

MY LIFE IN THE 20TH CENTURY

BLAINE M. GORDON

To Paul and Mark
- My grandsons -

Love
Grandpa Pickles
1984

CHAPTER I
THE BEGINNING

Everyone is a product of his or her own times. It can;t be otherwise.

I am a product of the 20th Century, having started life in its second decade and probably ending it before the 21st.

So my life story, therefore, reflects the pride and prejudices of a 20th Century middle class white American male. As such, it lacks uniqueness, but contains much that is representative of a period.

The 20th Century has been a period of upheaval and great change, of wars, revolutions, depressions, recessions and perhaps unrepeatable good times. It has seen great changes in morals, living styles and standards, art, music, politics and points of view. All of which has impinged on and influenced my life in many imponderable ways. (*See attached Time Magazine*).

To recapture these times and estimate their influence upon me is one purpose of this narrative of my life. It has been in most ways a very ordinary life. Yet, I have been privileged to be at points of change and witness to some of the extraordinary events of this Century. These should be recorded for my children and grandchildren before they pass from my mind and memory. If they are not interested in this recital, I will at least have had the pleasure of recollecting the main events and highlights of my life. So let me begin:

When I was born on January 12, 1917 in Jackson, Mississippi, the World was at war, the Czar of Russia was in the last few days of his reign and the United States was soon to plunge into this war. My birth was a factor in keeping my father out of the army. So, as a family, we were only lightly brushed by World War I. Yet, my brother - 7 years older than I - was picked up in downtown Jackson riding behind a column of soldiers on his little bike. And, on November 11, 1918, I helped pull a bell rope to sound the end of the war. But I have no recollection of these events.

My earliest memory instead concerns my family's leaving the South to return to the North from which it had come to spend the years from 1916 - 1922 in Jackson. My father's company was in the electric light and gas business. In 1922 he was transferred from Manager of the Jackson gas company to Manager of the electric companies in southern Minnesota and northern Iowa. We were to reside for a few years, 1922 - 1925, in a small agricultural center, Albert Lea, Minn. This small but pleasant town was built on the shore of a beautiful lake and our home was on the shore of this lake. So here I learned to swim and fish in summer, and skate and ride ice boats, toboggans and ski in winter.

I loved to ride a surfboard behind our little motorboat while my brother steered the boat - out into the middle of the lake to my mother's consternation. One day, my brother found me going down for the 3rd time while swimming near a small bridge. He grabbed my hair and pulled me out to lie exhausted and crying on the bank. After that, I was more careful!

Winters were long and severe with lots of snow. Our large and pleasant house sat on the top of a slope overlooking the lake. In winter, my brother and I would ski down this slope. My father caused us great amusement one night by saying - follow me, boys, and then proceeded to fall flat on his face in the deep snow.

One 4th of July night on the lawn, I was allowed to hold a Roman candle which went off in my father's face. Fortunately, his burn was not serious, but I was very scared, and learned to respect fireworks forever after that.

Then, I started school in a large brick school house over a mile from our house. We would walk to school along the road that followed the shore of the lake. And, on the way, stop in at a little store where we could buy gum balls for a penny. And on rainy days used ruts in the gravel road as lakes to sail our twig boats.

Kindergarten and first grade were largely devoted to learning to write and to learning the alphabet. We used the old fashioned Spence^r system, first with pencils and then with pens dipped in our ink wells and shiny steel "nibs" or points. Needless to say, we had grubby hands, and the girls often inky pigtails. But, it was fun and we all, 20-30 of us, loved school and walking to and from it in groups.

On Sundays, our family attended the First Presbyterian Church where I went to Sunday school. I learned all the Bible stories about Moses, Abraham, Jesus and David and Goliath. We were given little leaflets with Bible story pictures on them. On Christmas Eve, my father took us all to the church service. When I was four, I recited a Christmas poem before the whole congregation, and was very scared!

Following my mother's family tradition, we opened our presents under the Christmas tree on Christmas Eve. My father told me that Santa Claus visited our house while we were at church, and pointed to reindeer hoof marks in the snow as proof of this! I really believed this story but Roy, my brother and seven years older, knew better, but went along with my father's game!

The Albert Lea years passed too quickly. Then a change in my father's business connections resulted in a move to Minneapolis, a much bigger place, a large city in fact. However, in 1925, we could not find the right house immediately. So, we moved into a small apartment house, about half-way down town on a large and busy boulevard.

We were not too happy with the loss of our big house. The apartment was hot in the torrid Minnesota Summers and cold in the long dark winters. I walked to a much larger grade school and entered the 4th grade. My most vivid memory of this period covers coming down with measles while at school and being sent home by the school nurse. The other was the fun of studying Minnesota

history which was full of Indian lore, and tales of Father Hennepin and the early French explorers of the upper Mississippi River territory.

My first girl was in this class, her name was Ruth Crofut and we walked home from school together. She let me carry her books! Hurrah!

But my mother kept looking for a better place to live. So in 1926, father purchased an English Tudor-style home on the south side of Minneapolis, within sight of Lake Harriet, one of 7 lakes within the city limits of Minneapolis. My school changed also, so I attended the 5th grade in a new school built to serve the rapidly expanding south side, a prosperous suburban area. My principal recollection of the school was the warm chocolate milk we had to drink, warm because it was always placed on a hot radiator to wait for the break period.

I made friends with a boy who excelled in sports. He often took me to his home where we played ball and football together. (Later in life, he became a famous football coach at the University of Oklahoma and ran, unsuccessfully, for the U.S. Senate (His name was Bud Wilkinson!)) One night in the Spring of 1927, he invited me over to hear the Dempsey - Tunney heavyweight championship prize fight on the radio. We lay on the floor and heard the announcer say, excitedly, that Dempsey had floored Tunney. Since Dempsey did not go to his corner of the ring during the count, the referee delayed the count and then gave Tunney a chance to recover and to

go on and win the fight and the world championship. This event became the cause of great controversy in the sports world, but us boys (Bud and I) did not really appreciate its significance at the time we heard the fight.

Also, I took part in baseball and football during recess at the school, but only with moderate success. Once Bud nearly knocked me out when I tackled him, but I hung on and down he came.

But, once again, fate or chance intervened and we faced another upheaval in our lives. During the winter 1926 - 1927, my father learned of difficulties in his company's business that led him to look for other employment. He was recommended to a large utility company headquartered in New York. So, he went on to New York City to work and to look for a new home for his family of three people and one dog.

At this point, I should say that my mother, faced with being alone in our Minneapolis home with father gone, decided to get a dog for protection. One day she saw a bright Boston Terrier in the window of a pet store in Minneapolis. So Jerry moved in with us to stay with us until his death 9 years later. Both Roy and I became very attached to Jerry and mother always spoiled him. So he'll pop up through the next few years of this narration. (I do not know or remember how he got this name, maybe mother just liked it!)

With Dad gone to N.Y., we settled down to a long winter of

waiting for our house to be sold. With lots of snow on the ground, house hunters were few and far between that winter. Roy had graduated from Central High in Minneapolis and now was commuting as a day student to the U. of Minnesota as a freshman.

Since father could not come home for Thanksgiving of 1926, Mother, to relieve our loneliness bought reserved tickets to a new movie about World War I, "What Price Glory", with a young actor named James Cagney. Although the picture (they didn't have sound until 1928) was a silent picture, there was an orchestra which produced loud sound effects of the battles on the western front in France. So we got our first real impression of War! It was Hell!

Father (Dad as we called him) was able to get home for Christmas so we spent a few happy days together. But it was saddened by the knowledge, he would have to go back to New York. By Spring, we were getting desperate to sell the house. So the Real Estate company suggested a Saturday open house early in April.

So we shined and cleaned all week getting the house ready to show. On the big day, mother took the first floor, Roy the upstairs and Jerry and I held forth in the basement. And we waited, and waited, but not one single soul rang our doorbell. At five o'clock mother called us into the livingroom and said, "we're going out to dinner." So we went downtown and relieved our frustration by ordering a huge meal. What a day .

But early in May, a buyer was found for our house; ^{however,} ~~but~~ we had to move out before June to give possession. So we packed our belongings and put them in storage and moved into the Curtis Hotel in downtown Minneapolis. ^(Torn down in 1957.) I did a reverse commute, taking a streetcar back to our old neighborhood and school.

June finally rolled around and with it warm weather at last. One day on the front porch of the Hotel, a man set up a cardtable with a sign - North West Airlines - trips for \$5.00. Everytime I passed, he said "Hey, kid, won't your mother let you go up?" I was only too willing but mother knew the plane was a World War I ~~Vintage~~ ^{by}plane, and she would have no part of it.

(Later in life, flying to London on a Northwest 747 carrying ^{over} 400 passengers, I thought about the Curtis Hotel and that one biplane of Northwest Airlines!)

My schooling in Minneapolis ended with the 5th grade. I did well in school so one day a visiting "prodigy" was brought into our class. We were invited to ask him (about 12 to 14 years' old) any question. I asked him what made the ocean tides. He did not know, but I did. The moon - so there too!

About the middle of June, 1927, we began the long drive to New York to rejoin Dad who had rented a house for us in a suburban town called New Rochelle in Westchester County, north of the Bronx and Manhattan.

Our car was a sedan with room for 6 passengers and a dog! But we were only 3, my brother Roy, then 16, my mother, then 43, and me, then 10. Roy did all the driving, even though so young. He had started to drive when only 12 in those days before drivers licenses. So he was an experienced driver at 16.

Our road from Chicago on was known as the Lincoln Highway. It was a two lane macadam road that ran across Indiana, through Cleveland, Pittsburgh, then south through (or rather around, up and over the Appalachians) West Virginia and Maryland and then up to Philadelphia, ^{Camden} ~~Canada~~, Trenton, Princeton into New York.

We drove about 200 miles a day, stopping overnite at hotels and leaving Jerry, after suitable exercise and a walk, to sleep in the car. Our expenses were paid by Dad's company so we ate well at good restaurants and stayed in the best hotels. But it was hot and dusty with air conditioning still just a dream. If lucky, our hotel room had a fan and the bellhop would bring us a jug of water and perhaps a little ice.

In going through the coal mines of Pennsylvania and West Virginia we saw how poor people lived, in unpainted shacks. We were glad not to be miners or trying to farm the steep hillsides in the country.

When we reached Philadelphia, we visited Constitution Hall and saw the room where the Declaration of Independence was signed, and the Liberty Bell. ^Futher up the road, we stopped in Princeton, New Jersey and saw the beautiful campus of Princeton University. Mother said she wished I could go there when I finished high school.

I wanted it too, and surprise, surprise, that is what actually happened!

CHAPTER II

BOYHOOD

When I left Minneapolis, I left "childhood" behind, and my boyhood really began. We were moving to a more sophisticated area, New Rochelle, a well-to-do suburb of New York City. By comparison, Minneapolis and Albert Lea and Jackson, Mississippi had been rather provincial.

Some of this feeling hit all of us, Mother, Roy and I as we entered New York City on a warm June night in 1927. We left the Lincoln Highway in New Jersey and went under the Hudson River through a newly built tunnel for vehicles, the Holland Tunnel. We emerged on Canal Street in Manhattan surrounded by tall buildings and thousands of people and lights. It was all so busy, noisy and somewhat frightening.

Finally, after several inquiries of impatient New York traffic cops, we found our way to the Brooklyn Bridge. For our destination was the St. George Hotel in Brooklyn, then a new hotel rising 30 stories above the East River, and just across from Lower Manhattan where Dad worked just off Wall Street. The St. George was one subway stop from the Wall Street subway stop, so Dad had arranged for us to stay there for a few days for our furniture to arrive from Minneapolis, and get settled in our new home in New Rochelle. Actually, because of delays in packing and shipping, we were to spend nearly three weeks at the St. George. This gave Dad a chance to get reacquainted with his family and to show us the sights of New York.

When we finally, after several false starts, found the hotel, Dad was standing at the front entrance where he had waited for us for several hours. Mother was just getting ready to open the car door to set foot on the curb when Jerry, our dog, jumped from the back seat and hit her right on the nose. Blood gushed from her battered nose and down her dress. And tears started flowing. What a moment! Poor Dad, he didn't know what had happened to make his wife bleed and cry on seeing him after so long.

But finally, the day ended well. Roy and I shared one room and Dad and Mother an adjoining room. Jerry spent the night in the car in the hotel garage. Roy fed and watered him, took him for a little walk in front of the hotel, and Jerry was content to stay on his favorite pillow in the familiar car rather than sleeping in a strange hotel room. Infact, Jerry slept in the car for 3 weeks without ever barking or creating a mess. How is that for a good dog?

The next day, and for several days thereafter, Dad took time off from his job as Vice President of Peoples Light and Power Company at 17 William Street in lower Manhattan to "show us the town". We went everywhere, up 5th Avenue to the original Waldorf Astoria, then on the site of the present Empire State Building, through Times Square by day and by night, to all kinds of restaurants, lunches at Schraffts, dinner at Italian, French, German, Spanish restaurants for all kinds of exotic foods. Trips through the Financial District, Wall Street, the Stock Exchange, Greenwich Village,

the Bowery, out on Long Island to Far Rockaway and fish dinners, across into New Jersey to Montclair and Far Hills with their beautiful homes and big estates. Then up into Westchester County to see our new home in New Rochelle. It was a nice big frame house with a big front porch and a big deep lot and situated on a corner at the junction of two streets. Our new house was only two blocks from a busy shopping area so shopping, car service, barbering were all within an easy walk. More importantly to me, we were only three blocks from a large and beautiful junior high school holding the 7, 8, 9th grades.

So we were all happy with our new home situated on a comfortable residential street of middle class homes. Up the street lived George S. Kauffman, the playwright. Other famous residents of New Rochelle at the time were Babe Ruth and Lou Gehrig of baseball fame, and Norman Rockwell the artist and George M. Cohan, the Broadway producer, not to exclude the Gordons!

Summer passed quickly. I had to take tests, placement tests, to see where I would go to school. In Minneapolis, I had taken a series of such tests at the end of my 5th grade and these scores were passed on to New Rochelle. When all was said and done, it was decided I should skip the 6th grade and enter Junior High School in the 7th grade even though, at 10, I would be young for my class. But I was glad since Junior High was nearby and the neighborhood boys were all attending this school.

I really enjoyed my school and liked my teachers who were above average. For example Phyllis McGinley who later became one of America's leading woman poets was my English teacher. She was also adviser to "Highlights" a monthly literary magazine published by the English students. She talked me into competing for the staff of this little magazine to which I contributed stories, essays and occasionally poems. Also, I enjoyed working with the other talented children on the staff in getting the publication ready for the printer. Yes, it had an illustrated cover with original covers by talented young art students in the school, and was printed on fine glossy paper, and was sold for 10¢ to the student body. I still have copies of this paper which my mother kept.

Our teachers were exceptional since New Rochelle paid top salaries for the time, as much as \$5,000 a year! This would be equal to \$30,000 today.

Yes, I had a crush on my pretty 8th grade Math teacher, who taught us how to figure in our heads without writing it all down.

The years of Junior High passed all too quickly. One day just before I was to appear in a piano recital, I was playing ball in the school yard. A ball came at me and hit the top of my middle finger on my right hand. Although I didn't realize it was broken, it hurt dreadfully, I didn't find out until later the bone was broken in the first joint, and when it healed up, the bone was slightly enlarged, and still is to this day. At the time, I was more concerned that I could not play the piano as I was supposed to do at the recital. I had to refinger the whole piano piece, but

I managed to get through my number using only four fingers on the right hand.

It must be noted that piano recitals and "Culture" were very much in vogue at this time, the late "roaring 20's." My mother joined the New Rochelle Woman's Club which had its own large building, including a fine auditorium. Book reviews, recitals, travelogues and lectures were all presented to the members. Mother took me along to some of them, although my father and brother successfully avoided most of these sessions.

My piano teacher was a man in his middle years and "very cultured". Our piano recitals usually included a presentation by a prominent N. Y. pianist before we went on. Moreover the parents, believe it or not, wore evening clothes to these affairs. My own presentations were always from the classical school, Beethoven, Rachmaninoff, Schubert, etc., never popular music from **B**roadway hit musicals. All very "la-de-da" by late century standards, but par for the course in the years before World War II.

This world of culture began to collapse in the 1930's with the onset of the Depression. My first knowledge of something going wrong was in October 1929 when the New York Stock Market crashed, losing over 90% of its value in the next two years.

I can remember being in school that day. We noticed clumps of teachers talking in the halls, even they were speculating in stocks. Our teacher, a young Math teacher I thought was beautiful,

told us the Stock Market was going down. Even in the 8th grade at that time we knew that wasn't good. When I got home from school, my mother said father had called to tell her not to worry, we were not affected, but said he would be late because of the crowds in Wall Street. He also said many suicides were taking place as people learned they had lost everything in the market.

For two years father's prediction that we would not be hurt appeared to be right. Life for us went on little unchanged. We got our first electric refrigerator, a General Electric, and said farewell to the ice man. We also bought a large radio, then called a super heterodyne, and became fans of Amos and Andy, a comedy team who were on nightly during dinner time. My parents took a trip to California and I stayed with the family next door. My brother started living at his Engineering School, Stevens Institute of Technology, in Hoboken, N. Y. His dormitory was an old mansion of the Stevens family, with a fantastic view looking over Manhattan Island, and "shipping row" where all the big ocean liners docked. I dreamed of crossing the ocean on one of them.

Then it happened, in 1931 my father's company, People's Light and Power, was thrown into receivership by the Chase Bank (now the Chase Manhattan Bank). This happened because the bond market, like the stock market, had collapsed finally, making it impossible to pay off bank loans by selling bonds to the public.

Dad's company, over his objections had built a long pipeline to carry natural gas, planning to sell bonds. But, as noted above, in 1931 no one was buying bonds at any price.

Well, we were naturally very upset. Would Dad lose his job in a depressed job market? A Federal judge was appointed to take over the company. He fired every executive in the New York Office except my father, and the company treasurer. My father was kept on to look after operating the companies electric, gas and water properties scattered around the United States, from New England to the West Coast and from Minnesota to Texas. The Treasurer was kept on to keep the books and handle funds. My father and he had to report once a month to the judge in Wilmington, Delaware.

Mother decided to cut back our spending since Dad's pay was reduced from \$12,000 to \$8,000 per year. (In good years, like 1929, he had received bonuses bringing his total pay to the then very large sum of \$20,000 the equivalent of about \$100,000 by today's standards.) So I dropped the music lessons, with little regret on my part. But surprisingly, in 1932, our folks decided to take advantage of Depression bargains and sent my brother and I on a trip to Europe. This on top of our trip to California by car in 1930 (For details of these two trips, see the two bound volumes covering these trips with pictures and details.)

Needless to say, we appreciated their sacrifice for their boys during a period of great economic hardship and uncertainty. However, nothing was ever too much for Roy and I, if it contributed to our education, and we certainly were lucky in our choice of parents!

In 1929, Mother and Dad had planned to visit Europe, but decided instead to buy some more stock in Dad's company. With the benefit of hindsight which saw the stock become worthless because of the receivership, this was a bad choice. But, again it was made, in part, to provide Roy and me with a bigger inheritance. In fact, if the Depression had not come, we were both to be given trust funds that would have supported us both without the necessity to work. So maybe, it worked out for the best, or otherwise, we might have become rich bums!

The cost of living fell faster than father's income. By 1934 he had received a pay raise back to \$10,000 and it looked like the receivership would go on for a long time. So we took advantage of the favorable real estate rental market and moved to a bigger and more modern home in New Rochelle. I continued to go to the same school. By now, I had graduated from High School, class of 1933, where I was Salutatorian (2nd) in my class and was attending Princeton University as a Sophomore.

My high school years were essentially uneventful. Whereas, in Junior High School, I had taken part in the school magazine, Highlights, as editor and frequent contributor, I took a lesser part in the large new New Rochelle High.

By now, that is in high school, I was beginning to suffer the social disadvantages of having skipped two grades (3rd and 6th) so I was about two years younger than my classmates. In your teens, this makes a difference. Also, belatedly, it was discovered that my teeth needed straightening, so I wore braces, at that time something new and revolting, not the status symbol it later became. So I just studied hard, joined the Latin, French and Current events clubs, and listened. I listened particularly to an older boy who taught me about the "facts of life" something my parents had left out of my education. This boy knew "all about girls," or so he said. By this time, my girl classmates had begun to show signs of becoming women, with breasts filling out, along with hips and other attributes. Obviously, something was changing!

So was my voice, which changed at 14 on the trip Roy and I took to California. I went out to California nearly a soprano and came back a baritone!

In the Spring of 1933, there was a big family debate as to what I should do after high school. Was I ready for college at 16? Father took me down to Lawrenceville, New Jersey to a prep school by that name. Many boys at Harvard, Yale and above all Princeton attended this preparatory school. I liked the school very much but no final decision was made that day partly because the

school was expensive for the time - about \$1,500 for a year for a boarding student.

In May 1933, I took the college entrance board exams and passed all of them with good grades. So my parents sent the grades to Princeton which, to our surprise frankly in view of my age, accepted me to enter¹⁷ the Fall of 1933.

Having been admitted to Princeton, it seemed superfluous to go to a preparatory school, although, my parents were a little concerned about my going away to college at 16. So, on the first day, my brother drove with me and our parents to see me ~~installed~~^{inducted} at the University. He was to stay the weekend with me to help me get oriented.

I was installed in an old home on University place used as a freshman dormitory. (The Princeton Bookstore is now located on this site.) I had a corner room on the back of the house overlooking Blair Hall, a large gray Gothic dormitory often featured in pictures of Princeton. I soon met other freshmen in the dormitory. But, when Roy left for home on Sunday afternoon, I felt lonely and scared. So, I welcomed the offer of a young heavy set boy named Art Yahn to go to dinner with him in the University Commons, the large dining hall for freshmen and sophomores. It was a large Gothic hall, like the great halls in Medieval castles, with long tables with benches. Students working their way through school, loaded the tables with platters of food which were passed around family style.

The Commons served two purposes, it fed us cheaply (\$8 per week) and also, because there was no reserved seating, gradually introduced you to most of your classmates. My Freshman Class had about 600 members, of whom over 400 stayed until graduation. So, we all became fairly close and well known to each other.

Being 16, whereas, most of my classmates were 18 put me at some disadvantage both physically and socially. However, academically, I found myself able to keep up. I was studious by nature, read a lot on my own, and had had the benefit of New Rochelle's superior public schools. So my grades were good.

I sought out the company of several other boys who were younger than the average, and we "hung around" together. Also, being in a small house with only freshmen gave us a feeling of "family" which overcame my being younger than the group.

As a result, I soon settled into life at Princeton, classes, football games on Saturday with seats on the 50 yard line for undergraduates. I also soon learned to play a game called "squash" which was popular in the so-called Ivy League colleges like Princeton, Yale and Harvard. It was played in an enclosed court. Two players with racquets and a hard rubber ball. Each tried to hit the ball fast and hard so the other player could not return it. A fast game provided good exercise and good sport. However, I never achieved great proficiency at the game although, enjoying it a great deal. I did not have the size or strength to compete with the better players, so limited my competition to my college roommate and a few other duffers like myself.

In my freshman year, I had met a young fellow - a quiet, reserved but very intelligent boy named Joe Harris. He had attended a New England

prep school, but was not one of the "preppies" who often were cli~~queish~~ and stayed together.

Well, Joe Harris and I "hit it off", so we roomed together in our Sophomore, Junior, and Senior years. In our Sophomore year, we moved into a large Gothic style dormitory, 1901 Hall built from money donated by that class. We spent our Sophomore and Junior years there. We had a suite of 3 rooms, each had a small bedroom and then we shared a large living room. Down the hall was a large shower room with toilets used by all the men in the Entry, about 25 men shared the common shower and toilet facilities. We had much more room than students do today, 4 or 6 would share the facility we two had in the years 1935 and 1936.

In our Senior Year, we moved into '79 Hall, an English Tudor type dormitory on the edge of Prospect Street and close to both our classrooms and our Eating Club. It was the preferred dormitory on Campus.

In our Sophomore Year, we went through the eating club selection process known as "Bickering." Since neither Joe nor I were "big men on campus", we were invited to join one of the smaller less prestigious clubs known as Court Club. There were about 60 boys in the club where we ate our meals during our Junior and Senior Years. The Clubhouse was a large English style building on Prospect Street where all the clubs were located, just off campus. The Club had a large social hall, a large dining room, and upstairs a fine billiard room with pool and billiard tables where I spent many "useless" hours learn^{ing} to play pool.

We were served by white coated black waiters in the dining room where we ate off of round tables with white tablecloths. So, we lived in style! Even our dormitory rooms were cleaned and our beds made by men assigned to each dormitory entry. The Depression allowed such services to be maintained for students. Our "man" was paid about \$600 a year plus Christmas tips and bonus! Our favorite was a little Englishman who had once worked as steward on a British ship going to Africa and Asia. Having caught a severe tropical disease, he had to seek a cooler climate to work in, hence, Princeton, New Jersey.

I majored in Economics in my Junior and Senior years at Princeton. The subject had intrigued me from the start, and I had decided on a career in banking, even though my Grandmother Thrift (my mother's mother) said all bankers below the level of President were underpaid, and in those days she was right.

In the summer of 1935, I got a job in Wall Street, as a "runner" for the United States Trust Company at 45 Wall Street. I was paid \$16 a week plus a free lunch to carry securities to brokerage houses and corporate stock transfer offices. This meant spending a lot of time riding the New York subway for 5¢ a ride since the corporate offices were often "uptown" meaning between 34th street and 57th street, as opposed to "downtown" - from Fulton Street to the Battery - then known as the Financial District. In the morning, I commuted from our home in New Rochelle on a suburban rail line known as the Boston and Westchester, which never went to Boston, stopping instead in Westchester. (It later went bankrupt and the rails were sold to the Federal Government for wartime purposes.) This little railroad converted to the N. Y. subway system in the Bronx at 181st street. So then, I rode the subway from one end of Manhattan, the North end, to the other, or South end, getting off at the Wall Street stop.

This job gave me a "feel" for finance and banking. I became acquainted with the major financial institutions of the time, The Chase Bank, the Bank of Manhattan, J. P. Morgan, 1st National Bank etc., as well as the major stock brokerage houses, the big law firms on Wall Street, and the financial offices of large corporations like General Motors, General Electric and U. S. Steel. For a 17 year old, this was heady stuff.

One day, walking with a brief case full of securities (stocks and bonds) down Wall Street, I heard the newsboys calling "Extra - Extra" - meaning some big news story had just happened. I bought a paper and learned that Will Rogers, then America's leading comedian and commentator, had been killed in an airplane accident in Alaska on an intended trip around the world. I, along with most Americans, was heartbroken at the news.

I repeated my job with the U. S. Trust Company in the summer of 1935 following my Sophomore year. The bank indicated that, after graduation, I could come with them on a permanent basis. So my career was decided - or so I thought.

CHAPTER III
YOUNG MANHOOD

My slow maturation in my teen years was accelerated in 1936 when I won a scholarship for summer study in Germany. In my freshman and sophomore years I had taken French and beginning German. While taking these courses, I learned of a competition being sponsored by the new School of Public and International Affairs, a college within a college at Princeton. This new organization was headed by a retired State Department official, De Witt Clinton Poole, whose son Allen, was a classmate of mine.

The school offered courses in international relations and diplomacy to undergraduates who were allowed at first to take them as electives, and, later on, to major in the school as in one of the regular departments. To arouse interest in the School, scholarships for summer study in European Universities were first offered in 1935 and then again in 1936. I took the exams for these scholarships, and in the Spring of 1936 was lucky enough to win a \$600 scholarship for summer study at the University of Munich, in Munich Germany. Although \$600 looks small today, in 1936 it was sufficient to pay for steamship fare roundtrip, train fare and tuition, board and room for 6 weeks of study. Dad and Mother were good enough to give me another \$400, so altogether I had \$1,000 for this summer of travel and study. Also, I had saved about \$200 from my summer jobs which I added to the travel pot. Thus, I was able to sail for Europe in early June 1936 and stay until mid September or 3 months altogether. During this time, I visited London, Paris, Geneva, Berlin, Dresden, Prague, Vienna, Budapest, Venice, Florence, Rome, Naples, Cannes, Nice, Lyon, and Paris again. I lived for six weeks with a German family in Munich, and stayed in Berlin with another German family during the 1936 Olympics.

Also, on this trip, I saw in person the following international figures; Hitler, Mussolini, Anthony Eden, Maxim Litvinoff (the Russian foreign Minister), Haile Selassie (Emperor of Ethiopia) as well as lesser figures in Germany such as Dr. Goebbels, the propaganda Minister, Rudolph Hess, Herman Goering (the Deputy Fueher), Heinrich Himmler (head of the S.S. or Secret Police) and other notorious figures of Nazi Germany, or the Third Reich.

I sailed from New York on the Caledonia, a smaller passenger ship of the Cunard, White Star Line, loaded with Scotch, American families returning to Scotland for the summer. On board was a bagpipe band which began "skirtling" (playing loudly) every afternoon and well into the evening. At dinner, they would pipe their way through the ship's dining rooms, leading a waiter carrying the "Haggis". A Haggis is a Scotch dish like a pudding, but composed largely of animal entrails cooked together. I wanted no part of this, or the bagpipe band, so soon retreated to the ship's lounge or out on deck for a breath of quiet and fresh air.

The Caledonia arrived off Galway, Ireland early one morning; through the haze, little white cottages could be seen on shore. Our ship headed North along the Atlantic Coast of Ireland to Londonderry, a British port, not Irish. To reach Londonderry, we sailed up a long fiord, or inlet, with little villages only a stone's throw from our deck. Although, ten o'clock at night when we arrived, it was still daylight because of the northern latitude. After unloading passengers at Londonderry, we sailed back North again into the Irish Sea and then headed South for Belfast on the East Coast of Ireland. I had gone to bed after leaving Londonderry and awoke to find our ship at dockside in Belfast. I did not leave ship as we sailed about 10 a.m. for Scotland. After crossing the Irish Sea and passing the Isle of Man, our ship headed up the Clyde River for Glasgow. The Clyde was the heart of British shipbuilding.

Even though, 1936, was a depression year, many ships were under construction, including several large warships for the British Navy. We passed the yard where the Queen Mary was built and the Queen Elizabeth was under construction, still just a mass of steel.

In the early afternoon, we docked in Glasgow. I intended to stay the night in Edinburgh. Since it was Sunday, Glasgow did not appear the busy industrial city it then was, despite the Depression. However, after a taxi ride through quiet streets I reached the train station and caught an early train to Edinburgh. The short journey (about 60 miles) brought me through countryside into Edinburgh in time for a quick walk up Princes Street.

To save money, I stopped at the Y.M.C.A. to ask if they had a room. However, they were full up but referred me to a private home nearby. The owner ushered me into a bedroom with two beds. I went to sleep and slept soundly. When I woke in the morning I found a man about 40 asleep in the other bed! I rose quickly, dressed and went downstairs for breakfast. The host offered me a large bowl of "porridge", toast, eggs and coffee. After breakfast, I headed for the American Express Office to see about seeing a little bit of Scotland.

American Express had a limousine making a trip north and west of Edinburgh through some of the mountains, a boat trip on Loch (Lake) Lomond, with return to Edinburgh late in the day. I decided to go on this trip with several other passengers, all older than myself. (Incidentally, traveling alone or with strangers did not bother me. When I was 14, my parents had let me take a trip alone by steamship to Halifax, Nova Scotia and on to St. Johns, Newfoundland and back, with my own cabin. I loved to travel and had shared a taxi making a 40 mile trip along the coast of Newfoundland to small villages).

Our car took us through increasingly high mountains (or "Bens" as the Scotch called them) all rather bleak and treeless, then down into valleys leading to a series of lakes, culminating in Loch Lomond, well known in Scotch verse and song, and the water reservoir for the city of Glasgow. At a small dock, we left the car and boarded a small steamer that took us around the Lake, stopping at small villages along the shore to discharge or pick up local passengers. In late afternoon, we reboarded our car and drove back to Edinburgh for another nights stay at my bed and breakfast lodging.

The next morning, I walked to the railway station and boarded a train for Durham, England, arriving there before noon after crossing the ~~Forth~~^{Firth} of the Forth railroad bridge, then the world's largest bridge.

At Durham, I left my bags at the station check room and climbed a steep hill to visit the Cathedral, one of the oldest in England, built by the Anglo Saxons before the Normans arrived from France in 1066. Thus, though huge, it lacked the embellishments and detailed stone carvings of later cathedrals built under the Normans. Also, it was damp and chilly!

Returning to the station, I caught a train to York, England to see the famous York Minster or Cathedral. York was a much larger place than Durham and I had to walk a considerable distance to find the Cathedral. I asked a bobby for directions but his York accent was such that I could hardly understand a word!

Unfortunately, I found substantial restoration going on in the Cathedral. As a result, it was difficult to see many of the famous windows or architectural details obscured by large scaffoldings. However, the Cathedral park or "close" was beautiful. Also, I enjoyed seeing an English town other than London.

The afternoon train brought me into London after dark. I found a room in a small hotel in Bloomsbury near the British Museum. Although I had visited London earlier on a trip with my brother in 1932, there was still much to see. I took one morning to visit Old Bailey, England's famous criminal court, and the setting for many detective stories. A murder trial was in progress and I was interested in lawyers (barristers in English terminology) in their old fashioned wigs and black robes.

Another visit came about through an introduction to an insurance broker who offered to show me around Lloyds, the world famous insurance brokerage center where all the world's ships and many other things are insured. We were let inside by a doorman wearing red robes and a large gold chain. Inside it was rather like a church with pews; however, the pews were formed into little squares, with each group of brokers owning its own square. In the middle of the high vaulted room was a large bell. Whenever a ship is sunk anywhere in the world, this bell is rung to tell all the brokers that claims of insurance would soon be filed. Fortunately, the bell did not ring while I was there.

How did I get to meet a London insurance broker who would show me through Lloyd's and then take me to lunch at a nearby restaurant? Well, as I was on a School of Public and International Affairs scholarship, I, in a sense, was Princeton's responsibility. So I traveled armed with letters of introduction. In London, I was required to check in with a Princeton professor on sabbatical leave. He invited me to his apartment where I was introduced to a number of other scholarship students and a number of his English friends, including the Lloyd's broker.

Also, I had introductions to another professor in Paris, and to the American Consul in Munich, Germany, and to the Charge d'Affaires at the American Embassy in Berlin. These introductions proved useful in meeting interesting people and getting into places and hearing things the average tourist missed.

After touring London on foot, I boarded a train to Southampton. The train left London in the late afternoon, and arrived at the Southampton dock after dark. There, I boarded the Trans - channel steamer to Le Havre where I would catch a train to Paris. (Nobody except the very rich flew in those days.)

I was supposed to share my steamer cabin with another passenger who turned out to be a Belgian priest, with a long beard^{and} a long cassock reaching to his shoe tops. I looked forward to finding out what was worn under the cassock, but was to be disappointed. He spoke a little English and said the cabin was too stuffy. So he went up to the steamer lounge and never returned; maybe I scared him! At any rate, I went to bed, to awake in Le Havre harbor in the morning. There, I caught the so-called "boat train" to Paris, arriving about noon.

In Paris, I checked into a small hotel near the Opera House that had been recommended to me. Then, I called my Princeton sponsor who invited me to dinner at his apartment. Although, I had been to Paris 4 years earlier, I had visited most of the tourist sites, I set out on foot to see the town. I walked and walked, up the left bank of the Seine, the zoo, through the art galleries and the University of Paris. I walked around the right bank and all the shops, until finally I felt^{like} a native. I ate in sidewalk cafe's watched the passing throngs and thoroughly enjoyed Paris which I think is the most beautiful city in the world. Being June, the weather was perfect. However, at dinner my Princeton mentor and his wife and several friends were talking about Hitler and the threat of war. They thought I was fortunate to be going to Germany at that time when so many developments were taking place. I was asked to write my impressions and told to call them if I fell sick or needed money. It was comforting to know I had friends on the Continent.

CHAPTER IV
RETROSPECTIVE - FUN AND GAMES - PEOPLE

Before launching into Germany, it is perhaps appropriate to look back a little at some of the people and fun things I did before entering the adult world.

As a boy, I was not too athletic. I was only marginally good at games, tennis, golf, squash. However, I tended to associate with boys and girls whose interests lay in other things.

How about girls. Well, in high school and Junior high, I met a number of girls who had interests like mine, interested in getting good grades in school, taking part in school plays, and club activities. The Depression made all young people more serious than the students before (in the 1920's) and later (in the 1950's and 1960's). So my bookishness and interest in schoolwork was not so "abnormal" as would be the case probably in the post war period. Also, New Rochelle was a very "intellectual" community with parents greatly interested in their children's academic and artistic (music, art, drama) achievements.

In school, I helped direct plays, manage staging, prepare ads for shows and the like. Here, I came into contact with lots of girls as well as fellows. But, being about 2 years younger than my classmates made me less conscious of "sex" than some of my classmates. My first real "necking" didn't occur until my senior year when a little blonde girl named Karlotta Koberlein took me in tow and taught me how to kiss. I found the subject most interesting. However, in those days people my age never went beyond petting or necking. It was unthinkable for middle class boys to go "all the way". And frankly, I was too scared to try anything at 16. My folks would have "killed me". So I remained "virginal", but interested!

In college, I saw few girls except on football weekends and college proms. But, the proms were for juniors and seniors. So my "love life" at this period was limited. Moreover, I was wearing braces on my teeth. Imagine, in Princeton with braces, but my need for them didn't become apparent until adolescence. So I suffered through this indignity throughout college, but it was worth it in terms of improved appearance, or so I thought.

Funny things - yes - I remember being put in the shower in freshman year with all my clothes on, I've forgotten why! And then chicken pox, not exactly funny, but then it was because I got them in my junior year at college over Christmas vacation. What a Christmas, I scratched and wanted to scratch all over. Oh well, it gave me time to read Melville's "Moby Dick" for English.

Fun consisted largely of bull sessions, going to the movies, drinking beer (3.2% alcohol was all that they had at first), playing squash and horseback riding. Yes, I rode horses since I had signed up for ROTC (Reserve Officers Training Corps) in my freshmen and sophomore years. Princeton in those days had a field artillery unit, using horse-drawn French 75 millimeter cannon left over from World War I. Talk about primitive. However, we had fun riding the army horses in a large riding hall; we even jumped these draft animals. One dropped me off as he jumped, I sailed straight ahead while he turned right. The boys all laughed as I lay in the fortunately soft dirt of the riding hall. Our instructor made me go over the jump right away again so I wouldn't learn "fear" of the jump. Well I made it the second time to loud applause.

After two years of ROTC, I foolishly dropped it to take some history electives. As a result, I entered World War II as a buck private instead of with a commission. On the other hand, I probably would have been called to active duty in 1940, instead of entering two years later. So maybe I saved my life by that choice since the Quartermaster Corps proved a lot safer than the Field Artillery! Anyway, the army sent me to Officer Candidate School within three months after entry and I received my commission three months later, a lot faster than ROTC!

ROTC turned out some good officers. One of my classmates wound up on General Mac Arthur's staff in the Pacific, and later after the War became an Asst. Secy of Defense. Another was promoted to Lt. Col. and became aide to a three star general in the European Theatre. So, we were a good group. I got B's in ROTC so wasn't too bad!

My youth was basically fun, but rather bookish and serious for my age level. Perhaps, my skipping two grades in school - 3rd and 6th - which resulted in my being two years younger than my contemporaries hurt me socially. I was socially naive for my educational level but not for my age. But, being a late bloomer socially may have kept me out of mischief - things that could have hurt or complicated my later life never occurred. On the other hand - maybe I missed some fun too! Well, we'll never know.

CHAPTER V

Now that you know something about the 19 year old who left Paris for Munich by way of Switzerland, I'll resume my narrative. I caught a train from Paris to Geneva, Switzerland. Arriving there in the evening, I found a "pension" to stay in. A European "pension" is really a small hotel that provides meals with the room price, so it's cheaper and also saves the necessity of looking for cafe's or restaurants. They were popular before the war with students and others seeking low cost lodgings, sometimes for extended stays.

In Geneva, I visited the Palace of the League of Nations, and attended a meeting of the League. As it happened, I witnessed a bit of history. I was in the visitors gallery when Haile Selassie, Emperor of Ethiopia made an impassioned appeal for help against Italy whose troops had invaded his country. Anthony Eden, for Great Britain and Maxim Litvinoff for Russia spoke in support of Haile Selassie but, ominously, the German and Italian representatives walked out when the Emperor spoke. The shadows of the great War to come were already beginning.

From Geneva, I took the train for Muenchen (German for Munich) When the train reached the German frontier, it stopped and Nazi guards came aboard and confiscated my Swiss newspapers and a copy of the Saturday Evening Post. Already censorship!

I arrived in Munich in the evening and stayed the first night at a pension. It was not hard to find them as representative of hotels and pensions met the main trains and had little buses that took you to their establishments.

In the morning, I set out for the University which was located in the center of the city. The buildings were large impressive structures, but there was no campus, as at Princeton or other American Universities.

My letters of introduction now proved helpful and I was enrolled in the "Sommerkursus fur Ausländer", or summer school for foreigners. I took courses in German language (oral and written) and history. All were to be conducted in the German language! The University also gave me a list of places that took roomers for the summer.

I was lucky and found a room at the apartment of a Doctor's widow

who had a 16 year old son, and two other roomers. My room was large and looked out over a busy street; it even had a piano in it and an oriental rug. I shared a bath with the other two roomers. But the Apt. was on the 3rd floor (Dritten Stock), and no elevator, so I learned how to climb stairs.

My first chore after getting settled and finding my nice landlady spoke no English, was to go and register with the police at the nearby police station. This was mandatory, but I was well received, and after ^{their} checking my passport I returned to my new home.

The next day classes in German and then a history lecture in German. My college German - two years - had focused largely on basic grammar, vocabulary and reading literature. Thus, I was not well prepared to listen to instruction and lectures, and even less prepared to write in German. Soon, I had to drop back to the elementary German writing class where I felt more comfortable. But after hearing German all day and reading German newspapers and talking German, haltingly, I gradually achieved a modest proficiency in the language. It was enough to communicate my needs in restaurants and beer halls, and to my landlady.

To learn colloquial or "street" German I went to beer halls at night. In these large beer cellars there were long tables where everyone sat together, talked and sang songs. Lots of fun. One young Bavarian apparently took a liking to the young Americaner. He came to invite me to join him and a group of his friends to join them one night. However, I didn't realize the German "class" system was so strong.

When my friend came to the apartment, I was out but my landlady, without consulting me, dismissed him. She told me this and said I should not go out with him because he spoke Bavarian "dialekt" not good German and she wanted me to learn "hoch Deutch", or upper class German. As I did not have his address or last name, I could never contact him, and he never returned. So I lost a friend. However, I soon found myself caught in a social "whirl".

The University of Munich, in order to attract foreign students (and influence them ^{to hold} ~~toward~~ a favorable attitude toward Deutchland and the Third Reich, organized an extensive social program for those attending the summer school.)

First, there was International Haus, a large dormitory for foreign students with lounge and dining facilities open to all

who had special passes, including me. For a few pfening (cents), we could get a nourishing lunch in a room full of students from all over the world, but mostly from Central and Eastern Europe. It was a fascinating experience as the atmosphere was friendly and informal. German was the common language, with a few attempting to speak English to me. Fortunately, a number of Americans were there too, several girls from Vassar and Wellesley College. I lost no time in getting to know them.

Our German hosts arranged dances at least twice a week, either at the Student Center, Internat^{ional} Hause, or at a beer hall. To these parties German students, boys and girls, were invited and I soon learned to know many of them. They enjoyed practicing their English on me and, I, my German on them. We all loved the waltzes and polkas the bands played, and the beer was good and cheap.

German girls were much shyer and ^{more} naive than American girls of the same age. They wore little make-up and ~~wore~~ ^{kept} their hair in braids or pigtails. Their dresses were cheap and generally unstylish. As a result, the American girls in our group were "terribly popular" with the handsome German boys attending these parties. We used to laugh about it among ourselves. But since the German boys were often very handsome, the American girls ate it up! By the end of an evening the girls who wore make-up ("frisch gestrichen" - wet paint) had usually transferred it to the lips or cheeks of the boys.

On weekends, there were organized excursions into the countryside around Munich. One trip was a hiking trip in the Bavarian Alps, a long walk over paths through the dense pine forests. In the morning fog hung over the mountains, but by the time we stopped to picnic, the sun had come out and we had marvelous views over the mountain ranges.

Another weekend, we took a local train about 30 miles to a village on the Iser River which flowed down from the mountains through Munich. Then we embarked on a large log raft to drift back to town. A platform had been built on the logs and benches placed there with several barrels of beer. So we drank and sang and danced our way past fields and villages as we drifted down the slow moving river under a warm sun. We stopped at little villages for bathroom breaks and picniced on the banks of the river. Everyone had a good time. Our oarsman who ste~~er~~ed with a large paddle set in the rear of the barge wore the typical Bar^vvarian

lederhosen (short leather pants), knee socks and boots, and a hat with a feather in it. A fun day for all. An accordian player provided the music, which was often accompanied by bawdy verses which, fortunately, I have forgotten.

One young fellow on this trip apparently took a liking to me and we met often for lunch after classes. He was working on a Doctorate in Chemistry and was a brilliant linguist, spoke beautiful and fluent English and could converse in Swedish, French, Polish, and Italian as well. His family was wealthy, from a chemical fortune. He was a reservist in the German Air Force, having ^{served} traveled for two years in the Luftwaffe.

When talking seriously, he appeared resigned to a war with Russia, but was very concerned lest England, France or the U.S. might get involved for a two-front war. He was not a Nazi, but believed the Communist threat to Western civilization would have to be faced. How prophetic!

Nazism - how evident was it? Very evident is the answer. The streets of Germany thronged with uniforms; Nazi party uniforms, army and Luftwaffe (Air Force) uniforms, police uniforms and all sorts of special groups, railroad employees, Todt Organization (public construction), Hitler Jugend. Everybody seemed eligible to wear a uniform. Considering the sad state of most civilian outfits, uniforms improved the appearance of most people.

Everywhere the Swastika, banner, which had become the official German symbol, flew from houses, buildings. Since Germany was the site of the 1936 Olympics, the concentric 3 ring symbol of the olympics also was widely flown. Newspapers were full of stories and pictures about the coming Olympic events in Berlin to be held in late July and early August.

I read two newspapers in Munich, the Muenchener ~~Neu~~este Nachrichten (Munich News) and the Volkischer Beobachter (People's Observer) - the Nazi Party organ sold all over Germany. From these papers, I learned of the Civil War that had broken out in Spain, which cancelled my plans to visit that country before returning home.

I was no Nazi sympathiser, but an interested observer of the events in Germany that were being followed around the world. I

contacted the American Consul in Munich who was kind enough to invite me to his home for dinner. We talked about the trend of things, and he expressed concern over Germany's rapid militarization.

Signs of rearmament were everywhere. Troop movements in the streets of Munich were commonplace. Sometimes, I would be late to class because I could not cross streets filled with troops, artillery, tanks and ambulances with crosses already painted on their sides and roofs.

One roomer in my apartment was a German Army Major. He saw little of me as he rose early and was picked up by a staff car at the front door of our apartment house. But, I learned from German friends, that about 250,000 Army and Air Force personnel were quartered in the Munich area, hence, the full beer halls and streets.

Once, I was invited to the Braun Haus (Brown House), the headquarters of the Nazi party for all of Germany. The Party originated in Munich, not Berlin, so remained headquartered there even though Hitler and his immediate entourage had moved to Berlin after he assumed the Chancellorship.

Perhaps to impress an American, I was invited to lunch with a general of the ^{S.A.} (Brown Shirts), the largest of the Party organizations, the mass as opposed to the SS, the elite units. We were told to remain seated if ^{Hitler} he should come in, and go on eating. He hated being fussed over. However, as he was a vegetarian, the menu always contained his favorite vegetable dishes, plus meat dishes for those who did not follow his dietary practices.

After lunch, I was taken by my host on a tour of the large stone building. I was shown into Hitler's office and allowed to sit at his desk! On the walls were oil paintings of World War I battle scenes. The office was of normal size, not the oversized offices Mussolini was said to have had. On the desk was a white telephone, a direct line to Berlin. I did not lift the receiver.

Also, I was shown the Party Senate room, a large semi-circular auditorium fitted beautifully in leather seats for the Party Gauleiters, representing each district of Germany. These were the local Party bosses, and, although Hitler was the boss, they had great authority in their local districts, outranking the Government Officials in these areas who had to get their approval

for any significant changes in policy or activities.

This private visit to Party II. Q. astounded my German friends. However, it did not make a convert out of me! My favorite Party was the U.S. Republican Party!

While attending classes, I had met another American with the German sounding name of Sylvester Hemleben. He was about 10 years my senior, but we immediately found many common interests. As a History Professor at Fordham University in New York City, he was fascinated by the Nazi Revolution, and had come to study it at first hand. So when the summer course ended about the first of August, we decided to travel together to Berlin for the Olympics.

Housing in Berlin was impossible to get because of the Olympics which had filled all the hotels, pensions and anything else. However, my Munich landlady had a cousin in Berlin. She wrote to her and arranged that I could stay for a week in her apartment. And Sylvester had a German cousin in Berlin who was willing to take him in. Since Hemle as I called him (he hated his first name), wanted to visit other relatives in the Rhineland, we agreed to meet in Berlin.

So I started out by train from Munich on my own. On the train I shared an apartment (compartment I should say) with a man in the black uniform with silver trimmings of the SS (Schutz Staffel). He turned out to be one of Hitler's chauffeurs. He was returning from having delivered a car to Berchtesgaden for Hitler's weekend use. We had an interesting talk about cars. He naturally favored the Mercedes-Benz over American or British cars!

I should mention that originally our compartment contained an elderly Jewish couple. However, when the SS man entered and sat down, they got up and left. No word was spoken between them. However, Jewish people were beginning to feel pressure. Newstands contained Der Sturmer, an anti-Semitic publication and park benches had specially marked benches for Jews.

The Olympics, however, temporarily reduced pressure on Germany's Jews. To encourage foreigners to come to Germany that summer (with their foreign exchange) the cruder forms of anti-Semitism had been cut back or abolished. Nazi Party members

no longer stood in front of Jewish owned stores, the yellow arm band was not required and press ^{radio} attacks on Jews ~~and on the radio~~ ^{had} ceased. Perhaps, in retrospect, this change was unfortunate since, later on, the stories about concentration camps and maltreatment of Jews during the War were readily disbelieved. Several million people from all over the world attended the Berlin Olympics and the lack of evidence of anti-Semitism, and the outward courtesy toward foreigners by the Party that summer created a favorable impression.

Berlin was a sea of banners, tourists, Nazis, soldiers and mobs of Germans on holiday, an exciting place to be. Yet having lunch at a Cafe on the Unter den Linden, I overheard two middle class Berlin women watching some SS men go by, say, "look at those swine." I was appalled at the open expression of hostility until I learned that Berliners as a whole were antipathetic to the Nazi takeover-not just the large colony of Jews, but Berliners as a whole, many of them communists, or Social Democrats. Hitler never really was a Berliner!

He was referred to frequently as "that Austrian". Nonetheless, I was standing by the Hotel Adlon on the Unter den Linden (the Waldorf Astoria of Berlin) when a large cavalcade of cars and motorcycles approached. I gathered from the crowd of people around me that Hitler was returning from a visit to the Olympic Stadium. So I remained in place to see him.

As luck would have it, the cavalcade of cars slowed and Hitler's open touring car came to a short stop immediately in front of me. Hitler was sitting in the back seat on the curb side. He seemed paler than I had anticipated, and looked rather bored as people extended their arms in the Nazi salute. He returned this ~~with a casual salute. He returned this~~ with a casual flick of the wrist.

Sitting in the middle of the car next to Hitler was a little man I recognized as Doctor Goebbels, the Propaganda Minister, and on the far side wearing glasses and a black uniform was Heinrich Himmler, the dreaded chief of the Gestapo (Secret Police) and the SS, the elite private Army established by Hitler to insure order and obedience by the Army.

In the front seat of the open car sat a man next to the chauffeur whom I recognized as Rudolph Hess, a Deputy Fuhrer, or Hitler's assistant.

So there it was, the whole ugly Nazi crew. I attempted to snap a picture with my camera but the crowd pressed on me so closely) the car drove off before I could focus for a dream picture.

I have often thought that, if I had a bomb and the will to throw it, at the cost of my own life of course, how I might have saved the lives of millions of people and changed the course of history. But the time, place and opportunity were not accompanied by the will, equipment or foresight to take advantage of it, not to say the will to live on my own part. The War and the future were still veiled in mystery. So my chance was lost and history went its way, as did I.

An interesting footnote to this incident perhaps, is worthy of note.

While at the University in Munich, a rather homely young German frequented the International Center and would often sit down, uninvited, to join in our lunch conversation. He was not popular, however, but remained persistent, and asked a lot of questions of all of us. We became a little suspicious that he was watching us for any signs of hostility or possible espionage.

To my surprise, in Berlin he came into a restaurant where I was lunching with Hemleben and joined us for lunch. We were too polite to tell him to get lost.

And when I pushed out of the crowd at the Adlon after seeing Hitler, I saw him and he waved at me but said nothing. It gave me a creepy feeling of having been followed. So I caught a bus and headed back to my apartment. Fortunately, he did not follow me, but it made me somewhat queasy. So I was a little careful to keep my news to myself.

The family with whom I stayed in Berlin was most kind, two or three children, father and mother. Not Nazis either. With their help, I telephoned for tickets to the Olympics and then took the subway to the Olympic stop. It was impossible to get tickets into the large stadium for the big track events. However, I did get a seat in the big arena for the boxing events which were exciting. I wandered through the Olympic Village full of tourists from all over the world, as well as thousands of Germans in every uniform. It was like a giant carnival.

Two other things were memorable in Berlin. The first a trip to visit Hemleben's relative in Wannsee, a suburb of Berlin on its largest lake (Berlin covers a very large area, including several lakes and forests). We took a streetcar (Strassenbahn) marked Wannsee and rode nearly an hour to the end of the line. It was Sunday morning, so the streets were not crowded. We had been invited to Sunday dinner with Hemleben's cousin's family, man, wife, two children. We found their charming villa on a side street in a pretty garden.

Our host welcomed us both warmly and we had a glass of wine before sitting down in the family dining room to an excellent chicken and dumpling dinner. The wife was a great cook. The children were friendly and we all talked a lot, we in broken German and they in good German. Our host tried to tell a joke in German, we laughed but never really did get the point.

After dinner and a good visit we headed back to town, having greatly enjoyed our visit with a German family.

Our second excursion was to a German Gymnasium (high school for boys.) Through a friend, Hem received permission to visit this school, and we arrived there during classes. The principal took us to a history class in progress. All the boys stood at attention when we entered the classroom. The principal explained we were from America and wanted to see a German school class in action. So we were assigned desks in the back of the room and the class resumed.

The teacher appeared to "know his stuff", and called on practically every boy to answer questions. Each boy (about 16 or 17) had to stand at attention when responding. Many were in the uniform of the Hitler Jugend. However, this was not a Party but a regular learning session dealing with 18th century European history. Most of the boys had evidently studied their lesson. Our coming and watching was totally unsuspected and therefore, we were not given a rehearsed performance. At the end, Hemleben who held a doctorate in history rose and gave a little talk about the 18th century in his relatively fluent German. The boys were greatly impressed. I had the good sense to keep my mouth shut so we were applauded by the class when we rose to go after many thanks for their courtesy to us.

On my own, I had one more visit to make in Berlin. As previously noted, I had letters of introduction to people in Germany. So, I stopped by the American Embassy to pay my respects to the Charge' d' Affaires, who was head of the Embassy during the Ambassador's absence.

The Charge' was also absent, but I was courteously ushered in to see the Commercial Attache', an economist named Herbert Flach. We had a good two-hour discussion of the trends in Germany. When I noted all the soldiers and apparent militarization, Flach said it was estimated about 50 - 60% of the economy was devoted to the military build up, a level only sustainable if war was contemplated.

I left the Embassy sobered and worried. Later, when I told my parents of this they were disturbed, and reporting back at Princeton on my trip found Princeton unbelieving and unwilling to accept the possibility of another European war. But this was Cassandra's fate too!

Finally though, my week was up and it was time to leave Berlin. Hem and I decided to spend the next two weeks traveling together, and then we would go our separate ways, he back to Germany to see more family, I on to Italy, the Riviera, Paris and home by boat from Cherbourg.

CHAPTER VI

We left Berlin on the morning train to Dresden, arriving in time for lunch. We took a ^{streetcar} train to the ^{win} Zeisinger Museum, one of the greatest art collections in Europe. There I saw a painting of the famous "chocolate girl" whose features had appeared worldwide on cans of Baker's Cocoa, a well known breakfast drink. Also, canvases by Rubens, Titian, Van Dyck and Holbein as well as many other great masters.

The streets of Dresden were spacious and the public buildings handsome. Little did we realize that in less than 10 years, it would all be reduced to rubble by bombers and artillery. But the clouds of impending war were mirrored in the many uniforms visible everywhere.

From Dresden, we took a late afternoon train to Prague, leaving the Third Reich for the first time in two months. Our train followed a river valley lined with factories through such industrial centers as Brno. We arrived in Prague in the evening and found a hotel near the station. Next morning Hem slept in but I started on a walking tour of the downtown. I walked up a large boulevard on a steeply sloping street to a memorial of the first World War. Then, I walked to the river and ^{across} a famous statue-lined bridge leading up to the massive ^{Hradcany} castle at the topmost point in Prague. This was the home of the President of Czechoslovakia so not open to the public. However, in the morning haze, it looked most impressive, rather grim though, like the Cathedral in Durham, England.

It is ^{generally} ~~notoriously~~ understood that 5 years later, ^{when} as the head of the Gestapo, Reinhard Heydrich, was being driven in a car from the Castle to town, two men on the bridge fired shots at him which led to his death. The Nazis destroyed the village of Lidice from which these men had come and executed all the male inhabitants. Luckily, we were there before the Nazi takeover in 1939, following England and France's 1938 giving up of the Sudetenland part of Czechoslovakia to Germany. Hitler shortly broke his word to the British and French and occupied all of Czechoslovakia in 1939. But we were out of there then!

From Prague, we took the train to Vienna and found a pension

there to stay. We enjoyed our stay in the Austrian capital which has broad boulevards, beautiful women and fabulous buildings. However, unlike busy Germany, there were signs of economic distress in Vienna; poorly dressed people, few cars, and many public buildings needed repair. The loss of ^{the} Austro-Hungarian Empire in 1919 had left a capital too large for largely rural Austria to support. So many people who had served in government posts were unemployed, and suffering a great deal. This had led to political turmoil and many parties. The Nazi Party had been outlawed and its members identified themselves by wearing white stockings. We saw many men in lederhosen (short leather pants) and white knee socks.

On our first morning at the pension I looked out the window and saw a huge Nazi swastika flag flying from a building across the street. I thought, my God the Nazis took over during the night while we were sleeping. However, it turned out that this was the only building in Austria allowed to fly the Nazi flag; it was the German Embassy! So we missed the revolution which came two years later when Hitler marched with his army into Austria and was received with joy by much of the population because it hoped that Austria, by becoming part of a larger Germany, might have a better future, not knowing it would only get another war!

One evening we decided to go out to the large Vienna amusement park which had the world's largest ferris wheel, other amusements, cafe's, beer gardens and band music playing Strauss Waltzes and marches.

While drinking beer under the lights of an outdoor cafe', we were approached by a poorly dressed woman of about 30 years of age. She had heard us speaking English. Turned out she was British, and had become stranded in Vienna without funds. The British Embassy had lifted her passport, given her a 3rd class rail ticket home and a temporary travel permit in place of her passport. However, she said she'd like to stay a little longer in Vienna and said she would be glad to live (and sleep) with us if we wanted her.

We declined her offer with thanks and returned to our pension. The next morning, Hemleben said goodbye and caught the train back to Germany. I never saw him again although we corresponded for a

few years after our summer together. He remained teaching at Fordham, married, and had two children. Thus it goes.

I had decided the best way to see Budapest and Hungary was to take one of the large river steamers that moved up and down the Danube all the way to the Black Sea. From Vienna to Budapest by boat was an all day trip, by train three hours, by plane 40 minutes. However, I was in no hurry, just wanted to see the scenery.

First class on the boat was on the upstairs deck. On the lower or first deck was 'peasant class', farm people with bare feet, large bundles and often livestock. So I was glad to be in the relative comfort of first class with deck chairs, a lounge and nice dining room.

Luckily, the day was perfect for a ride on the muddy brown (not blue) Danube. The sun shone^e, and the weather was in the high 70's, just right.

Our boat started down river, stopping at all the main towns en route to discharge soldiers, peasants, chickens, and baggage.

Along the river we passed many old castles and monasteries, as along the Rhine. Some were enormous and very old, one could only wonder at the skill in building such large structures, and the financial drain on the peasantry. From time to time we would see flocks of geese along the margin of the river often accompanied by little peasant "goose girls". The trip had a charm and old world grace about it that is memorable to this day. It was of the essence of historic Europe, half alive, green and fruitful, half ruin and noble.

It ~~finally~~^{gradually} grew dark but the ship kept on, ~~Gradually~~^{with} the hills ~~grew~~^{growing} higher and the lights more abundant. We were coming into Budapest. Finally, at about 10 p.m., we docked at a Quai near the huge Parliament building on the Pest side (Buda is on the South side and Pest on the north, one whole making up Budapest).

Usually, hotel porters and pension owners crowded stations and docks looking for customers, However, they were strangely absent this night. Upon descending the gang plank, I soon found that I had arrived in Budapest on St. Stephan's Day, the patron saint of Hungary. Thousands of people had come into the capital to celebrate, with full hotels the result.

Luck appeared to be with me, however. I saw a sign held up

by a nice looking woman in city, not country or peasant dress. The sign advertised a pension. I told the lady I would take a room (speaking in German), and we started walking to the pension, only a short distance from the dock. The lady introduced me to her young pretty daughter, and then showed me to my room where, tired out, I went right to bed.

The night was not to be restful. Soon after crawling between the sheets I began itching. It rapidly grew worse. I discovered blood on my hand and turned on the light. There in the bed were 20 or more bedbugs, with lord knows how many more in the mattress.

I opened the bedroom door and called out to my landlady who soon came out with her daughter in her nightgown. I showed them the bugs crawling in the bed. They did not appear surprised or disturbed. As they had no other bed to sleep in, I said I was leaving. After dressing, I paid for my lodging and walked out on the street to look for a better place to stay.

Andrassy Ut, the main boulevard was nearby. While walking down this avenue, I saw a police officer in fancy uniform. In my best German, I explained my problem. He said that, because of the festival, all large hotels were packed. However, he thought a small hotel nearby could accomodate me. He led me there and took me into the small dingy lobby. The proprietor, seeing the policeman, was only too willing to accomodate the "foreign gentleman". So, he led me up a stairway to the third floor. We passed several rooms whose doors were open. In these rooms were peasants sleeping on the floor, piled up like cordwood. I thought, oh boy, what a hole!

However, I was led into a small room with a bed with a rope mattress, a couple of blankets and one chair. I was willing at this point to take anything so I didn't argue. I hung all my clothes from the single light bulb hanging down in the center of the room to make sure they didn't get overrun with bugs or lice.

Fortunately, the blankets of the bed were bug free and I soon fell asleep. The next morning, I left the little "flop house" which had emptied by the time I awoke. The policeman, who turned out to be a general in the Hungarian police, had given me a note to present to the desk of a good hotel, the Vier ~~Jahres~~^{Seasons}zeiten (Four ~~Seasons~~), on the Andrassy Ut. So I headed for this hotel and the magic of police authority soon resulted in my getting a good room with bath. In the central courtyard of this hotel

was a restaurant with a gypsy orchestra. So I stayed in comfort and enjoyed good food for the rest of my stay in Budapest.

Although largely a peasant country with peasants dressed in "native costumes" of many long skirts on women and baggy trousers for the men, the city women wore beautiful western clothes and looked stunning; they have beautiful features, very dark hair and flawless complexions, or so it seemed to me.

To get around Budapest in a hurry, I went to the American Express office and took a "Cook's Tour" of the city on a special bus with other tourists, mostly German. We visited the large and beautiful Parliament building overlooking the Danube, climbed the heights of Buda on the South side of the river, visiting the Castle which was the home of the Hapsburg Emperors when they visited Budapest as part of the pre-World War I Austria-Hungarian Empire.

The mandatory stop at the war memorial to the dead of the first World War was also interesting because the drive to it took us through the principal areas of Budapest which looks like a smaller version of Paris, wide tree-lined boulevards, fashionable shops and apartments, industrial areas etc. Budapest in 1936 appeared more lively and prosperous than Vienna. The loss of the war and the break-up of the Empire had not hurt Hungary as much as Austria. Budapest was a commercial and industrial town, not a government city like Vienna.

That first night, I went to see the "Pearly Boquet" at the National Theatre. This was a show put on by dance teams from every district of Hungary. Each district had its own special peasant dress and dances, although there was a basic similarity to all of them.

The dancers were superb, and the Hungarian gypsy music lively and fun. So, I enjoyed the evening. However, folk dancing, by and large, does not particularly interest me. Returning to my hotel, I sat in the hotel cafe and drank Hungarian wine and listened to more gypsy music until the wee hours of the morning.

I slept in late, but in the afternoon caught the train back to Vienna, spending the night there in the same hotel I had stopped at earlier. Then, on again the next day to Italy by train over the famous "Brenner Pass". The train climbed and climbed upward past quaint villages into the Austrian Alps that towered over the pass. Finally, we reached the Italian frontier. Our train *changed*

crews there. I leaned out the window to take a picture of the station at the border. An Italian customs officer waved me back saying in German, picture taking was "verboten". So I put my camera away.

I left the train from Vienna at Bologna, Italy. Then I boarded a two-car streamlined monster for ~~Vienna~~^{enjoy}, These ^{cars} were self-propelled by electricity, very modern compared to the old trains in Austria and Hungary.

The train left Bologna for Venice at a high rate of speed. We roared down mountain sides, through tunnels and over bridges, finally emerging onto the plain along the Adriatic, and with a roar^{emerged} onto a long causeway bringing us into Venice.

Evening had come down so I couldn't appreciate much of Venice at this point. However, leaving the station, I followed a young hotel porter who led me to a nice hotel along the Grand Canal. I could hear the boats and see lights of ships, but, not until morning did I realize the beauty and charm of Venice.

As in Budapest, to get around I signed up for a tour, this time by boat rather than by bus. We went to all the usual tourist sites, St. Mark's Square, the Doges Palace (Doges were the rulers of Venice in Medieval times), the Bridge of Sighs, and the beautiful homes, buildings and hotels along the many canals.

In the afternoon, I took a boat out to the Lido, an island in the Adriatic with miles of bathing beach, tourist stands, restaurants and other resort facilities. There I ran into two U.S. boys of college age. They invited me to join them for dinner, so we met at a trattoria (restaurant) on St. Mark's Square for a fine Italian dinner.

It was good to talk "American" again. So I enjoyed the chance to catch up on the news from the States. They were headed North though, and I was headed South to Florence, Rome, Capri and Naples before turning North to the Riviera. So we parted friends and I left for Florence.

In Florence, I found a pension with meals as a base, and set out to see the sights, the churches, art work, Statue of David by Michelangelo in the Medici Palace. It was also a place to do some shopping. Visiting the great art galleries in the Pitti and Uffizi palaces, I found a very fine copy in oil of a Rembrandt self portrait as a young man. For this I paid about 600 lira (\$16), and rolled it up in a tube that fit in my suitcase. Also,

I bought hand tooled leather covers for books and telephone books in the famous leather goods stalls on the Bridge across the Arno River.

From Florence, I moved on to Rome, still enjoying sunny and good but not hot weather, ideal for travel. As in Florence, I found a pension located centrally in the City and ate my meals there, cheaper and easier than eating in restaurants.

In Rome, I also took a "Cook's tour", signing up at American Express for two days of bus sightseeing. As a result, I saw all the standards, the Vatican, the Forum, the Coliseum, the Fountains of Trevi, etc. However, after dinner one evening I walked through the Forum by moonlight. The shadows of the ruins of this great civilization of the past were haunting and poetic. I sat on a wall and thought about my Latin courses, and all I had learned about Caesar, and Cicero and the other men who had created ancient Rome. It was a moving experience.

On my own, I also joined a crowd watching a military parade of soldiers back from the war in Ethiopia. I walked down to the Coliseum where the troops were clustered and then followed them up ~~to~~ the Via Veneto to Mussolini's Palace. It was not long before the dictator came out onto the balcony of his headquarters to acknowledge the roar of the crowd and the salute of the passing troops. He looked rather fat and puffy. Sort of like a rotund Napoleon. But his troops did not look like victors, their marching was poor and their uniforms, except for the officers, were ill fitting. In no way were they comparable to the troops I had seen in Germany.

Mussolini had covered buildings all over Italy with the slogan "Combattere, Obedire, Vincere", Fight, Obey, Conquer. But, his Army did not look like a winner in 1936, and World War II soon showed it up.

My limited contacts with Fascist officials were not too pleasant; they were rude and officious, especially at the borders where all luggage was searched. Frankly, Italy was nice without them! However, overall, the fortunate circumstance of warm, sunny but not too hot weather made me like Italy the best of all the countries I visited the Summer of '36.

I can still recall sitting at table with fellow "pensioners"

in Rome having a lunch of pasta, fruit and wine jubile looking out through flower boxed windows at the ruins of the Bath of Caraculla, a long dead Roman Emperor. After lunch, Rome in those days took a siesta in summer, all shops closed from 2-4 P.M. Then they stayed open until 8-9 or 10 o'clock, when the evening cool set in. People spent their evenings walking, shopping, eating and often singing! It was a fun time since, although Mussolini preached hardness and fight, the Italian people never practiced it. He should have had sense enough to realize this in 1940 and stay out of the War. But, then he paid for his mistakes along with his people - fortunately.

Then it was time to think about going home ^{to} September was coming. But first, I had to see Naples and Capri. So once more I signed up with American Express in Rome for a guided tour. There were 5 of us with a chauffeur in a large limousine, ~~the~~ Alfa Romeo. We drove south of Rome through rolling hills (Alban Hills) and through many small villages. (This was before the day of ~~Autostrade~~, or Superhighways, that bypass small towns.)

By evening we reached Naples and put up at the Excelsior, a fine hotel on the Bay of Naples. My room looked out over a boulevard paralleling the Bay; in the distance you could see Mt. Vesuvius, the Isle of Capri and many ships moving in and out of the harbor. A pleasant evening breeze off the sea rustled the curtains of my room.

While I watched, I saw a procession of carnival-like figures going down the street below my windows. There were many floats, bands, and weirdly costumed riders and paraders. They passed on to some point down the road to a carnival ground.

I never did find out the reason for the parade, just enjoyed watching. After a while, on impulse, I walked down to the street and mingled with the crowd, finally stopping by a stand to buy an "ice" (ice cream of the American variety was scarce in those days).

The next day we drove South along the Coast at the base of Mt. Vesuvius.. There we stopped at Pompeii, the ancient Roman city buried by a volcanic eurruption in 79 A.D., only to be discovered nearly two thousand years later. Our group accompanied by a guide walked the streets and saw the houses, shops and artifacts of a buried civilization. It was rather uncanny, to see bread that had been in the oven when the sudden rush of gases and ash asphyxiated and then buried the baker, leaving his bread to be

examined 2,000 years later! Also, we saw plaster molds of people, dogs, cats and other animals in the position that they had when they fell and died. This was done by carefully removing the ashes from their skeletons and pouring wet plaster in the place where the bodies lay - voila, the person or animal came alive in all their fear and agony. What a sight!

The guide took me and the other two ^{men} in the party and said, for a small extra fee, he would show us the Pompeian Brothel! Of course, we paid! On the carefully excavated walls were frescoes of the sex act as performed in a variety of ways (most still in use!). Also, there were statues of males with erect phalluses (penises) and women in a variety of enticing postures. These art works were designed to get the customers in the mood, as well as to show the variety of services that could be rendered by the "ladies" of the establishment.

Naturally, the two women in our party wanted to know why they couldn't go in! However, in 1936, public proprieties did not acknowledge womens' interest in sex. Thus, the double standard!

From Pompeii we crossed the base of a peninsula jutting into the blue Meditteranean and forming one side of the Bay of Naples. After reaching the sea, we turned right back toward the Bay, following a road hacked out of cliffs dropping several hundred feet to the sea. At times the cliffs overhung the road. In the afternoon sun, the combination of sea breaking against cliffs, the winding road and blue skies was fascinating. After a while the cliffs sloped back less steeply giving way to steep vine covered terraces leading up several hundred feet above our road. We left the highway to follow a narrow road up through the vineyard emerging at a beautiful inn with a vine covered terrace with a spectacular view of the sea. Here we ate a delicious lunch, enjoyed glasses of wine and generally were very content at our luck in being in such a beautiful place on such a beautiful day.

Moving along the Amalfi Drive, named after a small village clinging to the cliffs, we reached another resort town called ~~Sorrento~~ ^{Sorrento}. This had been a famous resort before World War I, and the rich and famous came from all over Europe to stay in the luxury hotels clinging to the cliffs overlooking the Bay of Naples.

However, by 1936, time and a Depression had reduced the number of visitors. Thus, we as American Express tourists were able to stay in an old and gracious hotel. I had a large bedroom with a balcony overlooking the Bay. Mosquito netting hung from the ceiling around my bed so I left the French doors open to my balcony.

Before dinner, I walked down a steep path to a small dock and had a pleasant swim with my fellow tourists in the Bay. In those days, pollution had not reached current levels so the Bay was "swimmable."

Returning to Naples the next morning, we continued on to Rome arriving back at the American Express Office in the afternoon. I signed the visitor's book at the office. A famous person (Jimmy Durante, a well known stage and nightclub singer) had signed the book just ahead of me, but I didn't see him there!

The next morning I caught an Express train for the Riviera. It followed the Mediterranean coast and passed through such cities as Leghorn, Pisa (with the leaning tower visible from the train) and Genoa. The long 10 hour ride ended at night in the French capital of the Riviera, Nice, I followed a hotel porter to a small hotel in town and fell into bed. I spent the next morning sleeping in, but finally had strength to walk along the Boulevard by the sea, past all the expensive hotels I could not afford, even though it was September and the end of the season.

That night, tired and a little lonely, I sat in a sidewalk cafe eating and drinking - drinking too much red wine and when it came time to turn in, I felt very woozy, and could hardly make my way back to my hotel. When I got there, I was too blown-out to undress and fell into bed with all my clothes on. My first and only drunk! I didn't enjoy it at all.

From Nice, instead of a train I decided to bus it North to Lyons, a large city on the Rhone River and then take a train from there to Paris. The bus trip was long as the road wound round slowly through the coastal mountains and then finally into the Rhone Valley. We didn't reach Lyons until after dark.

Stop, and back up, I left out something! My trip to Monte Carlo.

One day in Nice, a nice sunny day, I decided to go to Monte Carlo. But how - well, trusty old American Express came through. They had a limousine leaving at 4 p.m. for a dinner-casino gambling trip to Monte Carlo, so I signed up. My companions ^{was} were a nice, but spinsterish lady of about 30, a school teacher from Oregon. Despite our age difference, we got along well and enjoyed having dinner together and seeing the sights. Also, we both were lonely and wanted a chance to talk "American". French is nice, but American is better!

It was a lovely evening and the ride along the Grande Corniche, boulevard from Nice to Monte Carlo was a beautiful experience. In Monte Carlo we left our car and driver to eat in a sidewalk cafe and then a walk over to the Casino. We entered the beautiful lobby and saw many men and women in evening dress. At the door to the gambling rooms, an usher asked to see our passports. You are too young to go in, you must be 21 he said. I was mortified. However, I told Frances (yes, I remember her name) to go on in and then tell me about the gambling. While she did that, I wandered out on a terrace overlooking the harbor. With the lights of yachts, and the hotels and cars as well as the dark water, it was a beautiful sight, but I longed to be inside watching the gambling. Strange this rule; on a previous trip to Europe in 1932, we had visited a German Spa - Baden Baden - and even though I was only 15, I had watched roulette in the Casino.

After a short wait, Frances came out and said I hadn't missed much, the Casino crowd in September was very scant, also the Depression had hurt attendance. I took her out and showed her a little garden area where a few grave markers were placed, the burial spot of gamblers who had committed suicide after losing their fortunes at the gaming table, or so it was alleged. Very romantic!

Well, back to Lyon. The bus arrived late at night in this large textile city. I found lodging at a small French hotel adjacent to the bus depot. My principal memory is of the terrible wallpaper in my room, large and very red flowers in a dense pattern covered walls and ceiling. I quickly turned out the light to avoid feeling trapped in a garden!

Since Lyons was largely an industrial city with no tourist "sights", I caught the first train to Paris arriving in the afternoon, then back to my little hotel where I had stayed previously. But I didn't tarry in Paris long either because it was time to catch the boat train from Paris to Cherbourg where I would board the German ocean liner, the Bremen. This was a much newer ship than the Olympic on which I had made the return trip to New York 4 years earlier.

On board the Bremen, I found Tourist Class full of American college students headed home for classes. I shared a table with 3 American college girls, so had a good time all the way across. One girl so attracted me that I invited her down to Princeton for a football weekend. However, she looked better at sea than on land, so our little romance very quickly died.

Everybody on the Bremen was reading a new novel of the Civil War, "Gone With The Wind", by Margaret Mitchell, to appear as a great movie three years later based on this same novel. And everybody was also talking about the King of England's romance with Wally Simpson.

The Bremen was a very large, very fast and very German ship, excellent food and service all the way. However, off Bermuda, we ran into a hurricane (just as we had done on the Olympic four years earlier). We practically stopped moving forward as the ship plowed through mountainous waves and torrents of rain. I went out on the covered, glass enclosed, veranda deck and watched the storm. It was exciting to see the waves breaking over the bow as the ship plunged into the heavy seas, and spray went clear over the ships two large funnels.

Many passengers became seasick and the dining room was virtually empty. However, my three dinner companions like myself, never missed a meal! We ate one with table boards up, to prevent our dishes from falling on the dining room deck.

Soon all was calm and we were steaming up New York Harbor. I was glad to be coming home. Three months abroad was enough I felt, and I was glad to be coming home for my Senior Year at Princeton. I did not know that 28 years would pass before I traveled abroad again, and then with a wife, leaving two children at home. Or that a World War would intervene in which, even though I spent nearly 4 years in the Army, I would not leave the Continental United States.

CHAPTER VI

THE END OF COLLEGE - THE BEGINNING OF EARNING A LIVING

Mother and Dad were waiting at the dock to take me home to New Rochelle, less than an hour's drive from the Bremen. My stay at home was short as I had to get clothes lined up and pack for Princeton.

Being Seniors, Joe Harris, my roommate and I had the luck of the draw - a suite of rooms in '79 Hall, the closest dormitory to all the eating clubs and to classrooms. Our room looked down Prospect St., and back onto McCosh walk, one of the nicest vistas in all of the university. As before, we had a large common room (this time with a fireplace) and each had a small bedroom. It was great for study. (A trip back to Princeton in 1978 showed my old dorm converted into offices. A full professor had our old common room as his office and our bedrooms had each been converted into faculty offices as well. He was surprised we had so much room! And with a servant as well who made our beds and cleaned up our rooms! The good old days, gone forever, I fear.)

My Senior year posed the problem of writing a Senior Thesis, the equivalent or more of a master's or doctoral dissertation at today's (1980's) standards. As I had worked for a Wall Street Trust Company which handled investments for wealthy people, as well as college endowments and the like, I decided to write about such investments. My thesis, as finally typed ran to over 100 pages, a big job for a 19 year old. But I finished it in time for Spring vacation in 1937, the year of my graduation.

The Senior Year passed all too quickly. Princeton's football team had been the leader of the Ivy League all during the 1930's, so we took it for granted we would beat Yale. But, sad to say, we didn't, so we lost the last football game I ever attended as an undergraduate.

But still, Senior Year was a golden time. In the Spring, the Class of '37 was allowed to wear the traditional "Beer Suits", actually white overalls with our Class numerals on them. Also, we were allowed to sit on the steps of a large sundial outside the huge Gothic Chapel that made Princeton so beautiful. And

finally, in the late Spring, the Senior Class stood in the evenings on the steps of historic Nassau^{Hall} for Senior sings, ballads, beer songs, and bawdy ditties. Townspeople would join under-graduates under the trees in front of Nassau Hall to enjoy the singing. We all wore our beer suits for these affairs.

Final exams came and went, and then happy day, word that I had been selected for Phi Beta Kappa, the national honorary society, and entitled to wear the gold key insignia of that fraternity. My Dad and Mother were thrilled I had done so well; made all the financial sacrifice easy my Dad said. (But, it wasn't easy during a Depression.)

Graduation week was upon us, with ceremonies from smoking long white clay pipes around the cannon buried behind Nassau Hall, the scene of a famous battle during the American Revolution. (Nassau Hall had served as a hospital for wounded soldiers during the Battle of Princeton, and later had been the official meeting place for the Continental Congress, as well as a student dormitory before becoming the Administrative Center and Presidential Office.)

All during my 4 years, I had come to the first floor of Nassau Hall to see Mid-term and final grades posted in the hallway. All students grades were posted there, no secrets as to how you stood. But now, the final grades were in and the list of those graduating in June went up on the Board, mine included.

On graduation day, a beautiful June day, students and their parents assembled on the front lawn of Nassau Hall for the time honored ceremonies. I marched up in the alphabetical order and received my diploma, nearly in tears that it was all over, but glad my parents had both lived to see this day. My brother couldn't make it, he was working as an engineer for a bearing company in Connecticut, having graduated several years earlier from Stevens Institute of Technology.

My folks helped me pack up, say goodbye to my roommate and his family, and then it was home bound. There were tears again in my eyes as we left Princeton and headed for New York. No more bull sessions, beer busts, pool games, club meals, parties, classes, intellectual ferment. Now, I was out in the cruel world of the Depression.

What to do? Well, I had assumed a welcome back at the U.S. Trust Co. at 45 Wall Street where I had worked for two summers. But the summer of 1937 saw the economy go into a Secondary

slump after a false recovery in 1936, as a result Wall Street was reeling, the Stock Market dropped again, and business failures mounted.

The U.S. Trust Co. wanted to wiggle out of their promise to me, but I persisted and they finally agreed to hire me to work for \$1,000 a year in the mail room! I was a Princeton graduate now with an A B degree. But, the alternatives didn't exist. Pan American Airways said they would take me on as a trainee "if I paid them \$80 a month".

Well a job that required you to pay instead of being paid did not appeal to me, so I took the mail room job at U.S. Trust. At least I knew everybody there, they did provide employees with a free lunch, supper tickets for overtime and \$1,000 a year!

Since they were not all that anxious to have my services, it was agreed that I could take July off, and then report for work on August 1, 1937.

Mother had been wanting to visit her Mother and Brother Herbert in Chicago, her father had died in 1936, so I said I would drive her out, accompanied by my brother in his car as far as Cleveland where he had been transferred from Connecticut.

So we started out as a 2 car caravan, Mother riding with Roy in his car as far as Cleveland, and then with me onto Chicago and Grandmother. I had an easy month in the windy city, going to band concerts at night in Grant Park overlooking Lake Michigan with a Princeton classmate who was just starting out in a Chicago bank.

But after a restful month of sleeping late and eating my Grandmother's rich food, it was time to go back to work. So, on August 1, 1937, I reported in to the mail room, to find myself in good company. There were about 8 of us in the mail room, all from Ivy League colleges, Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Dartmouth, Williams, Princeton (me). Our job was to sort and deliver mail around the bank, and to pick up and mail outgoing letters. Sound exciting, well, it could have and should have been done by high school drop-outs, not Ivy League graduates. However, things were so rough on the streets we didn't complain, at least we were off the streets.

If we had to work late getting out the mail, we received a \$2 supper check but no overtime. For \$2 in 1937 you could eat at the Savarin, a good Wall Street area restaurant and have a full dinner. However, most of the "guys", ate at less expensive eateries and used the balance to buy cigarettes, then 20¢ a pack or a penny apiece.

The U.S. Trust Co. was a very staid, conservative institution. It was not a bank in the usual sense, in that it did not loan money to corporations or individuals. It did loan a small part of its assets to brokerage firms at a high rate of interest. Most of its business, however, was managing trust funds for a fee, funds entrusted to it by many of the county's wealthiest families like the Vanderbilts, Pratts, Goulds, Borden, etc. Also, it handled the endowment funds of many institutions, colleges, pension funds and the like.

Thus, the heart of the U.S. Trust Co. was its investment department. I wanted badly to get into this part of the bank which invested literally billions of dollars. However, in 1937 promotions were slow. But the Company did start a training program, and I was allowed to join this group which met twice a week for classes on different aspects of trust work. Fortunately, I did well on the exams, and probably, with patience could have moved up the slow ladder of promotion from within. However, I noticed the really good jobs, with few exceptions went to men with good connections who could bring in new business. And my contacts with New York's 400, the wealthiest families, ^{were} ~~was~~ nil.

Also, I was put off by the fact, unbelievable as it sounds, the Company employed no females! All the secretaries were men. Not one woman worked there except three telephone operators locked in a room on the top floor. Even the waiters in the company diningroom were males.

Well, at 20, and having spent 4 years in an all male college, I was ready to meet some girls. So, I began to think about another job. Also, living at home after having been away at college was not attractive, but necessity (economic) forced me to live at home. However, during this period our home location had changed from New Rochelle to the outskirts of Ossining, New York. And I was driving to work with my Dad.

The year 1937 saw us leave New Rochelle. This came about because our previous home, which we had only rented, was sold. The folks (Mom and Dad) were offered a chance to buy our New Rochelle residence on Broadfield Road, but they were unwilling to take a chance and make the investment. So, temporarily in 1937 they had moved into a large apartment complex in New Rochelle. But they were both unhappy with this.

In October 1937, I came down with pneumonia and was laid up at home for nearly a month. One Sunday, my parents who had stayed close by me for several weeks, asked if I would mind if they took a ride. I encouraged them to go. They had seen an ad for a home in the countryside near Ossining on the Hudson River, about 20 miles from New Rochelle. They returned from their ride bubbling over with enthusiasm for a home situated on 5 acres in the outskirts of Ossining, a former church and then school which had been converted into a beautiful colonial home. The upshot of all this was that we moved to Ossining after I recovered, and through 1938 and into 1939, I lived in this large and beautiful country home called TWO KNOLLS with my family.

However, country living, even with a commute into New York City each day by car pulled on me. I wanted a better social life than spending my evenings home with my parents. Frankly, I was lonely for social life with people my own age. Also, as noted above, I was restless at the slow prospects in the Bank.

So early in 1939, I contacted Princeton and let them know I was looking for another job. They referred my request to a distinguished alumni, the Washington political columnist and newspaper publisher David Lawrence. His column on politics was in several hundred daily papers. To my surprise, I received a letter from him saying he would be in New York in March 1939, and would see me at his hotel.

So one rainy evening I left the Bank and took the Subway uptown to 59th Street and walked to the Plaza Hotel. I called his room on the house phone. He said he was getting dressed to go to the theatre but to come on up to his Suite.

When I got there, he opened the door, handed me a black bow tie and asked me to help him put it on. Mrs. Lawrence was dressing in their bedroom. After helping him get his tie on, we sat down and talked.

I told him of my restlessness and wish for a more challenging

job. He said he was the publisher of a number of legal and business services, in addition to writing his column. However, he could not give ~~time~~ to watching their finances, and could not understand balance sheets and accounting statements. Would I come to work for him to see if I could help him understand and straighten out the finances of these publications. He would pay my moving costs to Washington, and \$30 a week, almost double my bank salary. I accepted his offer there and then, and said I would report on the first of April.

I was excited by the chance to go to Washington, and try something new. My folks, though reluctant to see me leave, understood my feelings. Oddly enough, a change would have come anyway as my father was transferred to Chattanooga Tenn. in the fall of 1939 as the result of taking over the Presidency of the Chattanooga Gas and Electric Co. So my leaving worked out well for all.

I had purchased a small Ford coupe after graduation, so drove away from home on a Saturday morning to the ferry across the Hudson at Tarrytown. I arrived, somewhat lonely and scared, in Washington in the late afternoon. I spent my first night at the Y. M. C. A. but decided that would not be my home. Armed with a paper, I set out on Sunday to find a better lodging. I found a room in a lodging house on Q Street, just off Du Pont Circle, and across the street from the Embassy of the Republic of Columbia, South America. This room on the third floor shared the bath with two other roomers, but it was a large room with two big windows overlooking a fenced back yard. Best of all, I could walk to my work on 21st St. and M, in 10 minutes. Moreover, several good, and cheap, restaurants were in the neighborhood. Also, the Junior League ran a rental book library just one block from home. So I moved in and stayed there for about two years through a succession of landladies.

Washington in 1939 was becoming a world as well as a national center. The New Deal had brought in thousands of new government employees. Also, the threat of war had made the capital the world center for many activities and this was to be greatly enhanced with the actual outbreak of war on Sept. 1, 1939.

RETROSPECTIVE BEFORE THE WAR

Let me turn back for a moment before moving into the War which ended the depression and changed my life as well as that of countless millions around the world.

During the interval between college and the move to Washington, I have noted my work at the bank. However, I touched only lightly on the other aspects of my life during this two year period. In part, because this period was not the happiest of times.

My parents were good to me and to my brother, generous to a fault. They saw to it we had advantages of travel and schooling available to only a few during the 1930's. As I noted earlier, in 1930, my brother and I took a trip to the West Coast by car that introduced us to the size and scope of the United States. (For details see separate book entitled See America First.) During this trip my voice changed (I was 13), and I came home with a new awareness of girls. In 1932, the folks sent Roy and ~~me~~ ^{me} to Europe on a White Star Line tour to 5 countries (see ~~A~~ ^A Adventures Abroad.) And, separately, when I was 14, my parents had sent me, by myself, on a steamer trip to Nova Scotia and Newfoundland. Also, they had sent Roy to a very fine, and expensive engineering school, and me to equally expensive Princeton.

However, both Roy and I found living at home after college too confining. I enjoyed driving my Dad to work in 1938. We had a little Chevrolet coupe, and drove from Two Knolls down expressways all the way to Wall Street, at the Southern end of Manhattan Island. In those days, you could park all day in Hanover Square, outside the coffee exchange from which the aroma of roasting coffee samples filled the neighborhood air.

Dad and I had good talks together on topics of the day, sports, etc. However, we never really talked about fundamentals like sex. Such topics were left unsaid. But, our drives together did bring a closeness and friendship I valued, especially after he died.

In the summer of 1938, we held a big lawn party for Roy and my friends. But, largely, it was a lonely existence for me.

Our distant neighbors, the O'Deas had a beautiful home with a swimming pool, and a pretty grown daughter Marcia. I fell in love with the pool, and Roy on visits home, with Marcia. After a swift courtship, they were married in June 1939. I returned

home for the wedding from Washington, but returned immediately to my new job.

The summer of 1939 was exciting because of the World's Fair in New York City, because the King and Queen made a visit to N.Y., and because of Roy's wedding. The wedding was held in the O'Dea's beautiful home, in their large living room, followed by a garden reception and lunch around the pool. Luckily the weather was perfect.

While I returned to Washington, the bride and groom sailed to Bermuda on a honeymoon, followed by travel to their apartment in Cleveland where Roy had been sent by his company.

So, now, back to Washington, my new life there, and the War.

- 62 -
CHAPTER VII
THE WAR YEARS

It wasn't long after I returned to Washington that World War II broke out. However, before reviewing the impact of the War on me, let me cover my private life.

As noted earlier, I rented a room just off Connecticut Ave. within walking distance from David Lawrence's offices. He had a two story building with offices at one end and a large press and composing rooms and linotype operations at the other. In addition to his newspaper column, D.L. as he was known to the staff, published a weekly newspaper known as the U.S. News. It was a dry, uninteresting paper devoted to covering in some depth the activities of Federal agencies in Washington. As a separate operation, but under the same roof, he published several business "services", U.S. Law Week, Labor Relations Reporter, Wage and Hour Manual, Patents Quarterly.

I was hired to work for his wholly owned company, the Bureau of National Affairs, Inc., the publisher of these business services. Ostensibly I reported to the Business Manager of these services, Charlie McCullum, a dour Scotsman who thought an 80 hour week about normal. Also, I was to touch base with the Treasurer of the two companies, Mr. Bryan as he was called.

In reality, I was D. L.'s spy and business assistant. He called me in each week to talk over what I had found in going over the books of his companies. I found the books "all screwed up", even with my limited accounting training I found the head bookkeeper, a woman, had not known how to account for income of the various publications, with the result that several hundred thousand dollars had not been properly taken into income. As a result, earnings and income tax liabilities had been seriously understated for several years.

While this discovery did not make me popular with either Mr. Bryan or his bookkeeper, it increased D.L.'s faith in me. And he asked me to give him each month a financial statement he could understand. So I prepared a statement of source and application of funds, really a where from, where gone, type of accounting which he said was the first accounting statement he had ever understood.

I soon took on added responsibilities making cost estimates for the new publications he was always dreaming up. I also reviewed each month's income and expenses to see how they compared with prior months and years.

One night D.L. called me into his office and handed me a galley proof of a new version of his U.S. News, in magazine rather than newspaper form. He asked me to take it home on the weekend and see him with my comments on Monday. I was much impressed and told him it should be able to command a much wider audience than the old news, and attract more advertisers. However, it could not be printed on his old fashioned newspaper presses in Washington. He said he had engaged a printing company in Dayton, Ohio to print his new magazine about which I was sworn to silence since the shift to a magazine form would cost many jobs. We discussed alternative uses for his presses, and I made studies for him of the possibility of using the presses for job printing. Also, we discussed book publication on the old presses, and actually did print a set of books on them, most of which never sold.

With the outbreak of the War came price controls and I was put in charge of developing a looseleaf service of the Prentice-Hall type with replaceable sheets in the binder for a new service to business covering price controls for textiles, steel products and other services. Also, as part of the war effort, hearings were held by various Congressional committies on the growing defense ^{Program} effort.

One such hearing, chaired by then Sen. Truman of Missouri (later to be President) was covered by B.N.A. (Bureau of Natl Affairs), court reporters who prepared verbatim transcripts of the hearings. These were printed at no cost to Committee members in exchange for the right to sell the transcripts to business firms interested in the hearings. I soon became boss of this operation, arranging for motorcycle dispatch riders to go up to Capitol Hill, taking the transcripts back to our office where they were put on duplicating machines for mailing out air mail special delivery to subscribers in N.Y., Chicago, Pittsburgh, Cleveland and other business centers. It was a tight operation timewise to insure copy was ready to meet airmail schedules and get transcripts to the companies the next morning. Worse yet, I had to quickly scan

100 - 200 pages of transcript and prepare a 1-2 page summary to go up front. All this involved long, often frantic hours with lunch and dinner consisting of cold sandwiches and a bottle of milk.

My days at David Lawrence's shop were exciting but often exhausting. However, they didn't occupy all my time. On Sundays, I would get up late, eat a delayed breakfast, buy a Sunday paper and drive out to Hains Point, overlooking the Potomac River and Arlington. Hains Point was a public park and many sun bathers and couples joined me on Sunday afternoons watching the river go by and just resting.

For social life, I began going to the State dances held in the big hotels around Washington by the various State societies. Washington was a town of strangers who flocked into the growing government and related activities, including thousands of young (and often pretty) secretaries attracted by relatively high civil service salaries, and the chance to get away from home on their own. But they turned out, often out of loneliness, at their own State society dances for a chance to meet, dance with, and possibly romance young men.

You did not have to be from Texas or Nebraska, however, to show up at these affairs. Also, I was able to go to various Army and Navy affairs. For a while I dated Admiral Kauffman's daughter; he was commander of the Atlantic Fleet.

Also, I attended the Presbyterian Church in Chevy Chase, Md., a suburb. I joined the young people's association and usually attended the Sunday night socials at the church. There were also debutante parties, and girls college dances to which I was invited as an eligible "Princeton" man.

I got to know Patty Prochnik, whose father had been the Austrian Ambassador to the United States until Hitler invaded Austria and absorbed it into the Third Reich in 1938. Her father had resigned his post and sought political asylum in Washington where he became a professor at Georgetown University. Financially, times were tough for the family so Patty had gotten a job with the Junior League Library, near my rooming house. Patty and I used to lunch together at tables outside the drugstore at the corner of Massachusetts Ave. and Du Pont Circle. One day, the newspaper headline on the adjacent newstand said Hitler and Russia's dictator Joseph Stalin had concluded a non-aggression pact.

Patty said to me "this means war". She was worried because she had three brothers who had been drafted into the German Army. A few days later, she was proved right when first Hitler, then Stalin invaded and then divided up Poland, the start of World War II.

Not long after the collapse of Poland, a funeral cortege went by our office; it was for Ignace Paderewski, one of the world's greatest concert pianists who had, for a time, abandoned his piano to become President of Poland, only to be pushed out of office by a military man Marshall Pilsudski. I thought as I saw the cortege and hearse go by how sad it must have been for him to see his beloved country swallowed up by Germany and Russia again. I had heard him give a concert once in White Plains before an audience of thousands; it was an all Chopin Concert, and very moving.

As if I didn't have enough to do, I signed up for evening courses in accounting at George Washington University. I had taken similar courses at New York University's Wall Street branch while working for the U.S. Trust Company.

Night school was a must for thousands of young New Yorkers and Washingtonians in those days. The Depression made everybody anxious to improve their skills and job getting ability.

In one course, cost accounting, I sat next to a young Harvard trained attorney, Ray Sherfy, We used to adjourn after class to Quigleys, the drugstore in the heart of the university building area (there was no campus). One night, he asked where I lived and I told him. He inquired if I would be interested in living in his parents home in one of the better residential areas. He took me out to meet his parents, Dr. and Mrs. Sherfy, in their comfortable brick colonial home on a nice sized lot at 17th and Usher, then a suburban area. Ray's brother Larry, had moved to San Francisco, so his comfortable bedroom, down the hall from Ray's, was empty. Mrs. Sherfy, a warm motherly type wanted me to take over Larry's room if I wanted to.

Well, I was about ready for a move. The week before, a hold up man had held up one of the roomers in my house at gun point as he was coming in. Another night, I heard a girl roomer screaming on the 2nd floor. Rushing down I found her hysterical from fright, a large black man had climbed in her window from the fire escape, threw a small rug in her face, grabbed her purse off the mantel