

CHILDHOOD AND GROWING-UP EXPERIENCES  
IN THE CHALMERS COMMUNITY AS  
REMEMBERED BY WINSON JONES

PREPARED

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## A. ABOUT THE AUTHOR

I was born November 5, 1925 as the second youngest of the eight children in the family of Manson L. and Lucinda (Wakeman) Jones. My father was from a large family residing in the Crawfordsville, Indiana area - one of his uncles was named Winson and he is the only other person I have encountered who carried that name. My mother resided on a farm West of Chalmers and attended one of the country one-room grade schools in that vicinity (classmates included some of the Chamberlains). Mother remembered riding to school in an open, horse-drawn wagon. During the colder months they used heated bricks to keep warm going to and from school.

The time period of the depression coupled with the large size of our family created an environment and lifestyle of very limited finances during my childhood years. As children we were expected to work starting at an early age to generate funds for virtually all of our spending money. For most of us, this also covered a good part of our clothes and personal items. Because of my various work assignments and the fact that my mother had me accompany my dad whenever possible, my exposure to the Chalmers community was perhaps more extensive than for most. For example, my dad visited the downtown barber shops, pool halls, card rooms, etc., practically every evening of the year. My tagging along from an early age permitted an association with and exposure to the happenings and the people

of that era.

I accompanied my mother in attending the Baptist Church. Later I divided my church attendance between the Baptist and Community Churches since more of my boyhood friends attended the latter.

Because of the extended amount of time spent away from home, I probably was more heavily influenced by the Chalmers community as a whole than would be the case of most of my childhood friends. I had a close relationship with the merchants of that time period and perhaps more important, with many of what I will term the gracious ladies of Chalmers. I hesitate to list the women of Chalmers who exerted the greatest influence but will say that in addition to my mother, it included Mrs. Kassabaum, Mrs. Burgett, Mrs. Stine, Gertrude and Ethel Brown, Mrs. Headdy, Mrs. Lucas, Mrs. Roy Ward, Mrs. John Ward, Mrs. Jeffries, Mrs. Nelson. Mrs. Beasey, Mrs. Carr, Mrs. Spear, Mrs. Minnie Allen, Mrs. Myers, Mrs. Morris, Stella Van Voorst, Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Huff, Mrs. Brookshire and Mrs. Palmer. These friendships together with the high respect I held for my school teachers (Miss Shigley, Miss Parks, Miss Stewart, Miss Smith, Miss Barr and others) no doubt contributed to many of the character traits that have continued with me throughout my lifetime. For example, at the age of 18 when I was flying the missions as a gunner on a B-24 bomber over Europe in World War II, it never occurred to me that I couldn't do it despite being

very scared -- I knew that I represented my family and the whole Chalmers community. Further, that many were joining with me from afar in praying for my safe return. No doubt surviving the air duty in Europe has contributed to the "fast track" I have maintained over the past fifty years. In a sense, I have always held the belief that I was living on more or less borrowed time.

Roy Headdy is another example of the extent to which Chalmers residents were supportive of young people. Roy went out of his way to provide employment for several of us. Then at the end of World War II, he encouraged us to become involved with the Legion Post. Roy and Faye even traveled to Chicago to join with me when I first became married.

The happenings and events highlighted in this narration may permit a brief glimpse of the Chalmers Community as I lived and observed it. The items covered are presented in no particular order and no doubt I may have a few names and dates incorrect. Also, I possibly have forgotten far more events than reported on here.

In summary, despite the difficulty of the period, I have always considered myself fortunate to have grown up in the Chalmers community. It was a special place at a special time -- I miss the many dear friends of that period of which only a relatively few remain. It is still easy to close one's eyes

and to hear the cooing of the doves, the trains on the Monon,  
and to remember the friendly neighbors enjoying their porch  
swings on summer evenings. It was a time when people took time  
for one another and created a rewarding lifestyle for community  
members.

## B. CHALMERS EARLY YEARS MEMORIES

The Stowaways - Our good friends the Oilar family lived just up the street, and Bob Oilar visited at our home almost daily. One summer day, Bob and I (guessing that we were 6 or 7 years of age) decided to stow away in the rear of dad's schoolbus so that we could go along on the anticipated fishing trip. Sure enough at the planned time, dad and Ernie Williams returned from town and headed for the river. About mid-way enroute, they discovered our presence but proceeded with the fishing trip. While my mother assumed that I was fishing, no doubt Mrs. Oilar was quite concerned as to the whereabouts of Bob.

Quarantined - At the age of seven, I was quarantined with my mother and several others because of Scarlet Fever. My dad was locked out of the house -- he left groceries and other essentials on the porch each evening. Because of the high fevers that accompanied this disease, it was probably one of the most unpleasant experiences of my childhood. I believe we were confined for more than a month. Concurrently, my sister, Hattie, was quarantined with the Mint Stine family where she worked as a part-time assistant housekeeper. Unfortunately, Scarlet Fever claimed the life of Floyd Stine. This was especially sad for me inasmuch as Floyd and his brother, Lloyd, had been very much like older brothers.

Second Grade Academics - Part of the class schedule of Miss Parks involved standup competition in both spelling and arithmetic. Early on these subjects came relatively easy for me, especially arithmetic. While at Indiana University, this early training assisted considerably incident to completing exams within limited time periods. Even now in my investment business, I seldom use calculators or other aids in conjunction with math computations that are necessary during meetings and conferences with others.

When I was nine or ten years of age, I traveled throughout the countryside with my dad in conjunction with his purchasing of wool. More often than not, I was assigned the task of recording in long columns on a pad the weight of the different bundles of wool. Then the further task of totaling the columns and extending the prices to arrive at the final amount due. As I recall it, neither the farmer nor my dad made any significant recheck of my numbers.

Waiting For The Ice Truck - In the early 1930's, refrigeration of milk and other perishables entailed the use of ice chests. The neighborhoods were serviced door-to-door by regularly scheduled ice trucks. On the long summer afternoons, several of us pilfered large and small ice chips from the truck while the driver was delivering ice to the homes.

The Medical Professionals - One of the truly outstanding

features of Chalmers during the 1930's and 1940's was the presence of Dr. Netherton, Dr. Howell and Dr. Flora. I still remember the slow-moving drill at the dentist office while Doc Howell carried forward with his almost constant chatter espousing the merits of Purdue University. He inserted a gold-inlay filling which I have to this day. Along the way many other dentists have commented favorably as to the excellence of Doc Howell's work.

In another experience, I had a bone felon develop on the forefinger of my left hand. With little ado, Doc Netherton cut the entire end of my finger open and scraped the bone. An interesting, somewhat humorous facet of this was that throughout the summer I went around with my left hand held up in the air (this greatly reduced the pain element).

Doc Flora always had time for a friendly "hello".

Getting Around - At an early age, several of us hitched rides to Lafayette to attend the Ark and other theatres where weekly serial-type movies were shown. I also hitchhiked to Benton Harbor, Michigan and to Gary, Indiana incident to visiting two of my sisters. Considering that I was probably only twelve or thirteen years of age at the time, it was a bit adventuresome.

One of the more humorous activities was the hitchhiking that took place going to and from the swimming hole north of

town. This might see six or seven of us loading into a car once the driver stopped for what he thought was only two hitchhikers -- they always laughed it off. The swimming hole group often included Dean Headdy, Dick Brown, Jerry Darnell, Lloyd Spear, Ted Townsley and yours truly.

One of my good friends, Dick Brown, lived with his aunts, Gertrude and Ethel. On several occasions, Dick and I quietly pushed his aunts' Model "A" Ford out of the garage. Then we enjoyed a half-hour or so of driving around the streets of Chalmers. We were probably twelve or thirteen years of age at that juncture.

Snowball Fights & Other - A favorite wintertime activity at school featured the town versus the country snowball fights. I remember Spud Zarse as being one of the best in this category of action.

One other painful episode that I participated in was a rock-throwing contest that pitted Lois Jeffries and myself against my good friend, Jack Thompson, and his cousin, Max Oilar of Brookston. Unfortunately, Jack was hit by a stone, and regretably Lois Jeffries and I left and ran to town. Needless to say, my dad attended to the appropriate disciplinary measures.

We also used quite a bit of time participating in pick-up tackle football games. Many were involved including Dusty

Nelson, Lloyd Spear, Leon Allen, Dick Shank and Harold Shell. Several years ago I learned that the Shell boys were excellent football players. This did not surprise me since in the 1940's Harold Shell was probably the outstanding player of my group of friends.

Entertainment - Brookston, Reynolds and Chalmers each sponsored open-air free movies weekly on designated nights. Quite a few of us would take in two or three of these almost every week. While at Brookston, we fancied that we could square off against our counterparts -- I don't recall that much actual fighting transpired.

Chalmers and most other White County communities held an annual street fair. The young people were always fascinated with the "wild man" or "abnormal creature" shows.

In the very early years, we also were visited by traveling Indian medicine shows. A feature of some of these shows was a beauty contest -- the winner was the girl that had the largest number of coupon votes. Coupons were obtained by the purchase of medicine water, boxes of Cracker Jack, etc. One year my sister, Marie, was selected as beauty queen. I recall that our whole family contributed to drumming up the necessary votes.

Money Making Activities - As mentioned previously, obtaining spending money required my getting involved at a young age with

a wide range of jobs. Before the age of twelve, this included the following:

1. Sold the Saturday Evening Post and the Ladies Home Journal door-to-door.
2. Mowed lawns and weeded flowers for various residents.
3. Set pins at the bowling alley.

Another activity, which consumed one of my summers, was the recording of the Chicago Cub's baseball games on a large blackboard at Charlie Sterner's cardroom. This necessitated my listening to every play on the radio, then filling in the appropriate squares on the blackboard. While this involved a full afternoon commitment, the compensation was a soft drink or two.

Prior to my becoming eighteen, the scope of jobs included:

1. Detasseling corn.
2. Unloading lumber for the Brandt lumber yard.
3. Unloading coal for the elevator.
4. Working on a furnace crew at the Lafayette Aluminum plant.
5. Serving as the janitorial assistant to Jim Wilson at the schoolhouse.
6. Working for Roy Headdy as a construction assistant.
7. Serving as a construction assistant on the Retirement Center Project which Gracie Evans never finished.

While on this job, I helped Gracie out of a deep hole at the project site. She had been toppled over head

first when hit by a cement truck. While hospitalized, she survived this major accident. From that time forward, Gracie and I became good friends.

8. Working as a section hand for the Nickel Plate Railroad at Valpariso.
9. Serving as assistant bookkeeper for the M. B. Raub companies under the able tutelage of Helen Smith, our Commerce Teacher.

With respect to this, the latter assignment greatly contributed to my becoming a Certified Public Accountant. Probably my most difficult task was that of unloading creosoted railway ties out of an open rail car on 100° days.

Masquerade Party - At Halloween time, Chalmers normally held a costume party with awards to the winners. On one such occasion, my dad put in his customary early evening appearance at the barber shops, pool halls, etc. Then he immediately returned home where the whole family engaged in costuming dad as a very large colored lady (pillows, burned cork, etc.). Then dad returned to town and no one could guess his identity -- he won one of the prizes. He also had great fun putting his arms around Dean Headdy at the barber shop.

The Wrong Scent - Dad, along with several others in the community, owned coon hounds. It was quite a demanding sport to unleash the dogs and then follow them through dense woods at night to the place where hopefully they had treed a game

animal. On one such occasion, I pleaded with my mother to permit my joining in the hunt party. Near Big Creek east of town, the hunt commenced. One could hear the hound baying in the distance as we walked, ran and stumbled through the woods with only a lantern to light the way. After several hours, we were becoming farther and farther separated from the dog. It seems the hound had mistakenly taken up the scent of a fox and was being led in wide circles throughout the countryside. Well after midnight, dad wisely elected to take me home. When he returned to the hunt area at daybreak, he found the fully exhausted coon hound slowly walking along one of the country roads. This was the one and only time my mother gave approval for my participation in this activity.

In this same time period, the prize coon hound of one of my dad's friends (believe it might have been Custer Nelson) followed a game animal into an underground tile. Dad and several other Chalmers men worked for several days attempting to locate and free the hound, but no trace of it was ever found. At that time a good dog was considered invaluable.

I Was A Firefighter - When the town hall siren sounded for other than the noon hour, we all knew that it signaled a fire. On a couple of occasions, I was near the town hall and managed to ride (standing up) on the back of the town truck to the scene of the fire. If the location of a fire involved any significant driving distance, we were usually resigned to

carrying out and saving as much furniture and personal items as possible. The building itself often simply burned to the ground. I was present for the big fire that nearly destroyed the entire north side of the business district. As I remember it, the fire took place on a bitterly cold Sunday afternoon. I was one of the many volunteers providing water to the scene using the old-fashioned bucket brigade approach. Fortunately, our beloved Palmer House building was spared.

Scarecrows Can't Fight - As previously indicated, my dad visited the downtown area most evenings. This normally would entail his departing shortly following evening dinner, then returning home at approximately 9:30 P.M. Needless to say, it was a somewhat one-sided arrangement to which my mother voiced her opposition from time-to-time. One evening she decided to react by erecting a lifelike scarecrow in a darkened corner of the front porch near the entrance door. This included a man's costume -- hat, coat, etc. When dad returned home and was about ready to open the door, he observed the dim figure. At this juncture, he may have uttered a word or two of profanity, followed by two or three roundhouse swings. He demolished the scarecrow. From within the house he could hear strong applause and wild laughter.

That All-Important Central Office - Many of us made frequent visits to the Telephone Central Office where Gertrude Brown served as one of the principal switchboard operators. Gertrude

was kind enough to call Monticello and other cities to ascertain the progress of basketball games in which Chalmers was playing.

She also assisted me in arranging a date with one of the prettiest girls in Wolcott. However, the only transportation I could arrange was to join Ted Townsley and his date in Ted's coupe. I recall that my date sat on my lap for the entire trip from Wolcott to Lafayette and return. While this was not unpleasant for me, it may not have appealed to the girl's parents -- she was difficult to contact from that time forward. Hey, this may have been a close call -- I could have ended my career running the general store in Wolcott!

Baseball - How To Throw A Game - In the 1930's, Chalmers sponsored a baseball team which played home games at the Danner farm west of town. As I recall, Frank Cornwell was a featured pitcher for the group. One Sunday afternoon, the opponent was a team of skilled black players (probably out of Indianapolis). Well into the game, Chalmers was losing by a hefty margin. At this juncture, my dad suggested to Dean Headdy that Chalmers would stage a comeback and win the contest. Dean replied "no way"! Then a wager was negotiated. However, Dean was not aware that dad already had struck a deal with the coach for the colored team. The terms, let Chalmers win and the black team could have "all-you-can-eat" cold watermelon at no cost. The black team proceeded to drop fly balls, serve up blooper pitches, etc., which permitted the Chalmers victory. It was quite an

experience to view the watermelon feast! In all probability dad gave away melons of greater value than the amount of the wager. Yet, one up on Dean provided bragging rights for the moment. Was this the depression?

Golf Can Be Fun - On my annual visits with mother Jones, I could always count on great fun playing golf with some of the Chalmer's stalwarts. In fact, Dan Wann seemed to be fully aware of my schedule; he often would stop by shortly following my arrival at mother's. Our golf group often included Art Clerget, Bob Christopher, Sr., Dusty Nelson, Don Headdy and of course, Dan Wann. The game wager usually saw Dan on top -- all of his shots were right down the middle of the fairway. Somewhat later in life, I tried to convince Bob Christopher, Jr. that adopting his dad's philosophy of "closing the shop" might prove beneficial.

The Auto Syndicate - In High School, acquired a one-third ownership in Model "T" Ford with Dean Headdy and Junior England - total investment \$27.00 (\$9.00 each). Partnership dissolved when participants could not devise a formula to divide 7-day week into 3 equal parts.

Hit By A Moving Light Pole - Dud Flora and yours truly escorted dates to the O'Henry Ballroom Southwest of Chicago. Evening was blemished when Dud backed his parents' brand new car into a rather stationary light pole. Dud wisely deferred requesting permission for long-trip car use for a while.

Flag Pole Tampering - The class of 1943 banner was hoisted and grease applied to lower portion of school flagpole. All involved in this episode -- Ted Townsley, Dean Headdy, Dud Flora, Vernon England and yours truly -- excused from school the next day to join an involuntary cleaning and repair brigade.

A Line Of Credit - At about the age of 10, Dean Headdy and I hitched a ride to Lafayette where I purchased a bicycle (on credit) from Montgomery Ward. After two or three months, I found that I could not meet the monthly payments, and returned the bike to the store. To this day, I have no explanation as to why Montgomery Ward sold the bike to me in this manner. They did not even require Dean to co-sign the installment sale contract!

Talking It Over - Many lengthy discussions were held with Bud Denton in the wee hours after dates talking about local and world events and future plans. Parental approval for going out for the evening was considerably enhanced when I mentioned that Bud was involved.

Winter Travels - After Indiana Beach closed for the season, the Beach regulars, meaning Dusty Nelson, Ted Townsley, J.D. Hendryx (Brookston) Hugh Alan Maxwell (Brookston) and yours truly made many trips to Indianapolis to continue dating relationships we had initiated in the summer months. This must have been something of a passing fancy inasmuch as the names and places are long since forgotten.

The Railroad Gang - Between our Junior and Senior years in 1942, the shortage of labor due to the war created job openings for railroad section crew members at Valparaiso. For that busy summer, Lloyd Spear, Jerry Darnell, Dean Headdy, Dick Brown and I resided in a rustic box car sited just off the main track of the Nickel Plate Railroad. Because of the hard work and our late evening social hours, we seldom heard the nearby train whistles once we retired for a few hours sleep.

A Stroll Down Main Street - In my teen years, I was permitted to walk up Main Street to the business section of Chalmers most every evening. While the blocks were few, the time requirement was considerable. My first stop often was to chat with members of the Stine family -- I always hoped that this would include Esther. Then there were quite a number of other visitations enroute including Doc and Mrs. Netherton, Mrs. Huff and Mrs. Morris. Later in life, I realized that these very positive exposures served to balance the practical day-to-day happenings that I observed at Uncle Dean Headdy's pool room and barbershop, the cardrooms, the Van Voorst Grocery, the Strantz Service Station, the Palmer House and the Guy Little Restaurant. The personalities of that period still are vivid in my memory, particularly the great lengths to which individuals would go to effect a prank on others. While it was a period of economic "depression", it stands out in my memory as a time of great fun.

A Gentleman Farmer - One mid-winter evening, Austin Whitaker invited me to spend the night at his brother's farm home, ostensibly to assist with the farm chores the next morning. Austin and I shared a bed in an unheated upper floor area. The bed linen was a feather "down" mattress to sleep on, accompanied by a similar "down" comforter. I do not recall touching the pillow before falling soundly asleep. Upon awakening the next morning, I found Austin gone and the house strangely quiet. It seems that I had slept to 9:00 or 10:00 and that all of the chores had long since been accomplished. I also missed breakfast.

I also derived much fun incident to visiting and staying overnight at the farm with Dick Thompson. However, after a reasonable trial period, Dick's dad concluded that I exhibited very little aptitude for or interest in farm work.

Huckleberry Finn Copy Cats - Probably in the age range of 10 to 12 years, on weekends several of us (Leon Allen, Dean Headdy, Lloyd Spear, Jerry Darnell, Dick Brown and myself) would walk the Monon tracks to the woods south of town. There we would build a fire in an old cabin and attempt to emulate some of the escapades of Tom Sawyer/Huckleberry Finn. While we all contributed funds for luncheon snacks, our stays were enhanced by one of our members bringing along a plentiful supply of cigars and cigarettes from his father's cardroom. This inventory loss may have cut into the store's profits!

In this same time period, we regularly raided various watermelon patches, apple orchards, etc. Some of us also occasionally removed a few candy bars, cookies, etc. from some of the stores in the area. Fortunately, these minor transgressions did not escalate into anything of a more serious nature. Looking back, it is entirely possible that our merchants and neighbors tolerated this as part of the growing-up antics of active young people of that era.

Fishing and Tranquility - In my adult years, I have not found the time to pursue fishing to any extent. However, some time ago, one of my Northwest business associates prevailed upon me to accompany him on a fishing trip for steelhead salmon on the Olympic Peninsula. This saw the two of us, together with our guide, floating down one of the fast-moving mountain streams in a flat-bottom boat. On this outing, I managed to catch two steelhead including one sixteen pounder. Of course, my associate attributed this to beginner's luck. Little did he know that this type of fishing was, relatively speaking, "a piece of cake" compared with the many fishing experiences of my childhood years.

Over a considerable span of time (mostly between the ages of 8 to 12 years), I tagged along with my dad, my older brothers Jim and Basil, Ernie Williams and others on a wide variety of fishing expeditions. On occasion this would find me fishing at night standing nearly waist-deep in water in the middle of the Tippecanoe River. When a fish was hooked (some as large as ten pounds or more), it required a struggle of several minutes duration to deftly guide the fish in the dark toward the river bank. I doubt that my mother fully realized the "sink or swim"

latitude that dad extended to us on these outings. Also, one had to be constantly alert to the pranks which dad or Ernie Williams would initiate, including substituting river rocks in our lunch pails for the sandwiches and cookies that my mother had sent along.

Whether fishing or hunting, trying to keep pace with dad was always something of a feat in that his normal gait entailed half-running for most of us. Family members have theorized that dad would perhaps have been a perfect frontier guide had he been living in the early 1800's when the Western exploration movement was underway.

Life is a Beach - An additional favorable aspect of living in Chalmers was our close proximity to Indiana Beach on Lake Shafer. In the 1940's, during the summer season this facility provided large-orchestra dancing in the main ballroom seven nights a week. Groups of girls from Indianapolis and other communities would occupy the many cottages at the beach usually arriving on Sunday or Monday and staying for a week or two.

Several of us quickly found this to be something of a paradise in that when we entered the dance hall on Monday and Tuesday evenings, there often would be a hundred or more girls present with virtually no competing males other than our Chalmers group. For several summers, Dusty Nelson, his cousin JD Hendryx (who had a car) and I would go to the beach practically every night. After the dances closed around midnight, we

sometimes would escort dates to the Green Gables Restaurant at Reynolds or to one of the Monticello eateries for late evening snacks. This often would see us finally returning to our homes at Chalmers in the wee hours of the morning. Needless to say, when the early morning alarms went off alerting us to the requirements of our jobs, we found it slow going, and I usually fell asleep during the periodic rest periods at the job site. Yet we always perked up as the evenings approached.

On one occasion (probably mid-August) Dusty and I were having dinner at the Nelson home, and Dusty broke the news that he wanted to go on vacation. I can still remember his grandfather indignantly arising from his chair with the expression "what do you think you have been doing all summer long?"

Well, we did go on vacation! We closed the Brookston Street Fair with late-evening dates, then proceeded to drive to Northern Indiana, arriving at the home of one of Dusty's aunts about 4:00 or 5:00 A.M.. She graciously prepared a great country breakfast -- following which we traveled on to the Lake James Resort in the Northeastern corner of Indiana. Looking back, it is hard to visualize how we garnered all the energy for this rather full lifestyle. Dusty, JD and I can reminisce for hours on end reflecting back on the many fun-filled experiences of that period.

A Housekeeping Experience - Shortly following graduation from IU, Dusty Nelson and I rented an apartment in Hammond immediately adjacent to Calumet City. We enjoyed the mood music at the various clubs along the "strip" in Calumet City. Our evening dinner menu generally consisted of a baked potato and a broiled steak. On at least one occasion, we locked ourselves out of the apartment while the steak broiling was in process - the steaks were very, very well done! It seems that we had very little time for cleaning chores, so Dusty's mother and his sister, Marcy, would occasionally stop by to bring our unit up to better standards. The landlord was so happy to see Dusty and I vacate that he even refunded our damage deposit. In retrospect, had Dusty only been a better chef and housekeeper, some chapters in my book of experiences might beneficially have been avoided.

### C. AIR FORCE EXPERIENCES

Joined the U.S. Air Force in 1943 prior to turning 18. When I left the train station in Lafayette shortly upon turning 18, little did I know that it would be 35 bombing missions later before I would once again return to Indiana.

Following training, our crew flew a B-24 Bomber to join the 15th Air Force in Southern Italy, via the Azore Islands, North Africa, etc. Our very first mission in August 1944 was to bomb a German airfield near Vienna, Austria. The loss of 9 of 27 of our B-24 bombers to German fighter planes on this first mission was quite a shock to the system to say the least. On this mission, our tail gunner went berserk and had to be removed from flight crew duty.

On another mission, a large fragment from a "flak" shell tore through the side of the plane and hit the ring-gear on my gun turret (this incidentally was the only solid piece of metal making up the turret other than the two fifty caliber machine guns). The loud noise that this created caused me to believe that our plane had taken a direct hit -- I was well in the process of preparing to bail out until at the very last minute I looked forward and realized that the pilot and co-pilot were still at the controls. This happening gave added meaning to saying that "life is often a matter of inches".

A few years ago at an annual reunion gathering of some of our bomb group survivors, it was indicated that the loss ratio that had been experienced by our flight crews was about three hundred percent. This meant that the average crew only lasted about twelve missions. I am very thankful that I did not have that information back in 1944! During World War II, more than fifteen thousand B-24 bombers were manufactured, and by war's end, the bulk of that number had been lost to enemy action.

To the question, "What was it like"? It is hard to describe the extreme tenseness that one felt throughout the six to eight hour period that a mission entailed. Perhaps one analogy would be that of riding a giant roller coaster in which one could observe that individual cars kept falling off the track.

During an interlude in flying due to bad weather, I visited Wilbur (Wick) Lesley who was located at another airfield 40 miles or so from my assigned base. Wick also was a gunner on a bomber. When I entered his tent unannounced, Wick's first expression was "What the heck are you doing over here?" When I mentioned that I still had 30 missions or so yet to fly, Wick was less than enthusiastic.

Somehow following a forced landing off Yugoslavia, hundreds of flak holes in our plane and injuries to two of our ten-member crew, we flew our 35th and final mission.

Following return to the States, I was assigned to Chanute Field in Illinois. A bit later Dean Headdy also was based at Chanute. On one or two occasions, I substituted at roll call for Dean who was away from the base without leave. Dean and I were fully confident that we could cover and answer any and all questions on a substitute basis for one another.

In early September 1945, I was one of the first individuals from Chalmers discharged from the service under the military "point system". My point total was greatly enhanced by the cooperative assistance of a female officer at Chanute Field. More particularly, she awarded to me a total of eight battle stars each of which was worth 5 points. The unique part of this was that two of the battles involved took place when I was not even overseas.

#### **D. COLLEGE DAYS**

Only a day or two following my discharge, Helen Smith, our very able High School Commerce teacher at Chalmers had me in tow enroute to be enrolled at Indiana University. The first semester or two at IU were especially enjoyable in that I found myself in most classes as one of not more than two or three male students out of a class total of 30 to 40. In mentioning this to Bud Denton later on, he suggested that I needed that type of odds!

**E. BUSINESS ACTIVITIES**

Following graduation (with High Distinction) from Indiana University in 1949, I became a Certified Public Accountant starting employment in Chicago. Later I was transferred to Washington, D.C. where I did extensive consulting work for the U.S. Government under the Eisenhower Administration. Incident to this, I was invited to a State Reception and Dance at the White House and enjoyed a dinner cruise or two on the President's yacht on the Potomac River with various top-level officials.

Was transferred as managing partner of my firm's office in Seattle in 1962. Four years later I joined the Isaacson Corporation group of companies in Seattle as Financial Vice President. Since 1972, I have had my own real estate investment corporation and have been involved in a wide range of investment properties from Phoenix to Seattle. Even now, I maintain a full time work schedule in my business, with some interruption for relaxation primarily in the form of golfing. I am the chief executive officer and general partner of a dozen or so corporations and partnership investment entities.

**F. PERSONAL**

I reside in Seattle with my wife Diane. All of our family members are grown and pursue active independent activities, but mostly in the greater Seattle vicinity. Our vacations typically involve winter trips to either Southern California, Arizona or Hawaii. Each summer we usually spend two weeks or so in the Midwest where it is always fun to golf and reminisce with life-long friends and to visit relatives. While my parents, my brother Basil and my oldest sister Marie are deceased, there are two brothers, Jim and Russell, and three sisters, Hattie, Bertha and Stella still living.

**G. PARTING COMMENTS**

As outlined in the foregoing summary, more than a few of the adventures and escapades involved my life-long friend and neighbor, Dean Headdy. I have always maintained that Dean was at times a detrimental influence, and of course, Dean thought that the reverse was true. When asked for their opinion, Opal Altman, Edna Mae Buschman and Lorna Nelson suggested that we were both right!

I would be remiss in not mentioning the very positive influence exerted by Dean's wife, Jody, on all concerned. During some of the period at Indiana University and the early years of employment in the Chicago area, Jody always had the coffee hospitality light on and the cards ready for play.

It should be understood that the above represents a "once over lightly" summary of various facets of my activities and experiences. The really "good stuff" may, of course, be forthcoming by extending certain inducements to me ranging from ample "strokes" on the golf course to caesar salads and prime-cut filets in an appropriate setting. Since time seems to be passing, early action and reservations are recommended.