

*Some  
Memories*

*by*

*Robert Richard Fair*

Robert R. Fair  
October 2007

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Charlottesville, Virginia

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## PREFACE

These memories are those of a boy and a man who became a student, soldier, executive, professor, director, dean, husband, and father. This trip through memory lane relates the highlights of a person to whom endless individuals have been kind and generous. This story is of a fortunate person who looks back with a sense of deepest appreciation for loving parents, a magnificent wife, and very special kids and grandchildren, and who is proud of having tried his best to contribute sound values to the lives of others.

This is my story and has been written to relive my life by rekindling old memories. It is also a story about present and past members of the Case and Fair families in which I am fortunate enough to be a member. It was fun to write about the many happy events of my life, and sobering to recall some of my military life and several family losses.

I wrote without any references other than my memory and conversations with Camilla and brother Jim. They made a number of suggestions in an effort to keep me honest. Three of my Darden School colleagues, Henry Tulloch, Marie Payne, and Larry Mueller, gave me organizational and computer help for which I am very grateful.

I hope what is written here is interesting to family members and a pleasure to read. Some parts may even be of interest to friends and colleagues who were somewhere along my journey from boyhood to senior years. I wrote spontaneously and as best I could recall

about individuals and situations. There may be inaccuracies, and some events could have been either longer or shorter. I hope that what is here, though, will give the reader an idea of what one person's life has been like in the last three-quarters of the twentieth century.

—Robert R. Fair

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## **PART I - GROWING UP**

### **Early Days**

I was born October 21, 1925, in Tonganoxie, Kansas, a small town about 20 miles west of Kansas City, Missouri. My father, James Rutherford Fair, whom I always called Daddy, ran a small flour mill there called the Fair Mill & Elevator Company. This was the second time he had owned the same flour mill. He went bankrupt during the post-war depression of 1919 and the mill was closed. In 1923 he reopened the mill, but in 1928 he went bankrupt again and we moved from Tonganoxie to his home town, Newberry, South Carolina.

Daddy took a job as a miller's agent, traveling the states of Arkansas, Louisiana, and Mississippi. My mother, Georgie Irene Case Fair, who always preferred to be called Mother, sister Mary Nance, brother James Rutherford, Jr.(Jim), and I spent the summer of 1928 in Mountain View, Arkansas, with Mother's parents, while Daddy traveled in his new job. In the late summer of 1928 Mother and we three children moved to Newberry where we lived with my Grandfather, William Young Fair, at College and Chapman Streets. One of the reasons we stayed there was to take care of Grandfather who was 82 years old and a recent widower. Daddy came to visit from time to time, but he mainly spent his time on the road in his sales territory.

In August of 1929 it was decided that the family should be together once again, so we moved to Little Rock, Arkansas. We lived for a month in the Capitol Hill Apartments, and then rented a house at 1524 Schiller Avenue. Two or three years later my parents bought the

house for \$5,000. The big white house on the corner of 16th and Schiller was home to me for 43 years. This is where I grew up and where I returned to visit until my parents moved to a retirement home, Presbyterian Village, in 1972.

When I was growing up, the family spent a great deal of time in the house, in the yard, in the vacant lot behind the house, or in the homes and yards of our close neighbors. There was always something going on around the house and, of course, Mother and Daddy were there to patrol us kids. We were encouraged to bring friends home, and we could play anywhere around the house or in the yard. There was very little money for games and toys in those days, but we always had a ball and glove, playing cards, and popular board games like Monopoly.

Daddy even put up an “acting bar” between a tree and the side of the house in the hope that Jim and I would use it (to his disappointment, we rarely did).

In the spring, summer, and fall the vacant lot behind our house was a popular place for neighborhood kids to play softball, touch football, and other kinds of games they invented. Since the lot was right there, it was difficult for a game to begin without us knowing about it and joining in. Also, next door the Stantons had a basketball hoop on their garage. Around the corner another friend, John Hal Bennett, had a lighted ping-pong table for us to play on night or day. He later had a high-jumping and pole-vaulting bar and pit. Little Rock High School was a block away and we played on its tennis courts and grounds. We also watched the band and teams practice and generally joined into all sorts of their activities. On the corner of 16th and Park, opposite the vacant lot, there was a small “shopping center” with a

grocery store, a drug store, and a barber shop. We patronized all three, and as kids we hung around them some every day. Mother would send me to the store to buy a loaf of bread (12 cents), bologna (2 slices for a nickel), ham (2 slices for a dime), or a quart of milk (12 cents plus 2 cents deposit on the bottle). The drug store had a pinball machine and a nickelodeon, both of which intrigued me. They also sold ice cream cones or fountain cokes for a nickel, and milk shakes for 15 cents. Mr. Wise, the barber, cut my hair every three weeks. At first I hated going to the barber shop, but later I didn't mind it because every kid had short hair in those days.

There were children for us to play with in practically every house in the neighborhood. Some of the kids were older and friends of Jim or Mary Nance, but they created a lot of activity that I observed even though I wasn't old enough to participate.

My parents and we kids used our front porch a lot in the summer. We would sit out there almost every late afternoon and early evening and visit with the neighbors. During the day we would frequently set up the card table and play games on the porch.

We also played a lot of games in the house. I loved baseball, so we invented several different baseball games. One game was to line the living room rug with books—the Encyclopedia Britannica was ideal—as the outfield fence and set up dominoes at strategic places around the “field”. The opponent rolled a marble from behind the center field fence that the “batter” tried to hit with a 12 inch ruler. If the batted ball hit a domino his team received credit for a “hit”. If the ball missed all the dominoes the batter was out. The double six was a home

run, the double five was a triple, the double four was a double, and several others were designated as singles. We would keep score and play by the hour.

We played a number of card games such as Solitaire, Old Maid, and Go Fish. A favorite game to play with my brother Jim was card baseball. We would make up teams and play by dealing the cards and scoring what was written on them. We marked the cards with all sorts of plays: strike out, base on balls, ground out third to first, single, double, and so forth. In my imagination I invented the Western League with teams in Topeka, Wichita, Omaha, Council Bluffs, Lincoln, and St. Joseph. None of these cities had minor league baseball teams at that time. I had complete rosters and would calculate batting averages and pitching statistics. I was able to while away countless hours playing card baseball when I was about eleven to thirteen years old. It gave me a lot of practice in the use of numbers, including calculating percentages and averages.

Growing up we were forever making up games to play. We let our imagination run wild as we played cops and robbers or cowboys and Indians with rubber guns, or baseball by throwing a tennis ball against the front steps and fielding it in the street. We fantasized being big league baseball players or varsity track men as we played ball or ran races down Schiller Street. Another pastime was fashioning a bat out of a board and hitting rocks as far as we could in the vacant lot. About the only thing we didn't do were things that cost money. We just didn't have any.

## **School Days**

I began in the first grade of Centennial School in September, 1931. I still remember Mother taking me to the cafeteria for enrollment and orientation. Miss Fausett was my teacher, and art, penmanship, and music were my favorite subjects. Miss Autry was my second grade teacher, and I thought she was wonderful.

Our family was very musical. Mother encouraged my singing and would accompany me on the piano. Some of the songs I sang over the next few years were “Lazy Bones,” “Wagon Wheels,” and “Up a Lazy River.” I wanted to be like the movie star Dick Powell who had lived across the street. Before he went to Hollywood he would come to our house and sing. My attempts to emulate him faded as I was never comfortable singing in public such as in school assemblies.

The Stantons lived next door. Jimmy was by far my best friend and playmate. He was a year older, bigger and better than I was in most things, and I was always trying hard to be like him. There were four Stanton children and there was always a lot going on at their house. In fact, we almost tore the place up at times and Mr. and Mrs. Stanton didn’t seem to mind.

One day when I was about five years old and playing in the Stantons’ back yard their house caught on fire. Mr. Stanton was burning a Christmas tree in the fireplace and somehow it started a fire on the roof. We didn’t know this until a number of high school students came running across the vacant lot to tell us the house was burning. They had seen it from their classroom.

There was great excitement with fire engines arriving, furniture being carried out into the street, and firefighters swarming all over the place.

In May, 1933, I skipped half a grade, so in September I was in the second half of third grade instead of the first half. In September, 1934, two important things happened: the family spent a week at the Chicago World's Fair and, at school, I started lessons on the clarinet. In Chicago a family friend, William Garlington, rented a furnished apartment for us. We went to the Fair every day except for the one day Daddy took Jim and me to see the New York Yankees play the Chicago White Sox. We got there early enough to watch the teams take batting practice. Babe Ruth and Lou Gehrig were playing for the Yankees and we really wanted to see as much of them as possible. The Yankees won the game and Gehrig doubled twice to left field. I don't remember what Ruth or anyone else did.

During the fall the city's elementary school music instructor came to Centennial to talk to the third and fourth graders about taking music lessons. Somehow I decided to try the clarinet so the folks rented one for me. From then on, practicing and playing the clarinet took a lot of my time and attention but I liked it. It also gave me a chance to be a member of the junior high and high school bands.

On Christmas Day, 1934, Santa Claus brought me a bicycle that I rode everywhere. My classmate, Otis Cathy, also got a bicycle. We rode our bikes to Centennial, around the neighborhood, and before long, we rode downtown every Saturday to see a movie at the Roxy theater on Main Street. In those days some theaters,

like the Roxy, showed a cowboy movie, a serial, and a cartoon on the weekends. The serial would last for about ten or more weeks and we always wanted to come back to see what happened to the hero.

I always liked riding a bicycle. It gave me such freedom! I even rode one when I went to college and in those days, that was unique.

My first time away from the family occurred in June of 1935 when I went to a one-week camp in southwest Arkansas. The camp was sponsored by Miss Renfro and Mrs. Romine, two sixth grade teachers. At the camp at Caddo Gap we hiked, swam and played all kinds of games. I had a lot of fun for a while but was a little homesick and ready to go back home at the end of the week.

In the fourth, fifth, and sixth grades students were appointed monitors. The monitors were assigned places in the halls and at the doors to move student traffic along. In the fifth and sixth grade they were also assigned to direct traffic on the streets around the school. I had served as a traffic monitor at the corner of 16th and Battery Streets when I was in the fifth grade. Since Battery served as a US highway it still surprises me that ten and eleven year olds would be asked to stop traffic while children crossed the streets.

In the sixth grade there was an election for head monitor. This was the most prestigious job a student could have. It was like being student body president. Jack Gilkerson and I were asked to run for the position of head monitor. Jack won the election much to my disappointment. About a month or two later Jack did

something that led to his removal as head monitor. This necessitated another election. I ran against Billy Toler and was elected. My disappointment turned to unabashed joy and I felt like I had really accomplished something.

That year I had to start wearing glasses. This hurt me quite a bit because very few people wore glasses in those days, and I thought glasses would diminish my status as a regular fellow. Under all circumstances I did not want to be regarded as a “sissy” and glasses suggested to me, at least, that I was something less than “manly”. I was sure that they would limit my ability to be an athlete, a baseball or basketball player, and that was one of my top priorities at the time.

I was promoted to the seventh grade at West Side Junior High School in January 1937. My parents gave me a new shiny metal clarinet, and I played three years in the West Side band. I was selected for the Varsity Band made up of students from all three junior highs in Little Rock. I thought it was quite an honor. I played in it all three years—the last year as second clarinetist. Calvin Holt from West Side was first, and there was no doubt that he was the better player. Calvin and I became the best of friends through high school and for many years beyond.

I made the Honor Roll all six semesters at West Side, and I was especially proud to wear a badge on my sweater indicating that accomplishment. Also, I was sports editor of the monthly newspaper in the ninth grade, and I played on the basketball team in the eighth grade. Unfortunately, I wasn’t tall enough or good enough to play in the ninth grade, but I did well in

intramurals. This was partially due to playing basketball in the Stantons' back yard just about every day after school. I have loved basketball ever since.

Shortly after I became 12 years old in October 1937 I joined the Boy Scouts, Troop 24, at Asbury Methodist Church where Mr. Bowen was the Scoutmaster. My brother Jim had preceded me as a Scout and had attained the rank of Eagle. This was a big incentive to me because I always wanted to do everything that Jim did.

Every summer for the next three years I spent two weeks at Camp Quapaw on the Saline River, between Benton and Hot Springs. I completed the requirements for First Class Scout in 1938, and two years later I earned the merit badges needed to become an Eagle Scout. I was awarded the badge in 1940 and was tapped for the Order of the Arrow at Camp Quapaw that summer. I returned to Quapaw for two weeks in the summer of 1941 as a counselor. My years as a Scout turned out to be invaluable in helping prepare me for the challenges that arose shortly thereafter.

I was promoted to Little Rock High School in January, 1940. Calvin Holt and I were immediately selected to play in the high school's national championship band. The director, L. Bruce Jones, insisted that all clarinetists have wooden instruments, so Mother and Daddy dug deeply into the family treasury and bought a Selmer clarinet for me at the unheard of price of \$200. Supposedly, it was one of the last instruments made in France before the war, and I treasured it. Calvin and I played second clarinet, third and fourth chairs. Our band went to Shreveport,

Louisiana, that April for the regional band contest and easily won it. Mr. Jones had a terrific organization and was quite a musician himself, as well as a disciplinarian. It was on one of the days in Shreveport that we heard that Winston Churchill had just been elected prime minister of Great Britain. I was almost fifteen years old, and little by little our country's drift toward war in Europe began to arouse my interest.

### **My First Business Experience**

For eight weeks in the fall of 1939 I had an *Arkansas Democrat* afternoon paper route. It was in a marginal neighborhood where about half of the subscribers were poor blacks who found it very difficult to pay regularly. I soon found it impossible to make any money so, reluctantly, I resigned.

Early in the summer of 1940, however, at the urging of my friend Bill Eberts from West Side, I started delivering the morning paper, the *Arkansas Gazette*. My first route was around my home. Each week I delivered over 200 papers for which I paid 15 cents per paper each week and collected 20 cents. Almost everyone paid so I made about \$10 a week. I dragged myself out of bed at 4 o'clock in the morning and finished my deliveries around 5:30. Then I flopped back into bed and got up for school around half past seven. I wasn't enthusiastic about the job but I liked making a little money for the first time.

Six months later I was asked to give up half my route and merge the rest with the route next to it. This gave me 300 papers to deliver and increased both the

work and my income by 50 per cent. I hired classmate David Garrett to throw half the papers for \$2.00 a week. Six months later I took over another route with 400 papers and I had this route for a year. I paid 13 cents a week for a paper and collected 20 cents. This was a potential income of \$30 a week, a good income for those days. Bobby Bogguss was now my helper. Collecting from my customers tied up my Saturday mornings and Monday and Tuesday nights. Surprisingly, I eventually got used to getting up early as there was something special about having the responsibility and making a good income. What I didn't like, however, was calling on non-subscribers and trying to talk them into taking the paper. We had to do this solicitation on Tuesday and Thursday evenings, and I found it difficult ringing doorbells.

One night after a meeting of all the carriers, Ralph Bradbury, the manager, asked me to stay. He let me know in no uncertain terms that my solicitation performance was poor, as was my "attitude" about soliciting, and he wound up his dressing down by firing me and demanding my route book. I was mortified. I left the station and went around the corner to a drug store to kill some time. After a few minutes I went back to Ralph and begged him to take me back. After extracting all sorts of promises to improve my performance, he handed back my route book. I just could not go home and tell Mother and Daddy that I had been fired. It made a lasting impression on me to always do my best, and it ended up impressing Ralph so much that later he complimented me in front of the other carriers.

In the late spring of 1942 Ralph Bradbury joined the U.S. Army Air Corp. We had a going-away party at

Millwood Park for him and his new wife. Less than a year later Ralph was killed in a plane crash. This was the first person I had been close to who gave his life during World War II. I was stunned.

### **Basic Building Blocks—Family, Religion, Sports, and Music**

Both Mother and Daddy came from big families that stayed close throughout their lives. Daddy's family had lived in Newberry, South Carolina, since the 1770s and Grandfather, William Young Fair, was born there in 1846. My Grandmother, Mary Williams Nance Fair, died when Daddy was only three years old. They had eight children but only Daddy, two brothers, and a sister (Uncles Rob and Will and Aunt Nance) lived to maturity. Over the years my aunt and uncles spent a lot of time in Little Rock or we went to see them wherever they lived. There was always talk around the house about the family history, the good old days in Newberry, and everyone's current situation. Aunt Nance acted as the catalyst in these activities.

Mother had nine brothers and sisters. Her mother, Angie White Case, (Granny to the grandchildren) and her father, Richard Case (Grandpa) had a big house in Mountain View where their children and the grandchildren gathered from time to time, especially in the summer. During the 1930s four of my uncles and aunts and their families lived in Mountain View, so there were always a lot of relatives around when we visited. When we were there for two or three weeks other members of the family would visit and add to the fun. Mother and I really enjoyed these visits, while Daddy usually stayed in Little Rock or had to travel.

Mountain View was a small town of 500 people. It is the county seat of Stone County. In the 1930s it had no paved streets and no city water, electricity or other amenities. The Cases were relatively well off. They had installed their own pump and watering system and a gasoline generator for electricity. There were two indoor bathrooms, a telephone (with a hand crank to call the operator), a piano and other musical instruments, a storm cellar, and big wrap-around front porch where the family would adjourn for after dinner conversation. The big house and the yard provided we children an almost infinite number of places to play.

Grandpa ran the town's general store, post office, Ford dealership, and various other things. He owned real estate, including two of the houses my uncles lived in and another house across the street. Granny took in boarders and eventually ran the Case Hotel. In fact, that was how Mother and Daddy met back in 1912. Daddy was traveling in north Arkansas and stayed several nights with the Cases. At that time Mother was a 20-year-old school teacher in the Mountain View schools. She also helped serve the guests during dinner.

Four years later Mother and Aunt Nettie (Janet) boarded a train en route to Little Rock. They just happened to sit in the same coach where Daddy was seated, traveling from Kansas City to Little Rock. Even though four years had elapsed, he recognized Mother and struck up a conversation. He took Mother and Aunt Nettie to dinner at Newport, where they had to change trains from the Missouri Pacific train to Memphis to the one to Little Rock. By the time they got to Little Rock Daddy was determined to stay in touch. During the next

year he wrote often and came to Mountain View to visit. He proposed less than a year later, and both Mother and Daddy later admitted that they hardly knew each other. They were married in October of 1917. Uncle Will was the best man, and he often kidded Daddy that he had kissed the bride before Daddy.

Over the years it was obvious to me that family was very important to the Fairs and the Cases. Like all families they had their squabbles, but there always was a lot of love and affection for each other. There was very little said about it, but it was there in abundance.

A big thing in my young life was the Second Presbyterian Church. Mother was very active in the church and Daddy was an Elder and Clerk of the Session for years. Going to Sunday School and Church was a given on Sunday. For seven years I received awards for attending Sunday School every Sunday during the year. Mother was also given perfect attendance awards, so we supported each other. If we were out of town we had to find a Sunday School to attend. During trips the rest of the family usually waited in the car or walked around a strange town waiting for us.

I enjoyed my contemporaries at Second Church. Many of us, like John Larson and Cowle Hamilton, went all the way through Sunday School together. Others, like Marion Boggs, joined as they moved into town. These and others were bright and engaging persons who had a real influence on me. We associated with each other in young people's meetings and socially as well. John, Cowle, and Marion were very smart and were interested in many things that I had not yet been introduced to, such as chess, theater, tennis, golf, and a number of

intellectual topics that I had never known about, much less discussed.

Another important thing to me while I was growing up was sports. I remember so well being taken to a Little Rock Travelers baseball game at the opening of the new Travelers Field in 1931. Daddy and Jim went to baseball games all the time and I wanted to tag along. By the time I was 8 years old I joined the “Knothole Gang” at the Boys Club. For 25 cents I received a membership card that allowed me to go to most games and sit with the other members in a special section of the bleachers. At 12 years of age I had to start paying 25 cents to get into the games. By my last two years in high school I followed Jim as an usher in the box seats which allowed me to go to all games and have a good seat—I received no pay but saw lots of baseball.

I played all sports on the vacant lot behind our house or on the Stantons’ backyard basketball court. I loved big league baseball and followed the Detroit Tigers religiously. Jim liked the New York Yankees, so of course I had to pick another team.

In the spring of 1941 the high school band went to Jackson, Mississippi, for the annual band contest. We won that one easily. Calvin and I were now playing first and second chair solo clarinet. My first cousin, Amalie Fair Robinson, and her husband came to hear us in Jackson.

### **War Enters My Life**

I shall never forget Sunday afternoon, December 7, 1941. I had gone to the movies, and at around five

o'clock a yellow message ran across the screen. The Japanese had attacked Pearl Harbor! I went to the young people's meeting at six o'clock and there was a message for me to report to the *Gazette* station immediately to sell "Extras". The papers sold like hot cakes.

The next day there was a special high school assembly. A radio wired to the public address system was in the center of the big stage. We listened very closely to President Roosevelt deliver his declaration of war message to Congress. There was much buzzing around school that day, and I began to wonder how the war would affect me.

In early 1940 the country debated a bill to draft men into the armed services. After it passed, I spent a Saturday morning at the elementary school where Mary Nance taught as she and the other teachers registered all the men in her school district for the draft. It was interesting watching men from all walks of life come through the door not knowing exactly what the future held for them.

The army reactivated Camp Robinson on the North Little Rock city limits in about 1940. National Guard units occupied it first and then it became an infantry division training site. This brought about 30,000 soldiers to the Little Rock area and changed the town. Soldiers were everywhere, especially on weekends. Their presence not only caused crowding in theaters and restaurants, but created an air of excitement throughout the city. Because I was only 15 I was not especially concerned about going into the army but in early 1942, when the draft age was lowered from 21 to 18, I became much more concerned.

I was on course to graduate at mid-term in January 1943, and even had the opportunity to skip the last half-year and go on to college. I decided to postpone graduation until May 1943 in order to take over first chair, solo clarinet, in the band and to play second clarinet in the Arkansas Symphony. It also allowed me to take a year of physics, a third year of Latin, and advanced math. In addition, I had been selected to be a student manager of the school's varsity athletic teams, which was a big deal. Finally, I was only 16 and a half in May, 1942 and I thought I was too young to go off to college.

### Alaska—A New Adventure

In the late winter—January or February—Daddy read in the evening paper that the U.S. Public Roads Administration had positions in Alaska for under-engineering aides. He encouraged me to go the federal building and apply, which I did. Within a couple of weeks I got a phone call saying that I had not been selected. That was OK with me as I still had a few more months before graduation.

I graduated from Little Rock High School on May 14, 1943. I had two full tuition scholarships, one to the University of Arkansas via competitive examination (\$100), and a band scholarship to Louisiana State University (\$200). I assumed I would go to one of these colleges until I got drafted. I had also taken the A-12, V-12 exam for army and navy college programs. I had crossed off V-12 as I assumed I couldn't qualify for the navy because of my poor eyesight. In mid-May I was notified that I had passed the A-12 exam and should

enlist in the U.S. Army Reserves if I wanted to take advantage of the program. This I did. Almost immediately thereafter, in late May, I was called at home by the local head of the U.S. Public Roads Administration to ask if I wanted to go to Alaska two days later. After I told my folks about the opportunity Daddy said "go"; Mother was not enthusiastic. I called the man back and told him I would go. Then I had to get ready to leave in less than 48 hours.

My first problem was to obtain a copy of my birth certificate. Daddy called Topeka, Kansas, and they promised to get a copy in the mail that afternoon. I had to have a complete physical examination, and Mother arranged for me to take it the next day. There were other frantic last minute arrangements to be made, but somehow they got done. Two days later I met seven others at the Union Station for the trip to the Public Roads headquarters at Whitehorse, Yukon Territory, Canada.

We left Little Rock on the four o'clock Missouri Pacific train to St. Louis. We went by Pullman in a car that was switched in St. Louis to a Chicago train. We arrived in Chicago early in the morning the next day. None of the other 17-year-olds had ever been there before (I had attended the Chicago World's Fair in 1934, not that I remembered much about it) so we spent the two hours walking around the downtown area and getting some breakfast. Around nine o'clock we boarded the *Hiawatha*, the Milwaukee Road's streamliner, for Minneapolis. This was an exciting ride. We then went to St. Paul where we took a sleeper on the Great Northern for Winnipeg. We were awakened in the middle of the night to clear customs.

In Winnipeg we transferred to the Canadian National for the 24-hour ride to Edmonton, Alberta. The trip from Little Rock to Edmonton took three nights and parts of four days, but we were traveling first class and were quite excited about the whole thing.

In Edmonton we reported to the Public Roads office and went to their barracks on the outskirts of town where we were assigned beds, had breakfast, and took a shower. The barracks was on a trolley line so we could move about the city easily. We were told that we would be there for a couple of days so we fooled around the city, sightseeing, going to the movies, and meeting some of the people. Three or four of the more enterprising members of the group found a church and attended a young people's meeting that Sunday evening. They met some girls and ran around with them the next two days. I was envious but probably wouldn't have had the nerve to join the group.

Two days later we boarded the Canadian National again, this time chair car, for the next part of the trip. We went to Jasper National Park where we transferred to a train headed for Prince Rupert, British Columbia. We actually got off the train at the last stop before Prince Rupert and went to a small U.S. Army base where we spent two nights and a day. My first taste of life at an army base didn't seem too bad. There were movies, a Post Exchange, and very little to do.

After two days we were trucked to a pier in Prince Rupert where we boarded a ship for Skagway, Alaska. The small steamer went up the inland waterway, stopping at Juneau and one or two other places. I got

seasick after supper, so I thought it was a tough trip. We arrived in Skagway around nine o'clock the next morning and walked a couple of miles, with suitcases, to the heart of town. Again we had an hour or two to look around.

At high noon we boarded the White Pass and Yukon narrow gage train for Whitehorse. We were warned to buy box lunches because there were only two passenger cars and no diner. The train itself had about a dozen freight cars and three locomotives, two in front and one in the rear. This was necessary in order to get us from sea level to the top of White Pass. I have never experienced a more scary and uncomfortable ride. The narrow cars only had built-in wooden seats and the train crept along, even after it had gone through the White Pass. The train stopped once so we could get out and stretch our legs. It took us eleven hours to go 110 miles. We got to Whitehorse and the Public Roads barracks around midnight, completely worn out.

We were only around a few days before it was decided that there were no under-engineering aides jobs for us. We were assigned to the kitchen as waiters and kitchen help. I waited tables for a day or two and was then assigned to the kitchen as a dish washer. I was very embarrassed about this and did not tell the folks until much later. After a week or so our pots and pans washer/garbage man left, and I volunteered for that job. That's what I did the rest of my stay in Whitehorse. I wanted that terrible job because a panel truck came with it. I used the truck to carry as many as four 40-gallon cans of garbage to the dump every day. The rest of the time the truck was mine to use. Since we had several hours of free time in the mornings, the afternoons, and at night, I could drive around the area at my leisure.

Obviously, I was very popular with the rest of the crew, and we went everywhere.

I played on the Public Roads softball team. We had games two or three times a week after supper. Since it stayed light almost all the time, we could play as late as 10 or 10:30 pm with no trouble.

We played a lot of cards and penny-ante poker. We would watch the bosses play no-limit poker in the rear of the laundry room and were properly impressed with their winnings and losses.

We were paid \$250 a month plus all living expenses. I had taken \$100 with me and had some left over by the time I got to Whitehorse. About the time that ran out I was reimbursed a \$100 for out-of-pocket travel expenses. That was a lot more than I needed so I sent home my first two or three semi-monthly checks.

Some of us were always roaming around town in our time off. There were only two or three stores of any consequence. It was a very small frontier town, and we got to know several of the townspeople. One of the people we got to know best ran one of the general stores. I ordered several Glenn Miller records from him and bought the only pair of Levis I've ever owned. One Sunday he invited several of us out to his "summer cottage" on a lake about five miles from town. He encouraged us to go swimming—he had several suits available—and some of us did. Without a doubt that was the coldest water I've ever gone into—and right back out of!

When we first got to Whitehorse an army corporal came around trying to sell us a record player and records. He was leaving and offered to “give all of it away” for \$40. I bought it and played it quite a bit. It was also borrowed by those who were arranging parties and dances in our rec hall.

Once while I was there I came down with a bad cold and was sent to the little infirmary the army had at their base. (I picked up their garbage every morning.) I was only there two days but I learned to play cribbage from one of the other patients.

Mother wrote often and sent me clippings from the newspaper. Even though she sent them air mail it still took a week or more for the mail to arrive. On August 16th I received a letter from her with orders enclosed to report to Louisiana State University (LSU) on August 18th for the beginning of the A-12 or Army Specialized Training Reserve Program (ASTRP). One of the advantages of going to Alaska was that I was draft exempt, and I had understood that it applied even though I had enlisted in the reserves earlier. So I could stay or go. Even the orders stated that I didn't have to report but would be subject to the draft or call when I reached 18. This created a problem for me. Should I stay or go?

After dinner that night I got an appointment with a Major at the army base to talk about it. He was no help. The next morning I decided to go to the head of the U.S. Public Roads, the man responsible for building the Alaskan Highway. I had never seen him, but since he was the most important VIP around I thought I should talk to him about it. I had a tough time getting an appointment, but finally on August 18 I got to see him in his huge

office. After showing him my orders and talking to him for a few minutes he recommended strongly that I take advantage of the free education. When I agreed with him he offered to get a seat for me on the evening plane from Whitehorse to Edmonton. Since it was four or five o'clock already, I thought he meant in the next two or three days. But he meant that night, and the plane left at seven o'clock. Thinking I had a day or two I went back to the kitchen to work. Shortly, I was notified that I was to be at the airport within an hour and a half.

My problem of getting ready to go, to say goodbye, to pack, sell my record player, get some money, etc. was almost too much to solve in an hour and a half but somehow it worked out. I only had \$10 so I sold the record player to one of the group for the \$40 I had paid for it, and then I borrowed \$40 from another one of the guys. I packed what I could in the one suitcase I had and asked that the rest be packed and sent to me. Then I got a ride to the airport, asked those with me to say goodbye to all the other people I had known, and got on an Army Air Force C-47 for my first-ever airplane ride. The plane was very uncomfortable: metal bucket seats, very little insulation, cold, and bumpy. Although I got sick again, I managed to hold it until we got to Edmonton four hours later. When we got to Edmonton at 1:00 am—their time—I got a ride to the Public Roads barracks where we had stayed two months earlier and found an empty bed. Because there was no one to ask when I checked in I was a bit worried that I shouldn't be there or was in someone else's bed. As it turned out there was no problem with my staying there.

The next day I went to the airport to try to get a ride back to the States. I had been told in Whitehorse

that Ellis Fagan from Little Rock was an Air Force Major stationed at Edmonton and he might help me. The name was very familiar because he had been our district's state representative. Amazingly I found the Major just as he was about to leave for somewhere in Canada. He stopped at the transportation desk to ask that I be considered for any available space on planes bound for the States, so I waited around all day. Unfortunately I didn't get a ride. I went back to the barracks to eat and sleep that night before going back out to the airport the next day. Again, no luck. That evening I spent almost all my money on a ticket to Little Rock and boarded the nine o'clock Canadian National train to Winnipeg. I was retracing my trip north but in a chair car instead of a Pullman.

I rode all night and arrived in Winnipeg the next afternoon around five o'clock. Then it was on to Minneapolis on the Great Northern. I arrived there early in the morning and, after washing in the men's room of a large hotel, ate a little breakfast. I then went to the nearest Western Union office. Since I was down to my last couple of dollars I wired Daddy collect to send me a five-dollar money order and to tell him I was on my way home. My train didn't leave until late afternoon so I had time to wait for the money order but with very little money to spend. My solution was to ride the streetcars to the end of the line and back. Around noon, while I was riding through St. Paul, we passed a theater advertising a movie and a stage show featuring Ozzie Nelson and his orchestra. His vocalist was Harriet Hilliard. So I went to the theater. It didn't cost very much and it killed three hours very nicely. Then back on the streetcar to Minneapolis and Western Union. Sure enough, I had a money order waiting for me and it was for \$10!

I rode a very crowded Rock Island Rocket to St. Louis that night. I had to stand for about one-half the trip. We arrived on time and I caught the morning train to Little Rock. When it arrived Mother and Daddy were at the station to meet me. It was good to get home, even though I was only staying for one day before going on to LSU.

### **Combining College with the Army**

It was now late August 1943 and I was over a week late reporting to the ASTRP unit at LSU. So I had to keep going. I left Little Rock the next evening on the Missouri Pacific for one more overnight ride in a crowded chair car. I arrived in Baton Rouge the next morning and went by cab directly to the campus. I was told that the ASTRP office was upstairs in the student union building. When I got upstairs and told a woman behind a counter who I was and that I was reporting for the program she immediately sent for an army corporal who came charging out of his office. In no uncertain terms he asked where I had been and that I was eight days late and so forth. As soon as I could get a word in edge-wise I told him that I had received my orders late and that I had come all the way from the Yukon as fast as I could. This made a tremendous impression on him and from then on he knew exactly who I was.

The corporal took me over to Pentagon Barracks dormitory for my room assignment. I was to share a room with a civilian sophomore and an ASTRP participant, Bob Masters from Eagle Pass, Texas. Bob became a good friend and we served all the way through the army together.

After giving me my room assignment the corporal walked me over to the classroom building where the 60 or so students were going through a series of refresher, non-credit courses prior to the beginning of the fall semester. He also assigned me to John Langley, one of the ASTRP designated squad leaders. John was extremely capable and later served with the 100th Division where he received a battlefield commission. John, and several others from Texas, had gone to high schools where they had ROTC units, and he was already trained in army routine to some extent.

We were only at school for another two weeks when we were allowed to go home for a few days before the beginning of the school year. During the two weeks we went to classes, did close order drill, and played sports. I went sightseeing on the weekends.

We started the fall semester in early September. We had a very heavy workload as we were scheduled to complete the engineering degree in about two plus years. All of this was exciting, but to me I was just as excited about going to college and all that it represented. I was rushed by the fraternities and pledged Sigma Chi. It was unusual for the army students to pledge fraternities but three of us, Bob Shults, A.T. Brillhart and I, did so—all Sigma Chi. I really enjoyed the fraternity and the activities. It introduced me to many things, not the least of which was shrimp. They were served at a pledge party. I had no idea what they were but they tasted good! It was also football season and I attended every game. LSU had a good team with Steve Van Buren, a future All-Pro, at fullback. He was big: a senior when most teams were made up of freshmen, and he was a terrific runner.

I went away on several weekends. Frank Aldrich, a friend from North Little Rock who roomed next door, was as enthusiastic about seeing the area as I was, so we hitchhiked to New Orleans on one weekend and to Biloxi, Mississippi, on another. We rode the Kansas City Southern train, the Southern Belle, to Shreveport on a third. I didn't work hard at all and didn't do spectacularly. We knew all along that as soon as we were 18 we would be sent to ASTP Basic Training for 13 weeks and so it was hard to concentrate on school work.

In December, shortly before we were to leave LSU for basic training, the Sigma Chi chapter offered to move their initiation up from the beginning of the next semester to the week following exams. This would delay my going home and would shorten the time between going home and army induction on December 18th. It would also cost \$40. I didn't want to spend the money and was reluctant to ask Daddy for it. Later Mother and Daddy pointed out that I should have seized the opportunity. Also, I had plenty of money in my Peoples Savings & Loan account, something over \$1,500 (earning four per cent interest), but I was as reluctant to spend my money then as I am now.



## **PART II - SERVING MY COUNTRY**

### **I Become a Soldier**

On December 18, 1943, I reported to the army induction center on 8th and Broadway in Little Rock. It was in a building that had been the Pontiac dealership. All eight of the ASTRPers from Arkansas and LSU reported there. We were taken to the induction area at Camp Robinson late that afternoon. The next day we took tests and physicals, were sworn in, and were issued uniforms. We were in the army!

From December 18 to January 2 we remained at Camp Robinson. We had no time off for Christmas and, in fact, I was awakened at 4:30 Christmas morning for KP. Mother and Daddy came out in mid-afternoon. My present from Santa Claus was a Gruen wristwatch. Brother Jim also came out when he was home for Christmas.

On the afternoon of January 2 the eight of us were delivered to the Union Station to begin our trip to Fort Benning, Georgia. We left on the Missouri Pacific for Memphis where we transferred to the Frisco for a night ride to Birmingham. The next morning we rode the Central of Georgia to Columbus where we were met by an army truck for transport to Benning.

Our training area was very plain. We lived in double tarpaper shacks, 20 soldiers in double bunks with a coal stove in the middle. In the middle of each four companies was a huge latrine that all 400 of us used. It was quite a sight in the morning.

I am sure we did just about all the usual things that are done in army basic training such as close order drill and familiarizing ourselves with army procedure and protocol. We were ridden hard by both the officers and the noncoms. When nothing else worked they would remind us that we were supposed to be so smart—we were “whiz kids.”

The several things I remember most about basic training are 1) the long, hard days; 2) how cold it was that winter—and in central Georgia too!; 3) how poor the food was and how little we got—most of us made a bee-line to the PX after dinner to buy ice cream, candy or just anything to eat; 4) the week we spent on the rifle range; and 5) the closeness that gradually developed over the seven and one-half weeks.

In early March of 1944 the U. S. Army announced that the ASTP program was being discontinued and that all participants would be sent to combat infantry units. We could not believe it. After a day of rumors our company commander announced that the rumor was true and that we would be shipping out within 48 hours. The next day we packed and the following morning we marched to a siding near our area where a troop train was waiting to take us to join the 100th Division at Fort Bragg, North Carolina. We left around eight o'clock that morning and arrived at Fort Bragg the next morning around seven. It took 23 hours to go about four hundred miles. We were crowded three to every four seats with full duffel bags in the overheads and in the aisles. Old cars and no heat made the overnight ride miserable.

## The 100th Infantry Division

When the train arrived at the main post area of Fort Bragg the 100th Division Band was playing and a very smart looking detachment of officers and noncoms greeted us.

We were trucked over to Division Area where we were served a hot breakfast of chipped beef on toast, among other things. I thought I hated chipped beef, but it tasted so good that day! A number of us from the ASTP Training Company B, which included all the Arkansas-LSU contingent, were assigned to a rifle company, E Company, 399th Regiment. We were only with that company for a couple of days when we were split up to other organizations. I went to D Company, a heavy weapons company. Most of those first two days were spent resting and getting acquainted with the area. Also we were given 100th Division patches to sew on our sleeves. We were proud to do that, even though the whole break up of ASTP left a sour taste in our mouths. Most of us quickly forgot that and started thinking about how we could fit into our new unit.

Everyone in D Company seemed glad to see us. The division had just returned from three months of Tennessee maneuvers and was in the process of reorganizing after sending a number of their officers and men to Europe as replacements. Many of the non-coms had just been promoted into their jobs and were enthusiastic and proud. They welcomed us and immediately started integrating us into their outfit. In addition to a warm and welcoming spirit, all of us felt good about being in a permanent situation with seasoned comrades in good facilities and good food.

One of the first things that happened was our assignment to platoons. The first and second platoons fired water-cooled 30 caliber machine guns. The third platoon's weapons were 81 millimeter mortars. The company commander, Captain Condee Nason, had all the newcomers come to his office and give their assignment preference. The first ASTPer said "machine guns". I was next in line and I said "mortars". Captain Nason smiled and said "you want to be as far behind the front lines as possible". Everyone laughed but he was right. Also, I had spent the previous day or so with the third platoon and had gotten to know a few of them.

The mortar platoon was organized into three sections of two squads each. Each squad had eight men; a squad leader, a gunner, an assistant gunner and five ammunition carriers. I was in Staff Sergeant Tony Pasquale's squad. I thought he was an excellent squad leader; he knew his business and he looked after his men. Joe Roina, my Section Sergeant, was also very helpful.

It was about this time that I started calling myself "Bob". Robert seemed a bit too formal for the army and more than anything else I wanted to be one of the guys. I have been known as Bob by just about everyone, except the immediate family, since that time.

Our basic training had been abbreviated so we first had to complete basic and then move to advanced infantry training. Actually, we had another six weeks of basic and then one-week furloughs were granted. I went home at the end of April.

My travel home was another odyssey of sorts. It wasn't easy to get to Little Rock from Fayetteville, North Carolina, under any circumstances, and the earliest I could leave by train was in the late afternoon. My furlough started at eight o'clock in the morning so I went over to the Air Base to see if I could hitch a ride somewhere nearer Little Rock and be on my way. I was offered a ride to Aiken, South Carolina, in a two-seated artillery observation plane. I took it but it was a three hour trip and very rough. I fought air sickness the whole way. The Major I rode with took me by car to Augusta, Georgia, where I caught a bus to Atlanta. There I rode overnight by bus to Memphis and then by bus to Little Rock. I had a pleasant week in Little Rock. I was now a soldier and I got a certain amount of attention which was nice. My return to Bragg was by train to Greensboro, North Carolina, and bus to Fayetteville.

We were in the midst of advanced infantry training in June 1944, when a "show" battalion of the 100th Division was formed to go to New York City as a part of the Fifth War Bond Drive. One thousand of the best soldiers in the division were selected to form the battalion. I was not selected until the last minute when someone in the mortar platoon of the heavy weapons company of the battalion dropped out. I was greatly excited about being selected and going to New York.

The battalion formed the evening of June 5, 1944, and entrained for New York. When I awoke the next morning in New York I was immediately told of the June 6, 1944 invasion of Normandy. The news of the invasion occupied our minds for the next week, almost as much as our "show" battalion activities.

We stayed at Camp Shanks, North York, which was just north of New Jersey on the west side of the Hudson River. This was a Port of Embarkation camp, and the facilities and food were extra special. I think the idea was to give the soldiers leaving for Europe the best of everything. The first two days there were less than pleasant as I had the worst case of poison ivy I have ever had. I went on sick call the first day and was given something to apply to it, but was not dismissed from duty.

During the week we had three principal appearances. The first was at Times Square and then to the different boroughs of New York City where we took part in the formal ceremonies kicking off the War Bond Drive. The group I was with went to Westchester County. We made about five or six stops where we set up our mortars and listened to speeches to crowds in the central part of the downtown area.

The second appearance was to march from the Battery to City Hall where we formed and listened to Mayor LaGuardia give a speech and recognize a Congressional Medal of Honor winner, Charles "Commando" Kelly. It was extremely hot, and a couple of soldiers standing at parade rest around me collapsed. When one just a few feet from me fell with a great clatter the rest of us remained rigid and the poor guy just lay there until the ceremonies were over.

The last big event was to march up Fifth Avenue. I had seen pictures of the army marching up Fifth Avenue and have seen many since, and I can only say that it was a real thrill. We formed around 38th Street and finished around 80th.

In addition to the various duties we spent a lot of time taking in the sights of the city. Sergeant Charles Stone showed me around quite a bit. We went to 99 Park Avenue for free theater tickets and saw shows and movies in the big Broadway Theaters. There was a 100th Division Day at Coney Island where we could go anywhere for half price. The whole New York trip was a wonderful experience.

The rest of June, July and August was spent going over and over our training routines. There were two highlights during this period for me; I qualified as Expert on the carbine—using Sergeant Steinman's weapon—and I was asked to be the gunner in Sergeant George Chestnut's squad. This was a promotion and that was always good.

### **On My Way to War**

Most of us were tired of training but were not anxious to go into combat. Nevertheless, in early September we were notified to get ready to ship out for overseas service. This resulted in a couple of weeks of packing gear and completing records. One of my best friends from the ASTP, John Courter, had been promoted from the platoon to company clerk and he asked that I help him with all the paper work required. That was fine with me so we worked together for about ten days to get everything in proper order. We worked under some pressure, into the evenings as a rule, but finished the job in fine style. Captain Nason was quite pleased with what we had done and, unexpectedly, gave us each a three-day pass. We spent the three days in Washington, D.C.

Neither of us had ever been there, so we spent the entire time sightseeing.

On September 25, 1944, the division left Fort Bragg by train for Camp Kilmer, New Jersey. On September 30 we left Kilmer for Hoboken, New Jersey, where we were ferried across the Hudson to a pier around 40th Street where we boarded transport ships. The 399th Headquarters Company and the First Battalion boarded the USS McAndrews.

Life on a troop transport in World War II was difficult at best. We were on a very small pre-war Gulf of Mexico passenger and cargo ship. It carried 90 passengers in its civilian life. We were over 1,000 strong and packed in. Fortunately, Company D was assigned guard duty which allowed us to be housed on the promenade deck instead of in a cargo hold. Each of us was assigned guard duty outside on deck for eight hours a day—four hours in the morning and four hours in the afternoon or evening. It gave us something to do and kept us out of the hot and stinking housing areas.

As on most troop ships we slept in four-tiered bunks. Being tall and thinking it would make sleeping a little more pleasant, I took the top bunk. It was probably hotter up there close to the ceiling, but I was neither on the floor or wedged in between other bunks.

My guard station was aft at the top of some stairs leading down from the promenade deck to the main deck. My “job” was to see that no one loitered on the stairs but kept moving. It was practically no job at all. It was one of the best stations, as something was always going on there. A loud speaker played popular music most of the

time. For an hour or two during the day the speaker system was used to give French lessons to the mob that filled every available space. We each had received a small do-it-yourself French language booklet and someone, acting as the instructor, would slowly go through the words and phrases. I am afraid I didn't learn very much. My foreign language ability left much to be desired. It still does.

In addition to the canned music and French lessons there were evening talent shows led by a member of Headquarters company. There were a few musicians, singers, and other very amateur performers on board. The shows were pretty corny but they did help to pass the time.

We were on the McAndrews for 18 days—two in New York harbor and 16 at sea. We ran into two tropical storms—a hurricane off the Florida coast and a storm in the Mediterranean. Both times a lot of people got seasick, including me. We were kept off deck for a day or two and the living conditions became terrible.

We were in convoy the whole time en route. There were two divisions (30,000 men) and all sorts of cargo ships. There was one aircraft carrier full of airplanes, (i.e. it was not being used as a launching or landing carrier). There were three destroyers or destroyer escorts continually weaving in and out of the convoy. We had a lot of pretty days and the convoy presented an unusual sight, just like we saw in the movies.

We took the long way to Marseille, France. We went south out of New York to Cuba and followed the islands southeast to the Azores and then the African

Coast. We went through Gibraltar at night but sailed along the North African coast for the next day or two, then up past Sicily to the French Riviera and west to Marseille. We were the first convoy to dock there. Our ship was one of the few which actually docked. We tied up to a sunken boat, walked down a gangplank to the deck of the other ship and across and up to the dock. The whole area was in a shambles, having been destroyed by Allied bombing and the Germans.

We docked around mid-afternoon and started a hike with full field pack to the northern outskirts of the city, about 10 to 12 miles. Interestingly, as we fell in near the docks we passed a group of veterans who were being shipped home. They were very impressive, some wearing a number of decorations. We assumed that they were being rotated back to the States to help form new divisions. In any event, they were going home!

After stopping en route to have dinner (K rations), we arrived at the bivouac area around midnight. We were guided to the company area and told to pitch pup tents. Sergeant Chestnut and I did and went to sleep. Others didn't but just fell exhausted on the ground. We all woke up to a steady rain, with those who hadn't set up their tents racing around trying to do so as fast as possible.

We stayed in this assembly area from October 20 to October 28. The first full day there, October 21, was my 19th birthday.

During our stay in the Marseille assembly area we did very little. We sent details to unload our materials and weapons from the ships and spent time cleaning and

setting up our hand guns and our mortars. We drilled some and rested waiting for orders. I took two trips that were interesting. One was to the division's Army Post Office (APO). While the APO was interesting, I enjoyed the one or two mile walk through the outskirts of Marseille and the chance to browse through the shops. The other side trip was to Marseille itself. Paul Modlish from the platoon was with me on both visits. Paul was a graduate of Oberlin College and had minored in French. He could converse with the natives, so I stayed close to him.

After three or four days half the regiment was given passes to Marseille. The next day the other half received passes. Several of us went into the city together. We walked a mile or so to a streetcar line and took the car to downtown. As soon as we arrived we went to the nearest bar. As we were drinking our wine several women appeared and very shortly Paul Modlish, who had married shortly before we went overseas, and I were the only two left. We left and went sightseeing.

The highlight of the day was taking a bath. As we walked around town we noticed that several places advertised baths, massages, steam rooms and the like. Since we had not had a bath since we left the States three weeks before, it seemed like a good idea. And it was! I had a good hot bath with lots of soap and big towels. I passed up the massage and the other good things.

We ate dinner in town. This was somewhat of a joke because the restaurants had very little food, were very crowded with soldiers, and were expensive. After dinner, and before returning to camp, Paul decided to take some wine back with us. He bought four bottles and

gave me two to carry. I put one in each pocket of my field jacket and made a run for our streetcar. As I swung up on the steps to enter the car the momentum threw me against the side whereupon one bottle of red wine smashed, getting wine all over me and my clothes. It was funny at the time but I had the smell and the stains with me for weeks afterward.

On October 28, 1944 the 399th Regiment left Marseille for the front lines. We went by truck convoy up the Rhone River valley past Aix-in-Provence, Lyon, and Dijon. We camped the first night in a field near Lyon, the second night in a city park in Dijon (we were cautioned not to dig holes or otherwise disturb the flora or fauna), and the third night in a woods near Rambervillers. That night we could hardly sleep for the noise of U.S. artillery near by.

The next day, November 1, 1944, the 399th went on line relieving a regiment of the 45th Division. The 45th had fought through Sicily, Italy, Anzio, and the Southern France invasion. It was the division of WWII cartoonist Bill Maulding. We were a little in awe of these battle-hardened veterans.

We went on line in a wooded area, south and west of the town of LaSalle, France. Our mortar platoon set up in the positions of the platoon we were relieving, using their base plates and aiming stakes. We even took over their foxholes. The move was completed by mid-afternoon and from that time on we were on our own. It was an unsettling feeling.

## **Baptism by Fire**

After supper our platoon leader, Lieutenant Schrader, selected our squad to move forward and engage the enemy with harassing fire. There were reports that the Germans were active in an area to the front, and there had been a request that we lay down intermittent fire on the woods where it was suspected that they were assembling. It was very dark in the surrounding woods as we moved up the dirt road to our new position. I think everyone was as scared as I was. As we moved through the reserve company of riflemen we could hear but not see the men on either side of the road. All at once, very close by, a rifle shot rang out followed immediately by screams from one of the infantrymen. The screams persisted with cries of “medic” and “mother” and “God.” It seems one of our men had accidentally shot himself getting in or out of his foxhole. This happened more than once during the next six months.

We continued on until I was sure we would walk right into the German lines. Finally, we turned off the road and into a small clearing where we set up our gun and fired a number of rounds as directed. The gun made so much noise and there was so much light coming out of the barrel every time we fired that I was sure a German patrol would seek us out and kill us all.

We were in position all night. We didn't have tents or blankets and were very cold and tired when we returned to our position the next morning. After it was all over we felt pretty good about ourselves. We had fired the first shots in the war for the 399th Regiment.

Two days later we moved up following the infantry's capture of LaSalle. I slept in a barn that night. Early the next day the First Battalion attacked down the road leading to St. Remy, about two miles away. The attack stalled until Lt. Colonel Zehner, the Battalion Commander, personally took the lead. The Battalion took its first heavy casualties of the war but at the same time captured territory and enemy soldiers. Colonel Zehner was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross for his act.

Our platoon moved by jeep to St. Remy that afternoon. A few hundred yards before we got to the town my squad started digging in behind a fence row just west of the highway. We were digging as fast as we could as hostile fire, both artillery and small arms, was coming in all around us. Six of the soldiers in the mortar section digging in just north of us were hit by artillery fire. At that point a jeep and trailer pulled up and we piled in and headed for a house in St. Remy. We stayed in that house for about three days until the town and the area was completely cleared of enemy.

On November 7 the 399th was pulled off line and we began a two-day movement west and north through Baccarat to a reserve position facing east and about five miles from the city of Raon L'Etape. The first night of the movement we bivouacked in a woods between LaSalle and Baccarat. There was no level ground so it was impossible to find a spot to pitch a tent. So we went to sleep wrapped in blankets and shelter halves. During the night it started to rain and it became impossible to sleep. It was typical of the many miserable nights we spent while in combat. The next morning we were all exhausted.

Shortly after daylight we took additional casualties from personnel mines. The explosions were just a few dozen feet away from me and it caught everyone by surprise. Other than the medics who went to treat the wounded, no one moved until the engineers had used their mine detectors to clear pathways for us to walk through.

Our regiment's assignment was to capture Raon L'Etape. The city was protected by a series of heavily fortified hills just to its west. The larger of these, Hill 409 (height in meters), was the main objective. The First Battalion stayed in reserve for the first few days of this attack. When the attack was launched on November 15 the battalion moved forward in close support. Within two days we were committed. The next ten days saw some of the heaviest fighting of the war.

The first day we were on line we set up our guns, zeroed them in, and dug fox holes during the late afternoon and in the cold rain. The guns were in a small clearing in the usual dense woods. Every night, whether we were on line or not, we had guard duty. There were always two to four men assigned to each two-hour interval. One of those assigned was asked to awaken the relieving group. That night I was the one who was to find our relief. I thought I had located where they were sleeping before dark and could find my way back there in the dark. Three of us were on guard from midnight to 2 am. About a quarter of two I left to find our relief. I wandered around, thoroughly lost, for almost two hours before I found the next group. It was raining and so dark I couldn't see anything and of course we were not allowed to use matches or flashlights. I was sure I would never find my way until daylight and even then I wasn't

sure that I would. I felt sorry for the two guards I had left behind but I was more worried about wandering into our own or the enemy's lines. Finally, I found our relief. They were happy that I had gotten lost as their shift was over and one of them just had to go wake up the next shift. I was wet, tired, embarrassed, and thoroughly disgusted with myself, for our relief were sleeping within 20 yards of our guns all the time.

The next three days we moved three times, each time zeroing in our guns but doing very little firing. Also during this period the company suffered its first fatality. One of the ASTPers, a machine gunner, was killed and his companion, also an ASTPer, was severely wounded by artillery fire. I knew both of them. This shook us up quite a bit.

Our regiment was making progress and approached Hill 409 on November 18. We attacked in force that day. One of our company, Technical Sergeant (later Lieutenant) Rudolph Steinman, killed one of the enemy and forced 18 more to surrender during the attack.

Two of our machine gunners led the charge up the hill firing a water-cooled 30 caliber machine gun from the hip. Sergeant Steinman and the two gunners were decorated for valor.

While the battalion, led by A Company, fought up Hill 409, I participated by carrying ammunition and supplies to the front. On one occasion my load was a case of rations. We carried the cases of rations, ammunition or other supplies, including cigarettes, through the forest to the bottom of the hill where we deposited them in a large former German dugout. When I got to the dugout there were about ten GIs crowded into

a rather small space. They were delighted when it turned out that my case contained cigarettes and immediately lit up. This didn't make me too happy as there had been artillery fire and other hazards along the route. I felt put upon to risk those hazards to give the soldiers a smoke. Ammunition yes, cigarettes no. Surprisingly, this was the first time I had walked by dead GIs and German soldiers. Also, surprisingly, they had very little effect on me.

The fighting continued for the next few days. It was heavy at first as the crest of the hill was contested by attack and counterattack. By the third day our regiment had moved on to clear isolated pockets of resistance before closing in on Raon L'Etape. Finally, on Thanksgiving Day, November 23, the city was captured.

### **"Thanksgiving"**

Prior to Thanksgiving the third platoon had moved to the top of Hill 409 and had dug in. We spent two plus days there, and all of that time without food or rations of any kind. In fact, it had been a week or more since we had anything to eat other than C-Rations or K-Rations. We roamed through old foxholes trying to find anything to eat. Finally at noon of the last day we were there, Thanksgiving Day, hot rations came up. We were joined for lunch by two or three GIs from graves registration. They drove up in their truck and asked if they could get something to eat. We were all served together and I, and two or three others, used the tailgate of the truck to put our messkits down on. In the bed of the truck were the bodies of about ten GIs, their feet only inches away from where I was eating. Again, this didn't seem to bother me, probably because I was so hungry.

In the afternoon we loaded up our gear and went to the village of LaTrouche where we enjoyed our first mail call in two weeks and Thanksgiving dinner with turkey and all the trimmings. After dinner we went into Raon L'Etape.

The city was a mad house. Trucks, tanks, jeeps, and men were all over the place. We went upstairs in a building right on the square to get some sleep. Unfortunately, just as we were lying down, orders came to pack up and move out. It was about midnight and all of us were exhausted—as usual. I couldn't believe it but move out we did. On to trucks, thank goodness, and into the night. As was always the case we would go for a little while and then stop for a much longer period. We tried to sleep but it was impossible. Finally, we disembarked and started moving up both sides of the road. There had been a break-through and once the Germans lost their defensive line around Raon L'Etape they pulled out. Our concern was to take advantage of this retreat; therefore, the emphasis was on moving rapidly with or without sleep. We spent the next night in Rathau and the following night in Schirmeck.

After the first day we began to enjoy the “rat race” and indeed had the unique experience of liberating several French towns. It was extremely exciting to be greeted by happy Frenchmen waving flags and offering wine, hugs, and kisses as we walked along. After three days we reached the town of Oberhaslach, about 30 miles from Strasbourg. The next day the 3rd Division took over and we were reassigned to an area around the city of Sarreburg.

During our stay in the town hall in Oberhaslach I witnessed a frightening incident. After coming off guard duty around midnight, I saw two German soldiers walk into the big room where we were all sleeping. I was about the only one awake and was getting ready to lie down. The Germans in steel helmets and full uniform looked scary in the light of the one candle I had burning. I didn't know what was happening and quickly awakened Sergeant Chestnut who was sleeping next to me. Before we could grab our rifles or do anything, in walked Sergeant Levy. The two Germans were his prisoners. Levy was a medic—not supposed to be armed—and a German Jew who had been brought to the States a few years before by his parents. He had been out in town and was very proud that he had captured the two Germans.

The 399th spent five days in Division reserve. Our battalion was housed in Schneckenbusch, a small village about five kilometers from Sarrebourg. The village is located on a canal in a very pretty section of the Alsace. The first full day we were there the engineers set up their portable bathing facilities and we had hot showers using water from the canal. This was our first real bath in a month and was greatly enjoyed even though they ran us through rather quickly. (They had a battalion of about one thousand men to accommodate!)

One day we went into Sarrebourg to see a movie. It was a lovely late fall day so I walked back to our house in Schneckenbusch. Most of the time we just sat around—typical of a great many days in combat.

After five days we were loaded on trucks and jeeps (I usually rode in a jeep, which was a lot better than an enclosed two-and-a-half ton truck) and went to the

town of Schalbach, about 20 kilometers northeast of Sarrebourg. There we relieved the 44th Division. Over the next three days we advanced over very poor secondary roads to the town of Wingen. The morning before we went into Wingen we sat on the side of the road for hours while jeeps with the "Top Brass" hurried back and forth. It seems that it was discovered that morning that an entire company of the 398th Regiment had been captured in Wingen the night before. Apparently a detail of German soldiers surprised the company's guards and forced them to round up the rest of the company, officers and all—in total about 200 men! All of this was confirmed by the French residents. By the time we got into town, and for a long time thereafter, you can be sure we had enough guards out every night and all night. The Division Commander, General Withers Burress, immediately relieved the commander of the 398th Regiment, a Colonel, and the battalion commander, a Lt. Colonel, and sent them back to the States. One of the eight ASTP LSU enlistees from Arkansas, Charles Robinson of Cabot, was captured. I didn't know this until later but when I found out I was concerned and a little upset. It reminded me of the real possibility that I might have serious problems before this thing was over.

From Wingen we went north to Gotzenbruck and on to the outskirts of the town of Lemberg. The Germans had decided to make a stand at Lemberg and had some artillery to back them up. We were caught in some heavy shelling in the towns of Petersbach and Gotzenbruck and spent some time inside houses and even in the cellars of houses, together with the French residents, as the shells came down. In the late afternoon our platoon started digging in behind a house on the road to Lemberg. The

house was being used by our company and perhaps a rifle company as their headquarters, and there was a great deal of activity. The house was being hit periodically by German 20mm artillery fire, and activity soon turned into chaos.

A decision was quickly made that we should move out of there, retrace our steps back to Gotzenbruck, and go to the town of St. Louis. We set up our guns there and remained for three days. The fighting at Lemberg was difficult and casualties were heavy. One of the ASTP Arkansas eight, Bill Pondrum from Texarkana, was killed in action with Company A. I was shocked at Robinson's capture, but Bill's death really hit home: within the week two of the Arkansas eight were casualties.

After securing Limberg we moved into town for one night and then on to Reyersviller, just "around the corner" from Bitche. We spent one night in Reyersviller (the French woman in whose house some of us stayed gave us fresh cookies) before moving up to the mountain above Bitche. There we set up the guns, dug holes, and prepared for a long winter's stay. Our stay, however, lasted only about two weeks; we had to abandon the area, including Reyersviller and the nice French woman, in the face of the major German offensive, "Northwind".

Early in our stay on the hill overlooking Bitche, Captain Nason, D Company commander, was at our observation dugout. He decided to direct fire on Bitche from our gun. He phoned the coordinates and directed fire. Apparently the fire was quite accurate and drew rave reviews at the time and was even mentioned in the 399th Infantry Regimental history. I was later awarded the

Bronze Star for this action. The award mentioned enemy artillery fire, and there was some occasionally but not a lot. The Bronze Star medal was authorized that winter, and I was in the first group to receive one. Three of us from the company were notified just a few hours before a brief ceremony was held at battalion headquarters. The regimental commander, Colonel Tyson, personally pinned the Bronze Star ribbon on each of us. I was extremely proud of the recognition.

We were in a pretty dull routine until Christmas Day. The day was preceded by a lot of Christmas mail and packages. Most of the packages contained small gifts, such as socks and gloves, and all had something to eat like cookies, pretty stale and crumbly but good! I was pretty upset because I didn't get any packages while everyone else seemed to be receiving one-a-day.

While the 399th wasn't doing much fighting except for patrols every night, our sister regiment, the 398th, was very busy clearing out former Maginot Line forts. The forts were well defended by the Germans which made the 398th's job very difficult. This offensive effort ended when the Division was required to cover more territory after the Third Army (Patton) wheeled north to attack the southern fringe of the German's Battle of the Bulge lines. At that point—just before Christmas—we went completely on the defensive.

### “Merry Christmas”

Christmas Day was surprisingly beautiful. Chilly but clear. We had an excellent dinner with turkey and all the trimmings. It tasted good even though we ate standing up or on the ground and out of mess gear.

Shortly after dinner Sergeant Roy McVicar, our Section Leader, came slowly up the hill to tell us that we were to act as infantrymen and take over some foxholes on the front lines. We could hardly believe it, but the shortage of manpower necessary to cover the area dictated it. So up we went.

Our area was between A and B Companies and really out in the open. As soon as we got there we were hit with artillery fire. One of the men in the section was wounded.

Our squad was located in five foxholes in a small line of bushes and small trees about 100 feet in front of the woods that circled the top of the mountain. We felt a little isolated out there and had to stay pretty much in our holes during the day. Hot food came up before dawn and just after dark. We moved rapidly across the open space to the woods and the road that ran through it to get to the kitchen's jeep and trailer.

Our biggest problem was the weather. The first few days it was cold, especially at night, and then it snowed about six to eight inches and turned bitter cold. One of the two of us in each hole had to be awake at all times. Sergeant McVicar and I shared a foxhole. We decided to go on four-hour shifts, twenty-four hours a day. At least that way we could lie down long enough to get some sleep.

Keeping warm was a problem. I wore a lot of clothes, layering one thing on top of the other. I wore regular GI underwear plus long underwear. Then I had on my wool shirt and trousers, wind-breaker trousers, a sweater, and my field jacket or overcoat. I wore regular

cotton socks underneath heavy wool boot socks and boots. I had a wool stocking cap and my helmet plus a scarf and gloves. Surprisingly, I could still move around rather quickly when the situation demanded it. When we were sitting outside our hole on guard duty we put our legs in a fleece-lined German sleeping bag.

Another problem we had was not having any place to carry things. I kept my few possessions in my shirt pocket. There I had my wallet, a spoon to eat with (some soldiers kept their spoon tucked in their boots), my extra pair of glasses, and a new testament. In my helmet liner I kept a small roll of toilet paper—a valuable commodity.

The only good news during that week was that we had qualified for the Combat Infantry Badge. This was not only a mark of distinction—at least we thought so—but it gave us a ten-dollar-a-month raise. I was also formally promoted to corporal on December 31 and that added sixteen dollars to my pay. I was now making eighty-six dollars a month including the ten dollars overseas pay.

We were in this position until New Year's Day when we joined the battalion's "strategic withdrawal" back to Sierstal, about two miles. Prior to January 1 we started having trouble keeping men on line. We started with ten in the five foxholes and by the time we left there were only six of us. Butinsky left with trench foot, a very serious problem caused by having wet and cold feet over a long period of time. Some of us avoided that problem all winter by having an extra pair of socks and changing every day. I would put my wet socks inside my shirt so they would be dry the next day. Even Sergeant McVicar

went on sick call on New Year's Eve but his place was taken by Sergeant Chestnut who had been away sick.

### "Happy New Year"

At midnight of December 30/31, a series of shots rang out just after I had come off guard duty, removed my boots and overcoat, and crawled into my sleeping bag. McVicar had fired one of the shots outside our hole and had come tearing in with the phone to call the company command post. He shouted at me to get out there to intercept a German patrol with which we had exchanged fire. I was scared to death! I grabbed my rifle and went outside expecting a German to shoot me or at least sneak up on me at any time. I looked as hard as I could—and quietly I might add—but I couldn't see anything. In the meantime McVicar was screaming into the phone asking for flares so we could see what was going on. Shortly after that the flares started coming down but again I couldn't see anyone. Actually, I was afraid they could see me and that bothered me no end.

I stayed outside the rest of the night. I almost froze to death for the first hour or so as I had no boots or overcoat on. Finally, McVicar handed those out. It was a terrible night.

The next morning we could see a dead German about ten yards in front of our position. Ken Smith and McVicar had both fired on the patrol and one of them hit the young German. During the morning our graves registration people came up and removed the corpse. I thought at the time how young the soldier was—probably my age—and how good looking, with long blond hair that blew in the wind.

The rest of that day was spent trying to get some sleep. It was a good thing, for we pulled an all-nighter on New Year's Eve. We had lost another squad member due to sickness so Sergeant Chestnut decided that I should go over to the next foxhole by myself. There were so few of us that he felt we had to spread out. I got myself settled there and tried to stay awake. At midnight the Germans fired some rockets on us and one hit the end of my foxhole. I was in the hole huddled down and covering my ears when suddenly there was a loud noise and dirt came down through the logs all over me. The next morning I could easily see in the snow where the round hit.

Shortly after the artillery barrage on our's and other positions, the Germans attacked. They went up the slopes just south and west of us and directly into A Company's lines. They also attacked down the Bitch-Lemberg road and west of the road where the 117th Recon outfit was dug in. The attack went on most of the night. All of this was happening only a few hundred yards away! There was all sorts of racket, with white (German) and red (American) tracer bullets whipping up and down the mountain. By morning the Germans had not broken A Company's line on the hill but had swept through the Recon outfit and up the road through B Company. They captured B Company's headquarters, including Captain Altus Prince, the company commander.

We got no hot chow that morning. In fact, we didn't even know what was going on. There was firing, but it was far away and behind us. We had lost our phone contact with B Company headquarters (we didn't know it no longer existed). As the day went on, all of us began

to wonder what to do. Shortly before noon Sergeant Chestnut told me to go back to the woods and try to tap in on any of the phone lines that we knew were back there. I was not having any success when our battalion commander, Major (soon to be Lieutenant Colonel) Lynch and an aide burst out of the woods and asked me what outfit I was with. When I told him, he said to tell my Sergeant to take the squad and “defend the draw (just to our right about 100 yards away) at all costs.” When I said there were only a few of us he dismissed that and said to follow his orders “now.” With that he hustled off. I immediately told Sergeant Chestnut and he reluctantly gathered up our little group and headed for the head of the draw. We had to leave almost everything, including our sleeping bags. I was distressed for I had to leave three Christmas packages—two unopened—that had finally been delivered two days before.

When we got back to the draw we joined Company A, which was retreating along the ridge line. We stayed with them, following orders on where to stop and what to do. After a few minutes Sergeant Chestnut spoke to the lieutenant and asked that we be relieved. Surprisingly, the lieutenant gave permission and we took off. We went along the one road just behind the top of the mountain for a short distance, before going on down through the woods to the valley below. While on the road an airplane came out of nowhere, strafing away. I swore it had German insignia but some said it was U.S. After that split-second scare we hurried down through the trees and bushes to the valley and across some fields to the Sierstal-Lambach road. There was a lot of retreating going on and we joined right in. It was surprisingly festive. We walked for quite a while and were finally

picked up by a truck and taken to Enchenberg where we found the rest of the platoon.

I, for one, was relieved, happy to see the rest of the platoon, and dog tired. As expected, we had no food except rations, no sleeping bags, and as it turned out, no sleep. We set up a road block, and I was with the first group on duty. When I was finally relieved, around midnight, we were ordered to march back up to the front and reestablish our positions. So we walked almost all the way back to where we started. It was the worst march of my life. The night was freezing cold, the road icy, and we were all exhausted. This was the third night with practically no sleep. But march we did down to Lambach, Sierstal, and out on the Reyersviller road where we set up our guns in a little valley to the left of the highway.

Digging foxholes was always a difficult job. On the morning of January 2, it was almost impossible. We had a pickaxe and our entrenching tools, but it was extremely difficult breaking through the snow and ice. Everyone was about ready to give up but of course, we couldn't. We spent all day digging, logging over, and firing our guns. We got some return fire for our trouble but none of us paid any attention to it.

The night of January 2 was another killer. It was again cold, in the teens, and we had no blankets or sleeping bags. Finally, someone brought up about eight old bags. That meant we could each sleep for about two hours before we had to vacate so some one else could occupy the bag. It was a wonder any of us were alive by the next day.

The German offensive continued for another week. We held a “shoulder” of their penetration by digging in and initiating small counter-attacks. The mortar crews fired every day in support of the infantry as they neutralized activity on our front. The enemy drove on to Wingen, recapturing Lemberg and other small towns for which we had fought so hard just a few weeks earlier. By the seventh or eighth of January the fighting slowed on our front, and from that point until mid-March each side was involved primarily in patrolling and gathering intelligence. Life in our little valley improved. We had all received bedrolls and our foxholes and dugouts had been made more comfortable. Most importantly, we began getting hot food and mail deliveries again. I can’t overemphasize how much we looked forward to mail call. Nick Cigrand was the mail orderly and it was his job to bring the mail to us wherever we might be.

One constant remained throughout my combat experience: never getting enough to eat. On the morning of January 7, I discovered a large can of hot chocolate mix and made some. I used my helmet to heat spring water over a Coleman stove. It tasted great, and I shared it with some of the others. By mid-afternoon I was sick. I ran a fever and had a severe pain in my side. I was actively sick and thoroughly miserable. The medic sent me back to the battalion aid station where I was examined by the doctor. The medic and the doctor were both concerned that I might have appendicitis. I was sent to a hospital in Rambervilliers, far behind the lines. By the time I was put to bed around midnight I didn’t care whether I lived or died.

The next morning I felt better, and after an examination it was decided that I had a touch of dysentery. I stayed one more day in that ward—which was crowded with men with no obvious wounds or sickness—and was then moved to another room in the factory that was being used for the army hospital. By the third day I felt fine. I was in no hurry to leave, and they didn't seem to be in a hurry for me to go, so I spent another couple of days there. I felt like I was goofing off, but it was warm and safe so I didn't complain. One good thing about the hospital stay was that I got another bath—that was number three in three and a half months. Also I was given clean clothes!

After five days in the hospital I was sent to a replacement depot in Epinal. This was even further away from the front than the hospital. This was a perfectly awful place. It was very cold, we slept on hard bunks, and the food was terrible. We were given rifles to clean and taken to the rifle range to zero them in. I think they kept the place uncomfortable so when the replacements were sent out to their new units they would be glad to leave. Most of the men there were new to Europe and were literally replacements for the front-line infantry regiments. I was insulted as I was a “combat veteran” and practically the only one there.

After three days I was sent to the 100th Division rear in Sarrebourg. I had one night there and then went up to D Company's rear where I spent the night with John Courter, Nick Cigrand and the kitchen crew at company rear. Finally, after ten days I was back with the platoon.

While I was in Sarrebourg I happened to meet Lieutenant Chestnut. My former squad leader had

received a battlefield commission and was spending three days at division headquarters, being trained to be an officer. He told me that my new squad leader was Charles Claffey. Also that my first squad leader, Tony Pasquale, had been killed and Sergeant Chuck Stone had been severely wounded.

From late January until March 15, 1945, we rotated on-line and off-line every ten days. We went on-line either in our little valley on the Siersthal-Reyerviller road or at another location up on a hill overlooking Siersthal-Lambach in the town of Glasenberg. We stayed in a house in Glasenberg, sleeping on the floor. Our amusement there was card playing. We had played poker now and then in other locations. In Glasenberg we played a lot of four and six-handed Pinochle. During one ten-day stint in our valley location we built a rather sizeable log cabin under the direction of Ken Smith. We cut down a lot of trees for which the U.S. government had to pay after the war. The French are very protective of their forests.

On two occasions I was charged with taking a small detail of men and a 50-caliber machine gun to a position where we could deliver harassing fire on the Reyersville area. It bothered me a little as we were firing into a town that we had once occupied. I worried more about the townspeople who had been so nice to us than I did about the German soldiers who were now there. On March 15 all the U.S. armies launched an offensive. The day before we could see hundreds of bombers flying toward Germany. Back in December we had watched as one of our bombers, badly damaged, flew very low trying to reach friendly lines. It barely cleared our hill and we watched with concern as it continued out of sight.

Usually we were not concerned about the Air Force. They never seemed to do us much good, and we were sure they all had high rank and, above all, clean clothes and clean sheets. Jealousy!

Our attack was very successful and by mid-afternoon we had captured Bitche, the city that had been our objective since late December. Late in the day we moved through the city to Camp de Bitche, a French and then German army camp just north of town, where some fighting continued. The next three days we moved up to the German border. We were excited about being so close to Germany. At the same time we had heard so much about the Siegfried Line—Germany's fortifications opposite the French Maginot Line—and the Germans' determination to defend their country, that we were a bit nervous about what might happen once we crossed the border.

### **A Pass to Paris**

On the morning of March 18 I was told that I had received a three-day pass to Paris. In January the division had started giving passes every week to division headquarters in Sarrebourg where there was a rest center in a former hotel. Not too long after that, passes were given to more exciting places like Nancy and Paris.

I was excited but was concerned because I had practically no money. Platoon members who had been on passes said not to worry, just take cartons of cigarettes. There were a lot of those around so I gathered five cartons, my toilet articles, and a couple of other things, put them in my pack and got in the jeep for the trip back to the company headquarters in Bitche. There I took a

bath and was issued a clean uniform before going on to Sarrebourg to meet the group going to Paris. When the 10 or 12 from the division were assembled that evening someone said we should leave right away instead of spending the night at the Sarrebourg rest center. By driving all night it would give us an extra day in Paris. So away we went.

We arrived in Paris early the next morning. We went to the American Express office near the Place de Opera where we were assigned hotels. I was assigned to the Grand Hotel near the Gare St. Lazaire. Fifty years later, the American Express office and the hotel are still in business at the same locations.

The first day in Paris was busy. I walked around and went to the Red Cross headquarters to try and get in touch with my sister, Mary Nance (who was a Red Cross Clubmobile worker with the First Army near Aachen, Germany), listened to the Glenn Miller Band of the AEF, and went with the group to Place Pig Alle. The Glenn Miller concert in the ball room of the hotel was one of the best musical experiences of my life! The Place Pig Alle experience was exactly like the one in Marseille. We went into the first bar we saw after exiting the subway, and each of the six or so of us ordered a glass of wine. Within fifteen minutes the other five had disappeared with women who had stopped by the table. I went back to the hotel.

That day I also stopped by the main post exchange to pick up my cigarette ration of six packs for my three-day pass. I sold them to a distinguished looking gentleman at the Red Cross headquarters. He stopped me on a beautiful winding staircase and asked if I had any

cigarettes for sale. I sold him the six packs for about ten dollars.

Paris was completely blacked out at night. It was a little scary walking through the streets by myself. For one thing there were people all over the streets and it was impossible to see them. Each night I was approached by several women who wanted to trade their charms for money, or better yet, cigarettes.

The next day I got word at my hotel that my sister was being flown in by the Red Cross. I met her at Red Cross headquarters in the afternoon and we were together for the last two days of my visit. That morning I had taken a sightseeing tour of the city. The bus was an old one—we weren't sure it would make it—and there was very little traffic. We saw most of the sights, including a number of buildings that had bullet holes that were left over (according to our very proud guide) from the uprising shortly before the city was liberated.

Mary Nance and I went to the Lido Club one night. There were only two things on the menu, champagne or white wine. No food. I ordered a bottle of champagne. Mary Nance drank most of it. The floor show was great—beautiful women nearly nude. The next night we went to the hotel where Mary Nance was staying to hear Glenn Miller again. During the day we visited and went for long walks in the parks. The last day was Sunday and we went to the American Cathedral services.

## **Invading Germany**

Late on Sunday afternoon the 100th Division truck picked us up. We drove through the night to catch up with our outfit. We didn't actually find it until late Monday afternoon. We went to Bitche and everyone was gone, then up to Premisens, Germany, but the Division had passed through that city three or four days before. Finally, we found them in Ludwigshaven, Germany.

We spent the next few days in Maudach near Ludwigshaven waiting for the Third Army to sweep down the east side of the Rhine so a pontoon bridge could be built across the river. We crossed the Rhine at Mannheim on Easter Sunday, April 1, and started our drive through southern Germany.

The first night we stayed in a hospital on the outskirts of Mannheim. Interestingly, there was a huge bomb crater in one of the two buildings, right through half of the big Red Cross painted on the roof.

The next day we moved to Waldorf, a small city southeast of Mannheim. We arrived about noon and were housed in the second and third floors of a bar or pub. There was a tremendous amount of wine and other spirits in the cellar and most of the platoon was determined to liberate it. In the two rooms my squad occupied there must have been 30 bottles of wine. By the end of the day almost everyone was drunk or sick or both. That night I went on patrol back to division headquarters because there were so few people sober enough to go.

The next day we were trucked to the town of Sinsheim where we started to walk. While we were going

through the town we were shelled rather heavily. Gene Buonanno and I dashed into a building that housed a bunch of women. They were from other countries and had been brought to Germany to work. They were very glad to see us, but we had to move on after the shelling stopped.

It was obvious that the Germans had stepped up their resistance. The rifle companies were held up time and again by roadblocks and small groups of soldiers who would defend the roadblocks and then fall back. We finally stopped in the town of Schwaigern. There I had two embarrassing experiences. The first was to go outside to the toilet. I dug my little cat hole and took my pants down. Just at that time a German shell came screaming in and I instinctively threw myself on the ground. I must have looked funny, spread out on the ground with my pants and underwear down around my ankles. The other experience was breaking into a hen house near where we were staying. I discovered the hen house and saw fresh eggs. The only problem was the hen house was locked. The door looked flimsy so I put one foot on the ground, the other on the wall next to the door, and pulled on the top of the door with both hands until the lock broke. The problem was that the door came back with such force that it broke my big toenail, which bled profusely. It hurt for weeks, and to this day the nail still shows the effects of that door. I did get the eggs and Gene Buonanno cooked them. They were great.

On April 5 we moved up to Bockingen, a suburb of Heilbronn. We moved into houses and set up our guns in backyards. We stayed in these positions for several days, sweating out intense shelling. We were rather close to where our engineers had built a pontoon bridge across

the Neckar River during one of the first nights. The bridge was destroyed by artillery fire the next morning and several of the wounded engineers came into the house where we were to get first aid. A shell hit one of the houses that part of the platoon was occupying, showering the men with dust and wall covering, but not hurting anyone.

For two days I accompanied Lieutenant Nageotte across the Neckar River to company headquarters and to the machine gun platoons. Our walking tour of the front was interrupted several times by artillery. Since I was the enlisted man and he was the officer, I had to row the boat across the river. I felt we were terribly exposed but nothing happened.

On April 9 we went across the river on a pontoon ferry that the engineers built. We moved up to a neighborhood on the southern edge of town. Again we dug in in a backyard and fired our guns from there. During the day some shots were fired up the street and a little later an old man and a young boy were marched down the street with their hands behind their heads. Apparently they were sniping at our soldiers.

### **Goodbye to the Front**

On the night of April 10 we were ordered to pull back about eight or ten city blocks. There were rumors of a counterattack and a feeling that we should set up a little further from the front. At dawn on April 11 we were busy digging our guns in. After ours was dug in I went to the back of our jeep and trailer to get some rations. My driver, Bill Huntley, was there and we kidded around a bit. I had gone into the basement of the house where we

had spent the night to see if I could bring some rations back for those who wanted to eat but who were trying to get some rest. As I was looking through the trailer we heard the sound of Nebelwerfers, or “Screaming Meemies,” coming in. Everyone took cover. Bill and I dove under one of the jeeps. All of the shells hit in our area, and two of them hit on the jeeps that were parked on the concrete driveway. I felt some blows on two occasions and was sure I had been hit, but it didn’t hurt so I wasn’t positive. As soon as the shelling stopped I tried to get out from under the now burning jeep. When I moved the pain was severe, so I shouted for a medic. Several of the platoon came running to get me out from under the jeep and to carry me into the kitchen of one of the houses. I was completely conscious and was deliberate in my instructions as to what part of me hurt the most.

The medic gave me a shot to reduce the pain and started dressing my left arm, then the right. In doing so he cut off all my clothes above my waist. He then saw the bleeding all along my left leg and he cut off my pants and underwear. While all of these wounds hurt, the biggest problem I was having was with my left foot. There was no evidence of a wound there except the laces of my boot were broken. At my insistence he cut off my boot and found the worst wound where a piece of shrapnel had gone through my foot. All of this took quite a bit of time and left me on the floor without any clothes on. Very embarrassing.

One of my worries during this dressing of the wounds was my few possessions. I kept them in my uniform shirt pocket. The medic used his scissors to cut out the uniform pocket and placed it on the stretcher with

me. I was alert enough to see that my wallet wasn't there and I asked Lieutenant Chestnut to get it for me. He found it on the ground under the jeep. As always, I was concerned about money!

Eventually, all my wounds were treated and I was wrapped in a blanket, placed on a stretcher, and loaded onto a jeep. John Gordon, a member of our squad, was also wounded and was evacuated with me. Bill Huntley, who had been lying next to me under the jeep, was killed.

John and I were taken to the company command post (CP), which was in a house close to the river. The CP was set up in the basement. I was handed in through a small basement window and placed on the floor. I was there for a while, during which time Captain Nason and others came over to talk to me. From there I was taken by jeep to the battalion aid station on the other side of the river. At the aid station the doctor took a look at my bandages and the tag the medic had attached to me and left me on the floor for a couple of hours. I was the only one in this store-front building when I was brought in. Within about two hours, four or five other wounded First Battalion soldiers were there. We were then loaded into an ambulance and taken about 15 miles to a field hospital.

I didn't realize it at the time but that night was my last with the 100th Division. I had been with the outfit for 13 months and had formed some wonderful friendships. I feel sure that a war-time experience such as mine is something one doesn't forget. There is a bonding with your comrades that is strong and lasting. Everyday we depended on each other. We had some good times but we knew that danger was ever present. The division lost

almost one thousand men killed and three thousand wounded. Some of these were good friends of mine and I missed them.

About nine or ten o'clock the night of April 11 I was taken into the field hospital's operating tent. I was still wide awake and a bit chatty. The last thing I remember saying before I was put to sleep was asking them not to amputate my foot.

My memory of the next day, April 12, is non-existent. I may have been awake from time to time but I don't remember it. I definitely remember the next day, April 13. I awoke very hungry and had one of my favorite breakfasts, French Toast. I was in a tent-ward with a grass "floor." Next to me was a wounded German soldier. Most of all I remember the hushed atmosphere. President Roosevelt had died the day before, and everyone was talking about it.

## **England**

The next day, April 14, several of us were loaded into an ambulance and taken back across the Rhine to an airfield where we were flown to the Southampton area in England. The ambulance ride was very painful. It would be hard to explain how much I wanted it to end. We spent the night in a Quonset hut hospital before being loaded onto a hospital train bound for the 45th Station Hospital in Bedford, England.

I was at this hospital for five weeks. I was in a receiving ward for one day and then transferred to an orthopedic ward for the rest of the time. This ward was a Quonset hut with about 30 soldiers in it. All had been

wounded, some worse than others. I was in the second bed from the entrance. I liked that location as there was always a lot of activity there. I had two operations while at this hospital. The first was to open and clean the wounds, the second was a follow up which included getting me ready to travel back to the USA.

During the first afternoon I was at Bedford, a Red Cross Gray Lady came by to talk to me. I asked her to help me write a letter home because I was afraid Mother and Daddy would hear about my being wounded and be worried. She got the stationery and pen and helped me write the letter. She offered to write it for me but I wanted the V-Mail letter to be in my handwriting. I still have a copy of that letter. I later learned that Mother got the letter the day before Western Union delivered the War Department telegram to our house. Apparently the women of Little Rock had talked about this one man who had the terrible responsibility of delivering all the killed, missing and wounded-in-action telegrams around town. I was glad that I saved Mother the panic that she would have had when she answered the door bell and saw the Western Union man standing there.

After the first operation at Bedford the treatment was to allow the wounds to drain during the day. The routine was to pull off the blood-soaked bandages in the morning and apply wet compresses to my arms and leg. Then at night the nurse would redress the wounds. The pain of pulling off the bandages in the morning can hardly be described, especially on the left arm and left leg and foot where the nerves had been exposed.

The ward had several nurses and orderlies. The head nurse was a captain and quite attractive. She had

recently married an army air force officer who flew out of a nearby airbase. One of the other nurses was much older—probably around 40 or so—and quite tough. She gave everyone a hard time in a good-humored way. For instance she would tell me not to be a baby as she would tear off the bandages. After a couple of weeks she had me sit up so I could soak my foot in a bowl by the side of the bed. I argued that I was too weak to sit up. She would have none of that so I sat up. I immediately fainted and awoke with blood dripping into my veins. Altogether I received four blood transfusions, two then and two when I was first wounded.

Toward the end of my stay I was in a wheelchair for some time every day. That allowed me to go to the movies (once) and move around the ward a little. One day a Colonel came by and presented a number of us our Purple Hearts. That was a thrill.

I started getting mail from the guys in the company, from home and from Mary Nance who had been informed by the Red Cross shortly after I was wounded. We were entertained a couple of times by the English locals. We eagerly read *Stars and Stripes* and celebrated the end of the war in Europe on May 8. I liked to listen to the Armed Forces Radio Europe, where there were regular 15-minute programs by the Glenn Miller Band led by Sergeants Ray McKinley and Jerry Gray.

At the end of May I was sent to a hospital near Southampton where, after about three days, I boarded the Santa Rosa for the trip home. The ship was much bigger and faster than the one on which we went to Europe the previous October, and the hospital ward was located in

nice quarters on the promenade deck. After five days we pulled into New York harbor.

### **Return to the States**

I was pretty excited when we arrived in New York. We came into Staten Island around mid-afternoon. Most of us were up and around. I navigated on crutches all day waiting to see the sight of land, the Statue of Liberty, and the USA. As we steamed into the harbor several boats were waiting for us, and there was a big crowd, an army band, banners, flags, etc. on the pier as we pulled alongside. In due time I was carried out on a stretcher to a waiting ambulance, which took me to Halloran General Hospital on Staten Island.

I was in Halloran for most of the month of June. It was an excellent place, but far from home. Normally, soldiers stayed there only a few days before being shipped to a hospital in their service command. At least two wards full of soldiers came and went while I stayed there. Although this disturbed me, Halloran and New York were not bad places to be because there was always something going on. At least once a week, sometimes twice, a major entertainer came from the city. I saw Eddie Cantor and Bob Hope plus the Harry James Orchestra broadcasting on NBC. I also went into New York one Saturday. I was on crutches with bandages on my arm and leg. This attracted attention wherever I went. A couple of taxis gave me free rides, and I was moved to the front of the lines at the movies and at restaurants.

At the end of the third week in June I went to see the people who arranged for the transfers from Halloran to other hospitals. I was told that I would be leaving

within a day or two for Bruns General Hospital in Santa Fe, New Mexico. I couldn't believe it and said so. The answer was that New Mexico, like Arkansas, was in the 8th Service Command so that was it. My argument was that Santa Fe was 800-900 miles from home while New York was only a couple of hundred miles further. Either way I couldn't get home, and my folks couldn't come to see me. I was unhappy, to no avail.

Two days later several of us were taken by ambulance across the Bayonne Bridge, through Manhattan via the tunnels, to Floyd Bennett Field, Long Island. The next morning we were loaded on a C-47 for the trip to New Mexico. The plane stopped in Indianapolis for lunch and refueling and in Topeka, Kansas for an overnight stay. Two or three patients left there, and two or three more in Oklahoma City the next day. We arrived in Santa Fe in the afternoon where I was the only one to deplane. The flight went on to the West Coast with its other passengers.

When I was carried from the airplane all I could see was desert. I couldn't believe I was going to spend months in such a desolate spot. The hospital didn't make me feel any better. It was small, with a series of wooden wards connected by enclosed walkways, and located about five miles from downtown in the middle of the desert. No trees, just sand and sagebrush. I was taken to an orthopedic ward, not unlike the one in England. Again it held about 30 wounded soldiers.

My first two days at Bruns were miserable. I really felt sorry for myself. On the third day one of the Red Cross women came into the ward to tell me that I would be picked up that afternoon for a tour of Santa Fe.

I said I wasn't going. She said I was going and, if necessary, that was an order (Red Cross workers had some sort of officer status). So I went! An older woman picked up three of us and gave the tour. Before we left the hospital area I said that I didn't understand how anyone could live in such an awful place. Her answer was great: she said her parents had brought her to Santa Fe from Chicago when she was seventeen, deathly sick and on a stretcher. The doctors thought that if she didn't find a better climate she would surely die. In her opinion, Santa Fe was a pretty nice place. I felt terrible.

I spent three and a half months at Bruns and it turned out to be one of the best experiences of my life. The doctors operated on me shortly after I got there. A few days later I volunteered to work on the hospital's radio station. I was welcomed and given something to do right away. Shortly thereafter I was trained to help with the broadcasts. Then I was given my own radio show. It was a one-hour record show and I had a good time with it. By September I was recruited to be the master of ceremonies at a monthly talent show in the auditorium. By the time I left on October 18 I was well known around Bruns. For one thing I was awarded my Bronze Star by the Commanding General at a Friday afternoon parade.

On the weekends I went into Santa Fe, twice to Albuquerque, and once to Alamosa, Colorado. I was on crutches the entire time at Bruns so these trips were real adventures. One of the best experiences I had at Bruns was spending Sundays or weekends with the Alexander family at their Hidden Valley Ranch near Taos. Again the Red Cross suggested it, and again I didn't want to but did. As with the tour of Santa Fe these visits were wonderful. The Alexanders were very wealthy oil people

from Texas. They had a beautiful house in a private valley. The family came out to New Mexico in the summer to escape the heat of South Texas. The mother was a delightful, down-to-earth person. She was there with her daughter, Helen, and her daughter-in-law, Margaret. Helen and Margaret were married to Air Force officers who were stationed in Europe. They were both about 25 years old, much older than I was, and were a lot of fun. Among other things, they introduced me to rum and coca-cola.

In mid-October my doctor thought I needed nerve surgery on my left leg. That could not be done at Bruns so he suggested that I go to Kennedy Hospital in Memphis. I thought that was fine as I would finally get to go home. Within days I was taken to Albuquerque to catch an overnight train to Amarillo, Texas, where I transferred to the Rock Island's Choctaw Rocket for the ride to Memphis. I was still on crutches and had bedroom accommodations. We arrived in Amarillo in the early morning and I crutched around downtown until the Rocket left at noon. During the train ride the porter approached me about selling the upper berth in my bedroom to a major. I did for forty dollars.

I had received a letter from Daddy a week or two before saying that he had tickets for the Texas-Arkansas football game on Saturday, October 20. I wrote back asking him not to sell my ticket as I might be there in time to see it. I did not tell them that I was arriving that morning. I didn't know it myself until just a day or two before. The train arrived in Little Rock at 4:40 am on its way to Memphis. I took a taxi home and rang the doorbell at 5:00 am. After several rings Daddy answered the door. He immediately woke Mother up and we had a

tearful reunion that morning. It had been 18 months since my furlough in April the year before. We saw the football game and celebrated my twentieth birthday on Sunday.

At Kennedy Hospital the doctors decided that an operation wasn't necessary, and after a month they gave me a 45-day furlough. This started in late-November and lasted until early January. They also decided that I didn't need to use my crutches and could wear a shoe on my left foot. This was good news and set me up for the holidays.

As soon as I got to Kennedy I called Aunt Nance. She and her friend, "Aunt" Evalina Harris, came to see me immediately. I spent some time with them when I had the opportunity. Aunt Nance took over, as usual, and started worrying about what I was going to do after I got out of the army, where I would go to college, etc. One thing she was especially concerned about was my complexion—it had gone from bad to worse. She got in touch with her doctor friends and they recommended "the best specialist in the United States." The only trouble was that he was in Chicago. She persevered and arranged an appointment for me on the Friday after Thanksgiving. So I went to Chicago.

I started for Chicago on the Tuesday before Thanksgiving. My idea for another adventure was to get a ride on an air force plane (at no cost). I went to the air base in Little Rock and after waiting around all morning I finally got a ride to Cincinnati. Then I was advised to go to Wright-Patterson Field in Dayton, so I got transportation to the Dayton highway and hitch-hiked to Dayton where I spent the night. The next morning I waited around all morning and finally decided to hitch hike all the way to Chicago. An army staff sergeant and

I got a ride to Indianapolis and another that evening to Chicago. We arrived around midnight and I spent the night at the home of the man who gave us a ride. The next day, Thanksgiving, he took me to the downtown USO on Michigan Avenue where I spent most of the day and night. I had a lonely Thanksgiving dinner at the USO.

On Friday I kept my appointment with the dermatologist and then went out to Northwestern. I spent several hours in the admissions office hoping to see someone. Since I didn't have an appointment I never did get to talk to anyone. I tried and tried to get by the secretary; it didn't do any good and it made me mad. After that frustrating experience I caught the night train to Memphis and arrived back in Little Rock around noon on Saturday. The whole trip was a waste. It was a struggle to get there, I was lonely, and the trips to the doctor and Northwestern didn't do any good as far as I could see.

At Christmas we had a big family reunion. Jim and Mary Nance came home, and Uncle Rob, Aunt Nance, and Aunt Evalina came for the holidays. Along with having a good time I spent my holidays thinking about college, writing letters, sending transcripts, and talking to a number of people. I applied to the University of Arkansas, LSU, Princeton, Kansas, and Oklahoma State. I thought I wanted to be an architect so I only applied to schools that had an architecture program. At Christmas Aunt Nance suggested I apply to the University of Virginia. She knew a number of Virginia alumni in Memphis and thought it was a good school. More to humor her than for any other reason I applied. During the month of January I was accepted at Arkansas,

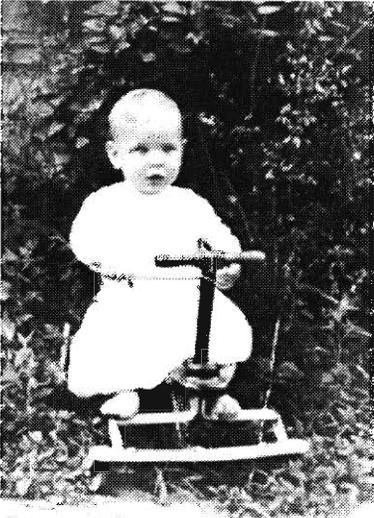
LSU, and Virginia. I like to think the others turned me down because, as they said, they were overwhelmed with returning GI's.

Both Arkansas and LSU were on the semester system and they cautioned me that I would not be accepted after a certain time in the spring semester. The semester started around the first of February so I would have to get discharged pretty fast in order to go to those schools. On the other hand, Virginia was on the trimester system and the spring semester started on February 26. With all that information in hand I went back to Kennedy Hospital the second week of January.

During the last week of January I was the subject of a meeting of several doctors. They told me that they had decided to fuse the bones in my foot. The operation would be scheduled within the next week or two. This frightened me and I mentioned it to Aunt Nance. She immediately suggested I go to Campbell's Clinic in Memphis for a second opinion. She and Aunt Evalina knew some of the doctors there. Within a day or two I had an appointment and I met the aunts at the clinic. I had gone into the nurses' station in my ward and taken my x-rays, thinking that the doctors would surely want to see them. Apparently taking another hospital's x-rays was not done in proper medical circles. In any event, a doctor examined me—using the x-rays—and advised me not to have the operation. His reasoning was that such a procedure would not allow me to bend my foot for the rest of my life, and this probably was too big a price to pay to avoid the pain that would be there without the operation. He also suggested that if the pain became too intense I could always get the operation at a veterans hospital at no cost.

A few days later I had another meeting with the army doctors. There were at least four present, all captains or majors. This was preliminary to the operation that was scheduled for the next day. As soon as I got the chance I told them that I would not have the operation. They were aghast and tried to tell me that it had to be done. I said “no” every way I could, and they finally gave up with the remark that “there was nothing else to be done but to discharge me.” That suited me fine. I was discharged from the army on February 11, 1946.

Serving in the army and with an infantry division in combat was a defining experience for me. I was not anxious to be in the army but at the time, and especially now, am glad I was. I think I found certain values that helped set my future. I learned that I was never really alone because others were there to help me whenever I needed them. I also learned that a survivor of difficulties in life has payments to make to others. I feel that I was a pretty good soldier and I am very proud to have served.



Robert Fair, 1926



Robert Fair, 1935



1524 Schiller, Little Rock, AR



Corporate Robert Fair  
US Army, France, 1944



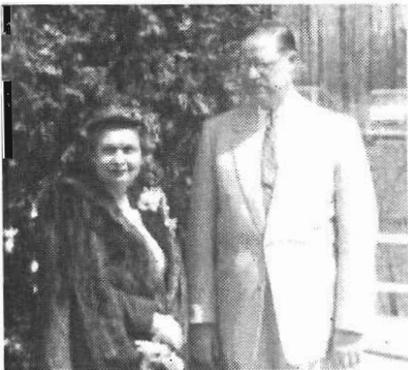
Camilla, Ann, Drayton, and Robert Fair, 1969



Camilla Fair, 1980



Mother, Georgie Fair, 1960



Adelade and Richard Starr, 1955

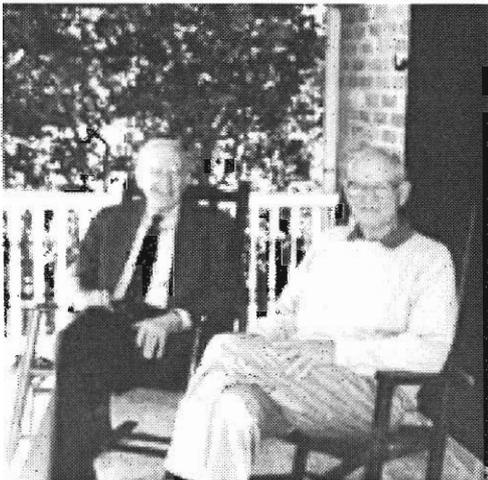


Rud and Georgie Fair, 1967

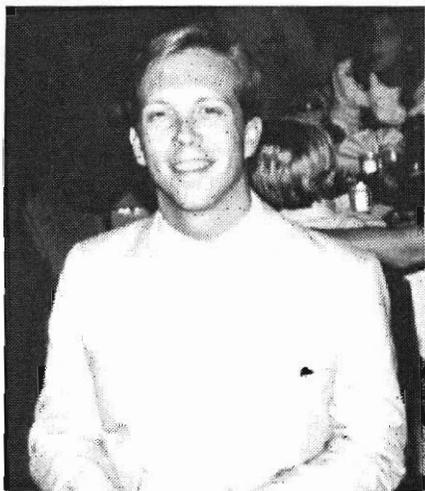


Bill and Mary Nance Fair Stramm, 1980

Mary Nance and  
Merle Fair, 1988



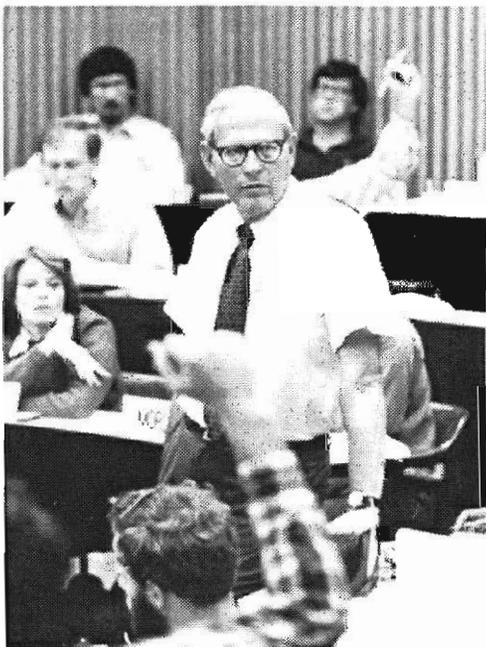
Jim and Robert Fair, 1997



Drayton Fair, 1967



Robert, Camilla, Rick, Ann Fair,  
Caroline, and Robin Burns, 1995



Robert Fair in Class, 1979

## PART III - COLLEGE YEARS

### University of Virginia

In February, 1946, the University of Virginia (UVA) was my only choice if I wanted to go to college right away. But it was so far from home that I thought I would just forget the whole thing for the moment and stay put. My excuse was going to be that I still had trouble walking long distances, and with all the returning servicemen I didn't want to take my chances on where I would live. I wrote UVA asking if they would reserve a dormitory room for me, and to my surprise I received a telegram saying that they had reserved a room for me on the main grounds. That was impressive and it blew my excuse for not going.

I arrived in Charlottesville by train—the Southern Railway's Tennessean—on Saturday afternoon, February 24, 1946. I stayed that night at the Albemarle Hotel on Main Street and went to the University the next day. I reported to the housing office in the basement of the Rotunda and was given the key to 31 West Lawn. When I got to my room I met my roommate, Frank Hubbell from Charlottesville. I roomed with Frank on and off for three years. He was the son of a career army officer who was a graduate of West Point and the step-son of Major General Peyton. General Peyton was the roommate of General George Marshall at V.M.I. and was one of the highest ranking officers in the army at the beginning of World War II. Unfortunately, he had a heart attack in 1942 and had to spend the rest of the war as the commander of Fort Jackson in South Carolina. Frank was not the rugged army type and had disappointed himself by failing officers candidate school. He finished

the war as a corporal, so we had that in common. He had gone to Kent School in Connecticut and was quite the gentleman. He often said he took a hayseed from Arkansas (me) and made a gentleman of him.

On Monday we went to Cabell Hall to register. When I met Dean Ivy Lewis—in those days deans registered everyone—I told him I was interested in architecture. He told me that I could not go to the architecture school unless I had been accepted ahead of time; the only possibility was to spend a year in the College of Arts and Sciences and then transfer. So I registered for the college.

Except for Chemistry, all my classes were on the Lawn, either in Cabell Hall or in the Language Pavilion. I took Chemistry, Math, English and French. I made B's in the first three and a D in French. I was very disappointed in my Chemistry and Math grades, as I was sure I had earned A's. I was happy with the English grade and delighted I had not failed French. I just could not understand the spoken exercises.

Clothes were a big problem after the war. White shirts were not available and there were very few other items of men's clothing in the stores. Aunt Nance asked me to spend some time in Memphis on my way to school. She took me to Phil Halle's, the best men's store in town, where she bought me a suit, a sport coat and slacks, and two white shirts! This was a wonderful gift. Generous, too.

When I got to school I had the one suit and the one sport coat. I had a couple of pairs of slacks, some sport shirts, my two white shirts, and a sweater or two. I

also had my army clothes, overcoat, and field jacket. Imagine my surprise to find that UVA students wore coats and ties to class. I couldn't believe it and, of course, I didn't have either the shirts or ties, much less the coats.

Frank took me downtown to The Young Men's Shop where I was able to find another sport coat, some shirts and some ties. I hadn't planned to spend the money, but there was no alternative.

Frank and I ate our meals at a boarding house just off Jefferson Park Avenue. Four residents of West Range also ate there and we would usually walk to the boarding house together. This led to some friendships that lasted throughout my four years at the University. One of these friendships was with Frank Billings, a future roommate. Another was with Sandy Gassaway, an outstanding person.

I attended Westminster Presbyterian Church and sang in the choir. I also sang in the Glee Club; wrote for *College Topics*, the student newspaper; and pledged Sigma Chi fraternity. I was very concerned about being accepted in this new and different environment so I went out of my way to become involved in extracurricular activities.

At the end of the semester I went home, stopping by Memphis again where I spent a week in a veterans hospital having shrapnel removed from my left thigh and foot. Aunt Nance arranged this. She was the head of the Red Cross Gray Ladies in Memphis and as such, knew the commanding officer of the hospital. After a week I left the hospital—I just walked out. According to Aunt Nance the hospital was a little upset about this but I wanted to get home.

Shortly after I got home two army buddies, John Courter and Nick Cigrand, came from Kansas and Iowa to see me. I was flattered that they would do this. We had a great time and resolved to get together every year or two.

At the last minute I decided not to go back to UVA for the second semester. I wanted to stay home for a while and I wasn't sure I wanted to go back to Virginia anyway: it was too far from home and quite different from Arkansas and the informality I was used to. I didn't want to do anything that summer but lie around the house, go to ball games, and socialize with some of my high school friends. In mid-June, however, I got a long letter from my Sigma Chi "big brother", Ralph Waldrop, telling me that the chapter expected me at the house for initiation in July. I was surprised that they still planned on initiating me after I had dropped out, and I wrote them accordingly. A letter came right back saying they definitely expected me. The following Sunday I brought it up at the dinner table. Both Daddy and Mother felt I should go back, and Daddy offered to pay my train fare. I could only conclude from his offer that he felt strongly about my going. I had prided myself on not taking any money from the folks. This had been true since my paper route days when I was 14 years old. I had saved over \$2,500 from the paper route, the Alaskan Highway, and the army, and I was getting the GI Bill for college and a small disability payment. I really had plenty of money. I did not accept Daddy's offer of the train fare but I did go back to Charlottesville. I spent a week—hell week—at the fraternity house and was initiated in July 1946. The whole affair, and especially the brothers, made a lasting impression on me. I really felt that they wanted me to

stay at UVA and be a member of the fraternity. From that point on I was determined to return in the fall.

In September 1946 I transferred to the engineering school. I did not want to continue in liberal arts, had rethought my desire to be an architect, and decided that engineering was what I really wanted to do.

I roomed that year with Frank Billings at 39 West Range. Frank had a positive influence on me. He was from Vermont, son of a former governor. He had completed Harvard in three years and after being turned down by the U.S. Army had enlisted in the Canadian Army where he served as an officer in Europe. He came to UVA in February 1946 to attend law school. He was very intelligent and a member of the *Law Review* after his first year. Above all he was very disciplined and dedicated. He lived a Spartan life, no frills, and followed a set routine. He would get up first and shave. He would wait for me and we would go together to the Commons for breakfast. Then he was off to the law school. He came back for lunch and to check his mail and then went back to the law school for the afternoon. He would reappear around 5:30 or 6:00 p.m. for dinner and then go back to the law school. He would return to the room around eleven and get ready for bed. The only change in this routine would be an occasional handball game in the late afternoon and a dinner and a movie on Saturday night. On Sunday he would go to early church and then go back to the law school. All of this had a positive effect on me.

I tried to do as Frank did. I spent most of my time studying and tried not to get caught up in too many things. I still sang in the Glee Club and at church and went to fraternity meetings. At the end of the year I had excellent grades. I made the Dean's list both semesters.

The one person at the engineering school and the University who made a real difference in my life was a professor, Joe Vaughan. I met Joe in the spring of 1946 at Westminster Church and at the Sigma Chi fraternity where he was a member and chapter advisor. In the fall of 1946 I took his course in report writing. It was a good course, but more importantly it gave me a chance to know Joe better. For one thing he gave the class a form which listed the days of the week and the hours of the day. He lectured on the necessity of planning your time and sticking to your plan. For the next few years I would fill in my class schedule and my study and recreational times on the form and display it prominently on my desk. I tried very hard to allocate my time properly and to follow my plan. It provided me with a discipline that I had not had.

Joe Vaughan turned out to be a good friend and advisor. I audited the public speaking part of his first year English course. That helped me. I also took his fourth year English course. This broadened my outlook and gave me some insights I didn't normally find in engineering courses. Most importantly, I started going to Joe for advice on a number of personal matters. That continued after graduation as I kept in close touch with him and his wife, Ann.

The summer of 1947 I was at home working on a surveying crew for the Arkansas Power and Light Co. We traveled all over central Arkansas, sometimes away for a whole week. It was fun and very good for me physically.

Frank Billings graduated in the fall of 1947 and I moved next door to 37 West Range. Frank Hubbell and

I were roommates again. This was another good year for me academically, and again I made the Dean's list both semesters. I gave up the Glee Club but sang at church. I was President of the Westminster Club, an activity of the church for University students. I also joined the Trigon Engineering Society, wrote for the *Virginia Engineering Review*, and rejoined the *College Topics* staff as a sports reporter. None of these extra-curricula activities required a lot of time. For instance, I only wrote for the newspaper one afternoon a week.

The summer of 1948 I again worked for Arkansas Power and Light. At the end of the summer I had a severe flare-up with my left foot and spent a week in the Army-Navy Veterans Hospital in Hot Springs. This was the first of four such problems diagnosed as osteomyelitis. I had an attack during exam week the next year, again at the end of the summer of 1949, and finally during semester exams in January 1950. The series of events was a pain in every way. As a result my disability payment was increased but it was hardly worth the physical pain and the tremendous inconvenience, especially during exams. I took at least two exams while in great pain. In both cases I entered the hospital within the hour after completing the exams on which I didn't do very well, and once I had to put off a final exam until a week after school was out. Again I did poorly.

One extracurricular activity that I really enjoyed was being editor-in-chief of the *Virginia Engineering Review* in 1948-1949. The magazine was almost defunct, and with classmates like Jack Dovel and Cranston Williams we published six issues that year, all of them larger, and I think better, than anything that had been done before. This publishing success, my grades, and

some other extracurricular activities led to my election to the Raven Society and to Omicron Delta Kappa leadership fraternity in the spring of 1948.

During the winter break in January, 1949, Frank Hubbell, Doug Eager (a next door West Range neighbor), and I went to Florida. We went in Frank's convertible and had a great trip. The idea was to sleep on the beach—no hotel bills—and to live frugally. I took \$60—a third for gasoline, a third for food, and a third for other things. I had to borrow money from Doug on the way home, but even so the ten days didn't cost me much. The first time we slept on the beach was at Vero Beach, Florida. We drove along the beach road and about midnight found an unlocked door at a private club. We walked through an eating area and unrolled our sleeping bags on the sand. We left early the next morning after a quick swim and a wash up behind the bar. The next night we slept in a ball park in Homestead. I woke up lying next to third base with some kids coming in ready to play ball. We went on to Key West where we spent five days. The police ran us off the beach one night, but other than that, everything went all right and we had a lot of fun in the sun.

While at Key West our routine was to eat a good breakfast and to use the men's room of the restaurant to wash and brush our teeth. We fixed our lunches from items we bought at a grocery store (we had a cooler). We showered at the beach and at night tried to eat a good dinner.

On the way home we stopped in the dreary little town of Naples, Florida. We wanted to take a late afternoon swim in the Gulf of Mexico. The most

noticeable thing about downtown Naples was the dilapidated "For Sale" signs on overgrown lots; most of the signs looked as though they had been left over from the Depression. I have often thought how wealthy I would be now if I had invested my savings then in one of those downtown lots.

The summer of 1949 started off poorly as I was recuperating from my most recent hospitalization. I wound up not doing anything except going to the doctor, taking whirlpool treatments, relaxing at home, and going to ball games.

My last year at UVA was a good one. I only had to take twelve hours a semester, and only six of those were at the engineering school. The other six hours a semester were taken at the commerce school. These broadened my understanding of, and got me interested in, business and industry. I made good grades in all my courses and that was always a plus.

My roommate for the year was Frank Goodman. I first knew Frank in Little Rock. He moved to Louisville, Kentucky during the eighth grade. I met him again at the engineering school. At the end of my third year (his second) we got together and applied to be dormitory counselors. We were given that assignment, which included free room and free laundry and dry cleaning, and had responsibility for Randall Hall. Frank was a member of the DKE fraternity. His fraternity served meals, the Sigma Chi's didn't, so I took all my meals at the Deke house. In the spring semester Frank and I moved to Gildersleeve dormitory, a much nicer dorm and much closer to the engineering school.

Like the other Franks, Frank Goodman was a terrific roommate. He was as pleasant as could be and a campus leader. He was an excellent athlete. Bus Male, his coach at Episcopal High School in Alexandria, Virginia, and later a coach at UVA, described Frank as one of the best athletes he had ever seen. Apparently Frank was an all-star in several sports at Episcopal. He played halfback for Virginia in 1944 and varsity tennis when we roomed together. He played all intramurals for his fraternity. Through Frank and the Dekes I met a lot of different people, and some of those friendships endure to this day.

I was a big politician during 1949-1950. I served as president of Trigon and the honorary journalism fraternity, Pi Delta Epsilon. I was also president of Sigma Chi. I was awarded Sigma Chi's Balfour Award as the outstanding undergraduate in the Virginia Province. I was elected to TILKA and later to Tau Beta Pi honor societies and was vice president of the Class of 1950. In addition, I wrote editorials for *The Virginia Engineering Review*, was vice president of ODK, and secretary of the Raven Society. I also went out for baseball as I had the year before, but didn't make the team either year. Altogether I was doing too much.

One thing I was not doing too much of was dating. In high school, and, to a great extent, in college, I rarely had a date. For one thing I was busy. If I wasn't going to class or studying, I was involved in an extra curricular activity. I always had time to go to see the big bands on dance weekends but most of the time it was without a date. To put it mildly, I was a bit shy. I dated a couple of girls from Randolph-Macon Woman's College but going to Lynchburg was difficult. I had them come to

UVA for dance weekends but that was about it. I dated some girls from town, at least one nurse, had several blind dates, and went to Sweet Briar once to see my neighbor from Little Rock, Nancy Moses.

My most serious girlfriend was one I met in the late fall of my fourth year. Lynn McCullough, from Houston, Texas, was in her junior year at Sweet Briar. She was good looking and out going. She played the piano beautifully although I wasn't very interested in that. We had some good times and I thought for a while she was someone I should get to know a lot better. Unfortunately, after I graduated we were too far apart physically for this romance to continue.

In April I went home for spring break and bought a new Ford car from my cousin, Richard Brewer, the Ford dealer in Mountain View. I had just accepted a job offer from Westinghouse and felt I could finally afford wheels. It also allowed me to get to Sweet Briar more often and more easily.

In December I decided to apply to Harvard Business School. I completed the application, printing the whole thing in ink, and submitted it in January. I called to see if I should come to Boston for an interview and was assured that was not necessary. After I had accepted the Westinghouse job Harvard wrote and asked if I would come for an interview. I went to Brockton, Massachusetts, with a member of the DKE fraternity who was driving there for the weekend. I stayed overnight with Roy McVicar, a sergeant of mine in the army. The next day I went for my interview. I first met the dean of admissions, Mr. Ward, who literally didn't say anything after I sat down. Finally, after a minute or two he said, "I

know why you're here and you know why you're here so why don't you tell me why you want to go to the Harvard Business School." He said it in a gruff manner and scared me to death. We didn't talk long before he turned me over to a recent graduate, Jim Lipscomb. Frank Goodman had mentioned his cousin, Jim Lipscomb, to me before I went, and it just so happened that it was the same person. He had my application in front of him and after introductions asked me how to spell "responsibility." I glanced over at the application and saw several black circles. My answer was "should I leave now or stay through the rest of the interview?" From there on we had a good meeting. I, of course, told him I roomed with Frank. I think that made a good impression. In any event I didn't hear from HBS for a long time and had decided that I wouldn't worry about it. I had a good job and didn't have to go for the MBA, at least not now, and perhaps not at Harvard.

There was a flurry of activity at the end of school. The class president, Jim Phillips, and I led the class down the Lawn on Class Day and I presented the class gift to President Colgate Darden. On Monday morning, June 11, 1950, graduation exercises were held in the amphitheater. Mother, Daddy, Uncle Will, and Mother's sisters, Aunt Seddie (Sarah) and Aunt Mrytle were in the audience.

In the early afternoon of graduation day I said goodbye to UVA and the family and headed for the Sigma Chi Grand Chapter meeting in Columbus, Ohio. Three days later I drove to Greenville, South Carolina, where the folks were visiting Uncle Will. From there I drove to Atlanta to see Mary Nance, her husband, Bill Stramm, and their son, Billy, and then on to Little Rock.

When I got home I had a letter from Harvard admitting me to the Class of 1952. I immediately wired George Lobinger, the head of college recruiting at Westinghouse, and asked what he would suggest I do. He wired back that I should go to Harvard but work that summer for Westinghouse, so that is what I did.

On Friday, June 22, I left by train for Pittsburgh. I had sold my car to Neal Robins, a good friend in Little Rock. I had paid \$1,400 (\$100 off list price courtesy of my cousin) for it, and sold it for \$1,400. I was sure that I could no longer afford the car since I needed all the money I could get to go to Harvard. The GI Bill I had at Virginia was exhausted, and I would have to pay my way. I did apply for a Spencer Love Scholarship as soon as I had been accepted. Shortly afterward I was notified that I had been awarded one.

I arrived in Pittsburgh late in the evening of June 23 and took a cab to the Penn-Lincoln Hotel in Wilkensburg. I was assigned to a room with another new hire, Matt Sheeleigh, from Little Falls, New Jersey. The next day, Sunday, we moved from the hotel to Mom Daniels boarding house at 210 South Dallas Avenue. A fraternity brother of Matt's had stayed there and recommended it so we quickly decided to see if we could also stay there. Mom Daniels and her husband and two daughters ran quite an establishment. She rented eight rooms, four on the second floor and four on the third, to sixteen boarders. The top floor was occupied by members of the Pittsburgh Pirates baseball team. Mom and her husband had a bedroom at the back of the first floor, and the daughters lived in a room in the basement. Mom fed everyone breakfast and dinner seven days a

week. The refrigerator was always full of cold cuts and drinks. She had a cooler off the kitchen where she kept beer. We were on the honor system to pay for the beer—15 cents for Iron City and 20 cents for the others.

On Monday, Matt and I, along with 70 others, started the six-week product course at the new Westinghouse student training center in Wilksburg. We spent every morning listening to product descriptions and applications, and every afternoon studying handout materials and taking tests. Most of what they talked about was new to me and I didn't do a lot of work anyway. If you made a certain grade by the end of the course you received six hours of graduate credit at the University of Pittsburgh's engineering school. I didn't make the required grade.

After the course, I took a six-week assignment in the market planning section at East Pittsburgh. This was interesting and I made a good impression, and that was where I eventually returned.

Matt also took an assignment in the Pittsburgh area so we roomed together all summer at Mom Daniels. Matt had a car and a desire to have a good time so we spent a lot of time running around. I did play on the student softball team which won the Westinghouse recreational league title. That was a lot of fun.

By mid-September when I had to leave for Harvard I hated to go. I enjoyed Westinghouse and I enjoyed Pittsburgh. Everyone treated me great. It was a good life.

## **Harvard Business School**

I flew to Boston and took a cab to Harvard Business School (HBS). I was excited and just a bit proud as the cab let me off in front of Baker Library. During the spring Frank Goodman introduced me to a fellow Deke, Frank Batten. I knew Frank Batten but had never really talked to him. Goodman wanted us to get together because he knew we had both applied to HBS. From the time we met, Batten and I talked about Harvard and what we might do there. Eventually one or the other of us suggested that we room together. As soon as we were accepted we let the housing people know and they put us together in a suite in Gallatin Hall, C entry, third floor. That is where I went when I arrived, and Batten was there waiting for me.

We spent most of the first day registering and getting acquainted with other students. We had no homework that night so we decided to see the Boston Braves and St. Louis Cardinals play baseball. That was the only time I ever saw Stan Musial play and he performed well, including hitting a home run over the right field fence.

Frank and I were assigned to Section C. Each of the six sections had between 100 and 110 men—no women. All our activities throughout the two years were on a section basis. We went to our first-year classes together and did all our socializing and intramurals on a section basis. Even today, forty years later, class notes and fund raising are on a first-year section basis. Most of my best HBS friends were section mates.

One of the first persons we met was Jerry Shively, who lived next door. Jerry had just graduated from Colgate. He roomed with another from Colgate, Dick Damon (it turned out that Dick had been in the ASTP and the 399th Regiment of the 100th Division.) I was impressed by Jerry and Dick, and for that matter with most of my classmates. It was not that they were smarter, but they seemed much more worldly. HBS had a large number of students from the East Coast, especially New York, Connecticut, and Massachusetts.

About 150, or 25% of the class, had graduated from Ivy League schools, especially Harvard and Yale. This was a new crowd for me.

The first year at HBS was a busy one. We worked very hard but spent some time socializing. I played intramurals for the section. I played on the "B" team in touch football, since the "A" team had six former college lettermen playing for it. I joined some of these lettermen for the section's volleyball and softball teams. We won the intramural championship in both of these. George Sella and Jack McKinnon from Princeton were the section's big guns in sports. Jack didn't play softball but George did. He was our third baseman while I played first.

Harvard classes were taught by the case method. We were given a "case" to read and analyze. In class we would be called on to give our analysis and recommendations. With one hundred students in the class there were always several different analyses and recommendations to be presented and defended. This led to some pretty active discussions.

I was always afraid I would be called on to start the class and that I wouldn't do a good job of presenting my ideas. It seemed that no matter how much I studied and how good my numbers were, they were never good enough. All of my friends said they felt the same way but I still felt inadequate most of the time.

Some times we would go to class without thoroughly preparing the case. This was especially dangerous if we were called on early in class or to answer a specific question that the professor asked. I would be extremely nervous when I went to class without good preparation.

For most of the year we stayed on campus. There was too much work to do and we wanted to do well. Several of us did go on a trip through parts of New England one weekend in the late fall. We drove through Maine to Dartmouth on Saturday and then down to Smith College in Western Massachusetts on Sunday.

Brother Jim spent most of the fall in Boston working with Stone and Webster on the design of a new plant for Monsanto. He came out to School on a Sunday and took several of us on a ride through the Lexington and Concord area. I also had dinner with him a couple of times.

I completed the first year with above-average grades. My best grades were in Accounting and Finance which should have given me a clue as to what career path I should follow. At that point I was still thinking about industrial sales, something akin to my Westinghouse experience and my engineering undergraduate training. I was further encouraged to go in that direction when

Westinghouse recruited me hard for a summer internship. I accepted their offer and went back to Pittsburgh for the summer of 1951.

My first year at Harvard was difficult for me in some ways. I didn't have much money and felt a little deprived. I used my savings for the first two quarters' tuition, and room and board, and I borrowed \$1,250 for most of the last half of the year. My scholarship only provided about \$300, which was a disappointment. My total cost for the school year was \$2,500.

I had other problems adjusting. I had great respect for my classmates—their backgrounds, money, Ivy League schools, their worldliness—and I let that intimidate me a little. Finally, the case method really got to me. I was afraid to participate in class and could never really get into it. It was almost like another person was speaking when I occasionally said something. The Administrative Practices course (what we now call Organizational Behavior) was especially puzzling to me. I guess my engineering training got in the way. I expected logic and answers, but instead I heard neither.

### Summer at Westinghouse

After a week at home I went back to work for Westinghouse for the summer of 1951. I again lived at Mom Daniels. It wasn't quite the same but not bad. My first assignment was in switchgear sales at East Pittsburgh. I still didn't have a car so I had to get a ride or take the streetcar to work. I don't think I contributed a thing during this six-week assignment. I didn't really understand either the complications of switchgear or the routine of the office. Once again I played on the student

softball team and that was fun. I had a limited social life. I did see Charley Kerr who lived in Pittsburgh and who was a year behind me in engineering school. He and I played some tennis and double dated a few times.

I requested that my next assignment be in Philadelphia. During the school year I had met and dated a very attractive Radcliffe girl from Philadelphia, and I thought it would be great to be in her home town for part of the summer. At the last minute my assignment was changed to the Transformer Division in Sharon, Pennsylvania. That was upsetting.

On a Monday morning in July I rode the bus from downtown Pittsburgh to New Castle where I changed to the bus for Sharon. I was supposed to report for work that morning, but instead I arrived in mid-afternoon. Jack Grewell, the person at the plant in charge of students, gave me a hard time about being late but I didn't care as I didn't want to be there anyway.

One of the students assigned to switchgear had an assignment in Sharon and had roomed in a house on Highland Road. He spoke highly of the accommodations, the location and the landlady, Mrs. Atherton, so I called her to see if she had a room available. She did, and I stayed there for six weeks.

My assignment in Sharon was in purchasing. I enjoyed it and thought seriously about going into purchasing when I graduated from HBS. In fact, I liked everything about Sharon and the Transformer Division. Actually, it was one of the best things that happened to me. My whole future revolved around that six-week assignment.

Sharon Westinghouse was a very successful operation. It was one of the company's largest, and far-and-away its most profitable. Its success set a tone that is hard to describe. It was exciting to be with a successful operation where the morale was high, the people were helpful, and many good things came along with being number one.

I met many wonderful people in Sharon, both at the plant and in the city. One neighbor from the city was Jack Willson, a 1949 graduate of UVA. He lived across the street from Mrs. Atherton. Another interesting person at the plant was a fellow Harvard B Schooler, John Wright of England. After we got to know each other he suggested that we double date some weekend. His girl friend knew that I had gone to Virginia so she arranged a date for me with a friend who had just completed her sophomore year at Randolph-Macon Woman's College in Lynchburg, Virginia. This was Camilla Starr, my future wife. As it turned out John and his date, Lita Jaffe, couldn't go on the Saturday night as planned, so I called Jack Willson and we double dated. I picked up Camilla at her home on Highland Road and was immediately swept off my feet by her beauty, especially her smile. We went dancing at the Shenango Inn and had a great time. My major regret was that it was the last weekend I was to be in Sharon before going back to Boston. I did resolve to see Camilla if I was ever in Sharon again.

### **Harvard - The Second Year**

My second year at Harvard was better than my first. I was more confident and more interested in my course work. Socially it was quite a success—probably

too much so. Prior to leaving at the end of the first year, several of us decided to room together during the second year. The effort was spearheaded by Jerry Shively. He found space on the second floor of Gallatin, C entry, where there were three suites and a single all together. He lined up the eight suitemates. They were Jerry, Bob Jones, and me in the triple suite; Frank Batten and Frank Thompson in one of the two-person suites; John Priesing and Bud Kassel in the other two-person suite; and Paul Barth in the single. The social life revolved around our living room, the largest one of the group.

In May I had bought, for practically nothing, three suites of second-hand furniture. When we got back in September we had three couches, a bar, a coffee table, pictures, and other furnishings for our living room. I sold the rest to first-year students for as much as I had paid for all that I had bought in the spring. Jerry's mother gave us a big rug and Bob Jones's father gave us some additional pictures. Jerry immediately moved his desk out to make room for the other stuff. His comment was "I don't need a desk so let's get rid of it." That set the tone.

Our suite was a gathering place throughout the whole second year, not only for the occupants of the other rooms, but for just about anybody and everybody we knew. There was activity there all the time. Friends like Lawton Waples, Sam Johnson, Howard Hull, and Moose Dunne were in and out all day. It was the party room on the weekends. All the suite mates had girl friends. Four of them were engaged to be married by the end of the year. We played bridge late at night and double and triple solitaire after lunch. It was usually necessary to go to Baker Library to do any serious studying.

In the beginning I wanted the single room, but Paul Barth insisted on it so I joined Jerry and Bob in the triple. When no one else would get a telephone for the suites, I got one. This added another deterrent to a normal life. Everyone used the phone and interrupted any studying I tried to do at my desk. Worse, when I got the long distance bills they were two and three pages long. We would rarely get all the calls identified so I would just divide up the unclaimed and share the expense with the other suitemates. We would even have calls charged during our big weekend parties, and sometimes the calls were long, expensive, and never identified.

In the fall semester I chose courses from a number of areas. I wanted a general management experience. In addition to the required Business Policy course I took General Doriot's Manufacturing, and also Collective Bargaining, Investment Management, and Advertising. All of these were taught by "stars." That was another factor in my decisions. Business Policy, Manufacturing, and Investment Management were year-long courses so my selections in the spring were limited to two. I chose Purchasing and Business History.

I liked my courses and did fairly well. I didn't work very hard and still got good grades. Advertising was the most difficult: it was new to me and I didn't really understand it. Investment Management was the most interesting, and Manufacturing the most useful. In Manufacturing we listened to lectures by Doriot most of the time. In addition we were required to do two group projects, one on a topic in the fall, and one on company analysis in the spring. These were group projects, and our group was Lawt Waples, Bob Jones, Norm Kennedy and

me. Norm insisted that we do our topic report on agribusiness. The rest of us were not interested so we made a deal. I would work with Norm on the topic report, then Lawt, Bob and I would do the company report in the spring. This meant that Lawt and Bob did nothing in the fall and Norm did not participate in the spring. And we were all graded as if we all participated each semester. Norm really did a super job on the topic report, and the other three of us did a good job on the company report. I got high passes for grades so we must have done all right. (Norm followed up his interest and eventually became the CEO of Red L Foods, Inc. in Lyme, New Hampshire.)

I played on all the section intramural teams. As in the first year we had a B team in touch football and in basketball. I was big on those teams. Our softball team won the championship again. I refereed intramural basketball for \$2.50 a game and also worked at Filene's Department Store in downtown Boston over spring break. The Filene's experience was enough to convince me that I didn't want to go into retailing.

Company recruiters came to HBS during the late fall and winter of the second year. I took a number of interviews and was offered call-backs to three companies, including Westinghouse. Actually, I was offered two jobs by Westinghouse, one by Bruce Henderson, vice president of purchasing, and one in a new product planning activity sponsored by Bill Sproul, the director of marketing for the Power & Industrial Group. I held off making a decision, and this resulted in heavy courting by both Westinghouse functions. Finally, the new head of the product planning group, Chuck Roderus, made a special trip to Boston to take me to

dinner and to sweeten the offer. His major selling point was that Bill Sproul had just been made a group vice president and this would help my exposure in the company. That was enough so I decided to go back to Westinghouse. The sweetened salary offer was \$400/month (compared to \$365 for most others) and a 10% raise at the end of six months. That was real money!

As the year went on I became more socially active. I dated regularly and even had a “steady” in the late winter and spring, Doffey McCann, a senior at Wellesley. Doffey was a super person and I thought she was special for several months. But for some reason the relationship died after a while.

By the end of the year I was ready to go to work, to try something different. My two years at Harvard were great and I will always be glad that I had that educational experience. The second year cost a little more than the first, \$2,800, and I was really in debt by the time I left. I didn't stay for graduation. It was about three weeks after my last exam and I thought staying around that long was ridiculous. Now I wish I had. Instead I went home to relax and get ready to report to Westinghouse in June.

## PART IV - LIVING A FULL LIFE

### Camilla and Westinghouse

The big deal at home that early summer was buying a car. Once again I got in touch with my cousin, Richard Brewer, in Mountain View and bought a gray 1952 Ford sedan. I used up what savings I had left for the down payment and didn't worry about the monthly payments.

In mid-June I left Little Rock to drive to Pittsburgh. I stopped by Charlottesville where I stayed at Alumni Hall for the night. After doing some errands around town I left for Pittsburgh. I will never forget how smokey it was as I crossed the Westinghouse Bridge on US route 30 that late summer afternoon. Below on the right was the huge East Pittsburgh plant of Westinghouse and on the left the Ben Fairless Works of US Steel. Both billowing clouds of smoke. I was back in Pittsburgh!

I reported to the product planning section in East Pittsburgh on June 16, 1952. There were eight of us in this new section. We left immediately to spend a month in Sharon where we rotated through the various departments. It was a great learning experience. We would go to Sharon on Monday morning and come back to Pittsburgh on Friday night. Once again, for the third year in a row, I lived at Mom Daniels on Dallas Avenue. In Sharon we stayed at a motel.

Early in our month in Sharon we drove from the motel to the plant via Highland Road. The first time we did that I mentioned that I had dated a girl the previous summer who lived on Highland Road but I couldn't

remember her name. As the month went on and we passed her house more often, I decided that I would try to get another date. I checked with my friend Jack Willson and then called Camilla for a date to go see a Westinghouse Jet Engine Division presentation at the high school. She was a good sport about it and we had a good time. That was the only date we had that summer as I had to go back to Pittsburgh after the month in Sharon.

I spent the rest of the summer in East Pittsburgh working on forecasts for various company products, including the ones for the Sharon division. We did correlations and trend analysis using Friden calculators. It quickly became quite dull. I did take off twice to be in weddings. One was that of UVA fraternity brother, Bill Qualls', in Johnson City, Tennessee, and the other was Frank Thompson's in Boston. I dated quite a bit and generally had as much fun as possible.

Before accepting the Westinghouse offer I asked if I could be assigned to the Transformer Division in Sharon. Chuck Roderus promised me that I would be assigned there unless I really screwed up during the summer and fall. My reason for the request was that the Transformer Division was regarded as the best division in the company. I felt I had a lot to gain by going to one of the biggest and best operations.

As promised, I was assigned to Sharon effective November 1, 1952. I became a staff assistant to the sales manager, Bob McCollom. My prime responsibility was product planning which included the division's long-range (5-year) planning program. This planning activity was new to the company, having been instituted by the assistant to the president, Mark Cresap. The sales

department was a key player in the planning process and I had to develop, interpret, and defend the sales forecasts. I was located in the sales department and had to work closely with all the product sales managers as well as the planners in accounting and operations. It was very interesting but not something I wanted to do forever. It gave me a great entry to all parts of the business and to a lot of important people in the division and in Pittsburgh, where we had to go for guidance, and finally, for presentation. Immediately I found myself, at 26 years of age, meeting with the division vice president and corporate officers in Pittsburgh.

Before I went to Sharon I saw Bren Huggins, a classmate in product school two years before and a buyer in transformer purchasing, and asked if I could room where he did. He arranged for me to have a room in the attic of an old house on Cedar Avenue. The room was very basic and had no heat, but Bren was just downstairs (in a really nice room—with heat). Bren introduced me to the social life of Sharon. This led very quickly to our finding an apartment on Grace Place. I lived at 311 Grace Place for almost a year.

In the spring Bren was promoted to purchasing agent of the Vicksburg, Mississippi, plant. As soon as he left Bill Schwartz moved in. In the few months we knew each other, Bren and I developed a close and lasting relationship. We still see the Huggins occasionally, 40 years later. Both he and Bill were in my wedding, and I was best man in Bill's.

Bill Schwartz was from Briarcliff Manor, New York, and had gone to Alfred College in upper New York State. He was creative and a lot of fun. He was easy to

get along with, and everyone liked Bill. He worked in the sales department, and over several years built quite a reputation. He would have been very successful with Westinghouse had he decided to stay. Instead he left the company around 1959 to join the family company in New York. His wife, Jean, was a classmate of Camilla's all through the Sharon school system and worked in the division accounting department where she and Bill met. Camilla and I visited Bill, Jean and their two boys at their home in Briarcliff several times. Some years later Jean died, Bill remarried and then retired to his summer home on Block Island, Rhode Island. We last saw Bill in 1991 just months before he died of cancer. Bill was a super person and a dear friend.

During the fall I went back and forth to Pittsburgh several times. Shortly before one of my trips I was notified by my UVA Sigma Chi brothers that I was to be honored with their Harry St. John Dixon Award at the Sweetheart Banquet the first Saturday in December. I immediately told them that I would be in Charlottesville to receive it. My first thought for a date was Camilla, now a senior at Randolph-Macon. Since we had only dated twice, once the previous summer and once the summer before, I wasn't sure she would come. Then I was given a traffic ticket on the way back to Sharon from Pittsburgh.

In 1952 speeding tickets for more than 15 miles an hour over the limit carried a 90-day license suspension. I was caught just north of Pittsburgh on Route 19 after I had passed a line of cars that I thought were adhering too closely to the 35-mile-per-hour speed limit. I'm sure I was going at least 50 miles an hour when I passed them. I am also sure, because he told me, that

one of the cars I passed was driven by a state trooper. In any event I was caught and very upset with the possibility of losing my license. A few minutes later, as I drove through the town of Zielianople, I decided that I needed to talk to someone, and I needed a date for the Sigma Chi affair. So I called Camilla in Lynchburg to tell her my troubles and to ask her to go with me to the banquet. Surprisingly, she accepted; we met in Charlottesville and had a wonderful time together.

Sometime after I had driven to Charlottesville for the weekend I got the notice to send in my driver's license. Ninety days is a long time to be without a car, especially my little grey Ford. Also, I was informed that if I drove without a license and was caught I would be in real trouble. My answer was to sell my car. I took it to the Ford dealer and negotiated on a trade-in. After they gave me their "best" offer I told them I didn't want the car then but in three months. They recognized this as a good deal for them and I thought it was for me, so they agreed. I was without a car for a long time but it worked out all right. I walked a lot and got a lot of rides with Bren and others. Three months later I used the trade-in to buy a 1953 Ford convertible, dark blue with a white top.

My social life in Sharon was, to some extent, tied into the Sharon Country Club. I joined the club as soon as I was assigned in November 1952. I was a junior member and it cost almost nothing. The facilities were limited with only a golf course that was not in the best shape and a club house. The club was one of the best places to eat in town and I wanted to play golf, so joining seemed the thing to do. By the spring of 1953 I was playing a lot of golf and taking part in the club's social

calendar. Through the club I met a lot of people and thoroughly enjoyed using the facility.

Shortly after going to Sharon I joined the First Presbyterian Church. It was a very large church and many of the managers and professional people at Westinghouse were members. I'm afraid I didn't attend too often but being a member of the church, like joining the country club, helped me get to know the community. Later I became a Deacon in the church and taught an eighth grade boys' Sunday school class. Camilla and her family were members and I would see them on Sundays.

I participated in my first Westinghouse planning cycle in the spring of 1953. I was responsible for developing the sales forecasts by product line. I spent a lot of time interviewing the product managers, reviewing economic data, correlating sales with indicators, and the like. As the staff assistant to the sales manager I was given a number of other things to do. It kept me very busy.

During the summer of 1953 I played a lot of golf when I wasn't working. During the spring I had started dating Peggy Cunningham, the daughter of a foreman at Westinghouse, a graduate of Randolph-Macon, and a teacher in the New Wilmington schools. Peggy was very pretty and a good date. But when Camilla came home from school on spring break and for the summer I dated her and only went back to Peggy when Camilla was out of town. They both knew what I was doing and I am sure neither liked it, but I found it interesting and even a bit exciting.

Camilla graduated from Randolph-Macon in June of 1953. In the fall of 1953 she went to Carnegie Tech's Margaret Morrison Secretarial School in Pittsburgh. I encouraged her to do this even though it meant she had to leave Sharon. She did come home every weekend so we could see each other. Actually, her going away might have been a good thing because I soon discovered that I missed her very much. Just to make sure she knew how much I missed her, I gave her my Sigma Chi Fraternity pin in October. This gesture was a little sophomoric but it meant a lot to me, and I think Camilla liked it too.

Later in the fall I asked Camilla if she would come to Little Rock over Christmas. She said yes, so I asked Mother to write Mrs. Starr and Camilla. I left for Christmas vacation on the weekend of December 19. Camilla and I had bought presents for everyone in the family, and Camilla had wrapped them beautifully. When I drove into 1524 Schiller a day-and-a-half later the first thing the family noticed were the presents. They couldn't get over how pretty they were.

Camilla flew to Memphis on December 26. She came from Pittsburgh where the Starrs had spent Christmas with their good friends, the Hodnettes. Jim, his wife Merle, and I met Camilla at the Memphis airport and took her to Aunt Nance and Aunt Evalina's for dinner. Then on to Little Rock. We had a wonderful time for the next few days. Mary Nance, Merle and Jim, Mother and Daddy were all there. After I put her on the plane to return to Sharon I came back home to get ready to leave the next day. It was only an hour or two after she left, and I was missing her already. Daddy observed this and suggested I get on the road immediately instead of waiting a day. He also said something like "if you

don't marry that girl, you're no son of mine." I thought he was joking but I was never sure. Camilla had captivated him just as she had me.

In late November, 1953, I was asked to come to Pittsburgh to interview for a position on the staff of Bill Sproul, Vice President of the Industrial Group. He offered me a job as his staff assistant. I was overjoyed although I hated to leave Sharon. The Transformer Division sales manager, Bob McCollom, my boss, made sure I didn't leave until January 1, 1954 because I had to finish a special job for him.

I reported to Pittsburgh Gateway Center on January 2, 1954. I had a nice office on the 23rd floor of Building Number 3. The offices of the Power Systems and the Industrial Group staffs were in our wing. John Hodnette headed Power Systems and Bill Sproul headed Industrial. They each had a director of sales, manufacturing, and engineering. One budget director handled both groups, and each had a staff assistant. These two groups accounted for about 70% of the company's sales and at least that much of the profit. This was the big time! I had a private parking space and could eat in an executive dining room on the 24th Floor. It was all pretty heady stuff. I received a 10% increase in salary to \$600 a month. It wasn't a bad salary, but it was only about one-half of the next lowest-paid person and only one-tenth of what the vice presidents were making. So I had the perks but couldn't use them too much because I couldn't afford the parking fees and the executive lunches.

My duties were whatever the vice president wanted me to do. I was to some extent a "gofer" but it

was all new and very interesting. I was amazed how the corporate people treated me. I did travel to all the ten industrial division locations with Mr. Sproul and his staff and I found that fascinating. To ride in the company plane was exciting to begin with, and then to meet with a variety of managers on a variety of problems was an education in itself.

I lived at the Clover Club off Highland Avenue in East End. There were about a dozen or so young professionals living in a big old house. They worked for a number of different organizations around Pittsburgh. We had a couple who cooked breakfast and dinner and kept the place clean. It provided companionship and worked very well for me.

Camilla was in her second semester at Carnegie Tech, just down the street from the Clover Club. This was very convenient and we took advantage of it. Now I had everything; a good job, a nice place to live, and my girl close by.

At the end of March, after only three months, I was asked to return to Sharon for another job interview. This time it was with Frank Snyder, vice president and division general manager. He asked me to come back to be his staff supervisor and to head a budgetary planning and control study. This was to be a pilot study for the company as a whole. As was usually the case, at Westinghouse at least, I didn't think I could say "no" so I accepted even though I didn't want to leave Pittsburgh and Camilla and I didn't know very much about budgeting.

The genesis of the study was one that the consulting firm, Heller & Associates, had done the year before. They recommended that the implementation of their recommendations be done in one division and that the team that did that should spread out to four more divisions to move the implementation forward. From those four it would be sixteen and so on. The Transformer Division was to be the first division and a team from the Lighting, Control, Motor, and East Pittsburgh divisions would do the study. I was to be the transformer division representative and as such, head up the study. Marshall Evans, budget director at headquarters, and later vice president for management services and vice chairman of the company, had the overall responsibility. My work for Mr. Sproul concluded at the end of April and I went to Sharon. I received another increase in salary to \$660 a month.

The budgetary planning and control study lasted seven months. It was fascinating and I learned a lot. One thing I learned was the difficulty of moving a group of about eight people along toward a conclusion and recommendations. We finally presented the results of our study to the Sharon management in late January 1955. As a result of our work I was again promoted, this time to budget manager of the Transformer Division. This put me on the vice president's management committee and all that it entailed. Here I was, 29 years old, at least 15 years younger than the next youngest member of the nine managers running the \$150 million division.

In February 1954, on Valentine's Day, I gave Camilla her engagement ring. In January we went to Sharon for the weekend and on Saturday we went shopping in Youngstown with Bill and Jean Schwartz.

One of the places they took us to was the jeweler where Bill had bought Jean's engagement ring. While we were there Camilla and I looked at some of the diamonds and I asked Camilla if she would wear one if I bought it. She probably wondered what to say to such an indirect proposal but said "yes". We selected a diamond and a setting and I said that I would come and get the ring when it was ready. I picked it up a week later but waited for a Westinghouse Valentine's Party at Shuster's restaurant where I gave it to her in the parking lot. Then back to the party where there were congratulations and much excitement.

After giving her the ring there was no doubt in my mind that we should move this thing along. I had thought that we would get married in June, but Camilla and Mrs. Starr—I think Mrs. Starr mainly—decided that it would be better to wait until the end of the summer. So we were married on Saturday, August 21, 1954. Camilla graduated from Carnegie Tech in June and came back to Sharon to work in a bank. I was working hard on the study and at the same time seeing Camilla every night. The wedding plans progressed and the social calendar stayed full. It turned out that several hundred people were invited to the wedding and I think they all came. The First Presbyterian church in Sharon was full, including the balcony. It was, as the *Sharon Herald* said, a major event of the summer.

We each had seven attendants. Mine were brother Jim as best man, and groomsmen Bill Schwartz, Lawton Waples, George VanBuskirk, Bren Huggins, Bob Kennan, and Frank Settle. Hope Hodnette was Camilla's Maid of Honor. The bridesmaids included Lucy Hodnette and Mary Nance.

The reception was held at the Sharon Country Club. It was quite a party. The club was full of young and old friends, family, and associates. Just my Mother, Mrs. Starr, Camilla and I were the receiving line. The rest of the wedding party were instructed to keep the party moving and they did!

Aunt Nance came to the wedding. She was brought from Memphis by Charley, an old boy friend. Aunt Nance had dated Charley in the early 1900's in Newberry. Both eventually married others, had families, and survived their spouses. Almost 50 years after they had dated in South Carolina they got together at least long enough to attend our wedding.

Shortly before we were to leave the reception Jim retrieved my car from the garage of two of Camilla's high school teachers and very close friends of the family, Bess McMullen and Anna Grace Smith. When he returned he told me that he had put six bottles of champagne in the trunk. As we walked out the door some of the groomsmen whispered that they had put six bottles in the back seat. We were able to ice down a bottle of champagne almost every night for the next two weeks.

Around 6 o'clock we left in my Ford convertible for our honeymoon in Canada. We drove to Franklin, Pennsylvania, for the first night. From there we went to Buffalo after a stop at Niagara Falls (where Camilla refused to get out of the car—she was afraid the spray would ruin her hair). The second night we were in Hamilton, Ontario, and the third night in Montreal. From there we went to Mount Tremblanc where we spent four

days. Then on to Quebec City and then to Boston. We had discussed where to go on our honeymoon and we both decided it should be someplace cool. Hence Canada.

Our plan was to spend most of the second week on Cape Cod, but hurricane Carol came whipping through the Cape and Boston so we spent three days at the Copley Plaza Hotel. From there we drove to Allentown for the night and finally, after being away for two weeks, to Sharon. By the time we got to Allentown we were running out of money. To conserve what we had we ate at a diner that night. The owner started talking to us and gave us some sweet rolls he was baking for breakfast. That was all we ate the next morning. The rest of that day we were watching the gas gauge and the toll card for the Pennsylvania Turnpike to make sure we could get to Sharon on the money we had. Fortunately we had an Amoco credit card and there was an Amoco station at the Route 19 exit, so we had enough gas. After paying the toll at that exit we had exactly 25 cents left.

We returned from our trip on Saturday afternoon of the Labor Day weekend as planned, so we could use the next two days to move into our apartment on Forker Boulevard. It was a garage apartment of three very small rooms and a bath. The bedroom was so small that we could only get out one side of our double bed. The only door in the apartment was to the bathroom and it wouldn't shut very well. It was hard to escape one another—not that we wanted to. Our rent was \$70 a month plus \$10 for the garage itself.

Our social calendar stayed full. I was invited to join the Sharon Kiwanis Club that fall and became active in that organization right away. Camilla had her social

activities and we both were active in the country club social calendar. We saw a great deal of the Starrs. Mr. Starr was a Kiwanian and we banked at his bank, the First National, where he was the executive vice president. Mrs. Starr took an interest in everything we did. She came by the apartment or called daily, and we had one or two meals a week at the Starrs. They also had a TV set, and we didn't, so we went to their house once in a while to watch TV. A favorite routine was dinner and the Ed Sullivan Show on Sunday nights.

A major concern of mine was the size of the apartment. I really liked it for the two of us but it was ridiculously small. Our landlords lived in a much bigger apartment in the front of the building and they offered it to us for \$100 a month plus the \$10 garage fee. This was quite an increase in rent but one that we could afford. So we moved in the late spring to the front of the building.

Even though I had a good job and was being promoted regularly, money was still a concern. When we married I owed just about everyone. I still owed Harvard a sizeable chunk, to be paid quarterly. I still owed on the engagement ring, for the clothes I had bought for the wedding, and for the honeymoon. We bought almost no furniture, but we had received a large number of wedding presents so we were in great shape as far as those things were concerned. Camilla had taken over the check book, and being a good manager we were well on the way to working ourselves out of debt by spring.

On February 1, 1955 I was promoted to budget manager for the Transformer Division. I received a salary increase to \$720 a month. I also got a new boss, Bruce Henderson, former vice president of purchasing. He was

assigned to the division while Frank Snyder attended the Harvard AMP Program. It was to be a four-month assignment. Bruce was an interesting man to work for. He was very bright and not too interested in the details. He rarely had any papers on his desk and was always ready to discuss philosophy and new ideas. He was a little unnerving that way. I had known him earlier and had great respect for him. We got along fine and I was indebted to him for increasing my salary to \$950 a month just after he got there. I received one increase on February 1 and another on March 1. He came into my office shortly after he got to the division and said that he thought his managers should not be paid less than the minimum of the rate range; and since my new job had a range that started at \$950, that was what my salary would be effective immediately. Camilla and I were two happy people when I delivered the news to her.

During the winter of 1954-1955 Westinghouse ordered two computers— a UNIVAC I for the East Pittsburgh plant and an IBM 702 for Sharon. The IBM salesman assigned to Sharon was Buck Rodgers from the Youngstown office. I will never forget his introducing the computer to division management in the auditorium. He was dynamic, and his talk and the visuals he used led us to believe that IBM was going to solve all our problems. For the next 18 months, Buck, Jim Salsgiver, and three other IBM'ers lived and worked every day at the plant. They did a super job getting us ready to use the IBM 705—the IBM 702 was superseded before it was delivered—when it was installed in September of 1956. Buck and Jim Salsgiver became very good friends of mine and were golfing partners at the country club. Both Buck and Jim came to Charlottesville to visit the Darden School and to see me. Unfortunately, Jim died in 1990.

The computer installation was important to everyone at the division. All department managers had to become familiar with what it could do for their operations and to contribute personnel to its programming. More important to me was that I was given responsibility in 1956 for data processing, including the IBM 705, and had that responsibility for the rest of my Westinghouse career, both at Sharon and at Columbus.

### **Family Life and a Career**

In November 1954, only three months after we were married, Camilla went to the doctor. She picked me up after work and announced that the doctor had confirmed that she was pregnant. We had planned on waiting about a year or two before having children but that was not to be. Ann Rutherford Fair was born on June 29, 1955, at 2:30 in the morning. Everything went perfectly and the nurse let me hold Ann just minutes after she was born. A tremendous thrill!

Life changed a bit, as it does for everyone, with a new baby in the house. We had fixed up the second bedroom in the apartment on Forker Blvd., but decided on the first night home to have her bassinet placed right outside our bedroom door. I was up every fifteen minutes it seemed, making sure everything was all right. For the first few days there was panic at every turn. Mrs. Starr was there to help, although she created about as much panic as Ann did.

Surprisingly, baby Ann and her parents survived the next six months. For Christmas we decided to take

Ann to Little Rock to see her grandparents and to be baptized in the Second Presbyterian Church where my father, as Clerk of the Session, would assist the minister by holding the “pan”, as I called it when I was young. We went by plane from Pittsburgh and survived the flight attendant’s overheating Ann’s bottle, which resulted in a long delay in feeding and many howls and much disturbance on the plane. The visit also resulted in Ann catching the chicken pox from her cousins, Billy and Mary Fair Stramm. Ann then gave them to Camilla and that was a major problem. Camilla was very sick for three or four days and had chicken pox marks every where.

In September 1955 the union representing the hourly workers in a number of Westinghouse plants, including Sharon, went on strike. We had no idea how long the strike would last and continued doing our budgeting and other work as usual. About a month after the strike began, a number of workers let us know that they wanted to go back to work. Since the gates were open, we encouraged them to come back. About 500 showed up the first day and that number grew to about 900 by the end of the week. By that time the strikers had organized themselves and started mass picketing to discourage any workers from going in or out of the plant. The management then had the problem of protecting workers from violence from the hundreds of pickets at the company gates. Also, once the workers were in the plant we had to find a way to feed them because many refused to move through the picket lines for fear of being hurt. I was asked to set up a kitchen and feed over 1,000 people, including the supervisors and professionals, three meals a day. I enlisted a number of others to clear the kitchen space needed and to provide electricity and

furniture. We used appliances from the company store and brought food in by boxcar, with the railroad supervisors driving the trains. We had four broilers, several fry pans, about six or eight toasters and other assorted appliances going almost full time. We staffed the kitchen 24 hours a day and always had hot coffee available. We had very plain food but a lot of it. This continued for four months until the end of the strike.

In addition to the kitchen I was also supposed to be doing my regular job and to drive back-to-workers into the plant once or twice a week. All supervisors were supposed to do this. We drove rented sedans that would frequently be stoned by the pickets on the way through the gates. I would get up at 4:00 am and go out in the country to pick up four or five workers. Then I would hit the plant gates around 5:30 am before too many pickets were around. Even so, one day my car was hit by rocks as I drove through. Several cars were stopped, turned over with people in them, and thoroughly trashed. Frequently the situation turned ugly and it is a wonder that no one was seriously hurt.

Nobody won the five-month strike at Westinghouse: it hurt the company and the union. It was a very difficult time for all of us, long hours at work and some fear of violence. If there was any benefit to me it was that I had special responsibility and had done my part, thereby gaining greater recognition by the division and corporate management. About twenty of us were rewarded further by personal congratulations, including a small bonus from Mr. Monteith, the group vice president.

Despite the strike, the planning, programming, and training for the computer installation went ahead. Under IBM's Buck Rodgers' leadership, all senior management went to Poughkeepsie for a one-week seminar on the IBM 705. I was there in the summer of 1956. We also sent about 125 supervisors and professionals to a four-week programming school. Since no one knew much about computers, we were pioneers and it was exciting. Mr. West, the assistant division manager, took early retirement that summer and I assumed responsibility for the computer installation. Much of the work had been done by then and the hardware was on site. Installation was completed in September and we were up and running two shifts immediately. It turned out to be one of the best IBM installations in the country and was adjudged so by two separate studies: one by McKinsey and one by Stanford Research Institute. We were all proud of our work and it resulted in Buck's being brought back to New York as an assistant to IBM's chairman. Eventually Buck was IBM's vice president of marketing. I like to think that the two years in Sharon contributed to his success. He certainly contributed to ours.

Camilla and I were quite active socially. During 1956 and 1957 we were involved at the First Presbyterian Church. I started teaching a Sunday school class of eighth grade boys. I was also elected a deacon and chaired a committee during the annual pledge campaign. Camilla was active with the women of the church and we were faithful in our attendance. At the Kiwanis Club I chaired the swimming pool committee. The club rented the indoor pool at the Episcopal Church and conducted a number of swimming classes for the school children of Sharon, Farrell, and other communities. While I was the

chair we made enough money to install a new filtration system and insulate the ceiling against sound. Camilla taught swimming to classes of Farrell school children and was awarded with a Kiwanis jacket at the annual dinner.

I liked my years with the Sharon Kiwanis Club. The club had about 100 members and had noon meetings weekly at the Shenango Inn. After three years with the swimming pool committee I was elected vice president and in 1959 was elected president. I was asked to be a regional officer the next year but turned it down. One of the major benefits of Kiwanis for me was that Daddy was also a Kiwanian and was secretary of his club in Little Rock. This gave us something in common and led to our attending Kiwanis functions together. I really enjoyed being with him on those occasions.

Another activity that Camilla and I enjoyed was the social committee at the Sharon Country Club. With four other couples we planned and conducted several club parties a year for the few years we served.

After the strike in 1956 the division's engineering manager, John Chiles, was promoted to vice president and division general manager. In 1958 he asked me to be his executive assistant. I kept the budgeting and business systems (data processing) responsibility and added cost control and later accounting. By 1959 I had four excellent managers reporting to me: Ray Custard, Warren Bullett, Gary Wilburn, and Paul Eichinger.

In 1959 I was asked by Mr. Chiles to represent the company at an organizational meeting of the Junior Achievement of the Shenango Valley. I was elected president of that group and we started four companies in

the valley. The parent organization was the Youngstown, Ohio chapter, and we had the supervision of their advisor.

In the spring of 1960 I was recognized at a dinner at the Shenango Inn by the Junior Chamber of Commerce as their Young Man of the Year. This was quite an honor and received front page coverage in the *Sharon Herald*.

In October, 1957, our second daughter, Mary Butler Fair, was born but this time things didn't work out well. While the pregnancy was normal and the term was a full nine months, Mary Butler was never able to breathe on her own and there was nothing Dr. Lartz could do. It was a terrible blow to us. The birth took place at night and she died in the morning. I wasn't allowed to see Camilla for a couple of hours so I went to work. When I came in the staff congratulated me on a new daughter (they had heard it on the local radio station). I had to tell them that Mary Butler had died. They were in total shock. That further depressed me so I left to go back to the hospital to wait. When I got there and was allowed into the room, Camilla's mother was there and Camilla looked great. I knelt beside the bed and cried a little. Camilla comforted me—instead of my comforting her as I had planned—and said the next one would be all right.

One of the most difficult things I did later that day was to take the baby's room apart and get rid of the bassinet, crib, wall decorations and all. I just couldn't stand for them to be there when Camilla came home. I couldn't stand to look at them either. Two days later we had a family funeral at Sample's Funeral home and the burial at Hillcrest Cemetery. Mary Butler looked beautiful in the little casket.

In September 1958 we bought Bob McCollom's house at 455 Buhl Boulevard. The year before we had bought a lot in a newer section of Sharon and thought we would build a house some day. Bob was building a new house and when it was almost finished he asked if we knew of anyone who would be interested in buying his current home. I said that I might be. He wanted \$26,500 for it and one day at work, half joking, I offered him \$25,000. He said he would take it! Then Camilla and I had some real thinking to do. We decided to go ahead, and the deal was closed on September 1. We sold the lot for the down payment of \$5,000. I borrowed the rest on a GI Loan arranged through Mr. Starr's bank.

We moved to Buhl Boulevard on October 1. We spent the entire month of September painting and getting the kitchen remodeled. The McColloms' had a dark rose carpet, rose-colored walls and a lighter rose ceiling with dark stained woodwork throughout the downstairs. It made for a very dark setting. We wanted the ceiling and walls to be white and the woodwork to be Williamsburg blue. We intended to paint the whole interior, upstairs and down, during the month—at night and on weekends—but could only get the downstairs finished. It took three coats of white to cover all the rose coloring. Mr. Starr lent a hand and painted one of the upstairs rooms, and we completed the job after we moved in. Although we hadn't planned for it, we eventually recarpeted the upstairs master bedroom and all the downstairs, bought a new dishwasher and disposer, and installed a new furnace and a new air cleaner—all this in the first year.

About the time we moved in Camilla discovered that she was pregnant for the third time. On April 24,

1959 Robert Drayton Fair was born. He was eagerly anticipated and we were greatly relieved that he was all right. So after the loss of a daughter, we gained a son. Too bad we couldn't have had both of them.

Life continued to be good. We worked hard at Westinghouse and in the community. We saw a lot of the Starrs and there was a lot of love in our little family. We went to Little Rock just about every year. When Camilla was expecting Mary Butler in October of 1957 I went to Little Rock by myself. I was there in September during the week that Arkansas Governor Faubus called out the National Guard at Little Rock Central High School. Integration of the public schools in the South was a major problem for the country at that time, and it was interesting being on the scene (LRHS was only a half block from our house).

It was during the late 1950's that Daddy and I attended two Kiwanis national conventions. Daddy and I went by ourselves to the one in Dallas while Camilla stayed in Little Rock with Mother. The next year Mother and Daddy drove to Sharon for a short visit, after which we took them to the Toronto convention. This Kiwanis connection with Daddy meant a lot to me.

In 1961 Mr. Starr lost his job at the bank. It was a traumatic experience for the family, and I don't think Mrs. Starr ever recovered. Apparently there was a big fuss in a board meeting about his handling of a large trust account for one of the board members. He was asked to step out during the discussion and when he came back he offered to resign. His resignation was immediately accepted, I think much to his surprise and dismay. His resignation was handled discretely and he was soon

appointed president of the Shenango Industrial Development Authority, a non-paying position. I was then elected by the Authority as treasurer, also a non-paying position.

Mr. Starr immediately started looking for another job and by late spring was appointed a trust officer with a bank in Allentown, Pennsylvania. He was fairly enthusiastic about it, but Mrs. Starr was not. He went to work immediately, traveling to Allentown for two weeks and coming home for a long weekend. Mrs. Starr went with him some and started making plans to relocate. By late summer Mr. Starr did not feel well and blamed it on hayfever, something he had suffered from for years. By the end of September he felt that he had to see a doctor and was eventually hospitalized in Allentown for tests. A biopsy confirmed lung cancer, and I flew to Allentown to drive the Starrs home. He was hospitalized in Sharon even though the doctors said there was nothing they could do. He was in and out of the hospital continuously until he died in February, 1962, less than 60 years old. His move to Allentown and his illness completely undid Mrs. Starr, and she was never the same. Prior to this she was a social leader in Sharon, full of confidence with a keen sense of humor. From that time on she retreated, gave up on herself, and became very hard to live with. The strain on Camilla, her only child, had always been great, but now became impossible. Mrs. Starr blamed the world for her troubles and made life miserable for everyone. It was sad.

For Camilla events soon became overwhelming. All during her father's illness she was pregnant with William Young Fair who was born in January, 1962, just three weeks before Mr. Starr died. Little William died

less than a day after he was born, and then Mr. Starr died, and Mrs. Starr just about went crazy. Once again I had the horrible duty of the funeral and dismantling the baby's room that Camilla had taken such pains with the month or two before the baby was born. At this age I don't know what the odds are that one middle-class family—both the mother and father in excellent health and with the best of hospital and physician care—would lose two infants after seemingly normal full-term pregnancies, but we did. I don't understand it and never will. God's will?

The beginning of the year 1962 was an absolute bummer, as they say these days. In addition to the family losses, John Chiles had been transferred and I had a new boss at work. While all that was happening, Marshall Evans, a vice president of Westinghouse, called to let me know of an opportunity at the Major Appliance Division in Columbus, Ohio. I was eager to hear what it was so I went to Pittsburgh to meet with Chris Whiting, group VP for consumer goods, John Hodnette, executive vice president, and Marshall. It was a pretty impressive cast of characters and they made it clear that they wanted me to take the job. How could I say “no”?

After those interviews I went to Columbus to be interviewed by Charles Erb, the division general manager. Charley was new to the division and a tough guy—or tried to be. The same top brass had given him the charge to straighten out this problem division. They had sent in two other new people to fill key jobs in marketing and in operations. I was to be the fourth in a group to run this largest of Westinghouse divisions. I was to be responsible for most of the administrative activities and had the title of executive assistant to the general

manager. Also there was an increase in pay to \$2,000 a month plus bonus opportunities. I went to work in Columbus in mid-April.

During the house hunting, Camilla discovered a two-thirds completed house on Woodhall Road in Upper Arlington that she was very enthusiastic about. I was too, although I wondered if we could afford the price, \$48,000. It was in a brand new area surrounded by larger and more expensive homes—a good thing if you ever want to get your money back. We moved from Sharon to Upper Arlington, Ohio in early June. We enjoyed the move and it was time to leave Sharon and the Transformer Division. I hated to leave in a way, as both the city and the plant had been very good to me, but we both looked forward to a new adventure.

I worked very hard. Charles Erb and the profit situation demanded it. The change from a heavy apparatus to a consumer appliance industry was dramatic and interesting, and I enjoyed it. The people were more laid back and fun to be with (maybe that was the reason we were losing money!). The new management's charter was to get control of things, reduce expenses and increase sales. I was amazed at how poorly our products rated in features and quality as compared with competition, and how far we had to go to close the gap. This seemed more important than anything to me, and the programs underway and those soon to be initiated had equal importance to reducing expenses. We made a lot of progress and introduced a whole new line of products in the next year. Some just caught us up with competition, while others, such as the new light-weight room air conditioner, put us ahead.

At home we were settling in. By mid-July we were in good shape and that was fortunate because Camilla found herself pregnant once more. After the difficulties we had experienced we felt that we were sure to have success this time. It was not to be, as she miscarried in mid-August, just two and a half months along. Talk about discouragement!

The fall meant new schools for Ann and Drayt (kindergarten) and a continuation of “getting to know Columbus.” It was different than western Pennsylvania, more mid-western, not as formal, and much more friendly. Our street even organized a big block party in the late summer. At work and in the neighborhood we had our good friends from Sharon, Bob and Sally Rose. They were great. In the late fall Aunt Nance came to visit for about a week. She was 81 years old but got around very well—a big traveler even at that age. Her visit coincided with the assassination of President John Kennedy and she, the family, and the rest of the world watched television non-stop trying to comprehend what was happening.

I thought things were progressing fairly well at work, although we lost money again in 1962. More progress was made in the first six months of 1963 and we had hopes that there was a turnaround in the making by June. We were in Little Rock on vacation when we heard that Mark Cresap, Westinghouse Chairman, died suddenly. Before the week was out I received a long telex from Charles Erb telling me that there had been a big reorganization of the company. My mentor, John Hodnette, the chief operating officer, had been elevated to vice chairman (a non-job) and Don Burnam had been elected chairman and chief executive officer. By

September our group vice president, Chris Whiting, had left the company, and by late fall Charles Erb had been fired. Three of the four who interviewed me for the Columbus job were gone and Marshall Evans had moved on to a new position.

Within weeks the marketing and operations executives I worked with were transferred out, soon to leave the company. Then the place was reorganized into six divisions: two in Mansfield, one in Newark, Ohio, and three in Columbus. The Westinghouse Appliance Sales group was split off and headquartered in Pittsburgh under a new vice president, and each of the plants had a plant manager. Ours was Bill Bell from the Lima, Ohio, plant. At the time I was disappointed not to be selected as one of the division or plant managers. When I think about it, I was “interviewed” several times by Ron Campbell, the new group vice president, and I guess I failed to impress him. I didn’t try, really, as I was still on the Whiting-Erb team and as long as they were in charge, there was where my loyalties had to be. That ruined any chance I may have had.

My position was retitled Manager of Finance for the Columbus plant, a job with about one-third the responsibility of before. In fact, I wasn’t sure what I was to do. I was terribly frustrated and by May, 1964, had updated my resume.

One morning in early June, 1964, Bill Bell and I had a big argument and he asked for my resignation. That didn’t really surprise me as I was the last of the “old guard” and was very insecure anyway. By late in the day he seemed to calm down but I decided to take my eight months severance pay and look for a new job.

### **Associate Professor and Director**

The summer of 1964 was one of the best ever. I was on a relaxed schedule and with the family a great deal. In June Charles Abbott, Dean of the Graduate School of Business Administration at the University of Virginia, called about a teaching/administrative opportunity at the school. This was the third time he had gotten in touch with me. Once, in 1958, Camilla and I had gone to Charlottesville for interviews at the school. At that time my star was still rising at Westinghouse and the whole idea sounded ridiculous. Again in 1961 he had called and I said “no thanks” right away. However, in June 1964 I said “maybe, let me come to Charlottesville and we’ll talk about it.”

My relationship with the graduate business school really began before the school as founded. In 1953 I was asked to meet with the faculty committee studying the establishment of a business school. The committee wanted to talk to several UVA graduates who had also attended a graduate business school. More importantly, I had known Dean Abbott at Harvard and Joe Vaughan, my professor in the engineering school, had become Provost of the University. Joe knew that I had done well at Westinghouse and tossed my name in the hat when, in 1958, Abbott was looking for faculty with business experience.

In the meantime I was called to New York to interview with McKinsey & Co., to Chicago to talk to Booz, Allen, and Hamilton, and to New York and Chicago again to talk to executive search firms. All of these were at their request. Not much came of these and

other contacts, so in late August I accepted a position as an associate professor and director of management programs at the University's Graduate School of Business Administration. I reported to Charlottesville on September 1, 1964.

I drove to Charlottesville in my new 1964 Mustang. It was the first Mustang that had been received by Timblin Motors in Sharon and had been delivered to me only a couple of weeks earlier. I decided to drive as straight as possible from Columbus to Charlottesville, and it was quite an experience. My route took me through Athens, Ohio, Parkersburg and Elkins, West Virginia, and Harrisonburg, Virginia. There were a lot of mountains and curves, a dirt state highway, and a lot of nothing. I wouldn't do it again but it was all right for a one-time thing and in my neat new car. The school had found a room for me at the Colonnade Club. I stayed there for six weeks until Camilla and the family came.

Camilla and I had come to Charlottesville back in June and had talked to the Dean and others. In late August we came back to look for housing. We spent three days with three different real estate agents but we didn't find anything we liked. We also spent a morning with John Rogan, the developer of Ednam Forest. There was only one house in Ednam Forest at the time, and one more that his construction company was building. It was for sale for \$60,000. There were several lots for sale for \$7,000, \$10,000 and \$13,000. We seriously considered one of the lots but decided we wanted to live in town. After all the looking around, and on the recommendation of all three real estate agents, we bought a lot and contracted with Frank O'Neil to build the same house in Charlottesville that we had in Columbus. We had only

lived in the new Columbus house for 15 months and nothing we saw compared to “our” house.

Of the many lots Frank had to build on, one on Yorktown Drive seemed to be the most suitable. So we turned the plans we brought from Columbus over to Frank for him to prepare his bid. If we accepted his bid, he offered to rent us a house he owned on St. George Avenue in Crozet for the eight months it would take to build the house. In late September we accepted his bid of \$46,000, excluding landscaping, and construction started in early October.

We moved from Columbus to Crozet on October 15, 1964. The big old house on St. George Avenue was comfortable enough, and Camilla made it quite cozy. We liked Crozet, although the 15-mile commute was a little hard to take. After we moved to Yorktown Drive on April 15, 1965 Frank sold the Crozet house for \$18,000. It needed some work in the kitchen and bath rooms, but if we had known that it would be sold for such a reasonable price we might have stayed in Crozet!

Frank O’Neil’s builder was Cato Powell, one of the best contractors in the area. He not only did quality work with good materials but he also recommended several improvements in the original plans. We were, and are, proud of the house.

Yorktown Drive is in a nice area that had been annexed to the city in 1960, and is only about six to eight minutes from the Darden School. At the time we built there were only four other houses in our area and they were located on the uphill side of the street. Across from us was a steep drop and solid woods. It was close to

Greenbrier School and the new Walker Junior High School. The kids could walk to both. Best of all were the neighbors. Two of them had gone to UVA when I did—Dr. Dan Mohler next door and Bob Weir around the corner. On the other side of us was Merrill Peterson, a chaired history professor at UVA. The only other houses in our long block were occupied by the Charles Gleasons and the Walter Wadlingtons. Charley was our baby doctor and Walter was a professor at the Law School. All of our neighbors had children about the age of ours or slightly older. It was a perfect place for our family.

The first few years at UVA were especially eventful. My tasks were first to learn how to be a professor and secondly to make something out of the management programs activity. I believe I was successful on both counts. For two years I taught a semester of Quantitative Analysis and a semester of Production Management in the first-year program. For the next 23 years I concentrated on the Production and Operations courses in the first year. For five years I taught a second-year elective, Industrial Management. I also supervised student projects and participated fully in University and School faculty committees.

In 1969 I was appointed assistant dean for Executive Education (we had changed the name from management programs) and in 1971 I was promoted to professor of business administration and given tenure.

During the four years before I came to the School it had conducted a summer executive program entitled Basic Advanced Management (BAM). Originally it was a four-week summer program. The year I came it was lengthened to five weeks. The fee for the summer of

1964 was \$1,000 per participant. The School also conducted a two-day Virginia Industry Management Conference in conjunction with the Virginia Manufacturers Association. BAM had 40 participants in 1964. VIMC had approximately 100 participants at \$40 per person. The total income for the two was \$44,000. The School lost \$4,400. It had not made money in any of the previous years, but Dean Abbott told me not to worry about making a profit because the Sponsors (Foundation) would make up the deficit.

In my first year as director, 1965, we raised the price of BAM to \$1,250 per person and had 50 participants. We conducted another VIMC and had a net profit for the year of \$1,100. I was very proud of that profit and so was the Dean. He gave me a \$500 bonus.

In 1966 we started a series of three-day seminars. The first three went fairly well but the last two scheduled had to be canceled for lack of participants. We charged \$300 for the three days and paid the faculty \$200 per class. We lost money on the seminars but made up for it on BAM when we again increased both the price and the numbers attending. The net profit for the year rose to \$4,000.

The next year Bob Vandell from Harvard Business School joined the faculty. He brought the experience of participating in some Harvard seminars, and he enthusiastically encouraged us to continue the seminar program. He organized a mergers and acquisitions three-day seminar that was an immediate success. We over-subscribed our 30-person classroom and quickly made the decision to run a second seminar a

couple of months later. Within two years we were running four a year, including one in New York City.

By 1970 we had changed the name of BAM to The Executive Program (TEP) and lengthened it to six weeks. By that time we had 80 attending and we taught them in two sections. We added new seminars and continued to raise the price of all our programs.

Each year, after the external auditors had completed their work, I would draw a check for the profit and present it to the Dean. Dean Abbott was surprised when I walked into his office with a check for \$1,100 in the fall of 1965. By the late-1970's I had the pleasure of presenting Dean Stewart Sheppard with our first check for over a million dollars.

Over the years we built Executive Education into a major undertaking. We expanded staff until we had two associate directors and six support personnel plus the staff of Sponsors Hall. By 1987 we were conducting 40 programs and had revenues of \$4,400,000. From 1991 to 1996 I spent part of my time working with Executive Education. The division's number of programs, participants, and revenues more than doubled by 1996. In that year 2,500 executives from all over the world attended over 80 programs at Darden. Revenues exceeded \$12,000,000 and our contribution (profit) to the School was \$3,000,000. *Business Week* magazine ranked our overall executive education activity as number two in the world.

By the early 1970's it was necessary for the Darden School to acquire additional space. The expansion of both the MBA program and Executive

Education had made the facilities in Monroe Hall on the main grounds of the University inadequate. The decision was made to move the Darden School and the Law School to the area now referred to as the North Grounds. This required building new facilities for both Schools. I was appointed to the building committee for the Darden School building. The new facility was completed and the move was made in September, 1975.

The move to the North Grounds meant that Executive Education was leaving its housing and dining accommodations. We immediately began the fundraising and planning for a conference center. It took a while, but in September 1979 we opened Sponsors Hall, a building with 36 bedrooms, 6 study rooms and a dining room. Actually, it is two buildings—one for a lobby, dining room and kitchen, and one for the bedrooms and study rooms. The Darden Foundation raised the money for the dining facility and borrowed the money for the housing.

We quickly outgrew Sponsors Hall so it was expanded in 1985 to 60 bedrooms, 10 study rooms, an executive classroom, a general purpose room, a health club, and an expanded dining room and kitchen. I led the charge on both of these and served as the facilities planner in both cases. Interestingly enough, in 1992 we decided to add another 60 bedrooms. The entire 120 rooms were available for use in the fall of 1995 as part of the entirely new Darden School.

To a degree I feel that Sponsors Hall is one of my major contributions to both the School and the University. I think the success of Executive Education justified its need, and I certainly played a major role in

its planning, building, furnishing, and use. I am proud of Sponsors Hall.

In 1972 several university directors of executive education met at the University of Michigan. At that meeting we agreed to meet annually to exchange information on our activities. In 1977 the University of Virginia Darden School hosted the meeting at the Cloisters at Sea Island, Georgia. It was the first meeting where there were corporate attendees, including representatives from international organizations. It was also the first meeting underwritten by a corporation, the General Electric Company. This set the standard for all future meetings. In 1988 the organization was formalized under the name UNICON—University Consortium for Executive Education. A board of directors was elected and I was asked to be the first chair. This was an honor and a recognition of what we had accomplished in executive education at Darden.

UNICON continues to play an important role in promoting university executive education. It now has 53 universities who are members and it continues to conduct annual conferences, training meetings, and research activities.

### **Associate Dean**

In 1982 Dean Robert Haigh asked me to be the associate dean for external relations. I had responsibility for Executive Education, placement, Sponsors Hall, alumni affairs, and development. I was soon elected the executive vice president of the Darden Foundation.

The Darden Foundation was established as the University of Virginia Graduate Business School

Sponsors in 1948. Its mission was to support the founding of a graduate business school at the University. This support included raising an endowment of \$1,500,000 and supplying financial and other assistance as required. It was incorporated as an independent educational foundation in order to keep its support separate from that of the state of Virginia. As the years went by the Foundation played a major role in the establishment and continued success of the School. When the School started to conduct executive education programs the decision was made to handle its income and expense through the Foundation. As Director of Executive Education I worked for both the School and the Foundation. In 1975 I was elected vice president and secretary of the Foundation. By 1982, when I became the executive vice president and chief operating officer, the Foundation had over 100 employees, including part-time. Over the years the various Deans had allowed me to run Executive Education much like a small business and that approach was continued for the Foundation. I really enjoyed that and think I did a good job. We built an organization, increased revenues and profits, and delivered a service that received much favorable recognition.

In 1988 Dean John Rosenblum asked me to become the associate dean for MBA Education. I kept the placement activity, and added student affairs, admissions, and the registrar's function. I gave up external relations which took me away from the executive education activities.

I feel my major accomplishment during the next four years was guiding a restudy of the MBA curriculum. Professor Ed Davis headed the MBA committee, and he

and I worked very closely to bring about significant changes in both the first-and second-year MBA programs.

Having responsibility for the administration of the MBA program brought me more in touch with the day-to-day operations of the School. Working through the various faculty and student committees we upgraded our admissions, placement, and student affairs activities. Some personnel changes had to be made and a number of procedures were revised. We became both more professional and more aggressive in all these areas.

As an associate dean I was an ad-hoc member of most of the School's committees. As a member of the Dean's office I was with Deans Bob Haigh and John Rosenblum on a daily, and sometimes on an hourly, basis. This gave me a chance to participate in the overall management of the School.

I think it is obvious that Darden came into its own during the 1980s. We became more of a leader and less of a follower. We received more recognition for our MBA and executive programs. I feel that in the 1980s the administrative areas that I supervised caught up with, and contributed to, the School's excellent reputation for teaching and curriculum development.

Throughout this entire period from 1964 to 1988 I continued to teach first-year Operations. In 1989 I became course head for Directed Studies and International Field Projects and in 1990 I began teaching a section of the Reading Seminar in Management. In addition I tried to contribute in every way I could to the

other academic and administrative activities of the school.

From 1964 to 1996—my whole career at Darden—I have received the greatest pleasure from being with MBA students. Some days in the classroom are better than others, but teaching our bright MBAs is always a challenge. On the whole they are interesting people. We are lucky at UVA to attract such outstanding students. During their two years at Darden and as alumni they always act so appreciative of their faculty. In addition, they keep you young!

All during my 33 years at the Darden School I have tried to be involved in University activities. I have served on a number of University committees and have attended countless University functions. Camilla and I have had season tickets to UVA football and basketball games for the whole time we've been here. I have met and gotten to know hundreds of University faculty and students through various organizations like the Raven Society, the Advisory Board of the Glee club, and the faculty club, the Colonnade Club, where I was president for two years in the early 1990s. Living in a university community like Charlottesville is very pleasant. It is stimulating and at the same time relaxing. I wouldn't live anywhere else.

I retired from the University of Virginia and the Darden School on May 31, 1996. There were several nice events honoring my retirement including a reception in Saunders Hall of the new Darden facilities. Earlier, the University's Board of Visitors and its administration honored fourteen retiring faculty with a dinner at Carr's

Hill. In their meeting that afternoon the Board had elected us Professors Emeriti effective June 1, 1996.

### **Consulting Activities**

An opportunity that is available to most business school faculty is business consulting. I have done quite a bit and most of it has been very interesting. My first opportunity to consult came the summer of 1965. The University asked that someone from the business school conduct a study of the University's Department of Graphics. Dean Abbott asked me to do the study. At the end of the summer I submitted my report and received a check for \$1,800. The University was pleased with the study and this helped build my confidence to do more of this type of work. The money was also important as I had taken a fifty per cent cut in salary coming from Westinghouse to Virginia.

Soon thereafter I began one of my most enjoyable and long-lasting consulting assignments. It was with the Tolley Cookie Company of Fredericksburg, Virginia. In 1966 Denver Tolley, owner and president, asked for my advice on some organizational changes he was planning. This led to a relationship that lasted for 14 years. Most of that time I spent two days a month in Fredericksburg working with Denver and his managers. The assignment covered a broad range of problems and it provided me with quite an education. The pay was good and I got all the Archway Cookies I could eat. Most importantly, I enjoyed it.

I should mention several other assignments. For four years I was an advisor to the General Electric Management Training Center at Crotonville, New York.

For twelve years I worked with the Lake Forest (Illinois) Graduate School of Management as they developed their MBA programs. For several years I developed and taught seminars in the United States and England for NEPCON, a national trade fair for electronics manufacturers. For 15 years I developed and taught a seminar for IBM and between 1978 and 1983 I conducted six two-week programs in London for the Unilever company.

One more opportunity that proved to be rewarding was the development of The Presidents' Program for Burlington Industries. Here I spent several days in Greensboro, North Carolina and New York City interviewing the company's top management and its division presidents before recommending what should be taught, who should teach it, and where it should be held. One of the faculty I asked to teach in the program was Kim Clark from the Harvard Business School. In 1996 he became Dean of the School. He and the other faculty were great. Burlington was very enthusiastic about the course and reran it a second and third time.

Over the years I have been asked by some of America's largest companies for advice and counsel, and I find that most flattering. Whether large or small, all of my consulting activities were different in some way and this made almost all of them fascinating.

### **Our Children**

Between 1965 and 1987, life on Yorktown Drive moved along quite smoothly. Ann Rutherford went to Greenbrier School for the fourth to sixth grades and then on to Walker Junior High and Lane High School. She

graduated from Lane in 1973. Drayton went to Greenbrier for all six years and then completed Walker and two years at Charlottesville High School. His last two years of high school were at Tandem School, a small private school in Charlottesville.

Both of our children were good students. Both of them made almost all A's or B's. Ann was quieter and an avid reader. Drayton was more outgoing. Ann was a little shy and did not participate in many extracurricular activities. Even so, I think she enjoyed school and seemed to have several good friends. She and Drayton spent a lot of time playing with the Mohler children next door. Drayton participated in children's theater at the urging of Camilla. He swam on the Farmington swim team and was captain of the team his last year. We attended just about every meet and were very proud of his participation. He also spent a good deal of his time teasing his sister. There was a lot of sibling rivalry going on at the house.

Drayt didn't play sports other than swimming. He had no interest and was convinced that he would never be good at them. I tried to play catch and toss the football or basketball with him but he did not want to do that.

At Walker Junior High School he lamented that he was the slowest boy in his class. He couldn't run around the track as fast as all the rest and it embarrassed him. One day he and some others were sliding down the hill at Walker when he put his leg out and caught his foot on the grass. This dislocated his knee which required an operation. Later he had trouble with the other knee and a second operation. At that time it was discovered that he had loose joints, and the University Medical School

studied his condition for some time. This lack of interest, ability, and the knee operations completely turned him away from sports. He felt out of place at Charlottesville High School and looked forward to transferring to Tandem School. None of this affected his grades and he finished the 10th grade with all A's except for one B.

Tandem School had about 60 students when Drayt went there. They were a mixture, mostly rich and probably underachievers in the public schools. Drayt had his ups and downs but we thought the small classes and individual attention was good for him. He did very well and graduated in 1977.

During Ann's last year in high school she started looking at colleges. The summer before, while we were in Little Rock visiting Mother and Daddy, we went to Conway, Arkansas to look at Hendrix College, a small liberal arts school. This seemed to be the type of school she wanted and she decided to apply. On the way home we decided at the last minute to stop by Southwestern at Memphis. She liked it and thought she ought to apply there too. While she looked at other schools, Hendrix and Southwestern were the only two she applied to. Both accepted her. One night during the late winter the president of Southwestern called Ann and said how much they wanted her to attend. That did it. It was off to Memphis in the fall of 1973.

Ann liked Southwestern very much. She graduated with Honors, was selected to *Who's Who in Colleges and Universities*, pledged the Zeta Tau Alpha Sorority like her mother and her grandmother, and dated her future husband, Richard Burns. Between her junior and senior years she bought a new car, a Datsun B210,

with money she had earned. I'm sure that added to her enjoyment that last year. All of us were together at graduation in June, 1977. It was a wonderful event.

In the fall of 1977 Ann enrolled in UVA to work on a masters in architectural history. Her undergraduate major was history and this seemed to be the thing to do. She and Rick had made plans to be married the next year, and graduate school was the answer in the meantime. She lived at home, more grown up than when she left four years before.

That fall Drayt went to Kent State to study architecture. He had spent some time with a local architect in Charlottesville as part of his Tandem senior year and thought he would like to be one himself.

Kent State was recommended by the assistant headmaster at Tandem. We couldn't get Drayt to apply to college in the fall of his senior year. We had gone on a college trip and seen several schools but Drayt had the idea that he would wait a year before going off to school. This was partly encouraged by one of his friends at high school. Finally, around February or March he decided that he would go to college. At that late date there was no chance he could go to one of the better private schools, but he did apply at Kent State. He was placed on their waiting list and later was accepted.

I was disappointed that Drayt would go to what I considered a marginal school, but I was assured by the assistant headmaster that Kent's architecture school was one of the best. As it turned out I think he was right. Drayt liked Kent and did very well there. By the end of the second year, however, he suggested that he drop out

and get a job in an architect's office, "to see if he really wanted to continue in this program." I was opposed for fear he wouldn't complete his education, but finally I agreed on condition that he complete the first semester of his third year. I thought that if he got started in his third year he would continue. That didn't happen, he reminded me of our agreement, and he left Kent for Boston after the first semester. He got a model-building and drafting job with a large firm in Boston and liked it very much. He stayed a year, and on his own he got admitted to the architecture program at Rhode Island School of Design (RISD) in Providence. In a year and a half, in 1982, he had earned his Bachelor of Science in Architecture and in another year his Bachelor of Architecture degree. We missed his first graduation because Ann was receiving her Masters from UVA the same day and she and I wanted to walk down the Lawn together. We made sure to be in Providence for his second.

During his last year at RISD, Drayt applied for several architecture positions. He wrote to a few small firms where he thought he would get a chance to do a variety of things. One firm, Rosenblum and Associates in Charleston, South Carolina, asked him to come for an interview. He was offered a starting position by this small firm that consisted of the principal, his wife (part time treasurer), a receptionist-secretary, and one other architect. Drayt spent a little over three years in Charleston. He seemed to like his job and the area, but when his best friend from RISD called and asked him to join the firm he was with in Providence, Drayt accepted. Before he left Charleston he took the architect's registration exam in Columbia and passed all eleven parts the first time. At that point he was a registered

architect and a member of the American Institute of Architects.

Drayt went back to Providence in January of 1987. He worked for his new firm for just over a year. He was very disturbed when he found out that he was the only registered architect in the firm and was being asked to sign off on all work. Only the architect who was responsible was supposed to sign off on the job. When he objected his boss didn't give him an alternative so he left. He immediately found employment with a larger firm in Cranston, Rhode Island and stayed there four years. In the early 1990s the economy of New England was very poor and construction almost came to a standstill. Drayton's firm was hurt by this decline in building and cut back from 11 employees to 6. Soon it went to a four-day week and then Drayt and one other employee were released.

For the next year Drayt had a very difficult time. He did some freelance work and got a job selling furniture. In early 1994 he went with still another small firm and was made an associate. Throughout 1994 the firm struggled, but at least Drayt had employment. At the end of 1994 he was offered a good job with a large Boston firm. He is very excited about this opportunity and is doing well.

On December 28, 1978, Ann married Richard (Rick) Burns of Jonesboro, Arkansas. Rick was a year behind Ann at Southwestern and they had dated for at least a year and a half at school. They also had seen each other several times during the year when Ann was back in Charlottesville and Rick was completing Southwestern (now Rhodes College).

Rick's family is from Tennessee. His father is from Memphis and his mother from Harriman. His father had met Rick's mother when he was in the Navy. They were married when she was 18, and Rick, the oldest of three boys, was born when his mother was 19. Rick's father went to the University of Tennessee and to the University's medical school. He first practiced in Memphis but soon went to Jonesboro where he is in partnership with several other doctors.

Rick came to Charlottesville to work while Ann finished her master's course work. In the summer of 1979 Ann accepted a job in western Maryland where she and others did a historical survey in two counties. This lasted about 15 months. They then came back to Charlottesville where she could work on her master's thesis. She wrote it on two movie palace builders, Rapp and Rapp.

Since 1981 Ann has worked at the fine arts library at the University of Virginia. She loves her job and would like to be a librarian forever. It seems her love of books has taken her there. She has continued in school and received her Master of Library Science degree in the fall of 1995. In 1989 Rick went back to school and earned his MBA at James Madison University. He now works for Radio Shack.

On June 4, 1987, Caroline Starr Burns was born. She was our first grandchild and of course we thought her the most wonderful thing that ever happened. She was—and is—very pretty with red hair and freckles. Shortly before Caroline arrived, Ann and Rick moved to a small house at 1504 Greenleaf Lane. This is only about a mile from our house so we see them often.

On July 15, 1992 a second grandchild, Robin Elizabeth Burns, was born. Now we have two grandchildren and they produce more than twice the love and affection. We try not to interfere with the Burns family but it is difficult. They are most understanding so Camilla and I think we have the best of all worlds.

### **The Charlottesville Community**

Soon after we moved to Charlottesville in 1964 Camilla and I became active in the community. Our first activity was the Westminster Church. Both next-door neighbors were members, and we had attended and were active in the Presbyterian churches in Sharon and Columbus. Also, I was returning to the church where I had been a member while a student 15 years before.

We were very good about attending Sunday school and church. We felt that the family needed to worship together and the children needed to have this religious experience. We were here for only a few years when I was elected a Deacon. After three years I was then elected an Elder. During my several years as an Elder I served on a number of committees and for a period was Clerk of the Session. I was pleased to be appointed Clerk as Daddy had been Clerk at the Second Presbyterian Church in Little Rock for a number of years.

Ann became a member of the church in due time but to our disappointment, Drayton didn't. We insisted that he go through communicants class when he was 13 but he and his best friend, Bart Landess, decided that they would not join the church.

In 1969 and 1970 all organizations and most individuals were affected by the Vietnam War. There were protests on every campus, including UVA's, and at most gatherings, large or small. The Westminster Church was no different. The ministers, especially the young minister to students, preached against the war, against the government, and against authority in general. When it started getting personal against the university's administration, including President Edgar Shannon who was an Elder in the church, we stopped going to the services. Many of our friends dropped out and the whole experience was most upsetting. We continued and even increased our financial support of the church but for awhile we rarely attended Sunday services.

Shortly after I arrived in Charlottesville I received a call from the Kiwanis Club. It seems that the Kiwanians in Sharon had been in touch and suggested I be contacted. I did join the club and became very active. Eventually I was elected a vice president and then the president of the Charlottesville Kiwanis Club. After being a member for ten years I resigned because they met every Monday night and this was a hardship for me and the family. I traveled a lot for the school and executive education, and I felt that I was spending too many nights away from the family. It was too bad as I enjoyed it and it put me in touch with about eighty non-university Charlottesvilleans.

When we came to Charlottesville in 1964 we transferred our non-resident membership in the Farmington Country Club to a resident membership. The cost of the non-resident membership in 1958 when we first joined was a \$25 initiation fee and \$25 a year dues.

When we became resident members the initiation fee was \$300 with the \$25 non-resident membership fee deductible. When the club went private in the early 1980s all members had to buy a \$2,500 bond that is redeemable upon resignation. We have really enjoyed the club over the years. I play some golf—not as much as I would like—and we often go swimming. Drayt was on the swimming team for years and was a co-captain when he was sixteen. We also eat and host parties at Farmington. The cost for membership today is \$18,000 including the bond. That is a far cry from what we paid 30 years ago.

I also joined the Boar's Head Sports Club when we came to Charlottesville. At the time this was primarily a tennis and luncheon club. I became much more involved with this club and the Boar's Head Inn when the owner, John Rogan, asked me to serve on the Boar's Head Inn and Sports Club board of directors. I served for 12 years and enjoyed it very much.

Meanwhile, Camilla had immediately become involved in the community. She joined the University Wives Club and soon was elected chair of the Newcomers—wives whose husbands had recently come to the University. As such she was on the club's board of directors. She also was invited to join the Junior League and became active in that organization. She volunteered for several years at the League's Opportunity Shop and then was asked to chair that committee. That led to her being asked to help run the shop which she did for several years. In 1977 she began to work part-time as the Associate Studio Director at Recording For The Blind. She had been a volunteer there for several years. She retired from this position in 1993.

These activities gave Camilla a number of contacts at the University and in the community. She likes to say that I can be involved at the Darden School, while her involvement is with the rest of the town. She complains about responsibility but she willingly accepts it, probably because she's so good at it.

### **Business and Family Travels**

Among the highlights of my life have been the many travels I have made. I already mentioned a number of them—Alaska, the Army, Virginia, Harvard, Pittsburgh and other work assignments—all were significant and important to me. There were also many family trips that were just great.

Visiting Mother and Daddy was a must for all the years they were alive. I was always anxious to return to Little Rock and 1524 Schiller Avenue regardless of how difficult it might be to get away and to make the trip. Before and after I was married my visits were usually for one week, but they were wonderful and necessary. I may have been 30 or 40 years old, by myself or with the whole family, but going home was something I just had to do. When I was greeted by Mother and Daddy and then walked in the house—it always had a familiar and pleasant smell—I was home and in a different world. We were treated like visiting dignitaries and that didn't hurt, but it was much more than that. There was just a lot of love for each other and it was so evident. Camilla was immediately accepted and she quickly felt as I did. And the grandchildren were something very special. We were all spoiled for a week or so and just hated to leave.

Since coming to Virginia I have had many occasions to travel throughout the United States, Europe, and Australia. Almost all of these trips have been made on behalf of the School, but a few were personal. When possible, I have added a sightseeing day or two—or more—to the beginning or end of the business trip. Almost always this combination of work and pleasure presented too good an opportunity to pass up.

The first business trip I took to Europe was in 1968. I had met the managing director of the British Institute of Management (BIM), John March, at a seminar in Boston. I was so impressed with his presentation that I invited him to speak to the BAM course at the school. He accepted and did an excellent job. He, in turn, invited me to come to the UK to see what was being done in graduate business education. He also offered to sponsor a Darden School meeting for business executives at the BIM. Dean Abbott approved and suggested that he go with me. Shortly before we were to leave he decided that he couldn't go so I asked another faculty member—Stewart Sheppard—if he would go for at least the school presentation. He readily agreed and we spent two weeks in England, Scotland, Ireland, and the Netherlands.

It was a most exciting trip. While Stewart stayed in London I went by train to Manchester to have luncheon meeting with the faculty of the Manchester Business School. That afternoon I flew from Manchester to Dublin for a visit to Trinity College and the Irish Management Institute. From there it was back to London for our presentation at BIM.

On the weekend we went to Cardiff, Wales, where Stewart was born and raised. We spent the whole weekend reminiscing with friends about Stewart's old school days. We even looked for his home but found that it had been torn down and converted into a parking lot. He was most disappointed! We spent Monday in Rotterdam at a new business school. On Tuesday we went to the London Business School. Later in the week we spent some time at University College London. Throughout the trip there was a lot of time for seeing the sights of London. I am sure I was like most first-time visitors, enthralled by the tours of Westminster Abbey, Parliament, the Tower of London, and the other famous places that I had only read about. Stewart was fun to be with, and all in all, the trip was wonderful.

In January 1969, I attended a conference in London. I had met Paul Glover, principal of the National Coal Board's Staff College, when he visited Charlottesville in the fall of 1968. When I told him I was planning to attend this conference he asked me if I would spend a couple of days at the Staff College in Chalfont Saint Giles, Buckinghamshire, to review what they were doing in management education. I thoroughly enjoyed my time with Paul and at the Staff College. His visit to Charlottesville and my three days at his school was the beginning of a warm friendship that lasts to this day.

After two trips to the UK I was determined to take Camilla. The opportunity came the next year when I was invited to teach in a seminar at Brighton. We spent a week sightseeing and teaching in the seminar. The next year, 1972, I was invited back to Brighton. This time we took the kids and spent several days sightseeing.

I have been back to the UK many times since the early seventies. I went to Kingston Upon Thames six times to teach at the Unilever Training Center. One of those times was in 1981 at the time of Prince Charles' wedding. The British really celebrated this and so did I. It was very difficult to get the participants of the program to concentrate on their studies!

In 1978 I took a long weekend away from the Unilever course to fly to Paris and to travel in a rented car for two days to re-visit where I had been in the Army in 1944-1945. I found most of the places I had been in the Sarrebourg and Heilbronn areas. It was thrilling to return to some of these places 33 years later. I even found several houses where I had stayed and the remains of a fox hole I had dug overlooking the town of Bitche, France.

Another fabulous trip was in 1979 when Camilla joined me at the end of a two-week Unilever program. We went to Brussels where we were entertained by a University of Virginia fraternity brother, Jim Myers, and his wife. We also spent a morning sightseeing with the George Van Buskirks. George had been in our wedding and was working for the state of Maryland in their Brussels office. After two days in Brussels we went to Amsterdam by train to begin a Rhine Cruise. It was our 25th wedding anniversary and this was a very special way to celebrate it. At the end of our Rhine cruise I took Camilla to the same places I had visited the year before. I took great pride in leading her through the woods to "my" fox hole. Playing "old soldier" for my wife was especially moving for me.

From 1980 to 1985 I went to Australia for Executive Education on six occasions. In 1980 and 1981 I spent the better part of two weeks visiting companies on behalf of a new two-week program that we initiated in 1979. From 1982 to 1984 I taught the general management portion of the program. In 1985 I went back to visit companies. That year I took Camilla and we had a great time. As I had done on one other occasion, we stopped in Hawaii for a day both going and coming. It takes a long time to get from Charlottesville to Sydney or Melbourne, and non-stop is exhausting. In addition we saw a little of Hawaii.

One other trip to Europe should be mentioned. After going with me on business-pleasure trips six or eight times, Camilla finally suggested that we go to England just once on holiday—no business. We did just that in 1991 and it was wonderful. We went to London where we hosted a small dinner at the Goring Hotel for several friends and their wives. These included the Paul Glovers, the John Marshs, Don Markwell (Unilever) and his wife, Tom Glynn Jones (British Petroleum) and wife, and Gordon Jones (National Westminster Bank) and his wife. After a couple of days in London we rented a car and went to Cornwall. We stayed at a little inn near Falmouth and just looked around. We were with friends for a nice affair and then went exploring.

Over the years I have gone to many places, almost all of it on business. My years at the University have been filled with travel. I enjoy it, especially when I have someone to share it with. Camilla and I have been to all sorts of places representing the School's MBA and executive education programs. The UNICON meetings have been especially enjoyable. We've been to England,

Belgium, and France in Europe and Palm Springs, San Diego, The Cloisters, the Homestead several times, the Greenbrier, Kiawah, Seabrook, Palm Beach, and many others. With the MBA program we had several very nice trips—one to San Francisco and a few days of vacation on the Monterey Peninsula, and another to Vancouver with several days in Seattle and Victoria.

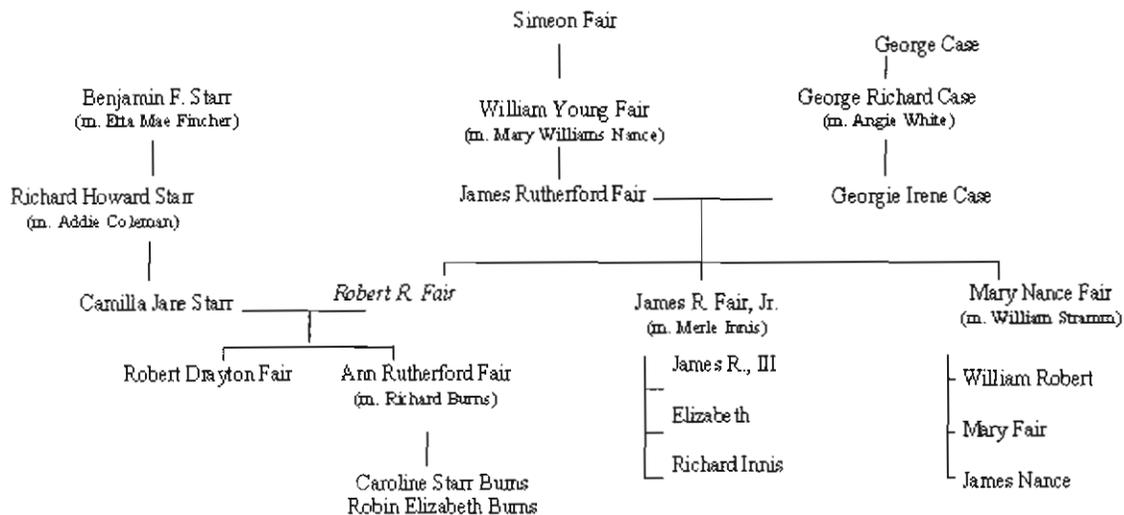
Another reason for our travels has been to attend reunions. We've gone to a number of them. Two have been high school reunions; Camilla's 25th in Sharon in 1974 and my 50th in Little Rock in 1993. I have been to four Harvard reunions and was a faculty leader in one. I helped organize the UVA Class of 1950's 40th reunion and have attended three 100th Division Association meetings. I'm not sure what that says about me but I do enjoy seeing old friends and reliving good times.

London is our favorite business/vacation destination. I have been there any number of times and Camilla has been with me on a dozen occasions. We almost feel like natives. We usually stay in the Belgravia/Chelsea area in one of two or three favorite hotels. We rarely go to see the historic sights—we've seen most of them several times—so we spend our time walking the neighborhood, shopping, and seeking out interesting little places to eat. Some day we think we will rent an apartment and stay there for a while.

Another favorite of ours is Switzerland. We have gone there three times to visit companies for the School. As usual, we have also taken two or three days on each trip to go sightseeing.

Camilla accuses me of always having “one foot in the road”. It is true that I like to travel and as long as she does too, we will be on the move.

The Starr, Fair, and Case Families  
(a partial family tree)



## **PART V - MEMOS ABOUT THE FAIR AND CASE FAMILIES**

### **Mother and Daddy**

While Mother and Daddy have been mentioned many times in the preceding pages, there has not been enough said to let the reader know what they really meant to me.

Mother was the dominant influence in my early life. Daddy was extremely important, as was sister Mary Nance, brother Jim, Aunt Nance, and many others, but Mother was the most important. She was not a “stay-at-home” housewife but she made a point of being there when the children were home. She insisted that the family have breakfast and dinner together, and she was around in the evenings to help in every way she could. This was not true of Daddy since he spent so much time traveling. Sometimes he would be gone for as long as three weeks and it was up to Mother to take care of everything.

Both Mother and Daddy were supportive of the children. They attended school events and encouraged us in every way possible. They gave us the feeling that we were very important—they encouraged us to do well by favorably comparing our accomplishments with theirs. Both parents, Mother especially, were quite modest in what they had done and where they came from. I don't know why. They showed a lot of respect for us and were full of praise when we brought home a good report card. They enjoyed our successes and endured our failures.

Both Mother and Daddy served as excellent role models. They were not arrogant in any way, but they did prize those characteristics that we needed to have: love, honesty, trust, reliability, and family. They were not afraid to show affection to each other and to us. They were religious but not to the extent that they forced their beliefs on anyone else. On Sundays they went to Sunday School and church. We all did until we were teenagers and then, if we didn't want to go, they didn't make a scene about it. On the other hand we hated to "let Mother down" by not going. When we went, she would surely show us off to all her friends.

There was not a lot of money around the house. We were taught early to save. Mother encouraged us to come home for lunch every day and Jim and I did, even though we only had thirty-minute lunch periods in junior high and high school. There was no sense in spending 15 or 20 cents for lunch in the cafeteria. I also think she wanted to see us in the middle of the day. I even sent my laundry home from Charlottesville in order to save money. That was certainly all right with Mother.

Mother was a love. She also had a good sense of humor. She set high standards although she didn't make too much of an issue of it. She played the piano and we sang a lot. She was very active in the community but only when she could be home when we were home. She may have been the only person in Little Rock who was president of three PTAs: elementary, junior high, and high school. She was president of the Women of Second Presbyterian Church, the Rose Garden Club, the Cosmopolitan Club, and the Arkansas Pioneers. For a while she worked part-time selling cemetery lots. On top of all of this, we always had somebody staying at the

house. Early on it was Case relatives from Mountain View. Then it was school teachers from Little Rock High School. Then it was Uncle Rob and Aunt Nance. Everyone paid room and board and that helped the financial situation. Finally, Mother was known all over Little Rock for her cakes, especially her angel food cakes. She would bake as many as 10 to 15 a day during the Christmas season and sell them for five dollars each in the late 1940s.

Daddy was the disciplinarian and definitely the father figure. He spanked us a number of times, and all of us were a little afraid of him. His main concern with Jim and me was that we would not grow up to be manly. Jim was especially skinny when he was little and had a high squeaky voice. Daddy's solution was to send him to camp in the summer and to a gymnasium in the winter. He encouraged sports and took Jim and me to hundreds of baseball games. When he had a flour and feed distributorship during the late 1930s and early 1940s Jim worked part-time at tough, hot, and dirty jobs.

Daddy and Mother were very proud of their children. They attended all graduations—junior high, high school and college—and made them a big deal. I still have the beautiful letter Daddy wrote me when I entered Harvard.

Mother and Daddy were very pleased with their children's marriages. They welcomed and enjoyed their son-in-law, Bill Stramm, and their daughters-in-law, Merle and Camilla. All three families spent a week or more every year with the folks. Daddy and Mother were not only glad to see us but were especially glad to see the grandchildren.

When I was about fourteen Mother was hospitalized with bleeding ulcers. She had to have an operation and was very sick. Mary Nance was home that summer from college and was the designated “woman of the house.” She prepared the meals and Daddy had cautioned Jim and me to cooperate with her while he spent most of his time at the hospital. One night I missed dinner by a couple of hours and didn’t let anyone know. When I came in Daddy was home and was really mad.

He got all over me and finally slapped me, knocking my glasses across the room. Neither of us ever said anymore about this incident until the last time I saw Daddy, 36 years later. He was approaching his 92nd birthday and Camilla and I were visiting Little Rock. When it came time to say goodbye and all the hugs and kisses had been exchanged, I hugged Daddy and he said, “I’m sorry I slapped you”. Those were his last words to me. I didn’t realize what he meant until we had left.

Although we lived about as well as everyone else we knew, Daddy had to work all his life. He was still working when he died in 1975. He received his last pay check after his death. Mother lived to be 87 and died at Presbyterian Village in Little Rock in 1978.

### **Daddy and the Fair Family**

Daddy (James Rutherford) was born and raised in Newberry, South Carolina and was one of eight children. All the children lived for at least two years, although three of the four oldest died as very young children. The third child was a daughter, Lucy. She lived until she was twelve when she died of disease. The last four children lived to old age. Robert Pearson (Uncle Rob) was 78

when he died; William Young, Jr. (Uncle Will), 72; Mary Nance (Aunt Nance), 98; and Daddy, 92.

Grandmother (Mary Williams Nance Fair), died in 1886 when Daddy, the youngest, was three years old. This left Grandfather Fair with five children to raise. He didn't remarry for several years and many of the stories about life in the Fair family center around the difficulties of growing up without a mother. The problems grew more intense when the older daughter, Lucy, died. She was the oldest and was regarded as the "woman" of the house, and her death must have been extremely hard on Grandfather. Without a mother it seems that Daddy and Uncle Will pretty much ran wild. Daddy had story after story on the mischief they got into and how Grandfather's reaction, time and time again, was to spank or switch them.

Daddy talked about the trouble he got into at school. One of his teachers in grammar school was a Miss Octavia Garlington and he related how often she would punish him. One way she did it was to make him stand on a chair with his chin hooked over one of the blackboards—the blackboards were hung like pictures in those days. There was some space between the top of the blackboard and the wall behind. The punishment was uncomfortable and embarrassing. The interesting thing here is that a few years later Grandfather married Miss Garlington and she became the children's step-mother. Even though Miss Garlington was hard on Daddy, I don't remember him ever saying anything bad about her.

Grandfather was raised to be a gentleman. After the Civil War he turned to farming but Daddy didn't think he was ever good at it. Times were hard and the

only way the family existed over the years was to sell off land. Grandfather inherited the farms from his father, while his sister, Sally, inherited the town house. She married a veteran who later became a lawyer, Young John Pope. Daddy told a lot of stories about walking into town to visit Aunt Sally Pope. The Popes lived fairly well and it was a treat to go to her home for a meal. Daddy was somewhat afraid of Aunt Sally. She followed her brother's lead in disciplining the Fair boys.

All three of the boys had to work on the farm. They did all the usual chores, but they also had a good time. Daddy played baseball and claimed he was offered a scholarship to the University of South Carolina. He remained a baseball fan for life.

Daddy went to the Speer Street School in Newberry and graduated from the eighth grade. He then worked for a couple of years at the post office where Grandfather was Postmaster. Then he went to college.

With the help of Aunt Sally Pope, Grandfather sent all three boys to college. Uncle Rob attended Clemson for three years. Uncle Will went to the Citadel for two years. Daddy went to three schools: Clemson for one week, Wofford College for the fall semester, and the Citadel for about three months. He didn't like Clemson and he left the Citadel after being caught sleeping in the mattress press during the daytime. He liked Wofford and had a good time. He was initiated into Chi Phi Fraternity and came home for Christmas dressed as a dandy wearing a derby hat. Grandfather decided over the holidays that Daddy needed more discipline and sent him to the Citadel.

While the Fair boys were making the social scene around Newberry, Aunt Nance attended Miss Randolph's School in Norfolk, Virginia. Miss Randolph was a granddaughter of Thomas Jefferson, and Aunt Nance was very impressed by that. Sometime after completing Miss Randolph's school Aunt Nance attended Columbia University and then stayed at home until she was married in 1912.

A number of Newberry families, including the Fairs, went to the Bonclarken Presbyterian retreat in the mountains of North Carolina in the summer. There may have been little money, but this was the traditional thing to do and traditions had to be upheld.

Apparently there was no lack of servants and workers around the farm and in town. When our family lived in Newberry, Grandfather had three servants at all times: a cook-housekeeper, Minnie; a yardman and handyman, Benson; and a nurse, Emma. Minnie and Benson were children of slaves owned by my great-grandfather Simeon Fair. Benson lived in a small apartment in the back of the College Street lot. Minnie and Emma were married and lived in Newberry.

Incidentally, I loved Minnie. She would give me a little coffee, liberally laced with sugar and cream, in exchange for a "coffee hug." This was a ritual in 1928-29 when I was three and during the two later visits when I was six and eight. I would also go out to Benson's shack and beg coffee from him. When I went back to Newberry in 1948 Uncle Rob took me to see Minnie. It was a very hot day and she was washing clothes. As soon as she saw me she wanted her "coffee hug" and I was pleased to give it.

After Daddy left the Citadel he went to Atlanta to work. Uncle Will had already left to become a salesman for a meat packing firm. Uncle Rob had gone to work as an accountant for the Indian Refining Company in Lawrenceville, Illinois.

### **The Case Family and Mountain View**

The Case family immigrated from England to Pennsylvania, then to Ohio, and finally, to Batesville, Arkansas. Richard Case, my maternal grandfather, was born and raised in Batesville and in 1880 married a hometown girl, Angie Eakin White. Shortly after they were married they moved up the White River to a town called Ruddles where Dick Case opened a general store. Uncle Junius, the oldest of my nine aunts and uncles, was born in Ruddles. Shortly after he was born, the family moved to the county seat of Stone County, Mountain View, where Grandpa moved his general store. He ran this store until he died in 1934.

In the late 1880s Mountain View was a very small village in a remote section of the Arkansas Ozarks. The entire county had a population of less than 1,000 as late as 1940. Mr. and Mrs. Richard Case—Granny and Grandpa to me—were leading citizens of the town, county, and probably of that part of Arkansas. They had a big family, a big house (including, of all things, a tennis court), and owned a lot of property there and in other parts of Arkansas. The house was so big, and the area so hard to get to, that they opened it to visitors, including traveling men, after some of the children moved away. It was in this house that Daddy, the traveling man, met Mother, the daughter who was waiting on tables. Some

time in the 1920s the house burned and they built a new house closer to the center of town; that was the house that our family visited.

We went to Mountain View often. It was Mother's home and there were always a lot of aunts, uncles and cousins around. When I was growing up, three uncles and one aunt and their families lived in town and the others were constantly visiting. This meant that there was family, especially cousins, to be with at all times. The house and yard were large and interesting. Granny and Grandpa had a huge side yard, a large garden, several outbuildings where the kids sometimes slept, a woodyard, a small orchard, pig pens, stables, wash yard, and more. Their grounds took up an entire city block. Uncle Oris and his family (with two boys just my age) lived next door. Uncle Charley and his family lived two houses away. There were two boys about brother Jim's age in that family. Uncle Ray and Uncle Walter lived down the street.

Being from the big city of Little Rock, I found it quite a change to spend two or three weeks in Mountain View. For one thing there were no picture shows. About once every two weeks someone came through town to show a movie in the courthouse or the American Legion Hut. About the time I was a teenager Uncle Ray built a theater, and there were movies every night.

There were no paved roads in north Arkansas. The area is mountainous and the roads are full of curves. The curves, the dust, and the time it took to drive there usually made me car sick, and Daddy or Mother would have to stop. Mary Nance had the same problem. Once when Daddy drove Jim, Mary Nance, my cousin Virginia

Weigart and me from Little Rock to Mountain View, he had to stop eleven times to let one or the other of us out of the car to get sick. He was fit to be tied by the time we arrived.

Granny and Grandpa's house was one of few houses in town with electricity and running water. There were two bathrooms but the kids were not allowed to use them. We had to go to the two-holer in the backyard. When we took our twice-a-week bath we were only allowed a couple of inches of water in the tub.

Granny was quite a woman. She had been raised a lady in the reasonably sophisticated town of Batesville. In spite of this she was surely the power behind the throne in the move to Mountain View and the raising of the family. There was never more than one doctor in the town but there were ten healthy children born and raised with no apparent problems.

According to Mother, Granny never got up for breakfast but had it brought to her in bed. There were always two or three servants—usually young girls from the country who would work at the house in turn for room and board. This also gave the girls a chance to attend school, which Granny encouraged. One of these young girls was Bessie Moore. She worked for my Aunt Nettie (Janet) and attended the Mountain View schools. Bessie later attended college and graduate school, became head of the Arkansas Library Association, then the National Library Association, and finally a member of the United Nations' UNICEF board. She helped establish the National Folk Art Center in Mountain View. Bessie received all sorts of awards and was still going strong at 90 years of age. She died in 1995. A building at

the University of Arkansas is named for her as is the new library in Mountain View. She was a close friend of the family and we called on her every time we went to Little Rock.

Granny was very determined. Stone County was so remote when she and Richard Case moved there that roads had to be built. Granny took that as a challenge and was instrumental in building the road from the White River where there was a railroad to Mountain View. She did more than just lobby for the road. She recruited workers, supervised the building, and generally pushed it to completion. She was known as the “road builder” and in fact was responsible to a great extent for that part of Arkansas being settled. In 1975 Bessie Moore and Granny—Angie White Case—were named as two of the ten most outstanding pioneer women in the history of Arkansas.

Every other year in June there is a Case family reunion. I attended two or three when I was growing up and still get invited. I haven’t been back to Mountain View in years and would like to go. I am sure that it had a lot to do with who I am and what the rest of the family has accomplished. I am told that it is a thriving community with a population of over 2,000 and that the Folk Center and the nearby Blanchard Springs Cave and Park attract a large number of visitors every year. The nearby White River is a designated scenic river with good fishing that also brings vacationers to the area. It is a beautiful place and I have a soft spot in my heart for it.

Granny ran that house full of children, grandchildren, visitors, and hangers-on with an iron hand. She would discipline one and all with no questions

asked. There was one story about an uncle who, despite Granny's warnings, got his head stuck in the front porch banisters. He was frightened and crying. Before Granny got him out she spanked him good for disobeying her.

My cousin Donald Weigart and I had a similar experience. When we were about seven or eight years old we were sliding down the corrugated doors of the well pump house in the front yard. Granny saw us and told us to get off. We didn't and soon I cut my bare foot on a nail. Granny, Mother and the aunts and uncles on the front porch got excited when I started crying and led me around to the back porch to be treated. By the time they got me there Granny was waiting with a switch. Before anyone could do anything about my "wound" Granny switched me for disobeying her. To be fair, she switched Donald too.

We had a lot of family fun in Mountain View but we dreaded Sunday since we had to go to Sunday School, then church, and then church again that night. In addition we were discouraged from making much noise on Sunday. Of course Mountain View didn't get the Sunday papers with the funnies until Monday so we didn't even have them to read. During the week, however, we had the run of the town. Even though we were only six, seven or eight we still went all over town looking into most stores, post office, garages, and the court house. We played at anything and everything.

The Weigart children were the cousins we played with most of the time. They were about our age. Virginia was a year younger than Mary Nance, Dorothy was a year younger than Jim, George Perry was a year older and

Donald a year younger than I was. I always wanted them to be there when we went “to the View”.

### **Mary Nance Fair and Jim Fair**

My sister, Mary Nance, and my brother Jim, and their families have played a major role in my life. Mary Nance was seven years older than I and that made a tremendous difference to me as we were growing up. She was the oldest, and a girl, and it seemed we had little in common almost to the point that I hardly knew her. As we both grew older we grew closer and we eventually spent a lot of time together. Jim, on the other hand, was the big brother that I could identify with. In fact, I tried to do everything he did. Whether it was baseball or trains, school work or play, I wanted to be just like him. For some reason he was able to do most things better than I could—even after I was the age he was when he was doing them—but I tried.

Mary Nance was very bright and skipped a grade-and-a-half in school. This meant that she graduated from high school when she was not quite 16 years old and from the University of Arkansas the summer she was 20. She later lamented that she was too young and insecure when she started her career as a school teacher. She taught music and English in the Fayetteville and Little Rock public schools until World War II when she served with the American Red Cross in Europe. After the war she continued with the Red Cross in veterans' hospitals in Chicago, Dallas, and Japan. While in Japan she met and married an army officer, William Stramm from Brooklyn, New York.

The Stramms had three children, William Robert (Billy), born in 1949; Mary Fair, born in 1950; and James Nance (Jimmy), born in 1956. The Stramms were stationed in a number of army bases in the U.S., Europe, and Thailand. Bill retired from the army at Fort McPherson, Georgia in 1968. Shortly after this retirement he went back to work for the army as a civilian and was transferred to Ft. Bragg, North Carolina. He retired from this position in 1979 and now lives in New Jersey with his younger sister and her husband. Mary Nance died in 1993.

I first met my nephew, Billy Stramm, in the fall of 1949 when he was about six months old. Over the years I have watched Billy, Mary Fair, and Jimmy grow up, marry, and start their own families. Camilla and I have been with them so much we almost consider them our children. Billy went to the University of Arkansas for a year and in 1970 joined the army. He went to Officers Candidate School in 1971 and was commissioned as a Second Lieutenant in an armored division. He served for 22 years and retired as a Lieutenant Colonel. The army sent him to the University of Tampa for his undergraduate degree, and he received an MBA from the University of Southern California. He is now working as a consultant in the Washington, D.C. area. Billy and his wife, Diane, have two children, a daughter, Dana, and a son, Sean.

Mary Fair married a Marine Lieutenant, Randy Krick, who now works for AT&T in Reading, Pennsylvania. They have two boys, Jim and Jon. Mary Fair worked for a while after high school and then went to West Georgia University where she earned her

bachelor and master degrees. She is an instructor in a school for handicapped children.

Jimmy and I have spent a lot of time together. He graduated from Appalachian State University and the University of North Carolina-Charlotte. He worked in television and media for several years and then came to the Darden School in 1990. Prior to his coming here he spent time in Charlottesville talking to me about an MBA and about Darden. While he was at school we saw each other every day and he was a student in my reading seminar. During his two years here we got to know him and his wife Jackie very well, and we are fond of both of them. Since graduation in 1992 he and Jackie have had two children, Sophie, and James Nance II. Jimmy works for Dixie Yarns in Charlotte, North Carolina.

We have visited back and forth with all of Mary Nance's children and think they are wonderful people. We have great hope for the future when we are around them and their children.

My brother Jim is a graduate of Georgia Tech in chemical engineering with a masters degree from Michigan and a doctorate from the University of Texas. He was with Monsanto until he retired in 1979. Since then he has held a chair in chemical engineering at the University of Texas. I was Jim's best man when he married Merle Innis in 1950. He was my best man when Camilla and I got married four years later. Merle and Jim have three children, all outstanding people: James Rutherford III, Elizabeth, and Richard. Jim III is a very successful architect in Los Angeles, California. He heads the L.A. office of Helmuth, Obata, and Kassenbaum as a senior vice president and is a member of the company's

board of directors. He and his wife Linda have two boys, Robert and Eric. Jim's daughter Elizabeth attended Indiana University and worked for a while as a newspaper reporter. She received her MBA from the University of Texas. She married Don Drews and now lives in Chicago. Don and Beth have two children, Ellen Elizabeth and Thomas Rutherford. Richard Innis graduated from Trinity and Southern Methodist University (MBA) and worked for Manor Care in Indiana. In 1994 he married Kathy, a Ph.D. graduate from Texas. She teaches at the Indiana University—South Bend.

We have not been as close to Jim's children as we have to Mary Nance's, though we keep in touch. We see them from time to time and hear about them often from their proud parents. We know enough about them to consider them interesting people—intelligent, practical and gifted. All three will go far. As with the Stramm children, we like being with them and wish we could be with them more often.

### **Grandfather and Newberry**

As I recall it, we went to Newberry in 1928 to take care of Grandfather who had recently been widowed (again) and who was fairly feeble. Although it was never mentioned, I also think we spent 15 months in 1928-1929 at Grandfather's because Daddy was not doing too well financially. It must have been hard on both Mother and Daddy. They were separated for a long time, with Daddy only coming from Arkansas to South Carolina from time to time. Daddy traveled a great deal and lived to some

extent on the expense account. His headquarters was the Marion Hotel in Little Rock although he didn't stay there very much.

We went back to Newberry for the summer in 1930. Grandfather was even more feeble and spent most of his time sitting in a Morris chair in his bedroom. He seemed to like to see me and I spent some time with him every day. Once he got up to go to the bathroom and fell. It scared me to death and I made quite a scene with the grown-ups for allowing him to fall.

I remember Grandfather presiding at the dinner table. Also, he liked to sit on the front porch. He had a little white and black dog that he kept close by at all times.

Jim had a tree house in the side yard and a number of "train tracks" running throughout the back yard. He was also stuck with me for the movies, going to the train station, and for visiting some of his playmates from two years earlier. I don't think he wanted to take his little brother with him as much as he had to, but he did anyway.

I remember riding on the horse-drawn ice wagon as it stopped in front of the house and then went around the corner to the side entrance. Not a long ride but enjoyable. I remember rolling down a hill at the house next door. Then I thought it was a big hill; really, it is very small.

In addition to our family, Aunt Nance would pop in from Memphis during the summer. She always got things moving. I can still hear her calling from the back

door that peaches and cream were being served. South Carolina is a big peach state and we had a lot of peaches and cream during the summers.

Grandfather died in 1932. He was 86 years old. That summer we went back to Newberry. Two cars made the trip. Daddy drove one, Mother drove the other. We stopped by Memphis to pick up Aunt Nance, Aunt Evalina, and a friend, Polly Gowans. Polly was purported to be a good driver which Daddy found not to be the case, and she and Mother shared the driving. The first night was spent in Winchester, Tennessee, which was the post office for Camp Riva-Lake. Mary Nance attended the camp the previous summer. We drove through Chattanooga and Atlanta, and the cars got separated between Atlanta and Athens, Georgia. We spent a fair amount of time (and temper) getting re-connected. Otherwise, the cars kept together.

Once we were settled in Newberry, Daddy and Mary Nance drove back to Little Rock. I think Mary Nance spent some time in Tonganoxie, Kansas that summer. While we were in Newberry we went to Charleston for a few days. On that trip Aunt Nance decided that we should all visit several old churches and cemeteries. This quickly became very boring to me, and Aunt Nance told the story of me looking up to her—I was not quite 7 years old—and saying, “Don’t you think this is a terrible way for a little boy to spend his summer vacation?” While in Charleston we went to the Isle of Palms to swim in the Atlantic Ocean and to visit one of Octavia Garlington’s nephews. He and his brothers lived with Grandfather after he married Miss Garlington. In a way the Garlington boys and Grandfather’s children were

like brothers and sisters. They kept up with each other until they died.

While we were in Newberry in 1932 we did a number of things that I remember. We went swimming at the country club, we went to Lake Murray, we swam in the creek behind Grandfather's house on Chapman Street (a municipal swimming pool was later built there), we went to the Opera House (movies) a number of times, and to the train station to watch the trains come in. On the way back to Arkansas by way of Asheville, North Carolina, we stopped to see the Vanderbilt mansion. We also saw the gorgeous French Broad River Valley north of Asheville. We spent the night in Crossville, Tennessee, and the next night with Aunt Nance at the Parkview Hotel in Memphis.

We feel closely tied to South Carolina. Camilla's Mother was born and lived in Easley before moving to Atlanta. Many Nance and Bill Stramm were stationed at Fort Jackson in Columbia (where son Jimmy was born) and later had a condo in Myrtle Beach which we visited on three occasions. Drayton worked in Charleston for three years after he graduated from college. Prior to his being there we had vacationed at Seabrook Island several times. We like South Carolina and especially Charleston. It is such a beautiful place.

### **The Impact of Aunt Nance**

Aunt Nance—Mary Nance Fair Richardson—  
influenced all of our lives. Growing up she was the only surviving girl in a family of three boys and a widowed father. She lived at home until she was married in 1912 at the age of 32. She was a “presence” wherever she went

and she more or less ran things all her life. She married Walker Richardson and had two children; they died in infancy. In 1917 Walker was killed in a train wreck. These disasters encouraged Aunt Nance to volunteer for the Red Cross during World War I. She spent four years in France and Germany during and after the war. Part of that time she headed up a segment of the Red Cross.

After the War she came to Memphis where her brother, Uncle Will, was living. She became a teacher in a private girls' school. She taught the first three grades in Miss Hutchinson's School for 30 years. She lived at the Parkview Hotel most of that time and then moved to an apartment on McLean. Finally, she lived in another apartment just behind the Parkview.

Aunt Nance took a great interest in Mary Nance, Jim, and me. The family spent many a Christmas in Memphis, and she entertained us royally. A big treat for us any time we went to Memphis was dinner at the Peabody Hotel. We would eat in the main dining room with an orchestra playing. The hotel itself was a fascinating place to be: the fountain in the lobby with live ducks swimming away, a roof garden where there was dancing under the stars.

Aunt Nance bought us clothes. She bought Mary Nance a number of things and Jim and me our first suits (I was about five and Jim ten years old—a picture exists of us in our new clothes). Later she bought Jim and me more clothes. She always wanted us to stop by Memphis when we were going to college so she could take us to Phil Halle's, the best men's clothing store in Memphis. She knew the people who owned the store and didn't hesitate to use her leverage to get us the nicest things she

could. She bought both Jim and me our first tuxedos. She bought a suit, a sport coat, some slacks and two white shirts for me in February, 1946 when I was on my way to college, and when it was almost impossible to get men's clothes. She later bought me a top coat.

Aunt Nance was instrumental in my going to the University of Virginia. She recommended it when I didn't even know about it. She helped Daddy financially a number of times and arranged for Jim to borrow money from her, Uncle Rob, and Uncle Will for his Georgia Tech education.

She was very close to all of us. She was different. She was of a different social strata, or so it seemed. She knew about parties, etiquette, table manners, cocktails, the "good life." She lived at the best place in Memphis, the Parkview. This gave her an "in" with many of the local shakers and movers. Also her teaching introduced her to many of the city's first families.

Aunt Nance was a big traveler. She had lived in Europe for four years and spoke some French. She met Evalina Harris—Aunt Evalina—while in the Red Cross, and the two of them lived together for 50 years. Both Aunt Evalina and Aunt Nance had lost their husbands at about the same time. Aunt Evalina was from Memphis and that drew Aunt Nance to that area. Both of them lived into their late 90's so they shared a lot of their lives together.

In the early 1960s Aunt Nance gave up her apartment and rented the back bedroom at 1524 Schiller. She furnished it and paid Mother and Daddy a monthly rent. She also paid board while she was in Little Rock.

She was not there a lot of the time. She had friends in Plainfield, New Jersey, and she spent a lot of time there.

She was a big one for visiting. She came to our house several times as part of her rambling. She spent at least a week with us in Sharon, another week or so in Columbus, and came by Charlottesville at least once. She was in Columbus in 1962 when President Kennedy was killed. She was 82 at the time. She came to Charlottesville two or three years later when she was in her mid-80's.

I can't forget an experience I had in Sharon. Aunt Nance's room was at the head of the stairs. As I went upstairs one morning I saw her on the floor and panicked. She was only doing her sitting up exercises. I was not prepared for that from a woman 80 years old.

Once the three of us were grown and out of college Aunt Nance concentrated on Mother. She bought Mother a whole new wardrobe and took her to New York to see the shows. This was Mother's first airplane trip and only visit to New York.

As she approached 90, Jim took over and helped her get settled in a retirement home in Memphis. When she could no longer handle this he moved her to Presbyterian Village in Little Rock where she lived until she died in 1979, in her 98th year. Aunt Nance didn't like growing old and didn't like Presbyterian Village. She had to share a room, and the Village frowned on her having a cocktail before dinner.

There is one story that epitomized Aunt Nance and her character. Her education was somewhat unusual. She went to the public schools in Newberry and then to

a private school, Miss Randolph's, in Norfolk, Virginia. After she spent some time there and was back home she decided she wanted to teach school. While visiting one of the Garlingtons at Governor's Island in New York City she applied to Teachers College at Columbia University. This was a graduate school. After she was admitted and it was discovered that she didn't have an undergraduate degree—or any undergraduate work at all—they told her she would have to leave. No, indeed, said Aunt Nance. She had been admitted and she planned to stay. Stay she did for two years. She didn't graduate and may not have received full credit, but the education she acquired qualified her to teach for the rest of her life.

### **Two Special Uncles**

The four Fair children, Aunt Nance, Uncle Will, Uncle Rob, and Daddy, were very close. This may have been because of their Mother's early death or perhaps due to life in the late 1800s in a small town in the South. For some reason they were close and stayed that way throughout their lives. Aunt Nance was really the connector, the glue that held the three boys together over the years. In any event, there was a lot of correspondence, phone calls, and visits. This was true even when Uncle Rob was in Illinois, Uncle Will was in South Carolina, Aunt Nance was in Memphis and Daddy was in Little Rock.

Uncle Will spent most of his early years in Memphis where he was with Swift & Co. He married a socially prominent Memphis woman, Amalie Sykes, and did well until the depression. He lost his job and he and Aunt Amalie divorced. For two or three years it was quite rough. He then went to work for Kahn Meatpackers out

of Cincinnati. He was with them until he died in 1954. He traveled the Southeast and we envied his spending time in Florida in the winter and Virginia and Washington in the summer. He sold meat to large hotels and country clubs and usually stayed in very nice places. He and Aunt Amalie had one daughter, Amalie Fair Robinson, who now lives in Jackson, Mississippi.

Uncle Will was always interested in us. He came to Little Rock when he was unemployed and newly divorced and spent quite a while there. He was a lot of fun and could be talked into taking the children to the drug store for ice cream. He visited us on several other occasions during the next several years, and attended a family reunion of sorts at Christmas in 1945.

When Jim went to the Citadel in 1938, Mother, Daddy, and I went to Lake Summit near Tuxedo, North Carolina, to spend several days with Uncle Will and his new wife, Kate Calhoun Patterson. While at UVA, I twice visited him and Aunt Kate in Greenville, South Carolina. They were always the perfect hosts. I invited Uncle Will to my graduation at UVA and he came. He also bought me a suit as my graduation present.

Uncle Rob spent a lot of time with us in Little Rock. In fact he rented the back room during a half a dozen winters in the late 1940s. He was nothing less than a character. He was crippled and, I think, in a lot of pain and that didn't add to his good humor. Actually, I think it was quite a trial for Mother to put up with him. He treated me very nicely but, of course, I wasn't around much.

On one of my trips to South Carolina during my stay at UVA I spent a couple of days in Newberry. Uncle Rob had converted the sheds in the back of the College Street home to a little house or “shack” as he called it. That’s where he lived. The shack had a small living room, a smaller bedroom, a bath room and a tiny kitchen. It also had a small front porch. When I visited he got a room for me at the local hotel.

He had an old car and drove it with great difficulty. We were always afraid to ride with him and couldn’t understand how he could drive from Newberry to Little Rock without an accident. My visit required him to drive me around the town and the countryside and it scared me to death. He was also deaf and that didn’t help his driving any.

You couldn’t tell Uncle Rob anything. He knew all the answers. He was especially proud of South Carolina and critical of Arkansas. This created quite a stir around the house occasionally.

In September, 1938 we spent about a week in Newberry. The visit was timed to coincide with Jim’s enrollment in the Citadel. We stayed with Cousin Kate in her home (complete with white columns) on Calhoun Street for about three or four days. One afternoon Daddy, Jim, and I went to Columbia to see a baseball game. Columbia was in the Sally League and had a first baseman named Nick Etten. Etten had played for the Little Rock Travelers and had been demoted to Columbia. He did especially well there and eventually played for the New York Yankees. A couple of days later we went down to Charleston to take Jim to the Citadel. Mother, Daddy, and I came back to Newberry and then

went to Tuxedo, North Carolina to visit Uncle Will and Aunt Kate. Mary Nance didn't make the trip.

We have visited Newberry several times in the last 40 years. We've taken the children, and Camilla and I have stopped by at least twice on our way to and from Charleston. In every instance we go by the house on College Street and the one in Prosperity, visit the cemeteries, the location of the "farm" house, and generally drive all over town. Newberry is a pretty town and has some big old homes. Many of the streets are named for the family: Fair Street, Fair Avenue, Nance Street, Drayton Street, and others.

### **Simeon Fair Family**

Great-grandfather Simeon Fair was a lawyer, a state representative, and a large land owner. He was a delegate to and signer of South Carolina's Articles of Secession in 1861. He owned the land on both sides of the road from Newberry to Jalapa, a distance of about five miles. He donated the land for Newberry College and the cemetery next door.

Simeon Fair's life has been summarized in at least two books. He was probably the most prominent personality in Newberry County before and during the Civil War. It is said that he had 1,000 bales of cotton tied up on the docks of Charleston at the end of the War.

Simeon's wife, Mary Butler Pearson Fair, presided over one of the largest houses in Newberry, just one block from Newberry College. In 1865 the US Army occupied the area and were housed at the college. Shortly after they moved in the officers asked Great-grandmother

if they could live at her home. She accepted them and their money, much to the dismay of the rest of the town. To have the hated Yankees in her home was unthinkable. She allowed them to stay and eat on the ground floor—the English basement—but did not allow them to come upstairs or otherwise associate with the family.

Simeon and Mary Butler Fair had seven children. Three of their sons were in the Confederacy army. One was an officer in Charleston most of the War. A second, Robert, died in camp. The youngest, William Young, Grandfather, was particularly caught up in the War. He ran away from the Citadel in the summer of 1862 to join General Bee, a South Carolinian and friend of the family, at the first battle of Bull Run. He was only 15 years old at the time. After the battle he was sent back to the Citadel where he remained until near the end of the War. When he was 19 he organized a cavalry troop and was their Captain. For Great-grandfather and Great-grandmother to have lost one son and to have the rest of the family upstairs and the dreaded Yankees downstairs must have been difficult. The daughter, Sally, married a soldier, Colonel Drayton Rutherford, who was killed. She later married another soldier, Young John Pope.

In 1865 the occupying federal troops appointed the government of the county. Several of those appointed were former slaves. Unfortunately, most of the slaves could neither read nor write so it was impossible to appoint them no matter how much the occupying forces wanted to. Great-grandmother had defied the law prior to the War and had personally taught her house servants to read and write, which led to their appointment as part of the government. Her butler was appointed a federal judge and as such, acted on the applications for citizenship. All

residents of the Confederate States lost their U.S. citizenship as a result of the War and had to swear allegiance before a federal judge. Simeon, Mary, and the children all had to go to court and appeal to the judge, their former butler, for their citizenship.

Federal troops occupied Newberry and all of South Carolina for eight years. This was the reconstruction period and was fraught with problems. Carpetbaggers descended on the South, and the local citizens (assuming they were granted citizenship), were held back. This led to much resentment on the part of South Carolinians.

Grandfather was so opposed to the U.S. Army, both for the War and for reconstruction, that he never forgave them. Of great personal interest to me is the story of Aunt Nance and a beau, a U.S. Army officer. Grandfather would not let the officer on the property so Aunt Nance had to go out to the gate when her beau came to call. No Yankee soldier was allowed in Grandfather's house, not even his yard. And this was 40 years after the War. When Camilla and I got married in 1954 Aunt Nance, then 74 years old, came to the wedding with the same man, the former army officer. They had both married, had families, and were now widowed. Somehow they got together again and saw each other for some time.

Great-grandfather Simeon came from a large family. One brother, Samuel, was a doctor in Columbia, South Carolina, before and during the Civil War. A story about Uncle Sam is that he delivered a baby during General Sherman's burning of Columbia in 1865. Apparently the house in which the pregnant woman lived

caught on fire and Uncle Sam and the servants brought her and her bed out to the street where the baby was born.

Simeon Fair and his family are buried in Rosemont Cemetery in Newberry. The family plot is on the highest ground, probably a condition for giving the land. Samuel Fair is buried in the cemetery at the First Presbyterian Church in Columbia. Brother Jim has a portrait of Simeon and I have one of Samuel.

### **Old Family Homes**

The William Fair family home (circa 1800) still stands just north of downtown Prosperity, South Carolina. It is a two-story white frame house on the crest of a hill. Some modern houses have been built in front, but the house still stands and is occupied.

Simeon Fair's large two-story brick town house with an English basement was torn down about 1963. It was used as a grammar school for years, and Mary Nance and Jim went to school there the year we lived in Newberry (1928-1929). A new school was built in front of the house in the 1950s and the older house was demolished to make way for the school's playground.

Simeon Fair's farm house, which was located about a mile from the town-house at the end of what is now Fair Avenue, has been demolished. My grandfather was given that house to live in and that is where my father and his brothers and sisters were raised. The family sold most of the land around the house to a textile company that built a large mill nearby. What used to be

the old turnaround in front of the house is still there, and the house location is almost like a little park.

Along both sides of Fair Avenue (which in the late 1800s and early 1900s was the driveway leading up to the farm house) are several frame homes. Prior to and for years after the Civil War there were slave cottages on both sides. Many of the Negroes who lived there stayed after the war. One of the slaves—Governor—was Grandfather's valet during the war. He remained after he was freed and raised a family in one of the cottages. To a great extent he ran the farm and Grandfather. The two were devoted to each other. Governor died in Grandfather's arms. Eventually the cottages were torn down and replaced by private dwellings.

In 1923, Grandfather and his second wife moved from the farm to a new house in town. This house, which still stands, was built on Great-grandfather's (Simeon) property on the corner of College and Chapman Streets. It is a two-story frame house that had a large front-side porch (since removed). Our family lived there from 1928 to 1929. We also visited there in 1930 and again in 1932.

Grandmother Fair was Mary Williams Nance prior to her marriage to Grandfather in 1871. Her parents' home still stands on the south side of Newberry. It is an imposing two-story, red brick house. It is listed, along with the William Fair home in Prosperity, in the city's list of historic homes.

## EPILOGUE

I am surprised I had the courage to stick with the task I gave myself two years ago to write about my life. I have always enjoyed talking with others about almost anything, including my life with family, friends, children, students, executives, preachers and even politicians. But in future discussions with any friend I will never suggest that he first try to remember the names, dates, locations, conversations, and highlights of events across a lifetime, and then try to write the details of the events accurately, hunt for pictures, and describe each member of the family tree.

Yet I am glad I decided to recall some of the endless events and numerous persons who have played a part in my life. Looking back has made me glad I wrote about when I lived, how I lived, and what I did.

I lived at a time when our country achieved some of its greatest accomplishments, and I had the privilege of being both a contributor and a beneficiary.

How I lived was the result of the moral values instilled in me by Mother and Daddy, and sharpened by my good luck in finding Camilla who taught me the true meaning of life. Overall, and looking back at it all, I feel I did my job of helping others about as well as I could hope as a husband, father, teacher, and citizen. It's been a great journey.

Robert Fair