to the Airport just to make sure got on the Plane, Paul was to put her on the Plane and stand on the other side to make sure she didn't get off on the other side. Otis and Flo did get married and far as I know they lived happily ever aftyer.

About this time I got a call from Wilmington wanting me to go to Iran to survey their manufacturing faciliyties to see how much of the equipment they could supply us for the Polyester plan that were going to build in Iran. I got with Jan Verstegen, Purchasing Agent in Dordrecht, Holland and arranged a trip to Iran. We were down their for two weeks and toured the whole country.

Before leaving I made reservatios at the Tehran Hilton and just before leaving I got a telex from Tehran that they

had made me a reservation at another Hotel in Tehran. On the flight down I met an American who was going to Tehran but didn't have a Hotel reservation so I gave him the one Tehran had sent me. When We arrived in Tehran my Baggage was lost. After a long delay searching for my baggage I gave and went on to ther Hotel. The Concierge advised me that my reservation was for the following day, and after much arguing he finally told me to sit in the lobby and would see if he could finnd me a room, this is all going on at 2AM and I'm about half dead from flying all day and half the night. After a couple of hours he sent the bellboy over take me to my room then the Bell Boy discovered that I din't have any luggage and that lred to another big hassle that led to me having to pay in advance.

The Office in Tehran assigned a guide and Interupter to accomany us and they set up an itierary for the two weeks that we were there. The Hilton was out on the edge of Tehran and the Hotel where Jan Verstegen was staying was right down town so the driver would pick up Jan first thing in the morning then pick me up then we would pick up our translator las. The same procedure was followed in the evening we would drop off the interpeter first then then me, this system was followed every-day for the two weeks we were there. When I was leaving I took a taxi to the Airport and discovered that almpost everyday when would come into town we would pass within a block of the Hilton Hotel and drive all of the way downtown to let the intereter off at his house then the driver had to hall me all the way back out the Hilton, this meant that i was getting back to my hotel an hour later than the Interpeter.

My two weeks in Iran was very interesting because the country was under the leadership of the Shah who was using the countries oil wealth trying to bring the country into the twentieth century buit unfortunately didn't know how to do it and the people around him were only interested in getting as much of the wealth as they could for themselves. We went up into the mountains to a small town that had a huge modern up-to-date Plant that was just sitting there and nobody had any idea what do with it. When we were there they were negotiating with the Russians but as far I know was ever done with them, they also **were negotiating with an American BoilerCompany to build Boilers but as far as I know nothing** ever came of that either. They had also built a town for teir workers but nobody was living in the town whenI was there.

Our survey showed that there was very little that we could purchase in Iran and practically everything would have to be imported. It was agreed that I would be resposible for shipping everything that was purchased in Europe. That meant that I would have to set up an office in Germany to handle the inspection, expediting, shipping of all material from Europe. About this time George Barlow was Closing out the Uentrop Construction so they moved him to Frankfurt and made him titular head of our office. Also it meant that I would have to move my Headquarters to Germany. So I returned to Luxemborg to prepare for moving to Germany and setting up an office there.

Upon my return to Luxembourg Pauline & I, with Walt &

Sis Sammans & George & Chevy Barlow decided to take a Vacation in Jyugoslavia so we booked a week at a resort near Dbrovniak. The resort was on the Adriatic Sea just a few miles from Dbrovniak and we could take a boat over a back, on one of our excursions George discovered a nudist beach and came and got me to go down there with him, the nudists got all upset because we had invaded there beach so volunteered to take his clothes off but they said no all they wanted was off there. While they were standing there talking I took a picture of George standing there talking there talking to this fat nude guy. Unfortunately when we were on the boat leaving the Island I discovered the I didn't have any film in my camera and missed a great shot of George.

When we got back to Luxembourg Walt Sammans retired and left his assistant, Jim Burgess in charge, thank goodness we had such a good crew that everybody just ignored Jim and finished up the job in great style.

Jim Burgess is one of those people who are not real bright but don't know it. How he ever got to be an Assistant Field Project Manager is beyond me. We had a Run-In when I was moving my office to Germany. I had arranged with a Realtor to meet Pauline at 8 AM on a certain date to show us some housing around Frankfort so we planned to fly over the night before and meet at the Airport. We didn't want to get up at 3 or 4 O Clock in the morning to get there and then spend the whole day looking at houses and then fly back late that night to get home but Jim said that we could not spend the night in Frankfort and forbade me from doing so. This made me mad so I told him that he could not stop me that I was going and he could not stop me, he could not approve my expense account, which he did. When I told Phil Carrol about this when I talked to him on the phone he said to send it to him and he would approve it, but I never did, it wasn't worth the trouble.

Pauline and I found a nice little house in the little town of Fischbach in the Taunus Mountains and signed a lease on it. One of the most pleasant surprises was to find that our next door neighbors were the Logans, Donald and Mary. They were Americans, he worked for General Motors and we became very close friends.

George Barlow came down from Uentrop and we found office space in a little town called Dietzenbach and set up shop there.