

and fled out the same window. Also, rats had invaded the old neighborhood and began to play in the back yard.

Finally, the constant coming and going of roomers in my house was getting on my nerves. We three on the top floor shared a bath. One girl took to hanging her girdles and bras all over this room making it difficult to wash, shave or bathe.

So, when I had a chance to move to the Sherfy's I was glad to go. I lived there nearly two years and had a good relationship with the family. I got to know Ray and his girlfriend well, and we frequently double dated.

Also, Ray and I would take our girls to the various Roosevelt Birthday balls to raise funds to fight the polio disease that afflicted Roosevelt. (I finally got to see him throwing out the ball at the start of the 1941 baseball season. D.L. always gave me tickets to the opener.)

My parents were very pleased with my move to the Sherfy's. They had always worried about my living in the old rooming house, with a weird assortment of alcoholics, drifters, etc. passing through. However, I had enjoyed the years on Q street; the closeness to work and to night school had helped. Also, it forced me to deal with all kinds of people in an "unsheltered" environment that perhaps conditioned me for my later Army service.

#### Father's Illness

When I moved to Washington in April 1939, mother and Dad both appeared well and happy at Two Knolls. Dad's business was improving. Thus, I was surprised in the fall of 1939, that Dad's office was being transferred to Chattanooga, Tennessee. He had been made President of the Chattanooga Gas Co.

Faced with the problem of leaving their beloved Two Knolls, they temporized. Mother stayed on for several months while Dad lived a bachelor existence at the Skyline Club in Chattanooga. However, in 1940, Southern Natural Gas Company, the holding company moved its headquarters from New York to Birmingham, Alabama and Dad was given the additional responsibility of President of Peoples Water and Gas Company, another subsidiary with gas and water distribution systems in Florida, Georgia, Alabama and Louisiana.

As a result, it was decided Dad would relocate to Birmingham, Alabama at the headquarters, supervising all the companies from that point. At that point, mother and dad decided to close Two Knolls, using it as a vacation and eventually retirement home. They took

an apartment in Birmingham, Alabama where they lived until Dad's death in 1942.

As a result of these moves, my home base disappeared, and Washington became the focal point of my life. During my first year in Washington, I had taken the train home to New York at least once a month. However, I went to New York only occasionally after the move to Birmingham. Instead, every three months or so, I undertook the much longer trip by train to Birmingham on "The Southerner", an all coach express train from Washington to Atlanta, Birmingham and New Orleans. It was a very modern train, air conditioned and with comfortable seats and good meals in the diner. These trips south on the train showed me the growing defense and eventually war effort, as many new Army camps and Navy installations were situated on or near the railroad, with more and more soldiers and sailors traveling this route.

My happiness was rudely interrupted in 1941 when mother called me to say Dad had become ill. He took a vacation at Two Knolls, and looked rather gray, I thought. After returning to Birmingham, they called me again to say Dad was going to John Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore for observation.

I met the train in Baltimore and was shocked to see Dad much thinner and weaker. He entered the hospital and Mother stayed at a small hotel across the street from the enormous cluster of old red brick buildings that made up this prestigious medical center.

Each night, I drove from work up the Baltimore Pike to see Dad. After a week of tests, they decided an exploratory operation was necessary. It was scheduled for the Friday before Labor Day 1941.

My brother Roy was notified and he said he would try to get leave to be with us during the operation. As a reserve officer in the Army Ordnance Corps., he had been called to active duty in early 1941, and, fortunately assigned to duty in the Cleveland Ordnance office, so he didn't leave home!

When Friday came, Dad went smiling into surgery, but we were upset that the doctors were uncertain what they would find. After an hour, he was taken to the recovery room and the surgeon came to talk to us.

I took one look at his face and a cold chill went through me. His words confirmed my worst fears. He told mother, your husband

has an extensive cancer of the lymphatic system, sarcoma of the upper mesentery, and has at most 6-9 months to live. Mother started to tremble violently and would have fallen if Roy, I and the doctor had not helped her onto a couch.

We asked if there was nothing they could do. He said surgery was out of the question because of the extensive spread of the cancer. They would try radiation, he said, to slow the progress of the cancer, but he could hold out no hope of remission, the end was certain. However, he said we should not tell Dad of the seriousness of his condition, or that he had cancer. He said he would tell him he had an intestinal and blood condition that required X-ray treatment.

So when we saw Dad, we tried to put on confident smiles and boost his own sagging feelings. After a week, we were able to take Dad back to Two Knolls for a month's recuperation.

At the end of October, he and Mother were able to go back to Birmingham. He actually returned to work for a few days. But Mother went to the company Chairman and told him the truth, that Dad was a dying man. The Chairman said Dad would remain President of the two companies as long as he lived, on full salary.

So Mother settled in to make Dad's last days comfortable.

The X-ray treatments greatly weakened him, so he did not miss going back to the office.

Easter 1942, Roy and I both came down to Birmingham and spent the day with him. We even took him for a short ride, and spent many hours renewing funny events we had shared together. Although unspoken, we all realized this might be our last visit together so we made the most of it. Despite the circumstances, it was a happy time.

However, as soon as we left to go back to Washington and Cleveland, Dad took to his bed and never left it again. He failed rapidly after this, and unable to eat, wasted away. I made one quick trip to Birmingham in May. Mother warned me to be prepared for a great change, but I was shocked to see a fine handsome man reduced to a frail, emaciated figure in bed so weak he had to be spoon fed. Mother too was beginning to show the effects of the strain of caring for Dad. So at my insistence, a nurse was hired to come during the day and help her look after Dad. It was also decided he would have to be transferred to a hospital before long.

On June 17, his 59th birthday, I received a telephone call at 6 A.M. at the Sherfy's. It was Mother saying I had better come. Dad was sinking fast. I called my boss and the airport. Luckily there was an 8 A.M. plane to Atlanta and Birmingham, with a vacancy on it. Ray Sherfy drove me to the airport.

The plane made several stops en route. At Atlanta, I was bumped off the plane by a passenger with a military priority because by now we were at war with Germany and Japan.

In Atlanta, I caught a Greyhound bus to Birmingham, arriving at the apartment house in the early evening. The receptionist who knew me told me my father had died, his body had been moved to a funeral home and my mother had been taken to a friend's house.

The man sent to meet me at the bus station had missed me somehow, so I learned the truth from the receptionist. I went up to the Apt. and called Mother. She said her friends wanted me to join her. Roy would be arriving the next day for the funeral scheduled for Friday.

Roy's wife Marcia and her father and mother also were coming, as was dad's brother, Uncle Edgar, from Madison, Wis.

The next day I went, alone, to the funeral home. They had placed Dad's body in a bed in a room. It looked like he was sleeping. Incredible as it seems, I had been sheltered from death and had avoided funerals all my life. So Dad was the first dead <sup>person</sup> I had ever seen. I nearly fainted, but recovered my composure and returned to Mother.

The next day I was busy greeting Roy, Marcia, her parents and Uncle Edgar at the Birmingham, Alabama railroad station. Marcia and Roy and I stayed at the Apt. to which we had returned. Uncle Edgar stayed at a nearby hotel with the O'Deas.

Friday afternoon, Dad's companies' offices were closed so all the executives and employees could attend the funeral. Since Dad wanted to be buried at or near Two Knolls, we did not have the long sad trip by car to the cemetery. Instead his body was put in a temporary vault awaiting word from us as to the cemetery in New York where he was to be buried permanently.

Saturday, Roy, I, Uncle Edgar and the O'Deas left for our respective homes. Marcia, Roy's wife, stayed behind to help Mother close the apartment because she had decided to return to Two Knolls rather than stay in Birmingham.

During the summer, I made several trips to New York to look for a resting place for Dad and to help Mother get settled again in Two Knolls. Returning to this beautiful estate restored her spirits. Unfortunately, much of our weekends together had to be spent on all the paperwork of settling Dad's estate. In early September, Dad's body was shipped North in a sealed coffin. I had found a lovely graveside in the historic Sleepy Hollow Cemetery in Tarrytown. Roy came from Cleveland for a short graveside service by Mother's preacher at the Ossining Presbyterian Church.

A few weeks later, September 28, 1942, I joined the Army, not waiting for <sup>the</sup> draft.

- Army Service -

First, I should say that, when I joined the Army, I was not working for David Lawrence. In late 1941, I was getting exhausted from overwork and underpay. So when I learned of an opportunity of a much better paying job in the Government I took it. The job was that of a Financial Analyst in the Iron and Steel Division of the Office of Price Administration, a newly created government agency which established ceiling prices for products in great demand for the defense effort.

I went to work on December 8, 1941, the day after Pearl Harbor, when Japan attacked our Naval base and started America into the war. That Sunday, December 7, I had been having Sunday dinner with the Sherfys. Larry Sherfy, Ray's twin brother, had been transferred back to Washington from San Francisco. He asked me if I would like to ride with him down to the Department of Justice Building on Pennsylvania Avenue to his office. He wanted to pick up something he had forgotten to bring home on Friday.

Since I had no better way to spend a winter afternoon. I said sure, so we took off in my car, parked it outside the virtually deserted building and went up to Larry's small office on the 3rd floor. We were "shooting the breeze" there when suddenly the office door opened and a man said "Hey Larry, we're at war", Larry said "what war?" The man said, "we're at war with Japan, the

Japs are bombing our naval base at Pearl Harbor in Hawaii." We both said quit your kidding. He replied, "it's for real, look." He pulled the door back and we could see men (FBI agents) literally running down the corridor.

I said, I have a radio in my car, let's go down and listen to the news. So we took the elevator down, went to the door and the guard said, "let me see your passes," Larry had a pass, but I had none. I said we weren't at war when we came in, so reluctantly he said I could leave, but not to come back in!

In the car we turned on the radio to listen to excited radio commentators saying Pearl Harbor had been bombed. I said let's go by the Navy Dept. So we drove past the White House, up Constitution Avenue to the Navy Dept. but could not see much activity. So we drove home to listen to radio reports of the fast moving developments.

My first day of work, Dec. 8, 1941, was hectic; my presence didn't make a big splash under the circumstances. We were told to back out our building, a temporary structure just below the Capitol on the Mall, against the possibility of air raids. False alarms had occurred all day.

After lowering the blinds, turning off all lights, I drove down Constitution Ave. to find the Navy Dept. Bldg. and the White House ablaze with lights. So much for black outs.

My work at the O.P.A. was largely devoted to answering questions from businessmen as to what they could or should pay for various steel products, including second hand railroad rails and bridges, steel barrels, etc. It brought me into contact with lots of interesting people, but my father's illness was constantly on my mind as well as fear of being drafted before he passed away. After Dad's death and completion of the paperwork on his estate, I thought I would join the Army rather than wait for the draft.

I had found that I could get into Army Intelligence work if I wanted to, but first I had to go through 13 weeks of basic training. So I went to Baltimore for my Army physical, passed it, was sworn in, and then put on a slow train to Camp Lee, Virginia, a large Army reception center, basic training station, and headquarters of the Quartermaster Corps, responsible for

feeding, clothing and transporting all troops.

I arrived at the train station at Camp Lee at 3 A.M. on Sept. 29, 1942. There were about 20 others in the same boat as myself. A truck met us, we piled in, and were driven through the dark to the Post, arriving about 4 A.M. They assigned us to cots in an Army tent. We were allowed to sleep until 5:30 A.M.!

By 8 A.M., I was undergoing an Army mental exam. Boy, was I in great shape for an intelligence test. However, I managed to qualify for officer classification, over 110 points on the test; they never did give me my score.

The next few days were hectic, getting clothing, shots, being read the articles of war with the death penalty for desertion, etc. I was assigned to a Basic Training Company at Camp Lee and soon was quartered in a large wooden barracks, one of rows and rows of barracks in the piney woods of Northern Virginia.

Basic training is the same for every soldier, marching, rifle practice, lectures on sanitation, V.D., Army rules and regulations, military courtesy, etc. We were up at 5:30, and by 6 were standing in a long "chow" line for breakfast in a large company mess hall. The food, believe it or not, was good and there was plenty of it, ham and eggs, toast, coffee, cereal, etc. Nobody went hungry and we all gained weight!

After my 13 weeks of basic training, including some classroom time on operations of the Quartermaster Corps, I was transferred to the Officer Candidate School on Jan. 2, 1943.

Although I had entered with the idea of going to <sup>Intelligence</sup> ~~Infantry~~ Officer Candidate School, I <sup>found I</sup> might be given a "cover name" and assigned to a Basic Training Company as a non-com (non-commissioned officer) to "spy" on potential enemies among the troops. This type of work did not appeal to me so I had applied to OCS (Officer Candidate School) shortly after arriving at Camp Lee, been sent before a Candidate Evaluation Board, and been accepted.

My basic training days, believe it or not, were very happy. The weather was generally good, the outdoor life healthy and fun after years sitting at a desk. The men, a very mixed group of all nationalities (but all white) were interesting to talk to and laugh with. I found myself reading and writing letters for illiterates, as well as meeting graduates of some of the best schools.

On the rifle range, I surprised myself by shooting well enough to qualify for a little medal. Fortunately, the Army rifle seemed designed to fit comfortably for a man 5' 9" tall, my size, and so I escaped the bruises of those who were of an uncomfortable height or size for it. We practiced on bolt-action Springfield rifles of the type used in World War I, the newer automatic rifles were in too short supply to be issued to raw recruits.

On the morning of January 2, 1943, a small group of us formed up and marched 3 miles to Officer Candidate School where we became the 13th class of Quartermaster Officer Candidates. Our acceptance for this school automatically resulted in our promotion to the rank of Corporal from private, and we wore a special OCS insignia, on our sleeves; we were moving up!

Like Basic Training, OCS lasted for 13 weeks. It meant 4 hours of classroom study every day but Sunday, followed by afternoons given to field work, learning various aspects of quartermaster duties on the field of battle, ranging from cooking and supplying food, operating fuel depots, car and truck pools, sterilization and bath units, etc. There is a lot more to an Army in the field than shooting. Moving, feeding, clothing, and accounting for troops is a big business in and of itself, or so I was told.

Finally, in April 1943, the last tests had been taken and <sup>we</sup> were marched out onto a field, raised our hands and sworn in as 2nd Lieutenants in the Army of the United States to serve for the duration of the war plus six months. At last I was an officer, with all the greater freedom from supervision and greater privacy as well as better pay and clothing this meant.

We had ordered our officers uniforms from private companies, using funds supplied by the Army. So on graduation day, we were all turned out in our brand new uniforms. After the swearing in ceremony, we pinned gold lieutenant bars on each others' shoulders, gave \$1 to the first enlisted man saluting us, and returned for our new assignments.

I was the last man in my OCS Company to be assigned. Most classmates were assigned to various truck companies attached to Army units all over the United States. But I was assigned to Harvard Business School at Harvard University!



The Quartermaster General of the whole U.S. Army had received an MBA (Master of Business Administration) ~~degree from Harvard Business Administration~~ degree from Harvard Business School. So he decided to establish a small Army Supply Officers Training School to train an elite group to apply business methods to the Army supply activities. <sup>Therefore,</sup> ~~So~~ on April 1, 1943, the first Army Supply School opened its doors at Harvard Business School with 200 Officers selected from Quartermaster Units all over the world, from Europe the Pacific, Alaska, everywhere. The rank ran from 2nd Lt. to Lt. Colonel with the majority first lieutenants and captains, and a few second lieutenants like myself. I was the only one fresh out of OCS.

After taking a taxi from the Boston train station, I registered in at the "B" school, and was quickly assigned to an old Harvard dormitory across the Cambridge River from Baker Hall, the main B school building. I shared quarters with two other lieutenants; we were grouped alphabetically, not by rank, both good natured Irishmen, one a former all American football player from Notre Dame.

We fell into an easy camaraderie that made the next three months bearable. For I soon discovered the Army Supply Officers Training School would receive a miniature version of the famous MBA (Master of Business Administration) program of the B School. We were taught, except for one course in Army Supply, by the regular civilian B school professors, using the regular "case book" method of studying, involving real-life business and administrative problems. Our courses ranged from accounting and procurement to personnel problems.

We rose at 6 A.M., fell in to march as a group to breakfast in the B school dining hall, the food was excellent, and then to the B school library in Baker Hall for an hour of study before 9 A.M. classes. Except for a short lunch break, we were in class until 3 P.M. then marched back to change into gym worksuits for calisthenics on the bank of the Cambridge River. At 5, we marched back, dressed and marched again to dinner, always in military formation. After dinner we went back to the dorm, and were required to study from 7 P.M.-9P.M. After that, theoretically we were free until 6 A.M. In practice, our study work load kept us at our books usually until 10-11-12 P.M.

Only on Saturday afternoon and until 5 P.M. Sunday afternoon did we get a break, but again our workload was so heavy, many of us were back at work right after Sunday dinner.

This tough regime lasted for three months. However, only a few asked to drop out since the probable Army assignments of drop outs was considered to be the mid-night shift in a warehouse in China or the Persian Gulf or Alaska!

One thing that eased matters for me, a very new Lieutenant was the dropping of all titles of rank while at the school. We were all called Mister regardless of rank, and a Lt. Col. had no priority over a lieutenant in any way. It was the only un-rank conscious group in the U.S. Army!

Exams and quizzes were the order of the day, with only two grades announced, pass or fail. However, we were being graded numerically.

On the Sat.-Sun. break, I would usually take the subway from Harvard Square into downtown Boston. There were officers clubs in such hotels as the Copley Plaza, together with free food and drink.

Boston in the Spring of 1943 was a Navy town. As a large port of embarkation for the European Theatre, the harbor was always full of transports and warships whose crews "hit the beach" as soon as they could. Hence, nightclubs, theatres, bars were full to overflowing every night. I usually preferred the more sedate and comfortable confines of the Parker House or Copley Plaza. An assortment of college girls was always to be found there. I found myself invited out to Wellesley College parties on Saturday night. These were lively affairs with the girls taking us down in their cars to the commuting station for the return trip to Cambridge and Harvard.

On Sunday afternoons, there were tea dances for our group and other officer groups attending Harvard that year. (There was an Air Corps Statistical School, Army and Navy Chaplains School, Navy Supply School, Marine Corps Supply School and several other military organizations on a Harvard campus that had practically ceased serving civilians.)

At one of these dances, I met the daughter of the Major General in charge of the Boston Ordnance District, covering all weapons production in New England. She invited me up to her parents apartment one Sunday afternoon and insisted on my putting on her

father's uniform coat with its two silver stars instead of my Lieutenants bars. I was scared to death her Father would come home and find me in it. Luckily, nothing more than a little "necking" took place that P.M.

Spring that year was wild weather -- lots of rain and light snow off the ocean. However, May and June turned beautiful. Late in June, we graduated.

I was told on graduation day to report to the Commanding Officer's office. Somewhat alarmed, I reported there on time to find 4 other members of my class, and several high ranking officers. We were told to form a line on one side of the room, and I was pushed to the head of the line. Then our CO said we were to have the significant honor of receiving our graduation certificates from Major General Gregory, the Quartermaster General of the whole U.S. Army. He had seated himself at the CO's desk and we filed by and received our certificates. Not being told how to proceed, I came to the table, snapped to attention, said Lt. Gordon, Sir, and saluted. He returned the salute, extended his hand and said congratulations Lieutenant on your outstanding record. Only then did I realize I was Numero Uno, number one, in my graduating class. On opening my diploma, I found General Gregory had hand written on it the words, Congratulations, G. Gregory, Major General, the Quartermaster General. High praise indeed, from the ranking Quartermaster in the largest Army in the world!

My good record paid off in my future Army assignments. My first was to the California Quartermaster Depot in San Francisco, Oakland. And I was allowed to drive my own car to California at 10¢ per mile plus unlimited gasoline in a war rationed economy! Hot dog!

I did not relish driving alone to California, and none of my classmates were headed that way, so I invited Mother to go with me. However, arranging return train accommodations was a problem. (Plane for civilians not on war business was out of the question in 1943, and train accommodations were also very tough to arrange.)

However, a phone call to Roy's father-in-law, Mark O'Dea, then head of Public Relations for the Federal *Maritime*

Administration in Washington, resulted in Mother's being able to book a compartment on the train from San Francisco to Chicago and then on to New York.

So off we went for a pleasure drive across the country under unusual circumstances. We drove to Ohio, briefly visited with Roy, on to Toledo for a brief stop at my cousin Virginia's house, then on to Chicago, and a phone visit with Uncle Herbert. (He and Mother by this time were not on good terms over disposition of Grandmother's Estate after she had died in 1939.)

Then West across Iowa, Nebraska, and on to Colorado. We stopped to rest in Denver for two days, as we were ahead of schedule. (As wartime speed limits theoretically limited our travel to 200 miles per day by car, we had 10 days for the trip to California.) We got a suite at the Brown Palace Hotel, and luxuriated in breakfast in our common living-dining room. We took a brief side trip to Boulder Colorado, and drove up through a part of Rocky Mt. National Park, with magnificent mountain views, but owing to the war, very few tourists.

From Denver, we drove North to Wyoming to avoid the high mountains which bothered Mother, she became so nervous on mountain roads she had to shut her eyes. We drove through Utah into Salt Lake City, for a stop at the Hotel Utah, across from the Mormon Tabernacle Church.

From Salt Lake, we drove across Nevada, through Reno, and up into the Sierras. We crossed into California near Lake Tahoe, and followed its beautiful shoreline for miles before heading down to San Francisco. After one night there at the St. Francis Hotel, it was time for Mother to take the train from Oakland (across the Bay) to Chicago.

I said goodbye to her with a heavy heart, as I fully expected to go overseas to the Pacific Theatre after a stint at the San Francisco Depot.

When I reported in to the Oakland Office of the San Francisco Quartermaster Depot, they said I would first be sent to a subdepot in the town of Tracy, Cal. about 50 miles Southeast in the San Joaquin Valley. Tracy had been established as a depot for supplies for the Pacific Theatre of War because it was the junction point between the Union and the Southern Pacific Railroads.

I was assigned to a B.O.Q. (Bachelor Officers Quarters) literally at the rail junction point. Huge steam locomotives hauling 100 car long freight trains passed my barracks every few minutes day and night. It was like living in a boiler factory.

For several days, they did not have any real work for me, so I drove around the miles and miles of warehouses loaded with Army supplies in a jeep, a little open truck. My duties remained vague and I had much time to myself. In the morning, I presided over the raising of the flag in front of the Administration Bldg. In the afternoons, the girls working at the depot would invite me to cocktail parties at their homes. This was the Army?

Evenings I would drive into the nearest large town, Stockton, have dinner at the hotel and, in company with other officers, walk around the downtown. One area was designated "off limits" to the military, it was the Phillipine "barrio", and the red light district. However, the many soldiers from bases in the area often ignored the off limits signs in order to visit the girls.

One evening, a friend and I were standing on the corner when a large convertible with the top down drove up. Two "girls" (they were in their 30's) told us to get in. Looking at each other, we did get in. The girls drove us around town, and then we all went into a bar for drinks. The oldest asked me to have dinner with her the next night. I agreed to do so. So the next night she picked me up at the same spot, and said, "Let's go to Lodi", I said, "why". They have real good Chinese food there, she replied, and so we drove to Lodi, about 25 miles away. But I took over the wheel as I didn't trust her driving.

After dinner at the Chinese restaurant in the little town of Lodi (it was a terrible hole), we drove out of town, parked, and did a lot of necking. However, given the morality of the times, and my own reticence to get too involved so soon, we stopped short of the ultimate. I found out she was divorced, but still in love with her husband. I had been a proxy for him on a warm, lonely summer night.

She asked me to go to San Francisco with her for the weekend, she to foot the bill. I could see this was a mixed up lady so I put her off, said I would call her. But, that was the end for me. She called the depot for me several times but luckily I was always out. Thus ended one brief romance.

Before long, fortunately, orders came through transferring me to Depot Headquarters in Oakland, Cal. The H.Q. was in a downtown office building so I found an apartment about two blocks away overlooking Lake Merritt, a beautiful park-like Lake in the downtown area. I shared the cost and the apartment with another Lieutenant, whose name was O.B. English, a Texan and one of the nicest guys in the world. He was very handsome and rich, a combination that made him the target of girls, but he was determined not to get involved too deeply at this point.

Although from a wealthy Texas family, his father made him live during the war on his Army pay. So O.B. and I lived frugally, eating at the Army Mess in downtown Oakland where dinner cost only 25¢!

We would drive over in the evening to San Francisco across the Bay. There were Officers Clubs in the Fairmont Hotel and in the Mark Hopkins Hotel nearby. These clubs offered free food, drinks, and beautiful girls, all the debutantes of the San Francisco area. So, I met a beautiful blonde girl and "fell in love". It seemed mutual and soon we were having dinner together in different restaurants around the Bay area.

Because of fear of Japanese attack, the whole San Francisco area was blacked out at night. The top half of my car headlights were painted black to direct the beam just in front of the car.

These conditions made travel hazardous, spooky, but interesting. One night we went down to the Pacific along a beach covered with barbed wire and machine gun nests put there right after Pearl Harbor, but now only lightly manned.

We pulled up in front of a low building overlooking the beach, parked and went through a double layer of black out curtains that effectively cut off all light. Inside, we found ourselves in a beautiful restaurant and cocktail lounge. In the lounge was a huge fireplace with a brisk fire going. We sat by the fire, sipped our drinks and thought ourselves in love.

The next weekend, we drove North over the Bay Bridge to the redwoods. My girl had friends who had a country place in the redwood area. We planned to picnic there. Ahead of us on the road was a truck full of soldiers who yelled at us, making sexy gestures. We just laughed and waved back. I was glad I

was Lt. with the girl, not a private in the truck!

We had a fun picnic, did a lot of necking, and began to talk like an engaged couple. Things were moving fast!

But, the bubble blew up. In September I received Army orders sending me to Jeffersonville Quartermaster Depot in southern Indiana, across from Louisville, Kentucky. The CO at San Francisco had requested my permanent assignment there. But he was a Colonel, ~~so~~ <sup>while</sup> the request for my services from the Indiana Depot were signed by a Brigadier General, so the latter prevailed.

Why was I so much in demand? It wasn't my looks, it was my class standing at Harvard that kept me in the top brass' mind.

Having just found my true love and loving San Francisco and Oakland, I was heartbroken at orders sending me to the cornfields of Indiana.

My girl was heartbroken too. She decided to come with me, at least part way, as I was to drive from San Francisco to Indiana, again at Army expense. She had an Aunt in Los Angeles, and another relative in Phoenix, Arizona. So we thought we could ride together at least to Phoenix. We made our plans, but then Mama and Poppa said NO!

Her father was a successful insurance man, and they lived in a large apt. on Geny Boulevard, a nice section of San Francisco near the Pacific Ocean.

In those days, daughters, particularly middle class daughters, had less freedom than in the 1980's, so when her parents said no, it was final despite a lot of tears.

I kissed her goodbye, long and ardently we promised to write every day as soon as I got relocated and then she would join me. Her name was Joan. But I never saw Joan again, and wartime promises were hard to keep. Oh yes, there was an initial flurry of letter writing, but then it tapered off, and ended. We both knew that a long distance romance would be hard to keep up. Moreover, despite the ardency of our feelings, there was a certain lack of compatibility between us that is hard to define. At any rate, absence did not make the heart fonder in this case, so we both began looking elsewhere, and I found my true love in Louisville despite all my qualms about going there.

The drive from San Francisco to Louisville, Kentucky (The Indiana Quartermaster Depot in Jeffersonville lay just across the Ohio River from the Kentucky metropolis.) was long, and I was depressed at leaving Joan, my roommate O.B. English and California sunshine.

I drove south to Los Angeles, through Hollywood, past Hollywood and Vine, and then turned East through the mountains to Needles, California on the border of Arizona. I drove across a desert before reaching Needles. Despite the desert terrain, it began to rain and then pour. I passed an armored division on manœuvres in the desert and felt sorry for the troops whose tents were practically floating away. Tanks were bogged down in mud, a miserable mess I was glad not to be part of.

Fortunately I had a reservation at the only good hotel in Needles. I arrived there after dark in a pouring rain. The hotel was jammed. ~~And luckily~~ <sup>And luckily</sup> they ~~had~~ honored my reservation so I went up to bed after dinner, but many had to sleep in the lobby.

My next stop was Flagstaff, Arizona and then on to the Grand Canyon. I arrived in the evening at the Harvey Hotel on the rim of the canyon. My room looked out over the Canyon. The setting sun cast magnificent shadows over the Canyon. Thirteen years earlier, 1930, Roy and I had taken the Bright Angel Trail down to the bottom of the canyon by horseback. So I knew the Canyon. But it was awesome and beautiful to see again.

The next morning after a good breakfast in the dining room overlooking the Canyon, I started East for Albuquerque, New Mexico. It was a long tiresome ride over mountains, empty savannas, past large buttes, and finally into Albuquerque, then a large small town, not a City.

I didn't tarry in Albuquerque, but pressed on to Oklahoma and my destination, Tulsa, the Oil Capitol. The roads were empty of traffic, and I played my car radio constantly for companionship, all the while thinking about the girl I left behind. I became an expert on farm prices, for this was cattle, wheat and corn country. But, so what, I said, if hogs were \$20 a hundred weight. By night I was tired and went right to bed in my hotel in downtown Tulsa. The next day I drove across Missouri and arrived on a very hot evening in St. Louis at about 10 P.M. I stopped at the Hotel Jefferson in downtown St. Louis, but had trouble getting to sleep in the 90 degree heat. There ~~was~~ <sup>were</sup> no air conditioning units in hotels



at that time, all I had was a ceiling fan that just stirred up the heat.

From St. Louis, I drove across Illinois, Indiana, and finally to Jeffersonville, across the Ohio River from Louisville, Kentucky. Then I reported in to the Depot, a huge Army installation covering many acres, with row after row of long warehouses and railroad sidings. The Depot dated from the Civil War when it supplied the Union Army campaigns along the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. There were still wagons in storage dating back to the Civil War.

I was assigned to the Central Accounting Office of the Depot, as second in command to a Captain Christie, a CPA in civilian life. Our job was to supervise and reconcile the accounting records of inventory to the actual inventory count reported by a large corps of inventory takers who worked around the clock, 7 days a week.

The size of the Depot and its activity can be measured by that fact that up to 8,000 shipments a day were made to posts, camps and stations around the world, all the way to China and back. We shipped stoves, tents, clothing, cots, saddles, mess gear to millions of men. Trains poured into the Depot day and night. Other trains and trucks carried tons of supplies out each day to Army posts and ports of embarkation.

We were tied to the Office of the Quartermaster General in Washington by direct wire. Each night, the IBM accounting summaries of transactions were issued to Washington so that OQMG had a complete inventory picture as the basis for ordering new supplies. However, I found that the expensive IBM records were often ignored by procurement officers who ~~often~~ relied on hunches to order, with resulting surpluses and shortages of staggering proportions. Also, our accounting machines would sometimes go berserk and report huge balances in inventory that were non-existent.

Into this accounting ~~maelstrom~~ I was dumped. I was interviewed briefly by the Commanding General, a West Pointer, who thereafter must have forgotten me; I never saw him again.

There were no Officer Quarters on the Post, despite its age. So I started looking for a room in the residential area close to the Depot. Luckily, I found a nice room with a family who lived in a pleasant old frame house just three blocks from the Depot. So, I only had a 10 minute walk to work. There was a cafeteria at the Depot where I ate breakfast and lunch. However, for

dinner, I soon fell into the habit of ~~dining~~<sup>driving</sup> on the bridge across the Ohio to Louisville.

In 1943, Louisville was a livelier place than I had expected. The War had transformed a sleepy, stagnant Southern city into a boom town. The Government and industry had built new synthetic rubber plants in the city using the alcohol capacity of distilleries as a base. The fall of the East Indies to the Japanese had cut the U.S. off from its natural rubber sources.

Other industries, metal working, lumber, etc. were also booming under the forced draft of the war effort. As a result thousands of war workers had crowded into the city which soon had a zero vacancy rate.

Added to the influx of civilian war workers and their families was a host of soldiers coming into town from nearby Ft. Knox, Ky., the principal training center for armored forces (tanks etc.). Thus, every night, and especially Saturday night saw 4th street, Louisville's principal business and entertainment center, jammed with soldiers filling every theatre, restaurant, cabaret etc.

I had one advantage. I was closer to downtown Louisville, than Ft. Knox, so I was parked and seated in a restaurant, bar or theatre before the mob came, usually between 7 P.M. and 9 P.M.

The Brown Hotel at the corner of 4th and Broadway became the center of attraction for me. It had a good, reasonably priced coffee shop to eat dinner in, a good bar to drink in, and frequent officer dances to dance in. Other spots were the Henry Watterson Hotel (and officer club), the Madrid (a large night club), the Plantation (another night club).

I soon met girls at the various officer clubs. So dates were not hard to come by. I was invited to some homes on weekends. Also, officers at the QM Depot, unlike those from Ft. Knox, were eligible to join the Pendennis Club, Louisville's finest, for a nominal fee. So I attended various dances and other functions at the Club. One favorite was Fight Night. For \$5, we had steak dinner and then on the top floor of the club there was a boxing ring where we watched "Golden Glove" boxing matches, usually young fellows from Army units in the area. Also, there were dinner dances for members of the club.

So, Louisville began to have a warm spot in my heart, which

soon became very warm when I met the Girl, destined to change my life, and give me the greatest happiness I ever knew.

One evening (Sat. night) in early 1944, I decided to drop in at the Henry Watterson Hotel officers club for a drink and a chance to dance with some of the hostesses, lovely girls from good families.

It was a dark cold night, and I was glad to get into the Club. Soon I met a girl and we danced. However, she appeared listless, and I asked her if she was ill. She confessed she was suffering a lot of menstrual pain, and wanted to go home. I took her to the door, put her in a taxi home and returned somewhat downhearted myself into the Club.

The Ink Spots, a colored quartet, of some fame were scheduled to sing so I stuck around. Suddenly, I noticed three girls coming down the stairway from the street into the Club. The first one was a blue eyed blond. I never looked at the other two. Instead I asked the blonde for a dance. I hadn't danced more than a minute with this girl when I knew I had hit the jackpot. We danced like we were made for each other, talked with immediate ease, there was that reciprocal liking that feeds on itself and an instant warmth. Also, there was enthusiasm in her, we walked across the street to the Plantation for a drink (the Club was strictly Coca Cola) and I began asking the right questions and soon had her phone number. I wanted to drive her home but she said her brother-in-law was to pick her up, so I decided I would have to wait to the next night to propose. I WAS IN LOVE, Joan in California move over, MARY CATHERINE DOVER here I come.

Impatiently the next evening early, I called her number, and it was disconnected! Upset, I called the operator who said the number of T. A. Dover had been changed. I wrote down the new number, dialed and was soon talking to Mary Catherine. Could she go out, would she? When, how about tonight, in about an hour, sure, why not, tell me how to get to your house. Ok, I'll be there.

Then off to a jeweler, to buy a ring, I must be crazy.

Get in the car, let's go, no let's stop here under the street light, it is 28th and Greenwood, on the street car tracks, take out the ring, will you marry me, you will, oh my God, how can I be this lucky. Kiss me, again, again. I'm on fire, I'm so happy, like a kid.

Dinner together, then a long ride, up to a park overlooking the City, its lights below, talking, hugging, kissing, hugging and both a little crazy, what are we doing, will you tell your family tonight, my God, we've only known each other 24 hours, but we both know its right, I'm 27 and she's 22, a senior in Nazareth College, graduating in June 1944. She must finish school before we marry, I may get transferred, she'll join me if I am anywhere in the States.

Love, it's wonderful, I never had a second thought, I knew I had the right one. I wrote my Mother and broke the news, and my firm intention to marry this lovely, lovely girl.

The next Sunday, her father and mother invited me to join them at church and then to go to dinner at a fine chicken dinner restaurant in the suburbs. They were great people, I loved them and they seemed to reciprocate. My darling never looked prettier, and we exchanged photos, I had one taken by a portrait photographer in Louisville.

Then whammy, I got orders to Camp Lee, Virginia for troop duty!

After all my time in Army Offices, I was assigned to be a platoon leader in a retraining center for European Theatre troops reassigned to the Pacific.

It was the end of the world! But I had to go. So I was soon sitting in Bachelor Officers quarters in Camp Lee writing long letters every day to my fiancée, and the mail corporal was busy with incoming mail from my darling. It came at least once and sometimes twice a day. Once a letter came apologetic for getting mad at me, but I hadn't yet received the earlier letter, so a phone call straightened it all out!

I wasn't to be a training officer for long. I was called in to receive orders posting me for 1 day duty at the OQMG in Washington (Office of the Quartermaster General). I was interviewed briefly there, and then asked if I would like to be assigned to an OQMG office in Greenville, S.C., to work on renegotiation of Army contracts (repricing them to eliminate excessive profits). I responded affirmatively, because it was better than troop duty with weary troops not interested in going abroad again.

So, a few days later came new orders and I was on my way, by car again, to Greenville, South Carolina. It was Spring, I was in love, and the idea of going South seemed great since I had a Southern Gal.

When I reached Greenville, I found I was to work with about a dozen officers and several civilian secretaries in the top floor of a 12 story building in downtown Greenville, a busy textile center of about 80,000 people. Since there were no quarters for officers, I set out looking for a room, and, as at Jeffersonville, found one in the home of a widow in a lovely old brick home. The widow had a son overseas, and two lovely daughters about 20. But, I was not interested, I had my girl and they all shared my interest in being newly engaged and anxious to meet her.

In July, Mary Catherine, soon nicknamed Bunny, came down to see me. I had a room for her at the Poinsett Hotel, the best in town, and one of the best in the world with great rooms and a fabulous huge diningroom with real Southern cooking.

We had a heavenly time, it all went too fast. Everyone was charmed with my beautiful girl. Too soon, we said goodbye, but with the feeling we couldn't postpone marriage very long, we needed each other too much. Soon a letter came suggesting a September date, I instantly agreed and begun looking for an apartment.

Greenville, like Louisville was in the middle of a war boom. Its textile mills were busy on military orders, and a large army bomber base was nearby which brought lots of officers and enlisted men into town every night. So many officers had brought their young wives that apartments were almost impossible to find.

However, tragedy for another couple brought me luck. A young pilot had been killed in a training flight, so his young bride was going home. I got their apartment in a big old house halfway between Greenville center and the airbase. It was called Happy Hill, just the right name for newlyweds. We had a bedroom, small living room, bath, kitchen and a small screened porch, all on the first floor. It was great. The house sat on a large lot with a barn in the back, woods outside our porch for privacy and you could walk up Augusta Road, the street in front, to catch a bus downtown eliminating use of scarce gas.

And the Williams family were just great. They had a beautiful daughter, June, a graduate of Furman, and a son in the Navy. June lived at home and worked at Furman. But again I wasn't interested.

Soon a trunk arrived full of dresses and belongings of my bride-to-be. And I was buying train tickets, first to Atlanta, then Louisville, then two tickets to New York and two back to Greenville. And I was writing New York hotels for reservations. And landed them at the Savoy Plaza on 5th ave. and 58th st. Oh, boy.

At this point I'll break, because my new life was starting, my old life as a single was ending, but I never looked back, I knew what I wanted, I wanted a wife, companion, lover, friend and Bunny was to prove all of them for the rest of my life.

When September 14 arrived, I was ready at 3 A.M. to be picked up by a taxi ordered the night before. We arrived at the Greenville station to get a 3:30 A.M. train to Atlanta. When it pulled in, it was composed of a locomotive, baggage car, and three coaches. MP's carrying submachine guns stepped down from the last two coaches. They told me that German prisoners from the Afrika Corps, the Nazis captured in North African campaigns, were being taken to a prisoner of war camp near Atlanta. In the first coach, I was the sole passenger! So, I rode with 150 Nazis to Atlanta. I hoped they wouldn't try to escape.

When the train reached Atlanta it was about 6 A.M., it pulled in alongside a long hospital train. Army personnel with stretchers were waiting for the train which had come in from Norfolk, Va. with wounded from European battle fronts. I discovered they were all amputees, having lost an arm or a leg, or two legs or two arms. The main waiting room of the Atlanta Station was covered with amputees on stretchers waiting their turn for ambulances. There were several hundred of them. It looked like the famous scene in Gone With the Wind, the great film about Atlanta in the Civil War, when the town center was covered with wounded Union and Confederate soldiers.

To reach the telegraph and telephone office in the station, I would have had to walk through all the stretchers. I was so sickened by the sight, I could not, even though I had promised my beloved to call from Atlanta.

Instead, I went into a small side waiting room until time for the train to Louisville, leaving about 9 A.M.

The train ride to Louisville was hot and dirty, on a train with old coaches restored to service because of the war. So, when we arrived at Louisville in late afternoon, I was tired and hungry. But the sight of my bride-to-be, her father and my mother all waiting for me revived me. Bunny had worried that my failure to call meant I wasn't coming! Or had missed the train.

But our parents were more confident. And, nothing on earth could have stopped me.

We went from the station to Bunny's sister's house (Marguerite Hoefflin) in Louisville, where Mother and I were to stay. My brother Roy arrived the next morning, he was a Captain in the army now, from Ohio. We met him at the station and then drove to the license bureau for the marriage license, then to Rev. Humphrey's home (father of Bunny's brother-in-law) where we went over the marriage ceremony and had him sign the wedding papers. Then, after a hectic day, back to the Hoefflin's to bathe, shave and get ready for the evening wedding at the Virginia Ave. Methodist Church, Bunny's family church.

I, according to custom, had not seen my bride all day. Finally, after waiting with my brother-the best man- in an ante-room of the church, I walked out into the church and took my place by Rev. Humphrey. Several songs were sung by a soloist, and then the wedding march began.

My bride on her father's arm walked slowly down the aisle, my heart gave a big thump, Roy smiled and my Mother smiled, and then there we were. After the exchange of vows, me loudly, she barely audible, she lifted her veil and we kissed, a real kiss, not a peck, and then started up the aisle together to a waiting car.

It was a lovely warm September evening. We were driven to the Hoefflin house for a reception for family and a few friends, including the two couples who had acted as ushers and matrons of honor, and Bunny's bridesmaid, Cely.

After picture taking, wedding cake, champagne, a change of clothing by the bride, we kissed everyone a goodbye and got into Bunny's brother-in-law's car (Twyman and Bess Humphrey) for a drive to Cincinnati. There we had reservations at a huge

hotel, the Netherlands Plaza, for the night, and then to catch the George Washington, an all Pullman (sleeper) train to New York at 11 ~~A~~.M.

Our ride to Cincinnati followed the Ohio River, with moonlight on the water. We said very little, just held each other close in the back seat, while Bess and Twyman listened to the radio in front.

We pulled up at the N. Plaza, and got out, it was about 1 A.M. Bess and Twyman were going to stay with friends and so they left us at the hotel door. When we entered, the clerk said they were full up, it was a United Mine Worker's convention.

I said loudly I had a confirmed registration, this was my wedding night and they damn well better give us a room. The clerk disappeared for a moment and then came back with a room key and an apology. So soon we were alone, on our wedding night.

Well, my bride changed into a black lace nightgown and I into my pajamas. When she came out of the bathroom, I had never seen anything so beautiful. Well, we made love, I claim 5 hours, she claims, 15 minutes!

At any rate, we fell asleep, to awaken about 9:30, just time enough to dress, have a late breakfast in the hotel coffee shop, then taxi to the Cincinnati Station.

We boarded the train at 1 P.M. The car for which we had reservations, was not attached to the train but the conductor put us into a compartment in another car. At 10 o'clock that night, he knocked and said we would have to move. I told him to buzz off, I had not made the mistake, the railroad had. I was on my honeymoon and had no intention of moving. He gave up and left us alone.

The next morning after a night in each others arms, we were coming into New York City. We dressed hurriedly, just in time for our arrival in Penn Station. Then a taxi ride to our hotel, the Savoy Plaza at 58th st. and 5th ave. (The General Motors Building now stands on the site of this hotel.)

It was a beautiful, deluxe hotel, elegant in a European way. We had a beautiful room on the 5th floor looking down on 58th st. And, they charged me an Army rate, \$7.50 per night!

We ordered breakfast sent up, and thus began a delightful 3 day stay in New York. We took in two Broadway plays, went to the



Waldorf Astoria for dinner and dancing, night clubbing at the Hotel New Yorker, subway riding to Wall St. to see my old work place. And a quick trip up the Hudson by train to Ossining ~~to~~ to Two Knolls and Mother. She had her maid Rebecca, prepare a beautiful lunch for us topped off by "Bride's Pie", a fabulous lemon cream combination. Mother drove us to the Ossining station and we took the commuter train back to Grand Central, then to our hotel by cab and a final night in New York.

The next day, we took a cab to Penn Station to catch the train to Washington, and then to catch the Southerner to Greenville. Traffic was so heavy it looked like we would miss our train. We ditched the cab and ran down the steps of the subway catching the train to Penn Station where we arrived breathless in time for our train.

When we arrived in Washington, we learned that floods in Virginia had delayed our train South, so we waited and waited in the Union Station. We couldn't go anywhere as the train might leave momentarily. We walked to the front of the station where I showed Bunny the dome of the Capitol. That was her only view of Washington. Finally, our train came and we started for our new home.

CHAPTER IX  
EARLY MARRIED LIFE

When we left Washington, D.C. for Greenville, S.C., we boarded the train in the early evening. For a while the train remained in the station, but finally pulled out. Exhausted from a long day, we fell asleep in our day coach seats, pullman was unavailable for this part of the journey. When we awoke, we realized the train was in the countryside, but not moving. I asked the conductor where we were, he said, 80 miles south of Washington! All night long and we'd only gone that far, floods were delaying traffic all along the line.

Finally, we got moving and arrived in Greenville hours late, caught a cab to Happy Hill, and began married life!

I was worried that I had overstayed my Army leave by a day. But, it turned out they had made a mistake and short changed me a day. However, we had spent all our money, and Bunny was very anxious to see the new apartment we had rented. Fortunately, she loved our little apartment with its large bedroom with a double bed, dressing table with mirror, large closet off a bathroom with a big old fashioned bath tub. The kitchen had shelves made from orange crates, a small gas stove, room for a refrigerator and sink and a small table with two chairs. Cozy. It also had two large windows overlooking the backyard of Happy Hill with a small unpainted barn, and cornfields beyond. For Happy Hill was really almost, but not quite, in the country. Happy Hill stood on the slope of a hill running down to Augusta Road, the main highway from Greenville to Augusta, Georgia. On either side of the large brick house were small woods, so there was great privacy.

Mr. and Mrs. Williams and their daughter, June, were hospitable Southerners. Our apt. connected to the rest of the house through the closet. Soon Mrs. Williams, and or June, or both were knocking on the closet door, calling, "Bunny", and then coming in for a nice chat. So Bunny had instant female companionship, nice for her since this was her first living away from her own family. But she said, and I believed her, she was never homesick.

She tore into cleaning the apt. and making all the little adjustments that turn a house into a home. New to cooking, she

started in to learn, and began our evening meal early. They were feasts, to the extent allowed by the food rationing in effect during the war, what with coupons needed for meat, vegetables, as well as clothes. Luckily, across Augusta road was a small one man grocery store. The owner liked Bunny and saved unused coupons for her, so we got sugar and chocolate, and meat, above the ordinary.

Then too, I had joined the Officers Club at the Greenville Air Base. It offered splendid meals for low cost, and no rationing, steak or chicken dinners with all the trimmings for 50¢, officers seats had seat covers! The privileges of rank.

Every Saturday night there was a free dance at the Club, often on a lovely terrace overlooking the runways of the base when the weather was warm. The young fliers, all lieutenants or captains undergoing advanced bomber training were a lively, intelligent group that attracted beautiful young southern girls or wives. So the dances were gay and happy affairs.

At the office, I found informality the rule, with a bare minimum of Army regulation. We had no enlisted men, only officers and civilians, so class barriers disappeared. Most of the officers were lieutenants like myself, a LT. Col. was in charge of the office. He had been Dean of the Emory University in Atlanta School of Business and General Manager of a Cement Company in Louisville, a southern boy.

I soon discovered that two factors had led to my assignment to what was a "good job" in Army terms, (1) my Harvard B School record, and (?) the fact that I was born in Jackson, Mississippi, so a Southerner by birth.

The Southern cotton textile mill owners with whom our office largely dealt had not wanted to go North to New York City where the contracts were let, to be "renegotiated", I.E. to have excessive prices reduced retroactively. The New Yorkers in the N.Y. Procurement Office, largely Jewish, had little in common with the mill owners and operators. As a result, great friction resulted. Southern Congressmen had pressured the Quartermaster General to open an office in the South, staffed by Southerners. Hence the accident of my birth had sent me to Greenville.

Greenville was located on what is known as the Piedmont Plateau, at the foot of the Appalachian Mountains. Because of its location, Greenville had Spring like weather most of the year, with little

or no snow in winter, and summers cooler than in cities on the Coastal Plain like Columbia, South Carolina, the capital, or the port city of Charleston. It was located on the main railroad between Charlottesville, N.C. and Atlanta, and plentifully supplied with water from the mountains. So it had become a textile manufacturing center. All around Greenville were so called "mill villages", where cotton mills and cotton finishing mills had been established after the turn of the century. Before World War I, most of the cotton textile industry, once centered in Massachusetts and Rhode Island had moved to North and South Carolina; Charlottesville and Greenville had become the textile centers of these two states.

During the 1930's, the textile industry had suffered terribly, wages had dropped as low as 10¢ an hour at some mills. The only redeeming factor was the fact that, in the villages, the mill furnished free housing and utilities to the mill operators. Also, the mill store carried them on credit for food, clothing and other consumables. But, the War changed all that, the mills suddenly were swamped with orders for the Army, Navy, Air Corps and the Marines. Hundred of millions of yards were needed for tents, uniforms, belts, military vehicles, etc.

From poverty, mills were becoming prosperous, but Congress did not like "war profiteers", so the Army was given the job of "renegotiating" contracts to see that "excessive profits" were recovered through renegotiation settlements. Accordingly as a Renegotiation Officer, I and my cohorts poured over the financial statements of the cotton mills and finishing mills, made a determination of possible excessive profits, then held face to face negotiations with mill owners or their representatives to agree on a recovery. In three years, the Greenville Office recovered over \$100 million on \$10 billion worth of contracts. So we more than paid for ourselves.

Just before my marriage, I had been promoted from 2nd Lt. to 1st Lt. - putting on silver rather <sup>gold</sup> than bars was a step up. It meant more pay, an important matter to a newly married man, and also removed the "stigma" of being at the bottom rung of the rank-happy Army ladder. Company Commanders in the field were often 1st Lts. with 2nd Lts. as their platoon leaders. So I had, at last, reached its Army level of a Company Commander, or

the Navy rank of Lt. j.g., one step above Ensign. It was a comfortable rank, and due to the small size of our unit with no turnover and so little chance for promotion, I stayed there until I left the Army. So it was Lt. Gordon to the end! But this rank gave me all the privileges accorded any officer in the World War II Army around the World. And at the movies we had seat covers!

I worked a 6 day week Mon.-Sat. with one afternoon off for "exercise", and Sundays. The 40 hour week had given way to the 48 hour week during the War. But Bunny and I had fun, lots of it. We could not drive a lot because of gas rationing, mostly for food shopping and going to the Officers Club. I took a bus to the office.

We took a lot of walks along country lanes, or through the woods around Happy Hill. From time to time, the officers would get together for dinner at each other's houses, but Bunny liked it best when we "dated" by ourselves, at the movies, an occasional dinner at the Poinsett, or at the base, or just loafing around our apartment, listening to the radio, making love, and just plain talking to get to know each other and fill in the 27 years of my life before Bunny and the 22 years of hers before me.

We found we liked as well as loved each other. Both were college graduates, she in history and education, I in economics and history. So we found lots to talk about. The progress of the War was always a hot topic, but it seemed clear I was at Greenville for the duration, with little or no likelihood of going overseas into combat. So we became civilians in reality with most of our life geared to normal living, work, play, enjoying rather than combat, separation and loneliness.

I was luckier than my brother. Though he, like me, stayed stateside as a desk officer for 6 years, rising to Captain, his marriage suffered and finally broke apart. Marcia separated from him in 1944, and they were divorced in 1945. He began seeing his secretary June in a new light, and after the War, they were married in 1946. The break up of their marriage on top of Dad's death and my separation from home in the Army were hard on my Mother. But she determined to stay on in Two Knolls, her home in Ossining, N.Y., despite the war, and only one servant, Rebecca.

The months flew by. Our first Christmas saw Bunny's parents visiting us in Greenville. The second Christmas, in 1945, had seen the War come to an end with the surrender of Japan. Our office stayed open to settle up all the contracts in the mills when the War ended. Since we had no overseas service, it looked like the Army might hold on to us, with the possibility of being sent overseas for Occupation Duty in either Germany or Japan. However, there is always a loophole. The Army offered all of us in the Greenville office an early discharge if we would agree to stay on as civilian ~~War~~ Dept. employees until June 1946, when the Greenville Office was scheduled to be closed.

I, like the others, agreed to this deal, so in March 1946, I went to Atlanta where, at Fort McPherson, I was discharged from the Army, 3 1/2 years after I had been sworn in as a Private.

In June, 1946, we set out for Louisville, Ky. I had lined up a job as a professor of accounting at the University of Louisville. I had no desire to go back to Washington, or to work for David Lawrence again.

I felt the need to sharpen my accounting training as well, based on my renegotiation work. So, I thought teaching would be the best way to learn a subject; also, to be frank, no one else offered me a job. Millions of men were being discharged from the Army into a job market dislocated by the war's end and a switch from war to civilian production. The Government offered veterans tuition and a small monthly allowance for those wanting to go to college, based on the number of years service. As a result, college enrollments swelled dramatically and there was a sudden need for many more professors. My Princeton and Harvard training plus my renegotiation experience with financial statements got me the job in the Dept. of Economics at the University of Louisville, a well established urban university with a nice campus in the center of town.

Shortages were rampant, first for civilian clothes. I bought a blue pin stripe suit (Bunny had never seen me in civilian clothes!), and stood in a block-long line to buy 2 white shirts. And, our car broke down. They said the crankshaft was gone. It had broken down on a trip to Charleston, ~~W. Va.~~ <sup>S. C.</sup> in the Fall of 1945, <sup>where</sup> we went for a holiday after the war with Japan ended. In Charleston, we had a good room in the Frances

Marion Hotel in the center of that quaint old Southern city. We drove out to Folly Beach on the Atlantic Ocean, and drove our car right onto the beach, used it as a dressing room and ate and played and swam in one of the most "fun" days of our lives.

But then, the car broke down, we had to leave it in a garage in Charleston and take a bus back to Greenville. Two weeks later, a telephone call said it had been repaired. We boarded a bus again, back to Charleston and the Frances Marion Hotel again.

It was mid-September and a violent hurricane roared in from the ocean and hit Charleston soon after our second arrival. We looked out our window and saw trash cans flying through the air, and palm trees in the park across the street bent double under the wind and torrential rain. The hotel lights and elevator went out of service, so we walked down 4 flights to the lobby which was flooded, and ate dinner by candlelight. It seemed so appropriate in this old town with its houses dating back to the 18th century and Civil War history. We drove down to the Battery before leaving, to see Fort Sumter, the Union fort fired on by the Confederacy from guns mounted where we stood. A bit of history we always will remember.

Having sold our car, <sup>in June 1946</sup> we took a train to Louisville, the three of us, for Bunny was pregnant! She was expecting in August, so we needed a place to live. We managed to rent an apartment in the Highland section of Louisville, an old but very respectable residential area. <sup>during the summer of 1946</sup> While I prepared to teach economics and accounting courses at the university beginning in September.

The Summer of 1946 was very hot, as was the apartment; there was no air conditioning in those days. So I sat in my shorts and T-shirt and studied furiously, making lots of notes, preparing quizzes, exams and material <sup>for my courses</sup>.

In the meantime, Bunny was showing more each day, and feeling more and more uncomfortable. In the evenings, we took long walks around the neighborhood; exercise was supposed to make delivery easier. Occasionally, Bunny's father and mother would come and take us for a ride and to get some ice cream.

When we walked in the evenings, we could see in the distance another apartment house. Silhouetted against a window would be

a young couple sitting at table for dinner. They always said grace before eating. Their image has stayed in our minds for nearly 40 years, and led us not to forget to give thanks as well', the power of example!

Finally, on the morning of August 20, two weeks past due, Bunny said labor was beginning. We got up and she said she wanted to shower while I called her father to get us to the hospital. I was aghast at the idea of delaying our departure for a bath! But, she insisted, and we did not leave in quite the rush I had planned.

We were driven by Bunny's parents to St. Joseph Hospital, a large institution then, since closed, and Bunny went into a delivery room for examination. However, they said it would be several hours, so she was taken back to a private room to wait for her time. In early afternoon, her water broke signalling time was near, she was wheeled back to the delivery room, and about 4:30 was delivered of our first child, Byron Dover Gordon, weighing in at 8lb7 oz. He was a beautiful baby then and remained one always.

So, in a space of two years, I had moved from bachelordom to fatherhood. Now, I had to prove I could support a family, and find permanent housing, since our apartment had to be vacated by mid-September.

On both counts, I was happily successful. First, with the help of my brother-in-law, Twyman Humphrey, a successful businessman, we found a small house to rent in a new development on the south side of the city within walking distance of a streetcar line.

My first day of teaching was "scary". Bunny prayed for me as I left to become an Instructor in Accounting (I had no advanced degree so could not yet be a professor.) I entered a room full of GI's (slang for Army veterans, many as old as I), and advanced to the front of the room. They stared at me, I stared back and then smiled, and they smiled. Then, I went to the blackboard, gave my name, the course number and the books and other materials they would need.

I told them I, like they, was just out of the Army, was new



to teaching but had a good foundation, would answer their questions to the best of my ability and would not consider any of their questions "dumb". So, the first day went smoothly, and the days after. Using a combination of lecture, blackboard illustration, questions and quizzes, we proceeded to learn the fundamentals of accounting. I also had an economics course, but the text was so poor, I told them to do the reading, but I would not follow the text. Rather, they were to listen to my discussions, take copious notes, ask questions, and answer them. Pretty soon, my courses were all going smoothly.

To make added money, I offered to teach in the evening sessions, as well as daytime. So, I was kept busy, often getting home on the streetcar and bus ride needed to reach the campus after 10 p.m.

And, of course, Byron soon developed a case of colic, and the two of us took turns walking the floor with him all night long. And then, I had to go to class! But we survived, and baby thrived. Bunny took charge of both of us and we took walks together on Sundays pushing Byron ahead of us in a little buggy. The rougher the spot, the better he liked it. But usually, by the end of the ride, he was sleeping soundly. On cold days, his nose would get red, but he loved it.

Byron, luckily for us, was a happy baby, with a great laugh. He loved to sit in his highchair in our dining room-kitchen combination while I spooned food into him. We had to tie his cup to the chair because he delighted in throwing it on the floor for one of us to pick ~~it~~ up.

A great deal of time and effort went into sterilizing the bottles of his milk, and the rubber nipple. If one was dropped, another "sterile" one was prepared, we were so naive! But, he kept gaining weight and strength every day. So we were both content with our life on Camden St. in South Louisville.

By Spring of 1947, however, it had become clear to me that, if I were to stay in teaching I would need at least a Masters Degree; my simple A.B. from Princeton would not be enough once the overcrowding of colleges with GI's tapered off and then ended. So, I began looking for places where I could start work on an MBA

(Master of Business Administration) degree. I found one nearby, the University of Indiana at Bloomington Indiana had a fine School of Business offering an MBA program.

So one Spring day, we took our new black Chevrolet sedan, and drove north from Louisville about 125 miles to Bloomington. It was good to have a car again after nearly a year without one.

The ride to Bloomington took us through the rolling hills of Southern Indiana, a trip we were to make many times during the next two years. At the School of Business, while Bunny and Byron waited outside in the car, I registered for summer school in the School of Business, and arranged for an apartment in student housing in converted Army barracks.

In June 1947, we rented our little house in Louisville to Bunny's parents who were looking for housing. We packed a few suitcases, Byron's baby paraphenalia, and entered the life of a student again.

It was fun; we enjoyed our summer, despite the heat, wartime furniture without metal springs, an ice box instead of a refrigerator and lots of flies. The campus was full of GI's working on their degrees, most married, and many with babies like ourselves. Byron, cute as he was, was adored by little girls in our complex who fought to push him in a swing or to play with him in his play pen we put outside the door of our apartment on good days.

The summer passed quickly, and then we returned to Louisville and another year of teaching. It was much like the first one, busy day and night, as the war "babies" still pressed their education under the GI bill. But their numbers were going down, and the wisdom of the advanced degree became more apparent.

So, I asked for and received a year's leave of absence to get my MBA degree and began work on a doctorate. The University agreed to my leave with the promise of a promotion to Asst. Professor when I returned in 1949.

So in the summer of 1948, it was back to Bloomington. By Fall, I had completed work on the Master's degree, receiving my MBA in September 1948. Also, I received a teaching fellowship to allow me to start work on a ~~PhD~~ in Economics. <sup>Then</sup> So I began a busy fall, both teaching and being taught. It kept me studying night and day, 7 days a week.

Bunny was a "trooper". She put up with my long days of work and study with never a complaint. She wanted that degree as much as I. Meantime, Byron was growing from a baby into a little boy proudly riding his little tri-cycle around Hoosier Courts and on the grass in nearby parks.

To fill her days, Bunny shopped for groceries and necessities in downtown Bloomington, then a city of about 15,000, in addition to about 20,000 students on campus.

It was a pleasant, quiet college town. But as a graduate student, I took no part in undergraduate activities or sports. I had a full time job and kept my nose to the grindstone. When one of my professors of accounting fell ill, I took over his classes, including his night school classes once a week in Indianapolis.

On the night for evening classes, I bundled Bunny and Byron into our car and we drove north 50 miles to the center of Indianapolis, a city of several hundred thousand. While I taught, they window shopped, sat in the car listened to the radio and kept each other company. Driving back to Bloomington we reached home about midnight, with Byron fast asleep in the back seat. I would carry him to bed, undress him, put on his nighties, and he never woke up!

The winter of 1948-1949, was cold and snowy. We decided to stay in Bloomington for Christmas, rather than take the long ride down and back to Louisville.

The day before Christmas, Santa Claus paid a visit to our door. But Byron was frightened of him and began to cry! The poor man had to beat a hasty retreat. But we had a nice tree, the usual good assortment of gifts, a nice Christmas.

In the Spring of 1949, Bunny began to feel bad, ran fever, and the doctor said she needed to see a urologist. So I drove her and Byron to Louisville to see a specialist. They said she needed an operation to "suspend her kidney". So, I left my family with Bunny's parents and returned to Bloomington until the operation.

Bunny had two doctors, Stites and Bowen, who operated as a team. She came through the surgery in fine condition. To regain weight she was put on a rich diet and I had to give her insulin shots.

Oddly enough, kidney suspension operations are no longer performed, and insulin is never used for weight gain. I guess Stites and Bowen had their own ideas! Yet, it worked for Bunny's kidney, it stopped acting up and she gained so much weight (115 lbs. from 90 lbs.) that nobody recognized her at her niece's wedding, (Betty Humphrey <sup>my niece</sup> to Gene Blasi) when she was their attendant. Byron sat on my lap during the wedding.

Bunny and Byron remained in Louisville looking for a new home ~~now~~ we no longer wanted our old rented house on Camden. They found a small brick house in a new subdivision near the Louisville Airport, Standiford Field. I used my Veterans Administration benefits to qualify for a low downpayment. So we looked forward to moving when I finished my course work at Bloomington.

When June came, I completed all the course work toward the Ph. D. degree with an A plus average. Bunny was proud of me, and I was pleased that my ~~time~~ had not been wasted. The University of Louisville made me an Asst. Professor in the Economics Dept. even though I had not yet finished the doctoral dissertation required for the Ph. D. So, in June, I hired a truck to haul our few possessions, bedroom furniture, a few chairs, couch, refrigerator, dishes to our new house in Louisville.

Bunny and Byron were waiting, and we soon were comfortably settled in our first house (home) of our own. Things were looking up. Before summer school classes began, we took a trip to Chicago, staying at the then world's largest hotel, the Stevens, (now the Hilton) on Michigan Ave. overlooking Lake Michigan. I rolled Byron's folding bed through the lobby and up to our room so he would feel at home! We also went to Michigan City, Indiana and swam in Lake Michigan at a park set among the dunes (sand Hills). It was a fabulous beach and we made several trips to Michigan City to enjoy the great swimming. There was also an amusement park with rides near the beach, and a bandstand where public concerts were given. They even had a small zoo with buffalo, camels, lions and tigers. Byron always enjoyed our trips to Michigan City, as did his Mom and Dad. While we were in Bloomington, we took weekend trips to Brown County parks

34 Tarris - Pont de l'Archevêché



in Southern Indiana. There we would picnic amid the lovely trees and hills of these large parks. Byron, when a baby, would sit in his playpen and catch a big ball we threw to him. But, as a fat, lazy lump, he would not move his body to get the ball; Mom and Dad had to do that!

The year 1949-1950 passed smoothly; I had a full schedule teaching at the University, commuting by city bus since Bunny needed a car to shop. We met a young couple living one house from ours that we got to know and like very well, they've been friends ever since, Ina and Grady King. They had a son a little older than Byron, but they soon became friends and played together.

I built a sandbox for Byron and he had his tri-cycle to ride up and down the sidewalk in front of the house. One day a fire truck came down the street and all the children were allowed to ride. I put Byron on my shoulder and then lifted him up on the truck which took all the children around the block shouting and waving. What fun!

My doctoral dissertation was to be on taxes, specifically on the United States tax treaties with other countries. So I decided in the Spring of 1950 that we would go to Washington to talk to Treasury Department people involved in drafting and executing the tax treaty program.

In June, I was offered a raise and renewal of my contract with the U. of L. Thus fortified, Bunny and I started out in our new Pontiac convertible for Washington. (Byron stayed with Marguerite and Albert.) After sightseeing around Washington, Bunny and I went to the Treasury to see Ray Sherfy, my old Washington roommate, and now an attorney in the Tax Legislative Counsel's Office. Also, I stopped by the office of the Tax Advisory Staff (a group of Tax Economists) to talk about my dissertation. They asked me to come back after lunch for further discussions, and I readily accepted.

After lunch, Bunny went shopping on F St., Washington's principal shopping street while I returned to the Treasury with Ray. After nearly an hour's discussion, I was astounded to be offered a job as a Fiscal Analyst on the Tax Advisory Staff, a part of the Office of the Secretary of the Treasury. The pay

would be \$7,600 a year, about \$2,500 more than I was making at the University, even with my raise. Also, I would be able to do research needed to complete my doctoral dissertation on the spot where the tax treaties were actually negotiated.

Bunny was astounded, and we talked long into the night. But, the next day, I called and accepted the offer as a real opportunity. So then, I had to return to Louisville, resign my job, sell the house, and move! Also, we had to find living accommodations in Washington before returning home.

At our hotel we poured over the classified ads looking for rental housing. <sup>As</sup> we decided to defer any home purchases until the future became more clear.

As luck would have it, a house was for rent in Chevy Chase, Md., a Washington suburb on Connecticut Ave. in the Northwest (best) part of town. We drove out to the new home which proved to be a one story ranch home on a cul-de-sac with other similar ranch style homes. It was only 2 blocks off Connecticut Ave. where buses ran right down town to the main Treasury building on 15th st. across from the White House. The owner was a Navy Officer who had just been transferred overseas for a 3 year tour of duty. We signed a lease for a year with right of renewal for another year. So when we started back to Louisville we had a new job and home!

The University regretted my decision, but, of course, accepted it. Our house sold in one day! We put a 25¢ paper "for sale" sign on the front lawn, and by evening had sold it for our asking price, without any real estate agent's commission! Those were the days.

Then, suddenly our luck seemed to turn very bad. A call from Washington said the Civil Service Commission would not authorize my hiring at the grade 13 level offered me, in the absence of a Ph. D., panic! What to do, I had resigned my job, sold my house, and signed a lease in Washington. I told Treasury that I was in a bind of their, not my, making since they had not put any ifs, or ands, in their job offer. They agreed to see what could be done, but we sweat blood for 48 hours. Then a call came through, I would be hired at the agreed pay level as a Schedule C appointee, outside the Civil Service. Officially, I

would be on the rolls as an Asst. to the Asst. Secretary of the Treasury, but delegated to work with the Tax Advisory Staff. We were all set again!

So in mid June, 1950, we loaded our furniture in a van, closed the house, said goodbye to Bunny's sisters and parents and our friends and set out for Washington.

On the way, we stopped off in Pittsburgh to see my brother Roy, his new wife June, and their little boy, Steven. They escorted us to the outskirts of Pittsburgh and then we were on our way to a new job, home, and area.

I am proud to say Bunny never hesitated, Louisville was her birthplace and hometown, but she never looked back. I never returned full time to teaching but did finish my dissertation in order to complete and receive the Ph. D.

At Treasury, I found myself preparing research studies on a variety of tax topics. But all this ended very quickly, for the Korean War broke out. Every time I went to Washington, there was a War!

In Louisville, at the suggestion of my neighbor and friend Grady King, I had joined the Army Reserve and twice a month we went to training sessions of an Armored Reconnaissance Unit. I was supply officer for the unit. However, I resigned from the unit when I made the move to Washington. With my withdrawal, Grady also dropped out. This was fortunate for both of us, for in the Fall of 1950, the unit was called to active duty and eventually sent to Korea. The Captain in charge of the unit was killed there. So I escaped 3 more years of Army duty, and this time not the soft duty of World War II.

(In 1941, I had been urged to join the Washington Natl. Guard and attend its weekly training sessions. However, night classes I was attending at George Washington University conflicted with the Guard training times, so I delayed joining. In late spring of 1941, the unit was called to active duty, sent to the Phillipines, where most of the unit were captured by the Japanese, spending the War in Jap prison camps for 4 years. Was I glad of night school!)

The Korean War changed the focus of my work. From doing tax



*Korean War*

research projects, I was swept into war finance, higher income, excise <sup>taxes</sup> and a new tax on war profits. This meant long hours in conference, drafting memos, working on Capitol Hill (the Hill) with staff members of the Congressional tax committees, the House Ways and Means Committee, the Senate Finance Committee and the Joint Committee on Internal Revenue Taxation. I spent hours at tax hearings and meetings with industry representatives.

Also, because of my work on tax treaties, I worked as part of a Treasury team drafting a tax treaty with Japan. Japan at that time was still an "occupied country" ruled by the United States under General MacArthur. However, the time was approaching for restoration of Japanese sovereignty. So a delegation from Japan came to Washington to prepare a draft tax treaty to go into effect after Japan regained its sovereignty. I met daily with these little men and enjoyed their company. The Japanese team was headed by a Mr. Watanabe who continued to send me Christmas cards for several years. We were invited to a party by the Japanese delegation but Bunny was again in an advanced stage of pregnancy with Andrea, our daughter to be. Since she couldn't wear an evening dress, we had to decline. Something we always regretted.

In 1952, I was "loaned" to the Internal Revenue Service for about 8 months to help them get caught up on correspondence with Congress on tax matters. Even though I had received a security clearance from the Secret Service when I went with the Treasury Dept., the Revenue Service (then called the Bureau of Internal Revenue) reexamined me through their Intelligence Service. Fortunately, I passed again. However, we both got a shock when they asked if my wife had ever been a member of the Communist Party. Seems, back in the 1930's, a Mary Gordon from Chicago, Ill. had been ~~a~~ an active Communist! I assured them my wife was a school girl in Louisville in the 1930's and her father was head of the Republican Party! They were convinced.

We learned to love living in Washington. Byron found youngsters his own age in the houses around our cul de sac, and they would

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106*

all be riding their tri-cycles around, shouting and waving, and playing private or something. He particularly liked one little girl, Anita Mae Lehr, and used to boss her a lot! But they loved each other.

Across the street was a couple, Ben and Elizabeth Husband, who had lived for some time in Louisville, Ky. and had lots of friends in common. So we became good friends even though they were older than we.

We did lots of sightseeing, down the Potomac to Mt. Vernon, and then a George Washington special in the little commissary, cherry pie with vanilla ice cream. We loved the ride along the parkway edging the Potomac.

Or we would go to Hogate's restaurant overlooking the Potomac south west of Capitol Hill, and have turtle soup with Sherry in it and lobster! Prices were lower in those days!

On arrival in Washington we joined the Wesley Methodist Church on Connecticut Ave. near Chevy Chase Circle. It was a small church but had a fantastic minister, Rev. Stanley Lowell who preached marvelous sermons. He baptized Andrea after her birth.

Byron was growing from a little boy into a big boy. We entered him in a Nursery School in Bethesda where he enjoyed playing with other children. After two years there, he went to first grade at a private school run by an Episcopal Church on Wisconsin Ave. in Bethesda. We also acquired a new dog, a good old English bull named Silver (actually he was just 6 months old but looked ancient.) Silver lived until we were well established in Michigan) so became a regular family member.

Both of us loved Washington, so in the Spring of 1953 we began looking for a house to buy, we looked in both the Maryland and Virginia suburbs but didn't find anything in our price range that we liked. So we, fortunately as it turned out, did not make any offer to buy. By late summer of 1953, it was time for me to return to the Treasury Dept. from the Internal Revenue Service. So after Labor Day, I was back at Treasury. One day in mid September, I received a telephone call from a Mr. John P. Sullivan who said he was with General Motors Corporation in New York. He asked if I would be willing to come to New York to talk to him about a possible job.

Turn to 107

I responded that, of course, I was always open to offers. So I took a day of leave the following week, caught the morning shuttle plane to New York, taxied to the old General Motors Building at Columbus Circle. There, on the executive floor, I was interviewed by Mr. Sullivan, Asst. Director of General Motors tax department, by George Russell, Treasurer of G.M., and Fred Donner, Vice President, Finance for the Corporation.

After two hours of discussion, Mr. Sullivan made me an offer of a job working for him in the G.M. Tax Department in Detroit, Michigan.

I asked for time to talk it over with my wife and said I would call him back the next day. The proposed salary was well above my government salary, but it meant another move, this time to a new and untried metropolis.

Bunny and I stayed up late that night talking over the move. We finally decided to take the offer, and I so notified G.M. I was to report for work on November 1, 1953. This would give me six weeks to wind up my Treasury work, come to Detroit to find housing, and then to move.

The next six weeks were frantic, but we managed. Our landlord was pleased since his overseas duty was nearing an end so he could get his home back. Treasury was used to turnover, so didn't cry; anyway the Eisenhower Administration had moved <sup>in and</sup> transferred or demoted most of my old bosses, so I would have had to sell myself all over again if I had stayed.

We took a train to Detroit while a friend looked after the children; Andrea had arrived to our joy in January 1953, and was a thriving 8 month old girl.

In Detroit, G.M. furnished us with a car and a real estate agent. After much looking, we found a brand new ranch house in Birmingham, Michigan, a suburb Northwest of Detroit, about 40 minutes commute to the G.M. Building on Grand Boulevard. We rented it with an option to buy, and headed back to Washington to pack.

So, in late October, we put the last load in the van, finished packing the car, and prepared to head West. Silver, our dog, was very upset, sat in the house forlornly while the furniture was being moved out. But jumped quickly into an

aluminum cage we had bought which we loaded into the trunk of the car, with the trunk lid left partly up for air. Andrea and Byron were put in the back of the convertible which we had loaded up with our bags, so the two children rode high up, Andrea in a large wicker basket, Byron roaming loose, but loaded down with picture books to read.

Bunny had tears in her eyes, as we waved goodbye to our neighbors and friends of the last three years. We headed West and picked up the Pennsylvania Turnpike, the main route through the Pa. mountains. We drove until late at night, then stopped near Pittsburgh at a motel. The next night we arrived in Detroit and since our goods were still en-route spent the night in another motel.

However, we were all anxious to get settled in our new, new home. Since it was brand new, the first one finished in a row of six new homes, we could move in to a fresh clean house. We decided, no more motels, so we camped out in our new home until the furniture van arrived. Andrea slept on the floor on a sleeping bag hemmed in by suitcases for protection. We slept on Army cots. But, after two days, the furniture arrived, and we were soon settled in. Bunny was a wizard of speed and efficiency in all our moves. Dinner with tablecloth and napkins a few hours after the moving men pulled away.

The children had fun watching the other houses being built, they were in various stages of completion. We had a porch facing on Maple St., a busy crosstown thoroughfare, and spent warm evenings watching traffic flow.

Next door was a mansion with large gardens around it. In the mansion were two people and nine boys, the Morses. Byron was soon accepted by the boys and a baseball game was always in progress as soon as he stepped outside his own back door. So he lucked out. Andrea, still a baby, eventually became the girlfriend of a little boy only two doors down the street. So, the kids were settled.

Bunny missed Washington, as did I, so it took several years to feel that Birmingham, Mich. was to be our permanent home. But looking back nearly <sup>67</sup>40 years now, it seems like this suburban establishment has always been home.

209 110

Birmingham, located 15 miles from the downtown center of Detroit, had about 15,000 people when we moved, it climbed to nearly 25,000, before slowly declining as fewer children have come along in an aging population.

Birmingham has always been a white, upper middle class community with fine churches, schools, and expensive shops. At first I worried that it was too expensive for us, but as my salary and bonuses got better at G.M., we decided we should make Birmingham our permanent home.

Shortly after registering Byron in Quarton public school in 2nd grade, we learned of an opening at the Brookside Grammar School, a private school and part of the Cranbrook, Kingswood School complex going through high school. Byron found that his Eastern schooling had put him ahead of mid western public schools. So, when he visited Brookside and loved its teachers and programs, we decided on the added expense of private schooling. This brought Byron, and Andrea who also went to Brookside, contact with bright children from families of education and means. Sounds snobbish, but it wasn't. There was more real democracy there than in the public schools of Birmingham where social cliques were unfortunately very prevalent.

Once Byron was settled in, Andrea adapting and Bunny accepting, I was able to buckle down to my work at General Motors.

I was assistant to John P. Sullivan, nominally Asst. Director of the tax section of the General Motors Financial staff. Actually the Director Jim Wallace, was an ill man, awaiting retirement and only too glad to turn the reins over to new blood. Sullivan had held a variety of jobs in the New York Financial Staff. (G.M. in those days was hydra-headed-part of its headquarters was located in the General Motors Bldg. in New York City, the other part in the General Motors Building on Grand Boulevard in Detroit. The top brass in the 1950's were in New York but the Treasurer and comptroller functions were in Detroit. The Director of the tax section reported to The Treasurer in Detroit. As years went by, the center of gravity shifted from New York to Detroit, with the greatest part of the top brass located in Detroit. This dual-head relationship did however involve a lot of travel back and forth between Detroit and New York. So my first April in Detroit saw me making four trips to New York in that month. I

I was "living" on the New York Central Railroad's all-Pullman train "The Detrouiter". In later years, it became flights on American Airlines, but I never saw a year pass without several trips to New York.

My first job, I found, was to prepare each month a monthly tax letter for top management, covering principal developments in the areas of Federal, state, and local tax changes that might affect the Corporation with its nearly 150 plants throughout the country. In addition, I did a host of jobs for my boss John P. Sullivan who was in fact, if not in name, Asst. Treasurer of the Corporation.

We became very close, and finally he insisted on my riding to work with him, rather than taking the bus down Woodward, the broad avenue running northwest in a straight line from the Detroit River to Pontiac. In our drives to and fro, we covered the waterfront of corporate and world business. I learned what made G.M. tick.

John P. liked my work so well, he awarded me nearly a 100% bonus for 1954 (I was ineligible in 1953), so that I was in a position to exercise the option to buy the ranch house on Maple.

I traveled frequently back to Washington to talk to my old friends in Treasury and on Capitol Hill to get up-to-date news on top legislative developments. Also, I became a regular at hearings of the House Ways and Means Committee and the Senate Finance Committee whenever the Secretary of the Treasury or other witnesses of importance were testifying on top matters affecting Corporations.

Also, at corporate expense, I joined Tax Executives Institute, an organization of tax officials from the major corporations. In the Spring of 1954 I attended my first T.E.I. Convention at a Spa-French Lick- in Southern Indiana. There, I played golf in the tournament of conventioners. Owing to a screwy handicap system, I wound up winning a tournament I practically was forced into entering.

T.E.I. also held an annual mid-winter convention in Washington and for several years Bunny and I attended these meetings. They gave Bunny a chance to visit with our old neighbors, Ben and



Elizabeth Husband, as well as to party at convention dinners and dances. In the Fall of 1955, we went to the Greenbriar Hotel at White Sulphur Springs, W. Va. for a fun filled convention of T.E.I. members. Things were going very well and all seemed pleased with my work, especially my boss.

Thus, it was a surprise and disappointment to us both when an old friend of mine from Treasury, Bob Magill, an attorney on the Tax Legislative Counsel's Staff, walked into my Office and announced he was being brought in to G.M. as my boss, between me and Sullivan.

I very nearly quit over this but my pay was still good, I had no obvious job alternatives, and I still liked the work. Also, Bob proved to be easy to work with and get along with. So, I became eventually his Asst. when Sullivan was moved up to Asst. Treasurer and Magill to Director of the Tax Section. And when Magill moved up, I became Asst. to John Cook who took over as Director, coming in as an outside C.P.A.-lawyer.

So I became the Asst. to the Director and stayed in that spot until I retired in 1980, always a bridesmaid, never the bride. It was disappointing, of course, but, also had its compensations. As the Asst., I escaped much of the personnel headaches of being director, hirings, firings, evaluations. I escaped the boredom of reading and signing hundreds of letters and memos on trivial Federal, State, local issues on the Corporation's tax returns.

*at G M* Instead, I concentrated on developing General Motors tax policy positions. As the world's largest corporation, with 850,000 employees, plants around the U.S. and the world, the top executives of G.M. were called upon to make speeches, testify, give press and T.V. interviews, respond to reporter's questions, etc. Someone had to consider these questions, generally before asked and develop policy positions on whether G.M. favored or opposed or had no positions on various Federal, State and local tax issues. My job, working with the Director was to prepare policy answers for the top brass or the press, or to witnesses for the Corporation before Congressional hearings.

112

Also, I worked with the tax policy groups of such business organizations as the Business Roundtable (chief executive officers of such companies as Standard Oil, U.S. Steel, American Telephone etc.), the United States Chamber of Commerce, American Automobile Mfrs. Assn. etc. I attended meetings of these tax policy groups in New York, Washington and other places, helping to draft policy statements.

To help get rid of the Federal excise taxes on passenger cars that continued on long after the war emergencies that led to their imposition, I worked with General Motors Chief Economist, Henry Duncombe, and with representatives from Ford, Chrysler and American Motors on drafting testimony before the House Ways and Means Committee. We even set up a separate Corporation to lobby for the tax cut, with high priced Washington counsel.

Also, I became G.M.'s representative on the Detroit Financial Analyst's Society, the Economic Club of Detroit and the National Tax Association. So I was busy attending meetings and conventions of these and other groups. I would either prepare special reports to management on these meetings or incorporate the findings of significance in my monthly letter to the Corporation's Finance Committee, the top committee in G.M. presided over by the Chairman of the Board.

I did so much writing that I became known in the Corporation as "the fastest pen in the West"! My reports and monthly tax letters over 27 years filled volumes of 3 inch binders, a library of taxes.

When the energy crises developed in 1974, I spent much time in Washington attending hearings on energy tax proposals, including taxes on cars based on their fuel efficiency.

One day, while walking down the corridor of the Longworth House Office Building, across from the Capitol, I was asked to come to the office of the Chief of Staff of the Joint Committee on taxation. There I found the Chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, the Asst. Secretary of the Treasury and representatives from Ford and Chrysler. They asked if we would have any objections to a mileage tax on cars, i.e. a tax inversely proportional to a car's fuel efficiency, with so-called "gas guzzlers" to be taxed at rates equal to \$3,500 per car! I responded I knew G.M. was opposed to such a tax, but would give



them management's views by the next morning; they wanted a response by 9 A.M. the next day, and it was after 5 in Washington and Detroit.

I hurried back to the G.M. Washington Office, and called Detroit. Since the impact on car sales was requested, Detroit put computers to work and by morning I had an answer, sales would be cut by one million cars per year if the tax were adopted! As a result, the tax was softened considerably.

I was able to get other legislative changes made by responding quickly to technical questions asked me by members of the Congressional tax staffs drafting tax bills. Better that a bad provision never get into a tax bill, than trying to get it out after its incorporation. My close and easy relation with the staffs facilitated this without any resort to bribery, job offers or other illegal or improper practices. Moreover, I saw that G.M. never asked for special privileges. Thus, the welcome mat was out for me in Washington, unlike the situation for some lobbyists who used pressure tactics.

I never was officially a lobbyist, only the staff of the Washington office were so listed; instead I acted as an observer, reporter, liaison man. If contact with a Congressman or Senator was required, it was always done through a registered lobbyist whom I contacted and gave our tax position to. As a result, when a separate Government Relations staff was set up in Washington, they had orders to stay out of tax matters and to come to me. So, with little close supervision, I became G.M.'s "tax man", ~~advising~~ <sup>in</sup> (and determining) generally what public policies we should follow. Of course, I kept my bosses fully informed, but that was just good staff work.

One other task fell to me, keeping track of contributions to various taxpayer organizations in states around the country. We contributed amounts of nearly \$100,000 annually to such groups. I kept in touch with these groups to monitor their effectiveness, and to see if G.M.'s money was well spent.

These general descriptions of course, omit hundreds of other special assignments over more than a quarter of a century, speech writing, slide presentations, membership on the Canadian Tax Ctee, all of which took time and effort.

Now that you know what I did, let me describe a little what life at the top meant in the world's largest corporation. Although passed over for managerial duties, I became the "residential intellectual" of the Financial Staff in Detroit. As such, I was made, from the first, a member of the Senior Bonus Group, the top 1% of the Corporation in terms of pay, bonuses and pension, I <sup>had</sup> have a large 2 window office directly across from the Director. Since the directors all favored the open door approach, we looked at each other across a small corridor for over 25 years. This office was thus centrally located so I could readily come into the director's office or he in<sup>to</sup> mine. My office became a focal point for those wanting to talk to the director, but wanting my advice or appraisals before these talks. Finally, I became the central focus for efforts to upgrade the status of the tax section through raises, new hires etc. I spent many hours interviewing potential employees for the director.

I stayed in the same office for 25 years, wearing out several carpets and three sets of furniture in the process. After 25 years, I was moved into a larger paneled office with great<sup>r</sup> privacy, but perhaps so much that I began to feel a bit sidelined although the work load never let up.

As a member of the Senior Bonus Group, I was entitled to generous health benefits as well as a free annual physical examination which, in later years, I took at Beaumont Hospital in Royal Oak, Michigan near home so they would build a file on me in case of any health problems. However, fortunately, other than an allergy that caused my sinuses to ache, I was in very good health all my working years, scarcely missing a day.

In early years at the Corporation I lunched in the employees cafeteria and parked in an open lot. In later years, status, and seniority resulted in my moving up to the Junior Executive Dining room for middle level managers, a company car and free gasoline, all benefits worth more and more money as inflation took hold in the 1970's.

When I traveled, I stayed at first class hotels with no daily limit, ate in the better restaurants, was furnished a car to use in Washington and, for most years, traveled first class

by train and then plane. <sup>Frequently</sup> Sometimes, travel would be by company plane with top executives up to and including the Chairman of the Board. General Motors had a fleet of planes as large as many airlines. The Chairman in later years used a very fast twin jet carrying a dozen passengers in great comfort at altitudes up to 45,000 feet. It was usually 1 hour from New York or 45 minutes from Washington to Detroit. Company cars were available to take us to the plane or home or office.

Hotel prices that ranged \$25, \$30 a night in the 1950's had reach \$100-115 per night when I retired in 1980, but the level of comfort and room size had generally declined.

In later years, I also had a slot of my own in a garage physically connected, but across the street from the huge block long General Motors Building. Large as it was, 15 stories high and a full block covered, they were building another building across the street when I left to handle the overflow. Also, another square block annex behind the G.M. Building<sup>held</sup> other parts of the Corporate offices known as the Central Office. In addition, there was a huge campus-like technical center in Warren, where engineering and styling offices were located. We used the tech center auditorium for financial staff presentations and meetings several times a year. It was a 21st century kind of place, unlike the dignified 19th century atmosphere of Central Office.

In the G.M. Bldg. on the first floor were barber shops, shoe repair facilities, banking facilities, drug stores, exhibit halls for new cars, etc. At Christmas, the building was extravagantly decorated and lighted, with songs by the G.M. chorus, talks by the chairman of the board and crowds of people. In all, the G.M. Center was a small town of about 5,000 people at its peak. It became home to me.

Across the street, Grand Boulevard, was the 40 story Fisher Building with more shops, offices, radio stations and the Recess Club, a private lunch club where we held many meetings and where I was given a retirement party and a 25 year service party. Belonging to the Club was a cachet of success in Detroit. However, I only enjoyed its facilities in G.M.'s name rather than my own.

Going back and forth as I did, I built up a group of friends in New York, Washington and Detroit. As a result, the loneliness often associated with travel was alleviated. I did not have to eat too many lonely meals. In Washington, in later years, I joined the Republican Capitol Hill Club with excellent luncheon *g dinner* facilities. It was close to Congressional offices, the Capitol and a center for lobbyists and Congressmen alike. I enjoyed the fellowships there and often entertained Congressional Staff members in the excellent dining room.

CHAPTER X  
PRIVATE LIFE

But, it was not all work and no play. Bunny, the children and I had close relationships and ties. We ate together, played together and worked together as a family.

After 3 years in the ranch house on Maple, we had an opportunity to buy from General Motors a much larger 2 story colonial on Lake Park Drive, about 1 1/2 miles from our Maple Rd. house, but in a much quieter area. The children had the larger rooms needed as they physically matured, and soon felt at home with, and became a part of children in the neighborhood. Both Byron and Andrea succeeded in being accepted and becoming leaders in their own "gangs".

Bunny and I for a few years went to Christ Episcopal Church in Bloomfield Hills to please the children, many of whose schoolmates attended Sunday school there. However, as they moved up in age we returned to Birmingham attending the 3,000 member First Methodist Church, built about the year we first arrived in Birmingham, 1953. And the children switched too, Byron becoming active in the Methodist Youth Fellowship (MYF), and acting in church plays. Andrea liked her Sunday school teachers and eventually was married in our church.

## VACATIONS

As the years went by in Birmingham, we took many varied vacations. When Andrea reached age six, she loved horses. Byron was 13 and liked scouting. So, we took Andrea up the shores of Lake Huron to Black River Camp, a riding camp for girls from the Detroit area. Her first summer, she stayed a week, the second two weeks, and then for two summers more, a full month.

Byron began going to Scout Camp, at first for two weeks and eventually a month. Both children looked forward to these vacations from home, and from Mom and Dad!, while we looked forward to a little time to ourselves. We usually used these double and separate vacations for visits to Mother at Two Knolls, sometimes getting her to join us. One year we took the children, picked up Mother and drove to Cape Cod, then by ocean ferry from Woods Hole to Nantucket Island. We spent a fun week there at a little hotel. We rode tandem bikes, picniced by the seashore, went through the whaling museum and the whaling captains homes, and ate ourselves sick on great sea food of all kinds, a real fun time. We all looked back on <sup>the trip</sup> with pleasure.

We took Mother to Washington one Fall, and then on to Williamsburg, Va. to the Colonial Center, and also stopped at Yorktown to see the battlefield and Annapolis to see the Naval Academy. Again a memorable time for all.

Other trips were to Atlantic City where Andrea rode horseback down the beach while Bunny and Mother shopped the shops along the Boardwalk while I swam in the hotel saltwater pool.

In 1964, Bunny and I "did Europe" on the cheap. We flew tourist by Pan American Airways from Detroit to London. Then after visiting Oxford, and a trip down to Dover, and a climb up to Dover Castle (Mary Catherine Dover Gordon), as well as the sights of London, Westminster Abbey, the Tower, Mme Tussaud's Wax Works Museum, the British Museum, shopping at Selfridge's, we flew on to the Continent. We picked up a car in Brussels, drove to Ostend, then on to Rotterdam, Amsterdam, the Hague, down the Rhine Valley to Frankfurt. After a night at the famous Frankfurter Hof, we flew on to Berlin landing at Tempelhof Airport.

At Berlin, we visited Checkpoint Charlie, the break in the infamous Berlin Wall that allowed traffic between East and West Berlin. We climbed up a platform and looked over the Wall into East Berlin. I remembered how easy it had been to get around in all of Berlin in 1936.

We stayed at a small fun hotel, the Fruhling Am Zoo (Spring time at the Zoo) on the famous Kurfuerstendam, the principal shopping thoroughfare of West Berlin. We made love in the afternoon, then strolled up the Ku Damm window shopping at the many luxury shops along the avenue.

From Berlin, we flew to Munich, for a fast tour of town that did not permit time for a visit to the University or my old haunts. However, the heavy World War II bombing had changed the face of Munich, but I remembered many of the buildings like the Dom, or Cathedral, and the City Hall. On to Vienna by air flying down the Brown Danube to the Austrian capital. There we walked and rode trolley cars around the Ringstrasse. Unlike Berlin, there were only a few ruins to remind of the World War II bombings.

We sat in the little park outside the Hofburg (Imperial Palace) by a statue of Maria Theresa, and thought of the by gone days of Vienna's Imperial glory.

From Vienna, we took an overnight train to Zurich, Switzerland. We had a wagon lits compartment to ourselves. A drunken conductor tried to come in when he saw Bunny, but I shouted "Heraus" (get out) and he took off. In Zurich, we changed trains for southern Switzerland. Another train change at Brig and we took a narrow gauge railroad up into the Alps to Zermatt. The weather was warm, clear and the scenery with the snow capped mountains and picturesque Swiss villages almost unreal.

In Zermatt, we stopped at a little Swiss Hotel on the main street. Our room had a balcony from which we could see the Matterhorn in the near distance. It rose majestically and alone, towering above the surrounding mountains, with a snow cap even in July.

That evening, after dinner we strolled through Zermatt, a town of tourists and hotels. A little park held graves with crosses lit by candles for those killed trying to climb the Matterhorn.

The next morning, we were up early to see the mountain. We walked through the village to the road leading to the Matterhorn. It was a bright beautiful morning, and the air was clear. We followed a rushing stream with milky white water from glaciers on the mountain. Tourists in climbing gear were beginning to join us. But at the outskirts of Zermatt, we turned back. We had neither time nor inclination to try to climb the Matterhorn, even though thousands have done it.

Our little train took us back to Brig where we changed to an express train to Milan, Italy. Shortly after leaving Brig, we entered the Simplon Tunnel, the longest in Europe, about 10 miles through the Alps. After about 20 minutes in the dark tunnel, our train emerged into Italy. The change was apparent immediately. The houses no longer looked Swiss,,instead they were the pink stucco with green or black shutters found throughout Italy.

In Milan's huge railroad station we had a wait of several hours before taking the train to Venice. I tried to locate the Men's Room. My phrase book used the word "gabinetto", but nobody responded. Finally, one old man laughed and pointed to the W.C., the modern name for toilet. Evidently our phrase book was sadly out of date!

There was a very modern, air conditioned coach train from Milan to Venice. It took us down through the Po River valley, through rich farm country and town after town of pink stucco, shuttered houses. Late in the afternoon, our train began crossing the causeway over the water of a lagoon of the Adriatic Sea and then we were in Venice.

Our hotel was on the Grand Canal, just a short walk from the rail station. Our room on the 2nd floor had a balcony looking over the Grand Canal. After dinner at the hotel, we sat on the balcony and watched the canal traffic, motorboats, barges, gondolas, even sail boats running on motors. It was fascinating. Across the canal from our hotel were the grand palazzi of wealthy families with barber pole posts to tie their boats and gondolas up to the steps leading into these grand homes.

We spent two days in Venice. In St. Mark's square outside



the Cathedral, Bunny had a good time feeding corn to pigeons that swarmed around, even sitting on her hand! We saw the Doges Palace where in the 14th-18th centuries Venice was ruled as a separate state. The beautiful paintings by Titian and other Renaissance artists were impressive.

Then we started out for Lido Beach, but Bunny felt a little dizzy from the heat, so we compromised and instead sat in the shade of a sidewalk cafe near St. Marks and watched the parade of people from all over the world who are attracted to Venice as a unique city. We loved the city, the water, the little side streets and canals, the little cafes along the canals where people ate outdoors on the warm summer nights under lights strung across the patios. Venice was heaven!

We planned to take the train from Venice to Rome. We had tickets, but unknowingly, no seat reservations. We boarded the train, and were several miles out of Venice before the conductor came through, and said, having no reservations, we would have to get off at the next stop. We said we had our tickets and were staying put. This was the only air conditioned express train to Rome.

Finally, I reached in my pocket and took out the lira equivalent of \$2, gave it to the conductor, and lo-suddenly there were reserved seats for us. Never underestimate the power of money!

The train ~~road~~ through numerous tunnels and valleys as we wound down the Apennines to the plain on which Rome lies.

We reached Rome in late afternoon, and taxied to our hotel on the Via Conciliatore, the main avenue leading to Vatican Square and St. Peters. Our hotel was, in the 17th century, the home of a Prince of the Church, a famous and very wealthy Cardinal. It had marble hallways <sup>and</sup> steps, high ceilings and a comfortable room <sup>for us</sup> overlooking a little courtyard where a wedding reception was in progress.

We had dinner in the hotel dining room. It was our experience that eating in your hotel is the most practical way to dine without a great deal of effort, and loss of time. The quaint little restaurants listed in guide books often are on streets

impossible to find, or reach by taxi or car, or they are closed on the day you are there. The hotel dining rooms are always open at the hours most convenient to travelers, involve no distance, and while they are not always gourmet establishments, generally serve good <sup>food</sup> at reasonable prices.

For breakfast, we generally used room service. This allowed us to dress and pack without going down to the dining room, and we could eat in privacy, often on a hotel balcony overlooking an interesting square or body of water or garden. This became SOP (standard operating procedure) for us in subsequent travels.

We rented a car in Rome, and "roamed" the city, visiting the Forum, the Coliseum, the Vatican and St. Peters, the Fountains of Trevi, the parks and boulevards. Another day we drove ~~to~~ on the Autostrada south to Naples, a journey of about 150 miles. The Autostrada, or superhighways are excellent. Along the way are filling stations for gas, with restaurants for eating and clean rest rooms.

We drove around the foot of Mt. Vesuvius, past Pompeii and Herculaneum (the two buried cities) to Sorrento on the bay. In Sorrento we picniced in a park by the Bay of Naples, saw Capri in the distance, and then, because of time limitations, retraced our steps arriving in Rome late in the evening, tired but having much enjoyed our trip. On the way back we noticed Mt. Cassino where a terrible battle had been fought by the 5th U.S. Army in World War II. But the war damage had virtually been all repaired. Only a few ruined buildings were still visible 20 years after the battle.

From Rome, we took a Pan Am plane to Nice on the French Riviera. We dropped our Italian Fiat, at the door of the Ciucimo Airport in Rome. We landed an hour later in bright sunshine at the Nice Airport bordering the sea where another car was waiting for us. We were soon on the road west along the Riviera, driving to St. Tropez along the coast with beautiful hotels, villas and towns overlooking the bright blue Mediterranean. We ate lunch in St. Tropez, ~~had~~ stretched our legs in Cannes, and took a French superhighway (<sup>Express</sup> ~~Proge~~) back inland to Nice in half the time the coastal road required. After a "tea break", we took the coastal road east as far as Menton and Monte Carlo, the route known as the Grande Corniche,

a dramatic cliff-hanging highway.

In Monte Carlo, we saw the Casino, the Palace of Prince Rainier, the ruler of the Principality. But the day was getting very hot, and tourists very plentiful, so we drove back to Nice, had dinner in the dining room of the 19th century railroad station, and as dark was coming on, boarded the Blue Train for Paris. We had our own sleeping compartment and enjoyed looking out the window at the lights of the villages along the Coast, and the moon over the water before turning north up the Rhone River valley to Paris.

We awoke as the train was coming into the Paris suburbs. After detraining, we tried to find a taxi and had trouble. Finally, we learned that Paris taxis are supposed to pick you up at a taxi stand (Tete de taxi). So, we finally got a cab to our little, very French hotel, on the Left Bank near the University of Paris and the Boulevard Montmartre.

We stayed three nights and two days in Paris. As before, we rented a car; Paris is too big to see on foot. Bunny had her picture taken by the Eiffel Tower, we saw the Place Concorde where Marie Antoinette was guillotined, Notre Dame, all the standard sights. I enjoyed revisiting them nearly 30 years since my pre-war visit. But, it was even better for Bunny who fell in love with the "city of light", beautiful Paris, the most beautiful large city in the world.

Finally, it was time to fly back to London. We decided to make a dry run from the hotel to the airport. Lucky we did, British Airways, we found, left from Le Bourget, not Orly Airport.

So, we were up at 5 A.M., had a quick breakfast in our room, drove through nearly deserted streets clear across Paris to Le Bourget. There we dropped our car, caught the plane to Heathrow Airport in London. At Heathrow, we changed planes to the *Pan Am* flight to Boston and Detroit. Lunch was served while still in the air over England, and we arrived in Detroit about 4 P.M. Detroit time (11 P.M. Paris time), tired but happy with Andrea waiting for us at the airport gate. What a day, breakfast in Paris, lunch in England, dinner in Detroit. That's the jet age for you!

## FAMILY LIFE

After our European jaunt in 1964, several years went by before any major trips. As the 1960's drew to a close several events changed our life. Byron graduated from Cranbrook school in 1964. This was the peak period of the post-war baby boom's trying to get into college. We applied at several schools, colleges rather than the big universities. Cranbrook's very tough grading system proved a handicap now. A B average at Cranbrook was fully the equal of A at any public high school, but swamped with applications, college administrators were either unaware of or uninterested in the relative significance of grade standards among schools. As a result, Byron was turned down by several institutions, much to his chagrin and ours. However, he was accepted at a new college, Parsons College, in Iowa with a good faculty and all new campus. We drove out to Iowa to see it, and he finally decided to try the school. So, in the fall of 1964, we put him on a train to Parsons College where he did well academically. However, after one year there, he decided to come back to Michigan, largely because his girlfriend at the time a local girl named Darlene Duffy, was attending Central Michigan University in Mt. Pleasant, Michigan, about 125 miles north of Birmingham in the center of Michigan's lower peninsula. In 1968, Byron received his A.B. degree from Central Michigan and we, together with his Aunt Rite, (Bunny's older sister) attended the outdoor graduation ceremonies in the university football stadium. It was a proud day for all of us.

The Vietnam War and the draft was hanging over the nation's head. Byron decided not to wait for the draft, but enlisted in the Army right after graduation. After nearly a year in various Army training centers, Ft. Knox, Kentucky, Ft. Polk, Louisiana, he was to be shipped over to Viet Nam in the fall of 1969.

I will skip over Byron's war experiences as he is better able to describe them than my attempted summary. Suffice it to say, he came back safe and sound from a year in Vietnam after seeing combat with the 101st Airborne Division. ~~He~~, ~~upon~~ release from the Army, ~~he~~ went to work for a finance company, working for a